WHY THEY ARE HATED

NEVER AFFILIATE WITH FOREIGNERS WHEN AMONG THEM.

The English Always Grumble at All Customs But Their Own—Their Language, Their Sports and Their Ways Are the Only Ones Worth While.

A WRITER, in the London World wonders whether the fact that benefits are harder to forgive than injuries may not account for that dislike of the English which exists in all foreign lands. They are most hated, he says, in those countries and by the very people for whom they have done most. For instance, Englishmen are vehemently detested in the Transvaal, which has been changed by them from a sparsely populated desert into one of the richest countries in the world. It is the same in numberless out-of-way regions. As for the continent, what, he asks, would the Riviera and all the French and German summer and health resorts be if it were not for the constant shower of British gold that falls upon them?

"For all that," he continues, "these people, who derive so much from us, and who need us so sorely, have no kindly feeling toward us. They may like individual visitors among the English, but they hate the English visitors as a whole with a fierceness which is as blind as it is unreasoning. They know that to refuse the English must mean ruin to themselves, and yet they would gladly slam their doors in the face of the Anglo-Saxon and tell him in forcible language to seek another and warmer resting place."

In concluding his article, however, the writer abandons the "benefits that cannot be forgiven" theory and proceeds to tell exactly why the feelings of which he complains do exist:

"They people of other nationalities, when they enter foreign countries, endeavor to adapt themselves to the new environments. The English, on the other hand, have a way of marching through Europe with the national flag flying in the van and the drums beating 'Rule Britannia,' just as if they were a new chartered company pushing on to conquer the barbarians.

"Where they elect to remain for a time there they settle down with the air of conquerors. The majority of them cannot converse intelligibly in the language of the country, but they are not at all embarrassed by that. The result is that, before many English travelers have come his way, the landlord has begun to learn English as a part of his stock in trade, is paying extra for bilingual servants and has doubled all his notices and advertisements into English.

"The English, moreover, have a way of finding fault with the local customs—the breakfast, the dinner hour, the early retiring movement—and they grumble at them until the landlord, in a frenzy of competition, alters all of them to suit the English taste. The irrepressible Anglo-Saxon, too, brings with him his sports and amusements. He establishes a cricket club and organizes matches at which one set of visitors plays against another and the residents have to be content with the part of the supernumerary crowd. With the consent of the authorities he marks out golf links and the guileless native wandering leisurely over the ground, finds himself shouted at in unknown tongues and hit violently in the small of the back before he has an idea what the shouts are all about.

"The fact is that wherever we go we have a way of treating the natives as if they were the foreigners; we revolutionize their customs to suit our own convenience; we introduce our games and amusements and make them predominant in the gayety of the place; and if we condescend to know the language at all, it is not from any abiding sense of the beauty of the same or the duty of learning it, but simply in order that we may be able to communicate our wishes the more easily to the inferior race—just as we do among the Matabele.

"The most curious part of it all is that the natives to a certain extent acquiesce in this attitude, and their own acquiescence galls them the more. The foreign temperament runs naturally to extremes, and there seems to be no medium between oriental servility and brutal insolence on their part. When the occasion for the latter occurs it is as if a millstream long pent up had at last burst its bounds."

Her Presence of Mind.

"Yes, Harry and I went out riding on a tandem last evening, and he gave me such a fright I have hardly got over it even yet." "How was that?" "When we were going through an avenue of trees and there was nobody in sight he leaned forward on his handle-bars and reached his head around and kissed me!" "Why that was dangerous, wasn't it? If you had swerved ever so little the machine would have upset and throwa you both off." "Yes, but I didn't swerve."—Exchange.

The Reason Why.

Lucretia walked the floor, and she
Was just as mad as mad could be,
For Fido, saucy little pup,
Had eaten all the moth balls up;
But I just know 'twas not to tease,
But 'cause he's bothered so with fleas.
—Chicago Record.

Sure Indication.

"What do you regard as the most reliable weather report, professor?" "Thunder."—Detroit Free Press.

RECOVERY OF A BICYCLE.

It Had Been Sunk in the Harbor for Revenge.

Among the residents of Bermuda are two brothers, one of whom, besides being an enthusiastic yachtsman, is also a swift and skillful rider of the bicycle. Some time ago, shortly before the date set for a bicycle race, in which he was to be one of the contestants his wheel mysteriously disappeared and all efforts to find a trace of it proved fruitless, says the Boston Transcript. One day, about fourteen months after the bicycle had been presumably stolen, a fisherman who was angling out in the middle of St. George's harbor for floating fish, hooked a large one, which instantly plunged into the depths of the harbor in a vain endeavor to escape. The angler played with him for awhile, and then, feeling the line tightening in his hand and the strain become steady, began to haul up. He soon realized that he had at the end of his line one of the heaviest catches which he had ever made, and (what he could not understand about it) that it was almost apparently a dead weight. He hauled away, however, until there appeared above the water not only the fish that he had hooked, but a bicycle, around the handles of which the fish, in its efforts to escape, had wound the line a number of times. When the astonished fisherman had sufficiently recovered from his amazement at his curious catch he took the bicycle ashore. There it was soon identified as the one which had so inexplicably disappeared. Strange to say the machine, in spite of the fact that it had been at the bottom of the harbor for fourteen months, was but little damaged and was easily put in running order again. For some time no clue as to how it found its way to its watery hiding place could be discovered. Eventually, however, several circumstances came to light that pointed to a man with whom the bicycle rider had once had trouble. At one time whenever he rode past this man's place the dogs which were kept there would run out and bark and snap at the rider, causing him considerable annoyance and trouble. At first he contented himself with simply driving off the brutes as best he could, but when he found that they were set upon him by their master he took prompt measures to have the man arrested, brought into court and fined. From various circumstances that were found out regarding the disappearance of the bicycle there seemed to be no doubt that the owner of the ugly dogs was responsible for it and that he stole the machine and sunk it in the harbor in order to be revenged on its owner.

SAVED THREE LIVES.

Quick-Witted Bostonian Who Knew the Dangers of the Undertow.

Here is a story which is too much to the credit of two ladies and a gentleman to be wholly suppressed. They are all strong swimmers, and can battle with the waves in valiant fashion, says the Boston Transcript. They chanced to be in the sea at one time lately, and on a shore where the undertow is irresistible a short distance out. The man suddenly felt himself in that strong, terrible outward pull of the waters of the mighty deep. He understood immediately that he and his companions would shortly be no more unless by tremendous instant, individual exertion they pulled for the shore. In that treacherous current not one could help another. How to get "those girls" ashore without terrifying them and putting them in still greater danger through their fears was the problem of that terrible moment.

The man solved it like a hero. He made a sign, a sound of personal distress, and began swimming in shore. His companions in the waves heard and saw his white face. Both believed, as he meant them to, that he was threatened with cramps, and swam in shore too, calling out cheerful, encouraging words to him as they pulled for the shore, assuring him that he would soon be all right; that they could get him in safely if he really should give out, and other words to that effect. It was not long before this man of moral courage stood upon the beach in safety, and those he had thus rescued from death stood on either side of him and heard what it would have meant for them to have spent another moment in that out-rushing tide.

It was a non-combatant in the strife for life who remarked: "That fellow was a great philosopher. He knew how to appeal to the new woman when swimming her strongest against the old order of things. He only offered his plea to the 'eternal womanly' to woman's maternal need of taking care of the sick or the helpless. Those girls will probably always think it was their own physical strength and powers that rescued them from death by drowning; but it was really the 'eternal womanly' bent upon helping one they believed in danger and need."

The Stuttering Man.

A stuttering man told a friend of his yesterday that very frequently he had to walk from the top to the ground floor of the tallest office buildings. By the time he was able to say "Down!" the elevator was usually four or five floors below him.—New York Times.

Woeful Waste.

"That man Beasley is the most recklessly extravagant fellow I know."

"What has he done?"

"Bought an umbrella."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can Afford Anything Now.

"Mrs. Gaswell, I hear your husband has taken to smoking."

"Yes, he's getting to be a regular tobacconist."—Chicago Tribune.

BLOODHOUNDS GUARD TEXAS CONVICTS.

Austin, Tex., correspondence of the New York World: Perhaps in no other state in the union are bloodhounds used so generally and so successfully to capture escaped convicts as in Texas. The system of dealing with convicts adopted by this commonwealth makes the use of dogs almost imperative, and the convicts well know the almost inevitable result of an attempt to escape.

There are two penitentiaries in Texas—one at Huntsville and the other at Rusk. There are now more than 4,000 convicts either at these institutions or at some convict farm in the wilds of the state. It is at these convict farms that bloodhounds are used not only to prevent the convicts from running away, but also to capture them after they have fled.

Fully 1,500 convicts are hired out under Texas' convict contract system, a system that enables the two penitentiaries to be self-supporting and occasionaly return a profit to the state. About 500 of the convicts are leased to railroad companies, and are used to keep the roadbeds in repair. Twice that number are worked on farms. In some instances the farmer hires a gang of men, paying the state a certain sum monthly for their work. More often the state and the farmer enter into a partnership. The farmer furnishes the land and the implements, while the state furnishes the labor. In any event, the state guards and feeds the men, and each convict camp is visited at frequent intervals by an inspector, who reports the condition to the state prison board.

These convict farms are usually located in unsettled regions, in order that the prisoners may be isolated from honest labor and incentives to run away. One guard is assigned to every eight men, and, rifle in hand, remains near them while they are at work. Should one of his charges run away no excuse is accepted from the guard. He is at once discharged and efforts are made to catch the runaway.

Bloodhounds for the Trail.

There is a pack of bloodhounds at each of these convict farms. These dogs, trained from puppyhood to look upon man as a natural enemy, are never allowed to become familiar with any man but their keeper, who is known as the dog sergeant. When the convicts are at work in the fields the dogs are always under leash near by in the care of their trainer. When a convict attempts to escape four or five dogs are released and put on the trail, while the trainer and guards follow them as closely as possible.

As a rule, convicts attempt to escape during the late summer, when the corn is high enough to offer a hiding place, or when working in a recently cleared field that is surrounded by brush and underwood that will offer security from the rifle of the guard. At such times when a convict can hide himself by a short run, the temptation to make a dash for liberty is too strong to resist, and the convict runs away. Within a few minutes the dogs are on his trail, and his capture is usually a matter only of a few hours. Negro convicts attempt to escape much more frequently than white men, but their attempts are rarely successful.

When the hounds are released and put on the trail they follow their quarry rapidly, and the keeper is compelled to keep well up with them. He knows well that when the convict is run to bay the dogs would make short work of him unless he is there to call them off. Negroes when attempting to escape usually act in concert, and several start at once. They walk in streams, swim rivers and resort to other tricks to throw the dogs off the scent; but these tactics rarely avail, for the dogs are put on the trail too soon after the escape to let the runaway get far.

A Texas Convict Farm.

From 80 to 100 convicts are worked on each of these farms. They sleep at night in a long, one-story frame building, with iron bars at the windows. In one end of the building is the kitchen. The rest of the structure is divided by a narrow hall, with lattice work walls. In this hall a guard with a loaded rifle is stationed. He can keep his eyes on all the convicts, whether sleeping or eating, and his presence keeps the men quiet and orderly. At night the men sleep on bunks arranged around the wall of one of the rooms. The other room is used as a dining-room, and is furnished with plain tables and benches.

These convict farms are scientifically cultivated and are regarded by Texas capitalists as good investments. The work is not interrupted by holidays, camp meetings or Sunday school picnics, and rain is the only thing that will stop the ploughs and hoes.

BLOODHOUNDS RUN A CRIMINAL TO EA RTH.

Opening the Olympic Games.

The crown prince, taking his stand in the arena, facing the king, then made a short speech, in which he touched upon the origin of the enterprise, and the obstacles surmounted in bringing it to fruition. Addressing the king, he asked him to proclaim the opening of the Olympic games, and the king, rising, declared them opened. It was a thrilling moment. Fifteen hundred and two years before the Emperor Theodosius had suppressed the Olympic games, thinking, no doubt, that in abolishing this hated survival of paganism he was furthering the cause of progress; and here was a Christian monarch, amid the applause of an assemblage composed almost exclusively of Christians, announcing the formal annulment of the imperial decree; while a few feet away stood the archbishop of Athens, and Pere Didon, the celebrated Dominican preacher, who, in his Easter sermon in the Catholic cathedral the day before, had paid an eloquent tribute to pagan Greece. When the king had resumed his seat the Olympic ode, written for the occasion by the Greek composer Samara, was sung by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. Once before music had been associated with the revival of the Olympic games.—"The Olympic Games of 1896," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in the November Century.

Famine Bread.

In times of famine bread has been baked from wood bran and husks of corn. The woodbread is made by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood—the beech, for example—and washing it with water to remove any soluble matter. It is then dried in an oven and reduced to fine powder. With the addition of a little flour, some yeast and water, it forms a dough which, when baked, constitutes a bread resembling in appearance and taste our ordinary brown bread.

Better Said Differently.

"My friends and fellow-patriots," the orator shouted, as he pounded the defenseless air, "our friends, the enemy, have boasted that they can elect a yellow dog this year. Let us get together, put our shoulders to the wheel and show them that we can elect just as yellow a dog as they can. That is to say—er——"

The rest was lost in the vociferous applause of the patriots.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lombardy's Iron Crown.

The iron crown of Lombardy takes its name from the fact that within the gold circlet is a strip of iron, supposed to be made of one of the nails of the cross. Napoleon was crowned with this symbol at his coronation as King of Italy.

Even politics do not affect public interest in the Addicks drama.—Boston Globe.

FAT WOMEN.

How to Get Thin—Diet an Important Factor.

A great many women, convinced that flesh is inimical to beauty—is the "deathblow to grace," as an arbitrary critic puts it—injure health in the endeavor to reduce weight, says the New York Tribune. They put themselves to great trouble and inconvenience, swallow all sorts of preventives and remedies in order to get thin and then stand aghast at the spectacle of their wrinkled, flabby faces and throats, the result of the falling away of flesh under the elastic skin. As a matter of fact, a number of the notable women of the world, famous not only for their beauty, but for the rarer charms of intellect and subtle fascination, women who have helped to make history and been a power in their day, were of distinctly generous proportions. Cleopatra, she whose "infinite variety" of charm and temper could win stern-hearted warriors to forget their ambitions, was small and stout. Marie Antoinette was of the plump order, though tall and of fine bearing, and, to come down to the present day, view the widowed Victoria, sovereign of the "united queendom;" the increasing proportions of Queen Margherita of Italy and the generous outlines of Queen Isabella of Spain. It is worthy of note that most of the great interpreters of song are stout, or bordering on that condition, and there have been lights in the literary world decidedly fat, whether tall of stature or the reverse. George Sand was fat and small, and likewise Mme. De Stael. Fashion's votaries will doubtless continue to strive after the slenderness which seems so desirable. For those willing to sacrifice the promptings of appetite for the desired aim an authority recommends that they should regulate their days as follows: A tumblerful of hot water must be taken on waking in the morning. Rise early and have a tepid bath, with vigorous rubbing afterward with a flesh brush. Avoid drinking at meals and have only three meals a day. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some dry toast, boiled fish or a small cutlet and a baked apple or a little fresh fruit. At dinner, which should be at midday, take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vegetables and fruit, either fresh or stewed. For supper, toast, salad, fruit and six ounces of wine or water. Hot water with lemon juice in it is good for supper.

And She Only Shivered.

Park policeman to the Kneippist,
Wading in the dew:
"Mornin', madam! Is it—is it
Cool enough for you?"
—Chicago Tribune.

GLASS AND GLASS MAKING.

Flexible glass was known in Persia in 1610.

Strass invented the glass that bears his name in 1760.

The revival of glass making at Venice occurred in 1838.

Thevart discovered the art of casting plate glass in 1666.

Window glass was manufactured at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1808.

Experiments in glass making were instituted in New York in 1872.

A flint glass manufactory was established at Sandwich, Mass., in 1825.

In 1747 Connecticut granted to Thomas Darling the exclusive right to make glass in the colony.

Plate glass windows for coaches were made at the duke of Buckingham's works, London, in 1673.

Flexible glass was reinvented in France in 1620, but the art was again lost with the death of the inventor.

Flint glass was rediscovered by the English in 1615. In the same year coal was substituted by Sir Robert Mansell instead of wood as fuel in glass-making

THE LATE MR. RUBLEE

WISCONSIN EDITOR WAS A DISTINGUISHED DIPLOMAT.

Served as American Minister to Switzerland from 1869 to 1876—A Leader of Political Thought in Wisconsin for Many Years.

HORACE RUBLEE, the distinguished editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel, who died recently, was one of the foremost citizens of state and city. For a decade he was chairman of the state central republican committee, and the influence of his vigorous mind was felt in all the councils of the party for that length of time prior to his departure for Europe. In 1869 he was appointed minister to Switzerland. He occupied that post in the diplomatic service until 1877, and on his return to Wisconsin he resumed his old place at the head of the committee and remained in it until he went to Boston in 1879 to become the editor of the Advertiser. In 1880 he returned to Milwaukee and started a paper in opposition to the Sentinel, but two years later the two were consolidated, and from that time on he was the commanding spirit of the newspaper. During the Hayes campaign his influence was felt keenly in political affairs, and it was owing to his efforts that the state went republican by 10,000 plurality. This meant a change of 25,000 votes within four years. Mr. Rublee was born in Vermont in 1829, and came west to settle in Sheboygan when 11 years old. In 1849 he entered the small academy that is now the university of Wisconsin. He paid for his education with the earnings he made at the printer's "case" and began his career in journalism as a reporter for the Madison Argus. Later he became editorial writer of the State Journal, and was afterward part owner of that paper. It was while at the head of the State Journal that he rose rapidly in politics. He was an able and forceful writer and a thorough student of politics. Horace Rublee was distinctively a journalist. Able as he might have been as a politician—he was never what has been called a boss, better call him an adviser—his chief power in the world around him ran through the channel of the newspapers he directed. His instinct as a mere youth urged him to the adoption of journalism as a profession, and he was right in his choice. Imperturbable in character, he had all the force that goes with imperturbability. This force manifested itself in a masterly style, charged with a causticity of ridicule and a veritable weight of invective that struck deep and won many a battle for him. As an editor he was great, and as a director he was able. He was finely educated and never spared himself in study.

HORACE RUBLEE.

Not to Be Pleased.

In a well-known bank in Edinburgh the clerks are presided over by a rather impetuous manager, whose violent fits of temper very often dominate his reason. For instance, the other day he was wigging one of them about his bad work. "Look here, Jones," he thundered, "this won't do! These figures are a perfect disgrace to a clerk! I could get an office boy to make better figures than those, and I tell you I won't have it! Now, look at that 5. It looks just like a 3. What do you mean sir, by making such beastly figures? Explain!" "I—er—I beg pardon, sir," suggested the trembling clerk, his heart fluttering terribly; "but—er—well, you see, sir, it is a 3." "A 3?" roared the manager. "Why, you idiot, it looks just like a 5!" And then the subject was dropped for an indefinite period.

An Eagle's Food.

The Westminster Gazette gives the following as to an eagle's menu: "The voracity of the eagle and similar birds of prey is well known to naturalists, but it has been left to a Swiss hunter to define exactly the variations which take place in its daily menu. In a nest in the Alps, side by side with an eaglet, he found a hare freshly killed, twenty-seven chamois' feet, eleven heads of fowls, eighteen rabbits, marmots and squirrels."

Valuable Rug.

A rug only four feet square, but which had 576 stitches and knots to the square inch, was lately sold in London for a sum equal to $10,000 of our money.

Of the gold coin now in circulation in England, a small proportion only bear an earlier date than 1879.