

Chief Justice Judd, of Hawaii, hopes for Union with the United States—the island republic to become either a "Federal District or a Territory."

Marshall Yamagata, of Japan, thinks that this is the most wonderful country under the sun, and says that it is the only Nation in the world that does not need an army.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The civilization that can photograph the invisible should not despair of finding out what is the real cause and practical cure of crime."

Eugene V. Debs was invited by the Chicago University students to address them, but the faculty wouldn't allow it. They think Debs is a dangerous man, explains the New England Homestead.

Chicago is very much afraid that Canada might invade her, in case of trouble with England, and is loudly demanding a big share of the cash appropriated for fortifications. What's the matter with the brick battlement, Illinois? asks the New Orleans Picayune.

It is the announced purpose of Andrew Carnegie to make of Pittsburgh the "art centre" of America, by an annual "salon" exhibition after the manner of the Paris Salon. To induce the world's artists to send pictures for exhibition he has decided to give \$50,000 a year for the purchase of prize winners.

Buffalo Bill is said, in Farm, Field and Fireside, to be the best known American citizen. In Germany he is looked upon as a general, in France, England and Ireland as the most prominent Presidential candidate, and in Spain and Italy as a cabinet officer taking a tour for his health. The members of the Will West Show are looked upon as the courtiers in his train—typical American gentlemen.

New cures for consumption continue to be proposed, notes the Pathfinder. None has so far proved a specific cure, invariably successful or exclusively accepted. Consumption appears to be the worst enemy of man's health in this day, and it is probably increasing. It is these serious considerations that are urging scientists to study more closely the pathology of the lungs. Nature abhors unhealth and as soon as we learn how to make the conditions right it will be as easy to reform a pair of lungs as to set a broken arm.

In Australia they are exploiting a whale cure for rheumatism, which is said to be effective, though discreditable. It was discovered by a drunken man, relates the New York Press, who was staggering along the beach near the whaling station at Twofold Bay, and who, seeing a dead whale cut open, took a header into the decomposing blubber. It took two hours for him to work his way out, and he was then not only sober, but cured of his rheumatism. Now, they say, a hotel has been built in the neighboring town of Eden, where rheumatic patients wait for the arrival of a whale in order to take blubber baths.

Only one lighthouse in ninety miles from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City, and several boats, including the liner St. Louis, have lately run on the beach in that stretch, exclaims the New York Dispatch. Only one lighthouse for the Long Island shore approach to Sandy Hook for sixty miles and over, where numerous wrecks are beached and straw the coast every year. Is the approach to the greatest harbor in the world properly protected considering the dangerous sands waiting to hold any craft unfortunate enough to get ashore and considering the enormous tonnage and its value that has to reach this port by running the gauntlet of the Jersey and Long Island sands?

A State organization of the school boards of Minnesota has been formed. There are similar organizations in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and Pennsylvania, and a National convention, the first, will be held in Buffalo this year, in connection with the National Teachers' Association. The purpose in the organization of these State associations of school boards is to gather and exchange opinions and decisions. Without such organization, it is argued, school boards are independent bodies, each acting upon its own best judgment, and knowing little or nothing of the methods of other boards. School teachers and superintendents have their conventions and exchange of ideas, and it is equally desirable that members of school boards should have an opportunity of educating themselves for their duties.

JENNY AND THE COWS.

The cows are coming home, Jenny— I hear their clanking bells: White Face And Bright Face: Coming, coming, coming from the clover, in the dells; Coming, Jenny girl, And what care they for a curl, Or that red rose that you wear in your hair, Jenny girl!

HERO.

HEY lived in a little two-roomed cabin on the bank of the Mississippi. The rising ground which they occupied had formerly been an island; but the Government had built a dike—locally called the "cut-off"—at the head of the slough, which turned the water into the main channel; and the rich, low ground between them and the shore road was where they planted their garden.

crept uncomfortably near them. By night the water had reached their cabin steps; but, as it seemed to rise no higher, they decided to bring Hero in and go to bed as usual. Before dawn they were roused by a loud knocking; it was one of the men from the mill. The stringers securing the log jam had broken, and help was needed immediately; so Mr. Lane dressed, and, with a hasty good-by, followed the messenger up the wet road.

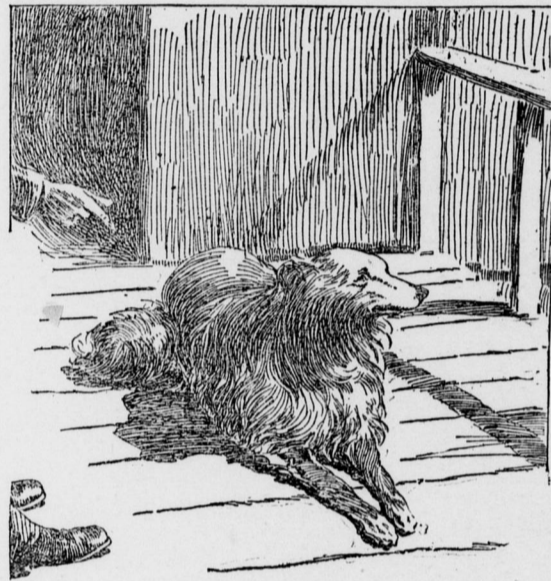
remarked, catching up with Chapman and handing him half of his burlap. When Lane reached a point that should have brought the cabin in view, to his horror nothing was visible but an expanse of rushing water. For a moment he felt stunned; but, looking back, he saw his two friends with their heavy rope coils; and realizing why they had brought them, he started down the shore faster than ever. As far as he could see down the stream there were no signs of the cabin; but the river curved a short distance below and a thick grove of trees hid quite a long stretch of it. As he rounded the point and the bend was disclosed, to his great joy he saw the house about half a mile below him. With a glad cry to his friends, he hurried onward and soon gained the nearest approach of the shore to his poor little stranded family.

"JOCK."

The Shepherd Collie Which Saved Twenty-five Horses. When Mr. Leicht, of the Paepcke-Leicht Lumber Company, paid \$25 for a Scotch collie, he little thought the dog would pay for itself a hundred times over and save property worth \$3,000. Such, however, is the fact, and had it not been for the sagacity of Jack twenty-five horses belonging to Mr. Leicht's firm would have lost their lives in the fire which partially destroyed its lumber-yard on Tuesday night.

carry a 50-pound sack of flour. Stooping down and catching a medium-sized man by the back of the coat collar with his teeth, he lifted him from the ground and walked across the street with him with as much ease as the average man would carry a meerschaum pipe in his mouth. He never wears a hat except when he comes to town, as he fears it will shorten his hair, and his shoes are always out at the toes, his feet being too long for any ready-made pair. Sam's employer has a standing wage of \$100 that he (Sam) can pull more than any team of horses in the surrounding country. His real name is Sam Williams. He was given the name of Sam Satan when he was a boy on account of his many mischievous pranks, and he is now known by that name and no other.

ROMANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH. A great deal of romance hovers round the means by which the world's news is gathered. The speed and accuracy with which messages are transmitted through the uttermost parts of the earth is marvelous when the conditions under which they are sometimes transmitted are considered. The Indo-European line offers a good illustration. It runs from London to Lowestoft on the east coast of England. It then dips under the sea to Emden, on the German coast, where it passes right through Germany to the Russian frontier. From this point the wire passes by way of Warsaw, Rovno, Odessa, the Caucasus and Tiflis, to Persia, and by Tauris to Teheran, the capital of the shah's dominions. There it joins the Indian government line, which runs from the Persian capital to Bushire on the Persian gulf. Thence the wires run



"JOCK," THE SHEPHERD COLLIE.

eral times he has driven suspicious characters away from the yards, and woe to the tramp who tries to turn a lumber pile into a lodging-house.—Chicago Tribune.

SATAN IN HARNESS.

A Giant Georgia Negro Does the Work of a Mule. "Satan at last in harness" should not be construed as meaning that the cloven hoof individual who figures most conspicuously in Dante's Inferno has been suddenly halted in his travels to and fro on this earth. The Satan here referred to is Sam Satan, a giant negro, of Dougherty County, Georgia, who allowed himself to be hitched to a plow and did the work of his deceased mule. Sam had owned a mouse-colored mule for a number of years, but hard work had hurried it to the bone factory, and money was not plentiful with Sam, and just how he should do the plowing in his field worried him very much. He saw nothing else to do but to take the mule's place in the harness, and let his wife do the driving. For one whole summer Sam assumed the role of a



SAM SATAN IN THE PLOW.

through Beloochistan, and complete the route by connecting Kurrachee, north India. The operation of this immense stretch of line, passing through countries of such varying climates and characteristics, is one of much difficulty. On the snow-swept steppes of Russia the wires are often snapped like thread by the rapid flight of flocks of wild geese. The poles are cut down and made into firewood by the nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts, and the cunning linemen of Georgia seek to boom their post-horse trade by deliberately creating faults in the wires. In the mountainous regions of Asia the maintenance of the solitary line involves much personal risk and hardship to the staff hands. Communication is often cut off by a snowfall of five or six feet in a night. These mountain stations are provisioned with several months' supplies before the winter sets in, as the staff will be in touch with the rest of the world by the wire only until the spring weather opens out the passes. In these supplies is always included a liberal allowance of books and games wherewith to relieve the monotony of the tedious winter exile.

A Chance for Students.

The managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies, in Rome, will offer for the year 1896-97 three fellowships, as follows: A fellowship of \$600, established by the managing committee; a fellowship of \$600, given by the Archeological Institute of America; a fellowship of \$500 for the study of Christian archeology, contributed by friends of the school. The holders of these fellowships will be enrolled as regular members of the school and will be required to pursue their studies, under the supervision of the directors of the school, for the full school year of ten months, beginning Oct. 15, 1896. The fellowships are open to bachelors of arts of American colleges.

A Queer Deposit.

Julius Howe has a peculiar deposit on his farm in East Brookfield, Mass. It covers about an acre and lies at the bottom of a ravine in a bog. It is about one and one-half feet thick and is twelve inches below the surface. It has been analyzed and found to consist of the petrified shells or bodies of minute flies or beetles. Upon being burned it crumbles into a white powder, valuable for scouring metal.

Knowledge and Observation.

A field naturalist is one who supplements the knowledge acquired by study, by actual observation. The term implies acquaintance with the habits of animals, as well as with their anatomy.

Discovered Pigmies in Africa. Donaldson Smith, the young physician who has been on an expedition to Lake Rudolf, Africa, arrived in New York from London on board the American line steamer St. Louis yesterday afternoon, and last evening reached his home in this city, says the Philadelphia Times.

Perhaps of the greatest popular interest is his discovery of many new tribes whose existence was previously unknown. Among these is a race of pigmies, the fact of whose discovery has caused a commotion in scientific circles. These curious people are of African type. Although of great physical beauty, with well-formed limbs, they are barely removed from animals. Late in life, they settle down and marry. These remarkable people are all between four and five feet high and live in primitive conical huts.

Salt in History.

The necessity for salt among aboriginal races must have been paramount, for nature craves it. Salts of soda are to be found in all animal and vegetable substances man uses, but it does not seem to be so assimilable as sodium chloride. Primitive Americans were certainly fortunate, because sources of salt far away from the seaboard are fairly numerous. The work of procuring salt must have fallen to a Mexican goddess who was honored as the salt giver. Baneroft, in his Aztec studies, tells how an Aztec king kept the Tlascalans without salt for years, until they acknowledged his sovereignty.

Proof Positive.

A Scotsman who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him into a room with a theological work, an apple and a six-penny piece. If he found him when he returned reading the book, he intended to make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer, and if interested in the money, a banker. When he did return he found the boy sitting on the book, with the six-penny in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured.

Peculiar Way to Grind Out a Living.

There is a man with an office on West Twenty-eighth street who is grinding out a living in a peculiar way. He conducts a bureau of nomenclature. His specialty is to name titles for all sorts of plays. Of course, he must read the plays first. Many authors who are unable to conceive an appropriate title for their plays go to this individual for a catchy name. If the play is a success he generally gets a handsome bonus in addition to his fee. He has been in the business for seven years, and he says only two of the plays which he named have gone under.—New York World.

Music Published Cheaply.

Music is published very cheaply. The cost of 100 copies is only about \$20, if the cover of the music is plain. There were 60,000 musical compositions turned out from American presses last year. Hardly more than a dozen songs were a popular success. They need not deter the musically ambitious, who can, if they find the proper place, become composers "while you wait."—San Francisco Chronicle.