

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

#### Neighborly Interest in His Doing—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Daily Record.

Uncle Sam boasts 10 active volcanoes. New York has four Chinese "temples." There are 3,000,000 bachelors in the United States over 30.

Organization of labor has raised wages \$500,000 a year in Boston.

Silver bars are being sent from the United States to Mexico for coinage.

A gigantic ice combine has been formed of all New York and Brooklyn ice companies.

There is a band of Cherokee Indians in North Carolina who still use bows and arrows.

There are eight edible and twelve poisonous varieties of mushrooms in the United States.

The New York Central east bound freight track will be relaid with 70 pound steel rails this year.

There is at present a colored prisoner in the Alabama mines who speaks 12 different languages.

American locomotive builders turned out 1,958 locomotives last year, a decrease over previous years.

Mrs. Culbertson, the librarian of the New Orleans State Library, has held the position for eighteen years.

Zella Nicolaus, who tried to get Geo. Gould to pay her \$40,000, proposes, it is said, to take to the stage.

African ostriches are the ones from which most of the ostrich feathers in use in this country are derived.

During the last year the postmasters of the United States handled nearly 4,000,000,000 stamped pieces of paper.

Ageneral shut off of silver mines is feared in Colorado, owing to the continued decline in the market price.

California has paid out \$187,000 in bounties for coyote scalps, and still has 117,000 claims for the same kind against it.

Chicago pickpockets took \$500 in cash and \$25,000 in securities from a Wabash avenue car passenger the other day.

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is the owner of real estate in Cleveland valued at about \$85,000.

The average weight of twenty thousand men and women weighed at Boston was men 141½ pounds, women 124½ pounds.

The oldest newspaper in America is the Newport (R. I.) Mercury. It was established by Benjamin Franklin in the year 1758.

A burning mountain is visible near Concord, Ky. It is supposed to be fed with oil that oozes from a crevice in the mountain.

Twenty-three Pittsburg firms manufacture flint and lime glass. The annual production exceeds 24,000 pieces of tableware alone.

Only one-third of the bodies cremated by a New York company last year were natives of America. Half of the number were Germans.

In Omaha a man named De France was sent to the Sioux Falls Penitentiary to serve a life sentence for robbing a mail carrier of one cent.

A rabbit was recently killed near Jefferson City which had the form and features of a rabbit, but was apparently wearing the skin of a Maltese cat.

Two thousand tubs of creamery butter were recently shipped from a point below Ogdensburg to the Boston, New York and Philadelphia markets.

A Massachusetts town treasurer has resigned after serving for twelve years, and has left in the treasury \$300,000 that he cannot account for.

People in the Maine backwoods are said to regard the planet Jupiter as a mammoth incandescent lamp sent up into the heavens as an advertisement.

The wheat crop of the U. S. in 1893 was 12 per cent less than the average crop for ten years past or in money value a loss of \$150,000,000 was sustained.

Undertakers in New York and Brooklyn, following the example of their brethren in Philadelphia, have started a movement against Sunday funerals.

The Lehigh Valley has made the wages of the brakemen on freight and coal trains \$1.70 a day, which is in many cases an increase of five cents a day.

William Kunn, of La Porte, Ind., had a corn on one of his big toes. He tried a combination of carbolic acid and Christian science with fatal results.

Charles F. Johnson, of Topeka, filed suit in the District Court against Dr. Leslie E. Keeley for \$100,000 for ruined health as the result of taking the gold cure.

The widow of the late Senator Stanford of San Francisco has been granted an allowance of \$10,000 per month, pending a settlement of her late husband's estate.

The "Poor Men's Party," is a new political organization at Shelbyville, Ill. It will support no man for a local office whose possessions amount to more than \$1,500.

The killing of any bison, buffalo, quail or Chinese pheasant is forbidden by law in Montana for ten years, and the killing of any moose, elk, otter or beaver for six.

Andrew Carnegie will have to give Pittsburg \$125,160,72 to make good his promise to duplicate every dollar raised from other sources during January and February.

Miss Maria Outhwaite, of De Pere, Wis., has passed an examination as an expert drummer before the jury appointed by Theodore Thomas. She is only eight years old.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year, and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports \$3,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The hottest place in the United States, according to the 1893 meteorological reports, is Bagdad, Ariz., where the mercury often stands as high as 140 in the shade for a week at a time.

By a remarkable piece of engineering nearly 1,500 acres of salt meadows at Bridgeport, Conn., have been ditched, diked against the tide, and rapidly being got into upland grass.

A soiled linen collar converted into a

postal card, containing an address and stamp on one side and a letter written on the other, lately passed through the post-office at Worcester, Mass.

A family in Mitchell county, North Carolina, consists of seven brothers and five sisters, all of whom are over six feet in height. One of the brothers is said to be seven feet nine inches tall.

A New York life saver, after a series of observations extending over a period of 20 years, says that the superstition that a drowning person rises to the surface three times is entirely unfounded.

As the janitor was ringing the bell for school at Fountain, Ind., the clapper in the bell became detached and fell to the ground, a distance of forty feet, and struck a small boy on the head and killed him.

When a toper is arrested in Bangor, Me., he is usually conveyed in a patrol wagon. Should he be punished with a fine, fifty cents is added to the fine to pay for his ride in the patrol wagon.

Boston isn't going to be behind hand in erecting a memorial to Gladstone. A similar movement has been started in New York, and it has the support of everybody, irrespective of race, religion or nationality.

The negro population in the United States is 7,500,000, or about one-ninth of the whole. They furnish more than one-third of the prisoners, and more than one-third of all imprisoned manslaughterers in the United States.

### ALL THAT IS BRITISH.

#### Great Britain has the Control in Africa—Railroads and Telegraph Lines Well Under Way.

Some years ago Olave Schreiner, the novelist, was talking with Cecil Rhodes in Capetown. The subject was the development of the colony. The Premier pointed to a map of Africa upon the wall. "All that is British," he said, running his finger from Capetown to Cairo. That has been his policy. "All British," wherever he can plant the flag. He hemmed in the Boer republic so that the German country on the west has been cut off from it; he has pushed the Portuguese aside; he has occupied Mashonaland and beaten down the savages of Matabeleland, who stood in the path of his onward march. At last, through a treaty with Leopold, King of the Belgians, he has secured a strip of territory through the Congo Free State which extends the British sphere of influence from the

#### CAPE TO THE NILE

stopping France's advance from Senegambia towards Upper Egypt. There are some gaps in this stretch of territory, but they are of little importance, and through Premier Rhodes' exertions it may be said that Great Britain has the control in Africa. Already the telegraph line from the Cape to Uganda is well under way, and the railway already in operation as far north as Johannesburg, will, in all probability, be pushed northward until it reaches from Table Bay to the Mediterranean. "All British," predicted Premier Rhodes, and all British the best portions of Africa are likely to become. In preparing the way for such changes, the British East African Company and the British South African Company have played no unimportant parts. Led by resolute men, they have beaten down opposition and extended their power upon all sides with little or no assistance from the Imperial authorities. The action of King Leopold in granting a portion of the Congo Free State to the British is certain to displease the French and Germans, who are

#### BOTH GRASPING TERRITORY

wherever possible, but as it will strengthen the Government of the Free State, and break the power of the slave trade which centres around Lake Tanganyika, and throw a vast stretch of territory open to peaceful trade, it must be regarded with approval and satisfaction by all civilized peoples. The Sudan has always been a barrier to improvement and enterprise from Egypt. This concession will expose it to attack in the rear, and it is certain to be subjugated from the south as soon as British interests warrant. And the honor and glory of it all will rest mainly with Premier Rhodes, to whose foresight and perseverance are attributable the immense strides which the British power has been enabled to make in south and equatorial Africa.

### THE BEST BRICKS.

#### They are Made by the Tribes of Central Asia.

We should hardly expect to learn much about the arts of civilized life from the tribes of Central Asia, and yet, according to some of our most noted explorers, the inhabitants of Western Mongolia know how to make better brick than we can make. They use about the same material as we do, and singularly enough the thing that gives superiority to their process of brickmaking is one of the most powerful agents of civilization—steam. When the brick have been baked for three or four days, the opening in the oven is closed up with felt, which is kept wet, so that the bricks still intensely heated, are enveloped in steam. This process causes a remarkable change in the character of the brick. From red they turn gray in color, and at the same time they acquire a remarkable degree of toughness and hardness and resist the effect of weather much better than do the bricks of Europe and America. Necessity, as usual, was the mother of invention in this case, for the climate in which these ingenious Mongols live is subject to great extremes of temperature which have a disastrous effect upon brick made by the ordinary process.

Miss Richardson has been elected second vice-president and Miss Eaton secretary of the senior law class in the University of Michigan. The vice-presidents of the junior law class and the senior class in the dental department are women.

The Chicago and Grand Trunk has just opened a monster freight depot in Chicago that will admit of the unloading of 140 freight cars at one time. The depot is fitted up with every facility for the handling of freight, and cost \$90,000.

## BUNTLE'S BURGLAR ALARM.

Myrtle Cottage, situated on the outskirts of the thriving town of Blairmally, was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Buntle, a worthy couple, who, having amassed a competence in the grocery line, had retired from business, hoping to end their days peacefully in the pretty little nine-roomed residence, which had been especially built for their accommodation. And very peaceful and contented was the life they led—Buntle occupied with his garden and his pigs, and Mrs. Buntle always finding plenty to do in assisting and supervising the one neat maid-servant who formed their entire domestic staff, until one memorable day in March last.

"Oh, Buntle!" cried Mrs. B., rushing into the parlor, where her husband was scanning the morning paper; "what do you think has happened?"

"Don't know, my dear," said Buntle, looking up from his paper. "Nothing wrong with the pigs, I hope!"

"Pigs? Nonsense! far worse than that! Acacia Cottage—only just down the road, Buntle—was broken into by burglars last night, and all the plate, and a lot of other things, carried off!"

"By Jove! That's awkward. Good job it wasn't Myrtle Cottage, though; eh, my dear?" And Buntle, who is of an easy and phlegmatic nature, prepared to resume the perusal of his paper, when Mrs. B. exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Buntle! Don't you see that it'll be our turn next? There's sure to be a gang of the wretches in the neighborhood, and we shall wake up to find they've been here and taken away—Oh, Buntle, what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, my dear," and Buntle scratched his head meditatively. "I'll sit up, if you like, and watch."

"But you can't sit up every night. And how do we know when the burglars may choose to break in?"

"Very true—very true," and Buntle cast a longing glance at the leading article in which he was so interested; "what then do you think?"

"I don't know what you'd do, John Buntle, if you hadn't me to advise you. Why, we must have burglar alarms fixed up at once, at every door and window. Then if they do—"

"But that'll cost a lot of money, won't it?" asked her husband, who was of a thrifty, if not slightly penurious, nature.

"Ah! that's just like you," and Mrs. B.'s voice became more and more accentuated. "Burglars may break in, they may make off with poor dear mamma's watch, that I've worn for thirty years; they may take the silver tea spoons and forks that Uncle James gave us when we were married; they may ransack the place, and perhaps murder us, if we disturb them, before you'll make up your mind to spend a few pounds in—"

"There, there, my dear, don't put yourself out about it," said Buntle, soothingly. "You shall have the alarms fixed, never fear, I'm going to run up to town this afternoon, and I'll give the order."

The promise seemed to satisfy the terrified woman; Buntle was permitted to return to his beloved paper; and when he took the train to town after dinner, it was with the understanding that he was to make every arrangement for the fixing of the alarms, at an early date.

The owner and occupier of Myrtle Cottage was a man of his word; and when he got out of the train, he went straight to the office and emporium of the Burglar Patent Alarm and Detector Company, Limited, where he was received by a very suave and polite manager.

"Want to see our 'alarm'? Certainly, sir; please step this way," and Buntle was soon inspecting the various contrivances for defeating the aims of Bill Sykes and his fraternity.

"This" said the manager, displaying a complicated arrangement of wires, springs, and tinkling bells, "is our patent alarm. You fix it on the door or window, and during the day it is silent. On retiring to rest you switch on an electric current from a small battery; and if either door or window is tampered with a bell immediately rings at the head of your bed."

"And the baffled burglar makes off, to try his hand somewhere else, eh?" said Buntle. "I should like to catch and punish the rascal."

"Precisely, my dear sir; and that is where our Detector comes in. Here is the apparatus. Window or door can be partly opened, just enough to admit of the depre-dator putting his head and shoulders through; but at that point this weighted bar descends with some force, and at the same moment this little cistern, containing a patent 'stickphast' preparation of our own, is emptied, covering the head of the intruder with a liquid something like bird-lime, which temporarily blinds him, and thoroughly prevents him from making his escape. The Detector is easily placed in position; and will only work after the adjusting links have been connected, which is done the last thing at night."

After some consultation, and a thorough inspection of the articles displayed, Buntle arranged to have the alarms fixed at all the doors and windows of Myrtle Cottage, while the Detectors were to be adjusted at those which presented easy access to any prowler of the burgling community.

"And when can you fix them up?" asked Buntle, who had insisted on a heavy discount for cash, and had given a check on account of his purchases.

"Well, we're very busy just now, sir," said the obsequious manager. "Our men are fitting up alarms at Brag Castle, the Duke of B.'s; and we're executing orders at half a dozen smaller places; but I'll try and get the job done one day next week."

"It won't take long?" inquired Buntle, who was determined not to have workmen hanging round the place longer than was necessary.

"Oh, dear, no, sir. You see, our prices include the fixing and fitting up. I'll send down half a dozen men early in the morning, and the whole thing will be done by tea-time. Good-day, sir."

Buntle, having paid a visit to his club, and enjoyed a "crack" with several old

friends, returned home in a very pleasant frame of mind. Mrs. B. was delighted at the promptitude with which her wishes had been attended to; and her "lord and master's" nightcap was stronger, sweeter, and hotter that night than it had been for many a month.

About a week after Buntle's visit to the Alarm and Detector Depot, he received by the morning's post a letter from his lawyers, requesting his immediate presence at their offices to decide on the reinvestment of a certain sum of money that had been out on mortgages, and had been repaid.

"I must catch the 9.35!" exclaimed Buntle, as he rose from the breakfast-table.

"What time will you be home?" inquired his wife.

"Can't say, my dear. Depends upon how long old Smith may keep me. Besides, I should like to have a look at those houses for which this new mortgage is proposed; nothing like seeing what sort of security you'll get for your money."

"But you'll be back some time to-night?" asked Mrs. B.

"Oh, certainly! No damp hotel beds for me, thank you. Good-bye, my dear," and so saying Buntle rushed off to the station.

He had not been gone more than half an hour, when there was a violent ring at the bell, and a "squad" of half a dozen men, laden with apparatus of varied and peculiar appearance, announced that they had "come to fix the burglar alarms."

Mrs. Buntle was delighted—was quite in her element, as she made the necessary preparations, covering up the more delicate furniture in sheets and cloths, placing newspapers over the carpets for the men to tread on; providing them a hearty lunch of cold meat and beer, scrutinising each screw as it was placed, each nail as it was driven home, and asking a thousand questions as to how "this worked" or how that "operated."

"Now, mem," said the foreman, as he and his men prepared to leave, about six o'clock in the evening. "Everything's fixed, and you can see how it works. Here's the 'switch' just outside the kitchen door. You turn it 'on' before you go to bed, and if anyone tries to get in at the door or window before the morning, your bell will ring loud enough to wake you up instanter. These are the 'links' of the Detector. You make the connection so, putting the end hook into the end link of the opposite chain; and if there's any attempt to break in at the door or window so protected—well, I pity the man who tries it. Good-evening, and thankee, mem."

Mrs. Buntle and her maid had plenty to do to "clean up" after the workmen. It was past nine when they had finished; it was ten when the good lady had eaten her supper. The last train from town was due at Blairmally Station at 9.40, and it was evident that Buntle had not come by that; he must have been detained in town—a by no means unusual occurrence. So, feeling tired with her exertions, Mrs. Buntle decided to retire to rest; and the switch having been turned "on" and the "hooks and links" duly adjusted, mistress and maid were soon sleeping the sleep of the weary.

Now Buntle had spent a very pleasant day in town. His business had been satisfactorily terminated at an early hour in the afternoon, and Mr. Smith, his solicitor and very good friend, had dined with his client at the club, of which they were both members.

Then they had strolled into the cafe, where they had listened to a song or two, and had returned to the club for a glass of something comforting ere they separated.

But there were so many things to talk over, that at last when Buntle reached the terminus whence his train started, he found that it had already departed, he was about three minutes too late. There was, however, a later train to Blairmally Junction, where it was due about 10.45, and as the junction was only about three miles from Myrtle Cottage, and it was a fine moonlight night, Buntle dismissed the idea of remaining in town till the next day, and determined to return home.

This he did. The walk from the junction was a pleasant one, for Buntle's case was full of capital cigars, and he had absorbed just enough liquid refreshment to make him feel "buoyant"—nothing more.

Myrtle Cottage was all in darkness when he reached it.

"All gone to bed, I suppose," answered Buntle; "and I haven't got my latch key. Seems a pity to wake 'em up too. If that back kitchen window's unfastened—and it often is—I'll get in that way," and so saying Buntle approached the window, struck a vesta, and saw to his delight that the "snib" of the window had not been turned over the lower sash. He was wearing a tall hat, and a natty blue overcoat, both of which he removed in the attempt to make his entrance. Then he thought that he might as well take his undercoat off, knowing that the back kitchen window sill was not always free from dirt. The hat and two coats were deposited where they could easily be reached from the inside, the sash of the window was cautiously and noiselessly raised, and Buntle carefully inserted his head and shoulders, preparatory to following them with the rest of his body, and it was at that precise moment that the Detector began to work. Something swung round and caught poor Buntle a stinging blow at the back of the neck; while at the same moment an avalanche of stickphast descended on his head and face, confusing and almost blinding him. And a second later he was seized from behind by an "active and intelligent" member of the police force, whose attention had been drawn by the striking of that unlucky match, and who, seeing a partly dressed individual creeping cautiously through the window, naturally jumped to the conclusion that it was an interesting burglar, caught in the very act of burgling.

It took about four pounds of soda and soft soap to remove the "stickphast" from Buntle's hair, whiskers, and beard; and it was a week before he got over the effects of the blow from the Detector, and could move his head and neck with anything like comfort. But he is now himself again, and both he and his wife sleep peacefully, regardless of burglars and all depre-dators of that ilk.

"Let 'em come if they like," says Buntle, with a chuckle. "I wish they would—they'll get a good deal more than they bargain for, I can tell you." Whether his own adventure reached the ears of the burgling fraternity I cannot say; but I do know that no second attempt has ever been made to enter surreptitiously into the sacred precincts of Myrtle Cottage.

## ABOUT THE GERMAN ARMY

### THE MOST WONDERFUL MACHINE EVER PUT TOGETHER.

#### In Case of War Every Officer and Soldier Has a Place in the Scheme—3,000,000 of Trained Fighting Men and 250,000 Horses.

There are nearly half a million soldiers in the Emperor's army, which is the most wonderful machine that was ever put together. Think of 1,000 horses being so trained that they keep perfect step and make so many steps to the minute and march in perfect harmony with one another. The soldiers themselves move like clockwork and the artillery and the infantry move across the field like one machine worked by cogs of even magnitude. I have seen the Russian soldier and the French soldier, but they are nothing like these, and I doubt whether in all the world there has been at any time such an organization as the army of Germany.

One can have no idea of the wonderful machine that this army is, and how well Germany is prepared for war. A chart has been drawn up which shows just what the soldiers must do in the case of wars with the different nations. And every officer's place in the scheme is laid out beforehand. There is a schedule of trains which will supersede all other schedules the moment war is declared, and this is so arranged that the commander of the army in Berlin could go and telegraph to any officer to take such a train and to go to such a place at a moment's notice.

#### READY FOR EVERY EMERGENCY.

When the Franco-Prussian war was declared, it is said that Von Moltke was awakened at midnight and told of the fact. He said coolly to the official who aroused him:

"Go to pigeon hole number blank in my safe and take a paper from it and telegraph as there directed to the different troops of the empire."

He then turned over and went to sleep and awoke at the usual hour in the morning.

Everyone in Berlin was excited about the war, but Von Moltke took his morning walk as usual, and a friend who met him said:

"General, you seem to be taking it very easy. Aren't you afraid of the situation? I should think you would be busy."

"Ah," replied Von Moltke, "all my work for this time has been done long beforehand, and everything that can be done now has been done."

At the present time the army has stores at various points, and they are ready for emergency, and every company and every officer is down in the scheme for every situation that might come up, and the whole works like clockwork. If the Emperor presses the button the army will do the rest.

The improvements in army methods are wonderful, and the German Government is experimenting all the time on powders, balls, and guns. It keeps its chemical experts at work upon the food for the army, and it has been experimenting on potatoes and corn as meal for bread. Horse food is quite as important as human food, and they have here condensed food for horses. They have balls of horse food so small that a man can carry enough in his pocket to feed a horse for a week, and they are studying the concentrated essence of food for horses. Upon such food the horses will run down, but they can march a week and live.

#### THE HEAD OF THE ARMY.

The Emperor is the head of the army, and he has the entire control of it. It is not subject to public opinion, and the German troops have to obey him unconditionally, and they swear an oath of fidelity to him.

The Emperor is not yet thirty-six years old. He has hardly reached his prime, and it would be wonderful if he did not feel somewhat inflated by the power which he has under him. Think of it! He knows he has the best military machine ever got together, and he has 500,000 men always under arms. He knows that he can call 2,000,000 soldiers into the field by raising his finger, and he has 250,000 horses to mount his cavalry. There are other troops which can be called from the people, which makes his war strength fully 3,000,000 of trained fighting men, and this vast army is so organized that it can be directed by him sitting in his palace in Berlin and pressing his finger on the telegraphic button which calls his officials to him.

The machine-like character of the whole is wonderful. A German officer is expected to be a machine, and he is punished if he acts on his own responsibility. One of the most famous officers of the war of 1870 achieved a victory by acting quickly, without orders, against the enemy. In England or in France he would have been a hero, but in Germany he was stripped of his command and ordered to go home. This was General Steinmetz. Officers are not given places because of their ability to handle troops. There is no such thing as favoritism in the German army, and promotions are by merit rather than by length of service. Influence counts for nothing, as proof of which statement it may be mentioned that while Bismarck was Chancellor his two sons were serving as privates.

The Emperor watches the drilling of the troops very carefully, and if a regiment pleases him he puts on the uniform of the regiment. The soldiers consider this a reward and are very much complimented by it. He is very rigid in his conduct with the army, and he is doing all he can to make Germany a vast military camp. He encourages the establishment of a military club in every village, and constant drilling goes on over the whole empire. The soldier is, in fact, omnipresent in Germany, and you can't get out of the hearing of a military band, in whatever part of the country, you may be.

Of a woman's power; not how exclusively you think of her when she is there, but how often you think of her when she is not there.