THE WORLD IS ROLLIN' RIGHT.

In spite o' tempests blowin'—
In darkness an' in light,
In reapin' time an' sowin'
The world is rollin' right!
For still the flowers are springin'
An' still the birds are singin'
An' sweetest bells are ringin'—
The world is rollin' right!

In spite o' tempests blowin'
The dove is sure in flight,
Beneath the winter's snowin
The lily dreams in white.
An' still the blooms are swingin'
In wild winds sweet with singin',
An' still the vines are clingin'—
The world is rollin' right.

In spite o' tempests blowin'
The stars are still as bright;
The rose o' love is growin'
In gardens sweet with light.
Here's home with all its blisses—
With little children's kisses;
No world's as sweet as this is—
The world is rollin' right!

—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A MAN'S VENGEANCE.

'T was a stiff climb from Pengelly, and the basket of fish Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself on the turf and rest his bent old back against the low stone wall which enclosed John Tregon's field.

"No use going up to the house; John's at market, and the missis'll be turning the place topsy turvy," he reflected. "What with spring cleanin's all the year round and the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village—. Well, well," he muttered, checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's her first sweetheart. And if Will Carter deceived her, mebbe she'll think the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule he! Bad wives are of no account whativer, and supposin' you do hap on a good woman, and it pleases the Lord to take her, the years won't fill the emptiness in you she leaves behind. I ought to knaw," and Isaac heaved a mighty sigh. "I've buried wives of both sorts—three of 'em."

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless calm, and the midday sun poured fiercely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear. Bertha Tregon's and that of the man who report said had jilted her.

"My poor Bertha! You've no cause to fear me. I knaw exactly how it was you forsook me for James Hocken. But I wrote wheniver I had the chance."

"Not a single letter reached me."

"Because your mother waylaid the postman."

Despite the heat Isaac shivered. Will's insight was making clear much that had puzzed him.

"Perhaps. What matters now?" asked Bertha, in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kinder."

"And let you continue to think I was false? Lookee here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before even Hocken courted you. And now you knaw I've been faithful to you—"

"I durstn't break with Jim. Mother is set on him. Oh, why did you come? You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim won't. And I shall keep my promise to him."

But Bertha's love was unchanged; and to the breathless listener on the other side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's hopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter?

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather beaten, strongly marked features, he he had always known that Jim wasn't one that a girl would fancy. And Bertha had only accepted him at her mother's bidding, believing that Will was untrue to her. It was all so plain to him now. Poor Jim! even a flower that Bertha had plucked was precious to him. Hadn't he found a rose whithered and dead in his pocket? And all his love in vain! Isaac whipped out his handkerchief, and mopped his his face. Yet, if Will hadn't returned—

But contrary to his expectation, the girl was firm in her resolve.

"I won't listen to you," she said at last, aroused by Will's upbraidings. "Jim isn't to blame—he knew nothing of our sweethearting—nor am I. It didn't enter my mind that mother might 've got your letters. How should it? As if you alone suffered!" she faltered. "Let us part friends."

"Sweethearts or nothing," said Will gruffly.

With a swish, swish of feet through the long grass, crawling to his knees, old Isaac peered cautiously over the wall. Bertha was running toward the house, and Will Carter, with his head thrown back, striding in an opposite direction.

"Bless the little maid!" he ejaculated. "One time I was afeared for Jim. But he's got a good grip o' things. Yes, plenty more sweethearts for Will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but one in the world for my lad—Bertha Tregon. May my tongue be slit if I let out to him."

Rising, Isaac shouldered his basket

The old fisherman had been somewhat rash, however, in his conclusions. By her own admissions, Bertha's decision had been prompted solely by fear of her mother, and consideration for James Hocken. But if on reflection she were still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her weakness.

A fine seaman of whom Pengelly was proud, for the past year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discountenanced his suit, and, although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of Pengelly news, informed him of her desertion, adding:

"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a fortnight."

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmirthful. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station, and taken the train to Walebridge. Thence he could walk to the Tregons'.

But the house in view, in crossing the field, Will espied Bertha in the garden, and, with a muffled Ahoy! sped to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Nevertheless, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her trembling lips would frame no welcome. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes filled. And longing to clasp her in his arms, the reassuring words which, while enlightening him, had chilled Jim's father, did duty for the reproaches he had come primed with.

But Will had taken Bertha by surprise, and between her dread of him and terror of her mother, who ruled the Tregon household with a rod of iron, he rightly divined that she had caught at the readiest means of escape which in her direction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmness was limited; the revival of fond memories would tend to lessen her mother's influence. And cunningly calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided by his counsels later, he devoted a week to his friends and generally enjoying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeed in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he should be so easily consoled for her loss. The bare sight of James Hocken almost maddened her; and she had to hide her aversion to him, and listen evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his wife.

The tree beneath which she and Will had parted had become her favorite resort. Here she could indulge in the luxury of "a good cry" unrebuked; and, grown desperate with the nearer approach of the wedding day, sitting on the gnarled roots one afternoon, she burst into a very passion of grief.

A face—Will's—appeared above the wall.

"Ahoy! Whatever's the matter, Miss Tregon?" he gravely inquired. "Shall I fetch Mr. Hocken to 'ee?"

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed hysterically.

"That's bad," said Will sympathizingly. "What's he been up to?"

"Up to! Isn't he old; isn't he ugly; isn't he stupid! And—and—I hate him! I hate him!" she reiterated.

"And I won't marry him. Mother may storm, but I don't care."

Will vaulted over the wall.

On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village flocked betimes to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that day.

Weeks and months rolled by, and no tidings could be gleaned of the graceless couple. They had clean vanished, leaving no clew to their whereabouts. Mrs. Tregon's tongue sharpened to a double edged sword, ready to slay friends and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery of Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow!

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London, and returned with a woful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office, Will and had decided to go to America, but while looking in at a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they were reduced to great straits. Then he had brought her the welcome news that he had obtained a berth on a steam launch, and the next morning he bid her goodby to go aboard, since when she had never clapped eyes on him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha had refused to give her her address. But Jim ascertained that she had met her at Rotherhithe, and that was enough for him.

"I'm off to London," he announced, when he came downstairs after pacing the floor the live-long night. "I shall niver rest until Carter and me are face to face."

"Thee be a fule, Jim," his father, who had been disturbed by his monotonous tread overhead, said peevishly. "If you must stir in this business, find Bertha. It'd be a charity. For all her sharp temper, her mother's frettin' herself into her grave. Take what money you want out o' my old leather bag; only promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep set eyes, "not to meddle wi' Will."

"Trust me to find Bertha."

Jim had been in London three months; his quest had been unsuccessful; yet he continued to haunt the principal thoroughfares, tramping north, south, east and west, in turn.

Big Ben had struck 1; he was recrossing Westminster Bridge to his lodgings, when a woman crouching by a lamp post ahead of him, fell forward in a heap, and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But with the light falling on the pallid, hunger-pinched face a groan escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came up.

"Poor soul! she's dead," he said, at a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since 7 o'clock. She seemed dazed."

The body was conveyed to the mortuary, and the verdict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was due to starvation.

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to avenge Bertha, Jim staggered out of the court.

His inquiries for the man who had robbed him of the one jewel he coveted, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his description of Carter was homeward bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks.

His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in crossing the street he was knocked down by a dray, and, stunned, conveyed to hospital.

On recovering consciousness his first request was for his discharge.

"Not yet awhile," said the nurse. "But you won't be dull." That poor chap yonder," indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago—after the fire in St. Thomas's street. He was looking on, and a woman and some children appeared at a top window. The firemen were beaten back by the blaze below, but poor Will—he won't tell us his surname—couldn't withstand their cries, and he climbed up the water-spout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actually lowered two of the children in safety when the walls collapsed. He was picked up so terribly injured that we had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"

But Jim was midway across the ward. Oh, heaven, to think that this poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged. Leaning over the brave fellow Hocken's emotion was hard to restrain.

"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life. And I wouldn't 've poor little Bertha saddled with a helpless husband—not likely. To have happened just when the tide had turned!" he groaned. "Where is she?"

"She has reached port before us," said Jim, in a smothered voice. "Don't 'ee take on, Will." His own tears were coursing down his rugged cheeks. "We'll go back to Pengelly. I can work for both."

"You work for me? You—"

"We both loved her," Jim reminded him. "If so be you'll trust yourself to me. You will be doing me a favor."

Feebly pressing the hand that gripped his, Will mumbled indistinctly, and hastily covered his face.—Household Words.

The Sweet and Sentimental Murderer.

"There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Ishikawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal, was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out hands to him, and that he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost" writes Lafcadio Hearn. "It is not hard to believe this story. Every year the police records tell of compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was reported in the local papers—the slaughter of a household by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep; but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood; and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child."

An Expensive Death Vault.

The heirs of the late Charles Pratt, a rich millionaire who died some time ago in Brooklyn, decided to build an expensive vault for the last resting place of his ashes. The vault will be constructed of the finest quality of marble and will be elaborate in design. It will cost $190,000, in addition to which the sum of $60,000 will be set aside for the proper care and maintenance of this handsome monumental structure. In furtherance of this plan agreed upon by the heirs a part of Mr. Platt's estate near Glen Cove, L. I., has been set aside as a private cemetery and there the vault will be erected.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fossil Footprint of a Giant Bird.

By the falling of an overhanging cliff near Hastings, England, an interesting slab of stone was exposed. It bears on its surface the clear impression of the foot of some gigantic extinct bird having three toes. Each toe-mark is nine and one-half inches long and shows that the original of the imprint had claws two inches in length. The ball of the foot, where the three toes should meet as a center, does not appear, indicating that the portion of the foot did not reach the ground. From the tip of the middle claw to where the spur toe mark is seen behind is exactly twenty-four inches.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Homeric Fight at Sea—A Bicyclist's Perilous Trip—An Eagle Defends Its Nest.

We were cruising in the Strait of Malacca, between the Nicobars and the Malay Peninsula, says a writer in Nature, and had succeeded in killing a full-sized sperm whale. He had been a tough customer, needing all our energies to cope with him; but a well-directed bomb closed the negotiations just before sunset.

The whale was secured alongside, and all hands sent below for a good rest prior to commencing to "cut it" at daybreak. I had the watch from eight bells to midnight, and at about 11 p. m. was leaning over the lee rail, idly gazing seaward, where the rising moon was making a broad lane of silvery light upon the smooth, dark waters. Presently there was a commotion in the sea, right in the way of the moon, and I immediately went for the night glasses to ascertain, is possible, the nature of it. In that neighborhood there are several active volcanoes, and at first I judged the present disturbance to be one of these, sending up debris from the sea bed. A very short examination satisfied me that the trouble, whatever it might be, was not of volcanic or seismic origin. I call the captain, as in duty bound, but he was indisposed to turn out for anything short of actual danger; so the watch and I had the sight to ourselves. We edged away a little under the light draught of wind, so as to draw nearer to the scene, and presently were able to realize its full significance. A very large sperm whale was engaged in deadly conflict with a monstrous squid, whose far-reaching tentacles enveloped the whale's whole body.

The livid whiteness of those writhing arms, which enlaced the cachelot like a nest of mighty serpents, stood out in bold relief against the black bowlderlike head of the aggressor. Presently the whale raised itself half out of the water, and we plainly saw the awful-looking head of the gigantic mollusk. At our distance, something under a mile, it appeared about the size of one of our largest oil casks, which held 336 gallons. Like the rest of the calmar visible, it was of a peculiar dead white, and in it gleamed two eyes of inky blackness, about a foot in diameter.

To describe the wonderful contortions of those two monsters, locked in a deadly embrace, is far beyond my powers, but it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The utter absence of all sound, for we were not near enough to hear the turmoil of the troubled sea, was not the least remarkable feature of this Titanic encounter. All around the combatants, too, were either smaller whales or immense sharks, who were evidently assisting in the destruction of the great squid and getting a full share of the feast. As we looked spellbound we saw the writhings gradually cease and the encircling tentacle gradually slip off the whale's body, which seemed to float unusually high. At last all was over and the whole commotion completely subsided, leaving no trace behind but an intensely strong odor as of a rocky coast at low tide in the full blaze of the sun. Since that night I have never had a doubt either as to the origin of all sea serpent stories or the authenticity of the old Norse legends of the kraken; for who could blame a seaman witnessing such a sight, and all unaccustomed to the close observation of whales, for reporting some fearsome monster with horrent mane and floating "many a rood?"—Nature.

A Bicyclist's Perilous Trip.

The days of "the foot log and the trail" are not yet passed in Oregon, and the pioneers who broke the trails and put the foot logs across the "branches" will be interested in learning how they answer for bicycle travel.

A Portland lady has been visiting friends at Roseburg, and a few days since she started from there to visit relatives living about thirty miles out in the mountains. She is an energetic and accomplished bicyclist, and got along very well on her journey for about twenty-five miles, when the road gave out. She found a trail, which she followed for about a mile, when she came to a foot log over a narrow but deep stream. She was afraid to try to walk across the log with her wheel, but having confidence in her skill as a rider determined to ride across. When about half way over something went wrong, and she and the wheel plunged into the stream and went to the bottom. She rose to the surface and, being a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching the shore. She then determined to have her wheel, which had remained at the bottom. Securing a long pole, with a limb near the end which formed a hook, she started in to fish for her bicycle, and after some trouble yanked it out. The trail beyond the creek was level and in good condition, and, as night was approaching, she determined to mount and make a desperate effort to reach her destination.

She had just got under good headway and was scorching along when she saw a bear on the road ahead. The bear seemed the worst scared of the two, and stood staring in amazement at the strange wheeled figure approaching. As has been remarked, the Portland woman was a skilled rider, and, having been accustomed to having everybody clear the way for her, she was not going to back down for a bear, so she charged down on him at full speed, ringing her bell like mad. The bear, seeing certain death or six months in the hospital inevitable, wheeled out of her path, and the lady whirled by in a blaze of golden glory. She did not stop to look back, but "put her best foot forward," and fortunately soon arrived at the house of her friends. She did not attempt to come back alone.—Portland Oregonian.

A Montana Man Shoots an Eagle.

W. C. Orr, of Great Falls, Montana, is the proud possessor of three young American eagles, captured in the Bad Lands, which, however, cost a hazardous experience to secure. About two weeks ago, while making a trip through the country not far from Minot, his attention was called to a huge bird soaring aloft over the rocks high above the roadway. He recognized the bird as an eagle and decided to capture it. As it settled among the cliffs he became convinced that there was a nest, so, climbing the mountain side with his gun, after an hour's labor, he reached the pinnacle of the cliff. Looking over he discovered that his surmise was true. At the same time the noise above attracted the attention of the mother bird, and with a loud scream she rose from the nest and at once began to prepare for fight. Continually screaming, she rose high until almost vertically over Mr. Orr. Then with her talons wide spread she began to swoop down upon him. Realizing his position, Mr. Orr raised the gun to his shoulder and when the bird was within but a few feet of him he fired. The dead bird measured over nine feet from tip to tip.

Over the cliff 100 feet below he could see the young birds. A rope was procured and tying one end around the waist of a boy who was with him he lowered the little fellow over the edge. The nest with the young birds was raised to the top safely. The birds, although only three weeks old, are as large as a hen, and can eat meat equal to a full-grown St. Bernard dog.

An Idaho Hero.

Ferdinand Trentman performed two acts of heroism at Hailey, Idaho, Wednesday morning. One was the saving of a human life, and the other placing his own life in jeopardy. The warm weather having caused a very perceptible rise to the water in the river, it became necessary to remove the brush that had accumulated on the edge of the dam at the foot of Bullion street. James Riggen and Fred Trentman, a young blacksmith, were carried out to the dam in a chair, secured to ropes drawn down by pulleys. Having an ax apiece, they soon cut the brush adrift. Riggen then caught hold of the life-rope, and was drawn to the shore. Trentman did not, however, even try to catch the rope. Taking hold of the axes he floated on the brush to the bridge, about 100 feet away. As he neared it he yelled to those on the bridge to get out of the way. He then threw the axes on the bridge and jumped on the bridge himself as he got in reach. The brush must have been moving at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. If he had failed to jump just when he did he would have been a dead man.

The same morning, Joseph Yetzer, Trentman and others tried to dislodge a huge tree which had lodged against the central pier of the main bridge. Yetzer, who was standing on the bridge, attempted to lasso the trunk, but lost his balance and was pulled into the river on the upper side of the bridge, but reappeared on the lower side in a second or two. Trentman instantly jumped into the raging torrent, swam to his drowning partner, and succeeded in pushing him ashore, about 200 feet below.—Portland Oregonian.

Homicides in the United States.

We find that during the last six years there have been 43,302 homicides in the United States, an average of 7317 per year. In the same time there have been 723 legal executions and 1118 lynchings. These startling figures show that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing. In the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month, whereas in 1890 there were only 4290, or less than half as many as in 1895. This bloody record shows a fearful increase of the crime which destroys human life.

We are all alike anxious for a remedy, but before we can obtain one we must know the cause. We can easily recognize that the greatest evil of any civilized age is confronting us, not only in the shape of crimes committed by individuals, but also of crimes committed by masses of men who are endeavoring by bloody and improper means to seek a remedy—I mean those who band themselves together as mobs to seek that protection which they fail to obtain under the forms of law. —North American Review.

Stone Against Steel.

An experiment was recently made in Vienna in order to test the relative resistance, under pressure, of the hardest steel and the hardest stone. Small cubes of corundum and of the finest steel were subjected to the test. The corundum broke under the weight of six tons, but the steel resisted up to forty-two tons. The steel split up with a noise like the report of a gun, breaking into a powder, and sending sparks in every direction which bored their way into the machine like shot.

A Poisonous Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Grenada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.

LIFE OF A FILIBUSTER.

BOTH DANGER AND ADVENTURE GO HAND IN HAND.

Wary and Watchful Are the Officers and Crew as the Fair Island of Cuba is Approached.

From reliable sources it is learned that the Three Friends, the small but swift little Florida vessel which has on five different occasions landed men, arms and ammunition in Cuba, was engaged by the Cuban junta to make five expeditions to Cuba for which, if successful, the owners were to receive $45,000.

Nothing has been published as to the method of conducting these expeditions. It is generally known that danger accompanies the approach of a filibuster to the Cuban shores, but how much cannot be imagined until the risks are understood. In making its five landings on the shores of Cuba the Three Friends has had several narrow escapes.

When a filibuster starts out for the island with a cargo of arms, ammunition and men, it has sealed orders from the Cuban officers on the island. When the captain is well out at sea these orders are opened. He finds the despatches provide three landing places, and dates as to the attempt at each place. The filibuster is provided with a pilot who is perfectly familiar with the entire coast of Cuba, and when he is notified where the cargo is expected to be landed he makes his calculations accordingly.

A vessel the size of the Three Friends has a great advantage over a Spanish man-of-war, for the reason that the smaller boat can see the larger vessel a distance of six miles before it can be seen by a man-of-war. This gives the filibuster that much the way in making calculations. If, sundown, nothing is in sight, the filibuster extinguishes every light, and proceeds toward shore, and the danger of running the blockade of twelve or more Spanish men-of-war and numerous smaller Spanish craft begins.

The northern coast of Cuba is in the wake of all vessels traveling between South American ports and the United States, but whenever a light appears it is supposed to be that of a Spanish ship, for these ships must carry lights even when searching for filibusters. The captain and pilot of the filibuster are guided entirely by the light house of Havana or some light on the island in making their landing.

When from four to six fathoms is told by the line the vessel is stopped as the shore must be near by, but the filibuster steadily approaches yet a little closer. A boat is lowered, manned, and, with muffled oars, the crew pulls for the shore. On landing they find the insurgents awaiting them; then everything is made ready for the landing of the cargo. The small group of insurgents on the beach is increased to a regiment within minutes. Boats are soon running to and fro between the filibuster and shore, the implements of war are conveyed from the shore back into the woods, and by daylight the filibuster is out of sight.

Should the lookout in the nest of the filibuster, as the sun is dipping low the horizon, however, see a man-of-war or any other Spanish vessel patrolling the beach near the designated landing place, the filibuster goes out to sea and spends a day idly loitering about. The next evening it again approaches the shore and, if the Spanish vessel is still in the neighborhood, the conclusion is that the vessel is there by accident, but that the Spanish are "on to" that landing place and the captain proceeds to the second place designated. The same tactics are employed by the filibuster.

The Spanish troops endeavor to be posted on the movements of the insurgent armies, but the wily rebels are too quick for them. When orders are issued for a landing at a certain place there is not an insurgent within fifty miles of the designated place twenty-four hours before. The news of the landing, however, finds hundreds of them in in the neighborhood. They are divided into squads of seven or eight, each patrolling ten miles of beach. They keep watch all night, and if no boat approaches the shore long before daylight, from points of hiding, they see a Spanish man-of-war patrolling the coast. They remain in hiding until the next night, when through the same maneuvers. The conditions are the same at the expiration of the next twenty-four hours, when they move on to the next place.

When a squad of insurgents on the beach hears the almost imperceptible splash of oars they peer intently into the darkness and wait until the crew give the signal that has been agreed upon, given by the sailors, word is passed along the line and before the first load of arms is landed, hundreds of men are there to take care of them and assist in the unloading of the cargo. Should a man-of-war loom on the horizon the filibuster immediately is gone, likewise the insurgents before they proceed to the next landing place.

The filibusters are never seen on their ground, either on land or sea. They realize that the Spaniards show them no mercy, and the filibuster and its entire crew disappear at any time it can be known that it is at the bottom of the sea somewhere off the coast of Cuba.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Vastness of Siberia.

A graphic idea of the immensity of Siberia may be gleamed from the following comparison: All the States, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (excepting Russia) and all the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but a little more than cover that immense expanse.