

The American Manufacturer, of Philadelphia, declares that, although the methods of cultivating cotton in China are very primitive, the quantity produced is considerable. Much of this cotton is sent to Japan to be spun, and then comes back to China to be woven. The quality of the goods made in China is poor and coarse, but the amount is steadily increasing.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the quiet influence which the home exerts upon the nation. If the elements of character from which great achievements spring were not faithfully nourished at the fireside, there would be no victories recorded in the forum, and no triumphs scored upon the field. In this crucial hour of conflict, when the frequent occurrence of distinguished deeds on sea and land reminds us that the days of chivalry have not yet quit the calendar, we must forget to pay the tribute of our homage to the fountain source from which true valor springs.

M. de Mansouty, a distinguished French chemist, says the New York World, has discovered that the substance sold in Paris as coffee is composed of "adulterated chicory, beet-root, turnips, parsnips, carrots, dandelion, acorns, horse chestnuts, hazel nuts, figs, prunes, couch-grass, pistachios, almonds, walnuts, peanuts, dates, apples, pears. All these substances, generally in 'damaged' condition, are mixed together, ground and roasted and mixed with a little real coffee." How patient are these men of science! Fancy his sticking to that analysis until he discovered a separable trace of "real coffee!"

A marked favoritism has always been shown by the Government toward the army, thinks the New York Mail and Express. For instance, a Major-General receives \$7500 a year, whatever his line of duty may be, while a Rear-Admiral on waiting orders is paid \$4000 and on shore duty \$5000. In addition to this injustice the Rear-Admiral is obliged to house himself except when he is on shipboard or when stationed at a navy-yard. As the regulations do not permit an officer to take his wife to sea with him he must provide a separate establishment for his family during a considerable part of his service. In the army, quarters are invariably provided for the officers' families at the various military posts. There is still another injustice in the age fixed for retirement. An army officer may serve on the active list until he is sixty-four years old, but the naval officer is forced to retire at the age of sixty-two.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: Farmers can never hope to escape from frequent seasons of low prices for their commodities until they make closer study of market conditions and strive to adjust production to consumption, supply to demand. This is the course men adopt who are engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits. No prudent manufacturer goes on producing a certain line of goods regardless whether there is likely to be a market for them, and no merchant loads his shelves with fabrics and wares unless he expects them to prove salable at a fair profit. The manufacturer either curtails his output or turns to another line of goods, and the merchant only purchases such stock as he feels reasonably sure he can sell again. Of course, it is not always easy for farmers to anticipate market conditions. It was impossible to foresee the enormous deficiency in the foreign wheat crop last year. Such advantage as American farmers reaped from it was largely the result of chance.

There is a great division of opinion in the army in regard to the new Kraig-Jorgensen gun with which it is armed. Its calibre is .30, while that of the old Springfield was .45. The smaller calibre gives the bullet great velocity and consequently a very flat trajectory. It was supposed that this would also prevent its being deflected sideways by the wind. Experience has proved that the bullet is so light that the wind affects it very greatly. In addition, the rapidity with which the bullet revolves causes it to move sideways, being what is known as the drift. The result of this is that frequently it is necessary in shooting at distances above 500 yards to make an allowance of from six to fifteen feet to the side of the target. Upon the Springfield rifle this allowance was made by what is known as a wind gauge, i. e., by moving the rear sight of the rifle to one side by a screw so as to make up for this deviation. The extent of the movement as well as the elevation of the sights was controlled by the squad commanders.

Oh, many ships have I at sea  
That sailed away long years ago.  
Some day they're coming back to me,  
But when and how I cannot know.  
Sometimes I wander on the shore,  
And watch the far horizon dim,  
Where vanished in those days of yore  
My armoies so fleet and trim.  
I scan with eager eyes the waves  
That dance and sparkle in the light;  
A vision fair my fond heart craves,  
Alas! no sail is yet in sight.  
Often times I find upon the sand  
A broken plank, a shattered spar,  
A bent and rusty iron band—  
Oh, voiceless tale of wrecks afar.

## JOHN SHAD, QUAKER.

In early life John Shad had no connection with the people called Quakers. At the time when he attained to manhood he had no "religion," but this was owing rather to his shyness in attaching himself to any particular sect than to lack of spirituality of mind. Hitherto his hungry heart had gone out to the mysterious workings of nature, and he had worshipped the sun and the stars and the clouds, the flowers and the birds. The night winds on his face, the cries of migratory wild fowl crossing the darkening sky—these were the things that created a great yearning within him. In short, he was Pantheist without knowing it.

These thoughts held him until Dinah Bebb came that way as a pioneer of the Primitive Methodists—the first woman preacher that had appeared on the countryside. She was a demure-looking maiden, with a good deal of decision about her well-set mouth, and her bearing had a quiet dignity that comforted well with her features.

Her advent to the countryside was the signal for a solemn warning against her and her preaching; and it was hinted that she was a heretic, if she was not set down in as many words. Dissent had never before raised its head in Hattock, and now it appeared in a specially heretical form. And so Dinah Bebb was denounced.

Hattock was surrounded by a great belt of woodlands, and its sprinkled population consisted of small farmers and charcoal burners. Its backwoods on the surface were poaching and smuggling, the rest of the deadly sins being kept well under. Poaching was the unpardonable sin to the squire, the non-payment of church dues to the "priest." The poachers knew that if they were caught they would be "everlastingly damned," and those who neglected to pay church "dues" were condemned to the same state—not outwardly, but by inference. This last was the fate of a small knot of Quakers who had a meeting house behind the Pit Farm, and whose goods were regularly distrained upon in consequence. These queer people had, it seemed, inconvenient notions as to the payment of tithes, and so their produce was forcibly, and sometimes roughly, appropriated.

Finding Dinah Bebb alone, and learning the nature of her mission, it was one of these who took her in, when she had failed to find a lodging among the dwellers on the fell-side.

Selecting a time when there was no meeting elsewhere, Dinah Bebb had given out that she would be on the Common on the first Sunday afternoon, and that she would then speak to the people. As the time arrived the woodlanders were there, but they mostly stood afar off. Within the circle, immediately in front, were a few of the Quakers—among them some women—and behind, John Shad, with no "religion" at all. These were the respectful listeners. The rest were further away, and either gaped or giggled as they watched the scene.

Dinah Bebb stood beneath a tree with a book in her hand, waiting. And then, although stragglers were still coming up, punctual to the appointed time, the preacher came forward, and standing upon a point of rock, commenced her address.

"What shall it profit a man," she asked, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" then paused. There seemed something startlingly new in the question, and a great silence fell upon the crowd.

She spoke quietly and impressively, in a low, sweet voice; then, as she caught her listeners, with more emotion; and finally, bringing up a force and fire her slight frame seemed incapable of, she ended by an agonizing appeal that was so full of an infinite tenderness as to sway every listener.

She had stopped. But before the people could recover themselves she had dropped on her knees and was praying.

Her pale, thin face was turned to the illimitable sky, and with arms outstretched, her appeal was toward the setting sun which, with its last rays, just at that moment wrapped her in a purple effulgence.

The woodlanders were impressed—shaken as they had never been before, and they left the Common with an uneasy feeling that, somehow, they had been set against themselves.

Since her coming to Hattock Dinah

Then anxious fears crowd in my breast  
And tell the sunshine in the sky,  
Shall thus my good ships end their quest?  
Shall this their fate be by-and-by?  
O friends with ships far out at sea,  
That sailed away so long ago,  
Some day they're coming back to me,  
But when and how we may not know.  
Perchance with sails all rent and soiled,  
Battered and bruised their ships may be,  
Of beauty and grace they may be despoiled,  
Heavy and slow they may come to thee.  
But come they morning, noon or night,  
With flying colors or broken mast,  
Our hearts will cry with a thrill of delight,  
"Thank God our ships have come in at last."  
—Clara W. Williams, in Boston Transcript.

comedy and tragedy, this "book of sufferings." A "stiff-necked generation," the "priest" had called them (having an eye on his tithe), and well he might! But they are gone, all gone!

True, the little meeting house remains—still lovingly tended and cared for by the rejected of the elders, John Shad—the sole survival of Quakerism. Sixty years ago the quiet spirit of the little community had entered into his soul, and he lived on in the Faith. But he could never be induced to renew his application. And only once, with a quiet smile, he gave the reason. He still wore the brass buttons of his leather shooting jacket—and were not they anathema?

With his eighty years upon him, what a man was John Shad, beautiful with age! His soul looked out of his face. Tanned was his face, his fine square head covered with a profusion of silvery hair. With all his years, he stood as straight as an ash-sapling—a perfect woodlander! In his age as in his youth, he lived face to face with Nature. Never was such a poor, rich man. Nature, his mistress, he would say, dowered him with riches—showered her bounties before him. Where the clearings had been he built gardens and orchards. Hanging gardens he made among the rocks and scars—spots in which it was impossible to tell where Nature ended and art began. He grew the precious herbs and knew the lore of all the flowers. His patches of corn were among the rocks, and everywhere about him the desert blossomed as the rose.

But over and above all, the meeting house was his chiefest care. How he tended it! Nothing was ever allowed to desecrate it—nothing except the pair of swallows that came year by year to nest among the rafters. How the birds of return were waited and watched for, and what a joyous day was that of their coming!

For many years Dinah Shad had lain in the little burial ground.

In the meeting house itself John Shad worshipped on alone. Each first-day found him here, the silence of the place was made audible by his presence. Sometimes when his heart-felt thankfulness became too much for him he stood up and spoke aloud. And what sermons were those, if only they could have been taken down!

And so he sat on, week after week, year after year.

Beloved by the woodlanders as man was rarely loved, he was left undisturbed. A strange reverence grew up about him. His silent testimony was more powerful than the spoken word. The lawless countryside became more law-abiding as his years went on. But still he worshipped alone. It is told how a violent yafarer, hearing of his lonely life, had intended to break in and despoil his house. But, previously lurking about the premises, he had caught sight of the old man at worship. He saw him, sitting silent and still, with head thrown up, as was his wont, and, as he described, with a bar of sunlight across his white hair. The man watched him for a time, then slunk silently away and disappeared in the woods, leaving the weapon with which he intended to break the house in his sight.

And as this man had seen him so I found him one Monday at noon—a day after he had failed to make his wonted appearance. He still sat on the seat, only a little more rigidly than usual. There was but little change, except that the mouth, slightly drawn, added a hardness to the face that was not there in life. Curiously enough his will was in his pocket—I afterward learned that he always carried it in his "first-day" coat. Subsequently the duty fell upon me to read this quaint document, but I must not disclose its contents.

Suffice it, they were characteristic of the man—especially the direction that his body was to be laid in the woods, not in the little burial ground. And so John Shad, the very incarnation of Quakerism, died, but still outside of the pale of the sect—the last of the Quakers of Hattock.

Even with the dead man lying before me, I remember smiling at the incongruity of the sporting brass buttons as they stared me in the face from the high-cut, snuff-colored coat—the self-same anathema of sixty years ago.—Boston (England) Guardian.

Mule Steak Tasty.

"A party of Idaho cowboys, who were out on the range hunting horses not long since, got desperately hungry, and, rather than kill a beef steer, which is worth big money just now, they despatched a young mule, whose flesh they proceeded to eat with the greatest relish," said Mr. Albert C. Blocker, of that State, at the Ebbitt.

"One of the company told me that the steak cut from the mule was as good as any he ever ate, but his sharp appetite may have been a factor in the case. It was the first time I ever heard of a mule being sacrificed in such a cause, but as horse meat is growing in favor in European countries, I don't see why his long-eared relative should not answer the same purpose."—Washington Post.

The Philippines in Gold.

Canovas del Castillo's widow has received a magnificent present from admirers of her husband in the Philippines. It is a large map in relief of the Philippines made of beaten gold, the towns marked by rubies, the names written in sapphires, and the dedication in diamonds. The map is set in a frame of gold and jewels with a gold bust of Canovas on top, and this is enclosed in a box of precious woods artistically carved. The gift is valued at \$30,000. The Duchess of Canovas will soon be the sole Spanish possessor of the Philippines.—New York Sun.

## THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.

A MILITARY BRANCH OFTEN CALLED AN ARMY'S NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The Work is Frequently the Most Dangerous of a Soldier's Affairs. In Times of Peace Recruits Are Always Taken From the Banks.

When an infantryman, an artilleryman or a cavalryman by his own choice becomes, at the end of his enlistment, a member of the United States Signal Corps, he lays down his gun and ceases to be counted among the offensive elements which comprise the army. He has not, however, chosen a lighter berth, nor one fraught with less danger and hardship. On the contrary, his new place is oftener than not the most dangerous one that the life of a soldier affords, and certainly always one of the most important in modern scientific warfare.

A signal man is, by preference of the War Department, chosen from the ranks of the army and his officers from the army line. Long service alone does not make a competent signal man of a soldier. Like the recruit in all of the other branches, the new signal man must go to school. A year of hard work in the Government school at one of the army posts fits him fairly well for his new place.

He begins by learning what can be done with the signal flag, the simplest instrument in the hands of the corps. The Myer system, by which a motion of the flag to the right means one, to the left two, and in front three, is simple; but to become familiar with the dips of the flag, is a matter of a month or two. Once it is learned, however, the student needs only to practice it a few hours to become an expert with the heliograph. The well-fitted signal man is a student of topography and draughting, a photographer, an electrician, a telegraph operator, and a handy man at carrying the surveyor's chain, digging pole holes or climbing the poles after they are set. The art of handling a balloon and of operating it are also taught him. If he has come to the Signal Corps from the infantry he learns, besides all other things, to ride a horse, and in practice usually has assigned to him the toughest kind of a horse, in order that he may in the end become proof against the ordinary injuries incident to the wildest sort of riding, over all sorts of countries, under circumstances which would render any other untrained man hors e combat then and there.

He works that others may fight with the best results, and even when there is fighting his work goes on, within the lines if necessity demands it, no matter how thick the bullets fly. As an officer expressed it: "The Signal Corps is the nervous system of the army—its eyes and ears and tongue."

With wagons and horses the corps starts out in advance of an invading army, trailing a wire behind it, and at almost every instant it reports to the commanding officer all that is heard and seen. As the wire unwinds from the reel a small detachment fastens it to the trunks of trees, if there are any within reach, or sets it up on poles carried along for the purpose if the country be bare. Another detachment with field glasses and photographic instruments rides ahead, taking sharp shots and sending back by couriers information as to the country and the photographic plates.

In wagons fitted with draughting boards and dark rooms are men who develop the plates by a rapid process, and as hastily as possible make from them blue prints. The man at the board notes the observations of the scouts, and with point and scale hastily draws a topographical map of the country. This is no rough guess work, for with the scouts goes the skilled surveyor with his instruments. His glass and compass tell him directions and planes, but for distances he depends upon another glass which, by the system upon which the artilleryman's rangefinder operates, tells him the miles.

Thus he learns how far a range of mountains is away from him, and how high it is. If a river crosses the intended route, it takes him but a moment to find how far away it may be, and over the wire back to camp goes the word that the engineer corps must be hurried forward to build a bridge for the passage of the army. The courier who takes the maps to the camp also carries the blue prints, and the commander is thus enabled to formulate his plans upon certain knowledge.

Should the camp be moved a detachment of the corps follows in the rear, taking up the lines which have been laid. If the advance of an enemy from the rear is expected the corps stays behind as an outpost. If the country through which the army is moving be infested by the enemy a guard must stay behind to protect the telegraph wire.

Distance hampers this method of communication, but by means of relay stations if the country happens to be a hilly one, at intervals of fifteen miles as the greatest distance by the cipher code, and the one, two, three system the observations with instruments can go on without interruption, while the map-making is done in camp. The disadvantages of a bare, flat country are set at naught by the war-balloon.

Varied and numerous as the duties of the signal men are, so compact are his numerous instruments, that each man can carry with comparative ease all that he needs. In a small box carried slung over his shoulder are his telegraph instruments and his telephone and battery. His climbing spurs he can always wear on his boots, and thus he can at any moment dismount from his horse's back and climb a tree or pole.

The surveyor's instruments are also in a kit, and when in use are set upon

## COLUMBIA PUTS HER GLITTERING ARMOR ON.

Columbia puts her glittering armor on. Not boasting in her might—Not for mean conquest—not to make display Of her fine powers—not, by her proud array, To threaten and affront the waiting world; Nor in mere savage lust for war's delight Is her inscribed banner now unfurled; But to set right The base and treacherous wrongs, too long endured And that the world henceforth, shall be assured Her children's blood may not be lightly shed. It is her blood that cries! To armor, now, that cry, her comely head Is flitted with steel—her lips, arm-pressed, And from her leveled eyes, The dangerous light Of battle plays beneath her pallid brow, Like lightning from a summer cloud at dawn, As, with pained heart, fierce-swelling in her breast, Her gleaming sword is drawn, To answer that cry now, Columbia puts her glittering armor on. —Robert Burns Wilson, in Ainslie's Magazine.

His Business Instinct.

One of the brightest travelling salesmen in modern commerce was thinking seriously of going to war. "You see," he was saying to the old military man whose stories of adventure and achievement had kindled his ambition, "I have had experience in every branch of trade that amounts to very much except fighting."

"I have sold nails, barbed wire, cigars, dry goods, paper, paints, oils and a number of things. Now it strikes me that I'd like to handle lead for the Government awhile."

"You would have to undergo a good many hardships," remarked his friend.

"I don't care. I'm not married; nobody but myself to think about, and I'd like to see if I can't do something. Of course, I may never be heard from. But I'm willing to take my chances at getting a monument some day with the rest of them."

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"I'd like to. But if I found it couldn't be arranged, I wouldn't stay away for that reason."

"Young man, I like your spirit. Anything I can do for you I will gladly undertake. I'll see if it can be arranged for you to have a commission."

The salesman looked startled.

"No," he exclaimed, "don't do that. Of course, I don't like to see mercenary, but I don't want to do anything on that basis. I have tried it over and over, but I never got any satisfaction out of working on commission. Give me a salary every time."

—Detroit Free Press.

What Mexico Grows.

Last year the output of rubber from Mexico was one million pounds. Hundreds of thousands of rubber trees are planted, and in a few years most of our supply of rubber will come from that country.

Notwithstanding that Mexico is tropical, corn is king there, as well as in our Western States. The value of the Mexican corn crop for 1896 was over \$77,000,000. This is ten times the value of the coffee raised in Mexico.

The wheat in Mexico amounts in value to nearly \$30,000,000 a year; the rice crop is worth \$6,000,000; \$10,000,000 worth of beans are grown each year, for beans form a staple article of diet among the peasants. Potatoes are grown in Mexico to the sum of \$1,000,000, but the Chili crop exceeds it three times. Sugar is grown to the value of \$12,000,000; pulque, \$2,000,000; cotton, \$8,000,000, and nearly the same amount of coffee. Five million dollars is what the tobacco crop for last year yielded. —Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

Why We See Stars.

If a man falls so as to strike his head violently on the ice or on the pavement, or if he gets a blow over his eye, he is said to "see stars." The cause of this curious phenomenon is found in a peculiarity of the optic nerve.

The function of that nerve is to convey the impression of light. It recognizes nothing in the world but light. It is susceptible to no other impression, or, if acted upon by any other agent, it communicates to the brain the intelligence of the presence of that agent by sending along its fiber flashes of light only. Irritate this nerve with a probe or other instrument, and it conveys no sensation of pain, but simply that of luminous sparks. The pain of the blow on the eye or the fall on the head is realized through the nerves of general sensation; but, insusceptible to pain or other feeling, the optic nerve sends to the brain its report of the shock by flashes, sparks and "stars." —Chicago Chronicle.

Domestic Affairs of Ostriches.

When an ostrich is preparing to hatch she scratches a hole in the ground about the size of a bushel basket. Eggs are then laid day after day, and arranged around the hole. When twenty-one are laid the bird kicks them into the hole, and at night sits on them. The male bird performs this duty in the daytime, thus permitting his partner to obtain exercise. —Boston Globe.

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The Queen Regent's Ancestor.

The most dramatic feature of the fall of Spain is that her present Queen Regent, under whose sway the last colonies are being lost, is a direct descendant of that William the Silent who struck one of the first and deadliest blows at Spain when she was at the height of her power.

a folding tripod, which has its place in the kit. His field glasses are slung by a strap, too, but the telescope used in long distance signaling goes in the wagon.

The camera, dark room and chemicals can be packed into a bundle no larger than an ordinary haversack, and as the signal man's extra clothes and blankets are strapped to his saddle, nothing need be left behind when he goes scouting. Though the pursuits of the signal man are in themselves peaceful, he is armored with a revolver and a sabre.

A man once enlisted in the "blacks" ceases for all time to be a private. He is a sergeant then, and if excellence in his work warrants it he is made a sergeant of the first class. He is eligible to the honor of shoulder straps should he still be under thirty years of age. —New York Sun.

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The wheat in Mexico amounts in value to nearly \$30,000,000 a year; the rice crop is worth \$6,000,000; \$10,000,000 worth of beans are grown each year, for beans form a staple article of diet among the peasants. Potatoes are grown in Mexico to the sum of \$1,000,000, but the Chili crop exceeds it three times. Sugar is grown to the value of \$12,000,000; pulque, \$2,000,000; cotton, \$8,000,000, and nearly the same amount of coffee. Five million dollars is what the tobacco crop for last year yielded. —Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

Why We See Stars.

If a man falls so as to strike his head violently on the ice or on the pavement, or if he gets a blow over his eye, he is said to "see stars." The cause of this curious phenomenon is found in a peculiarity of the optic nerve.

The function of that nerve is to convey the impression of light. It recognizes nothing in the world but light. It is susceptible to no other impression, or, if acted upon by any other agent, it communicates to the brain the intelligence of the presence of that agent by sending along its fiber flashes of light only. Irritate this nerve with a probe or other instrument, and it conveys no sensation of pain, but simply that of luminous sparks. The pain of the blow on the eye or the fall on the head is realized through the nerves of general sensation; but, insusceptible to pain or other feeling, the optic nerve sends to the brain its report of the shock by flashes, sparks and "stars." —Chicago Chronicle.

Domestic Affairs of Ostriches.

When an ostrich is preparing to hatch she scratches a hole in the ground about the size of a bushel basket. Eggs are then laid day after day, and arranged around the hole. When twenty-one are laid the bird kicks them into the hole, and at night sits on them. The male bird performs this duty in the daytime, thus permitting his partner to obtain exercise. —Boston Globe.

The Clang of the Wooden Shoofly.

There is a curious little Holland village in Wisconsin, named "Little Chute," whose chief manufacture is wooden shoes. The people there are as thoroughly Dutch as their progenitors. The town stands on the ground where Pere Marquette had his winter quarters, and where the Dutch priests instructed the Indians.

The Queen Regent's Ancestor.

The most dramatic feature of the fall of Spain is that her present Queen Regent, under whose sway the last colonies are being lost, is a direct descendant of that William the Silent who struck one of the first and deadliest blows at Spain