

WOMEN SOLDIERS.

They Posed as Men and Fought With the British Army.

The British army has had its women soldiers, and two of them are buried in the cemetery of Chelsea hospital. One of these dames—Hannah Seel, a truculent looking person, whose portrait is preserved in the great hall of the hospital, served in the siege of Pondicherry and was badly wounded, her sex being discovered when she was removed to the hospital. She became a prisoner and wore on occasions the blouse and uniform coat of Chelsea. Christina Davis was the other female soldier buried in this cemetery. She is described as a "fat, jolly woman."

Another Englishwoman who successfully posed as a man and enlisted as a private in the Fifth foot regiment on 11th August at Fontenoy in 1756, under the Duke of Cumberland, being severely wounded. Ultimately she died at Brighton in 1821 at the age of 107.

ELECTRICITY AND WATER.

Little Danger in Turning a Hose on Heavily Charged Wires.

The slight danger that firemen run through the electric current passing from heavily charged wires up the stream of water they are squirting is proved by an experiment conducted by Ugo Tartaglino and reported in La Science per Tutti.

A trolley car wire charged with a direct current of 625 volts had one end grounded, on the other end he directed a stream from a hose with a nozzle of ten millimeters in diameter. At 220 meters distance a voltmeter attached to the nozzle registered twenty volts. At sixty-five centimeters distance it registered seventy volts and at twenty centimeters 210 volts. The average man can stand a current of fifty volts without serious shock, so a fireman who holds his nozzle five or six feet from a live wire runs no great danger.

Ypres and Death. In Holland and Flanders, according to the Manchester Guardian, Ypres is connected in the mind of the people with the idea of death. It is a Dutchman or a Fleming wishes to describe a particularly lugubrious person he will say, "His sister or his old dog van Ypres." ("He looks like the death of Ypres"). This expression has been proverbial since Ypres was ravaged by the plague in 1340. The "death of Ypres" is a virid expression like our "black death." But it is also taken literally, for Ypres is in sober truth one of the dead cities of Flanders. Its more dead than "Bruges la morte," which owes its reputation in this respect more to George Rodenbach's novel and the articles of other artists than to actual facts. "Ypres sleeps and Bruges slumbers," says a Dutch writer of travel pictures.

Making Matches. The manufacture of matches is a complicated and elaborate process, in which are used a succession of ingenious machines and devices which must work at all times with the utmost precision and delicacy. It is now possible to turn out from a single dipping machine about 600,000 square matches an hour. A green log is made into matches and packed for shipment in less than two hours.

Johnnie's Excuse. "Why didn't you say thank you, Johnnie, when you are handed anything?" said Mrs. Brown at the table. "Your sister always says it."

An Optimist. "I am going to buy a raven," a gentleman informed his neighbor. "Really?" rejoined the latter. "What for?" "I want to see if these birds really do live 300 years, as people say!"—Westminster Gazette.

Mean Trick. "George, father has failed."

Very Much So. "Didn't you think the operatic prima donna had an unusually high voice?"

Davy Jones. Davy Jones' locker is a combination of Duffy, a ghost or spirit among West India negroes, and Jones, a contraction of Jonah.

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men. They mate the earth whole.—Roosevelt.

Why the Blues?

Every one loves the blue sky, with its brightness, warmth and softness. Hundreds have written of it in glowing terms of praise, while the hardhearted millions have felt what they expressed. Who does not love a pair of blue eyes—laughing blue eyes, true blue eyes, tender blue eyes, Irish blue eyes? The men who follow the sea love her every mood and hue, and yet 'tis her sparkling sapphire cloak they would have her don on the happiest occasions. "It is impossible in our condition of society not to be sometimes a snob," wrote Thackeray—not to have a heart that would relish pumping a little blue blood along with the red. But when our thoughts are dull, depressed and drear, like an unkind wintry gray sky, we are in the blues. Why this paradoxical defamation of the color which is associated with so many of the fair and pleasing things of life? If we must classify color there are yellow, carmine and jaundice. There are red devils and danger. Why the blues?—Boston Globe.

Smokeless Powder. Ordinary powder produces smoke when fired because of the quantity of fine particles formed from the breaking up of the saltpeter and from some of the charcoal which is not completely burned. To get rid of smoke, so long a handicap in the use of guns, it was necessary to produce a substance that would explode without leaving any solid residue. This was accomplished by the use of gun cotton or nitrocellulose, from which the most satisfactory smokeless powder is made. The substance is a chemical compound, not a mixture like gunpowder, and is made by treating cotton with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. When exploded it is all converted into gases. Burning is not necessary to cause an explosion, a mere shock or jar being sufficient. It is too violent an explosive to use in small arms or in cannon, but gun cotton can be made into less forceful forms, suitable for use in guns, and most kinds of smokeless powder are made in this way.—Boston Herald.

Japanese Hotel Bedrooms. In "Queer Things About Japan" Douglas Shiden gives a picture of the Japanese hotel bedroom, which still leaves much to be desired in comfort and privacy. "Before dinner is over you begin to long for your bed. You ask to be taken to your bedroom. Your bedroom is taken to you. Its walls and the bed are brought in. The walls are paper shutters which make a slice of the sitting room your own, the bed is a quilt. Take up your bed and walk in an everyday occurrence in the east, where a bed is a spread. The only way a European can get any comfort out of a Japanese bed is to sleep on about half a dozen at once, one on top of the other. If you want to wash you must do it outside. The Japanese will not allow a basin of water on their precious mats."

Pepys' View of Baths. Pepys' view of baths—probably representative of his generation—may be gathered from a contemporary reference to his wife's whimsical notion, after spring cleaning, of going to a hot bath in town to "cleanse herself." However, he reflected consolingly, the new passion for cleanliness was not likely to last. The idea of Pepys' French contemporaries on the same subject is illustrated in a little book on Christian conduct, by Jean Baptiste de La Salle. "For the sake of cleanliness," says the author, "it is well to rub the face every morning with a white towel, in order to remove the dirt. It is not advisable to wash with water, for this exposes the face to the chills of winter and the heats of summer."

His Birthmark. An Irishman who had just traveled from Dublin to Glasgow to seek employment was informed that he had a poor chance of getting a job because he was displaying marks consistent with pugilism.

Coleridge Revisited. The ancient mariner had just uttered that immortal line about "Water, water everywhere."

How He Won. First Business Man: To what do you attribute your success? Second Business Man: To the fact that I was always first at the office. For seventeen years I caught the 6:15 into town. First Business Man: Ah, I see! All due to your early training.—Columbia Jester.

Taking Unfair Advantage. Census Taker: Madam, if you won't tell me your age I'll ask the lady next door and her guess at it. Woman: Stop! I'll get the family Bible right away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Legend of the Poppy. The poppy, so the ancient story goes, was created to allay her grief by Ceres while searching for her beloved daughter Proserpina.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more.—Goethe.

THE WHY OF WORRY.

Those Who Live Only in the Present Have No Fear of the Future.

We worry because we are afraid of something. Worry is fear of the consequences of something that has occurred or something that may happen. A curious thing about it is that it is never associated with the immediate present. It is generally in the future, though sometimes in the past. Animals and babies who are conscious of nothing but the present cannot worry. As all creatures, except human beings, live only for the moment, they do not worry because they have no recollection of what has happened and can form no conception of what may happen. Human beings having the capacity to look back or forward, mentally, are susceptible to the fear that causes worry, and, as most persons live more in the past or future than in the present, this tendency affects for worry or not, according to our viewpoint of life in other respects. Worry is mental fear of an impending something. Persons afflicted will be less worried about their condition than relatives or friends who sympathize with them. A person may worry in anticipation of a sickness or operation but when they have the sickness or the operation is performed, the worry disappears, and, though they may fear, they cannot worry in the present.—Boston Herald.

BEST PAYING RAILROAD.

It's a Little One, Built of Scrap Iron on Wooden Rails.

The railroad that pays the biggest dividends on the capital invested is, according to the Technical World Magazine, the Grand Island railroad. It is in northern Alberta, Canada, 200 miles from any trunk line or feed.

It is only a quarter of a mile long and built of scrap iron on wooden rails. Its rolling stock consists of two battered freight cars, which are pushed along the road by the men who ship the freight, no locomotives being used. The freight that is handled on this road consists principally of furs, which are towed up the Athabasca river on scows hauled by men, are laden on the cars, pushed down the railroad and shipped again on other scows, thereby circumventing the dangerous Grand Rapids. Returning, the scows carry all sorts of freight for the Hudson Bay company's factors and are floated down the river.

The Hudson Bay company charges \$2.50 a ton for all freight on this little railroad, and the shipper must handle his own goods and push the cars himself.

Where East Seem West. Those who have crossed the line into the southern regions of our globe are aware that in Chile the sun seems to rise in the west and set in the east. In spite of knowing the contrary to be the fact, it is well nigh impossible to shake off the strange illusion. And this because our senses conspire to tell us the reverse. As in north temperate latitudes the sun never attains the zenith in its Phoebus driven course, we instinctively face the sunward half of the sky when we look south and below the equator, and we are abetted in our deception by the cold winds which blow, as at home, from the opposite quarter. To all our senses north is south and south north. The sun, rising on our right to set upon our left, seems therefore to travel daily backward from west to east in a thorough upsetting way.—Perival Lowell in Youth's Companion.

Bermuda Fish. There are 203 species of Bermuda fish, but of course all are not edible and many are too insignificant in size to excite the angler. But there are quite enough large ones to make exciting sport for the most fastidious fisherman. For fishing in shallow water the native uses a dinghy, but when he goes to the reef he travels in a whalboat or motorboat. In almost every Bermuda bay one finds ponds that are stocked with fishes that are being fattened for the market like Thanksgiving turkeys.—Exchange.

Force, Wisdom and Faith. When a human soul draws its first arrows straight the rest will surely follow. Henceforth your existence becomes ceaseless activity. The universe belongs to him who will, who knows, who prays, but he must will, he must know, he must pray. In a word, he must possess force, wisdom and faith. Be conquerors on the earth. Your convictions will be changed to certainties.—Honore de Balzac.

An Illustration. "How many men there have been whose merits were not appreciated till after their death," said the expert in gloom. "Oh, well," replied the patient person, "that's the way it is all through nature. A turkey struts around a whole lifetime without any idea what it is really good for!"—Washington Star.

His Source. "How do you suppose Noah managed to keep his arse lights going?" "Well, from the fact of the flood there must have been a strong current running."—Baltimore American.

To Wear Better. Lenders—Say, I've been carrying those I. O. U.'s of yours until they are about worn out. Burrows—Sorry, old man. Next time I'll use better paper.—Boston Transcript.

A man does not please long when he has only one species of wit.—La Rochefoucauld.

The Beautiful Cypress.

Of all the trees in America the cypress is in summer the most beautiful.

Ever fresh and green, its tiny leaves resemble the choicest ferns. Young, it is a thing of charm; older, it is inspiring and interesting; mature, it becomes majestic, towering, with a long, straight, thick trunk, which makes the best of durable lumber.

It is a tree of rapid growth. It is hardly anywhere in the corn belt, and southward it has no insect enemies or diseases. A man could plant a cypress tree in his lawn, enjoy its wonderful presence during his life, and his son might cut it and with the proceeds send the grandson to college for a year. What other tree will afford shade, add beauty and make fine lumber at the same time? Cypress trees transplant easily, though they should be mulched the first year and looked after occasionally. Once established, they are able to forage for themselves. Cypress leaves have been found unchanged in blocks of coal deep down in the earth.—Breder's Gazette.

Fowl Names.

The fat plumber was in a philosophical mood. "There is simply no understanding woman," he observed. "Whaddye mean, understand?" the thin carpenter asked, just to start the conversation. "Well, for instance, a woman doesn't object to being called a duck."

"No." "And she even smiles if some one happens to refer to her as a chicken."

"Too true." "And most of them will stand for being called squabs, broilers or turkey doves."

"Yes, yes, but what's the idea?" "It's just this," the fat plumber exclaimed. "A woman objects to being called a hen, and a hen is the most useful bird of the whole blooming bunch."—Youngstown Telegram.

Tiny German States.

While it is well known that some of the German states are of Hittite size, few persons are aware that it is quite possible to visit seven of them, including two kingdoms, two duchies and three principalities in an easy walk of four and a half hours. A good walker, starting from Steinbach, in Bavaria, will arrive in half an hour at Lichtentanne, which is situated in Saxe-Meiningen. Thence the road proceeds in one and a half hours to Rauechungssee (Reuss, elder branch), after which in a few minutes Gleichen in Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, is reached. Half an hour's walk brings the pedestrian to Attenegeesse (Reuss, younger branch). An hour farther on lies Drogenitz, on Prussian soil, and the last stage is another hour's stroll, finishing up at Saaletal, Saxe-Altenburg.—Washington Star.

Over Their Heads. Lady Southwick, in her "Social and Political Reminiscences," relates this experience of her father, the late Sir Thomas Chambers, during an election meeting in 1840, when Gladstone was speaking for him in St. Pancras. "When my father arrived the crowd outside the building was so dense that it seemed physically impossible for him to get in. An inspector, realizing this, suggested that he should go over and not through the crowd. This extraordinary idea was carried out. My father was lifted up with a gentle shove and propelled along on the heads of the people on all fours. This he said, was not so difficult, as most were bowler hats. Willing hands assisted, and when he reached the inside of the door he was gently lowered to the ground."

One Exception. Mrs. Blanc said to her daughter one day: "I am certainly easy on shoes. Look at this pair of elastic sides. I've worn them three years, and they're as good as new. I'm easy on clothes too. There's my tweed—just as fresh as the day I bought it seven years ago. And hats, gloves, stockings—in fact, I'm easy on everything."

Bombs in Warfare. It is claimed that during the siege of Paris in 1870 the Parisians invented the first bombs ever used. Being short of ammunition with which to reply to the artillery of the Boernais, they set to fabricating it as best they could. Old nails and bits of wire, copper and other metals were rolled up in leaden envelopes, and the cannons were loaded with these improvised projectiles.

Right and Left. A writer says that probably in every language, as in English, "right" originally signified merely "straight," "straightforward" and thus "normal." "Left" at first was no opposite to "right," but meant "weak," "inefficient."

More Worry. "Don't worry Worry affects the ductless glands of the body, thereby causing actual physical ailments."

War. War has always been the mint in which the world's history has been coined, and now every day or week or month has a new medal for us.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Impossible is the precept. 'Know thyself,' till it is translated into this partially possible one, 'Know what thou canst work at.'"—Carlyle.

VICTOR HUGO AT LIEGE.

His First Impression of the Busy City as Seen at Night.

Shortly after the Franco-Prussian war Victor Hugo, the French poet, visited Belgium and subsequently wrote of his journey:

"The shades of evening drew near—the wind ceased blowing; lights burned dimly in neighboring houses; everything became half lost in the dusk. The passengers said, 'We shall be in Liege in an hour.'"

"At that moment, at the foot of the hills, which loomed dark and scarcely visible, two round balls of fire suddenly glared like the eyes of tigers, by the roadside rose a frightful dark slender tower, surmounted by a huge flame that cast a sinister reflection upon forest, rock and ravine. Beyond, hidden in the shadows, was a mouth—a mouth of live coal which suddenly opened and shut, and with hideous roarings spouted forth a tongue of fire. It was the lighting of the furnaces."

"After passing the spot called Flenalle the night was inexpressibly magnificent. All the valley seemed to be in a state of conflagration, smoke issuing from this place and flames arising from that; in fact, we could imagine that a hostile army had ravaged the country, and that twenty districts, presented in the night and darkness all the aspects and phases of devastating conflagration—some just catching fire, some shrouded in smoke, others swept or encircled by flames. "This aspect of war is caused by peace—this terrifying similitude of destruction is the effect of industry."

ITALY'S NATIONAL GAME.

Morra is Played With the Fingers and is Older Than Chess.

We are apt to look on marbles as the most economical of games, but "Morra" is perhaps the most economical game in the world, for it demands nothing but a pair of hands.

The players each throw out the right hand, with a number of fingers extended. Then each has to call "five," "three," "eight," or any number that he considers equal to the number of fingers extended by himself and his opponent added together. In this lies the test, for an old hand can divine by the very turn of his opponent's fingers how many he is going to extend. Whenever a player guesses the right total in any throw he counts it on his left hand by folding in a finger of that hand. It takes nine such correct guesses by one player to make a game. This game is proscribed by law if practiced in public; hence the devotees betake themselves to alleys and by-ways. From the silence of these regions there comes the tell tale howling of the rancous players. As game succeeds game, and the wine they play for is consumed, the play becomes more intense, the cries more hoarse and loud, so that one would imagine they were dogs barking. No game is older than this—even chess must yield the palm for antiquity—and yet it is as popular and as primitive today as when first played on the banks of the Nile.—Strand Magazine.

The Piano's Seven Octaves.

Pianos of standard size have a key board of seven octaves and three notes fifty-two white keys. There is a reason for this limit. As it is, the keys at either end of the keyboard are rarely used, and the tones that are now produced, from the lowest to the highest, include all that have any definite musical value to the human ear. If the compass of the keyboard were extended the added keys would produce sounds or noises without any musical significance. It is possible for the human ear to perceive sounds over a range of about eleven octaves, but the production of musical sounds is confined to the seven and one-third octaves.—Boston Herald.

A Shortened Visit.

"Did the little girl from next door have a good time?" inquired the fond mother. "I'm not sure, mamma," said the wise child. "Her nurse said she could stay two hours, but I gave her some lessons on how to behave when on a visit, and I read to her several chapters from that dear little book you gave me called 'Punctilious Points For Polite People,' and she went home an hour earlier."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Strong Resemblance. "What a funny looking man that conductor is," said Mrs. Jiggles on the trolley. "Yes," said Jiggles. "I've been trying to think who he looks like. His face is very familiar to me." "Oh, I know who it is," said Mrs. Jiggles. "It's our goldfish."—Judge.

The Senses. If you shade your eyes you weaken your sense of hearing. If you sip a glass of cold water you will increase for a short time your power of vision. If you fill your mouth with water you will greatly strengthen your sense of smell.—Indianapolis News.

His Job. "What is your occupation?" asked the judge of a witness. "Same ole thing, Judge—prayin' for rain or shine as they're needed 'n' predictin' the end of the world whenever the signs p'int 'ataway."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Insanity. "How was he acquitted?" "Insanely." "He doesn't seem crazy." "He isn't. It was the jury that was off."—Kansas City Times.

China's Joan of Arc. Tradition tells of a maiden, Mou Len, who, in the garb of a man, led the armies of the empire to victory.

Ancient Earrings. The great Juvenal is authority for the statement that earrings were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

For Two Years.

"For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition I made a blunder and gave him a five dollar bill instead of \$20, which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was a cheap state, but I couldn't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?" "Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything."—Philadelphia Record.

Delight of Varied Labor. None but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended or, rather, of varied labor. It is toll that creates holidays. There is no royal road—yes, that is the royal road to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations. They must be garden spots in well farmed lands.—Mrs. Gilbert Ann Taylor.

"Literary Style." A high school student writes this of a fellow inquiring what constitutes a "literary style." Without trying to answer this interesting and difficult question, two remarks may be cited that throw light on it.

"When Charles James Fox was told that his speech had been reworked, 'Then it was a bad speech.' 'When one of my congregation would tell me at the end of a service that the sermon was blue,' Dr. Lyman Abbot has said, 'I knew I had made a failure.'

In general the style is good when it fits the thought so well that the style itself does not attract attention. As soon as you begin to be conscious of the style—unless of course you are reading with that end in view—you may be pretty sure it's bad style. Style is something like clothes or furniture. The well dressed man is the man whose clothes do not attract attention. The well furnished room is the one you go out of satisfied, but unable to describe the furniture.—Kansas City Star.

Short and Sharp Justice. It was short and sharp justice that was meted out to the communists in the Paris of the seventies. Sir William Butler in "An Autobiography" tells of a visit to the prison of La Roquette: "We were shown into a small courtyard by a young naval lieutenant, who coolly explained to us the processes of the trial and execution of the communists. 'We strip their right shoulders,' he said 'if the skin of the neck and shoulders shows the dark mark produced by the kick of the chapsot rifle the court pronounces the single word "classé;" if there is no mark of discolored on the shoulder the president says "passe" and the man is released. Those to whom "classé" is said are shot at daybreak this morning in this courtyard.'"

Folk's Good Opinion. Few persons do not value the good opinion of others. Pulling down the character of some one else is not the way to build up your own; the ruin of another does not mean your building up. There are some who appear to think another's possessions something taken from themselves. This is a mistake. To point out an error in another's character it is not to prove a corresponding virtue in one's own. Let your chief aim be to make yourself worthy of the good opinion of others. Belittling them is a plain acknowledgment of a conscious fault of your own. The way to win the good opinion of others is to be worthy of it. If you are you will not need to call attention to it. Milwaukee Journal.

Racket or Raquette. When you use the racket in playing tennis you do not stop to think what it means and how difficult it has been to trace the word. Some thought that it was so called because of the noise made by the ball striking it, but this is impossible. The real origin is from the French raquette, the palm of the hand, which was originally used in the game before the racket was invented. It's all very simple when you know.—Exchange.

Cured by Suggestion. "And you say that Jenkins was cured of an extremely bad case of insomnia by suggestion?" "Yes, purely by suggestion. His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm."

All Through. "Your friend appears to think that life has nothing more to teach him." "Yes; he seems to imagine he is the only living alumnus of the school of experience."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

As He Saw It. Wife—Please hurry up. Haven't you ever buttoned a dress behind before? Hubby—No; you never had a dress that buttoned behind.—Life.

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