

Complaint is made that the styles of goods offered to the clothiers for their next fall's trade do not show enough novelty. The Textile Manufacturers' Journal says that the same fault has been found in dress goods, and declares that "buyers cannot be fooled."

The organization of a naval reserve ought to be one of the results of the present excitement. This would enable the Navy in war time to draw upon the merchant marine for trained seamen and even for educated officers. It might be possible also to incorporate the well-drilled young men of the naval militia in such a body.

The Providence Journal observes: All this war talk in various parts of the world serves to remind us how important a part coal plays in these days in determining the question of hostilities or peace. It is possible, for example, that Great Britain may carry her point in Asia by the simple device of making war impossible through the acquisition of all the available supplies of coal. She is now reported to be buying up all the coal in that region except that controlled by Japan.

Mr. MacAleese's bill, recently introduced into the British Parliament, to enable persons of Irish birth or extraction to use the prefix "O'" or "Mac" before their names, is directed against the statutes of remote days, passed with the object of removing from Ireland everything distinctively Irish, and forbidding the use of these prefixes. The result has been that many Irish names have been doctored of their prefix, and as the House of Commons seems disposed to take a good-humored view of the question these cherished particles will, no doubt, be restored to their owners.

Sir William Van Horn, President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, estimates that from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000 will be taken into the Klondike country during the present year, and it is a problem how much of it will be brought out. He bases this estimate upon the expectation that from 200,000 to 300,000 people will start for the gold regions, and that each of them will take an average of \$1000, which is very moderate and probably less than the amount. Forty-two steamers and twenty-four sailing craft are now engaged between Puget sound and Alaska, and twelve British steamers and several schooners sail regularly from Vancouver. Every ship is loaded to the limit of safety with freight and passengers, and the congestion at all of the ports of embarkation is increasing instead of being relieved.

The next war will be a war of chemistry, mathematics and electricity, declares the Chicago Record. The war between Japan and China is the only one that was ever fought upon scientific principles, but it was hardly a fair test, because the Japanese met with no resistance. They maneuvered their armies and their fleets according to rules laid down by the authorities on warfare, and it was possible for them to do so, because the enemy never interfered with their calculations. At the naval school at Newport, R. I., the students play games of war, in which problems are worked out with toy ships and guns and soldiers on the theory that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery and that skill is superior to force. Hereafter in war there will be no scenes of gallantry such as have made heroes in the past. The hero of the future is a man who can direct a torpedo with the greatest accuracy, or land a shell at a certain spot in the enemy's fleet by the aid of a range-finder and a mathematical calculation.

It is interesting to the Chicago Times-Herald to observe that the United States has fought five wars in the 122 years since the declaration announced the birth of our nation. In each one we have triumphed. In that period England has fought six wars—not including conflicts with savages in India and in Africa. And she has lost two—both to America. France has engaged in six, and has lost two—one with the allied powers and one with Germany. Prussia in the same period has lost two out of five wars. Austria has lost three out of five. Russia has lost two and has gained two. Spain has lost every war she has undertaken in that period—unless her ten years war with Cuba may be called victorious. The United States has declared war, but once—that instance being in 1812, and after such a series of insults and injuries as no nation would now dream of inflicting. But there has never been a day when a declaration of war from another nation has found us unprepared. And every enemy which has first attacked us has been first to sue for peace.

#### THE FIELDS OF CLOVER.

Oh, for one more happy day,  
To run and romp and play,  
Out in the fields, where ever and over  
I could romp once more in the fragrant  
clover!  
For never was joy  
Like being a boy,  
Out in the fields of clover.  
Oh, for one more bare-foot run,  
After the long hot day is done,  
Down in the fields of fragrant clover,  
While by my side my old dog Rover  
Runs after the cows,  
Who stop to browse,  
Out in the fields of clover!  
Oh, for one more vigorous swim  
In the deep old pool where the light is  
dim,  
Where down I plunge, over and over,  
And when I come up I smell of clover,  
As the wind blows fresh,  
On my naked flesh,  
Out from the fields of clover!  
Oh, for one more rest at night  
With my heart as free and light  
As in the days now long passed over  
When I played in the fields of fragrant  
clover.  
For never was joy  
Like being a boy,  
Out in the fields of clover!  
—Everywhere.

#### MR. TEMPLETON'S CHOICE.

BY PAULINE MONTAGUE.

**M**R. TEMPLETON leaned back very comfortably in his crimson leather, brass-nail studded library chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought his finger tips together, and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, eh? Well, yes, I am a rich man—what some people would call a very rich man; and the beauty of it is, I made my fortune myself. When I started out for myself, a lad of ten—that's fifty years ago or more—I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulders. To-day—I say it without boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the 'Clyties,' and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide-awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and general manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense, my boy. I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down—I believe that, if I didn't practice it, I hope you'll marry early, Fred."

A little twinkling look was in Warrington's handsome face.

"I agree with you there, sir, to a T. I think I shall marry early."

Mr. Templeton bestowed a satisfied look on him.

"All right, my dear boy! Marry early, and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time, and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Street's can collect."

"Anyone in the world would have thought Fred Warrington was transported to the seventh heaven of rapture at the bewildering prospect held out to him; but he merely looked a little graver as he bowed courteously.

"I know you are just as good and generous as it is possible for man to be, Uncle Phil, but—"

Fred hesitated in his speech, and a thoughtful frown gathered on his forehead.

Mr. Templeton looked the surprise he felt.

"But! Where can the 'but' be to such an offer as that? You've only to marry to please me. By Jupiter, Frederick! It isn't possible you're already in love?"

"Already, and engaged to the sweetest and dearest little dar—"

Mr. Templeton remorselessly cut short the lover-like enthusiasm.

"O, of course—of course! But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Miss Rossie Fleming, and she is a music teacher, and her eyes are—"

Mr. Templeton looked sternly across the library table.

She's staying at Mrs. Saxony's. Come along, sir."

Fred rose promptly.

"Certainly, I'll go and be presented to her, and I dare say there will be no reason why I shall not admire her immensely. But as for falling in love with Miss Lovett—"

He laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders, then put on his hat, and went out with Mr. Templeton to meet the charming young lady intended for his destiny.

It was a beautiful little villa, not far from Mr. Templeton's stately mansion, a little back from the Parade, and it made a very pretty picture, with its white lace draperies floating in the still sea breeze, and the spray from the fountains blowing in a rainbow shower, and the gay striped awnings fluttering their scalloped borders in the July sunshine.

The liveried footman bowed his best and regretted to be obliged to inform the gentleman that Mrs. Saxony was not in. A swift look of dismay on Mr. Templeton's face perhaps told that functionary's tender heart, for he hastened to assure them that "Miss Lovett was in the drawing-room—would they walk in?"

But that Mr. Templeton declined doing, as he was not personally acquainted with Miss Lovett, at least not sufficiently acquainted with her to present himself. He had known her when she was a girl of ten, and had always been her father's most cherished friend, and had been in correspondence with Mr. Lovett when that gentleman died so suddenly in India; but all the same, with an old bachelor's characteristic shrinking from pretty young girls, he declined the invitation until Mrs. Saxony should be present.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he said, as they went through the beautiful little park, into which carriages were not admitted; and, impelled by an impulse he recognized afterward as fate, Mr. Templeton paused midway down the path, and turned to look back at Mrs. Saxony's house.

"By Jove! There she is at the window—Miss Lovett! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she sweet enough to turn any fellow topsy-turvy? Look, Fred—there's the wife I've picked out for you! Can your music-teacher beat that?"

And Mr. Templeton seized his offending nephew by the sleeve, and gesticulated emphatically toward the open window where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—marvelously beautiful! fair and dainty—with dark, lustrous hair, braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows, that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A rosebud of a month, a round, handsomely chiseled chin, a white dress, with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to indeed have turned any man's senses "topsy-turvy."

She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of their espionages, or of Fred Warrington's transfixed gaze.

"So you're struck, eh? So you'll give the old man credit for having good taste, will you? You wouldn't mind having her for your wife, after all, I suppose!"

Fred drew a long breath, then quickly linked his arm in Mr. Templeton's, and drew that gentleman away.

"She is the sweetest, most beautiful girl I ever saw. I'll marry her tomorrow if she'll have me," he said.

And how the old gentleman laughed.

"Music teacher notwithstanding, eh?" he said.

And then Fred laughed, and Mr. Templeton generously decided not to be too sarcastic on the poor boy.

Almost at the same moment a tall, lovely girl, several years older than the fairy in white by the window in Mrs. Saxony's drawing-room, entered and went up to her.

"Absorbed in your book still, Rossie? It is time for my lesson, isn't it?"

And Rossie Fleming laid down her book, and for an hour she and Miss Beatrix Lovett devoted themselves to the music lesson, to be interrupted by a gentleman who had bribed the footman to permit him to enter the music-room unannounced, and to whom Rossie flew, with a little shriek of delight.

"Fred—O Fred! How did you know I was in Brighton? I only came yesterday to assist Miss Lovett with her music. This is Miss Lovett, Fred—Mr. Warrington, Miss Lovett."

And before he had finished his very delightful call Mr. Warrington related to the ladies the mistake his uncle had made.

"And I am sure Miss Lovett will not blame me if I insist that I shall marry you, little Rossie, and the sooner the better, before Uncle Phil discovers his mistake."

And the next week there was a quiet wedding at the local registrar's office, while Mr. Templeton was taking his snooze in his chair, with his handkerchief over his face, dreaming of the days when beautiful Miss Lovett would reign royally in his nephew's home.

At 8 o'clock the same night he was electrified by the receipt of a note from Fred.

"I'm astonished and dumbfounded, and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred?"

But before Fred could make the explanation he deemed incumbent a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet—a girl with starry eyes and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrix Lovett!" said the servant.

And then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pearly-purple eyes making him feel the queerest around his heart he never had felt, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton simmered quietly down, and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Rossie for Miss Lovett.

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife you shall have her for your aunt, and help yourself if you can!"

But as no one was at all anxious to help it, Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife, and it is a question of the quartet is the happiest.—Spare Moments.

The Wild Birds of Europe.

If it were not for the climate's sake birds of passage would do well never to cross the Alps. In Germany, in Switzerland, in northern Europe generally, they are more or less protected by the laws, but as soon as they have reached the Latin races their slaughter begins. Ticino awaits their coming with net, snare and gun, and the war of devastation spreads from Italian Switzerland to Italy. From south Italy it begins again in the spring, and in this promiscuous massacre it is noticed that of all our feathered favorites the lark, the nightingale, the swallow and the thrush suffer most. The Berlin Society for the Protection of Wild Birds has fought for many years against the evil, and while other countries have been legislating for the birds at home, this body has sought to attack the mischief in Italy, its very heart and center.

Some years ago a petition was addressed to Queen Margherita asking for her pity and protection in behalf of the bird emigrants, and to the queen of Italy such a prayer would not be addressed in vain. But the Italian peasant cannot be reached by these means. The same society in Berlin proposes now to try religious pressure and has petitioned the pope to the same effect. His holiness is implored to move the clergy throughout Italy to urge them "by doctrine and by reproof to stop this wanton slaughter."

The poor Italian is himself an exile in all lands. He should feel some touch of pity for his fellow wanderer, the guest of many nations.—Pall Mall Gazette.

To Market by Trolley.

An English trolley line plying between Bessbrook and Newry through a rich farming district makes a substantial addition to its receipts by hauling farm wagons over its lines attached to the motor car in place of the trailer which is sometimes seen. In order to keep the wagons on the track a second pair of rails is laid inside the working tracks and slightly higher. The towns at either end of the line are both market towns, and the line runs directly to the business centers, where the wagons are drawn aside and run into their places by a half-dozen sturdy men, who are paid a few pence each by the countryman for this service. It is, therefore, possible for a farmer to bring his produce to market and dispose of it without the aid of his horses. It is not an uncommon sight, and always a rather amusing one, to see a lumbering farm wagon, loaded with hay or produce, flying along behind the motor car on its way to market. The farmers take kindly to the scheme, as it is a saving of money as well as horse flesh.—Kansas City Architect and Builder.

A Melancholy Figure in History.

Behind all this drama stand the melancholy, tragic figures of the house of Hapsburg. It is said that the Hapsburgs regard the United States with superstitious feelings. The revolution that sent the daughter of Maria Theresa to her death in France was inspired in part by the earlier uprising in America. The Monroe doctrine was a blow at the holy alliance, in which Austria led.

Maximilian died in Mexico because of American intervention, and now the Queen Regent of Spain, a daughter of the Hapsburgs, finds the possessions of her son threatened by this same republic. The Queen Regent is a pathetic figure. Not Spanish in race or breeding, she finds thrown upon herself the enormous burden of saving for her son his crown in days when Spain is distracted by the gravest troubles.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Socratic Methods Made Absurd.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the well-known infidel, was once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister. Bradlaugh insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner. The reverend gentleman rose, and in a quiet manner said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?" "Certainly," said Bradlaugh. "Then, may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?" This was a poser, for if answered by "Yes," it would imply that he had previously beaten her, and by "No," that he continued to do so.—Argonaut.

#### SIBERIAN SNOW CAMELS.

AN UNFAMILIAR ANIMAL ADAPTED FOR USE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Much Better Than the Reindeer—It Is an Indifferent Cold as to Thirst—Sheds Its Fur Coat in Summer and Needs Little to Eat—It Survives Everything.

Carl Hagenbeck, the proprietor of the Thierpark at Hamburg and the greatest importer of wild animals both into Europe and America, says: "The best animal for the Klondike climate is the big Siberian camel. These camels transport all merchandise from China to Russia, and can stand Siberian cold as well as the greatest heat. They never need shelter, and sleep out in the deep snow. They can carry from five to six hundredweight, and also go in harness and pull as much as a big horse. They can cross mountains as well as level country. As for the difficulty of procuring them, there is none. I can deliver as many as may be wanted for \$200 apiece in London or Grimsby, or \$300, duty paid, in New York."

The two-humped Bactrian camel, of which Mr. Hagenbeck speaks, is the only beast of burden, not excepting the reindeer, which Englishmen have absolutely no practical experience. It was not procurable for the Afghan wars, even the native Afghan camel being a descendant of the southern breed which has migrated to the hills, while the snow camel keeps north of the Central Asian line. The Russians are, in fact, the only Europeans who are acquainted with this universal beast of transport of Northern Asia, while in Europe itself it has not been seen since the revolt of the Tartars, in the reign of the Empress Catharine.

In that memorable and bloodstained exodus, when the Tartars fled from the banks of the Volga to the Great Wall of China, their herds of snow camels alone saved the remnant of the people; and when, after five months, the flying horde, reduced from 600,000 to 350,000 souls, together with the pursuing Bashkirs, plunged into the waters of the Lake of Tengis, "like a host of lunatics pursued by a host of fiends," they were still riding on the camels on which they had started in the snows of winter and crossed the ice of the Russian rivers. "Ox, cow, horse, mule, ass, sheep, or goat, not one survived," writes De Quincey, "only the camels. These arid and austere creatures, looking like the mummies of some antediluvian animals, without the affections or sensibilities of flesh and blood—these only lifted their speaking eyes to the Eastern heavens, and had to all appearance come out of this long tempest of trial unscathed and hardly diminished."

These "innumerable camels" were all of the Bactrian breed, and evidence of the extremes of cold and heat endured in this enterprise of the Kalmecks may be found in the fact that during the beginning stages of the flight circles of men, women, and children were found frozen stiff round the campfires in the morning, while in the last stage the horde passed for ten days through a waterless desert with only an eight days' supply, and yet arrived "without sensible loss" of these creatures on the shore of the Chinese lake.

The constant references to the Bactrian camels made by De Quincey, and his careful repetition of their distinctive name, show his appreciation of the part they played. But in the end he is still under the dominion of the accepted opinion about camels in general. They are "arid and austere"—creatures of the sand and the hot desert, rather than of the mountain and the cold desert or steppe, and the South Siberian snows. It is this distinction of habit and habitat which gives novelty to Mr. Hagenbeck's letter. The physical barrier of the Himalayas and the Hindu-Koosh not only separates the two species with a completeness not seen in the case of any other breed of domesticated animal, but has relegated one solely to the use of the yellow men and the other to the service of the black or brown men. The one-humped camel of the South has migrated under domestication into the Afghan hills; there it has developed a thick coat of hair and a power of climbing, but neither the sturdiness nor the cold-resisting powers of the Bactrian species. From Afghanistan the Southern camel has followed the trade routes into Turkestan. There, too, it has acclimated; but it is not the indigenous animal, and cannot adapt itself to the extreme cold of South Siberia or the trade route from east to west. On the other hand, the love of the Siberian camel for cold and the inhospitable steppes is even more strongly marked than that of the southern species for the lands of sun and heat. It makes no southern invasion of the Indian plain, and such caravans as do penetrate to the Indus Valley come through Afghanistan in the cold season and return before the summer. The southern species, with its indifference to thirst and heat, makes the stronger appeal to the imagination. But the camel of the north, which can endure not only thirst, but freezing cold, long spells of hunger, and a bed of snow, is not only the stronger, but the better equipped species. Before the summer heat it sheds its coat, but by September it grows a garment of fur almost as thick as a buffalo robe and equally cold resisting. It is far more strongly built than the southern camel. It does not "split" when on slippery ground, which it falls on moist, wet clay which yields to the foot. On ice and frozen snow it stands firmly, and can travel far, partly because it has developed a harder footpad than the southern species, partly because it has a kind of claw toe projecting beyond the pad of the foot. It is said that the cross between the male Bactrian and the female Arabian camel is among the best, but that when the

parentage is reversed the progeny is useless. Major Leonard, who notes this belief of the camel breeders, states that many years ago General Harlan marched 2000 Bactrian camels 400 miles, crossed the Indian Caucasus in ice and snow, and lost only one animal, and that by an accident.

The strongest proof that this is a beast made to endure not heat but cold, not the hot sands but the frozen snows, is the method of management adopted by the Mongol owners of the herds. "Nothing will induce an experienced Mongol to undertake a journey on camels in the hot season," writes Prejvalski. But from the end of September throughout the winter they cross deep snow, climb mountains and perform services unequalled by any other animal. They carry tea chests weighing from four to five hundredweight, can scale passes 12,000 feet above the sea level—Prejvalski's camels crossed eight of these in a journey of 600 miles—and are driven in carts and ridden. In summer they are watered every forty-eight hours, in winter they can do without water for eight days. They are not only hardy but long-lived. A Mongol camel begins to earn his living at four years old, and will carry the same burden until from twenty-five to thirty. Some live to be useful for some years beyond this limit. In the tea caravans from Kalgan the camels make two journeys each winter and earn \$35 per camel. As most of their food is picked up en route, this leaves a good profit to the Mongol owners. Though these camels are owned in hundreds of thousands by the tribes of Central Asia, and are constantly in movement by the caravan routes, the direction of them is almost always from east to west or west to east, and the caravans do not enter China beyond the limits of the steppe. This accounts for their being out of touch with all English trade and travel, and renders it difficult to understand whence Mr. Hagenbeck can get as many as he pleases. The answer is—at Tiflis. This is the terminus of the caravan route and the present western limit of the wanderings of the Bactrian camel. There they come in thousands every year, arriving in the depth of winter and leaving before the snows melt on the southern slope of Caucasus. There, after the caravans have unloaded, the camels can be bought cheap, and be shipped from the Black Sea coast, to which they are brought either by rail or road.

An Old Little Girl.

The young business woman was in a down-town restaurant for luncheon. At the table with her sat a little blind girl, with her mother. Sitting beside the child, she took pains to help her in every way possible, putting everything that she might need within her reach. The girl became conscious of a helpful hand near, and, turning to her mother, said:

"Who is it, mamma?"

"It is a lady who is sitting next to you," answered the mother.

"Who is she?" asked the child again.

"I am a business woman," came the answer from the subject of her questions.

"And do you always come here to luncheon, and do many business women come here?" asked the child, much interested. Then, as she received a reply, she turned to her mother and said:

"Is the lady pretty, mamma?"

"She has a very pleasant face," answered the mother.

"Yes; I knew that from her voice," said the child. "Can't I give the lady something? Is this pretty?"

Her hands had been wandering over the table in search of something that might do for a gift for her new friend, and she picked up an oyster shell, in which a raw oyster had been served.

"No; it is not pretty," answered the mother, "but I think the lady would take anything."

"I should like very much to give you this," said the child, prettily, turning to the business woman, and holding out to her the oyster shell. And the business woman took it gratefully, and keeps it among her treasures as a souvenir of a very pleasant and pathetic little incident.—New York Times.

Oregon Burros For Japan.

Not long ago, when W. L. Powell and A. J. Powell were riding through Wallowa County to buy horses they noticed on the range numerous herds of burros. They hunted up the owner, a hotel man at Elgin.

#### CURIOUS FACTS.

London was the first city to use coal. Soap was first manufactured in Britain in 1524. A prince of Wales is of age from his birth, and a chair is placed for him on the right of the throne in the House of Lords.

At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of a St. Louis (Mo.) couple it was noted that there had not been a death in the family in forty-five years. A python that had been in the Zoological Gardens of London since 1876 died not long ago. It measured just twenty feet, and used to make its meals of four or five ducks.

Cats can swim if they only care to exert themselves sufficiently. The ancient Egyptians used to fish with them on the Nile, according to the representations on walls and so forth that have come down to us.

Victor Balliol, who fought at Waterloo and was subsequently discharged from the French army at the age of twenty-two years as a consumptive, died recently at La Roche-sur-Yon, aged 105 years and ten months. Three traveled Welshmen gave a horse-drawn banquet at a Rhonda Valley hotel recently, to which they invited eighty-four persons. Only seven, however, presented themselves to feast on a "sirlion of four-year-old horse."

The only Englishman who ever ruled as Pope was Nicholas Breakspear, who was born about the year 1100 at Langley, near St. Albans. He was unanimously selected for the papal chair in November, 1154, and bore the title of Adrian IV.

The Egyptian women wore bangle hoops of gold in their ears, which were regarded as the wearer's choicest possessions, and were parted from only under direst stress. The golden calf was supposed to have been made entirely from the earrings of the people.

The names of no fewer than 105 battles are emblazoned on the banners of the various regiments which form the British army. But many actions of great importance, both as regards military results and the roll of killed and wounded, are not so commemorated.

A curious industry in some of the provinces of China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered to the thickness of paper, and stamped out to the size required.

The remains of Lon J. Williams, a member of Jesse James' gang, have just been discovered in the Bad Lands, where he starved to death many years ago after his escape from the authorities at Durand, Mich. His brother Ed, who was under arrest at the time, was lynched, and the Coroner's jury returned the verdict: "We, the jury, find that Ed Williams died from a fall down the Court House steps."

Children in War Times.

Of the many forms of suffering that the war in Cuba is responsible for, none is so pitiable as that of which children are victims. In Spanish households the world over, whether in the mother country or the new governments formed from her colonies, the place for each child in the family is that of a sovereign. Children are as beloved and as longed for and cherished as ever they were in the camps of Israel. The neglect that the little Cubans have had to endure is therefore a sure sign of the awful suffering which attacks the whole island. That they have been sacrificed is only too true. Even children too small to be objects of suspicion have been wantonly ill-used, if not killed outright, and those old enough to carry messages have been, in some cases, treated like grown men, and dealt with just as severely. Jose Priest, a lad of fifteen, died from wounds received when he was carrying bullets and bread to his father in the insurgent camps, and Hueda Hernandez, who was only eleven, was arrested and thrown into prison because of the package she was found to be conveying to the enemy, although she had carried it only as a favor, and upon the battlefield little ones have loaded muskets, brought water, helped the wounded and yielded up their own lives for "Cuba Libre."

—New York Tribune.

The Mythology of Peas.

There are curious myths regarding our common little, every-day green pea. By some peasants of Europe the plant is in some way related to celestial fire. Peas are held sacred to Thor, and in Berlin are a standing dish on Thor's day. It is also recommended that the children with the measles should be washed in water in which peas have been boiled. The use of peas concerning love matters is accounted for by the fact that they are sacred to the patron of marriage. In Bohemia girls go into fields of peas and make a garland of different colored flowers; this they lie on and in the night hear a voice from underground which tells them what kind of a husband they will have.

In England, when the housemaid shells peas, if she chances to find a pod containing nine peas, she hangs it over the kitchen door, and the first rustic who comes in will be her husband, or at least her sweetheart. A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pea straw by neighboring lads, and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, the same comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village.—Detroit Free Press.