Miscellany.

A TONGUE OF FLAME.

"Peace, peace," smiled the rose in her garden,
And "peace" sang the bird on his tree,
But a bale-smoke shadowed the valleys
Where the rivers run to the sea,
And the smell of battle was on the winds
Of the summer of 'Sixty-three.

In the lap of its mother mountain
Virginia City lay,
And, wet in a rolling rain-cloud
Of glimmering gold-and-gray,
Behind the Sierras slowly sank
The sun of Liberty Day.

The mammoth flag on the summit
In the tremulous rainbow glow
Fluttered far like a scarlet ribbon
To the eyes that watched below,
But flashed in the sky of a nation
The glory of long ago.

Then a frown on the cheek of the twilight
Where the smile of the west was warm!
And climbing in dusky billows
Mount Davidson's awful form
A wonder of darkness swept the height
Like the rush of a silent storm!

Thro' the murk of the muffled city
With its mystery untold,
While the people dizzily gazing
Stood dumb in the streets, behold
In the blackening west o'er the mountain's crest
A twinkle of fiery gold!

Every eye caught the heaven-hung vision,
Every heart felt its wizard spell.
It flared like a spirit candle,
It streamed like a star that fell.
It waved command like a signal hand,
It swung like a voiceless bell.

Did they hear it? White faces listened:
Wild thoughts guessed its meaning divine.
"There is news of the war from the eastward;
The palm-tree has bowed to the pine—
And the Lord of Hosts is uplifting
His torch on the hills for a sign!"

'Twas a dream, but not all. On the shadow
The light that quivered and curled
Was the flag by patriot fingers
That birthday morning unfurled,
And it blazed in the unseen sunset
Like a beam from another world,

Alone in its daylight of glory
Above where the lightnings run—
But the glad city read on the morrow
Its token of deeds that were done,
And the steeples sang, "Vicksburg is taken,
And Gettysburg's field is won!"

—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

MAN'S MISSION.

It was generally acknowledged by those who knew them that Jack Newlyn and his pretty wife had solved the much-discussed problem of how to be happy though married. True, they had only been united six months, and perhaps it was a little premature to speak definitely on the subject, but to all appearances it did not seem possible that the sunshine of their lives could ever be darkened by a cloud. Their affection for each other disgusted the cynical and delighted the romantic.

It was as ardent and enduring now as it had been the day they were made man and wife, and their intimate friends were wont to declare that existence for them was one long, continual honeymoon.

Old philosophers, however, shook their heads and said it was not to be expected that such a state of unalloyed bliss could continue forever, and these philosophers were right. One day a hawk swooped down on the Newlyn dovecote and put an end to the billing and cooing.

It was in this way: Jack Newlyn, who was a barrister of some repute, left his home in St. John's Wood one fine morning, leaving his little wife in her usual state of happiness, returning a few minutes after 5 to find her almost as solemn as the great judge in whose presence he had been propounding the intricacies of an entangled will suit all the afternoon.

"Anything wrong, dearest?" he inquired as they sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Newlyn gave a start.

"O, no," she murmured, "only—only I have had a visit from Miss Blake this afternoon."

"Who's Miss Blake?" the embryo Q. C. asked carelessly.

"O, you must have heard of her, Jack; she's the President of the 'Modern Woman's Pioneer Rescue League.'"

Mr. Newlyn gasped.

"And—and what did she want, a subscription?"

"N—o, I'll tell you. I don't think I ever mentioned it, but before I met you I was a 'Pioneer.' Now, one of the rules of the society orders that when a member becomes engaged or married she forfeits her place; in fact, she is compelled to resign."

Mr. Newlyn muttered something about a "good job."

"Well, it seems," his wife went on, "that quite a lot of the members have left lately owing to this cause. There's Lucy Johnson, she's engaged to Mr. Stone, and last week Kate Brown was married, and now there are several more on the point of leaving."

"Quite an epidemic," the barrister remarked, irreverently.

"So," his wife continued with a slight frown, "Miss Blake fears that soon she will be the only one who has remained true to the ship."

"Why doesn't she get spliced?" Jack asked, "and then the ship would sink."

"She has no desire to get 'spliced,' as you call it. She is a woman of firm principles, and she has devoted her life to doing good. But to return to what I was saying. As the society had suffered such losses she has decided to strike out the rule which declares engaged girls and married women ineligible, and she is now going round to all the old members asking them to rejoin."

The young husband's face bore a look of the liveliest consternation.

"And," his wife resumed, "I have promised to do so."

Mr. Newlyn's consternation deepened to direst dismay.

"But—but what does she want you to do?" he asked. "And what are the 'Pioneers'?"

"They are a little band of women who are engaged in the noble work of rescuing their unhappy fellow-creatures from sin and wickedness."

"But what are they required to do? Not—not to dive into filthy dens in the East End, visiting housebreakers?"

"N—o, not exactly that. We hold meetings for cabdrivers, sandwichmen, and matchboys. Social evenings they are, with light refreshment, such as coffee and buns——"

"C-o-f-f-e-e a-n-d b-u-n-s," Mr. Newlyn murmured blankly.

"Yes, and a little music, and we take them aside and talk seriously to them and try to bring them to a better frame of mind. It is a noble work, Jack. Miss Blake says it is wicked for us to lead a life of luxury and ease when there are thousands going to perdition. She says it is woman's mission to reform man."

"Quite so," the young barrister responded readily, "and you are fulfilling that mission admirably."

"I——!"

"Yes, you are reforming me."

"O, you don't need reforming, dear."

"And cabdrivers and sandwichmen do?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But, my dear, evening is the only time that I have you to myself."

"I know," and she sighed. "It is awkward, but quite unavoidable."

"And I am to mope at home by myself while you are talking seriously to cabmen and matchboys?"

"Now, darling, you mustn't be selfish."

"Selfish?"

"Yes, you must learn to give up something for your unfortunate fellow-men."

"Well, what with subscribing to orphanages and homes for destitute children, I give up close on a hundred a year as it is."

"Yes, but that is no proper sacrifice," his little wife said, quickly. "You are rich, and a hundred pounds doesn't mean any real giving up on your part. You don't deprive yourself of any pleasure, you know." Mr. Newlyn knitted his brow. His wife's logic was unanswerable.

"And if you spared me for three or four evenings a week you would be doing so, and you would know that your dear little wife was perhaps persuading some poor sinner to lead a better life."

"And what am I to do with myself while you are persuading?"

"Well, you can read and smoke, or go and see your old bachelor friends occasionally."

"And so those delightful evenings when you used to play and sing to me are at an end?"

"I'm afraid so. They were selfish evenings. I see it now. We thought of no one's happiness but our own. Henceforth, Jack dear, we live for others. Now I must go and dress. Miss Blake calls for me at 8. There is a meeting of sandwichmen at half-past."

It was half-past 10 when Mrs. Newlyn came home. She found her husband sitting over his cigar and a novel.

"Well, how did the meeting go off?" he asked.

"Splendidly, splendidly," his wife exclaimed, her charming face aglow with enthusiasm. "O, Jack, when I see what a great deal of noble work I can accomplish I am filled with joy. Miss Blake says I shall be of immense use. But tell me, what have you been doing with yourself while I have been away?"

"I? O, I dropped in on Barnes, one of my old cronies, you know, and very thankful I am I did so."

"Very thankful? Why?"

"Because, curiously enough, I found him deep in a scheme of rescue work of a most novel and original kind, and he invited me to join the movement, and I have done so. Our lives now, Ethel, shall be devoted to this work."

"O, Jack, I am so glad! You will be able to do such a lot of good."

"Well, I hope so, I hope so."

"Now tell me all about it, dear? I am most anxious to learn in what way Mr. Barnes' scheme differs from ours. What class of people are you going to reform—the scavengers, the dockers?"

"O, no; those we leave to you ladies. Barnes says that the influence of woman upon man applies to this sort of work just as it does in other ways, and that the influence of man upon woman is the same."

Mrs. Newlyn looked slightly puzzled.

"The — influence — of — man—upon—woman?" she repeated.

"Just so."

"But I don't understand?"

"Why, it's this way. Our work will be among women. Barmaids——"

"Barmaids?" And her face turned pale.

"Ballet girls, and nurses. We shall hold meetings—social meetings, with light refreshment, such as coffee and buns, and we shall take them aside and talk seriously to them."

Mrs. Newlyn gave a gasp.

"Barnes says it is man's mission."

"Man's mission? O, how dare you talk to me of such a thing!"

"Eh, what?"

"Don't say a word, not a word. Do you want to insult me? O, I wonder how you can come to me with such an infamous proposal! You must be mad to think I should ever consent to it."

"But I consented to you."

"That is very different."

"I fail to see it. You are taking cabmen aside and talking seriously to them. I am taking ballet girls——"

"You sha'n't. I won't stand it. O, do you want to break my heart?"

"Now, darling, you mustn't be selfish. You must learn to give up something. We must live for others."

"You sha—sha'n't l—live for barmaids or ballet girls, the horrid things," Mrs. Newlyn sobbed from behind her handkerchief.

"But you are living for sandwichmen and matchboys."

Mrs. Newlyn bit her lip.

"Jack!" she murmured after a pause.

"My dear."

"Pro—promise me you won't."

"I can't. I gave my word to Barnes."

His wife twisted her lace-fringed handkerchief in desperation.

"I—I'll give up the sandwichmen if you will," she murmured at length.

"And the matchboys and cabdrivers?"

"Ye—es."

"Then on that condition——"

"O, you dear fellow."

"And we shall go back to the old life?"

"Yes, O, yes."

"That's right." And he bent his head and kissed her.

"Newlyn," said his friend Barnes as they sat at lunch the following day, "you're a genius. The idea was splendid, only I'm afraid you've ruined my character with your wife."

"O, I'll make it all right," the young barrister rejoined; "I'll tell her you've given up the scheme." And then they looked at each other and laughed boisterously as if at some hidden joke.—St. Paul's.

Fire Engine Signals.

The experimental use of signals by the Berlin fire department for its apparatus while on the way to a fire has been found to work so well that the system has now been definitely accepted. It consists in the use of an apparatus looking much like a small semaphore, now in use on the railroads. The appliance is rigged up on the driver's seat, and is visible for quite a distance. When the vehicle is to go straight out the arm of the semaphore is placed straight up; if to go to the right or left into another street, the arm of the semaphore is inclined in that direction. As the signals are always set for the next corner, drivers of other vehicles know at once what they have to do in order to get out of the road of the fire engine or other apparatus.—Philadelphia Record.

We are afraid to ask what's the matter with Hannah at this season of the year, but Jamaica ginger is good for it.

A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis "M Quad."

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CHAPTER V.

It took three days more to enlist the men necessary to fill the ranks of the Shenandoah guards, as the company called itself, and while awaiting orders from Richmond an election of officers was held. Only a few of the volunteers were surprised at Royal Kenton's enlistment. They were men who had but one political belief—state rights. They were not looking beyond it to the southern confederacy, but had enlisted and were going to the front to fight for Virginia. Why shouldn't he fight for his adopted state? So argued the captain, so argued the rank and file and many citizens of the town, and, but for Duke Wyle, Kenton would have been elected second lieutenant of the company. When he saw how things were going, he called Steve Brayton aside and said:

"Look here, Steve, you fellows are as blind as young kittens. If that Yankee hadn't signed the roll, what would have happened to him?"

"Tar and feathers and a ride on a rail!" replied Steve.

"And he was sharp enough to realize it. He enlisted as a blind."

"Shoo! How kin he un bluff that way?"

"We are going to the front. The first chance he gets he will desert to his side. He's playing a Yankee trick on you, and you ain't sharp enough to see it."

"Doggone him, but yo' may be right, lootenant, yo' may be right!"

"Of course I'm right! You just move about right smart and give the boys the tip. Don't even elect him corporal. He's just one o' that sort that if he gets any office at all he'll want to run the whole company."

"And we don't propose to be run?"

"Of course not!"

Steve soon turned the tide against Kenton, and that without any one knowing exactly what was taking place. The citizens of the town were almost as much interested in the election as the members of the company. The old lawyer had left Kenton to settle the matter according to his own judgment. When he heard that the young man had enlisted, he was secretly pleased, and it was his influence which made a number of the rank and file decide on electing Kenton as third officer of the company.

"I am not in the least disappointed," replied Royal when the result of the voting was known and the office had gone to another. "I enlisted without thought of position and prefer the ranks to any place they could give me. Besides, I am a Yankee, you know, and it is only natural that there should be a little feeling in the matter."

There were two callers at the Percy mansion that evening. Duke Wyle came first. As previously stated, he had been a frequent caller for a year or more. Some people had even said that there was an engagement. That was a mistake, however. Try as hard as he could, he could remember little or nothing to encourage him in believing that he was a favored suitor. Neither had he the slightest reason for believing that Royal Kenton had any advantage in that respect. It was simply the fact that he was also a visitor at the house that roused the spirit of jealousy and the desire to work mischief. His reception was cordial by both mother and daughter, and both congratulated him on his election as one of the company officers. This paved the way for him to observe:

"I presume you have heard of the unblushing assurance of the Yankee, as all call him, in making every effort to be elected second lieutenant?"

"Do you refer to Mr. Kenton?" quickly answered Marian.

"Of course. He is the only Yankee I know of in this locality. The men saw through his scheme before it was too late, however."

"Did he have a scheme?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"Most certainly, ma'am—that is, the members of the company fully believed he had."

"What was it?" quietly asked Marian.

"Well, they all think he volunteered to hoodwink us, and that he will desert the first chance he gets."

"But you don't believe it?"

"Well, I—I—I can't say that I do, but he leans toward the north, you know."

"No, I did not know it. He is a Virginian by adoption. He owes her allegiance. He did not enlist until he felt it his duty to go with his state. You did not enlist for any other reason, did you, Mr. Wyle?"

"Of course not, but I'm a born Virginian, you know."

"Well, I think Mr. Kenton acted according to his conscience and best judgment, and that the guards would have had reason to be proud of him as an officer."

"Yes, I think so, too," replied the mother.

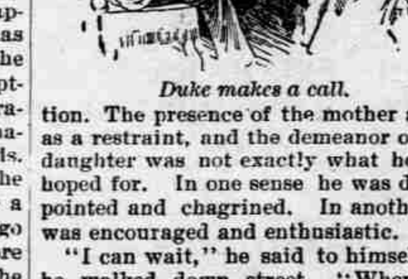
The lieutenant realized that he was walking on dangerous ground and let the subject drop, but in his own mind he decided that he had new cause for hating Royal Kenton and removing him from his path. During a moment of silence a plan flashed through his mind, and he presently said:

"It is an old saying, you know, that blood will tell. It may prove false in this case, and I hope it will, for Kenton is a fine young man. Suppose, however, he should actually desert to the Yankees and come back to fight against us?"

"Then I should be glad to hear of his being shot as a deserter and a traitor!" exclaimed the girl as her eyes flashed and her color deepened.

"He would deserve it," added the mother.

Duke Wyle had made his call intending to make every effort to discover just how he stood in Marian Percy's estima-



Duke makes a call.

tion. The presence of the mother acted as a restraint, and the demeanor of the daughter was not exactly what he had hoped for. In one sense he was disappointed and chagrined. In another he was encouraged and enthusiastic.

"I can wait," he said to himself as he walked down street. "When the news comes back here that Kenton has deserted to the enemy, I shall have the field all to myself!"

The reception of Royal Kenton half an hour later may not have been more cordial, but his visit was more prolonged, and he appeared to glean more comfort from it. When the act of his nonelection to position was incidentally referred to, he said:

"I did not seek for any position. Indeed, had it been left to me to accept or decline, I should have remained in the ranks."

"This is only the beginning," replied Marian. "Virginia has always been ready to honor those who honor her. Mother and I both feel a little disappointed, but we know it will come out right in the end."

"Your mind is fully made up?" queried Mrs. Percy, thinking of Duke Wyle's fling about desertion.

"Fully, ma'am," replied Kenton. "I stand or fall with Virginia."

Two days later the company left for the front. Every soul in the ancient village turned out to bid them godspeed and goodby. Marian Percy shook hands with many, with Royal Kenton and Duke Wyle among the number. People remarked that she was excited and enthusiastic, but if her lover was among those over whose heads waved the state flag of Virginia she gave no sign, not even to him.

The Shenandoah guards were made Company A of a Virginia regiment, which was among the first on the battlefield of Bull Run. When it was known that the Federals would attack, when they were observed marching out of Centerville on that July morning to find the Confederates and give battle, Lieutenant Wyle found opportunity to say to Steve Brayton, who had been made a sergeant in the company:

"Well, it seems that Yankee is with us yet."

"He un's right on hand, lootenant," was the reply.

"How has he behaved himself?"

"Right well, I take it. Hain't heard one o' the men find any fault."

"He's a deep one, Steve—deeper than I thought. He's been biding his time. If he gets a chance today, he'll go over to the Yankees. This is what he has been waiting for."

"Shoo! But yo' don't think so?"

"Of course I do. The captain wants you to make it your business today, in case the Yankees come out, to watch him. If he makes a break, shoot him in the back! Better tell the rest of the boys, so as to make sure of him."

"Reckon the Yanks will pitch in?"

"Pretty sure to."

"Goin to be a reg'lar fout?"

"Looks like it."

"Waal, doggone my hide if I hain't feelin rather shaky in my legs already, and yo' don't look none too peart, lootenant, but I reckon I kin keep an eye on the Yankee if the shootin don't get too heavy!"

"Shoot him right down if he makes a break!"

"Jest so, unless I'm shot first. I've bin achin fur a fout fur the past three months, but durn my skin if I don't wish I was back in camp and the Yankees 50 miles off! What's the use in all this fussin anyhow? Why can't we all sot down and hev a talk and fix things up?"

CHAPTER VI.

Only a small portion of the Confederate forces made pursuit of the retreating Federal army and that so slowly that there was no fighting. The regiment to which the Shenandoah guards was attached moved down from the plateau and went into camp. It had been broken and defeated, and yet it had rallied and won a reputation. Every one of the 10 companies had been more or less disorganized, but the guards perhaps worst of all. That this company should have been led back into the hottest of the fight by a private, and that it should have brought off the field one of the guns over which the fight had been so bloody, furnished occasion for remarks throughout the entire brigade.

Duke Wyle was no coward. There wasn't a taint of craven blood in his veins. It was so also with his fellow lieutenant. The fall of the captain and the rush of the Federals had stampeded officers as well as men. War was a new thing, and few had served an apprenticeship. Wyle followed the company back, but in the hurly burly became separated from it. He knew it was Royal Kenton carrying the flag and leading. He saw the gun brought off, and he saw General Jackson halt the coatless, hatless and powder begrimed men to question them.

"He's a brick even if he is a Yankee, and I'll shake hands with him!" said the lieutenant to himself as he advanced to rejoin his company.

That was Duke Wyle, the man. He hadn't taken 30 steps before Duke Wyle, the rival lover, cursed the luck which had given to another all the glory he had hoped to win, and he growled:

"I owe him another for this, and I can't pay him off any too soon!"

The first man of his company he encountered was Steve Brayton. If Steve had given way in the knees before the fight opened, he had pulled himself together in good shape as soon as he smelled powder. He had been the first man to turn and follow Kenton, and he had fought beside him to capture the gun.

"Waal, lootenant," grinned Steve as he awkwardly saluted, "I kept my eye on that Yankee all the time, but I didn't hev to shoot him!"

"Curse him, but what business had he to assume command of the company?" replied Wyle. "I was just about to halt and re-form when you fools all rushed off after him!"

"Yes—I see!" remarked Steve, "but I wouldn't find any fault if I was yo'. We uns is the only company in the regiment which captured a cannon, and the boys feel as peart as game chickens about it. Reckon I wouldn't say nuthin agin the Yankee either! It won't look exactly right, you see!"

"You and the Yankee have suddenly become bosom friends!" sneered the officer.

"Not exactly, lootenant, but I hain't got nuthin agin him no mo'. If he un's a Yankee spy, we orter hev about 10,000 mo' of 'em on our side!"

Late that evening after the stragglers had rejoined their commands and order had been brought out of confusion Lieutenant Wyle received an order to report at brigade headquarters. On his arrival he was admitted to the presence of General Jackson, who had that day won his famous sobriquet of "Stonewall."

"Lieutenant Wyle," said the general as he received him, "I am sorry to learn that your captain is so severely wounded that it will be months before he will be able to take the field again. I saw him in the field hospital two hours ago and congratulated him on the heroism displayed by his company. I wish also to congratulate you, and through you each and every man. That was a grand rally made in the face of disaster. One of your men acted like a hero of old. If you will give me his name, I will see that he is promoted to the position he deserves. He is a private, is he not?"

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the lieutenant, confused and chagrined that his rival should be thus honored. "His name, sir, is Ike"——

It was on his tongue to rob Royal Kenton of his laurels and transfer them to Ike Baxter, but he could not do it.

"It was a private named Kenton, I believe," he said as he lifted his eyes to those of the general again.

"Thanks. He is a brave man, and you ought to be proud of him. You must not feel put out about it, lieutenant. All of us are new to war yet. Coolness will come with experience. I have no fault to find with any of the officers or men. That's all, sir."

The officer saluted and retired and made his way back to his company. But for one thing he would have sent for Royal Kenton and offered him his hand and his congratulations. Both loved the same maiden. Even if both had stood on the same footing in her estimation when the company left the valley events had occurred that day which would give his rival the lead.

The first thing Lieutenant Wyle did after reaching his lines was to send for Ike Baxter. He was much of the same mold as Steve Brayton—a small farmer, shiftless and uneducated and having a decided distaste for anything like hard work, but far more bigoted in his sectional feelings. He was not one of the handful Kenton had rallied and led back, but was forced up with others latter on and had his musket been examined after the battle was over it would have been discovered that it had not been once discharged.

"Ah, I am glad to see you, my brave boy!" said the lieutenant as Ike came scuffing into his tent. "I want to compliment and congratulate you on the pluck and bravery you displayed in that battle. I had my eye on you most of the time, and I never saw a cooler man in the face of danger."

"Yo'—yo' doan' mean it, lootenant!" gasped Ike, who fully realized that his conduct was open to censure instead of praise.

"Mean it? Of course I do! I am proud to have such a brave man in the

"Ah, I am glad to see you, my brave boy."

ranks of the company. As the captain is badly wounded I shall probably be promoted soon, and I will see that you are made corporal at least."

"I enlisted to fight them dod durned Yankees, and I went for 'em the best I knowed how," said Ike, who had recovered from his surprise and was now willing to take all the credit extended.

"Yes, you did a power to help drive 'em back," replied the officer, "and I'll see that you are properly rewarded. By the way, Ike, what are the men saying about that Yankee?"

"He un can't be no Yank."

"Why not?"

"Why, he un fout dead agin 'em. They all is sayin that he's a snorter to fight. Reckon he'll get office."

"Look here, Ike, don't you be taken in and done for like the rest! Do you know why he enlisted?"

"On account of tar and feathers, I reckon."

"Exactly. You had him boxed up that night. He wasn't ready to skip, and he was afraid of being coated. He reckoned on deserting to his friends when we got down here."

"Then why didn't we uns fix 'em?"

"We had our eyes on him, but he was too sharp for us. He knew we were watching him, and he didn't dar' to bolt. He had a better plan than that. When he grabbed that flag and led you back—and I saw you were one of the first to follow—do you know what his plan was?"

"To git that cannon, I reckon."

"No, sir! No, sir! He fooled the whole pack of you! He intended to lead you into a trap and get you all captured."

"Yo' doan' say!"

"But I do! I know all about it. If I hadn't followed on with the rest of the company, not one of you would have got back alive."

"Then, dod rot his Yankee hide, why doan' we uns jump right onto him heavy?" shouted the excited Ike.

"Because we've no positive proofs, you see. He's been too deep and sly thus far. You see, he's even fooled almost every man in our company. You haven't no love fur Yankees, I take it!"

"Dod rot 'em, I reckon I killed about 20 of 'em down thar', but I wish it had been a hundred!"

"I wish this fellow was out of our company," mused Wyle. "So long as he is with us we have got to be on our guard against his Yankee tricks. He'd feel proud to take us all over to the Yankees."

"Why doan' yo' un git him out?" asked Ike after a moment's reflection.

"I'd like to, but how can I? I've just come from brigade headquarters, where General Jackson asked after him and as much as said he'd promote him. He'll probably give him the place I want you to have. He's fooled Jackson the same as he has the rest of us."

"And Jackson will make he un a corporal?" asked Ike.

"Sure to."

"Say, lootenant," whispered Ike as he drew a step nearer, "I reckon I know how to get that Yank outer this company!"

"How?"

"Shoot him out!"

"I—I don't understand!"

"If he un goes, do I git to be corporal?"

"Yes."

"Then yo' leave it to me! Mebbe it will take a week or two, but yo' bet yo'r last dollar he un's got to go!"

(To be Continued.)

Man's Speech to Brutes.

The story of the farmer in the "Arabian Nights" who could understand the language of the animals and fowls in his barn-yard probably had its origin in the ancient myth which asserted that in primitive times men and beasts were able to converse together. In truth, as everybody knows, there are certain sounds, or words, which horses, dogs and other animals can be taught to understand; and, on the other hand, some of the sounds uttered by domestic animals have a meaning which man can understand. Of course all this is quite a different thing from language, and yet it has a certain scientific interest. Recently Dr. H. C. Bolton has discussed "the language used in talking to domestic animals." He shows how we unconsciously attempt to lower our language by abbreviations, etc., to the comprehension of brutes, very much as when we talk to young children. A curious fact is that the peculiar "click" and "chirp" used to start and to hasten the movements of horses are employed in very widely separated parts of the world, but sometimes in a reversed sense. In India, for instance, those sounds are used to stop instead of to start horses.

Telegraphy Without Wires.

In the course of a lecture on "Telegraphy Without Wires," delivered recently in London by W. H. Preece, C. B., F. R. S., the lecturer said he had been studying this wonderful invention for the last 47 years. In his researches he had found that there was little difference between electricity and light. The first idea that he got of the invention was from the fact that the telephone company stated that in Gray's Inn road the messages which were sent to Bradford could be distinctly heard on their wire. This could not be understood, as the different wires stood at a distance of 80 feet. Experiments were made, and it was found that by vibration messages could be practically sent to any distance, and the first time it was tested it worked admirably at 2,000 feet. Later on messages in the Bristol channel were sent between two islands some miles apart.

This invention would be of great service to lighthouses, as although everything possible was done to keep up communication with them, it was sometimes impossible to carry this out in great gales. With this telegraphy it was possible to communicate in all weathers or under any conditions

He had been trying on 260 vibrations a second, but Mr. Macaroni had flown higher, and was experimenting with 250,000,000 in the same time. The main secret of the whole thing was the force with which the electricity can be sent out from the transmitter to the receiver. It was practically spit out from the transmitter like miniature lightning, and this would be forced along at a pressure of 250,000,000 waves a second to the receiver.

AROUSE TO ACTION

A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

The River Jub.

England has sent an expedition to explore the River Jub, the boundary between the Italian and English spheres of influence in Somaliland. It is under command of Major Macdonald, who made the survey for the railroad from Mombasa to Lake Victoria.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Switzerland's new twenty-franc gold piece has on its face the head of a peasant girl, representing Helvetia, with 22 stars around it for the cantons.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Accredited at the State and Stanford universities, a first-class Home School. Careful supervision and thorough training in every respect. Seventh year begins August 10th. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Burlingame, San Mateo county, California.

A ray of light from Sirius can reach us only after traveling for twenty-two years with a speed of 77,777 leagues a second.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

In the great church at Mengo, Uganda, Africa, there are over 200 trees to support the roof. Each of these trees took 100 men to drag it up the hill.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's family pills are the best.

Dog Taxes in France.

In France it is not necessary to have license to keep a dog, but what amounts to practically the same thing, it is necessary to pay a dog tax, which varies according to the species—a watch dog paying less than a fancy poodle, and so forth. From the returns of this tax it is learned that there are 2,900,000 dogs in France, which bring in an annual revenue of 8,800,000 francs.

High Rifle Scores.

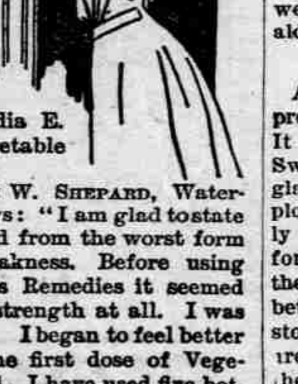
Two records of 104 out of a possible 105 with the Lee-Metford rifle have already been made this year by Sapper Gale of the Royal Engineers and Sergeant Dalgetty of the Berwick-on-Tweed rifles. The firing was at the regulation ranges, seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yards, in military positions. In both cases the men missed the bullseye at the shortest distance. The highest score made with the discarded Martini-Henry rifle under the same conditions was 103.

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Heed the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back, and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhœa, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



MRS. GEORGE W. SHEPARD, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

NEW REPUBLIC.

South American States Have Formed a Federation.

Quietly and unostentatiously the greater republic of Central America has become an accomplished fact. The first step was taken a year or more ago, when Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua united in a confederation for mutual defense. Now Costa Rica and Guatemala have joined and the new republic is complete. It would have been still better had the confederation been established half a century ago and thereby developed the resources of the five countries as they should have been and also prevented a score of miserable civil wars and revolutions brought about by ambitious and corrupt military adventurers. They naturally should be under one authority so far as their national policy is concerned, and now that this has been accomplished there is little doubt it will tend toward conditions of peace and order in domestic affairs.

The new republic will possess considerable strength. Its population will be a little over three millions, of which Guatemala has nearly one-half. The area will be 185,825 square miles, divided as follows: Guatemala, 63,400; Costa Rica, 23,000; Salvador, 7,225; Honduras, 43,000; and Nicaragua, 49,200. As compared with South American State Chile has 293,470 square miles of area, Peru 463,747, and the Argentine Republic 1,778,195, though the population of the latter is only about 917,000 larger than that of the new republic. Compared with Illinois, its area is about three times as large, while its population is about a million and a half less. The Central American population is largely made up of native Indians and mixed races, but the Europeans and those of European descent are steadily increasing.

The arrangement of the new federation is both wise and sensible. The individual States retain complete autonomy and absolute control of their domestic affairs. Outside relations, treaties, commercial and industrial relations with other nations are managed by a sort of congress which meets in the various capitals at stated times and which is regularly elected. Representation to foreign governments also proceeds from the authority of this body. In a word, the relations of the greater republic to the outside world are practically managed as ours are, and the rights of the States to control their own affairs remain untouched. Undoubtedly one of the impelling motives to this union was the fact or the fear that Mexico had its covetous eyes on those States adjoining her own southern boundary, which has had the effect to expedite this fusion of the five States. The union will give the republic an army of about 175,000 men, regulars and militia, which will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes of defense. As to the commercial and industrial resources of the new republic, they should be greatly developed under the new management. If it have no other result than to put an end to the interminable revolutions and civil wars in that section it will be a blessing.

Joke in Squash Grove.

The home of the practical joker is the country town, where any addition to the common fund of conversational material is as welcome as a rain after a dry spell. In some towns it is deemed a merry jest to steal another man's bicycle, "put it up" for $2 or $3 with some one who is in the joke, and invite the victim to help spend the money. The amusement derived from this proceeding lasts undiminished for several weeks.

Squash Grove's general store laid in a supply of straw hats. An attractive "line" on them was placed in the window, and the better to catch the bucolic eye they were adorned with a large sign:

• These Hats are going for a song. •

Lon Jones, arch wag of Squash Grove, happened to pass that way shortly afterward. He saw the sign, and his pace quickened.

Five minutes later he returned with half a dozen followers. Without an explanatory word they rushed up in front of the desk where the proprietor was musing over his accounts. Without waiting for greetings, they began, allegro and fortissimo, that venerable relic of the primitive vaudeville stage:

He never came back,
He never came back,
His dear form they saw nevermore;
But how happy they'll be
When his dear form they see,
When they meet on that beautiful shore.

No dialogue followed the completion of the chorus. The marauders rushed to the window, seized a hat apiece, and rushed into the street.

The cause of the atrocity was removed from the window at once, but when Squash Grove ceases to talk about that simple joke the present generation will have passed away from the earth.

A Forgotten Author.

The oldest American man of letters is Theodore S. Fay, now living abroad at Berlin, at the age of 90. He is mostly forgotten, and his books are all out of print. Yet he was a man of some note in the literature of his day. His novels, "Norman Leslie" and "Hoboken," were in every circulating library, and were widely read, fifty years and more ago. He was a contemporary of Irving, Willis, Bryant, Halleck, Percival and others of that period. He had a position in the diplomatic service, being given the place of Minister to Switzerland by President Van Buren, who was very kind toward literary men. Irving was appointed Minister to Japan by him, Hawthorne had his position in the Boston custom house during his administration. Bancroft was made collector of the port of Boston, and James K. Spaulding, who had written at least one novel, was a member of his Cabinet. It was noted as a curious fact at that time that the literary men of the country were generally Democrats. Mr. Fay has never resided at home since he lost his foreign mission. The charms of European life were too much for him.—Boston Herald.

New Uses for Glass.

Attention was recently called to the proposed use of glass brick in building. It is now said that the Government of Switzerland has approved the use of glass for making weights to be employed with balance-scales. A peculiarly tough kind of glass is to be selected for this purpose. From England comes the suggestion that glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.

Swallows Medals to Effect Cures.

The Churchman reports that the daughter of the principal notary of Placinza, Italy, was found to have in her stomach an accumulation of medals of a Madonna locally celebrated for powers of cure in cancer. She had swallowed a medal each day for a week, on advice of her confessor.

The Winner

of one of those $100 prizes got her yellow tickets in this way:

1. By using the tea herself.
2. By asking some friends who use the tea to give her their tickets.
3. By inducing some friends to try the tea and give her their tickets.

One of her friends kept a boarding house, and sent her lots of tickets.

Haven't you some friend who keeps a boarding house or a restaurant, or who has influence in some hospital or other public institution? They need good tea there.

Rules of contest in large advertisement about first and middle of the month. A A

Reasons for an Odd Tax Rate.

The reason why the tax on beer was fixed at $1.44 a barrel instead of at a round figure was for the sake of convenience in mathematical calculations. That figure is a multiple of 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 12, which are the divisions used by the brewers in the sale of beer. In computing the taxes upon fractional parts of a barrel, the tax on a half barrel of beer will be 72 cents, the tax on a quarter of barrel 36 cents, on a third of a barrel 24 cents, on the sixth of a barrel 24 cents, on an eighth of a barrel 18 cents.

A Strange Defense.

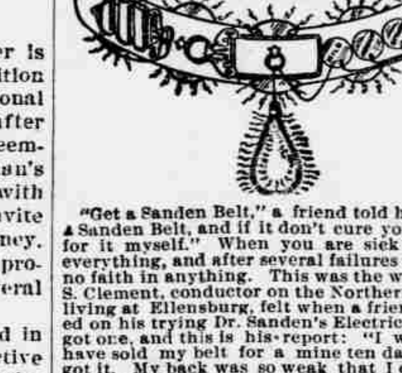
A strange defense has been offered in England by a captain who ran an excursion steamer, as it seemed, deliberately on the rocks near Scarborough. The passengers thought he was drunk, but he wants to be let off because he was under the influence of opium, taken to relieve pain.

The frog cannot breathe with its mouth open, its breathing apparatus being so arranged as to exclude air at all times, except when the nostrils alone are working.

There was recently killed in Wyoming one of the largest mountain lions ever seen in that state. It was almost nine feet long.

"Get a Sanden Belt."

Simple Advice That Saved a Sufferer From Despair.



"Get a Sanden Belt," a friend told him, "Get a Sanden Belt, and if it don't cure you I'll pay for it myself." When you are sick you try everything, and after several failures you have no faith in anything. This was the way Mr. P. S. Clement, conductor on the Northern Pacific, living at Ellensburg, felt when a friend insisted on his trying Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. He got one, and this is his report: "I would not have sold my belt for a mine ten days after I got it. My back was so weak that I could not sit up in the car seat, and I suffered terribly. Then I got the belt. In ten days I was almost a well man, and inside of a month I was entirely cured. That was two years ago, and not a sign of my trouble has returned. I want you to publish this, so that the thousands of other men who are in the same fix can find the only cure for them."

It cures other troubles, including all nervous and vital weakness, varicocele, rheumatism, etc. Get the book with full information, sealed, fee. Address

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253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.
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"CHILDREN TEETHING."
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

DRUNKARDS can be saved without their knowledge by ANTI JAG, the marvelous cure for the drink habit. All druggists, or write Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York City. FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 838 Market St., San Francisco.

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