Hobson is a strict disciplinarian. It was only the other day that he gave his own ship a good blowing up.

Century riding is a cruel recreation as indulged in on Sundays by many clerks, bookkeepers and others who stand at counters or desks six days of the week, with scarcely any outdoor exercise. They are in no sort of condition to ride one hundred miles at a stretch, and the frequent results of this sort of overdoing are insomnia, staleness and general unfitness for work, physical or mental.

Kansas is a great wheat State, the leading wheat State, notwithstanding the prominence given California, the Dakotas and Minnesota. Kansas led all of the wheat growing States last year, harvesting 51,026,604 bushels for 1897. But the crop of the present season will be greater by many millions of bushels, barring an unusual and unexpected calamity. Indeed, the acreage is so great and the crop so uniformly promising that the chances are for the biggest wheat yield in the history of the State, not excepting the year 1892, when the State measured seventy-four millions of bushels.

Cuba is known to be by nature one of the richest parts of the earth's surface. Before the decline of the sugar industry in the West Indies many vast fortunes were extracted from it by agricultural processes that were very far from being thorough. Even in the most prosperous days of Cuba Spanish misgovernment prevented any real development of its resources. The fortunes that were realized were won by merely scratching the surface. Every official was a Spaniard, and no official, from the Captain General down, had any other object than to acquire for himself the largest fortune in the shortest time and to take it back with him to the peninsula.

Recently compiled statistics show that the Russian Empire possesses at present 17,605 factories with an annual production valued at $938,000,000. In these factories there are employed 949,044 workmen and 254,030 women and girls. The number of steam engines is 10,525. The chief centers of industry are Moscow, St. Petersburg and Kieff. In the Government of Moscow there are 2075 factories, with an annual production valued at $184,600,000, employing 230,000 workmen. The Caucasus have 1190 factories, which employ 22,000 workmen, with an annual production valued at $23,300,000. Siberia has 609, the Turkestan district 359 factories, with an annual production valued at $10,600,000.

Going back some two hundred years, says the Atlanta Constitution, we find that in 1700 there were barely more than 7,000,000 people in both hemispheres who spoke the English language, whereas at the present time there are not less than 125,000,000. Other languages in 1700 were much more extensively in vogue than was the English, but for some reason they lacked the agencies of growth necessary to extend the area of their supremacy and consequently the English language soon eclipsed them. While there are 125,000,000 people at the present time who speak the English language there are only 90,000,000 who speak the Russian, only 75,000,000 who speak the German, only 55,000,000 who speak the French, only 45,000,000 who speak the Spanish and only 35,000,000 who speak the Italian. Thus it appears that the English language is considerably in the lead of its competitors.

It is many years since a book dealing with economical and social questions has attracted so much attention in France as the volume entitled "A Quoi Tient la Superiorite des Anglo-Saxons," by Edmond Demolins, remarks the New York Sun. The author, who is the editor of the review named La Science Sociale, begins by pointing out the world-wide expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and then undertakes to define the causes of its incomparable fitness for colonization. About the expansion there is, of course, no doubt, even in the minds of Frenchmen, weak as they are in geography. In North America the Frenchman has been supplanted by the Anglo-Saxon, and the same thing is true of India, of Mauritius and of Egypt. The Anglo-Saxon now controls the New World by means of the United States and Canada; Africa, by means of Egypt and the Cape Colony; Asia, by means of India and Burmah; Oceanica, by means of Australia and New Zealand; one may even say that he controls Europe and the entire world besides, by means of his manufactures and his commerce.

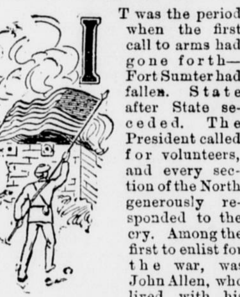
TWO SOLDIERS.

One man went forth to battle—
To meet the angry foe—
To brave the clash and rattle—
To hear the screams—
To see the streams
Of blood that were to flow—
He went to strive for glory,
To win a hero's praise—
To live in song and story—
And, honored, end his days.

Another went to battle,
And strove in many a fight—
He braved the clash and rattle,
But only fought
Because he thought
His side was in the right—
That man won lasting glory,
His name stands out alone—
He lives in song and story—
The other died unknown.

A BRAVE COWARD.

BY LIEUT. WM. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.



IT was the period when the first call to arms had gone forth—Fort Sumter had fallen. State after State seceded. The President called for volunteers, and every section of the North generously responded to the cry. Among the first to enlist for the war, was John Allen, who lived with his parents in a small village in Central New York.

He was an only child, and his father a prosperous merchant. Filled with an immense enthusiasm, the young fellow soon succeeded in filling with his spirit enough young men of his section to organize a company, of which he was elected captain. Possessing a slight knowledge of military tactics and drill, he soon had his company in such shape that when the national capital was threatened, the company was at once mustered into service and ordered South. They went by way of Harrisburg, where they received their arms. To many of them the guns were strange, and they had but slight knowledge of their use, when the day after their receipt they were ordered to join General Palmer's division then marching toward the next day's famous battle of Bull Run.

Thus hurried to the front without rest or proper nourishment, with no knowledge of their arms, it is no wonder that in the general panic that seized their brigade, the company should share in the nameless fear like the rest and hastily retreat. The young commander filled with mortification and grief at the first engagement of his comrades, and possessing himself a cool head, tried his utmost to make his men stand. With uplifted sword, with entreaty and command, invocation and curse, with pleadings and blows, he manfully tried to lead or shame them back. But they would not heed, and carried him with them in the crush to the rear.

It was while thus engaged, that the general officer commanding the brigade, came up, and seeing a young captain going to the rear, halted for an instant—long enough to inquire the number of the company and regiment and his name. The day after the retreat, Allen was placed under arrest, and a few days later brought before a summary court-martial, and tried for cowardice in the face of the foe. It was useless for him to protest, his men would not testify in his behalf, for that would be owing to the fact of their cowardice, and Allen's explanations were not listened to against the statement of the brigadier-general and his staff officers. So he fell a victim, as many others did in the early part of the war to the ambitious ignorance of a general officer as unskillful and unused to war as himself. He was dismissed from the service of the United States and his name stricken from the rolls.

The blow was an awful one, but to a man of such noble and honorable instincts as Allen, it was more than terrible. At first the thought of his disgrace so maddened him that he would have taken his life, but there was not a drop of coward's blood in his nature, and after the first transports of grief and despair were over, he resolved not to go home, but to seek some western State and there enlist again, and if he could not rise, he at least could die a brave man's death on the field of battle. Should he rise, it would be by wiping out the fearful stigma, and until that was done the old folks at home or his many friends there, should not know of his whereabouts. So either a soldier's death at once, or a name that would rise so high that against its glorious brilliancy the shadows that had so falsely clung to him would be forever banished.

Of all famous troops in Sheridan's cavalry command in the Army of Virginia, there was none that stood higher or had a more brilliant record than the company of Captain Henry Pettis, of the Third Brigade, of the Fifth Division. Pettis himself, through the four years of war, had had a wonderful record of service. Enlisting as a private in an Indiana cavalry regiment, he had successively risen through the grades of corporal, sergeant and first-sergeant of his troop, by brave and heroic acts on the battlefield, as well as by uncomplaining and faithful duty in the camp, on the march or on picket.

When one of the company officers had fallen at Chancellorsville, he was promoted and commanded the troop as a second lieutenant through the battle, and the following campaign. And later, at Cedar Creek, it was Sheridan himself, who noting the wondrous bravery of the man and his untiring energy, promoted him a captain and assigned him a few days later to his own troop—the one with which he had won so many laurels.

His men worshiped him, for there was no danger too great for him, no hardship or trial of which he did not bear the hardest part, and yet with them he was always the quiet, straightforward, and courteous gentleman, though shy and reserved. Time after time had he been complimented in general orders, and the fiery Sheridan sent for him after the enemy was in full rout at Winchester, and there in the presence of his staff and many assembled officers, thanked him, and afterward sent his name up for promotion to a majority.

In the little lull preceding the famous raid around Dinwiddie Court House Sheridan had a number of recruits sent down to his army, and seven of these were assigned to Pettis's troop C, of the —th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer cavalry. Among these seven was one man whom the first sergeant had occasion to reprove several times the first week for gross carelessness and even worse. Finding this of no use, he reported the man, whose name was Cook, to the captain. Pettis mildly rebuked and sent him back, thinking that sufficient, but he did not notice the gleam of cunning recognition in Cook's eyes as he slunk away.

The next day the sergeant brought him again before the captain on the charge of maltreating his horse. This was too much, and Captain Pettis ordered him confined in the guard tents and sentenced to do extra police work. After three days' of punishment he was released, and for a time was well behaved, but it was noticed that he was exceedingly curious regarding his captain. He asked many questions as to where he had come from, when he had first joined, his various engagements and victories, and made, every now and then, slighting allusions to the effect that he might tell something—if he was disposed—to the captain's discredit. The men paid no attention to this for the first time it was remarked, but on his repeating the offense, they warned him, in tones not to be misunderstood, that his life was not worth a pinch of earth if he repeated it.

He then behaved himself well, till the regiment was ordered with the entire corps again in the field. The day before starting, toward evening, the first sergeant reported that Cook was missing, and also his horse and equipments. The manner in which he had left made it certain that he had deserted. But the next day he was brought into the lines, having been captured by the provost guard. He was taken to Captain Pettis's tent for examination, and on being told of his great crime, he turned angrily on his captain and said: "You had better look to yourself, Captain Pettis, as you are called. I know when you went under another name. If I am treated fair, I'll say nothing, but if not, then I'll drive you out of the army."

"What do you mean, Cook? Do not add to your crime by insolence to your superior officer. Had you done your duty, you would not be in this trouble, and your best course now is to answer the questions put to you, truthfully and quietly."

He then dismissed him, but the man's remark preyed on him, till the next day when he became busy again in chasing up the Confederates on the last great movement. The series of fighting marches and resulting victories which daily ensued drove everything else out of his mind, and as Cook had been left behind for trial the incident regarding him was forgotten for the time being.

The surrender of Appomattox followed, and brought with it the sure prospect of peace, and officers and soldiers alike were looking forward eagerly to the time when their services would be no longer needed, when one day the colonel commanding the regiment sent for Pettis, and on the latter's reaching the tent he said to him:

"Captain, did you not have a man in that last batch of recruits named Cook, who deserted just before we started out around Dinwiddie?"

"Yes, sir; but he was recaptured and left at S—— for trial," replied Pettis.

"Well, the scoundrel, in order to save his hide, has written a very serious letter against you. In fact he wrote to me before we started out on this last trip, but I paid no attention to it, knowing it was but a lie. But when he came up before his court for trial, he made charges against you which took the form of a letter written to the Secretary of War. The letter has been referred here, through military channels, and I am ordered to investigate it and report. Now you read it and then, as I know the thing is an outrageous lie, you needn't answer me at all, but just leave it on my desk. No, don't say a word. Good-by for a few minutes," and the kindhearted and brave warrior left the tent alone to Pettis.

With a sinking heart the young captain took the letter, and as he feared it was there stated by the writer—Cook—that he recognized in Pettis the same Captain John Allen, who nearly four years before had been dismissed from the army on the charge of cowardice. At last the fear that had smouldered so long had broken out. The honors and duties thrust upon him by others in later years had driven it out of his mind for a time, but it now came back with a tenfold strength. All his splendid record, his daring and courage, his endurance and duty performed in the face of dangers and trials that many other brave men shrank from, were as nothing in the face of this old stigma. To be sure, his colonel had told him to leave the letter on the desk, paying no attention to it, and he—the colonel—would state over his signature that it was a lie. But would not that be making him a shareholder in his crime? The chance was open to him to escape obloquy and not only the honors now possessed but the much greater ones in store for him would be his forever. The temptation was too strong upon him. He knew he was no coward—all his comrades during four years knew it. Why then should a mistake, a horrible stigma that was undeserved cling to him?

While thus pondering, the colonel entered, and going up to him, looking him square in the eyes, and holding his hand said: "Now, not a word, Pettis. We know what the letter contains, and, also, that notwithstanding any facts the writer of it may have, that he is a rascal, and you have the record of being the bravest and best captain in this corps, and any man that dares gainsay that, will have to answer to me personally for it. It is all right, old man, and I understand that you are slated for a colonelcy yourself and will get your regiment in a few days," and shaking Pettis heartily, he tried to half shove him out of the tent, that he might indorse the letter as a lie. But the honor of a man, sans peur et sans reproache would not permit Pettis to allow his generous colonel to write a lie. All the best instincts of his nature rose at once and turning quickly, he said with pale face and blazing eyes:

"But, heavens, colonel, the letter is true! I was tried and dismissed for cowardice. I am not a coward, you know, but I was tried as such, and I have no right to my present place."

With eyes blazing as though in the thickest struggle of the battlefield, and with form trembling with anger, the colonel said in stern, set tones: "Harry Pettis, I say again, that any man who says that you are a coward, or who says that you are anything but the bravest and best captain in this regiment, lies like a fiend and will have to answer to me personally for it. Don't I know you, boy? Have I not seen you go into the bloody angle at Spottsylvania, with 300 men and come back with forty? Have I not seen you restore to our men the victory that was passing from us, simply by your magnificent daring and courage and the animation and spirit you gave men who believed you more a god than a man? Don't I know that were you to go from us, half our strength would go? Why, ten thousand times would I rather lose my right arm, ay, my life itself, than have you taken away from this army, that not only knows you, but those boys out there, those babies of yours, who are such terrors in battle, who worship you. No, a thousand times no, sir, I say the thing is an infamous lie, and I will not believe it!" Excited beyond himself, the colonel strode up and down his tent, shaking with an anger that only strong men, used to controlling their most violent feelings on the battlefield, ever can give vent to.

Poor Pettis took his colonel's hand, and as the tears silently rolled down his cheeks, he told him the entire story. It was some time ere the colonel could recover his composure sufficiently to listen and judge impassionately, but when he had learned every particular of Pettis' or Allen's life, he shook his hands and told him to go back to his tent, and rest assured that he would have the stigma removed. As Pettis went out he sat down and wrote a long indorsement, stating all the facts connected with the former service, and then the splendid record of Pettis in his present one. He was not content with merely sending this paper, but himself took it to the brigade commander, and had a long talk with him. The result was that the indorsement was strengthened by a stronger one from the brigade commander, then another by the division commander, and when it reached the glorious young Custer—a major general in command of the corps—he indorsed it and took it to Sheridan who did the same, nailing the coward statement a lie, and recommending Pettis for a colonelcy.

A few weeks more had passed by, and then came the surrender of Appomattox. During the days of extreme toil and danger preceding, Pettis had risen to the command of a battalion, and was a full major. His former daring had been eclipsed by the phenomenal trials and scenes he had passed through. It did seem as though he possessed a charmed life, and that Death was unable to reach him. Wounded slightly, more than once, he was never incapacitated from command. It was well known that he had not only been recommended for a colonelcy, but a brigadier generalcy. More than once he had saved disaster to his brigade by his own unaided work.

It was in these early spring days, when the balmy air and opening buds gave promise of the coming of peace, and when men so lately antagonized now seemed to fraternize with each other, that the dreaded blow came, with the most dramatic incident of the war.

One afternoon, a spectator of the Union lines would have seen a long line of men, an entire brigade of cavalry turned out as though for a review. Soon, general officers appeared, and then from one of the regiments an adjutant stepped forth. A moment afterward, an officer, a major—Pettis—appeared, dismounted, with an officer on either side of him. He had no sword with him. On his appearance, the adjutant read a long communication from the secretary of war—the stern, and merciless Stanton—whose mind once made up, whether right or wrong, was never known to change, and on whom no recommendations for mercy ever made an impression, however worthy the object.

The order stated that Captain John Allen, of the ——th Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry, having been dismissed the service of the United States for cowardice, and incapacitated from ever holding office again in United States service, and having enlisted in the ——th Indiana Cavalry Volunteer Regiment, was dismissed the service. His name was to be stricken from the rolls, and in the presence of his brigade his buttons and shoulder straps were to be taken off, and he then be drummed out from the Union lines to the tune of the Rogue's March.

An awful sentence for a brave and innocent man. The men, on hearing it read, did not quite understand, and they listened and watched in breathless silence. But when the colonel of the regiment, with his own hands, cut the buttons and shoulder straps from the condemned man's uniform, and instead of throwing them on the ground grinding them in the dirt, carefully gave to each officer of Pettis' Regiment one as a keepsake, took one himself and gave one to the brigade commander, and as each officer received his and kissed it and rolled it carefully in paper and placed it in his pocket, it was more than human nature could stand and a series of sobs and mighty groans went up along the entire lines. Their favorite, a coward! What then must they be? Was this the way the country rewarded honorable and dangerous service in its behalf?

They could not understand, and when next moment the brigade commander rode up and then came the division commander and the young and fearless Custer, and dismounting they took Pettis' hands and then kissed him, while tears rolled down many a cheek—they could no longer be restrained, but with one simultaneous movement, broke ranks and with cries and sobs crowded around the poor major, demanding to go with him. If he was to leave then they would go also.

The drums and fifes struck up the Rogue's March, but it was not to march time, but to the slow solemn movement of a dead march. And more like a mighty triumph than a condemned criminal, the disgraced man left the camp, with Custer, holding his right arm and the colonel his left, and followed by a train of officers and all the men of the brigade. When the boat was reached on the river's edge and officers and men could go no further Custer again told him to be of good cheer and he would yet be righted.

Pettis, or Allen, left the camp, never to return. Representations of the strongest character, indorsed by Custer, the peerless Sheridan and finally by the mighty Grant himself, were sent forward, but they were delayed so long in the war office that they did not reach the executive mansion till after Lincoln's assassination. And then came the hurry and bustle of reconstruction and the great war secretary who soon afterward felt the great remorse of heartless actions, was relieved from office. Officers of volunteers were mustered out of service and the great leaders of the war went to different spheres.

A disgraced man with no recommendations from his war service, forgotten by the greater men, and lost sight of by the comrades of the battlefield, Allen went to his home disguised, and stayed there but a few days. His father had died of shame over his beloved boy, in the middle days of war, and his old mother, although still believing in him, had given him up for dead. His story was to her a blessed reward for all the days of watching and belief in his honor. But years went by, and she was laid to rest by the side of her husband.

Allen is still living and is honored in civic capacities in which he has served. He lives out in a western State, where, under an assumed name, he has won honor and is now winning wealth. He is surrounded by a loving, beautiful wife and happy, healthful children, every one of whom knows his story, and is resolved that his and their name—their rightful name—shall be vindicated, and the blot forever removed from their father's record. His life is so full of rest and happiness in his work and friends and especially his beloved family, that he is content to forget the past and to look forward with anticipation to the future, while he enjoys the happiness of the present.—The Owl.

No More Burnt Fingers.

Inventive genius has come to the aid of the millions of people who have been burning their fingers by holding on too long to blazing matches. Upon the market has been placed a brand of matches with the reverse end saturated for a distance of half an inch with a chemical compound, pink in color, and impervious to fire. When the blaze reaches the chemically treated wood it goes out, leaving the fingers unscorched. A Swedish inventor is the originator of the improvement.—Trade Review.

The Most Beautiful Gardens.

The finest gardens in the world are the royal gardens at Kew, England. They cover an area of about 270 acres, and are visited by about 1,500,000 persons a year. The gardens contain the finest collection of exotic plants in the world, a palm house, a winter garden, a museum, an observatory and a school for gardeners.

NAVAL OFFICERS' TOGS.

THEIR UNIFORMS ARE GORGEOUS AND CAUSE THEM GREAT SOLICITUDE.

The Richest Swell is Not a Whit More Particular About His Suits Than is an Ensign in the Navy—An Admiral's Full Dress Outfit Costs $765.

When Commodore Dewey stood on the bridge of the flagship Olympia, during the memorable engagement at Manila, he wore what is known in the navy as the "service" coat. This is a coat of dark navy blue cloth or serge, shaped to the figure, to descend to top of inseam of trousers. There is a slit over each hip extending on the right side as high as the sword belt. It was single-breasted, with fly front, fitted with plain flat gutta percha buttons, and a standing collar. The collar edges of the coat were trimmed with lustrous black mohair braid, one and a quarter inches wide, laid on flat. Besides this at a distance of one-eighth of an inch was shown a narrow black silk braid one-eighth of an inch wide, with an overhand turn three-eighths of an inch in diameter. It is needless to state that the lady readers will understand this much better than the male ones. The coat was worn closely buttoned.

Commodore Dewey wore a pair of trousers with a stripe of gold lace down their outer seam one inch in width. The Commodore's rank was shown by his shoulder straps, collar devices, and the gold on the sleeves. Being a Commodore, he had a silver star and a silver foul anchor on each side of the collar. On the sleeve was a two-inch broad braid with gold star above. On his head the hero of Manila had a new style broad-top cap with gold strap and gold ornaments, consisting of anchors, silver shield with eagle above. The visor was trimmed with gold oak leaves.

Last December, Commodore, then Captain, Dewey went to his tailor in Washington to have his clothes retrimmed, for his promotion in rank, as far as possible. He was forced to buy a full-dress coat and a frock coat for his rank of Commodore and also a cap. The latter cost $15.

No swell with an income of from $10,000 to $50,000 a year, is a whit more particular in regard to the selection of his suits than an ensign in the navy. The chances are he has more of them, but they are of no better quality and cost no more each than do those of a naval officer. One of the first things that a naval cadet is taught is to keep his uniforms in good condition. He must have a number of them for special occasions. The regulations of the navy are most strict and exacting in regard to the dress of its officers. It takes most of a young officer's salary to keep himself looking as his superior officer thinks he should appear.

Naval officers are fifty per cent. more particular about the making of their uniforms than those of the army. The reason is plain. Naval officers are continually cruising about the world and may enter a foreign port at any time. In order to uphold the honor of the country which they represent they must be fitly attired, and according to the regulations, which fill a good-sized pamphlet, laid down by the department, he must have at least four or five different coats, such as the special full dress, full dress, social full dress, frock, service dress, besides caps, chapeaux, helmets, gloves, boots and shoes of the best quality of special designs.

When the gunboat Helena was in Washington several months ago it was explained to visitors that there was no ship in the navy that was better fitted for the accommodation of its officers. After everything had been pointed out, the young officers would point with pride to the chests underneath the bunks provided for the uniforms, so that no possible damage could result to them. Electric fans, stationary washstands, and other conveniences were all well enough. But it was really the clothes chests which caught the fancy of the officers most.

When the United States naval officers lost their belongings in the terrible storm at Samoa several years ago, a bill was presented to reimburse them. Estimates were asked from tailors for the cost of an officer's outfit. It was figured out that that of a Lieutenant could be taken as the basis, and the amount could be decreased or increased, according to rank. The wearing apparel of a Lieutenant was figured at $1365, that of an Ensign was fixed at about $1050, and the Rear Admiral's at about $2000.

There is a tailor in Washington who has been making uniforms for naval officers for nearly fifty years. When Captain Dewey was promoted to Commodore and sent to the Asiatic station in December he went to this tailor, who has been fitting him out ever since he has been in the navy.

"I want everything exactly according to regulations," Dewey told the man of the goose and shears. "Fix it up as quick as you can. But above all be careful that you make no mistake in regard to the regulations. If I hadn't been promoted I should not have had the trouble of coming to see you and spending some more money."

The tailor in question said that Admiral Porter, was most particular man in regard to his clothes. It was hard to fit him exactly. When he became Admiral, he had an entire full-dress outfit made. This cost, including the chapeau, $765. The chapeau and coat had oak leaves on them. His trousers were gold laced, and his gold sword belt was worked in oak leaves. His epaulets alone cost $175.

"He was a great man for a joke, Admiral Porter was," said the tailor, who was close to him when the Admiral lived in Washington. "He sent for me one day to send him some clothes and told me that he would make a bargain with me. This was that I should take his coat and exchange it for that of the first midshipman who came into my place. He said he knew he would have the best of the bargain.

"I was at the house one day, waiting to take his order, when the card of a representative of a magazine which wished to publish an article giving his views on some naval question was sent up. I was in the room with the Admiral when the magazine man was admitted. He told the Admiral what he wanted, and asked him if he could do it. Admiral Porter thought for a while, and then remarked that he knew of someone who was more competent to write on the subject than himself. The questioner was then told that if he would wait a few weeks—it was May at the time—the cadets would graduate at the Naval Academy, and any 'middy' was more competent to treat the subject, or so considered himself."

SANTIAGO'S CAPTURE IN 1662.

English and Americans Under Lord Winsor Did the Trick Effectively.

It was Diego Velasquez who founded Santiago in Cuba in 1515, thus making it the oldest town on the island. For a long time Santiago was the capital and the headquarters of the various murderous expeditions of the Spanish against the mainland. Cortez made it his rendezvous during his conquest of Mexico. De Soto started from Santiago in 1528 on his first expedition of exploration. By the middle of the century the place had grown to be rich and important. There was all kinds of wealth there, the accumulation, doubtless, of the plunder taken from the defenceless Aztecs and the countless other victims of Spanish lust and avarice.

In 1553, 400 French landed in the harbor and didn't have but half so much trouble in capturing the city, not half so much trouble as Sampson and Schley are having now. This handful of French held the town till a ransom of some $80,000 was paid. After this there were frequent attacks by the numerous bands of buccaneers and pirates that infested the seas of that time.

But the real attack, and the one that has chief interest for Americans of today, was in 1662, just 100 years before Havana was captured by the Americans and English, when Lord Winsor, with fifteen vessels and less than 1000 men, English and Americans, succeeded without much opposition in effecting a landing at Aquadores, the very same town where Sampson is said to have landed men to effect a junction with the insurgents of to-day. These 1000 men walked all the way from the sea to the city, and after a little brush with the inefficient force of Spanish sent to oppose them, wiped the town off the face of the earth and took possession of the town.

It is not exactly known why Lord Winsor attacked Santiago rather than Havana, unless he thought it richer and easier. The English were disappointed sorely to find that the inhabitants, in leaving for other parts, had either hidden or taken all valuables with them, so there wasn't enough plunder to go around. The invaders, however, confiscated all the silver church bells and the guns from the fort, and, as if just to show their spite, blew up the Morro Castle and destroyed the cathedral. The Morro was rebuilt in 1663, and remains to this day—or rather till the other day, when Yankee guns once more battered it. Philip I. was King of Spain at the time, and he was angry that the English should be so rough with his belongings. It always has been part of the Spanish nature to get angry about little things and rave in helpless rage.

In 1762 the English took Havana, and Santiago for a while was left out of consideration, but not for long. In 1766 along came an earthquake, wrecking half the city and putting 100 people out of the misery of being Spanish subjects. Since that time the town has lived a pretty even existence up to the present time. Looking backward, we see that a full 100 years elapsed between the capture of Santiago and the capture of Havana.—New York Sun.

Mr. Gladstone's Estate.

Writing in the London Daily Telegraph, the Hon. F. Lawley states that after Sir John Gladstone's death the involved condition of Sir Stephen Glynne's affairs, consequent upon the mismanagement of the Hawarden estate by an over-sanguine agent, was disclosed for the first time. With characteristic energy and prudence, Mr. Gladstone came to his brother-in-law's rescue, and enabled him to remain in the beautiful Welsh home to which both were so passionately attached. The sum then advanced by Mr. Gladstone to save the Hawarden estate amounted, it is said, to $250,000, and two of the farms became Mr. Gladstone's property. At no time during his long residence at Hawarden did Mr. Gladstone's unofficial income exceed $25,000 a year. Such, however, was the thrift and sagacity with which the Hawarden estate was managed, that the eldest son of Mr. William Henry Gladstone, born in 1885, will, it is believed, succeed to $50,000 a year on attaining his majority.

Why Swimmers Drown.

The sudden drowning of a good swimmer is not due to a cramp, as generally supposed. There is no reason why cramp in a leg should prevent an ordinary swimmer supporting himself in the water by his hands or on his back, or cause him to throw up his hands and sink once for all like a stone. The explanation is that the drum of the ear is perforated, and the pressure of water causes vertigo and unconsciousness.