OUR MARINE CORPS.

THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS FROM WAY BACK.

One of the Oldest Fighting Organizations in This Country—Some of Their Gallant Deeds.

"Tell it to the marines." But be sure you tell it politely. For the United States Marines are a fighting corps, and you might fare as badly as some of those Spaniards are sure to if the marines once take aim and fire upon them. There's the marine squad of the cruiser Philadelphia. They have a record of making 317 hits out of 320 shots at long range and of hitting the target every time at short range.

People generally think of the marines as parading around the Marine Barracks at Washington to the strains of the famous Marine Band or doing police and sentinel duty aboard ship. But the marines are fighters from way back. They help man the military tops in a sea fight and help fight the guns, several of which are often entirely in charge of the marines. When it comes to repelling boarders they rally at a certain point, so that they can sweep the deck with their rifles. The commander of a warship who is to send out a landing party feels doubly secure of success if he has a detachment of marines to steady the sailors with.

In all our wars the United States Marine Corps has made a record for itself to be proud of. It has often earned the thanks of Congress; many of its officers have been promoted or brevetted for gallantry, and Sergeants, Corporals and privates have received medals of honor. It is one of the oldest fighting organizations in this country, for one of the first acts of the Continental Congress, before a single vessel of the navy was sent to sea, was to organize two battalions of American marines, and in one of the first naval "scraps" of the revolution, Captain Nichols, in the descent on New Providence in the Bahamas, led a detachment of marines, which captured the forts by assault. Thus, in the very first event in which the regular American navy was engaged the marines participated with honor.

During the bombardment of Tripoli and in the desperate hand-to-hand fighting which occurred between the vessels on both sides Decatur boarded one of the Tripolitan gunboats and engaged the Captain in a hand-to-hand sword duel. One of the enemy coming up from behind was about to cleave Decatur's skull with his sword when a marine interposed his arm. The arm saved Decatur, but it was severed to the skin. In the same battle Lieutenant Trippe of the Vixen boarded a Tripolitan gunboat and singled out the commander for a personal conflict. A Turk aimed a blow at the Lieutenant, but before he could strike Sergeant Meredith of the marines ran him through the body with his bayonet.

It was an officer of the marines, Lieutenant O'Bannon, who with Midshipman Mann hauled down the Tripolitan ensign after havng stormed the principal defenses of Derne and hoisted the flag of the Republic on that fortress of the Old World.

Major Richard S. Collum of the United States Marine Corps relates in his history of the corps that in the fight between the Hornet and the Penguin during the last year of the war of 1812 a marine named Smith was shot through the upper part of the thigh, and almost at the some moment had his leg broken by the Hornet's spanker boom. Yet, while lying bleeding upon the deck and unable to rise, he was seen to aim and discharge his musket at the enemy in the Penguin's top.

In the famous expedition against Quallah Batto, under Commodore Downes, the marines formed the van of the landing party, and were in the thickest of the fight with the Malays. The Marine Corps also participated with brilliant results in the Florida-Indian war. During the Mexican war they rendered distinguished service. In fact, General Scott himself is authority for the statement that they were placed where the hardest work was to be done. At the storming of the fortress of Chapultepec Major Levi Twiggs of the marines led the assaulting party, and was killed. This fortress having been captured, the marines in General Quitman's division moved directly on the City of Mexico and entered the city with their division. To this division was accorded the honor of first entering the palace and hoisting the American flag, a fact which explains the motto upon the corps of the colors: "From Tripoli to the Halls of the Montezumas."

The marines also distinguished themselves in the civil war. In the fight between the Merrimac and the Cumberland the marine division was under Lieutenant Heywood, now Brigadier-General and commander of the Marine Corps. Lieutenant Morris in his report of the action speaks of Lieutenant Heywood's gallant conduct during the fight. The first shot from the Merrimac killed nine marines, yet the division was so little demoralized by this loss that it not only continued fighting but actually fired the last shot which was discharged from the Cumberland at the Merrimac.

In our scrap with Corea the marines were in the assault on the forts, and Lieutenant McKee, in carrying the works, fell, as his father fell in Mexico, at the head of his men and first inside the stormed works. The Coreans fought desperately to the bitter end. The yellow flag which flew from the fort was captured by the marines. Commander, afterward Admiral, Kimberley stated in his report that to the marines belonged the honor of "first landing and last leaving the shore. Chosen as the advance guard on account of their steadiness and discipline, their whole behavior on the march and in the assault proved that the confidence in them had not been misplaced."

In the railroad riots of 1877 the conduct of the marines was such as to elicit a general order of commendation from General Hancock, in which he praised their "soldierly bearing, excellent discipline and devotion to duty."

From the past record of the United States Marine Corps there is no doubt that if opportunity offers it will distinguish itself anew in the present war. It is not a corps intended only for the policing of our ships and to have a disciplinary effect upon sailors. It is a corps of brave fighting men.—New York Herald.

CATS IN A PALACE.

Queen Marguerite of Italy Has Two Beautiful Angora Cats.

The parents of "Pussinella" had been brought from Bagdad by the Prince of Naples to his mother, the good and beautiful Queen Marguerite of Italy. And a most original gift it was; for these two cats, though very beautiful, were as wild and ferocious as young tigers, and not at all disposed to take kindly to captivity, though their prison was a royal palace, and their keeper the gentlest and loveliest of women. When the cage in which they had traveled so far was opened, they were nothing daunted at finding themselves at court and right in the presence of royalty, but hissed and raised their backs, and showed their displeasure in the most decided way. The King and Queen and many of the ladies even got down on their knees and made all sorts of overtures of peace; but it was of no use; the strangers were not to be cajoled into even a semblance of good will, and at last were carried off, still growling and protesting, to the Queen's own apartments, which were for the future to be their home.

Now you might certainly think they would be well content, but not so; they longed for the freedom of their native wilds. Perhaps there they were King and Queen themselves, and had ruled right royally over a mighty kingdom. Who knows?

In time they became accustomed to the Queen, and submitted without protest to her presence. It is seldom that kindness and gentleness do not overcome the wildest heart. But with the King they were ever the same as at first. They always growled and snarled and raised quite a rebellion against his coming into any room where they might be.

After a while two little kittens came to make them feel more at home. Pussinella was one of these, and, as you see, first opened her eyes in the Queen's own bedroom, surrounded by every mark of respect and royalty. Is it strange that her heart swelled with pride and coldness toward the less favored world; that the majestic wave of her tail showed a consciousness of superiority; that she demanded and accepted as simply her right the best to be had? Remember, she is only a cat; might not many a little boy or girl act in a way that was quite as unreasonable?

Pussinella was the prettier of the two kittens; a little, soft, pure white ball, with long, silky hair, beautiful, big gray eyes, and a tail not like any ordinary cat—no, indeed! Pussinella's tail is as big as the end of a boa, and of a soft dove color; and she has also one spot of the same pretty gray right in the middle of her back. This is now about the size of a 50-cent piece, but when she was little of course the spot was little, and a source of great annoyance to vain Pussinella, who spent much time licking and licking and licking with her little pink tongue, trying to wash off what she thought a blemish upon her beautiful white coat; but it stayed nevertheless, and it is a very pretty spot, indeed.—St. Nicholas.

A Pert Question.

Willy Peck—Say, Popper, Tommy Strongwill's father asked me a funny question the other day.

Mr. Henry Peck—Did he, my son? What was it?

Willy Peck—He asked me what your name was before you were married.—Puck.

Helped the Plumber.

"What did you think of that cigar I gave you yesterday?"

"Not much. It cost me $4."

"How so?"

"Why, it gave my wife the idea that the gas was leaking somewhere, and early this morning she sent for a plumber."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DR. SANDEN'S SUCCESS!

Nothing That Has Merit Can Be Kept Down--Some Wonderful Cures.

THE DAY HAS COME WHEN MERIT ONLY can win. If a man claims that he can cure a weakness or a pain which has existed for years he must back his claim with proof. This is the reason for Dr. Sanden's great success. He has shown 10,000 tetaimonials of cures during the past three years. The people are close at home and can be seen to prove their assertions. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is the most popular curative remedy known to-day. It cures, and therefore people prefer it to drugs or the cheap, trashy belts sold in drug stores. His book,

"Three Classes of Men,"

Devoted to the weaknesses of men, tells the cause of early decay in young and middle-aged men. He shows how electricity, properly applied, will restore this power, and gives the proof. It is free upon application. A personal call preferred.

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"WELL BRED, SOON WED."

GIRLS WHO USE SAPOLIO ARE QUICKLY MARRIED.

Try it in Your Next House Cleaning.

AMERICANS OF ALIEN RACE.

THEIR ATTITUDE IF CALLED UPON TO FIGHT.

South American Sympathy for Spain and Probability of a General European War.

On Sunday last I had occasion to draw attention in these columns to the legal status of Spaniards resident in the United States in the event of a conflict between the latter and their mother country, and likewise discussed the system of the expulsion of aliens in times of war, as well as in those of peace. To-day it may be of interest to briefly consider what the probable attitude of the Spaniards established under the shadow of the stars and stripes will be should hostilities now so imminent at length by inaugurated.

The question is all the more trite in view of the fact that Spain is not the only European Power that is imbued with sentiments of ill-will toward the United States, that a war with some other nation of the old world is not beyond the bounds of possibility, and that a large percentage of the population of this country is either foreign born or the children, or else the grandchildren, of immigrants. Thus there are no less than 3,000,000 of Germans of European birth settled here, while there are at least twice or three times that number whose parents or grandparents were citizens of one or another of the sovereign States comprised in the confederation known by the name of the German Empire. If called upon to assist in the defense of their adopted country against any Spanish, English or non-Teuton foe, these German-born or German-descended citizens might be relied upon to fulfill their duty to the American flag with as much valor and patriotism as in the Civil War. But it remains to be seen what their attitude would be if summoned by the United States to bear arms against Germany itself.

It is not a pleasant question for a native American to consider, nor one that is altogether gracious toward those German fellow-citizens of his who have contributed so much to the development and prosperity of this country, and who stand pre-eminent among most American citizens of foreign origin or ancestry by reason of their respectability, their obedience to the laws, their thrift and by their intellectual capacities. And yet it is one that cannot but recur to the mind whenever one reads in the American and foreign newspapers of the animosity manifested by the Kaiser and his Government toward the United States, an animosity which just at present takes the form of pronounced sympathy for Spain and the exclusion of American produce and manufactures from German markets. Moreover, it is rendered timely by the astonishing monster petition which has just been sent to the Reichstag at Berlin by the German-born and German-descended population in Australia, who urge upon the Imperial Parliament to increase the German navy in order "to prevent Great Britain from remaining the strongest and predominant Power in the Southern Seas." The most extraordinary part of this petition is as follows:

"Apart from the fact that we are the first Power of the world, it is unworthy that in the hour of danger the protection of Germans should be relegated to a rival; if it becomes the principle of Germany's policy to rely on the good services of another Power to protect our interests, we must forego any serious opposition to that Power in her efforts at commerce and colonization."

Yet the signers of the petition are Australian citizens, possess the franchise, enjoy all the benefits and advantages that are afforded by the British Colonial Government, and have until now been regarded as part and parcel of the Australasian Empire, and as a very important element in its development and prosperity. By their petition they show, however, that if they are "in" the colony they are not "of" it, and that neither the freedom nor the manifold privileges which they have received in the antipodes have put an end to their sentiments of allegiance to their mother country and to its Government. In fact, it demonstrates that, no matter how long they or their parents may have left the Fatherland, they still remain Germans in heart, as they are in race, whenever any issue arises between the land of their origin and the land of their adoption.

AUSTRALIA'S ANALOGY WITH AMERICA.

Australia presents many points of analogy with America. It is, as far as the Aryan race is concerned, a relatively new country, from which are absent most of those prejudices and obstacles, anarchronic relics of mediaeval ages that tend to hamper progress and enlightenment in the Old World. There, too, as in America, we find a breadth of view, an animation and an amount of resourceful activity that are almost unknown in Europe while the conditions of life are very similar, the full-fledged "colonial" being possessed of much the same spirit of independence and sense of the equal rights of man as the native American citizen. Moreover, a large percentage of the population is made up of aliens, and, although I have no statistics before me, I know that the German-born and German-descended element in the antipodes is very large, prosperous and extremely influential. If, therefore, the citizens of Australia who happen to be of German birth or parentage assume toward the land of their adoption an attitude such as is manifested in the petition just presented to the Reichstag, what, it may be asked, would be the position which the American citizens of German birth or parentage would take up were this country to become involved in a conflict with Emperor William?

There seems to be an impression here that from the moment an immigrant, no matter whether he has come to this country in the steerage or as a first-class passenger, takes out letters of naturalization and forswears his allegiance to the land of his birth, he ipso-facto cuts himself adrift from all associations with the latter, from its prejudices, its tastes and its interests. In one word, people appear to think that the taking of an oath, the solemnity of which but few realize, is sufficient to convert an alien into a full-fledged American, ready to bear arms against the land of his birth and against the kinsfolk he has left behind him should the United States stand in need of his services and make a call for them. It is to be feared that in doing so a mistake is made—a mistake which some day or another the American nation may discover to its cost. Save in cases where the immigrants have fled from their native land in order to escape the tyranny and cruel oppression of the authorities, and who are naturally, therefore, filled with resentment and animosity against their former rulers, it may be questioned whether it does not require more than a mere oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam, more even than the lapse of a generation, to transform the foreign stock into the full-fledged American article.

Racial prejudices, Nationalist associations and esprit de corps are very strong. How strong they are is shown by the attitude of the South American repeublics in the present controversy between the United States and Spain. Nearly every one of the South American republics, from Mexico down to Chile and Paraguay, owes its independence and its liberation from a thraldom even worse than that to which Cuba is subject to the material assistance and moral support of the United States. Cuba, in fact, is to-day in the same position as that in which it found itself in the first few decades of the present century. And one would therefore be tempted to think that the South American republics would sympathize with Cuba rather than with Spain in the present crisis. Yet it is quite the contrary that is the case, and the dominant classes from the Rio Grande down to Patagonia are almost to a man strongly in favor of Spain. This is because all the most influential families, in fact all those who have the wealth and the power in their hands, are of Spanish descent, jealously proud thereof, and only too glad when they visit the Old World to claim relationship with their kinsfolk in Spain, as well as to avail themselves to the fullest degree of the titles, dignities and social advantages of the Spanish houses of the aristocracy to which they belong. Those who are not of noble Spanish descent pretend to be so, and are even more pronounced in their sympathy for everything Spanish. True, it is unlikely that any of them would relish the idea of a restoration of Spanish sovereignty in South America, or would like to be subject thereto. And they are very glad to take advantage of all the benefits of a republican form of Government. But, save for this, they are still Spaniards to the very core, even though some of them can look back to several generations of ancestors born on American soil; and not only have they no sympathy with the Cubans, whom they denounce for seeking the assistance of the United States, just as they themselves did at the time of their war of liberation, but they likewise manifest all the animosity of the fellow-members of their race in Europe against Uncle Sam, several of the big cities of South America having actually gone so far as to get up popular subscriptions for the sake of helping the mother country to buy warships to fight the United States.

INDICATIONS OF A GENERAL WAR

Another reason why the consideration of these questions is timely is because the last two years of the present century bid fair to witness a revival of that same species of general war that signalized the close of the last century and the opening of the present one. The recent crisis in China and the imminence of hostilities between the United States and Spain have monopolized public attention to such an extent that the very serious and alarming condition of affairs elsewhere has in a great measure been overlooked. Thus Russia is not only threatening to install Prince George of Greece as Governor-General, or else as sovereign Prince, of Crete by main force if the Sultan continues to turn a deaf ear to the demands of the Czar, but likewise intimates that she has no longer any intention of remaining bound by the stipulations of the so-called Black Sea treaty, which debars her from sending any of her warships through the Dardanelles Straits, thus practically locking her southern fleet in the Black Sea and preventing her other cruisers from obtaining any access thereto.

There are many indications of a struggle being imminent between Russia and Turkey, notably the massing of Russian troops on the Armenian frontier and the transfer of the victorious Turkish commander, Edhem Pasha, from Thessaly to the Macedonian frontier of Bulgaria. French statesmen are publicly discussing the necessity of their country being prepared to enforce their claims for territorial compensation when on the death of Emperor Francis Joseph the Austro-Hungarian Empire falls to pieces, it being the object of France to insist on the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine in return for permiting Germany to take Bohemia. Germany, on the other hand, is equally unblushing in declaring that she will not be satisfied until she gets Holland, Belgium, the German provinces of Russia and the German provinces of Austria. Italy is clamoring more loudly than ever for the possession of the Italian provinces of Austria, while the new Norwegian Cabinet, which has just taken office at Christiania, is composed entirely of men who are avowedly in favor of a separation from Sweden, by force of arms if necessary.

But most serious of all are the strained relations between Germany and France, which are more strained at the present moment than at any time since the war of 1870. This is entirely due to the Zola trial, concerning which Germany has yet to be heard. Both Prince Hohenlohe, the venerable Chancellor of the German Empire, and subsequently the Kaiser's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron von Bulow, solemnly affirmed in the name of the Emperor and on their honor, in the Reichstag, that ex-Captain Dreyfus had never done any spying on behalf of Germany. It is known that even William himself pledged his word to this effect to M. Casimir-Perier, who was President of the French Republic at the time of the Dreyfus court-martial. Yet, in spite of this, the chiefs of the French headquarters staff, notably General De Boisdeffre, General De Pellieux and General Billot, the Minister of War, did not hesitate to insist during the Zola trial that the treachery of Dreyfus had been perpetrated on behalf of the German War Department; that is to say, they gave the lie direct to Emperor William, to his Chancellor and to his Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is said that demands for explanations, tending in the direction of an ultimatum, have already been addressed by the German Government to that of France, and that if the matter is not pressed just now it is because the Emperor wishes to see whether the Supreme Court of Appeals will not quash the decree which brought the Zola trial to a close, and annul the entire proceedings as illegal.

A FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

Unless this is done a war between Germany and France is by no means improbable. It is a topic of general conversation in the Government circles at Berlin and among military men who consider that Germany has been shamefully insulted and falsely accused by the heads of the French army—falsely, because it is pretty well known throughout Europe that the spying for which Dreyfus was punished was done not for Germany, but for Russia, and that the persons who did the spying was not ex-Captain Dreyfus, but an officer who is now one of the principal commanders of the French army, who during his term of service as Military Attache to the French Embassy at St. Petersburg formed many close associations there, and who believed after his return that by furnishing Russia with France's military secrets he could promote the alliance between the two countries. It is quite possible that Germany got hold of these secrets from Russia. Indeed, it is believed that a compact formerly existed between Germany and Russia for the exchange of military secrets which they obtained concerning foreign Powers. But Germany had no direct dealings either with ex-Captain Dreyfus or with the General in question, and thus has every reason to resent the introduction of its name and the impugning of its honor by the chiefs of the French headquarters staff during the Zola trial. Perhaps it is in consequence of this that the Emperor is manifesting all of a sudden so much friendship and goodwill to Great Britain, and has abandoned his long-projected plan of visiting the Holy Land this spring. He had set his heart on this tour, and would certainly not have abandoned it after the Sultan had already spent millions of dollars in preparations to welcome him had there not been some very important matters, indeed, to keep him at Berlin.—Ex-Attache in New York Tribune.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S RUSE.

Which Led to an Innocent Display of Her Father's Artillery.

Colonel I. N. Walker is the authority for a story which, as he says, is a very proper one for the parlor and one which contains several suggestions of value to young ladies who may occasionally find themselves in a position requiring the use of diplomacy and tact. This story avers that in a certain place not very far away, and at a time not very long ago, there was a young man who came from a distant city on a visit to one of his friends, another young man who stood high in the esteem of the community. The visiting youth was seriously afflicted with the ambition of meeting some nice young lady of culture and refinement who might be matrimonially inclined, and when his accommodating friend told him of a very handsome maiden of his acquaintance his soul was fired with ardor and he resolved to pursue his suit with energy. This laudable purpose was strengthened perceptibly by an incidental recital on the part of his friend of the old gentleman's worldly possessions, and the young man was on tenterhooks until he obtained an introduction. The introduction observed, he lost no time, but called the next evening. The events of that memorable evening abide with him to the present day.

It seems the pair were alone in the parlor for something like half an hour when the ardent youth threw discretion to the wind and essayed a feat of osculation that was indignantly resented. Whether he received a blow of the hand upon his features is a mere matter of speculation, but it was quite evident that there was some stamping of a dainty foot and a darting fire from indignant eyes, for the young man was given thoroughly to understand that if he did it again the parent would be informed. But the thrust fell on heedless ears, for no sooner was it made than the bold suitor once more attempted his trick. Then war ensued instanter. Out of the room swept the young lady and the young man was left to cogitate, but only for a brief space.

In the next room was the paternal parent, a man who loved sporting above almost everything else, and when his daughter entered he was examining a double-barreled shotgun in a fond and doting manner. Said his daughter to him: "Papa, there is a young man in the parlor who, like yourself, is much interested in hunting. I wish you would meet him. You might take your new gun in with you, for I know he would greatly admire the pattern." Nothing could suit the old gentleman better than this, so he marched into the parlor expecting to receive the enthusiastic praises of a true sport. But in this expectation he was doomed to sad disappointment. The young man saw him coming and saw the gun also. Exit by the door was impossible and the window offered the only hope for escape, so out he jumped with all his might and down the street went flying as fast as his aroused fears for life could make him. The old gentleman gazed on this strange scene with bewildermnemt, but his daughter had obtained a point of vantage where she gloried recklessly in the success of her ingenious contriving. — Indianapolis Journal.

The Lion Has the Mumps.

Nineteen-months-old lion McKinley, at the Zoo, woke up Christmas morning only to find his sock full of sickness. Superintendent Stephan was sent for on the run, and after a critical examination of the tawny laddybuck could come to no other conclusion than that the young lion had a sudden and well-developed case of the mumps. Immediately there was a panicky shifting of other junglers away from the luckless Mac and an ordering on of steam to the tune of 100 degrees. Mac was a sight—a sight to wring soberest pity and roaring laughter from anybody. His chops were swollen like those of the kid in "A Swell Affair." The tender way he rested that crippled face on a crooked-up paw, while shedding tears the size of a quarter, made a stoical story worth keeping in statuary.

When a scrubwoman's flannel petticoat torn in two and one end dipped in arnica had been duly swathed about the sweet, brave sufferer's puffed-uppedness, the view from outside the bars produced wild hilarity in plenty. But whether or no Mac will ever smile again is a question.

"I hope to Merry Christmas that the swell will go down instead of up!" said Dr. Stephan as he viewed and studied hard upon the case. "If it really is what I've heard called the 'lion mumps' we're in for one of the rockiest times the Zoo has ever known. Mac's sister, Queen, has been right in with him all the time, but doesn't show a trace of trouble yet. What an hour may bring forth, however, cannot be even imagined. What we will do if all the lions and the tigers, the leopards, panthers and hyenas get twisted up with the mumps the Lord only can tell. Anyhow, there would be a mump circus like you never read about!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Selling Soap.

Peddler—Madam, I am introducing a new kind of soap—

Madam—I don't want it.

Peddler—It costs but half as much as the old—

Madam—I don't want it, I tell you.

Peddler—And does twice the work of—

Madam—Don't want it. Get out.

Peddler—Of any other kind, and is excellent for the complexion.

Madam—How much is it?—New York Weekly.

Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength and creating an appetite.

Try McMorry's Blend Coffee, 35c.

IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

EXHILARATING EFFECT OF THE COOL AND GERMLESS AIR.

It Is Not Known by What Process the Atmosphere is Sterilized—Music in the Caverns.

John R. Procter, formerly State Geologist of Kentucky, writes of "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky" for the "Century," the article having many striking illustrations by Castaigne. Mr. Procter says:

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is reached by descending a picturesque pathway leading from the hotel down the hillside over jutting moss and fern-covered limestone cliffs into a beautiful glen extending from the top of the hill down to Green River, which is 194 feet below the mouth of the cave, and about a half mile distant. If the weather is warm, as we near the entrance we step into a bracing, cool, pure air, welling up from the cave and flowing down the glen beneath the stratum of lighter and warmer air. I have stood near the entrance, and extended one hand into a temperature of 90 degrees, while the other hand was extended into a cool flowing river of air with a temperature of about 60 degrees. The air within the cave has a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54 degrees. The cave may be said to breathe twice a year—inhaling during the winter and exhaling during the summer. This breathing of the cave, and the purity of the air and its freedom from germs, are among the most interesting problems to be studied. By what process the air in the cave becomes sterilized remains to be determined.

But our faithful negro guide has counted the party, selected the requisite number of lamps, and given the word, and we follow him in single file down the rude stone steps into the vestibule of the cave. Turning, we look up at the beautiful effect of daylight which we are leaving, and admire the delicate cascade falling from the overhanging arch at the entrance.

Here our lamps are lighted, and we enter this silent, mysterious, changeless abode of eternal night, where the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the storms and thunders of the outer world, never penetrate. A few hundred yards, and we feel the peculiar sensation of emerging into expanding space. We catch only glimpses of white limestone projecting out of black shadows of the far-away walls and ceiling of an immense, almost circular room about seventy feet high, which our guide proclaims the Rotunda.

We note the peculiar musical effect of the human voice. Years ago it was my good fortune to hear a celebrated German musical society sing in this Rotunda. I went far away in one of the avenues leading from here, blew out my light, and sat alone in the darkness and listened while the grand anthems rolled and reverberated through the lofty corridors in majestic waves of melody. I could then appreciate the inestimable privilege of the few who heard Jenny Lind sing here, and who in the Star Chamber heard a member of her party render on his violin the prayer from "Der Frieschutz."

When the Rotunda is illuminated we note the perfect clearness of the atmosphere, the freedom from dust particles of any kind; and we soon learn that nowhere in the cave will even dust rise upon our shoes. We note also the exhilarating effect of the air upon the members of our party. It is believed that the air has become oxygenated by chemical process; certainly, from its purity and dryness, it enables one to undergo exercise for hours without a sense of fatigue. Here before us is evidence of the wonderful dryness of the air. The saltpeter vats erected in 1812, and the timbers which have remained in their present position since then, show no evidences of decay. In these vats the saltpeter was leached from the nitrous earth abounding in the upper and middle dry avenues, and used for the manufacture of gunpowder. The war of 1812 was fought, on the American side, with gunpowder made from saltpeter taken from caves, and Mammoth Cave supplied the greater part. One wonders how, in the absence of germs and of decay, the earth becomes charged with nitrogen. It has been claimed that nitric acid in the atmosphere, combining with the limestone, forms nitrate of calcium, and the disintegrated waste from the walls and ceiling yields the great supply of nitrogen abounding in the cave.

It requires a day and a half to make the regulation journeys through the cave; one half a day to what is known as the Short Route, and an entire day to the Long or River Route. But that by no means exhausts the objects of interest, and one may spend days in visiting avenues and chambers and domes not included in the regular routes.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Entrance to the Bay Picturesque and Formidable.

At first sight of the southern coast of Cuba, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, one wonders where all the boasted beauty of the island lies. One sees a barren, rocky wall of coral formation, perforated and undermined by the continual washing of the sea, and surrounded by receding hills, which appear at some distance away to be void of vegetation. A nearer view shows the rocks to be placed in a series of steps, each perhaps ten feet high. They rise abruptly from the water's edge and form a foundation for the hills, which are now seen to be covered by forests of valuable trees and dense underbrush.

Various kinds of cacti and palms are distinguished; the royal palm, with its smooth, white bark and its heavy green top swaying in the breezes, being most in evidence. In many places there are openings in the rocks, which extend from the water to the summit of the hills, and form the deep and narrow canyons leading to the narrow valleys. Often in an opening between the hills one can see, with a glass, beautiful valleys some five or six miles inland. The eruptive origin of the island has allowed of no beach on the coast, excepting at outlets of small rivers and creeks. Here are formed natural harbors, as the water is very deep a short distance out. The land at these places is usually low for some distance around, and covered with a wiry swamp grass.

The entrance to the bay of Santiago is at once picturesque and formidable. There is no prettier view on the island, and it is the most natural defensive site on the Western Hemisphere. The opening appears suddenly in the rocky wall, and looking through, one sees the quiet waters of the bay, with the sloping hills of green in the background. On the right of the entrance, and 200 feet or more above, Morro Castle lies solidly imbedded in the rock. Its appearance indicates great age, and it is commonly supposed to have been built before the Morro at Havana, though it is difficult to get information concerning it, or other fortifications, from the natives. It is built of brick and coral rock, and its old weather-stained walls show signs of decay. Here and there a cornice or an arch is missing, and crumbled fragments have lodged in the crevices on their downward course. At several points, dilapidated lookout houses, about the size of the vestibule on a modern trolley car, contain a solitary sentinel. At this point the waves seem to have been especially active, as dark caverns extend back beneath the walls, and one can see the bats darting about. Creepy tales are told of how prisoners are led to this subterranean well from the castle above and silently dropped to the sea monsters.

As the ship passes in a pebble could be easily thrown from the deck to either wall. Just inside and one has the sensation of having stepped before a beautiful picture. The bay is about eight miles in length and from one-fourth to one mile in width. The fertile land, covered with luxuriant vegetation, rises from the quiet water of the bay toward the blue sky, until it is lost in fleecy clouds.

"Summer homes" on either bank are occupied by people who wish to escape the intense heat of Santiago in the summer months.

Bathhouses are built in the lower bay and are completely boarded in, to protect bathers from inquisitive sharks. Small fishing boats, with their white sails, glide lazily about, and several islands in the bay lend an additional beauty to the scene. On rounding a point in the bay the city of Santiago de Cuba comes suddenly into view. It has a white, blinking appearance under the strong sunlight, lying on a slight eminence at the head of the bay. Boats drawing more than eighteen feet must anchor in the channel at least one-half mile from the pier.

On landing one is met by the usual crowd of idlers, carriages, drivers and venders, whose greatest energy is exhibited in trying to see the contents of your trunk, which the custom-house officer, with a great display of authority, orders you to open.

One's first thoughts are of wonderment at such idleness and indifference all about. Few seem to be encumbered with duties which cannot as well be done "manana" (to-morrow). The main street runs east and west and is about two miles in length. It is quite fifty feet in width from curbstone to curbstone, or, more properly, from ditch to ditch. Being made of soft limestone, the dust on a windy day is far from pleasing. The city lies entirely north of this street, the highest point being at least 300 feet above the bay. On account of the natural drainage no doubt the sewage system was placed on the surface. All streets, excepting the main street, are little more than alleys, often being too narrow for two carts to pass. The more important streets are provided with a narrow ledge on the side, elevated about four inches, and sufficiently wide for one person. The pavements are cobble stones, placed in position loosely, and after a hard storm are usually found in piles.

The houses are built of a soft, native limestone, less than two stories high, and with very thick walls. The idea is to have them withstand earthquake shocks and severe storms.

As they are usually built directly on the street, where invariably is found a thick stream of refuse, pedestrianism without interference with either becomes an art. In place of glass windows the houses have wooden shutters, and the iron bars projecting out several inches from the window opening, give them a cagelike appearance. Houses of any size have interior courts, often containing a fountain and flower gardens. The rooms always have two rows of chairs in the center, facing each other, and what remaining furniture there may be is placed in the corners. The chairs must all be rocking chairs, and a small company presents an animated appearance, all rocking in their own time and each vigorously wielding a fan.

The "plazas," or parks, are the only places of recreation, and there a restless throng promenades in the evening. In the late afternoon the children have possession and in the evening "society" is out. The principal "plaza" is scarcely 150 feet square, and facing it are the swellest Spanish clubs and best cafes. Formerly there were separate "plazas" for the different classes, but social distinction appears to have been abolished now.

For diversion the people have an occasional week of comic opera, and the bull fight is a weekly event. Always on Sunday, which is the great holiday. Cock fights are also popular, and no holiday is complete without a grand ball. There are many social clubs with gambling and drinking as necessary adjuncts, though one rarely sees a person under the influence of liquor.

Tourists could find no more desirable place to spend the winter months than in this most delightful of climates. There are many objects of interest in the old towns and the interior is well supplied with nature's gifts.—Edward Merrill, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mean Thing.

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"Why, what do you mean?"

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