

The Italian riots seem definitely suppressed and the monarchy and the dreibund saved. But the Continent has had a warning of the effect of cutting off Western wheat supply.

It is no wonder, remarks the New York Herald, that Joseph Chamberlain should desire an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. He has had personal experience of its advantages. The better half of him is an American woman.

The earliest records of illustrated comic literature have been discovered by Brugsch Bey in a papyrus of the twenty-second dynasty, recently found at Tonnah. The drawings are colored, and they represent animals performing curious antics. Cats and rats figure largely in the illustrations.

Colorado Springs is said to be the quietest town in the country. No church bells are rung there, and no whistles are blown. A local paper admits that dogs bark at night in Colorado Springs, as they do everywhere else, but it adds that "when they run about they make no noise with their feet in the sandy soil."

Says the Atchison Globe: Women all over the country are organizing a boycott on French millinery because of the unfriendly attitude of France. It would be a mean man who would call attention to the fact that these women have bought their spring millinery, and don't expect to buy any more until November, when the war will be over. As we desire to be known as a lovely character we refuse to draw attention to such a little thing.

According to the Indian Engineer the merchant marine of Japan has increased since the Chinese-Japanese war from 160,000 to 400,000 tons of steam shipping. Lines are now organized sailing from the chief ports of Japan to China, India, Europe, America and Australia. This growth follows a change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. In 1872 Japan only exported manufactured articles to the value of \$59,000; in 1896 exports of this class amounted to \$45,000,000, or forty per cent. of her total exports.

A contemporary complains of "Rear Admiral" as an inept title for a man so eminently qualified for keeping in front as is the conqueror of Manila, observes the New York Times. The point is not ill-taken, but designations of rank are queer, anyhow, and few of them will stand much examination by philologists. And "Admiral" itself, which this critic claims for his hero, is about the queerest of the lot. The word is the remnant of an Arabic phrase, of which the beginning was "ameer," or "emir," and it came to us—alas, that the truth must be told!—straight from Spain. "Amiral-bahr" meant "ruler of the sea." When the "bahr" was dropped, of course, the article should have gone, too, but it didn't, and when some overwise person put in a "d" because he thought he knew that the word was Latin, it became as absurd a muddle as the dictionary contains—which is saying a good deal.

The object lesson which Germany presents to us in the manufacture of beet sugar is worthy of some consideration on our part. Twenty-five years ago Germany imported almost every pound of sugar consumed within her borders; to-day she manufactures so much sugar that in addition to supplying her own domestic wants she is able to make large shipments annually to foreign markets. At the present time the sugar industry in Germany embraces 399 establishments. These establishments consume annually 13,721,699 tons of beets, and produce therefrom 1,738,885 tons of sugar. Until Germany forged to the front in the manufacture of beet sugar, France enjoyed the distinction of being the great European centre of this important industry. Indeed, the industry sprung up in France originally, and the great Emperor Napoleon is given the credit of its introduction. Since Germany has forged ahead of France in the manufacture of beet sugar, what is to prevent the United States from forging ahead of Germany? asks the Atlanta Constitution. Our soil produces in abundance the finest quality of sugar beets, and there is no reason why we should not pluck from Germany the prestige which she has plucked from France in the manufacture of beet sugar. But in addition to its production of sugar beets, this country is also rich in its production of sugar cane, and there is absolutely no reason why the United States should not be able to supply the wants of the entire globe.

### THE PORTRAIT.

When lonely, late, and far from love,  
I restles through my chamber move,  
Or brood, with sad surprise,  
One gaze yet claims me as its thrall;  
My lady's picture from the wall  
Looks down, in silence noting all,  
And follows with her eyes.

Dear eyes, so tender, frank, and sweet,  
Aye smiling when our glances meet,  
As though to bring me cheer,  
Forgive the thoughtless lingers black  
Which sometimes drive your comforts back,  
Vexed that herself I still should lack  
Whose portrait bites so near!

Forgive me that from you I turn,  
To where, like jewels in my urn,  
Her letters lie concealed;  
That slow I can them, line by line,  
Till from each treasured page doth shine  
A dame that leaps to mate with mine,  
Her very soul revealed!

O haunting pictured eyes, I know  
How constant is the debt I owe  
Your witchery of art!  
Yet you're her counterfeit at best,  
While here her absolute self expressed,  
Tells me from furthest East to West  
She follows with her heart.  
—REV. A. CAPES TARBOLTON.

## THE BOOK-KEEPER.



OWARD!" There was a ring of infinite scorn in the voice, and the little book-keeper reeled and shrunk under it. He felt his insignificance then, if never before. Why could he not be a man among men? He had uttered this question mentally a hundred times, but he never felt his littleness as he did that night when that one word of contempt and scorn fell from the full red lips of Janet Lyon.

She was the acknowledged belle of the Muskegon valley, the daughter of the senior member of the firm of Lyon, Haight & Co. Janet was not a child of fashion, but a strong, healthy child of the pine woods. Muskegon was the end of the world to her, and at the time of which we write was a mere village, with no connection with the outside world. It was yet the lumberopolis of Western Michigan and rapidly growing in importance.

It was at a dance in a log house near Maple Top that Mark Farnham received the rebuke described. A skrit, hulking logger had trodden on the skirt of Janet's cashmere and ripped it at the waist. The logger merely said "Blank the dress," and went on with his dancing.

"The insulting puppy!" exclaimed Janet, with flushed cheeks. And then, a minute later, she turned on Mark Farnham, her escort, a little, pale-faced fellow, with mild blue eyes and effeminate cast of countenance, with the one word that opens our sketch.

What would she have him do? Too well the pale little book-keeper knew the backwards code. It was his duty to insist on an apology from the bulky logger or flog him for his insolence. This Mark Farnham was not able to do. He knew the man who had insulted Janet as a bully and hard pet from near the Dam, a village on the river some six miles from Maple Top.

A stalwart form, in red shirt and overalls, loomed up before the book-keeper, now the only occupants of the jam. It did seem as though they were doomed, but they were saved for the time as by a miracle. In the center of the dam a few logs held firm, and soon all had swept through but this bit of jam in the middle of the stream. An expanse of foaming water boiled past on either side, and the narrow jam swayed and trembled as it hung suspended over the dam. Below ten feet, was a sea of foam, where the water, in pouring over the dam, was lashed to wild fury on rocks and stones.

Both men felt the awful danger, almost certain death, that stared them in the face.

"There's no chance for them fellers; they're good as gone, that's sartin," uttered River Dan.

"Swaying and groaning, the floating island seemed every moment ready to go over into the boiling waters below. A dumb horror rested over the crowd of startled loggers on shore.

A pallid-checked girl, with streaming hair, reached the water's edge and stood with outstretched hands appealing to strong men for help. No one moved.

"Are you all cowards?" she cried, facing the multitude. Brawny men with red shirts were there, but none moved at the appeal from the girl's blanched lips.

"Go ashore, boys, and get a lunch; the greatest danger is past; Wellington and I will hold the fort until you return."

It was Mr. Lyon who spoke. He had gone to the center of the river with the coolness of an old log-driver. The men obeyed. The greater part of the logs had passed, the principal danger being over. Half the river was yet blocked with logs piled to a great height, forming a jam that looked impenetrable.

Scarcely had the last man reached the shore, when a wild cry rose above the roar of the foaming water: "Merciful Powers! The whole jam is going!"

Then wild with a loud cracking, a terrific roar, and logs went with a mighty rush over the dam on the Oxbow shore.

"Good heaven! They are lost!" This cry went up, as all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lyon and his foreman, now the only occupants of the jam. It did seem as though they were doomed, but they were saved for the time as by a miracle.

"I am going past the dam," admitted Farnham.

"Alone?" "I expect so."

"Mebbe you'd take a passenger?" "Certainly; get in."

into the face of the kneeling girl. A smile touched the purple lips.

"I saved him—Dick Wellington? I knew you loved him; it was for your sake, Janet. I know you will forgive me for being a coward now."

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" A faint tremor moved his frame as the girl attempted to raise the little bookkeeper's head. A moment later she held a dead weight in her arms.

Oxbow did itself proud at the funeral of the little bookkeeper, and one genuine mourner there was, at least, the belle of the Muskegon. When Dick Wellington asked for her hand two months later, he met with a cold refusal. Some people wondered why Janet Lyon never married. Does the reader wonder?—New York News.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

Professor Dewar recently stated in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain that there has been a great development in the application of liquid air as an analytical agent.

The photographic action of light, though not destroyed at very low temperatures, is diminished by eighty per cent., the loss being greatest in the violet light which at ordinary temperatures is the most effective.

## FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Caught in a Typhoon—The Terrible Experience of a British Ship's Crew in the Indian Ocean—Killed a Jaguar With a Machete—Gen. Miles in Battle.

Swinging snugly to her port anchor in the Delaware River, just above Kaighn's Point, Philadelphia, now lies the trim British ship Alburgh, Captain John Jones, which reached port from Java, after a terrible passage, having passed through a typhoon in the Indian Ocean, which swept overboard into the sea Chief Officer Evan Richards and John Miller, an able-bodied seaman. The vessel's decks were brushed fore and aft by the seas, the cargo was badly shifted, and during the thick of the storm, the ship's lee rail was ten feet under the water, she having been knocked down on her beam ends.

Captain Jones says that in a lifetime at sea he never passed through such a storm, and had it lasted much longer none would have been spared to tell the tale.

"We sailed," said he, "from Samarang, and our run until the day I speak of was marked by no unusual occurrence. On this day the wind at sunrise was fresh, but we were speeding along under topsails, with everything favorable. Toward the noon hour the sky had assumed a darkened hue, such as did not give promise to a further continuance of good weather, but we did not anticipate any serious trouble until about 3 p. m., when the wind freshened up with such velocity as to render it necessary to shorten sail. Hardly had this task been accomplished when the wind broke with a terrific fury, knocking down on deck such of the men as had no opportunity to catch hold of anything.

"The typhoon was now upon us, and the roaring of the sea sweeping before its mighty force was deafening. Before we knew anything the vessel was love down on her beam ends and the seas were making a clean breach over her. All was confusion, and as best we could the ship's head was held up in the teeth of the wind. She was diving about furiously, and the deck fittings were washed away and cabins and deck houses were gutted.

"It was a fight against terrible odds and it looked as though we were conquered. The men worked heroically, and had it not been for this none of us could have been saved. After four hours' battle with the typhoon it passed away, but the sea remained as high as ever. We then made a hasty search of the damage done, and it was only then that Chief Officer Richards and Seaman Miller were missed. They had been swept overboard by some of the terrific combers that boarded the vessel. Their cries for help were never heard, such was the deafening noise of the wind and sea. Six others of the crew were badly injured, necessitating that the vessel put into the Azores for fresh men with which to continue the voyage."

A Brave Woman Kills a Jaguar. With all his inveterate ferocity and bloodthirstiness instances have been known in which the jaguar has refrained from attacking human beings whom he has met face to face, while at the same time he has manifested no fear of them; indeed, has displayed something like playfulness. Such a case occurred with an Indian woman named Paz Borrego, living in a lonely little Pampas hamlet called Las Matas, on the Apure River, in Chile. She had gone from her hut to the mata, or woodland, a mile away, for firewood, carrying a machete to cut it with. As she gathered sticks she heard among the trees, a purring sound which the jaguar sometimes utters, and soon she could detect the beast's stealthy approach through the underbrush. She knew that there was no use in her running away, so she stepped behind a tree and waited for what might happen. The light crackling of twigs and bushes came nearer and presently on the further side of a little forest opening the jaguar appeared. He seemed aware of the woman's presence, but did not rush upon her at once as she expected he would. Instead, he advanced toward her by degrees, occasionally stopping to dig among the tree roots with his paws, tearing up the roots and scraping at them as if to sharpen his claws.

looking about, I realized the true significance of our victory. But I was most affected at Appomattox. Then, together with all who had been fighting for the preservation of the Nation, I saw that there was no longer an opposing army; that there was no more work for Union soldiers to do, and I must confess that the thought of it all quite carried me away.

"My own narrow escape? I don't suppose I know, to be frank about it, but the closest shave I know about was when Lame Deer, the Indian chief, was captured. It was immediately after the charge that had won the day for the whites. The chief had been surrounded by our men, but his gun had not been taken away from him when I rode up, and we started to shake hands.

"Suddenly, he drew back his hand, grasped his rifle, which was leaning against a rock, stepped back a pace, perhaps, leveled his piece directly at my head, and discharged it. Owing as much to nervousness as anything else, no doubt, he missed the mark. I was not even scratched, but a brave soldier boy just behind me and slightly to one side was instantly killed.

"It is not my notion that Lame Deer premeditated this act. He probably reasoned that, having been captured, he was certain to be killed anyhow, and that since he was sure of a journey to the happy hunting grounds, he might as well take a white chief along with him. Of course, Lame Deer was wrong about this. We had no intention of executing him, and it had been explained by my Indian scout that he would not be harmed if he surrendered then and there. He did not trust us, however, and quite naturally, for he would not have kept his word under similar circumstances. Lame Deer was afterward killed in a fight."—New York Press.

Saved Her Husband's Life. A woman's presence of mind and quick and determined action in the face of peril saved her husband from death at the Corning farm on the river road below Kenwood, N. Y., relates the Albany Express.

A prize bull, one of the finest of the celebrated Corning stock, registered as King Coffee VI., an animal of excellent blood, but untamed qualities, came near causing its keeper's death. James Kievet, who has charge of the Corning stock, has only held his position a few days, and, therefore, was not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the animals. He took King Coffee VI. out for exercise. The bull had a ring in his nose, and attached to the ring was a pole to lead him. After giving the animal several runs up and down the large barnyard, Keeper Kievet returned it to its stall and incautiously removed the stick before he had chained the bull. As soon as the stick was removed the bull reared and made a plunge for Kievet, landing his forefeet on him so as to throw him to the floor of the stall. The animal then gored the man as he lay on the floor, inflicting several gashes in the groin.

Mrs. Kievet happened to be in the barnyard, and hearing her husband's screams rushed into the barn, seized a pitchfork and began furiously to prod the bull. The brave woman finally drove the animal into a corner. She then seized her husband and dragged him from the barn. Just then another farm hand came upon the scene. He locked the door of the barn and then carried the injured man to the farmhouse, where he was attended by Dr. Edward Cox. The victim suffers great pain, but his wounds are not considered fatal.

Where Claws Lost All. Carl Frederick, a Scranton pack peddler, a few evenings ago was passing through the woods near Sumnerville, Penn. Hunger and a natural fear of losing his way made him push on rapidly, when he was suddenly brought to a halt by the fall of a heavy object on his pack.

The shock was so sudden that the peddler fell backward, but in going down his heel turned so that he could see that the object was a monster wildcat. Man and peddler stared and the cat glared. Carl was desperately frightened, but he was cornered and had to defend himself. When he saw the cat jump for his throat he swung the pack around in front of him, and the cat came against it and held on with his claws and teeth.

The peddler did not wait to see how the cat was going to proceed, but dropped the pack and quickly got a club. When the cat disentangled its claws and made its third attack the club landed on its head, killing it. Carl stuffed the carcass in his pack, and the next day the County Commissioners allowed him \$2 for the pelt.

Pucky Stage Driver. Just at dawn a few days ago an attempt was made to hold up the stage running from Alturas to Redding, Cal. When about three miles from town the driver, William Conery, became aware that some one was climbing on his stage from behind. As the driver turned the would-be robber pointed a pistol squarely in his face and fired, the bullet passing through his cheek, and carrying away several teeth and a part of the roof of the mouth.

A hand-to-hand contest followed, the driver using his heavy whip, while the robber shot three times more at his intended victim. A second bullet grazed Conery's face, and the powder from a third shot burned his neck. The fourth bullet flew wild. Conery finally succeeded in forcing the robber to the ground, and the stage horses dashed away, carrying the plucky driver out of harm's reach.

The assets of the American University (Methodist) at Washington, D. C., are said to be over \$1,000,000.