

# STORKS OF THE ORIENT.

## Their Interesting Ways and Their Care for a Maimed Comrade.

When I went to the East in 1838, Commodore Porter was our minister resident at the sublime porte. He was residing at the time of my visit at San Stefano, about 10 miles west of Constantinople, right on the shore of the beautiful sea of Marmora. It was a charming place for a war-worn veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life. In all that region north of the Balkan mountains, extending beyond the sea of Marmora, where there are very few tall trees, the stork builds its nest on the tops of chimneys, which in the East are always covered, the smoke issuing from side windows or openings. The nests are very rude in appearance, about as large as a two-bushel basket. Sticks as large as your finger are skillfully woven into them. They are made soft and nice with moss and cotton and wool or whatever the skillful bird thinks will make her parlor comfortable. The stork has two long legs, but for some reason or other generally stands upon one, the other drawn up among his feathers. I think I have seen as many as 50 in a row or a river bank, each one standing on one leg. When thus standing in repose it is about three feet high, the chief part of the height being leg and neck. It stalks over the field with an awkward gait, its neck alert, and its lightning stroke finishes the race of any snake, lizard, toad, bug, or any other "vermin" on the ground. From kitchen refuse it selects what suits its taste, and is bold in claiming it. It has no voice. The strange clatter of its broad, flat bill is indescribable. It seems to play rough tunes to its mate.

Commodore Porter had a stork's nest on the chimney of his kitchen, a building separate from the house and connected by a covered way. The chimney was tall, round like a column, and very picturesquely covered by this rough nest. The commodore took great delight in watching the social life of his storks, especially when they came to teach the youngsters to fly. The young, awkward, long-legged thing would stand on the rim of the nest and flap its wings, but fear to launch away, while the old stork could career around and chatter their bills reprovingly and coaxingly but vainly. At length, patience exhausted, an old stork would give him a sudden push and topple him off. He would then use his wings to purpose and the parent birds would be filled with pride and exultation. If the untried wings showed signs of failure in returning to the nest one of the parent birds would come beneath him and lift him with powerful wing to a height that would make his return sure and easy.

Unhappily, one of the commodore's dogs, who knew better sided one of the storks by the wing, and injured it so that it dragged, and, of course, the bird could not fly. The commodore, finding that the wing was only lacerated, but not broken, bound it up in place, put the stork in a large cage in the night and had it out to feed in the day time. Its companions stayed by it in anxious sympathy all the day, and only when it was housed would they return to their nest. It seemed so much like human sympathy

that Commodore Porter resolved that if good feeding would save the wounded bird, he should be ready for the flight southward when all the storks would leave. The stork at length began to use its wing for flying down, but it was longer in getting able to rise, even six or eight feet, and nothing would tempt it to regain its nest. It had lost courage and confidence, and was satisfied with its condition, and had evidently formed an attachment to the commodore.

But now the case assumed another aspect. A clattering and knocking and scraping was heard high up in the heavens, and behold, thousands of storks were careering about, calling out all the storks from river brook and seashore, from tree-top and chimney-tops, to prepare for the southward flight. A large body swept down low over San Stefano and a deputation of four alighted to examine the disabled companion. After a time they rose into high air, made their report and all the storks went home. Their reappearance for their final flight was expected in about three or four days, when they would gather in full force, and following one solitary leader, they would take a lofty flight for tropic fields.

Day after day, for two whole weeks, the commodore waited for them, when, at length, they came in gathering flocks, as far as the eye could reach, probably from all Roumelia, Macedonia and it may be from the banks of the Danube.

A large flock hovered low over the wounded mate, with a tremendous clattering of their big red bills. A few alighted, and after due examination and consultation, all departed but two stalwart fellows, who were commissioned to remain and share the fate of the wounded. They were the "Christian commission" of the storks. Then one stork led off in a lofty, steady flight, with outstretched neck, toward the south; two others followed, and three, and so on, until the base of the triangle thus formed was some hundreds of feet high. Then flock after flock fell in and the long column at length disappeared.

Commodore Porter resolved to give the three storks the best possible winter quarters. It was not their purpose at all to stay. It was already very late for their migration. When the wounded was again able to mount to his native home, the chimney-top, it was evident that his two attendants were preparing for flight.

A great clatter of bills called out the commodore, and the news ran through the village that the birds were going to take leave. Everyone turned out to view the start. Never were storks before thus honored. They put off in a direct line, the wounded one second. He could not quite maintain the level of their flight. He would certainly fall into the sea of Marmora. The commodore followed them with his glass and saw the rear guard at length come underneath the poor fellow, take him on his back and bear him high into the air for another flight. So they disappeared.

"They will have about fifty miles to fly on that line before they can find rest and fodder," said the commodore, "but those gallant fellows will do it. They would do it or all perish together." —Presbyterian Banner.

In time between the two points is three hours, thirty-three minutes and thirty-three seconds; it is only necessary to keep the local clocks that much slow on Greenwich time to have the exact local time. In the cable office all foreign business is transmitted with Greenwich time.

In Great Britain Greenwich mean time is the standard, and is used for all purposes nearly everywhere. Among the few exceptions is the city of Canterbury, which uses a time about four minutes fast on Greenwich, and clocks at the few railroad stations are kept one or two minutes fast. Ireland uses the time of Dublin, and so all the clocks in the island are twenty-five minutes and twenty-two seconds slow on Greenwich time.

The official time throughout Argentina is that of the city of Coriova, which is telegraphed every day to control the timepieces in the various cities. It is used everywhere in the railroad and telegraph offices, but many citizens in the provinces prefer to use local time of doubtful accuracy. The people of the Hawaiian Islands try to keep their timepieces ten hours and thirty minutes slower than those of Greenwich, and call this standard time. At Pelize, British Honduras, the clock over the courthouse, which furnishes the time for the town, is usually regulated by the time kept by the ships in the harbor.

We have plenty of time variety in our own country. For example, any town that happens to be on the dividing line between two of the hour time-zones will have its own time, and, in addition, at the railroad station there will be two times, differing by an hour one for the west and the other for the east-bound trains.

## DON'T STRIVE FOR SLEEP.

Let any readers when next they pass a sleepless night notice carefully what happens. It will probably be something as follows: Suppose, for instance, that they are in the habit of being called at 7:30; they will hear the clock strike 4, 5, 6 and 7, and then, when the knock at the door comes, they will drop asleep immediately afterwards, and in either case possibly they will, to their intense disgust, oversleep themselves. What is the explanation of this? Simply that by far the commonest cause of prolonged sleeplessness is the worrying about it, the anxious effort to obtain sleep. And so they lie awake hour after hour, wearily striving for it, until at last, when 7 strikes, the effort is given up as useless; at once the strain being taken off, the worn-out brain takes its rest—the sleep which has been so longed for comes at last. A great physician has truly said: "The body will always rest if the mind will let it."

Some years ago when house physician at London hospital I used to experiment on this subject. On my midnight rounds I would frequently receive complaints of sleeplessness from weary patients, often when there was no pain or other definite reason for it. I would say to them: "Oh, it doesn't really matter, you are resting all right; it won't do you any harm; just lie awake and think how comfortable you are here." Or to the weaker natures I would say: "Nurse shall bring you a pillow," or, "I will send you something when I have finished my rounds." Almost invariably on my return, in twenty minutes' time, they would be sleeping peacefully; no further remedy was needed.

Every doctor will tell you how often some simple sleeping draft is sent and never taken—never needed. The mere fact of knowing it is there is sufficient; the anxious dread of another sleepless night has been taken away, the mind at rest and sleep comes in the natural way. And so it would seem that by far the commonest cause of sleeplessness is the anxious striving to obtain sleep. It follows, therefore, that all such devices for procuring it, as counting an imaginary flock of sheep, fixing the attention on the circulation, making an effort to stop thought, are wrong theoretically, as well as being usually worse than useless in practice. What, then, is the real remedy? Why, simply to give up the attempt to sleep if one's sleep does not come as usual. Give up trying. If a sleepless night is to be one's lot, one must accept it as philosophically as one can, remembering that many and many a man has had to lose a night's rest before, and has been little, if any, worse for it. To the sleepless one it would say: "Make up your mind to stay awake for the night." Nine times out of ten the blessing, striven for in vain, will come unsought, and that almost immediately, so that on looking back the next morning the last thing you remember will be your determination to lie awake.

Directly you cease to strive for sleep, to wish ardently for it, the strain will be taken off the brain, the body will rest because the mind no longer preventing it, and sleep will be the happy result. And to make the requisite determination—or, I should say, renunciation—this thought may be a help to you. It is the anxiety for sleep and the worrying about its absence, far more than the sleeplessness itself, that cause the feeling of prostration which follows a sleepless night. The man whose duty or occupation has forced him to give up a night's rest is in a far better condition the next day than the man who has spent a restless night in the vain and weary search for sleep. —London Spectator.

## PECULIAR AND PERTINENT.

A reminiscence of Aaron Burr was dug up in a New York street a few days ago. It was a hollow chestnut log stipe in a good condition, used as a water pipe and laid under a contract secured by Burr from the legislature.

Kobuchi Tanabe & Co. is the name of a firm recently formed in Yokohama, Japan, with a capital of \$75,000, to build an electric road in that city.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through 19 different processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

# OOM PAUL KRUGER AT HOME

## The Interesting President of the Transvaal Republic.

### His Personal Bravery and Religious Fervor—His Story of the Boers' Development of the Transvaal—His Feeling Toward Cecil Rhodes—The Republic's Defenses.

Stiphanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, president of the Transvaal, is an interesting public character. Upon being introduced you first conclude that he has been greatly over-estimated. He seems nothing more than a shrewd old hunter, who, by constant contact with wild animals and savage Kaffirs, has developed a wariness that makes him suspicious of everything and everybody. His legs are so short and slender that you wonder how they bear the weight of a heavy thick and solid body. His head is big and his neck is concealed by beard, hair and coat collar, so that you cannot determine whether or not he indulges in neckwear. At home he is usually puffing a short briar pipe, and as he handles this you notice that the thumb of his left hand is missing. There is a story connected with this that Kruger will tell you between puffs if he is in the mood. It is given in the form of a legend, which is a characteristic of the old Boers.

When Kruger was a young man, he was out hunting one day with a rifle which had not been used for a long time. While he was tinkering with a charge the gun exploded, tearing his left thumb to shreds. Kruger's companion wanted to give up the hunt and hurry to the nearest surgeon, but the intrepid young Boer refused. Taking out his hunting knife, he placed the lacerated thumb on the stock of the rifle, and amputated it himself. By tying about the stump a piece of rawhide he stopped the flow of blood, and winding around it his red handkerchief he continued the sport.

Physical robustness and courage have contributed greatly to Kruger's success as the leader of a nation. He is absolutely fearless, though not reckless, and since boyhood has known how to act quickly in an emergency.

When only 14 years old, he and a little sister strayed away from the Jaager town in Cape Colony, where the elder Kruger had settled on emigrating from Germany, and while playing were suddenly attacked by a leopard. Young Kruger's only weapon was a jackknife, but shielding his sister with one arm, he met the vicious spring of the leopard with the other, and after a struggle succeeded in stabling it to death.

One is hardly warranted either in speaking slightly of "Oom" Paul's legs for they once ran a race that made him famous all through the native tribes in South Africa. A Kaffir chief had become celebrated for his running ability, and had never been beaten until challenged by a number of young Boers, who chose Kruger to represent them. It was decided that the two should run for twelve hours, and the man leading at the end of the first day was to have some sort of a Kaffir dropped in his tracks unconscious, while Kruger kept on to the finish, and, according to one of his companions, was so fresh then that he took part in a hunting trip.

It is the appearance of rough hardihood and the unrepentant personal attire that first impresses one on meeting "Oom" Paul, but when the man begins to talk you forget all else but Kruger, the diplomat and careful statesman. He gave the writer a short interview recently for publication, and his understanding that the Boer side should be represented from his own viewpoint, first inquiring if he were a spy from Cecil Rhodes. On being assured to the contrary by a number of Volksraad members, who were present, he followed it up by another customary question, asking: "What is your religion?"

These two inquiries give an insight into Kruger's life. His first duty, he believes, is to God, and his second to guard against Rhodes, whom he detects like a poisonous reptile. But for Rhodes, Mr. Kruger says, all would be peace and quietness in the Transvaal. So long as this man is in South Africa there is no rest for the Boers, and their secret service agents may be found on every street in Johannesburg, on the lookout for Uitlander conspiracies.

From all outward appearances, Oom Paul is intensely pious, and though some faintest that it is all hypocrisy, there is no proof that Kruger does not live in strict accordance to his preaching. He was confirmed in 1847 by the Rev. Daniel Landlay, an American missionary, and from that day to this has led a severely Christian life after the precepts laid down by John Calvin. He can quote nearly the whole Bible, and this has served him well in a secular way, for he has learned from it to speak in parables, terse epigrams that are readily interpreted by his followers, and have more force than the most brilliant rhetorical flights.

Kruger, in addition to his other accomplishments is by far the best preacher in the Transvaal, and the Dutch Reformed church boasts of some capable men there. He occupies the pulpit in a modern brick edifice across the street from his home about once a month, and always talks to standing room only. He uses no notes but speaks off-hand from a text, and does not hesitate to sprinkle a little humor in the discourse. In his speeches before the Raad he quotes Scripture generously, and even more so in conversation.

As for his private life, that seems to be exemplary. After rising, he prays for a long time in his room, and "takes over with the Lord" the questions of the day. When he develops a conviction in this way he proceeds to act on it. Kruger's piety once nearly cost him his life, according to a current story. A good many years ago he suddenly disappeared, and when he

failed to show up, a searching party was made up to hunt for him. At the end of three days they found the future president, who was then a field cornet, lying face down on the open veldt. He had been praying three days and nights steadily, without food or water, and he was nearly dead. When carried back and revived, he explained that he had done it as a chastisement for his sins.

Two stories the Uitlanders relate to offset Kruger's reputation for piety. One was recently related in a Natal paper. It accused Oom Paul of punishing one of the Kaffir boys once by tying him under his wagon, spreading out his legs and arms and making them fast to the axles. The boy was declared the writer. On another occasion Kruger, when he was trekking, lost an ox and could not find another to take its place, so he hitched up a Kaffir in a team and completed the journey. This Kaffir is still living near Dreykopjes, in the Orange Free State at a ripe old age, so the experience does not seem to have injured him. In fact, he seems rather proud of the distinction.

The first question put to Oom Paul was why he did not give the Uitlanders the right to vote, which the English put forth as their chief cause for complaint. Kruger smoked hard for a moment, then laid down his pipe, and placing his hands on his knees, said:

"A man cannot serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and cling to the other, or despise the one and love the other. Now, the Englishman wants to do this. He demands the franchise from me, desiring to become a burglar, and yet when it comes to trouble, he would forsake us in a moment and claim the protection of the Queen. How can I give such men a chance to vote? They do not take any interest in our country. They have not come here to settle. They wish us no good. I want to be fair with every one who comes here to live, and when he has prayed that he is a good citizen and has come to help us, I want him to vote. But we have a law for bigamy in the Transvaal, and it is necessary for a man to put off his old love before taking on a new."

Kruger related graphically and briefly the history of the Boers from the time they settled in Cape Colony, from which they were driven by the English, until they settled in the Transvaal. On this great trek they killed 6,000 lions, out of which number Kruger himself killed 250. They fought their way step by step until they finally reached the long ridge known as the Witwatersrand where they settled all unconscious of the hidden wealth.

"It seemed so poor," said Kruger, "that even the English did not begrudge it. So we established a government, developed a constitution, and laid the foundation for a nation. We built towns, cultivated the soil, and were making great progress and living peacefully when gold was discovered. Then new and perplexing questions arose, and England immediately became avaricious, but we were not willing to give up the country which we had developed by the sweat of our brow, and so there was Majuba Hill. You know about that?" Here Kruger blinked slyly and a laugh went around among the Egers. "So, now," continued Oom Paul, taking up his pipe and dropping into parables, "the gold fields are like a beautiful rich young woman. Everybody wants her, and when they cannot get her they do not want any one else to possess her."

"Can the English starve you out?"

"If the Lord wills it, yes," he replied. "If not, the English can build a wall around us as high as Jericho and we will live and prosper."

Kruger has provided against a siege by building storehouses and granaries, where meat and grain are kept in great quantities. The great drawback to the Transvaal is that it lacks a seaport. The most convenient one is Delagoa Bay, owned by the Portuguese, and the latter country controls it.

Towering over Johannesburg is a big fort, and working in subterranean passages the Boers, it is said, have undermined the whole town, even to Commissioner street, where the pride of Johannesburg's buildings are located. The Boers can muster 30,000 men, all well armed and good marksmen. They have warehouses full of ammunition, and their present defenses and power to wreck Johannesburg and the mines are a sufficient menace to Great Britain to make her hesitate.

Kruger is now 76 years old, and has been elected to the presidency four times. His salary is \$25,000 a year, with \$1,500 for coffee. His life has certainly been a remarkable one, and at different stages he has been a farmer, herdsmen, hunter, soldier, clergyman, ambassador, financier, head of the army. In recent years he has bought and sold land a good deal, and is reputed to be very wealthy. His habits and method of living are so simple, however, that he could have saved nearly all his salary in these years, which would give him a tidy fortune.

As he closed the interview Kruger went across the hall into a low-ceilinged, whitewashed room and spoke to a motherly little woman, who was seated in a rocking chair, darning stockings. This was Mrs. Kruger. She got Mr. Kruger's hat escorted him to the door and then went back to her knitting. It was difficult to think of her as the first lady of the land. Yet she has been Mr. Kruger's constant helpmate through all the years of his public life, and their affection for each other seems to have grown with each succeeding year. She is Mr. Kruger's second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa. Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son, who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of this second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law, Capt. Eloff, has made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South

Africa. He has made a fortune in real estate operations, and is supposed to be worth \$2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two-story cottage, painted white and covered in front with morning-glory vines. Their mutual ambition is to see their nation independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home.

# ON THE GUNBOAT PARAPUA

(From Daily Sept. 16th.)

Guy Osborn, one of the gunners on the United States gunboat Parapua, comprising a part of the squadron now in the Philippine waters, has been heard from by his parents, W. H. and Mrs. Osborn, of this city. Guy's boat captured a Filipino schooner a few days ago at Makambo, south of the island of Luzon, after a sharp engagement in which the Parapua was struck many times by rifle shots.

Extracts from Guy's letter are as follows: "July 31, 1899—I am now on a small gunboat, called the Parapua, which the Concord has charge of. We are doing picket duty in Lingayen gulf. The Concord has three small boats of about 100 tons displacement each. We take turns about—steaming 24 hours each—patrolling the gulf and stopping canoes which are taking arms and provisions to the insurgents, and we have captured quite a lot of them. Some are loaded with cigars, rice, dried fish, honey, sleeping mats, and arms such as bolos (long knives), Mauser rifles, powder, etc."

"I am having a fine time. There are only eight men on deck and six in the fire-room; we have one officer—Ensign Davidson—who is a splendid man."

"When we are under way, I stand two hours out of eight at the wheel, and the rest of the time I stand to myself. In port we each stand one hour on watch at night; get up at 6 o'clock and wash down the decks. The rest of the time we have to ourselves—no quarters, no inspection."

"I have entire control of a five-barreled, 11-millimeter Nordenfeldt machine gun and it works like a top."

"The Concord is at Manila, but she is due here now at any time."

"Yesterday Ensign Davidson let us go to a small island for a ramble. We took our revolvers and we found all kinds of fruit—bananas, pineapples, breadfruit, prickly pears, etc.—also found a bee tree and some of the bees found yours truly. We shot two wild hogs, so we have spare ribs for breakfast, we found a nice spring which we enjoyed very much."

"The ship's company has a good gramophone with 200 selections of music besides we have several musical instruments—so we have plenty of music."

"We paint ship today."

## ANOTHER CORN STORY.

Some time ago a farmer in Illinois county, while plowing, lost a very valuable diamond ring. The other day his hired man, assisted by two knights of the road, cut down a corn stalk and hauled it to the house for dinner. A young lady visitor, while gracefully nibbling a grain of the corn which had been terved "en grain," as the ears were too large to serve them "en ear," felt something jar her pearly teeth, and daintily raising her silver corn fork to her ruby lips removed the lost ring. The farmer, who had in the mean time purchased several more diamond rings, very gallantly presented the young lady with her find.—Hays Republican.

## A PROGRESSIVE RAILROAD.

The Rio Grande Western railway, otherwise known as the "Great Salt Lake Route," is and has been, since the opening of the "Ogden Gateway," the popular transcontinental route between the Pacific Northwest and the East. To add to its popularity, arrangements have been made to make its train service and equipment superior to any of its competitors. Already the running time of its several express trains has been cut down so that Chicago in less than four days, and New York in less than five days. Effective May 1st, a perfect dining car service will be established. This will make the trip via Salt Lake City the ideal one. To further add to the comfort of its patrons, handsome excursion tourist cars are being built for the run between Portland and Chicago. With the dining car service established and the new tourist cars running, there will be little to be added to make a perfect train.

For information as to rates, etc., apply to the nearest ticket office of either the O. R. & N. Co. or Southern Pacific Co. or address J. D. MANSFIELD, General agent, 142 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, because the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the case was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily killed.

Germany maintains schools in foreign countries. A fund is yearly voted by the reichstag for this purpose. There is now an agitation in favor of granting the schools the right to award exemptions from the long periods of military service. In other words, to grant the one-year-service diploma.

An engineer in Tunis has invented a deep-sea diving apparatus which has been tried without accident at a depth of 174 feet near Cherbourg. The inventor declares his purpose of searching for the hull of the Alabama, which lies where she was sunk by the Kearsarge off Cherbourg harbor.

## RECKONING TIME.

The ordinary method of reckoning time in Mahomedan countries is from sunset to sunset. Twelve o'clock is at sunset, and this is the beginning of the day. Two periods of twelve hours then pass till the next sunset, whereupon everybody sets his watch, if he has one, backward or forward according to the season. Of course, accurate time is impossible under such a system. The railroads and telegraphs in Syria, for example, keep anything but exact time, though it might be procured from the observatory at Beyreuth, which issues its mean time. In Teheran, Persia, a midday gun is fired by the time shown on a dial, and this in spite of the fact that the correct local time might be procured at the telegraph office, which is regulated daily by a time signal from Greenwich, and is the time standard for all the telegraphic business. But the merchants and the street car company keep gun time, and the railroad trains do not seem to require a time table at all, as they seldom start until full or required to start by a government order.

There are out of the way parts of the world that keep very good time, because their clocks are regulated by telegraph from Greenwich and then the Greenwich mean time is reduced to local time, according to the longitudinal differences. Thus at Lagos and the gold coast, West Africa, the local time is checked daily by telegraph from Greenwich and transmitted to all telegraph offices in the colonies. The time at Accra is only forty-six seconds slower than that at Greenwich, and is the time used throughout the Gold coast.

Almost any sort of time is kept in China. As a rule, the Chinese use an apparent sun time, obtained from sun dials. The foreigners at the ports on the coast use an approximate local time, calculated from the Shanghai time, supplied by the telegraph companies. In the great city of Tsin Tsin, with a million in habitants, the time is determined by the municipal chronometer, which is the town hall clock. It is supposed to be regulated every Saturday, but it has been known to be in error at least three minutes.

Last December was the time when all the towns in Colombia were ex-

pected, thereafter, to use the time of Bogota, the capital. With this responsibility upon them, it is hoped that the public clocks of that city will improve in their time-keeping, for visitors at Bogota say it is nothing unusual for the public clocks to disagree by fully a quarter of an hour.

In India the standard time for the whole of the peninsula is the mean time of the Madras Observatory, and this time is based on through lines of railroad, and in recording the time of sending telegrams to foreign countries. Local time is, however, used in most times and villages, and it is announced by clocks striking, gongs, bells and guns, the signals being given from churches, treasury buildings, forts and telegraph offices. The local clocks are set daily by the time telegraphed from Madras, and each telegraph office has a closely printed table, filling about fifty pages, giving the difference between Madras and local time for all the government telegraph offices in India.

Not a few countries constantly use two standards of time. This is not troublesome at all when we consider that, before the adoption of the hour zone, the railroads across our own continent employed about seventy standards of time in making their time tables. Railroads and telegraphs throughout Spain use Madrid time, but for all other purposes the local time is determined by the meridian of each locality. Throughout Russia St. Petersburg time is used for telegraphic purposes, and each place has its local time besides. In Portugal its local time keeps their local time very roughly, but Lisbon and the railroad and telegraph service have the time of the Tapada Royal Observatory. There is considerable confusion in the Netherlands, and if one's watch does not agree with the town clocks as he travels through the land it doesn't follow that he has a poor timekeeper. In the railroad stations, telegraph and post offices, the exact time of the Greenwich observatory will be found. In many towns Amsterdam time is in use, and it is about twenty minutes faster than reliable time in many other towns that use Greenwich time, and still other towns use their own local time, so that the Netherlands do not lack for a variety of time standards. Every place in Newfoundland uses St. Johns time for all purposes, excepting Heart's Content, which has special privileges as a cable station. For local purposes this little town employs local time. Every day it receives a signal from London giving Greenwich time, and as the difference