

The "curfew" idea is said to be getting very popular in Kansas towns, and, where tried, to have been effective of good results in the control of the young.

The German emperor wrongs Americans by imagining they doubt his expressions of friendship. But they are justified in a suspicion that he may see fit to take them back.

United States Consul Smith at Moscow, Russia, reports that the Russian government has already expended \$183,014,938 on the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway.

August, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the head of Agrinaldo, the insurgent leader. The latter captured the governor's wife and children, whom he treated as tenderly as if they were his own. Perhaps this is an exhibition of the Philippine savagery that Madrid talks so much about.

The export trade of the Congo state is growing splendidly. In 1886 it was \$354,000. In 1889 it was \$859,000. In 1894 it was \$1,752,000, and in 1897 it was \$3,023,000. More than half the export trade is in rubber, which has increased in amount more than fifty-fold since 1883. And that increase is chiefly due to the enormous extension of wheeling. This does civilization get swiftly forward upon a bicycle.

The population of Cuba increased from 715,000 in 1825, to 1,631,400 in 1894. The population is much less now than it was then, owing mainly to starvation. About sixty-five per cent. of the population is descended from the aristocracy and peasantry of Castile, Andalusia, Catalonia and other provinces of Spain. Most of the remainder of the population is mainly of African descent. Havana is about as populous as Washington, and until the war began was a very gay city.

It is hardly possible that the widow of the great English commoner who all through life declined ennoblement at the hands of the Queen will now fall to the bait, mused the St. Louis Star. She is the relict of Mr. Gladstone, and a space is reserved beside his body at Westminster Abbey for her remains. Mrs. Gladstone would read much more eloquently on the tablet than the Countess of Liverpool. Oh, no. Gladstone lived and died as plain Mr. Gladstone, if she reveres his memory, will live the balance of her life and go down to the tomb as Mrs. Gladstone.

The poverty and low state of social life and civilization of the Spaniards is indexed quite accurately by their wage rates, states Gunton's Magazine. For instance, the average weekly pay of a bricklayer in Spain (Malaga) is \$3.80; in the United States \$21.18; of a mason \$3.30 in Spain, \$21 in the United States; of a carpenter \$3.90 in Spain, \$14.35 in the United States; of printers \$4.50 in Spain, \$16.42 in the United States; of laborers, porters, etc., \$2.75 in Spain, \$8.88 in the United States. While rents, and possibly prices of a few native products are lower in Spain than in the United States, the difference comes nowhere near equalling the wide disparity of wages. Moreover, in a comparison of this sort the quality of the living must be considered as well as the nominal cost. Thus, lower rents nearly always imply inferior accommodations, and, to the average Spaniard, most of the comforts and conveniences in ordinary use here are unattainable luxuries.

The president and the secretary of war had a delicate task in selecting 195 men out of 7000 applicants for appointment as second lieutenants in the regular army under an act of Congress providing for changes in the form of battalion organization. The selections indicate that the task was performed with rare discrimination. Eighty-nine of the men designated are college graduates, representing sixty-seven different institutions in which military instruction is a part of the curriculum; thirteen are enlisted men in the United States army, and the others are serving in various capacities in the volunteer service. The appointment of college graduates who have had a military training to serve as junior officers in the regular army can hardly be called an experiment, says the Chicago-Times Herald, for the methods employed by military instructors in colleges are much the same as those at West Point. The government is thus assured of a high degree of efficiency on the part of the new junior officers, who have the additional qualifications of learning and youthful enthusiasm.

THOU SHALT NOT WALK ALONE.
Thou shalt not walk alone.
Theshadows gather and the weird winds moan.
The ghoul, Grief, grineth on the graven stone.
Wild is the way, but lone it shall not be
If I may share thy pilgrimage with thee.
As from a mystic scroll,
Which love and sympathy alone unroll,
I read the secrets of thy sorrowing soul,
And with responsive sorrow take thy hand
To lead thee o'er the baleful borderland.

I know the torturer's tongue
In spiteful rage has racked thee, and has wrung
The blood of suffering from the heart
Which stung
Presumption with defiance, yet the scar
Will but attest how firm thy virtues are.

Be cheered, if I may cheer,
For thou, the dearest, shalt be doubly dear;
World-wounded spirit, make thy haven here.
Deemest thou lovesthewakenest in my breast
Shall be my rapture and thy perfect rest.
—Woman's Home Companion.

THE POWER OF PEPPER.

A Filibustering Episode.

BY C. HUNGERFORD.

If you please, sir, do you want to hire a boy?" said a sturdy, sun-burned boy to the captain of a coasting vessel that lay tied to a wharf in a Southern port.

"Don't believe I do, sonny," replied the captain, regarding the boy critically. "Ever had any experience in a sailing vessel?"

"No, sir; but I worked for Mr. Church, the surveyor, and he says that navigating and surveying are pretty much alike; leas'tways, the figuring is," the boy continued.

"I reckon," said the captain, shrewdly, after a moment's deliberation, "that you're one of those boys that run away from home an' expects to be captain of a clipper ship in three months. You better get back home to yer ma and pa and get a good education, an' perhaps when you're a man you'll own a big ship."

"I never had any parents, and I haven't had a home for a year," said the boy, sadly. Then by way of explanation: "You see, I was found floating in my cradle when I was a baby at the time of the big flood, and they couldn't find out who I belonged to, so Miss Ryle took care of me and sent me to school until a year ago, and then she died, and her relations from out West came and took her property. There didn't seem to be any place for me after that, and so Mr. Chase gave me my board for helping him survey. He's not very busy now, so I thought I would try and get something to do."

The captain meditated for some time over this long explanation. "Well, I expect to go out to the Banks this winter, an' I'll need a good, bright boy that ain't afraid of work. I expect to put in here again in about two weeks, an' if you'll happen around I'll ship you. What's your name?"

"My name's George Ryle, sir; but can't you let me go with you now?"

"No," said the captain, decidedly, "you can't come now."

The boy felt too much disappointed to tell the captain that work was a necessity to him at once, and that all he had to live on for the ensuing two weeks was two sandwiches and a bottle of home-made root beer that kind-hearted Mrs. Chase had given him with his car fare to the city.

While he was trying to think of a way out of the difficulty the idea of becoming a stowaway on the schooner popped into his head. This did not seem honorable, but the longer he meditated on the subject the stronger grew his conviction that there was no other road open to him.

It had now become quite dark, and George moved cautiously toward the schooner to reconnoitre. To his dismay he saw a sailor in the act of casting the hawsers that bound her to the wharf. Too late—too late. It was indeed a day of disappointments. Very slowly the stern of the vessel swung around with the current, and a ray of light from the cabin of a nearby steamer flashed under her counter, revealing, for a brief space, her name.

"The Happy Thought, Bath," read the boy, as he walked to the end of the pier. "Hello! They've left their dory behind them." The words were hardly uttered before he was in the boat and pulling rapidly toward the slowly disappearing schooner. Then another idea seized him, and he stopped rowing.

"Of course," he said to himself, "the captain will be glad to get his dory, but he will have me put back on shore. I won't be any better off than I was before. I'm going to return this dory and I'm going to get on that schooner at the same time without being seen." Then, noticing that the vessel was no longer drifting, he drew cautiously nearer and saw to his surprise that all was activity on board and that a large lighter was being rapidly unloaded into the schooner's hold. A moment later a boat shot out from the shadow of the lighter and came rapidly toward him. Quick as a flash he dropped quietly into the water and swam rapidly away for a few moments; then, turning, swam under the schooner's bow. Seeing an opportunity, the boy pulled himself up by the anchor chains, and grasping the bob-stay and fore stays, swung himself over the bulwarks opposite to where the crew was watching the approach of the yawl. He ran to the hatchway and dropped into it. A moment later he had slipped into an aperture and was safe from discovery.

Seeing no one in the hold, he crept out of his retreat, and soon found a much more secure hiding place.

It was tedious work lying there doing nothing, and he soon fell asleep. A crash directly overhead awoke him with a start, and he could see in the dim light that a heavy bale of cotton

given to him, and then the captain ordered the men to put him to bed. He was taken below and placed in a bunk, and by the next morning had recovered both voice and strength. As soon as he made his appearance on deck the mate told him to go down into the cabin, as the captain wished to see him. With many misgivings George went below and found the captain accompanied by a small, dark man, who seemed to be extremely nervous—so much so, in fact, that George thought that he, too, might be a stowaway. Still he looked as if he was quite able to pay his fare.

"Well, young man," began the captain, "what did you hide yourself on board this schooner for?"

"I wanted to be a sailor," was the prompt reply, and then he described the manner in which he had come aboard, hidden himself in the hold, and, finally, how he had dug his way through the cargo.

"Why did you choose this vessel to run away in?" said the small man, regarding George with evident suspicion.

"Because I thought she was the finest ship in the harbor."

George thought he saw the captain's features relax a little at this reply, but the next question was delivered more sternly than the others.

"What did you find in the hold?"

"Cartridges and guns and red pepper and flour."

"Put him in irons! Put him in irons!" He's a spy!" screamed the little, dark man.

"Mr. Menendez," said the captain, impressively, "so long as I'm captain of this schooner, I calculate to deliver my own orders." Then, turning to the boy, said: "You've got a pretty good idea of what kind of a trip you're takin', I reckon?"

"Yes, sir; it's a filibustering expedition, I think."

"Just so. An' you know what they do to filibusters when they catch 'em?"

"Yes, sir; they shoot them."

"Then, if you don't want to get shot, all you've got to do is to hold your tongue an' tend to your own business, if we should happen to be boarded by any one. Now run upon deck an' tell Mr. Jones to put you to work."

The mate kept George pretty busy at odd jobs, but as he was very anxious to learn and was willing to try anything, he soon won the favor of the captain and mate. As for the sailors, they simply made a hero of him after his story became known. One of them even went so far as to present him with a small monkey that he had kept chained behind the cook's galley, and all his spare time was spent in teaching the little fellow to perform.

One morning, about three days after he had made his appearance, George came on deck and found Mr. Menendez and the captain engaged in a very earnest conversation, frequently casting uneasy glances at a vessel that lay about a mile away. Just then a puff of smoke shot out from her side, and a moment later the muffled report of a gun rolled over the water.

"Shall we hold our course?" George heard Mr. Menendez anxiously inquire of the captain.

"Yes."

Then another puff was seen, and a shot went skipping along across the water far in front of the schooner. A short, savage order from the captain, and the schooner was brought into the wind with all sails fluttering.

"Are you sure we are safe if they take it into their heads to examine the cargo?" said Mr. Menendez.

"Perfectly safe. In the first place, what would they examine the cargo of a coasting schooner for? No one ever heard of such a vessel doing any filibustering. In the second place those man-o'-war's men are too tamely lazy to move the heavy bales we have on top of the ammunition."

In spite of the captain's declaration, George could see a shade of anxiety pass over his face, as he watched a boat that had come alongside. The officer in the stern sheets clambered aboard and was coolly received by the captain, who, after a moment's conversation, showed his manifest. The officer was evidently not satisfied, for, calling to his men, he had them remove the battered down hatches. The captain threatened and protested, but the officer answered with an insolent grin, and, in company with all but two of his seamen, who were detailed to guard the hatches, commenced to overhaul the cargo. To George's dismay, they commenced at the identical spot where he had made his exit.

"If they find the guns and cartridges, they will condemn the cargo and kill us all, perhaps, thought he. Then, to make matters worse, one of the sailors, finding that the flour barrel could be easily moved, lifted it out and knocked the head in. The fact that it was empty was regarded with suspicion. The next thing that was picked up was the box of red pepper. The cover was pried off, and, seeing what the contents were, one of the men set it on the empty flour barrel preparatory to jumping into the cleared space.

"If that box of pepper would only upset," thought George, "they wouldn't want to know anything more about the cargo."

The thought gave him an idea. Untying the monkey from the mast, George showed him a lump of sugar in his hand and then threw it swiftly into the hold. It was done so quickly that no one saw but the monkey, who, not recognizing the authority of the guards at the hatchway, sprang into the hold, and, finding every other way barred to his coveted sugar, leaped full on to the box of pepper in its insecure position on the flour barrel. The barrel rocked, poised itself for one anxious moment and the pepper fell, only to rise again

in one great cloud that enveloped everything in the hold. From out of this red cloud arose a fearful uproar. Yells of rage and screams of pain, mingled with the shrieks of the monkey, who was biting and scratching all who came within his reach, added to the pandemonium. Presently a man climbed out of the hold, staggered to the bulwarks and leaped into the sea. He was followed by another, and another, until, last of all, came the officer and the monkey. The two seamen who had not gone into the hold regained their senses in time to rescue those of their mates who could not swim, and recover the remainder of them were swimming blindly about. The schooner's crew thoroughly enjoyed the predicament these poor fellows were in, and hooted and jeered at them as they vainly endeavored to rub the smarting substance out of their eyes.

"Come alongside," commanded the captain. "I'll give you something that will help you," and ordering the men to lie down, he bathed their eyes with oil until they were relieved. Just as he was finishing his task another boat dashed up full of armed men. The trouble had been seen by the officers of the warship, and, apprehending serious trouble, they had manned a boat and come to their comrade's rescue. The officers and men leaped aboard and demanded the reason for the trouble. For answer the captain pointed grimly to the hatches, out of which the red pepper was still rising.

"They upset a box of red pepper—that's all," said he.

The officer who had commanded the first boat began talking rapidly in Spanish to the newcomer. As he talked the face of the other was gradually overspread with a grin that ended in a derisive laugh. The captain, who was watching the speakers closely, remarked, dryly:

"The officer wasn't satisfied with our manifest, and he has been looking over the cargo. Perhaps you would like to complete his task."

"No, thank you," said the other, still laughing. "I will let the lieutenant do that," and, ordering his men into the boat, he was rowed swiftly back to the cruiser.

The "lieutenant," however, was more than satisfied, and hastened to follow the example set by his superior officer. As his half-blinded men rowed away, the captain called out to them:

"I say, Lieutenant, there are thirty-five more cases of pepper in the hold that I'd be pleased to have you examine."

It was quite evident, however, that it was not the lieutenant's pleasure. As the schooner's sails filled and she wore away the mate came up to George and asked:

"How did the monkey happen to jump down in the hold, George?"

"I threw a lump of sugar down there. I thought perhaps he might upset the pepper or frighten the men so that it would get knocked over some way. Hello! there he is up in the cross-trees!" Mr. Menendez shook hands with him with a pleasant expression on his face that George thought it possible for him to wear. He was very much embarrassed at all this demonstration, but the proudest moment of all was when the captain took him by the hand and said, in his gruff Yankee way:

"You done well, George, an' I reckon we can find a berth aboard this schooner for you. 'Twould be a shame to make a surveyor out of you."

And this was a great deal for the captain to say.

Next night the cargo of the Happy Thought was successfully landed, and George was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain by Mr. Menendez, who proved to be an agent of the Cuban Junta.

But George put a higher value upon the captain's few words of praise.—New York Ledger.

Our Flag at Cavite.

Ohio claims the honor of being the birthplace of the first American to hoist a flag over a captured fort in the Old World.

On Tuesday, May 3, Lieutenant Williams landed with his command of marines from the Baltimore and posted sentries around the captured navy-yard, which was the first act of possession. At four p. m. he hoisted the first American flag over Cavite. Sergeant James Grant and Corporal Joseph Poe hauled the flag up. Of this glorious event for all America our young lieutenant modestly but tenderly writes:

"I stood in front of my little flag of marines and watched the colors fly out to the breeze from the same staff that a few days before had borne the flag of Spain, now humbled by our little fleet, my feelings were of wonder how it had happened, and of pride that I was the one to hoist the first flag. It was the happiest moment of my life, and I couldn't keep the tears back." And neither could the friends who got this message from the other side of the world.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Newspapers in the British Museum.

In the British Museum there are 16,000 volumes of London newspapers. There are 47,000 volumes of provincial newspapers from England and Wales, and about 9000 volumes of Scotch newspapers, with something slightly less for Ireland. Last year's accessions were 600 volumes of London newspapers, 920 volumes of provincial papers from England and Wales, 127 volumes from Scotland, and something less from Ireland.

Not a Servant Problem Here.

A servant girl on a farm near Cambrai, in Northern France, has lived seventy-two years with the same family. She is now eighty-four years old, and still attends to her work.



Judicious Poultry Feeding.

All who raise poultry recognize the fact that it is impossible to give any definite rule for feeding, either as to quantity or variety, and that the conditions surrounding each individual lock must be taken into consideration in supplying a ration. It is also generally recognized that different breeds require different courses of treatment and feeding for the best results. There are, however, a few general rules which apply to feeding all breeds. In feeding for egg production, only sweet feed generally will produce the proper flavor in an egg, and consumers of late are quite as particular about the flavor of the eggs as of other things they consume. The active Leghorn can stand much more corn than the heavy Brahma or the medium weight Plymouth Rock. In grain foods all poultrymen should recognize the value of wheat, oats, corn, barley and split peas fed in a mixture over any of them fed separately, for egg production. It will be plainly seen that the question of judicious feeding is one that must be regulated to suit the requirements of one's flock. If the best results come from a ration that is not generally accepted by poultrymen as the best, never mind, stick to it until you have good reasons gained from your own experience to change.—Atlanta Journal.

What a Garden is Worth.

The value of a good garden is more than appreciated. It is a satisfaction to all the family, especially to the mother, who is enabled to get supplies from it for the meals she has to prepare. The man who plants it, too, is proud of a first-class garden. In this section, where the soil is quick to respond to the influence of heat, moisture, fertilizer and cultivation, gardening should be a pleasure.

In laying off the little plot arrange your rows so as to permit the use of the cultivator; have long, straight rows of vegetables. If you plan to do all the cultivation with a hoe your garden will be full of weeds.

Some of our readers may have seen gardens with weeds higher than a man's head—digging potatoes there was not easy nor were the tubers large. Not half of our farmers have enough sorts in their gardens. Think what value there would be in having an abundance of pea plant, lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, beets, turnips, cabbages, onions, potatoes, sweet corn, squash, cucumbers and all the small fruits, tomatoes, a few apples, peaches and pears. If some one who has such a garden, one acre in extent, will keep an accurate account of the value of the produce consumed on the farm and sold in one season, it will be found that a good garden goes a long way toward the support of the family.—The South-west.

Cleanliness in the Dairy.

There are a few points that seem to be overlooked when you count the requisite necessities of cleanliness in regard to milk and butter. It is usually said that the milk pails and crocks must be scrupulously clean, but there is another important item. A man or woman who milks should have their hands and nails faultlessly clean—also their clothes should be as neat as possible—for bacteria and disease germs multiply where there is the least chance.

If there is a place about a farm where cleanliness should be observed, it is the dairy. Borax kills the germs which cause the milk to sour—and it is an excellent purifier and cleaner where the milk crocks and vessels are concerned.

The pails and crocks should be rinsed once a day in borax water to keep them pure and sweet.

The hands of the milker should be washed in borax water every day, and especially before milking. This simple practice will keep away mountains of trouble and health and hygiene will prevail.

It is cheap and clean, and the churns and tin cans in which milk is delivered to town customers should be rinsed out with borax water. If lingers about the stables by myriads, hence every precaution to purify and make clean is a virtue.

This thought of washing the hands clean is a worthy one, for I have seen men attempt to milk without ever thinking of washing their hands, and the pure stream of milk sent through grimy fingers gave you a distaste to the milk; and of all things we eat or drink that we want dainty, it is milk and butter.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Feeding Pigs in Summer.

Summer is the time to make pork. Making it in winter requires too much fuel to keep up the animal heat. If hogs have plenty of grass in summer and about half the corn they will eat, they will fatten rapidly and my belief is that three pounds can be made on less grain than one pound in cold weather with a hog in a close pen. The grass is cooling and loosening and counteracts the feverish properties of the corn. Hogs will never melt in summer, however fat, if they can have access to water and mud to lie in. Mud is very bad for hogs in cool weather. It absorbs too much animal heat. Milk is cooling as a drink and almost indispensable in raising pigs.

Indian Canals.

Probably the largest canal in the world is the Chenab Irrigation Canal in the northwest provinces of India. Its breadth is 200 feet, with a main channel some 450 miles long, while the principal branches have an aggregate length of 2000 miles, and the village branches will extend, when completed, some 4000 miles additional. But, apart from irrigation, the longest canal in the world is that which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, and is 4472 miles in length. The Bengal Canal, connecting with the river Ganges, is 900 miles long, and in all India there are 14,000 miles of canals, irrigating 8,000,000 acres.