

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

Teles says: "Wireless telegraphy is a system of flashing signals by means of a light that is invisible, similar to the X-rays. Circles of this unseen, mysterious light may be sent instantly to any distance, even to Mars and Jupiter. If receiving terminals could be erected there the message could be intelligently and faithfully transmitted.

"To flash 2,000 or 3,000 words per minute to any part of the earth by the highly sensitized terminals I have perfected will be a common thing. It is nothing. It is inevitable. Distance is no longer an intimidation to the electrician. I have demonstrated this week that messages may be sent with equal facility through the earth as by induction through the air. Neither distance nor the density of intervening objects will affect the speed of accuracy of the transmission of messages.

"The people of New York can have their private wireless communication with friends and acquaintances in various parts of the globe. It will be no greater wonder to have a cable tower on your roof than it is now to have a telephone in your house."

There were two great developments in wireless telegraphy last week.

On Tuesday Marconi, the young Italian inventor, whose exploits in telegraphing so successfully between England and France across the English channel had excited world-wide interest, admitted that the limit of his system had been reached.

Experiments made on the French dispatch boat Ibis that day had shown that the distances that could be covered by his system were limited to the height of poles that could be set up as terminals.

This would seem to show that Marconi's system is available only for short distances in signaling between ships and shore.

Before the cable had brought this discouraging news of an invention that so much had been expected from in the way of talking across continents and oceans without wires, Nikola Tesla, perfected a discovery that he claims overcomes all the defects of the Marconi system.

By his new device he says he can start electrical waves that will travel across the ocean and completely around the world and bear messages with the swiftness of light.

To do this he will use instruments so similar to the ordinary telegraphic senders and receivers that the average person could not tell the difference between them.

The way he will make or start the electric waves to do this will be by means of his powerful oscillator.

This is a great, round instrument, into which an ordinary current of electricity is turned from any dynamo. The oscillator instantly transforms it by a series of coils into an electro-motive force, vibrating at the rate of two to our million times a second. This starts electric waves through the air and the earth, which vibrate almost as fast as the waves that produce light, and travel with the same speed.

But they are more like X-rays than ordinary light, for they pass through dense things, like earth, stone and water, as easily as through the air and ether of space.

Mr. Nikola Tesla, who, next to Thos. Edison, is the foremost electrician in America, made this discovery six years ago. He has been at work perfecting it ever since. To make this use of wireless telegraphy, one thing was needed. Last Tuesday Mr. Tesla exclaimed triumphantly that he had supplied the last link necessary for this purpose.

Nothing, Mr. Tesla says, can now obstruct or divert messages sent by this marvelous device. Words in incredible rapidity will be flashed across the broadest oceans and the widest continents. In fact, there is, according to the statements of the celebrated electrician, nothing to prevent the transmission of messages directly through the earth.

The construction of the wireless system is so simple and will be so inexpensive that commercial firms and the great newspapers will have their own exclusive cable service.

"The people of New York," says Mr. Tesla, "can have their private wireless communication with friends and acquaintances in various parts of the globe."

"It will be no greater wonder to have a cable tower on your roof than it is now to have a telephone in your house."

"You will be able to send a 2,000-word dispatch from New York to London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Bombay, Singapore, Tokio or Manila in less time than it takes now to ring up 'central.'"

"From a tower in Manila to a tower in New York city a message by wireless telegraphy could be sent at no expense at all, in comparison with present cable rates, and without the danger of a moment's delay."

At his laboratory in East Houston street, surrounded by wires and motors and generators, Nikola Tesla was found by a representative of the New York Journal. The inventor was deep in the evolution of his great project.

"In 1892," said the inventor, "I predicted that messages would be sent throughout the world without wires. In an address delivered before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in that year, I said a few words on this subject, which even then constantly filled my thoughts. It was not a new idea—this wireless communication by signals. The demonstrations today in Europe by Marconi and others, and these triumphs in my laboratory had their crude gen-

esis in the signal systems in vogue as early as the middle ages.

"Wireless telegraphy, to speak in unscientific terms, is a system of flashing signals, but by means of a light that is invisible, similar to the X-rays. Circles of this unseen, mysterious light may be sent instantly to any distance—even to Mars and Jupiter, and if receiving terminals could be erected there, the message could be intelligently and faithfully transmitted.

"To flash 2,000 or 3,000 words per minute to any part of the earth by the highly sensitized terminals I have perfected will be a common thing. It is nothing. It is inevitable. Distance is no longer an intimidation to the electrician. I have demonstrated this week that messages may be sent with equal facility through the earth as by induction through the air. Neither distance nor the density of intervening objects will affect the speed or accuracy of the transmission of messages.

"Accuracy and the avoidance of delay is secured by adjusting the receiving and transmitting contrivance to a common electric multiple. Then only the receiver prearranged and pre-adjusted, will record the message intended for it.

"By an understanding between operators in distant parts of the planet, code cipher messages will be sent with accuracy and with far greater speed than at present.

"Understand that I am not using scientific language. People generally misunderstand the system of wireless telegraphy, and I use ordinary expressions to make my meaning clear."

In more technical terms Mr. Tesla explained his rapid transmission of words by wireless telegraphy, and told how it could be put in operation between New York and London.

Two terminal stations should be established—one at New York and one at London. These may be captive balloons held by wire cables sent up to a height of 5,000 feet. This is necessary to reach the upper strata of rarified air, through which electrical waves travel most easily. These balloon cables may be anchored to steel towers. Just below each balloon should hang a disc of large surface. The oscillators should be placed at the top of the towers.

When the electrical movement is set up in the oscillators on the towers, the current will rush upward to the terminal discs under the balloons, where it will flash out starting vibrations that travel across the Atlantic ocean. Currents will also go downward from the towers into the earth by ground wires and start similar vibrations to those in the upper air.

These electrical disturbances, or vibrations, according to the systems being perfected by European electricians, diminish with the distance and the distance at which the effect will be perceptible will depend on the quantity of electricity set in motion.

"Not so with my system," says Mr. Tesla. "At least, not appreciably so. One Morse power will operate a current between New York and London. In 1890 a French scientist combined a metallic dust that would register electric waves. This is used by all the other experimenters in wireless telegraphy. My discovery is infinitely more sensitive and receptive. That is the secret I am not quite ready to exploit, as I shall first patent it."

"In 1892, as I have already said, I declared it was certainly practicable to impress an electric vibration, at least of a certain low period, upon the earth, by means of proper machinery. At what distance such a vibration might be made perceptible I then could only conjecture, but I said then that I believed it could not require a great amount of energy to produce a disturbance perceptible as a great distance, or even all over the surface of the earth."

"We have progressed much since then and these prophecies considered six years ago to be vain dreams are now becoming realities."

Mr. Tesla then said that the basic principle of wireless telegraphy, given out by himself six years ago without being patented now makes it a free field for inventors and capitalists to enter.

"What effect will the general establishing of wireless telegraph stations throughout the world have?" Mr. Tesla was asked.

"The effect will be as pronounced, if not more so, than that produced by the introduction of ordinary telegraphy. We say now that time and space have been annihilated on this globe, but they have not been. They have been somewhat overcome. The complexity of transmission, the scarcity of wires in times of great happenings, congests the system. The tolls are excessive, absolutely prohibitive to millions of people. Under the system I have perfected companies will be able to send a message from New York to San Francisco, or London, or even to far points like Zanzibar or Cape Town, for little more than we now pay for letter postage."

The introduction of wireless telegraphy on the scale contemplated by Mr. Tesla will be a great boon to the struggling country paper, but it will rob the big metropolitan papers of the glory of their fabulous cable bills. When it requires only the salary of two telegraph operators to secure news from Central Siberia or Northern China or from the remotest frontiers of all the earth, and when these far-sent messages flash into the office at the rate of 2,000 or 3,000 words per minute, the day of displaying achievements by cable shall have passed.

One operator in a tower above the Journal office could, in a few minutes, call up the principal cities of the world and learn of the day's doings of the race. To get news from Europe would be less of an undertaking than it is now to get a story by telephone from the nearest suburb.

Mr. Tesla thinks that many newspapers will enlarge their business under this system by furnishing news tickers to be placed in the towers of private houses. A family could thus read the telegraphic news and cables as fast as they ticked into the telegraph editor's room. What a convenience at elections and times of wars in different parts of the world!

Already the common telegraph has done much to prevent wars, making it possible for men to live in London, Paris, Berlin or New York and operate in every commercial capital. It has made many kinds of business international that were formerly confined to a single nation or city.

"Every city, every empire, will be nothing more than the suburb of the city in which you live," said the inventor.

Mr. Tesla says he is now ready to put his wireless telegraph system into operation between New York and London as soon as the practical details of the undertaking can be arranged.

PHILIPPINE WOODS.

A Greater Variety Produced Than In Any Other Country.

The Philippine Islands produce a greater variety of woods than any other country in the world, and yet her forests have scarcely been invaded by the agents of commerce. A limited amount of dye woods is taken, and the natives cut for their own use, but the most valuable woods of the country are scarcely known beyond the China coast. No less than fifty varieties of hard woods that could speedily win a place in art and commerce thrive throughout the islands, but very few of them have ever been offered in the markets of the world. China and Japan are the only heavy buyers, and if samples of the wood worked up have found their way to Europe or America their identity as a product of the Philippines has, as a rule, been lost. There are several firms engaged in the trade, and the amount of local business is quite large, but the trade does not seem to have been worked up on the large scale that the merit of the woods demands.

The chief drawback seems to have been inaccessibility, for the best of the hardwood forests are in the less civilized localities, and first costs made it difficult to compete with the other wood producers of the east. Still, it is very strange that the manifest superiority of the finer woods of the islands has not won them recognition even when allowance is made for the difficulties of operating and the expense of transportation.

The fifty odd varieties run the scale of color from the jet black ebony to the lighter shades of cedar, and many of them offer as much resistance to the elements as steel. Dozens of them withstand the teredo, so troublesome in Pacific coast waters, and several of them are impervious to the attacks of the famous white ants of the east. White ants are viciously destructive, and but few substances besides metal are capable of withstanding their attacks.

The best known of the Philippine woods is molave. It is a heavy brown wood almost as hard as steel. The teredo and white ant respect it and the trying dampness and burning heat of its native country do not affect it. It has come into general use and in Manila you may see it in use as a railway sleeper, in a panel in some drawing room, as the keel of a ship, or fashioned into the figure of a saint in some church. It possesses immense strength, and enters very largely into the heavier building operations, but it seems almost unfortunate that it cannot be preserved for more artistic purposes. The interior of the Jesuit church of Manila is finished in Molave, and there are few prettier pieces of woodwork in the world. The carvings are by master hands and are of surpassing beauty. The wood takes a splendid polish. The trees are nearly all defective, in that they have heart cup, but that does not affect the wood.

Dugon is the substitute for molave when the latter cannot be obtained in sufficient sizes for the purposes desired. It is a variety of the Herculesia formifrons, and is generally known as ironwood. It is largely used for shipbuilding, although it is said that it does not resist the teredo, and is also used in building. It is rarely put to finer uses.

Antipolo, another of the woods that are largely used, possesses the attraction of being light and yet strong. It is almost as impervious to molave, and after being once well seasoned will not warp, however much it is exposed. Battinan, in addition to being strong and tough, is also elastic, and is excellent for furniture. It closely resembles black walnut, and can be used for all the purposes to which teak is put. It is frequently asserted to be the superior of teak. It requires seasoning to stand the climate, and never withstands the dampness of the earth.

Ebony has been found in quantities, and it has become a matter of belief that more thorough exploratory work would lead to the discovery of larger forest of it. The small amounts that have been found are of excellent quality. Perhaps the prettiest wood of the Philippines is narra. It is used largely in the manufacture of fine furniture. It greatly varies in color, running from a light straw to a deep red. It takes a high polish, and its strength and hardness make it capable of resisting the ravages of time. The finest piece of it in Manila is in a table in the Jesuit observatory. The top is one piece, 55 inches wide and 24 feet long. That piece must have come from a particularly large tree, for while ten feet in length is often obtained, 26 inches is usually the greatest width. Narra has found its way to European and American markets, but only in small quantities.

Palo Marie de play is a knotty, bumpy tree that grows into a curious crooks and curves. It is strong, and proves useful for shipbuilding. It is said that iron bolts or nails will not corrode in it. Banaba and macasin are the woods that go largely into the houses, being useful for either exteriors or interiors.

Lanete another of the valuable woods, is especially adapted to the manufacture of musical instruments, and is greatly prized on that account. It is easily the equal of the other woods put to that use. It turns well, has a good color, is strong, and is also used for fine carving. Gujo is the wood of the wheelwright and carriage maker. It is tough and elastic, and is admirably suited to the purposes to which it is put. It also makes excellent flooring, and there is a large wharf at Hong Kong that is planked with it.

Lauan is as good a galleon as American palmetto. The old galician builders used it for outside planking because it would

not split when a bullet or cannon ball was fired into it. It is light, can be easily worked and is useful. Another useful and valuable wood is ipil. It has nearly all of the qualities of molave and fully as much strength. It beats the white ant, but will not resist the teredo. Mabolo and malatapay are two pretty woods quite like each other. The former is black, streaked with yellow, and the latter is black, striped with red. Both are brittle and take a high polish. Calantis, or cedar, is found in large quantities, and its largest use is in the manufacture of cigar boxes. It is also used for finishing work. Bansaiague or bullet tree, is still another wonderful wood. It can be driven like a nail and makes splendid tool handles. It is close grained and turns easily. It is largely used for tree nails in shipbuilding. Yara is another wood that resists white ants, and is valued for building purposes, and so it is through the list of over fifty hard woods which offer a greater variety of colors and more qualities of merit than the woods of any other country.

To the natives the bamboos and rattans are the most useful woods, and both enter largely into his everyday wants. The one makes the wall of his house and the other binds it together. Both thrive in every part of the islands and in almost every known variety, and are put to every use that is possible. The hardwood forests of Manila seem to offer an excellent field for investment, for the opening of the country will remove many of the present difficulties.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

A Number of Famous People Who Were Obscure Then.

It is not necessary to look back many years to find men whose names are household words today and who have achieved both fame and fortune, occupying obscure positions and giving no indication of the brilliant future that was awaiting them, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fifteen years ago Dr. Conan Doyle was industriously working up a medical practice, with all the attendant hard work and struggle, at Southsea. His pen was as yet untried, and he seemed destined to live and die a country doctor. It was four years later when he was tempted to try his 'prentice hand at writing, with what result the world and his bankers know.

When Conan Doyle was dispensing physic at Southsea, Mr. S. R. Crockett could not even claim the doubtful position of "A Stick Minister," for it was only in 1886 that he entered the Free Church of Scotland, in which he served an apprenticeship of seven long years before he found that his vocation lay with his pen rather than the pulpit.

At this time, too, only fifteen years ago, "Ian Maclaren" had won popularity as minister of Sefton Park church in Liverpool, but for a dozen more years his pen was engaged in writing sermons before it turned to the pathos and beauty of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Hall Caine, who can now rely on making his own weight in gold out of a single novel, was quite unknown fifteen years ago. After years of ill-paid journalism in Liverpool he had come to London to be Dante Rossetti's private secretary and to find scope and inspiration for the gifts that were in him. The change of environment worked a miracle, for in 1885 his powerful "Shadow of a Crime" introduced a new "prophet" to the world of readers.

Fifteen years ago Anthony Hope was a scholar of Balliol, and his only ambition was to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, Sir Henry Hawkins, as he then was. It was not until 1890 that he proved himself "a man of mark" in quite another field of labor.

In 1884 Stanley Weyman, the gifted author of so many historical novels, was writing for briefs in Doctor Johnson's buildings and did not even attempt to solace his waiting hours by "trying his hand" at fiction, of which he is now such a master.

Rudyard Kipling, in the early eighties was assistant editor of the Indian Pioneer at many less rupees a month than he now earns pounds a week. He was writing his "Departmental Ditties" in his few spare moments, and hoped some day, as the height of his ambition, to induce the world to read them in book form. Rider Haggard had already written one book, "Cetywayo and His White Neighbors," and published it at a loss of £250, and was on the verge of publishing "Dawn" at a net profit of \$50 for his year's hard work.

Fifteen years ago Mme. Sarah Grant was rambling the world over with her soldier-doctor husband, and only vaguely mapping out a novel which the world now knows as "Ideala." Olive Schreiner was dreaming dreams in the solitude of the veldt and the "Story of an African Farm" was gradually asserting its presence in her brain.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward was too busy with domestic cares to recognize the genius that was waking in her, and had been content to write only a simple child's story; and Mrs. F. A. Stee was an Indian "mumsahib," with never a thought of pen or fame.

The same story may be told of scores of men now world-famous in other fields of effort.

The present viceroy of India was reading for his B. A. degree at Oxford in 1884, and was already looking forward to an apprenticeship to politics which began in the following year as assistant private secretary to Lord Salisbury, and Lord Kitchener was a cavalry major in Egypt, after a spell of obscure, if useful, survey work in Cyprus.

SOME OLD PEOPLE.

Robert Bell, the oldest resident of Dubuque county, Iowa, was 100 by the records when he died last winter.

Mrs. John Quark, 100 years old, died a few days ago at her home near Galena, Ill., where she had resided for eighty-five years.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., had a centenarian in the person of James McDonald, who recently died in St. Joseph's hospital, 102 years old.

William Zimmer of Clinton, Ia., has just celebrated his 100th birth anniversary. He is still hale and hearty and is seen walking in the streets every day.

Mrs. Mary Stotter of Chillicothe, Peoria county, Ill., by her own method of computation, is 115 years old. She does not remember the year in which she was born.

Sarah Terry celebrated the 108th anniversary of her birth by joining the Daughters of the Revolution in Philadelphia last November. She personally knew George Washington and Lafayette.

Jonathan McGee of Ann Arbor, Mich., a colored veteran of three wars, who places his age at 110 years, was a short time ago married to Mrs. Amelia Day of Ypsilanti. The youthful bride was still in her fifties.

Mrs. Catharine Watts of Sellersville, Pa., celebrated her 108th anniversary in October and told her friends that she managed to keep happy and busy doing a little housework and reading without glasses.

In Franklin, Pa., the other day, two centenarians slipped blithely up to the church altar and pledged their troth in marriage. They were John Clews, a sprightly boy of 102, and Sarah Jennings, who is getting well on toward her 101st birthday.

Michael Mooney of Philadelphia is 108 years old and almost rugged enough to play football. His greatest trouble is that he often dreams of fights with mad bulls, in which he occasionally has pretty close shaves, but as he always wins out eventually he doesn't mind this so much.

Ohio has a resident who long ago passed the century mark. The person referred to is "Aunt" Mirah Davis, colored, who is reputed to be 125 years old and lives about four miles from Swiss Elm, Highland county. She is still spry and does her share of housework. She never indulges in stimulants, like Sairey Gamp, but occasionally smokes a cob pipe.

Mary McDonald, born in 1770, is an inmate of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons in West Philadelphia. She has a certificate attesting the date of her birth and her picture has been published in the papers as that of the oldest woman in the world. Mary has used tobacco all her life, and her pipe is her chief solace, from which fact the opponents of the week may take what comfort they can get.

There seems to be some peculiar quality in the Hoosier air which is conducive to longevity. Alexander Ferguson, aged 107 years, and his wife, aged 93, are living near Muncie. One day in March the old couple went to Muncie and together climbed three flights of stairs in the court house unassisted, to defend themselves against charges of insanity which had been made by a 75-year-old daughter.

"Grandmother" Medaris of the town of Brooklyn, near Martinsville, Ind., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth last June. At last reports in March she was still in good health, having recovered from the grip, and there was good reason to believe that she would succeed in her determination to live a few years longer, so that she would be able to say she had lived in three centuries.

Should his life extend through the year 1900 Walter Kerr, who has resided on a farm in Dearborn county, near Aurora, Ind., since 1816, will be entitled to the distinction of having lived in three centuries. He was born in North Carolina, April 22, 1790. His life has been active as a flatboatman and farmer. He married in early manhood and is the father of ten children, all living except one son, who was killed during the siege of Vicksburg in 1863. His youngest son is 64 and his eldest daughter 78.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

The production of lead in Colorado was 50 per cent more in 1898 than in 1897, and of copper nearly 40 per cent more.

The wives, sisters and sweethearts of Scranton, Pa., unionists have formed an association to co-operate with the different unions in a crusade against non-union and unfair stores of that city.

The French-Belgian company, with a capital of \$250,000, will build a modern four-story brick mill for the manufacture of fine worsted yarns in Woonsocket, R. I. The city council voted to exempt mill and machinery for a term of ten years.

The Iowa board of control of state institutions has decided to establish a factory in one of the penitentiaries for making binding twine. The board claims it will produce a large part of the twine used in Iowa and reduce the price from 25 to 33 per cent.

A syndicate of capitalists, headed by James R. Wilson of Montreal, has organized with a preliminary capital of \$2,000,000, for erecting at some point in Canada the largest ore refinery in the world. Of the immense output of lead bullion with which Canada is credited not a pound is refined in the Dominion. It all goes from the British Columbia smelters to the American refineries.

Rev. Charles A. Briggs of Union Theological seminary is to be ordained as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in St. Peter's Episcopal church in Westchester, Pa.

IMPATIENT ONES.

An earnest little child with eyes of blue, Bright with impatience, opened wondrous wide, Teasing he sought, as petted children do, Now coaxing, now insisting—not denied. "Your birthday is tomorrow, dear, a short delay." "Mother, I cannot wait, I want my toys today."

A slender maiden, slimly gowned in white, Ruthlessly plucked the flowers near the gate. Calm shone the moon, lovely the summer night, Impetuous was her voice, "I hate to wait." "Forgive me, dear," her tardy lover cried, "Forbear your anger and become my bride."

An eager youth, seeking reward of fame, Poured out the inmost treasures of his heart. In vain attempt to trace his humble name, Upon a corner of earth's mottled chart. The slow old world denied the high estate; Broken, he fell. Alas, he could not wait.

A yearning wife, yet to her country true, She saw her soldier husband sail away. God speed his ship, safely to bring him through. What waste of waters to Manila's bay, The war's wild rumors came. What was his fate? Piteous her cry, "Dear Lord, how can I wait?"

A mother wails. Death's angel hovers near. Above a couch it bends, her only child. Closer it comes, dark falls the shadow drear. Anon she pleads, the while her heart beats wild. Stay that dread hand, It cannot be too late. "Father above, in mercy bid him wait."

Far spent the day, the evening shadows long. Across the highway fall in wavering slant; Soft on the stilly air the lark's last call. Bids us good night, before the day is spent. A careworn man, with slow, uneven gait, Patiently plods his way, content to wait.

Why should we reach with ever eager hand To gather flowers that must soon decay? Or why again, rebellious, take our stand Against the swelling tide we cannot stay? Unable we to make life's tangle straight, One lesson we must learn—to wait. —Edith Darling-Garoth.

EDITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

From the British Printer: One of the best known papers in Milan, the Corriere della Sera, gives a description of the difficulties it had to encounter at critical periods of the recent revolutionary disturbances.

At first nothing occurred to interfere with the progress of the usual work of publishing, but one evening the greater part of the printers, who lived in the suburbs, were unable to return to work by reason of the barricades and the furious street fighting. "Copy" became scarce, for the usual sources had run dry, and something was wanted at once to fill up space.

Eventually the sub-editor remarked that a long article on the "Reform of Architecture" had been prepared in advance when the city was quiet and this was eagerly seized upon. A large instalment found its way into the paper. The incident was not closed, however. A few hours after publication an evicted reader appeared with a roll of manuscript and demanded that his reply to the article be inserted the next day without fail. All in vain did the editor endeavor to persuade him that the time was inopportune, that when the city was in a state of ferment and all the country anxiously awaiting news of the revolution it was useless to expect a quiet consideration of the "Reform of Architecture."

Eventually the Corriere della Sera, deprived of all communication with the branches outside the city, was compelled to print less and less, and finally reduced its space to two pages. The few members of the printing staff remaining then became the object of agitation by the printers employed on socialist sheets, who had abandoned their work and tried to force their companions to come out.

The office thus became the scene of disputes and violent discussions, until finally the companionship decided to stay on and continue at work. Then everybody endeavored to make up for lost time and worked with a will until the Corriere della Sera was ready for press, when suddenly the gas supply for the engines gave out.

It was off ten hours and when it eventually returned and the edition was worked off the news sellers dare not enter the streets to distribute it for fear of the flying bullets.

But what they could not do was left for the subscribers to do. From the farthest suburbs, braving the fire of the soldiery and the insurgents, they poured into the office of the Corriere della Sera to express their astonishment and dissatisfaction at the irregularity with which they received their paper.

"If it occurs again I shall discontinue my subscription," was the parting shot of many as they left the office—wholesome outbreak of sympathy with the paper had to be meekly borne and merely taken as "part of the fun" by the journalist's lot.

During the month of March the American Federation of Labor chartered two national and thirty-nine local unions. More charters have been issued by the American Federation of Labor and national unions thus far in 1899 than during the whole of last year.