

Leprosy in Hawaii is being eradicated slowly. It will disappear simultaneously with the aborigines.

Practically no yellow fever in Havana. The Cuban capital has gained one mighty benefit at least from a good American "housecleaning."

During the first 50 years of the republic no president under 55 years of age sat in the executive chair. Since then the average age of all the presidents has been brought down to 53 years, not including President Roosevelt, who is 10 years under that age.

Investigators declare that a horse can live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking. Most people will strongly suspect in this connection that much depends on the horse.

Louisiana now comes to the front as a possible coal oil producer. If oil can be found immediately contiguous to the Mississippi river it may cheapen fuel to the point of encouraging some enterprising individual to once more utilize the bosom of the great national waterway as a means of transportation.

Some idea can be had of the extent of British possession on the American Continent, when it is considered that Canada has a sea coast from the Bay of Fundy to the Straits of Belle Isle, covering a distance of 5000 miles, and that British Columbia, with its multitude of boys and mountainous islands, has a sea coast of 7180 miles and a salt water inshore area, not including minor indentures, of 1500 square miles.

A Maori clergyman in New Zealand named Ratama Te Awe Kotuku named during to be another Sir Walter Raleigh during the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to the native village of Ohinemutu. After royal couple had to pass over a stretch of muddy road to reach the village, whereupon the gallant Maori stripped his Korowai mat off his shoulders and spread it over the worst to aid the Duchess to cross.

In a recent government publication George B. Hollister of the United States geological survey calls special attention to the fact that there are 600,000,000 acres of land in the United States still unutilized. This is an area larger than is contained in half of the big states of Europe. It is absurd to suppose that such a vast area will remain neglected and unproductive for all time, even if much of it is now an arid waste.

If heredity were such a quickly acting process of change as it is represented to be in popular misinformation on the subject, the human race might easily be switched off its main course and disappear in a dozen generations. Those qualities in which the influence of heredity is most manifest are the deep-seated, persistent, most primitive, and most ancient traits, which, with many surface variations, keep the race true to its main type, observes the Christian Register.

It will perhaps be a source of surprise to many Americans to know that the production of grouse in any country could be made more profitable than the raising of sheep, and yet it appears that one of the most astute proprietors of grouse moors in North Wales cleared off the sheep from his moors some years ago, with the result that the \$750 a year he got for the grazing of 7000 Welsh sheep has been more than doubled in the increase of grouse rental he enjoys from this improvement.

Two experiments in canal rowing by electricity are about to be made, one in Ohio, the other in the northern suburbs of London, England. The former consists of a trolley line with a standard-gauge track laid on the old tow-path of the Miami and Erie canal. Motor cars of 150 horse-power will be operated on the line. Each of these will be able to haul ten heavily loaded canal boats at a speed of ten miles an hour, which will have to be kept down, however, to four miles per hour to comply with the provisions of the state charter. The canal connects Toledo and Cincinnati, and the power will be drawn from the latter city, fourteen sub-stations being scattered along the route. In the London experiment the canal barges will be drawn by an electrically propelled vehicle using the towpath and fed by an overhead trolley also.

### THE COMPASS.

A thing so fragile that one feather's weight might break its poise or turn the point aside. The mightiest vessel, with her tons of freight. O'er pathless seas from port to port will guide. What wonder, then, it lodged within the breast? Some simple, yet unwavering faith may lie To guide the laden soul to ports of rest And, like compass, point it to the sky? —The Junior Munsey.

### PRIVATE CORY.

BY ATHOL FORBES.

Perhaps it would never have happened had a comrade given him a word of encouragement. But the men were too intent on the grim work before them, so in the hall of lead, when Private Cory dropped to the ground, it was generally understood that a bullet had knocked him over. Such, however, was not the case, as the ambulance corps following in the rear soon discovered. He had merely fainted from fright.

The doctor turned over the shivering bit of humanity to look for the wound, found none, and smiled. Cases of this kind were not unknown to him. "Poor fellow," he murmured, "let him remain with the rest."

"No, he is not hurt at all," he said to one of his assistants. "His wound will come afterwards when he recovers from that faint, and God help him then. There is no bullet wound that will give him the agony that is before him."

"Shall I throw a bucket of water over him, sir?" asked a man with a blood stained bandage round his head, but sufficient of his face left uncovered to show his intense disgust at his comrade.

"No, you must not disturb him," was the curt answer, and he turned to give his attention to the burdens which the stretchers were now quickly depositing in the improvised hospital.

"Poor lad," he mused, as he bent over his work. "I must give him a word of encouragement when he comes around."

But when, later on, Private Cory staggered to his feet, the kindly doctor was too busy to notice him. He looked wonderingly round the tent. Then the remembrance of what he had done seemed to rise up and strike him full in the face. He sank down with a choking sob. He clutched the earth with his hands, as men do when struck down in battle with a mortal wound. It was a burning hot day—the wounded were suffering terribly from the intense heat—but he shivered with cold. Outside the shells were screaming, while now and again came the subdued but harsh growl of the smaller arms. It seemed as if a thousand voices were shouting at him and reproaching him for his cowardice. Then a human voice joined in the wild orchestra.

"You bloomin' cur. Call yourself a man?" It was the stern sergeant of his company who had been brought in wounded in three places before he had given up. His face was gray with the pain he was enduring, but he must needs give vent to his disgust at such pusillanimity. A contemptuous smile played about his bloodless lips.

"I call it gettin' my name under false pretences. You're clothed and stuffed with the best of everything the country can send out, includin' a briar pipe and baccy, and then yer go and—pah!" and he broke off. "I couldn't believe it of any man in the whole bloomin' company."

He stopped because the pain of his wounds became too great, and he bit hard the piece of Cavendish he had in his mouth to stifle a groan, but other men took up the cue.

No agony of the battlefield could equal what Private Cory was now enduring. He quivered as if acted upon by some powerful electric current, but he made no answer to their taunts, and continued to lie with his face turned to the ground. He tried to reconstruct the wreck of his manhood, but his brain was still in a whirl and those shrieking shells outside still seemed to be telling the world that he was a miserable coward.

A man was handing round some broth. He had been hours without food, and the savory odor caused a craving hunger to take possession of him. A pannikin full was being passed from which men took a drink, their expectant comrades looking on with eager, wistful eyes. Cory raised his head, hoping his turn had come, but he was immediately greeted with a storm of curses that caused him to drop it again. Fool that he was to expect it. He might have known.

"Give Cory some of that soup. Hold up." At that moment the doctor came up. "My lad," he said not unkindly, "you may make a soldier yet. Drink this," and he handed him the tin vessel.

"He is the broth of a boy," shouted a man, and this poor joke was greeted with laughter, even by those who knew that they had but a few hours to live.

Cory sat up. The soup seemed to put life into him, and he ceased to shiver. He was barely out of his teens but his face in its ashy grayness looked more like that of a man who had passed his prime.

"Feeling a bit better now?" began the sergeant.

"He'll run for it as soon as he is able," remarked another. "Whew, listen," he broke off as a shell exploded just outside.

"They seem to have got range of us now."

For a few seconds there was silence as the men realized their danger. The angry growl of the quick fire was every now and then punctured by the long, deep mounded baying of the Boers' Long Tom.

"They are aiming at us," shouted a man, running into the tent with his right arm hanging helplessly by his side. Immediately there was a violent concussion—the air filled with smoke and a pungent smell, and the tent lit up with a tongue of flame. In an instant three or four men sprang forward and the fire was extinguished.

"The next shot will count a hit if I am not mistaken."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a huge rent suddenly opened in the canvas and a shell dropped right into the middle of the tent. The wounded ducked under their coverings as if they would bury themselves beneath the ground. The doctor, with another, rushed forward; but Private Cory was before them.

"Not you, doctor," he shouted, as he seized the bomb.

"Quick, man. Into the bucket with it," said the doctor. "No, there's no water. Merciful powers!"

But Cory had dashed through the opening, and was running like a hare. They were all dumfounded for a moment. Then a cheer broke from them when they realized what he was doing—a cheer in which every man joined.

"Throw it away! Now! Throw it!" yelled the doctor after. Throw it!" Still he ran. The music of what he knew was their applause rang in his ears. Nothing had ever sounded so sweet to him as this. He smiled. It reminded him faintly of his achievements in the football field when the crowd roared their approval. The ball he carried now was heavier, but the applause—only he knew what it meant to him, and he clutched the destructive missile like a child hugging a doll. He felt inclined to kiss it. If he lived he would be a man and a comrade again. If not—but he ran on.

Some one had wisely said that it requires often but the turn of a straw to make a coward a hero, or a hero a coward. Cory was a man again. The paralysis of panic that had seized him a few hours ago and had frozen his heart existed now only as a hideous dream. Another 10 yards—he was quite 50 from the tent. He heard them urging him to throw it. A few more yards, then with a tremendous effort he hurled it from him. Instantly there was an explosion, and Cory fell on his face.

"Poor chap. He is done for, I don't," said the doctor, as several raced forward, followed by a number of wounded, who limped in pain.

They knelt by the poor shattered body. The sergeant, his old tormentor, regardless of his own wounds, had been among the first to rush to his assistance.

Cory raised the only hand left him, which the sergeant clasped, murmuring something about forgiveness. A smile of exultation played about his face for a moment, then the film of death gathered over his eyes. He tried to speak, but no words came in obedience to the moving of his lips. For his soul had taken its flight to that land where brave spirits are at rest.—The World's Events.

### AN ASTONISHING LAND.

In Guatemala, \$1 Will Buy 95 and Railroads Have Mahogany Trees.

An American railroad man landing in Guatemala (Port Barrios) encounters various surprises, the first one of consequence being, perhaps, the answer of the ticket agent to his inquiry as to what is the railroad fare to Guatemala City, which is about 150 miles away and the track is badly out of line. The fares are mahogany, rosewood and ebony, but even ebony lasts only about two years. The train runs at about 10 miles an hour and makes long stops. The road has nine locomotives, several years old; 25 passenger cars, 10 of which are first class; 200 box cars and 20 flats.

Locomotive engineers get \$8 a day for a run of 80 miles; conductors \$7 a day, with no overtime; brakemen \$75 a month and negro firemen the same. Agents get from \$100 to \$250 a month, most of them receiving about \$200. The operators are all natives. The chief dispatcher gets \$300, which he is remembered in equivalent to only \$50 of American money. An American cannot live here for less than \$150 a month. I find that the other two roads in this country pay about the same as this one, except that on one of them engine men get \$10 a day. Any railroad man in the United States who has even the poorest kind of a position on a good road will do well to keep it rather than try Guatemala.—Guatemala Correspondence of the Railroad Gazette.

Among the peasants of Turkey almost all the doctoring is still done by women. In Constantinople there are laws against those healers, but they flourish nevertheless.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

O Little Green Frog, O little green frog, some tell me, O tell me true, All the tales that the water-peeples Have told to you, O little green frog!

Beneath the water's shimmer The fishes swim, In a world where the light grows dimmer, Amid shadows dim.

And the water-farles play there, O tell me the tales they say there In that world below, O little green frog!

Chicago Record-Herald.

Gipsies being wanderers on the face of the earth, they have no fatherland, but if there is one country more than another where they feel at home and in which they have been fairly treated on the whole, that country is Hungary. Two things have brought the two folk together. The gipsies are born musicians, and the Hungarians are born dancers. For some reason or other, the Magyar thinks fiddling is beneath him. The gipsy is quite content that it should be so, for no instrument, save the bagpipes, can supply the wild dance music which the Hungarian loves, so well as the violin can. Gipsy bands are thus in great demand in Hungarian towns, and many of the players make a lot of money. Let a gipsy band be struck up a gay time, and in a few minutes men and women will be seen dancing like mad, some of them, during the fury of the moment, lavishing money upon the musicians. It is "the thing" even for peasants to hire a gipsy band for their private junkettings, and it is said that Hungarian nobles have ruined themselves largely because of the sum of money they have spent upon orchestras of gipsies.

A Castle's Curious Clock.

One of the best preserved castles antiquity has bequeathed us is situated in Castle-down, on the Isle of Man. It is known as the Rushen castle. Here was anciently the seat of the kings and lords of Man. The castle is a veritable curiosity, and deeply interesting. The first mention of it dates back to the year 1257. After six months' siege it was taken in the year 1215 by Robert the Bruce. Its last use has been that of a prison, but it now stands quaint, colossal, overgrown with vines, moss and wild flowers, a derelict. It is built of limestone, and shows very few signs of decay.

The town clock seen in the castle wall was presented by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1597. The structure and works of this ancient piece of mechanism are almost as great a curiosity as the castle itself. After centuries of service it still faithfully points the hour. It has only one hand on the dial. This is the hour hand. The minutes are judged by the position of the hand between the hours. A large stone, suspended from the end of the pendulum, acts as a weight, and it is driven by a rope, coiled around a cylinder of wood, with another stone at the end.

A Courageous Sentinel.

The test of the fidelity of a sentinel by the "powers that be" has resulted happily in the case of an Italian soldier who "held up" the king. King Victor Emmanuel is fond of making himself personally acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of his soldiers and for testing their courage and fidelity.

The other day he was walking alone, dressed in black, in the quiet gardens and approached a sentry on guard who at once presented arms.

"You know, then, who I am?" the king asked.

"His majesty," was the unhesitating reply.

The king smiled and continued his walk, making as though he would pass the guardhouse.

"Your majesty cannot pass this way," said the sentry, resolutely.

The king pretended not to hear and walked on.

Without orders from the corporal of the guard, I must not let anyone pass, not even the king!"

Victor Emmanuel, pleased and smiling, turned back, saying to the man: "You are right!"

The next morning the captain of the Calabrian company to which the sentry belonged, handed to the soldier a fine silver watch, bearing the arms of the house of Savoy and the words: "To the soldier who knows how to obey orders."—New York Press.

Robins Whipped a Cat.

An interested spectator of this robin house-moving was the tomcat, in the next yard. He had spent a good part of the afternoon watching the father carry bits of straw and small leaves into the tree-top. Next morning the lessons in flying began again, and it was while both papa and mamma were away from the nest with two of the children that the cat climbed into the tree and took away one of the remaining young ones in its mouth. The elders were attracted by the cries and flew to the rescue, but they could do nothing for the cat and its prey disappeared under the house.

Next morning, as usual, Mr. Robin was out, bright and early, gathering worms for the brood, while his mate remained at home to care for the children and keep a lookout for the cat. It was not long before a warning cry brought Mr. Robin home in a hurry. The birds could see the hungry cat, approaching the tree.

It was then that the elders did a brave thing. They bade the children good-by and flew forth to meet the devastator of nests. They did not allow him to climb the tree, but waged an offensive warfare with him.

They had a well-thought-out method of attack. Mrs. Robin flew to the ground, a few feet from the cat, and to one side of him, and unsuspecting Tom darted at her; but just as he was about to hit her with his paw he received a heavy rap in the face from her mate. Enraged at this, he made a second lunge at the mother bird and was again rebuffed by her mate, and with such vigor and well-directed blows that, uttering a cry of pain, he made for the house, both birds joining in pursuit. He finally escaped them by crawling under the house, where he remained.

The robins were not bothered any more by this cat, and, after rearing their young, took up a new abode in the top of a high fir tree, situated in the neighboring block. No doubt the cat has lost its appetite for young robins. He nursed, for some time, an injured eye and a badly torn ear.—Portland Oregonian.

Limp's Reward.

Limp was the most unfortunate little mouse that ever lived. His grandmother said that all his troubles came from putting too much faith in animals and people. Limp was sure the great gray cat had a kind heart and he would not believe there were sharp claws under her velvet paws and teeth inside her smiling mouth that would only too willingly devour a poor little trusting mouse.

He also believed that Jane, the cook, was generous and charitable and that little Bessie, with her long brown curls and big dark eyes, would care for all the mice under the back porch if they only asked her.

One day he ventured to say "Good-morning" to Madam Kitty, and if a stray mouse had come into the yard at that moment poor Limpy would have learned all about these sharp teeth and claws.

At another time he crept through a hole that grandparents had made in the pantry wall and wanted to take a walk around the nice, clean kitchen. To his horror and astonishment the little servant girl struck him with the broom and hurt him so that he always dragged one leg. That was why he was called Limpy.

The day before Christmas a heavy rain fell, freezing almost before it reached the ground, very twig on the trees was a glittering icicle, and the ground was so sleek that the boys and girls could skate from one end of the town to the other.

Now the mice who lived under the back porch of the great stone house had a pantry of their own, a little nook in the cellar wall where they stored many good things for the winter.

On Christmas morning the very day of all the year when they most wanted a good breakfast, the door to their little pantry was locked and barred with ice and the path that led to it from the back porch was so sleek that even old Greybeard, the king of the rats, tumbled over and over when he ventured outside his hole.

Dinner time came and still there was no break in the frozen path—no even a rough place where a little mouse could gain a foothold. The wall of ice in front of the little mouse pantry glittered strong and cold in the pale sunlight. When evening came all the mice were so hungry and cold that Limpy resolved to go boldly up through the wall into the pantry and tell little Miss Bessie of his troubles. He was sure she would send plenty of food to his hungry little cousins, for they were having a great Christmas dinner upstairs.

As he crept through the hole what was his surprise to find right on the shelf a great chunk of meat and a slice of cheese! If there is anything that will tempt the appetite of a hungry mouse it is a piece of delicious yellow cheese, but Limpy was not thinking of himself. He was eager to do good to those who only made fun of him. Dragging the meat close to the hole, he gave it a push and down it went. Then he took the cheese in his jaws and climbed down above the rough boards with it. He was going to divide it and then call all the other mice to supper, but they had already smelled both meat and cheese. Before he reached the ground old Furry had crept through the hole in the foundation wall and pulled the chunk of meat out under the porch. Just as Limpy appeared the hungry mice were flashing the last scraps of it. Then they pointed on him and devoured the cheese before he had chance even to taste it.

But alas for the greedy mice. Jane, fearing that the mice would come and nibble the good things in the pantry that night had laid poisoned meat and cheese near their hole.

One after another the mice began to feel sharp pains in their little stomachs. Whiddy they ran about for water for it felt as if they were on fire. At last they crept off in the dark under the steps and died. Poor Limpy was left alone, and trembling with grief, hunger and cold he crept up the dark passage to the pantry again. Just as he crawled out on the shelf little Bessie entered. "Oh mamma," she cried, "here is the dearest little gray mouse. Can't you put him with the white one that Uncle Ben gave me?"

So Limpy as a reward for his good intentions found a warm, cozy home with plenty to eat and a dear little sister for a companion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The glazing of tea is accomplished by the use of plumbago.

### THE FEMALE WORKERS.

Statistics in Relation to the Many Women in the Departments.

"Nearly every city is more or less famous for one or more types of its women," said a Washington globe trotter to a Star man, "and the capital must not be excluded from the list. In the stores it is rare to see women employes with gray hair or past middle age. They are mostly young girls. In the departments probably 25 percent of the female employes are past middle life, and 25 percent are over 50 years of age. There are hundreds of women in the departments over 70 years of age, earning from \$900 to \$1400 and \$1600 a year. In no other field of labor are positions paying such very high salaries opened to be filled by women of 70, grandmothers, in fact.

"According to some late figures compiled by the United States civil service commission some extremely interesting analyses, comparisons and deductions may be drawn.

"Of these 8000 salaried queens nearly one in every eight receives \$1000 a year, and over, or to be exact, 903 draw salaries ranging from \$1000 to \$1800 a year, three ladies sailing around the top notch of salaries paid by the government for clerk hire, getting \$1800 a year. In no other employment for women on a salary are wages from \$13.21 to \$34.61 a week paid to one out of eight of the wage earners. Of this special class 200 receive \$1000 a year, 450 receive \$1200, 100 receive \$1400, and 50 receive \$1600 per annum. In the bureau of engraving and printing, there are 1260 female printers' assistants, who receive \$1.25 a day, who are not included in the above estimate. In the census office there are over 1500 women, most of whom draw \$14.61 a week, or \$75 a month, and the aggregate total of our queens rises, therefore, to considerably over 8000 who earn over \$2 a day, or more than a large proportion of men in salaried and wage-earning pursuits. Naturally, they look cool and comfortable as they ride to work every morning in the open cars.

"During the past 17 years 2044 women have entered the service of the government in Washington through the means of the competitive examinations of the civil service alone. In the civil service there are no less than 57 different examinations which are open to women. One-third of the entire force of the government in Washington is composed of woman, and they are being appointed through the classified service channels at a proportion of about one-sixth to the total number of all clerks appointed by this means. In the unclassified service the proportion, I should estimate at not less than 25 percent and perhaps nearer 40 percent, as in the rural mail delivery service, for instance, the percentage is not far from 80 percent if not above that figure.

"The percentage of woman appointments through the classified service varies in the different years, as it does in the unclassified positions. For instance, in the first the highest percentage was in 1898, when it was 13 percent of the total. In the temporary positions it was highest during the Spanish war and immediately thereafter."

The Presidents of the United States.

The north has had 16 presidents and the south nine. The executive office has been occupied by northern men a few days less than 63 years and by southern men a few days over 33 years. This is based on the supposition that Roosevelt will fill out his present term.

Only two of the southern states have furnished presidents—Virginia and Tennessee. Of the northern presidents, three have come from the New England states and six from the middle states and seven from what is now called the middle west.

No president has ever been elected from the territory west of the Mississippi river and only two men have been nominated by the great political parties from that territory—Frederic P. Missouri by the Republicans in 1854, and Bryan of Nebraska by the Democrats in 1896 and 1900.

Divided politically, nine Democrats, two Federalists, four Whigs and eight Republicans have occupied the presidential office. In the above I do not include Washington, the first president. It is unjust to assign the first and only real non-partisan president of the country to any political party.—Galveston Daily News.

No Lie, After All.

They were telling fish stories, and at last the tall, lank man on the cracker barrel said:

"I went down to the river this morning, and although the river was high almost to a food I took a 10-foot pike."

"Stop there," exclaimed the fat man with the corn-cob pipe. "Tell us you took an 8-pound trout, and I'll sit lily by. But a 10-foot pike, never. Ananias died for less than that."

"I took a 10-foot pike pole," continued the unrumpled, tall, lank man on the cracker barrel, "and in less than five minutes I hooked out a 15-foot bass."

"See here! See here!" yelled the man who owned the grocery. "You'll have to go 'way from here to finish that lie. I ain't got no lightnin' rod on this store yet."

"I hooked out a 15-foot basswood log," persisted the tall, lank man, "and I want to ask how many of you think I kin git for it."—New York Times.

With only one exception the glaciers of Switzerland are diminishing steadily. Since 1876 the Rhone glacier has decreased in length at the rate of over 21 yards a year.