

MANY ENGLISH IN MEXICO.

Increasing Use of Language in Southern Republic Makes Conversation Easier.

The increasing use and knowledge of the English language in Mexico must not be considered by foreigners who propose to do business in Mexico as relieving them from a necessity of knowing Spanish. For those who come in direct contact with the masses in any way the native language is still very essential, and will always be.

Many people who are not intimately acquainted with conditions in the Spanish islands that have recently come under the control of the United States imagine that they will be readily Americanized. They do not know what a long process is required to change the language and the customs of a race. It will not be done in a generation, nor in many of them.

HIS SOLDIERS MUST SING.

Edict from Kaiser Commands That Defender Must Lift Up Voice in Tuneful Notes.

It is now commanded by Emperor William II. that the German soldier, in addition to his many other duties, shall, while marching, lift up his voice and sing. With surprise and sorrow his majesty has found in going over the old time-honored marches that these had, for the most part, "not suitable texts, and in hot haste two poets of Berlin and Munich respectively have put their heads together and produced a little "hand-book of easily remembered marching songs."

By the way, has not the foreigner sometimes been puzzled as to why a German marching regiment will on occasion suddenly and with one accord start stamping? The "stamp" of all the rank and file follows on a sharply given order to "salute" some passing officer, and the "salute" when on the march is given with the feet!

Controlling the Elements.

According to the Peking (China) Times, the viceroy of Kwangtung province "has taken in hand the control of the elements." There having been a long spell of cloudy weather, the viceroy started in to set the matter right. "For several days by his order the various forts have been firing salutes in order to break up the darkness of the heavens and cause the sun to shine. Day and night there has been a long cannonading. This morning (March 25) when the clouds grew thin and the sun almost shone the Chinese began to say that the viceroy's attempts were accomplishing something."

**Time to Speak Up.** When a girl tells a young man that the best is none too good for her it is up to him to offer himself.—Chicago Sun.

BLOCKING OF PORT ARTHUR.

Writer in Vigorous Description Tells of Perils of Japanese Before Doomed City.

This vigorous description is from "The Yellow War," by "O." The scene is the blocking of Port Arthur harbor by the Japanese vessels. "The officer in command of the doomed ship stood in front of the wheel with his eyes glued upon the deepening base of the black darkness in front of him. The increasing shadow betokened the land he was trying to make. The only light was the binnacle. The slow grind of the half-speed engines and the swirl of the displaced water was in itself sound enough to render almost unbearable the overpowering feeling of silence. Suddenly a great flood of light left the darkness ahead. It was so white and clear that the faces of the three men on the bridge looked pale and deathlike. The man at the wheel winced with the stroke—it was literally a stroke of light—but the other only moved his hand. The enemy had defeated their own ends; they had shown him the passage—half a point to starboard and a point was true.

"All was dark and dreadful again, but only for a second. A long meteor-like rocket shot up from the center of the overpowering mass ahead. Its sinuous course closed in a mass of sparks. The great beam of the Golden searchlight leaped into life. But there were other lights—flashing flashes from the breast of the mountain, flashes which scared the gloom and vanished. The forts of Port Arthur were firing the guns which at night are always trained upon the harbor approaches. The tumult was deafening. The great bare flanks of the mountains behind caught up the deadly roll of discharging quick firers and flung the sound back in mocking reverberation. But that was not the worst sound. The hissing rush of projectiles, the ear-splitting swish as they struck the water and exploded, or shrieked in ricochet overhead—the tension bred of apprehensive darkness had changed to an inferno of modern war.

"At last the Japanese officer gave evidence of sensibility to the hades which surrounded him. He had brought his ship far enough into the passage. He blew the whistle, which his teeth had bitten almost flat: "Port, had a port!" As her head came round a heavy shell hit her forward. Then another shock. It was as if an earthquake had struck her. Instantaneously the engines stopped. They were twisted out of all semblance to symmetry. A torpedo had struck her amidships. Again the whistle sounded. It was the order to take to the boat. . . The ship was listing heavily. The officer shouted to his men in the boat. His foot was on the rail when the destroyer opened with its quick firer. A shell took him in the neck and shoulder and bursting on impact carried the brave man's head and brain away with it. His mutilated trunk fell forward among his anxious men. "He was aboard. They pushed off and as they handled the oars they gave a cheer. Then they discovered that it was the warm, thick lifeblood of their chief and not the spume of the sea which had made them wet in the darkness."

**Poor Johnnie.** Mose Chigley, a friend of the Sentinel living in Davis, and certainly a representative Indian of his tribe, a man always ready to appreciate the situation, was blessed a few months since with a male heir. The little fellow, however, did not arrive in time to get on the approved government rolls. This grieved the fond father not a little; in fact, he took it so to heart that he was determined in some way to commemorate lastingly the matter. He accordingly christened the portionless heir Johnnie No Land Chigley.—Paul's Valley (O. T.) Sentinel.

**Smallest Installation.** What is said to be the smallest electric light installation in the world is to be found in the village of Bremen, near Dormbach, Thuringia. It comprises a single arc lamp installed in a church, the lamp being operated by a small dynamo driven by the wheels of the village mill.

POLLY PORTER'S MEMORY.

A Parrot Who Never Forgot What He Once Had Learned or Heard.

Perhaps all parrots have equally remarkable memories, but 25 years' acquaintance with "Polly Porter" enables me to say that he never forgets what he has once learned, asserts Mary Rice Miller, in St. Nicholas. Like other parrots, when he is alone he exercises his memory as if amusing himself. Then it is that Polly Porter chatters in sentences; laughs aloud hysterically; calls, in various tones, commandingly or beseechingly; calls the names of servants who, but for Polly, would have been forgotten; calls the cat; whistles for dogs who were about him years ago.

Polly's cage is in a bow window of the dining-room—a good place for keeping an eye on the family. When the father rises from the breakfast table Polly advises: "Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry!"

Later, with the first movement preparatory to the children's start for school, he repeats sharply: "Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry!"

When a guest comes in he says, briskly: "Why, how d'ye do?"

When he calls "Good-by" to persons passing on the street it seems almost certain that he reasons about the coming and departing guest. He quickly notices little children; coming to one particular corner of the bottom of his cage, he flutters before a little one, attempting baby talk, which is very funny, ending with "Beautiful child! Beautiful child!" and a loud laugh.

When the house is quiet and his mistress has a visitor in the parlor Polly craves attention.

Here repeats the children's names, almost as if he were calling the roll in sweet, low tones. Then he says: "Mamma!" over and over, in a child's voice, till it is common for a visitor to say: "Do answer that child," or "Some one is calling you." He comes very near to telling tales, saying: "Ah, ah! naughty boy!" with great severity.

Polly is most impatient at breakfast time, when he shrieks till he receives attention: "Polly wants coffee! Polly wants breakfast!"

He takes a piece of bread cautiously; examines it; if it is not well buttered he throws it down. He enjoys a bunch of grapes, holding it down with one claw while with the other and his beak he opens grape after grape, eats the seed and casts the pulp away. He easily crushes a pear or an apple to get at the seeds.

Last Christmas Polly was sent by his owner, a New York boy, to friends as a present. They were told of his liveliness and astonishing powers of speech.

For some months Polly moped and said nothing, but at last began calling members of the family by name. If let out of his cage he fought the pug and whipped the cat; when shut up in his cage for punishment he would persistently work at the wires till he would force them apart and walk out defiantly. Recently he began upon his old lessons, and now repeats the cries of the newsboys in the streets: "Extra! Extra! Journal—Sun—Herald!" And he sings quite well "Yankee Doodle," which was taught him last summer.

**Good-by, Polly!**

**Rich Man of Greenland.** Mr. Kor-Ko-Ya, a Greenland, who has monopolized the commerce of East Baffinland, is a miniature Pierpont Morgan. He has a fleet of 14 vessels and is worth \$12,500, which is equal to a million in a less simple community. He lives in a wooden hut and possesses the luxuries of a table and a paraffin lamp. He recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of his business, his employes drinking his health in cod liver oil.

**Bee That Works at Night.** A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often six feet long, four feet wide and from four inches to six inches thick.

**Absolutely Necessary.** Nan—I don't see why Miss Muggles should want to marry him, with all her money.  
Dick—Nonsense, she don't. I don't believe he'd have a cent left without it.—Philadelphia Press.

BISON FIERCEST OF CATTLE.

All of a Hunter's Skill and Nerve Is Needed When Tackling Such Big Game.

Called bison (incorrectly) in India, seladang in Malaya, siang in Burma, and gnudang in Siam, the gaur (Bos gaurus) is the largest and fiercest of all wild cattle, with hoofs small in proportion to its height, and of deerlike, rather than oxlike, character, says *Outing*. Its sense of smell is as acute as that of the elephant and its vision much keener. When you seek one of these cattle you need all your hunter's skill and your nerve, for, next to the elephant and bracketed with the Cape buffalo of Africa, I believe its natural temperament and the character of the country in which it is found make the seladang in the Malay peninsula the most formidable quarry on earth. In India, where the range of the gaur is the hilly, wooded districts, they are more apt to be found in herds of some size, and, because of the more dangerous and less difficult of approach, and less dangerous to the hunter than in the Malay peninsula, where the jungle is the densest that grows, and almost invariably the quarry has the man at a disadvantage. In Malay it is trap shooting, where the game, on being wounded, turns hunter, and, once set, awaits the sportsman, who must approach with infinite caution, with senses always alert and hand ever ready if he would stop or turn aside the vicious charge. You may never in this jungle survey the field of operations from some vantage point; but in the close growing angle of vines, and canes, and thorn bushes, and heavy coarse weed of grass-like mass—through which you can never get even dim sight for over 20 yards and most of the time can scarcely see that many feet ahead—you must follow the tracks of the seladang you have wounded, never knowing at what instant the maddened beast may burst from the jungle practically right on top of you. One seladang I was fortunate enough to finally get was only just at the other side of a bamboo clump when he started his charge full at me. This is the dangerous and the unavoidable feature of hunting the beast in Malay. Luckily for the hunter, the seladang, if unsuccessful in its charge, passes on to await him at another point. Never have I heard of one turning instantly to a second charge after missing the hunter on the first rush. But, on the other hand, if the seladang charges home it remains to gorge its victim.

The tantalizing old jingle about early rising making a man healthy, wealthy and wise is responsible for more misery in the world than all the other good-behavior maxims and rules for success put together, and it is gratifying to observe that the present generation is not so complaisant in obeying the rule as the good but misguided men and women of yesterday, says the Rochester Post-Express. The early-rising fad is not much in vogue now in the cities, and it will not be many years before the beneficent reform will take root in the country. The cause of this change, of course, is the change from early to late hours in thickly settled localities. The urban population occupies its evenings in pleasurable pursuits and retires at an hour that is not in harmony with the advice that was inculcated daily in the minds of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Another great change is the increase of occupations that require night work, for in every large city there are thousands of men and women who work at night and sleep during the day. The theater is also an important factor in keeping people awake until midnight. In olden times there were not so many amusements and distractions in daily life, and after our grandparents finished their day's work there was nothing better to do than to go to bed. In these days of rushing business and varied pleasures, however, humanity just begins to enjoy itself when "darkness falls from the wing of night," when the pale blue rays of the electric drill holes in the ebon atmosphere, and the noises of the downtown thoroughfares fall on the ear.

LAYMAN'S TALK NEEDED.

Bishop Asked Him Why He Didn't Say Something When the Bottle Went Astray.

The late bishop of Connecticut, Rt. Rev. John Williams, was an ardent fisherman, relates the Boston Herald. On one occasion "Lord John," as he was affectionately called by his brethren of the house of bishops, accompanied by one of his priests, now the bishop of California, a young deacon, and one of the leading members of the Connecticut bar, left the bishop's house en route for a certain island in Long Island sound, where they hoped to enjoy their outing. An old lady had sent the bishop a bottle of rare claret to be partaken of by the party at luncheon. On their arrival at their destination the claret was carefully placed in a cool place and the party dispersed, not to meet again until noon. Promptly at that hour they reassembled, and the bishop tenderly took the bottle from its resting place, and, declining all offers of assistance, inserted a corkscrew into the neck of the bottle, while the other members of the party, cups in hand, thirstily watched the procedure.

The cork proving refractory, "Lord John" placed the bottle between his knees and made another effort to dislodge the cork. So great was his effort that when the cork did yield the bottle flew back and struck the trunk of a tree immediately behind where he was standing.

Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and a solemn silence ensued, which was finally broken by the bishop, who, holding the corkscrew in one hand and the neck of the bottle in the other, turned to the lawyer, exclaiming in most emphatic tones: "You're a layman, sir; why don't you say something?"

Record Sunday School Work.

Warwick claims to possess in Miss Owen the oldest Sunday school teacher in the United Kingdom. She has taught in local Sunday schools for 82 years, and, although she is now in her ninety-fourth year, she still takes a class every Sunday.

In English Courts.

Even in court it is considered a mistake for an English judge to express a disagreement with the jury, and it would be felt to be inexcusable if he carried the controversy outside.

LESS EARLY-TO-RISE TALK.

Coming Generations May Escape Thrall of Old Adage as It Is Less Observed.

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POTALA: A SACRED PALACE.

Edifice of High Priest Photographed for the First Time Recently.

Potala, or the sacred place of the dalai lama, the high priest of the Thibetans, was photographed for the first time when the members of the British Thibetan expedition reached Lhasa, the sacred forbidden city in the center of Thibet, says the Metropolitan Magazine. Col. Younghusband, who was in charge of the expedition, would permit no attempt by the correspondents to violate the sanctity of the various sacred buildings, but splendid views of the exterior were obtained, and the world is richer by authentic descriptions of this wonderful palace, which is described in the dispatch of the London Times correspondent. Over a city set as a jewel, amid green gardens, through which crystal streams flowed, towered the giant Potala, rising almost from the ground in gigantic stretches of white masonry, pierced with intermingled rows of windows, and scaled by great, red-edged, zig-zag stairways, 20 feet wide. Above these a white mass ascended at either end in the shape of a heavily terraced palace, inclosing a maroon mass, the main building. Above this again were golden roofs of a Chinese pattern, the whole structure, 430 feet high and between 800 and 900 feet long, completely dominating the city of Lhasa, which was separated from the palace by wide stretches of turf and a beautiful plantation full of forest trees.

Strange Animal Rediscovered.

In 1873 a great rat-like rodent, named Dinomys, was discovered in the Peruvian Andes. But a single specimen was found, and this is now preserved in the Berlin museum. Last spring Dr. Goeldi, of Para, rediscovered the Dinomys in the lowlands of Brazil. Its natural habitat is now supposed to be the almost unexplored regions lying among the foothills of the Andes, between Brazil, Bolivia and Peru. The animal is described as reminding one of an immense rat, well advanced in development toward a bear. It is about two feet long, with a bushy tail nine inches long, thickset and has a waddling gait. Its character is a combination of leisurely movements and supreme good nature. It seems well provided for digging. It "knows absolutely nothing of haste." Dr. Goeldi keeps another and her young one in a cage.—Youth's Companion.

GREAT IN BOYHOOD ALSO.

A Mirthful View of a Distinguished Statesman's Youth—Chaucer Depew, His Name.

One fine day in the summer of 1844 two ten-year-old boys who had been fishing in a stream near a little town in southern New York became hungry and went to a farmer's house to get something to eat, says the Chicago Tribune. The farmer's wife gave them a bountiful supply of bread and milk, and refused to accept any pay for it.

One of the boys merely said: "Thank you, ma'am."

But the other wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve, bowed and expressed his gratitude at greater length.

"To say that you have conferred a great favor upon us, madam," he said, "and that we are correspondingly grateful, conveys the idea feebly. Here we are, miles from home, and suffering from hunger, having caught nothing in the little stream in which we were fishing. You have supplied our wants most generously. Out of the abundance of your larder you have ministered to the wants of two hungry strangers, and with a hospitality rare indeed in these days of sordid greed you have refused to accept any remuneration for the same. It is scarcely necessary to assure you, madam, that we shall always hold you in grateful remembrance and should it ever be in our power to requite the favor you may depend upon our doing so with the liveliest satisfaction. Madam, we thank you."

"Good land, little boy!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, "what I done for you wasn't worth all that, but I like to hear you talk. You'll be a big man some day."

Her foresight was unerring. The boy grew up to be Chaucer, Mitchell Depew, the greatest after-dinner orator of his day.

LINCOLN SECURED PARDON.

"Tad," Son of the Illustrious, Brings About Desired Results for a Poor Woman.

A poor woman came to the white house one day to see President Lincoln about her husband, who was in trouble, says Success. The president was absent, but "Tad" was at home. The woman called the boy to her and said: "My husband is in prison. We have boys and girls at home who are cold and hungry. Your papa can unlock the door of the prison and let our children's papa come home and care for us. Won't you ask your father to let him come home?"

"Tad" could not talk or think of anything else but that poor, distressed family, and of his pledge to try and bring relief. When the president returned "Tad" was at him at once about the case of distress. Mr. Lincoln had other things on his mind, and did not pay much attention to the child till he clung to his father's legs and begged of him to sit down and let him tell the sad story. The father told him that the woman would be back the next day, and he would then know what he would do. That did not satisfy his son, who climbed on his father's lap, threw his arms about his neck and said: "Papa-day (meaning 'papa, dear') won't you promise me now to let the man out?" It was too much for the great man, who said: "Taddie, my pet, I will let him out because you ask me to."

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