

A useless man is useful as a warning.

Age brings experience, and some kinds of experience bring age.

Bad news always gets to the telegraph office ahead of good news.

A man should be niggardly in making promises, but generous in their fulfillment. Unredeemed pledges—they so accumulate interest as soon to be irredeemable.

There is a great demand for laborers in the truck-farm district of Maryland. And yet the unemployed in Baltimore seem to be quite as numerous as last winter.

Rhode Island has planned a new capitol 333 feet long by 122 feet wide, with a dome 244 feet high, its cost to be \$1,576,000. This amount would hardly repair the cracks in New York's \$22,000,000 capitol.

If Roentgen rays kill disease germs it might be well to investigate their effect on the human organs before the shadowgraph business becomes general. While killing germs the rays may be causing tissue degeneration.

A Frenchman is making considerable headway in the manufacture of silk from wood pulp. The forests are going down too fast already from the onslaught of paper men, and it would be poor economy to suspend the labors of the inexpensive and unobtrusive silkworm.

Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like the placing of a bunch of violets and mignonette in the buttonhole, where their perfume may be deliciously perceptible all day.

It is being contended by some naval authorities that in the Massachusetts we have the most powerful battleship in the world. The British have larger ships, but in thickness of armor and strength of armament they are inferior. Balancing advantages and disadvantages, there have been tacit admissions by the British naval experts that the Indiana was, at the time of her construction, the most powerful ship afloat. Many believe that the Massachusetts and the Oregon are her superiors.

Life on the farm is laborious and probably a trifle tedious, and the mechanic in the village and small city may think that he is deprived of opportunities to advance in his work. But the advantages which the metropolis affords are not the only things he escapes. The temptations, the perversions and the humiliations which are common in the baneful environment of the city are avoided, and in that fact there is compensation for the losses in the other respect. Besides that, the health yields to the constant worry and disappointment of life in the poverty-plagued city.

A great deal of the animosity between nations has its source in a variation of moral standard. Each nation, prizing its own particular type of goodness, indulges in a righteous indignation against those who are lacking in it, while each resents the censure of the other upon what appears to it a comparatively small or indifferent matter. As education develops the intelligence, however, this intolerant spirit diminishes, not because preference becomes weaker, but because imagination and sympathy grow stronger; and these quickened powers gradually realize to some degree a mental and moral condition not known by experience.

Could human helplessness be more pitifully depicted than by the particulars of the Sherman cyclone? Evening is drawing on—the hour for the homecoming of shop-keepers and laborers. Somber clouds are banked against the western sky, portending a storm. Suddenly a mass of whirling, scurrying vapors bursts from the darkening sky and rushes down upon the town with a thunderous roar. Pedestrians have barely time to note the oncoming of the black and ugly cloud; to cry a futile warning; to throw themselves to the ground or stand transfixed with fear. And then! A rush and roar; a moment of mad tumult; the sounds of crashing timbers and the agonizing shrieks of human beings.

A new invention of interest to railroad men is an electrical weeder, which will run at express speed and cut down all weeds that line the track. An ordinary flat car is equipped with metal brushes, which extend out over each side of the car. Their height is regulated so that they will brush the top of the weeds as the cars move along. A dynamo on the car, run while the train is in motion, is connected with the metallic brushes, which receive the full force of the current. The circuit is then grounded through the wheels to the track. When the current is turned on it passes from the metal brushes through the weeds to the ground, thus completing the circuit. The current is so powerful that the weeds, which serve as a conductor, are instantly shredded up. It is necessary to wet the weeds in order to make them good conductors, so the mowers wait until after a rain.

Anyone who sees a pretty girl with glowing cheeks and eyes sparkling with pleasure, pedaling briskly through

the woods, happy herself and a cause of happiness to the onlooker, perceives at once that the wheel has opened a new world to woman. She is at length able to come and go, unattended, within vastly wider limits than ever before. She may traverse the woods and feel the charm of solitude. Conventionality is laid aside. Climbing a weary hill, she feels a new touch of nature in the muscular struggle that feat involves. Coasting down a long incline, she experiences that delight of violent and swift motion, attended with danger, of which horrid man has till now had almost a monopoly. A new position has evidently been gained for woman in athletics as well as aesthetics.

The most interesting compilation of statistics that has recently been laid before the public is one on the 1895 coal product of the United States. The figures are by Prof. E. W. Parker, statistician of the United States Geological Survey, and are therefore reliable as well as interesting. Mr. Parker opens up by showing the enormous extent of the coal industry. He gives figures in support of the assertion that upwards of 200,000,000 tons of coal were hoisted from the various mines during the year which ended with Dec. 31, 1895. To those who may consider such figures very commonplace we will say that they represent nearly 2,000,000 more tons than the total output of the world in 1870, and four times more than the combined production of the British Isles in 1850. Russia, which Alexander II. once declared had "coal enough to warm the world and cook its food for a thousand years," produced only 50,000,000 tons of such fuel between 1801 and 1889, a period of 88 years. This was but little more than one-fourth as many tons in three generations as the United States now produce in a single calendar year. To further show the vastness of Alexander's boast, we will say that the total area of Russia's coal field is only 27,000 square miles, which is the exact estimate placed on the area of the Missouri coal fields by Prof. Swallow years ago. England, which formerly made the proud boast of being the "coal-pit" of the world is now annually raising an average of but 185,000,000 tons of fuel coal, and at that rate she has only enough to run her industries about 170 years, without figuring any ratio of increase. Great Britain's coal fields never did exceed over 9,000 square miles in area—about one-third as great as the estimate made for Missouri by Prof. Swallow—and they have been steadily drained of their fuel treasure for upwards of 700 years. The United States have 219,080 square miles of carboniferous formation. More than 100,000,000 acres of the above coal area contain beds averaging from 4 to 6 feet in thickness. From this it appears that we can mine 200,000,000 tons a year for home consumption for several centuries yet to come and have enough to spare each year to keep the manufacturing interests of Russia and Great Britain from lagging for want of fuel.

Some years ago an effort was set on foot by an officer of the War Department to return all colors to the regiments, North and South, by whom they were originally borne, but several individuals became disinterested at the suggestion, and nothing ever came of the movement. As a consequence they have been little spoken of since, and the department is unwilling to make any move in the matter. In fact, the orders are that no one shall be allowed to inspect the flag room for the purpose of making any publication about its contents, this step being taken to prevent arousing any sectional feeling in regard to the matter. As a consequence no one is permitted to even examine the flags for any such purpose, and the Secretary of War refuses permission to have the colors photographed.

Of the flags returned to the Union regiments which carried them, there are over twenty, Pennsylvania having received five for her troops, Massachusetts getting three, Michigan two, New York three, Ohio two, New Jersey two, Illinois two, and Vermont and Connecticut one each.

Of the flags returned at different times by request to Southern regiments, there are twenty-two, among them being the Union flag which was taken at New Market Crossroads by the Pennsylvania troops, the Confederates having used it to deceive the enemy. A great many flags were loaned out years ago by officers, and, as they were never returned, the department is unable to replace them.

Of the flags taken from the Southern troops and now in the attic of the War Department, there are about 250 whose history can be obtained, while the number of Union banners recaptured and identified is sixty-two. The room in which they are kept is a narrow, light and dry one, and the colors are standing all about, resting against the walls, some of them furled, while others hang limp about the staff, all of them being torn, dusty, ragged and faded, and often spotted with blood.

Other standards which have lost their staffs are rolled into bundles and packed away in holes in a cupboard, whose doors are off from the hinges, and the shabby little packages of dirty bunting remind one of a junk shop—only the realization of what they all mean comes to one so forcibly that it is hard to believe that men once fought like mad to possess the bit of colored rag now lying in a dusty heap. The blues and reds are too dim to be pretty, the paintings are cracked and torn, the stripes are coming apart, while the tiny bits of stringy bullion still gleam amid the tarnished heap of former glory. The wood used for the staffs is of various kinds, while others are pieces of broken sticks and broken scantling, bound together by strings and ropes.

As so slowance has been given the department with which to preserve the flags, they will likely remain in the attic of the department indefinitely. If any more were made to return them to the South it would awaken the old opposition from many Northern soldiers, who fought so bravely to capture these very colors. And if it were intended to place them on exhibition in some public museum, most of the Southern soldiers would object to their flags being placed on view as trophies of the conquered. So the management of the matter is an exceedingly delicate one, one which the present administration of the department thinks can best be arranged by letting the flags rest in a place where they will not be open to the public, yet will be preserved from decay.

Among the most interesting banners shown is that captured at Antietam from the Stonewall men. The colors of the Nineteenth Mississippi, Mahone's

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

—The Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Fighting Expectations, Throwing Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

Confederate Battle Flags.—The flags taken from the Southern troops are now reposing in an attic in the top of the War Department, but came first to the care of the government in 1867, when they were deposited in the old War Department on 17th street. They were then about 800 in number, 236 being recaptured Union standards. These flags were obtained from the commanding generals of the United States armies and were catalogued and identified whenever it was possible.

In 1874 a part of the flags were placed on exhibition in a museum in the Winder building, but in October, 1882, all of the flags were boxed up, and by the direction of the Secretary of War they were stored in the basement of the new War Department. When it was found, in 1887, that the flags were rapidly decaying they were taken up into the attic, where they are at present.

The fact that many of the colors originally deposited are not now in the care of the department is easily explained by the fact that flags have from time to time been returned to their owners, applications being sometimes made for them by Governors of States or organizations. Nineteen standards have been returned to Union troops by orders of Secretaries of War, among those returned being one sent back by Stanton. Prior to May, 1867, there were twenty-one Confederate flags returned, ten being taken from the War Department by Stanton's directions, and nine being taken out by instructions which came from him indirectly. But since 1887 there have been no flags, Union or Confederate, allowed to pass out of the custody of the War Department.

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division, Gen. Longstreet's corps, is another relic of value. Others are the flags taken by the Union troops from the Ninth Virginia Infantry at Gettysburg, this standard being in the thickest of the fight where Pickett made his famous charge and Gen. Armistead fell; the banner of the Seventh North Carolina Regiment, which was displayed and captured in the same part of the field during the fight at Gettysburg; the flag of the Second Virginia Infantry, known as "Stonewall's Old Brigade," taken at Winchester by Massachusetts troops; the colors of the famous regiment feared for its savage bravery, the "Louisiana Tigers," a flag taken at Malvern Hill on July 1, 1862, by Pennsylvania volunteers from a North Carolina regiment, the fighting being so desperate that the Confederates piled up around themselves the dead bodies of their fallen comrades and fired from behind this human fort.—Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

McClellan's First Meeting with Lee.—"It was near the City of Mexico, during the Mexican war," said Gen. McClellan to Mr. Savage, "that I first met my future great opposing commander. I was a Lieutenant of engineers, and Lee was a Major of engineers and a favorite on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott. I was walking along across a field one day when I saw Gen. Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As the party drew near to me Major Lee reined up his horse and, addressing me in an angry tone, said: 'Lieutenant, don't you know you are disobeying orders? What is your name?'

"I told him my name was McClellan, and that I did not know I was disobeying orders. 'All officers have been told to remain in their quarters and await orders,'

"I replied that no such order had reached me, and he then peremptorily ordered me back to my quarters, and hastened away to join Gen. Scott and the rest of the staff, who had not stopped.

"I returned across the field to my quarters, feeling much injured, for I had not knowingly committed any breach of discipline. I complained to my fellow-officers of Major Lee's treatment of me. Scarcely had I finished my story when I was told that there was an officer outside who wished to see me, and I was greatly surprised to find Major Lee seated there upon his horse. He saluted and I returned the salute.

"Lieutenant McClellan," said he, "I fear that in our meeting just now I was discourteous in tone or manner, and I have come to express to you the regret which, under the circumstances, a gentleman should."

"I assured him that it was all right, and with a salute and a low bow, which I feelingly returned, he rode away, leaving me lost in admiration of a superior officer who could so promptly and generously repair an error."—Baltimore Sun.

"I'll Pat a Head on You."—I was so unfortunate as to be appointed corporal that winter, says a writer, and the first time I went on picket in that capacity an incident occurred which, if it was not the origin of a once familiar term, was the first instance of its use within my recollection, though the emphasis at the time was somewhat different from that used after the phrase became a slang expression. It happened that I was detailed with the first relief, and as we rode to the line the corporal of the old picket accompanied us to show me the line and the various posts, to explain the surroundings and transmit to me the orders, and to call in his own men. As we rode he related a joke that was played upon one of his men while there. Not far from the upper post, and in rear of it, was an old grave. As the victim of the joke went on duty the first time the man whom he relieved told him that at midnight the night before the ghost of a man was seen near that grave riding around on horseback without any head. This so frightened the man that he did not dare to go on duty on the midnight relief, but instead hired a braver comrade to stand his picket for him. When I posted my relief between 11 and 12 o'clock that night this story came into mind, and I thought to have a bit of sport with the man whom I was to leave there all alone at that midnight hour, so I told him the story with all the awe I could put into my tone and manner. But my picket didn't frighten so easily. He was just lighting his pipe, and replied between whiffs:

"Well (puff) if there's a man (puff) comes around here (puff) to-night (puff) without any head on (puff) I'll put a head on him."

He wasn't disturbed during his midnight vigil.—Rochester Times.

Where Men Turn to Stone.—"Every one has heard of the petrified forest of Arizona," said a Tombstone citizen, "but few people are aware that there are springs in the Territory where almost any object can be petrified. Frogs, snakes, lizards and other reptiles have ventured into some of these springs and turned to stone. Leaves, twigs and branches of trees have undergone the same process. But the most remarkable instance is that of a cattail, which has the same name as myself, although no relation. He was in the habit of standing in one of these springs and bathing. He did this for some time, when he began to feel peculiar pains in his feet and ankles, and he stopped, but the pains continued, followed by a numbness that never left them. He lost all control of the muscles of that part of his body, and it was but a few weeks until he realized that his feet had become petrified, and for the past year he has been unable to walk. The rest of his body was somewhat affected, but not so much so, as the water had not submerged him."

Drunkness and Suicide.—Dr. Prinzling, of Ulm, Germany, has now come forward with a remarkable showing of the evils which intemperance is working in the Kaiser's realm. He has shown that more than 30 per cent. of all suicides committed by men in the prime of life are due to drunkenness. This is startling news from a nation so calm and self-contained and so little inclined to nervous excitement as the Germans.

To Read Old Coins.—To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire, when red hot, place the coin under it, and the inscription will plainly appear as a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.

Dot in the Hotel Business.—Admiral Dot, the well-known dwarf, who has exhibited himself all over the world, now runs a hotel at White Plains, Major Atom, also in the same category, is the Admiral's night clerk. They are the smallest bonifaces in the country, but they do a big business for all that.

Among the many good qualities to recommend a woman clerk is this: she doesn't whistle at her work.

DISCIPLINE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

No Appeal from the Orders of the Autocratic Commanding Officer.

As an illustration of the strictness of the discipline on board an American man-of-war, which makes the commanding officer an absolute autocrat, from whose authority there is no appeal, the following story is told: "Aboard one of the vessels lying in Hampton roads—it will be unfair to name which one—is a cadet who comes of a very distinguished family. He has but recently graduated from the Annapolis Academy. There was a charming society woman staying at Old Point Comfort, who was well acquainted with the young fellow's mother and desired to send him a message. Meeting the captain of the boat in the corridor of Chamberlin's Hotel, she said: 'Oh, captain, I am so glad to see you. I wish to send a message to young Blank, who is aboard your vessel, and I would be so much obliged if you would convey it to him.' Said the captain, gravely, with a slight inclination of his body and with just a tinge of hauteur: 'Madam, I will see that he gets it.' There was that in his manner which at once left the impression of an impropriety had been committed, and the lady was almost fearful in her beseechment that she should be told what wrong she had done. Under pressure the gallant mariner finally said: 'Madam, if I came to your house and, having rung the bell, should summon your husband to the doorstep and then should ask him to take from me a message to your cook, I would be guilty of exactly what you have done in the ethics of the navy.' Naturally there was a profuse apology, but the gentleman in the son of Neptune showed himself when he said, with a polite bow: 'Madame, where no offense is intended none can be committed. Let me have your note and I will see that it is delivered.' It was subsequently handed to the coxswain of the captain's launch and through that humble mediumship committed to the young cadet. To some people that may sound like unnecessary strict regimen, but it is to the observance of such small things that is due the marvelous discipline which is discovered on the vessels which fly the flag of the American navy. Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"—Philadelphia Times.

Where Camphor Comes From.

The camphor laurel, from which the greater part of the camphor of commerce is produced, is a native of China, Japan, Formosa, and Cochinchina. It is a hardy, long-lived tree, and sometimes grows to a great size. It has evergreen leaves, yellowish-white flowers in panicles, and is a very ornamental tree, the trunk running up to a height of twenty or thirty feet before branching. The fruit is very much like a black currant.

In the extraction of camphor the wood is first cut into small chips, and the chips are put into a still and steamed. The head of the still is filled with straw, and as the steam carries off the camphor in vapor it is deposited in little grains around the straw.

The crude camphor is then heated in a vessel, from which the steam is allowed to escape through a small aperture. The camphor sublimes in a semi-transparent cake. In the manufacture of camphor the tree is necessarily destroyed, but by a rigid law of the lands in which the tree grows another is planted in the place of everyone that is cut down. The wood is highly valued for carpenter's work.

Camphor was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was first brought to Europe by the Arabs.

A Bird's Bill Locked.

A man found a yellowhammer dead in his yard at the foot of a wall. The bird had flown against it with such force as to be stunned. Not only that, but the upper mandible had been bent back, and in the straightening out the sharp point was driven down through the lower bill and was locked, thus dooming the bird to starvation. A good many similar accidents have been recorded, but it was always a heavier bird, whose weight made the springing of the bill easier. A good many of the birds were found in a starving condition, showing that they died lingering deaths from want of food. Birds that fly against lighthouses have the skull bones crushed and die instantly, but others are stunned only.

Hall in Africa.

The Orange Free State is very nearly as large as England and just as large as the State of New York. It lies from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea and is mostly level, with some low ranges of hills. The surface is bare of wood, except in a few sheltered spots along the streams, but is well covered with herbage. The air is pure and bracing, much like that of Colorado or Wyoming. There are, happily, no blizzards, but violent thunderstorms are not uncommon and the hailstones, sometimes as large as a pigeon's egg, which fall during such storms have been known to kill small animals and even men.

Fashionable Billiard Match.

A model match at billiards was played recently at one of the west end, London, clubs. One player was attired in a full suit of armor and wore on his hands ten Berlin wool gloves; the other wore boxing gloves. The game was 1,000 up, each player giving the other 980. The man with the "mittens" won.

Used to Be an Oath.

"By the holy poker" is a popular abbreviation of an oath that became common during the crusades. "By the holy squelcher" was in the mouths of all Englishmen during the two centuries that the crusades went on.

Don't marry a man who makes a boast of his goodness. Such a man makes a better Sunday school superintendent than a husband.

EGYPT'S NEW ARMY.

Prejudice Against Military Service Is Being Rapidly Overcome.

In one sense the Egyptian army is being tried in the field for the first time. True, it has already its record of victory. The men who are now concentrating on the Upper Nile are a different army from the wretched slave soldiers who broke at El Teb in Baker's disastrous fight, and who followed Hicks to destruction in Kordofan. These were the days when recruits were dragged in chains to the quay or the railway station, the days when parents destroyed their children's sight or crippled a hand or limb that they might escape impressment into the army. Now a new sign of the times—the reservists are coming in without any difficulty, even though they are ordered for service in the once dreaded Sudan. The army is now regarded as an honorable career, and the general feeling is that the Egyptian regiments, if called upon to face a mahdist force on the Upper Nile, will behave as well as they did when they attacked and put to flight Nejdumi's fanatic followers at Toski or broke with steady volleys the Harendawa charge at Afafit, a charge delivered suddenly at close quarters out of thick bush not 200 yards away. But in this sense the campaign is a new experience—that for the first time since Khartoum fell an Egyptian army is not merely holding back the mahdist invasion, but acting on the offensive and boldly pushing southward the outposts of the khalifa's ill-compacted empire. This will be a higher test of the military organization built up by British officers than any mere guarding of a frontier line. That the test will show how well our soldier countrymen have done their work, I have not a moment's doubt.

There are two elements in the new Egyptian army. The Sudanese battalions have already made themselves a reputation which rather eclipses that of their comrades of the Egyptian, or fellahien, regiments. The Sudanese are keen for a fight; if anything, difficult to hold in, so eager are they to blaze away their cartridges or break into a premature dash at the enemy with the bayonet. But the fellahien under good leaders, though not loving fighting for its own sake, are soldiers of a very serviceable type. Obedient, made for disciplined action, trusting their chiefs and waiting for their word, and then acting without hesitation, they are men who under bad leaders might break and give way, but under good officers are more than a match for half-savage enemies. I have heard it said that though they are good behind ramparts they have not yet been tested in the open; but it was a fellahien battalion (the first Egyptian) whose bayonets turned the scale in one of the fiercest moments of the fight at Toski. I hear on good authority that the Khedive is specially anxious that the Egyptian battalions should have the opportunity in this campaign of showing that they can do their duty as soldiers as well as their darker-faced comrades of the Sudanese battalions.—Letter to London News.

Vendettas in Sicily.

In Sicily, young men who are eligible parts have to exercise extreme care in their demeanor toward young unmarried ladies. To dance with them so often as to be remarked, to attempt to talk to them alone, is, to use the ingenious expression of an Italian friend of mine, expected to make you their future-in-law. In the lower classes a vendetta results if a man pays attention to an unmarried girl without marrying her. Vendettas are quite prevalent still. I heard a characteristic and rather amusing story about one the other day. A gentleman's coachman did his part in a vendetta and was sent to prison for a term—there being no capital punishment in Sicily. His master went to visit him in prison, and asked if he could do anything for him. "Yes, signor; if you will pay half a franc a day for me I can have a better room and better food, and a shave." He attached most importance to the shave. If a man sees his brother being murdered, not more than anyone else in the crowd will he do anything to bring the offender to justice. He may not even interfere. But he will take it upon himself as a sacred duty to kill the murderer whenever he has him at his mercy.

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