

The Boston school board has appropriated \$2,850,487 for the maintenance of the public schools of the city this year, of which amount \$2,430,000 is for salaries of instructors.

Maxim Gorky has received the highest tribute paid by the Russian government to intellect and literary genius. He has been summoned to appear before a police tribunal to answer charges of political offenses.

Another meritorious so-called modern invention—the water-tight bulkhead—is now attributed to Chinese experience. In a paper presented to the Institute of Marine Engineers the use of the bulkhead principle on Chinese junks from time immemorial was pointed out.

The prosecuting attorney of Nassau county, N. Y., has entered suit against 175 citizens of the town of Casper for the recovery of damages aggregating \$100,000 which he claims to have suffered by his professional reputation through the circulation and signature by them of a petition asking him to employ an assistant in a murder trial.

President Angus M. Cannon in a discourse at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, severely reprimanded the young people who marry Gentiles. "Look around you," he said, "and you will see that many of our girls have married outside of the faith and many of our young men have married women who are not of this faith. They have forgotten the obligations they are under."

London mothers have in some way acquired the notion that the air of the underground tunnels is good for all manner of infantile diseases, including croup, whooping cough, wind colic and teething, and some of them ride to and fro with their little charges day by day for no other reason than to submit them to its supposed curative influences. The theory, of course, is a pure illusion, and English medical men advance various explanations of its origin, none of them over-plausible.

The New York Times observes that there is to be said in favor of giving, as against leaving, what Bacon said long ago: "Adjourn not thy beneficence till death; for he who does so is liberal rather of another's than his own." To charge a great estate with the postponed charities of its accumulator is to put off his public duties to be done at the expense of his successors. His successors may plausibly ask why they should be expected to pay this expense. The tendency that has so manifestly grown stronger with the last generation in this country for men of wealth to give rather than to leave, is an unmitigated good for all persons and interests concerned.

Eminent physicians continue to send out warnings against the sin of gluttony, but with little effect on the community. The growth of diseases directly attributable to over-eating increases, and the death rate gives solid evidence that seem to be unheeded. The case is all the worse because most men who are heavy eaters take so excessive and this double the danger. An eminent physician has just given an argument against business men eating three hearty meals a day without taking any exercise. He says that a man who works in the open air can eat as much as he feels like, but that the man of sedentary habits who partakes of meat three times a day is simply laying up trouble for himself and making it necessary for insurance companies to change the rates.

The wonders of chemistry applied to the production of "fake" foods are easily explained to the public, yet they are in some cases unbelievable. It is difficult to understand, for instance, how the perfect imitations of fruit preserves which are now on the market can be produced from wholly foreign materials. It would seem, too, to the ordinary understanding, that the intricate chemical methods of imitation would cost more than the genuine process. But there is always, of course, some margin of advantage to the manufacturer in the making of an imitation. The difference of a small fraction of a cent in the cost of a pound of the commodity at wholesale amounts perhaps to a substantial dividend to the stockholders of a big packing, preserving or dispensing corporation. The public has at least the assurance that if chemistry can produce these imitations so that the ordinary palate or eye cannot detect their nature, chemistry in turn can reveal the fraud and therefore punish it, if the law is properly framed and energetically enforced, comments the Washington Star.

### NOT YET.

I do remember, when I was a lad, After the noisy pleasures of the day, When the still, dreamy hour of twilight had Faded, and father's earnest voice had said: "Come, little one, it is the time for bed!"

I do remember how I used to plead: "Just a few minutes more I want to stay; Just a few minutes more I want to play; With all my childish heart would I implore: 'O let me stay just a few minutes more!'"

Now I am old, and on my shoulders laid Are many heavy gifts of many years, And down my cheeks the often rolling tears Have deep and dark their fearful furrows made, And God's dear voice down in my heart Has said: "Come, little one, it is the time for bed!"

I've played the glad games of the youthful day, Have done the chores that fell into my lot And borne the burdens all, complaining not; "Come, little one, it is the time for rest!"

And yet in childish treble do I plead: "Just a few minutes more I want to stay; Just a few minutes more I want to play; I will be very, very good indeed: 'O let me stay just a few minutes more!'"

—George Sinton, in Lippincott's Magazine.

### ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.

By PIERCE B. BARNARD.

It was a settled conviction with Amelia Robinson that she would never marry. She was pretty enough and educated, too, with sufficient amiability to satisfy the average suitor. The fault was with Amelia. She admitted this. She had had offers; in fact, looking into the extravagant claims of her admirers occupied a good deal of her attention.

Among the many she had rejected in the big establishment in which she was employed there was not one who had not been ruled out fairly on the ground that she was a better manager than he. She was more practical, more accurate, more self-possessed, than any of the male faction. Furthermore, she was perfectly satisfied with her superiority, and intended to enjoy it to a good while yet.

When Jack Ashbin came in from his three months' tour of the southern states, he was greatly amused at the state of affairs.

"So the Goddess is still obdurate, eh? Won't listen to reason or nonsense, or anything else?"

He put down his grip and smiled agreeably at the entire office force. His good humor was always catching, and his homely, comprehensive grin was familiar to the company's patrons in many states.

People had said he resembled the picture of a man in a matrimonial guide whom women are told to avoid, and as he often narrated the story himself, one can see he did not undervalue a joke of any kind.

His face was one not easily forgotten, and his manners were of the adhesive kind which marks the perfect canvasser.

The boys dared him to try to talk to Amelia on any subject than business, so he went to work, and it wasn't long before they had grounds for jealousy.

Jack began with the weather, but easily shifted to the opera, walking skirts, early marriages, runaway matches, mothers-in-law, etc.

The first thing Amelia knew she was getting interested—and in a man, too, of all things! Of course she must quickly put a stop to this, but the question was how? The only way to interrupt his flow of eloquence was to seek safety in flight, and she had long ago made up her mind, never to flee from any man. Still, this freckled knight of the grip must not be encouraged in his mistaken enterprise. Amelia was not the kind to allow anybody to be misled by her actions. But just as she had settled upon the best form in which to discuss this ardent admirer, he suddenly changed his tactics.

"Ah! I see," he said in an alarmed tone, "you are falling in love with me. It's too bad—too bad!"

"With you?" exclaimed the astonished typewriter.

"Yes; I can tell every time, and I'm sorry for it."

"Why, you were never more mistaken, sir, in your life!"

"Oh, it's possible you don't understand your own case; but it's a fact; you are drifting into love, and, as I said before, I am very sorry—for it can never be."

"Your assurance is astounding!"

"It seems so—but I must warn you in time. Young ladies have an unaccountable way of throwing themselves at me. I always know when the fatal moment is approaching, and I implore you to pause and consider before it is forever too late."

"Why, you ought to be arrested!"

"Anything to stop your mad career before you mar your future happiness. Nothing causes me greater pain than to say 'no' to such beauty as yours; but duty, you know, comes first. However painful it may be to me."

read good books—go out more—try to occupy your mind—there is still hope."

Just as Amelia was glancing about for a convenient implement with which to commit murder, a clerk who had been her first admirer came to her rescue. It was just in time, for the pretty typewriter girl was on the point of appealing to tears.

Then they explained that it was all in fun, but Amelia would never look upon it in that way. No gentleman would court her, he thought, like that in the name of innocent fun.

Her rescuer was of the opinion that the world was full of just such monsters as Jack Ashbin, and that every lady needed a protector. Amelia agreed with him, which made him very happy.

Still all the afternoon she was nervous, even making some mistakes, a thing unheard of before.

The next day the man of boundless nerve was exiled to the Pacific slope for six months. Amelia was soon as calm and serene as ever, and "they say" a certain heretofore admirer is not out of the question.—Waverley Magazine.

### A ROBBER OF TRAPS.

Wolverine Annoys Hunters, but is Too Shy to Go on Catching.

The wolverine is stoutly built and about three and one-half feet in length, including a rather short tail, which is covered with long drooping hair. The general appearance of the animal reminds us of a shaggy, short-tailed dog or small bear. The head is broad, with obtuse nose, short ears and small eyes. The body is covered with dark brown or black hair, about four inches long, which hides beneath it an undercoat of soft, short fur. The legs are short and stout, and the feet broad and covered below with woolly hair. The toes are armed with strong and fairly sharp claws. The curious appearance of the animal is added to by a band of reddish-brown hair which commences behind the shoulder, runs along the flank, and turning up on the hip unites in the rear with a similar band on the other side of the body. There is also a whitish band across the forehead, from ear to ear. Such is the animal which the early writers loved to romance about, and which the northern hunter doesn't love at all.

Like almost all the carnivorous animals inhabiting the cold regions of the north, he will eat the flesh of any animal he can get hold of, living or dead. He catches wild mice and certain other small quadrupeds and possibly grouse, which have plunged into the snow for protection from the cold. But he is slow of foot, and the capture of northern hares or other feet-footed creatures would be quite out of the question. His principal food is thought to consist of the flesh of animals which have been killed by accident, as great numbers of animals are killed everywhere. He is also said to destroy great numbers of foxes at the time when the cubs are small. He seeks out the den, forces an entrance, and kills both the mother fox and her little ones. No doubt he often catches very young hares and rabbits. He has earned his name of "glutton," not only by eating large quantities of food, but by bolting it hurriedly, sometimes scarcely chewing it at all.

But what has brought him into ill repute with the hunters is his habit of following them to rob their traps. A trapper will walk for many miles, setting his traps for beaver, martens, arctic foxes and other fur-bearing animals, and return the next day to find that a wolverine has upset all his calculations. The glutton has followed the trail of the woodman, eating trap after trap, skillfully stealing the bait from some and killing and devouring the animals that have been caught in others. But although he frequents the traps so readily he is not easy to catch by any means, for he is cunning and suspicious, and manages to keep out of trouble as a rule.

The wolverine has been killed as far south as Massachusetts county, New York, but it inhabits chiefly the northern countries, not only of America, but of Europe and Asia.—Boston Herald.

### A Forgotten Statesman.

Why is it that Oliver Ellsworth, who received so little attention from biographers and historians? asks Frank Gaylord Cook in the Atlantic. He was not born in Massachusetts or Virginia. In Connecticut, like Pennsylvania, the historic field has been meagrely tilled. Moreover the dramatic and opportune quality of his work has been perceived only through the perspective of subsequent years. To negotiate an unpopular convention for a party just retiring from office in defeat and ignominy is not conducive to immediate fame. Nevertheless, he has not been wholly overlooked by subsequent statesmen. Webster said of him: "For strength of reason, for sagacity, wisdom and sound good sense in the conduct of affairs, for moderation of temper and general ability, it may be doubted if New England has yet produced his superior." What he said, as chief justice of the United States to the grand jury at Savannah in 1796, was the aim of his life: "So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men; and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth."

### South American Armies.

The daily press of Argentina is filled with notes concerning the superiority of the Argentine army over that of Chili. According to the latest news published in Argentine dailies, the native population of Argentine amounts to 2,000,000 souls, and that of Chili to 2,750,000. The army of the Argentine Republic consists of 200,000 officers and men, and that of Chili of 150,000 officers and men.

### THE GAME OF JAI-ALAL.

NEW YORK REVIVAL OF A FASCINATING BASQUE SPORT.

Huge Profits When Conducted Professionally—The Sixty-sixth Street Front—A Round or Two in Havana—Gold Coin Thrown to the Players.

Only one enterprise, excepting that of keeping hotels for tourists—and the word ought not to be used in any sense for that business—is really prospering greatly in Havana this season, writes a correspondent of the New York Post from Cuba. At the Fronton Jai-Alal, or court, where the violent game of pelota is played in the fashion of the old Basque country, the proprietors must clear \$75,000, perhaps \$100,000, possibly more, each week. Earnings are light, income enormous, best-sugar is not a competitor, and there is no dependence on tariffs. Still it is not an enterprise of profits and no prizes to Cuba, for it is run chiefly for gambling purposes. You are going to see the game presently in New York; the fronton is being built in West Sixty-Sixth street, whether for pure sport or for betting, it doubtless remains for the law to determine. There is no reason why jai-alal should not be kept, as tennis and golf and hockey have been, free from the debasing touch of professionalism. One knows no other play which is so vigorous, even violent and needing more precision of sight, quickness of judgment, agility and powerful young muscles.

Jai-alal, the popular term for pelota, you may read an entertaining description of it in Pierre Loti's "Ramuntcho."

At last they enter the arena, the pelota, the six champions, among whom is one in a cassock; the vicar of the parish. \* \* \* At the right wrist the players attach with thought a strange wicker thing, resembling a large curved finger, which lengthens the forearm by half. It is with this glove (manufactured in France by a unique basket-maker of the village of Ascan) that they have to catch, throw and hurl the pelota—a small ball of lightened cork covered with sheep skin, hard as wood. \* \* \* This is the rule of the game: When one of the champions of the two camps lets the ball fall it is a point earned by the adverse camp—and ordinarily the limit is 60 points.

In Havana there are two jai-alal evenings in the secular week and an afternoon of matches on Sundays—which you will be reminded of by the stream of carriages running from the Fronton, at the fixed hour. It is the great excitement, the great disappointment of many people, the sad ruin of some, and Americans quickly succumb to its strong fascinations. If there is one interest which has brought Cubans and Americans to a common admiration (which is often as untinged by the persons as to have a common aversion) it is the game of jai-alal.

There is to be a great match. Macaula and Treect (blues) are to play Eloy and Machin (whites). The last time these teams met the blues won, but by only one point, in a total of 30 close fighting all the way through.

But that was in the evening; today they play by daylight, and it is known to the expert that Machin's sight is better in daylight. He is a marvel, this Machin, with the long eyebrows that denote the real Basque, and muscles as responsive as elastic. His partner, Eloy, is lanky and stooped, but quick, and attends to the game. He will be opposed to Macaula, in front (which would be "at the net" in tennis), and Macaula is small, catlike, very lovely, the girls think, to look upon, with a monastic just shadowing his lip, and shoulders like a grenadier.

But—oh, the handicap of ladies' men!—he plays to the boxes, plays for applause, to hear his name shouted, and see flowers thrown from some throbbing breasts to him. His partner, Treect, is also handsome, lithe, rather blonde, graceful, and he, a famous back, will be opposed near the far wall to the dark Machin, and is likewise a matinee idol—consequently you, being a man, decide against him and Macaula, and pin your faith to the less well-favored whites, Eloy and Machin, though they were defeated before.

Where they begin there is an asphalt court bounded on three sides with masonry walls painted black. On the fourth side sit the spectators, tier on tier. The game is to fling the ball with aid of the long cista, basket glove, hard against one wall, when the opposing team must catch it on the fly or on the first bound, and hurl it back; and so on, as in tennis, or, to be understood, nowadays, perhaps one should say ping-pong. Between spectators and players is a line of corridors, or men who record bets between lookers-on, wearing brilliant scarlet Basque caps that make startling color spots against the black wall of the court. One man wants to wager 5 to 4 on the blues. A corridor calls out the terms, and somebody takes the bet, the money, in gold sentences, is paid over, and registered. The admonitions, comments, applause of the spectators, and the cries of the corner boys, are a tremendous din. It is Macaula's first serve; he selects one of the eight fine Pamplona balls from the box carried by the ball attendant, tries its rebound on the asphalt, tosses it for courtesy to an opponent to see if it suits him, and with a little min backward toward the hitting wall, swings ever so gracefully and clack! the ball strikes the wall, and is in play, traveling back so swiftly that the eye follows its flight with difficulty until clack! it is caught in the cista of Eloy, who with both arms returns it with terrific force. Back it rebounds high in the air, and clack! it is caught by Treect near the far-away rear wall, half a city block distant, and you can fancy the

power exerted when he, not moving from position, hurls it instantly half a city block to the hitting wall so that it is immediately back again for his opponent, Machin, to stop, with a shock that would break an ordinary man's muscles, and he returns it furiously. It is not a game for the penny or the soft; it gives tremendous wrenches to the sides, to the back and to the legs. These men have grown up playing jai-alal.

The become intoxicated with the movement and the swiftness, the din increases; the clack! and the clack! punctuate it sharply; until tall, stoop-shouldered Eloy, in a violent effort, swings himself clear off the floor and falls, with his cista arm doubled under him upon the asphalt. It is a hot line, and must be taken by the opponent in front, little Macaula. He has to run hard for it, and reach quick and fast; but while silence falls, the clack! is heard, and then the clack! and there is nobody in place to return it. Then there are tumult and cheers, and cries of Macaula! Macaula! and little Macaula gets a red rose, flung by an excited beauty in a box, and there is jangle of money, and at his feet fall glittering gold sentences, thrown from everywhere. Five dollars each they are, and there must be 20 of them; he picks up one or two, touches them to the point of his good cista, and makes acknowledgment, leaving the rest to be picked up by the boy attendant. The blues have won the first point, and the betting odds increase against the whites, the dark Machin and the angular Eloy. But we have faith; and, sure enough, Eloy, resenting the rose and the gold thrown to Macaula, sets his jaw and plays prodigiously—cuts his opponent in a few moments by cleverly placing the ball where Macaula cleverly placing it, and the whites have begun a score, which, though resisted at every point, gains steadily to the last, when Eloy wings gold from benches and boxes, where, after all, there is admiration for real prowess, unalloyed to a fine figure, and he has the satisfaction of seeing old-fashioned copper coins, not worth picking up, thrown to Macaula in gentle derision.

This is but a cursory, matter-of-fact impression of a small part of one of the afternoon's four matches. On a particular, which is a match between two teams of two men each, \$25,000 to \$30,000 is wagered; on a quintet, which is played by six men, each for himself, from \$500 to \$1000 is wagered; this would indicate that every jai-alal afternoon or evening sees at least \$65,000 laid in bets. From three to four thousand persons attend, leaving rarely many vacant seats, paying each for admission from 50 cents to \$3 Spanish silver (35 cents to \$1.50 American).

### QUANT AND CURIOUS.

Six young whales belonging to a school which stranded the other day at Pars Island, near Beaufort, S. C., were captured. One big one and two small ones escaped.

The young men of Jersey City, N. J., who recently organized the club known as the Merry Bachelors of Greenville, have disbanded. They failed to keep up their resolution that they would not associate with the fair sex.

Chester Holcombe says a mere matter of accent may totally alter the meaning of the word in the Chinese language. The same author says that one must watch the very tones of his voice if he does not wish to make ludicrous mistakes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Eaton of Boston are to adopt Miss Minnie Newby, a school girl with a wonderful voice, as a business investment. They are to spare no cost in training her, but should she die in the meantime they wish to receive pay for their trouble, and will get the girl's life insured for \$25,000.

M. Garber has won a wager of 1000 francs at Harrowfield, France, by playing a piano for 27 hours, with intervals not aggregating over half an hour. His fingers became cramped, his face drawn, his hands swollen, and he had to support his arms on cushions, but he won his bet, with 14 minutes to spare.

The type of horseshoe common in the Orient is a plate fitted so as to cover the entire bottom of the hoof, with a perforation in the centre. The weight of the average horseshoe is three-fourths of a pound. The native smiths usually cut these plates from sheets of wrought iron and rudely shape them for the purpose in view.

In a new building attached to some boiler works in Germany a novelty in windows has been introduced. Light is introduced through stone windows. The ordinary panes of glass were impracticable on account of the nearness of the works to the railway lines, so pneumatic glass stones have been used. From the outside the appearance is the same as the so-called "Buttress" panes. They are translucent and at the same time as strong as the stone wall in which they are set. They will withstand any pressure or blow that the walls will stand.

Killed as His Victim Was. Two years ago James Moore, Jr., of Wardfield, killed Thomas Runyon at a Baptist association by shooting him in the left knee, fracturing the patella. Runyon became paralyzed and died in 10 days. Ten days ago Moore and Wallace Brewer engaged in a fight which culminated in Brewer shooting Moore in the left knee, fracturing the left patella. Moore became paralyzed and also died in ten days.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

To know the worst is one way whereby to better it. Loneliness is a small thing for any one to complain of in a world like this. Truth will give up her treasures to you when you give up your prejudices to her.

A man's good breeding is the best security against another man's bad manners. That is the best gift of love which will in some way be helpful to the persons receiving it.

When a great man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him shines on the paths of men.

Whether you speak in metaphysical like the green leaf and the pleasant, pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One single wrong indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.

Discontent is the want of self reliance; it is infidelity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend to your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired.

Whether you speak in metaphysical or metaphorical language, in the purest words of inspiration or the grossest images of materialism, the conceptions conveyed by the same word are essentially different, according to the soul which receives them.

At almost every step in life we meet with young men for whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, even after much and careful inquiry, we never happen to hear another word. Like certain chishams, calves and ringhams, they show finely in their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.

### AVERAGE AGE OF DOGS.

Probably About Ten Years, Although Many Live Much Longer.

The age to which a dog lives in the ordinary course is always a somewhat interesting subject, especially at the present time, when so much is done in the way of breeding for early maturity. For instance, we have both collies and fox terriers becoming bench champions before they are well out of their puppyhood, but it is hard to say that in a majority of such cases the overhewn dog afterward rapidly degenerates or dies an early death. A correspondent writes to the Field of the death of his fox terrier at the advanced age of 18 years, having been born in 1854. He was either a son or a grandson of Bokenhurst Joe, his late owner does not know which. This is no doubt a case of unusual longevity; but instances of dogs living to 14 and 15 years are common. Dr. Leary recorded the death of a dog of Lord Ogilvie at 23 years old, it arising from an accident; while Mr. W. I. Little-Gesch about the same time mentioned two of his own dogs, one of which was then living, hard on to 30 years old, the other had died when just over that age.

The well-known fox terrier, Belgrave Joe, was born July 31, 1848, and died Jan. 13, 1888, while another aged terrier was one of a working stamp which came from George Carter of the Betale, born in January, 1880, and died Feb. 13, 1900. In several of the above well-authenticated cases of longevity death either arose from accident or was brought about by the owner owing to the growing feebleness of the poor creature. No man can be struck as to the average age of the ordinary dog, but this might be taken at 10 years, as he is now.—Fall Staff Gazette.

Stead Settles Britain's Position. The controversy as to whether Britain or Germany was most helpful to the United States, at the time of the trouble with Spain, is an instance of the determination of Germany to dislodge England, if possible, from the position of America's best friend. There is no doubt that the English have monstrously exaggerated the services which they were able to render to the United States at the time of the war, and in doing so they have played into the hands of their astute German rivals, who have had little difficulty in showing that the claims put forward on their behalf have been far in excess of any thing that the facts justify. The popular delusion, for instance, that Great Britain had threatened to join the United States in a fighting alliance against a European coalition is all "free, fair, fun." We heartily wished the United States success, but between that and threatening to place the British navy in the American lighting line the difference is as wide as the distance between the two poles. We were ready to give moral support only.—William T. Stead, in Success.

### Greatest Flower Market in the World.

The greatest flower market in the world is the famous Covent Garden market in London, and to catch a peep of this centre of activity at Easter-time is a revelation. This flower headquarters for the world's greatest city was established about three quarters of a century ago in a most modest manner. Now it occupies a vast glass-roofed brick building. This immense structure is divided into hundreds of separate little stalls, each presided over by a man or woman, but viewed from one of the entrances the hall appears to be heaped up ten feet high with one vast mass of bloom.—Woman's Home Companion.

Water-recess is good when the leaves are large. The size of the leaves indicates the amount of tissue—strengthening chlorophyll—in them.