

POLITICS WORSE THAN WAR.

Why an Old Woman Worried About One of the Soldiers.

From the Washington Star: "A month or so ago," remarked the drummer who sells snuff and barbers goods, "I was out in that part of West Virginia where Grover Cleveland and Joe Miller used to go fishing, and in the course of a side trip I was making in a buckboard, in order to take in some of my customers along the edge of civilization, I stopped one day at a hillside tavern presided over by Aunt Susan Mullins, who is as wise a philosopher as she is superior in the art of preparing a fine mountain dinner. I was resting after feed in the shade, smoking a stogie and talking to Aunt Susan, on the one subject now of interest, to-wit, the war. 'Any of your folks at the front, Aunt Susan?' I inquired. 'None of my own kinfolks is, but Sarey Jackson's boy is, and Sarey is most a sister to me.' 'I suppose you were worried a good deal about him during the fighting before Santiago, weren't you?' I know how I felt about a brother I had with the rough riders. It is a terrible strain on people at home to have to sit still and wait, every minute expecting to hear that they are killed or badly hurt.' 'Yes,' she replied, rather hesitatingly, 'that's mighty bad and uncomfortable, but 'twasn't that what worries me so much about Sarey's boy as his comin' home after the war's over.' 'How do you mean?' I asked, puzzled past understanding, for the home-coming seemed to be the most joyous part of it. 'Well, you see, Jeems is fer all the world like his pappy was—one uv these here good-natured men that everybody likes and is so all-fired popular that they ain't got no time to 'tend to their own business. Jeems' pappy went into the last war and fit like a wild cat, and when he come home the people run him fer the legislator and elected him, and he never wuz with shucks from that day till he buried him. Jeems has fit just like his pappy done, and a constable told me t'other day that they wuz goin' to run Jimmy fer the legislator shore ez shootin' and he'd sweep the county like a whirlwind, and that's what skeers me fer Jeems. Politics is a heap sight wuss on a man than war.'

PORCH PARTIES IN ORDER.

With a Little Ingenuity a Clever Entertainment May Be Arranged.

If you have a veranda, a quarter acre of lawn, and a social debt, these hot days give a porch party. It is delightfully entertaining and distinctly new, says the Philadelphia Press. Make it a musical evening, and invite a couple of friends who can play a bit on the banjo or mandolin and sing. Cards and progressive conversations are other clever ideas. On a table in one corner of the porch have generous pitchers of iced drinks—lemonade, raspberry vinegar, etc.—and keep them well filled throughout the evening. With the beverages offer thin sandwiches of graham bread, with cheese, chopped nuts, olives, or a mayonnaise lettuce leaf. Little home made sponge cakes are nice by way of an additional dainty, or the menu may consist of ginger ale, crackers, cheese and salted almonds. The bonbon dish never goes wrong at a porch party. Dates, stuffed with marshmallows, are new suggestions for filling it. These dainties are easily done at home. The stone of the fruit is dug out with a knife point, and just enough of the marshmallow put in to take its place. A porch party for a dozen friends need not cost more than a couple of dollars—\$2 at most. It is an economical as well as a delightful way of bringing one's friends together.

OLIVES AT SORRENTO.

There Is an Abundant Crop Once in Two Years.

The season when olives are plentiful is called by the contadini "l'anno grasso," or the fat year; the other, when they are scarce, being "l'anno magro," or lean year, says Chambers' Journal. In the month of September the fruit begins to turn a bluish black, but it is not fully colored till October. It is often attacked by small maggots, such as are found in cherries, and often it falls from the trees, but, though the olives are partially spoiled, they are picked off the ground and an inferior kind of oil is made of them. The longer they remain on the trees the better is the quality of oil they produce. In other parts of Italy they are seldom gathered before the month of December, but on the coast of Sorrento it is generally necessary to harvest them earlier. In 1897 the crop was abundant and promised well, but, owing to the want of rains in August, the fruit became dry and shriveled, and when the heavy rains came in September much of it rotted and fell, and most of it had to be gathered before it was entirely spoiled. In such a case the end of October will see the trees entirely despoiled and the fine crop will bring in a poor harvest and produce an inferior quality of oil.

Locomotive Puffs.

The cough, or puff, of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the coughs can, of course, be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

DOCTORS UNDER FIRE.

Daring Adventures in the Field in the War in India.

When the medical history of the last war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger, says the London Lancet. A good instance of this was when Gen. Woodhouse was wounded early in the war. A bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact conditions and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridis crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now, that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the aseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was as successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual, we have many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the midst of danger. Surgeon Capt. Heys arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one ever better merited the reward of the Victoria cross than he. He got nothing; but that is another story. Another medical officer greatly distinguished himself, Surgeon Lieut. Hugo.

ECCENTRIC MRS. BIGELOW.

That Old Story About Ouida Attributed to Her.

Poultney Bigelow, who remarks that some of the soldiers who sailed for Santiago in the transports asked him what the war was about, is the gentleman who went to school with the emperor of Germany and wrote a book about the potatoe, says the Louisville Times. His mother was noted for her frankness of speech and eccentricity, and at one time when her husband occupied a diplomatic post in France the Emperor Napoleon III. placed the imperial box at his disposal one evening. For some reason or other the Bigelows could not attend the opera, so Mrs. Bigelow sent her servants to occupy it and caused thereby no little upheaval in diplomatic circles. It was this lady who called on "Ouida" at her villa in Florence. When the servant took in her card Mrs. Bigelow overheard the authoress saying: "No, I will not see her. Tell her I have no use for Americans." Whereupon the caller was wroth, and, walking into the room where "Ouida" was, she exclaimed: "Won't see Americans? Why, miss, we are the only people who buy and read your nasty books." Instead of getting angry, "Ouida" was delighted with the freshness and audacity of her caller and begged her to come to the villa as her guest, for she would like to make a study of her. Mrs. Bigelow declined.

5,212 TONS; 3,677 FEET.

Largest and Heaviest Train and Strongest Locomotive.

Europe has been profoundly impressed by an event which passed almost unnoticed in America. This was the successful run of a railway train three-quarters of a mile long, by far the longest and heaviest on record. The train was run from Altoona to Columbia, over the Pennsylvania railroad. Its total length was exactly 3,677 feet, its weight behind the tender was 5,212 tons, or, including tender and engine, 5,359 tons. There were 130 open coal cars. They weighed 1,519 tons, the coal weighing 3,693 tons. As delivered to householders in New York and Brooklyn it would be worth \$17,541. The engine itself weighed only 118 tons. Besides its tender, it pulled more than forty-two times its own weight. One engineer and one fireman were thus enabled to do a stupendous task. But few trainmen were necessary, owing to the use of air brakes. Such a heavy train would not be profitable for short hauls or for runs involving many stops, as the cost in time and coal of starting and stopping would be so great. In England, however, and on the continent even freight trains are always short, one engineer and one fireman doing perhaps a quarter of the actual work performed by the battery of engine No. 872, Giant H 5 class.

Deposed Statues in Paris.

Paris is capricious even in the matter of her public statues, which are being constantly dethroned and others set up in their places. The deposed ones are stowed away and there are yards at Auteuil full of them. As for the streets their names, of course, change with every change of wind.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

The View from a Woman's Standpoint—The Difference with Men.

The great incident in a woman's life, and therefore an inevitable one in the woman of fiction, is love. The most constant element in woman's love, in every age or in fiction, is doubt. Even if a woman's confidence in the sincerity of the love she has engaged, few women do not, at times, harbor themselves with the thought that perhaps he man only fancies that he loves her; but in the depth of his heart is buried some other love that may be quickened, but his love, now so ardent, may soon grow dim and gradually fade away. They seem never to permit such questioning to test the merit of the love they give. To the lover these doubts are never well defined—they come only in the unexpected moods that so perplex all lovers. She is unhappy and she does not know why. She is dependent, but cannot define to herself cause for hopelessness. She is wounded, but is unconscious of what hurt her. She feels that her soul has gone out to her love; that she must have it back, but that if it is given back she must die. She is so happy and she is so sad. She feels that she and her lover are all in all to each other, except that she may not be all in all to him. She is devoted to him, but is he devoted to her? And the man, having no understanding of her conscience, simply berates himself for having at some time, somewhere, in some manner, done something to wound the sensitive nature of this dear girl. Or, not being able to find any solution of the trouble, he early comes to resolving every shade of difference through the broad general principle that all women have their moods; that such moods do not really betoken diminishment of affection; and that annoyances of this sort are part of the penalty that man has to pay for the happiness of love. In the matter of love men and women seem to be essentially different. Man always shows an abounding joy in being loved. It is never perfect happiness to woman unless she can mingle at times with the assurance a sweet, gentle melancholy, springing from doubts which, if called to answer, she would indignantly scorn and deny. So it seems ever to have been, and probably it will ever be, so long as this sweet influence, love, impels men and softens women. Perhaps this enhances the pleasure of love. John Keats, with everything of beauty that was to have been to him a joy forever fast fading from his vision and his fleeting breath almost ready to leave his dying body, left, nearly as his last word, that his dearest hope of love was of a "sweet unrest."

Temperature of the Polar Sea.

Some interesting scientific facts have been gleaned during the Nansen expedition. During the earlier part of the cruise the sailors had some rather lively experiences with bears and other animals. North of 84 degrees, however, they found no signs of animal life. The theory is held that if one penetrated sufficiently far he would come to dry land and an open sea. This theory was based on the theory that birds have often been seen flying directly north. It is supposed that these birds may have been thrown out of their course, and became confused by the heavy winds of that locality. Another interesting discovery is that, instead of land, the depth of the water is greatly increased and the variations in the sea temperature were remarkable. The lead reached the depth of over 3,000 fathoms.

Balata Rubber.

Owing to the increased demand for India-rubber, caused by the use of pneumatic tires for bicycles and other vehicles, there is said to be serious danger of a "rubber famine." The method of gathering India-rubber in tropical countries has been exceedingly wasteful because the easiest way, that of cutting down the trees, has too frequently been adopted. The search for substitutes has resulted in making known the virtues of a South American tree called the balata. This abounds in British Guiana, and the rubber produced from it, while not possessing the electric and some other properties of caoutchouc, is said to answer very well for most of the ordinary purposes of India-rubber.

Burning Bank Notes.

The novel spectacle of a steamer being stoked with bank notes was recently witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty-five sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace of the vessel's boiler under the longing eyes of the stokers who stood restively by with an evidently burning desire to possess themselves of at least a handful of that which they somewhat inelegantly styled "rum fuel." The notes were cancelled documents of the Bank of Algiers whose manager superintended the operation of their absolute combustion.

Her Complaint.

Druggist—Yes, madam, I remember very well your buying a stamp. Lady—Well, I put it on a very important letter and posted it. It has not been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again.—Tit-Bits.

Trouble Ahead.

Johnny—Ma, do you believe in ghosts? Ma—No, Johnny—Pa does. Ma—What makes you think so? Johnny—A man ast pa to meet him down town to-night and pa said he would if he could get away from the old spook.—Cleveland Leader.

About 300 organ grinders arrive in London every June from Italy, and leave again about October.

A Map of the United State.

The new wall map issued by the Burlington House is three feet four inches wide by four feet long; is printed in ink on colored paper; shows every state, county, important town and railroad to the Union, and forms a very desirable and useful adjunct to any household or business establishment.

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