

Spain is in a position to fit out a magnificent navy if she will utilize her hardships.

The French built the Suez Canal and the British are getting the largest part of the benefit from it.

There is no national feeling in China. The different sections of the country hate each other more cordially than they hate foreigners. Such military and naval forces as exist are provincial rather than imperial.

Bulgaria is going to take effective means to increase its population. For every son born beyond a minimum number \$5 will be paid not only to the father, but to the mother also. A soldier showing a dozen sons will receive a pension large enough to support him, and besides a decoration. The same reward will go to his wife.

It was Shelley who discovered Cerbera in Santiago Harbor. It was Shelley who discovered Cerbera as he started on his dash to destruction. When Shelley discovered Cerbera's ships on May 29 he said: "I have got them, and they will never get home." And prophet Shelley had the pleasure and the honor of bringing about the fulfillment of his own prophecy.

Several object lessons have been presented for the consideration of nations in the war. One is that America can strike swiftly and strike hard. Another is that spirit of generosity toward a conquered foe which is as much a tradition here as the love of freedom. The one lesson is a warning; the other is an example which will certainly bear fruit in future wars.

A member of the Volksraad of the Orange Free State, South Africa, recommends Sunday observance as an effectual cure for the rinderpest. Recently in the course of the debates on the new Sunday Observance Act of that State, he assured the members that if they only passed a stringent Sabbath law "rinderpest and all other plagues would vanish, and the land would be one flowing with milk and honey." The new act, by the way, prohibits "goods trains, except perishables, pleasure trains, and all gales, the latter under penalty of \$50 or one month."

Oh the Fourth of July a young man of Stockton, Kan., took his best girl to a picnic. There she accepted so many attentions from another young man that the first young man became enraged and went home, leaving the girl to get back to her own house as best she might. She hired a hack, for which her father paid seventy-five cents, and then the old man sent the bill to the sulky young suitor. He refused to pay, and the old man sued him in a justice's court, alleging that having taken the girl to the picnic it became his duty to see her safely home at his own expense. Both sides have hired lawyers, and the case will be fought to a finish.

History notes the fact that Bahia Nipe, the third large harbor of Cuba occupied by the United States, was the scene of the first landing of Columbus on the shores of the greatest of the Antilles. It was at Nipe bay that the voyager took his caravels after sailing southward from San Salvador, and, after moving from that point westward for some distance he turned, believing, it is narrated, that he had encountered the shores of Asia and could not hope to sail entirely around that great continent. So he went back eastward and thus made his way back to Spain to tell of his wonderful discoveries. Nipe bay thus connects itself with two widely separated stages of the history of Cuba.

Consul Smith at Moscow has made a report to the State Department in regard to the education of children in Finland. "About thirty-eight per cent. of the population of Finland," he says, "can read and write. There are 1400 schools, supported in part by the Government; twenty-one of these are intermediate schools. Each of the 466 districts has an inspector besides a board of directors. Children commence school at the age of ten; from seven to ten they receive instruction at home from the parish priest. Co-education has been most successful in these schools. In Finland women share in all industries, and are especially capable as teachers. Both men and women teachers receive careful instruction and preparation. They are treated with the greatest deference, nor are their duties confined to the school room; they exercise a supervision over the selection of books for home reading, and during the summer vacations they accompany the children on excursions, giving them lessons from nature."



AN OLD FAMILY PORTRAIT.

If you could think, if you could speak,
I wonder how your voice would sound
And what opinion you would hold
Of those who idly crowd around!

Why are your eyes, with passive gaze,
Fixed on us as we laugh or weep,
As though you seemed to stand aloof
And mystic self-communion keep?

Can all we say, and all we do,
And all we are or might have been,
Be brought to you, as though we were
Unknown, uncaared for, and unseen?

'Tis ages since the artist's brush
Upon a snowy canvas drew
Dearest to you, as though we were
Now only known by name to few.

It may be ages since you left
To enter on your endless trance;
But day by day we love to build
Around your face some fresh romance.
—H. N. M., in Chambers' Journal.

THE CONVICT WHO ESCAPED

By Joseph Percival Pollard.



THE line that divides Texas from a presumably yet more furnace-like region was on this day less evident than usual. The air seemed visibly shriveling in the excess of heat, and the sun hung above the parched earth like a perpetual menace.

Granite Mountain glistened in the glare with its thousand ruddy points sparkling like fireflies. Around the base of the mountain the long canvas-covered sheds gave the appearance of a huge yellow snake coiled up and at rest. In the sheds where they were heaving and fashioning the stones that were to grace the walls of the State House, the heat was even more fearful. Tanned and leathery as were the skins of the State's prisoners working there, they yet gave vent to an occasional sigh; breath came with difficulty, and exhaustion was everywhere evident. But, since they knew that this day must come to an end at last, and since escape was, even in attempt, sheer folly, the convicts continued to ply their hammers and chisels without ceasing. For they knew themselves to be mere incidents in the building of the great capitol that was to outlive them and the memory of them.

There were many among these convicts, indeed, to whom this work of cutting granite at Granite Mountain was in the nature of an immense relief from a far greater evil—the Swamps. In all the history of convict labor there is nothing more horrible than that chapter in which the names of those American convicts who have died in the swamps are recorded. These places have all the loneliness of the Siberian steppes, and are plague spots besides. Consequently, when a number of convicts were transferred from the swamps to Granite Mountain, there to be taught granite-cutting, these men came gradually to consider themselves as having been lifted from a hell to a heaven, and to behave gratefully as a recompense.

The guards who paced up and down at every point of the visible and invisible horizon were rarely obliged to bring their Winchester into actual use; attempts at escape were few and far between—firstly, because the lot of these convicts was indubitably the happiest in the gift of the State of Texas, and secondly, because the formation of the country near Granite Mountain was especially unfavorable to success in eluding the rides of the outposts. It was almost possible to stand at any point on the mountain itself and see every outlet of the camp at once. When it did happen that the sound of the chisels striking the granite was interrupted by the sharper "whang" of Winchesters, the question usually uppermost in the mind was not "Did he escape?" but "Did they kill him, or only wing him?" Any attempts at escape were mostly the result of a sort of frenzy that convicts are victims to; it is a state of mind much akin to the temporary insanity that juries find so convenient a label for suicides.

When, therefore, the hot stillness of that place was broken on this day by the quick crackling of several Winchesters, the granite-cutters merely listened a moment, sighed, and bent down again to the veined blocks of stone before them. In the guard-house the guards who were not on outpost duty smiled at each other. One of them said shortly—

"It's always on these very hot days," and the others nodded.

Out on the western ridge of the great red mountain, John Temple, the guard whose Winchester had spoken, was standing over the body of a convict who lay prostrate, a gray spot on the dull bed of rock over which a little stream of blood was trickling. Another guard approached presently, and they carried the would-be fugitive down into a sort of ravine, where the sun could not penetrate and where there was both coolness and shade. Then they sent for the doctor, who came riding up after a little while, and pronounced the man wounded to death.

"He may live an hour," he said. The wounded man opened two weary eyes; his right hand fumbled down against the rough sail-cloth upon which he lay, striving to grasp

it, to clench it so that he could steady himself.

"Bring the sergeant," he gasped; then his head dropped, and he seemed to sink into restfulness. When he opened his eyes again, the sergeant was standing waiting at his side. It was very still there, in that shadowy place; death was already writing his signs upon the face of the prostrate convict, and the awe of him was upon the faces of all.

"Maybe," began the convict, looking at the sergeant, "you remember what I'm in for, and maybe you don't. Any way I've got to tell you, so's I can make clear the whole of it. It's weak in me, I reckon, and there ain't no real call for me to tell it, but I'm a coward; I don't want to leave this world under the cloud I've lived in."

"I reckon all you know me by now is my name; but before I was sent up my name was Wainwright. I used to live up in Lampasas; kept a general store there, and was getting on fairly well for a young fellow. They were a pretty rough lot, the people who traded at my place—cowboys, and poor farmers. But I managed to keep out of trouble and was laying a little something by, every year. I was saving up until I had enough so's I could ask Mary Horton, the postmaster's daughter, to marry me, which I hoped was going to be soon. This was fifteen years ago—fifteen years ago. Mary'd told me she was willing, and we were as good as engaged, only I'd never thought it quite fair to have her bind herself until I was quite sure I could provide for her.

"And then Mary set eyes on a young cowboy of the name of Farnly one day, and she never was the same to me afterwards. I thought I'd eat my heart out, to see how she was all glowing with love for him; for he was a reckless sort, and I don't think he'd make her a good man. You see, I loved Mary; if she was going to be happier with Farnly, I wasn't going to stand in the way. It would hurt, I knew that; but if she wanted it that way—

"Well, one day, another cowboy from the same ranch that Farnly was punching for rode into town, and started to drinking. He went over to the postoffice and called Mary Horton out to the door. Farnly was in my store, just opposite the postoffice, at the time, and we could see everything plainly. 'So you're the girl,' began the cowboy, leaning heavily against the frame of the door. Then he tried to kiss her; she flung out her hand at his face, and he, laughing drunkenly, was beginning to press forward, when there was a shot and the man fell. He died in five minutes.

"That shot was fired from my store. The jury and the evidence declared that it was I who fired the shot that killed that man. And that's why I'm here. But I'm going too fast. Before the smoke cleared away and out of the room that Farnly and I were standing in, I looked at the pistol—it was still smoking—and then at Farnly. 'It's me she loves,' I said. The same thing was in both our minds. He shook his head. 'Look at this,' and he handed me a note. It was in Mary's hand; what else it said I don't know, but at the last she declared she loved him, and that she would break off with me. For a moment or two I felt like killing Farnly, I reckon; then I took the hot pistol and held it so until they came and found me. All the evidence went to show that it was I, driven on by jealousy, who fired the shot that killed the cowboy. But it is not I. It was Farnly. If she had not loved him—if she had not determined upon sharing his life, what would it all have mattered to me? They might have found the smoking pistol in his hand for all I cared. But I loved her—do you understand that?—I loved her. She loved him; if she knew that he was a murderer, it would almost kill her. As for me, she no longer cared for me; my fate would only grieve her for a space; I was nothing in her life now. And so—I took the blame."

The feverish utterance ceased suddenly, and the dying man closed his eyes slowly. In the distance you could hear the whistles of the foremen, the dull echoes of blasting, and the tinkle of chisels. The doctor looked away from the patient for an instant; his eyes wandered up towards where the sun was now visible over the edge of the ravine; when he withdrew them, they were slightly moist; the sun had probably been too strong. "That," went on the convict, opening his eyes again, and staring at the guard with a horrible smile on his gray lips, "was fifteen years ago. Well, since then—I have been here, and in the swamps. It is hard, isn't it, to be a prisoner—hopelessly—for so long—when you are innocent? But rather than spoil her happiness I would have died. She must believe in her husband—always to the end. And so—I could never speak. Only now, only now, when it can do no harm—and because it feels easier to pass out without the stain than with it. It is only that you may remember that convict sixty-nine was innocent. I won't say anything about what I've endured. I'd do it again, gladly. I hope he made her happy. And now you must promise—you must promise me—a dying man, that you will say nothing of what I have told you; that you will regard it as sacred, and that there will be no raking among the ashes of fifteen years ago. Promise me that, gentlemen, promise me, or—I cannot—die—in peace."

His dim eyes wandered from face to face, imploringly, and yet with something of command in them. The sergeant looked at the doctor, and both their eyes shone.

"It's against the law," said the sergeant putting out his hand and laying it on the doctor's shoulder, "but for a man like that, I'd—doctor, if I omit this from the records—"

"I'll do the same," said the doctor

swiftly. The he spurted at the guard, "And if you say a word—"

"I'll be hanged first," was the fierce reply. Then there was a silence, until the dying man spoke again, very slowly and with an effort.

"I suppose you wonder why I tried to escape. Well, it was a madness, I think. I can't explain it myself. But I was out there with the blasting outfit to-day, when suddenly I looked up and saw the figure of a woman against the skyline, on the slope of the granite mountain. She had on a big sunbonnet, and to me, in my sudden madness, she was the image of Mary Horton as I used to watch her coming from the district schoolhouse in the long ago. I reckon it was really one of the guard's wives; but I didn't think of that then. I saw that figure, and—all of a sudden—everything gave way in me—all but the longing for her. I forgot the years—the place, everything. There was Mary—out there on the mountain; if I could reach her and tell her how miserable I was; if I could but kiss her once; but once speak to her—And then, I started forward madly, running at full speed, in a kind of frenzy—and now—I am—here."

He noticed the anguish on the guard's face, and went on, looking up smilingly at him—

"Oh, you did your duty, you know. How were you to know the madness that was in me? For it must have been a madness. Yes, surely, it must have been. And so, you have all promised me that you will say nothing? Ah, thank you, thank you. It makes it so much easier for me, if I can think that she will never know. It—might—worry—her—"

His breath went from him in a gentle sigh, and the eyes closed. The doctor stepped forward, and put his head down towards the man's heart. It had ceased to beat.

"Dead!" he said briefly.

A tear glistened on the guard's leathery cheek.

"He was white," he said thickly, "clear through." Then he put his hand to his cheek and wiped away a tear.

"When an army soldier dies—" he went on, looking at the sergeant. "Yes," said the sergeant, "go on; he deserves it."

Over in the guard-station they listened to the shots and looked up.

"What's that?" asked a lately arrived guard.

"A convict has escaped!" was the answer.

Out of debt out of danger. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defense.

Life is too short to be wasted in petty worries, hatred and vexation. Chance opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

Self-knowledge is that acquaintance with ourselves which shows us what we are, and what we ought to be.

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology of that which one has led.

Great efforts come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of minds. The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is much a rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

Passing of the Oldest Coin. One of the oldest coins of Europe will shortly disappear. The Austrian "kreuzer" was withdrawn from commercial circulation on June 30, in accordance with the convention establishing a copper currency of equal value for all parts of the empire. It will be received at public banks in payment or in exchange for new money until December 31, 1899, but from the first day of the coming century it will no longer be legal tender. The "kreuzer" has been in existence since the fifteenth century, taking its name, of course, from the cross which it bore in common with many other coins. It circulated freely in North America, as well as South Germany at one time, but for some twenty-five years has not been current beyond the Austrian frontier.—London Chronicle.

Signs For Bicyclenews. To pick the seed ball of a dandelion and blow away every tiny piece of fluff at the first effort means that you must turn back at once, as you are badly wanted at home. It is supposed to be lucky to see a black cat in your path, provided you don't frighten it or send it away. To ride over or injure a black cat is declared to be attended with serious consequences. To pass a novice in distress and not offer to help her means that you will be in similar need of assistance before the day is out. On the other hand, if you curtail your ride and dismount to offer your help you will meet the friend you most like before your ride is over.—London Cycle.

Wild Camels in Arizona. It is believed that some of the camels imported in 1853 to run wild in Arizona are still in existence. Indians occasionally report having seen some, and lately the International Boundary Commission saw two with their spy-glasses on the Mexican border.

Centenarians in Russia. Servia, one of the smallest countries of Europe, has more centenarians than any other country. Of a population of 1,300,000 there are 575 persons whose age exceeds one hundred years.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Fighting With Whales.—The Experience of Captain Rose Off Hatteras—Severely a Missionary's Welcome—Unharmed by a Rattler—The Cadet's Rescue.

Captain Antone Rose, of the whaling schooner Joseph A. Manta, has arrived at Provincetown, Mass., his home, having been obliged to leave his vessel on account of sickness, the result of exposure while fighting a whale. The schooner reached the Hatteras whaling grounds on April 24, and the next day, soon after daylight, the man in the crew's nest at the mainmast head raised whales, and in five minutes the boats were away to the chase. The irons were soon to the hilt in a lively young twenty-five-barrel whale.

After a few moments' tussle the fish started to sound, taking the line over the bow at racehorse speed, making things smoke in the chocks. Suddenly the line kinked, and in the twinkling of an eye the remainder of the rail was out of the tub, catching with a snap for an instant on the stem of the boat, just long enough to tear it out and wreck the boat. The boat steerer's knife flashed in the air, and the monster was free, taking the line with him.

All attention of the crew was turned to the boat, which was quickly filling, and it was quick work to save their own lives. The mast and the six oars were lashed across the gunwales to keep her from capsizing, and she slowly began to settle. Higher and higher rose the water, until it reached to the shoulders of the men as they stood on the seats.

There they stood four long hours, balancing on their precarious foothold, hanging to life by a thread, until their vessel could be worked up to them from her distant position on the horizon.

When rescued some of the men were nearly dead. One poor fellow was unconscious, and it required an hour of hard work and quantities of hot coffee to bring him back to life.

The next day, nothing daunted by their rough experience, the boats were away again in the chase, and soon had a monster as long as the vessel spouting his life blood. At 5 o'clock that afternoon their prize was safely moored head and stern alongside the little schooner, and the work of getting her out of the rough waters of the Gulf stream began.

They worked steadily until 5 o'clock the next morning, but their efforts were unavailing, as a heavy gale had sprung up and was blowing with hurricane force. Barks and schooners could be seen on all sides lying hove to under bare poles.

In order to save the vessel Captain Rose was obliged to cut the warps and let the eighty-barrel prize, worth fully \$2000, drift away. The long exposure in the cold water and hard work aggravated an old strain, and Captain Rose began to grow sick and was obliged to work the vessel in toward the land for assistance.

Sighting a tug off Long Island, the captain took passage for land, and sent his vessel to sea again in charge of his first officer, and has spent the last five weeks in the New Bedford Hospital.

Unharmed by a Serpent. The incident of St. Paul and the viper and the stories of Zinzendorf and Brainerd and their serpent visitors are read by every one with the thrill of interest always felt where a human life is at stake. We can imagine the effect upon those who were eyewitnesses of the fact, and saw these men escape without a wound.

Near the middle of the last century David Brainerd left his mission among the Indians at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and traveled southward to the "forks of the Delaware." He had heard of a savage tribe in the heart of the New Jersey forests, and yearned to bring them under Christian influences.

With his pocket-Bible, his tent-cloth and a few simple utensils for preparing his food strapped in a bundle on his back, he pushed on through the wilderness till he found himself in the neighborhood of the Indian village. He was not tired, and mounting his little shelter-tent on sticks, he camped under the trees to rest and to fortify himself for the new undertaking that lay before him. What peril was near him from savage hands he could not know, and like his Master in "a solitary place apart," he talked with heaven until he felt refreshed and strong.

When he finally reached the wigwams, he was an astonished man. His faith and hope had made him bold, but he little expected when he faced the enemies of his race that a "wholo village" would come out to meet him as if he had been a long-looked-for friend. Led by the chief, the Indians welcomed him as their guest, and seemed almost to reverence him as a prophet. He stayed among them and preached, winning the hearts and the faith of the untutored natives, until he gathered a church of between seventy and eighty Christian Indians.

Brainerd never knew, until they told him, the secret of his welcome. The savages had discovered the white stranger in the woods, and a party of them had waited to steal upon him and kill him as soon as he entered his tent. Peering between the folds of the canvas, they saw him on his knees, praying.

Ignorant wonder held them back, and their wonder turned to awe when they saw a rattlesnake crawl over the stranger's foot and pause beside him, with its head raised as if to strike; but it only gazed at him a moment, flickered its red tongue, and glided out of the tent on the opposite side. The

Indians hurried back and reported that the white man was under the protection of the Great Spirit.—Youth's Companion.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Paste to Mend China.

China and porcelain may be neatly and easily mended with a paste composed of oxide of zinc and chloride of zinc. The paste is pure white, and hardens quickly, but until it is quite set it is better to fasten the parts together by binding round with twine.

Preserving Ribbons and Silks.

To preserve ribbons and silks put them away in brown paper, for white paper contains chloride of lime, and frequently produces discoloration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper, with brown paper on the outside, sewed together on the edges.

Door Drapery.

An effective door drapery for a doorway leading to a room or hall furnished in dark tones is composed of a series of wrought-iron chains of graduated lengths, those at the sides reaching half way to the floor and shortening toward the centre to form an arch overhead. The chains are slender and the effect is far richer than that of the now so common bead portieres.

How to Clean a Straw Hat.

Scrub the rim of the hat first with the juice of one lemon. Cut out an oval piece of cardboard the size of the crown. Scrub the straw and rinse in cold water. Put the piece of cardboard inside the crown and lay the hat upside down and press the cardboard firmly into the crown. Turn the hat down on a piece of wrapping paper, cover the rim with paper and place heavy weights on the rim and leave over night to dry.

Keeping Meals Warm.

When it is necessary to keep a meal hot for a belated corner, do not set the plate holding the food in a hot oven, thus discoloring the china as well as drying the food; instead, place the plate upon the fire over a pan of boiling water, covering the plate with a pan that will just fit over the edge of the plate. The food will keep hot, and there will be enough steam from the boiling water in the lower pan to keep the plate moist and prevent the contents becoming dried.

Washing Quilts.

During the warm months the thin quilt takes the place of heavier bed covering. They require frequent washing to keep them clean, but this is not a difficult task when one has a good washing machine and wringer. Put one or two quilts (owing to the size) in the machine, heat enough soft water to cover them until it is almost boiling hot, and when you have made good suds, pour the water over the quilts and wash them. Pass them through the wringer, empty the water out of the machine, and replace it with a clean suds prepared like the first. Wash through this and rinse through two waters, adding a little bluing to the second. Hang them on a strong line, folding one edge over just enough to hold it, and put a clothes pin every ten or twelve inches. A bright day should be chosen for this work, and if a gentle breeze is blowing, they will look nicer when they are dry.

Table Decorations.

Table centres are no longer the newest things certainly, but they are still much used and are made of all kinds of material. The soft cream silk, stuffed into billows, edged and crossed with trails of smilax, with sprays of roses, either all of one color (though varying in shade) or harmonizing in tint, laid on it, would look exquisite with the silver lamps, especially if you had a rather high basket filled with roses loosely arranged as if falling out of it, a trail being wreathed around the handle and kept in place with a deftly tied bow of satin ribbon for the centre piece. Decorations appear to vary now between extreme height and extreme lowness, so that the guests may either see each other uninterruptedly over or under the decorations. The epergne, if really a handsome one, might very well be used, if artistically decorated either with fruit or trails of roses and smilax. The fact is, there is not any very definite fashion (beyond the question of height mentioned above) in table decorations just now, but every one uses what seems best and most artistic in their own eyes and most convenient for their resources. Clutha glass, Aller Vale Rhodian pottery, Delft, Rouen ware, etc., are all used; and, in fact, the great point is variety, and, if possible, originality. Granted this latter, especially if combined with beauty, any style is permissible and admired.—Philadelphia Times.

Recipes.

Pineapple Jelly Sauce—Pick into flakes one ripe pineapple and strew with sugar. Cover tablespoon of gelatine with two of cold water. Add a gill of boiling water, and the juice of four oranges. Pour over the pineapple and set in refrigerator. It should be used in an hour, or the sauce will lose the jelly quality.

Mock Crab Sandwiches—Cream two tablespoons butter, add quarter cup grated cheese, season with one-quarter teaspoon each of salt, paprika and mustard—a little anchovy paste is an addition—add one teaspoon vinegar; beat well; spread between thin slices of good bread. Cut short slices across lengthwise, after the sandwich is made.

Olive Sandwiches—Cut thin slices of whole wheat bread and butter. Trim them neatly. Boil two eggs twenty minutes, lay in cold water a moment, then mash with silver fork and mix them with one dozen large olives, finely chopped, add the juice of half a lemon and season to taste. Spread the mixture on the bread and butter and roll, or cover with another slice and cut in any desired shape. This sandwich is one of the daintiest for afternoon tea.

The Diameter of an Atlantic Fog.

The captain of an Atlantic liner, after many calculations, has come to the conclusion that the general size of a fog in the Atlantic is about thirty miles in diameter.