

King Chulalongkorn must not take offense if the American paragraphs cut off that "longkorn" and call him "Chula."

The Greeks call their native country "Hellas." If they keep on in their present course they won't need that last syllable much longer.

The doctors say that there is no such thing as appendicitis; but don't worry, they'll find something else equally as good for carving purposes.

The Minneapolis Tribune tells of a reporter who was held up by footpads and robbed of \$30. But it doesn't say whom the reporter had held up.

Two French noblemen have agreed to run a race to decide which is to have a certain American heiress in Paris. Making a dash for her dot, as it were.

Two thousand pretty, rosy-cheeked Irish lassies have arrived at Ellis Island, and the entire New York police force is now on dress parade all the time.

A California Japanese poet says he sees "maiden goddesses love-chattering in the clouds." This seems to be the latest revised form of that air ship story.

Since that variety actress secured a \$10,000 verdict for being stuck up in a folding bed in a Chicago hotel it is practically impossible to get theatrical folks to use any other kind of beds.

A Chicago alderman was held up and robbed the other day, and the judge had a hard time in compelling the jury to find the thief guilty. They wanted to bring in a verdict of "retributive justice."

A contemporary in Sparta, Tenn., says: "We have heard it rumored that there may be a wedding in this town some time this summer." We shall await later details with the most pleasurable anticipations.

One maple tree in Vermont sometimes yields twenty-four gallons of sap, or six pounds of sugar. New maple syrup in that State sells for \$1 a gallon. It may be judged from the fact that not much of it gets scattered over the country.

A postmistress over in Ohio has lost her government position by getting married. This is very illogical on the part of the government; the young woman couldn't possibly have better demonstrated her ability to manage the mails.

Anybody can be photographed as an angel in these times. It is only necessary to lie down on a slanted piece of plate glass with a sky painted beneath, and then gauze and light draperies do the rest. But the artist will not warrant the expression.

A theatrical paper announces that "Miss Katie Parrington, who has played Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for the last thirty-five years, has abandoned the part because she has grown too large to sustain it with ease." Too large, mark you, not too old; they never do that.

Manchester and Liverpool, which are only an hour apart by rail, are fighting a great commercial duel. Manchester has spent an enormous sum to construct a ship canal to divert the trade of Liverpool, and the latter city has put \$45,000,000 into a new system of docks. It looks wasteful, but rival neighboring cities are not apt to agree until the question of superiority is settled.

A learned professor who has been lecturing on American music says that an ordinary voice cannot give "The Star-Spangled Banner," while "Yankee Doodle," our only revolutionary song, should have perished with the others. Besides, it was palmed off on us by a British army surgeon. What a mistake that surgeon must have made, in the opinions of Burgoyne, Cornwallis and Pakenham!

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: Within the past week two men engaged in contests under the Marquis of Queensberry rules have died from the effects of blows received. One was the heart blow and the other the chin blow. It is time to ask how long such exhibitions are to be suffered to continue. They are not only brutal, but they have been shown to be homicidal in many cases. Public opinion should not stop short of demanding the complete suppression of these barbarous public exhibitions.

Further theodolite measurement of the flight of wild birds at a meteorological station near Boston indicates that wild geese make about forty-four miles an hour, and wild ducks forty-eight miles, and that the average height at which they travel is from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. A higher speed has been inferred, from the fact that wild birds striking a house often drive their bills down their own throats, but in any case their velocity can hardly be more than a mile a minute.

Two of the most interesting automobiles now working within the limits of the United States are those used by the government for counting and trying to find out how many small bundles. These were made in Connecticut.

and the two are capable of counting five hundred thousand cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long "fingers" which come up from below, and another finger dips into a vat of mullage and applies itself to the wrapping paper in exactly the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards, and then a "thumb" presses over the spot where the mullage is, and the package is thrown upon a carry belt ready for delivery.

Several more or less dangerous articles of chemical manufacture are becoming so largely employed for a variety of useful purposes now that some restrictions as to their sale, conveyance, and storage are imperative. Thousands of gallons of "liquid" carbonic acid gas in steel cylinders under high compression may now be seen every day being conveyed in carts from place to place, and similarly other gases are stored under pressure in "tubes," as, for example, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, and so on, all of which may expose the public to danger. Solid bricks of metallic sodium, again (kept under naphtha, of course), are every day carried from port to port as part of a ship's cargo, and very serious accidents have occasionally arisen from the intermixture of various chemicals on board ship by the damaging effect of a rough passage upon the packages. Still another chemical substance of comparatively recent discovery is carbide of calcium, which on simply being comminuted gives off the exceedingly inflammable gas, acetylene, which, with air, forms an explosive mixture.

While American photographers have been denying the possibility of photographing in colors some French artists and scientists have actually produced with the camera pictures conveying the colors of the original subject, and this, too, in no crude manner, but with the utmost fidelity to nature. Samples of this work are now on exhibition in New York and are pronounced genuine and remarkable by the experts in the science. The inventor is Villiedeu Chassagne of Paris, who has developed a process originally suggested by Dr. Adrian Dunsac and revealed for the first time last winter. He uses a plate which has been submitted to certain treatment, after which the exposure and development are accomplished in the same way that they are when an ordinary photograph is made. The pictures may be made either on glass or paper. The only secret is the composition of the chemicals used. This is the property of the inventor, but, of course, as he intends to put the composition on the market it will not be long before the pictures will be made wherever photography exists. If the process is really perfected the climax of photographic art must have been reached, unless, indeed, some future Edison will combine with what has already been done the reproduction of sound.

The flood situation in the South has revived the old discussion as to the relative advantages of the levee and the outlet systems. The advocates of the latter maintain, with a good show of reason, that to attempt to wall up a mighty river like the Mississippi will entail endless struggles and expense and can never afford absolute security. A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, after a careful survey of the situation all along the river from Cairo to Vicksburg, gives it as his opinion and the general opinion of steamboatmen and planters, that "the levees must go." This is easily enough said, but it is not so easy to indicate a plan which at the same time will carry off the flood waters and prevent the annual inundation of thousands of acres of the richest land in the world. The outlet system seems to be simple enough in the abstract, but when its advocates attempt to show just how they will care for the flood waters and at the same time not extend the ravages of the floods over even vaster areas than at present through the crevasses, they have hitherto failed. In the meantime still another serious danger confronts the people of the river towns, especially of Vicksburg. At the relief camp and in the city there are now between 8,000 and 10,000 refugees from the flooded districts of Mississippi and Louisiana, and these flood victims are crowded together in conditions that invite and breed disease. After the floods subside famine and pestilence may follow in their train and the last condition be worse than the first.

Sea Water for London. A bill has been prepared to lay before Parliament and estimates made for the work necessary to bring sea water to London for use in public and private baths and for road watering and sewer flushing should the authorities deem it best to make such use of it.

The company to undertake the work is arranging to supply ten million gallons daily, taking the water from the ocean at a point near Brighton, about fifty miles almost directly south of London. The intake pipe would run some distance out to sea, and near the pumping station would be a reservoir to serve as a settling tank, from which the water would be pumped to a nearby reservoir on a hill five hundred feet high. No more pumping would then be necessary, the water flowing thence by gravity to London, but there would also be a storage reservoir at Epsom, two hundred and forty feet above the sea level, and water flowing from there to London would have sufficient pressure to carry it to the top stories of high buildings.

The biggest fool trick possible is demanding that the world be better than it was ever intended it should be, to get a reputation of being good.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

Letters in a War Time. During the civil war the government expended infinite pains in forwarding mail to the troops in the field, says an old army man. We talk now of the wonders of our postoffice organization, but perfect as the system is it is not more perfect than was the system which carried thousands of letters unerringly to the million or more of men in distant camps in a hostile country, even to the line of battle formed for attack. There was carelessness in direction then as there is now, but the experts traced out the man whose name was confused with some other and whose company was not given, until finally the letter reached the right man. The custom then was for a letter to be addressed to the company, regiment, brigade and division of the army in which the soldier was supposed to be. Mail for a certain division went to the headquarters, was distributed to the brigades and regiments, and by the regimental headquarters to the companies, and by the company officers to the men. It sometimes happened that a letter in case of army reorganization was addressed to the Fourth Division when it should have gone to the Third; went to the Fourth Corps, when it should have gone to the Fourteenth, but if the number of the regiment was correctly given it reached its destination. The government provided that all letters from the soldiers should be forwarded without postage if they bore the frank of the adjutant or colonel. This was a great convenience to the men, because it was almost impossible for them to secure or carry postage stamps. Packages of papers sent to the boys were more conscientiously delivered than they are in these times. In fact, the postal system of the army was a wonderful thing. I remember losing but one letter, and that was on a train captured by John Morgan.

The pathetic side of the letter business came when the warm messages of affection and love from sweethearts, sisters and mothers came to the men who had been shot or fatally wounded, or who were raving with fever in the hospital. The most trying duty of company or regimental officers was the handling of such correspondence. It required tact, sympathy, and understanding of human nature, and a heart full of consideration and tenderness. Occasionally there would come to a man dead a letter full of reproaches and petty complaints, written by a woman whose nerves were on the edge and who complained to her absent husband through force of habit. The plain, blunt, misspelled words and misspelled letters seemed in such cases instruments of torture stopped by the dead heart. In one case of this kind the captain wrote simply a formal statement of the soldier's death, assuming that a woman who could write so many petulant things could have little sentiment or warm feeling. He was surprised to receive in reply a most touching letter asking for all details and particulars and explaining how precious was the memory of everything connected with the dead soldier. This letter revealed the real woman, and when we returned we found in her home so many relics of the men of the company and such hero worship of the husband who had died in battle that recollection of the petulant, complaining letter went out of mind.

There were many men in the service who could neither read nor write. We had half a dozen men of this kind in our company, and it fell to my lot to conduct the correspondence of some of them. They were face-looking, brave fellows, and for several months not many knew that they could not read nor write. They affected a knowledge they did not have. One day a burly young fellow sidled up to me in a bashful, confiding sort of way, and inquired if I could read all kinds of writing. I supposed that he wanted to know if I could read German or French, and I explained that I could only read English, and he explained that he only wanted me to read English written by an Irish girl. Thereupon he pulled out of an inner pocket six letters unopened, which he had received from his daughter. Taking up the letters in order I read the most remarkable chapters in a young life that ever came within the line of one man's observation. This girl was in the poorhouse. She began by telling how comfortably she was situated. In the next letter she admitted that she was not comfortable, but if her father could send her a very little money she would not be miserable. In the next letter she told of persecution and trouble. In the next, which came from another postoffice, she told the story of her running away from the infirmary and of her seeking a home among strangers. The letters were girl's letters, but they told the story, and the stout, strong fellow before me covered like he had been struck. With the pitiful appeal in the last letter he broke down.

The thought that he had carried these letters all the time, not showing them because of a pride, and through this false pride, was a bitter one. I thought of the girl, as he explained, the only girl in the world that loved him; and I thought that he could have helped her, and that was a very bitter one. I told my first correspondence at that point, the girl, I wrote another, and finally there came a note in the

mentation was once opened relief was ready. The father could not do too much for the daughter, and all his savings went to her. Through industry exerted by the officers of the company she was placed in school, and after the war became one of the most influential women in her circle in a Southern city.

Guerrillas Scared by Mules. "The worst fright I ever had was caused by a drove of young mules," said Frank James, who was one of Quantrell's most daring night riders.

A detachment of Quantrell's command was suddenly and unexpectedly unhorsed in Western Kentucky about the middle of the war. I was one of them. There were ten of us in the party. We hustled around in lively fashion for new horses, and could not afford to be very squeamish about the style of the animal or the means employed in acquiring them, for the enemy was close upon us and pursuing us hotly. Along toward night we came upon a pasture filled with a motley array of horses and we helped ourselves to them. In the bunch was an old mare with a big bell tied around her neck. Of course, we knew that this meant she was the leader of the drove. But we pressed her into service, anyway, and away we struck down a rocky branch road. You don't know what a rocky branch road is unless you have had to travel over one in Western Kentucky. It is no road at all, but simply a level bank along a branch, or small creek, that flows through a valley between the high hills, which in most any other country would be called mountains.

"Well, we were going lilkly-split down this rocky branch road toward our command. It was soon after dark, but it was as black away down in that ravine as the innermost recesses of the infernal regions are supposed to be. Though we were riding fast and making a good deal of noise, we could hear a tremendous commotion in our rear. We halted to determine the nature and cause of it. The uproar sounded like a cavalry charge, and we concluded that a whole division of Federal cavalry was pursuing us. We resumed our course under whip and spur, and louder grew the noise in our rear. It sounded exactly as if the enemy was gaining on us at every lap, and I suggested that we shy off into the bushes and wait for the Yanks to come up. Then we could surprise and rout them. On the mad rush came with a mighty clatter of hoofs on that rocky branch road. As the uproar grew louder and more distinct, we knew the enemy was nearing us and we threw ourselves into line of battle.

"Pretty soon we heard the clatter just over the brow of a hill from our position and we cocked our guns, ready to throw a broadside into the onrushing Yanks as soon as they showed themselves on the hill's crest. In another instant a black mass could be seen sweeping over the knoll. Then we thought probably it might be some of our own men, and that before sending our deadly fire into the mass it would be best to find out what composed it. We shouted 'Halt!' at the top of our voices, but still the mass continued to sweep toward us. Then we fired a volley into it. The flash of our guns made a brilliant red streak in the lanky blackness, and through it we saw a lot of young mules. They had broken out of the pasture when they discovered the absence of the bell mare, and their instinct had guided them in our direction in search of her.

"I have no idea how many of them we killed, but I do know that I was mad enough when I got over my fright to shoot them all down, and would probably have done so if it had not been for the fear that the cannonading we had already indulged in had aroused the enemy and put him onto the direction we had taken."—St. Louis Republic.

Meade and His Men. General Horace Porter relates the following anecdote of General Meade in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century:

General Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information, had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth any one's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me 'Old Pills,' and I would like to have it stopped." Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: "Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of them called me a 'd—d old goggle-eyed snapping turtle,' and I can't even stop that!" The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

THE END IS NOT YET.

STEADY FALL IN PRICES FOR SIX YEARS.

Prosperity Has Likewise Declined—Time for the People to Study Up—Government Able to Do Its Own Banking—Some Facts on Finance.

The decline in the prosperity of this country has been coincident with the decline in prices. In the latest Bradstreet's current report of prices this fact is proved by figures enabling us to measure our disaster. The figures cover movements of prices in ninety-eight staple articles. They are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Date and Price Index. Rows include dates from January 1, 1890 to May 1, 1897, with corresponding price index values ranging from 114.171 to 74.193.

The figures cover a period of six and a half years from October 1, 1890, to May 1, 1897. The highest index number is that of October 1, 1890, being 114.171. From that point there was a steady decline of two or three points every two or three months, until January 1, 1893, the low point of 90.797 had been reached.

The next quotation following that is of April 1, 1893, Cleveland had been inaugurated March 4, preceding, and with him had come a Democratic House and Senate. The country, which had voted for a departure from the Republican financial policies which had forced low prices and their consequent industrial prostration, had taken courage and prices advanced. The figure representing prices at the beginning of April, 1893, was 101.790, a gain of more than eleven points above the figures at the beginning of that year, showing the effect of the popular belief that a sweeping change of policy was to come in with the new administration.

How the country was disappointed is too recent history to need retelling here. Before Cleveland had been in office two months it was known that his financial policy was that of the Republicans, with the addition that silver was to be still further degraded. Carlisle began redeeming all government obligations in gold. The silver bullion in the treasury remained uncollected. And Congress, under the lash of patronage, gave no sign of effective resistance to the Wall street conspiracy.

Then the reaction set in. Between April 1 and July 1, 1893, prices dropped from 101.790 to 85.289, and from there the drop has been continuous, with one or two exceptions, as unimportant as they were transient, until the latest marketing, that of May 1, 1897, less than a month ago, was 74.193.

And the bottom is not yet reached. The tendency is still downward. Some day a historian will write the record of this crime in burning words. Until then we have these figures to tell the history of the ruin of a people.—Farm News.

Time to Study Up.

Who made this nation anyhow? Who built its homes, from its lowest hut to its grandest palace? Who made its settlements, from its smallest village to its mightiest city? Who built its railroads that span with glittering threads of steel this vast continent, and interlock as with fraternal hands the various States of this, the great republic of all time? Who felled the forest and turned the virgin sod? Who drew from nature's storehouse and transformed to meet the needs of men all that furnishes necessities or comforts, or supplies the luxurious demands of advancing civilization?

Did idlers do it? Did bondholders do it? Did speculators do it? Not much. These are they who toil not, neither do they spin. These are they who gather where they have not sown, who reap where they have not sown, who get while they do not produce, who curse and burden those who toil, and bless them not. These are the classes who, since history has chronicled the doings of men, have, in every land and in every clime, enslaved those who feel and made them all they are. These are they who have wrecked and ruined the mighty empires and republics of the past whose bleaching bones strew the highways of human progress.

To-day nine-tenths of our people suffer in this land of boundless resources, because idle creed and sham moneyed aristocracy jealous of its power, entrenched behind laws made by themselves, have stolen from God's children their birthright to natural opportunities. How long are the many to toil like slaves while the few revel in luxuries unearned? How long are those who add nothing to advancing civilization to live like princes and on the proceeds of your toil while you and your families struggle in poverty?

It is time for the common citizen to study up. Idlers amass wealth by only a few methods. One is land speculation. One is interest taking. One is by railroad ownership. One is by tel-

graph ownership. One is by telephone ownership. One is by owning waterworks. One is by owning light plants. One is by owning street car lines. One is by owning gas works. One is by monopolizing lines of business which should be open to all.

No individual or corporation should do any of these things. Private individuals and corporations formerly owned the mail system and taxed the people what they pleased for carrying mail. They also owned the public road, and taxed every one who traveled. They owned the school system and none could get an education except the well to do.

Part of these systems have been changed to the great advantage of the public. The rest must be changed before justice will reign supreme. We must be entirely free from public debts, and no individual or corporation should have the power to tax the people on the necessities of civilization.—Educator, Vineland, N. J.

Facts on Finance.

The only countries that have escaped the financial embarrassments of the past ten years and continued to improve industrially have been silver standard countries, while the country that has suffered more perhaps than any other is gold standard Australia. Australia had more gold per capita than any other nation except France and Belgium, and practically no silver or paper money, yet she experienced a financial storm far more severe than that which we passed through.

Practically all the banks in Australia suspended, and were enabled to resume only by forcing the depositors to take bank stock for their deposits.

Had such steps been taken by the United States the cry of repudiation would have been sounded on every hand, but it has come to pass that anything that an Englishman does financially is eminently proper, so we have heard nothing of Australian repudiation, yet we are deterred from bringing financial relief to the world by the cry "repudiation." Lord Liddersdale, formerly governor of the Bank of England, is perhaps the most distinguished banker London has known in this generation. This great financier at a banquet given at the Mansion House in London last year, used this language, "If the American people had the courage of conviction and adopted the double standard of gold and silver no matter what the ratio, they would, inside of a year, command the trade of the East India straits, China and Japan. Unless England should follow suit and adopt a bimetallic standard, she would inside of eighteen months, cease to be a commercial factor in the market of the world." Yet it seems that nothing can move the American people to assert that financial manhood.

Ownership and Control.

It is now regarded a fixed certainty that the anti-pooling decision of the Sherman anti-trust law is to be evaded, says the Hartford Examiner. None of the roads has yet been influenced by it, and one railroad man says that there are several ways to get around the law. This shows how much there is in the principle of government "control" rather than government ownership. It will help to show the people that in order to have control we must have ownership. Nevertheless, there should be no blame attached to the railroad managers for ignoring the law if they can. On the basis of our selected program it's wrong. If the railroads belong to the railroad companies, they ought to be managed by those companies as the companies see fit, without the intervention of those who do not own anything in them. It ought to be one thing or the other—individualism or socialism—for striving to work out an economic problem with a combination of individualistic and socialistic factors can never lead to anything but confusion.

Government Ample Able.

The government is amply able to do its own banking business without the intervention of a corporation. If the United States can afford to loan anybody money at one per cent, it ought to loan to the people directly. This system of loaning money to the national banks to loan the same money to the people at a rate varying from 12 to 24 per cent, is without justice or common honesty. Let the government establish and operate its own banks and cease this disreputable conspiracy against the American people.—Index, Medicine Lodge, Kan.

Fakirs Ready to Quit.

All over the United States there is a growing determination that the banker who receives money on deposit must pay it back, and as that idea gains strength, more bankers are getting ready to quit. When you drive out the fakirs there will not be half so many in the business. Running a bank and speculating off the money of depositors has always heretofore been regarded as a great scheme for making money, but there's a change not far ahead.—Evchange.

The shape in which our party organization was knocked by the fusion rod in the last national fight, demands straightening, and the sooner the better. The masses of the people are at a loss to know what to do and are as ships without sails. Let us have the conference at all hazards, and let our State executive committee begin the necessary work at once to have Alabama represented at that conference.—Alliance, Butler, Ala.

Japan has taken the right course to secure prosperity. Twenty dollars of American gold taken to the mints of that country can be coined into forty, and is a full legal tender to pay debts and taxes. It is not in the least surprising that they can ship goods to this country, and pay a big tariff. They get their pay in gold and even at low prices and with a big tariff, still they make money through their new coinage law.