HYPOSCOPE ENABLES SOLDIER TO SHOOT WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

An English clergyman has invented a device which enables a marksman to aim over walls, ramparts, etc., without exposing himself to the fire of the enemy. It is called the hyposcope. The device consists of an arrangement of mirrors in a vertical tube which reflect the gunsight and save the shooter from exposing his head to look along the barel. At the National Rifle Association shoot at Bisley, England, the inventor astonished his audience by hitting his mark thirty-four times in thirty-five shots.

THE THANKFUL HEART.

Thou art not rich, thou art not poor;
Thy fortune keeps the middle way.
No ills thy strength cannot endure,
Apportioned to the passing day.
Thou art not young, thou art not old,
Yet calm thou seest thy years depart,
And joys are thine a thousand fold—
Because thou hast the thankful heart.

A thankful heart for life alone
For beauty in the earth and skies
(And for such share as thou dost own
By happy gift of seeing eyes);
For human love's endearing bond,
Where stanchly thou dost bear thy part;
For solace here and hope beyond—
For all thou hast the thankful heart.

So to this day of crowning cheer
By easy course thy steps did tend,
Since with each day of all the year
Some grateful leaven thou didst blend.
No chance thy prize from thee can wrest;
While life shall last thou shall not part
With that good gift (of all the best)—
The treasure of a thankful heart.
—Harper's Bazar.

COUSIN JOSHUA'S WILL.

"Cousin Joshua is dead," said mother, unbuttoning her jacket.

"Cousin Joshua dead!" repeated Chloe, incredulously.

"He lived to a good old age," remarked Celia, cheerfully.

"At last,' breathed Persis.

"He left $150,000," went on mother, taking off her bonnet.

"Dear Cousin Joshua," said Chloe, still more cheerfully.

"And he was a bachelor and father's first cousin," said Chloe, oracularly.

"Italy!" sighed Persis, blissfully.

"He left $100,000 to various churches, libraries and charitable organizations," said mother, sinking into her chair.

"Well, that leaves $50,000," said Celia, a little less cheerfully.

"The rest goes to the son of a dear friend of his youth, Charles Frederick Greyson," went on mother.

"But what about his first cousin's children?" gasped Chloe.

"To the children of his first cousin, your father," went on mother, as if she were reading from the will of the late Joshua, "he left the half-acre lot with the six-room cottage thereon, situated at Tyler's Crossing."

"The wretch!" cried Chloe.

"It is all because you married papa, and he wanted you himself," snapped Celia.

"Perhaps the six-room cottage on the half-acre lot contains one of those desks with a secret drawer concealing a fortune," said Persis, in whose breast "hope springs eternal."

"I'm sorry for you, girls," said mother, "but you know Aunt Hannah always said that all we should ever get from Cousin Joshua we could 'put in our eye and see clear.'"

"We'll go to that six-room cottage in summer," said Persis.

A few months later mother and the three girls took the barge at Tyler's for the cottage.

After riding a mile or two without passing any house, the driver stopped at the first of two weather-beaten cottages.

"This 'ere's the old Josh Slocum place and t'other's the Widder Bassett's. She and her son's stayin' there now, so you'll have neighbors. There ain't any others for two miles away."

"Let us hope 'Widder' Bassett's son is young and charming," said Persis, as they went into the cottage.

The next morning as Persis was weeding what she termed their "Garden of Eden" (more let it be confessed in the hopes of seeing the "widder's son" than from love of gardening), a snake glided across her path. The shrill, unearthly cry which came from her throat brought a young man over the dividing fence with as much celerity as even Persis could wish.

"What is it? Can I be of service?" cried the young man, hastily lifting his cap.

"'Twas a snake! An enormous snake!" gasped Persis. "There it is now!" and a second cry rent the air.

A well-directed blow soon killed the invader of this second garden of Eden—a small, harmless, green reptile.

"Are you sure that is the one? I certainly thought it must be a boa constrictor at least," said the young man, eying Persis and the snake rather dubiously.

"You wouldn't stop to think whether it was one foot or one hundred if it was running under your skirts," said Persis, then stopped rather suddenly.

"No," said the young man, soberly, "that would certainly alter the case."

The two families became good friends, finding each other most congenial.

"You would hardly suppose this small cottage represented $50,000 and a trip to Europe, would you?" asked Persis one afternoon, as she lay swinging in a hammock.

"The best thing you can do," said Mrs. Bassett, after hearing the explanation, "is to find Charles Frederick Greyson and marry him.

"I wouldn't marry him if he had a million," retorted Persis. "The idea of robbing a defenseless widow with three charming daughters."

"Really, though," said Frederick Bassett, "I don't see how young Greyson is to blame."

"Well, he is," snapped Persis, with an air of finality. "I despise him. I shall marry some young struggling doctor or lawyer or—" and she stopped, blushing furiously, for it occurred to her that Frederick Bassett was a lawyer, although he did not appear to be struggling for fame just at present.

The summer wore away, and as a natural sequence its close brought the engagement of Persis and the "widder's son."

"Persis," said Frederick one night "do you think you could have confidence in one who had deceived you?"

"Do you mean to say that you have deceived me?" said Persis, sitting up very straight.

"Well—er—that is, Persis—"

"Are you married?" gasped Persis, with such a tragic air that the heartless young lawyer laughed.

"No—not yet, Persis, but my mother was married twice, and I am the son of her first marriage. My name is—"

"Don't say it is Smith," interrupted Persis; "anything but that."

"My name," he went on, rather hurriedly, "is Charles Frederick Greyson."

"Why, Fred Bassett!" cried Persis; "then you are Cousin Joshua's heir; and I always said—"

"Never mind what you said. You didn't know what a nice fellow he was, did you?"

"But why didn't you tell me before?" asked Persis.

"Why, bless your heart, Persis, you always said you wouldn't marry Charles Frederick Greyson, and I have found you a person who knows her own mind quite thoroughly; but you were so adorably lovely I couldn't resist trying to win you as Frederick Bassett." "Well," said Persis, "I suppose I can forgive you, but—"

"Of course you can," said Charles Frederick Greyson.—Indianapolis Sun.

LONG TOUR IN AUTOMOBILE.

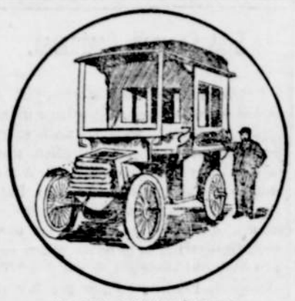
Dr. Lehwess Has Set Out for Paris to Circle the Globe.

Dr. Lehwess, a naturalized Englishman of German birth, who lives in Paris, proposes to complete this cosmopolitanism by going around the world in an automobile.

The doctor says the journey on which he set out from Paris is undertaken partly from love of motoring, partly because he wants material for a book, partly because of a keen financial interest in the prospects of increased trade between Russia and England following the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway. From Paris the route route proposed is as follows: Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Kasan Omsk Tomsk, Irkutsk, Kianschta, and then either across the desert of Gib to Pekin and Tien-Tsin, or by Nirchinsk, Ghabarov to Vladivostock, according to the political situation in China. From the Pacific coast the expedition will cross by steamer to Japan, and from there via Honolulu to San Francisco.

"The car must be a good hill climber to surmount the Rockies?" was suggested.

"I don't intend to put it to the test," said the doctor. "We shall proceed south across Mexico to New Orleans, and from there to St. Louis, Chicago,



DOCTOR LEHWESS' AUTO.

Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and after an excursion into Canada we shall finish our transcontinental journey at New York. From New York the car will swing on the crane for the last time, and the last lap will be a quick run from Liverpool to London.

"The time it will take? Oh, we calculate on being away about eight months. This is not to be a race, but a tour of inspection."

The automobile is a Panhard Levassor of thirty horse power, with a carriage beautifully fitted up to Dr. Lehwess' specifications. It is of the Pullman type and has sleeping accommodations for four. It is painted a brilliant yellow, with dark red relief.

An Odd Method of Heating Cars.

The Northwestern Railway Company of England has equipped some of its trains with a system of heating to which the much-abused term "unique" may well be applied. Two concentric cylinders are employed, the annular space between which communicates with a steam pipe extending from the locomotive boiler. The inner cylinder contains acetate of soda—a compound remarkable for its property of liquefying when heated, and of cooling very slowly. The radiators thus constituted are incased in asbestos-lined boxes having hinged doors. By opening or closing the door of a box the heat is turned on or off.

Equal to the Task.

A certain lady had, one day, been rudely treated by a minor railway official. She was very indignant, and quite at a loss for words; but she had a saving sense of humor, and turned to a stranger at her elbow.

"Sir," said she, "will you tell this man what I think of him?"

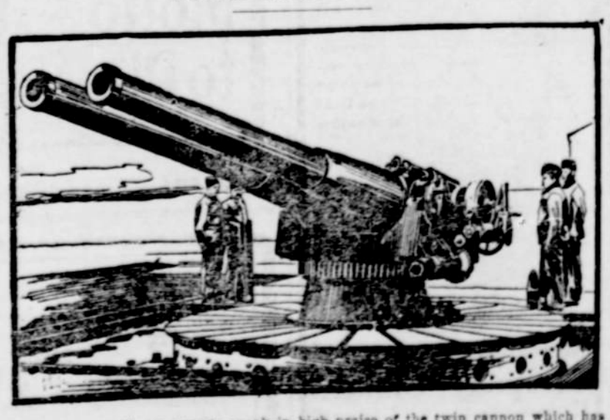
The stranger, without betraying the least excitement, said, in a melancholy drawl:

"Sir, this lady thinks you an understrapper, clothed with a little brief authority, whose only qualification for the position you occupy is your extraordinary impudence."

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who inquired of her sulking boy: "Has the cat got your tongue?"

Merchants talk about "tin horn clerks;" clerks who blow a great deal, and are of little account.

NOVEL TWIN CANNON.



European military experts speak in high praise of the twin cannon which has just been constructed in Germany. The two pieces can be fired from a single carriage, and thus they occupy far less space than two separate pieces would occupy. Moreover, they can be fired with extreme rapidity, and either singly or at the same time, as may be desired. Lieut. Col. Delauney, a French authority on modern guns, thinks very highly of the new weapon. "It combines," he says, "great efficiency as regards firing, with notable economy as regards weight, and though the present model is not of very large caliber, it is to be presumed that the same principle will very soon be applied to the largest guns."

WHERE THE CRUST IS WEAK.

Portions of the Earth in Danger of Volcanic Eruptions.

From north to south, mountains flank the whole of the western coasts of America and from Alaska, where more than one active volcano is to be found, to Cape Horn, the lines of weakness are clearly marked. One runs through the Cascade Mountains, down the Sierra Nevadas into Lower California; another from the Rocky Mountains, through Central America, and down the entire coast of the south continent, along the Andes. West of the Rocky Mountains is a vast extent of country, larger than France and Great Britain combined, consisting of bare, basalt plain, caused by lava flows from fissure eruptions.

East of the Rocky Mountains is the far-famed Yellowstone Park district, lying mainly in Wyoming and partly in Montana and Idaho, whose hot springs and geysers show that the temperature here is still intense at no great distance below the surface. It was in 1872 that these extraordinary geysers and boiling springs became the property of the people.

Among the most noted volcanoes on the American continent are Jorullo, Popocateptl, Cotopaxi, the highest volcano in the world, and Consequina, whose tremendous explosion in 1835 closely resembled that of the first eruption of Vesuvius, and of Krakatoa in 1883. In all, America possesses nearly 100 volcanoes.

In the Atlantic Ocean very few islands are to be found, but they are nearly all volcanic in origin.

Disconnected with any line of weakness, about the equator, are the Sandwich, or Hawaiian Islands, the last spot to be visited in our tour of the world's volcanoes.

These islands are nothing but a group of huge volcanic cones, but for three-quarters of a century all the eruptions which have taken place have been non-explosive. The active craters are in Hawaii, with the soft, musical, native names of Kilauea, Hualalai, and Loa; while there are two other cones, one of them, Kea by name, rising 13,805 feet. Both Kea and Loa are reckoned to be twice the bulk of Etna.—Pearson's Magazine.

A GOSSIP PARTY.

Where the Men Retail Brilliant Scraps of News.

Let it not be imagined that a gossip party is confined to the sex credited with having a corner on the gossip market. There must be an equal number of men and women present at this fascinating function. In the first place, the hostess writes a dozen or more topics of conversation upon cards, which are handed to guests upon their arrival. The subjects usually chosen are of up-to-date and piquant character, a startling bit of news, a new novel or picture, the flirtations of one's friends, questions of costume, favorite dishes, or tastes, etc. Chairs arranged in pairs and sofas scattered about the rooms have numbers attached to them, just as many as there are couples; these numbers are drawn for, and each couple drawing corresponding numbers hunts up the seats similarly numbered.

After the manner of progressive card parties, a bell is rung to announce each topic of conversation, for which five minutes are allowed. At the end of that time the men rise and pass on to the seat next theirs in number. At each change of places the next subject on the cards is taken up and chatted about. The women remain seated, while the men progress until the entire circle is made, or until the hostess announces the conclusion of the gossip. Slips of paper and pencils are then distributed and the women vote for the men whose gossip has most interested them, and vice versa. The two gaining the most votes receive prizes as a reward of their brilliancy.—Philadelphia Times.

Not in Her Line.

Did you ever see a girl spin a top? Did you ever see her carefully and closely wind a string around the cone and then, with a quick throw and jerk, give it the necessary rotary motion to send it whirling right side up? You never did, and probably you never will, says the Chicago Record-Herald, because the ready possibility of doing such a thing does not lie in a woman's anatomy.

A girl can twirl a rope and jump one enough times to weary her watching brother, but a top in her hands is a useless thing, and the brother only laughs at her efforts to spin it, if she makes them, as he laughs at all her efforts in the direction of throwing.

Observe the children playing in the streets at top-spinning seasons. You may watch all day and not see one girl with a top in her hand, while you will see hundreds with skipping ropes. If you see any playing with balls they will be simply bouncing them on the pavements, using a very short, cramped motion of the arm in doing so.

The simple fact is that a girl cannot throw, in the true sense of the term, because of the peculiar construction of her shoulder. When a boy throws a ball he bends his elbow, reaches back with his forearm and uses every joint from shoulder to wrist. His arm is relaxed. A girl throws with a rigid arm, because her collar bone is larger and sits lower than a boy's. This prevents the free motion of the arm required for strength and accuracy in throwing; hence she cannot spin a top properly.

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet, and bears a profusion of large, yellow flowers, so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance. But the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand, and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

A woman likes to have everybody say she is young looking and is a member of an old family.

Nothing is more detestable than the prejudices of other people.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.

By Rev. George W. Stone.

The line between things secular and things religious is too sharply drawn in these days. If a man is to be truly religious, he must exercise his power conscientiously in every department of life. He must be loyal and obedient to his impulses in the discharge of his duties as a citizen. He must do this if he would be truly faithful to his church. It is because men have created the artificial line referred to that we have bad laws, incompetent and corrupt administration. The smaller the governmental division the more likely we are to find evil conditions. Municipal administration, as a rule, is the worst. The interest in national elections is always greater than in any other, while the interest in municipal elections is generally the least of all. It is because of this that we have usually more incompetent administration in municipal government than elsewhere.

We must not be afraid of that word politics. Do not consent to the ruin of this word. The "boss system" is not politics. Politics is authoritatively defined as "the science of government." We have no more right to call this conspiracy against the freedom of the people known as the "boss system" politics than we have to call common, stupid lying by the name of diplomacy. The remedy for bossism is to be found only in the hearty and intelligent co-operation of men of all parties and of no parties in the work of destruction. This, I insist, is pre-eminently a religious duty. If the church has not enough influence to make us perform this duty, then there is something radically wrong with the church.

There is a world of difference between a leader and a boss. The leader says, "come on," the boss says, "go on;" the leader consults, the boss dictates; the leader serves the people, the boss tyrannizes the people; the leader plans, the boss schemes; the leader works in daylight, the boss in darkness.

Let each church have its 'men's good government club," with meetings on a weekday, committed to the work of preparing the spiritual soil of the parish by redeeming it from the noxious weeds of vice, crime and all unlawful acts and deeds that hinder the progress of justice and righteousness.

STORM AND STRESS OF LIFE.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

To the question: "Is Life Worth Living?" the overwhelming majority of men, if they were sincere, would be obliged to answer, "No!" They would be forced to reply that to them life was a burden, the gift not of love, but of hate. This storm and stress is felt on every hand. Humanity is thoroughly tired out and exhausted.

Looking at the life of the average mortal in the centers of modern activity, we cannot miss seeing the fact that it is but a ceaseless round of strain and worry. Does such man find any time for pleasure? And time for self-improvement? And time for the proper enjoyment of the life that has been given to him?

No! Every hour and minute, when he is not asleep, he is toiling like a convict under the lash of the prison boss. And this is life—the life of the average "American citizen"—the life of the great majority of the men who have built up the colossal wealth of this great country!

This man, maybe, has a family; but he is too tired to pay much attention to wife and children. He has no time for recreation and personal improvement! Happiness for the eye, the ear, the mind—beauty, of field and gallery; music, books, the thoughts of the great and good of all ages!

Are these things of no consequence? Character, manhood, intellectual exultation, the perception of natural and moral beauty, and the serene joy that flows from these things—are they fit for nothing but to be hove over among the rubbish? These things constitute life. To know these things is to live; and the human being who does not know them does not live.

Eight hours out of the twenty-four is long enough for any human being to toil. And for those eight hours the toiler should be paid the wages which will enable him to sleep in peace for eight hours and to spend the remaining third of the day in living.

It is a blasphemy upon us that we should be so busy "making a living" that we have no time left in which to live. Merchandise is a great thing, but manhood is a greater, and it is high time that manhood had received some slight recognition.

WOMAN'S FUTURE WORK.

By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

MRS. STANTON.

In the future the women will be the barbers and hair dressers, the doctors and the dentists. I think they will drive men out of the pulpits because women are much better fitted than men to be the moral teachers of the race. Up to the present time men have done all the preaching and all the voting and all the lawmaking, and they have made such a deplorable failure of all three that women have been obliged to lend them a hand. This is still a masculine civilization, but not nearly as much so as it used to be.

The reason why women are pushing men out into the trades and professions is that there is less work to be done at home than there formerly was. I can remember in my young days, more than sixty years ago, how busy women used to be in the kitchen. Once or twice a year a couple of fat hogs would be killed and dragged into the kitchen to be cut up and salted away in barrels and jars. We had to mold candles, knit stockings, preserve fruit, spin yarn and string dried apples. The work has gone out of the home, and all women who do not wish to be idle and useless have put on their hats and gone after it.

OPPORTUNITY IN BANKING.

By Lyman J. Gage.

L. J. GAGE.

There was never a greater demand for capable men in banking circles than there is at the present time. The demand is much greater than the supply, and is constantly increasing.

Any capable man can procure a good position at a good salary. But he must have shown his capabilities before he will be intrusted with the handling of the manifold duties that devolve upon the heads of any of our great financial institutions.

The young bank clerk may have a brilliant future before him if he will but lend his energies to mastering the intricate details of the banking business, and so fit himself for a position of trust. If he but proves himself worthy he will experience no trouble in securing a position that will pay him a salary of $25,000 a year or more. It is men who are worth such salaries as this who are being looked for, and the supply is not great enough to meet the demand.

CONCENTRATION ESSENTIAL.

By Louis Stern.

The requisite quality that makes for success in life undoubtedly varies with the vocation in life that a man follows. The good soldier is not of necessity the good lawyer, nor is the good business man of necessity a good diplomat. Every walk of life requires different qualities to insure success; but one quality is essential to all, and that is concentration of effort. The young man entering upon a business career needs this quality—it is the one thing without which he cannot hope to be a successful business man.

There is a crisis in every man's life when he is called upon to make a momentous choice between the road to success and that leading to failure. He is like a man walking along a straight road who unexpectedly encounters a fork in the pathway. Here three roads diverge. The center one, that most frequently taken, leads to mediocrity. Of the other two, one leads to success and the other to failure; there is no finger post, and a man's decision depends entirely upon his own intuition. This intuition is merely the outcome of concentration. If a man has devoted his best efforts to the business he has in hand, he possesses the ability to make a wise choice; if not, he is lost.

No one can advise at the critical moment. If the individual has earnestly endeavored to master his business, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of it, he is in a position to map out the right course for himself; if not, no advice can prove availing.

To succeed to-day, a man must possess originality and perseverance; he must master and understand himself and his business and have stamina. Half-heartedness in business only leads to disappointment. To succeed, a man must concentrate his thoughts and energies upon his work, and such concentration is bound to bring its own reward.

MEN WOMEN ADMIRE.

By Lady Colin Campbell.

Above everything else a woman admires strength in a man. It may be strength of body—she will worship a Hercules with the brain of a guinea pig; it may be strength of intellect—she will adore a savant with the body of a gibbon monkey; it may be strength of character; she will break her heart for a politician or financier who is unswervingly wrapped up in dreams of personal advancement and who possesses no more heart than an oyster. But strength in some form she craves unceasingly. It is a hereditary instinct that has been bequeathed to her through Eve's first disappointment when Adam was tried in the balance and found wanting.

Women abhor cowards and still more sneaks, though I regret to say they often endure cads in a way that belies their intelligence and good taste. They have quite a pathetic desire to look up to men, to feel men their superiors in strength of body and of mind, in calmness of judgment and clearness of intellect. And it is indeed a pity that men often go out of their way to destroy their most cherished illusions.

Woman, secretly conscious of her own physical weakness and lack of intellectual strength, demands strength from man to make up for her deficiencies. Even the strongest women, strong in body and mind, well balanced as Athene herself, though they may shield and protect the weakness of the men they love and stoop to help them, will never do so without a secret feeling of contempt which is destruction of all ideals.

DUTY OF THE TEACHER.

By Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.

The test of life in any calling is intelligence, efficiency and moral stamina. These qualities should be the test of the school. Help us to courses of study which produce these attributes. Give us more true-hearted men and women, and less method. Let us continue to build character, the foundation of which is duty.

Our schools should maintain and produce the rugged independence of thought and action of America's forefathers, and eliminate time-serving diplomacy which places individual security and prosperity before permanent liberty and personal independence.

The future of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines depends more upon their teachers than upon the sword. Much has already been done; the future problem is not to be solved by the army or the navy, or both forces combined. The teacher and the home will solve the future problem of government in this country and in any new lands coming under its flag.

VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY

He Would Have the Armaments of Europe Reduced.

King Victor Emmanuel III, of Italy, who is following in the footsteps of the Russian Czar in an endeavor to have the armaments of Europe reduced, is the youngest among the great sovereigns of Europe. Since his accession to the throne two years ago, upon the tragic death of his father, King Humbert, who was assassinated by an anarchist, he has given evidence of great ability and of deep solicitude for the welfare of his subjects. Finding the finances of his kingdom in bad condition, he set an example to his people and ministers by instituting reforms in his own household. He began by cutting off all unnecessary expenses and regulating everything according to rigid economy. His zeal and enthusiasm reacted upon the government, and now the finances of Italy, while far from being all that could be desired, are in much better shape than at any previous time in recent years.

KING OF ITALY

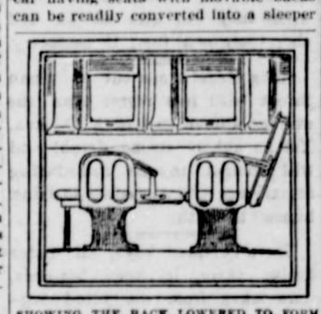
In his habits and tastes King Victor Emmanuel is democratic and loves to travel incognito among his subjects. His Queen Consort, Helene of Montenegro, has grown in popular favor since her marriage in 1896. She is not extravagant and readily accommodates herself to her husband's ideas. The King is only 33 years old, having been born in 1869, so that in the ordinary course of events he ought to see Italy, if present progress is maintained, prosperous and contented.

CONVERTIBLE PASSENGER CAR.

Seats with Movable Backs Are Made Into Couches.

The discomfort of riding at night in a half-sitting and half-reclining posture in a railroad car is an uncomfortable situation which many have passed through at some time in their life, for, although luxurious sleeping cars are now provided on all railroads, many people feel that they cannot afford to pay the rates, and so are compelled to ride in the ordinary coaches. With the idea of lessening this discomfort to the minimum, Thomas O. Potter, of Deadwood, S. D., has designed the combination passenger car and sleeper shown in the accompanying illustration.

When the seats are to be utilized for day riders they do not appear to be different from those of the ordinary passenger car, provision being made to reverse them in the usual manner when the car is running in either direction. When the coach is on night trips, however, arrangement is made for bridging the space between the seats to form couches. Thus an ordinary passenger car having seats with movable backs can be readily converted into a sleeper



SHOWING THE BACK LOWERED TO FORM THE COUCH.

with couches filling the space which is occupied by any two contiguous seats and their backs.

In the new invention the solid tilting bar to which the back of the seat is rigidly attached is replaced by a slotted bar. A separate bar is secured to the back, and the connection between this and the slotted bar is a bolt, having a screw head which forms a clamp for holding the two in either position. When the clamp is released the back of the seat drops down to the level of the bottom, the slotted bar resting in the hook at the side of the seat to support the weight.

HIGH PRICE FOR A WELL.

Mexicn State Offers $5,000 and Privileges to Man Who Can Dig It.

A golden opportunity is offered to American well drillers. Andrew D. Barlow, United Statese consul general at the City of Mexico, has just forwarded a communication to the Commercial Museum. It is the translation of a proclamation issued by the Acting Governor of the State of Oaxaca, Mexico. The decree announces that a prize of $5,000 in Mexican currency will be granted to the person or company that within the next three years shall drill and put into working order an artesian well in the City of Oaxaca or in the towns of Xochinilco and San Felipe del Aqua and Facienda de Aquilera.

Exemption from all local taxes will be granted to those who undertake the work from the date of commencing it and for the period of ten years thereafter if results are successful. During the operations the company or persons engaged in the work, as also all employes, will be exempt from all personal taxes.

The property, possession of same and use of the artesian well will belong exclusively to the persons to whom the concessions are granted. In order to obtain the concession a written application must be made to the Governor of Oaxaca.

The competition is open to American drillers, and it is expected that as a result of the recent triumphs of American engineers in obtaining coveted contracts for similar work, an American will carry off the prize.

Coolies Do the Hard Work.

The brunt of the hard labor in Manila, as in many eastern cities, is performed by the coolie class. This is generally an ignorant but rather contented class. They receive very low wages and subsist upon what other people would throw away. They are indolent unless driven by want of food, and they bask in the sun like animals. One of the strange and interesting sights on any day in Manila is to witness the coolies at their noonday siesta. They sit about on their haunches and quietly puff their pipes and appear but half awake. This is always after they have had a full meal of rice and vegetables.

The rest of the family always expect a great deal from the daughter who marries and becomes rich by husband insurance.

We are always glad to get out of a crockery store, as we are afraid of breaking something.