

OLD-FASHIONED SONG.

I want my dear in snow day,
I want my dear in rain;
When spring is here, when warm and
The summer comes again.

WHY SHE WAS DISCHARGED.

DOROTHY BENSON laid down
her pen with a sigh of satisfac-
tion. "There, that is too good for
space-filling and ought to go into my
new book, but—ho, hum! such bits make me
valuable to the Town and Home, and it
means a few dollars on my salary
when the new man buys into the firm;
I wonder who he is with all his dollars
and a literary bee in his bonnet. If he
will please not discharge me until I
give mamma a summer in the country,
I will be thankful. Ah, mamma and I
do not fear poverty, for papa's losses
were all honorable ones and his name
was kept clean; I think the poor dear
could not have died in peace if he had
owed a penny. With that to keep us
happy mamma will not miss her high
top and I—here a little lump came in
her throat—"I shall not miss being out
of the set."

"They want the copy for the second
form," said a voice at her elbow, and
the musings of the pretty young assist-
ant editor were cut short while she
made numerous scribbles on the top of
various manuscripts—such as "ten-
point lead," or "close up" and "cuts
to follow," and the begrimed boy dis-
appeared behind the great doors that
sent the whirring machines from the
commodious office.

Miss Benson leaned back and closed
her eyes for a moment, and as she did
so the face of Jack Macomber rose in
her vision, and she let herself dwell on
the past.

She often dreamed of this face—
sometimes it seemed happy and care-
less and full of life, but to-day she
saw it grave and sad, and it was that
day when cruel words had separated
them.

"I would own how sorry I am if I
were not so poor and he so rich, but to
speak now is to allow him to think pov-
erty—but this was as far as she could
think, for the tears were coming fast.
"I'll go home now and see little mother
and she will cheer me up; my article on
'Orphan Children' is so good I can
keep happy."

She went out into the spring after-
noon and walked down the avenue.
The 15th of April—and only two years
ago Jack and I went to M— on a little
horseback party and he bought me a
great bunch of violets and fastened
them on the bride! She bought a tiny
bunch now and placed them in her coat
—just for "aud lang syne."

As she climbed the stairs to her tiny
apartment she felt that it was not
well, and she was not surprised to find
her mother quite ill, and all thoughts of
self and her own heartache were ban-
ished.

It was a week before she was able to
return to the office, the proof pages
were sent each morning and she worked
on them hurriedly, and that was
why she woke one morning with a sud-
den start and the instant wide-awake
conviction that there was an error in a
statement in her last article. She felt
it could not break out upon her fore-
head as she thought of it, but she de-
termined to go to the office at once and
correct it.

SCENE OF HIDEOUS ATROCITIES
IN WEST AFRICA BROKEN UP.



Recently a British expedition in West Africa, known as the Aro Expedition,
broke up a fetish sacrificial resort that in its horrors has been unsurpassed by
any of the hideous superstitions, accompanied by cruel butcheries, that afflict
the benighted continent. The place (shown in the cut) is called the Long Ju-Ju,
and is located at Aro-Chuku. It was used by the Aro chiefs to play on the
superstitions of the Ibo and other races, who were lured to the grove and
Ju-Ju spring to consult the mysterious being for god who was alleged to live
there. The result, of course, was that the supplicants were either sold into
slavery at Benue and at the Misi Aro slave markets, or, if old and unfit for
slavery, or even too powerful chiefs, they were sacrificed. All sorts of stories
are told of this mystery. Hundreds of people visited the place yearly and never
returned. Some who never absolutely saw the grove, being blindfolded, stood
in the water by the cave, and heard mysterious voices talking all round them,
while the catfish nibbled at their feet and splashed about in the pool. If they
were to die the water was supposed to pour out of the source the color of blood.
This was probably done by some casually old priest inside the cavern. There
was an entrance into the cavern at the back of the Ju-Ju, and there are to be
seen the scaffold and sacrificial knife. The most loathsome thing about the
place was the altar of skulls, the stack of captured arms surmounted by a
skull, and the alligators and catfish, which were fed on the bodies of those sac-
rificed. Oloko, the stronghold of Warsu Tari, one of the most powerful of the
chiefs, was destroyed by the British after a difficult march through hilly country.

good in me to make at least a friend,
and I have no other purpose in life than
to be worthy of that. But since I have
looked into your eyes, I have dared to
hope that it has all been a bitter mis-
take, and that you will let me say all
that is in my heart. "Meet me at the
noon hour" (doesn't that sound like a
working man?) and we will go to a
quiet little corner, my princess, and
then I will tell you that you are dis-
charged and that we must find a new
assistant editor. With all my heart, I
am YOUR JACK.

"Oh, I meant to be so brave and to
take care of myself, and now I shall
end with being taken care of, just like
any silly, dependent woman! But, ah,
for Jack's sake I could do anything—
even give up a career."

Jack was waiting for her at the door
and they went down the avenue to-
gether. "I almost wonder we don't
walk hand in hand," he said, for he
was like a school boy in his happiness,
and in mischief she looked up and said:
"I had so hoped the new owner would
raise my salary and—instead he has
discharged me!"—Indianapolis Sun.

TESTS OF DISCIPLINE.
Obedience and Disobedience on the
Part of Military Men.
No clear-cut absolute reply, no vague
meum for pocket use, can be furnish-
ed defining just when and how, in all
cases, a man is justified in disobedi-
ence, nor even when he is justified by
blind obedience; although the balance
of professional judgment must al-
ways incline in favor of the latter al-
ternative, writes Captain Alfred T.
Mahan in the International Monthly.



PORTO RICAN COCK FIGHT CORRAL.
Within a few months, thanks to the
humane sentiment of Americans, a
most necessary reform will probably
be well under way in Porto Rico. Cru-
elty to animals will henceforth be a
crime. The Porto Rican is essentially
cruel. Consideration for animals seems
to be beyond his comprehension.
Horses and cattle there get little food
and many blows. The only interfer-
ence with the brutality everywhere ap-
pears to be by Americans as individuals.
Chickens are tied together, sometimes
in bunches of from eight to a dozen,

THEY LIVE IN THE SEA

PEARL DIVERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Thursday Island, Between Australia
and New Guinea, is the Center of the
Richest Pearl Fisheries in the World
—A Dangerous Calling.

A large proportion of the pearls that
deck the fair throats of the gentle sex
are found in the Pacific ocean, and one
of the richest of the pearl fisheries is
near the rocky shores of Thursday
Island. This island is one of the most
curious and interesting bits of land on
the globe. It is the commercial center
of a race of people who live practi-
cally in the sea. They are the pearl
divers of the Pacific Ocean.

Thursday Island is one of the little
group of coral formations lying be-
tween Australia and New Guinea. Taken
together the largest of these islands
constitute a calendar, with an island
for every day of the week, beginning
with Sunday Island. Thursday Island
commands Torres Strait. Representa-
tives of nearly all the nations of the
far East may be seen any day along
its shores, disporting themselves in the
water—Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese,
East Indians, Malays, Papuans, the
Spanish school. His chin is more than
strong and aggressive, being what
country people call Juniper-jawed,
which means that his chin betrays
strength and aggression raised to the
highest power.

The President of the republic of Cuba
is 67 years old. He was born at Bayamo,
in the province of Santiago. His
mother tried to keep him out of the
revolutionary movements which were
brewing in the island during his youth.
She even went so far as to restrict him
to the boundaries of the Bayamo estate.
Associates she knew he must have,
but his boy friends had to come to see
him; he was not allowed to visit them.
The father had died when Tomas was
very young. When he was 15 years old
he broke from his mother's leading
strings and went to Havana to study.
Soon after that the death of his mother
left him in sole control of a great es-
tate. He went back to Bayamo to man-
age it.

By this time rebellion had broken out
actively and Palma cast his lot with
the island party. Years of agitation
and organization followed, in which

scope, declare that the mold plant is a
most lovely creation. Indeed, a writer
in the Kitchen Magazine says that
nothing in nature is more beautiful.
These plants are associated, and so an
unfounded prejudice has developed
against them. In many cases they do
accompany decay, but as the fly rises
above the foulest pond, so a mold may
develop its frost-like delicateness and
cleanness, its exquisite coloring, in
the midst of putrefaction. Still they
also thrive in the cleanest soil, and are
wholly harmless in their growth.

MANILA AS IT IS TO-DAY.
War Ended So Far as City is Concerned
—Embracing American Ideas.
The following letter, written lately
by an American business man now in
Manila, gives an interesting description
of the situation in that city as it is to-
day. It reads as follows:
"I wish you could get out here and
see this country. You would have one
of the greatest surprises of your life
and matter for thought for a long time
to come. The country is beautiful, the
climate delicious, though warm to one
accustomed to the temperate zone. The
sun is hot at noon, but shade is always
near and somewhere a breeze is always
to be found. The nights are comfort-
able all the year round.
"The war seems as far off here as it
did in Chicago. It affects Manila and
the other principal cities just as much
as the war against the Sioux or
Apaches used to interrupt the business
in New York, Boston or Philadelphia.
There are a few skirmishes in outly-
ing districts, of course, but they are
of little or no importance. No one
ever speaks of any war here. It is all
finished from a local point of view, and
every man is straining each nerve to
solve the mighty problems of peace.
"The rapidly with which those prob-
lems are being mastered surprises one.
In ten years a new civilization will
have permeated all the islands. In five
years I believe we will see a new Man-
ila. Already the Filipinos of rank
and means are feeling the contagion of
American optimism and are looking to
the future with glowing hopes. Ex-
cuse me if I am taking posts up-
der the government on all sides, and
those who have been always loyal have

Beauties of the Fungus that Gathers on
Jellies and Preserved Fruits.
Mold over jelly or preserved fruit is
justly regarded as a pest, yet scientists
who have studied it under the micro-

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF CUBA



Tomas Estrada Palma is a little, old
man. He wears rusty black clothes.
He moves nervously and quickly, win-
kling his blue eyes as he talks. He is lar-
gely polite, after the manner of the old
Spanish school. His chin is more than
strong and aggressive, being what
country people call Juniper-jawed,
which means that his chin betrays
strength and aggression raised to the
highest power.

Palma bore an active and prominent
part.
In 1868, when open war began, he
was one of the leaders in the newly-
formed legislative body. His home
town was the first upon which the
Spanish troops descended. The patri-
ots, loving it devotedly as they did,
for it was an old and pleasant city of
homes, burned it to the ground, so that
the oncoming regiments should find
neither food nor shelter there.

During the guerrilla campaigning of
the Ten Years' War Palma was elected
President of a republic organized by the
troops. In 1877 he was captured by the
Spaniards, imprisoned for a short
time in Havana, and later taken to
Spain, where he was confined in an old
castle for over a year.
He takes care to give the Spaniards
their due, and says he was treated with
great kindness and respect by them.
After his release he was postmaster
general of Honduras for five years, and
then came to the United States, where
he established a collegiate school for
Cuban and South American boys at
Central Valley, N. Y.

By this time rebellion had broken out
actively and Palma cast his lot with
the island party. Years of agitation
and organization followed, in which

gotten over their fears of the insur-
gents and are thinking solely of their
share in the tremendous betterment
that is to come.
"Law has been drafted and now
now before Congress, which, when
passed, will throw open the almost
inconceivable riches of these islands to
American development. Capital has al-
ready begun to come in, and at least
two big syndicates have been organ-
ized, one of \$2,000,000 and one of \$1,
000,000. But both are, I think, prema-
ture, though they may be all right if
reorganized as soon as the new laws
are enacted.
"I am having the invaluable advan-
tage of the advice of men here who
have studied the situation from the be-
ginning, and know the conditions. I
also have the advantage of an exten-
sive acquaintance among the wealth-
iest and most influential natives, obtain-
ed through introductions, which gained
for me their confidence at once."

Irving Bachelier, the scene of whose
stories is laid in the north country
around the St. Lawrence River, gave,
take the place of seeds, sometimes, for
a reason thus far unknown to science,
pass into a resting stage. Instead of
sprouting at once, they lie dormant for
an indefinite period, and germinate ap-
parently at their own sweet will. A
German scientist has discovered that a
spore may lie quiescent for two years,
and then under favorable conditions
of heat and moisture, develop into a
sturdy growth.
This is probably the reason why fruit
may exhibit no mold for months, and
then suddenly make the housekeeper's
heart to faint by a thick green growth.
Here, as everywhere, "eternal vigilance"
only may expect to win the day.

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SHE LEARNED HER FATE.

Maiden Took a Peep Behind Future's
Mystic Veil and Found It Rossy.

A young woman in the throng in 6th
avenue paused before a show window,
but not to inspect the goods therein,
as indicated by her actions. Her eyes
wandered to a quaint figure of foreign
outline—a man in the romantic garb of
Italy. He was standing in patient at-
titude beside a high tripod on which
rested a birdcage with many feathered
occupants of gaudy colors.
Suddenly the young woman gathered
her skirts about her and passed on,
keeping her face turned resolutely
away from the Italian. She crossed
the street and hurried into a neigh-
boring store as though fleeing from
some invisible pursuer. Directly she
reappeared, plainly under the strange
domination of the Italian, who stood
stolidly beside his birdcage. Her eyes
rested upon him wistfully while her
teeth were sunk into her lips. She
moved toward the crossing slowly and
with heightened color. Her mind was
not made up. She imagined the gaze
of the public consuming her with curi-
osity, perhaps reading her purpose, for
all she knew. Abruptly, as she stood
upon the curb, she frowned at the pas-
sage populace defiantly and with resent-
ment. Determination seized her. She
stepped from the curb and swiftly ap-
proached the spot where stood the
Italian.

Just then a party of shoppers greeted
her by name, and she gasped as though
struck; but the consciousness that she
had not committed herself enabled her
to face them and smile. She passed on,
not daring to look at the Italian.

At the first side street she left the
thick of the crowd and her pace slack-
ened gradually. She watched the 5th
avenue in the distance, still thinking
of the Italian, though she had turned
her back upon him. By turns she stood
still or forged ahead until she had
reached the middle of the block. There
she wheeled and retraced her steps to
6th avenue with her head down and
her step firm. Once more her eyes
were upon the Italian, steadily but
furtively, fearing perhaps to encoun-
ter the gaze of others. In her glove
she clutched a small coin, which she
produced in silence, handing it to the
foreigner beside whom she stopped.
He smiled like a graven image coming
to life. Without a word he opened the
cage. A bird from its perch flew down
to the tray of printed cards before the
door. One of these cards the bird
seized in its bill and the Italian signi-
fied that his fair client should take it.

She took it and fled—not even stop-
ping to read, says the New York Times,
but, nevertheless, convinced that the
story of her future was in her grasp.
Turning into 5th avenue she smoothed
out the crumpled card and scanned it
eagerly. Then she flushed with anger.
The legend on the card as follows:
\* \* \* \* \*
"Your Future is Bright.
You Will Be the Father
OF A GREAT
POET."

QUEER STORIES
Shetland's shortest night is five
hours, but her longest is over eighteen
hours.
The greyhound, which can cover a
mile in 1m. 28s., is the fastest of quad-
rupeds.

In both the provinces of Ontario and
Quebec the birth rate is steadily de-
creasing.
The Chinese have the idea that milk
revives the youthful powers, and that
it has special virtue as winter food for
old people.

The first salt was produced in this
country prior to 1629, and in the vari-
ous reports of the federal census men-
tion is made of not less than thirty-
two States in which salt has at some
period been produced in considerable
quantities. In 1890 Utah produced 235,
671 barrels of salt, equivalent to 1,
178,355 bushels, nearly all of which
was made by solar evaporation.
There is a railway over the Egyptian
desert which runs for forty-five miles
in a straight line, but this is easily
beaten in Australia. The railway from
Nyangon to Borku, in New South
Wales, runs over a plain, which is as
level as a billiard table, for 126 miles
in a mathematically straight line.
There is hardly an embankment, no-
where a curve, and only three very
slight elevations.
A bet was recently made by a man
who asserted that the Tremont build-
ing in Boston covered more ground
than is included in the Granary bury-
ing ground, next adjacent. The as-
sessor's books show that the Tremont
building stands upon 25,406 square feet
of land valued at \$1,194,000, while the
Granary burying ground contains 87,
900 square feet, assessed at \$2,725,000.
The King's Chapel cemetery has 19,
290 feet of land worth \$960,000, and the
lot upon which King's Chapel is situ-
ated has a value of nearly \$1,000,000.

Changed His Mind in a Hurry.
The army department telegraphed to
an officer in San Francisco who had
been ordered to the Philippines: "You
can go to New York and sail on trans-
port that goes by Suez if you choose."
The answer was sent back: "Would
prefer to cross the Pacific direct."
Then the department wired him:
"Transport will make good time. Has
sixty women school teachers aboard."
The young lieutenant answered:
"Save me a berth on transport."