

THE RED CROSS.

They too have heard the drum-beat, They follow the bugle's call, These who are swift with pity...

When the battle-boom is silent, And the echoing thunder dies, They haste to the plain red sodden...

The flag that floats above them Is marked with a crimson sign, Pledge of a great compassion...

That once for man's redemption Knew earth's completest loss, These to the field of valor...

And so they follow the bugle, And heed the drum-beat's call, But their errand is one of pity...

THE YELLOW GOD.

BY LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

His hand ran through the floor heaped on the floor "Seems to me, Billy," "that hopin' to find..."

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his companion, impatiently, "you're in the dumps tonight. Take a walk and brace up..."

"But it ain't fer me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wadn't for the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care for the gold after all..."

"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..."

"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 the other, shortly, "good-night." Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night...

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."

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...

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 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.

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

"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."

"I'll spar yer life," he said hoarsely; "you kin go." Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard. "Yer free. God!" said Tom. The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

"Do you mean it?" gasped Billy. "Certainly; half's yours, 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 most-wise 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.

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...

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.

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 seat, and having none offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated.

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.

PONCE IS A METROPOLIS

FIRST CITY CAPTURED IN PORTO RICO BY THE AMERICANS.

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 jurisdiction 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 judicial district of its name, and is seventy miles from San Juan.

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 first-class 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. Playa has about 5000 inhabitants, and here are situated the custom house, the office of the captain of the port, and all the consular offices.

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.

It is believed that Ponce was founded in 1609; 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 Señora de Guadalupe.

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 one-story 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 alberque de Tricoche (hospital) was built with money left by Valentin Tricoche for this purpose in 1863.

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.

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.

the cyclone months, when grow hotter and longer days, air, hot, light, for a time held above it. Restless, it moves bay until a thin above is found. rushes, and into the hind the lower from all directions, ing and pouring up fallen into a regular common centre. formed, rushes away toward the pole, and of destruction, bruising and sinking the luckless happen to be in its path, more of the surrounding is drawn into the whirl, until a storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter.

Some times 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.

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.

When 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.

Removed the Leg of a Runaway 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.

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.

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.

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.

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. Parvenne scornfully. "So common, isn't it? I should think she would ride."

Greyhair—My wife is such a thoughtful woman. Bitterhaws—So's 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 you 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 doesn'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 morning 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.