I love to read of daring deeds,
Of clash and clamoring of war;
To learn of one who bravely bleeds,
Defending what he's fighting for,
But South America is much
Too mingled for my mind to hitch—
The tangle they are in is such
I don't know which is fighting which,

They're skipping out with treasuries,
And blowing public buildings down,
And every city quakes and sees
Some doughty leader's fighting frown.
The cable brings the thrilling news
Of men who die in some last ditch—
To grasp it must my mind refuse—
I don't know which is fighting which.

The clarg of swords, the blustered boast,
Are ringing now both night and day;
The troops are battling on the coast;
By sea and land they run away.
I wonder if they know the truth,
Or if to fight they simply itch.
I wonder if they know-forsooth,
If they know which is fighting which,
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

## **李素素素基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本基本**

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Drama of To-Day

By Hubert Cecil.

ESPITE the late hour, lights shone in the library, together with the glow and reflection of a big, cheerful fire. Drawn near to this was a round oak table covered and littered by documents of all descriptions; while beside it with his head resting on his arms, Horace Nor-cliffe, banker and broker, sat soundly sleeping.

Outside the casement window, whose outside the casement window, whose curtain had not been lowered, was a face sharp as that of any fox. The small eyes, intense and glistening, were fixed immovably on the slumbering man, and the slim, dapper body quivered with triumphant excitement at the sight.

ered with triumphant excitement at the sight.

Cautiously inserting a clasp knife blade, he deftly forced up the hasp, then stepped withia, closed the window and dropped the curtain.

Glidlig noiselessly to the door, he turned the key in the lock.

Fresently, however, he shook the banker snartly by the shoulder. A disapproving grunt was the only response he received. But a vigorous slap on the back brought Horace to his feet with a bound. Staring about him, dazed and bewildered, he finally perceived the anused intruder, at whom he gazed long and incredibly. "Who are you?" he demanded, when his astonishment permitted. "What do you want here?"

"I answer to Jedrey, and my business here is—well, rather peculiar."

"Then state it middle, and begone."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Horace sharply.

"Mean?" retorted Jedrey. "I mean to tell your history better even than you know it yourself."

He then sketched the banker's career in an accurate manner. He told how when a susceptible young man he had married a woman who, older than himself, afterward proved to be unworthy of the love he had bestowed upon her either before or after he had made her his wife. As he had desired to avoid the scandal of a divorce he had left her to seek his fortune in a distant city. Reports that came to him from his old home told of the woman's downfall, disappearance, and finally of her death. After several years had passed he had met and married his present wife and was enjoying to the full the happiness of perfect love. Much as he regretted to disturb this happiness, the visitor continued, he was obliged to inform him that his first wife was not dead, but living and anxious to see him.

"Heavense" exclaimed Horace, all anathy vanishing in sudden dismay. "Allce alive? But no; impossible! It is false—bideously false! Beyond the slightest doubt she committed suicide."

"Have you ever had absolute proof

yond the signtest usual sacratical guidele."

"Have you ever had absolute proof that the buried woman was actually yout wife?"

"No, but—"

"Then don't be deluded any longer," declared Jedrey, literally beside himself with glee. "She is no more dead than you are. She has been craving all these weary years to see her beloved husband. And, by the way, capital, and plenty of it, is the only thing to quiet her."

"If you do not instantly depart."

quiet her!"

"If you do not instantly depart,"
shouted the banker, elenching his
hands fiercely, "I will kill you—I sweat

it!"

"The threat," he said, "is both empty and foolish. However, I will obey your command if you promise to obey mine. The sole object of this visit, on behalf of Alice, is money. Money we must have—shall have. The amount decided upon is £20,000. Do you agree to pay it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds?" mut-red the banker. "Yes! I agree! But

silently praying for some way of escape, he hastened to unlock the door of the room, to find his wife, clad only in a loose, filmsy dressing gown. She had fainted away.

Lifting her tenderly in his arms, he carried her back to her own room, where he successfully applied restoratives.

tives.

She had awakened, it seems, in the midst of a dreadful dream. She thought he was in danger, that she might lose him, that they would soon be parted forever. And Horace, with a cruel, aching pain at his heart, realized how prophetic must the dream become. To remain with his wife, should Alice chance to be alive, was utterly out of the question. His conscience and integrity, the whole man in him, forbade that. He would prove the dream either true or false, even though the result might break his heart.

The next day, therefore, he instructed his valet to pack his portmanteaus, and forward the same to him, directly he sent for them. Then he called on his lawyer, an old college chum.

"George," he said, brokenly, gripping his hand, "certain circumstances have arisen which may necessitate my leaving the country. I shall know definitely to-morrow night. Everything is horribly unreal, as yet. But there, ask me no details, there's a good fellow. Only be ledge your word to take this explanation to my wife. Comfort her, George, in memory of the old days. Let no harm befall her, don't allow her to grieve or fret, settle my affairs for her."

And ere the astonished man of law could accept or refuse the trust, Horace had rushed away.

How the intervening hours passed, Horace was never clearly conscious.

The appointed time, however, at last drew near, and faint and haggard, he quickly repaired to the place of meeting, anxious, yet dreading, to learn the worst. Jedrey was already there, and stepped forward from the shadow of one of the arches.

"That's right," he said briskly, "I'm glad I did not mistake my man. Brought the money, I suppose."

"Why else should I be here?" replied Horace, striving to conceal his trembiling apprehension. "Yet even you cannot expect me to pay until Alice is produced alive."

"Why else should I be here?" replied Horace, striving to conceal his trembiling apprehension. "Yet even you cannot expect me to pay until Alice is produced alive."

"That is easily done," said Jedrey, keenly enjoying

his astonishment permitted. "What do you want here?"
"I answer to Jedrey, and my business here is—well, rather peculiar."
"Then state it quickly and begone," said Horace sternly, with his hand on the bell, "unless you wish to be arrested."
"You may ring yourself blue, my dear sir," returned Jedrey, "but no one will heed you. It has turned 12, and the servants are all in bed. Besides, you would be wise to hear me. A man of your prominence should always have a clear character, and not a mere pretence to one."
"Why, what do you mean?" said Horace sharply.
"Mean?" retorted Jedrey, "I mean to tell your history better even than you know it yourself."
"He then sketched the banker's career in an accurate manner. He told how when a susceptible young man he had married a woman who, older than him that hal! ha! Then let me give you one."
The banker surveyed her silently,

dearie! What! Is my cherub shy?
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Then let me give you one?"
The banker surveyed her silently, dumbly, blankly. There had been no deception, no trickery.
"Are you satisfied yet?" queried Jedrey, sardonically. "Perhaps you would like still further proof. Alice," he commanded, turning to her, "show him your marriage certificate."

"Ha, ha, ha!" giggled Alice, fumbling among the folds of her tattered dress. "Proof does he want, eh? Pretends not to know his loving wifer, does he? See," she added, drawing forth a crumpled document, and lurching toward him with it; "there you are, dearie, in black and white."
Suddenly, however, the door flew wide back, and George Grimmell, darting inside, hastly snatched the paper and scanned it, eagerly. "Hurrah!" he shouted, throwing aside the drunken woman, who stunded, across the bed and passively lay there, half sobered by surprise. "As I imagined! before she met you! Mixed the certificates! Officer, officer, catch that man! Quick; don't let him escape! That's it; slip the jingles on him! Horace," he continued, shaking her husband—her real and first one! And Lucy's your wife—your second and true "Fore." New York News.

The Pay Anthors Receive in Japan.

and true 2.6.1. New York News.

The Pay Authors Receive in Japan.

Japanese authors receive 20 little pay for work in thele own country that a native writer says there is no hope for any remarkable Japanese want of letters, in order to live in bare comfort, has to produced. A Japanese man of letters, in order to live in bare comfort, has to produce at least four or five long volumes a year, and it is seldom he receives as much as two hundred dollars for a voluminous novel. In order to live decembly he must earn at least seven hundred dollars a year. It will be seen from these figures that he can scarcely be expected to do any fine work at that rate of production. The only professional Japanese author in America at present is Onoto Watanna. Miss Watanna's striking success in this country ought to encourage other Japanese novelists to learn English and come to America.—Harper's. "Twenty thousand pounds?" muttered the banker. "Yes! I agree! But I cannot pay it now, or here."

"That is immaterial," chuckled Jedrey, advancing and unlatching the window. "Your word and my knowledge are sufficient. Meet me on the other side of the Dennon Arches, two nights hence, after dark. Be sure to bring the money. Fail to do so, and Alice herself will call upon your wife!"

Shuddering at the appalling menace. Horace fastened the window and then.



Japanese auctions are conducted on the silent plan. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a bor. When the bidding is over the box is opened by the auctioneer and the goods are de-clared the property of the highest bid-der,

der,

Dooley, a dog owned by a St. Louis woman, travels on a Pullman pass. The dog recently rode from New York City to St. Louis, with stop-over privileges at Atlantic City and Hot Springs, Va., on the same style of pass that furnished transportation for his mistress and her husband. The pass bore the name "Mr. Dooley."

An old Spanish war ship has been lately discovered 200 feet under water off Messina. She was probably sunk in some naval engagement in the seventeenth century. Six guns were recovered, including two sister guns, seven feet long, bearing, under the royal escutcheon of Spain, the date 1632.

According to tradition among the old villagers, the ground on the west shore of Canarsie Landing, New York, upon which stands to-day a stone, shingle-covered farmhouse, was bought by "old man Schenck"—pronounced Skank by the natives—for a small quantity of schnapps from the Canarsie tribe of Indians. This house is said to be more than 200 years old, and the deed for the ground on which it stands was scribbled on a clam shell, which shell, according to the same tradition, is now according to the same tradition, is now in a museum in Washington.

in a museum in Washington.

Gurious marriage customs certainly prevail in China. Thus, a charming lady was not long ago married with great pomp to a red flower-vase, representing a deceased bridgroom who died a few days before his wedding. His inconsolable betrothed declared that she would never marry any one else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower-vase was gone through to enable the girl to enfer the family, and the town proceeded to build a granite arch to commemorate her devotion.

The addresses in Persian upon letters which go through the postoffice at Calcutta are often quaint and puzzling. An Indian paper recently translated one as follows: "If the Almighty pleases—Let this envelope, having arrived in the city of Calcutta, in the neighborhood of Calcotolah, at the counting house of Sirajoodeen and Hahdad, merchants, be offered to and read by the happy light of my eyes, of virtuous manners, and beloved of the heart—Meean Shaikh Inayut Ally, may his life be long. Written on the tenth of the blessed Rumzan, Saturday, in the year 1266 of the Hegira of our Prophet, and dispatched at Bearing. Having without loss of time paid the postage and received the letter, you will read it, and having abstained from food or drink, considering it forbidden to you, you will convey yourself to Janupoor, and you will know this to be a strict injunction."

and you will know this to be a strict injunction."

Uniforms in Hospitals.

The decision that every orderly and attendant in a hospital under the control of city authority shaft wear a neat and suitable uniform has everything in its favor, and there can be no valid argument against it. Would any intelligent person now advocate a return to the old, unsatisfactory system of many years ago, when the conductors and brakemen on railroads wore clothes not different from those of the passengers? What endless confusion and trouble were caused in those days by the lack of a distinguishing garb on the part of the men who had charge of the trains! And the employes of hospitals should, of course, be easily recognized even at a distance, by doctors, surgeons, superintendents and patients. Indisputably rules can be enforced, discipline can be carried out, the standards of the institutions kept up and peace and quiet maintained in the wards more effectively and with less friction by orderlies who were uniforms than by those who are clad in the ordinary attire of private life. Hospital uniforms must be adopted wherever they have not yet been insisted upon.—New York Tribune.

\*\*She Probably Knew\*\*

ed wherever they have not yet been lusisted upon.—New York Tribune.

She Probably Knew.

When Mr. Goodheart came home to supper he found Mrs. Goodheart in a state akin to despendency, which was quite unusual with her.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" he anxiously inquired.

"Matter enough," said she. "Our servant has left us, and here is a letter from Sarah Armatige saying she will be here to-morrow, and expects to stay over Sunday with us. What on earth is to be done?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Goodheart. "Harold can act as dining room waiter, Millie can be maid of all work, and you can be cook. You know you are a good one. We shall get along swimmingly."

"And what will you do?" inquired Mrs. Goodheart.

"Me? Oh, I'll be a gentleman," he replied.

"Very well, we will try your plan. Edmund," she said, cheerfully, "but I am afraid we shall all feel rather awkward in our unaccustomed roles."

Mr. Goodheart says she was as cheerful as a lark all the remainder of the evening.—New York "Denes.

MOLASSES AS CATTLE FOOD:

MOLASSES AS CATTLE FOOD:

Horses and Mules Have Thrivel on It in
Louisiana For Two Years been in
general use in Louisiana for the feeding of horses, mules and all stock, and
probably nine-tenths of the draught
animals in the sugar district get this
food, either alone or mixed with oats
or corn.

The animals like it, and are kept in
splendid condition by it. "Sugar
mules," which are fed on molasses
mainly, are worth from twenty to
twenty-five per ceut. more than the
mules on cotton plantations, which are
fed generally on cottonseed and cottonseed meal.

Molasses has been a waste product in
Louisiana ever since the improved
processes in the manufacture of sugar
have extracted more of the saccharine
from it than formerly. It has been a
problem how to get rid of it. The discovery therefore that it could be used
as a food for stock was of double
value.
Six months ago a factory was erected

value,
Six months ago a factory was erected
for the manufacture of cattle food
from molasses. The process is very

simple.

The molasses is mixed with corn or oats in nearly equal proportions. The mixture is pressed into a solid mass and dried and then ground into a fine powder.

mixture is pressed into a solid mass and dried and then ground into a fine powder.

It is like the cottonseed meal with which cattle and horses are fed throughout the world. The horses, mules and cattle are very fond of the molasses, and they do better on it than on any other food fed to them. They keep fat and are capable of extraordinary work in hauling heavy loads.

This one factory turns out 150 tons of molasses preparation a day; and the stuff is being rapidly substituted on the plantations for the raw molasses, not because it is any better, but because it is more conveniently handled. So far the use of molasses for feeding horses has been confined to New Orleans and the sugar districts, but by this process, which enables it to be handled ensily, it is likely to be shipped elsewhere.

Only a small part of the Louisiana molasses crop, which runs to from 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons a year, is used for horse and cattle food or in any other way; and a large proportion of it is thrown away or burned in the furnace with the bagasse and other waste and refuse.—New York Sun.

Old Bridal Customs.

There used to be a custom of strew-ing flowers before the bridal couples as they went to the church and from the church to the house.

were strewing.
All things were ready, we to the church
were going.
And now suppose the priest had joined
our hands."

And now suppose the priest bad joined our hands," is a quaint old verse that refers to this custom. The Persians introduce a tree at their marriage feasts laden with fruit, and it is the place of the guests to try to pluck this without the bridegroom observing If successful, they must present the bridal couple with a gift a hundred times the value of the object removed. In Tuscany brides wear jasmine wreaths, and there is a legend that a once reigning Grand Duke who at great expense procured this flower for his own particular garden, gave orders to his gardener not to part with any flowers or elippings; but the gardener, who was in love, took a sprig to his sweetheart as a gift. She, being shrewd, planted it and raised from it several small plants which she sold to the Duke's envious neighbors at a great price. In a short time she had saved enough money to enable her lover and herself to marry and start housekeeping, and so the Tuscans have a saying that "The girl worthy of wearing the jasmine wreath is rich enough to make her husband happy."

cupid and the Coal Fausine.

Cupid and the Coal Fausine.

However loving and trusting two young hearts may be, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, it is a foregone conclusion that they can in no way affect the price of coal this winter, and it is a brave young man who would take his fair young bride by the hand and face the whole world with coal at \$20 a ton. Therefore the weddings are being postponed by hundreds of thousands until more auspicious times, and everybody knows what that means. That there is many a slip is nowhere more truly spoken than in reference to engaged couples, and a wedding postponed has but one chance in five of ever coming off.

Worse than that, the coal strike and the consequent boosting of prices are going to have a similar blighting effect upon next spring's crop of engagements and weddings, since only the fabulously wealthy can afford this winter to allow Cholly and Araminta to hold down the sofa in the warm and cosy parlor until all hours of the night. Stern papas will enforce the early closing rules with unheard of rigidity when \$20 coal is being consumed in the furnace. Parlor duets will become an un-

Some Men Who Ride Hobbies

--- Some Examples of Success in Specialty Farming.

LYNN BROWN OXFORT OHIO.

In this day and generation it seems necessary for every one to have a speciality, no matter what his occupation or profession; 'While in farming it is necessary to raise at least a little of a good many things, and, in fact, do more or less general farming, it is the man who learns one particular branch of the business better than any one else in his community, and then pushes it for all it is worth who makes the most money out of it.

This specializing becomes more and more pronounced. Each doctor has his specialty, and many refuse to treat anything outside of their own particular lines. The farmer, however, cannot be so exclusive, as a farm must have stock, and it takes various erops to raise stock, and it requires the use of horses to make crops, so his line of work must be somewhat general. This need not keep him from learning his favorite branch to perfection and putting the main part of his energy and thought in that direction.

I should like to introduce some of our best men and their hobbies in this locality. I speak of them as hobbies, but, of course, they amount to more than this with them, because they have become the most successful part of their life work.

One man, Jones, is known to all as the plum man. His farm was never much good for cropping, so some years ago he put out a large plum orchard containing all the best varieties and many kinds that people here had never seen before. He then made a complete study of spraying, pruning and plum growing in general until he had his business down to so fine a point that he is now as sure of a plum crop as are his neighbors of a wheat or corn crop. And what a harvest he has reaped this year, with all other fruit very scarce and his trees full of perfect beauties at \$3 a bushel? Surely his plums are better than the proverbial political plums, which occasionally drop to a favored fow. He has worked for his.

King is the honey man, and people often wonder why his frames of honey are filled so evenly and are always so clean and while that they have the appea

get corn.
But I must not fail to make Mr. Han

delphia Saturday Evening Post, it is a foregone conclusion that they can in no way affect the price of coal this winter, and it is a brave young man who would take his fair young bride by the hand and face the whole world with coal at \$20 a ton. Therefore the weddings are being postponed by hundreds of thousands until more auspicious times, and everybody knows what that means. That there is many a silp is nowhere more truly spoken than in reference to engaged couples, and a wedding postponed has but one chance in five of ever coming off.

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Born, Married and Buried at Sea. The body of Captain Richard Marseden, who was for nineteen years Harbor Master at Gravesend, England, was committed to the deep off the Goodwin Sands the other day. Captain Marseden was born and married at sea.

Deep-sea water for study is procured by means of specially prepared bottles.

\* \* \* \* \* \* they found that he could dispose of forty bushels of seed from an acre at a price close to the dollar mark, and at the same time have lots of good feed left, they began to imitate him somewhat.—New York Tribune.

ieft, they began to imitate him somewhat.—New York Tribune.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish in the Geographical Journal treats of the snow waves and snow drifts of Canada. From Montreal as far weat as Port Arthur, that is to say, for 1000 miles, he found the snow moderately dry, as in the Pentlands and Highlands of Scotland, but from Winnipeg to Medicine Hat it was dry, granular and rough on the surface. Parts of the prairie were swept bare of snow in the neighbout hood of snow banks, and the handscape resembled a white desert. In the Rockles the snow was moister, and at Glacier House in the Selkirks, a stump of tree two feet thick supported a cap of snow nine feet across the eaves projecting three feet six inches all around the pedestal, and the whole resembling a gigantic mushroom or toadstool. Another broken tree four feet thick had a snowcap twelve feet across, the eaves projecting four feet all around. Some of these "snow mushrooms" must have weighed a ton. The layers of snow in them bend with gravily downward, leaving a hollow about the trunk.

Paris Under Arms.

One night last week there were fout

leaving a hollow about the trunk.

Paris Under Arms.

One night last week there were four organized battles in the streets of Paris, where the revolver was used and the pavements littered with empty cattridge cases. No value was set on the life of a passer-by The roving bands of secondrels had issued challenges and come into the very heart of the city, within sight of the Comedie Francaise. The consternation that prevails in Paris is noticeable, and to this is added the fact that the street lamps are turned out a little after 1 o'clock. There is not a soul on the terraces of the cafes after widnight, and people walk home in the middle of the streets. The leaders of the different bands, who hear the most fantastic names, kindly assure the public that they have nothing to fear, that the warfare is purely between one clain and another, and all they have to do is to keep out of the

they have to do is to keep out of the line of fire.—Sketch.

Cuvier's Collection Doomed.

The splendid cabinet of comparative anatomy in Paris begun by Cuvier, the distinguished naturalist. in 1796, and the completion of which occupied twenty-one years, is to be demolished by the anthorities of the Jardin delay by the anthorities of the Jardin delay Cuvier are the embaimed remains of the huge rhinoceros brought to his Versalles meingerie by Louis XIV, and which the gay monarch used to visit each week attended by his Court. The carcass thus honored by the King and his sycophants was saved with difficulty by Cuvier in 1793 from the incensed revolutionists, who desired to burn it because it had been one of their "tyrant's" anuscements.

Three-Toed Horses Founds.

Fossil horses of the three-toed type have been discovered by the exploring party supported by the William C. Whitney fund now in quest of the remains of these animals in the West, according to Professor Osborn, of the Museum of Natural History, who said that the fossils included a herd of five. One skeleton is mearly complete, but the others are fragments. Hitherto only pieces of skulls and limbs have been found. The fossils have been shipped to the museum, and will, Professor Osborn says, add an important stage to the history and development of the horse in America.—New York Times.

Dectors Incomes in England.
The British Medical Journal ventured an estimate of the average income that might be expected by the general practitioner in England, and put it at \$2000 to \$2500. The estimate was copied into several daily papers, and has produced a large crop of correspondence, teeming with ridicule and indignation. The general practitioners, who ought to know, declare that only a small proportion of their number earn so much even after years of arduous work. The competition brought about by the overacrowded state of the profession is, they declare, so great that it is a cruelty to induce men, by inflated estimates, to enter it.

Old Remans Used Tables.

native men, by inhance estimates, to enter it.

Old Romans Used Tablets.

Stamps have been found in England which have been shown were used by the Romans to stamp remedies for producing clearness of vision, or for doing away with dimness of sight. The object aimed at by the medicament was specified in the stamp. It is noteworthy that the stamps so far discovered were designed for remedies for ocular diseases. The preparations were hardened with gum or some visicia substance, and were thus ready to be liquefied at any time. Thus our supposedly very modern device of triturates or compressed tablets is only a revival of an ancient Roman custom.

In the Courtroon.

The the Courtroom.

"Your Honor and Geutlemen of the Jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my gray halr. My hair is gray, and it will continue to be gray so long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black, and will continue to be black so long as he dyes."—New York Times,