

DISPATCH WAS A DISCOMFORTING diplomatist clear through to his epithet.

Football has been prohibited in Mexico because of its cruelty. Nothing but innocent amusement like bull-fighting goes there.

France now concedes that the Americans are rather a superior people. This is gratifying, but had she not changed her opinion the United States would probably have gone right along, just as though France herself did not exist.

A professional school of electricity is to be established at St. Germain, near Paris, France, to be called the Ampere Institute. The school is intended to furnish laborers and foremen with an electrical education, and first-class instruction will be given in both theory and practice.

A "purse" raised by the grateful passengers on a train saved from destruction by an alert small boy near Burlington, Vt., a little while ago, was found when placed in his hands and carefully counted to contain \$1.80. Whether the passengers lacked appreciation of the value of their limbs or their lives is not told, but it is said the company "will do the right thing by the lad."

The more the country sees and hears from the young hero Hobson, the more it is fascinated by the roundness, the largeness of his development. Mentally, physically, morally, he is built upon the heroic model. If one were asked for a type of the result of a century of democratic institutions, for a man who would best embody the American citizen, self-reliant, self-contained, ready for any emergency and master of it when it came, could he do better than to point to Richmond Pearson Hobson? asks the New York World.

Major-General Crease, of the British Royal Marine Artillery, has devised a new scheme for the coast defense of Britain. His plan is to build eighteen floating batteries of 11,500 tons each, thickly armored from deck to keel so as to be practically torpedo-proof, but of such light draught that they can fight in shallow waters. They are to be armed each with sixteen heavy guns in four two-story turrets, and manned by naval militia. He would have, besides, nine "battleship exterminators," armored destroyers of great speed, supplied with a ram, torpedo tubes and light guns. The cost would be \$100,000,000. General Crease is now on the retired list.

Some of the manufacturers of glucose in Chicago have turned their attention to the production of corn oil—an article extracted by pressure from the germ of the grain by a method similar to that used in the manufacture of linseed oil, leaving a residuum not unlike in its character the oil cake of commerce. It seems that in the production of glucose, it was a matter of necessity first to extract the germ, this, for a long time, involving a waste. As against this, a company now turns out some 350 barrels of corn oil per day. Most of the oil goes to England for soapmaking. It is shipped in second-hand oil barrels, each of a weight, when filled, of 400 pounds, rated at the factory at three cents per pound. Some of the oil is used in this country principally in mixing cheap paint and for adulterating linseed oil. It is regarded as a rapid "drying" oil.

Men prominent in shoe manufacturing in Lynn, Mass., believe that that industry needs for its profitable continuance a trade training-school. It is as essential to their business, they say, as is the textile school to the distinctive industry in Lowell. The difficulty to be met is that of maintaining a supply of trained workmen. Because of the tyranny of the trades unions, only the families of members of the unions can learn the lasting or cutting trade. A young man cannot learn the branches of the trade in Lynn unless his father teaches him. Otherwise if he wishes to learn the trade, he must go out of Lynn, or earn a commitment to the State prison. In the latter institution he is imperfectly taught, and if he learns the trade thoroughly elsewhere, he is apt to remain where he served his apprenticeship. In either event the Lynn industry suffers, as the manufacturers lose large amounts every year through the poor work of lasters or cutters who profess to know the trade, but have not sufficiently mastered it. The manufacturers of the city have promised their support to the movement of opening a trade school, and the project will probably be brought to the attention of the City Council at an early date.

#### WHEN THE POST-BAND PLAYS.

Oh, the sun is on the river, and the sky is gold and red,  
And the moon its light is gaining in the azure overhead,  
And the band is playing sweetly as Old Glory dutters down,  
And there's pretty girls' arms from the quarters and the town,  
Oh, the sunset sun is booming and the echo rumbles till  
In the dim and purple distance it is lost behind the hill.  
And it's just a pipe till supper time, so fill and make your blaze;  
Say, who wouldn't be a soldier when the Post Band plays?

Oh, there's hurry and there's bustle, and there's forty head of mules  
To be loaded in the darkness while the steaming coffee cooks,  
And the caissons are bulky, and the gaiters are blown steep—  
And there isn't any wonder when a horse is half asleep.  
Oh, there's orders to go somewhere, and to go there mighty quick;  
And it's nothing to the orders that the horses raise and kick,  
That the stock-car doors won't open, that the sergeant's in a daze;  
Say, who wouldn't be a soldier when the Post Band plays?

Oh, the women they're a-weepin', same as women always do,  
And there's hearts a-feelin' heavy underneath the army blue;  
And there's shoutin' and there's cursin', and the bells a-ringin' loud,  
And there's kisses from the mothers and the sweethearts in the crowd.  
Oh, the darning old band is footin' and the fife's a-shillin' high,  
And "The Girl I Left Behind Me" makes a feller blink his eye,  
For we'll not be back, my darlies, to you all for many days,  
And some will be a-missin' when the Post Band plays.

—Richard Stillman Powell, in the Criterion.

## THE LAST OF B TROOP.



BY to imagine a plain stretching away to the east for three hundred miles—a plain so flat and sterile that its very monotony is maddening. To the north, foothills covered with stunted pines; to the south a tongue of sandy desert; to the west a succession of barren ridges, on which neither wolf nor buzzard can find a drop of water nor a morsel of food. Right there, a hundred miles from the nearest pioneer hamlet, they built Fort Brown and garrisoned it with men, who thought of suicide day by day as they looked upon the dreariness. There was a skeleton company of infantry and a skeleton company of cavalry—the last of B Troop. There was a time in the history of these horsemen when B numbered a full hundred men, and when its officers were the proudest men in the regiment, but there are fatalities in army life as well as elsewhere.

One day, over in Green valley, as B Troop rode gaily along, five hundred Indian warriors rose up in the dry gulches and emptied forty saddles at the first volley. There was a court of inquiry, and the captain resigned. Again ten troopers were sent over to acquire a wagon train, and the Indians slaughtered the whole number. In the next three months five troopers deserted and three committed suicide. One afternoon the first lieutenant of the troop rode out for a hunt but had not gone a mile when he was thrown from his horse and killed. One more: Two troopers were sent out to catch a horse which had broken loose and was cavorting around within half a mile of the post. They were on foot, and as they ran they were bitten by rattlesnakes on which they trod, and both were dead before sunset. The army said that B Troop was under a hoodoo, and the remnant of the company felt themselves almost outlawed. The day they rode into Fort Brown they numbered thirty-seven men, and they were under the temporary command of a second lieutenant. Captains and first lieutenants assigned to B Troop always fought off the day of joining, and some had pulled enough at Washington to have the argument countermanded. There is superstition in the army as well as out of it.

"Here is our graveyard!" whispered the men of the troop, as they caught sight of Fort Brown and its lonesome environment, after their long ride to reach it. They looked at the foothills to the north—at the plain to the east—at the desert to the south, and the ridges to the west, and man turned to man and repeated:

"Here is our graveyard—the last of the troop!"

If you know an unlucky man you pity him, but you also avoid him. The infantry at Fort Brown could not avoid the unlucky trooper, but they pitied them and displayed no fraternal feeling. It was so from the colonel down to the last private. We smile in derision at the idea of a hoodoo, and yet we do not like to rub elbows with people who are pursued by ill-luck. The freshly graduated cadet knew nothing about the hoodoo when he was assigned to B Troop. With a boy's ambition and impatience he had hurried from West Point and home into the wilds of the Far West to take active service. There was no superstition about him. He had heard of the fatalities—he saw the dispirited look of the remnant of the once gallant troop—he was made to believe that he was under a ban, as it were—but he was not disheartened.

Army records will tell you what happened at Fort Brown within a week after Troop B rode through the gates. The infantry had been there three months, but not an Indian had been seen. A corporal and three men were sent to the foothills for fuel, when they fell into an ambush and were cut off. The four troopers were mounted, and yet all were killed, while the teamster made a safe escape on foot. This was the hoodoo again. That there might be no cavil about it, a trooper hung himself in the barracks that night. Thus five more men were wiped off the rolls within a week, and the troop reduced to thirty-two. The Indians had no sooner wreaked their vengeance on the unfortunate four than they disappeared and none were seen again for long weeks. It was as if they had come to assist at the final extermination of the troop. When the news reached the east a captain who had been assigned to B and was about to leave Chicago began pulling wires, and in about three days his

orders were revoked and he was sent elsewhere. The officials at the War Department seemed to recognize the hoodoo.

The colonel at Fort Brown had received the young officer half in welcome, half in pity. He knew the history of B Troop, and he realized that any connection with it must cast a shadow on the career of an officer. Had he been in command of the department he would have recommended that the troop be consolidated and its name lost on the rolls. The loss of the five men gave the colonel anxious thought. No one could be held to blame. It was simply one of the fatalities which had so persistently pursued the troop. One day he got news which determined him on a certain step, and he sent for the young lieutenant and said:

"A scout is with the information that a band of hostiles is headed for Brown's Valley. That is where the pioneers who came along two weeks ago were going to settle. I fear they will be unprepared for an attack and will all be wiped out."

"And you will send B Troop out to head the Indians off?" eagerly exclaimed the lieutenant.

"If you could reach Panther Gap, thirty miles away, before the hostiles get ahead of you—"

"I would push on after them and hope to save the settlers. I can be ready in thirty minutes."

The colonel was a man of forty-five—the lieutenant not yet twenty-three. The older officer looked out of the open window upon the sandy desert shimmering in the hot sun and thought of the long ride—the fight which must surely take place. Then he looked at the boy and wondered how he would carry himself in his first battle—whether his men would stand by him—if it would be the last of B Troop or the turn of his luck. He was both a soldier and a man. As a soldier he desired to give a soldier a chance; as a man he feared to send out a boy like that where it needed an experienced head.

"You know the hoodoo," whispered the lieutenant. "The troop is slowly being wiped off the face of the earth. The men are objects of pity and sympathy, and have almost become children. Let me go. I will either win a victory or it will be the last of the troop!"

The spirit of the old soldier was stirred. He had given many a young soldier opportunity to distinguish himself, and but for the hoodoo he would not have hesitated in this case. Dispirited men—an officer who had never seen a hostile redskin—a hoodoo which had walked at a company's heels like a ghost—it would simply be sending out more scalps for the war party. He shook his head and decided that the scout must ride hard and fast, but ride alone, and warn the pioneers of their danger.

"I beg of you—my all of you!" pleaded the lieutenant, with tears in his eyes. "Cavalry is needed to head those Indians off. If the settlers are wiped out it will be said that you thought us cowards and were afraid to order us out."

A fight was probable, but they were neither exultant nor despondent. Like the Arabs, they shrugged their shoulders and whispered "Kismet." They were in the hands of fate, and fate was likely to be against them. With scarcely a farewell and with never a look over their shoulders, they rode away, two by two, and it was not until long after dark that the boy officer at the head drew rein and ordered the camp for the night. Before they slept he said to them:

"We shall be up and away at the first signs of daylight. Men, listen to me. We are riding to reach Panther Gap ahead of a war party of a hundred Indians. We shall get there first and beat them back or die fighting. I have promised the colonel this. You have had no disaster after another until your fellow soldiers sneer and pity and wonder if cowardly is not at the bottom of it. I do not believe it is. I believe every man of you to be game, and we will win a victory which will place the old troop at the front."

A cheer burst forth from every man—the first cheering heard in B Troop for years. Each man drew himself up more proudly—each man muttered to himself if it need be he would die in his tracks. Their mind worked even as they slept, and when daylight came the officer looked from face to face and wondered at the change. There was an eagerness to make him glad—a personnel to make him proud. Breaking camp as soon as it was light enough to see, the troop rode at a gallop until midforenoon and reached the gap ahead of the hostiles. Only by a short hour, though. The horses had not yet ceased blowing when the advance of the Indians was made out. Panther Gap was a narrow road through Panther Mountain, and its southern end debouched into Brown's Valley, five miles away. The boy officer knew nothing of war, but common sense and his veteran sergeant suggested a breastwork across the entrance to the gap. One was constructed of rocks and logs and stones, and it was hardly finished before the skirmishers of the war party were firing upon it.

No man will ever read what is called "Cunningham's Defense" without his pulse quickening. One hundred and twenty Indians pressed forward against a force of thirty-two troopers, commanded by a boy. Three different times—once on horseback—the Indians charged right up to the breastwork, but each time were driven back with slaughter. The defenders did not escape death, however. When the last charge was beaten back eight of them were stretched out on the rocky soil, and there was but twenty-four left back for a mile and build another breastwork. This move was necessitated by the Indians working up the side of the mountain and securing a flank fire. The second breastwork was excavated the next morning for the same reason, and a mile in the rear of it another was built. When this had to be abandoned only ten men were left alive.

When flanked out of their fourth defense there were only five men. One of these were sent to the valley for help, but it was headed off by the Indians. Of the other four, of whom the boy officer was one, they died at the fifth breastwork—died with carbines in their hands after firing their last cartridges, and died with cheers of defiance on their lips. Of the war party sixty-two were killed or wounded and it was turned back. One day a "B" trooper was seen coming on foot across the sands. He lurched and staggered as he walked. Soldiers ran to meet him and assist him into the fort. He had been without food or water for two days. The colonel looked at him for a long time without speaking. Then, with pale face and trembling lips, he asked:

"Langin, where is your officer—the troop?"

And Langin straightened up, saluted, and in a voice as hoarse as a raven's cry, he replied:

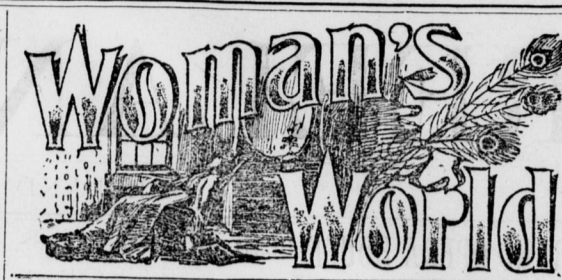
"I have to report, sir, that B Troop has been wiped out to a man, and, God forgive me, but I'm that mad! They are dead in the Gap—all dead—all dead!"—Boston Transcript.

At "My Uncle's" or "My Aunt's." The singular name of "my uncle's" and "my aunt's" by which pawnbrokers' stores have been called, originated, according to a French writer, in the following way:

In his youth the son of Louis Philippe, the Prince of Joinville, was allowed a most meagre supply of pocket money. His father noticed one day that the young man was not wearing a handsome gold watch chain that his mother had given him. In truth, the youth had pawned it, but being unwilling to own to the fact, when the King inquired where the chain was, he replied, "At my aunt's."

When the Princess Adelaide, being questioned, denied any knowledge of the ornament, the Prince acknowledged that it was safe in this pawnbroker's shop. Thus the French fashion of saying "at my aunt's" was started.

In Britain "uncle's" is the proper word, and the French writer claims that it was adopted in the spirit of contrariness which the English display toward all things French.



#### Caring For the Complexion.

The complexion depends largely upon the general health, and systematic exercise, with good nourishing food, will do wonders toward giving a bright, healthful hue to the skin. The daily bath is also one of the best skin medicines. If the skin has no tendency to greasiness a little cold cream or other emolient rubbed well into the skin, after the bath, will destroy the tendency to wrinkles or roughness.

#### Colored Lawn Handkerchiefs.

Colored linen lawn handkerchiefs have made their appearance again. Some have a white ground with queer criss-cross and zigzag figures of pale green, yellow, blue, pink or blue, or checks or stripes of the same, while others are of the solid colored lawn. All are edged with fine thread or Valenciennes lace, and are not infrequently scalloped or pointed. They wash well, and appeal specially to schoolgirl taste.

#### Novelists Descended From Clergymen.

The death of Mrs. Lynn Linton calls attention to the circumstance that many of the most famous women novelists came of a clerical stock. Jane Austen was the daughter of a Hampshire rector, the Brontes were the daughters of the Vicar of Haworth, Olive Schreiner is the daughter of a South African missionary, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is the granddaughter of the Rev. Thomas Arnold, the famous Headmaster of Rugby.

#### A Woman's Services Recognized.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, one of the women war correspondents, has been recommended to the war department for special recognition because of the services rendered by her to the wounded men of the Third Cavalry at Santiago. A large cartridge taken from the belt of Trooper Armstrong, the first man to be killed at Santiago, has been mounted in gold and presented to her as a medal. Before leaving for Santiago she cared for the soldiers on the way from Tampa to the Southern hospitals, was instrumental in securing for them good berths, and aided greatly in making them comfortable. She has also received a set of resolutions from the friends of Trooper Freeman, of Winona, Ind., in recognition of her services in caring for him while he was suffering from a serious wound received in battle.

#### Through English Eyes.

"The Lady's Pictorial" publishes a beautiful reproduction of Mrs. McKinley's last photograph—the one in which she is resting in her favorite chair on the veranda, while her delicate hands in their favorite needlework. Accompanying the picture is the following tribute:

It is doubtful if modern times have two women who attract so much attention as the Queen Regent who presides at El Escorial and the "Lady of the White House." As a hostess Mrs. McKinley is unrivalled. The toilets seen at her receptions may vie with any in the courts of Europe, and she can hold her own against the wives and daughters of the Diplomatic Corps, being invariably neatly and tastefully gowned. Her favorite jewels are pearls and diamonds, of which her possessions are equal to those of any Queen.

#### A Quick-Witted Woman.

This is the story that was brought back by a young person who had spent a morning at a hospital in Auburn, New York:

"While I was there a man and a woman came in bringing a burned child in a blanket. It turned out that the man did not know the woman, nor the woman the man, and neither knew the child. As the woman was riding on an open trolley-car on her way to the hospital, she heard a shriek, and saw a child in a doorway with its dress afire.

"She jumped off the car, grabbed a blanket which hung on a clothes-line, wrapped it around the child, and rolled it on the ground. The child's mother came out of the house and picked the child up. That started the fire again. The rescuer instantly grabbed the child from the mother, rolled it on the ground in the blanket some more, and then ran with it to the car, got aboard, and brought it to the hospital. The man was a stranger to her, who happened to be on the car, and who carried the child a block or so from the car to the hospital. The child was badly burned, but will recover. Don't you think that woman's wits were pretty quick?"—Harper's Bazar.

#### Opportunities For Women.

In a paper on "Art and Utility" read before the delegates to the recent biennial convention at Denver, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, of New York City, asked the Federation to see its endeavors to land to make the most of their home industries, and gave valuable suggestions to club members to do practical work among their fellow-women.

She defined art in its broadest meaning as being only the true and perfect doing of things, and described the artistic impulse as a desire to live up to one's best inspiration and to make real what seems true. She called particular attention to the fact that there is a constant effort being made to help

women to do the work of men, and thought something should be done to aid women to do the work natural to them for generations. The truth that all women who need to earn money and who are unable to go outside of their homes to do it makes it urgent that something should be done for them to make their tasks as pleasant as possible, and the solving of this economic problem would be of invaluable benefit to womankind.

She cited the fact that nearly every State in the Union has some woman's industry that could be made profitable, and that these same industries are looked upon as drudgeries because their work brings so little return and because it does not represent their best endeavor, this being the case with the women of the Tennessee mountains, who spin all the coarse materials used as clothing for their families. Silk raising and reeling, knitting and spinning, were spoken of as being susceptible of great development, and, under proper direction, becoming paying industries; the Mexican drawn work also, as having a wide sale and with the right management being made a profitable manufacture.

She hoped that women might encourage this particular line of manual and art training, thus opening a new era to their sisters who have no opportunity to become more than unskilled household slaves.

#### How to Keep the Hair.

A luxuriant head of hair has been, and always will be, one of the most important ornaments of feminine beauty.

Women, as a rule, know very little about the care of the hair, with the result that they have not such attractive looking heads as they should have. A fine head of hair is supposed to be a sign of vigor and health.

The hair, to be kept in good condition, should not be irritated by too vigorous treatment. There is as much difference in the quality of the hair as there is in the skin of the face, and it needs the same careful and systematic attention to keep it as it ought to be kept.

Taking care of it one week and neglecting it the next will do no good whatever.

Some women's hair is fine and silky, while others is coarse and bristly, but whatever the hair may be, it requires equal attention.

The scalp, like the pores of the face, must be kept clean to be in a healthy condition. When it is dry and hard, it requires a nourishing tonic. Some people's hair, after being washed, will dry more quickly than others. It is not good for it to be too dry; so, when this is the case, be sure and use a tonic.

Many people differ about how often the hair should be washed. There can be no rule about it, as every head needs different treatment. For instance, some people wash their hair once a month only, while others find that unless they wash it once a fortnight it looks dirty and feels uncomfortable. Hairdressers generally advise once a month, but if your hair is dirty before that it should be washed, as a scalp that is not kept clean cannot do the hair any good.

Fair hair, unless washed frequently, generally has a sticky, greasy appearance, which is anything but beautiful.—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### Fashion's Caprices.

Shaded leather boots and also coarse white net ruches wrought in big chenille dots are much used.

In adjusting the sashes and belt ribbons of various lengths, the smart-looking Empire bow still remains a popular finish to the waists of both day and evening.

If one wishes to freshen the bodies of a black silk or satin dress, airy black point d'espi draperies on the waist and sleeves make a cool and pretty change in the gown.

Very smart and pretty are the toilets of rose-colored, ciel-blue, or dove-gray mohair sicilienne, trimmed with graduated rows of Irish gauze insertion, with a tiny frilling of tulle at each edge.

Cream serge is getting in its inning now. Gowns of this material are frequently made with a plain skirt and a short sacque coat with a deep sailor collar, over which is worn another collar of rich ecoru Irish lace.

The very latest thing in millinery is the halo. It is a large plaque of straw, with the outer edge gathered Tan o' Shanter fashion. The trimming is placed underneath instead of on top and usually consists of plumes, which hug the hair closely.

Parisian women are wearing shoes and stockings to match their gowns. In mastic and cream tones this will do, but when it comes to bright greens, red and blues the woman of really refined taste shudders at the mere thought of such a fad.

This notion of a plain velvete band passed through a paste buckle so noticeable in summer millinery, has extended to woman's arm. She now wears a piece of black velvet, fastened garterwise through a small jeweled buckle, as an armband. It heightens the whiteness of the arm wonderfully.

#### SPAIN'S YOUNG FARRAGUT.

The Midshipman Who Was on the Vizcaya Believed to Be in Spain Now.

When, in February last, the now wrecked and stranded but then powerful Spanish cruiser Vizcaya paid a visit to New York the naval authorities took the most careful precautions to insure her safety. The Maine, it will be remembered, had been blown up only a few days before her arrival. The commander of the Vizcaya, Captain Eulate, protested against the precautions, declaring in the strongest terms that he was willing to trust his ship unguarded in this harbor. To the reporters who visited him on the ship he recalled the many years of peace and amity that had existed between the two Nations, and then, struck by an inspiration, he ordered to the quarter deck a young midshipman, and, pointing to him, asked the reporters how two Nations could ever be other than friends when each had raised a Farragut. One was already immortalized, he said; the other had yet to show by deeds of valor that the real Farragut blood was in him.

Captain Eulate, becoming enthusiastic as the picturesque scene of the situation developed, went on to explain that his young midshipman was Sanchez Farragut, who was born in Minorca, off the coast of Spain, whence the great American Admiral's progenitors had come. He had no doubt that his young sailor was of the real Farragut stock.

The Vizcaya sailed away and in the excitement of the war that followed Mr. Midshipman Farragut was all but forgotten. Following the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron and the capture of so many prisoners, the few who remembered the Farragut incident looked in vain for a line about the fate of young Farragut. Weeks passed and the great naval battle bade fair to pass into history without the mystery being solved, until one who remembered the incident on the deck of the Vizcaya in New York harbor wrote an inquiry to Admiral Cervera at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

The incident doubtless interested the Admiral, for he took pains to make inquiries. The result was that he replied, through the medium of Lieutenant-Commander E. K. Moore, assistant to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, that upon the arrival of the Vizcaya at Havana, to which port the warship went after leaving New York, young Farragut was taken ill. Later he was sent to the naval hospital in Havana, and the Vizcaya sailed for the Cape Verde Islands to join Admiral Cervera's squadron and Farragut was left behind. To the best of the Admiral's knowledge and belief, Lieutenant Moore wrote, Farragut was sent back to Spain. At all events, he did not rejoin his ship, and consequently was not in the battle of Santiago.—New York Sun.

#### CURIOS FACTS.

Arizona wells yield hot water. Crabs two feet in length are often seen in India.

Some butterflies have as many as 20,000 distinct eyes.

In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

Cakes of salt in India, pieces of silk in China, salt in Abyssinia and codfish in Iceland have been used as money.

The German navy has only been in existence half a century, the first naval officer having been appointed in 1847.

A glass firm lately received an order for 500 glass fence-poles, to be of the usual size, and grooved for the reception of wire.

A meteoric stone weighing four tons fell on a warehouse in Flume, Austria, and set it on fire. The stone crashed through the house, and was found buried in the cellar.

"Gossamer iron," the wonderful product of the Swansea (Wales) iron mills, is so thin that it takes 4800 sheets piled one on the other to make an inch in thickness.

The Westminster Abbey (England) clock has been so remarkably uniform that for years the error has only reached three seconds on three per cent. of the days of the year.

An apron is the royal standard of Persia. Gos, a Persian, who was a blacksmith by trade, raised a revolt which proved successful, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still borne in the van of Persian armies.

#### Beneficial Nature.

A flower lover of Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park, owns a unique hothouse. It is built of rough slabs of wood and has a glass roof. The building faces the east. The heat is furnished by hot water from a five-inch orifice in the ground at the south end of the building; it then flows north to the centre of the building. The water comes from a geyser, and at the time of its exit is almost at boiling point. The beds are raised from eighteen inches to two feet for circulation and to afford a place for the growing of mushrooms. The result of this high temperature is wonderful. The beds are filled about three feet deep with rich stable refuse mixed with one-third silica formation from near by. The rich soil, the sun's light, and the condensation of steam from the hot water, make an ideal combination for the growth of vegetation. Lettuce, it is said, comes up from the dry seed in two days and good-sized heads of lettuce were gathered in from fifteen to eighteen days after planting. Cucumber vines grow from twenty-five to thirty-five feet in length in less than sixty days, without being watered, except for the moisture in the air. On some of the cucumber vines five full-sized cucumbers were gathered from a single joint. Three pails of water have been sufficient for watering the plants in the greenhouse on even the hottest day.