Westernization of the Japs.

Kioto, Japan, formerly regarded as the sacred city of the Mikado, is being thoroughly westernized, having adopted the overhead trolley and arc and incandescent lighting. The power for the operation of the street railway is supplied by the waters of Lake Biwa, which are utilized through the agency of extensive canals, the plant being one of the largest engineering projects completed by native engineers.

A PHILIPPINE HEROINE.

The word "hairbreadth," now used for an infinitesimal space, was once a regular measure. It was the width of 16 hairs laid side by side.

It is stated that vast uncovered untouched beds of sheet mica lie within 60 miles of Kiao-Chou bay, China.

In Egypt fans were used in religious ceremonies, made of parchment or feathers.

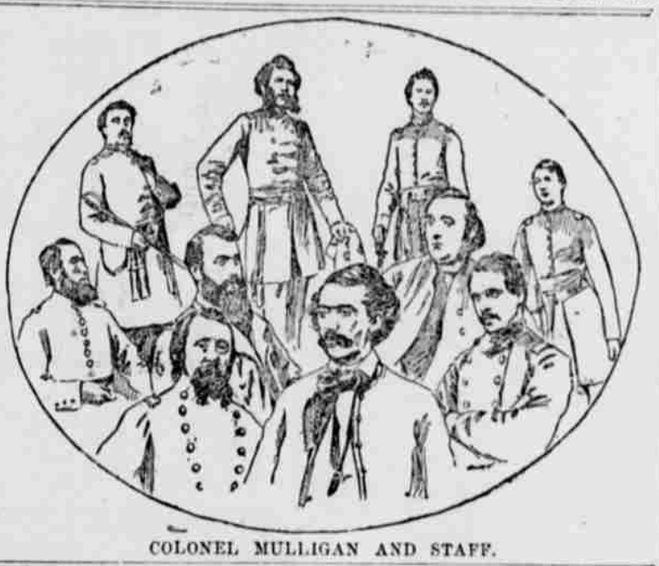
MULLIGAN'S BRIGADE.

The Gallant Chicago Regiment Composed of Irishmen.

"Rally! All Irishmen in favor of forming a regiment of Irish volunteers to sustain the government of the United States in and through the war will rally at North Market Hall this evening, April 20, at 7:30 o'clock. For the honor of the old land, rally! Rally for the defense of the new!"

This notice appeared in all the Chicago newspapers on April 20, 1861. Five days before Gov. Yates had issued a call for troops, and the patriotic fervor of the people was at a white heat. Enlistment had already commenced, Capt. Joseph Kellogg having begun the work of recruiting a company on April 18.

Those whose knowledge of war and war times is limited to the present conflict with Spain have small conception of the excitement that swept over the land, rising nowhere to a higher pitch than at Chicago when Fort Sumter was fired upon and the President issued a call for 75,000 troops.



COLONEL MULLIGAN AND STAFF.

The call for a meeting of the loyal Irishmen of the city, which was signed by James A. Mulligan, M. C. McDonald and eleven other Irish citizens, was royally responded to. North Market Hall being thronged to the doors. James A. Mulligan, an eloquent young Irish-American lawyer, delivered a ringing speech, as did several others, and the work of recruiting—the real business of the evening—was begun. No urging was required, men presenting themselves faster than they could sign the roll. In an hour and a half 325 names had been enrolled.

This meeting was but the beginning of the patrotic enthusiasm which speedily seized upon the people, and applications for admission to the Irish brigade, as the prospective regiment had been already named, continued to pour in, not from Chicago only, but from all portions of northern Illinois, one body of Detroit Irishmen offering their services. Within a week 1,200 names were signed and the regiment was complete.

The Confederates were bent on taking Lexington, and Gen. Sterling Price soon appeared with 28,000 men. Outnumbered ten to one, poorly provisioned and suffering from lack of water, Col. Mulligan made determined defense. Called upon by Price to surrender and agree to fight no more on Missouri soil, brave Mulligan replied:

"The Irish brigade makes no compromise."

At length after a resistance that fairly electrified all Northern hearts and called forth expressions of praise from the Confederates, Col. Mulligan was forced to surrender, the devoted Irishmen destroying their green flag in preference to yielding it to the enemy. The total Union loss in killed and wounded was 107. Col. Mulligan was retained as a prisoner of war, but was soon exchanged. He was treated with great consideration by Gen. Price, who, in appreciation of his bravery, refused to accept his sword.

The heroic death of Col. Mulligan while fighting the main body of Gen. Jubal A. Early's army at Kernstown, Va., July 24, 1864, is known to all who are familiar with the stirring events of the war of the rebellion.

"Lay me down and save the flag," he said to those who were bearing him mortally wounded from the field.

The "Irish brigade fought nobly for their country; they did more—they raised an enthusiasm that recruited many thousands of troops and imparted boldness to timid hearts. Their glory has not yet faded—will never fade. To have been a follower of Mulligan is an honor which no American disputes.

A Seasick Hero.

No man is a hero while seasick. Lafayette was sent by Washington and Congress to France to ask further supplies of men and money for the American colonies. He sailed from Boston in the frigate Alliance, on Jan. 11, 1779. The harbor was frozen, and a passage had to be cut for the ship through the ice.

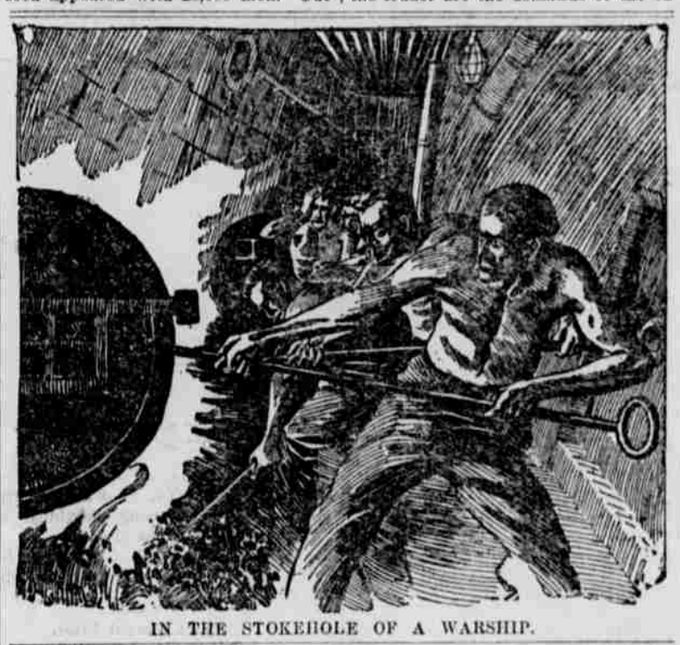
Off the Newfoundland banks the ship was assailed by a terrible tempest which threatened destruction, and Lafayette was very seasick. His aid-de-camp, the Chevalier de Pontgiband, who relates the incident in his memoirs, heard him soliloquizing thus on the hopelessness of the situation and the emptiness of glory:

"Diable! I have done well certainly. At my time of life—barely twenty years of age—with my name, rank and fortune, and after having married Mademoiselle de Noailles, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for codfish!"—Youth's Companion.

HOT TIMES IN THE STOKEHOLE.

Toilers at the Furnaces Twenty Feet Below the Surface of the Sea.

If a landsman wants an experience that he will not forget soon let him go down into the stokehole of a warship. Then he will realize, indeed, what it means to be in the bowels of a vessel, and, to an extent, what it means to be buried alive. If he can face the roaring furnaces without shrinking and stand in the steel walled pit without feeling dread, he will be a man of rare nerve.



IN THE STOKEHOLE OF A WARSHIP.

Sunk in a shaft twenty feet below the sea, men toil amid fierce fires whose flames in that confined space lick out at them with every movement of the long steel slice bars that are used to feed the gaping furnaces, as savage caged beasts are fed, and, like the beasts, the fires are raging to kill the men who master them only by desperate labor. There is no room to spare on a modern ship. Therefore the mighty furnaces are so crowded together that the men who serve them have barely space to move to and fro before them. So near them are the stokers and the firemen that until their skins are hardened to it they blister and crack with the heat. The chance visitor can bear it only a few minutes.

That is a stokehole when the ship is going at ordinary speed and there are no especial demands on the stokers and the firemen. When there comes the time that a ship must fight for her life, chase or run, the stokehole becomes a place of torment. When the warship goes into action she calls on every one of her hundred and more firemen to be in readiness, and the boilers must furnish every pound of steam that they can give her. The more they give her the louder are the demands of the engines for more, and the men must work at the fires till they fail. Forced draught is the order then, and the stokehole is practically sealed up that no air may escape from it except through the furnaces. The fires grow fiercer and fiercer, and soon there is no spot in the steel pit that is not unbearably hot. Men watch the indicators and shout for more steam. The limp heaps are dragged away to die or to go mad. Relief is called to the burning hole, and still the open throttles of the ship's engines take the steam faster than the furnaces can make it. What is going on above no man down there knows. Sometimes a dull echoing shock may tell them that the ship has been hit hard.

The First Polar Explorer.

The hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of arctic work, and their vessels and equipment were very inadequate. One of the greatest of all arctic voyagers was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition. William Barentz. He sailed from Holland in 1594 on the little fishing smack Mercurius, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and seamen of those days were as to the navigability of arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing around the north end of Nova Zembla and finding a northeast passage to China; and so for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty one times, and traveling back and forth along the ice edge for 1,760 miles. The highest ice edge was 614 statute miles south of the 'l he t point reached by Nansen, or 874 miles from the pole. —Harper's Weekly.

Trading with Their Own Race.

The population of Antwerp includes 20,000 Germans, who, it is said, buy their goods of German merchants only

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, valued at $12,500,000.

Twenty words per minute is the average at which long hand is written.

The Massachusetts militia will dispense with the bayonet.

If a disinfectant smells good, it isn't a good disinfectant.

FLIGHT OF THE ARMADA.

Experiences of Philip's Fleet in the Storms of the German Ocean.

In the Century there is an article on "The Spanish Armada," by William Frederic Tilton. After describing the defeat of the Armada, Mr. Tilton says: Meanwhile the Spaniards were speeding, crestfallen, over the German Ocean, under all the canvas that their torn rigging and splintered spars would bear. For Sidonia's men were thinking only of getting home to the warm sun and sparkling water of their cara Espana—dear old Spain. Soldiers and sailors lounged in sullen, silent groups about the decks. The flag-ship would not respond to the salutes of her consorts. The wind blew northerly at times, but the duke forgot his promise to sail back into the Channel. He thought only of flight, and offered his French pilot two thousand ducats if he should bring him safe to Spain. Soon the autumn storms burst, and the Spaniards had to house everything but a rag of sail to steer by. Thick, black fogs often settled down upon them, so that they could not see one another's lights at night. One day, however, they had the melancholy satisfaction of capturing a few English pinnaces returning from their fishing-ground laden with cod and ling. This—one almost regrets to say it—was the greatest achievement of the fleet that was to give Philip the sovereignty over western Europe. The men had been supplied with clothes only for a short summer campaign, and these North Sea gales froze them to the bone. "We all expected to come home rich from this expedition," wrote a gentleman on board the flag-ship, as she was floundering past Scotland; "but now we are coming home in our shirts, for our clothes got so ragged that we had to throw them overboard." To increase the wretchedness, it became necessary to reduce the rations to starving-point. The artillery mules and noblemen's horses, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. It was heartrending to see the wild white eyes of the poor brutes as, plunging and snorting, they tried to swim back to the ship's side.

It seemed imperative to punish somebody for all this disgrace and misery. A number of officers were accused of disobedience or cowardice. Some of these the duke deprived of their commands; and one captain was hanged in a pinnace, which was sent through the fleet with its gruesome freight dangling from the yard-arm as a warning to the rest.

The weather got ever wilder. The clumsy ships heaved and rolled, and plunged their yards deep into the waves. Hulls got so badly strained that they had to be stiffened with ropes. Strong men flocked to the chaplains, begging for their prayers. Many a poor fellow, losing hope of seeing land again, made his will and intrusted it to the ship's priest. Men sickened and died by hundreds, sons of Spain's noblest houses with the rest. Many ships got so short-handed that they dropped behind the main body, and had to struggle northward in isolated groups. Now and then a rotten lacing would give way, and the sailors, weakened by hunger and sickness, had to go aloft in the gale to house the tugging and bellying sail, lucky if shrouds and spars were not slippery and dangerous with the driving sleet. Though midsummer, it was as cold as Christmas. Everybody except the pilots stayed below as much as possible to keep warm. They were all perishing with hunger and thirst, and the little food they got was moldy. They might have tried catching rain-water in casks, but the spray would have turned it salt. Calderon, one of the paymasters, had a store of delicacies aboard his hulk, and distributed them, as well as the heavy sea allowed, among the sick and wounded of the fleet. The negroes and mulattoes, it was observed, nearly all perished with the cold. The men were now kept continuously at the pumps. Woe to the ship when pumps got clogged with ballast pebbles! It was hard and dangerous work shifting the crews of sinking vessels in the tempestuous weather.

Wages of Soldiers.

The regular rates of pay apply to the volunteer service, both to officers and to men, as stated in the army register, although there is an increase enjoyed by the regulars who have been in the army more than five years. The following is the monthly stipend of officers and soldiers of the United States army:

Major general	$625 00
Brigadier general	458 33
Colonel	291 67
Lieutenant colonel	250 00
Major	208 33
Captain, mounted	166 67
Captain, not mounted	150 00
Regimental adjutant	150 00
Regimental quartermaster	150 00
First lieutenant, mounted	133 33
First lieutenant, not mounted	125 00
Second lieutenant, mounted	125 00
Second lieutenant, not mounted	116 67
Chaplain	125 00
Company:	
Private	13 00
Musician	13 00
Trumpeter	13 00
Wagoner	14 00
Artificer	15 00
Corporal (artillery, cavalry and infantry)	15 00
Blacksmith and farrier	15 00
Saddler	15 00
Sergeant	18 00
Private (engineers and ordnance)	17 00
Corporal (engineers and ordnance)	20 00
First Sergeant	25 00
Sergeant (engineers, ordnance and signal corps)	34 00
Sergeants (signal corps)	45 00
Regiment:	
Chief trumpeter	22 00
Principal musician	22 00
Saddler sergeant	22 00
Chief musician	60 00
Sergeant major	23 00
Quartermaster sergeant	23 00
Sergeant major and quartermaster sergeant	36 00
Post:	
Ordnance sergeant	34 00
Commissary sergeant	34 00
Post quartermaster sergeant	34 00
Hospital corps:	
Hospital steward	45 00
Acting hospital steward	25 00
Private	18 00
Veterinary surgeon (senior)	100 00
Veterinary surgeon (junior)	75 00
Hospital matron	10 00

Killing the Habit.

"I see by the papers that the cigarette habit is dying out."

"What's the cause? People smoking cigars?"

"No; the cigarette fiends are dying out."—New York World.

Judging from the Sound.

"Do you know that an ordinary piano contains about a mile of wire?"

"No. I should rather believe that an ordinary piano contains about a wagonload of tinware."