

BROODED OVER DEFEAT.

Gen. Toral, Defender of Santiago, Loses His Mind as a Result and Dies in a Spanish Asylum.

Gen. Don Joss Toral y Valasquez, who commanded the Spanish forces at Santiago when that place surrendered to the United States forces, died the other day at an asylum for the insane near Madrid. The officer lost his mind brooding over his captivities.

Gen. Toral long was considered one of Spain's most daring and experienced officers. He had all the fire and impetuosity that made the Spanish cavalier known throughout the world in the golden days. His failure to hold out against the Americans, when they hammered at the gates of Santiago in July, 1898, broke his spirit.

From a gay and resourceful officer, the idol of his men, Gen. Toral became moody and avoided his companions in arms. He sought and received a leave of absence on his return to Spain. Immured in his home at Murcia, to which he retired, he brooded over his defeat until his mind gave way. Becoming violent, his own soldiers were summoned to escort him to the asylum in which he ended his days.

Gen. Toral, by a peculiar irony of fate, was a relative of Gen. Toral of the same name who became infamous in history as the Spanish conqueror of Cuba.

Gen. Toral surrendered Santiago on July 14, 1898, to Gen. Shafter. He was then about 60 years old. His strong, rugged face and fine soldierly bearing inspired the American officers with respect. The surrender of his army was bitterly condemned by his countrymen, and on his return to Spain he was subjected to many hostile demonstrations.

At Vigo he was hounded and stoned. He was placed on trial and sent to prison, but he and his officers were acquitted by the court-martial.

In his farewell speech at Santiago and on other occasions before he left America Gen. Toral paid high tribute to the American soldiers to whom he had been forced to capitulate.

RED ROSE AS HER LEGACY.

Long Island Mother Heard That Her Daughter Had Blighted Her and Retained in Will.

Because her mother left her all her sole legacy the sum of five dollars for the purpose of buying a red rose to wear at her funeral, Mrs. Minnie Kaufman, of Woodhaven, L. I., joined with her brother, William Weithaus, and her sister, Mrs. Bertha Russell, in contesting the mother's will.

The reference to the red rose created a sensation when it was brought out in testimony taken before Surrogate Daniel Noble, in the Queens county surrogate's court.

Mrs. Henrietta Weithaus, of Evergreen, L. I., died March 29, and her will was filed for probate April 1. Counselor Philip Frank appeared for the executors, Charles Weithaus, of Rosedale, Mass., and Henry Weithaus, of Jamaica, who, with their sister, Mrs. Henrietta Schaefer, were the residuary legatees, coming in for the bulk of the estate.

The other three children began a contest on the ground that the will of their mother had been made through undue influence.

Because of some misunderstanding between Mrs. Kaufmann and her sister, Mrs. Henrietta Schaefer, it is said, the relations between Mrs. Kaufmann and her mother became much strained. Mrs. Kaufmann was reported to have decided that when her mother died she would wear a red rose in her hat.

The report reached her mother, who decided to leave her daughter five dollars in her will with which to purchase the red rose.

The grim reminder of their difference did not soften Mrs. Kaufmann, who instituted the proceedings to break the will.

WILL NOT SELL HIS SECRET

Ohio Counterfeiter Refuses to Tell How He Gave a Base Metal the True Ring of Gold.

A secret for which chemists would gladly give a fortune will be lost forever when death comes to the relief of old Bob Mason, now waiting away in the penitentiary hospital at Columbus, O. He is serving his fourth term counterfeiting and once was caught turning out spurious dimes inside the prison walls.

On his deathbed three years ago, Miles Ogle, king of the counterfeiters, confided to Mason the secret of a substance which turns silver and base metal to the color of gold. When the assayers at Washington seized upon several boxes double dimes, the landlady of Mason, they were baffled by the presence of a mysterious reddish substance giving the coin its true ring and weight. He declares he will never reveal the secret.

Mason was a Confederate soldier, but has followed counterfeiting for 40 years and has made and lost fortunes.

Dog Eats Gunpowder. By the fall of a fallow candle, William Wolf was captured in snuffing gun sheds at his home in Philadelphia. Beside him a powder dog lay watching the operation, as occasionally thumping his tail against the barrel, which bore the candle. Finkly, the dog came in contact with the candle, sniffing it and sending it into the pan in which Wolf had placed the powder. An explosion followed and Wolf was probably fatally burned.

Daily Fashion Hint. We understand on undoubted authority remarks the Chicago Journal, that ladies who are entering on the war question are having their Japanese kimono trimmed with Russian sable.

THE FILIPINO "TUBA" MAN.

One of the Typical Features of the Philippines and His Business in Life.

On the island of Cuyo, one of the Philippine archipelago, the only man who is in a hurry, says Mr. Landor, is "The Genus of the East," is the tuba man. He is naked except for a loincloth. You may first see him hopping about on the tips of his toes, with his head in the air, examining the summit of every cocconut-palm. He is one of the most typical figures in the archipelago, the tuba man, or, rather, the man who gathers tuba, which is a kind of wine extracted from the cocconut-palms.

Each tuba man has a certain number of trees under his care, and to those alone he devotes his fatherly inspection. He carefully examines each tree. Here he makes ready for an ascent. He rubs his bare feet upon the ground to remove all matter which may interfere with the sensibility of his soles and toes. Owing to the prevalent steady, strong winds, trees are generally at a slant and seldom quite vertical. This somewhat simplifies the task of the climber.

Besides, by means of his sharp bolo, he has cut for himself upon each tree notches about an inch deep all the way up to the cluster of leaves at the summit. Up he goes with the agility of a monkey, as one would go up a ladder, and while we down below watch him with some concern he gets astride the stem of a large leaf that quivers under his weight. His work now begins.

Before the flower appears from the stem it is cut, and a bamboo joint, a songa, applied at the end to receive the sap which flows out of the incision, and so that none of the liquid should be wasted, the flower cluster is tied fast with bojevo leavings so as to adjust the bamboo tubes quite tightly. As many songas are generally applied as there are flower clusters. I have often seen as many as three or four bamboo joints so placed to receive tuba from one cocconut tree, but care is always taken to leave a few stems to be developed into fruit for purposes of reproduction or consumption.

To give strength and color to the tuba, a sprinkling of powdered bark of the Rizophora longissima is placed in each cylinder, and each time that these bamboo joints are emptied into the large churn they are thoroughly cleaned and all deposits removed by means of the brush carried for the purpose. Some new powder is then put in.

Each flower-stem is cut every time afresh with a sharp-curved knife, and will exude tuba freely for some eight weeks.

The tuba begins to ferment within an hour of the time of its collection, and in taste resembles cider. It is quite palatable when fresh, but changes into vinegar in a few hours.

The tuba-man is a time- and labor-saving creature. Rather than have the trouble of coming down from his lofty aerie and climbing each individual cocconut-tree, he prefers to add neck-breaking chances to his career by constructing a series of suspension bridges from one tree to another, a kind of primitive elevated thoroughfare, which makes less aerial pedestrians tremble to look at it.

HONOLULU TREASURE HOUSE

Ignoble Fate of a Building Which at One Time Held Great Wealth.

Memories of the days of a monarchy that is dead and of a national flag that does no more are revived by the destruction of the old royal customhouse on Queen street, near the head of Sorenson wharf, to make way for the improvements that the government is planning in the way of clearing the waterfront of the numerous buildings that obstruct the free access to the wharves and docks, says the Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

In the days when the old building was in its glory it had the only good vault in the town, and all the merchants of Honolulu were wont to deposit their funds, mostly silver, there. On one occasion a native stole the great brass key from the collector's house and got away with some 20,000 of these veritable bars. The careful native was thoughtful enough to lock the door behind him, although it is not recorded whether he returned the key or not.

After the customs offices were removed to their new home the old building had a checkered career. At first it was used as a sugar refinery operated by the late S. N. Castle and others, but the venture did not succeed and it became a rice mill. Later it was a Chinese theater. From the scene of a gay theatrical performances the building descended to the quieter level of a hay barn, which office it has filled for the last 15 years. In a few days the last vestige of this veteran of Honolulu will have disappeared.

The Island of Guam. Guam, Uncle Sam's Lilliputian possession in the Ladrone group of islands, was once much more important than it is now. In the middle of the seventeenth century its population was fully 20,000. The Guamanians were mighty fighters in those days. They carried on incessant warfare with the Spaniards, sometimes winning and sometimes losing. In the end, however, they were conquered after thousands of them had been killed. Then epidemic diseases struck and so decimated them that a hundred years later the island's population was below the 2,000 mark. Since then it has slowly increased, until 10,000 people today find their home on the little island, which is 30 miles long and has an average width of ten miles.

AT SEA WITH MILLIONAIRES

Just a Few Vulgarly-Rich Voyagers Who Had Slathers of Silvery Lucre.

One of the Atlantic liners, according to the Standard, arrived from New York on the previous day "with a number of wealthy Americans on board."

We are able to supplement this meager information, says London Punch, by the following more precise report on the ways, as well as the means, of these rich passengers.

Washington W. Wyrke had secured the finest suite of staterooms and one afternoon gave a select tea party, which excited great admiration. The table was covered with a tea cloth formed of £100 Bank of England notes, stitched on old point de venise lace. The spirit lamp under the tea kettle was lighted with a bundle of greenbacks. After tea fruit was served, and between the plates and finger bowls, instead of common doilies, £10 notes were placed. The whole entertainment was extremely elegant.

Greenbacks R. Goodie, the day before the vessel reached Queenstown, walked about for some time carrying an immense roll of English and American notes. He gave one of them to anyone who would accept it. The roll of notes rapidly disappeared, but Mr. Goodie had several more bundles in his stateroom. The explanation of this generosity is rather pathetic. To spend an income of \$10,000,000 a year is difficult enough on land; on the sea it is almost impossible. The charges for staterooms and every luxury hardly help at all. Wines and cigars do nothing. Even Mr. Goodie's new system only relieved him of the burden of about 16 hours' revenue. Later in the day he whiled away a short time by throwing sovereigns at the sea gulls.

Bullion U. Bett appeared one day in a yachting cap of solid gold, with a band of diamonds round it, and a string of pearls to go as a strap under the chin. Finding it rather heavy, he did not wear it again, but gave it to one of the stewards. It was considered rather ostentatious by the other passengers. A novel idea introduced by Winn I. Gold was much more admired. Mr. Gold gave away a diary cloth ornament lined entirely with £500 notes. He said that nothing is so impervious to cold as paper, and that Bank of England notes are the softest and lightest material of the kind. Of course, £5 notes would be equally serviceable, but £500 notes look better if the coat is unbuttoned.

OBJECTED TO CHILDREN. Quiet Child Set Up a Yell and Papa Had to Go House-Hunting Again.

The difficulty which families with children experience in securing apartments in flat houses often occasions much amusement and comment, as this incident connected with house hunting by a young married couple fully proves, says the Standard, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

After a long search the husband found a tenement in the suburbs suited to his wants, and he took his wife out to see it. They carried the baby with them, who was noted for gravity and willfulness, and he behaved himself with great infantile dignity in the surface car all the way out to the point proposed. The janitor showed them the rooms, which were not to their liking. He remarked, however, that the landlord objected to children, but that as they had only one child, and that a very quiet one, he probably would not object to them as tenants.

"Oh, my darling never does," said the fond mother. "The neighbors wouldn't know he was in the house."

Just then the infant set up a yell and he kept it up for ten minutes, probably frightened by the bare novelty of his surroundings. Nevertheless, the flat was engaged, and arrangements were made to move in the following week. The father was packing up his small library the next morning preparatory to fitting when he received a note by the first mail, which said:

"Dear Sir: I regret to say that I had made other arrangements before you saw my janitor, and you cannot have the rooms engaged. Yours truly, Peter Plunk."

Pater Familias after he had read this looked reproachfully at the baby slumbering quietly in his crib, and exclaimed:

"If you had behaved yourself I would not have to go house hunting again."

And strangely enough, the epitome of man has not cried since, but has been as sober as a judge.

Of course there is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question of children and tenements, but I am reminded just now of the mother who on being asked if she had any children, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Yes, I have three, but I intend to drown them all before I take your rooms."

Borry He Spoke. Husband—I'd like to know what enjoyment you find in trotting around town store to store, looking at and pricing things you cannot purchase.

Wife—I know it looks silly yet there is a sort of melancholy pleasure in knowing I could have bought them had I married Tom Colcoash when I had the chance, instead of throwing myself away on you.—Chicago Daily News.

Drive Anything Out. Mrs. Blue—How do you manage to keep the mosquitoes out of your nose?

Mrs. True—Why, I keep my husband smoking those cigars I get for him with my trading stamps.—Detroit Free Press.

DISCOURAGED

Intrinsic Superiority Which is Most Important in a Career.

The officers and men of the navy are always ready to face the most difficult and dangerous duties. In their enthusiasm have risked the disapproval of their superior officers. In their enthusiasm have risked the disapproval of their superior officers. In their enthusiasm have risked the disapproval of their superior officers.

We turn with pride to the episode of the slender Philadelphia yacht which smugged himself aboard the Irish Intruder when she started on her mission of extreme peril into the harbor of Tripoli. His explanation was "merely because I wished to see the sights."

We remember the bold act of Capt. Isaac Hull, who sailed out of Boston in 1812 without the orders of the secretary of the navy, an act for which he might easily have been shot, but for that series of brilliant victories on the high seas which made an American naval crown.

Farago's determination to run the frail wooden ships past the confederate forts below New Orleans and the barriers that stretched across the river in the dead of night was another brilliant feat of arms.

It was Collingwood who while leading the second line of the British fleet at Trafalgar at a moment when his own was in imminent peril, exclaiming: "What would Nelson give to be kept at the same moment of time as I am?"

Each man revelling in the opportunity for action then with a start:

JAPANESE AS CHEMISTS. Have Gained High Standing in the Literature of the Learned Profession.

Probably no eastern nation is more strongly represented than the Japanese in the English annals of science and more particularly in literature on chemistry, says the London Lancet.

They possess an undoubtedly strong faculty for original research and they combine this faculty with a sharp keenness as to the possibilities of practical application of the results of research. The Japanese chemist, in fact, unites the power of originality of the English chemist and the practical intuition of the German.

At the University of Tokio practical study is very much favored and splendid facilities for work are provided in the laboratories and workshops. There are several distinguished Japanese chemists who are fellows of the English Chemical Society and who were elected to the fellowship on account of the excellence of their contributions to original research.

Many elaborate papers involving long and patient laboratory investigation are published in the transactions of the society. The Japanese chemist, as a rule, is a friend who hastens to the aid of his fellow student in the modern laboratory, the constitution of matter, the theory of the association, and so forth. They write powerful dissertations on the views advanced by such eminent chemists as Ostwald, Arrhenius, Van Hoff, Kewill, Thomson, Loew, Crookes, Ramsay, and others, and have offered valuable criticisms on the methods of systematizing and compiling atomic weights adopted by western chemists.

Chemistry, of course, is a powerful weapon in war, and there can be little doubt that among other things which have so far contributed to Japanese successes is a sound knowledge of explosives, their composition, action and behavior under a variety of conditions. When there is no longer any need for the implements of battle, and may that soon be, we may be pretty sure that the same subtle insight which is so marked a feature of the Japanese intellect will turn with equal success to the application of science to peaceful pursuits.

What is Radium? The word radium is daily becoming more familiar, but in certain parts of the country there is still some diversity of opinion as to what the substance is. We hear of one man who thought it was a breakfast food.

"That," he remarks, "points to a friend. I thought so too, but Bob Butler said it was some new sort of stone polish."

"Did Bob say that?" the friend asked. "I thought Bob usually knew what he was talking about."

"Well, what is it, then?" "Why, Bill Staples told me that it was a kind of light goods for pyramids that is specially light and warm."—San Francisco Star.

In an Assured Position. Mrs. Colverger. So your husband claims his position in society is now secure?

Mrs. Newrich. Yes. He is so sure about it that he has stopped hiring a dress suit and is having one made to order.—Judge.

Limit. She—If you attempt to kiss me again I shall call mamma.

He—Don't, please. I draw the line at kissing elderly matrons.—Chicago Daily News.

LEPROSY NOT

So Declares English Who Has Made a Study of the Disease.

Leprosy must now be looked for in the other sources which in South Africa, until recently the extent to which this disease was prevalent in South Africa was little known.

The fact that it existed in the Transvaal was practically quite unknown, says a London report, yet Dr. Turner, the health officer of the Transvaal, reports that whereas there were 109 cases in his charge in 1895, there are now over 200. Dr. Turner adds the remarkable fact that no one knows how many lepers there are in the Transvaal. He says that a medical officer who had been in charge of the lepers and had taken much interest in the matter asserted that there were at least 3,000 in 1890.

The disease is destined to meet heroic efforts at its extermination in Cape Colony, while it is also spreading in Basutoland and elsewhere. The worst afflicted are the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, with the exception of the Europeans, being the least affected.

Prof. Jonathan H. Robinson's theory that eating fish, especially cured, is the chief cause of the disease has been fully set forth in the Sun. His arguments and statistics are cogent, but hitherto have found little support. Dr. Turner, as the result of most careful investigation, differs absolutely from Dr. Robinson.

Official returns show that 7 per cent of the total amount of fish entering the Transvaal goes to Johannesburg. Nearly all of this is eaten by white, but until December there was not a single European in the Johannesburg hospital.

Then a man who was born in Europe was admitted. He was a member of a large family, all of whom are lepers in the Transvaal. None of the others is a leper. In Dr. Turner's opinion, his disease was clearly the result of contagion, as he habitually associated with a leper.

Of Dr. Turner's 276 patients, 44 per cent had eaten fish, only 17 per cent of which was cured fish. Among the white lepers 95 per cent had eaten fish, 45 per cent of which was cured fish.

Among the colored patients, who make up four-fifths of the total, only 20 per cent have eaten fish, and only 10 per cent had eaten cured fish.

Dr. Turner is satisfied that contagion is the cause of leprosy, and that a few cases in which it was possible to ascertain that its origin was ordinary but practically none in which contagion could be excluded and several in which contagion was the sole explanation.

He believes it will eventually be proved that some vermin is the cause of the infection.

INSPIRED HIM TO PREACH. Threat That Aroused the Eloquence of a Young Circuit Rider.

In the early days of Methodism in the west a circuit rider, if he had a large flock to cover, was sometimes permitted to have a colleague just beginning to preach. Rev. John Thompson was a circuit rider in a somewhat "thinly settled part of central Illinois more than fifty years ago. The colleague assigned to him was Brother James Smith, an excellent young man, but well versed in "experience as a preacher, says Young's compilation.

Brother Smith had an appointment at a small town in the heart of the country, but having no one else to go with him and preach in the morning, and the latter, as in duty bound, obeyed orders.

Brother Smith, however, undertakes to preach in the presence of his more experienced neighbor, and when after the opening service he rose and said out his text he was a young man of brass.

He stammered through a few sentences, hesitated, made another attempt and came to a dead end.

"What's the use, Brother?" he said, sitting down. "I can't preach."

Brother Thompson, who at the time was one of the finest preachers in the west, said:

"Young man," he said, "preach, stand in the pulpit, you get up again and preach that sermon or I'll take you out in the grove after this meeting and I give you a hard spanking, as sure as my name is Smith."

An electric shock could not have operated quicker. Brother Smith rose to his feet again, his hesitation all gone, and in ringing tones he preached a sermon that is still remembered by aged survivors of that old time congregation as the most fervid and eloquent discourse they ever heard so young a man deliver.

Proper Way to Treat Carp. Some people who are fond of the carp are an awful fish are also some instructions for its treatment. The following is the proper one: Immediately on being landed the fish should be thoroughly bled and its veins injected with a solution of formalin to insure full decomposition before the hook can be taken from its mouth. It should then be rubbed thoroughly with a mixture of salt and bicarbonate, care being taken not to touch it with the hands, and given an air tight coating of paraffin. It may then be turned over to a scavenger for burial with comparatively little danger of infecting anyone with blood poisoning.—Pecora Herald-Transcript.

Sorry He Spoke. The young man in the extraordinary waistcoat was found of making up jokes.

"Did you ever hear the story of my pocketbook?" he giggled, soon after he had seated himself on the sofa.

"No," returned the beautiful girl, "and I don't care to."

"Why, don't you think it's a good story?" "Why, don't you think it's a good story?" "No, there's nothing in it."—Chicago Daily News.

SHIPS BUILT BY SAVAGES

South Sea Islanders Who Are Expert Workmen in Marine Architecture.

In the Marshall group of islands in the South seas is a little group of coral known as Likiep atoll. It is hundreds of miles away from any other island but the natives go half naked like the other dwellers of the South seas. But they have learned one great civilized art, just the same, and that is the art of building ships, says the Washington Post.

About 40 years ago a Portuguese sailor was lashed there from a whaling ship. When his vessel sailed away he remained behind, for the laziness of the Pacific island life had tempted him, and he had decided to leave the restless sea and live the rest of his days on the warm, sleepy beaches, where no one worked.

Soon he married the daughter of a chief and became a trader. After many years an American captain visited the islands during a trading voyage in the South seas and when his vessel shortly afterward became unseaworthy he set to work on the beach to build a new one.

The Portuguese whaler's two sons helped him and learned a great deal about the operation. The island had fine, hard wood on it, just the kind of timber that shipbuilders value because it will not rot or waterlog readily. The captain at last succeeded in finishing a good 40-ton schooner and sailed away in her.

Before long the two boys had begun to teach the natives something of what they had picked up and soon, instead of the primitive canoes and dugouts that the Marshall Islanders have been using for centuries, the folk of the Likiep atoll began to build canoes made of carefully fashioned lumber and pinned together with rivets.

Now there is a real shipyard on this little speck of land in the wide Pacific. A high roof under the palms on the beach greets the mariner and here he lands his sea vessels, modern tools lying around and every hour looking just as it does in a shipyard anywhere on the American coast, only instead of workmen in overalls he sees dark natives with hardly any clothing.

Timbers are cut down from an island on the western side of the lagoon. It is called Kaseo and is extremely hard, some looking much like black walnut. It has the valuable property of growing harder as it grows older and makes fine vessels.

Tools—all of them of the best kind—wood for spars, etc., are shipped to Likiep atoll now from New Zealand and the boats that are turned out in the Savage Island have been compared with American and English built vessels that have touched at the place and found to be excellent in every respect.

The Savage shipbuilders have a queer scale of prices. If a chief wants a schooner of say 12 tons, built for him they charge him \$11.00 for it, but if a poorer person wants the same kind of a vessel they will charge many hundreds of dollars less. They do this quite openly and explain it by saying that the chief being rich can afford to pay more than a poor person for the same thing.

THE "PRINCES" IN WAR.

Comparison of the Business with Royal Heroes in the German Armies.

Remark throughout the Franco-Prussian war, as described in the "Princes" who commanded under Prussian leadership, says London Truth.

"The princes have taken all the comfortable jobs," says the Truth. "The officers for the princes carry off the best portions of the butchers and the best vegetables and fruits from the green grocers."

The princes are a cause of constant friction and embarrassment.

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern's baggage, as described in a French paper, reminds me of Bismarck's growth. His royal highness, who is brother-in-law of the German emperor, wanted to take to the farthest east 500 coils or trunks, bags, mostly bulky and weighty.

Prince Khilkoff, director of railways, is said to have turned pale on receiving a letter from Prince Leopold's secretary. In his embarrassment he applied to the czar for guidance, reminding respectfully his majesty that Russian officers could only take a single box and a hand bag.

After an exchange of telegrams between St. Petersburg and Berlin, Emperor William decided that his cousin could do with 50 boxes and 100 bags. Members of the imperial Japanese family are on the same footing as other officers and put up with the eternal rice cake and handful of dried fish.

Italian Marriage Brokers. The marriage broker in Italy is a regular institution. In their offices there are books with the names and particulars of all the marriageable girls, rich or poor, who live in the district, and the brokers go about endeavoring to arrange engagements in exactly the same way as they would do ordinary trading business. It depends entirely upon their success whether they receive any payment for their efforts or not.

Sly Bridget. Bridget was none too truthful and her mistress had been using all her eloquence to make her see the error of deceitfulness. But the would-be reformer owned herself routed when Bridget turned upon her a beaming Irish smile and said in a most cajoling tone:

"Sure now, ma'am, and what do ye suppose the power of desavin was given us for?"—N. Y. Sun.