

A Kansas man has named his baby girl Philippina Manila Schleyetta Dewetta Grimes.

The police force of the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, is henceforth to consist of 5150 men. This is quite an army, in view of the fact that the total population of the state is under 1,500,000.

Perhaps it is merely a coincidence, but Spain sued for peace just one day after Miss Lizzie Lesdener of Oklahoma announced that she had organized a company of female rough riders to go to war.

The inventive facilities of the American girl seem practically unlimited. The Atchison (Kan.) Globesays: "By tying sandpaper about her ankles an Atchison girl produces the same effect as by buying an expensive silk skirt. The pieces of sandpaper rub together and sound just like a \$12 skirt." Pretty rough on the dressmakers, though.

Travelers over the line of railway from the City of Mexico to the city of Vera Cruz are said to be greatly impressed with some of the engines they see in use on that route—double-headers as they are termed. The Mexican railway company has already as many as a dozen, adding them from time to time to its stock as business has demanded. Each of these mammoth constructions weighs 100 tons, and is capable of hauling 100 tons up a four and one-half per cent. grade. They are of Scotch manufacture, and have now been in the service of the road about ten years. The fact is mentioned as somewhat singular that these double-headers are used by no other road in North America.

Many of the United States senators from Southern states come from small towns, the policy in many parts of the South being to recognize country rather than city statesmen. Neither of the representatives of Texas is from Galveston; neither of the representatives from Georgia is from Atlanta; neither of the senators from North Carolina is from Raleigh; neither of the senators from South Carolina is from Charleston; neither of the senators from Kentucky is from Louisville; neither of the senators from West Virginia is from Wheeling, and neither of the senators from Missouri is from St. Louis. Some of the towns represented are Marietta, Ga.; Bennettsville, S. C.; Tyler, Tex.; Scottsville, Va.; Marshall, N. C., and Marion, Ky. Tennessee is the only Southern state whose two senators represent the two chief cities.

There is a volume of instruction on the elements that go to make up our volunteer army in the published report of the previous occupations of those soldiers of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment who were killed in the first land battle near Manila. One was a farmer, one was a country store-keeper, two were coal-miners, one was the son of a school-teacher, one was a college student who had enlisted on the day before the graduating exercises of his class. This is not an exceptional list. It is merely a fair type and sample of the young men who in every state of the Union came forward promptly and cheerfully to answer their country's call, comments the New York Herald. They represent all classes and conditions of citizenship, dying on a common level of military heroism as they had lived on a common level of civic patriotism.

As pretty an illustration as we have yet seen of the new spirit which marks the interchange of comment between England and America appears in the last Spectator to arrive by mail, says the New York Times. Discussing the statement of the English captain at Manila, when asked by the German admiral what he would do in case the Germans interfered with the bombardment of the city—the statement being that only the English captain and American admiral had or could get any information on that delicate topic—the Spectator says: "There is something very naive in the German admiral imagining that we should allow him to bully Admiral Dewey—though, as far as that goes, there is no reason to think that the American sailors would want any one's help if it came to fighting the Germans." The first part of this sentence is entirely friendly, and only a few months ago the possibility that it might be a little irritating to American nerves would not have worried the Spectator a bit. But now an afterthought comes, and it gets instant expression. The words as they stand are not exactly a lesson in tact, to be sure, but aren't they delightful. They make the Atlantic ocean seem narrow indeed.

The war has cost all told about \$150,000,000, but it is worth it many times over, thinks the New York Press.

A certain Episcopal clergyman is in favor of compelling all clergymen of the church to say the morning and evening service daily, because it would improve the vocal utterances of the ministers.

The Siberian railroad is offering great inducements to travelers. It provides not merely parlor and sleeping cars, but one fitted with a gymnasium and Russian baths, a dark room for photographers and a stationary bicycle, on which one may make century runs without leaving the train. It is not supposed that political exiles will travel in such cars. But then their number is growing less and that of free travelers in that land of vast expanses and vast possibilities is growing rapidly larger.

The loss on the Leiter wheat deal keeps growing. It is estimated now at \$10,000,000, a sum that will come near to cleaning out the fortune accumulated by so many laborious years in the dry goods trade. While the house of Leiter is thus bowed low in humiliation and financial distress by the son who was its pride, it is suddenly flooded with glory by the ascent of its daughter to the viceregal throne of India. The Leiter family is one for which Dr. Schenk's idea would have no charms, says the New York Journal.

The details of the journey of the Monterey and the collier Brutus, now safely at Manila, will unquestionably prove of great interest to American and European shipbuilders. While the Monterey took her time to get to Manila, that she got there is a triumph for the American navy, as she is not intended either for service or a journey on the high seas. Leaving San Diego on June 11, the Monterey arrived at Honolulu June 24, and left for Manila June 30. Arriving there August 4, she thus took just about five weeks to cover the 5000 and more nautical miles from Hawaii.

As a result of the recent conviction of a sailor for stealing the signalling-book of a British warship a most emphatically worded note on the subject has been issued by the admiralty to the commander of every English man-of-war. The stolen book was one of a series which are never supposed to be even seen by any one but the commander and the officer next in rank, and as a consequence each commander is informed in the note just issued that he will be held personally responsible for the preservation of the secrecy of such volumes. The stolen book happened to be out of date, but the admiralty officials evidently regard the incident as a matter of serious moment.

Spain is the only European country whose manufacturing industries are known to be declining. The manufactures, moreover, are very few and unimportant, and the entire number of operatives in the kingdom is not larger than that of a half-dozen of the principal manufacturing cities in New England. Spain imports twice the cotton goods and four times the silk goods that she exports, and these exports are made chiefly to the Spanish colonies, in which the market has greatly fallen off. Spain is rich in iron, lead, zinc copper and quicksilver, and with her admirable commercial location might supply the Mediterranean countries with manufactures and have little competition.

Ever since the Russian admiral decided to re-establish the naval headquarters of the Black Sea squadron at Nicolaieff, instead of Sebastopol, great excitement has prevailed in the Jewish quarter at the former port. According to Russian law, no Jew may reside at a first-class naval port, unless he can show that he has been previously domiciled in the same place for thirty years. About a year and a half ago formal permission was given to the Jews at Nicolaieff to buy and hold landed property. Since then, owing to the rapid commercial and industrial development of the town, the Jews have been engaged in extensive speculation in all kinds of immovable property. It is now stated on good authority that on the impending return of the naval headquarters the law previously referred to is to be put into active operation. The result will be that at least one-third of the twelve or thirteen thousand Jews now resident at Nicolaieff will be expelled. In such cases, of course, there is no confiscation of property, but enormous losses will be made inevitable by compulsory sales.

MY GRANDFATHER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

It was a day when on the pane
The wild wind dashed the fireless rain,
And howling grew the brook,
That, in the attic, on a quest
Obeying fancy's odd behest,
I found within an ancient chest
My grandfather's scrap-book.

A gabled window dimly hung
A soft light where the cobwebs hung,
Within a corner nook,
And there within the shadows gray,
Beneath imagination's sway,
I lived, in thought, the vanished day
Of grandfather's scrap-book.

I gazed on many a gay vignette
And faces out in silhouette,
With quaint, old-fashioned look—
On pictured verses, fair and slim,
And dainty verses faded dim,
And told me it was time to close
My grandfather's scrap-book.

Amid the relics oft I spied,
Souvenirs of family pride,
That of the past partook—
Some seton honored by his hand
Remembered here, or in fine hand
The autograph of some one grand,
In grandfather's scrap-book.

The hours, beguiling, grew apace,
And I forgot the time and place,
And seemed to hear, oddsook!
A pealing through the dusk, oft soon,
A merry, stately, old dance tune,
And clack and tread of high-heeled shoe,
Near grandfather's scrap-book.

So dreamed I, till, all hushed the rain—
Till through a tiny, dusty pane
A trembling star-ray shook,
And misty shadows, gathering, rose
Around my vision belles and beaux,
And told me it was time to close
My grandfather's scrap-book.

—Ellen Brainerd Peck, in N. Y. Home Journal.

WAR'S SUDDEN CALL.

A Love Story of the Present.

In the navy, with its constant and rapid changes, its almost limitless possibilities from day to day, the fates themselves seem to sit alert spinning on one's very doorstep. One unconsciously treads lightly and whispers in hopes of being forgotten, if only for a passing hour. Many a hasty word dies on the lips because of the aching memory of a cruise just passed, the haunting fear of one fast approaching.

Of course there had been misunderstandings between them before, in the usual rise and fall in the tide of all human relations, but never before anything like this. Ensign Phelps had just returned from a long wearing cruise to find a condition of things political that suddenly dwarfs the proportions of things feminine. Also his sense of humor, never rampant, happened to be further attenuated by studying late into the night for his approaching examination for promotion.

Mrs. Phelps had tried to face it all, but the two dreary years of separation had left her with nerves that shivered at a breath. Then, too, she had instantly recognized and resented that feeling in him that comes to all men at such times—the sense that the deep purposes and ends of his life had brushed her aside, that he wanted both arms free for once. The brute that fights to win and has been trained 15 years for just that was awake and on fire within him. Nothing of this had been spoken between them, and yet it was at the root of their quarrel that spring morning, when words were said back and forth that seemed to sweep up the love, devotion, patience of two lives like ashes on the hearth where a fire has died.

He strode along the gray, chill streets on his way to his ship at the navy yard, and she stood still, wide-eyed and white, and for them both the past and future were wiped out, and the present only lived in one of those flaming agonies of disillusion of which one somehow survives such a surprising number in the course of a lifetime.

The baby at her feet plucked at her dress, and the mother did not even feel it, wrapped in that overwhelming sense of finality that belongs to passionate youth. She was conscious of no particular animosity just then, only a sort of wonder and awe that this should be the end of it all. The end of a happy girlhood, when his words of love had made a woman of her in a day, and happy years of wifehood, when they were lovers still, and even happier motherhood, that had set her apart sanctified forever in his eyes—so he had stooped and whispered to her that night when the light burned low near by, and she had fallen asleep with her hand in his.

She looked about in dull amazement at the familiar things about her that made up their simple little home. There under the lamp were his books and a pad and pencil where he had sat studying last night and near it her work where she had been beside him sewing in unwilling silence after her long isolation. The indent of her head was still on the pillow on the lounge where she had at length thrown herself and lay watching him until she fell asleep toward midnight.

She glanced about half dazed; and then Ruth, her old colored maid, the only servant she had ever had, came in from the kitchen and spoke to her in that low, sweet, compelling voice of hers that went back to Mrs. Phelps' babyhood down in Maryland. She obeyed the voice from habit and went mechanically about her morning duties, in the performance of which a certain warmth and pliability returned to her frozen mood. A sense of anger and outrage began to burn again at his last stinging words, whose probe went deep with the sure cruelty of long association.

She took her little girl and went out on her homely round of marketing, largely tramped up by keen-witted old Ruth.

On returning she toiled wearily up the three flights of the apartment house—the elevator so seldom ran after the men had gone for the day. She snuck exhausted on the lounge in the tiny dining room and let the child pull off her gloves, one obstinate finger at a time. Her eyes shut, and a nervous reaction had set in, when she heard a young step bounding up the stairs and a sharp ring at her bell. She was half conscious that Ruth opened the door and that a boy's high voice was saying:

"Can't I see the lady herself?"
She sat up as he approached.
"Holding telephon—corner drug store, lady—you'll have to hurry," he panted and was gone again in a flash.
Mrs. Phelps sprang after him and called down the stairs:

"What number? Where from? Did you hear?"
"Sixty-one," he shouted, from two stories below.

"The navy yard!" she exclaimed, a thrill of premonition sending her heart into her throat.

A moment later she stood alone in the telephone closet at the corner, and through the transmitter a soft "Hello" sped on its way. Then she listened.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Phelps. Who are you?" She had not recognized the voice that had answered.

"Oh, Guy!" she cried, softly, in sudden, illogical, overwhelming relief, as she clung tightly to the receiver.

"Yes, yes—I'll listen carefully," she said next, and then silence.

"What? What? Say it again, very slowly. I can't understand. Surely I haven't understood?" her voice was sharp, with a sudden dread. Again silence, and then her answer:

"Not today? At once? The ship ordered to Puerto Rico? Have I got it right? Oh, Guy, have I got it right?"

She listened, and a low moan of pain escaped her.

"But—but surely you'll come home for a minute? I'll see you again?"

The answer was a cliver through her from head to foot, and she said, fiercely:

"I cannot stand it, Guy. I cannot! To have you go at once like this—after this morning. Could I see you—just see you, Guy—if I went straight to the yard now? And a few seconds later:

"It's too terrible, too cruel." Suddenly she started violently as a thought flashed through her head, and she asked, rapidly:

"Guy, be honest with me. Does this sudden order mean—does it mean—war? Is there any news? Something I don't know?" and after an interval:

"Yes, yes, I'll try. No one knows yet, of course. But, Guy, speak to me—your voice is still cold and hard and strange. Say something to me—one word I can cling to, to help me!"

"What? A pause.
"You are in the paymaster's office? Clerks all about? Is that it? Please whisper it, and I'll try and catch it."

She listened painfully—only a burr, a woman's laugh, a word in an unknown voice, a tantalizing, incessant vibration from the endless feverish crisscross of life going on forever, in which she had no part.

"I can't hear—Oh, Guy, I can't hear a word," she panted. "Don't go yet. When can I hear from you? Just one minute; I want to say something, Guy!" The telephone bell sounded with sharp impatience even as she spoke. She rung again and again, and there was no answer.

"Come back; I must say one word. Central, give me 61, please, give me 61. Guy, dear, won't you come for one single second? I'm—I'm so sorry for this morning. It was all my fault, every bit of it." She pleaded sobbing into the senseless thing in her hand that no longer responded. She rung again and once again, frantically.

Then she sprang rigidly erect and whispered:

"It's too late—he's gone—perhaps forever." Her head fell forward, she swayed toward the closet door, fumbled at the handle, opened it and cried in a voice faint and pitiful:

"Will some one—help me?" Her failing sight saw Ruth hurrying toward her through the street door; her failing hearing was pierced by the shrill young voice of a newsboy dashing round the corner:

"Ex-tra, ex-tra! President's message read in Congress! War sure to—"
His voice was lost in the roar of the streets, and Mrs. Phelps sank unconscious into Ruth's arms.

Twenty-four hours passed. Half through the night and all day long the cries of the newsboys reached the shivering hearing of the young wife. Her sweet face was stiff and ashy with suffering; her hands so cold that her child shrank from her touch and whimpered. Ruth hovered about, in and out, on a hundred foolish loving errands. She played and laughed boisterously with the baby to drown all other sounds when she caught the first far cry that wrung her mistress' heart again and again, coming nearer and nearer down the street.

As the day drew to its close Mrs. Phelps lay once again silent and spent on the old lounge, and again she heard a quick step spring up the stairs, a ring at her bell, the low words at the door. It seemed like the confused memory of a dream. She did not even open her eyes until Ruth said close beside her:

"One these yer mess'ger boys, Miss Nannie, jes' broughten this yer passel to you. It do smell like it might be some sort er bouquet," she added, smiling.

"Put it down, mammy; I'll arrange them later," said Mrs. Phelps. Probably some friend at the yard, who knew of the ship's sudden sailing, had remembered her and sent a silent message of sympathy in this sweet way. It was often done from one salt-hearted wife to another, just to help a little in the endless paths of their common lives.

"Land sakes, Miss Nannie, ain't you put them posies in the water yet?" complained Ruth, again appearing at the door, watching for some spark of interest in that set, white face before her yearning eyes.

"Dat's no way to act, Miss Nannie, an' you know dat right well. When folks takes de trouble an' de 'spense to buy you some flowers, you'd order spunk up 'nough shorely to say 'howdy' to 'em."

"All right, mammy dear; please don't scold," said Mrs. Phelps, a smile breaking for an instant through the rigidity of her face.

She arose and began to untie the string about the pasteboard box. She raised the lid and lifted out a great pile of pink and yellow roses. The baby ran toward her with a soft coo of delight. Then Mrs. Phelps gave a loud cry, and the roses fell all about her. She stood staring wildly at an envelope that had slipped to the bottom of the box, addressed to her, in her husband's handwriting. It was as if it came from a grave, that awful silence of the sea. For a second she was afraid to touch it and stood with her hands pressed over her heart. Then she seized the envelope, and with one swift motion of her trembling forefinger ripped it open and read with eyes half-blinded with tears:

"The pilot leaves us at Scotland lightship in a few moments. He will take this back to the city. Also an order for a few flowers, which I can only hope will go straight. You should get this tomorrow or next day. I am on my knees to you, my wife, for this morning. I beg your pardon—it was all a lie, every ugly word of it. Try and forget it if you can. Stamp it out of your memory, for it has no real existence against all the rest—all the happy years. Just try and remember those and love me a little, dear."

"Do not believe the papers—do not read them. Peace may come out of it all yet, and if not—try and be brave. A sailor has need of a plucky wife, one drilled into the tough spirit of a 'regular' by long service. And remember:

"Ours not to reason why
Ours but to do—"

He had shied at the word with no time to rewrite. "Good bye, my love. Ah! if I could have held you just for one second and heard you whisper 'It's all right, Guy.' But take our little one in your arms and look into her eyes—my eyes you've always said—and read there my endless love and honor. Kiss her and hold her close, and forgive me, forgive me."

Mrs. Phelps fell on her knees and throwing her arms about her baby began to sob like a tired child. And the little girl patted her cheek and crooned to her, the spark of motherhood already alive in her, and Ruth brooded over them both.

At that moment once again the shout came piercingly up from the street below:

"Ex-tra! Congress will declare war!"
The young wife sprang to her feet and shook her fist in the direction of the voice, and half laughing, half sobbing, she cried:

"It is not war—it is peace, thank God!"—Chicago Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Greece has a 110-year-old woman.
The egg is currency in South Africa's interior.

Siam's king has a body guard of 400 female warriors.
Cresus, of ancient times, possessed about \$20,000,000.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that a thumbful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.
Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper instead of porcelain or mineral composition.

Rug weaving is an art older than the Pharaohs, and the history of the first loom lies shrouded in oblivion.
Spurious coins are legally made in China. They are used to put in the coffins of the dead, and the superstition prevails that they make the dead happy.

The British soldier has not always worn a red uniform. White was the prevailing color under Henry VIII, and dark green or russet in the time of Elizabeth.

The first double-decked ship built in England was the Great Harry, constructed in 1509 by order of Henry VIII. It was 1030 tons burden and cost \$60,000.

On account of superstitions regarding the plague the natives of Bombay still occasionally throw stones at foreigners moving about alone, and not long ago a physician's life was saved only by his helmet, at which a blow was aimed.

A Great Discovery.

A modest chemist, living in Los Angeles, Cal., has discovered a salts which may kill all existing methods of supplying ice. A thumbful is hermetically sealed in a nickel-silver receptacle about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and two inches long, which the soldier may carry by the dozen in his haversack. It weighs about as much as a cartridge. Dropped into a canteen of water it converts the contents into ice in an incredibly short time. A larger one will freeze a bucket of Santiago (or any other) water, and a still larger tub. As the salts do not come in contact with the water the latter remains unpolluted.

New York Press.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far from our sunshine
Would brighten the way
If, forgetful of self,
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming as nothing,
Full often may cheer,
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add,
To be conscious that we
Have made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a trifle
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad;
Do something for some one—
Make somebody glad.

HUMOROUS.

We don't see why church mice should be so poor; they don't have to help pay the minister's salary.

"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, doctor?" "No, I didn't. I said he was shot in the lumber region."

Ada—Why does Alice speak of Tom as her intended? Are they engaged? Beatrice—No; but she intends they shall be!

He—My wife never got the better of me but once. She—Lucky man! When was that? He (sighing)—When she married me.

Abe—Father used to be pretty generous, but now he only hands out his odd change. Gabe—Probably the change will do you good.

Algernon—Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me? Tommy—Yes, she'd marry almost anybody, from what she said to me.

"Was your ship crippled by the storm?" asked the reporter. "She was not," replied the captain, "though she lost one of her hands."

"Do you really think the peace of Europe is threatened?" "No," said the Chinese diplomat; "what is real danger is a piece of Asia."

"I should like most," said the dreamy boarder, "to be a great painter." "The sculptor cuts a prettier figure sometimes," said Peppers.

Anna—Jack, dear, were you ever in love before. Jack—Sure. You don't think for a minute I'd practice on a nice little girl like you, I hope.

Ethel—He doesn't seem to take on engagement a bit seriously. Grace—Jack always was reckless. But never mind, dear; he probably will later on.

She—How Mr. Bickers and his wife do quarrel! He—Yes. They've been running their establishment on a partisan system ever since they were married.

"Pa," said little Willie, propounding his sixteenth question. "Well, my son," "Pa, how'd the man who named the first bicycle know it was a bicycle?"

Medium—Mr. North, here is the spirit of your wife. She wants to speak to you. Mr. North—You should be more definite, madam; I've buried three.

She—Some of those society fellows turned out to be good fighters. He—Yes; their experience in the supper rooms at public receptions was turned to a good account.

Perplexed Pater—So you have been fighting again, Edgar? I cannot possibly imagine from which of your dear parents you have inherited your bellicose disposition.

A doctor who was one of the corps of physicians appointed to vaccinate policemen remarked, "What is the use of vaccinating these fellows? They never catch anything."

Minnie—What frauds these beggars are. I met a "blind" man who said, "Please give me a penny, beautiful lady!" Mamie—Yes, he said that to make you think he really was blind.

"That fortune-teller said if I paid her \$5 she would reveal to me why I don't get rich." "Did you give it to her?" "Yes, and she told me I had a great weakness for fooling away money."

A Puzzled Pigeon.

D. Morris Haines of Burlington, N. J., has a pigeon which recently showed a maternal instinct, but not having any eggs of her own, was supplied with a hen's egg. Mr. Haines was curious to see what she would do with it. The old pigeon was tickled to death. She took the egg, carefully covered it, and immediately began the process of incubation. At the end of three weeks the inevitable happened, and a little chick hopped out of the shell. The old pigeon surveyed the result of the job in amazement. She had expected a little blue squab, and lo! a little yellow chick appeared. She seemed puzzled for a while, but finally went about her maternal duties. Everything was all right as long as the chick remained in the nest, but as soon as it got out on the ground there was trouble. Occasionally the mother, remembering that she was a pigeon, would get up and fly, thinking the youngster would follow her, but he remained on the ground as hard and fast as though he was anchored there. The only thing he could do was to stand, watch his mother fly and yell for her in his own peculiar way. Then he tried to imitate her, but up to now his best effort has been a six-inch jump, a flap of the wings and a squawk. The little mother is persevering, but she is nearly disheartened.—Philadelphia Record.