

"I always quote the American army as being in my views the best army in the world," writes Lord Wolseley to a naval and military journal in the United States.

The new service uniform for the United States army will include knickerbockers in place of trousers. This revision to the style of long ago, coupled with the very general use of knickerbockers in athletics, may foreshadow the passing of the vogue of long trousers, which without any special recommendation have held sway for a century.

Official figures of emigration to Siberia and the return of former emigrants to European Russia, for the year 1901, show that the total movement to Siberia is 128,700, comprising 94,700 emigrants, 25,000 pioneers or intending emigrants and 9,000 peasants seeking work. There returned 55,000 persons, including 31,000 emigrants, 18,000 pioneers and 6,000 workmen. The return movement is stronger than it was in 1900.

Some new and striking metaphors were sprung in Congress during the closing days of the session. Representative Corliss, of Michigan, for instance, asked: "Shall the wheels of progress be shackled by the cable octopus?" One critic suggests that an eight-armed cephalopod would have a difficult task if he should undertake to shackle a wheel at the bottom of the Pacific. Senator Proctor spoke the other day of "holding out the butt end of the olive branch."

In Russia no man may enter a Government establishment without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the Government spirit shops. There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the Minister of Finance. That official has caused notes to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanor while in the State public houses.

The new treaty of commerce and friendship with Spain entirely restores amicable relations with that country. It provides that the citizens of each country shall enjoy equal right in the other as to residence, travel, protection of person and property, the administration of justice and taxation and exemption from military service and forced loans. This is a happy and a rapid ending of the late unpleasantness. It is certain that with the return of amity there will follow a return of profitable trading between the two countries.

As it operates to-day the parliamentary regime of Japan does not possess any serious dangers because it was effectively shackled by those who created it. First, suffrage is restricted, and second, the ministers are only responsible to the mikado. To be an elector it is necessary to be twenty-five years of age and to pay \$10 direct tax, licenses not included, and to be eligible for election the same tax is required, and it is necessary to be thirty years of age. Thus in a population of forty millions there are scarcely 300,000 electors, and but 300 persons who are elected to public office.

Remarkable among the recent public gifts is the \$4,000,000 given by John M. Burke, a retired merchant of New York City. The money is to be used to maintain a home in the borough of Manhattan for worthy men and women who, through no fault of their own, have become unable to support themselves. Notwithstanding much flattery and flippant talk to the effect that no capable and prudent person need ever come to poverty the fact remains that many such persons do. Mr. Burke's charitable recognition of this fact does credit alike to his head and heart, comments the New York World.

"Years had elapsed since I saw the house with the seven gables supposed to be the one which inspired Hawthorne's immortal story and being in its vicinity recently I went to see it again," says a writer in the Boston Herald. "But I wish I hadn't, for that venerable domicile has been touched with the canker of modern improvement. Electric lights, a furnace and bathroom and kitchen boilers serve to render the old-time home of Salem's watchmaker comfortable, but an awful paradox in the opinion of the antiquarian, not to say romancer. I wonder what Hawthorne would say to the changes there. If this is really the famous house one wishes it might have been preserved as America's foremost prose writer described it in that classic, and as Miss Ingersoll left it when she departed this life."

Come, let us fare together
Into that clear blue world—
The tide that no fate can tether
With the sails of our souls unfurled.
Let us drift into any weather;
Come, let us find a path,
Such as the mermaid hath
With pebbles and shells impearled.

We will float down the foam-swept spaces,
We will hide by the crystal walls
Till they crack on our cool, moist faces—
With a rush as of waterfalls,
Or, like tears, in love's tempest driven—
Love with us, there alone—
Half the world for our own
And the whole of heaven!

Beggars, we may not borrow;
Spendthrifts, we cannot pay;
But come! There's no bright to-morrow
As dear as our sure to-day!
Look! not a cloud to shade us,
Nor a boat sail that's near nor far,
And we are as God has made us,
Woman and man we are.

How He Found Something Nicer to Take Than Ipecac.

MRS. MINNA SCHMITT stood at the kitchen door of Merriam's big house and looked at the changing west. Every moment the light was growing fainter and duller, and still Peter Burns did not come in to the supper that had been waiting for him over two hours. This was strange of Peter, and it would have been not only strange, but suspicious of anybody else, after having been "lectioing" all afternoon, with the old Judge, Mrs. Merriam's husband.

Mrs. Schmidt did not like the Judge. The worst men, in her eyes, are those who always seem so nice and pleasant to everybody, and between times get drunk and abuse their wives. If such men were only mean all the time people would not blame their wives for everything that goes wrong, as the village did Mrs. Merriam, when she had the old Judge bound over to keep the peace. Since that time the Judge had been obliged to live at the village hotel, and Mrs. Merriam was left in the big house. Now, when the Judge wanted to see Mrs. Merriam, he drove up to the gate and whistled for her. Then Mrs. Merriam put on her best dress and went driving with him, for the Judge was really very pleasant when he was in a "good temper," as Mrs. Merriam herself would have put it. Every evening she made Peter drive down to the hotel to see that the Judge got to bed without his boots. The Judge paid those of his bills that he could out of his practice, and Mrs. Merriam paid her own out of the place and the "summer guests." Sometimes she paid an odd one of the Judge's.

Minna could not see but what it was much better so, though whenever she went to the village she had to hear something about women who wear the "pants" and like remarks, which passed for wit thereabouts. But Minna, who had had a sharp, and happily short, married experience of her own, loftily ignored these supposed jokes, for her German tongue was too slow to risk answers. The delectable Peter himself, who made possible the harmony of the present conditions, was Irish. He drove the Judge home one day when the Judge's driving was a bit uncertain, even for a horse that could find the way home alone. Peter had put up the horse and looked after things that evening, and he had been doing so ever since. Now he was the one person who was able to travel cheerfully the sometimes slippery path between the inn and the house at all times.

And still he did not come in. Minna bethought herself that she ought to go over to the stables. To-morrow would be Sunday, and Peter often needed a stitch put in somewhere. It was not in Minna's quick fingers to see any one untidy on Sunday if she could help it. So she went over to the stables—not that she was curious or, even worse, worried. Things did look queer. The road-wagon was standing in the driveway, the cushion left shiftlessly on the seat, and Peter's best coat lying across it. After a moment Minna's sharp ear heard deep breathing, and there, at the bench, inside the door, lay Peter, fast asleep. Now Minna could not believe that any man would go fast asleep without his supper unless there was something wrong. But she was used to doing things, not standing and looking at them. She took the cushion off the seat, and along with the coat carried it into the carriage shed. Something hard in one of Peter's pockets struck her hand, and she knew it at once for a bottle. It was almost empty and the contents were not to be mistaken. Then she tried the other pocket. Behold, another bottle!

"That camel of a Judge," she muttered. "He has five stomachs and he does not rest until everybody is like him." The zeal to save woke in her, and she did not ask herself whether she had that fine zeal for every waverling soul, or only for Peter's. She took the bottles and hurried to the kitchen with them.

Mrs. Merriam met her at the kitchen door. "Where is Peter?" she asked. Minna marched past her and tragically held up the two bottles in front of her.

"Minna," gasped that lady, "what—what have you been doing?"

"I?" screamed Minna. "Peter, you mean?"

"Peter! Oh, Peter, Peter, you too, Peter!" wailed Mrs. Merriam, as she sank down in a chair. "But wait; this is the first time, and there is still hope for him. I have it!" And she hurried to her medicine shelf and came back with a bottle with some brown stuff in it. "This will make him wish he'd

Come! for the world's ways grieve us;
Hot are the burning sands,
The hours and the days bereave us;
Clasp with me gladsome hands
And go by sweet height, and hollow,
Where never a milestone is
To point the way to the bliss
Our sure feet find and follow!

We will buffet the waves and beat them,
Rest with them, check to check,
Rush with them, meet them, greet them,
Flee from them, when they seek,
Lips, with their passion glowing,
Living, loving anew,
Shall we spare them a kiss or two,
From our hearts' wild overflowing?

Nay, if we leave behind us
Loads too heavy to bear,
Fetters that strain and bind us,
With the rags that we used to wear—
Out of life's fret and pain,
Taking the way that is nearest,
What matters it, heart, my dearest,
If we come not back again?

—Madeline Bridges, in Life.

never touched any election whisky in his life. Run and slip them back, Minna."

Minna obeyed, and then milked the complaining cows, grown restless waiting for Peter. And when everything was well done she went up to her room and cried a bit. In the morning she was up earlier than usual. There seemed to be no use in waiting for Peter to drive her to early mass this morning. She trudged along the damp road from which the late August sun had not yet drawn the dew. And her feet somehow felt very heavy.

"It is a damp morning," she said, looking against the shining mist. Here and there a dead leaf fluttered in front of her. The sun was soft and warm, and the gleam of the trees deep and dark in the glittering moisture, and yet it all kept her thinking that winter was near, and that she herself was thirty-five. As she passed a little house on the road where old Anse, the choreman, lived with about a dozen grandchildren, she heard a child's fretful cry. "Must be it's sick. I'll have to ask Anse."

When Minna came out of the church she had a start that must surely have given her a nervous shock had she been of less hardy fibre, for there was Peter waiting as usual.

"An' why didn't you wait for me, Mrs. Schmitt?" he asked.

"It was a good morning to walk," said Minna most quietly.

He helped her into the cart, and then he said slowly, after they were started: "It was a very hot day yesterday," and he switched the lines to chase the flies off the backs of the horses—"a very hot day."

But Minna was silent. After a little Peter went on: "We went over a terrible lot of country yesterday, the Judge and I. I'm thankful we had a right good supper over to Harneck's, so he'll tired an' restin' me a minute, I fell asleep. It's too bad you milked the cows and did that work."

"Oh, that didn't make much difference," said Minna. But there seemed to be something that did, so after a bit Peter went on again.

"The Judge is a terrible man to drink and treat all round when he goes 'lectioing'. He gimme a couple o' bottles to treat the boys for him, but I met old Anse in the road this mornin' an' he told me one of the children was sick an' he didn't feel very well himself, an' so I gave him the rest."

Peter had the flattering sense that he was clearing himself without admitting the suspicion, which is really a very delicate thing to do. So he was the more surprised to see Minna jump around in her seat and fairly scream at him:

"You did what?"

"Gave it to old Anse for the child."

"Oh," she moaned, "for the sick child. It'll kill it!"

"But it was good stuff," said Peter blandly. "The Judge paid a dollar a bottle for the bit of a bottle."

"But it's bad; I know it's bad. Hurry up and tell Anse it's bad." Peter hurriedly stared at her, and almost held the horses at a standstill. "Hurry up," she said, and rattled the whip in its socket. At this ominous and unaccounted sound, the horse plunged forward so suddenly that Peter had to pull them to their haunches to keep them out of the ditch.

"I'll not drive a step, I'll tell ye," he said, "until I know what for." For Peter could not stand bothering the horses when he was driving. Then Minna began to cry and Peter as well as the horses was bothered.

"But, Mrs. Schmitt," he said, "sure an' you're always such a sensible woman—"

"What's the use to be a sensible woman when a man's so foolish? It's all your fault." And Minna cried more.

"Well, then, if it is, I'll be driving on," said Peter. "An' you'll be tellin' me how it is that it's my fault." Then he lifted the reins, but he did not start the horses. Minna looked over the field while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then she stole a glance at Peter's face, calm and masculinely unrelenting. There came a trot behind her. McGorlick's mules were coming up the road behind them, and she and Peter standing still like that! So she began hurriedly:

"I was afraid you'd get like the Judge, too, so we thought if you did get good and sick you'd never do it again, and we put some ipecac in it, a whole ounce—"

"In what?" asked the hyper-innocent Peter.

"In the bottles of whisky," gulped Minna.

Peter whistled and the horses flew. "Ipecac's bitter isn't it?" But Minna did not notice. She was crying so hard. "Guess I better tell Anse that it's cheap 'lectioing' whisky and the Missus will send him someb'other." Minna smiled so gratefully that Peter felt to wondering what he could do next to please her. When he came out of Anse's he was chuckling. "The baby's all right. But Anse is havin' a time!" Whereupon Minna giggled hysterically.

To make sure, Minna herself took the basket and the port wine which Mrs. Merriam sent. When she came back she walked rather slowly up the driveway, trying to decide whether she should stop and tell Peter. When she came to the stable door Peter was pitching straw for bedding. He did not seem to be getting much on his fork, and presently he looked up as if seeing her there was the most unexpected happening. He pulled his hat down and came toward her. Leaning against the doorpost he regarded the prongs of his pitchfork intently. About that time Minna found her basket handle very interesting, and she began to rub her forehead thoughtfully up and down its strands.

"The baby's all right, Peter," she said, after a while. Peter looked at her meditatively as if somehow she were saying something else.

"Mrs. Schmitt," he said then, "I've been thinkin' about how worried you got about them bottles. It's kind o' nice to think people care enough to worry about you. Now, I've been thinkin' that there might be nice things to take than ipecac, and sometimes it's the nice things that are best for a man, don't you think so?"

Peter stopped and dug his pitchfork into the ground. Minna's literal German mind had become unvary.

"What would you take, then, Peter?"

"Well, now, Minna, if I were left to me I'd take you."

In spite of Mrs. Merriam, who pointed out precedent and evidence to prove that Minna had strangely inverted her opinions, Minna agreed with Peter—just to save him, to be sure—New York Sun.

Snakes in Dutch Guiana.

"Speaking of snakes," said a mining engineer, "I do not think there is a spot on the face of this earth to equal Dutch Guiana in that respect. There they have large snakes and small snakes, red snakes and green snakes, amber-colored snakes and golden snakes, snakes harmless and snakes deadly, round-headed snakes and flat-headed snakes, and snakes ranging through the entire list of colors from mud gray to a striped orange and red."

"If you are a tenderfoot in the country, before you leave Paramaribo for the gold fields in the jungle the natives will warn you against the snakes. On the way to the fields, 400 miles up the river in a canoe, you can shoot a dozen or more water snakes if you are watchful. Once in camp and accustomed to precautions, before you get into your hammock at night you turn it inside out to oust a possible parrot snake that may have taken kindly to your bed. During the night if you are called upon to leave camp you pick your way along the jungle trail with a lantern held low to light every inch your feet traverse. In the morning when you come to the embers of your camp fire you will find a bunch of snakes curled up around one another to keep off the chill of the night in the warm ashes. And so it is, snakes, snakes, snakes. Throughout 40,000 square miles of jungle it is one continuous snake paradise."

The Preservation of Westminster Abbey.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in London Professor Lethaby read a paper on "Westminster Abbey and Its Restorations."

Referring to the coronation of Edward I, he said the accounts showed that a great stable was built in St. Margaret's Churchyard, temporary halls were set up in the gardens of the palace for the people, a wooden passage was built from the palace to the church and the new tower above the choir was covered with boards, and a wooden floor laid down in the choir, showing that these two last portions were not then completed. He traced the story of the vandalism in the shape of restorations which has been going on since Henry III, work—the destruction of the palace buildings, the painted chamber, St. Stephen's chapel, the star chamber, etc. He said that similar work was still under way, and that unless this system of so-called improvements could be arrested the original abbey would soon be a thing of the past.

A Record-Breaking Name.

Joseph Andrezskwerowitzka is the name of a young Polish girl who arrived in this city on the Haverford from Liverpool last week. She has the longest name of any immigrant that ever came to Philadelphia, and when they told her so as they examined her at Washington wharf, she smiled with gratification. "I thought my name would be the longest," she said, "I thought you would tell me that, for that is what I have been told by everybody since I left home." Miss Andrezskwerowitzka is bound for St. Paul, where a place as housemaid has been engaged for her in a hotel. She was advised to change her name, on account of its awkward length, but she replied: "No, indeed, I will not change it till I get married!"—Philadelphia Record.

It is said that the New York Central will be obliged to raise its tracks eleven inches all the way between New York and Buffalo, in order to get in the new stone foundation.



The Land of Shut-Your-Eyes. There is a land you may not know, Although so close it lies. I'll tell its name—but whisper low— 'Tis the Land of Shut-Your-Eyes. To find it? Why, just lie quite still. When dusk begins to creep, And close your eyelids with a will— Don't take a single peep.

And first you know you'll not be here, But in a wondrous place, Where Jabberwocks and Pinquins queer Will smile up in your face. Where Brownies, Gnomes and fairy folk, With Goops and Injuns, too, Will crowd around you thick as smoke. And whisper jokes to you.

There never was a land so strange, Nor yet more nice to see. Each time you look the people change; They couldn't queerer be. And oh, the funny things they do! The way they jump and prance! You'll pay a visit every night Unless you love to dance.

They dance all night, the funny things, They caper and they smile, They fly—although not all have wings— They chatter all the while. To know them is a great delight, So, children, if you're wise, You'll pay a visit every night To the Land of Shut-Your-Eyes.

How to Make Squirt-Guns. One-legged Barney, as we boys used to call him, was the railway bridge tender as a means of livelihood, but his profession was making squirt-guns, pop-guns, corn-fiddles and whistles for the lads of the town. His little round house upon the high grade near the river was only a short way from a thicket of willows and elder bushes. From morning till night he would sit by his door, his red signal flag propped against his knee, and his wooden leg resting on a stool, where it served the purpose of a carpenter's

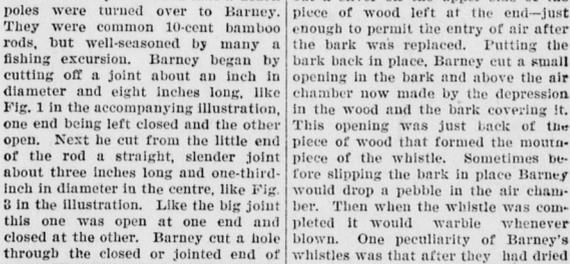
Barney's whistles were usually made of willow, but sometimes he would make a monster from a smooth piece of poplar. For lusty, deep-voiced whistles, Barney selected straight willow branches a bit over one-half inch in diameter. Cutting the branch into pieces six inches in length, he put these to soak in a pail of water. After an hour or two he would take out one of the pieces, cut a circle around it at the centre, and begin softly hammering the bark with the back of his knife, making sure to pound every portion of the bark which he intended to remove. When the bark was thus loosened from the wood Barney grasped it in his fat right hand and slowly twisted

A PUZZLE PICTURE.



Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-sheering? Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick o'-hearing! Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you deariv? Thank you, kind sir, I hear very deariv. Find the old woman's son and a cow.

bench, while Barney whittled away making things for the boys. Squirt-guns were favorites with us, for the river was near at hand, but Barney's squirt-guns of elder would crack after a little. So we demanded better ordnance for our midsummer warfare. "Wall," said Barney, "bring me down an ole fishin' pole an' we'll see." That very afternoon half a dozen poles were turned over to Barney. They were common 10-cent bamboo rods, but well-seasoned by many a fishing excursion. Barney began by cutting off a joint about an inch in diameter and eight inches long, like Fig. 1 in the accompanying illustration, one end being left closed and the other open. Next he cut from the little end of the rod a straight, slender joint about three inches long and one-third-inch in diameter in the centre, like Fig. 3 in the illustration. Like the big joint this one was open at one end and closed at the other. Barney cut a hole through the closed or jointed end of



the little piece with the small blade of his penknife. Then he cut a hole in the closed end of the large joint, this hole being large enough to permit the small piece, or nozzle, to slip through up to the joint with a little hard driving. Barney then cut out two little half-disks of wood, which together would fit closely into the open end of the large joint or reservoir. These bits of wood were over half an inch thick and made of pine. They were hollowed out so that when they were placed together to form a perfect disk there was a hole over one-quarter

of an inch in diameter in the centre (see Fig. 2). This was to give play to the driver or piston, which was the next thing made. It consisted of a piece of hickory, one foot long one-fourth of an inch in diameter throughout its length, excepting at the top and bottom. The top was broadened out to fit the palm of the hand, and the lower portion was left a little larger, that it might be wound with cloth until it fitted the inside of the reservoir snugly (see Fig. 4). The next thing to do was to soak the wound end of the driver in linseed oil, insert it in the reservoir, put the two cap piece in place, and the squirt-gun was completed, as you see it in Fig. 5. All that remained to do was to stick the nozzle in the water, pull out the driver till it struck the cap, and the machine was loaded for an attack upon any sort of an enemy. A squirt-gun of this kind when once well soaked would last all summer or longer.

The little pocket arrow gun shown in the illustration was simply a joint of bamboo with one end open, and the other closed, an oblong hole about one-half inch wide and two inches long near the closed end, and a spring made of hickory to fit the opening. The arrow was inserted in the muzzle, and to send it kiting one simply had to hold the gun in the hand, pull back the spring with the finger and then let it fly.

James Settled It. Two boys in a rural Scotch district were one day discussing what sign it was when the cuckoo is heard for the first time in the year. One of them said it was a sign of getting married, while the other said it was a sign that you were going to be rich. A farmer, overhearing them, said, "That cannot be true, because I have heard it many times, and I am not married yet, and I am certainly not rich." Just then a local worthy, known as "Daft Jamie," was passing by, and the farmer said: "Jamie, can you tell us what sign it is when you hear the cuckoo for the first time?" "Yes," said Jamie, as he took his pipe from his mouth; "it's a sign you're not deaf."

About Old Ironsides. Old Ironsides was a title popularly conferred upon the United States Frigate Constitution, which was launched at Boston, September 20, 1797. She became greatly celebrated on account of the prominent part she took in the bombardment of Tripoli in 1804 and for the gallantry displayed by her officers and men during the War of 1812.