

MY SUBSTITUTE.

"He wasn't really what is known in military parlance as a substitute, but I always regarded him as such. A notice was tacked up at the foot of the steps leading to the little hall in Kingston. The crooked characters, laboriously formed, proclaimed to the world that a company would be formed on a certain night. Without any previous intention whatever of being present at the meeting, I strolled to the village that evening and mechanically ascended the steps; not that I had any intention of enrolling—none in the world. Kate and I had been married but three months, and I knew it would break her heart if I left her then. And, besides, my profession required my constant attention. If things had been so I could have gone: I would have been among the first to put down my name—I guess I would. Still, impelled by some marvelous fascination, I wandered in. My old friend Troutman, a fellow whom I had tolerated with a sort of patronizing indifference, was making a vigorous speech, and the listeners howled approval at everything he said, though, goodness knows, it was dull enough to violate any rule of oratory. But I suppose to their untutored ears it sounded very fine. At its conclusion Troutman invited every one who wanted to join the company to come forward and sign the roll. A rush was made to the front. I started to go out, when that clump of a Troutman announced that one more man was needed. He waited, and I noticed several glanced at me. It was rather impudent, but you couldn't expect anything better from people with such raising. I looked over in a corner and my eyes rested on Jack Hastley. He, too, was gazing at me, with a straight look of contempt. I was about to reprimand the unmannerly beings for their insolence, when Hastley, with a curious glance at me, walked to the register, took up the pen and completed the list by signing his name. I met him outside, drew him to a corner and handed him \$20. He took it and thanked me with a little more feeling than I thought one of his breeding could exhibit. Then I noticed that he wasn't such a bad-looking fellow after all. He had a broad forehead, clear-cut mouth and nose, dark, intelligent eyes, and then he had a resolute air about him that made you think he was something of a man, even if he was a pauper. When he looked at me that night there was something of such expressive earnestness in his face that I almost forgot his position in life.

Well, the volunteers were called out, and Kate and I went to the depot to see them off. She burst into tears when Hastley got on the train and waved his hand, but I suppose it was because she was thinking of that poor old father and mother he was leaving behind.

After that came the Santiago fight and some of the Kingston volunteers got hurt. I was sitting in my study and my thoughts reverted to "my sub." It was a warm night and all the windows were up. I don't know how he got in, there was no noise of the door opening, but when I wheeled my chair to the desk I saw seated opposite me the subject of my meditation. I was naturally somewhat astonished, but welcomed him as courteously as I could under the circumstances. He gazed wearily around the room. His complexion was a curious mixture of pallor and sunburn. His face was much thinner than when I had seen it last, and he had the appearance of one who had been about starved to death. His eyes roved constantly, but they lacked lustre and intelligence. I told him I was glad to see him and asked him how the boys were. He jumped all preliminary movements and began describing the attack on San Juan and El



MY THOUGHTS REVERTED TO "MY SUB."

Caney Heights. His voice sounded strangely unfamiliar, but I attributed it to his rough experience. "It won't do to say those Spaniards can't shoot," he went on, "because as we went up the air was as full of bullets as bees around a hive. I had never been under fire before, and I believe I would have gone back if it hadn't been for the brave fellows around me. We rushed on, tore down those damnable barb-wire fences, and I began thinking we would soon be at the top and give a rousing cheer for the American flag, when I was struck, I think, by six Mauer bullets. One passed directly through my heart."

I jumped out of the chair and exclaimed: "What on earth do you mean? You must be mistaken. Jack; how in the mischief did you recover so soon?"

"O, I didn't recover," he said, coolly; "I am here yet." I shivered and moved away from him. Then he went on: "That's what I came to see you about, Will. You're about the only man I've any claim on, and I want you to do me a favor."

Then I noticed the sunken condition of the eyes, and that his lips never moved while he was talking. He abruptly asked: "Where's Kate?"

I flushed at the familiar method of referring to my wife, and coldly told him I supposed she had retired.

He looked disappointed and said, as if in a hurry to change the subject: "What I want, Will, is this: They have got me planted on the side of one of those clay hills down there along with a lot of the bravest boys in the world, but I want to come home. That hill will wash away in a short time, and I don't want my bones mixed up with the trash that will go down the

gully. I want you to go down there and hunt me up, and bring me north. There is a photograph—if they haven't torn my clothing off—fastened to the shirt. You will know who it is. And then there is a great tear on the left arm from the hand clear to the elbow. That was made by the barb-wire. There are two bullet holes through the left leg, one through the right shoulder, one near the right knee, and one through the heart. There may be others that struck after the last one was fired.



"GOD BLESS YOU, WILL; THAT IS GOOD OF YOU."

"I want to be laid alongside sister Grace"—his voice shook through the thin lips—"and then some one may come some time to see you there to the little cemetery and put a flower or two over us. I know mother will—and I hope some one else. I have had a hard life, Will, and a few months before I went to the war I passed through one of those experiences that stay with a man. You know what I mean. She was very kind, and I loved the very air she breathed. Of course, she was away above me. She married and I—well, I died. No, I'll not tell you who she is, but I want to be where she can come if she's amind. I almost fancy that I could feel those footsteps near me. Will you do this for me, Will? I know it's asking a lot of you to make that long trip, but remember, you couldn't have got out of it that night if I hadn't taken your place."

And as I made him the solemn promise to faithfully execute his wish a glad smile stole over his face, and he glided from the room.

I told Kate the next day that Jack Hastley had been killed at Santiago, and that I intended to go south, recover his body, and bring it home for interment in our own town cemetery. I expected nothing else but a storm of protests, ending in a fit of weeping. But there was nothing of the sort. At first she turned deadly pale and sank in a chair. Then she arose and walked toward me, and placed both hands on my shoulders, and said:

"God bless you, Will; that is good of you."

Then I knew who the girl was that poor Hastley had loved and lost.

Where the Czar Cycles.
When at Peterhof, the grand palace, splendid and luxurious as it is, is seldom used by the Czar for his own dwelling. He prefers the seclusion of the imperial Datcha, or villa, at Alexandria. This villa, which was built by Nicholas I., lies within an immense park, about a mile from the palace, and surrounded by a high wall, wherein the Emperor can bicycle or otherwise amuse himself without being stared at by his subjects. There is a guardhouse at every gate, and swarthy, careless looking Cossacks, in long blue gowns, with rifles slung over their backs, roam ceaselessly up and down on horseback outside the wall.—London Figaro.

In Pursuit of Health.
In New York they are saying that the cable car is a sure cure for rheumatism. As every new theory has its converts, a number of spruce, elderly men ride miles daily in pursuit of health, sitting always on the right side of the car so that the regular steady heat may combine with the jolting of the car to happy result.

In Her Honor.
There is no surer way of flattering one woman than by speaking slightly of another. She takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her.

The individual who stands still is sure to lose ground.

HOT AND COLD WAVES.

Both Kinds Flourish Beautifully in This Happy Land of Freedom. Speaking about cold waves and weather in general yesterday a member of the Maryland Academy of Sciences said: "We have some kinds of weather in the United States that are unknown abroad. Take the cold wave, for example that struck the far South a couple of years ago. It was a record breaker, you know, carrying the rigors of winter to a lower latitude than has been known for sixty years at least. Florida suffered \$4,000,000 worth of damage. At Pensacola the oranges froze hard on the trees. The thermometer at Tampa fell to 18 degrees above zero, 5 degrees below the lowest ever noted. At Orange Park ice two inches thick formed on ponds. A cold wave of equal severity, it is said, struck the flowery peninsula in 1835, but temperatures were not recorded with reliable accuracy.

"Cold waves are unknown in Europe. We may justly pride ourselves upon them as an American institution. It is the same way with blizzards. Who ever heard of a blizzard in Europe?"

Cold waves are very strange phenomena. Nobody knows with certainty where they come from or how they are formed. They are formed somewhere inland in the far northwest, in the latitude of greatest cold, which, as you know, is a good way south of the north pole. At the north pole it is probably comparatively warm, and that extremity of the earth's axis is perhaps surrounded by an open and unfrozen sea. As for the typical cold wave, my belief is that it is composed of air drawn from the higher and more frigid regions of the atmosphere. Ascend to an altitude of thirty miles above the earth's surface and you might find a rarefied air at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero, or even much lower. The body of cold formed by the downrush of this frigid air from above starts on a journey eastward across the continent, traveling at the speed of a fast railway train, thirty-five or forty miles an hour. As it proceeds it spreads out. Obviously the cold air would be gradually warmed during the trip unless the waves were replenished with cold in some fashion. My opinion is that while the wave is in transit fresh cold is continually drawn into it from above, where there is always an unlimited supply of air at an extremely low temperature. Finally, the wave passes off over the ocean. In some manner the Alleghany Mountains seem to interrupt the passage of cold waves, to a certain extent, as if the cold air was banked up against that range of hills, and its passage thus impeded. On this account it is very difficult to predict cold waves for the region of Baltimore and Washington.

"The lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Verchojansk, in the interior of Siberia, Jan. 15, 1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction below zero. Verchojansk is in the latitude of the pole of cold. There the earth is frozen to a depth of about 100 feet, and in the warmest season it never thaws. The highest temperature recorded is 124 degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 17, 1879. The lowest temperature on record in the United States is 64 degrees below zero, at Tobacco Garden, N. D. Greely, the Arctic explorer, has probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded 63 degrees below zero at Fort Conger, on Lake Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa Desert, of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to 114 degrees above. A lucifer match dropped upon the burning sands of Sahara will catch fire. It is very difficult, even with the finest thermometers, to get accurate records of extreme temperatures, and on that account such observations in general are to be regarded as only approximately correct."—Baltimore American.

Sufficiently Named.
The fondness of colored folk for big words and for high-sounding names is proverbial. Too often, perhaps, they are assisted to gratify their liking by fun-loving white people. The author of "Twenty-five Years in British Guiana" reports one such case. A respectable black gentleman asked a registrar to suggest names for two new arrivals—twin boys.

"Well," said the registrar, "I think you'd better call them Waverley and Guy Mannering."

"Thank you, massa, dem name fust-rate. But me beg you write dem on a crisp of paper, else me no 'member dem."

A country parson was once taken aback when the happy father, presenting his tenth son for baptism, insisted that he should be called "Judias Is-carrot."

"Dat's de boy's name," said he. "Judias hez been sliighted. Nobody hez ebber had de immortal courage to name a chile from dat man. But dat ain't de main reason why I named him Judias. I see 'ot de Bible to 'stain me in gibben de chile dat name."

"How is that?" asked the amazed parson.

"It's dis fact, Christ, in remarkin' of Judias, said it would hab been better for dat man if he hadn't been born."

"Well?"

"An' considerin' how many mouits is opened at de do' when I goes home wid a side of meat, it would be better fur dat boy ob mine if he had nebber seen daylight. I takes de Scripture fer de references. In de fucher, of I finds dat boy hez made improvements on hisself, den I change his name to Jim."

Stokers and Engineers.
"When it's all written out and put down in black and white for the Americans to read," says Mr. Ross in "Heroes of Our War with Spain," "we shall find that no man in any line of duty did

better than the naval engineer and the men under him—men carefully trained, and who, when their hour of hard work came, fulfilled their duties in stinging and almost unendurable heat."

During the long sail of the Oregon, from San Francisco to Key West, the crew of the engineer's force worked night and day in the boiler and engine rooms, where the thermometer registered at times 150 degrees, and the gas and bad air were almost stifling. They deserve credit for the Oregon's remarkable voyage.

While our iron-clads were chasing Cervera's fleet, the engineers, standing at the big engines, and the stokers feeding the fires of the great boilers, knew little of what was going on. "Are we catchin' 'em?" they would shout, as some stoker, who had fainted and been carried on deck, revived and was brought down to his work. When the engineers and stokers rushed out of the Brooklyn's fire-rooms, begrimed with smoke and soot, but madly joyful at the victory, Commodore Schley said, from the bridge, "Those are the fellows who have made this day!"

QUER STORIES

Over eleven million fans are exported in one year from Canton, China. It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

When the railroad across Siberia is completed, it will be easy for a person to go from London to Japan in thirteen days.

The national hymns of China are of such extraordinary length that it is stated that half a day would be required to sing them through.

Sand registered the hours during the middle ages. For this purpose black marble dust, boiled nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

An interesting test has just been made by a French woman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate she lived on that alone for sixty days and lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as near as possible with the solar year.

Swiss steambath companies, to avoid disputes as to the age of children, have established measurement rules. Under two feet in length ride free; children under four feet four and dogs pay half fare. Traveling mothers do not like the rule.

The largest tin factory in the world is situated on Sulo Bani, an island in the Bay of Singapore. It turns out monthly 1,200 tons of tin, more than the product of Cornwall, and more than that of Australia. The ore comes from Selangor and Perak, in Malacca.

Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform when on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colors.

Drivers of "Automobiles."
Horseless carriages are more than a fad in Paris. Although still the private playthings of the rich, they have been added to the list of public conveniences also.

The Electric Cab Company, which will control the public service, is busy just now training the men who have applied for position: as drivers. The trial-place is a stretch of ground a half-mile in length at Aubervilliers, a suburb of Paris.

This testing-ground is flat in places. In other places there are sharp inclines. Here and there it is macadamized, in spots it is paved with wood, and in others with stone. All along the road are strewn bits of glass, sticks, piles of stone and other obstacles which the men who would drive a cab with pneumatic tires must learn to avoid.

But the notable features of this road-way are life-size iron figures, made and painted in imitation of pedestrians. They are held upright by wooden supports, and located at points along the route selected with a view to testing the skill of the apprentice in avoiding running over them.

Simple Calculation.
There is a very simple rule for finding the average number of years which persons of any given age may expect to live. If the present age be deducted from 80, two-thirds of the remainder is the answer required. The result is not absolutely accurate, but it is near enough. For instance, a man aged 20 might, by this rule, expect to live 40 years longer, which is just what the latest actuarial tables give. At 40 the expectation of life works out at nearly 27 years, while the tables give it as over 25 years. At 60 the above rule allows just over 13 years, and the tables show a little less.

No Accent.
Many stories are told of a former Canadian bishop who had passed his youth in Scotland, but flattered himself that not a hint of his origin could be gained from his speech or manner.

One day he met a Scotchman to whom he said at last abruptly, "Hoo lang hae ye been here?"

"About sax years," was the reply.

"Hoot, mon!" said the bishop, sharply. "Why hae ye na lost your accent, like mysel'?"

An old-fashioned woman only calls the doctor in when her husband is sick, to keep the neighbors from talking; she thinks she knows as much as he does.

Too often we mistake companions for friends.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The liability of a landowner for the defective condition of that part of a division fence which, by agreement, the other proprietor was bound to keep in repair, is denied in *Quinn vs. Crimmins* (Mass.), 42 L. R. A. 101.

Statements by an injured person to show his own contributory negligence, though made after the injury, are held in *Helman vs. Pittsburg, C. C. & St. L. Railroad Company* (Ohio), 41 L. R. A. 860, to be admissible in an action brought after his death by an administrator for the injury causing his death.

The presumption of a carrier's negligence in case of injury to a passenger is upheld in *Whalen vs. Consolidated Traction Company* (N. J.), 41 L. R. A. 836, where a passenger on a trolley car was thrown off from the running board, upon which he stood, by the conductor's stumbling against him, though the cause of the stumbling was not shown.

The unnecessary destruction of healthy and valuable cows by State officials, who suppose them to be diseased, after applying the so-called tuberculin test, is held, in *Houstin vs. State* (Wis.), 42 L. R. A. 39, to give the owner no claim against the State within the meaning of statutes relating to claims, as that does not include demands based upon lawful acts. With these cases there is a very extensive collection of the authorities on the question what claims constitute valid demands against a State.

More advertisers who place advertisements upon a signboard set up upon the roof of a building, by virtue of what is called a lease of part of the roof, but which does not give them possession of any part of the building, although they are required to keep in repair the portion of roof which they use, are held, in *Reynolds vs. Van Beuren* (N. Y.), 42 L. R. A. 129, to be mere licensees who are not liable to a stranger for the falling of the signboard from the building during a high wind.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

Aunt Louise's Excellent Plan for Making Her Letters Interesting.
"I feel as though I had met a whole roomful of my old friends," said the girl who is trying—in spite of homesickness—to make her own way in the city. "I've just had a letter from Aunt Louise. It isn't filled with her own aches and pains and trials and troubles. The home news is all here, but there isn't one selfish, whining word."

"She writes eight pages. See! She's mentioned most of the people and places I'm interested in, and told me dozens of things I wanted to hear about. I don't mean to say they're important things; but it is nice to know the name of Cousin Carrie's baby, and to learn that Etta Mayo is taking music lessons, and to have a description of the new minister's family, and even to hear that they've laid a new sidewalk over the muddy place above the postoffice!"

"Gossip? Perhaps it is, but it isn't mean gossip. I wouldn't hesitate to show it to any one who is mentioned here. And it makes me feel as though I'd made a visit home, and found that I wasn't forgotten."

"I know how Aunt Louise does it. She makes a list of the people we know, and when the time comes to write, she just looks at the list, to make sure she hasn't left anyone out. She says she doesn't pretend to be a letter writer, but her letters do me lots of good, for all that. Little things look large when one's away from home, and everything is news!"

Perhaps there is a hint here for young people—and older ones—who profess that they would be glad to write to absent friends if they only knew what to say.—Youth's Companion.

Quick Work.

Achievements which our fathers thought wonderful are not only duplicated, but far surpassed by the present generation. In 1811, Sir John Throgmorton, a Berkshire baronet, wagered 1,000 guineas, that at 8 o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which had formed the fleece on sheep's backs at 5 o'clock that morning. The wager was eagerly accepted, as the feat was considered impossible. On June 28 the test was made, and the baronet won his wager with an hour and three-quarters to spare, the suit being ready at a quarter past 6.

May 18, 1808, Thomas Kitson, of Stroudsburg, Pa., attempted a similar feat. The sheep were shorn at half-past 6 in the morning, the fleece was passed through eighteen processes of manufacture, and came out finished cloth in three hours and thirty-four minutes.

The cloth passed into the hands of six tailors, and in two hours and a half the suit, complete in every particular, was ready for Mr. Kitson.

The whole process, from the time that the wool was on the sheep's backs, until the suit was ready for the man's back, occupied six hours and four minutes; less than half the time it took to make the suit for Sir John Throgmorton in 1811.—Youth's Companion.

Train Boy's View of Club Women.

The traditional train boy who has been wont to offer chewing gum to fair passengers, and newspapers to the men, evidently considers the modern woman somewhat of an enigma. Not many moons ago a lively party of club women were en route to a convention when an interested spectator at a little station stepped up to the uniformed youth and curiously asked about the crowd.

"Don't know," gloomily grumbled the train-vender. "They say they're literary, but I don't believe 'em. Not one has bought a book. They just talk and talk and talk."—Woman's Home Companion.

Rings on Index Finger.

Rings never were more fashionable, and it is the latest fashion to wear a ring on the index finger, and this is quite as awkward as wearing a circlet of jewels on the thumb. The ring most approved at present to wear on the index finger is large and costly. It consists of a ruby surrounded with diamonds. An emerald set in this same fashion is also in vogue. Women of fashion are also wearing curious ancient rings, many of which cover three fingers, after the style of Mrs. Mackey and her \$27,000 ring.

High-Priced Doctor.

Dr. Willis, the medical attendant of King George III., of England, was led to Lisbon to attend the Queen of Portugal for a mental disorder. He cost \$50,000 a month, traveling expenses and board for himself and suite, and in restoring the Queen received \$100,000 in addition to the monthly stipend.

"I persons are born happy, but in order to continue so to the end they must die young."

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

William Morris' library, recently sold at auction in London, brought nearly \$55,000 for 1,215 lots.

Jeremiah Curtin, who has translated most of the novels of Steniewicz, speaks eighteen languages.

Julia Magruder considers "Struan" her best novel. It differs from most of her other works in not having appeared serially.

Two new novels by Isabella M. Witherspoon are "The Tragedy of Ages" and a Cuban story called "Rita de Garthey."

Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was one of the first Englishmen to speak up in favor of the United States annexing Cuba. This he did thirty-eight years ago.

Herbert Spencer, although an invalid and no longer a young man, is working as hard at his home in Brighton as he has ever done. He is not writing anything new, but is revising all his old books, and it is his wish to live long enough to complete the task. His friends think that if he did not stop to answer the numerous letters he receives from unknown correspondents he might have more strength for his work. There was a time when he found it necessary to decline answering letters from any but personal friends, but he did not keep that good rule very long, and the result is that his time is very much encroached upon by the unthinking.

Fogs remind an English writer of Jerome K. Jerome. On the night of the great London fog a few years ago he was at a Lyceum first night. He had a cab, a four-wheeler, waiting for himself and his wife, and away they started through the wall of fog to their home in St. John's Wood. But they kept running into things. At last a brilliant idea hit the brilliant author of "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." He and his wife got out and walked behind the cab between the two hind wheels, keeping a hand on the back rail. Then nothing could run into them, and when the cab crawled into anything they were only buffered back gently.

Anthony Hope was led, it is said, to become his own dramatist by the fact that so much money had been made by others than himself out of his plays. It is said that he was invited by George Alexander to visit him at his country place, a newly acquired mansion and grounds that filled Mr. Hope with delight and envy. When he was expressing his admiration of the place Mr. Alexander, with a friendly pat upon the back, said: "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" Then Mr. Hope came to New York and dined with Mr. Sothern, in his new house, purchased and furnished at large expense; and again he was struck with admiration by the way actors live and made some remark to show that he appreciated such luxuries. "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,'" said Mr. Sothern, at which Mr. Hope groaned. Reflecting that his play had enabled two actors to live in palaces, while the author had not even a house of his own, he now proposes to make all the money he can out of his books by becoming his own dramatist.

TO FISH TRIBE

Science Claims that Human Beings Once So Belonged.
Did you know that there are many natives in the East that have webbed hands? They are coast residents of Malaya and the South Sea Islands. This proves to scientists that men originally belonged to the fish tribe. Every person has dominant gills and fins, some more pronounced than others. The birds occupy a different department of natural history all to themselves. There is nothing about a man that descended from bird life. On either side of the neck is a dormant gill. It is a muscle standing upright and hardly perceptible. The fins are muscles on the back and sides of the body in about the same position they occupy on fishes. Men who habit the water a great deal more than others have these muscles abnormally developed. The scales of the human body, while smaller and of an epithelium extraction, are exact reproductions of the scales of the fish. In brief, my dear sir, it is claimed on high scientific authority that your ancestors were very fishy, but science never was a great respecter of delicate sensibilities.

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