

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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SONG OF YEARS.

The bright hours pass like birds on pinions golden. And leave their empty nests in Memory's halls. And in the past, with all its mysteries olden. Oblivion, like a twilight, o'er them falls. They have sweet songs to cheer, they have glad voices, Their flashing wings like flaming sunbeams burn; But, ah! e'en while the listening ear rejoices, They speed away, and never more return! God rains the moments down like golden showers: We gather them, and lo! they are but dew! They melt like flakes of snow, they fade like flowers, Or glittering stars on morning's brightening blue. Day is a rainbow arched from morn to even; 'Tis lost when night breathes darkness on the air. Yet with the dawn it smiles again in Heaven; So life, when death has kissed away our care. Ah, me! the golden fancies that have perished, And left behind but footprints of their cheer! Some autumn falls on every summer cherished: Each laughing day ends with a dewy tear! Yet will not for years departed sorrow— The gentle lesson of the bright to-day Shall be my key to open the fair to-morrow. When night's cold tear in smiles is charmed away, Be glad, O soul! sing not a mournful story! Hope, like a sun, awakes the future's dawn: The path shall live again, where, bathed in glory, Through death's hushed hall God's angel beckons us on! Ernest W. Shurtleff, in Christian Work.

FOUR KINGS AND A BRIDE.

Rawson Held to the Kings and Let the Bride Wait.

"REMEMBER," said the old settler, "when, away back in the 50s, a wedding was postponed on account of a jackpot in which the prospective bridegroom was deeply interested. "In those days poker was more commonly played at the state capital than it is to-day, and there were some pretty stiff games pulled off in the hotels and star chambers around town when the legislature was in session. One of the hardest players with which the regulars had to deal was young Jim Rawson, of Egg Harbor. He ran a general merchandise store down there, and was mixed up in the oyster trade, so that he always had 'money to burn,' as the boys say nowadays. "In the winter of '54 Rawson came to Trenton to help push a bill in which he was interested through the legislature, and one evening he got mixed up in a game of poker in the United States hotel with Sol Travers, Jerry Holcomb and Dick Collins, three of the gamiest players that ever drew cards. The game was innocent enough when it started, but along about three o'clock the next morning it had assumed proportions calculated to make an ordinary player gasp when the bets were made. Rawson was the youngest man at the table and had probably played poker less than any of the others; but he had money and nerve, and the way he used both of them made the other three keep their eyes open. There wasn't much difference in the men's winnings up to breakfast time, but all of a sudden the cards got freakish, as they will sometimes, and began to run against Rawson. "The players wouldn't give up the game and had breakfast brought to them. They laid down the cards long enough to eat, and then went at it again. Rawson's hard luck kept up. He turned his hat around, crossed his legs, got up and walked around his chair, rung in new packs of cards, and did everything that the superstitious poker player does to change his luck, but it wouldn't change. His money kept drifting away until ten o'clock in the forenoon, when he counted up his assets and found that he had \$200 left. He had fed about \$1,800 to the tiger, and naturally felt a little sore. At last a jackpot was started about half-past ten o'clock, and the cards were dealt around a dozen times and nobody got openers. "Hurry up, boys, and open it," said Rawson. "I've got to catch that 11:45 train. I'm going to be married to-night, and I must be in by five o'clock, dressed for the occasion. "But the boys didn't seem to be able to hurry. They dealt and dealt, but somehow the right kind of openers wouldn't fall, and finally there was a snug little pot of about \$600 on the table. At 11:30 Travers opened the pot for \$100. Holcomb and Collins stayed. "I feel just as if I was going to win that pot," said Rawson, writing some figures on a piece of paper and throwing it on the center of the table with what money he had left. "I'm shy \$50, boys, but I guess I'm good for it. "Your check is as good as your money," said Travers. "Every bit," said Holcomb and Collins. "But you'll never catch that train," remarked Travers. "By thunder!" explained Rawson, "I forgot all about that." He looked at his watch and found that he had three minutes in which to get to the station. "There's no use trying to make it now," he said, "they'll have to postpone the wedding. I'll telegraph that I've missed the train." At 11:45 a messenger was

sent to the telegraph office with a dispatch, and the game went on. "The pot was \$1,000 strong when the men drew cards, and I want to tell you now of the most remarkable set of poker hands that I ever saw dealt. Travers was dealing. Holcomb called for one card, Collins took one, Rawson drew four, and Travers took one. There was business ahead, everybody saw that. Travers made a bid for a raise by betting \$25, which was 'lifted' \$200 by Holcomb, and Collins raised that \$200, so that when it came around to Rawson it cost \$425 to come in. Everybody thought he would throw down his cards, but he didn't; he slowly drew a check book out of his pocket and wrote a check for \$1,000 and shoved it up, thus raising Collins \$575. "You could see right away that the other players thought he was bluffing. Travers met the raise at once and added \$500 to it. Holcomb saw that, and raised it another \$500. Collins simply saw the raise and Rawson lifted it another thousand. "Travers settled back in his chair and eyed Rawson for a minute. 'You've got pretty good nerve, old man,' he said, 'but you can't make me lay down, not on a four-card draw, anyway.' Then he saw Rawson's thousand raise, and increased it \$500. "I call you," said Holcomb, shoving in \$1,500. "I might as well take a chance for my money," said Collins, laying \$1,500 on the pile. Rawson put down another check for \$500. "Well, boys," said Travers, "I'm sorry for you. I've got four queens." He threw them on the table. "That beats my four jacks," said Holcomb, "and my four tens," said Collins; "but it doesn't beat my four kings," said Rawson, spreading out his cards. He held four kings and an ace. "Thunderation, what a draw!" exclaimed Travers. "Twas pretty good," said Rawson, raking in the money; "and I got them all in a bunch. I held up an ace." "Rawson pulled in \$13,000 and \$9,750 of it came out of the pockets of the other three men. It was the biggest pack pot I ever saw." "How about the wedding?" asked a listener. "Oh, yes, I meant to tell you about that," said the old settler. "You see, the girl that Rawson was going to marry had a mind of her own, and when the telegram came saying that he had missed the train, what did she do but jump aboard the cars and come up to Trenton, reaching here about six o'clock in the evening. Rawson was mighty glad to see her, too. They went out and hunted up a minister and got married. Then they came back to the hotel, and we all had a mighty nice lay-out. I don't know whether the woman ever found out why Rawson missed the train or not, but I reckon if she did she would have more sense than to klick much, because she seemed to be a pretty level-headed girl. "Speaking about that being a remarkable set of poker hands," said an old-timer, who had been a listener to the old settler's account of the game, "I saw a funny set of hands myself once. It was along about '62, I guess. It was while the legislature was in session. One night I dropped into Charley Donnelly's place, that was, in those days, a favorite resort for poker players. There was a big game on between four South Jersey men. They had been playing all the afternoon without one

getting much the best of the other. I thought I'd watch the game awhile and I sat down behind Jim Weeks, a big stock dealer, who lived in Burlington county. He's dead now. The cards were dealt around a half dozen times and nobody got a hand that was worth betting much on. "Finally Weeks called for a new pack of cards. They were brought and carefully shuffled. The cards were dealt and everybody bet a dollar. A fellow named Haines was dealing, and when he asked how many cards were wanted every one of the players stood 'pat,' and we all noticed that he laid the pack down without taking cards himself. Weeks bet ten dollars, and the fellow next to him raised him ten dollars. Everybody stayed, and when the bet got back to Weeks he raised it \$20; but Haines wasn't feazed by that, and he promptly raised Weeks \$50. After some hesitation the other two players dropped out, and the fight was between Weeks and Haines, who raised back and forth until there was about \$1,200 in the pot. Finally Haines got skittish and called Weeks. "I've got a club flush—deuce, tray, four, five and six," he said, spreading out his cards. "I've got a heart flush with the same cards," said Haines. "Well, I'll be whaled," said one of the fellows who had drawn out, "if I didn't have the same kind of a diamond flush." "Yes, and I laid down a spade flush to match it," said the other fellow. "Haines and Weeks divided the pot, while the other two chaps went into the barroom and ordered cocktails. Four pat hands were dealt, and one was as good as the other. I never knew of its happening before or since."—N. Y. Sun.

HUMAN ROOKERIES.
Monks Perched on Rocks in Thessaly Where the Turks Cannot Get Them.
The mere fact that the Turks over-run Thessaly on the Grecian frontier does not by any means imply that they can easily extirpate the Christians in that once fertile vale. Some of the Christian strongholds in this territory which for generations has been in dispute between the adherents of the cross and crescent, are perched high on inaccessible rocks. The monastery of All Saints, popularly known as Hagios Barlaam, is on the top of a lofty monolith, rising several hundred feet sheer from the ground. The monastery buildings crown the top of this rock clear to the outer edges, and it is only to be reached when the monks deign to let down a ladder or a net, in which the visitor is slowly hauled by a cumbersome windlass to the lofty summit. The monks on top of this lofty rock have stores of wine and warehouses filled with grain. They are men of abstemious habits, accustomed to live upon the minimum of food which will support human life, and a siege by the Turks they would look upon as an event requiring special fortitude and sacrifice. This monastery in Thessaly was built in the 15th century. The rope by which it is reared is 340 feet in length. This rope is lowered by the monks when they consent to receive the visit of some stranger who has been well recommended to them. At the end of the rope is a net and in this the visitor with his baggage takes his place. Then the monks far above turn an ancient windlass and the visitor in his net slowly ascends. If for any reason the monks do not like the look of the visitor, or if they change their minds while the rope is being hauled up, the burden in the net can be let down again—if necessary with a "run." By uncoupling one of the wheels of the windlass the visitor can be dumped on the ground in an unceremonious manner with several lengths of the stout rope on top of him. This form of treatment, it is said, was accorded by the monks to suspicious visitors in former times. Spies attempting to ascend the rock by means of the rope ladder have had the ladder cut above them when a few feet from the top, falling on the rocks below and being dashed to death.—N. Y. Journal.

HOW NOT TO CARRY THEM.
Ways in Which Canes and Umbrellas Become Sources of Danger.
"Any man who feels himself impelled to carry a cane or an umbrella not in actual use in any manner except in an approximately vertical position by his side," said Mr. Glimby, "should at once hire a hall and go there and lock himself in alone, where he will not endanger the lives of his fellow-mortals and where the damage done by him will be confined to the breaking of such windows as he may stick the end of his umbrella through in his sudden turnings as he pursues his walk. "And yet, reprehensible as is the practice of carrying a cane or umbrella through the streets in any other than a vertical position, there are in this as in other crimes degrees of reprehensibility. The least dangerous of the wrong ways of carrying a cane is over the shoulder, with the point up, at the angle of 45 degrees. The man carrying a cane in that manner turning suddenly in a crowd is not likely to do much damage beyond knocking off a few hats. "A more objectionable way of carrying a cane is horizontally under the arm, with the ends sticking out front and back. It is possible for a man carrying a cane in this manner to jab two people at once, rouse a considerable amount of ill feeling and perhaps hurt somebody. "The man who carries through the streets a cane or an umbrella run through the straps of a valise with the ends sticking out is a dangerous being, for people cannot see this umbrella till they are very near to it. They might not know of its presence at all unless they should run over it or the carrier should turn when they were close upon him. "But the most dangerous of all the careless or thoughtless use of umbrella carriers is the man who carries a cane or an umbrella horizontally under his arm while going up a stairway, as, for example, up the stairs leading to an elevated station. The point of an umbrella so carried is about on a level with the eyes of anybody following close, and it is a source of great danger. There is but one thing for the follower to do if, happily, he shall discover the umbrella in time, and that is to give the man carrying it lots of room."—N. Y. Sun.

Artificial Petroleum.
Among the achievements of science is the production of petroleum from linseed oil by distillation under pressure. Two theories have been held as to the origin of petroleum. One is that it is a vegetable, the other of animal origin. It is not unlikely that it is a combination of both. Animal and vegetable oils filter through the ground, and might, by changes in the chemical laboratory of nature, produce this substance. At all events, the fact is significant and interesting, especially as several petroleum hydrocarbons have resulted from the experiments as noted.—N. Y. Ledger.

Bounties for Bears.
According to Maine law the bounty for bears is paid on the exhibition of bruin's nose, while under the New Hampshire law payment is made when the ears are brought in, and hunters living near the common boundary of the states, it is said, collect twice for each bear they bring down.—N. Y. Sun.

Frapped Election.
"What do you think of Nansen as a lecturer?" "Well, it seemed to me that he never properly warmed to his subject."—Puck-Me-Up.

"DOT BISOOOLE."
Some Sage Observations by Herr Pfanzheller.
Speaking of bisoooles, I had gathered some superstitions which I will give to my frater. It is so dot day may be varied by fine in, alretty, yust like dese: It is a sure sign of death by drowning if a veelman passes by an open draw bridge. To be chased by a large, open-faced bulldog is a sure sign dot der veelmans till got his golf soxings tored up by his legs on. If you see a small boy buying a paper of tax it foretells a puncture py der near future in. If a veelman pass a von-eyed man riding horseback py a von-eared mool on und dot veelman doand say: "Squid-illedevinklevinks" fempf times he will meet up py an accident right away quick. If your wife sends you py an errand ooid und you forget all about it und go by your veel for a spin on it it is a sign dot your dinner will be cold for several two or tree days. To sit down suddenly py der cold, cold ground onis a sign of disappointment und severe pains. If you buy a bisooole suit for zweidollars und got caught by a rainstorm ooid it is a sure sign dot you vill hav to go home by a barrel in. To ride any distance close py dot elevated roads under is a sign dot you vill got your bisooole clothes unfit for publications. To ride over a large hole py der street in is a sign dot somebody vill had to call der ambulance. Make a vish ven you pass a load of empty barrels und it vill come true. If it doand yust lunt up dot man vot he own dem barrels und told him vot you tinks of him alretty once. If you stub your right toe und your left knee und der back of your head al py der same times it is a sure sign dot dem Adirondax mountains have stopped your veel from going any furdur. If you break a looking-glass vild ooid riding py your bisooole on it is a sign dot you haf left der street und had climbed py a furniture vagon inside ain'd it? If der lamp py your veel on goes ooid it is a sign dot you vill get py a con vversations in mit a policemans. To drop your veel und climb py : hurry up in under a barb vire fence is a sign dot a bull is chasing you. To see der new moons py your right shoulders ofer is a sign of good luck, but ven you see der new moon und zweidollars stars all py a heap in it is a sign dot your bisooole have stopped suddenly und has fired py your rock und you head on, ain'd it? If a veelmans he is getting \$15 a veek und he pays \$100 cash for a bisooole it is a sure sign dot he vill not go py der sea shores dis summer, vot you don'd tinks? Ven your sweetheart doand vant no more ices cream und says dot you should safe up your moneys und be economical it is a sure sign dot you vill haf to buy a tandems built for zweidollars right away quick pyr pole.

If you pass a telegraf post it is a sign dot you vill got home in time for supper. It is a pad omen to haf your tire road-house in ven you are tirsty. It is unlucky to meet der cowcatcher by an express train on ven you are going ofer a railroads crossing. It is a bad omen to have your tire punctured by a meat ax. It is unlucky to ride ofer a precipices. It is a sure sign dot dere is a field near py ven you run py a stone fence into.—N. Y. World.

HE WAS NEW.
In the Harness, But Didn't Propose to Give It Away.
When a young man marries and opens up a home, one of his chief desires is to appear master of the situation and as much like a veteran as possible. Blueton, who would be widely known by his real name, is a new benedict, and just "settled." Here is a sample selected from his almost continuous conversation at the telephone. "Send me up a pound of carpet tacks. Number? I don't know anything about the number of tacks in a pound. All you've got to do is to fill my order. And say, send me half a peck of nails. Ten-pennies? I'm not asking the price, am I? Yes, half a peck, that's what I said. Now I want a saw. Don't you know your business? This is a private residence; Mr. Blueton's residence. It's no lumber mill. I don't want any buzz saw or gang saw. Throw in a hammer and a hatchet and a step ladder; and say, I want a good strong stove leg. We broke one in moving. None of your business who made the stove. All you've got to do is to send up a leg." After swearing for a few minutes, Blueton was rattling away at the grocery: "Three pounds of steak. What kind? Beefsteak, of course. We're not eating horse steak or sheep steak at our house. Three yards of sausage. Never mind, now, how other people buy it. I always buy by the yard. A gallon of coffee, two dozen frying onions, half a bushel of oranges—yes, half a bushel. Now whose make of canned goods do you handle? All right, send us a couple of cases of selected, a quarter of a section of cheese, half a bale of lettuce, two of those cigar-shaped loaves of bread, a pair of butter and a sack of sugar. Yes, just a regulation sack, you know. And hold on, put in a basket of spring eggs. This spring's. Good-by."—Detroit Free Press.

Three Was a Crowd.
Hostess (entertaining two lady friends to herself)—Oh, dear, I do wish one would go—I have so much to tell either of them about the other!—Tit-Bits.

According to the most delicate experiments of the most favored scientists the heat of the lunar rays which reach the earth is scarcely the twelve millionth of a degree.

THE SICK-ROOM.
Provisions for the Comfort of the Occupant.
In caring for the sick, attention should be given to their surroundings, for upon those depend, in great measure, the comfort and often the recovery of the patient. First of all, the sickroom should be carefully selected, with a view to its location and size. These points become especially important, of course, if the sickness is serious or is likely to be of long duration. The location of the room should depend somewhat upon the nature of the sickness. If the disease is contagious, the patient should be removed as far as possible from the other members of the family, and no one save the nurse and the physician should be permitted to attend upon or visit him. In such an event a room at the top of the house is best selected. Whatever the nature of the illness, however, the sick-room should be on the sunny side of the house, quiet and easily ventilated. It is of the very first importance that the air should be kept pure and free from unwholesome odors, and to accomplish this an unlimited supply of fresh, outdoor air is indispensable. If the room is small, the opening of a window is almost sure to create a draught which will be felt by the patient or his attendant; but in a room of even moderate size one of the windows can be kept open at the top without causing discomfort or harm. This is one of the chief objections to a small sick-room; it cannot be properly ventilated, and the patient is compelled to breathe air which greatly hinders his recovery. Another important matter in connection with the sick-room is its temperature. This should be subject to but little variation. There must, therefore, be some means of comfortably heating the room, in case it should be necessary, and the temperature should be regulated by controlling the heat supply rather than by closing the windows. An open fireplace may be made to serve a double purpose; it can be utilized both as a means of heating and for ventilation. A fire in the grate heats the air in the flue and creates a strong draught, which draws the impure air of the room up the chimney. If a fire is not needed, the fireplace can be made to serve simply as a means of ventilation by substituting for the fire a lighted lamp or gas-lugs. All unnecessary articles of furniture or ornament, which are likely to collect dust, are best removed from the sick-room, and care should be taken to keep it clean, orderly and cheerful.—Youth's Companion.

DON'T EAT WHEN NOT HUNGRY.
A Practice That Is Sure to Bring Bad Results.
There is a good old maxim which runs as follows: "In time of peace prepare for war," and this is as true in connection with the question of diet in health as in other things. Too many people assume that because they enjoy fairly good health no improvement need be effected in their diet, but that this position is eminently untenable none who carefully consider the subject will deny. Those whose practice brings them into contact with the wealthier classes have frequently an opportunity of estimating the bad effects of improper diet. As regards the poor, they are unable to procure meat on account of their poverty, and, as a result, their diet is composed largely of carbohydrates. In the case of general sickness, or even without unfavorable climatic conditions, both classes seem to be unable to resist attacks of disease. It is for the most part the apparently healthy people who are so quickly stricken down by disease, while the chronic invalid may pass through unscathed, and yet no one seems to understand that conditions were present which predisposed the healthy man or woman to disease, and that the pre-existing conditions were largely due to want of attention to diet. It would be well for those who feel so sure that they are in perfect health to consult a doctor for instructions how to avoid disease. One very common mistake is to eat when not hungry, simply because it is "meal time," an act not one whit less stupid than that of replenishing one's fire because one hears one's neighbor's coal scuttle rattling, regardless of the fact that there is plenty of coal already on, and that any addition thereto would be mischievous.—N. Y. Ledger.

Bleaching Last Year's Hats.
There is so very little apparent difference between straw hats and bonnets of last season and those that are prepared for the coming summer that those that were in use last year might well be utilized again if they were restored to freshness by a little attention. A white straw, for instance, should be well brushed and the stiffening wire removed. Then wash it over with a white soap and cold water, dip in more clear water and allow it to dry in the air. When dry it should be sponged over with the white of an egg well beaten up; this will make the straw taut, and also complete the cleansing process. A large-brimmed hat should be left to dry upon a flat surface, otherwise the brim is liable to be bent out of its right shape. To bleach straw, wash and scrub it in soft water, and then put the article in a box together with a receptacle containing burning sulphur. The box must be covered to localize the fumes of the sulphur, which will be found a successful bleaching agent.—N. Y. Journal.

Red in Favor.
Red will undoubtedly prove a very fashionable color this summer for hats, attire, hat trimmings, whole gowns, figured or dotted in white, or dress accessories; carnation, senorita, British, Turkish, carnation, jack rose, Danish stella, melphisto, lobster and tomato.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.
"I hear the horse you bet on was the worst that ever happened." "Worse than that. He didn't even take place."—Truth.
—At a public house the landlord has painted up outside his door: "Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it."—Tit-Bits.
—A Simple Safeguard.—"Greece leaves everything in the hands of the powers." "She'd better be sure and get a check for the stuff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
—A Theory.—She—"I wonder why in the world Mr. Jones left church before the end of the services?" He—"Don't know. Perhaps Jones is a somnambulist!"—Puck.
—Spiritual Helps.—"You have taken all the cushions out of your church?" "Yes, we thought if we could make the pews seem like baseball bleachers, the attendance might increase."—Indianapolis Journal.
—Telescope Proprietor—"Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, ma'am." Old Lady—"Oh, law! Hain't it round and smooth!" Telescope Proprietor—"Will the bald-headed gent please step away from the front of the instrument!"—Tit-Bits.
—A poor Irishman on his death-bed was consoled by a friend by the commonplace reflection that "we must all die once." "Why, dear now?" cried the sick man, "and isn't it that what vexes me? If I could die half-a-dozen times, I would not mind it for this wunast."—Household Words.
—Nothing to Steal.—New Father-in-Law—"Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter, I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?" Groom—"I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE BEGGARS OF ITALY.
Physical Deformity Is Artificially Produced.
"Bicycling Through the Dolomites" is an account of Col. George E. Waring's European trip of last summer. Concerning mendicancy in Italy, Col. Waring writes: "Perhaps there is no better index to the good or bad condition of the working-people of a country than is afforded by the number of beggars one meets on the roads. The poles set up at the border of Austria, with their spiral stripes of yellow and black, do not mark the line between it and Italy much more clearly than does the advent of the beggar the moment the line is crossed. In Austrian Tyrol there are virtually no beggars. On the Italian side, even well-dressed people in the fields will leave their work to beg coppers from the passing travelers. One day, in the upper Innthal, a couple of bright-looking, rosy-faced children ran after us, asking for kreutzers. "Mawkish!" upbraided them for such a shameful act, and they slunk away. He spoke of this with much indignation to a neighbor, who said their whole family were away in the fields at work, or they would not have dared to beg, and that he would see that they were well spanked when their mother came home at night. Nuns and a few favored cripples sometimes ask alms at the doors of the churches in the larger towns, and the "poor box" is always found inside; but the peasantry and the churches take care of their own poor, so that the vice of beggary is unknown among them. In Italy, on the other hand, it is obvious that special conditions of deformity are artificially produced. Both legs broken and badly reset in childhood constitute a good source of income for life; and anything that appeals to sympathy is made the occasion for cultivating a very mistaken and mischievous charity.—Century.

Army Families in Army Posts.
If the Fort McPherson court-martial proceedings will help do away with the obsolete system of enforcing residence at army posts of the families of officers, it will serve at least one useful purpose. So long as the army was stationed in the "Wild West" it was of course necessary for the government to provide facilities in the way of residence, etc., but wherever, as is now generally the case, the vicinity of a post affords such facilities, officers and their families ought to be permitted to dwell wherever it suits their means or convenience, as is done in all civilized European countries. The enforced residence, in close juxtaposition, of families who might find themselves placed in an uncongenial position, can only tend to discord and make trouble. Another disagreeable feature, that of frequently shifting of quarters by the arrival of an officer claiming assignment according to his rank, could only be done away with if there were no quarters to be assigned. There would seem to be no more necessity for an officer's family living at a military post than for a policeman's family living in the station house. The women and children are not needed there, and their absence would be in many respects a benefit to the service.—Army and Navy Journal.

The "Ethnik Hetairia."
The "Ethnik Hetairia," or National league, which sent into Macedonia the regular forces whose operations gave Turkey a pretext for war, is a secret Greek society which seeks the liberation of all Greeks still under Turkish rule. It collects funds, provides arms and carries on an incessant agitation for the freedom of Greece. It includes in its membership a large number of influential and wealthy men, and is supposed to have been the agent in the attempted insurance in Macedonia last year.—N. Y. Sun.

Fame in France.
France has erected about 500 monuments to more or less distinguished Frenchmen during the last 25 years, and there are now 127 committees collecting money for more.—Chicago Times-Herald.



THOUSAND-DOLLAR JACK POT.