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Licking stamps helps to lick Spain.

When that volunteer shot Blanco low in the leg, he may have thought his heart was in his boots.

The "worst town on earth" has been discovered in Italy, in which 2 per cent. of the deaths are murders.

All's fair in love and war. If a ship's of the female gender why shouldn't a man of war have a stout armor round her waist?

That new Spanish explosive is called toxpyre, and about the only thing it can't shatter is general incredulity concerning it.

A fellow who shot off his thumb to escape going to war has turned up. The usual number continue to merely shoot off their mouths.

The Vesuvius acts like lightning in some ways. It didn't strike twice in the same spot; chiefly for the reason that the spot wasn't there.

The cable informs us that "Bjorne Bjornson, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's son, has been appointed director of a new theater at Christiania." Good bjoy!

The first troops were landed in Cuba to band music which announced that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." That bandmaster evidently grasped the situation.

A Chicago woman has patented a hairbrush that carries with it a strong electric shock. Was it necessary thus to accentuate the terrors which this useful toilet article already possesses for the youthful evil doer?

An Oklahoma minister married twelve couples in sixty minutes the other day. Twelve knots an hour may not be able to hold a tallow dip to ocean greyhound speed, but it is pretty good time on the troubled matrimonial sea.

This is a talkative age, and we are a talkative people; but we get many reminders that quality outranks quantity. Ten men speak volubly in advocacy of a proposition; then one man, who knows more about the matter than all the ten, utters a few reasonable words in good temper, and carries the meeting with him. Fair-minded judges say, "The others had the weight of the discussion, but he had the weight of the argument." Moral: Be master of the subject, and you will be master of the audience.

"After-care" is a phrase which came into use at the last International Conference of Charities. It was used to express the need of following up with due attention a class of persons discharged as "cured" from the hospitals for the insane, but whose mental soundness is not firmly established, so that there is still danger of relapse. As a similar need exists in the case of many convalescents, reformed persons, discharged prisoners, religious converts and growing children, we are likely to find this phrase "after-care" very convenient as well as suggestive.

Nobody will wonder at the bitterness of Aguinaldo and his Philippine insurgents after reading the report made by Consul Williams regarding the Spanish methods of taxation in the Philippines. Secretary Gage, at President McKinley's request, has drawn up a tentative plan of taxation under American methods, and he calculates that under a just system the Philippines will pay an annual revenue of $3,000,000. Place this side by side with the fact that Spain has wrung an annual revenue of $20,000,000 from these islands, and there is no longer any cause to wonder at the fierceness of the present revolt. The wonder is, rather, that the natives did not rise up long ago en masse. The Spaniards have maintained one tax collector for every forty inhabitants. A poll tax of from $3 to $25 on every man, and from $2.50 to $14 on every woman, was assessed annually. Then everything inside and outside their huts was taxed. A man was taxed for permission to plant his crops, and he was taxed for the privilege of picking even the cocoanuts from the trees in his dooryard.

Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patrotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair fashionable friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, say these self-sacrificing sisters, an annual loss of $50,000,000 to French importers. But they—the women—love their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this odd undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestiged patronesses in the national capital. No matter how this return charge of the fair 400 may end, this is not the first time feminine headgear has played a part in history. Not only the big hat has been a vexation to the modern theater-goer and the inspirer of new municipal laws for its suppression, but as far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sterner sex. One conspicuous instance is the royal decree of Louis XI., who excluded the monstrous hat of fair faddists from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this neoteric movement, as an interesting demonstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies of the land.

It is now about five years since Lord Rowton, who was once Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, undertook to demonstrate that judicious philanthropy "pays." He did it by opening Rowton House, a great hotel for the London homeless, in which a man can lodge at the cost of sixpence a day. Handsomely equipped and generously managed, the house returned 5 per cent. on the capital invested. The result warranted other houses. The third was opened a few weeks ago, and two more are building. In New York the same plan has been successfully applied of late by Mr. D. Ogden Mills. The Rowton Houses offer home comforts and something like club luxuries to the poor man who has known nothing better than the cheap lodging house and the saloon. His sleeping-room is all his own; he has a right to the kitchen, the bath-room and the library; he can smoke and talk, write or read. The price he pays is within his means, but the fact that he does pay preserves him from the feeling of pauperism. He is proud that he has a home in the house. We quote the London, rather than the New York, experience, for the reason that the Rowton Houses have had time to establish a record. Results show that the roughest men grew tame in decorous surroundings; and that the most hopeless gain courage from an environment of comfort. Naturally, the Rowton Houses have elevated the neighborhoods in which they are located. "Cheap lodgings" are not so dirty or so crowded as they once were. Saloons that used to be "the poor man's club"—as the apologetic phrase goes—attract fewer loungers. The street-corners are almost bare of idle and mischievous men. In short, two thousand persons directly, and many thousands indirectly, have been helped by the Rowton Houses to help themselves—and have willingly paid for the help. We commend the facts to the people who feel that the very poor are beyond relief; to others, who wish to know what may be the next step in common-sense philanthropy; above all, to persons who, when they invest money, like to consider not only the present personal interest, but the future general good.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat pays a glowing tribute to the American volunteers, but every word of its eulogy is deserved. "The military officers who have come from abroad to witness the operations of the army and navy," says the Globe-Democrat, "are more surprised by the volunteer system than by anything else they see." They wonder at the confidence that we repose in such a plan for raising armies. It contrasts very strikingly with the conscript system of continental Europe. In a few weeks our army of 27,000 men has been raised to a strength of 270,000. And all of these volunteers, not a man of them being in the service against his will. The foreign officer, the Globe-Democrat says, admits that "in numbers the volunteers are undeniably ample. But he doubts their value for speedy service. He calls them raw levies. The phrase in America has a meaning different from that attached to it in Europe. The American volunteer is a fighter effective after a very short training. A hundred years of history attest this fact." All that is true, and there is equal truth in much more that the Globe-Democrat says in praise of our volunteers and in noting their superiority over the European conscripts. The American volunteer can be transformed from farmer, mechanic, laborer, clerk, student, idler, or any other of the varied designations of classes or callings, into an effective fighter with comparatively little training. For this reason, among others, we do not need a large standing army. But some training is needed—is actually indispensable. The militia—or so much of it as would enable us to put an army of 100,000 to 200,000 of organized, armed equipped, and disciplined men into the field—should receive the judicious and unremitting care of Congress. With such a reserve we may safely dispense with a large force of professional soldiers. The volunteers may always be relied upon to defend the honor of the flag, but if none of them are properly organized, armed, equipped, and disciplined when an emergency comes we shall have to repeat our very expensive experience and may have a still more costly lesson.

MONKEYS AT FOOTBALL.

They Likewise Play Cricket, but Not According to Rule.

Travelers in South Africa have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and foot-ball.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle, or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about fifteen yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a cocoanut in his hand. He is the bowler.

The monkey at the other end does not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the cocoanut which the bowler aims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it "touches the spot." When it does happen to touch the spot—that is, any part of the monkey's body—that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dispute the question.

Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds under the friendly shade of a neighboring palm.

The foot-ball is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a cocoanut. The game, if anything, is undoubtedly the "socker" game, and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal nor any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible.

Still the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "footer," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surprising and wonderful.

In an evil moment some ambitious monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war, in which life is sometimes the prize.

No mention is made of a referee, but if there is one about, like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a tree.—Brooklyn Times.

CURIOUS CRABS IN FLORIDA.

They Have Peculiar Shells and Feed on Birds and Insects.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pincers are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a saucer.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings and the young themselves, if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of bayonet bill and eaten in his turn. When the plume hunters have driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery, these crabs swarm out and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities. Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back and the crab will resume its place and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to the family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and if properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New River inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of them to the ground. The breakage of a shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen

Cain's Wife.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Phoenicia,
Egypt, Arabia,
Africa, India,
Or sun-kissed Suabia?
Who was her father?
Was he a viking
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out of the Whenceness
Over the water,
Into the Where
Bringing his daughter?
Native of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden,
Lured by the charms
Of the garden of Eden?
Blonde or brunette?
Rounded or slender?
Fiery or frigid?
Haughty or tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Tell me, ye sages,
Students of Life,
Answer my query—
Who was Cain's wife?

—Washington Star.

New York the Railroad Center.

"Reasoning Out a Metropolis" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Ernest Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll says: Railroads began to be built about 1830, and the New-Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west, and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other cities did the same; but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central West and East could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads, built or aided by the Baltimore men to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume of commerce was coming to be as great as, or greater than, that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system in the United States; that is, it is here that the financial operations—the money part of the management— are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

Disfigured, but All There.

There had been a foot-ball game in a smart Western village. It had terminated without any fatalities, and victors and vanquished had met at the principal hotel to eat dinner together in token of restored peace and concord.

"Are the boys all here, landlord?" asked the captain of the victorious eleven, as the proprietor of the hotel came to him to announce that everything was in readiness. "Have you counted noses?"

"Yes, sir," replied the perspiring landlord, "I've counted them. Some of them are a good deal out of shape, but they're all here."—Youth's Companion.

The Beaver in Europe.

It is possible that the beaver will survive longer in Europe than in America. It is said that a few individuals are still to be found on the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Danube, and Prof. Collett, of Christiania, estimates that there are now 100 individuals living in Norway, whereas the number in 1880 was estimated at sixty. Prof. Collett recommends that government protection be afforded to prevent their extermination.

His Wheels.

Visitor—And he imagines that he sees ghosts all the time? How horrible! And do they clank chains——

Attendant—Ah, no! Madam will remember that this is the era of the chainless wheel.—New York Press.

A man who has never made a success in his past, is not liable to make a success in his future.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

Women Admire Men Only Who Can Boss Them.

In every woman there is a peculiar sentiment which she cannot analyze, yet which she must acknowledge exists. This sentiment, if defined, is nothing more nor less than her respect for the man who shows himself to be her master. She may sit up in feminine arrogance and declare that she won't stand that; that she would just like to see any man tell her what she should or shouldn't do; but when the time comes for a clash of wills, unless she finds herself decidedly and ignominiously defeated she isn't satisfied.

Of course, there will be lots of women who read this who will declare it to be rank heresy, but it isn't; it is the truth, and it is right that it should be so. In every union happiness exists only when the woman has reason to respect the man, and she can only possess such an attitude toward him when he has proved that he will be the dominating power. This is no plea for wife-beaters or other similarly brutal men who endeavor to prove their mental superiority by an exhibition of physical power. The strongest men, the athletes, the giant-framed compounds of might and muscle, are proverbially the gentlest with women, yet their talent strength wins woman's admiration as much because of her own unacknowledged willingness to be the slave, while he is the master, as because of its absolute physical perfection. The more brain a woman has the happier she is to be made to feel her dependence on the strong arm and the masculine judgment of husband or lover. Just as soon as she settles questions, makes plans for him, plays fast and loose with him and generally feels and conducts herself as though she were the mightier atom, then she has lost respect for him and happiness for herself. It is all very well to talk of woman's progress, her intellectual advancement, her equality with man and all the other ideas that our rich and rare civilization has engendered, in affairs of intimate heart relationship the woman wants to acknowledge man as her master and isn't really happy when he is willing to be anything else.—Philadelphia Times.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

To close fire shutters and doors automatically they are mounted on an inclined track to slide shut as soon as a fusible cord over the door is burned, the cord allowing a weight to drop on the latch and release the door.

Oil cans are being made of circular shape to be mounted on a central pivot and attached to the wall of a building, a flange on the can turning a friction wheel on a vertical shaft with a chimney cleaner at the top.

In a handy patch for pneumatic tires a flexible band is provided with a curved plate at one end and a link at the other end, which hooks on the plate after it is wound around the tire, the plate being sprung downward against the rim to lock the patch in position.

Fires can be kindled automatically by a new apparatus which consists of a lamp, to be placed under the fire-box and carrying a wick tube, which holds a wick and match, the latter being ignited by a spring striker released by the clock mechanism.

Sudden jerks and starts of a horse are prevented from yanking riders in a carriage by the use of a spring back rest, which is hinged to the seat at the bottom, the top being supported by coiled springs mounted on rods in cylinders at the ends of the seat.

Stair carpet can be secured fastened without breaking the nosing by using a newly designed bracket, which is formed of a metal bar having a hinged piece adjustably attached to its center, with the upper end of the latter to be inserted under the edge of the stair above, to lock the bar in a vertical position against the stair riser.

Pig Eating Snake.

Farmers in the vicinity of Lock Springs, Mo., were greatly harassed for several weeks through depredations on their chickens and pigs, and the mystery was not solved until Newton McCrary started on the trail of what appeared to be a monster snake.

He traveled a distance of two miles, when he came to the banks of the Grand River, where it appeared the reptile entered the water. A search of the vicinity later on rewarded McCrary for his persistence. Apparently asleep, after having dispatched several full-grown chickens, lay a reptile of such monstrous proportions that the man was transfixed with fear. His courage returning, McCrary sent a charge of buckshot into the reptile and precipitately fled.

The contortions of the snake as it lashed its tail and body against the ground and trees added to the fears of the now thoroughly terrified man. Summoning the assistance of neighbors, McCrary cautiously led back an armed party, when, to his satisfaction, the life of the reptile was found to be extinct. It measured sixteen feet, and the body was as large as an ordinary stovepipe. The species of the reptile is not known, although it looks very much like a python. Early in the spring it was seen several miles further up the Grand River, but reports of the terrified spectators were not generally credited.

Finer than Silk.

M. Cachot is a Frenchman who has solved the problem of utilizing the web of the spider by turning it into silk of a beautiful and fairy fineness. A delicate little machine containing a number of tiny bobbins is made to revolve continuously by light running gear. The end of the web is caught while it is still attached to the spider, and the little machine is set in motion. The spider does not seem to mind having its web pulled off, and the movement is continued until the spider has completely surrendered its shining structure. It is then released, put aside and fed until it has recuperated its powers, and a fresh spider is attached to the gear.

Weights of English Battleships.

Here are the weights of five British battleships at the time of their launching: Goliath, 6,100 tons; Victorious, 5,500; Prince George, [illegible] and the Ocean (soon to be launched), [illegible] tons. There was some arming on the Victorious and the Prince George, but none on the Goliath.

SONS OF FARMERS

Are Many of Our Most Famous Generals and Admirals.

Many of America's most famous generals were born and raised on a farm. Grant was a farmer and worked on a farm until appointed to West Point.

Garfield was a farmer's boy of Ohio, and he graduated from the farm to the towpath. When the war came he was in Congress, but unlike a good many political generals he proved equal to the position he held.

Ormsby Mitchell, the astronomic general, was born on his father's farm in Union County, Kentucky, his father having moved into that State from Virginia.

Sheridan's birthplace is in doubt. Some authorities say that he was born in Albany, and others that he was an Ohioan by birth. Whatever his birthplace he was appointed to West Point from Ohio, and he made himself what he was.

Custer was born on a farm at New Rumley, Ohio, and did the work of a farmer until he was old enough to go to a military academy.

Schofield's birthplace was Gerry, Chautauqua County, N. Y. His father, a pastor, moved in 1843 to Illinois and there the son worked on a farm until he reached the age for a military education.

Burnside was born in a log cabin at Liberty, Mo., and as a boy was a farmer until he learned the trade of a tailor.

Halleck was born in Waterville, Oneida County, N. Y.; Thomas in Southampton, Va.; Hancock in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania; Butler in Deerfield, N. H.; Rosecrans in Kingston, Ohio; Pope at Kaskaskia, Ill.; Logan in Jackson County, Illinois, where his father was a doctor; Crook near Dayton, Ohio; Kilpatrick near Deckertown, N. J.; Lew Wallace in Brookville, Ind.; Hooker at Hadley, Mass.; Franklin at York, Pa.; Slocum at Delphi, Onondaga County, N. Y.; the fighting McCooks on an Ohio farm; Stoneman in Chautauqua County, N. Y., and Howard at Leeds, Me.

Of the city-born generals Merritt and Phil Kearney are products of New York City; McClellan was born in Philadelphia; Fremont in Savannah, Ga.; McDowell in Columbus, Ohio; Alfred Pleasanton in Washington; Terry in Hartford, Conn.; while Meade was born in Cadiz, Spain, where his father was a representative of the United States.

Gen. Miles, the present head of the army, was born on a farm in Worcester County, Massachusetts.

Shafter, who leads the army of invasion at the eastern end of Cuba, was born on a Michigan farm. Oates, one of the new brigadiers, was born on his father's farm in Bullock County, Alabama, and Harrison Gray Otis, of California, another new brigadier, was born on his father's farm near Marietta, Ohio.

Of the new major generals Coppinger and Sewell are the only foreign born, they having come from Ireland. Graham, the senior major general, was born in Washington, and Breckinridge's parents, at the time of his birth, lived in Baltimore.

Turning to the navy, the most conspicuous figure of the day, Acting Rear Admiral Sampson, was born on a farm near Palmyra, N. Y., and worked hard all of his boyhood days. Sigsbee was born, too, on a farm in Albany County. Dewey, on the contrary, though born in a small Vermont town, never held the plow, his father being a doctor and fairly well off.

Had Nothing to Say.

You want to be a soldier, Jim? Well, I don't blame you, lad;
The fever that has hit you now once monkeyed with your dad.
I know exactly how you feel, you're achin' fur a scrap,
An' want to go an' help to wipe ol' Spain clean off the map.
When I was young an' full o' nerve in eighteen sixty-one
I wasn't half content till I was coupled to a gun.
An' now that you're a-feelin' in that same ol' hostile way
An' want to emulate your dad I've not a ward to say.

I hope you've reckoned up the cost an' counted it up well,
Fur war, as Gen'ral Sherman said, ain't fur removed from hell!
You'll find it ain't no picnic, Jim; you'll soon find out that you
Won't have a bit o' nerve too much in pullin' of you through.
It ain't no circus-day affair when shells begin to bust
An' comrades lie in blood an' pain a-writhin' in the dust,
An' bullets, jes' like maddened bees, zip past in fiendish way,
But if you have a mind to go I've not a word to say.

I want to tell you honest, boy, that this ain't no surprise;
I've seen the sparks of loyal pride a-dancin' in your eyes.
An' I've been waitin' fur a week to hear you make your talk
An' show your daddy that you come of good ol' fightin' stock.
An' now, to close the matter up, I'll tell you further, Jim,
Your daddy would have knocked you out or you'd a-walloped him
If, when you'd hear your country call, you'd make a coward play—
I'm proud o' you! God bless you, boy. That's all I've got to say.

—Indianapolis Journal.

A Qualified Misfortune.

To illustrate the readiness of some unscrupulous people to turn even their calamities to a dishonest advantage, the story is told that a certain small farmer complained to a relative that his cow was sick.

"And you have to buy milk?" asked the relative.

"Land, yes!"

"How much d'you have to pay?"

"Mis' Tewkesbury lets us have some of hers for five cents a quart."

"Well, what d'you do with your milk while the cow's sick?"

"Oh, we sell it to the city milkman."

"Get five cents a quart from him?"

"Sakes no! He gives six!"—Youth's Companion.

Take Them Off in Church.

The hat reform movement has struck in hard out in Kansas, where the women in several towns remove their headgear in church as well as at the theater. It would be difficult to establish that reform in the East, say at about the close of the Lenten season.

Every once in awhile some old man who is said to have one foot in the grave sees a pretty girl, pulls his foot out and gets married.

TURGENEFF ABHORS SPORT.

How a Dying Pheasant Influenced His Whole Career.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgeneff, tells a most touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings with a deep and tender feeling.

When Turgeneff was a boy of 10, his father took him out one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whir from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman throbbing his veins he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought, and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of cruelty and guilt that came to him in that moment, the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father," he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son. That was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father, never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Steps at a Time.

One evidence of the ever hustling characteristics of the average New Yorker is shown on the stairways of the up town station of the elevated railroad at Park place and Church street. The steps of these stairways are covered with rubber, but every other step has large iron rings imbedded in the rubber.

This was caused by the fact that the New Yorker is never content to wait even one minute for a train, and that when he hears one approaching as he is at the foot of the stairs he will rush up the stairs two steps at a time hoping to catch the train.

As a result the elevated railroad officials noticed that the rubber matting on every other step was wearing out twice as quickly as the rest. For a long time they pondered as to the cause, and one day Manager Fransioli solved the problem. To know was to act in his case, and the steel re-enforced rubber now lasts if anything longer than the ordinary mats on the other steps.

Boy Soldiers.

The best material of which to make fighting soldiers is found in boys from 16 to 21. This is the expression of old commanders. There were many captains in the civil war who were under 20 years of age. There were brigadier generals only 21 years old. General Grant was under 40 when he entered the war. Stonewall Jackson had won immortal fame at 38 and died at 39. General Sheridan was a general at 30. Fitz-Hugh Lee was a major general at 29. Alexander had conquered the world before he was 33. Napoleon became master of Egypt, crossed the Alps and fought the battle of Marengo at 30. Young men make the best soldiers. The civil war was fought by young men and boys.—Knoxville Tribune.

A Typical Negro Camp Meeting.

There is perhaps no more favorable place in which to study negro character and manners than the camp meeting. This time honored institution is no less social than religious in its nature. It is usually held in a partly cleared grove, under the auspices of the local clergy. Hither the colored population of the surrounding region flocks, coming on foot, in carriages and wagons, in ox carts and mule carts, on horseback and mule back—in short, by every conceivable mode of locomotion. Its dress is as varied as its vehicles. Indeed the negroes of the south are of all people the most cosmopolitan in the matter of dress. Clothes of every imaginable style, color and "previous condition of servitude" are pressed into use, so that in this particular they present as great a variety as the beggars in the nursery rhyme.

As we approach the grove what a medley of sounds breaks upon our hearing—the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the heehaw braying of mules, the laughter and screams of children, and joined with these a perfect babel of human voices, the whole forming a discordant din such as no human ear ever heard elsewhere! Entering the grounds, we pass bands of children, climbing, tumbling, romping, like so many troops of monkeys; gawky young fellows awkwardly making love to dusky beauties; groups of brawny men discussing abstruse points of theology with as much zeal and more harmony, perhaps, than a body of learned divinity doctors. Here and there a gossiping company of old "uncles" and "aunties" may be seen reviving the memories of bygone days.—Chautauquan.

Efficacy of Olive Oil.

Medical authorities are generally agreed as to the value of olive oil medicinally, finding it also a potent agent for any defects of the excretory ducts, especially the skin. Eczema has rapidly disappeared upon a discontinuance of starch foods and the substitution of a diet of fresh and dried fruits, milk, eggs and olive oil. The beneficial effects of the latter, when thus taken in conjunction with a fruit diet, have frequently been remarked in respect to the hair, nails and scalp, supplying to the sebaceous glands the oily substance which they secrete when in a healthy condition, and the absence of which is the cause of debility of the hair, frequently ending in baldness, says The Scientific American. It has long been observed that those who treat olive oil as a common article of food and use it as such are generally healthier and in better condition than those who do not, and its therapeutic and prophylactic properties are very favorably regarded by medical men. It is known to be destructive to certain forms of micro organic life, and for the eradication of such from the system its internal use has been successfully resorted to.

How Spain Paid Columbus.

A curious discovery has been made in the archives of the Spanish navy—the bills of payment of the crews who composed the caravels of Christopher Columbus. The sailors, according to their class, received from 10 to 12 francs a month, including their food. The captains of the three large caravels had each 80 francs a month. As for Columbus himself, who had the title of admiral, he was paid 1,600 francs a year.

Tragedy.

The horror stricken spectators were rooted to the spot, with the exception of one small boy, and his clothes indicated that he was growing fast.

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