CAST-OFF RUBBER.

Buyers of the Material Now Pay Good Prices for Old Shoes, Hose, Etc.

There is a good market for any old kind of rubber thing. Whether it is footwear, garden hose or car spring, it can be sold to junk dealers, no matter what its condition. The heels and soles of boots and shoes may bring as much as 12 cents a pound because the rubber is unmixed with fiber. The tops, which are lined with some sort of cloth, may bring no more than six cents if detached from the soles, but the boot taken as a whole commands nine or ten cents a pound. Garden hose brings from two to six cents, according to its quality and the amount of fiber mixed with it. Car springs are worth four or five cents a pound. Air brake, acid, steam, water and brewers' pipe sells at \$40 to \$50 the ton, which is two and 21/2 cents a pound. Old rubber belting commands about the same price, but packing is worth barely one-half cent a pound. The difference in the prices is largely due to the fact that some of the rubber goods are made of old stock or are "loaded" with other substances or mre lined with sheeting or other cloths, says the Chicago Chronicle. Chicago has a number of buyers of

cold rubber, and they gather in hundreds of tons every year. Their largest supply comes from the railroad companies, and it is no unusual thing for a railroad to sell two car loads of rubber in a lot. It consists mostly of car springs and air brake pipes. This old junk is sent to rubber reclaiming works, which grind it up and subject it to rubber treatment with steam to burn out the fibrous stuff mixed with 1st. The old rubber is then mixed by manufacturers with new stock to produce cheap articles. The best Para rubber is worth \$1.03 a pound, and has been as high as \$1.15. Reclaimed rubber can be produced for 20 to 40 ¢s.

Garden hose costs 4 to 18 cents a foot, according to quality. Consequently when one buys 40 feet of hose and a reel for \$2.49 the chances are minety-nine to one that the rubber is largely adulterated with old stock. The man who congratulates himself on having got a good bargain may chuckle in his sleeve, but he can't fool the rubber. Having yielded up its "life" once in the service of man, it is hereafter more or less "dead." The mixture of new rubber may deceive the inexpert, but a rubber doctor can tell by a little manipulation of his fingers whether the corpse has been galvanized or not. If it shows signs of cracking when doubled up sharply he knows it is not first-class stock.

Pure rubber should float on water and should stretch five times its natmral length. Commercially pure manufactured rubber has five per cent. of sulphur in its composition. If allowed to lie in the sun for a few weeks The sulphur is dried out of it and it becomes brittle. Belting that in the "east might last for ten years loses its life in the dry climate of Colorado in one-fifth of that time. The thin sheets of rubber used by dentists for dams are made of pure stock. Shoes were once wholly of fresh rubber, but that is not now the rule. Almost all rubber goods subject to rough use are more or less adulterated with old or reclaimed stock. Manufacturers prefor to use fresh stock, but inexperienced buyers demand cheap goods, and The maker meets their prices by varying the amount of old stock he mixes with the raw material. Rubber manmfacturers say there is no economy in buying cheap goods, because the rubber is brittle and will soon give out. Bargain hunters may flatter themselves they are getting a "good thing," but they cannot fool caoutchouc.

LAST OF SEA ELEPHANTS.

Plentiful in Catifornia Fifty Years Ago, the Herds Are Now Extinct.

Fifty years ago the fire natural harbor on the southwest coast of the is-"land of Santa Catalina gave shelter to what was perhaps one of the largest herds of the California sea elephantmacrorhidus angus tirostris—then known, the largest of its tribe, many attaining a height of 22 feet, says the Scientific American. It was a striking and conspicuous ob-

same ject, and naturally attracted the attention of the whites, who immediately began a war of extermination, the animal being very valuable for its oil, the large bulls affording 200 or more gallons.

The animals were very plentiful at this time from latitude 25 to 35 degrees. but the war of extermination began about 1852, and the present decade has, in all probability, seen the last of the animals.

The government, recognizing the insevitable, sent an expedition to Lower Walifornia a few years ago and secured mall the sea elephants they could find; mand the oil hunters have since then completed the work, and it is believed that this fine animal is extinct.

In 1884 the crew of the sloop Liberty killed 93. These men had sentiment enough to leave a few females and young; but it was a mistake, as some weeks later unother boatload of exterminators came along and slaughtered

what was left of the herd. The government than sent Charles H. Townsend to secure what animals maight have remained. He visited all The localities in Lower California which had formerly given shelter to these animals, but found none until he came to Ban Cristobel bay, where there was a herd of 15, these being killed in the interest of science. These were probably The last of the race.

Many-Side C.

Of course the sides of a many-sided man need to be connected if he is to make any figure at all.-Detroit Jour-

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

.Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has realized in various ways the enormous total of \$485,000, all of which has been turned over to the families of soldiers fighting in South Africa.

Sir Henry Joly, lieutenant governor of British Columbia, with the assistance of the Natural History society of that province, is preparing to import large numbers of song birds from England and eastern Canada.

Prof. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, denies that the churches of that city are losing their grip on the workingmen. He declares that if it were not for the working classes the evangelistic tone of religious life in Glasgow would not be kept up a week.

Sidney Cooper, R. A., the famous painter of cattle, was 97 this year and is hard at work on a picture for next year's academy. The painting is a five-foot canvas—a picture of sheep. It is painted from studies made by Mr. Cooper in 1845. The artist works from nine till 12:30 every day and says he feels better than for the last four years.

Senor Corea, the Nicaraguan minister at Washington, is without doubt one of the busiest diplomats of the corps. He is the son of wealthy parents and was educated at the best schools of Nicaragua and Guatemala. Before entering the diplomatic service he had made quite a reputation as a jurist. He was district judge of Totonicapan and had written several treatises on law and philosophy.

An old legal paper has been discovered in the prothonotary's office in Wilkesbarre, Pa. It is an affidavit of defense prepared by the late Jay Gould, in his handwriting, and bears date of 1855. Gould was then in the tanning business in Gouldsboro, Pa., and he had difficulties with his creditors. In his defense he claims that he had built the largest tannery in the world, and instead of being worried by his creditors he thought he should receive encouragement for developing the resources of the country.

Recently the governor general of Canada and Lady Minto were made the victims of an awkward mistake. An aid-de-camp in waiting was desired to send out about 100 invitations for a reception. On the afternoon appointed the viceregal host and hostess were ready to receive their guests. The band played, the tea and coffee steamed away on the refreshment tables, but in vain-nobody came. At last it was quite evident that some mistake had occurred and the officer was questioned, when it was discovered that he had entirely forgotten to send out the cards.

MOTORMAN HAS HIS WOES.

Getting a Clear Track in the Down-Town District Is One of Them.

"Get off that track, Simpkins, Jones & Co., shouted the motorman in charge of a Wentworth avenue car. "Get off that track and forget your

old tricks." The lone passenger on the front platform, smoking his cigar and reading the signs on either side of the street, paid no attention to this shout, but a few minutes later the motorman startled him by yelling at the top of his voice, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"Caruthers & Doyle, get a move on yourself, and give a white man a chance to pass you. Get out of the track; or I'll bump you hard."

From Washington street until the Twelfth street viaduct was reached the active motorman kept up a tirade on the drivers of wagons, addressing them at all times in the name of some well-known firm, although the lettering on the wagons could not be seen by the interested passenger. Considering the motorman somewhat of a marvel, the passenger questioned him, and was rewarded by an insight into the business of operating a street car in the downtown district.

"I have been on this run for several years," said the man in the bearskin coat, "and during that time I have been pestered by teamsters so persistently that I know every wagon and driver by sight. Should Smith & Jones change drivers or wagons I am on to the fact just as soon as I get alongside of the wagon. It takes time, but it pays in the long run. I know the fellows that will get out of my way by jollying, and, on the other hand, I know the fellows who must be abused before they will pull out. Sometimes one tap of the bell will suffice, but on other occasions a fusillade is needed to make way for the car. There are tricks in all trades, even in the business of running a street car."

Curio Hunters in Rural England.

Nowadays there is scarcely a cottage too remote to be visited by the furniture collectors. Most districts are scoured by the agents of the large furniture firms in London, and the rural folk are beginning to understand the value of their old oak chairs and grandfather clocks and their beloved china handed down from generation to generation. On genuine old willow pattern plates and dishes there is a great run nowadays, and many a cottage dresser has been shorn of its glory in consequence. Still, some of the poor people-all honor to them-cling to their old sticks and plates and refuse to be tempted by the offers of the old curiohunters.-N. Y. Sun.

Correct. "Johnny," queried the teacher of the

"Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then, continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?" "All the rest of them!" was the tri-

umphant reply.-N. Y. World.

new pupil, "do you know your alpha-

SOME WAYS OF BR'ER FOX.

He Is an Observant Creature, and His Way of Getting Over the Ground Is Unique.

I was once half-jokingly assured by an old ox-hunter that the red fox never ran; that he was blown along by the wind, and just used his legs to guide himself with, and, after observing a good many foxes, I confess I know of no active verb which adequately describes their movements. Even a greyhound is a clumsy, lumbering animai when compared with a fox. Not that a greyhound cannot cover the ground faster, but there is a certain lightness of foot in the wild creature which is not even suggested by any dog, unless it be a well-bred and welltrained collie. A puff of reddish smoke or a loose ball of tawny fur blown along close to, but not quite touching, the ground would suggest the movement of ayred fox as nearly as anything I can think of, says a writer in the Hartford Times.

Our early education concerning this animal usually begins with some nursery rhyme, in which "Reynard" figures as a poultry thief. In my own case, I remember, I was taught that

"A fox went out one winter's night." and that after an interesting series of adventures, in which he stole the "gray goose" and awakened the farmer's wife, he finally got back to his den,

"He and his wife ate the gray goose up, And the little ones picked the bones."

In this, as in many other nursery rhymes, there is as much truth as nonsense, for no one can say that the fox gets his information concerning the poultry yard at second hand. He studies the habits of the inmates perhaps more carefully than the farmer does. Particularly does he give attention to their bad habits. If some silly little duckling is fond of straying off, the fox knows it, and he won't forget that duckling. If some old fool of a hen thinks it smart to roost outside in a tree, instead of going into the coop the fox will quietly put her on his visiting list, and some fine night when she has perched on a branch rather lower than usual, he will call around to see her. He can leap to a considerable height when he wants to, and even if he can't quite reach the hen, he will make her so nervous that she will probably fly. and come blundering to the ground in the darkness. The fox cubs will be introduced to her later in the evening, probably, and she will never answer the roll call any more.

But he is very cautious when out or an expedition of this or any other kind and the man who invented the expression "as cunning as a fox." knew what he was talking about. Reynard distrusts everything, particularly man and all his works. He will not even believe the unsupported testimony of one of his own senses. If his eyes tell that a certain thing is "safe," he must have the assurance of his nose and ears as well before he will believe it. This is why he so seldom caught in traps. He is caught this way, sometimes, but not often enough to warrant anyone's sitting up to wait for him.

He is a keen observer, too, and very little goes on around him that he does not know something about. As he passes through a meadow, his quick eye marks the movement of each clump of grass, and he makes a mental note of the cause of the movement. "That one was moved by the wind," he says to himself; "that was an earthworm" -"but that (jumping suddenly sidewise, and bringing his forepaws down close together) was a mouse." And so of course, it proves to be; he knew it before he jumped, just as well as when he wedged his sharp nose between his paws and gobbled up the luckless little rodent which was dead before it had time to squeak. He catches grasshoppers and crickets, too, by leaping upon them with his paws, and he sometimes rushes out into shallow water and seizes wild fowl lying asleep on its sur-

While he shows great ingenuity in catching his prey, he shows still more in avoiding capture himself. In England, where foxhunting is perhaps the most characteristic sport of the people, there are innumerable stories of the art and cunning displayed by Reynard in outwitting the dogs. He frequently misleads them by doubling on his own trail, and in localities hear the coast he will often travel for a long distance through the surf, which of course destroys the scent at once.

The American red fox does the same thing. Like his slightly smaller English cousin, he has wonderful endurance, and he, too, can give the hunters and hounds a long chase and often

beats them out at the end. The home of the red fox is usually a nest and often quite extensive burrow, generally having two or three openings. Here the young are born in February. March or April. As a rule there are from four to six of these youngsters, but occasionally there are as many as seven. They are blind at birth and for some time are covered with soft, woolly, reddish-colored fur. When they are very young the mother stays with them most of the time, the father alone going out for the food. By and by the young ones begin to come out of the den on warm afternoons, to play about and gain strength, and later, under the watchful eye of their mother, to practice hunting small game on their own account. If taken young they make most beautiful and interesting pets, but they should be given plenty of space away from the house, as they have a strong musky odor, which in hot weather is quite trying at close quarters.

Filling a Long Felt Want. Miss Bensonhurst-Charlie Spooner can manage his automobile lovely

with one hand! Miss Dykerheights -- Pooh! Jack Squeezicks is going to get one that he can steer with his feet! - Boston

LOST BY A LAUGH.

A Moment's Merriment Cost a Western Homestender a Coveted Piece of Land.

Miss Ida Record is a pretty schoolteacher of Oakland, Ark., but she can do several other things besides teach school, and one of these things is to ride a horse. Jim McVey, who ran a race with her the other day, can testify to this, if he will, says the Little Chronicle.

Miss Record has been teaching for several years in this little village nestled among the Ozarks, just off the banks of the picturesque White river. The people there have managed by hard work and self-denial, to save money enough to build a good schoolhouse, and the teacher, with her widowed mother and sister, lives in a small log-house near by. There never would have been any question as to the rights of the village in occupying the bit of ground where the schoolhouse stands, if it had not been for the fact that the people of the county have lately found reason to believe that there were minerals in their land. Everybody began to look closely into their own and their neighbors' title deeds and, while doing this, Jim Mc-Vev discovered that the schoolhouse was built upon land that had never been claimed by anybody. It occurred to him that he might as well own that piece of the earth and he made up his mind to file a homestead claim on it.

Miss Record heard of his plan, and at once decided that she would herself put in a claim for the property and. after getting the title, would deed the school building to Oakland. The town of Harrison, the seat of the land office, was 60 miles away, over rough mountain roads, but that did not daunt the little lady, who was determined that if McVey was going there to take her schoolhouse she would get there first and "homestead" it herself. She called on her brother to help her. They saddled their horses and the race began. The ride was long and exciting. On reaching White river Miss Record learned that McVey had just crossed. She did not wait for the ferryboat. but urged her horse into the river. It plunged breast high into the stream and swam most of the distance to the other side. Then on to Yellville with foam-flecked sides the horse went, the plucky little rider never drawing rein until she jumped down at the door of

the government land office. The clerk looked at her pretty, flushed face as she told her story, and, with real disappointment, informed her that McVey had been there five minutes be-

"But," he said, "this man's papers haven't gone to Harrison. If you can get there before they do you can have the land yet."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, but she mounted a fresh horse and began the 33-mile ride. In the meantime Mr. McVey found that she and her brother had gone to Harrison and he started after them. They all rode up to the land office together only to find that it would not be open until nine o'clock next morning.

Long before the hour Miss Record had taken her stand at the desk of the recorder. McVey stood before the desk of the receiver. She was in high spirits and made several witty remarks at his expense, while the recorder was waiting, watch in hand. Finally Me-Vey laughed just as the recorder called "time." and at that instant Miss Record dropped her papers on the desk and said: "I file these for record."

McVey's laugh had cost him, the homestead; he was one moment too

DEEP WATER SUPERSTITIONS. Some Things That Are Regarded.as

"Jonaha" by Gloucester Satiors.

Fishermen think certain articles of personal property or apparel to be "Jonahs." A man carrying a black valise, or wearing white woolen stockings or blue mittens, would find much difficulty in shipping on board a Gloucester vessel. The almost universal use of white mittens is largely due to this prejudice, says the Saturday Evening Post. The black valise is simply impossible. Some fishermen think that it is a "Jonah" to make toy boats on board a vessel; others that a fiddle or a checker-board is a "Jonah." and others that it is a "Jonah" to leave a bucket half full of water, on deck. Some skippers imagine that it is a "Jonah" to keep the vessel's decks clean when on the fishing-grounds. Since the United States fish commission has been sending out collecting tanks full of alcohol on some boats it has come to be regarded by many fishermen as a matter of good luck to have one of these on board. One of the most successful Gloucester captains went on & voyage without the tank which he had been accustomed to carry and the trip proved a failure. On his return he came to the headquarters of the commission and begged for a tank, saying that on no account would be go again to the fishing-ground without collecting materials on board. Among other superstitions is one that forbids fishermen to have their hair cut except when the moon is increasing in size. A man who has wounded his finger with a hook will immediately stick the latter into a piece of pine wood, thinking thus to hasten the cure of his hurt. In dressing codfish some fishermen always save the largest fish to dress last.

Japa Make Good Clerks. Many Japanese clerks are being employed in London stores. They are cleanly and courteous and give satisfaction. Many are also employed by manufacturers, but these are not so satisfactory to their employers, who say they waste material and give more time to studying English than they do to learning their trades .- London

SAYINGS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

Bright, Apt or Literal Remarks Made by Brooklyn Pupils to Teachers.

The teachers of the Brooklyn schools have heaps of fun over the strange things that happen when the specialists come around with new dodges in physical culture or clay modeling, but they have to devote so much time to the fads added to the course of study that, they say, they find the children backward in arithmetic and spelling, says the New York Sun. In consequence of this they say many of the children reach the grammar grades without knowing the meaning of words that appear in their schoolbooks. To prove this several of the teachers have collected batches of ludicrous answers to questions put to the children. For example, in one of the schools in the Bedford district of Brooklyn a teacher asked a little boy to give the definition of the word effeminate. The boy shouted out:

"A man who parts his hair in the middle and sings 'In the Gloaming.' " The teacher smiled and said: "My

dear child, where did you hear that?" The boy replied: "There was a young man at our house on Sunday night and he had his hair parted in the middle and he sang the song 'In the Gloaming.' When he went away my sister said he was very effemi-

In one of the schools situated in the Pickleville district of Brooklyn where the majority of the children are of German parentage a teacher asked a boy in the primary department to give the definition of the word "treat," the sentence being: "We must treat people well." Every boy in the class raised a hand and all shouted in chorus:

"I know, teacher!"

"Well, what is it?" "Gitting beer," yelled the crowd. "No, it don't," remarked another boy; "it means gitting beer and pretzels when your aunt comes to see your mother."

In another school where the teacher asked a little girl to define "gimp" the girl answered:

"That's the name of a beggar man what begs in our bakery."

One of the Brocklyn high school boys was asked to give the feminine of hero, and he promptly answered "shero."

In one of the South Brooklyn public schools a boy who was asked to write what he knew about Robert Burns, wrote this: "Robert Burns worked at his trade

working at his trade as a free mason he worked on poetry." A teacher in one of the Williamsburg schools askeft a small boy to

as a free mason and when he was not

give the definition of greedy. "When you don't leave none for your brother." he said.

It was in a night school class in Brooklyn that the teacher asked if anyone knew the meaning of the word fable.

"Dat's then you ask somebody to do you a fable und you say you vill do a fable for him some day," answered a German boy.

"It manes when yer git old and fable," said a young Irishman.

"No, it don't, teacher," remarked the tough boy of the class; "a fable is a fake."

In the Pickleville district the children arrive at school laden with food which they begin to eat as soon as they are assigned to their classes, and it generally takes some vehement protests from the teacher to convince them that school is not a continuous refreshment scheme. One little maid last week sat calmly eating an apple while her teacher with a stern eye on the culprit told her that recess was the only legitimate time to eat apples. When the lecture was over the little maid, unabashed, raised her hand and mildly asked:

"Where shall I throw the core?" It often happens that the children in the Pickleville schools tell the teacher what they are going to have for dinner and ask: "Will I bring you some saurkraut and beer?" Of course the teacher is compelled to decline with thanks. Some of the children tell the teacher that they are not learning rapidly enough and one who said this added: "My mother went to the highest school in Germany and she was in the highest class on the top floor when she only was in school three days."

A girl in one of the Pickleville schools who had been attending that school for six months suddenly broke in on her tutor by saying: "Hey, teacher, when are you going to begin to learn me?" In one of the parochial schools the

nun teacher explained to the six-yearold son of a contractor that God'had made the world. "Did he make the streets and the

houses and the country places?" asked the pupil. "Yes," said the nun. "He made every-

thing." "Whew!" exclaimed the contractor's heir; "what a lot of dagoes he must have had to help him!"

Churches in War.

A church in war time is always apt to be put to warlike uses. Churches, as a rule, are very substantially built, and when a town is attacked, the first impulse is to turn the church into a fort. There is hardly a cathedral in Europe that has not been at one time the scene of a bloody conflict, or occupied by troops. In the Philippines, the Tagalogs almost invariably are driven from churches. and in China the allied troops occupy the temples without scruple. As a missionary said recently: "They say the end justifies the means, but soldiers make it very, difficult to preach the gospel of peace!"-Golden Days.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is ten grown and gathered in Japan that sells for as much as ten dollars a pound.

Hamburg burned in 1899 3,065,900 tons of coal, of which 1,645,800 tons came from the Westphalian district and 2,420,000 tons, or far more than half the entire supply, was imported trom Great Britain.

Taking the Australian colonies in

the aggregate, there are only 75 unmarried females for every 100 unmarried males. In New South Wales alone, according to the last census, there are nearly 100,000 more upmarried males than unmarried females. . In Europe, where polished floors have so long been popular, it is the custom to polish them carefully, and preferably with a cloth fastened on

a great rate, and to do polishing quickly and well. The pope has ordered that about 150,000 old swords, halberds, spears and battle axes in the vatican armory be melted and the iron sold. A furnace for the purpose has been erected in the vatican gardens. The weapons are useless except as curios, and cost a great deal to keep them polished.

the shoe. Professional cleaners or pol-

ishers have learned to skate about at

DAN RICE'S LAST NICKEL.

His Capital Was Soon Increased So That He Could Spare \$100 for a Church.

"Circus people, as a rule, are the best traveling class railroads have to deal with," said George B. Kretsinger, of the Kansas City Southern, who has had much to do with such combinations, bays the Kansas City World. "They are always found to be close figurers, presenting a million and one contentions, asking as many, if not more courtesies, but in the end the results are generally satisfactory to both

parties. "It is only within the last few years that railroads began handling circus outfits. The country road and wagon once afforded a cheap method of transportation between small towns where nickels, dimes and quarters rarely failed to be taken in by the hatful. Those not on country roads were found on the large Tivers, shifting their dates to suit the seasons, all the way from St. Paul and Cincinnati to Cairo, Ill., and New Orleans. The late Col. Dan Rice. who probably pleased more people as a clown than any other sawdust king, was a striking figure among the performing river craft, and one of the first to put his show on the rails.

This was back in '73, when a panic swept over the country and river towns had hit the sky, right and left, for the show business. Rice and his animals were tied up at St. Louis, waiting for times to grow better, when a trading firm offered a good lump sum for his boats. He figured it was go broke in almost any event, so he sold, and then began to tour eastward with a train of borrowed cars. It was a big undertaking, even for Rice, who was about the richest in the business in those days, but everything went reasonably well until he started to enter Indiana. The last Illinois town was 'rotten.' The show had hardly made animal meat." to say nothing of the money to get to another stand. As a last resort Col. Rice 'soaked' the show to the railroad company to put him into Vincennes, just over the state line, agreeing that the company's agent there should play doorkeeper and hold out what was coming. Vincennes did not look a whit good. The town was dead and the inhabitants wouldn't enthuse a bit over the bum band and bright-colored wagons. An hour before the afternoon performance was to begin found Col. Rice pacing in front of the main entrance, figuring with himself for dear life, when a party of ladies approached.

"'Col. Rice,' they began, 'we have always heard of you as a very charitable gentleman and, unfortunately, our church has been damaged and needs a new roof. We thought you might be willing to subscribe toward it."

"There was a man who had just stood up a railroad asked to give money away, but he was equal to the occasion when he pulled from his pocket a nickel and poising it on his finger replied:

" Ladies. I am now balancing a cash 🔭 account. It appears small to you, no , doubt, but in truth represents all the money I possess. If this show does any business here I'll not only contribute toward repairing_your church, but-Fil put a new roof on it.' "The two performances that day

netted the old man \$750, paid for the next jump, and out of it was donated \$100 to the church."...

Two Women's Munificent Gifts.

The total amount devoted by two California women to the cause of higher education on the Pacific coast is at least \$25,000,000. These two women, the widows of western pioneers who became millionaires, are Mrs. Jane L. Stanford and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. The former's gift to the Leland Stanford, Jr., university, of California, exceed \$16,000,000, and Mrs. Hearst who has already given large sums to the University of California at Berkeley, is, like Mrs. Stanford, constantly increasing the institution's obligations to her generosity.-Ladies* Home Journal.

Reforming the Mexican Army. 'An attempt is being made to reform the Mexican armly, teaching the officers to stay by their men in an engagement, instead of seeking a secure place when danger is encountered, and the men to fire from the shoulder instead of the hip. President Diaz intends to have his army provided with the best modern arms, Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Three Degrees,

Bilence speaks much, words more • and actions most of all .-- Chicago Daily News.