

MAY EXPEL EUROPE

Paris Paper Fears South American Trade May Be Lost.

CALLS ON FRANCE TO WATCH ROOT

The United States Already Dominates North America and May Secure South America.

Paris, Aug. 2.—The Liberte of Wednesday night, under the caption of "Victims of the Monroe Doctrine," printed a long and vigorous article on Secretary of State Root and the Pan-American congress. It taunts the French press for grudgingly printing a paragraph about Mr. Root's taunting South America between a list of contestants in a recent swimming match and the names of meritorious agriculturists. It ironically quotes an editor, who said that foreign politics are not sufficiently Parisian to interest the elite public and then twits the leaders of the republic with making the question of conferring the decoration of the Legion of Honor on Sarah Bernhardt the principal affair of state and tacitly asking why they should worry over South Americans, who interest Parisians only in vaudeville.

All this time, says the Liberte, Mr. Root was preparing, if he had not already made effective, the most redoubtable operation in political economy of which the French will be dupes and with them all other Latin people, who, imitating them, try to be Parisians. The results of ten years of intrigue in Pan-America are likely to be effective soon. Europe has already been expelled from North America, and she will be expelled from South America in less than six years unless there is energetic resistance immediately.

Continuing the paper says that a few facts today are startlingly clear. Among them is the fact that Europe has no right to defend her financial and commercial interests in South America, the United States saying in effect that each nation is master of its own home where. Against 75,000,000 Latin people stood Secretary Root and to that Yankee intruder went favors and flattery and menaced. He alone acted, while Latin Europe abstained. Already distant lands have slipped into Yankee hands, while at Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Tokio and Algiers the same Root intervened at his convenience and Europe stupidly respected the Monroe doctrine. Before the conclusion of the third Pan-American congress it will have cost the Latin peoples a continent they peopled and financed.

MUTINY SPREADS TO FLEET.

Ships Go to Aid of Forts, Which May Have Given Up.

Viborg, Aug. 2.—It is reported here that the Russian fleet, stationed at Hango, Finland, has mutinied, imprisoned the officers and sailed to the assistance of the mutineers at Sveaborg.

Helsingfors, Aug. 2.—At 7 o'clock last evening the battleship Carewitch and the cruiser Bogatyry opened fire on the mutineers at a distance of 50 cable lengths. The mutineers replied, but their shots seemed to fall short. The firing ceased at 9 o'clock and the boats were then seen leaving the islands with wounded.

Helsingfors, Aug. 2.—The latest news from the fortress tend to confirm a previous report that the mutineers have surrendered. The mutineers had the upper hand until the battleships arrived and began to bombard them with killing effect.

The men were undoubtedly led to surrender because of their lack of big guns, their need of provisions, which they had failed to secure, and the arrival of the warships.

Reinforcements have arrived here and have been hurried to effective positions.

Jeers for Dr. Devine. San Francisco, Aug. 2.—A banquet was given to Dr. Devine, the national Red Cross representative who had charge of the relief work here after the fire and who is about to return to his home in the East. A number of the disappointed persons who are living in the refugee camps took advantage of the occasion to work up a demonstration against the methods of the relief commission, and as a result a throng of people gathered at Union square in front of the St. Francis hotel, where the banquet was held.

Gives Dollar to Party. New York, Aug. 2.—President Roosevelt has contributed one dollar to the national Republican campaign fund. The money was sent in response to a general appeal for one dollar contributions.

Representative Sherman, chairman of the committee, today made public the president's letter enclosing his dollar contribution to the fund, as follows: "I have your letter and enclosures. I send my dollar. I think it an admirable plan and I congratulate you upon the success that bids fair to attend the movement."

Dentist a Counterfeiter. Denver, Aug. 2.—Dr. James D. Eggleston Jr., son of an employe of the Pacific Express company here, who has been practicing as a dentist in this city, was arrested this afternoon by Deputy United States Marshal Frank on the charge of counterfeiting. A search of his office is said to have disclosed several photographs of bills, a bogus half-dollar stamped on emerald and a considerable metal array which could be used for making money.

Rebels Steal Machine Gun. St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.—A machine gun was stolen last night from an arms factory in the Vassili Ostrov district of this city. It is suspected that the robbery was committed with cognizance of the sentinels on duty at the factory. At a secret meeting last night of the Futifol works employes, a spy was discovered and killed.

A PARADISE FOR ANIMALS.

New Zealand has often been called "the working man's paradise," and that is said to be an appropriate title. In a quick run through a foreign country one is scarcely able to grasp the political situation, but there are many things which he who runs may read that will go toward showing the true character of the people. A brief stay in New Zealand is enough to show the visitor that the predominant characteristic of the sturdy colonists is kindness both to man and beast.

Nowhere are there finer animals of every kind. Horses, dogs, sheep, cats—all have a happy, well-fed appearance. And the care bestowed upon them has its reward, too, for New Zealand is beginning to be known all over the world for its dairy products and wool.

Almost any one will see that the animals he owns have the necessities, but many entirely overlook the many little things which go to make up the luxuries of animal life. Not so with these kindly New Zealanders. The climate of that part of New Zealand called the North Island is so mild that sheds for the protection of the live stock are not necessary, but to prevent any possibility of their suffering through the winter months, they have warm, waterproof blankets fastened round them with straps and buckles. Imagine a pasture full of horses and cows, peacefully munching the grass, clad in "sweaters!"

One cavalier who noticed the very light harness on the coach horses asked the driver, "Didn't you forget something? Have you not left off part of your harness?" He smiled. "Oh, no; that's all we use; it is enough. It is better not to hamper the horses with too much harness; they pull better without it." There is not a check rein in all New Zealand.

In Auckland there is a small stone-ware bowl at the entrance to many of the shops. Across this bowl is printed in large letters, "DOGS." The dry goods stores, the haberdashers, the drug stores, the grocers—all have these little bowls. They hold water for the dogs. Any dog and every dog can quench his thirst at half a dozen places in a block. One wonders if these paved dogs of New Zealand get to be astidious and learn to have choice of drinking places; also one wonders why the word "Dogs" is printed on the bowls. Do the dogs of New Zealand read?

Those persons who are not naturally inclined to be kind to animals, if there be any here, are kept in line by the humane society, which has posted in every railway station a printed warning to all shippers of live stock of every kind and description, including birds and fish, to see that they have proper food, drink, ventilation and exercise while in transit. Otherwise the shipper must suffer the penalty of the law. The number of horses, cattle and sheep to be shipped in any one car is fixed by law, so there is never danger of overcrowding.

ANCIENT PANAMA RUIN.

Of the old city of Panama, which lies near the present Pacific port of the Panama railroad, nothing remains today except ruins. The old city was famous in its day and was the scene of many a wild orgy and tragedy. Founded in 1518 by Pedrarias Davila, its life reflected the spirit of the years through which it endured. It witnessed the Spaniards' quest for gold and the buccaniers' quest for booty and finally was destroyed by the latter, in 1670, to become forever afterward a mere tropical jungle. On the destruction of the old city the site was abandoned and the present town was built six miles distant. One of the remaining ruins of the old city is that of the cathedral tower shown in the illustration, which after nearly 400 years still defies the disintegrating influence of the tropics.

Bats' Sixth Sense. "If you blind a bat," said a biologist, "the creature somehow will still see. If you doubt this, consult Levy." "Levy, the great authority, once removed the eyes of several bats and covered the vacant sockets with leather patches. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the flats and corners, and when a door was opened, they flew out of it without touching the jamb or the frame." "Afterward, in flying through a sewer that made a right angle, the bats turned at the proper point without brushing the walls, and they flew through threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, though between the threads there was only an interval sufficient for their passage with spread pinions."

Bats, living in the dark, have found their eyes almost useless, and have developed a sixth sense that takes the place of eyesight.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Elia—Fred says that he is a bull in Wall street. Stella—Well, he may be, but he is a bear in the parlor.—New York Times.

A big head is often the result of a few small ideas.

AT POMPEII.

At Pompeii I heard a woman laugh. And turned to find the reason of her mirth. Saw but the silent figure of a girl That centuries had nummied into earth.

The running figure of a little maid With face half hidden in her shielding arm. Silent, yet screaming, lay in every limb. The cruel torture of her dread alarm.

At Pompeii I heard a maiden shriek All down the years from out the distant past; Blind in the awful darkness still she runs. Death in the mold of fear her form has cast.

A little maid once soft and sweet and white. Fall of the morning's hope, and love, and joy. That Nature moving to the voice of Time, Shook her dark wings to wither and destroy.

At Pompeii I saw a woman bend Above this dead, pronounce an epitaph; The mother of a child, it may have been, O horrible! I heard a woman laugh.

EMILY'S REST CURE.

EMILY, you must not go out again this afternoon. You will weary yourself out, child, always running here and there. Sit down quietly on the porch and cool off or you will worry me to death." There was a nervous habit about Mrs. Wade's motherly face that made strangers think she must be cumbered with many cares.

"I should think, Emily," observed Aunt Louise, "that you would have some regard for your appearance." Aunt Louise had always been called the beauty of the family and she enjoyed that honor even after her niece in their young girlhood aspired for the position. "Just imagine yourself in low neck and short sleeves, for example. Every time I see your blouse sleeves tucked up it makes me shudder. You will never be graceful as long as you race from one thing to another. In my day it was thought very unbecoming for a girl to be so energetic."

"Well, Auntie, the world do move," said Emily, a bit nettled. "If you enjoy being graceful and looking pretty I am glad you have the opportunity. As for putting on more flesh, I don't want to get 'heavy on my feet' as old Mrs. Trent says. I love to be doing something all the time and that has nothing to do with my being thin. Now, don't say I must stay on the porch, mother, please. I promised Mrs. Lowe I'd help with the children and it's time for me to start. It won't hurt me in the least for all I have to do is to touch them up and march on off the stage. They need so much drilling, and Mrs. Lowe was kind enough to say no one can manage them as well as your accomplished daughter. I wonder why the things I love to do are all unbecomingly."

"I suppose you will have your way," said Mrs. Wade with a sigh. "You always argue and coax and talk till I give in in the end. Of course you can manage the youngsters because they always ask you to help with everything. If you ever get 'heavy on your feet' it won't be your fault. If you will promise to lie down a whole hour this evening and eat that new food the doctor ordered, you may go. I should think you would be glad to rest in vacation without taking a lot of unnecessary work on your shoulders."

"I suppose I'll have to submit," said Emily, catching up her hat. "Did I tell you what Paul Norris said about that new food? He happened in one day when I was worrying down some of it and told me I might just as well eat the door mat. I think so myself, but am powerless to help myself."

"I am worried to death about Emily," said Mrs. Wade the instant the door closed after the girl. "You have no idea, Louise, how she tosses and meditates in her sleep. She is so thin that if some disease should get a hold on her system she never could survive. There is Mrs. Rose with six children, all healthy and strong, while my one is as thin and nervous as can be. I think I will have Dr. Benson change that food, for since she has taken a dislike to it seems to do her no good. I wish I knew—"

"There goes Dr. Benson now," broke in Aunt Louise, and her sister called him in without delay.

"Send her to the country a month or two," advised the old doctor, breaking in on Mrs. Wade's long list of letters a lighter's next month. "No matter if school does begin tomorrow. Put off her graduation a year if necessary and let her do nothing but rest. Pack her off with some seaside clothes and plenty of good books for several months and you will see a decided improvement. Do you know of any good quiet place where she would be well taken care of?"

"No, I do not," said Mrs. Wade promptly. "I have an aunt in Ohio on a large farm, but Emily would die of lameness there. There is nothing going on, and if they go to town once a week and to church in the country it is as much as they ever undertake. I haven't been there for years, but—"

"That is the very place for Emily. Tell her if she does not stay three months she cannot graduate next spring, and that will do the work. Send her with some books or a little sewing to occupy her time on rainy days, and insist that she shall rest and loaf in the open air as much as possible. Tell her as soon as she weighs a reasonable amount, something like one hundred and twenty, she can come home to school. I don't believe the girl weighs over ninety pounds this minute."

"I was just telling her she would be a perfect fright when it is time for her to go in society," said Aunt Louise. "Her mother is entirely too self-willed, and lets Emily do as she pleases. I hope the child will have a good rest somewhere and fill out some of her hollows."

So, in spite of all protests, Emily went to the farm in Ohio. In her mind Ohio represented a howling wilderness, and it was only the fear of being kept out of school that resigned her even in slight measure to her fate. The journey from her home in a prosperous New

York city to the wilds of the far West was made possible, because a business friend of her father's took charge of her to the capital of the State, and there put her on the train to her great-uncle's native place.

"What do you hear from Emily?" asked Dr. Benson a week after the young lady had been banished to the wilderness. "Is she homesick?"

"Very; and it breaks my heart to think of her in that out-of-the-way place. She writes that she thinks she has gained two pounds, and that aunt has not been to town for three months. That is exactly the way she jumbled the two statements together, and there were marks on the pages that looked suspiciously like tear stains."

"Now see here," said the old man sternly, "you must leave the girl where she is. No tear stains shall bring her home till she gets better. If you want a case of nervous prostration on your hands send for her to come home, but if you want her to be strong and well let her alone. A little homesickness will do no harm."

Mrs. Wade quailed before the look of her family physician and hastily went home to burn up the letter saying she would go for her daughter if she really could not stand country life. Mr. Wade,

ing that we all enjoyed. I tell you she is the most energetic young person I ever saw. Never still unless she has to be, and always helping somebody. When my ankle was hurt and I couldn't go to town for so long she did all the errands, and even helped with the fall preserves. At first she worried about missing so much at school, but the high school teacher boards right across the road with Mrs. Strong, and he gives her lessons in the evening. We have centralized schools in our township, that is the building you can see about a quarter of a mile down the road, and it seems real lucky we are so near the school house. Mr. Tupper says Emily is one of the smartest girls he ever saw, and she is doing just splendid in her lessons. I wouldn't wonder if she was ahead of her class this minute. Everybody thinks so much of her, too. One day in our missionary meeting she told about the poor children in the cities, and the ladies decided right away to—"

"Mother!" screamed Emily, bursting into the kitchen at this moment breathless and glowing. "I saw you get out of the buggy when I was way down the road and I knew you right away. You didn't come to take me home, did you?"

"Can it be possible?" gasped Mrs. Wade, holding the rosy, panting girl at arm's length and taking in every detail of her healthful appearance. "Such eyes and such red cheeks! Aunt Louise could not complain of scraggleness now, could she? My dear, I am delighted to find you so radiant. There must be something wonderful in the country air that transforms pale little ghosts to flesh and blood young women. And you are not ready to go home?"

"Why, you see, mother," said Emily in her old brisk way, "I couldn't go away and leave all the things unfinished that I have begun. You must stay too and we will have fine times together. I must help with the cantata at the church and the exercises at the school house, for I have promised, and we are to have three or four taffy pulls and a sled ride if snow comes and I can't tell you how many other things."

"It is nice and gay because Emily stirred up all the young people," explained Aunt Rebecca. "I've seen the time winter after winter that there wasn't a thing going on, but it's all different now."

"Tell us how you managed it, Emily," said Dr. Benson, when he, with the family, exclaimed over the wonderful change in the girl. "Did you employ a witch?"

"I lay it to the fact that I had absolutely no care," said Emily demurely. "I had to shake a few drops of water on my letters once in a while to deceive the folks at home, for I was afraid they might send for me and it was easy to let some signs slip in but I had a perfectly splendid time. I was free to do as I pleased from morning till night, with no dooses to bother me. In short, I had a real rest cure."—The Housewife.



WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM EMILY?

his mother and Aunt Louise took sides with the doctor, so Emily was allowed to do the best she might be able to do in the tender care of Aunt Rebecca. At the end of two weeks Mrs. Wade was able to rejoice over the more hopeful tone of the letters from Ohio, and only once in a while did she detect the traces of tears.

"Dr. Benson, may I send for Emily?" pleaded Mrs. Wade early in October. "The poor child writes that she has gained ten pounds, and surely that shows she is improving. I will see that she takes her medicines regularly and any diet you prescribe if I may only try after her. I never could bear the loneliness of the country myself, and I know she must be desperate by this time." But the hard-hearted doctor would listen to no such thing, and the day of Emily's probation lengthened out indefinitely.

"I don't care in the least what Dr. Benson says," declared Mrs. Wade one morning early in December. "I am going this very day to bring Emily home. That poor child shall not suffer another week. I know she doesn't wait in her letters as she did at first, but she is too brave to complain. She shall not miss all the fun of the holidays for the while of an old-fogy doctor. And the very next day she entered Aunt Rebecca's pleasant kitchen without knocking."

"Well, I declare! Is it really you, Sarah Catherine? Emily? Why, I don't know where the girl is this minute, but she'll be here soon. Take off your wraps and sit close to the stove. The air is keen this morning. You make yourself at home and I'll ring the bell. That'll bring her in a few minutes."

Aunt Rebecca bustled about, and her niece was forced to curb her impatience as much as possible till her daughter appeared. The big arm kitchen was exactly as she remembered it years before, and from that carried her back to her childhood.

"Did you ask how Emily is? She's all right, I guess. I don't hear any complaints, and she's able for her three meals a day. I hope you haven't come to take her home, for the children would be so disappointed. She's drilling them for some sort of a piece of lug them for some sort of a piece of Christmas—a cantata. I believe she spends on her so much for help with their exercises. You Catherine, for every one says our Thanksgiving entertainment was the best we ever had. That girl got the children to help, and they decorated the Grange Hall just beautifully. The leaves and vines and berries are fresh yet, and we'll take you over to see it after dinner."

The dear old lady paused for breath, but Mrs. Wade was speechless, and Aunt Rebecca continued her account. "Yes, and she persuaded us all to have a neighborhood supper on Thank-

A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

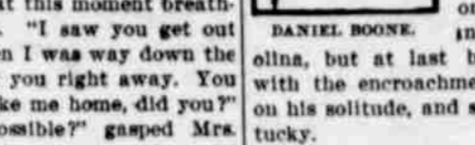
In the pioneer history of the United States the name of Daniel Boone is pre-eminent. He was the ideal type of the frontiersman. Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1735. His education was very limited. He could read and write, but beyond that he knew practically nothing of book lore.

He grew into young manhood in the frontier environment of Pennsylvania and North Carolina, but at last became dissatisfied with the encroachments of civilization on his solitude, and started out to Kentucky.

This journey proved even more perilous than the daring Boone had anticipated. Having arrived at a place on the left bank of the Kentucky River, which he called Boonesborough, he built a fort and started a settlement there.

On one occasion, with an armed party of thirty men, Boone went for a supply of salt to "Salt Licks," about 100 miles from Boonesborough, and was captured as prisoners to Detroit, where the captors surrendered for a ransom all the prisoners but Boone. They forced him to go through a ceremony admitting him to their tribe and held him in their midst for a long period. Boone finally made his escape at the peril of his life.

Through such adventures as these Boone passed the rest of his days. His services to the government were invaluable in time of war and his fame a unique one in the annals of the West.



SWINGING DESK SHELF. A Convenient Attachment for the Business Man. Modern business methods demand that the office furniture shall be equally good as that used at home. Large desks and comfortable chairs tend to make the daily routine less burdensome and the environment more homelike. But even the large desks, with many drawers, compartments and pigeonholes often prove inadequate for the wants of the busy business man. Important letters or memoranda which need immediate attention become lost to sight under other papers of no consequence and are forgotten. This is the reason the swinging desk shelf shown here was devised. It is always in convenient reach and is not in the way of the occupant when he desires to leave his desk. Unlike the sliding shelf at the top of the row of drawers, it can be pushed to one side without the necessity of removing any articles that are placed on it. One of these shelves on each side of the desk would be an aid in keeping in reach all the articles, papers, etc., that are in constant demand.

WORK FOR ARMY OFFICERS. Colleges Where They Learn to Make Trenches and Bridges. Persons who think officers of the regular army have nothing to do but sit around their clubs attired in their nattest uniforms enjoying life, would doubtless be surprised to see them unadorned in blouse and starched collars, swinging axes, hewing timber for trestle bridges, carrying sod for fascine revetments and making palisades in time of peace, says the Dayton Daily News.

There are three colleges at Fort Leavenworth for the instruction of army officers in the art of war—the infantry and cavalry school, the signal school and the staff college. All are under the supervision of Brigadier General J. Franklin Bell, aided by a body of officers designated as a personal staff.

One interesting feature of the college course is the engineering department, where the student officers have to do real work and have no enlisted men to aid them in any manner. In this they are called upon to construct lying, kneeling and standing trenches, palisades, fascine and gabions, revetments or sandbags and loopholes of sod on parapet, wire entanglements, bridges with framed trestles on land and water, trestle bridges of round timbers, trestle bridges of canvas pontoons, barrel and log rafts, double lock spar bridges with trestle approaches, bridges with wooden pontoons and with pile trestles and a flying bridge.

The suspension bridge is 100 feet long, between two supporting towers. Two of the bridges, with reserve equipment wooden pontoons, are each of twelve bays and 240 feet long. Each bridge is tested by driving a loaded army wagon across it. The flying bridge, to carry troops across streams too wide to be bridged, was constructed on the Missouri River. It is made by staking a large stone, to which a cable is attached. Pontoons, either two or three, or long rafts are attached to the cable, and the current is made to

CLERKS WHO LACK TACT.

They Too Often Lose Sales by Being Too Deserations. "If I were proprietor of a department store," said a woman who had passed the morning shopping, according to the New York Press, "I should put tact first as a qualification of my clerks. I would not hire a young man or a young woman to go behind my counters unless they had quantities of that virtue. This morning I gave up buying half a dozen things because the clerks unwittingly pointed out to me why they would be undesirable."

"I had picked out a very pretty black brush and comb set, when the clerk said: 'I think you'll like it, miss, and one would never know it isn't ebony, it looks so much like the real thing.'"

"I guess I won't take it, after all," I replied.

"At the same counter I started to buy material for a gown for my mother when the clerk said: 'This color is particularly becoming to young women,' smiling at me flatteringly. Then that sale was off, for if it was becoming to young women it would not be becoming to a woman of 75."

"In his desire to make me spend more money than I wanted to another clerk spoiled the purchase of a music roll. He showed me a \$5 roll and a \$7 roll. I said I did not want to pay more than \$5, but he thought the one he showed me did not look strong. It seems as if that stitching would tear out," I said, pointing to a weak place. He acquiesced eagerly and said: 'Of course a \$5 roll is made to stand a great wear, but this \$7 affair will wear nicely.' That was enough. I left that department and bought a present in another part of the store for \$3 which will take the place of the music roll."

"Some clerks think they have only to make a sale, when such a statement will send me away in a hurry. I certainly don't want what every one else is buying. 'We have no demand for anything of this sort nowadays,' says more than one clerk foolishly, when he ought to welcome a chance to sell what he considers his old stock. But by making such a statement the customer feels forced to purchase something new, which the clerk never has any trouble in selling."

"Another thing that drives me away from the counters is the habit of some clerks to say constantly: 'Lady, lady.' Somehow it makes me feel cheap and like a bargain sale and I seldom purchase anything of a lady, lady clerk."

"One of the worst offenders against tact is the clerk who is always boldly and brazenly telling you what you want. He treats you as if you were a baby who didn't know how to think. I remember my mother once sharply calling down a young clerk who tried to tell her her own mind: 'Young man,' she said, 'when I get to the point that you have to do my thinking for me I shall go willingly to an insane asylum.'"

UNCLAIMED INSURANCE FUND.

English Companies Are Not Very Carefully Managed. Anyone who can rake up insurance company scandals is sure of an American audience nowadays and this state of mind seems to be spreading to England. A British law firm tells the following story in support of its contention that insurance companies and other fiduciary institutions should be required by law to make an annual statement as to all unclaimed property in their possession.

A testator died in the year 1866 holding thirty shares of a well-known fire and life insurance company. Twenty of these shares were sold by the executors. The remaining ten shares were entirely forgotten. The executors' names and addresses were registered in the company's books and the dividends accruing upon these shares were, in the words of the secretary, "held in suspense since Mr. ———'s death, in accordance with the company's articles." No intimation was sent to the executors that the dividends were accruing and were unclaimed.

In the year 1904 the executors received a letter from the solicitors of a company whose business it is to trace dormant funds, stating that if the executors would agree to pay to the company 50 per cent of any sum which might be recovered information would be given of unclaimed funds belonging to the testator's estate. This communication was put into the hands of the firm which told the story and they, after an examination of the testator's and executors' papers, succeeded in locating the missing shares.

The assurance company made them over in due course with the dividends, but absolutely refused to pay the thirty-eight years' interest which was claimed on the latter.

The lawyer suggested to the company the desirability of making inquiries as to how information not available to representatives of their own shareholders had been obtained by a shareholding in unclaimed property.

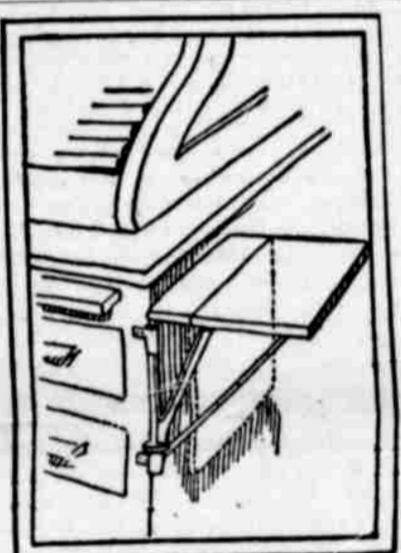
The only reply the company vouchsafed was that they didn't know anything about it.—New York Globe.

Deep Hole Drilled in Africa.

It took fourteen months to drill a hole 5,500 feet deep at Droomloof, South Africa, and three eight-hour shifts were worked daily. At the depth of 5,000 feet, or nearly a mile, it required from three and one-half to four hours to raise the rods from the deep hole, and almost as long to lower them after the diamond drill point was put in order.

The Hungry Seal.

The seal's appetite is phenomenal. In captivity fifty or more pounds of fish being required daily by a single seal. After gorging himself he goes to sleep, floating on his back, with flippers folded, his head bobbing up and down upon the waves, as peacefully as upon a bed of roses."



ALWAYS IN REACH.