

WAR NOTES.

The work of repairing the three Spanish gunboats raised at Manila is reported to be progressing rapidly at Hong Kong under the direction of Constructor Capps and Assistant Constructor Jobson.

Regarding the attack to destroy Manila in January, a member of the 14th infantry writes home how the rebels planned the work: "The insurgents tried to take the city by making an attack in the rear, and have the citizens make an attack in the rear, so in order to do this it was necessary for them to get arms into the city."

It is said to be the intention of the navy department to send 1,000 marines to Cavite to take care of the navy's interests there. This seems to be a very large number of marines to station at one navy yard, but the explanation is that the Cavite station is the largest in the possession of the United States.

The government having requested the Red Cross to take up the hospital work in Cuba, sheltering the homeless and caring for the sick, a Red Cross staff has embarked to join the Red Cross agents already there.

The forward movement of the American troops in the vicinity of Pasig is very slow, owing to the thickets they are obliged to go through. However, the insurgents' avenue of communication north and south has been cut off by the U. S. troops, whose lines are now stretched out over a mile.

Gen. Corbin has been making arrangements for the return of the dead soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico, with a view of providing for their interment at such places as the relatives and friends of the deceased may desire.

A change in the command of the United States forces at Iloilo will occur on March 27 resulting from the retirement of Gen. Marcus Miller who on that date reaches the age limit of 64 years.

The advance movement has now been commenced by the American troops and will be continued until Malolos, the capital of Cuba, is taken.

Gen. Wheaton, who after a hard fought battle, succeeded in capturing Pasig. The engagement lasted one hour. Insurgents lost 30 killed; Americans, 3 killed and 14 wounded.

Rear Admiral Higginson has declined the promotion offered him by the department on the ground that his services have not been of such conspicuous merit as to warrant it.

During Wheaton's engagement with the Filipinos at Pasig heavy fighting was encountered at all times, yet he succeeded in whipping 2,000 rebels, captured and now occupies the towns of Pateros and Pasig and holds 500 insurgents as prisoners.

An order has been issued by the war department increasing the age limit for enlistment from 30 to 35 years. The youngest age at which a man can be enlisted is 18 years.

The intense heat in the Philippines is badly effecting the U. S. soldiers, many of the new arrivals dropping from their ranks on their way to join Gen. Wheaton, while several sunstrokes is reported from Manila.

The last batch of Spanish soldiers at Manila numbering 885 men, except a few who are in the hospitals, have embarked for Spain.

The total number of American deaths in the present war from May 1, 1898, to Feb. 28, 1899, is as follows: Killed in action, 329; died of wounds, 125; died of disease, 5,277; total, 5,731.

Gen. Otis has sent a message to Washington to the effect that Manila is not a safe place for officers' families, and advises that they remain in the United States.

Rear-Admiral Hichborn reports 51 vessels of various types ranging from battleships to torpedo boats, now in process of construction for addition to the navy.

IRISH LINEN.

One Industry Which Has Never Suffered from Repression.

Linen is the Irish industry which has never suffered any kind of repression, says the Gentleman's Magazine. "Let them have their linen," was the answer, in reply to remonstrances with regard to other taxation.

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The Ivy Green.

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green. But the stout old ivy shall never fade Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold.

To pleasure his dainty whim; And the mouldering dust that years have made Is a merry meal for him. Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed. And nations scattered been; But the stout old ivy shall never fade From his hale and hearty green. The brave old plant in his lonely days Shall fatten upon the past; For the stanchest building man can raise Is the ivy's food at last.

—Charles Dickens.

MR. WOLCOTT'S ADVENTURE

When Henry Wolcott left his inland city home to seek his fortune in New York, he provided himself with a rather generous capital to start, or rather to wait on. The wise young man did even more. He placed his savings in his father's hands and arranged that a certain sum should be sent to him in New York once a week.

For a time his plan of procedure worked well, and I am not saying that his misadventure is to be attributed to his plan. On the contrary, I commend the plan and would only criticize a certain departure from it which was due largely to pardonable ignorance of the great city.

It was before he found employment that on a certain Tuesday morning he confronted two great facts. One was brought to his attention by a letter from his sweetheart; she was coming to New York on the next day with an aunt, and would call on him at noon. That was delightful. The other fact was that he was short of cash. His check was due the next morning, and he knew that he could count on it as he would upon the rising of the sun, but he was equally certain that it would not arrive ahead of time.

Wolcott was not especially disturbed, however. With the certainty that his check would be on hand on Wednesday morning he resolved to suffer privation on this day and there-by learn a lesson that should prevent a recurrence of the scrape another week. But as the day grew on and he hungered he began to wish that some friend or acquaintance might turn up from whom he might borrow a dollar. There were, perhaps, a score of men scattered about the city to whom he would not have hesitated to appeal, but to run after them was absolutely out of the question. No, he would go to bed hungry for once and let it teach him to be more prudent.

This philosophical resolution endured all its strength for about an hour. Then Wolcott began to weaken. All of a sudden it occurred to him that he could pawn something. He would not need his overcoat during the night. It was an expensive garment, recently made. He would put it up and redeem it early next morning.

So he set out with his overcoat on his arm to find a pawnshop. He dreaded the experience, and his discomfort increased as he approached the money-lender's place of business. It was, therefore, with evident discomposure that he at last laid down his coat on the counter and asked for a loan.

The man in charge peered sharply at him over his glasses and then examined the coat critically. The garment was more than all right. It was too good. If it had been May or June and this young man had come in with a self-possession and asked for \$10 on the coat the money would have been handed over without hesitation; but in winter, and the applicant ill at ease—

"How much do you want?" demanded the broker sharply. "O, a dollar will do," replied Wolcott, trying to assume an indifferent air; "I shall redeem it tomorrow morning."

"That settled it. The man who wanted only a dollar for such a coat as that could not have come by it honestly and the worthy pawnbroker was not to be concerned in any shady transactions. He had had trouble enough."

"What's the matter with the coat?" asked the hungry Wolcott, as the garment was pushed toward him. "Isn't it good for a dollar?"

"Don't want anything to do with such a man as you are," replied the money-lender loftily. "Get out!" Utterly nonplussed, poor Wolcott took up his coat and left the shop. The proprietor followed him to the door. A policeman was strolling along, and to him the money-lender whispered a few words. The officer looked at Wolcott, who was standing at the curb, disconsolate, humiliated, hungry, wondering what he'd better do. He was awakened from his reverie by a heavy hand on his shoulder and a voice that sternly asked him where he was going with that coat.

"Home, of course!" retorted Wolcott, impatiently, staring away. "Guess not, young fellow," said the guardian of peace and property. "I'm going to run you in. You come with me."

Of course Wolcott had to go. He explained and protested all in vain. No man who owned as good a coat as that would fail to put it on. The owner of that coat would presently turn up at the station to enter a complaint, and it would be a fine feather in the policeman's helmet to have the

found his knees trembling and his heart fluttering. "Say, I'm a fool!" he growled, as he shook himself. "The idea of my being scared by such noises as that! One would think I'd never been out of the house after dark!"

Private Smith braced up and looked about him and smiled at his nervousness. There was nothing to be afraid of. Over there was a rebel picket, and he fell to wondering if the man was old or young—standing under a tree or out in the open—a veteran or a recruit. Thus another fifteen minutes passed, when of a sudden the soldier sprang back and cried out:

"What's that! Who is it—who is it?" Some prowling animal—perhaps a farmer's dog—had trotted over the grass between the tree and the house—that was all. The recruit stood with leveled musket and thumping heart for a minute, and then he fell to cursing himself.

"Am I a child—a woman—a coward, to be afraid of shadows?" he whispered. "There is the wind again, and that sound of growling in the branches grinding together. There may be rabbits about, but am I going to play the fool on that account? Come, now, be a man!"

Private Smith sat down on a stone at the base of the tree. They had told him standing picket was worse than a battle. Why! It was a little lonesome, to be sure, but there was nothing to fear—no one to harm. As for the uncanny noises, they could all be explained away. He was a little nervous, because it was his first time on picket, but that he would admit only to himself. He would think of home as he waited and watched, and pretty soon his two hours would be up. Long ere this hour the folks at home were sound asleep and he could almost hear the bark of the old dog which kept guard around the house at night. There was the path leading from the kitchen door to the barnyard—the smokehouse on the right, the pig-pen on the left—there was—

Private Smith knew that he was awake. He knew that his eyes were wide open, but of a sudden, he found himself helpless. He choked for breath—he looked straight before him—his heart pounded away until he shrank from the blows. Some one was approaching. He heard the step! step! step! and presently a human form appeared out of the gloom. The man sought to break the spell which chained him, but he could not utter noise nor cry out. The chill of fear had paralyzed him. For a long minute that figure stood before him in silence and then a voice said:

"I want my child—my Mary!" "It is a woman," whispered the soldier to himself. "Perhaps it is the woman who lived in the house there."

"I thought she was here but I don't see her. When the battle began I took her in my arms to run away, but I fell down and all was dark and she must have left me."

"It is a woman hunting for her child!" said the soldier. "It would be awful if the child was killed in the battle!"

"It was Mary, you know," continued the woman in wheedling tones as she knelt on the ground before him. "You wouldn't hurt a little girl 3 years old, would you? You'll give her up to me, won't you? We live here, but the big cannon balls tore the house down. Is this blood on my cheek—on my hand?"

The soldier tried to answer, but his tongue refused to move. He wanted to tell her that he had not seen her child, but the words would not come.

"If you took her home with you, then I'll go with you to get her," said the woman, as she looked full into the soldier's eyes. "Did she sing for you? Did she ever hear dolly along? Why don't you speak to me?"

"So—so you ran away when the big guns boomed?" asked Private Smith, with a laugh. "Yes, I ran?"

"Of course, it is—ha! ha! ha!" "I didn't know it—te-he-he!" "It's very funny. So you were afraid of the guns?"

"Yes." "Ha! ha! ha!" "Te-he-he!"

"But the guns don't hurt anybody. I was so sure that you ran away. I thought you was a rabbit when I first saw you—ha! ha! ha!"

"If I laugh will I find Mary?" "Of course. That's the reason she ran away—because you didn't laugh."

"Te-he-he!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "Do you know what they told me to-day about being on picket?" queried the soldier as he rested a hand on the woman's head. "They said I'd shake and shiver and scare like a child. They were only gadding, though. They always say a fresh fish."

"That's funny—te-he-he!" "Awfully funny—ha! ha! ha! I ain't afraid of the dark, and the queer noises don't scare me a bit. I'm just as cool and calm as if I were home. So you're lost Mary?"

"Yes. You don't think she was killed, do you?" "Of course not. Nobody ever gets killed in battle. Say, let's laugh some more."

"Te-he-he!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the relief, and when they halted at post 6 the sergeant sternly whispered:

"You there, Smith—are you asleep at your post?" "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the man at the foot of the tree.

"You blamed fool, but what's the matter?" continued the sergeant, as he went over and took the man by the arm. "Mary's lost, you know, and this woman here—"

"What woman?" "And this woman here wants to find her. I'm sorry, you know, but—ha! ha! ha!"

"Here, Jones—come here!" called the sergeant. "They chuckled this tender-foot on me, and I gave him the easiest post, but I'll be hanged if his nerves ain't gone back on him, and turned him into a blooming idiot! Take him back to the reserve and let 'em send an extra man. Here, Smith, what's the matter with you?"

"Poor woman!" slowly replied the recruit, as he patted the sergeant on the shoulder. "But if you don't laugh you won't find Mary—ha! ha! ha!" John Brisbane-Walker, in Chicago News.

SMALL BOY UPSETS 'PHONES.

And Incidentally Causes the Passage of a Village Ordinance.

A telephone company in an Iowa town has made an interesting discovery and at the same time solved a mystery which has been puzzling it for weeks. The telephone lines, which had previously given good service, began a short time ago to develop all sorts of queer symptoms, the induction in some cases being so strong that a person using a receiver could hear half a dozen different people talking at once.

The linesmen had a bad time searching up and down the wires for the trouble. At length they found a spot where a heavy lead cable had received a shot from a 22-caliber rifle. The bullet had twisted and cut the wires and worked several varieties of damage. The injured section had been cut out and spliced. Later on other bullet marks of the same character were discovered. It was evident that some one was in the habit of making a target of the wires, and as each shot cost the company about \$25 to repair, the superintendent of the line was a little anxious as to who should pay the bill. He was not long in finding out. The son of a prominent resident of the town was caught prowling around an alley with a small rifle, shooting at birds on the wires, and inasmuch as one of the cables near his home was ruined by the shooting, it is assumed that the boy is responsible for the induction that has been bewildering and exasperating the telephone subscribers of the town. The town has determined to put in force a local ordinance which makes it just as much of a misdemeanor to shoot a target rifle within the town limits as it would be to fire off a Gatling gun. The town marshal has given instructions to the patrolmen to arrest any one seen going about with a target rifle, and mischievous boys are to be taught to let the telephone lines alone. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MURDER OF INNOCENTS.

Put to Death Under the So-Called First School System.

Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah," writes Mrs. Lew Wallace in the February Ladies Home Journal. "We are told that probably not over thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful king, but under what is claimed to be the finest free school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day lilies and boys with the flat chests and waxy skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out; dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms, by three, eight, destroy-lighting. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes grown prematurely old by night work. Said a thoughtful father: 'My children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is their playtime if not now, and what has become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy, and school let out, we were gay and free. We studied in schooltime, and in playtime there was no thought of anything but play.' I do not undervalue education; it is greatly to be desired, but overeducation is slaying its thousands. The burden is books. The tasks imposed on the young are fearful. The effort seems to be to make text books as difficult and complicated as possible, instead of smoothing the hill so high and hard to climb."

EARLY USE OF COAL.

Some Historians Say It Was Known Before Caesar.

It is believed by some historians that coal was used by the Romans on the continent and by the Britons on the island before the arrival of Caesar, says the Detroit Free Press. As early as 1234 Henry III, granted a license to dig coal near Newcastle, but a few years later the use of coal was forbidden in London, the smoke being deemed prejudicial to public health. In 1306 the London gentry petitioned the King against its use, declaring that in spite of his royal order, certain malicious persons persisted in burning it. Coals began to be brought from Newcastle to London in 1381, during the reign of Richard II. By the year 1400 coal was commonly burned in London as a fuel, though 200 years later, in the reign of Charles I, its use was far from being general throughout England. Anthracite coal, which, except the diamond, is the purest form of carbon known, was first used by a Connecticut blacksmith named Gore in 1768, and as a domestic fuel by Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1808.

Grain-O Brings Relief

To the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally injurious, and almost as universally indulged in. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, affects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c. per package.

The Power of a Cyclone.

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone, and the energy required to keep a full-fledged hurricane in active operation, reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to four hundred and seventy-three million horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that is creatable by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were steam, water, windmills, and the strength of all men and all animals combined, they could not at all approach the tremendous force exerted by this terrible storm.

London's Growth.

It is estimated that at the present rate of growth London, which now has a population of 5,657,000, will in 1941 have over 13,000,000.

New Idea of Roofs.

Roofs of small dwellings in Paris are now made on a new principle. They have only a very gentle slope and are covered with battens and tarred cardboard, over which is a layer of clean-sifted gravel nearly two inches thick. Rain and hail and sun have very little effect upon such a roof, and houses thus covered suffer less from the extremes of heat and cold than those with zinc or slate roofs.

Sick Headache from Bad Stomach.

From the Pain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.

"What was the cause of those headaches? You ask. They came from my stomach. It was out of order, and so was my whole system. I was run down, but my stomach caused me the most trouble. I am glad to testify to the merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because it is on account of the willingness of others to do the same that I am rid of a distressing malady, and it will give me the means of helping some one else."

Mr. Vogel is about twenty-three years old, and is the son of Charles Vogel, a mason contractor, with whom he makes his home. The sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is enormous. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as leucorrhea, anemia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from overwork, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

"Then I began to see if somebody had used them for the same trouble from which I was suffering," he went on to say "and I found what I was looking for. The stories seemed straightforward and full of sincerity. I had never heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before but I determined to buy a box and try them. I was so much improved that I could not but admit to myself that the little pills were wonderful. Gradually the pain in my head lessened, and at the end of a month it nearly disappeared."

"After taking the pills for a month I was cured. That was a year ago, and I have not suffered since."

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