I love to read of daring deeds,

Of clash and clamoring of war;

Of clash and clamoring of war;

Determine the state of th

They're skipping out with treasuries,
And blowing public buildings down,
And overy 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 clang 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.

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 sheenly? 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 Norcilife, banker and broker, sat soundly sleeping.

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.

Cautously inserting a clasp knife blade, he deftily forced up the hasp, then steeped within, closed the window and dropped the curtain.

Clidling noiselessly to the door, burned the key in the lock.

Presently, however, he shook the banker smartly 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 amused intruder, at whom he gazed long and incredibly. "That is easily done," said Jedrey, keenly enjoying his discomfuture, "Follow 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 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 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 bell, "unless you wond always have a clear character, and not a mere pretence to one."

"You may ring yourself blue, my dear sir," returned Jedrey, "but no one will heed you. It has turned 12, and the servine and the

clean and washed, must have been more than repellant; but, black, grimy, "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 meat 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 informin that his first wife was not dead, but living and anxious to see him. "Heavens" exclaimed Horace, all apathy vanishing in sudden dismay." Allce alive? Alive? But no: impossible! It is false—hideously false! Beyond the skightest doubt she committed that the buried woman was actually your wife?"

"No, but—"

"The banker surveyed her silently, dumbly, blankly. There had been no deeption, no trickery.

"Are you satisfied yet?" queried Jed. The banker surveyed her silently, dumbly, blankly. There had been no deeption, no trickery.

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"Are you satisfied yet?" queried Jed. The had made hen no deeption, no trickery.

"Ha, ha, ha!" giggled Alice, fumbling among the folds of her tattered dress. "Proof does he want, eh? Pretends 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. "Heavens!" extended the paper an

yond the slightest doubt she committed suicide."

"Have you ever had absolute proof that the burled woman was actually your 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," shouted the banker, clenching his hands fiercely, "I will kill you—I swear it!"

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

thon is 123,000. By you agree to pay
"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.

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.

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 in time for the guestion. His conscience and in the grity, 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 pledge 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 of the carried her would accept or refuse the trust, Horace of the carried her would accept or refuse the trust, Horace of the carried her would accept or refuse the trust, Horace of the carried her would accept or refuse the trust, Horace of the carried here was a covered farmhouse, we covered farmhouse, we covered farmhouse, we

The Pay Authors Receive in Japan

The Pay Authors Receive in Japan.

Japanese authors receive so little pay for work in their own country that a native writer says there is no hope for any remarkable Japanese work to be 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 decently he must carn 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.

Of those sentenced by English courts as habitual drunkards more than one-third are women.



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.

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 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 in a museum in Washington.

In a museum in Washington.

Curious 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 bridegroom 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.

baild 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 Calootolah, 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 Jaunpoor, and you will know this to be a strict injunction."

Uniforms in Hospitals.

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Uniforms in Hospitals.

The decision that every orderly and attendant in a hospital under the control of city authority shall 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 rallroads 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 wear 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 insited upon.—New York Tribune,

She Probably Knew.

When Mr. Goodheart came home to

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

She Probably Knew.

When Mr. Goodheart came home to supper he found Mrs. Goodheart in a state akin to despondency, 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 "Unes.

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

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 easily, 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.

turnace with the bagasse and other waste and refuse.—New York Sun.

Old Bridal Customs.

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

"Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strewing.
All things were ready, we to the church were going,
And now suppose the priest had 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 clippings; 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 Famine.

Cupid and the Coal Famine.

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 brawe 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 closs fig rules with unheard of rigidity when \$20 coal is being consumed in the furnace. Parlor duets will become an unknown quantity, impecunious young men will have to go to bed immediately after dinner in order to keep warm, and there will be no engagements following the winter season of tete a teets.

Even Married and Rusled at Sea.

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 as alip 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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Horn, Married and Burled at Sea.

The body of Captain Richard Marsdele, was committed to the deep off the Goodwin Sands the other day. Captain Marsden was born and married at sea.

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

Molasses has 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 cent. 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 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 content of the content of the content of the propose of the sone was the processes on the manufacture of cattle food from molasses. The process is very simple.

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Times.

Doctors' 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 over-crowded 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 Tablets.

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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 viscid 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 ancieht Roman custom.

"Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my gray hair. 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.