

Spain has for years wrung tribute to the amount of \$20,000,000 annually from the people of the Philippines.

Is it a step toward an English alliance that the Geographical Board has dropped the "h" in Bering's Strait?

History will record it as a melancholy fact that poor old Spain went into the present war with an overstock of naval tactics and an undersupply of naval ships.

A State law of New Hampshire, enacted a few years ago, requires the trustees of savings banks and savings institutions to call in the books of depositors every third year for examination and verification by some person or persons other than the bank's treasurer or his clerk.

Spain furnishes a peculiarly tragic illustration of the awful possibilities of national illiteracy. Sixty-eight per cent. of her population come within this category. This sixty-eight per cent. have been willfully misled, through their blind enthusiasm, as to the country's resources, preparations and European support.

America has had bicycle weddings, but that does not beat the Dutch. According to foreign advices, a wealthy young widow of Holland asked as a dying request that her favorite bicycle should be draped in mourning and be trundled by a servant behind the hearse in which her body was conveyed to the grave. She was explicit in stipulating that the bicycle should precede the coach containing the chief mourners.

There is a new field for the amateur photographer. A Rio de Janeiro inventor has devised a submarine photographic apparatus for use by divers. The operator has an incandescent electric lamp with a reflector fixed on his head-piece, and is provided with an ordinary camera, inclosed in a rubber envelope having a glass front. Current for the lamp is supplied from the boat above, and pictures are taken by pressing buttons through the rubber covering. It is stated that objects in Rio de Janeiro Bay have been photographed under water by this means at a distance of ten or twelve feet as easily as in full daylight.

Pence does not produce Dewey or Grants, and war did not produce Dewey, comments the New York Commercial Advertiser. His country, his blood, his training, his discipline, and the traditions and atmosphere of the service produced him. Neither in army nor navy will the country ever again be without ample supply of officers who are masters of their profession. A thousand forces are at work in the service hardening the fibres, ripening the intellect, steeling the courage of the men who are yet to fight our battles. But war is not needed to develop them. Conflict can only discover them. Dewey is not the only one who can gather up all the scattered ends of preparation and preparation, weld them into a thunderbolt and with one daring and terrible blow smite the enemy and destroy him. There are many officers whose photographs are not known to newspaper readers now, but whose names will be familiar if the war lasts long enough.

Soldiers in camp must be as grateful to the being who first invented canned goods as Sancho Panza was to the man who first invented sleep. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of the canning factory. Everything that grows, everything that can be produced in laboratory—essences, extracts, condensations—all are ranged on the shelves of the commissary, and in cans. There are canned fruits of course. The rural housewives of an earlier generation gave capitalists the hint for that. But there are also canned vegetables, canned fish, canned fried bacon and canned roast beef. One may have choice of vegetables and choice of meat while eating at an army table. On a march, when the column stops at night in the hill country of Cuba or on the fair plains of Porto Rico, the first sergeant will send a detail to the commissary wagon, and all the American boys may have American fruits and meats and "garden truck."

Instead of being reduced to a diet of salt pork and indestructible crackers, the soldier may have a substantial dinner of acceptable and varied food. And whether frowning at Spain from a camp of mobilization or rushing at her batteries in the hour of strife he will certainly be a better soldier for the better food. No other nation in the world can feed its armies in so admirable a manner, because no other nation has so nearly perfected the business of preserving substantial foods.

OPTIMISM.

There's a word of gentle meaning
"Afterwhile."
It's the sesame of dreaming,
"Afterwhile."
When our fortunes halt and vary,
It's the watchword of the fairy,
From hope's sweet vocabulary,
"Afterwhile."
We will hear no sounds of battle,
"Afterwhile."
We will miss the cannon's rattle,
"Afterwhile."
Men will put away the saber
And together they will labor
Each to help a helping neighbor,
"Afterwhile."

This old earth will cease its sorrow,
"Afterwhile."
There will dawn a peaceful morn,
"Afterwhile."
When all grief is but tradition,
Giving (his rightful mission)
Contrast to life's best condition,
"Afterwhile."

THE MIND OF A MAID.

CHARACTERS.

Margot Carpenter. A young lady
Reginald Oldereck. A young gentleman
Grimes. A tramp
Scene—Margot's boudoir, afterwards
Woodchester Hill road, afterwards
Margot's bedroom.

MARGOT had no very particular reason for refusing the young gentleman who was so very desirous of being her Reggie. Yet had she spoken that fatal monosyllable which has struck cold to the hearts of suitors since the days of the stone age.

Margot looked at her rings, and her face assumed an expression that was meant to represent a compassionate negative. The shake of her head was intended to imply sympathy with Mr. Oldereck's feelings; the tap of her little foot gave him to understand that no amount of imploring on his part would affect her decision. It was not her first refusal. Already she had said a fat one of forty "nay," already she had turned her heel on the obese man's thousands, his dog-cart, his high-stepping horse, and his unlimited expectations. So, in a manner, she was an experienced maiden, and so when Reginald proposed to her she did not flutter and blush to any great extent, although she did flutter and blush a little.

Reginald Oldereck was not wise to propose at 10.30 in the morning. I do not intend to discuss the hour at which a man may most prudently suggest matrimony to the lady of his choice; I will limit myself to the statement that 10.30 a. m. is certainly not that hour.

With considerable trepidation, cleanly shaved, irreproachably clad, but, as regards his inner man, very vacant (for he had eaten no breakfast), Mr. Oldereck was shown into the drawing-room, where, being too nervous to sit down, he toured the apartment, gazing at the pictures (but not taking in their merits to any appreciable extent) and looking out of the windows (without observing anything therefrom), until indications of Miss Carpenter's approach fell on his ear. For Margot collected new three-penny bits bearing interesting initials, and wore them on a silver bangle, and these in their jangling generally heralded her advent.

When she entered, looking, as Reginald could not fail to observe, very fresh and nice, Mr. Oldereck, scornful preface remarks relating to nothing, intimated that he would like to marry her. He said it stammeringly, working a button off his waistcoat in his agitation, and then stared intently at a cameo near by.

"I am very sorry," began Margot. "Yes," said Reginald, "I know you don't—perhaps in time."
"This was an indiscreet interruption on Reginald's part, for it made Margot's task the easier.
"Yes, perhaps in time," she returned, playing with the bangle, "but not now."
"Do you like me?" demanded Reginald, letting his eyes steal up her form until they reached her neck, but not daring to look her in the face.
"Oh, yes—I like you," she replied in a tone that Reginald didn't at all relish, "but nothing more—at present."
"Thank you," said Reginald. "Er—good-by!"
"Good-by," Mr. Oldereck.
And so Reginald went out into the morning breeze, feeling that at any rate he had broken the ice.
Six months passed away. During that period Mr. Oldereck proposed five more times to Miss Carpenter, but, to quote a common phrase, to no avail, for on each occasion he suffered what amounted to rejection. Miss Carpenter did not summarily say "No." As Reginald put it to a friend: "She seems to play about with a chap—doesn't send me clean away, and yet won't have me. I can't make her out, old man."
"Ah!" responded the old man, a saze youth of something under twenty, "women are queer cattle."
The fact was that while she was decidedly partial to Reginald's society, Margot (although she tried hard, ever so hard) couldn't bring herself to feel any particular longing for that society as a fixture rather than as a movable. For that, after all, is what marriage means. Men who make extremely nice movables often fail altogether as fixtures.
So Margot dilly-dallied with Reginald, and Reginald had not sense enough to demand a plain reply. Had he done so, there is little reason to

suppose that it would have been other than another hesitating negative.

Miss Carpenter generally went riding on that dreadful invention of modern times, a "bike," on most fine afternoons between two and four of the clock. I should like to say, as of the late G. P. R. James so often said, that my heroine might have been observed galloping over the moor on a beautiful coal-black steed of rare blood and mettle—but I can not. The age of romance has been shabbily buried. I should like to say that her tight-fitting habit showed off the curves of her superb figure to perfection—but again I can not. I am obliged to limit myself to the prosaic statement that Miss Carpenter generally look a spin along the Woodchester high road on a ladies' wheel (geared up to 57), dressed in a sailor hat, neat blouse, blue skirt and brown shoes.

Well, Master Oldereck was well aware that Margot went cycling in the afternoon, and often did he lounge about the turnpike in hopes of meeting her. And meet her he often did, for Margot had no particular objection to being accompanied by a squire well calved and clad, as cycling squires should ever be. Had Margot been of a romantic disposition she might, now and again, have uttered a sigh for the gone cavalier of old times—that one with the handsome, melancholy face, the long loose locks, the aristocratic stock, the frilled shirt front, the top boots, and the pantaloons fitting close to show off the symmetry of his noble leg. But Margot was practical and up to date, and never lingered to gaze on old-time love scenes in print shops.

One afternoon Master Oldereck was lingering near a spot where four crossroads met, when along came the worst-looking ruffian of a tramp he had ever set eyes on. This gentleman was tall and broadly built, with a four days' beard and a scowl that was brigandish. His toes were peeping out of his elastic-soled boots, and his back was covered by a run of a frock coat. His head was protected by a decayed bowler, and his neck by a greasy red handkerchief, while his shirt was so loosely fastened that here and there you might catch glimpses of his bare chest. Had you sought for a greater contrast than was presented by the spick and span young cyclist and this ferocious waif of the highway, a thought flashed through Reginald's brain: "Suppose this brute were to attack a defenseless girl—driven to it by lack of pence and a gnawing pain in his stomach!" Then another thought—"Suppose I were to bribe him to!"

"Hi!" he shouted after the slouching figure.
The tramp looked round. Reginald wheeled up to him.
"Do you want to earn a sovereign?"
"Juss try me!"
"Very well, then; here is how you may earn it. Go a little way farther on toward Woodchester and wait until a young lady in a sailor hat comes by on a bicycle. As she is passing you must spring out and clutch her handle bar."
"And wot then?"
"Leave the rest to me."
"Oh, yes, and get chokoey fur six months?" Not dis chile!
"Here's something on account," said Reginald, giving him half a sovereign. Upon this the tramp took up his position as directed, while Reginald retired out of sight round the corner.

"Ere's a Kerismus tree!" chuckled the hired ruffian, who was known to various policemen as William Grimes, 41, of no occupation. "A bloomin' art-quid-an' annuver to foller. Oh, crimee, this is an adventure! This is awl Sirgarnet!"
Reginald meanwhile was cogitating in his way.

"That's it," he exclaimed. "I must play the role of hero before her. I must be her knight—her king. Rescue her from the grasp of that ogre, and her gratitude will soon ripen into love."

"It's no 'fair er me wot 'is game is," muttered Mr. Grimes. "No, not a tall. 'Spec it's luv or summat."
"This is a flash of inspiration," breathed Reginald, waiting round the corner. Upon my word, I'm grateful to that tramp. Oh, Margot, my sweet, my darling, is the time at hand!"

It was for that moment Grimes described in the distance an approaching object, which gradually shaped itself into a lady cyclist, peddling briskly. Nearer and nearer she came, and soon Mr. Grimes could see that she answered to the description of young lady.

"Yuss, she's a well-turned-ah't'n," he muttered. "Spec it's luv. Nah for it!"

The tramp arose from his crouching position under the hedge, and advanced into the middle of the road.
"Miss Carpenter—for it was she, sure enough—divining the vagabond's intention, for his attitude was the reverse to friendly, she steered to the extreme left, increasing her speed as she did so. But Mr. Grimes, thinking of the half sovereign to come, like a gaunt grayhound was across the way in two bounds, and in another moment he was hoarsely calling upon Miss Carpenter to yield up her purse.

Margot screamed. She was only a girl, so she screamed. Mr. Grimes was villainously personified—a dreadful presentment of all unholiness—so Margot screamed her best.

Ah! help was at hand! Round out of a bye-road came a splendid and gallant young Englishman, spurring—alas, no!—pedalling, for all he was worth. Determined not to do the thing by halves—as Mr. Oldereck afterward explained to his biased friend of under twenty—Reginald charged

full tilt into the tramp and sent him flying.

Then, springing off his machine, Reginald let the thing fall, and flew at Margot's assailant with the courage and energy of a mastiff. After rolling Grimes over and over, Reginald finally gave him a final shove into the ditch (despite a low "Old 'ard 'av'nor!" and then went back to Margot.

"Oh, thank you, so much, Mr. Oldereck; how lucky you were so near! That horrid man!"
"I'll lay into him again if you like!" was Reginald's chivalrous offer.
"Oh, no, you have punished him enough, I think. Let us go back. Stay with me, won't you?"
"Of course I will!" exclaimed Reginald, and so, wheeling his own machine, he began to accompany Margot back toward Woodchester at a slow pace.

For some little time the tramp lay quite still where Reginald had deposited him. Presently, however, he looked up, and, seeing that his employer was fast disappearing, he got up and gave chase. So softly did he tread that Reginald and Margot were not aware of his proximity until he gave a half scream and clutched her knight's arm. Reginald, with certain vague misgivings, faced round on the man.

"Storp—ere—where's that other 'artquid'?" gasped Grimes, hoarsely.
"What do you mean?" demanded Reginald, bound to keep his end up before Miss Carpenter.

"The other 'art-quid you said you'd give me for attacks! This yer young gell!" was Grimes's explanatory rejoinder.
Margot gazed wonderingly at Reginald, whose face told her that the tramp was attempting no illegal extortion. Reginald saw a smile creeping round her lips. Silently he handed Grimes the coin. The tramp pocketed it, and then departed, giving vent to what sounded in Reginald's ears like a satirical chuckle.

When he had gone Margot and Reginald wheeled silently back to Woodchester, parting, with some little embarrassment, at Margot's gate.

MARGOT was undressing. Every body knows that a girl's undressing takes much longer than her dressing. To-night Margot was longer than usual; that is to say, about two hours. She combed her tresses in an absent-minded way for a full forty minutes. At the end of that period (by which time the air round her comb must have been charged with a great quantity of electricity) she sat down on the side of her bed and decided to accept Reginald.

She arrived at this decision by the appended route of reasons:
"It was all a plot—fancy! He bribed the tramp to attack me so that he might rescue me, and—make me like him." She then turned to the left, thus: "But I have liked him all along, ever so."

And to the right as follows: "It was a deceitful thing to do; most girls would have nothing more to say to him."
She then recollected that Reginald had often informed her that she was quite different to other girls. Margot did not bear in mind that every cub in love tells his sweet one this. Having been informed of the fact by such an excellent judge of character as Reginald, she now believed herself to be an exceptional girl, quite out of the common ruck. Therefore she went straight ahead in this Pharisaeic fashion:

"So, as I am not like most girls, I shall accept Reginald. I believe him to be an honorable boy, the soul of truth and the embodiment of integrity, so that he must be very, very fond of me to have stooped so low as to league with a horrid tramp against me. I am fortunate to be so beloved."

And with this Margot said her prayers and got into bed.—London Weekly Sun.

Her Ancestor.
An Australian woman of great charm and tact tells many amusing stories of the strange questions put to her by people with a thirst for information about her native land.

"It is a very common thing for me to be asked if the bushes are still thick where I live, or whether our house is in the 'clearing,'" she says, plaintively; "and I know they often regard my veracity as a doubtful quantity when I tell them Australia is not all 'bush' by any means. But an old lady asked me a new question one day. She evidently supposed that all the dwellers in Australia were descendants of the criminals transported to Botany Bay."
"Is it possible for convicts to educate their children so well, ordinarily?" this terrible old Englishwoman asked me, surveying me through her lorgnette as I finished telling one of her friends about my school days.

"But my father was not a convict, madam," I said, with natural surprise.

"Ah," she said, meditatively, "then I suppose it was your grand-father who was sent there. Of course much can be done in the third generation."

"I should have been angry [if it had been with white], the Australian adds, with admirable wisdom. "But she surveyed me so impersonally that I didn't even tell her there was actually a part of the population of my country which did not come from convict stock."—Youth's Companion.

An Old Family.
The eighteen-year-old lad who is heir to the throne of Japan seems to hold the world's record in the matter of pedigree. He is the last male descendant in the order of primogeniture of a dynasty which has reigned 2600 years.



To Grow Wild Flowers.

Most wild flowers may be made to grow in gardens if provided with an environment sufficiently like their natural one. Select a shady place, fertilize it with leaf mold, water freely and protect the plants from the sun for about a week. In removing them from the woods be careful to get all the roots and to leave as much soil around them as possible.

To Prevent Egg Eating.

Egg eating is generally induced by the hen scratching in the nests until the eggs strike against the sides of the box and break the hen afterwards eating them. This has been my experience. I have watched them do it. The best remedy seems to be to construct the nest boxes that the nests will be in the dark as much as possible. I have not had any trouble when so doing.—John Haggland, in Wallace's Farm.

Early Thinning of Grapes.

So soon as the grape buds burst into shoots the buds for blossoms and fruit will plainly show themselves. There will usually be three buds on each shoot, and on the Delaware, which is especially liable to overbear, there are often four clusters, which if left would all be late-ripening and poorly-perfected fruit. It is easy to see, even before the buds have blossomed, which will make the largest and best clusters, and, of course, only such should be left to fruit. Two well-ripened, large clusters of grapes are enough for any shoot to bear. With the late-ripening varieties this early thinning is often the only way to secure a crop of well-ripened grapes. By practising this method grapes may be grown where without it no crop worth anything can be produced.

Late Vegetable Seed-Sowing.

There is much to be done in the way of sowing vegetable seeds in many temperate localities. Such as beans, corn, cucumbers, okra, salsify, melons, squash, pumpkins and canteleaves are best deferred until the soil is thoroughly warmed.

Many of the earlier sowings should be repeated to furnish crops in succession. Most all gardeners keep this in mind respecting peas and overlook others equally desirable. Cucumbers for pickling may be brought in as a late crop.
It may seem a consideration of little moment to those who have but small gardens, but to keep the soil up to the highest condition pay attention to the location of certain things. Put deep-rooted plants where shallow-rooted ones have been previously.—Meelan's Monthly.

Rules For Butter-Making.

The practical part of cream-ripening is this: Keep your vessel so that it may all ripen evenly, and thus avoid loss in churning. Raise the temperature to sixty-two or sixty-eight degrees and keep it as near that temperature as possible until ripe, and then cool before churning. Well-ripened cream should be coagulated or thickened. It should run from a height in a smooth stream, like oil. When a paddle is dipped into it and held in the hand, it should stick all over in a thick, even coat, not running off in streaks and showing the surface of the paddle. When the last drops run off the paddle back into the vat they should leave little dents or depressions on the surface which do not close up for an instant. The cream should have a satin gloss or fresh surface.
Churn until the granules are the size of wheat kernels, then draw off the buttermilk and wash through two or three waters, whirling the churn a few times around. Use from a pint to a quart of water per pound of butter. Have the water at a temperature of forty to forty-five degrees in hot weather and from fifty to sixty-two degrees in winter, always depending upon season, solidity of the butter, warmth of the room and size of the granules. If you do not care about feeding the washings I would put some salt in my first wash water. It will help to float the granules better and perhaps dissolve out the casing to some extent. I would generally salt the butter in the churn.—Cornell Agricultural College Bulletin.

Picking Ducks.

Duck feathers always bring a fair price, especially white ones, and should be saved when dressing the ducks, if they are sold dressed; if not sold dressed do not pick just before selling. The amount received for the feathers ought to pay for the dressing.
The breeding ducks may be picked several times a year, generally four to six. Do not pick until the feathers are "ripe," which can be told by pulling a few from different parts of the bodies of several birds. If they come out easily, without any bloody fluid in the quill, they are all right and should be "picked" or many will be lost. In picking pull only a few feathers at a time by taking between the thumb and forefinger and giving a quick, downward jerk. Do not pull the bunch of long, coarse feathers under each wing.
Before you begin picking, tie the duck's legs together with a bit of string or other soft cloth and if the duck is inclined to object to the picking by thrusts with the bill, slip an old

stocking or something of the sort over his head. Use no unnecessary harshness with any of the birds and be especially careful with laying ducks. Sittling ducks and those that are soon to be set should not be picked. In hot weather much of the down may be taken from the drakes. Do not take any in cold weather.
In handling ducks do not lift or carry them by the legs. Young ducklings should be kept out of the direct rays of the sun. Whether turned off young or when mature, ducks will yield a good profit if rightly managed, and the number raised need be limited only by the capacity of the premises and of the man; the latter has much more than the former to do with the success of the undertaking. Ducks usually lay early in the morning, but are inclined to drop their eggs anywhere, so it is best to keep them shut up until ten o'clock.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

The Advantages of Dairying.

The business of dairying has many advantages not always appreciated by those engaged in it. They are inclined to take notice of the pleasing matters in the experience of those engaged in other lines of agriculture or other occupations and to dwell upon the disadvantages of their own vocation. J. W. Newton, of Vermont, sums up the advantages of dairying as follows:

1. The first advantage of dairying is that it takes less fertility from the soil than other branches of farming. A ton of wheat takes \$7 out of the farm and sells for less than \$16. A ton of butter takes fifty cents' worth of plant food from the farm and sells from \$100 to \$600. Comment is needless.

2. Butter is a condensed product. Nothing can be made or grown on the farm which brings as much per pound. Farmers remote from the market and communities far from railroad can send butter from the farm or creamery with the least possible expense. The dairyman can condense tons of fodder and crops grown on the farm into dairy products and send them to market in compact and portable form.

3. Butter is a finished product. It is ready for the consumer either in the private dairy or local factory or creamery. The only exception is where cream is sent long distances to a central station from skimming stations scattered over a large section of country. But this exception only proves the rule.

4. Dairying brings in a constant income. The man who sells crops of any kind has to wait until he can market his product one year. There is little satisfaction in this. It is unbusinesslike to go without cash for weeks and then to have a lot of money come in at one time. The dairyman has an income nearly or quite fifty-two weeks in the year.

5. Dairying gives constant, remunerative employment. The grain or potato grower must spend a large part of the year in enforced and demoralizing idleness, but the dairyman finds profitable work through the year, and his work is most profitable during the winter time.

6. On the dairy farm the work is better divided. The grain harvest comes so close to having that it often gets mixed up with it, to the detriment of both; but when corn is grown and put into silo for dairy feed, and not so much or no grain raised, the harvests are several weeks apart.—New York Witness.

Farm Notes.

Turnips and beets are good for hogs, and are especially good for breeding sows, before and after farrowing. For horses, carrots are prime. Always have something to make a variety in the feed.

Most of the large western orchardists are practicing close setting and cutting out afterwards, planting the apple-trees fifteen feet apart and removing the alternate trees when they begin to get crowded.

Farming is a science, and the farmer who expects to meet with success must necessarily apply scientific principles and not think because he is the possessor of some mother earth that he knows it all.

Give changes of feed to the cows as often as you can without lessening the nutritive quality of the ration, as you thus maintain a good appetite and the better production which is sure to come from full feeding.

With a well-stocked farm there is a home market for a good supply of roots, and if any are grown for marketing by the bushel, the home market may well take the place of any other when the price is low.

Whatever your breeding stock, select good heifers for the dairy, and then bring them up to the highest state of development possible in milking qualities as they come to take their places in the working dairy.
If the farm is large enough to divide, better share it with the children as they mature than to drive them off to other fields. A man can often do better on what he has left than he could upon the whole farm after the boys are gone.
Artificial stable manure used to be a favorite compound for agricultural chemists. Here is one of the receipts: 2000 pounds muck, 200 pounds wood ashes, fifteen pounds dissolved bone. When this mixture is composted, it reduces to about a ton.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.—Swift.

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Lady Mary Montague.

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.

An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.—Rochefoucauld.

Every man is valued in his world as he shows by his conduct he wishes to be valued.—Brycère.

It is wonderful to think what the presence of one human being can do for another—change everything in the world.—George S. Merriam.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.—T. Balguy.

We are wont to look forward to troubles with fears of what they will inflict, but back on them with wonder at what they have saved us from.—Samuel Johnson.

Ill-nature is nothing more than an inward feeling of our own want of merit, a dissatisfaction with ourselves which is always united with an envy that foolish vanity excites.—Goethe.

We do not shake off our yesterdays and sustain no further relation to them; they follow us, they constitute our life, and they give accent and force and meaning to our present deeds.—Joseph Parker.

Take time, and go apart for a season; withdraw into thyself, and discover the evolution of thine own thought. Thou must take thy stand on principles, as perceived within thee.—Trinities and Sanctities.

It is to self-government, the great principle of popular representation—the system that lets in all to participate in the counsels that are to assign the good or evil to all—that we owe what we are and what we hope to be.—Daniel Webster.

The Inaccuracy of Maps.

So many maps of the world, on Mercator's projection, are being sold in these days when interest in the war implies more attention than the average American ever before gave to the geography of Cuba and the West Indies generally, the Philippine Islands, Spain, and other places near or remote, that a word of caution may not be amiss regarding the apparent comparative size of countries shown on such maps. It is easy to forget that when the world is represented as a rectangular map, as wide at the top and bottom as it is in the middle, the poles are really made to appear equal in width to the equator's length of 25,000 miles.

Obviously, all countries far from the equator are unduly magnified and those about the center of the map, north and south, are represented unduly small by comparison, because they are drawn nearest the true scale. Thus Australia, lying nearer the equator than Canada or the United States, is made far from equal to either of those countries in area, though there is really little difference. Greenland is swollen out of all proportion, and India relatively dwarfed in comparison with the countries of Europe. Spain is made smaller in proportion to the British Isles than it ought to be, and both Cuba and the Philippine Islands are cut down far below the size they should have in comparison with New Zealand or Japan, for instance, the latter countries being grossly enlarged.—Cleveland Leader.

Schley's Tribute to Lieutenant Hobson.
Commodore Schley has paid the following tribute to the valor of Lieutenant Hobson and the crew of the collier Merrimac: "History does not record an act of finer heroism. I watched the Merrimac as she made her way to the entrance of the harbor, and my heart sank as I saw the perfect hell of fire that fell upon those devoted men. I did not think it possible one of them could have gone through it alive. They went into the jaws of death. It was Balaklava over again, without the means of defense which the Light Brigade had. Hobson led a forlorn hope without the power to cut his way out. But fortune once more favored the brave, and I hope he will have the recognition and promotion he deserves. His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

William Tell of Tokio.
There is a story of a heroic Japanese woman of the olden time, whose husband, an archer, had the grievous fault of not being able to hold his arrow until he was entirely ready, letting it go prematurely. One day, as the archer was practicing, trying hard to remedy his shortcomings, his determined wife, with their precious child in her arms, stood up directly in front of his arrow, and forced him to hold it in. This man lived to be a famous archer. If the country shall ever be in danger, the woman will be found as determined as the man.—New York Journal.

Royal Family of Boxers.
Boxing is a favorite sport of the Danish royal family, Prince Valdemar being the best boxer among them. When he challenged the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, however, he met more than his match. King George of Greece is also skilled in the gloves. The present Emperor of Russia, on his travels around the world, used to have a bout with Prince George of Greece every morning on the bridge of the steamer.

Butter as a Stimulant.
It is said that one pound of butter gives a working force equal to that of five pounds of beef, nine pounds of potatoes or two pounds of milk.