OLD TIMES.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A piety all-supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the willowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.
—Eugene Field.

A LATIN LESSON.

IT was a year since he had left Chicago, and in all that time she had heard nothing from him. It seemed strange! they had been such friends—indeed, more than friends, for he had seemed to like her much, and had sought her society on every possible occasion. The day before he was to leave he had come by appointment to see her. She had noticed with concern that his manner was chill and constrained, but had had no opportunity to dissipate that chill by her own cordiality. Although it was not their regular reception day, the drawing-room was full of people, and her sister, who was apt upon occasion to monopolize his attention, never left them alone for a moment, although he prolonged his stay until after the last visitor had left.

"Surely he will write," she had said to herself, and for weeks the postman's ring had caused a quick fluttering of the heart which subsided into the dull ache of disappointment when the longed-for letter never came. She had heard of him often from common friends, of his success socially and financially in the distant city which he had made his home, and had slowly and unwillingly resigned herself to the conviction that their friendship had been but an episode. And now she held in her hand the announcement of his marriage to another woman. She felt glad that the family had regarded him as her sister's admirer.

Slowly she went upstairs to her room and unlocked her desk, taking from an inner drawer a small stock of treasures—a dozen notes, some dried violets, candy box, ribbons, and other souvenirs equally trifling. She must destroy them now, she was too old-fashioned to preserve such memorials of another woman's husband. Violets and ribbons were soon in ashes on the hearth, but each note in the packet was opened and read before being sacrificed. She was naturally methodical and they came in correct order. She smiled bitterly to herself to see how little there was really in them. Even Mrs. Bardell's lawyer would have been puzzled to find on those pages anything tender or committal. What a fool she had been! She finished the holocaust and turned to replace the empty drawer. It stuck and had to be pulled out again. Looking for the obstruction, she found another note—the last one—which she had mourned as lost. Now she remembered

SHE HAD NOT BEEN MISTAKEN; HE HAD LOVED HER AFTER ALL.

that she had put it away, after reading it hastily, for there were people waiting below. It announced that he was coming to see her that afternoon and requested that she would not fail to be in. Just above the signature was a sentence in Latin, rapidly and illegibly written—his handwriting at its best was difficult to decipher. She started as she remembered that in the hurry of that long-ago afternoon she had put off translating Latin. He knew that she had studied the language, for he had once asked her, seemingly apropos of nothing, but she had not told him that she had forgotten nearly all of it since leaving school. She rushed for the dictionary and read understandingly for the first time the neglected message, the gist, as it proved, of the whole:

"O love of mine; my bleeding heart lies at thy feet; deign to accept the offering of thy slave."

She had not been mistaken; he had loved her, after all, but why did he—how could he—trust a living story to a dead tongue? And why had she, however hurried, left a word of that letter unread?

The letter was clutched convulsively, the lexicon dropped to the floor, and her head went down on her arm in a passion of futile tears.—Philadelphia Item.

M. GALLIFET AND HIS FISH.

He Caught It in the Presence of Napoleon III. and It Made Trouble.

In the etats de service of Gen. Gallifet, the present War Minister of France, there is a curious note which should endear him to the hearts of all fishermen. After paying a just tribute to his abilities, the note reads:

"But, unfortunately, he selects extraordinary companions."

Thereby hangs a fish story. Long ago, in the days of the second empire, Gallifet was the aid-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear, and the surrounding scenery was beautiful; but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instincts of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart a-throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the Emperor. Consequently, for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water, and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The Emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window, and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bed clothes. When the Emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bed clothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jim-jamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted, and left the future War Minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

NEGRO LAD INVENTS NEW GUN.

Eugene Burkin of Chicago Constructs a Rapid-Fire Machine Weapon.

Eugene Burkin, a colored boy of 19 years, who lives in Chicago, is the inventor of a rapid-fire machine gun which he claims is the most effective weapon of its kind in the world, and is destined to throw the inventions of Maxim and Nordenfeldt, now in general

EUGENE BURKIN.

use in the armaments of the world, into the scrap heap. Several experts who have seen the model of Burkin's gun pronounce it a marvel of ingenuity and a terrible weapon. The boy is said to have refused an offer of $50,000 for his invention.

The boy has never had any mechanical training, yet all the work on his model has been his own. The first idea of the weapon came to him during the Spanish-American war, when the magnificent work of the American gunners directed his thoughts to guns and their improvement. He constructed his first model of wood, his only tool being a jackknife.

The lack of funds then threatened to put a stop to the young inventor's work, but he finally obtained enough money to go into an iron works on the West Side, which gave him the use of its tools and machinery for $5 a day. Here he constructed the model, which he sent to the patent office at Washington, which has already allowed seventeen of his claims on the weapon.

Not to Be Outdone.

James Russell Lowell was a great student of dialect. One day while in England he entered a South Shields restaurant, and sat down opposite a barefooted Shields yokel, who had been walking, and whose feet were tired.

"Waiter," he said, "bring he a steak and fried potatoes."

The yokel leaned his elbows upon the table. "Bring me yan, tee," he said.

"Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls," continued Lowell.

"Bring me yan, tee," said the yokel.

"And, John, you may bring me a bootjack."

"Bring me yan, tee," added the yokel.

"Why, what on earth can you want with a bootjack?" asked Lowell, surprised into asking the question. The retort nearly took away his breath.

"Gan away, ye rule," said the yokel; "d'ye think I canna eat a bootjack as well as ye?"—Glasgow (Scotland) Times.

Held Reformer to His Word.

When a beggar asked a Philadelphia stationer the other day for help the latter offered him two lead pencils, saying: "With half the effort required in begging you can easily sell these for 5 cents apiece." The beggar gazed at the pencils scornfully. "Who'd give me 5 cents for them?" he demanded. "Why, anybody," said the stationer. "Go out and try it." "Would you?" asked the beggar. "Why, certainly," was the reply. A smile of triumph spread over the grimy features of the mendicant. "Here you are, then," he said. "Gimme the 10 cents. You can't go back on your own word." It took the stationer several minutes to recover his breath, but he finally entered into the deal, and hereafter he will adopt other tactics.—Hartford Times.

Fifty-two Years Without a Drink.

Some animals can live many years without water. A paroquet lived fifty-two years in the London zoo without taking a drop of water. A number of reptiles live and prosper in places where there is no water.

It is the air castle of every old-fashioned woman that some one will "discover" some of her remedies, and build a big factory to make them.

THE POLITICAL POT.

HOW ITS BUBBLINGS ARE VIEWED IN WASHINGTON.

People Get an Object Lesson in Imperialistic Splendor and Its Cost—Mark Hanna's Ready-Made Platforms to Republican State Conventions.

Washington correspondence:

Secretary Root, in his report on Cuban expenditure to the Senate, has furnished the people object lesson No. 1 on imperialism in practical operation. This policy is no longer a rainbow-tinted dream hovering about President McKinley's imagination. It is an actual and solid reality, which costs money to support. This report from the War Department shows the extra salaries which our military officials have been allowed to draw from Cuban revenues in addition to their legal and regular salaries as officers of the United States army. Here are most important items:

"To the Governor General of Cuba, $7,500 per year."

"Military Governor of Havana, $5,000 per year."

"Collector of Customs for Cuba, $1,800 per year."

"Treasurer Island of Cuba, $1,800 per year."

Secretary Root very frankly states that this extra allowance was made in order that these officials might live in a style more befitting their positions. He assumes without question that our "carpetbag" imperialism must outshine the princely splendor of the Spanish tyrants from whom we delivered the Cubans. The old ideas of Jeffersonian simplicity have been entirely forgotten.

The law is very explicit in prohibiting extra allowance to army officers, but Secretary Root says that the payments were authorized by the President on the oral advice of the Attorney General. An attempt is made to justify the expenditure by citing the fact that allowances were made to army officers performing civil functions in Mexico and California, and were sanctioned by Congress in 1849 and 1853, but Secretary Root conveniently forgets that Congress in 1870 passed the law specifically prohibiting extra allowances. Republicans have strenuously maintained on the floor of the Senate that these allowances in Cuba were not in the nature of extra salaries, but the official order of the War Department, dated March 1, 1899, shows that the amounts were termed "salaries" when ordered to be paid out of the revenues of Cuba.

It is not stated what the impoverished Cubans think of this spectacle of having their island revenues spent more lavishly for the purposes of our military occupation than they ever were under Spanish regime. The Cubans, being under martial law, are not in a position to make known any criticisms of their new masters.

The Cuban item is not so very large in itself, but it is the thin end of the wedge. If that amount can be taken every year from insular revenues, why not any other sum up to the limit of the revenue-producing capacity of the island? The same sort of a raid is planned in Porto Rico, and Congress is asked, as a mere matter of form, to give its sanction in advance to the plundering of the stricken people of that island.

Under all the fine talk about bringing the blessings of our institutions to the Filipinos lies this very scheme of making them the helpless subjects of a lot of irresponsible officials who will loot everything in sight. Of course it will be done in a gentlemanly manner and with the sanction of the administration, but it is no wonder that certain interests are so loud in the defense of imperialism. They see already what opportunities are going to be presented for private spoliation if only the precedent can be established that the President and his Congress are above the Constitution.

Mark Hanna is taking pains that no Republican State Convention shall be allowed to criticise the Porto Rican measure or any other matter pertaining to this administration. Unfortunately for his dreams of four years more in which to strengthen the imperial policy, the people may choose after all to vote for a man who will recognize the authority of the Constitution in relation to the insular possessions and other important matters.

Ready-Made Platforms.

Much interest is felt in Washington in the State conventions which are being held at this time. Mark Hanna and his lieutenants not only sent a ready-made platform to Ohio, but it looks as if Indiana, Wisconsin and Massachusetts received duplicate copies in order to guide their action. Hanna feels that there must be at least the appearance of surface harmony, but it is suggested here that he might have managed a little more variety of diction in the various platforms. Hanna and Dick returned from Ohio in the best of spirits and seem really to have persuaded themselves that their shifty and evasive platform would convince voters that the administration is all right and only needs more time and more power in order that everybody shall be happy.

The trust planks in the State platforms are noticeably weak, and it is said that the representatives of several of the big trusts served notice on Hanna before he left Washington that if they were to put up the fund for his campaign they expected to be treated with respect and deference. The trusts have gotten so far away from the people that it is difficult for them to see why their agent, Mr. Hanna, should even take the trouble to dissemble his contempt for the mere mob which casts votes.

Mr. Quay and his friends have seen fit to indulge in a good deal of bitterness over his failure to be seated as a Senator. It was a lesson to those who get into the comfortable belief that when the Legislature and the prescribed forms become an obstruction to certain interests, that the Governor of a State can assume almost any function and "by interpretation" put himself above law and beyond the power of the people. There is a general feeling through the country—and in this case it was reflected in Washington—that it was about time for the Senate of the United States to declare itself.

Now the Quay supporters are threatening to defeat the ship subsidy bill because Senator Hanna was against Quay. If it should happen that way it would be something for which to be duly thankful. Hanna is declaring that the ship subsidy bill has to pass the Senate if Congress stays in session all summer. He has been trying to get the Democrats to agree to let the appropriation bills through without delay, in the alleged interest of early adjournment, but as no assurances are made about dropping the subsidy bill, the Democrats are not hurrying anything. Every week Congress remains in session the Republicans furnish the Democrats with additional campaign material.

It is said that Hanna will be seriously embarrassed in the collection of that big campaign fund unless he can put the subsidy bill through the Senate, as an evidence that he still has control of at least that branch of Congress. It is not thought that the House could pass it in the present state of Republican demoralization.

Senator Hoar to the Rescue.

Senator Hoar has always taken strong ground against the imperial policy of the Republican party; indeed, on one occasion, he announced that the downfall of the republic would date from the administration of William McKinley. In this he came very near the mark, but did not quite hit the bullseye, so on the 17th of April he took his party to task with a vigor of denunciation and a fertility of facts, rhetoric and metaphor that would have shriveled up Mr. McKinley, seated in his chair of state at the other end of the avenue, if that gentleman could possibly shrivel up to any greater extent.

Senator Hoar agrees with the great mass of Americans: "I believe, Mr. President, not only that perseverance in the imperial policy of the Republican party will be the abandonment of the principles upon which our government is founded, that it will change our republic into an empire, that our methods of legislation, of diplomacy, of administration must hereafter be those which belong to empires, and not those which belong to republics; but I believe persistence in this attempt will result in the defeat and overthrow of the Republican party."

This prediction was based upon the contemplated action of the administration and the Senate upon the Philippine question. But the Senator's words had no effect upon his fellow Republicans, and, so far as the Senator himself is concerned, he purposes sticking to the Republican party and go down with it to destruction.

"The issue," said he, "is a question of constitutional power, of international law, of justice and righteousness, or a question of public expediency. This can be clearly shown in the abstract:

"The constitutional question is: Has Congress the power to hold in subjection unwilling vassal states?

"The question of international law is: Can any nation rightfully convey to another sovereignty over an unwilling people who have thrown off its dominion?

"The question of justice and righteousness is: Have we the right to crush and hold under our feet, an unwilling and subject people whom we have treated as allies, who had established their own free government and who had trusted us?

"The question of public expediency is: Is it for our advantage to promote our trade at the cannon's mouth and at the point of the bayonet?"

To all of these questions the Senator gave the most complete and convincing answers in the negative, but still he knew he was arguing against a policy that answered all of them in the affirmative. "We have hoisted the flag, who will dare haul it down?" To this the Senator answered: "The American flag is in more danger from the imperialists than from the whole of Christendom. Foreign violence at worst could only rend it. But these men are trying to stain it."

Everybody Has Work, Eh?

Every man with eyes that wants to see it, knows that there is a vast army of idle men in the United States seeking work and not getting it. These men are not tramps who will not work, they want work. A simple thing like work in the big tunnel in New York draws thousands thither.

"The commencement of work on the big Rapid Transit tunnel in New York has brought about a strange state of affairs," said Charles M. Groves, of Manhattan, at the Normandie. "As soon as the news of the proposed tunnel was noised about, unemployed laborers from every large city in the country began to arrive in Gotham, and to-day I should judge that there are at least 15,000 idle laborers waiting for a chance to get work on the new enterprise. It had been printed everywhere that an army of men would be required to dig the hole, and these men came without funds, expecting to be put to work at once. As an actual fact, it may be six months before one-tenth of the number will get a chance to do anything. The sub-contracts are let to contractors who have already men enough of their own to do the jobs, and the army of unemployed will be forced to tramp back to their homes. Nothing but a little work on a sewer at Bleecker and Greene streets has been begun as yet, and there are plenty of New York men waiting to be put to work."

Acting Up to His Convictions.

The Republican Senator from Maryland, George L. Wellington, exhibits a degree of political and moral honesty much higher than his weak-kneed fellow Senators. He not only declines to support the McKinley policy, but purposes keeping his morals pure by staying away from the Republican councils.

"I have been opposed to the acquisition of the Philippines as a permanent colony," said the Senator when asked concerning his attitude during the next campaign. "I was opposed to the 15 per cent. duty on Porto Rican imports. This being my position I do not see my way clear to support the Philippine policy of the President and the policy of laying a duty on Porto Rico when they are embraced in a national platform. I will simply step aside. I do not intend to support a platform that is against my convictions in such important particulars. I do not intend to remain a member of the national committee, nor do I intend to attend the Republican national convention."

The Meaning of a "World Power."

The boastful cry of empire-dazed Republicans that the present administration has made us a "world power" is scarcely a matter to crow over. What are the world powers of to-day. Simply machines of military power for the extinguishment of weaker powers, and their engulfment in the sack of the cormorant. This is the "principle" on which the "open door" policy is founded. England is now endeavoring to open another door in Africa. A people who love the real principles of liberty will only hope and pray that she may not succeed.—Kalamazoo Gazette-News.

Keep Them Out.

Don't permit any half-hearted Chicago platform Democrat to sneak into the national convention of the party this year. Remember he will meet the tempter there and may fall into his snares. Send only tried and true men to conventions, if you would preserve your liberties.—National Watchman.

Flops Not Mentioned.

The rough draft of the Republican party creed that has been accepted by the Republican leaders does not mention as one of the issues President McKinley's thousand and one flops on the Porto Rico question. Yet, who can doubt this will be one of the issues?—Joplin (Mo.) Globe.

A Helpless People.

The tariff clause of that Porto Rico law is bad enough, but it is a mere trifle compared with the rascally provision which robs the Porto Ricans of all control over the granting of railway and all other franchises.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Preparing to Fool the People.

The season for fooling the people is now open; the Republican members of the House Judiciary Committee have suddenly grown indignant at the aggression of the trusts.—Milwaukee News.

It Would Benefit the People.

If, with a Treasury surplus of $150,000,000, the war stamp taxation is not to be repealed, will it ever be removed?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Tarred with the Same Stick.

Let us hear no more of Filipino bad faith. What sort of faith have we kept with Porto Rico?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

NOT A CHEAP JOURNEY.

Ameritans Going to South Africa Will Have to Pay Roundly.

Those Americans who contemplate a trip to South Africa to witness the scenes of conflict will have to pay a good sum for the journey. In spite of the large American interests in the Transvaal and other parts of South Africa no direct line of passenger communication between the United States and that country has ever been established. All passenger traffic for the scene of the present war between the Boer and the Briton must be by way of Europe. From there one may have the choice of several lines. The steamships of the German East African line touch at Amsterdam twice a month on their way to Delagoa Bay and Durban. Steamers of the Union and Castle lines sail each Saturday from Southampton, England, for South Africa ports, but first go to Holland to pick up passengers and freight. The British and Colonial steamships sail every fortnight direct from London to Cape Town. They are of light draught, especially designed to cross the bar at East London and Natal, but carry only first-class passengers. Rates of passage from London to Cape Town range from $66.43, third class, up to $199.28, first class.

The distance from London is 5,951 miles and the average time of the voyage by royal mail steamers is seventeen days and by other lines about twenty-one days. From New York one must add, of course, to these figures from six to nine days of time and from $50 to $100 for fare. In brief, a traveler from New York to Cape Town via England might reasonably hope to make the voyage in something less than thirty days and possibly in twenty-five, at an expense for steamer fare of from $136.43 to about $300, according to the accommodations desired. Most of the English lines sell through tickets to Johannesburg via Cape Town, the first-class fare being $225.13 and the additional time from Cape Town by rail about two days.

Tickets, Please!

As a train was approaching a town on the Great Northern Railway in Ireland an intelligent-looking young Irishman observed a lady standing up searching her pocket. She commenced to weep. "Have you been robbed?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I've lost my ticket, and they will accuse me of fraud."

Seeing her distressed state of mind he said:

"Oh, don't mind; here, take my ticket, and I will give the guard a problem," while their fellow-passengers awaited the scene at the station with interest.

When the train stopped the guard collected all the tickets but one. "Where is your ticket?" he asked the young man.

"You have got my ticket," he replied.

"No, I have not got it. I'll call the stationmaster and see about it."

"Where is your ticket?" asked the stationmaster, when he appeared.

"He has my ticket; see if he has a ticket in his hand with a small piece off the corner."

"Yes, you have, Dave; there it is."

"Well, see, will that fit it?" said Pat, handing him the small piece, and it did. A look of surprise crept over the guard's face as he left the carriage, while Pat caused much amusement by exclaiming, "Begorra, I knew he couldn't solve it."—Tit-Bits.

Intense Artificial Heat.

The greatest heat produced artificially is that of an electric arc furnace, the kind that is used in the production of artificial diamonds, calcium carbide, etc. It is so intense that nothing exists with which to record it. It is estimated, however, to be of about 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The coldest known temperature is that of liquid air, which freezes alcohol and mercury and distances all means of measuring. It is claimed for it that with it a temperature of 400 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit is reached. The present limits of heat and cold are, therefore, represented by the arc furnace and the liquid air.

Even the Sermons Were Dry.

The late Rev. Lawrence Lockhart, D. D., before his succession to the family estates in Lanarkshire, was parish minister of Inchinnan, in Renfrewshire. When, on his succession to the estates, he was "flitting" from Inchinnan, he left a number of things behind him stored in a garret. Some time afterward he wrote to his successor to ask him whether the things in the garret were "all right" and in particular whether they were "well aired." In reply he was told, "The things in the garret are all right, well aired and quite dry—sermons and all."

Electrification of Seeds.

Rr. E. H. Cook read a paper before the last meeting of the British Association, giving the results of his experiments on the effect of electrification of seeds previous to planting. His results showed that, although there was no difference in growth, a far larger number of seeds germinated if they were electrified.

Slow Work.

"Maria," you let that young Bobster stay last night until 1 o'clock."

"But, mamma, you told me I must give him time to propose."

"But five hours!"

"Why, mamma, you know how he stutters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face. The former binds; the latter only attracts.—Lamartine.

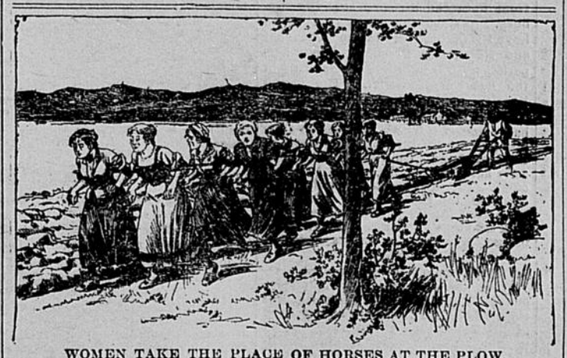
The United States building at the Paris exposition will be closed on Sunday.

WOMEN AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

In One Section of Canada They Are Harnessed to the Plow.

Like the squaw of the American Indian, on whom her lord and master lays the task of taking the place of a beast of burden, the women of a colony of Russian settlers, who came to Canada a little over three years ago and located on the bleak prairies of the great Canadian northwest, are slaves of the most menial kind. Not only do they take the places of horses in plowing, but they also perform other heavy work that in most sections is reserved for lower animals and the men do the lighter work.

Plowing both spring and fall is done by "bees." The head of the family issues a call for a plow bee at his homestead on a certain date. The women gather in large numbers. They are buxom-looking women and ready to



WOMEN TAKE THE PLACE OF HORSES AT THE PLOW.

work. They arrive early in the morning, and are at first placed at a table and fed. The food is coarse, but substantial. At the conclusion of the meal preparations for the field are begun. The party is divided into three relieffs. To the beam of the plow is attached a long rope, into which are tied stout sticks equal to half the number of women in each relief. As draught animals the women go to their places, dividing on either side of the rope, and the day's work is begun.

The owner of the land, holding the handles of the plow, gives a grunt. The women bend forward to the yoke, the plowshare enters the ground, and at a rapid rate the first furrow is turned over. For four hours each relief works. As fast as returned the women are privileged to go home. During working hours not a word is spoken. The women are as dumb as the animals they represent.

Last year the Canadian mounted police, in order to assist the impoverished settlers, gave them several small contracts for hay. In the execution of these contracts the women again played an important part. Harnessed to small wooden sulky rakes, they could be seen daily during the summer toiling up and down the prairie meadows harvesting the hay. The men did the loading into the police wagons.

WORSE THAN A WATERSPOUT.

British Forces in South Africa Suffer from "Sand Devils."

The English forces in South Africa have suffered severely during the dry season from the sand-storms, or "sand devils" as the natives call them, which

THE "SAND DEVIL" IN A SOUTH AFRICAN CAMP.

rage frequently on the dry and dusty veldt. Just as sometimes pieces of paper and bits of litter are caught up by the wind on a street corner and kept twisting round and round in the air, so on the great African plains great columns of sand are raised high into the air, in shape and in motion like a waterspout. Sometimes the "sand devils" are driven at a high rate of speed by the wind, and people who get in their way come out of the interview looking and feeling as if they had been thoroughly polished with emery paper. With the coming of the rains, of course, the sand is laid and danger from sandstorms is over.

CLOSED DOORS.

Little Korea Affords No Field for American Enterprise.

In pursuance of the policy now pursued by the Consular Service of ascertaining the state of foreign fields as opportunities for American labor, capital and enterprise, Horace W. Allen, Consul General to Seoul, Korea, writes for the consular reports that Korea now employs no foreign military officers as advisers or instructors in its army, and is not likely to do so, owing to an agreement made with Russia when a large staff of Russian officers were allowed to leave. By this agreement Korea announced her ability and intention to dispense with further assistance of that kind.

The many requests from young men who have recently left the service of the United States asking for positions in connection with the Korean army are futile. There is no demand for their services in Korea. There is no demand for foreign advisers to the Korean Government. Although two Americans who held such positions have recently died, their places have been filled, and there is no further demand for assistance of that kind. The newspaper report that one of these advisers had been receiving a salary of $100,000 gold per annum is entirely misleading; such positions pay from $150 to $250 per month. There is no demand for employes on the railroads in Korea. Japanese control and operate the steam railroad, and Koreans and Americans are employed on the electric railroads, I believe the positions are all filled. Employment with the mines would have to be secured before coming to Korea. The agent of the mines in America is H. A. Noble, representative of the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco. Prospectors cannot operate in Korea, and there is no employment with the mines other than on wages. I am told the mining company has no lack of applicants.

Mechanical Curiosities.

The Le Droz family, of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, were famous makers of mechanical curiosities. One of these was a clock, presented to the King of Spain, having a sheep and dog attached to it. The sheep would bleat in exact imitation of a live one, while the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavor to bite, until it was restored. Another was an oval gold snuff box, about four and one-half inches long by three inches broad, and one inch and one-half thick. It was double, as though one box were placed on top of another, with a lid for each. One contained snuff. In the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird of green enameled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity shook its wings, wagged its tail, opened its bill of white enameled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was, being only three-quarters of an inch from the beak to the extremity of the tail, such a clear, melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony.

The Siamang.

The gentle siamang is a gibbon and no monkey, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. In assemblies on the treetops live the siamang, whooping through the octaves, calling to their friends from miles away, and swooping off to meet them, racing steeplechases with the winds. I have seen, and hope to live and see again, a pack of the siamang going through the jungle—a long black arm and a small crumpled body swinging wildly from it like a pendulum run mad, then a suicidal fling, a crash in the covering green, and so they are gone. Tame they are the gentlest of creatures. The Malays catch the young ones and bring them to our doors, knowing that buy we must. It is not among the possibilities for a Mem to resist the forlorn small speechless thing, when it winds its long arms and fingers round her neck, and hides its black wrinkled face of an old woman, with round unhappy eyes, in the softness of her morning gown. Or it lurches across the veranda on a pair of very bandy little legs, balancing itself with oustretched arms. But they always die. They who have weathered torrential rains under the open heaven die in captivity of consumption, and cough out their ill-comprehended souls like Christians, huddled in a blanket.

Some Big Fires in Europe.

In 1802 there was an enormous conflagration at Liverpool, which destroyed more than $5,000,000 worth of property. In the year 1700 over one-half of the city of Edinburgh was destroyed by fire. In 1865 there was a fire in Constantinople which destroyed 2,800 buildings, shops and bazaars. But Constantinople's greatest fire occurred in 1870, when almost half the peninsula on which the city is built was swept by the conflagration. No record exists of the number of houses destroyed on this occasion, but the value of the property lost was roughly estimated to exceed $25,000,000.

His Baby's Future Quite Apparent.

"Augh waugh!"

It was the baby. He had repeated this remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ahmb wowbdgow alwaugh!" added the baby, while people across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in his pillow, "that I should grow up to become the father of a railway porter!"—London Tit-Bits.

Her experience with the men doesn't seem to help a woman any when she is a widow, and nice, polite men want to borrow her life insurance money.

A man who lacks sense, bitterly objects to it in others.

HE'S A ROYAL COWARD.

Prince Adolphus of Teck Brings Disgrace on British Army.

"A Royal Coward" is the title which the Duke of Teck, brother-in-law to the Duke of York, England's future King, has succeeded in adding to his princely name in the South African war. Among all the recent scandals of the British war office none has aroused so much public indignation as the disgraceful part which the member of the English royal family played at the skirmish of Koorn Spruit.

At Koorn Spruit the Duke of Teck was escort officer for a convoy of artillery. He allowed his men to walk into an ambuscade, and then turning his horse's head, he fled at a mad gallop, permitting 450 men and six guns to fall into the hands of a small detachment of Boers. The Prince, according to reports prevalent in military circles, founded on official information, is not only accused of gross negligence, but is suspected of equally gross cowardice. The surprise prepared by the Boers on this occasion was one for which a brave soldier, alive to his duty, should have been prepared. Teck was neither. When the word first came to him, "We are trapped!" his womanish terror, it is

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

said, was pitiful. Not one of his men but would have stood his ground, ambush or not. But the leader, terror-stricken, turned, leaving the greater number of his men in the trap where his own folly had led them, and taking with him a small guard for his own protection.

It is not likely that there is another such instance in the recent history of British arms. Teck and his men did not draw rein until they had fled 1,200 yards, where the untaken guns were unlimbered and a perfunctory attempt was made to shell the Boers, who quickly got out of range with their booty. Nor were the guns followed up, though it is known that recovery was feasible.

The only sequel, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, to this piece of egregious cowardice has been the victimizing of Gatacre. Teck was major in the First Life Guards. An untitled Britisher holding such a position and committing such a disgraceful act would have been promptly shot. General W. F. Gatacre was the Duke of Teck's commanding officer. In dispatches to the war office, at least those made public, the entire blame for the disgrace of Koorn Spruit was laid upon Gatacre by Lord Roberts.

Danger of Night Parties

"I abominate night parties for children," said a prominent city physician recently, while speaking of the care of the young, "and I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exposure and the eating in the night, but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of 12 years who was wasted and nervous and whose dreams were filled with his problems. It was a marvel and a pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep such as he failed to master when awake. But he came near his final problem. I locked up his books at 4 o'clock. He must not touch one after supper; he must play and romp and then go to bed. He is now robust. You cannot emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study."—Chicago Chronicle.

Only Women Can Pronounce It.

The state Besjukovschtschina in Russia is probably the only place in the world that is run entirely by women. This state is made up of seven villages, each presided over by a mayoress, the whole under the superintendence of a lady named Saschka, who acts as president. There are women magistrates, women preachers, women policemen—in fact, every capacity in the state is filled by women. The roads are made by women and women sell milk and deliver letters. If you want to bring an action against your neighbor in this State you go to a woman lawyer, and if there is anything in your house to be stolen then a burglar of the weaker sex steals it. No place of any importance is filled by a man.

Checking Ticket Speculators.

There is a stringent ordinance in Atlanta, Ga., against speculation in tickets to places of amusement, and one of its violators came to grief during the recent engagement of Richard Mansfield in that city. The speculator was arraigned before the city judge, the case proved against him and he was promptly fined $100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail. The latter part of the sentence was afterward remitted. Mr. Mansfield expressed pleasure on being informed of the sentence. He said his own agents charged the public for admission as much as they were able to pay.

A Rare Conversion.

Brown—Jones has been converted to a silver man by going to a gold country.

Smith—How did that happen?

Brown—He took $1,000 up to Cape Nome, Alaska, last season and came back with $16,000, and now he says 16 to 1 is plenty good enough for him.—Detroit Free Press.

A Capable Woman.

Jones—Brown married a very capable woman, didn't he?

Smith—I guess so. At least she seems to be capable of making a living for both of them.

Quaker City Abolishes a Nuisance.

A new ordinance in Philadelphia prohibits the placing of loose circulars under doors, in vestibules, on doorsteps, front porches or around doorknobs.