

HAVANA HAS A HISTORY.

Cuba's Capital, Now Relegated by Insurgents, Is an Ancient City.

Havana, as the capital, metropolis and chief seaport of Cuba, is one of the best known cities in the American hemisphere. Its splendid harbor, its commercial importance, its climate and the tinge of romance that ever attaches to its people have made its fame world-wide. Havana has about 290,000 inhabitants. It was founded by twenty-three years after the discovery by Columbus and has always been the commercial emporium of the Antilles. It is situated on a beautiful bay, whose entrance from the Gulf of Mexico is by a narrow estuary between two prominent headlands. The entrance is guarded on the east by the famous Morro castle, and on the west by the Castle de la Punta, both built at the close of the sixteenth century.

Havana, in its topography, architecture and every other physical attribute, is essentially Spanish. The houses are identical with the architecture of the south of Spain. They have heavy walls of stone, low ceilings, broad verandas and are built upon narrow streets, which, though well paved, are uncleanly and unpleasant to the eye. Most of the public institutions of Havana are of ancient date. The great cathedral, so well known, was begun in 1524. Here lie, or are said to lie—the claim being denied—the remains of Columbus, transferred thither from Santo Domingo in January, 1796. There are fifteen other churches, nine of which belong to the monastic orders. Two of these churches date from the sixteenth century. The other public edifices of note are the palace of the captain general, situated on Plaza de Armas; the Tacon Theater, one of the largest theaters in the world, equal, in fact, to the famous Scala of Milan; the various provincial offices, the university and the great prison, a vast quadrangular structure, built in 1771. There are also a number of fine hospitals.

Few cities have such beautiful parks and driveways as Havana. The great Plaza de Armas is the chief. It comprises four parks, in the center of which is a statue of Ferdinand VII. Then there is the Alameda de Paula, bordering on the bay, and the Campo de Marte, used as a drill ground for the military. This is an enormous park. It has four handsome gates, named respectively Colon, Cortez, Pizarro and Tacon. The Paseo de Tacon is a magnificent drive with double rows of trees. It has numerous columns and statues, among the latter one of Charles III., ranking among the finest works of art in America.

The commerce of Havana is only surpassed in the new world by that of New York. Two-thirds of the products of Cuba find outlet through Havana. The exports of sugar alone are annually about 120,000,000 pounds. Havana was founded in 1515 by Diego de Velasquez, the conqueror of the island. It was first called San Cristobal de la Habana, in honor of Columbus, but gradually the prefix was dropped. Havana has been frequently attacked from the sea. Drake tried to take it in 1585, but failed. In 1762 a British fleet under Admiral Pocock bombarded the city and compelled it to capitulate, but it was restored to the Spaniards the next year by the treaty of Paris.—St. Louis Glob. Democrat.

Learned in One Lesson.

A truly remarkable story of feline intelligence was lately told by a correspondent of the London Spectator. Indeed, it might fairly be called incredible, only that the correspondent, as will be seen, vouches for its truth. I am induced to send you an account of a remarkable instance of feline sagacity which occurred in my house last week.

About a fortnight ago my black Persian cat brought to the house a young sparrow, and taking it to the front doormat, began stripping it of its feathers. The cook, not approving of the litter made by the said feathers, doubled the mat over and told the cat he must not make such a litter, but strew the feathers on the wrong side of the mat and not on the top.

A fortnight afterward the cat brought in another bird, and marvelous to say, turned the mat—which was a heavy coir mat—over with his claws, and littered the wrong side of it with the feathers, precisely as the cook had told him to do.

This is absolutely true, and without exaggeration.

The Old and New Navy.

The old Constitution could, with her best guns, at 1,000 yards, pierce twenty-two inches of oak about the thickness of her own hull at water-line. The five-eighths-inch steel covering at the Atlanta's water-line had nearly the same resisting power as the Constitution's twenty-two inches of oak. The Atlanta's six-inch guns will, at 1,000 yards, bore through a surface having her own or the Constitution's hull at twenty times the resisting power of water-line. At the same range her eight-inch guns pierce fourteen inches of iron.

They Prove a Boon.

Electric railroads are proving of great benefit to the farmers of this State. The trolley lines run out from the large cities and towns to villages far removed from steam railroad communication, and in several districts arrangements are making to run trolley milk trains, vegetable trains, and the like, to enable farmers to get their produce quickly to market. It is even proposed to run trolley coal trains to supply coal to small towns that now use only wood.—Augusta Journal.

Morse and Morse.

"I am not going to take my meals at the Hash restaurant any longer." "Why not?" "I heard the proprietor tell a delinquent customer to 'pony up'."—Detroit Free Press.

A woman always sits on the floor to get on her stockings.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

How the Voices of Children May Be Trained and Cultivated—Rigid Discipline in Russian Schools—Things a Beginner in Teaching Must Learn.

Training the Voice.

With proper care, it is easy to establish in children a degree of musical perception which will lead them to form correct habits of voice production. Because of their immaturity, the vocal organs of children are peculiarly susceptible to injury. Many labor under congenital defects which are frequently absorbed by those with whom they are constantly brought in contact. This, coupled with a certain degree of carelessness or oversight on the part of both teacher and pupils, leads to "ugly pronunciation, throaty or nasal delivery, and indistinct." Words are "swallowed, jerked out and run together, in a most un pleasing fashion" with no attention to phrasing, accent or rhythm. All this is encouraged by shallow, imperfect breathing and improper position of the body.

Properly managed, however, the voices of most children have one prominent characteristic—that of extreme sweetness, and the work in voice training should be directed to establishing and developing this quality.

Pattern singing, by the teacher (if she has the voice) or by pupils whose voices are pure and resonant, will aid wonderfully in overcoming the faults described above. A bad pattern is usually imitated as readily as a good one, and for this reason voices that

body. 2. Deep but natural breathing. 3. A clear and distinct enunciation with careful attention to making the consonants and singing the vowels. This may be taught by pattern. 4. A light attack upon all notes, diminishing in force as the voice ascends. 5. Proper accent and perfect rhythm in song singing. 6. Correct phrasing of songs as in language reading. 7. Examination of each pupil's voice, keeping a correct record of its power, range and quality, and requiring him to sing the part to which his voice is best adapted.—School Education.

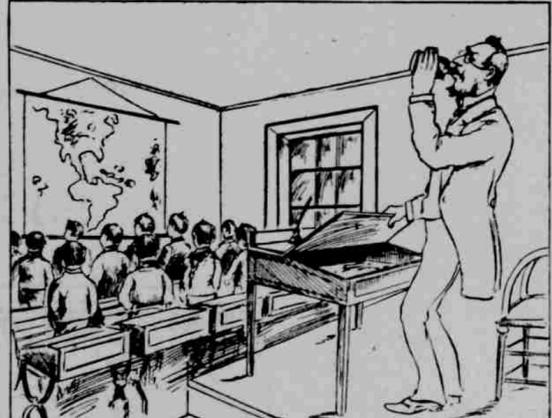
Class Management.

In instructing do not always conduct a class recitation in the same way. Some teachers are governed so entirely by routine that their pupils can almost calculate to a certainty the next action and word. When pupils are busy with mechanical work as in solving problems or writing exercises generally let them work independently of you, all ways of each other; but sometimes observe their work as it proceeds, for in this way you may study mind action. When pupils are left too much to themselves, we do not know how much of that which they produce correctly is by accident. We should avoid the other extreme, or helping pupils too freely; help them to help themselves. It is better not to call on the poorest scholar at the opening of the recitation, for it produces discouraging results and clogs the progress of the lesson; nor should we call on the bright pupils altogether; the effect is not good on their minds while the minds of the dull ones remain inactive. Be patient with slow pupils; if one does not respond to your question, shape it differently, try to adapt it to his mind, and then gradually retrace your steps to

RYE ALL AROUND.



Teacher—Now, children, stand up and face the map for a moment, and see if you can tell me in what part of Virginia the Rye Valley is located.



And then he got in his fine work.

tend to contaminate the tone of the whole class should be brought under subjection. It is a good plan to seat such pupils in front where they will be under constant surveillance of the teacher.

Soft singing is the first principle of voice training. Harsh, strident tones are usually produced by forcing the voice; hence, the teacher should allow no amount of tone beyond that which the children can produce with perfect ease.

The methods of training suited to the voice of adult singers would result in injury to children's voices if used to a great extent in the schoolroom. In singing, children have the advantage over older people. While adults are studying how to arrange the vocal organs and "place the voice" properly, children just open their mouths and sing; the tone becomes an object of thought and the vocal organs naturally relax to give expression to the sweet melody within. In teaching children to sing, it must be remembered that we are dealing more properly with minds than with throats. We may teach them by imitation to open their mouths gracefully, but devices for "placing the voice" are, as a rule, useless in the schoolroom. Move the soul with "concord of sweet sounds" and the voice will "place" itself.

Children in their enthusiasm often sing too loud and carry the broad, open quality of the lower notes to the upper register, thus producing shouts instead of the beautiful head tones so desirable in all singing. As the voice ascends it should diminish in force but not in brilliancy.

Many principles of voice culture, pronunciation, phrasing, etc., used in language, reading and elocution, can be applied advantageously in teaching singing.

During the singing exercise, teachers should insist upon the observance of the following points:

1. An erect but easy position of the

original inquiry. Always put your questions to the entire class; name the one to answer afterward; this serves to hold the attention of all. Usually name the pupils; do not say, "who knows?" The tendency is for some to neglect to try and summon their little stock of knowledge. Sometimes put a question and incite ambition by asking, "How many know?" or "Who knows?" Have but little concert recitation, however, except in review. Insist on attention, but seek rather to win than to enforce it. Be sure the attention is genuine and not feigned.—Ex-

Things a Beginner Must Learn. To assume and exercise authority. To estimate the intellectual and moral capacity of children.

To assign reasonable tasks. To instruct one class while conscious of the presence and conduct of other pupils.

To teach and illustrate each particular topic in each branch.

To keep all work in mind and correlate the various school exercises so that they may tend toward a definite and distinctly seen end.

To so direct the school as to keep each pupil constantly busy with work that is educative.

To overcome special defects in training, habits and temperament of pupils.—Missouri School Journal.

For Primary Teachers.

Arouse the minds of your pupils. Give them something to do.

Tell only what you cannot get your pupils to tell you.

Make your pupils talk about what you told them.

Review everything that is taught. Make the lessons brisk and brief. Enlist timid and dull pupils.

Cultivate sympathy with your pupils.—School Herald.

The molar teeth are hard to pull, because their roots are bifurcated, and thus have a much better hold in the jaw.



CHAPTER XI.

Colonel Grey's suit had hitherto certainly not met with the success it deserved. Even he, stolid and impregnable to rebuffs as he had seemed, was beginning to fear that his perseverance was misplaced.

"Colonel Grey has been here. He has done you the honor of asking your hand, Diana." Mr. Knollys said to his daughter, earnestly, one day.

"An honor which I respectfully beg to decline, though of course alive to the tremendous advantages of such a marriage," she returned, with a sweeping courtesy.

"Don't talk nonsense, Di. Whom do you intend to marry?"

"Why, really papa—she began; but he stopped her sharply and went on: "You are twenty-five—"

"Twenty-six and a bit," she admitted, candidly, interrupting him in her turn.

"The more reason you should be thinking of settling down. I can tell you that in this country men begin to fight shy of a girl who at your age is single still."

"Diana was speechless with laughter and surprise. Was her father going to be the first to turn renegade from the creed that he had taught her?"

"You would rather I made a messaliance than not marry at all?" she questioned, blankly.

"Tut, tut! There is no question of a messaliance in this case. I should never be ashamed of Colonel Grey if he were my son-in-law."

"Would you be proud?" she asked, looking searchingly into his face. "And should I be proud of acknowledging a parish doctor as my father-in-law? Papa, you can't be contemplating such a match in earnest!"

"His sister is Lady St. Maur. His cousin is the celebrated Q. C., and he has interest at the Horse Guards."

"If he were very rich I could understand it," went on Diana, thoughtfully.

"He is not so good a match in point of money as Mr. Graeme, of course; but still—"

"His daughter confronted him pale and trembling.

"Do you mean, papa, that you could ever forget his connection with trade, that you would allow me to marry Mr. Graeme even if I wished it, and—"

"My dear, I should be only too pleased," replied the Commissioner, fumbling among his papers, as though politely to imply that just then he could better bear her absence than her presence. But so long a silence ensued that he fixed his glasses on his nose, and looked through them at his daughter.

She was blushing like a rose, at the thoughts that were passing through her mind, but Mr. Knollys frowned. It was wounded pride that had sent the color to her cheek, and hastened to make his meaning clear.

"I don't deny, Diana, that I was very ambitious for you at first. At twenty—when I went home on furlough, before your poor mother died, you remember—you were the loveliest girl I had ever seen—no position seemed to me then higher than you had a right to fill—the divine right of beauty, my dear. You are handsome still, but not as you were six years ago. You are older now, of course, and somehow you have never been a great favorite with men. Forgive my plain speaking, Di."

"I dare say you are only cruel to be kind," she answered, quickly, too proud to let him see how hurt she was. "I won't keep you from your work, papa."

She did not put into words the thought that crept into her mind with insidious sweetness, yet with a little sadness, that if her father had ceased to expect great things for her, she need not certainly impute herself on the shrine of ambition. Ever since she had first discovered what she then considered her mad love for the son of the Scotch brewer, she had striven hard to stamp it out, or at least to live it down. She had never allowed herself to dwell on the happiness such a love might have been, if it returned it. Scarcely had she asked herself whether he could ever care for her or not; she had always striven to throw him and Jane Knox together whenever it was possible. But now—now?

She went to Mrs. Dene's that same morning, and found Val Graeme there as he generally was. Jane was there, too, looking pale and tired, but she went to meet Diana with a welcoming smile.

"It is three whole days since you have been here," she said, reproachfully. "Come round the garden for a chat."

She nodded somewhat cavalierly to the young fellow, who was on his knees mending her tennis bat, as she left the room.

"Mrs. Dene will be here in a few minutes," she called out cheerfully over her shoulder.

Diana, who secretly looked up when Mr. Graeme greeted her, only including him in a genial "how do," felt angry with Jane, then inconspicuously pleased. Perhaps it was only so, by her indifference, that he might look elsewhere for appreciation.

It was a humiliating admission, nevertheless, she was obliged to confess to herself, that she would have no chance against the Quartermaster's daughter were any rivalry to be between them. It was strange what a fascination that girl had for such widely different natures, and she pleased without effort, even against her will. She had thwarted Diana's attempt to make a mercenary marriage with the two eligibles in the station, the Hon. Barry Larron and Stephen Prinsop—was she to spoil her love, too? It was with a jealous infection in her tones that she said presently:

"I am afraid I interrupted your tete-a-tete."

"A tete-a-tete that bade fair to last all day—with a rebellious put. "He came

to breakfast, and then Mrs. Dene was very busy, so left me to entertain him. I was very glad indeed you came."

"Is that true?"

"Yes, of course. Why, you don't think—"

"Jane stopped short, meeting the other's searching glance. She knew she was being cross-questioned, but for one moment did not quite see for what object."

"Jane," asked Diana, solemnly, "do you mean to marry Mr. Graeme?"

"No. What an idea!"—with the gleam of a smile.

"Then," desperately—"why don't you show him so plainly and—and let others see."

"Diana," said Jane, demurely, as they were still beyond ear-shot, "I don't think I shall have much to explain after all. There was certainly nothing of flirtation, nothing even personal in our long conversation to-day. It had just struck me that Mr. Graeme was talking nearly all the time about you."

"There was no pallor nor pride in Miss Knollys' face now, she was blushing like any schoolgirl as they reached Mrs. Dene's side, and she could scarcely stammer out a suitable remark. An odd mixture of shame and triumph made her quite unlike herself. She was afraid to meet Jane's eyes lest she should guess what keen hope her words had awakened. Directly she could she took her leave, only too glad to be alone to think."

And now Jane had something to consider. Her thoughts lately had been centered on her own affairs, and she was weary of trying to solve the vexed problem of how best to unravel the tangled skein of difficulties that beset her. It was a relief to turn her attention to something else, if only for a short time. She knew Valentine Graeme had admitted—been near loving her, in fact, before her engagement to Colonel Prinsop was announced, and that again of late his interest in her had seemed to be reviving; but she had known too much of really passionate love, the love associated, alas, with sin and sorrow, to believe that his affection was very deeply seated.

An opportunity to talk with Valentine alone occurred later in the day. He had stayed to luncheon, and afterward all three were gathered round the fire, he chatting to Mrs. Dene, and Jane deep in thought as to how she could best bring about an explanation. Then some household duty called Mrs. Dene away, and the two were left alone.

"How nice this idle time is!" observed Valentine, demurely; then, with one of his flashes of fun, he added, comically, "Don't spoil it by trying to amuse me."

She laughed. It was an old joke against her that she took the verb "to entertain" too literally. It must have been in some measure due to her Scotch blood, or that unconsciously some memory of the old, more practical life in barracks remained with her; at any rate she never allowed the mind of any visitor to stay long unoccupied, and when Valentine spent the day with them as now, there was no chance of his finding any leisure time to misapply.

Mrs. Dene had noticed first how Jane provided all her guests with albums and books of views, then sat near primly explaining or decanting on their merits. Since then it had become a universal joke.

Now, however, she wanted only to talk, and said so.

"I'm so afraid," said Val, thoughtfully, "I have exhausted my originality. I don't believe I have another remark to make. You could hardly expect it after a whole day's uninterrupted conversation."

"That's just it. Why do you come so often?" hurried out Jane.

He pushed his chair back from the fire, and sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean that I am unwelcome—that I come too often?" he exclaimed, blankly.

"Suppose," she said, with a faint smile hovering on her lips, "that all this time, while you have been fancying so differently, you have been in reality steadily but unconsciously falling in love with some one ever so much prettier and nicer than I"—an obstinate shake of the head from Val, which she ignored. "Suppose too, that she is beginning to care for you in return. And suppose you should be fortunate enough to win such a beautiful bride, and there should be a wedding—and I should be there, so glad, oh, so glad to see two such good friends happy!"

Valentine flushed like a girl, and his heart was beating quickly. Was it possible that what she said was true—that he really did love Diana best? he thought to himself.

"And you, Jenny?—how is it to be with you?" asked Valentine.

"With me? Oh, never mind me!" she replied, with her face still turned away.

"But I do mind you very much. Tell me," he said, deliberately—for he had weighed the matter in his mind, and concluded that he was not so deeply in love with Diana, but that he had a very reasonable chance of happiness with Jane if she decided to accept him; she had the first claim upon his affections, and it would not be such a terrible sacrifice after all—tell me, would you not be happier if you married me? You know me better than nearly any one else, and I would take good care of you, be sure. Don't you think you could be content with me?"

She turned quickly and placed her hands in his. She understood him at once, and saw more clearly than he saw himself that he was offering to give up his own happiness for hers.

"How good you are—how good you are!" she murmured. "Indeed, I am very grateful; but what you suggest could never be. Never, never, never." She repeated firmly, as he made a movement to speak.

Both remained silent for a moment, then she spoke again.

"I must go and find Mrs. Dene now. Thank you so much for everything you have said; and good-by."

As Valentine wended his way home to the mess, he too had something to consider.

CHAPTER XII.

It could not naturally remain long a se-

cret to Mrs. Dene that something had happened to keep Valentine from the house, and when she questioned Jane, the answer was given frankly enough.

"Mr. Graeme was halting between two opinions, whether he liked Diana or me the better, so I helped him to decide. He actually did not know that he was in love with Diana till I told him."

"And so last him for yourself," said Mrs. Dene, with a suspicious reticence in her tone.

Jane lifted her eyebrows slightly.

"I did not want him. I never intend to marry at all."

Mrs. Dene was silent. It occurred to her that it might really end so. First the Colonel, and then the Sergeant, the lover of former days, had been dismissed, and afterward the little A. D. C. and Harry Larron. Now the Adjutant was sent away. She was losing all her lovers.

But after a few days she found occasion to alter her opinion. Colonel Prinsop had been three times to the bungalow on three successive mornings. True, he had stayed only a short time on each occasion, and he always came with a declared object; yet some subtle change in his manner betrayed that he no longer even wished to believe himself indifferent to Jane. And Jane, what were her feelings on the subject? She determined to find out.

"Jenny," she said that same evening, as they sat together after their quiet dinner, "I wonder why Colonel Prinsop has been here so often lately?"

Jenny's head was bent low over her work as she answered:

"You and he were always good friends."

"And are still. But if his coming were disagreeable to you—is it disagreeable to you, Jenny?"

She raised her eyes. Mrs. Dene sat opposite to her, her knitting needles flashing in and out of her fleecy work, the fire-light glancing upon her short curls and down-turned face. It struck Jane how young and winning she looked. A sharp fear assailed her that in this might be the secret of Stephen Prinsop's visits lately. Her husband had been dead a year now.

Jane, like many others, had never thought there had been any deep affection between Captain Dene and his wife; therefore it was the more likely she would marry again, and what so probable as that the old friendship that had always been between her and the Colonel should develop into something sweeter?

"Is it?" repeated Nora Dene, softly.

"No; why should it be?" was the reply given in clear, metallic tones. "We have both forgotten everything—everything that might make it uncomfortable for us to meet."

A slight incredulous glance, but nothing more. They should have their own way. Mrs. Dene decided, and came together if so inclined, without any interference from her.

The following morning Colonel Prinsop went to the bungalow again. Jane was outside, but fled in-doors when she saw him in the distance. As he passed where she had been, he glanced to see what she had been doing. A large flower-pot of cuttings was standing there with several smaller ones ranged beside it, and on the ground lay a large silver ring that she had taken off before she had begun her work, and in her rapid flight had forgotten. It was the ring she always wore on the third finger of her left hand, and which Colonel Prinsop had once thought might be a sign of her betrothal to Jacob Lynn. Now he lifted and examined it curiously. It was evidently of Indian workmanship, quaintly embossed, and so made that it seemed like three rings joined. As he fingered it, the center section moved beneath his touch. It turned completely, and he saw that below lay a plain wedding ring. It could only be the one that he had thrown down in anger the day they were to have been married.

Under his fair mustache his lips quivered in half-amused emotion, his eyes grew wondrously soft in their expression; he felt tempted to forego his waiting game, and following Jane, confront her with this proof of her love for him.

Yet he knew he should only be courting another refusal. He said a moment to harden himself a little to the blow, and to play, and then slipping back the tiny shifting panel, took out the plain gold hoop, and let the outside case, still open, drop upon the ground. It rolled close to a small stream that ran through the compound, so near that the inner ring might well be supposed to have fallen into the water instead of reposing safely as it did in Colonel Prinsop's waistcoat-pocket. Then he went through the open door into the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Dene alone. He had come ostensibly to tell the ladies of some regimental sports, which were to take place that afternoon, and ask permission to escort them there.

Mrs. Dene readily consented, "if," she supplemented, "Jane would go."

"Then I had better wait till she comes," observed Colonel Prinsop.

(To be continued.)

Love and Labor.

Love lives to labor; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as idle love. Look in your heart and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service.

Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist.

What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer?

"Why love makes one a slave! It tolls night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven.

There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love.

By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved by the spectacle.

A Dirigible Balloon.

Like the sea serpent, the inventor of the dirigible balloon travels eastward, ho! He is now in Canton, China. An extra smart mandarin, Ti Lien Fou, lately invented a really dirigible balloon, and that has been seen traveling through the air at various heights and in every direction, "even during terrific storms." It is constructed wholly of steel. The Lien Fou, it is said, will shortly come eastward, ho! to see Edison at Menlo Park in regard to further "improvement" of this aéroserpentine wonder.