

MILITARY SPIES IN EUROPE.

How the Different Governments Ascertain the Secret Movements of the Rival Powers.

In their anxiety to learn military secrets of other countries every civilized power of Europe employs spies.

They may be military or naval attaches, duly accredited to an embassy, or secret agents, who are sent to reside or travel in those districts from which information is required by the intelligence department.

The work of the first class is not unimportant, but it is risky, says the Philadelphia Press.

For instance, some years ago two British officers created considerable annoyance in Russia by their persistence in hanging about the district in which the autumn maneuvers were to take place.

Had these men been Prussian officers their position would have been dangerous, and an unpleasant international incident might have occurred.

Each country has its own peculiar sphere of interest to which it devotes its greatest attention.

These agents have been so energetic and so prolific in their disguises that in the south of Russia the bonafide commercial traveler excites suspicion.

Foreign consuls are apt to be much more energetic, emphatic and positive when a government agent is taken than they are when the innocence of the parties held is so apparent that it needs no proof.

In ordinary circumstances when the spy is known he thereby becomes innocuous, and he knows it. If discovered, the impolite Russian way is to forbid him to enter the country or to declare he comes from a plague-infected port, or that he is a Roman Catholic or Jew.

The polite way is to offer him a guard, or helpmate, or companion. The spy is then shown what he must see, and as soon as he has seen and reported the various military dispositions are changed so that the information he obtains is worse than useless, being actually misleading.

That is what happens when a Russian vessel calls at Perim "for water," or Russian officers show themselves curious as to the forts at Aden.

WINTER FISHING OFF SHORE.

Keeping the Market Supplied in Ice Work, But the Hardy Men Stand It All Right.

"I should think your hands would freeze, fishing in weather like this," the South street stroller said, speaking from the stringpiece of the wharf to a fisherman standing on the deck of a handsomely modeled fishing schooner lying alongside in Fulton Market slip.

"Oh, my, no," said the fisherman, "we look out for that all right."

"The fisherman may sit all day in winter in a dory on the open sea, with the wind blowing and the spray flying and still manage to keep his hands warm. He wears mittens when he's fishing."

"Occasionally, what with the warmth of the hand, and maybe getting it wet now and then, moisture collects and forms in ice at the tip of the mitten, beyond the ends of the fingers. This doesn't make any difference at first, but when that ice has got big enough to make a knob that is in the way, why, you swat the end of the mitten down on the gunwale of the dory and knock the ice off, and then you go on fishing."

"Why, he does, of course. On a windy day, with the spindrift flying freely, he gets on a regular coat of ice mail, smooth plates of it on his oilskins across the chest, where he doesn't bend his body, and crunchy streaks of ice, like hinges, in the places where he does bend. If he wears a beard it gets filled and covered with ice, so that he seems to have a beard of ice."

"He's ice all over. The fisherman wears rubber boots, and the legs of his oilskin overalls he always has frozen stiff short so that when they get frozen stiff they won't chafe and break on his ankles. It's a common thing to see a fisherman step out of a dory on the deck of the schooner, covered with ice from head to foot and with fringes of icicles hanging down all around over his ankles at the bottoms of his overalls—regular ice king."

"Then he doesn't try to get the ice off himself there on deck. If he tried that with the ice in his beard, for instance, he'd break his beard off. He goes below, into the warm forecastle, and lets the ice melt off him till it gets to where he can handle it, and then he gets out of his icy clothes and into dry ones."

"Pretty strenuous sort of life, the fisherman's, fishing off shore in winter?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it so, but the fisherman stands it all right as long as he's got a plank under him to stand on."

A genuine albino blackbird has just been shot near Caterick bridge, Yorkshire. Scientific ornithologists have clearly enough explained the physiological nature of albinism in birds, but it is still a mystery what organizes these physiological conditions and also why it is that very dark-plumaged birds, such as blackbirds, rooks, etc., are more liable to albinism, pure or partial, than any others. It is very strange, for instance, that white robins are very rare, and it is notable that the last found in this country was obtained in Yorkshire (Sedburgh district). Last summer a perfectly white sand martin was seen by hundreds in the Bentham (Yorkshire) district, and three or four in other parts of the north of England. House martins, also, born awallows (Hirundo rustica) are very liable to assume albinism, and many records are preserved in Yorkshire. As for "pied" blackbirds, rooks and such like, they are as common as the proverbial blackberries, whereas in the whole of England there are probably not more than two records of albino woodcocks. —Pall Mall Gazette.

The standard of a really fine article is its lastingness. If you love your possessions more and more each year, they must be good, but if you soon outgrow them, they were never worth the loving. If these young people are obliged to buy china for everyday use, let me beg them to try the Japanese shops. There are in our midst a good many of these quiet, unobtrusive little places, whose owners barely eke out a livelihood because people don't know about them.

A Japanese can hardly ever make a bad thing, and given a certain sum it will go twice as far in beauty and utility if expended in Japanese wares.—Anne Fitzpatrick Spruce, in the Home Beautiful.

Tess—He proposed to me to-day, and he was so impatient. He wanted me to marry him right away. But I was not to be hurried. Jess—So you put him off, eh? "Yes, indeed. I told him he'd have to wait until to-morrow."—Philadelphia Press.

MADE THE FIRST CORN COB PIPE.

Another Hint From Immortal Fame Belonging to President Andrew Jackson.

Barring the "T. D." clay for the grown men and the cigarette for the rising generation there are few things so popular with the tobacco-smoking fraternity as the corn cob pipe. And the history of the corn cob pipe is interesting telling, says the Philadelphia Press. In its evolution from manufacture by hand, up until to-day when thousands are turned out every working hour, there are interesting epochs.

"Who was the first white man to make a corn cob pipe? Do you know?"

"No." Then the negro told this story: "It was Andrew Jackson, president of the United States. A man by the name of St. Armand was a soldier under Jackson when he was major general at New Orleans. At the time that Jackson used bales of cotton for protecting his army he was found smoking a corn cob and said he had made it himself. This was when Col. Thornton, of the British regulars, made his attack on Jackson."

A relative of the speaker, Henry Guesno, who went to New York city about 19 months ago, was the first man to make corn cob pipes for sale. It was in 1867 when he was employed by a man named Mayrone in New Orleans. Mayrone had been his owner in the days of slavery and came upon Guesno one day when he was whitening a pipe and asked him why he didn't make them to sell.

The younger Italian immigrants take naturally to American winter sports, and soon learn to endure the cold when there is skating or coasting, but one seldom sees a full grown Italian youth on skates, and the grown up Italian girls leave skating out of their list of accomplishments.

PROVED HIS IDENTITY.

Commercial Traveler Managed to Overcome a New Postmaster's Scruples.

A new post office had just been opened in a small country town in Canada. For want of a more likely applicant, a farmer's son, ignorant, yet ambitious, was appointed postmaster.

Shortly after the countryman's installation, says the London Telegraph, a commercial traveler appeared at the wicket, received a letter, opened it and produced therefrom a money order, which he immediately presented for payment. The postmaster took the order, read it and read it, suspiciously scrutinizing the traveler from time to time over the sheet.

"I don't just know about that, boss. I want somebody to identify you. Don't take me for a Jay. You may bet I know just a little about this 'biz'."

"Well, have ye got anybody to identify ye?"

Quick as thought he was back at the wicket, where the rustic stood eyeing him suspiciously.

"Here," he shouted, apparently very excited, "I have it."

"There," he said, showing it over to the postmaster, "there is my photograph."

The rustic took the card and carefully compared the features. A beaten look came into his face. At length he vouchsafed:

"Hanged if ye ain't the right man, after all, mister." And the order was cashed.

ITALIANS FEEL COLD MOST.

But Even the Winter Blasts Do Not Care Them of the Outdoor Habit.

Cold weather in New York is felt nowhere more severely than among the Italians. When the mercury gets 10 or 15 degrees below the freezing point the little bucket shaped braziers, familiar in all Italian cities in winter time, but scarcely seen in New York outside the Italian quarters, are brought out to the sidewalk, and men, women and children crowd around them warming their hands and hovering over the coals with eager anxiety, relates the Sun.

The Italians are almost the only people in New York who puff their throats in cold weather. Professors of hygiene talked the American people out of this habit a generation ago, and the old-fashioned woolen "necklace" almost disappeared. The Italians also encase themselves in many layers of cheap undergarments. Woolen underclothing is too costly for the Italian workman, but he buys much cheap thin material and tries to make up for quality by quantity. Sometimes he draws heavy stockings over his shoes.

Boys in the Italian quarters surreptitiously make little fires of refuse material in the streets. Up in the suburbs, where there are large Italian colonies, they amuse and warm themselves with little firepots, made of discarded tomato cans swung at the end of a stout wire. A few holes are made near the bottom of the can, and when the coals need living the boy swings the can about his head. Almost daily the Italian boys start fires in the Barbary woods at Wakefield, and keep the police and the firemen on a sharp lookout.

Suburban Italians have a rooted objection to buying coal at present prices, but they are industrious wood gatherers. No fallen tree long escapes their hands, and the dead limbs of the woods in the Bronx are gathered clean by Italian women, children and superannuated men.

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AN OLD FRONTIER TOWN.

Scullyville, I. T., to the Choctaw Indians Was Always Known as "Money Town."

Scullyville, located two miles from Spiro, in the Choctaw nation, is the oldest town in the territory. At first glance, says the Kansas City Journal, the tourist sees a charming expanse of tumbled landscape; on the hillsides the thickly growing cotton, on the hills-tops, everywhere the gigantic trees, monarchs of untold centuries. But on entering the little village something else crosses the vision. It is the air of age, of antiquity, which hovers over everything.

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DEFENSIBLE SWEARING.

Some Words That May Not Be Considered as Indicative of a Profane Spirit.

According to the Anti-Profanity League, the habit of swearing is "the national evil." Undoubtedly the use of profanity is extremely prevalent; a person needs merely to keep his ears open on the street to learn this. But whether it is so general as to justify one in terming it the national evil is a matter of opinion, says the Boston Transcript. Not all swearing, moreover, is wholly indefensible. There are various kinds of swearers, and it will not do to lump them in one class with a single label. Besides the habitual and commonplace swearers, whose profanity is merely redundant and colorless verbiage, and the vulgar and diffuse swearers, whose oaths are rank and noisome, one must recognize also as a distinct category the discreet and moderate swearers who employ an occasional oath with fine emphasis and artistic effect. Many great and good men belong to the last class. Even the father of his country is said to have sworn vigorously when the emergency seemed to require departure from his customary rule of unvarnished speech. This sort of discriminating profanity is vastly different from the causeless and gratuitous swearing of habitual and vulgar oathmongers. Indeed, the man who now and then vents his emotions in an oath is preferable to the one who always bottles up his feelings, however strong the provocation to break forth. A robust ebullience is better than ingrowing profanity. Silence may be as profane as words under certain circumstances. A saying of Joseph Choate occurs to the writer in this connection. A noted prelate was once playing golf with Mr. Choate and after fozzling a tee shot egregiously, stood looking at the ball for several moments. After waiting for the bishop to say something Mr. Choate remarked: "Bishop, that was the profaneest silence I ever heard."

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MINIATURE LOCOMOTIVES.

Diminutive Engines Run by Compressed Air in Lac in Milwaukee.

Two miniature railroads, fully equipped for the business required of them, are in operation in Milwaukee, says the Wisconsin. The line at the gas works is a novelty in many ways, one of the most interesting features being that the locomotives are run by compressed air. The tiny locomotives are equipped with powerful "boilers," which are in fact air tanks capable of withstanding a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. Air is supplied by means of a compressor at the plant, from which a pipe line extends along the entire system. Whenever the air gauge shows that the pressure is becoming low the engineer stops at a hydrant and air is pumped into the tank sufficient to run for a considerable time.

Unlike many miniature locomotives, those at the gas works are driven in exactly the same manner as a steam locomotive. The power is transmitted to the drive wheels directly from the cylinder by means of the usual driving rods. The engineer's cab resembles the cab of a mogul engine, but the interior is much different. There is no heat, no stoke hole, no water gauge, no blow cocks and no fireman. The system is between two and three miles long, containing the numerous side tracks and spurs that reach into every part of the mammoth plant. The line is equipped with tiny flat cars, gondolas, dump cars and special cars used in transporting coal to the firemen and to the retorts.

At the other plant the railroad is equipped with steam locomotive and tiny cars hardly larger than a wheelbarrow. This line extends from the mill to the quarry where the rock from which the cement is made is procured. The locomotive has a smoke-stack, something the gas plant engines have not, but the power is transmitted to the wheels indirectly by means of gears or chains instead of by the pistons and driving rods.

Why Poles Are Not Germanized. The official mind in Prussia seems to be gradually coming to the recognition that the policy pursued hitherto with regard to the Germanization of the Polish provinces has been as futile as it is costly. What happens in Polish Silesia is seemingly somewhat as follows. With the liberal sums received from the Prussian government as the price of their estates, the Polish proprietors liquidate their debts and devote the balance to founding banking establishments in the towns, in which they carry on a lucrative business by advancing money at reasonable rates of interest to the tradesmen and artisans, who in turn have laid out the loans so advantageously that a large and comparatively prosperous middle class have been created, who have actually been economically strong enough to push the German traders to the wall. Hence the fact that the German population in the Polish provinces is weaker in almost every respect at the present moment than was the case ten years ago.—The Speaker.

EDUCATING CONSUMPTIVES.

Institutions Wherein the Patients Are Taught to Look After Their Own Cases.

Sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis do good in more ways than one. Their influence is by no means limited to checking the progress of disease in their inmates. While within such institutions the patients learn a great deal about caring for themselves, and when they leave they carry out into the communities in which they live a number of wholesome and useful ideas. They become missionaries in a good cause, says the New York Tribune. They appreciate the virtue of fresh air, and entertain hopeful notions about the curability of a disease that once brought terror to the victim's heart and to those of his friends. They acquire certain habits in the disposal of sputa, some of which are conducive to the welfare of their neighbors and associates, and some of which are designed to safeguard themselves. Not only do they abstain from spitting in public places, but they refrain from swallowing their expectoration. Bacilli have often been carried from the lungs to the intestines, and tuberculosis of the latter is not infrequently fatal, especially in children. In at least one English sanatorium lectures are given weekly by one of the doctors on just such subjects. It is not unlikely that the practice is observed in many similar institutions.

Besides the educational influence of the few who thus go back to spheres of activity in business and society, there is a need of other agencies operating in the same fashion. Said the Hospital recently: "Pulmonary tuberculosis is now known to be not only a preventable disease, but one capable in many subjects, provided suitable conditions be available, of undoing such arrest as to be considered for practical purposes curable. But for the great bulk of consumptive sufferers adequate treatment is unattainable, and so far as we can see, it will be long before anything like a sufficient number of suitably equipped sanatoria, where rational hygienic treatment can be systematically carried out, will be available for poor cases in this country. It becomes, therefore, a matter for the most serious consideration whether a more sharply defined and vigorously conducted educational policy might not best meet the urgent necessities of the present situation. After a thorough study of the subject in all its aspects, we are strongly of opinion that sufficient consideration is not being given to the all important matter of teaching the consumptive how best to help himself, and in so doing to assist the state in a successful combat with what is indeed the white man's burden."

Although the editor of the English periodical here quoted may not be aware of the fact, a great deal of systematic work of this kind is being done in New York city. A number of sanatoria for tuberculosis, by physicians have been printed for free distribution by a charitable organization, and a special effort has been made to put this literature in the hands of school-teachers. Thus an instrumentality of great power is being brought to bear to train people to avoid infection, and to protect their neighbors and friends.

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THE "CERTOSINI" AT HOME.

Italian Monks Return to Their Native Land After Many Years of Banishment.

After 85 years' absence the "Certosini" have returned to take possession once again of their old quarters, the Certosa di Farneta, near Lucca, in Italy, says the Pall Mall Gazette. For 500 years these monks lived loved and respected at Farneta, when Napoleon I. expelled them from Italy, and they went to France. Expelled from there in these days, they now return to the peninsula, but only by paying 275,000 lire for the old monastery and its magnificent park, and to this sum must be added another 290,000 lire for the needed restorations and a new monastery for about 80 clerical and lay "novices," as they are called.

It is also probable that the general of the order will establish himself at the house at Farneta.

The Certosini are now very restricted in numbers, compared with some centuries ago, when they had 1,200 houses. They themselves say that the order is too strict for modern tastes.

Who now believes it necessary to pray night and day without stopping, to have spiked iron always pricking their flesh, together with severe penances and a most abstemious diet? They eat only vegetables, eggs and fish, while Fridays bread and water is the rule, and very little of that. Meat is never touched, not even the juice as, broth when they are ill. And so the order is not much patronized.

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