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PHOTOS IN BICYCLES.

Up-to-Date Girls Have a New Place for Pictures of Their Admirers.

"Screens decorated with photographs, by common consent, were relegated long since to the dusty obscurity of the garret or the mildewed isolation of the cellar," says the photographer who studies fads; "but photographs will accumulate, and women find it necessary to exhibit some of them at least. So there has risen a fertile genius with a fad for displaying photographs on the boudoir wall gracefully distributed between the spokes of a bicycle wheel, says the New York Press.

"Not an ordinary bicycle wheel, however, will suffice. If it is a young woman with matrimonial prospects, more or less immediate, or a maiden in the first throes of hope, she must show her pictures in a wheel from her best young man's bicycle. If she is married, then she must use a wheel which has revolved in century runs. This is an effective ornament and permits the exhibition of 30 or more favorite pictures.

"Another fad has brought it about that many young men who last year were wearing beards have faces as as eggs this year. Their adornhave been sacrificed to the fad tion. The end of the century woman must have three photos of her swain. Picture No. 1 must him in all the splendor and dignity of a full beard. Picture No. 2 reveals his manly beauty polished off only by a mustache. Picture No. 3 presents him entirely divested of all whiskers.

Felicity and a Pig.

There is an oft-told story of a rustic who when asked to explain the meaning of "felicity" (a word which had been freely used in a sermon to which he had been a supposed listener), replied that he "believed 'twere some part of the innards of a pig," a writer says. I have often wondered what process of mind could have suggested so incongruous a reply, and I think I have the clew. The poor man thus challenged for a definition simply bethought himself of "flick," the common Somerset term for the inner fat of a pig.—Notes and Queries.

To Float Stranded Vessels.

Vessels can be easily removed from sandbars by a new apparatus consisting of an endless chain of buckets to be attached to the sides of the vessel and driven by engines to excavate the sand from around the hull until the ship floats free.

Jerusalem's Fall from Glory.

Jerusalem is now nothing but a shadow of the magnificent city of ancient times. It is about three miles in circumference, and is situated on a rock mountain.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover,
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Though memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

THE SILENCE OF SIMEON SAYLES

By J. L. Harbour

"I WISH to goodness, Simeon Sayles, that you would shut up and keep shut up!" said Myra Sayles, in a weary tone, and speaking as if the words were forced from her against her will.

"You do, hey?" replied her brother Simeon, sharply and irritably.

He had been scolding about some trifling matter for nearly half an hour, and his sister Myra had listened in patient silence. Now she spoke because he had said something peculiarly annoying, and when he had replied so sharply, she said:

"Yes, I mean it, Simeon Sayles. I get so sick and tired of your eternal scolding and blaming that I just wish sometimes you'd shut your mouth and never open it again while you live."

"You do, hey?"

"Yes, I do."

There was sullen silence in the room for three or four minutes; the wrinkles on Simeon's brow deepened and his lips were pressed more and more tightly together. Suddenly he opened them with a snap and a defiant toss of the head.

"Very well, Myra Sayles, I will 'shut up,' and I'll stay 'shut up,' and you'll see how you like it."

"I'll have some peace, then," replied Myra, shortly. Yet she looked at her brother curiously.

The Sayleses were noted in the country roundabout for rigidly adhering to every resolution they made. The thought now came into Myra's mind, "Will he do it?" She had not meant him to take her remark literally. Simeon was as iron-willed as any of the family, and yet Myra felt that he could not keep such a vow long. It was necessary for him to talk. So she said:

"I guess you'll be gabbling away fast enough before night. There's no such good luck as your keeping still very long."

Simeon made no reply, but took his old straw hat from a nail behind the door and went out into the barnyard, walking very erect, but with little jerks, indicating that the Sayles temper was high in him.

"Now he'll go out to the barn and putch around out there awhile, and maybe putch all evening in the house, and then talk a blue streak all day to-morrow to make up for the time he's lost keeping still. I declare, if the men folks can't be the tryingest!"

She stitched away steadily on the sheet she was turning until the clock struck six, when she jumped up hastily.

"Mercy," she exclaimed, "I'd no idea it was so late! I hope to goodness the fire hasn't gone out. I must get the kettle on and supper ready. I did intend making some of the flannel cakes Simeon likes so much, to put him in a good humor, but I don't believe I shall have time now."

Nevertheless, there was a plate of steaming hot "flannel cakes" and a bowl of maple sirup before Simeon's plate when he came in to supper half an hour later.

He ate the cakes in stubborn silence.

"Are you going over to Seth Badger's after supper," Myra asked, "to see him about helping you cut that grass to-morrow?"

After waiting in vain for the answer, Myra said:

"I want to know it if you do go, because I want to send Mrs. Badger a waist pattern of hers I borrowed last week."

No reply from Simeon. His sister gave her head an impatient toss, and they finished the meal in silence. When it was done Simeon went to a little table in a corner of the room, pulled out the drawer, and took from it a scrap of blank paper and a stub of a lead pencil.

Myra took the supper dishes into the kitchen; when she came into the room Simeon handed her the scrap of paper. On it was written:

"I'm a-going over to Badger's now."

Myra dropped the bit of paper to the floor and stared hard at her brother.

"Well, Simeon Sayles!" she said, at last. "I call this carrying matters pretty far. Before I'd make myself so ridiculous, I'd— What you going to do when you get over to Badger's? You'll look smart writing out what you've got to say, when you've got as good a tongue in your head as anybody."

Simeon made no reply, but picked up the bit of pencil and wrote on another scrap of paper:

"Whare is that patern?"

"I think you'd better learn to spell before you go to conversing in writing—spelling 'where' with an 'a,' and 'pattern' with only one 't.' If you don't get sick and tired of this sort of tomfoolery before two days, I miss my guess, Simeon Sayes!"

Whether he grew tired of it or not, Simeon Sayles said all he had to say in writing from that time forth. His only reply to his sister's ridicule and remonstrance was written in these words:

"You sed you wisht I'd shut up my mouth and keep it shut, and I'm a-going to do it."

He bought a little blank book, in which he kept a pencil, and all his communications to the world and to individuals were made through the medium of this book and pencil.

The neighbors said that "the Sayles always were a queer lot, anyway;" that some of Simeon's ancestors had been rather eccentric, and that Simeon himself had never seemed quite like other men. No matter how true this may have been, his sister Myra was a thoroughly well-balanced woman, with a large fund of strong common sense, and her brother's freak caused her great secret mortification and distress, although she had declared at the beginning of it: "It will be an actual rest to me to get rid of your eternal scolding!"

"But Simeon had not scolded "eternally," as Myra felt obliged to confess to herself in her reflective moments. He was, indeed, somewhat infirm of temper, and sometimes gave himself up to prolonged fits of petulance, but there had been days and even weeks at a time when Simeon had been as serene of mind and as companionable as any man.

He and his sister Myra had sat side by side on the little porch over the front door of their old red farmhouse throughout many a peaceful summer evening, quietly talking over the past and the future. The long winter evenings had often been filled with a quiet happiness and peace for them both, as they sat at the same hearthstone at which their parents had sat, Myra with her knitting and Simeon reading aloud or smoking his pipe in peace. They had nearly always eaten their meals in harmony; and now, as they sat at the table facing each other in hard, cold silence, there were times when, although neither would have confessed it to the other, their food almost choked them.

"This freak of his is harder to put up with at the table than at any other place or time," his sister confessed to a sympathetic neighbor. "Sometimes it just seems as if I'd fly. There he sits as mum as a grindstone. Sometimes I try to rattle away just as if nothing was the matter, but I can never keep it up very long. I've tried all sorts of little tricks to catch him unawares and make him speak once, but he won't be caught. One day, just when he'd come in from the field, I smelt something burning so strong that I said: 'I do believe the house is on fire,' and he opened his mouth as if to speak, and then clapped it shut again and whipped out that abominable little book and wrote: 'Whare?'

"I was so put out that I flung the book clear out into the gooseberry bushes. I really doubt if he ever does speak again in this world; and the prospect is pleasant for me, isn't it?"

The two lived alone in the old red farmhouse in which they had been born 50 years before. They were without kith or kin in the world, with the exception of a much younger sister named Hope, who had married a prosperous farmer and had gone out west to live. It had been a time of great sorrow to them when this pretty, young sister had married Henry Norton and gone from the old house. They rejoiced in her happiness, of course, and were quite sure that Hope had "done well," but it was none the less hard to give her up.

She was only 21 years old at the time, and so much younger than her brother and sister that their affection for her was much like that of a father and a mother for an only child. They had lavished the tenderest love of their lives on Hope, and their affection had not lessened by her absence. In the years since they had seen Hope's pretty face and heard her cheery voice they often talked of her.

Myra had always stood as a strong wall between Hope and harm or trouble of any kind, and this loving thoughtfulness had kept her from writing a word to her sister about her brother's strange silence.

"I wouldn't have Hope know it for anything," Myra had said; "it would worry the child so. And there's no danger of Simeon writing it. He'd be ashamed to."

During all of the fall and through one whole long, wretched winter the iron-willed Simeon kept his resolve not to speak, and a decided shake of his head or a written "No" was his reply to Myra's oft-repeated question: "Don't you ever intend to speak again?"

One day in May a neighbor coming from the town brought Myra a letter that gave to her troubled heart the wildest thrill of joy it had known for many a day. Hope was coming home! She had written to say that she would arrive on Wednesday of the following week with her little girl of three years, and that they would spend the entire summer in the old home.

Catching up her sunbonnet, Myra ran all the way to the distant field in which Simeon was at work, holding the letter out as she ran and calling out before she reached him:

"O Simeon! Simeon! A letter from Hope! She's coming home! She'll be here next week with her little Grace, that we've never seen! Only think of it—Hope's coming home!"

Simeon was plowing. He reined up his horses with a jerk, and opened and shut his mouth three or four times; but no sound came from his lips. His face wore a half-wild, half-frightened look, and his hand trembled as he held it out for the letter.

"Simeon! Simeon!" cried Myra, with quivering voice and tearful eyes, "surely you'll have to speak now!"

He shook his head slowly and sadly as he sat down on the plow to read the letter. He handed it back in silence and turned away his head when he saw the tears streaming down Myra's cheeks, and he bit his lip until it almost bled when he heard her sob as she turned to go back to the house.

When he came to dinner he read the letter again, but he and Myra ate in silence.

Hope came a week from that day. Myra went to the railroad station three miles distant to meet her.

"It'll be better for me to meet her than for you, if you are bound and determined to keep up this nonsense while she's here," said Myra. "She doesn't know a thing about it; you may be sure I haven't written a word of it to the poor child, and I dread to tell her of it now. It's a shame, a burning shame, Simeon Sayles, for you to spoil Hope's first visit home, just to carry out a silly vow that it was wicked for you ever to make in the first place. It's a piece of wickedness right straight through!"

A visible pallor had come into Simeon's face at the mention of Hope's little girl. No one knew how much and how tenderly this little girl whom he had never seen had been in his thoughts. He was fond of children, and no child in the world could be as dear to him as this little girl of Hope's. He and Myra had looked forward so eagerly to the time when Hope should bring her to them, and they had read so proudly of all her infantile charms and accomplishments as set forth in Hope's letters!

He stole softly into the seldom-opened parlor when Myra was gone. The door stood open now, and all the shades were up, while the room had been made spotless and dustless, and bright and sweet with Hope's favorite flowers in the old-fashioned vases on the mantel.

Several photographs of Hope's little girl, taken at different stages of her infantile career, were in the album on the parlor table. Simeon took up this album and gazed at these photographs, one by one, with unhappy eyes.

He wandered round the house and yard until the time drew near for Myra's return with Hope and little Grace. Then he went down the road to meet them. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he sat down by the wayside to wait until they should drive around a turn in the road a hundred yards or more distant.

He had waited not more than five minutes when he heard the sound of wheels and voices round the curve in the road. He heard the sudden, sweet laugh of a child, and was on his feet in an instant.

At that same instant a man on a bicycle dashed past him. Bicycles were still an almost unheard-of thing in that part of the country. Simeon had never seen but three or four of them, and the appearance of this one whirling along at such speed startled him.

Its rider sent it flying on down the road, and it whirled around the curve, to the surprise of Miss Myra and to the terror of old Hector, the horse she was driving. The reins were lying loosely in Myra's hands, and before she could gather them up old Hector jumped aside, rearing and plunging, and the next instant he was racing madly down the road with the reins dragging the ground on either side of him, while Hope clung to little Grace and screamed.

"Whoa! Whoa, Hector!" cried Myra, in a voice so awful with terror that it frightened old Hector the more.

"Whoa, Hector, whoa!"

This time old Hector pricked up his ears, for the voice that spoke was a firm, commanding one, and the next moment a strong hand grasped his bridle, while the voice repeated:

"Whoa! Whoa!"

It was a harsh, stern voice, but it sounded like the sweetest music in Myra's ears. It was Simeon's, and Simeon was holding to the bit. He held it until old Hector came to a halt, and then he turned and said, calmly:

"Don't be scared, Hope, child; you're all right now. Give me the little one." He held out his arms, and Hope put the little one into them, saying as she did so:

"It's your Uncle Simmy, dear! Put your arms around his neck and give him a kiss, and let him hear how well you can say 'Uncle Simmy.'"

A pair of soft little arms stole around Simeon's sunburned neck; a soft little cheek was laid on his rough, bearded one, and when she had kissed him twice she said:

"Dee Nuncle Thimmy!"

"The blessed little creetur!" he said, winking his eyes and hugging her close to his heart.

And when she and her mother were asleep in Hope's old room that night, Simeon came into the kitchen where Myra was setting some bread to rise and softly humming a Gospel hymn of praise out of the joy of her heart, and Simeon said:

"Well, Myra—"

"Well, Simeon?"

"Well—er—well, what did Hope say, anyhow, when you told her?"

"When I told her what?" Oh, about your—your—la, Simeon, the minute I clapped eyes on that blessed child I knew you'd just have to speak to that baby! So I never lisped a syllable about it to Hope, and she never shall know a word about it if I can help it. I wish you'd fetch me in a basket of nice, dry chips. The moon shines so bright you can see to pick them up. I want a quick fire in the morning, so I can have hot biscuit for Hope's breakfast. She always was fond of them."

And Simeon took the chip basket and went out into the moonlight, his long-silent lips softly humming the same song of praise Myra had been singing.—Youth's Companion.

The Difference.

Bobby—Pa, what is an eccentric man?

Pa—An eccentric man, Bobby, is a very wealthy lunatic. A poor lunatic is called a crank.—Jewish Comment.

PLAINT OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Not Much Fun in Life for a Man Who Has Acquired Enormous Wealth.

"What is the smallest income on which a man may live in New York? was the question I asked of a noted banker whose income cannot be less than $100,000 a year. "Well," he replied, "my household expenses alone amount to $25,000 a year, and I do not see how I possibly could live on less than that." Then, says the Philadelphia Ledger, a reminiscent smile began to cross his countenance, and, heaving a little sigh, he said: "But the happiest time of my life was when my wife and I and two children lived here on $2,500 a year. After all, happiness doesn't depend on the amount of a man's income.

"I was quite intimate with William H. Vanderbilt when he was considered the richest man in the country. I met him one day in Fifth avenue and said to him that he ought to be the happiest man in the world. 'I am not,' the great millionaire replied. 'My health is shattered and all the money I possess cannot restore it. I cannot even drive one of my fine horses. It is painful for me to sit down. My only possible exercise is for me to walk down the avenue. I receive threatening letters daily, and my nerves are so unstrung that I am constantly afraid that some assassin will waylay me. I am overrun with people who want to get my money. I am the most wretched man in New York, and I tell you that after a person has accumulated enough to secure him against poverty and gratify his reasonable wants every dollar in addition is a burden and weighs him down.'"

FRANCISCO SILVELA.

Chosen by the Spanish Queen Regent to Form a Cabinet.

Will Be Head of the Government, at Least Until the End of April, When a New Chamber of Deputies Is to Be Elected.

Senor Don Francisco Silvela, to whom the queen regent of Spain has intrusted the task of constructing a cabinet to succeed the liberal ministry of Senor Sagasta, has been since the death of Canovas del Castillo the foremost Spanish conservative. During the last Canovas ministry he was not in sympathy with the government on important points.

At a meeting of the Conservative club in Madrid on January 7 last Senor Silvela confirmed the reported cabinet agreement between himself and Gen. Polavieja. He censured Senor Sagasta's policy in Cuba, his conduct of the war with the United States, and declared that the cortes was morally dissolved and Sagasta's fall imminent. He advocated a tax on all personal property, an increase of indirect taxation, large economies in pensions, maintenance of the concordat with the vatican, and a reorganization of the administration of justice to free it from politics.

He favored also electoral reforms and the establishment of a ministry of public works and commerce, controlling posts and telegraphs, and urged the need of a powerful impulse for the country's industrial resources. He said Spain's geographical position precluded her becoming a country governed by foreigners, and therefore contended for reorganization of the army and navy to defend the country in case of necessity. He said he did not believe Senor Sagasta desired to retain office.

Senor Silvela was minister of foreign affairs in 1877. He became Spanish minister to France in February, 1884. He is regarded as one of Spain's most eloquent orators. In June, 1897, he declared that the Canovas ministry



FRANCISCO SILVELA.
(Head of the New Ministry Just Formed in Spain.)

had signed the death warrant of parliamentary government, and he earnestly advocated an investigation into the affairs of Cuba, the creation of a colonial army, development of the island's material interest and reform of its administration. He expressed the opinion that it was absolutely necessary for Spain to abandon her policy of political isolation. He was then leader of a group known as the dissident conservatives.

Soon afterward, in the same month, he issued a manifesto demanding an urgent attitude toward the United States in Cuba and attacking Premier Canovas' scheme of reform, as well as the autonomy proposed by the liberals. On September 16, 1898, he vigorously attacked Sagasta, announcing that the premier must inevitably fall when the peace treaty was signed.

In an interview April 14, 1898, Senor Silvela maintained that Spain had made every concession in favor of peace consistent with national honor, and advocated arbitration. "If the Spanish government is ready," he said, "to submit all pending questions, including the Maine, to the European powers for the appointment of an arbitrator—the pope or another—my party will give them ungrudging support. The conservative party is in complete accord with the government's efforts to maintain unstained the honor of Spain and preserve peace if possible."

ACCESSORIES OF WORSHIP.

The Manner in Which Incense, Relics and Offerings Began to Be Used.

The use of incense in churches was forbidden as a heathen custom till the fifth century. The use of holy water was equally denounced as a practice of the pagan priests of Rome and of the ritual of Isis. The asperging of Julian in Gaul by a priest is perhaps the earliest instance of the introduction of this corruption, which became a source of superstition in the fifth century, says Blackwood's Magazine. The wonder-working power of the relics of martyrs began to be believed toward the close of the fourth century and almost immediately after we find complaint made of the sale of forged relics, both in the east and in the west.

The sale of relics was forbidden by Theodosius, yet they constantly increased in numbers and in importance until the holy table was converted into an altar to hold them. In the fifth century also ex voto offerings began to be hung on church walls—a custom which was of heathen origin. The use of lights, which, as above said, was forbidden in the second century in the daytime, crept in in the fifth century. The Mithraic altars had much earlier supported candles, but these may have become necessary in underground chapels. Jerome wrote that it was slanderous to say that wax tapers were burned "in clear light," but Paulinus of Nola, in 307 A. D., so decorated his church on festivals.

Sitting Bull's Grave.

A broken wooden headboard and a neglected mound of earth in the Fort Yates (N. D.) military cemetery mark the resting place of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux medicine man whose wily brain planned the deathtrap of the Little Big Horn into which Gen. Custer's command fell. On the broken headboard is written: "No. 54. Sitting Bull, Indian." Relic hunters have cut most of the headboard away.

THE FRENCH SENATE.

Clement Armand Fallieres Elected Its President to Succeed M. Emile Loubet.

Clement Armand Fallieres has been elected president of the senate by a vote of 151. For M. Constans 85 votes were cast.

M. Fallieres has been a political factor for nearly 20 years, though he is not quite 60 years old. He was born in Mezin November 6, 1841, studied law, was admitted to the bar at Nerac, and was elected mayor of Paris May 25, 1875. At the elections in the following spring he was elected to the chamber of deputies as a republican by 8,576 votes against 6,442 cast for his Bonapartist opponent.

In the national legislature Fallieres joined the group of the republican left.



M. CLEMENT A. FALLIERES.
(Just Elected President of the French Senate.)

He jumped into prominence at once as an orator. After the act of May 16, 1877, he was one of the 363 leftists who refused a vote of confidence in the De Broglie cabinet. In the fall of the same year he was reelected deputy by 8,955 votes against 6,810 cast for the candidate of the government.

In the new chamber Fallieres followed the same political lines as the moderate republicans. May 17, 1880, he was appointed under secretary of state. He left the cabinet, together with the other members of the Jules Ferry ministry, November 10, 1881, having been reelected to the chamber of deputies a few months before.

He returned to power as minister of the interior in the Duclere cabinet, and when Duclere resigned as prime minister on account of ill health Fallieres became president of the cabinet, taking charge of the portfolio of foreign affairs at the same time. He resigned, together with the whole cabinet, January 29, 1883, because the senate refused to accept his bill directed against pretenders to the throne of France.

When Jules Ferry, minister of public instruction, resigned this portfolio to become minister of foreign affairs, Fallieres November 20, 1883, was called to replace Ferry in the former capacity, but resigned with the rest of the Ferry cabinet in 1885. He served again as member of the cabinet in 1887 in the Rouvier ministry; was called by President Carnot in 1887 to construct a cabinet of his own, but did not succeed, served as minister of public instruction in the Tirard cabinet in 1888, was retained in the Freycinet cabinet in 1890, and was elected in December, 1891, member of the senate, of which he is now president.

EDWARD P. THOMPSON.

Well-Known Citizen of Indiana Has Just Been Appointed Postmaster at Havana, Cuba.

Edward Payne Thompson, who has just been appointed postmaster at Havana, has a splendid record in the postal service, and is a thorough master of its details and its requirements. In 1866 he was made assistant postmaster of Indianapolis, Ind., and held the position continuously until 1885. In 1889 he was restored to his old place, and for the past eight years he has himself held the position of postmaster, to which he was appointed by President Harrison on the death of Postmaster Wallace. He organized the carrier service of Indianapolis, and no one has been able to improve upon his work. The first routes exist to-day precisely as he planned them. Mr. Thompson was born in 1841 at Salem, Ind., and was educated in the college that is now DePauw. He served in the Indiana volunteers during the war, and was afterward connected with the army as a citizen. Mr. Thompson's father was one of the founders of the state of Indiana. He served in the war of 1812 and was with William Henry Harrison at Tippecanoe. He held public office for nearly 40 years. The son inherits his ability.



EDWARD P. THOMPSON.
(Recently Appointed Postmaster at Havana, Cuba.)

Where Wine Is Cheap.

Certain classes of wine are so cheap in Spain that they are used instead of water in mixing shoe blacking.

London Residences.

The residences of London are calculated to be worth £700,000,000.

Blind See X-Rays.

A French physician recently reported to the Academie des Sciences the result of his experiments on blind children. Among 204 he found five boys and four girls who were able to recognize the Roentgen rays. Some saw the X, cathodic, and increscent rays, others only the cathodic and X-rays, and one described them as being of reddish color.

GUARDING THE TRANSPORTS.

Uncle Sam's Ships of War in the Wonderful Sapphire Seas of the West Indies.

In the afternoon the great fleet steamed southwest until Tampa light sank in the distance, says Gov. Roosevelt, in Scribner's.

For the next six days we sailed steadily southward and westward through the wonderful sapphire seas of the West Indies. The thirty-odd transports moved in long, parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the warships surged through the blue waters. We had every variety of craft to guard us, from the mighty battleship and swift cruiser to the converted yachts and the frail, venomous looking torpedo boats. The warships watched with ceaseless vigilance by day and by night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of our guardians steamed toward it. Ordinarily, the torpedo boats were towed. Once a strange ship steamed up too close, and instantly the nearest torpedo boat was slipped like a greyhound from the leash, and sped across the water toward it; but the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned again.

It was very pleasant, sailing southward through the tropic seas toward the unknown. We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world movement.

HAT WAS PASSED.

To Buy Sailors a Christmas Dinner—Movement Squelched by Dewey.

An American dentist in Manila, in a happy or unhappy moment, conceived the idea of providing by public subscription a grand Christmas dinner for the United States soldiers garrisoning the city, in the same manner as paupers at home are regaled with all the good things of this life on that day, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The idea took beyond all expectations, for when the hat went round the money flowed in so freely that in a couple of days over $3,000 was collected. The soul of the movement waxed enthusiastic. And so did the whole American community.

Consul Wildman, in a thoughtless moment, also allowed himself to be caught by the fever. Committees and subcommittees were then appointed, and preparations began to be made in right earnest and on a most elaborate scale for the grand spread.

But the American would-be patriots counted without their host, who, in the person of Admiral Dewey, issued a general order quashing the whole thing and ordering the refunding of the money to the subscribers. Admiral Dewey very sensibly says that the acceptance of a public subscription dinner is incompatible with the dignity of an American sailor, and that the United States government may well be trusted to look after his comfort. The American dentist is sad. Consul Wildman is sadder, and the saddest of all were the troopers and bluejackets.

BABIES OF THE WORLD.

Statistician Makes Unique Calculation of the Boys and Girls Born Every Year.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, says Woman's Life. The rate of production is, therefore, about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not everyone who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the world.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

A SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

Impressive Departure of the Troopship Grant for the Philippine Islands.

An unwonted event took place in New York harbor lately. A great steamship, belonging to the United States government, had been transformed into a model troopship, that it might be used permanently as a military transport. It was laden heavily with soldiers of the regular army, who were to be carried by it to the Mediterranean sea, en route to the Philippine islands, says Youth's Companion.

This ship—renamed the Grant—bore, besides her 1,800 troops and crew, Gen. Lawton and a staff of officers. Before she left on her long ocean voyage she steamed up the North river to a point opposite the tomb of Gen. Grant. There she fired a salute of 21 guns, and her bands slowly and solemnly played the national anthem.

No circumstance of pomp, no emphasis of official recognition, were omitted in the dispatch of this ship. The secretary of war stood on her deck when she fired her farewell guns at the base of the great general's tomb. The soldiers were in uniform as on dress parade, and the huge ship and its crowded decks was an impressive representative of national power. Not without similar ostentation is she to steam over waters once plowed by the galleys of Roman and Carthaginian soldiers. She carries large guns with which to fire salutes and exact them in return. Her significance is not to escape observation.

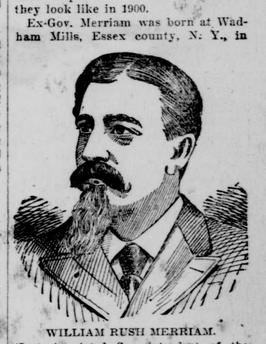
Behind her on the great Saxon highroad around the earth follow two more ships of like character, the Sherman and the Sheridan, both model transports, each bearing, as she does, nearly 2,000 American soldiers, and guns to awaken the echoes of the Mediterranean and the Red seas.

WILLIAM R. MERRIAM.

Ex-Governor of Minnesota Is Appointed Superintendent of the Twelfth National Census.

William Rush Merriam is the superintendent of the twelfth census. His appointment was sent to the senate at the very last minute, just as that body was going into executive session. The nomination was quickly confirmed, and with that action seventy, eighty or ninety millions of Americans (Mr. Merriam will decide the point) were turned over to the former governor of Minnesota, who will place them under his microscope and tell the world what they look like in 1900.

Ex-Gov. Merriam was born at Wadham Mills, Essex county, N. Y., in



WILLIAM RUSH MERRIAM.
(Just Appointed Superintendent of the Twelfth Census.)

1849, his father being Col. John L. Merriam, a prosperous merchant. Col. Merriam came to Minnesota in 1861 and William, at the age of 15, was sent to an academy at Racine, Wis.

He garduated there and took a college course. He then became clerk in a St. Paul bank, and at the age of 24 was cashier of the Merchants' national bank of St. Paul. He became its vice president in 1880 and its president in 1882, which position he held till two years ago, when he resigned. He early became active as a republican politician. In 1882 he was elected to the legislature and reelected in 1886 and was speaker.

In 1888 he was elected governor and served two terms. In 1896 he was a delegate at large to the republican national convention.

Gov. Merriam was regarded as one of the highest authorities in banking and finance in the country. In 1872 he married Miss Hancock, niece of Gen. W. S. Hancock.

Mr. Merriam likes country life, and although a resident of St. Paul his farms are among the best in Minnesota. He has been vice president and president of the state agricultural association, and no other man is so popular as is he among the farmers. He has also large manufacturing interests and his knowledge of finance made him a strong candidate for the secretaryship of the treasury in 1897.

ADDISON G. FOSTER.

New Senator from the State of Washington Has Been a Successful Business Man.

The legislature of Washington has elected Addison G. Foster, of Tacoma, to succeed John L. Wilson in the upper house of congress.

Mr. Foster is a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Belchertown in that state in 1837. His parents removed to Oswego, Ill., when he was a boy, and later in the middle northwest father and son cleared a farm in the forest. He earned a little money by teaching school in Missouri, and from 1859 to 1875 conducted a grain and real



ADDISON G. FOSTER.
(New United States Senator from Washington.)

estate business, and filled the offices of county auditor and surveyor at Wabasha, Minn. In 1875 investments in timber led him to choose St. Paul as a place of residence; about 12 years later the extension of his interests in the same business drew him to Tacoma. He is vice president of the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber company, and has been active in connection with the development of coal mines and building of railways.

Many Tobacco Chewers.

Enough persons yet chew tobacco to warrant the making of over 185,000,000 pounds of plug and 12,000,000 of fine cut, while the snuff takers, who seem to be nearly obsolete, took nearly 14,000,000 pounds to titulate their nostrils. In 1897 there were 4,135,594,125 cigars made, and just a little less than 5,000,000,000 of cigarettes and little cigars, or in all 9,062,871,150. That means 120 for each man, woman and child in the country; but this is nothing when we know that there are cigarette fiends who will consume 7,000 to 10,000 each in a year, and a cigar smoker of ordinary habit will take anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 cigars a year.

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