

Westminster Abbey would lose its reputation if Gladstone's name were not to be found there among England's glorious dead.

A story is told to the effect that when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proposed to establish a branch in a leading city of Spain the municipal body courteously accepted the proposal and offered to hold a grand bull-fight at once to furnish the funds.

There is a strong and growing sentiment in the Administration and in Congress in favor of making the American Navy the strongest in the world, and it seems apparent that immediately our war with Spain is over a beginning will be made, comments the St. Louis Star. It is estimated that our navy could be made superior to Great Britain's within two years at a cost of one billion dollars.

Half the arable land of France, a little more than half the pasture, as much as six-sevenths of the vineyards, and two-thirds of the garden and are cultivated by their owners. The average size of the farm in France is fifteen and one-quarter acres against sixty-three acres in Great Britain. The average in the United States at the date of the last Federal census was 137 acres. More than thirty-nine per cent. of the farms in France are under one hectare, equal to two and one-half acres; only two and one-half per cent. of the French holdings amount to 100 acres each.

The Oregon is the queen of battle-ships. She has broken all records for distance, for sustained speed, for coal endurance. It is an impressive fact that she had to leave two cruisers behind because they could not keep up with her. It is interesting that nearly every ship built at San Francisco turned out the best of her class, the San Francisco, the Monterey, the Oregon, the Olympia. The contract price of these ships was higher than on the Atlantic, though the actual cost of building is not much more. The builders seem to put their excess of profit into superior work.

There died lately in a Tennessee insane asylum a young woman who, five years ago, in a fit of jealousy, killed her most intimate girl friend because the latter had chosen to enlarge the circle of her companions. Alice Mitchell is a fatal type of an infatuation common among school and college girls, which, while seldom accompanied by such tragic results, yet causes untold headaches and heart-burnings, observes the Youth's Companion. Flowers and candy, calls and drives, notes and poetry, loss of appetite and failure in lessons are outward signs of affections unwholesome in their selfishness and intensity. It has been said that the lifelong friendships formed there constitute the principal charm of college life, and this is true; but young people and their parents and teachers should discourage all such absorbing attachments as wrecked the lives of Alice Mitchell and her young victim.

The bill providing for a national commission for the arbitration of disputes between railway companies and their employes, recently passed by both Houses of Congress, appears to be a very creditable measure, and while by no means so radical as has been advocated by many parties, it is free from the very serious objections which attach to any proposition for compulsory arbitration. Briefly, the bill provides that either railway companies or employes may request the Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Commissioner of Labor to endeavor to settle a pending dispute amicably by mediation between the contending parties. In case the endeavor fails, each party to the controversy is to name an arbitrator and the two so appointed shall select a third, and the board so chosen shall make an award within twenty days from the time the third arbitrator is selected. The award shall continue in force between the parties for one year, and the employer shall not dismiss nor shall any employe dissatisfied with the award quit work under three months without giving thirty days' notice. The only force relied upon to cause either party to take advantage of this system and to abide by the results is the force of public opinion, which, in after, all, the real force behind laws of every sort. It is believed that few railway companies or labor organizations would venture to encounter the public disapproval that would follow its refusal to submit its case to arbitration, or the still stronger expression of public sentiment that would follow a failure to accept the results of an arbitration.

A CHANCE OF AMBITION.

Horatius at the bridge, and he who fought at old Thermopylae; Great Samson and his potent bone By which the Philistines were stoned; Small David with his wondrous aim That did for him of giant frame; J. Caesar in his Gallic scraps That made him Lord of other chaps; Sweet William, called the Conqueror, Who made the Briton sick of war; King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought And thrashed the foe at Agincourt; Old Bonaparte, and Washington, And Frederick, and Wellington, Deatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe, And Farragut, and Grant, and oh, A thousand other heroes I Have wished I were in days gone by— Can take their laurels from my door, For I don't want 'em any more.

BEN BRAHIM'S SMARTNESS.

OLD Mohammed Ben Ibrahim was a private of the Third Regiment of Turcos, Arab infantry in the French service. He was tall and raven-haired, and he was a little Mohammed the Prophet, and not at all in Allah. He drank wine and ate pork, two things held in abomination by the Mohammedans. He swore in bad Arab and worse French; in fact, he was the most perfect black-guard in the whole body of Turcos, which were 16,000 strong, and that is saying a great deal. Ben Ibrahim lived happy and contented until one day, while passing before the bria-a-brac pawn office and dry goods shop of Yussuff, the richest Hebrew of Oran, he saw, hanging in the window, some gold watches. Then his happiness was gone, for one thought invaded his mind so completely that, twenty times a day, he exclaimed loudly: "By the Prophet's beard, I must have one!" And by the Prophet's beard he got one too, and this is how it came about.

Mohammed Ben Ibrahim had a cousin, a lieutenant in the same regiment, and he went to him and told him a story about his mother being sick and needy, and the lieutenant, who loved his aunt, gave him twelve francs, with the recommendation to use them well, a thing that the Turco did much to the sorrow of Yussuff, in whose shop he appeared five minutes later. Yussuff was alone, and seeing the Turco entering his store, he arose to meet him, not through deference for the caller, but from a knowledge that the Turcos are the greatest prowlers of Africa.

"I salute you, Rabbi Yussuff," said Mohammed, touching his fez. "I salute you, Turco," replied Yussuff, politely, "what do you want?" "I came to pay you twelve francs for seven you loaned me a fortnight ago," answered the Turco. "Did I loan you money? I do not recollect to have seen you before." "You don't? Well, then, you were more drunk than I was when I borrowed the money from you. But, no matter, I owe you twelve francs, and there they are." Then the Turco put twelve francs in the other's hand. Yussuff took it just as an Arab priest entered the shop.

Yussuff saluted the new-comer with the greatest respect, as he was one of his best customers, and said: "Will you allow me to present this Turco to you as one of the few honest men we have in this town?" The Arab looked with astonishment on the pair. "Well, well!" thought he, "what are we coming to, if a Turco turns to be as honest to be praised by Yussuff?" Then he asked: "May I inquire what this Turco has done to deserve your commendations, Yussuff?" "I loaned him twelve francs, and I forgot all about it. Many would have taken advantage of my lack of memory, but he did not, for he has paid me like an honest man that he is."

"My friend," said the Arab to the Turco, "will you favor me with your company to my house?" Mohammed Ben Ibrahim answered that as soon as Rabbi Yussuff had returned his pledge, he would follow him. "A pledge!" cried Yussuff, turning pale. "You have given me none." "What?" replied the Turco indignantly, "that gold watch there is mine." And Mohammed pointed to a watch worth about sixty dollars. "That watch was bought by me from a chief now dead," yelled Yussuff.

"Yussuff," interposed the Turco, "it seems to me that this chief died very conveniently for you. Will you give me my watch?" "No," answered Yussuff. "All right, sir. I will have you arrested on the spot," and opening the door Mohammed went into the street calling for the police. In a minute two of these worthies made their appearance and inquired the cause of the uproar. "Arrest that man," said the Turco, pointing to Yussuff, "he has robbed me." The police took Yussuff by the throat, and the whole party left the store to go to the judge. In Africa, the judge's courthouse consists of a piece of carpet, two yards square, thrown on the pavement, in the market place, where the judge sits surrounded by

the police who make arrests and bastinado the culprits at the judge's command. It is justice in its primitive state administered on the rapid transit plan. "What is the matter?" inquired the Arab magistrate. "Your Wisdom, this man has robbed that Turco," replied the officer. "Turco, how did the thing happen?" inquired the judge. "Your Wisdom, this man loaned me seven francs on my gold watch. I returned him his money, together with five francs as interest, and now he refuses to give me my watch." "How did you get a gold watch?" "Your Wisdom, it is a present from my dying father." "Did anyone see you paying the money?" "Your Wisdom, this holy Arab was present." "Arab, is it true what the Turco is saying?" "Your Wisdom, he has spoken the truth," replied the Arab. "Yussuff introduced the complainant to me with the remark that he was one of the few honest men we have in this town."

"Yussuff, do you deny the accusation made against you?" "Your Wisdom, I do deny it." "Did you take twelve francs from the complainant?" "Your Wisdom, I did." "For what?" "Because I loaned it to him." "Without any pledge?" "Yes, your Wisdom, without any pledge." "Officers, go to Yussuff's house, and bring here all the gold watches he has," said the judge. The officers went and soon returned, bringing about thirty gold watches, which they spread before the judge.

"Look and see if your time-piece is there," said the magistrate to the Turco. The cunning Turco advanced, and without any hesitation took, not the best, but the third from the best. The judge, who had eyed sharply the action of the Turco, seeing him discarding the costliest watch to take another inferior in value, felt convinced of the justice of his claim to the object of his selection. He said to him: "Take it and go. Remember that a present from a dying father is a sacred thing, not to be polluted by the hands of this money lender, who is a thief, a sinner and a liar. Go!" Mohammed Ben Ibrahim did not wait for a second invitation to take what did not belong to him; he bowed low to the judge, kissed the Arab on the shoulder and departed.

Then the judge said to Yussuff: "For lying to me, for exacting usurious rates of interest, for trying to rob a poor soldier of a sacred memento from a beloved father, you shall get fifty strokes on the soles of your feet, and if in two hours you have not paid five hundred dollars fine, you shall get one hundred more. Officers, execute the sentence." Everybody applauded the justice of the judge's decision. No, I am mistaken, not all. There was one who did not. Can you guess who?

An Ruined Philippine Industry. An ancient industry in the Philippine Islands which, by the way, has been nearly destroyed by Spanish tyranny and greed, is the gathering of various kinds of mother-of-pearl. In the warm waters of those seas animal life is very prolific and many kinds of shells grow to great size. Some oysters, for example, are as large as punch bowls, and scallops grow two or three feet in diameter. Natives catch the animals when they are alive and throw them into pots of boiling water. They then extract the fleshy part of the body, of which some varieties they use as food, and others as provenders for their domestic animals. The live shell, as it is called, is stronger, hand-somer and more durable than the dead shell; that is, the shell of an animal which has died a natural death.

The rough mother-of-pearl is sent to China, chiefly to Canton, where there is a famous artistic guild which employs it in many ways. One variety, which is flat, a half inch thick and several inches in diameter, is carved in intaglio and in relief and makes a very beautiful ornament for the wall or the window or for setting in the panels of a door or a cabinet. When hung in the window the light penetrates it and gives prismatic tints to all the figures of the carver. Small pieces are split into layers and converted into inlaid work, for chairs, tables, picture frames, altars and the decoration of wealthy homes.

The way they killed this industry illustrates their theories of government. They sell to the highest bidder what they call the piscary concessions. No one can take any fish from the water without a license from the concessionaire. The poor natives, who make but ten or eleven cents a day, are unable to obtain a license and can only pursue their calling underhandedly. If caught they are treated as common thieves, and if found in the overt act they may be and often are shot by the armed police. In this manner the fishing industries of the Philippines have steadily diminished wherever there are Spanish settlements, so that the people of the large cities import quantities of sea food from other and freer countries.—New York Mail and Express.

Great Wrecks and Loss of Life. Among the most serious steamship wrecks of the last twenty years and their attendant losses of life are the Enrydice and Princess Alice (300 and 650) in 1878; Victoria (700, 1881; Cimbrina (400) 1883; Serpent (270), 1890; Utopia (574), 1891; Reina Regente (400), 1895; Elbe (352), 1895; Salier (280), 1896; Kuang-Pin (500), 1896.

PHILIPPINE AMAZONS

UTTERLY WITHOUT FEAR AND POSSESSED OF THE FRENZY OF DARING.

Romantic Struggle to Free Themselves From Spanish Oppression—On Their Smooth, Round Arms They Bear the Insurgents' V Brand. The women of the Philippine Islands, like those of Cuba, are taking an active part in the revolution against the Spaniards. Indeed, it is largely on account of the women that the revolution exists, the indignities offered them by the Spanish being the last drop which filled the cup of indignation to overflow. It is the old story of cruelty and oppression which has been repeated in each and every one of the Spanish colonies since the days of Christopher Columbus.

The population of the Philippines is a mixed one. First, there are several native tribes, chief among which are the Negritos, or African people, as the Spanish call them. Those, who, treated for centuries, have retreated to the wilderness, and play small part in the revolt, except by their readiness to give aid and comfort to the insurgents. There are many Chinese, a number of Japanese, and between 10,000 and 20,000 Europeans—Dutch chiefly, English next, with a sprinkling of all other nationalities. The principal element in the population is, however, the Malay, a race of peculiar interest to the ethnologist. Brave to recklessness, vindictive and revengeful, the Malay is not unlike our own American Indian at his best. He is hard to attach, but when once won he is faithful unto death. Passionately fond of his wife and children, he idolizes the woman whom he loves.

Travelers describe the women as handsome, vigorous and intelligent, with large black eyes, clear olive complexion, perfect teeth and satiny black hair, of which they take excellent care. Daintily neat in their persons, the daily bath is an institution. They revel in delicate perfumes, extracted from the flowers of the islands, and their sense of smell is as acute as that of a sleuthhound. They allow the thumbnail to grow very long, which assists in playing on the guitar, an accomplishment in which they excel.

When the Spanish discovered the islands they found them in the possession of Malays who had conquered the Negritos, driving them back into the wilderness, where they still live. Many Chinese dwelt among them, and there was a steady trade between China and the Philippines in sugar, tobacco and hemp. The Spanish took possession, as was their way, and for 300 years have oppressed and maltreated the unlucky mestizos, as they called them. But the centuries have brought with them a large admixture of European blood, principally Spanish, into the Malay strain, increasing their pride and revengefulness. Moreover, these mestizos have been industrious. They have worked hard and prospered, spite of heavy taxation.

They have sent their sons and daughters to Europe and educated them, and still they have gone on for years patiently enduring Spain's heavy yoke. The oppression in Cuba has been as nothing to that in the Philippines. Everything is taxed to the utmost, and the slightest excuse has sufficed for confiscating the entire property of any man not under the protection of a foreign government. The native subject of Spain has absolutely no rights under the law, and no matter what outrages he may suffer no mestizo can sue a Spaniard or obtain legal redress. In Manila the poorer natives are employed as servants, and to punish them for slight offenses they are often tortured, sometimes to death. Worst of all, if a worthless Spaniard looks with covetous eyes on the daughter of a mestizo woman is at his mercy, and the father is powerless to protect her and prevent a distasteful marriage.

It was this last outrage which provoked the revolt, and the women are said to have incited the men to this step. Many of them are in the rebel ranks fighting side by side with their husbands and fathers, and it is said that in a recent attack in the stronghold of the rebels, where two Spanish colonels were among the killed, one of them fell by the hand of a woman—not by a rifle shot, but in a hand-to-hand conflict, in which the Amazon used the native weapon, the polo.

These women have been described as utterly without fear—possessed, indeed, of the frenzy of daring told of by travelers, as shown in the Malay custom of "running amok." Reports all agree that the Amazon leaders in the Philippine army are rarely killed, their very recklessness serving to protect them by striking terror into the hearts of the Spaniards, who regard them as possessed by some uncanny sprite. On the other hand, their daring inspires the insurgents with confidence and they fight like demons.

Mme. Rizal, who is prominent among the rebel leaders, is believed by the insurgents to bear a charmed life. She herself, according to all accounts, appears to be utterly devoid of fear, not only risking her life readily in battle, but when arrested and in peril of speedy execution defying the Spanish authorities to do their worst. This last piece of daring is probably due to the fact that she claims to be a British subject, and as such, dares the Spaniards to touch her. Few women have had so eventful and romantic a career as this young widow, who is still under thirty years of age.

the Regiment." Her mother died during her infancy, and the little girl was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Taunfer, of Manila, who reared and educated her. She became engaged to Dr. Rizal, the Philippine hero, and married him only a few days before he was shot. The Spaniards forced her to witness his execution, and she vowed vengeance—a vow she has well kept. Mme. Rizal declares that her husband took no active part in the insurrection, that his only offense was sympathy with his people, and declares also that his execution was an unprovoked and cold-blooded murder.

The insurgents retaliate to the utmost extent of their power for the barbarities practised upon them by the Spanish soldiery. Each execution of rebels by the Spaniards has been followed by one of the captives in insurgent strongholds, a policy to which, probably, is due the recent change on the part of the Spanish troops toward the captive insurgents.

Meanwhile the insurgents, women as well as men, are bound by a solemn oath to "fight to the death for the freedom of the Philippines; to show no mercy to Spanish man or woman, to count neither life nor property, nor family ties, in the battle for national liberty and the expulsion of the Spaniards." The smooth, round arms of these women are marked by the V brand of the halo—the mark of the insurgents—and to the full, as forceful as the men, they are determined to die rather than be slaves to the Spanish oppressors, under whose yoke they and their forefathers have bowed so long. Education has brought forth the new woman in the Philippines as elsewhere, and once more "Old Glory" heralds freedom to the slave.

On the River of Egypt. "Assuan is the southern frontier of Egypt, the terminus of the lower Nile. And it looks like a terminus. We came to it on a lazy afternoon," writes G. W. Stevens, the well-known African explorer, "too late for coffee, too early for tea. The Nile, which had been lazy, too, began to show signs of a current. We tied up by a bank of yellow sand; in front of us, to the left, was a long line of palms with white houses peeping from behind them—Assuan. Beyond it a lofty rise of rock—at least, it looks lofty in Egypt—met the elevation of a rocky, tree-grown island—Elephantine. Between the two came down the river, still fretting from the Cataract. It narrowed between the two elbows of rock, and turned a corner, so that it looked as if Assuan were not only the end of Egypt, but the end of the Nile.

"In a quarter of an hour I was in a boat, amid my packages, pulling away up stream for my friend's dahabeh. Lucky are the friends of my friend, and his welcome always gives you to believe he came to this particular corner expressly to meet you. Now I was to live a couple of nights aboard his dahabeh. I had seen the sort of comfort in which he sends you up the Nile in a party; now for the luxury when he gives you a dahabeh to yourself.

"The six leather-skinned rowers took hold of their clumsy oars, one hand like a cap over the butt; swung them by the loop-of-rope rowlocks, and bent forward. As the oars took the water a seventh leather-skinned, squatting idly in the bows, suddenly set up a nasal wail. I knew it at once—Arab singing; but to my horror the whole crew joined in full-throated. For half a dozen strokes they howled, and then set up one strident scateo 'a-a-ah!' which is the cry they use in this country to remind shirking camels and donkeys of their duty. Then for another six strokes they howled; then a-a-ah-ah-ah again to keep themselves up to their work."—London Mail

Plenty to Do. "I thought you told me, Wilson, that you intended to do business just the same after you had moved into the suburbs. I know you have plenty, but I always thought you one of those men who insist upon dying in the harness." "You were right about it, my old friend. I believed that it would be impossible for me to avoid spending at least two or three hours a day on 'change, but my time is completely taken up and I haven't looked at a market report for a month."

"Wouldn't believe it if any one else told me. How do you exist?" "I am having young trees set out, getting a garden ready, superintending the building of a barn, watching them pave the street and having a continued kick with the assessors, who seem to think that my property is worth all I paid for it."

"You'll soon have all that off your hands. I was afraid you might have left us permanently." "Oh, I've only commenced. I have a Jersey cow, a pointer pup, a tandem, two Berkshire pigs and a kodak, besides—"

The Earth's Laziest Creature.

A curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine-inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. The little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

Average Ill-Health.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

BRAMBLE'S QUIET HOLIDAY.

His Kase Was Clever, But the Cleverer Boys Follid Him.

Old Cy Bramble had never been a boy. He probably began to dry up shortly after he was weaned and passed through boyhood in a sort of chrysalis state, with the difference that he never became a butterfly. Bramble hated boys, and every boy in Tunley hated him. His chief reason for hating boys was that they were noisy, and it naturally followed that the day in the year that he most loathed 'as the Fourth, and he had been known to say that if he had his way it would be a capital offense to set off even a parlor match. On the evening of the third of July he would descend into his cellar with a basket of food, a lamp and some books and with both ears stuffed with cotton, and he would not be seen again until he came out on the morning of the fifth.

So the astonishment of the small boys of Tunley may be easily imagined when he gave it out that he would take orders for firecrackers and torpedoes to be ready for delivery on the evening of the third, and for which he would ask just half the market rates. Was he crazy or had he turned philanthropist? But he was evidently in earnest, and the chance of getting fireworks so cheap outweighing all other considerations he did a land office business in the way of taking orders.

At 7 on the evening of the third his goods were ready, and he had a busy time waiting on all his boyish customers, but by 11 o'clock he was ready for bed, and he went there, not to his cellar. The morning of the Fourth dawned as disgustingly early as it usually does, but wakeful and nervous the boy waited in vain for noisy salutes. In neighboring towns the faint sound of cannon and pistols could be heard, but Tunley was as still as the grave of a dumb man.

When the grown-ups came down to breakfast they found their children holding indignation meetings. Something was the matter with the fire crackers. They sputtered and hissed, but did not crack, and the torpedoes simply broke in a distressingly quiet way and scattered pebbles over the ground.

Bramble was found sitting outside of his house in an armchair, reading a book and looking as contented as a well-fed kitten. It was evidently a put-up job on his part. He had doctored the fireworks, that he might enjoy a quiet Fourth in the open air. When it dawned on the boys that they had been victimized they lost no time in forming a purse and a committee. The purse enabled the committee to go to the nearest town and buy a large quantity of crackers of all sizes.

At about 3 in the afternoon Bramble sunk into a restful nap. His dried-up features relaxed, his withered talons lay like a heap of picked bones in his lap, and he gave himself over to dreams. Then it was that the parade began. The paraders were all the boys who had been duped, and they numbered all the boys in town with one or two exceptions. The line of march lay past his house, and his rocking chair was the reviewing stand. His slumbers was disturbed by a beating of tin pans, a blowing of horns and the explosion of firecrackers. Then, before he was fully awake he was bound to his chair by a stout rope, and the performance concluded with what the boys called "The Bombardment of Moscow," in which a dozen huge cannon crackers played an active part, exploding simultaneously under the "reviewing stand."

By a miracle the old man was not hurt, but he burst his bonds with the strength that great fear sometimes gives, and rattled into the house like a skeleton in a gale of wind, and all the rest of that Fourth he spent in his cellar, while the boys held high carnival in front of his house.

And nothing was ever done to them either, for public opinion, as expressed by their parents, held that a man who was mean enough to knowingly sell damaged fireworks to boys deserved all that he got.

German Experience With the Grip.

An extensive investigation as to the spread of the grip in the German Army, assuming, as it did, the form of an epidemic, has given definiteness to medical opinion as to its being a disease that owes its origin to certain miasmatic external causes, while, on the other hand, there is not assumed to be any sure evidence of the influence of weather, climate, wind or soil, or the season of the year. To the contrary, indeed, the number of those cases in which the spread and the mode of spreading of the ailment is attributable to human intercourse was considerably increased by the experience of the last epidemic. But authorities are still in a state of doubt as to whether the infection is carried directly from person to person, or whether the infectious material is carried by the intervention of inanimate objects through the air. Of the real germ that causes the disease there is no precise knowledge. Reasons are given, however, for believing that inanimate substances may house the real germs of the disease and convey them far away; and if, therefore, dead substances can thus contribute to the spread of the disease germs, such a fact may perhaps explain the appearance of the disease upon ships on the high seas.—New York Tribune.

CURIOUS FACTS.

In Brazil a single pineapple has never attained a greater growth than seven pounds.

A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing strokes per minute.

A servant on a farm near Cambrai, in northern France, has lived seventy-one years with the same family.

Coins bearing the names of emperors who existed over two thousand years ago are still in daily circulation in China.

The "elephant beetle" of Venezuela is the largest insect in the world. A full-grown one weighs about half a pound.

A curious fact has been noted by the Arctic travelers—snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

A set of the works of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, printed on vellum and of the date 1483, brought \$4000 at a recent sale in England.

There is a hospital for trees on the banks of the Seine in Paris. Trees which grow sick along the boulevards are taken here to recover.

A Teplitz old lady of ninety-nine has committed suicide by holding her head down in a tub of water because she did not want to live to be a hundred years old.

The most expensive drug is physostigmine, an ounce of which would cost nearly \$100,000. It is prepared from the Calabar bean and is used in diseases of the eye.

It having been decided to levy a house or hut tax of \$1.25 on each owner in Sierra Leone, the natives are pulling down their huts and living under trees rather than pay it.

President Eliot on Happy Marriages.

President Eliot, in a recent address before the Worcester (Mass.) Woman's Club, discussed the happy marriage, and gave it what free and easy writers call a first-class notice. A very brief extract from his address credits him with saying that the idealizing devotion with which the happy marriage begins is the most admirable thing in human nature. He does not seem to favor the idea that the cornerstone of happiness in marriage is a sufficient income secured against the chances of fortune. On the contrary, he declares the young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords. The chief conditions of a happy marriage, as he finds them, are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife. No doubt he enlarged upon these conditions, and qualified the idea of the superlative importance of the latter two by taking large views of them. We often see, for example, people very happily married whose minds are so differently constituted that it seems impossible that they should have more than a limited number of intellectual interests in common. But there are different kinds of good minds, and minds that supplement one another seem quite as well suited to harmonious associations as those that run in parallel grooves.—Harper's Weekly.

Your Chair and Your Desk.

Some curious experiments have been made by a Harvard professor to prove what is really the best height for the chair you sit on and the desk you write at. Every person, it appears, ought to have a chair specially made to suit his or her height, and the seat of the chair should be exactly one-quarter of your height from the floor. Thus, if you are six feet high, the chair seat should be eighteen inches. The width of the seat should exactly equal its height, and it should slope backward three-quarters of an inch to the foot. The back should be a trifle higher than the seat and sloped slightly, not too much. Finally, your desk should be two-thirds as high again as the seat of your chair. Thus, if your chair seat is twenty-four inches, the desk should be forty inches in height. When you have attended to all these little details you can sit and write all day without feeling that backache that comes from chairs and desks that don't fit you.—Hartford (Conn.) Post.

Patti and "Rag-time" Songs.

Patti once went on an excursion with a party of Americans, among whom was a young chap who could play on a banjo and sing "coon" and "rag-time" songs like a professional. He did not intend that the great singer should judge of the quality of his art, but by accident she had a chance, and to the young man's joy she fell hilariously in love with every rag-time melody he sang. This was a secret between the two until one evening Patti consented to sing for the company. Several listeners went mildly insane when the great artist, after a little preparatory "pattin'," sang "Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy."—New York World.

Green Garnets.

Green garnets are more valuable than diamonds because they are so exceedingly rare. They are of an un surpassed rich shade far beyond that of an emerald, and are very brilliant. On the other hand, red garnets are so common that they cost next to nothing.