SELF DEFENSE.

The Law Relating Thereto Laid Down by the Supreme Court.

A United States district judge in Arkansas instructed a jury that everywhere except within his own house the law requires a man to run away and do his best to escape from an assailant before killing him. The judge further said that when assaulted on his own premises, but outside of his house, a man must show his sense of danger by efforts to escape before his plea that he killed his assailant to save himself from great bodily harm can be accepted.

This instruction was handed down from ancient times when weapons of assault consisted of knives, bludgeons, swords, etc., which an active man had some chance of escaping. But it is not applicable to these days of revolvers and winchesters, whose bullets no man can dodge or outrun, and the United States supreme court has sent it to the black letter lumber garret.

The man sentenced to eight years' imprisonment by the Arkansas judge obtained from the supreme court an order for a new trial under a new instruction. This new instruction declares that wherever a man may be, if he has a right to be there and if he has not himself provoked the assault, the law justifies him in standing his ground and killing his assailant provided the provable circumstances are such as to satisfy a jury that he had reasonable grounds for believing and acted on the belief that the killing was necessary to protect himself from great bodily harm.

Putting any further limitation on the right to kill in self defense would abolish it altogether. Arkansas is only one of the many states in which a man may have to decide very hastily whether he shall be tried for killing a fellow citizen or let the fellow citizen be tried for killing him. In these cases, with his attention excitedly fixed on his assailant, he has no time to get legal advice or to study the necessities of the situation through the eyes of bystanders. Court and jury will do that afterward, and he is under restraint enough when he knows that in saving himself from the peril of the moment he incurs the further peril of having to satisfy a jury that his act as justified by the circumstances.—New York World.

A VERSATILE SPECIALIST.

There Was More Sarcasm Than Honor In the Toastmaster's Introduction.

A certain local physician of pompous bearing and vast pretense as to ethical observance journeyed forth very recently from his office on Broadway to attend a gathering at Chicago of a society of specialists.

The Cincinnati doctor was not a member of this society, but was not a bit reticent on this account. He is noted for his constant attendance upon the sessions of specialists of every class, wherever convened, and several months ago succeeded in stirring up quite a teapot tempest in a St. Louis gathering.

So to Chicago he went. Presenting himself at the hall, he was accorded by courtesy the privilege of sitting in the meetings. At once he began vigorously, yet stealthily and systematically, "knocking" a member of the society who hails from Cincinnati. The resentment of the brethren against these tactics was general, and their revenge came at a dinner at the exclusive Chicago club, with which the proceedings closed.

The "outsider" from Cincinnati had been set down for a toast, and he had spent much time and care in formulating his supposably impromptu remarks. The suave toastmaster, rising benignly in his place, announced the speaker in a fashion that entirely upset the calculations of the aspiring medicus and made him at once and forever the laughing stock of the society.

"Gentlemen," announced the toastmaster in his most insinuating tone, "I have now the pleasure and honor of presenting to you a gentleman of our profession who is not only able, but strikingly versatile. I beg to introduce Dr. B. Blink Blank of Cincinnati, who is widely known as a specialist in every known branch of medicine and surgery!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Marine Music a Failure.

Until some recent discoveries by Professor Saussier of Vevey, Switzerland, it was not suspected that fishes were affected by music. In a shallow inlet Professor Saussier found a queer arrangement of strings in the water which demanded examination. Viewing the affair from a distance with a water telescope he saw that some fishes, which had, by the usual painful method, gained possession of several fragments of fishline, were passing them around two sticks thrust into the water by some fisherman. When the strings were strong, the stakes were wedged apart by piling stones between them so as to tighten the strings, three or four fishes rolling a stone along the bottom with their noses. The operation was necessarily slow. The professor watched it at intervals for two or three days.

Finally, when all was ready, the largest fish seized a stick or bone, and, using it as a plectrum, twanged the strings with it, while the other fishes gathered around to hear the music. Of course, there was none, as the submerged strings refused to sound. After several trials the fishes tore up their water harp in disgust. They had probably caught their idea from Aimee Saussier, the professor's daughter, who was in the habit of playing a harp by the bank.—Boston Journal.

Not to Be Mentioned the Same Day.

"Well, Mrs. Jingle, it must be some satisfaction to you to have had your European trip at last, and from what you say you must have had fully as nice a time as your neighbor, Mrs. Rox."

"As nice? Why, my good woman, I'd have you to know that we spent $1,800 more in two months than they spent in six."—Richmond Dispatch.

How Wall Paper Is Made.

It is very interesting to go through a wall paper factory and follow the processes of manufacture. The designs are the first things observed. Formerly there was a scarcity of these, but now there is a flood, and a manufacturer must exercise much artistic taste and business ability in making selections. One was submitted to a New England manufacturer recently by a woman, who stated that it was dictated by spirits. The least that can be said of it is that it was not desirable.

Various designers have different specialties—some flowers, others architectural ideas, etc.—and of recent years architects have devoted many of their spare moments to originating wall paper designs.

A complete design consists of three pieces—side wall, border and ceiling. The general width of patterns of the side wall and ceiling, as used in the trade and manufactured by American machinery, is 18 inches, and the length of the repeat in the pattern is either 11¾ or 14¾ or 17¾ inches, as suggested by the character of the design, the shorter repeats being the most satisfactory to the trade in general.

Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as 20 or 25 are sometimes used. Each color and shade in a design means a separate roller to the manufacturer.—Philadelphia Times.

A Big Bridge.

What will be the biggest bridge in Central America is now building at Oakland, Cal. After it is completed it will be taken apart and shipped to its destination. It will span the Rio de Lampa, near the city of San Salvador, in the republic of that name, and will be 860 feet long, in two spans of 430 feet each. After being landed at the nearest port the sections of the bridge will be hauled to their place by ox teams.

Is It Another Cry of "Wolf?"

Acknowledgment must be made of the receipt of a large and handsomely engrossed war rumor from the far east, this copy being decidedly more interesting than those preceding.—Chicago Record.

AS TO VAN ALEN.

Breckinridge to Van Alen—Accept my sympathies, old man.—Philadelphia Press.

It is just as well that Mr. Van Alen is not our representative at Rome.—Toledo Blade.

There are some reasons for believing that Jimmy Van Alen may be driven to a permanent residence abroad.—Washington Post.

The muss Mr. Van Alen has got into is what might be expected of a man who spells his name that way.—Chicago Press.

Mr. Van Alen is accused of using the terms "sweetie" and "dearie" in his letters to Mrs Cole. This is distinctly undiplomatic correspondence.—Syracuse Post.

The Sin of Fretting.

There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement or something or other which probably every one in the room, or in the car, or the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—Helen Hunt.

Literature and Harmony.

Mrs. Strephon (Phillis as was) met her husband at the door as he came home one evening recently. She looked tired, but triumphant.

"I've arranged all your books for you," she said. "Such a piece of work it was," and she led her husband to the bookcase, where he kept most of his reference books.

"There," said she. "You had books of all sizes and colors in that case—it was horrible to look at. I have put all of the same color together and arranged them all by their sizes. You won't find a single tiny book in between two great big ugly things of another color. Now you will try to keep the bookcase neat, won't you, dear—I've spent so much time over it?"

So Strephon kissed Phillis and promised.—New York Sun.

Hardening Steel.

In hardening, bright steel should not be exposed naked to a fire or flame. It may with advantage be placed in a covered box containing bone dust or animal charcoal in some other form, or another plan is to smear soap all over the article to be hardened. Water or oil is the medium generally selected for plunging the article in to cool it. Petroleum is recommended if extra hardness is desired. Either mercury or salt water will give great hardness, but the steel is rendered brittle. Oil is the best medium for hardening steel if toughness is required.—Jewelers' Circular.

WANTED TO BORROW HIM.

The Queer Request Two Women Made and the Reason Therefor.

A genial Philadelphian, who for obvious reasons does not care to have his name printed on this occasion, secured a parlor car seat on an express train for Reading a few days ago, and as he was about to pass through the gates was surprised to hear himself accosted in feminine tones with the somewhat startling question, "Please, mister, could I borrow you for awhile?"

Looking around, he found two buxom women, who hastily and hesitatingly explained that they were riding on a pass made out in the name of a gentleman and his wife, and, as the gentleman was not present, they wanted the genial looking citizen to place his bought ticket at the disposal of one lady and take the other one under his wing, while he personated the absent owner of the pass.

"Which is my wife?" he inquired, with an inward qualm, lest his own absent better half should ever hear the story.

"You can take your choice, sir," said the lady in search of an escort, and he promptly did so by tucking the arm of the younger fair one under his own and leading her into the car. The couple proved to be right jolly traveling companions, and the citizen's only regret in the transaction was due to a fear that the story might leak out and get home ahead of him. But it didn't.—Philadelphia Record.

Whimsical Father Schaubel.

Father Schaubel, who died a few years ago, was well past his eightieth year. He was another dead in earnest Christian. A good many years ago his workmen, while hauling earth from one of his lots, encroached on one of mine, and I spoke to him about it. He threw up his hands in a surprised way and exclaimed, "The whole earth is made of dirt, and shall we quarrel about a wheelbarrow load of it?" He had a strong German accent. A short time before he died I met him on the street and said, "Well, Father Schaubel, how do you find yourself?" "I find myself sebty-four years alt," he replied. "And how do you like it?" "Ach, vell, ve must be satisfied." That was a favorite maxim with him, to be satisfied—that is, contented. He was a gardener. One year there was, for some reason, a great scarcity of tomatoes, and he had a large crop. In reply to a question what he was getting for them, he replied: "Two dollar und fifty cents a bushel here in de field. Ah, vell, ve must be satisfied."—Chicago Interior.

The Origin of "Stoughton Bottle."

Did it ever occur to you to wonder where the expression "Stoughton bottle" came from? Senator Palmer used it the last time I saw him and I asked him about it.

"Why," said he, "it comes from a certain Stoughton's bitters that used to be very popular when I was a boy. Stoughton's bitters was a sort of table sauce, very weak and tasteless, and really useless. So when anybody stood around as useless as a bottle of Stoughton's bitters on a dinner table people got to saying that he was a Stoughton bottle, until as an expression for general shiftlessness it came to be an accepted term."—Washington Post.

Cause For Thanks.

Schoolmaster—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for during the past quarter?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yes, sir.

Schoolmaster—Well, Johnny, what is it?

Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't lick us for two months.—London Answer.

CARVED IN THE BARK.

A Clump of Trees Upon Which Appeared the Names of Many Soldiers.

"I don't quite understand, and I never could," said an observer, "what prompts people to write their names in public places. Trees have always been favorite objects upon which to carve names, and the smooth bark of the beech offers a field most inviting to the knife of the carver. I saw once a bunch of beech trees upon which thousands of names had been cut. This was in Virginia, close by the left bank of the James river. A ravine made back from the river, and at the head of this ravine there was a spring. Around the spring was this clump of beech trees.

"The names carved on these trees were those of soldiers who had been encamped thereabout in the time of the civil war and who had come to this spring for water. It was in 1879 that I saw them, so that they must have been there then at least 14 years. They had probably been there longer. About a third of the names were still legible. Many of them were the names of men of Pennsylvania regiments. Those that had become illegible were mainly those that had been carved on smaller trees.

"There was one big tree that had upon it, I should think, 500 names. They encircled it for 20 feet up from the ground. It seemed as if some of those among the highest must have been cut by men who swung down from the first branch, and one could imagine that men stood on one another's shoulders to reach above the names already carved by men standing on the ground, or that perhaps there was led up beside the tree a horse upon whose back the carver stood.

"These names may have been carved, every one of them, simply as a pastime, and yet it seemed somehow as though this was a case in which the carving might have been done in something more than a merely idle spirit."—New York Sun.

Israels—My daughter Rachel vas goin to get married on Christmas.

Jacobs—Vot you goin to give her?

Israels—If business improves between now an den, I vill prabably give her vay.

JUSTICE TO THE PUPPY.

It Is Time That His Name Should Be Cleared of Contumely.

It is high time that a word should be spoken in apology to the much abused puppy, who has for years been made to stand as an emblem of the most despicable member of the human family.

When a man discovers traits of meanness, when he betrays a meddlesome, prying, caddish disposition, we are too prone to characterize him as a "puppy" without stopping to think of the contumely thereby heaped upon the canine animal of immature years.

Instead of being a term of reproach, "puppy," properly considered, is a high and undeserved compliment bestowed upon the object of our contempt, but while we thus unintentionally honor the cad, we do a distinct and unwarranted injustice to the puppy, for it is a sort of insinuation that he is no better than the man to whom he is likened, inasmuch as by calling a cad a puppy we as much as say that the puppy is a mean, sneaking upstart of a creature, which he is not.

The puppy is frank, free and frolicsome, always in the best of humor, with nothing underhand or mean about him. He never sulks in his kennel nor complains because things do not go just as he wants them to go. He makes friends with everybody, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the good looking and the ugly, and he is no respecter of silk, satin and broadcloth above cotton or fustian or rags.

He is not squeamish as to his diet, and takes what is given to him gladly, and as much more as he can get hold of.

He may and does rend your doormat and demolish stray rubbers and make ravelings of your raiment, but he does all this joyously and without malice. It is his safety valve, the instinct given him whereby he may blow off some part of his exuberant liveliness.

The puppy is the very quintessence of animated good nature. His is the genial temperament, his the merry making disposition that would have all nature, animal and vegetable, share in his joys.

Therefore, to call a mean spirited fellow a puppy is a gratuitous and unwarranted libel upon the four footed ingenu, and it is time that justice was done to the puppy by no longer making him the emblem and the analogue of the man we call by his name.

A puppy does not put on airs, nor turn up his nose at people whom he fancies are below him—if, indeed, he ever considers anybody below him—neither does he indulge in liquids more potent than milk nor make himself odorous with cigarette smoke.

The puppy is mischievous, but never malicious. He tries to be everybody's friend and was never known to speak ill of any one.

Then why has he been maligned all these years? Come, let us no longer degrade a good fellow, and a merry, by employing him as a simile of all that is mean and despicable in human nature.—Boston Transcript.

ROBBED IN A PYRAMID.

Experience of a Baltimore Man With the Arabs of Egypt.

Dr. James J. Mills of Baltimore made a visit to Europe and Egypt. He passed through an experience that was as unpleasant as it was novel—that of being held up and robbed within the gloomy and musty walls of the great pyramid of Cheops, by the Nile. Discussing the trip, Dr. Mills said:

"If I had to live in a foreign city, it would either be Paris or Cairo. Cairo is unlike any other city in the world. There is a strange mingling of the white faces of the Greeks with the inky black faces of the Nubians and Sudanese and the yellow skinned Arabs, who constitute the bulk of the population. Of course I wanted to visit the pyramids, and I undertook to do it without being accompanied by a dragoman. Against the advice of friends, I set out on the back of a donkey, with no attendant save the donkey boy. As the boy could speak no English and I could speak no Arabian, we did not talk much.

"We were followed out of Cairo by a swarm of beggars, whose only cry was 'Backsheesh, backsheesh.' When we reached the vicinity of the pyramids, we were met by a horde of Arabs, who could speak but a few words of broken English. They volunteered to take me inside the pyramid. With two of the wild looking sons of the desert we entered the great pyramid of Cheops, descending long, gloomy passages, passing the brink of an enormous well, traversing a footway which led along by the tombs of numerous dead and up a narrow passageway with a floor as smooth as glass.

"Here the ascent was so steep that it was necessary for one Arab to go in front and pull me along, while the other came behind and pushed. When we reached the end of this passageway, we sat down to rest. The atmosphere was stifling, while myriads of black bats flew clumsily about and gave an uncanny appearance to the place. It was then that my two Arab guides began to think of 'backsheesh' and ask in English, which I could understand painfully well, how much money I had. It was no place to argue with them, for if they had left me there I might have been there yet.

"I tried to make them think that I did not understand, but the result of it all was that they turned my pockets inside out and took all the money I had. Then they piloted me out in great glee and told me that I was a 'valy glud man.' I got back to Cairo as soon as I could, and there my friends told me I might have well expected to have been robbed."—Baltimore American.

A Silent Voice Speaks.

The Monroe doctrine speaks aloud,
And bids all Europe hear
That no encroachments are allowed
Upon this hemisphere;
That Uncle Sam loves ways of peace
And wants them to prevail
Among all men till wars shall cease
And warlike efforts fail,
But will not let a foreign state,
However great she be,
Usurp this side or dominate
American liberty.
And if Great Britain tries to take
Small Venezuela's soil
The spectacle is bound to make
The blood within him boil,
And may provoke him to declare
That she is not his friend—
Or, deeming it a challenge, bare
His saber and contend.
—Burton T. Doyle in Washington Post.

WHY WE STAND UPRIGHT.

A Special Complex Mechanism Is Required For the Purpose.

We are so accustomed to standing upright as a natural attitude that few of us think what a special complex mechanism is required for this purpose. A moment's consideration will show that the ordinary explanation of the erect position (the center of gravity to be directly above the feet) is insufficient. When a man is suddenly shot, whether from the front or behind, he drops on his face, for the truth is that there is much more weight in the front of the spinal column than behind it.

The fact is that when we are standing a large number of powerful muscles (both front and back) are simultaneously at work, the effects of their action being to neutralize each other. Thus, the legs would fall forward were it not that they are kept vertical on the feet by the strong tendon (the "Achilles") at the back of the heel. At the same time the muscles of the thigh are tightened so as to prevent us taking a sitting position, and the muscles of the back are pulled tense so that the trunk does not stoop forward. The head is prevented from dropping on the chest by the ligaments in the nape of the neck.

That the upright is not its normal position is easily shown by the fact that a man nods as he is falling asleep, for as soon as the controlling nervous force is deadened the head drops forward by its own weight, only to be pulled back into position again with a jerk when the brain becomes suddenly aware of an unusual attitude.—Scottish-American.

Ministers' Pay.

Why do not country Christian people give at least a decent support to their ministers? That solemn problem recurs every now and again. The city minister receives more than he is worth, is petted, caressed, fondled and sent to Europe whenever he has the toothache or mumps and gets to feel that he is an idol to be worshipped. The country minister starves to death on no salary at all and gets to look as though he had been shot through a knothole. It is to be hoped he will have a good time in heaven, for he has anything but a good time here. One of these poor creatures, not 100 miles from New York, was so wretchedly off that his parishioners got up an entertainment as a benefit for him. They were very careful to extract from the sum total every expense to which they had been put, and when the net sum was handed to him it amounted to just $1.79! Think of that, ye small souled folk who want the gospel of brotherly love preached to you and think to cheat the Lord by putting a plugged copper into the contribution box.—New York Herald.

LESS TRUTHFUL

This Is a Man's Assertion In Regard to Women Compared With Men.

A man who has made a study of women and their ways remarked the other day that women are, as a set, less frank and truthful than men. Whatever truth there is in this assertion we may be sure it is at least not innate, but due to the difference in the requirements of the two sexes and the consequent difference in their education. Men are taught to reveal true natures from the cradle to the grave. Men are taught that, being human, they are subject to various passions and liable to fall into error which it is not necessary for them to conceal, for if they deviate from the straight and narrow path the world will quickly forget and forgive. Women, on the contrary, are taught that if they are not inwardly statues of decorum, they must make it appear that they are, for the world is merciless to one of their sex who by word or deed hints that the smallest tottering on her pedestal, not to mention even a momentary descent from it, is possible.

In short, women are required to conceal their real human selves from all beholders as absolutely as they conceal their lower limbs in the conventional draperies of femininity, while men are as free to reveal their real selves to the world as to clothe themselves in the nether garments of their sex. But concealment or lack of frankness is by no means untruthfulness.—Philadelphia Press.

STRANGE NOISE.

Many Persons Terrified In a Little Kentucky Village.

The little village of Stark, Ky., and all the people for miles around are discussing one of the strangest occurrences that ever agitated that community.

On Tuesday last, a beautiful day with not much wind, a horrible noise, indescribably fierce, assaulted the air. It was between a scream and a howl and had in it such a terror that people were almost paralyzed with fear. Horses and cattle shrank to the earth and uttered the most pitiful cries. Pigs and sheep were frantic to hide, and fowls acted as if crazy.

The sound lasted fully a minute, and many women fainted. No one is sure whether it came from the air or earth, or what caused it, but The Carter County Bugle says nothing like it was ever heard of.

It was confined to a space five miles square. Beyond that no one heard it. Scores of people yet feel the effects.—New York Recorder.

Thoroughly Human.

Blouzin—That street just below is quite a thoroughfare, isn't it?

Blagzin—No; that's not a thoroughfare at all, but the crowd likes to use it because there's a sign there that reads, "Private way—dangerous passage."—Roxbury Gazette.

How Tobacco Is Prepared.

The dried leaf has little of the aroma of the manufactured tobacco. This is developed by a kind of fermentation to which it is subjected in the warehouses of the manufacturers.—Spokane Chronicle.

A GENERAL OF CUBA.

HIS REASONS FOR BELIEF IN HIS COUNTRY'S TRIUMPH.

Pacific Efforts Always Spurned—Stronger Than In Last Contest—Food Enough For Several Years—Wants Belligerency Recognition From the United States

Major General Manuel Suarez Delgado, commonly spoken of as "General Suarez," is the insurgent chief in charge of the Fifth army corps of the Cuban forces, with headquarters at present in the vicinity of Manicaragua.

Standing full 6 feet in height, he presents an ideal appearance as an insurgent chief, his massive form clad in the simple white linen costume of the country. His features are of a decidedly aquiline cast, and his eyes show the faculty of ready command over men.

The headquarters of the Fifth Cuban army corps consist at present of a large deserted tobacco shed, without walls and with a roof partially blown away by the recent severe cyclone prevalent in Cuba. The building and its distant approaches are guarded efficiently by a large detail of cavalrymen, who are well armed and show evidence of more military training than is the present status of the bulk of the Cuban forces in the province of Santa Clara, otherwise known as "Las Villas."

The staff is composed of a fine looking body of men, most of whom have given up [illegible] or lucrative professions to assist in the organization and operation of the Cuban "Army of Liberty."

At present there is with the general Ernesto F. Stirling, the civil governor of the province, who is on a tour of inspection preparatory to the establishment of places for the manufacture of clothing and complete equipment, save the arms and ammunition, for both the Cuban infantry and cavalry. Very complete shops are at present going at full blast in the mountains of Santiago and Puerto Principe, established there by General In Chief Gomez. These supply the armies with headquarters in those places, and those to be established are intended to clothe and equip the large force to be shortly centralized in this province.

He says every pacific means have been used to get from the Spanish cortes and rulers a proper recognizance of Cuban rights, but without appreciable effect. Cuba is allowed 30 out of amount 400 members of the Spanish legislative body, and of this ineffective number the election of 24 is controlled from Madrid, thus leaving six votes effective for Cuban rights and 394 dominated by a selfish desire for Spanish aggrandizement.

Petitions innumerable have been sent for the amelioration of specific abuses, and all without effect. Unjust and grievous taxes are levied upon all the Cuban possessions, and the laws regulating domestic manufacturers are so hard that the residents of the island are compelled to buy almost every manufactured article of commerce at an exorbitant figure from Spanish manufacturers, and from them solely, as the import duties practically shut out from Cuba the less expensive and vastly better made produce of other nations.

This is especially so of the United States, which is the natural market to which the Cubans go for the purchase of manufactured commodities, and to where they undoubtedly will go should they succeed in gaining their independence.

As to the probable duration of this war, should victory be delayed the country has food enough in sight to support 30,000 men for years. Should this prove insufficient, the smaller towns will be taken and their provisions used, as was done the last five years of the last war.

In that struggle 7,000 men resisted the Spanish forces for ten years. There are now 30,000 insurgents in the field, and when sufficient arms can be had, 20,000 more are ready to join the army.

The general believes that the number of men in the field, their discipline and equipment are such as to merit the recognition of their belligerency by the United States, which he thinks would tend to speedily terminate the war in favor of Cuba, first by the tremendous moral force such an act would have upon the nations at large, and second because then Cuban money would have no hindrance in its outflow for American arms and ammunition.

General Suarez is absolutely confident of Cuban success, and that not far off.—Sylvester Scovel in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Island of Tanna.

The volcanic island of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides group, has been for many years in a constant state of eruption, emitting a column of fire by night and smoke by day, which is clearly seen at a great distance. Such is the certainty with which this flame appears that vessels in the vicinity are instructed by their sailing directions to look out for it just as they would do were it an ordinary lighthouse.

To Fit the Case.

"I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter," said a dairyman to a customer.

"Certainly," answered the customer; "if it is like the last you sent me, I would suggest 'Samson.'"—Detroit Free Press.

If we can advance propositions both true and new, these are our own by right of discovery, and if we can repeat what is old more briefly and brightly than others this also becomes our own by right of conquest.—Colton.

A little wit and a great deal of ill nature will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance and value of wit is to commend well.—Tillotson.

Dr. C. P. Scott, the state veterinarian of Wisconsin, says that when the goldenrod is eaten by horses it produces a fatal disease similar to consumption.