

THE RED CROSS.

They too have heard the drum-beat, They follow the bugle's call, These who are swift with pity On the field where brave men fall.

When the battle-boom is silent, And the cohoing thunder dies, They haste to the plain red sodden With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them Is marked with a crimson sign, Pledge of a great compassion And the rifted heart divine,

That once for man's redemption Knew earth's completest loss, hese to the field of valor Bring love's immortal cross.

And so they follow the bugle, And heed the drum-beat's call, But their errand is one of plty-They succor the men who fall. -Harper's Bazar.

THE YELLOW GOD.

Y LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

in' it."

silly,

hey'll ever sing fer me."

ick of sympathy with his reminiscent

mood, "an' that means separation. I

know you like me, Billy. A feller

couldn't want a better pardner than

you've been fer the two year I've

knowed you. But with yer eddica-

tion, an' yer young blood, an' yer am-

bitions, you ain't my kind in civ'liza-

tion. We can't be the same down

there. I couldn't expect it. But I

think a powerful deal of you, Billy.

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his

companion, impatiently, "you're in

the dumps tonight. Take a walk and

brace up. Should think you'd look

n the bright side of things now.

e've worked and starved in these

I---

ns ran his hand through

lay heaped on the floor

billy, have a quittin'. the wants an privations

for nigh twenty years.

ow, I've come to like these

nountains, an' the singin' of

les, an' the river. They've d like friends, an' I'm never

me among 'em. Listen! you

ar 'em now. Maybe it's the las'

're goin' back to civ'lization."

ted Tom, unheeding the other's

"Seems to me, Billy,"

"that hopin" to find

ght from a smoky

he face of the old

, deep-furrowed

and offering a

L to the hand-

es of Billy

slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face; he had shipped in a vessel bound "round the Horn." On his lips were angry phrases for the friends who had failed him; in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the Western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried-up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them their little fortune and ended for him the wretched existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war for wealth. His heart must know but one love-the love of gold.

And the stake! it was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share, too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? The old man cared nothing for gold-he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth-gathering tonight, and double his fortune by a single coup? The skiff was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude-of how throughout their wanderings the big-hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: "I'm glad for your sake, Billy." Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight, of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell aslant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. There was a look of cunning triumph on his face as he completed his preparations. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom, who had been "fool enough to believe in human friendship."

sed wilds for gold, until at last He made a cautious step toward the ve got it. Think of the city's ten door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glauce back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart.

"Do you nean it?" gasped Billy. "Certainly; half's yourn, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'-it ain't me."

Tom proceeded to open the bag, and roughly divided the contents.

"You can take the boat, that goes with your half. As fer me," he added, in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, "I'll do what I'd 'a' done if you'd 'a' robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an' the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an' sometimes dangerous, but mostwise they're better'n men.'

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He sprang forward, and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

"No, no-not that!" cried Tom, fiercely. "Don't touch me. The gold is yourn. Take it and go. But go quickly, Billy-fer I'm only human."-San Francisco Argonaut.

CUBAN FORESTS.

An Immense Amount of Valuable Timber Land in the Island.

Cuba still possesses sixteen million acres of virgin forest abounding in valuable timber, none of which is useful as coarse construction lumber, while nearly every foot would be salable in the United States and bring high prices. Cubau mahogany and cedar are particularly well known in the United States. The mahogany is very hard and shows a handsome grain, and is preferred by many to any other variety in common use. The moment Spain drops the reins of government in Cuba and trade relations are re-established with the States, there will be a movement both inward and outward of forest products which will have a beneficial effect upon the industry in both countries.

First to feel the force of this movement towards rehabilitating Cuba will be the lumbering interests of the south Atlantic and gulf coasts. Prior to three years ago they looked upon Cuba as an excellent outlet for the coarse end of the mill cuts, and since that market has been closed to permit the prosecution of a most hideous and revolting war, the coarser grades of yellow pine produced at coast points have been marketed with great difficulty and seldom at a profit. It is unfortunately true that Cuba will be unable to realize so promptly from a movement to re-establish her mahogany and cedar trade, for it is claimed by prominent operators that the industry has been so completely crippled by the ravages of war that a period of time running from twelve to eighteen months will be required before logs can be landed at ports in this country. It is hoped that all this may be accomplished without shedding an additional drop of blood. Prior to the war the annual net revenue of Cuba was \$80,000,000. With peace restored it would hardly be better than \$50,-000,000.-Lumbe: man's Review.

FIRST CITY CAPTURED IN PORTO RICO BY THE AMERICANS.

PONCE IS A METROPOLIS

In Population It Is the Largest Place on the Island, but, Commercially, It Is Second in Importance to San Juan-Is Probably the Healthiest Spot on Island,

"Military Notes on Porto Rico, "prepared by the war department for the information of the army, contains the following description of Ponce:

A city of 22,000 inhabitants, with a inrisdiction numbering 47,000, making it the most populous on the island. It is situated on the south coast of the island, on a plain, about two miles from the seaboard. It is the chief town of the judiclal district of its name, and is seventy miles from San Juan. It is regularly built, the central part almost exclusively of brick houses and the suburbs of wood. It is the residence of the military commander, and the seat of an official chamber of commerce.

There is an appellate criminal court. besides other courts; two churches, one Protestant, said to be the only one in the Spanish West Indies, two hospitals besides the military hospital, a home of refuge for old and poor, two cemeteries, three asylums, several casinos, three theatres, a market, a municipal public library, three firstclass hotels, three barracks, a park, gas works, a perfectly equipped fire department, a bank, thermal and natural baths, etc.

Commercially, Ponce is the second city of importance on the island. A fine road leads to the port (Playa), where all the import and export trade is transacted. Plays has about 5000 inhabitants, and here are situated the custom house, the office of the captain of the port, and all the consular offees. The port is spacious and will hold vessels of twenty-five feet draft.

The climate, on account of the sea breezes during the day and land breezes at night, is not oppressive, but hot and dry ; and, as water for all purposes, including the fire department, is amply supplied by an aqueduct 4442 yards long, it is said that the city of Ponce is perhaps the healthiest place in the whole island. There is a stage coach to San Juan, Mavaguez, Guayama, etc. There is a railroad to Yauco, a postoffice and a telegraph station.

It is believed that Ponce was founded in 1600; it was given the title of villa in 1848, and in 1877 that of city. Of its thirty-four streets the best are Mayor, Salud, Villa, Vives, Marina, and Comercio. The best squares are Principal and Las Delicias, which are separated by the church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. The church, as old as the town itself, began to be reconstructed in 1838 and was finished in 1847. It is eighty-six yards long by forty-three broad and has two steeples, rich altars, and fine ornaments. The Protestant church is of gothic architecture, of galvanized iron outside and wood within; it was built in 1874. The town hall, which also serves as a jail, is a good two-story building of masonry, and was finished in 1877. There are two barracks, one for infantry, with a capacity for 700 men. and another for cavalry. The former was constructed in 1849 and is two stories, high, while the latter is a onestory structure belonging to the municipal council. The military hospital, of masonry, is situated on Castillo street, and has a capacity for seventy patients. The smallpox and pestilential hospitals are more simple and are situated outside the city limits. The albergue de Tricoche (hospital) was built with money left by Valentin Tricoche for this purpose in 1863. It is in the northern part of the town, is built of masonry on the doric order, with a porch supported by doric columns. It has a capacity for sixty persons. The Damas asylum is built of masonry, with an elegant porch, iron gate and garden at its entrance. It is maintained by money left by various persons and by other charitable means, and will accommodate twelve men and twelve women, having besides four beds designed for sick seamen. The theatre is called the Pearl and it deserves this name, for it is the finest on the island. It has a sculptured porch, on the Byzantine order, with graceful columns. It is mostly built of iron and marble and cost over 70,000 pesos. It is fifty-two yards deep by twenty-nine wide. The inside is beautiful, the boxes and seats roomy and nicely decorated. It may, by a mechanical arrangement, be converted into a dancing hall. About one and one-eighth miles northeast of the town are the Quintana thermal baths, in a building surrounded by pretty gardens. They are visited by sufferers from rheumatism and various other diseases. The city of Ponce proper has no military defenses, but in the hills to the north of the town a series of earth. intrenchments have lately been constructed. West of Pouce, where the railroad and military road touch the shore, earthworks have been constructed to guard this strategic poin of the city and the railroad.

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months, when grow hotter a longer days t air, hot, light, for a time held above it. Restl tuous, it moves i bay until a thini above is found. rushes, and into t hind the lower a from all directions, ing and pouring up fallen into a regular a common centre. formed, rushes away toward the pole, and of destruction, brui and sinking the luckle

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more of the surrounding a is drawn into the whirl, until storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears fiercely through forests, fields, and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean. and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken.

The Curfew Bell,

There are, it is said, three hundred towns in this country in which the curfew bell is now rung at night. The upholders of the new regulations quote statistics to prove that crime has decreased in consequence, and that every day fewer arrests have been made. The object of the movement is of a fine in money, safely tucked away in bed before danger or temptation can assail them.

sweet will you beli Oh, she must. \$1.78 each.

Gentleman (looking into the apartment of musical composer) -- Excuse me, does Mr. Secretary Meyer live here? Musician-No; he lives an octave higher.

Cholly-Ethel Knox told me last night I wasn't over half-witted. Susie-I shouldn't feel badly about that; she never did know anything about fractions.

"I have heard that she walks in her sleep," said the gossip. "Indeed!" returned Mrs. Parvenue scornfully. "So common, ian't it? I should the she would ride.' Greymair - My wife is such a to keep children off the streets at thoughtful woman. Betterhaws-So's night, and to get them, under penalty mine. You couldn't imagine all the things she thinks about me if I happen to be detained down town. "My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." 'And I," murmured her husband, "I often went to sleep over your, letters. Little Pitcher-Uncle John thinks yon are awfully smart, I guess. Miss Poesie-How do you know he does, Johnny? Little Pitcher-He said it could not be very hard work for you to write poetry. He (looking at the water)-Here's the swell of the steamer; the boat will soon be here. She (looking landward) - Oh, he deesn't belong to the steamboat; he's a clerk at the dry goods store uptown. -First Sunday School Scholar-How far have you got in the question book? We've got as far as "Original sin." Second Sunday School Scholar-Oh; we got by that long ago. We are "Past redemption." His Wife-How in the world will you ever catch that first moraing train? Her Husband-Why, I'll get up the moment I wake! His Wife-But, my dear, you'll have to get up. much earlier than that. She stamped her foot. "Look at me in the eye." she commanded. He complied. "Thirty dollars, please," he observed, after a moment, A faintness came over her as she remembered that he was an oculist. Fedwell-There was a surprise at Jumson's house last night. Gabson--Friends presented him with something valuable, I suppose? Fedwoll -No: the people who were going to surprise him with a gold watch didn't show up.

thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can be ours when we've got such a god-the god of gold-to see us through."

Billy laughed gloatingly in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love-Jack nature.

"But it sin't fer me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wa'n't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found It, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to tenair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safe, Billy," he said. focularly; "we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be bertickler."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said lhe other, shortly; "good-night,"

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the Inture. He rose and stepped out into a night! At his feet the turbulent. er rushed blackly along, its foamests gleaming like dull silver in the lear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

Tipre was none of the stuff of which te are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fates, seen fit to ations their kindly beginning, he probably have developed into of the horde of whited sepulchres at so largely make up what the orld is pleased to term the respectrible of humanity-those who observe ine conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career not short by the melting away of his ing > find himself face to face with the world, his with his only capital. to maintain his social position; the won't be comin' back."

The two gazed at each other in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face, and read there reproach and pity, rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reassured him, and he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"So," said Tom, with a long breath, "I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my friendship an' you wa'n't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usu'lly do when a pardner turns thief?"

"You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?" "Why not? Men's been killed fer less 'an this an' the world wuz well red of 'em."

Then it did mean death.

As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsying terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I-I was mad with love of it. It is my god-my heaven-my everything. But take it, take it all-only give me my life-Tom-I-I-can't-die.

"Git up," commanded the other, coldly, "don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if yon wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance."

"But think, Tom, what life means to me; I'm young and ---- " "Think what friendship meant to

me, Billy. I'm old."

In the momentary silence that followed, the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song, and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

"I'll spar' yer life, "he said hoarsely; "you kin go."

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard. 'Yer free. Go!" said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man lather's fortune, he awoke one morn- to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the docrway.

"You better take yer pils now," He remembered tonight his struggles said Tom, quietly, "as I rection you

Heating Capabilities of Wood.

From time immemorial soft wood has been regarded as comparatively valueless for heating purposes. Hard wood has brought high prices and has been in much greater demand than soft, on account of this generally prevailing notion. Experiments with woods of various sorts have demonstrated that the linden, which is one of the softest of woods, gives the greatest amount of heat. The value of other woods in their order, as ascertained, is as follows: "Fir with 0.99 heating power; next follow the elm and pine with 0.98; willow, chestnut and larch with 0.97; maple and spruce fir with 0.96; black poplar with 0.95; alder and white birch with 0.94 only; then comes the hard oak with 0.92; the locust and the white beech with 0.91, and the red beech with 0.90. Hence hard wood heats the least." It is one of the remarkable facts of the day that so many theories that have been held for many years are fast giving way before the critical analyses of science.

True Courtesy.

General Robert E. Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no sent, and having none offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his seat.

Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said :

"No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarked. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves .-- Ram's Horn.

What She Will Insist Upon.

"Do you think she will pin her faith to him?"

"No; I think she'll insist upon a good hard ministerial knot."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

There were more than a hundred | There are about thirty mountain] collisions on Japanese railways last | itzers in Ponca available for o vear.

When statistics about crime and its decrease are quoted, the voice of dissension for the time being is silenced. and it requires a certain amount of hardihood afterward to so much as attempt the first argument to prove a possible other side. But there are those of us who remember among the sweetest sins of our youth the joys of running away on summer nights when bedtime came-well out of reach of the parental voice. There was the beauty of the early moonlight to tempt us, the fragrance of sweet fields; there were the romps on newly mown grassheavis, the hide and seek behind the currant bushes, and the darling plunge into some boat drawn up on the shore. No delights were ever like them. We would barter much that we possess today to have them ours again. And there was no penalty of a two-dollar fine hanging over our heads, only the frown on a mother's face that we could kiss or laugh away in a moment. -Harper's Bazar.

Shipping Molten Iron by Rail.

Shipping molten iron by rail is a daily stroke of economy to be witnessed at Duquesne, Pa. The molten iron as it is tapped from the furnaces runs into an immense mixing ladle having a capacity of 250 tons, and from this it is poured into the 20-ton ladle cars, the ladles being made of sheet steel or iron, with a lining of refractory material. The cars are then hauled by a locomotive to the steel works, where the direct conversion of the molten iron 15to open-earth steel is made, avoiding all the expense of casting the metal into pigs and cooling, handling, reloading reheating and remelting the pig metal. With the completion of the Union Railroad bridge across the Monongahela hot metal will be shipped from the Edgar Thompson furnaces to Homestead. -New York Commercial.

Removed the Leg of a Bunaway Groom,

When Bramwell was arrested, after a brief honeymoon, he was in Pratt county, near the west line of the state, where he had gone on some business, without the thought that his bride would discover his crime. The sheriff did not wish to humiliate the old man by patting handen's on him, so he removed the prisoner's wooden leg and hid it away under a car seat, thus rendering him incapable of a run -Kausas City Journal.

Biggins-So you are a victim of insomnia? What do you take for il? Wiggins-Oh, anything that comesand hand; sometimes an empty lottle, sometimes a hairbrush or bootjack. It is the cats' insomnia I'm the victim of you know.

Biggs-I see you have that say girl we used to have. She has you manage to get alung wit Diggs-Oh, that's only quough manage her by letting lier everything else.

"I tell you," orisi Nup. astically, "That haby of wonder. Think of it, months old and can talk! remarked his fright car known some men ibni Sity ware born