

Golf is recommended as a sure cure for degeneration, especially that which accompanies old age.

There is a growing impression that most of the wealth in Alaska was brought there by people desirous of getting rich.

St. Louis, Mo., has issued instructions through superintendents to the principals and teachers that there is to be no more home work that shall involve the study of text-books.

In an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes M. Fouille declares that, while the modern Greeks are not descended wholly from Slavs, as some have maintained, they certainly are not lineal descendants of the great peoples who made Greece famous.

Appropos of the anti-vaccination crusade going on in London, it is interesting to note that in Norway and Sweden and Denmark vaccination is enforced in a novel way. People cannot be married without each producing their certificate of vaccination. Without this the minister cannot perform the ceremony.

Professor Mousser's complacent prophecy that the British empire will soon disintegrate, and that in the process France will get Egypt, Russia will take India, and Germany will appropriate South Africa, is redolent of the perfume of the cloister. He seems to forget that across the northern frontier of India nature has stretched almost impregnable fortifications in the steep mountain range that guards the border; that Egypt will be quite as difficult to take and keep today as when Napoleon tried the experiment, and that Germany in South Africa is helpless against British sea power.

St. Petersburg dispatches indicate that Russia may again require American wheat and corn to eke out her needs. In many provinces, contrary to expectations, the crops have proved a total failure, and famine is impending. This will tend to arrest decline of prices for wheat and other cereals consequent upon the heavy crops in the United States, for the Russian government is already taking steps to purchase large quantities of these staples abroad. American farmers should not forget that it is chance and not their own foresight in this instance that will have enabled them to realize fair prices for their products.

A pathetic commentary on the esteem in which the world holds the memory of Prince Bismarck is to be seen in the fact that hardly a word in the vast flood of messages of condolence that flowed upon Friedrichsruhe spoke of human pity or human love for the dead, observes the Christian Register. It seemed that even Germany had ceased to remember that Otto von Bismarck was at any time a man, but regarded him as a fallen political colossus whose impassive brow had reached far above the lightning and the clouds; a sort of modern Zeus, at whose imperious nod united Germany had arisen out of chaos; a divinity whom human malignity might and did reach, but who was beyond the love of man. Germany laid her legendary hero into the grave with vaunting upon her lips, but the scalding tears that were shed by the world when Gladstone was committed to earth were wanting at the cold and formal obsequies of Prince Bismarck.

An interesting example of how nature accommodates herself to circumstances, is related by a resident of the arid section in the western part of Texas. It was in connection with an experiment in coaking plum trees to grow. In a portion of this arid region near Alpine, a stream of water runs from thirty to forty feet below the surface, too far for the roots of trees to reach it, and the country, therefore, was treeless. But an emigrant from Ohio thought out a way to bore a tree to bore for water. He selected a hardy plum, cut off the small roots, leaving only the tap-root, and planted it deep. He fed the root with water daily, through a hole in the ground, and by cutting off the sprouts as they appeared, he concentrated the growth of the tree on the tap-root. He proved his theory. In time that tap-root reached the underground water supply, and no further care of the tree was necessary. Other trees were treated in like manner, and the result is a thrifty orchard in a region where rain seldom falls. Another unique development is that trees grown from the seed of the Ohio man's stock need no education. They bore for water as soon as they are set out, and there is little or no growth above ground until the water is reached.

THE CALL.

The clouds grow dark as the people pause, A people of peace and toil, And there came a cry from all the sky; "Come, children of mart and soil, Your mother needs you—hear her voice; Though she has not a son to spare, She has spoken the word that ye all have heard. Come, answer ye everywhere!"

They need no urging to stir them on, They yearn for no battle-cry, At the word that their country calls for men They throw down hammer and sledge and pen, And are ready to serve and die! From the North, from the South, from East, from West,

Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum? Under one flag they march along, With the voices swelling a single song, Here they come, they come, they come! List! The North men cheer the men from the South,

And the South returns the cheer, There is no question of East or West, For hearts are at one in every breast, 'Tis a nation answering here.

It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee, One land for each and for all, And the veterans' eyes see their children rise.

To answer their country's call, They have not forgotten—God grant not yet! (Ah, we know of the graves on the hill), But these eager feet make the old hearts glad.

And the old eyes dim and blind! The Past sweeps out and the Present comes, A Present that all have wrought, And the eyes of these sires, at the same camp fires.

Cheer one flag where their fathers fought! Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern hills That are filled with the Blue and the Gray.

We know how they fought and how they died, We honor them both there side by side, And they're brothers again today, Brothers again—thank God on high! (Here a hand-clasp all around.)

The sons of the race now take their place, One here a common and holy ground.

—Richard Barry, in Harper's Weekly.

A Soldier's Cap.

The western city where Minnie Tilford lived with her mother, brother and sister was full of excitement. Its boys were going to war. Minnie's father had been one of the boys in the old war, and 15-year-old Minnie, the oldest of the three children, was thinking about it while the drums beat and the flags waved.

"How old was papa when he went, mamma?"

"Barely 18, dear."

"Did you know him then?"

"No, I was a baby then. The war had been over fifteen years when I first met your father."

Mrs. Tilford had not paused in her sewing as she answered her daughter's questions. She was sewing to earn money to pay the rent.

"Were we always poor?" went on Minnie.

"No, dear. We had plenty while your father lived."

It seemed to Minnie that her father had been dead a long while. Eleven years. Just as many years as her younger brother, Allan, was old.

"I can't seem to remember what plenty is like, mamma," she said at last. And she looked around the small and faded room.

Mrs. Tilford thought of the poor advisers she had had, who had squandered her all in bad investments, and said nothing. She could remember what plenty was like, and the contrast between her former and her present circumstances was painful to her.

"When I'm a man," said 13-year-old Bert, "I'm going to Washington and get you a pension. That's the thing to do. Then you won't have to sew, I guess. I was talking to George Hooper about it and he said that was the thing to do. His aunt gets a pension, and she don't have to sew."

"I should like to have a pension, certainly," said Mrs. Tilford.

"Well, I'm going to get you one," declared Bert grandly. Then he seized his hat and rushed out, attached by a noise in the street.

There had never been any talk of a pension in Mrs. Tilford's flat of two rooms until now. And Minnie turned curiously to her mother. "Can Bert do it, mamma?" she asked.

"No, dear, I am afraid he can't. But there is no need to discourage him. He isn't a man yet, you know," and she smiled.

"But why, mamma? Why can't he?"

"Because your father's papers are lost," answered Mrs. Tilford, gravely. "I knew nothing about business when your father died. His army papers may have been among his other papers. I do not know. But four or five years ago I made a search for them and could not find them. If I could find them—" she paused and looked drearily out of the window while a vision of good food and comfortable clothing for her children passed before her.

"Could you get the pension if you found them?" asked Minnie eagerly.

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"I wish I could help more!" exclaimed the girl, looking up from the basting she was patiently pulling out. "We are poor."

"You helpall you are able," answered the mother, fondly. "Mother appreciates her big girl who helps sew and wash dishes and cook and scrub and wash and iron for us all. It is because you help so much that I have the good chance I have to earn."

"Where did you look, mamma?" she asked, presently.

"Everywhere," answered Mrs. Tilford, briefly. "Don't think any more about it, daughter. It will only make you unhappy."

"But I must think of it, mamma. We need it so."

The next day there came a letter and a package to Minnie. Her New York cousin, Willie Applebe, was going to war. "And as a parting remembrance, my dear little cousin,"

the letter ran, "I send you a soldier's cap."

Hastily Minnie opened the small package and took therefrom a bonnetiere, which was the "soldier's cap," and it was filled with chocolate creams. "How lovely!" cried Minnie, passing the candy to her mother. "Isn't it a dear little soldier's cap, mamma?"

And without waiting to hear her mother's reply she went on with her letter. "The shops are full of pretty conceits in bonnetieres," wrote the cousin. "Knapsacks, sailor hats, shells, shield-shaped boxes, tents with a soldier on guard at the door. But I chose to take off my hat, as it were, to my western cousin—" So the letter ran on.

For two or three days Minnie's thoughts were in a whirl. Now she thought of Willie off for the south, now of the dainty bonnetiere, and now of her father's papers. And out of the chaos at last darted an idea.

"Mamma!" she cried. "Come! 'Come! Where?' asked the mother in astonishment.

But Minnie held out her hand almost impatiently, her eyes shining with excitement. "I've a thought, mamma. Come!" she repeated.

Without a word Mrs. Tilford laid down her sewing and rose to follow her daughter into their tiny sleeping room. Down dropped Minnie on the floor, and groping under the bed brought out a long flat box.

"What do you mean, Minnie?" demanded Mrs. Tilford. "That is your father's old uniform."

"I know it, mamma. Open the box; open it quick!"

"The child has been too much excited the last few days," thought Mrs. Tilford, glancing at her daughter's flushed cheeks. "I will humor her." She opened the box.

Impatiently Minnie reached past her mother and picked up her father's cap. Her sensitive fingers felt of the crown. "They are!" she cried. "They are here! Feel, mamma! Don't you feel paper in the crown?"

A few moments' careful work took out the lining, and out fell the papers.

"Your father was wise," said the mother, brokenly. "He knew I was careless and young. And he knew, too, that I loved him and would never part with his uniform."

She said no more, but her heart went out in gratitude to that Higher Power that had directed her through means of this piece of good fortune.

"How came you to think of it?" asked the mother, when the papers had been placed in the hands of an agent and the pension and back pay assured.

"I thought," said Minnie, "if a soldier's cap would hold chocolates it was Cousin Willie's bonnetiere." —Guleleua Zollinger in Chicago Record.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Why the Bungling Bucksaw Was Relocated to the Barn.

"What I want," said the young wife who is bravely starting to do her own work, "is a saw for general use about a house. Here I am chopping away with a dull hatchet at this ham bone, and the vigor with which she hacked expressed her feelings better than words could have done.

"I can get you just what you want," volunteered the man who was attaching weights to the kitchen windows so they could be more easily be manipulated, "and it won't cost over thirty cents."

He received the commission and the result was a bucksaw with a particularly large frame, cost seventy-five cents.

"There's a saw," said the purchaser, "as is a saw. When your trees blow down you can cut them up into bore lengths, or you can cut an old broomstick in two with it to make a clothes stick, or you can use it in cutting a bone when it has to be done. That's a great all around saw, mum."

There was another ham bone to be cut, and she called her husband to hold the ham while she did the sawing. He laughed outrageously at her purchase, but she stuck up for it and made plain the opinion that his judgment in practical matters was very undesirable. Of course the long, sharp teeth of the saw struck too deep into the bone and made it impossible for him to hold the ham steadily.

"Give me that saw," he said, testily. "There are some things beside throwing a stone that a woman can't do."

He tried and she tried, but results were no different.

"If you'd just go away and leave the whole thing to me," she said, "I could get along nicely."

He went as far as the door and stood there laughing while she held the ham with her left hand and made frantic efforts to saw with her right. When the ham made a dash from the table and slid clear across the floor and down the cellar way, he leaned against the door sill and she began making arrangements to go home to her mother. When they seriously talked the matter over half an hour later the bucksaw was relegated to the barn and he went down town to buy a meat saw.

A Physician's Opinion.

An eminent physician of St. Louis, Mo., says that no person should be permitted to drink tea or coffee until he or she has attained the age of 15 years. In the young those beverages unduly excite the nervous system and have an injurious effect upon the digestive organs.

A Generous Dentist.

A Toronto (Ontario) dentist gratuitously cares for the teeth of children whose parents are too poor to pay for the service. Last year he attended over 2000 children.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong. A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen.

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require from time or eternity?

No matter how many mistakes you may have made. The point is—what have you learned by them?

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept full; convenient food and aliment only will inflame it with a desire of knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Be sure you give men the best of your wares, though they be poor enough, and the gods will help you to lay up a better store for the future. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.

SLOW-BURNING POWDER.

The Brown Prismatic-Powder and the Way It is Loaded in Charges.

E. B. Rogers of the United States Navy in an article on "Big Guns and Armor of our Navy" in the St. Nicholas says:

Black powder, with its glistening grains, is unfitted for our modern guns, because it explodes too quickly, and when the charge is fired it turns almost instantaneously into gas, exerting immediately all its force, which, of course, decreases when the shot moves toward the muzzle, because the gas has more room (that is, the inside of the gun) to expand in.

But nowadays what is called "slow-burning" powder is used. When it is ignited the projectile at first moves slowly; but as the powder continues burning, the quantity of gas, and consequently the pressure, is constantly increasing; thus the speed of the shot becomes greater and greater as it goes out of the gun. Some times grains of powder still burning are thrown out when the gun is fired, which shows how slowly it ignites.

This new powder is brown, and it is made up into hexagonal, or six-sided, pieces, with holes through their centres. A mass of it looks exactly like a lot of rusty iron nuts. Each of these grains or "prisms," is about the size of a large walnut, and when the charge is made up the prisms are nicely piled, and over the pile is drawn a white serge bag. The white bag is a "powder section," and contains one hundred and ten pounds of brown powder; and five of these make up the full or "service" charge for the great thirteen-inch rifle, whose projectile is two-thirds as tall as an ordinary man, and is larger, and weighs more than many of the very canons themselves, with which Admiral Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

A Logging Camp.

The summer logging camp ordinarily is not a picturesque place. It is built beside the railroad, in order that supplies need not be carried far by hand or by "dray," and whatever beauty it has is gained from its environment of heavy forest. The various buildings, or "shanties," as they are always called, are clustered in a compact little village. Nearest the railroad—it may be—is the "cook's shanty;" next it, perhaps, is the "men's shanty," or sleeping quarters of the crew; near them, again, is the office where the camp accounts are kept and where the foreman and scaler sleep. The barn or "hovel," is at the end of the camp, with the granary beside it. The blacksmith's shop and the workbench of the "handy-man" are near by. The "root-cellar," which is both pantry and cold storage room, is built where the cook and his assistants have ready access to it.

The cook's shanty is the dining-room as well as kitchen, while the office is also a storehouse from which the timber-jacks can obtain tobacco and such principal articles of clothing as they may need. All the chief buildings are long and low, made of rough boards or logs, and roofed with sheeting and tarpaper. The sleeping bunks in the men's shanty are along the sides of the cabin in a tier two deep; this shanty is the loggers' rendezvous on cold evenings, and in it the smell of strong tobacco constantly lingers. Such is a summer logging camp, and, rough and crude as it may seem, it is no bad home for men toughened by hard out-door labor. —Lippincott's Magazine.

Promotion for the Enlisted Man.

The highest promotion to which an enlisted man in the navy can aspire is from petty rating to warrant rank. In this way he may become a boatswain, a gunner, a sailmaker, a carpenter, or, if the Navy Personnel bill now before the Congress becomes law, a warrant-machinist. Warrant-officers have no army counterparts. They are not commissioned officers, and they are not enlisted men. They are something like the baronets and knights in the British scale of precedence, though the parallel is not exact. They wear a uniform not unlike that of the commissioned officers, and the sword when on duty, are addressed as "Mr.," and have their own mess. Their names are borne on the "Naval Register" in regular lists. Their pay ranges from \$1200 per annum (when at sea) during the first three years of service up to \$1800 after twelve years from date of appointment. They have all the benefits of retirement and retired pay the same as commissioned officers.—New York Independent.

False Report.

"I was very sorry to hear that you had failed, Jones," said his next-door neighbor.

"It was a slander, sir. I did not fail. It was my plans that failed, sir. Had they succeeded I could have paid every dollar I owe and had a handsome fortune left."—Detroit, Fred Press.

GOOD ROADS FOR CUBA.

THE ISLAND IS A NATURAL PARADISE FOR WHEELMEN.

The Picturesque Beauty of the Scenery Is Sure to Attract the Attention of the American Cyclist—The Militant Apostle of Better Highways Is General Stone.

It might seem a trifle premature to consider Cuba as a favorite resort for wheelmen. The island is not now blessed with many roads available for anything more than mule trains, but the militant apostle of good roads, General Roy Stone, has shown in Porto Rico what a little Yankee energy can do for the improvement of highways and, of course, the same can be done in Cuba, and doubtless will be done now that the island has ceased to be a colony of Spain. For one thing, the picturesque beauty of the island, enhanced by the charm of its semi-tropical verdure, is sure to attract the attention of American wheelmen, and when wheelmen get their eye on a country it is certain that the condition of its roads will speedily improve. In the case of Cuba, however, wheelmen will find that their task will be not so much the improvement as the creation of roads, for practically no roads worthy of the name exist, and even the streets of the cities and towns are in a wretched condition. Were the patient native mule endowed with speech like his kinsman of the Balaam story, he would undoubtedly cry out against what passes for a street in a typical Spanish town. It will sound a little strange to read of century runs being made in Cuba, but the thing may happen, and that, too, before many years.

In the winter, with the improved sanitary conditions that will soon obtain in the Cuban cities, the island will become a favorite resort for a multitude of Americans. The beautiful Isle of Pines will probably become one of the most popular places in the West Indies. Even in the midst of their fierce fighting our sailor and soldier boys were struck by the charm of the country around Santiago. Scattered about in the sugar districts of Cuba are splendid sugar plantations owned by Cubans and Americans, whose owners, under a decent and stable government, would soon open up the country by good roads and other improvements. Then there is the centre of the island, as yet practically unexplored and unknown, but said to contain great forests of valuable woods. It will not be long before this terra incognita will be opened up under the stimulus of American enterprise. Towns will arise, railroads will be constructed, and then about that time along will come the wheelmen, not long after which we shall hear of this, that and the other bicycle path or path running, it may be, through a grove of palm trees, while the air is laden with a tropical fragrance and the stillness of the forest is punctuated by the notes of strange birds. If the adventurous American wheelman fails to take advantage of this new and delightful experience, we have very much misjudged him.

General Roy Stone has already spent some time in Cuba, but his duty there has been simply to advise in the building of temporary military roads for the use of the army. But it may well be that these temporary roads will become the nuclei of permanent roads, just as the points near Santiago at which engagements with Spanish troops have taken place may become interesting towns and villages with American names in the new Cuba which is to be. Indeed, it is inevitable that this American invasion of the island is going to make many changes in its geography and topography. While the more important places will, of course, retain their names, American industry and commerce will create new centres of life and trade and develop to their fullest extent the splendid opportunities for growth and progress that have been so shamefully neglected by Spain. But to revert to our first thought, Cuba is a natural paradise for the wheelmen, and when he finds it out he is going to see that good roads are built.—New York Tribune.

Captain Sigbee's Lost Dinner.

Somewhat aboard the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul got a fine dinner that wasn't intended for him, and Captain Sigbee was the loser, says the Philadelphia Record. While the St. Paul was making the run from Montauk Point to New York, the captain's cook prepared for him a fine pair of mallard ducks, of which Captain Sigbee is especially fond. Orders had been given to the cook to be particularly careful in the roasting of the birds, and he brought them forth from the oven nicely browned. The captain, upon the bridge, had had his mouth set for them all morning, and occasionally fancied he could smell them cooking. Just a few minutes before dinner time, while the cook's back was turned, somebody whisked those two luscious birds out of the galley, and disappeared with them. The St. Paul is a big ship, and the thief had ample opportunity to hide himself while he got on the outside of the roasting duck. At any rate, he was never caught, nor was there any clew to identify. Captain Sigbee was obliged to content himself with a can of sardines.

Merits of Steel Sleepers.

The question of the relative merits of steel sleepers as compared with wooden ones has long been a vexing question to the railroad officials having to do with such matters. There is no doubt now, however, that steel sleepers are superior to those of wood in some cases, according to the report of an official of the Netherlands State railroad. From this report it appears that the Gothard Railroad company of Switzerland, now has 70 per cent. of its own track laid with iron or steel sleepers. They began to use the metallic sleepers 16 years ago and have kept a careful watch upon them all the time. The road is crooked and has long tunnels and steep grades. When the sleeper of average weight is put in it costs about \$1.90, but when taken out it is still worth something, and the net cost would therefore reach about \$1.68 each. After the first two years of the cost of keeping the track in order is decidedly lower with metal than with wooden sleepers, and the lateral displacement of the tracks on curves is less. In long tunnels the steel sleepers rust, so that they last only eight or ten years, and on tangents in long tunnels wooden sleepers are still used. The reports state that except in long tunnels, the sleepers of metal will last as long as the rail.—Philadelphia Record.

MANGOES IN CUBA.

Why Our Soldiers in the Island Were Forbidden to Eat the Fruit.

In the long list of suggestions from the medical department, all of which were disregarded, the ripe mango was recommended as an article of diet. But somebody at headquarters issued an edict against it, and the soldiers were called up by the company commanders and told that if they ate the fruit they would be punished. This is the way the company commanders addressed their men.

"Now, I see that some of you have been eating those mangoes in spite of our advice to the contrary. Do you know what the Cubans call this fruit? They call it 'General Mango,' because they say that the mango has killed more Spanish soldiers than all their generals put together. If you eat it Gen. Mango will kill you, just as it has killed the Spaniards. I am told on good authority that if you eat a mango every day and then get yellow fever you will swell up frightfully and surely die. Now, I give you this positive order, that not one of you shall eat any of this fruit, and I shall punish severely any man that disobeys the order."

After such an order the obedient regulars generally let the mangoes alone, although they were abundant, tempting and delicious. The volunteers ate them more freely without any bad result so far as heard from. When the Cuban officers and aides were asked their opinion as to the wholesomeness of the fruit they generally said: "It is perfectly wholesome if eaten ripe; all these bad things apply to the unripe mango, which is sometimes eaten by the Spaniards." Most of the army doctors seemed to think that the only way to prevent the eating of the unripe mango was to prohibit the fruit altogether. There were many cases in which even the most obedient regulars were impelled by thirst and by hunger for a bit of fruit to disobey the order; and, as the clear, yellow mango is always ripe, while the unripe fruit is green or greenish, it did not take a very high order of intelligence to discriminate between the fruit which was fit to eat and that which was unfit.

It is certainly hard to believe any ill of a mango when one looks at it. The tree itself is a most beautiful and attractive thing. Imagine a tree as large as a big Massachusetts oak, covered with rich and glossy foliage finer than that of the orange tree, and covered also with golden fruit nestling brilliantly among the green leaves. On such a tree there must often be a hundred barrels of mangoes, fully matured, every one of which is as large as a good-sized pear. In shape the mango is not unlike the short and thick cucumber, and it has a thin, tough skin, which, when matured, reveals a mass of the most delicious juicy pulp. The only trouble about eating the mango is that one needs an abluion afterwards. Some say that the ideal way is to get into a bathtub, take the mango, eat it, and then go on with the bath. But one is perfectly willing to take the trouble to seek the abluion for the sake of the fruit.

And imagine the trees which bear the fruit growing wild everywhere, and also springing up in every garden and dooryard; the largest and finest ones were always up on a wild mountain side, where apparently no one had ever gathered the abundant fruit. Nor are they a native fruit in Cuba. They have been introduced from India and simply gone wild in the rich soil of the island.—Boston Transcript.

A HAWAIIAN ROMANCE.

The Story of Ah Fong and His Beautiful Family of Daughters.

There is a dash of romance in the brief announcement telegraphed from San Francisco of the engagement of Dr. J. C. Thompson, surgeon on the United States steamer Mohican, now in Hawaiian waters, to Miss Alice Ah Fong, of Honolulu. The lady's name indicates the curious and sometimes perplexing mingling of races in those islands.

The history of Ah Fong, the father of Dr. Thompson's fiancée, is a most interesting one. He was a Chinaman who came from his native land to Hawaii a generation ago, either as a contract laborer or as a small merchant. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence. It is said he had left a wife and children in China, but according to Chinese religion and custom, this was no bar to his taking a new wife in Hawaii. He married a beautiful half-caste Hawaiian girl and brought up a large family of daughters. So upright, honorable and just was Ah Fong in all his dealings that he won universal respect. From a plantation hand he became a planter, merchant and millionaire. On the outskirts of Honolulu he built a residence which, with the tropical gardens surrounding it, is described as a dream of loveliness and beauty. His daughters were educated in the United States and became the most beautiful and accomplished young women of the Hawaiian metropolis. To their soft Polynesian beauty was added the brilliancy of the Orient and piquancy and chic due to the admixture of the American blood, and their society was sought by the most aristocratic in the city. One of the daughters married Captain Whiting of the United States navy, another a judge of the circuit court, and others influential merchants of Honolulu, the youngest, Miss Alice, now being chosen by Dr. Thompson.

All this time Ah Fong continued to support his wife and children as usual. He was never Christianized and always wore his Oriental garb. It was a curious sight to see this full-blooded Chinaman in his magnificent home or driving out in the family carriage with his troop of beautiful daughters, almost

as white as American girls and dressed as such.

The departure of Ah Fong from Honolulu was as romantic as his coming. About ten years ago one of his grown-up sons in China visited his father in the islands and induced him to return to his first wife, who he had not seen for twenty-five years. He told his Hawaiian family of his intention to go home, never to return, and made the most liberal settlement of his property upon his wife and children, so that they were almost millionaires, while Ah Fong went back to China almost as poor as he came.

Dr. Thompson was formerly surgeon of the monitor Monterey, but went to Honolulu on the Collier Brunus, being transferred there to the Mohican. Now that the war with Spain is over, Dr. Thompson expects to resign from the navy, marry his young fiancée and settle down in Honolulu to practice his profession.

Umbrellas in the Navy.

An umbrella is an ordinary, undramatic thing, as a rule, but when a stout, weather-beaten old sailor in Uncle Sam's blue rolled along Broadway one recent day with an article of the kind spread over his head, the interest it excited was prolonged and sustained.

"No man in the navy," explained the tar, "ever includes the umbrella in his outfit. Most of the commissioned officers do, however, although it is never raised aboard ship, no matter how much it rains. Any man or officer who would hoist an umbrella at sea would become an object of ridicule so long as he remained in the service. But when an officer arrives at port he may bring out his umbrella, hoist it and even go ashore with it over his head without making of himself what the boys would call a 'holy show.'"

"Down in tropical countries the umbrella is most important, owing to the fierceness with which the sun shines. If an officer has to go ashore there he never neglects to take his umbrella, and even the men generally try to get hold of the article at those hot ports."

"Umbrellas used by the officers of the navy are just the same as you people who live ashore and just as fancy in the handles. No officer comes ashore in his native land rigged up in his sea togs. He dresses like a private citizen, of course, and so makes use of the little conveniences of private folk."

"Looks funny to see a sailor carrying one of these things? Well, I expect it does, and if the lads aboard ship caught sight of it they'd have more sport with than a bundle of monkeys."—New York Herald.

The Yukon Mosquito.

Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often mis-called a grizzly, has succumbed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hills in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

If Bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him his day has come. The insects will light all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over, then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush and take the unwary prospector by surprise.—Denver Times.

Merits of Steel Sleepers.

The question of the relative merits of steel sleepers as compared with wooden ones has long been a vexing question to the