

FRANCE REVOLUTIONISTS.

Revolutionists Are Terrible Fighters Who Are Easily Boused to Savage Fury.

It is the custom to refer to Dominican revolutions as opera bouffe affairs. In point of fact, they are often very desperate and very fatal affairs.

The island which Columbus chose for his home and his last resting place, which he named for his own beloved Spain, whose landscapes he affirmed were the most splendid on earth, that island is as marvellous now in its native and unexcitable beauty as it was when Columbus founded his capital.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S DOG BOB

The Little Animal Was a Poor Sailor and Went to His Master for Sympathy.

If there is one thing in this world that Admiral Dewey is proud of, it is his dog "Bob." This is not the chow dog "Bob" who came into fame with his master on the Olympia, and had the bad grace to die just after they reached the United States.

SURE SIGN OF SUMMER.

When the First Shiplod of Limes Arrives the Warm Weather Is at Hand.

Winter can get up out of the lap of spring and cease to longer linger, says the New York World.

A surer sign of spring than planting garden sassa is at hand.

The gin rickey season is here!

The good ship Pontabelle is in from Bermuda with 3,000 barrels of limes!

There are 500 limes to a barrel. This makes 1,500,000 limes. One lime to a rickey. This will do till the other Bermuda boats are in. Another one on the way with 5,000 barrels of limes.

Put up the screen doors, start the electric fans, dig sassafras, spade the garden, renovate your last year's straw hat, take the moth balls out of your serge suit, hire your moving van, look up the country board advertisements.

The summer is coming!

The summer can't help itself. No summer ever staid away after the first shipment of limes arrived. The rickey will not be deceived.

Let the furnace go out, give your overcoat to the custody of your uncle, turn up your nose at buckwheat cakes and sausages, tuck down the matting, select your potted plants, throw your overalls into the darkest corner of the cellar. The first cargo of limes—1,500,000 limes—is come to port!

Shad and strawberries may mean nothing to us, but the lime in here Summer is coming! The lime is infallible.

P. S.—It isn't the kind whitewash is made of.

During the Honeymoon.

He—One of the first things I must do, my dear, is to hire your successor at the typewriter.

She—Well, there's one thing you must understand. You are not to pay her more than half of what you paid me. You are altogether too easy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Dig.

Maudie—I know he's dead in love with me, and he's the most sensible man I ever met.

Her Friend—How paradoxical—Houston Post.

PORTO RICAN NOVELTIES.

Mammee and Pourport Nuts Are Among the Recent Importations.

Two new specialties are being featured at the local market stand show. They are, mammees, with almost the price of admission alone says the Chicago Tribune. Each might be called the "what is it?"

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FALL OF HAWAIIAN NAVY.

Scarcity of Gin on Board Led the Warship Into a Devious Course.

This is the true story of the royal Hawaiian navy. It was in the days of the kingdom. Some one at the court of the dusky islanders conceived the idea that Hawaii should be graced by a navy.

The navy consisted of a converted teak-wood trading schooner fitted with a third mast and full rigged. The Hawaiian admiralty provided the navy with a lot of old brass cannons, consisting of a crew of natives, and forthwith sent them out to battle with the obstreperous Samoans.

Away sailed the navy to the southward, bent on an errand that should sustain the honor of the Hawaiian flag, and the prowess of the Hawaiian blue-jackets—it he wore a jacket!

A month passed, and the month wore into two months, with not a word from the seat of war. An anxious monarch scanned the blue horizon with weary eyes for a sign of the fleet.

Not a sign, until along about the eleventh week came a message that the navy was in distress off Hilo. Explanations followed soon afterward. Everything had gone well for a few days, until the crew had consumed all of the square-bottle gin it had taken aboard when the cruise began.

They could not fight without gin, and to get it the brave tars were ready for any sacrifice. So they put into Hilo. They traded the brass cannons for more gin, and for 11 weeks held out against no worse a foe than the re-creative distilled strong waters from Holland.

The navy returned in disgrace. The admiralty went out of business and the flag was lowered on the only ship in the navy. For many years the Kaimialoha was a hulk in the Honolulu harbor, the last and the only man-of-war the royal family ever owned.

Hawaiian Stamps.

The Hawaiian numeral postage stamps rank among the earliest used in any country, and are consequently highly respected. Those that came into use in 1851, soon after the opening of the postal bureau, were type numerals of 2 and 13 cents, with fringed border, a double rule surrounding the whole stamp. A year later (1852) in printing a new edition "H. I. & U. S." were inserted in place of "Hawaiian." These three stamps were the only ones during the first two years of the Hawaiian postal service. The issues of engraved Hawaiian stamps comprise some 25 or more, not to speak of the various colors used in printing new editions of the same stamps.

A Special Order.

An old woman in Cincinnati brought a worn-out Bible to a publishing house, explaining that it had been in her family 200 years. She asked the publisher to make her a new one just like it, adding that she was then going to market, and would stop for the new Bible on her way home, winding up with a query as to how much it would be.

LIFE IN GOLD COUNTRIES.

Experiences of an Explorer in Alaska and Some Other Accounts.

Here are some of the experiences which David T. Hanbury records as typical of those he first met in Alaska. "The cold could not be kept out of even the most palatial example of domestic architecture which Dawson City could at that time boast, but the author stuck to the coat of the morning tub. After I had melted the pail of ice on the 'airtight' stove I poured some of the water two inches deep into the bath-tub, which I had removed to the rear of the room where there was no heat.

Of an expedition into the interior Mr. Hanbury writes: "We took enough meat to last us several days, and proceeded down the river, meeting the same day several musk-oxen. One remained close to us while we were pitching the tent in the evening. As he did not appear disposed to move off I took my camera and approached within about 30 yards, when I snapped him. He remained feeding on the willows, so I went still nearer. He showed no signs of fear, but I did, for I heard no arms. I ascended to a small knoll below which he was feeding, and thus got within a few yards of him and snapped him again. I then wished for another shot in a different position, so I threw a piece of rock at him, which only produced an angry shake of the head. I threw several other missiles, but he only stood angrily shaking his head, pawing the ground, and making a low guttural grunt."

To penetrate far into the Alaskan interior in the dead of winter would be simply to court starvation, says the Chicago Daily News. The leader here has all departed, and to depend on finding musk-ox at the end of the journey would be risky indeed, but there still remains one spot in the great barren northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, exhibiting no fear of curiosity. "I approached several herds within 30 yards," writes an explorer, "photographed them at my leisure, moving them around as I wished, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me as if in wonder."

The intense cold found at the high elevations over which the British troops lately marched into Tibet nearly disabled the Maxim and rifle. The officers of the guns had to clear the locks of the Maxims of oil and carry them in their breast pockets to keep them warm and dry, and the men took their rifles to bed with them. Otherwise, the oil would freeze into a clogging mess, which would cause misfires. The water jackets of the Maxims became a source of danger, and even a mixture of one-quarter rum did not prevent the water from freezing.

PARIAS OF THE SKYLINE.

The Coyote Is Always a Tantalizing Mark for the Man with a Rifle.

There is a deal of coyote hunting in the west that is not attended by the niceties of the club hunt. Ever since the first pioneers pushed their way across the great plains the coyote has been an outlaw, looking for no mercy at the hand of man, says Outing. His predatory habits have made the animal the bane of the ranchman, and his howl has made him the exasperation of the camper and the terror of the tenderfoot. Then, too, his habit of skulking just within rifle range has always made him a tantalizing target for the man with the rifle.

In spite of his unpopularity with all classes of men, however, the coyote has managed to hold his own better than any other animal in the great west. The antelope is swifter of foot, mayhap, but, not having the cunning of the coyote, has been lured within rifle range until practically exterminated in many states. The ranchman's lust for fresh meat, the eastern tourist's desire for antlers and elk teeth, and the native who slays for the market, have depopulated Colorado and several other states of their best game. The bear, cougar and bobcat have felt the same blighting influence, but the coyote still figures in the skyline of the average western picture. Sometimes he is unwise enough to eat poisoned carcasses of cattle, but this is seldom. As in he falls a victim to a coyote "drive" organized by ranchmen and participated in by townspeople, tenderfoot, newspaper correspondents and amateur photographers. These coyote "drives" are held annually, or oftener, in nearly all western communities where the prairie-pet flourishes. An average "drive," participated in by several hundred individuals, will yield sometimes as high as 20 coyotes, and sometimes none at all. A good deal depends on the wind, and more depends on the coyote's cunning and ability to sprint.

In Eagle Eye.

Leading Lady—But have you any local talent in this settlement?

Amber Petre—Wal, I should say so, miss. There's a Bad Bill, who can let daylight into you at a hundred paces, Big Scar Sam, who has led twenty lynching parties, an' Tepeka Pete, who held up a train all by himself. How's that for talent?—Chicago Daily News.

TRAVEL IN PORTO RICO.

Under American Management It Has Been Greatly Facilitated by New Highways.

Transit in Porto Rico conducted under the Spanish rule on the manana (tomorrow) plan was a thing to marvel at, says the New York Tribune.

Spain's only lasting monument on this island is the magnificent military highway from San Juan to Ponce, and it was at the time of the American occupation the only decent driveway of any considerable length in the island. "Swing-trucking" time is at the rate of nine miles an hour, it takes from 14 to 16 hours to cover the 92 miles.

The advent of American rule found the island practically without transportation facilities, and the hurricanes of 1899 which swept out of existence entire villages, only added to the gravity of the situation.

Most of the commerce of the island was carried on over heartbreaking wagon trails seamed with ruts, where carts and coaches alike bogged to the axle. Towns of 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants depended for communication with the seaboard on miserable trails, where even pack horses mired in the rain season, and it cost the coffee and tobacco merchants all their merchandise was worth to transport it to market.

Five years of continuous effort, backed by the expenditure of nearly \$2,000,000, have wrought wonderful changes, and smooth, well-built roads of the Massachusetts highway type, modified to meet climatic conditions, now connect most, if not all, of the important towns.

The recently completed macadam highway from the seaport of Arrecibo now parallels the military road and crosses the island from north to south. Barefoot peasant women, erect and graceful, swing along the road, perfectly indifferent to the heavy burdens balanced on their heads. Latent oxen, with heavy yokes roped to their horns, drag clumsy two-wheeled carts, that lurch on their ill-fitting axles like drunken men. The driver, walking in front, leads his team with a long pole and steps aside as wonder of wonders, the centuries touch hands and an American automobile rolls past.

The Porto Rican poem of the interior, however, is conservative, if not else. What was good enough for his great-grandfather is good enough for him, and, strange as it may seem, the twentieth century found oxen, yoked in the manner pictured in Egyptian temples, traveling side by side with modern steam rollers, and the jibaro (countryman) from the interior, bending beneath the load of bananas struck from the wooden yoke across his shoulders, stepping from the road as his brother peep from the city whisked by on a bicycle.

One incident of travel under old conditions is well worth mention.

The eight miles of road from Arrecibo to Camuy, the end of the American railway, has always been noted for its wildness, and short as the distance is, takes from four to six hours of positive torture to travel over. Three miles from Arrecibo the miserable road gives up its struggle for existence and ends in barren wastes of windswept sand. The horses are taken out and replaced by oxen and the procession starts, the coach sinking to the hubs in the drifts and bringing the horned team to a halt every few yards.

For three miles the melancholy progress continues until the sand gradually ending in the semibarren of a road, the oxen are unhitched and the coach jolts and jars over ruts and boulders, plucking the traveler about like a pin in a pint measure and landing him bruised and dizzy at Camuy.

The reverse of the picture presents itself in the 32 miles from Camuy to Aguadilla, the third seaport of the island, and the scene of the landing of Columbus in 1493.

The smooth macadam road, lined with crimson flamboyant and nodding palms and shaded with almond and Indian laurel trees, is a model of scientific road building, and is easily covered in an automobile in less than two hours.

MANILA HAS GREAT FUTURE

The Opinion of an Employee of Our Government Who Has Lived There.

George R. Putnam, of Davenport, who has been in charge of the government coast and geodetic survey of the Philippine islands for the last three years and a half, and a resident of Manila during that time, stopped at his old home in Davenport, Ia., while on his way to Washington to report upon the progress of the work that has been in his charge, reports the Chicago Record-Herald.

"An encouraging sign is the fact that there is quite a little demand for real estate in Manila from Americans," he said.

"What particular elements will enter largely into the future development of the islands?"

"The railroad, first. There is now only a little 80-mile road, constructed ten years ago, in the whole lot of islands. Nearly all the trade of the islands is carried almost always on the littletstreams, and transportation is by boat almost entirely."

"Acquinaldo is living quietly in Manila, and we don't hear much of him. The better class of Filipinos are glad to have a strong government in control, and only the Moros, who are intractable Mohammedans, will make much trouble from now on."

A Star Climber.

Among the Alpine ascents made in Switzerland during the past winter was one by an Englishwoman, Miss Wynn, who went up; the very difficult Wetterhorn. The ascent took 17 hours of steady climbing; the whole expedition, 26 hours.

TALE OF A GREEDY BOY.

Sacrificed a Sound Tooth to Get Spending Money and Got Badly Left.

"A friend of mine, speaking satirically the other day of a chap who isn't much of a spender," relates a Washington Star writer, said of the stingy one: "Why, that fellow doesn't think any more of a nickel than he does of his right eye." Which reminded me of an experience or two bearing upon my own youthful greed. I believe that I am not regarded, now that I'm grown up, as a close-fisted individual. But when I was a small boy I grieve to say that I once sacrificed a good tooth for two bits that I didn't get.

"I was about at the age when my milk teeth were beginning to loosen—nine or ten, or something like that. One day I had a pretty bad toothache, and I told my dad about it.

"Well, there's another one right underneath the achin' molar, and it's tryin' to sprout," my dad told me. "Better go and have the achin' one yanked. Wait a minute and I'll write you a note to the dentist."

"He scribbled a note to the family dentist, and I ran over to the dentist's office, holding my throbbing jaw. The dentist was a fine-looking, white-bearded, benevolent-looking old gentleman, a friend of my dad's for 30 years back. He read my dad's note, patted me on the head in a kindly way, planted me in the operating chair and felt of the jumping tooth—I suppose that he really could have pulled it out with his fingers. I was so anxious to have it out that I didn't buck or wince, even when he prodded the forceps, and I suppose the old dentist imagined from that that I was a rather spunky sort of a youngster.

"An' how, as soon as he had pulled the tooth, he patted me on the head some more, telling me that I was a fine plucky boy and just like my father. Then he reached down into his pantalons, hauled out a bundle, stripped off a 25-cent shipplaster from it and handed it to me.

"It won't hurt any if you get a bit of candy into the void left by that tooth, son, he said to me, smiling benevolently, as he handed me the shipplaster, and then chinking me to give his regards to my father, he returned to another suffering patient in waiting, and I ran out.

"I had a wild and prolonged period of riot with that 25-cent shipplaster, of course. My folks weren't rich, and they weren't very strict on that small change thing for the boys of the family. A few nickels a year constituted the grab-out that I believed at home, and you are not to forget that I didn't do as well as that, either, until I had far more than delivered the goods in the way of splitting kindling, cleaning up the back yard, trotting errands, hoeing the garden and so on.

"So that that 25-cent shipplaster struck me as being pretty soft for me. The memory of it haunted me for a couple of weeks after the piece of money had been blown in, and the more I thought of it the more easy that benevolent old dentist seemed to me. Fact is, I began to get sore because I wasn't revisited by the toothache. I was angry because all the rest of my teeth seemed as sound as rivers. I wanted another chance to visit that kindly old dentist, for I was certain in my own mind that the giving of 25-cent shipplasters was just as much a habit with him as eating. So I was hit by an inspiration. I hadn't any tooth that needed pulling, but nobody else knew that. I could pretend that one of them was bumping almost out of its socket, and who would be the wiser? How could anybody, even the dentist, know that I was faking if I declared that one of my sound teeth was yelling murder?"

"No sooner thought out than acted upon. I chased over to the old dentist's office again, but this time without any note—I hadn't said a word to my dad about my counterfeit aching tooth. I was holding my jaw and had my face screwed into an imitation expression of anguish when the good old dentist received me.

"Ha, my boy, another bad tooth," he said, in his kindly way, when he saw me, and from his pleasant way I judged that that 25-cent shipplaster No. 2 was just as good as in my pocket.

"Holding on to my expression of great misery, I climbed into his chair and pointed out one of my front teeth—a tooth that was as sound as a silver dollar and hadn't even the symptom of an ache in it. The good old dentist felt it, examined it closely, and then said that the tooth seemed to be pretty good—he couldn't make out why it should be aching. I pretended that it was almost killing me, all the same. So he pulled it out, and maybe it didn't hurt!

"When it was out and I had climbed out of the operating chair, I had the first nickel of that 25-cent shipplaster as good as spent. I stood in front of the good old dentist, gazing at him wildly.

"Feel better now, son?" he inquired, as he busied himself with his tools. "Ah, glad to hear that. You'll be all right. Now, run along, son, like a good boy, and don't forget to give your father my compliments."

"Talk about being hit on the wishbone by a steamboat! I was so stunned that I didn't know what had happened until I was five blocks away from the dentist's office. It was one of the most miserable experiences of my life when I realized the full force of the calamity. The 25-cent shipplaster hadn't been forthcoming, and I had sacrificed a good tooth for nothing!"

Socialism in Japan.

In Japan state socialism is favored by the government and taught in the colleges.

THE HORSES OF MEXICO.

Breed That Started in Barbary, Which Accounts for Their Wonderful Endurance.

Horses have multiplied rapidly in Mexico and barely a hundred years after the conquest Cervantes, writing in Spain, makes one of his characters say "he could ride as well as the best Cordobese or Mexican," so early had the fame of the jinetes, or riders, of Mexico crossed the ocean. The horses of Cuba that crossed into this country, says Modern Mexico, as well as the horses that went to the River Plate on a similar errand of conquest, are believed to have been of Andalusian breed, and Cunningham Graham, the famous British author and traveler who knows from personal experience both Mexican and Argentine horses, holds that we must look to Barbary for the progenitors of the Cordobese horses. "Most horses," he says, "in fact, all breeds of horses, have six lumbar vertebrae. A most careful observer, the late Edward Loosan, a professor in the agricultural college of Santa Catalina, near Buenos Ayres, has noted the remarkable fact that the horses of the Pampas have only five. Following up his researches he has found that the only other breed of horses in which a similar peculiarity is to be found is that of Barbary."

So Cunningham Graham, who was ridden the horses of the Moors in Morocco as well as the horses of Mexico and the Pampas, is of the opinion that these horses are evidently descended from those of Barbary.

Of late years, thousands of American horses have been imported here, often thoroughbreds, and undoubtedly the type of the Mexican horse of today had changed somewhat through the infusion of new blood. Some one competent and with leisure (and it is indispensable that he be a lover of horses) should take up this theme of the Mexican horse and make a big book on the subject.

Anyone who has ridden the wiry and long-enduring little Mexican horse will not need to be told of its good points. Not infrequently is he a "wind drinker," like the horses of the African desert, full of speed and tireless. Given a grassy plain of a league or more, a "caballito," or horse of mettle, the crisp air of the tabland morning in autumn, or even in March, and a man may take one of the joys of Paradise for who may say that our horses will not meet us gladly over there in the good country where so the noble riders and lovers of swift steeds?

EDUCATION OF WASHINGTON

Young George Had a Predilection for Knowledge of Practical Value.

"I took very early to arithmetic, and later to mathematical studies. I remember with what pleasure and pride I accompanied Mr. Williams when he went to survey some meadows on Bridges' Creek," writes S. Weir Mitchell of "The Youth of Washington" in Century. "To discover that what could be learned at school, might be turned to use in setting out the bounds of land gave me the utmost satisfaction. I have always had this predilection for such knowledge as can be put to practical use, and was never weary of tramping after my teacher, which much surprised my sister-in-law. I took less readily to geography and history. Some effort was made (but this was later) to instruct me in the rudiments of Latin, but it was not kept up, and a phrase or two I found written later in a copy-book is all that remains to me of that tongue."

"I much regret that I never learned to spell very well, or to write English with elegance. As the years went by I improved as to both defects, through incessant care on my part and copying my letters over and over. Great skill in the use of language I have never possessed, but I have always been able to make my meaning so plain in what I wrote that no one could fail to understand what I desired to make known."

"I have always been willing to confess my lack of early education, but notwithstanding have been better able to present my reasons on paper than by word of mouth. I am aware, as I have said, that, except in the chase or in battle, my mind moves slowly, but I am further satisfied that under peaceful circumstances my final capacity to judge and act is quite as good as that of men who, like Gen. Hamilton, were my superiors in power to express themselves. I may add that I learned early to write a clear and very legible hand. As to spelling, my mother's was the worst I ever saw, and I believe King George was no better at it than I, his namesake. This just now reminds me that I may have been named after his grandfather, King George II., for George was not a family name, and, as we were very loyal people, it may have been so."

Tree with a Pedigree.

Trees with a pedigree are not common, but one such was set out in the white house grounds in Washington the other day. It grew from an acorn which Secretary Hitchcock, of the department of the interior, took from an oak that grew from an acorn which Charles Sumner plucked from a tree over the tomb of Washington and sent to the czar. The czar had the acorn planted in the grounds of the Peterhof palace in St. Petersburg, and Mr. Hitchcock got his acorns when he was minister to Russia in 1858, and had them planted at his home in Missouri. So the young sapling on the white house grounds is the grandchild of the Washington oak. One might trace the ancestry farther back, but as it has an honorable grandfather, what is the use?—Youth's Companion.