

More woe for the downtrodden farmer. An English professor announces that the wheat crop will be a total failure in 1931.

The English speaking races are all right. The charge of the Twenty-first Lancers through a body of 2000 ambushed fanatical Dervishes is an English contribution to the lesson which American troops taught at Caney and San Juan. It is a great year this 1898.

New York is to have a permanent exposition, with a capitalization of \$20,000,000, for the display of manufactured products of the United States. It is proposed to erect immense buildings, and house each line of products in a separate building. London, Paris, Berlin and other European cities now have such permanent expositions.

The brutal murder of the Empress Elizabeth adds another family calamity to the many that have afflicted the unfortunate Franz Josef, of Austria. He has lost by violent deaths his favorite brother, the Emperor Maximilian, and his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, while it is hardly a year ago that his wife's sister, the Duchesse d'Alencon, was burned to death in the charity bazaar fire in Paris. A fate as relentless as any in Greek tragedy seems to pursue him. The murderer is said to be an Anarchist. What political wrong could be avenged or advantage to the cause gained by the killing of this inoffensive woman it must be difficult for even a militant Anarchist to demonstrate. Of all crowned heads in Europe the Austrian Empress was prominent for her efforts to put aside the trammels of her rank and had notoriously never interfered with the politics of even her own country. At the time of her death she was an invalid seeking for health and traveling as a private person. The crime committed against her cannot be dignified into a political assassination; it is the unprovoked murder of a helpless woman, proclaims the New York Sun.

The complete destruction of all disease causing microbes is, of course, the aim of modern methods of sewage treatment and disposal, and in a method recently devised calorific sterilization is added to the ordinary processes. The treatment consists essentially in allowing the sewage to flow into tanks which are subdivided in such a manner that the liquid passes through a restricted passage, where it comes in contact with a current of air under pressure. In its passage through the various cells the solid matter is deposited in a number of pockets, from which it is subsequently taken to be dried and burned. The distinctive feature of the process occurs in the next operation, where the liquid, after having been mixed with alkali, passes through a series of heat exchanges, in which it cools and is itself heated by liquid previously acted upon. From the heat exchangers the liquid next passes to the sterilizers, where it is heated and propelled through coils by means of steam jets to another vessel. The last stage in the treatment consists in its passage under a sludge-drying platform to a settling-tank, and its exit through filters in a pure and wholesome condition.

Philadelphia was noted for its cleanliness as far back as 1850, the Ledger of that city claims, when the daily per capita consumption of water was thirty-six gallons. Conditions as to cleanliness are no better now, when the average daily per capita use is over 200 gallons, and the conclusion is that the excess consumption over that in 1850 is wasted. With the acknowledged vile condition of the water furnished in Philadelphia not much better use could be made of it than to permit it to run into the sewers, but that is an expensive disposition of it, as the cost of providing the total supply is assessed uniformly upon the houses or tenements, according to the size of the supply pipe. As the amount used by each individual bears no immediate relation to the price he pays, no concern is left regarding leaking fixtures, and faucets are left conveniently turned on day and night. In many places fans, sewing-machines, and other small machinery are run by water-motors, the cost of which is a charge on the general water assessment. Appeals to remedy the injustice to those who do not waste the water have been made in vain to the Councils, and a way is now pointed out to consumers whereby they can protect themselves. That is by having meters put in, which can be done under existing ordinances. Then they would pay four cents per thousand gallons, or about one-third what they now pay.

They march behind their tattered flag,
Our very hearts it charms,
But spent and slow their footsteps lag,
The weary men-at-arms.

With gallant haste they stormed the hill,
And dared the deadly fray;
They had no lack of nerve or will
In battle's fearful day.

Though bullets swept their thinning ranks,
They did not wince or dread,
To-day they smile and utter thanks
Above that roll of dead.

A subtler foe, a wilder craft,
Has mowed them since the fight;
A bitter cup their lips have quaffed,
Fever, and cold, and fright,

And famine, ghastly enemies,
Have had them for their prey,
Woe may thy lag behind the flag,
Our men-at-arms this day.

And home returned, the brilliant skies
Grow dark to us who see,
Through tears that blur our pitying eyes,
How cruel war can be.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MIGUEL, THE PUNKA-COOLIE

A Tale of Manila.

By Charles E. Howard.

HARMED by my prospects I had just moved into a new office in the Calle de Carenero. The coolies had transferred the furniture with slight damage, and three long and talkative Chinese carpenters were putting up a punka, or big fan which swings overhead—a novelty for me, as I had not needed one in the old office.

At last the incessant, quivering gabble of the three carpenters, combined with their marked odor of opium, sandal-wood and warm humanity, drove me outside until the work should be finished.

I found at the door a crowd of natives beside my clerks, who, it seemed, were candidates for the position of punka, or coolie, whose duty it is to keep the fan swinging during business hours. Considering the harrowing monotony of the work, his pay is very low. They were all boys in various stages of dirt and nakedness, except one, whose appearance attracted my attention.

He was a tall, old man, neatly dressed in a snow shirt and trousers, with a fine, intelligent face. His hair was nearly white, which indicated a pretty ripe age, for a Filipino's head seldom shows signs of gray before he is fifty, and I never saw one in the least bald.

"Does that viejo—old fellow—want to be a punka?" I asked Jose, the chief clerk.

"Si, señor," answered Jose, with a grin like an open piano, "he says he does."

"He doesn't look like it," said I.

"Mira—look here—viejo, canst thou not find better work?"

"No, señor," he answered, respectfully. "I have a wife and crippled son to support, and I hope I may be allowed to serve your grace."

The old man's Spanish was pure and good, and his replies to the few questions I asked betrayed an education far superior to that of the ordinary native. I was puzzled to know why he should be an applicant for a position generally considered beneath the dignity of any one but a half-grown boy from the wilderness; but he was very reticent in a respectful way, and dodged my questions most diplomatically.

At last I decided to try him, partly as a curiosity, for no other office in the place was ornamented by a punka of such venerable and dignified appearance.

So I told the others to su-lu—clear out—and ordered Jose, much to that worthy's amazement at my choice, to install Miguel, as he called himself, in his position as soon as things were ready. Furthermore, I told Jose, with emphasis, to see that the other clerks attempted no "skylarking" with the old man.

When I returned I found the punka in place, and Miguel maintaining his dignity wonderfully on a three-legged stool, with the cord in his hand, which he began to pull as I entered, filling the room with a refreshing whirlwind.

This old Miguel became a fixture in my office, and performed his lowly task faithfully and well. He was always at his post when I arrived in the morning to greet me with "Buenos dias, señor!" He tugged patiently at his cord till five o'clock, the signal for "Buenos noches, señor!" and his departure.

The old man's one drawback—and that only at first—was a persistent tendency to go to sleep at his post. I tried to cure him of the habit by saving off one leg of the stool. This kept him awake an hour or two, but he soon found that by propping one edge of the stool against the wall, he could still take a little nap, and I was obliged to have another leg of the stool cut off. After that I had no more trouble, for the effort necessary to balance himself on the one-legged stool kept the old man awake.

It was so unusual to see a man of his age doing such work that my business friends used to remark upon "H's Punka Methusalem."

Now and then his wife would come in to see him—a dear old coffee-colored lady, with brilliantly colored skirt and starched mantilla, while her white, frizzly hair was adorned with an immense horn comb. She was such a dainty old creature, and the courtesy with which she always favored me was so like that of a duchess of the last century that I could never hesitate to rise and bow with the utmost gravity, which performance created the wildest hilarity on the part of the Englishman who witnessed it, and I had a bad time at the club table that evening.

She would invariably inquire, in

ingly demonstrative in her gratitude that she demoralized the whole office force for a time.

One day in July, the worst season of the year until the rains come, Miguel had appeared as usual with his tally-sheets, and spread them out for my inspection on the big table which was built into the wall in one corner, like a shelf. It had been a handsome table in its day, made of some dark, polished native wood, cut in heavy slabs. A massive, carved leg supported the corner which extended out into the room; but its days of beauty were past.

The thousands of big silver dollars that had been rattled and counted on its surface had sadly dimmed its polish; earthquakes had cracked it, as well as the office walls and ceiling, and some great convulsion had caused the walls in that corner to settle, so that the old table tilted rather awkwardly, and everything deposited on it had a tendency to coast rapidly down into the corner.

The day had been hotter and sultrier than usual, with that ominous stillness in the air that always seems to forebode some strange event, and I felt tired and stupid as I leaned over the sheets and tried to foot up the totals, while Miguel stood by, waiting for my final approval.

The very air, stirred by the punka, felt thick and heavy, and the drowsy creak, as the great fan swung slowly to and fro, and an occasional sleepy cry from the street were all the sounds I heard as I muttered, "Fifty sales, seventy-five, a hundred"—and then I stopped, for the table was trembling under my hands, and strange, groaning sounds were coming from the walls.

"Terremoto—earthquake—señor," said Miguel, calmly.

There had been several slight shocks during the last few days, but none heavy enough to disturb us, and I merely waited a moment, and then went on: "One twenty-five, one fifty"—and that was as far as I got that day.

At this point a heavy jarring came, and a horrid, up-and-down, sideways and diagonal movement of everything around us, together with the loud grinding of big timbers, warned us that this was no ordinary shake-up. Indoors was then no place for those who valued life and limb, so Miguel and the new punka and I waited no longer, but dropped everything and dashed for the door.

I remembered, long afterward, that old Miguel, in the midst of a danger more appalling to the mind than any other I know of, stood aside, with the instinctive courtesy of the old days, to let me, the younger man, but his jefe—chief—pass out first.

The clerks had stampeded at the first shudder. As I went on the flying jump down the stairs, which were swaying and cracking apart, a heavy crash somewhere told of a falling beam. I reached the street just in time to see a huge sheet of galvanized iron slide from the roof of the building opposite and come swinging and clanging down, while a shower of broken tiles, shaken from the roof of our building, clattered on the sidewalk close beside me.

From every doorway and a good many windows terrified people were running or jumping, and I was carried along with the mob of shrieking, praying and gesticulating natives and Chinamen, with here and there a pale but silent Englishman, toward the open square at the end of the street.

A couple of ponies, struggling in their harness, added their maddened screams to the uproar, and a great, tame buffalo, stupid with fear, lay down in the road and allowed the crowd to surge over him.

By the time we reached the open space the earthquake had thundered itself far away to the south, and old mother earth was in her right mind once more.

"By Jove," exclaimed a young Briton, elbowing his way toward me, "that was the heaviest I ever felt, H! How long do you think it was?"

A Scotchman, just out from home, vowed that it had seemed to him about two hours, but a more minute calculation brought it down to something like fifteen seconds.

Nothing on earth would have induced a native to re-enter a building that evening, and we "Ingleses" felt a mutual disinclination to do so ourselves. I had put things away and closed the safe just before Miguel came in, so I concluded to let things remain as they might be until morning, and to go home and see how my house in the suburbs had borne the excitement.

I found everything intact, with the exception of my servants' nerves and a few trifles in the way of crockery, and at last got to bed in a state of thankfulness that things were no worse.

Mother earth, having played her little joke, behaved in a manner more befitting her age that night, and I rose in the morning to find the welcome rain at last pouring as it only can pour in the tropics, and the air cool and fresh.

On arriving at the office building, I found my entire clerical force assembled outside, waiting for the encouragement of my presence before entering, and I headed a small procession up the rickety, but still serviceable stairs.

The office was in fairly good shape, all things considered. The safe was rakishly askew, and presented the appearance of trying to look around the corner; and the old table had detached itself from the wall, vanquished its solitary leg, and lay in the middle of the room, leaving a ragged gap in the walls, while the floor was strewn with Miguel's tally-sheets. I set the clerks to work gathering these up, while I endeavored to open the safe.

Suddenly a clerk in his hands and knees in the corner exclaimed, "Mira, señor!"

"Que hay—what is it?" said I, struggling with the refractory door.

"Pesos—dollars—señor! A lot of them!"

"What are you talking about?" said I, slipping over to him.

There on the floor lay a scattered heap of silver dollars, mingled with the fragments of an old inkstand and odds and ends of stationery. I picked up several pieces, and on examining the dates, found them to be all of the coinage of over thirty years before. I was stooping in amazement for another handful, when old Miguel, with a strange cry, shoved me aside with scant ceremony, and throwing himself down on his knees, plunged his hands into the heap and examining them with feverish excitement, like the most grasping old miser.

"Que tiene tu—what is the matter with you—Miguel?" I demanded, rather testily, as I recovered my balance.

The old man slowly looked up. "They said I was a thief, señor! And see, here is the money!" and in a flash I saw how it had all happened.

I sat down in the nearest chair and stared at the big hole in the wall from which the money had fallen. It must have been lying on the table that day so long ago, and when the earthquake that damaged Quin Leng's godown had occurred, the table had probably ripped slightly away from the wall, and tilted up as the floor settled. The silver and other things must have poured down into the space thus opened, which had closed up when the convulsion was over, and buried the dollars and Miguel's good name in a common grave for all these years.

Now was the old man grubbing among the dollars and muttering his wife's name over and over, and I was forgetting my Spanish in my efforts to soothe him. They clerks were gapping at us both, and that utterly demoralized safe was leaning at the whole crowd, when old Quin Leng, a pigtailed vision in white silk and blue cap, came toddling in to see how we had survived the catastrophe. He grasped the whole situation at a glance, like the wise old celestial that he was.

It would be a long story to tell how the kind old heathen gentleman undertook to see that justice was done for his old friend; how we wrote to Spain and found the old descendant of Señor Angustia, who turned out to be a good fellow when the facts were proved to him, and instructed the Spanish bank of Manila to pay his father's old servant a monthly sum which would keep him and his family in comfort for life.

When I saw Quin Leng afterward, he remarked that an earthquake in the capacity of a benefactor was a unique idea, which was one way of quoting the proverb about an ill-wind and its ways.—Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Clock.

A most interesting old time-piece is the clock standing in William the Fourth's bedroom at Hampton Court, and which Messrs. Gaydon & Sons, of Kingston, were recently commissioned to repair.

The clock was made by Dan Quare about the year 1660, and is one of the most remarkable pieces of automatic mechanism in existence. It is what is commonly known as a "grandfather clock," standing in a very tall oak case, with heavy ormolu mounts. There are several particulars in which this clock is almost, if not quite unique. In the first place it goes for twelve months at a time without winding. But more remarkable than this is its ingenious mechanism. It is what is known as a "calendar" clock, and besides recording the days of the month and the months of the year, it also automatically shows the time of sunrise and sunset.

The last time the clock was overhauled was early in the present century. For the last forty years, however, the clock had not been wound up. It speaks well for the splendid workmanship of our ancestors that, with slight exceptions, Messrs. Gaydon found the works in as perfect a condition as when the clock was originally made, and there is no reason why it should not last for another 200 years.—London Mail.

Values Fleeting.

The values of enormous diamonds are largely fictitious. They are actually non-commercial. The Koh-i-noor weighed nearly 800 carats when it was taken out of the mines of Golconda, and the sum of \$10,000,000 has been mentioned as a justifiable price for it, on the scale employed in the trade. Hortensio Borghese reduced it in cutting to 279 carats, and it had to be again cut to 102½. The Pitt diamond was sold to the King of France in 1720 for \$625,000. The Victoria diamond weighs 302 carats.—New York Press.

Street Cars of Manila.

All the street cars in the city of Manila were made in America. The open cars are thirteen feet six inches long over dashers and have a seating capacity of twenty passengers. These cars are drawn by Philippine horses, which are about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and it was, therefore, necessary to make them extremely light and at the same time of the required strength. The street railway company is known as the Transvia de Filipinas.—Street Railway Journal.

Genius All Ready to Work.

"Now," said the interviewer, "as to your method of working."

"Well," replied the great author, "I take a writing pad—"

"Yes."

"And a pencil—"

"Yes."

"Seek out a quiet spot—grasp the pad firmly in one hand and the pencil in the other hand—and—"

"Yes. And—"

"And write."—Philadelphia North American.



The Newest Charm.

The very newest charm which the jingle-loving girl wears on her bracelet or chataleine is a very perfect and luscious-looking tomato, about as big as a small crab apple. If one knows where to find the spring one can open the scarlet fruit and disclose, packed snugly together, a set of tiny dominos, with which their owner can while away the weary hours of a journey.

A Unique Paper Knife.

A novelty which seems to be more patriotic than practical is a very thin silver outline of the figures of Dewey and Schley. These thin sheets of silver are etched beautifully, showing every feature of the face and crease of the clothing as clearly as a photograph. The edges of the outlines are very sharp, and may be used as a paper cutter, while there is a little slit about the figure across the vest which is concealed by the wrinkles of the garments, so that it may also be used as a bookmark.

The Disadvantage of Prussian Women.

Prussian Ministers of State evidently still retain the old-fashioned idea that to educate girls is to unfit them for the duties of domestic life. A short time since the good people of Breslau decided to petition their Minister of Education for permission to found a high school for girls in which an education might be given on reasonable terms, and of a character similar to that available for the more fortunate English and American girls who have to look forward to earning her livelihood. The Minister of Education replied that the home was the proper place for a woman, and refused the permission. The result is that this official attitude forces the women of Germany to continue to be handicapped in the struggle for existence which many of them are obliged to face.

Shun the Circular Skirt.

Beware of the circular skirt, unless you have a perfect figure and your goods are of heavy satin brocade or other very firm material. Even then beware of it in all dressmakers' hands. If you are at most stout, even in a small degree so, your rounded circular skirt, minus a perpendicular line, will make you look stouter. If you are thin, it is the worst choice you can make. Its uncompromising shape, with not a fold, line or break in it, will outline every defect. Then the inveterate propensity of a circular skirt is to dip at each side most distressingly after the skirt has been worn about three times, and with an added propensity to lift just in front and just at the back, in a most ugly and undesirable manner. The circular cape we all remember, cut on the same lines, was guilty of just such untoward conduct, looking thereby decidedly ungraceful and giving a drooping appearance to its wearer that was depressing even to the beholder.

A Letter Case.

This little article is both useful and ornamental on my lady's desk, and can be decorated either by painting or needlework. Obtain a cardboard box whose lid shuts over it completely. Like a case, extending to the bottom, and large enough to contain two packages of envelopes of ordinary size. Fit a piece of cardboard inside to divide the space, then cover the lid of the box with linen, painting or embroidering in outline stitch on one side of the top "Letters Answered," on the other side "Letters Unanswered." Between the spaces occupied by the lettering any appropriate device may be painted; or, if the decoration is done with the needle, tiny flowers can be scattered over the top among the letters, or the words placed in a slanting direction in the lower right-hand corner and the upper left-hand corner of the box cover, with the initials of the future owner, if it is to be a gift, also worked across between them. If intended to be sold in fairs and exchanges—unless orders are taken—the initials, of course, must be omitted. Yet it might do to put one as a sample in an exchange, with the letters on a strip of paper between the words to show the design.—Harper's Bazar.

One Woman's Quick Wit.

The head nurse of one of the leading hospitals in Philadelphia, while talking the other night on the difficulty occasionally experienced, even by doctors of standing, in diagnosing a case, related an incident which came under her notice some years ago and which illustrated not only the liability of physicians to err, but the superior acumen of a woman physician, who is now the wife of one of the best-known physicians in Philadelphia.

"A man had been brought in," said the head nurse, "suffering from some complaint which puzzled the doctors exceedingly. There was a slight eruption on the skin, but that did not seem to be any guide to them. The whole staff got interested in his case and between them all the poor fellow was getting worse and worse. They worked over him for ten days, but seemed no nearer a solution of the case than at first.

"There was a woman physician on the staff then and during one of the morning consultations on his case she stepped in and looked the patient over. 'I'll tell you what it is, boys,'

she said after a moment's thought, 'that man is suffering from small pox.' Instantly there was consternation. The eyes of the staff were opened. The patient was hurried to the Municipal Hospital and the most desperate efforts made to separate his bed linen from that of other patients in the hospital laundry. The mischief had been done, however. In a few days three of the nurses followed him to the Municipal Hospital, and in a few days more others were stricken. The shadow of fear was not lifted from that hospital for a month after."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Gossip.

Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart founded the first woman's club in the Northwest more than fifteen years ago.

Miss Hamilton Griffin, a half-sister of Mary Anderson, is cultivating her voice in Germany, and will make her debut as a singer next year.

Mrs. A. T. Fisk, an English woman and a member of the Woman's Vegetarian Union, is lecturing on vegetarianism as a cure for poverty.

Mme. Albani, who has been making a tour through South Africa, is delighted with that country. When she visited the De Beers Compound at Kimberley three thousand Zulus danced and sang for her.

Women in Victoria will in future have the privilege of helping to elect the members of the Legislative Assembly. A bill has been passed giving them the suffrage. There was almost no opposition to the measure.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Massey, who is working to have the word "women" stricken from the name of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is a daughter of Platt R. Spencer, author of the famous Spencerian system of penmanship.

Miss Alice Everett, a graduate of Girton College, England, at present engaged in special work at the Royal Astrophysical Observatory in Potsdam, Germany, will be assistant in the astronomical observatory at Vassar College next year.

Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, who is in the service of the Smithsonian Institution, is a unique inhabitant of Dawson City. She wears a buckskin skirt, bloomers of the same material and leather leggings. She likes frontier life, and expects to die with her boots on.

Miss Ellen Terry has made the Society for the Prevention of Ornelty to Children in London her debtor to the amount of \$2150—for that was the sum realized by the performance at the Lyceum a recent afternoon. Miss Terry had the assistance of her old comrade, Mrs. Kendal.

Miss Flora Van Cuylenburg, a native of Ceylon, and at present a student at the London Medical School, has received a studentship of \$975 a year for three years, and one term that she may be trained as a medical missionary and obtain a full qualification to go abroad as a medical missionary.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, "Garmen Sylva," has received a doctor's degree from the University of Peshu. A diploma artistically decorated was bestowed upon her by the Minister of Austria-Hungary, with an address in praise of her books, and the doctress responded in a graceful speech.

The first woman to receive the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Chicago is Mrs. S. R. Gray. She had previously taken an A. B. from the same university, and her B. D. means three additional years of hard work, in which she has completed the full divinity course. Only a few women have ever received this degree from any university.

Fashion's Fancies.

The revived earring is the drop ring; for instance, a pear shaped pearl with a diamond above it.

The newest shade of red is begonia. It is rich and deep and not so harsh as cherry red or cardinal.

Cockscrub red is the newest shade of the color. Serge and cloth jackets, and even dresses, in this blatant hue are among the new things in autumn modes.

Velvet trimmings will find unlimited favor this winter, and dressmakers are still utilizing all kinds and shades of narrow ribbon as trimming for new autumn gowns.

Overshirts and draperies are becoming general on the light, fluffy type of evening gown, and they will no doubt be universally adopted for evening wear before winter sets in.

A novel finger ring is made to send forth a spray of scent whenever the wearer pleases, or, to speak more accurately, when she is wise enough to keep the receptacle well filled. Other rings are set with a tiny watch.

Unless all signs fail, velvet will be popular this season. Plain, mirror, corded, stitched in fine pleats laid in cross folds will be seen in the shops. This fact will be welcome, as velvet is effective and useful in making over last season's favorite gowns.

Chenille will be much used on the winter hats. It appears on felts, formed into arabesques on cloths, and for the soft crowns of toques. Chenille dots are placed on ostrich tips and quills, and chenille braiding with fluted satin ribbon is used to form soft crowns, marquise and pouf effects.