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THE IMPROVED HAVANA.

Noticeable, Especially in its Streets, Squares and Parks.

Havana has become in a sense regenerated and revived. All the day long (with the exception of a few hours in the morning), a cool breeze from the sea sweeps over the city, while the nights are always cool and sweet. The spring showers have commenced, but they appear so regularly, in the afternoon only, that they may be scheduled, and their unpleasant consequences avoided.

The greatest improvements in the antebellum visitor will notice are in the streets, squares and parks. The menace of yellow fever having been removed (no death having been reported from this cause in many months), the visitor may abandon himself to the enjoyment of the many places of recreation afforded in the city and its suburbs. The most prominent feature of Havana's recreative system is, of course, the Prado, the strip of verdure, adorned with palms, statues, music stands, and overflowing with a wealth of tropical vegetation.

It was thought perfect many years ago; it certainly has nearly reached perfection since our engineers opened it out to the shore, and bestowed upon the Havana the blessings of the "Malacón," which overlooks the harbor entrance, the Morro, and the open sea. "Reconstruido en 1902," is the inscription on a plate of bronze set up near the Central Square, or "Parque Isabel," and "reconstruido," renovated, regenerated, might truthfully be said of all parts of the city, touched by the magic wand of the far-sighted, self-sacrificing "Americanos." Many of the sacrifices made by Americans may have been (probably were) unintentional; but the fact remains that, while individual enterprises have failed, and personal endeavor has been inadequately rewarded, the Cubans have benefited from the push and energy of their neighbors from the United States.—New York Evening Post.

A Famous Bird of War.

"Old Abe," Wisconsin's famous war eagle, is now only a memory in the fire which recently swept through the Capitol building at Madison, the historic relic was reduced to ashes. Grand Army men all over the country are telling stories of the bird which led the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry into thirty six battles from Fredericks-town to Hurricane Creek.

"Old Abe" was captured on the Flambeau river, between Ashland and Price counties, Wisconsin, in 1861, by Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, son of Thunder of Bees, chief of the Flambeau band of the tribe. Chief Sky caught the young bird after a climb to the top of a gigantic hemlock tree, and a week later realized on his adventure by selling his captive for a bushel of corn. The bird was carried to Eau Claire, just as Company C was being mustered in. The lumbermen from the pine woods voted in the eagle as a volunteer, and after a surgeon's examination, it was added to the list of recruits and began its course from obscurity to fame.

When the company marched into Camp Randall at Madison in 1861, a salute was fired in honor of the bird, which became the mascot of the whole regiment. It went through the war, carried into battle aloft on a perch, from which it rose screaming to the length of its cord. At the end of the war the war bird was placed on exhibition once in Chicago. Its value had risen from the original bushel of corn to \$5 for each feather that fell from its plume, while P. T. Barnum offered \$20,000 for permission to place it in his circus.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Spaniards in Cuba.

The white Cuban is the son or the grandson of a Spaniard. Those born on the island, though of Spanish parentage, glory in the name Cuban and drink in the love of freedom with the air that blows from the tropic seas over the palm-crowned hills. The Spanish element is numerically small but potential; about 160,000 natives of Spain are found in Cuba. For centuries the tide has been setting thither and still emigrants from the peninsula flock by thousands to the sunny isle. The Spaniards control the commerce and the monetary interests. They are the hotel-keepers, the owners of the coastwise steamship lines, as well as of the choicest properties in city and country. The Spaniard is to be reckoned with in the development of Cuba. He kept the Cuban out of government positions and deprived him of that business training which might have made him a competitor. Now the Spaniard is in turn excluded from lucrative government positions, though he retains his hold on the business of the island. Quixotic, proud, self-conscious, loyal to Castilian ideals, he holds the purse strings. The intense antebellum animosities between Spaniard and Cuban are dying out as together they face the future.—Southern Workman.

Left 180 Wills.

In 1876 William Rennie of Westfield, Dunbar, Scotland, died. He conveyed his considerable estate to certain trustees, with instructions to recognize all subsequent writings left by him, no matter how informal. When they went over his papers they discovered that he left 180 documents, which would have to be accepted as wills as all of them bequeathed sums of various amounts. The testator disposed of his estate several times over. Since that time the trustees have been working at an equitable settlement, and the case has only now been taken out of the courts.

BOLBERRY'S RAGOUT.

After Having Some in Restaurant He Tries to Make It.

There was a peculiar but not disagreeable flavor about the ragout that was served at the Italian restaurant. Bolberry tasted it at first with some suspicion, but at the second mouthful he told Watson, who had decoyed him into the place, that he believed he rather liked it. A little later he laid down his knife and fork with a sigh of satisfaction and said: "By Jove, old man, that was immense!"

Then he called the waiter to him and begged to be informed what it was that lent that novel and enticing tang to the dish. The waiter smiled and answered: "Garlic."

When Bolberry left the restaurant the waiter was richer by a tip of 50 cents and the recipe for the ragout was in Bolberry's pocket book. When he got home he spoke about the dish to Mrs. Bolberry. "It was simply the most exquisite thing I ever ate," he said, enthusiastically. "Did you ever taste the flavor of garlic, my dear?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bolberry. "I never did and don't believe I want to."

"Well," said Bolberry, "I believe I can make the ragout myself, and I'm going to try it some time when Eliza has a leave of absence."

"I wish you weren't so fond of messing in the kitchen," declared the wife.

Bolberry's opportunity came a week or two later. Eliza had her leave of absence and Mrs. Bolberry was on a shopping expedition when her husband got home. The ragout occurred to him directly. He made up his mind that it would be the very thing for dinner. He began to rummage around in the larder and found a fine, fat sirloin steak and onions and potatoes. He got out the best porcelain-lined saucepan and was about to put in the meat when he suddenly remembered that there was no garlic in the house. He put on his coat and hat at once and hurried over to the grocer's.

"Garlic?" said the grocer. "Certainly. We've got it here in cans, powdered and evaporated. It's pretty strong."

"That's the way I like it," said Bolberry, with the confidence of ignorance.

He hasted back and then got to work. First he cut up the beef into fine pieces, then he added water and set the pan on the gas stove, turning the burner well up. Then he shook in the garlic. The lid came off, rather unfortunately, spilling the entire contents into the sauce pan. Bolberry got out all he could with a spoon.

The recipe directed that the potatoes and onions be added after the beef had boiled for ten minutes. Bolberry peeled those vegetables, but when they were prepared the beef showed no signs of boiling. Then Bolberry made his fatal mistake. He thought he would go and lie down for a few minutes while the beef was coming to a boil and he carried out his thought, closing the kitchen door behind him as he went. He stretched himself luxuriously on the library lounge and lit a cigar.

He had a good novel—that is, it was interesting. It is doubtful whether Bolberry would have laid it down as soon as he did had it not been for the fact that there seemed to be more smoke in the room than the cigar justified. He caught a whiff of a most peculiar odor and his ragout flashed into his mind.

Bolberry is a man of action. He darted into the kitchen and opened the back door, where he stood for a moment gasping for breath. Then he seized a cloth and made for the conflagration. The handle of the blazing sauce pan was hot, even through the cloth, but he carried it out of doors and set it down in the snow.

Bolberry set about opening doors and windows. It was zero weather, but he opened them all. Half an hour's airing cleared out most of the smoke, but the scent of that burned beef fat and garlic beat the scent of roses all hollow in its capacity for clinging. It clung everywhere, upstairs and down.

And then Mrs. Bolberry returned. It was nearly a week before the last suggestion of the ragout departed. It was much longer than that before Bolberry dared to say that it was a pity the ragout burned and that he must try it again some time.

"William," said Mrs. Bolberry, with flashing eyes, "if ever you dare!"

He Couldn't Be Blamed.



Miss Hunter—Weren't you surprised when you heard about my horse running away with me?

Mr. Jollier—Not very. I'd do the same thing myself if I got the chance.

WRONG THING TO SAY.

Senator F. J. Dubois was in Salt Lake City, a friend met him by accident at the railway station and asked him to his house to dinner. "You will be heartily welcome," said the Salt Lake City man. "Of course, I can't say what you'll get. Pot Luck, you know. Still, I—" Senator Dubois laughed and interrupted.

"You remind me," he said, "of Jones, of Amabula. You know him. He invariably says the wrong thing."

"Well, a friend met Jones one day just as you have met me, and the friend said, much as you have done: 'Come home to dinner with me. I don't suppose there will be much, but if you'll take us as we are—such as it is—pot luck and—'"

"O, don't apologize, old fellow," said Jones, heartily. "I've dined at your house before, remember." —New York Tribune.

An Experienced Traveler.

"Look here," demanded the hotel proprietor, "what did you say to that last guest?"

"Why," replied the waiter, "he didn't pass over a tip, so I said: 'I think you have forgotten something, sir.'"

"That's just it. After you said that he returned to the table and took three oranges and six pears." —Chicago Daily News.

Possible Explanation.

Tom—Old Gotrox is getting to be quite absent-minded.

Jack—He is, eh?

Tom—Yes. I asked for his daughter's hand last night and he gave me his foot.

Quite a Difference.



The Artist—Ah, she has such delicate curves in her mouth!

The Cynic—Did you ever see her eat corn off the ear?

He Got Up.

A traveler put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and, before retiring, left very particular instructions to be called in time for an early train. Early in the morning the traveler was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you," replied the bell boy.

The traveler was up in an instant, opened the door and received from the boy a large envelope, and inside found a slip of paper on which was written, in large letters: "Why don't you get up?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

What He Said.

"I flatter myself," said the would-be detective, "that I can tell what occupation a man follows by his walk. Now, this dignified-looking individual coming down the street is most undoubtedly a leader of men."

"That's right," rejoined the village volunteer. "He's the drum-major of our brass band."—London Tit-Bits.

A Berth Mark.

He traveled in a sleeping car. The lights were low and dim; He had an upper berth, and so

The thing closed up on him, His arms got caught and tightly

equestered—

Don't ask if he was calm; But this I'll say, that now he has

A berth-mark on his arm.

As to Future Scraps.

How do you suppose they will fight a hundred years hence?" said the bartender.

"How will who fight?" queried the sporty policeman.

"Pugilists," explained the mixologist. "Will they use bare mouths or telephones?"

All Wanted Breast.

"Now, look here," said the father, pausing in his carving of the fowl; "there's not breast enough on this chicken to go round."

"Why doesn't mamma get a double-breasted chicken, pop?" asked one of the children.—Yonkers Statesman.

In After Years.

"Beauty," remarked the poetic youth, "may draw us with a single hair."

"She may," admitted the prosaic man, "but after marriage she is more likely to grab a handful."—Chicago News.

Their Busy Town.

"Is it true, pa, that stories can fly one hundred miles an hour?"

"Well, not in Utah; they have too many stops to make."—Town Topics.

Egotistical.

Diggs—Was the lady I saw you with yesterday your better half?

Diggs—I should say not. She was my wife, though.

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