EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

NO DOUBT THAT IT IS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF CIVILIZED MEN.

But Whether the Superiority Is Innate or the Result of Training Under a Wider Horizon Is Another Thing—Differences Are Not All on One Side.

That men who can see well will learn to shoot better than men who do not see well is a fact so patent that we do not wonder Sir Redvers Buller's remark about the superior eyesight of the Boers attracted public attention. He thinks, it is said, that the Boer has the "eyesight of a savage," and sees two miles further than the Englishman, and of course that fact, if it is proved, furnishes sufficient explanation of many British mishaps in the South African campaign, and accounts for losses of life which might otherwise be attributed to a reckless disregard of necessary precautions. But we do not quite understand the deduction so generally drawn from Sir Redvers' statement that savage eyesight is naturally better than the eyesight of civilized men. Why should it be better? There is no difference of structure in the eyeball, and the difference in health is rather in favor of the civilized man. The latter no doubt very often loses something of the keenness of his sight from much reading and the use of artificial light, but Tommy Atkins is no philosopher, reads little more than the savage, and burns no midnight oil.

The truth is the Boer, like the savage, habitually trains his eye, as the sailor does, to look into the far distance, and acquires from that training, and the habit of close attention to all signs of movement on the part of his quarry, a power of quick perception which seems to those without it almost miraculous. He sees game or an enemy minutes before Tommy can, just as the sailor sees a sail or a smoke minutes before a landsman can, but there is no difference of original or natural powers. Tommy could be trained, if we took sufficient trouble to train him and allowed sufficient time, just as well as the Boer, and very often is trained when he is a gamekeeper, or in any other way dependent upon the acuteness of his sight. Let any one who doubts this just take a walk with an ornithologist, and remark what the latter sees, and at what distance, when compared with himself.

The matter is of some interest, not only because the private soldier has to be taught to shoot as well as any enemy, but because it bears upon the very large question whether civilization necessarily diminishes the physical powers of the average human being. If it does, that is a great drawback to civilization, because it precludes the hope of man ever developing a kind of aristocracy with the powers of both body and mind increased to a point far beyond present experience. That is the dream, the rather lofty dream as it seems to us, of the dons who foster athletics as well as reading in their pupils; but if the reading spoils physical as much as it develops mental power, that is a dream impossible of realization. But does study necessarily have the effect of spoiling sinews? That it does so is a very natural idea, because the savage seems so much more agile, and is, besides, trained by his mode of life, which the civilized man is not; but we do not know that there is any solid evidence for the notion.

The "big, black, bounding beggar," as Rudyard Kipling called him, can outrun the citizen, or outwalk him in a long march, or throw him in a wrestle for life, but the trained runner will outstrip the savage, the gamekeeper will walk with him till he drops from fatigue, and the Cumberland wrestler will like nothing better than to throw him over his head. The whole difference is that the savage is always, from the habits of his life, in a condition which the citizen only reaches after weeks of careful training have restored him to the full exercise of his natural powers. Just give a savage who has never been accustomed to carry weight, say a red Indian of the North American forest, the weight to carry under which the British soldier habitually marches, and see which of them will give out first, though the savage has even then the advantage of having walked every day to his full power all his life. If it were not so, man as an animal would differ from all other animals, for it is notorious that no wild horse can keep pace with a racer and no wild dog can escape a hound. The Kanaka, it is true, of the South Seas, can usually swim much farther than any civilized man, but then what civilized man passes half his life in swimming in water just warm enough to give his lungs fair play?

There is, we admit, one faculty in which the savage appears hopelessly to distance his rival. He retains, or appears to retain, the superior sense of smell, which belongs to so many animals, or perhaps, in different degrees, to all, detecting, for example, the odor of water or of land from a great distance; but then smell is the one sense which the civilized man, it may be from an instinct of self-defence, never cultivates at all, but permits to die unused. It is of course possible that in a clear, dry air like that of South Africa the eye acquires a certain keenness which is wanting to the eye used for generations to a humid atmosphere; but that, if it occurs, is not due to any defect imposed by the conditions of civilization. It is more like the extra thickness of skull which enables the negro to resist the direct rays of an African sun without discomposure or brain disease.

The truth is, we believe, that civilized man when cultivated up to a certain point acquires a latent spite against civilization, as essentially based upon a system of rather wearing restrictions. He longs for more so[illegible]m, or, as he calls it, simplicity of life and freedom, and, being half inclined to revert to savagery, wishes to credit the savage with all the attractiveness he can. So strong was this feeling in the last century that the "state of nature," which is really the state of the brutes, was represented through an entire literature as worthy of admiration. Serious thinkers, in France especially, actually believed in the "noble" savage, and even in some instances ventured to paint him as the "gentlest" of human beings. He is, as a matter of fact, neither gentle nor noble. Allowing, of course, for a very few individual exceptions, he is more capricious, revengeful, listful, and cruel than the lowest of the civilized tribes, with the addtion of a callousness like that of Fiji King Thakombau, who used to launch his new war boats by running them to the water over the bodies of his slaves, whom the weight of the boats disembowelled as they passed. He is usually treacherous, partly, it may be, from incapacity for continuous thought, and always greedy, while he is almost without exception more inclined to drunkenness than the least abstinent of the civilized races.—London Spectator.

GETTING A WIFE ON TICK.

A Former Telegraph Operator's Story of His Courtship in Chicago.

"I found my wife in an odd way," said an ex-telegraph operator, who is now a prominent officer of a western railroad. "It was my third year in the railroad business, but I had not forgotten the tick language, and I had a room in a hotel in Chicago which had a party wall with a boarding house adjoining. In the boarding house lived a mighty pretty girl who was attending a commercial college in the next block, where there was also a course of telegraphy taught, and I guessed by seeing the books and papers she carried that she was taking that course. You see, I was watching her rather closely, for I was interested from the first time I ever saw her on the street.

"She was a stranger in town, and, of course, there wasn't any chance for my being introduced to her, and as for flirting, she showed no more signs of it than a sister of charity would, though I gave her every opportunity. I found out by a careful study of windows that her room in the boarding house was next to mine in the hotel, and that only made me feel worse—so near and yet so far, you understand. I knew she would not be in the school much more than three months, and as half that time had gone by and I still had made no progress, I began to grow desperate, for I couldn't bear the thought of losing her. You know a romance like that makes a deal more impression on a fellow than the real thing.

"One Sunday afternoon I was in my room and she was in hers, and I could hear her driving a nail in the wall and a great thought came to me suddenly. The next minute I had caught up one of my shoes and was pounding its heel on my wall, but I wasn't driving nails. Not much, I was making a telegraph call. It wasn't anything in particular, only an 'attention' call, and after repeating it till I was about to give up in despair, it was answered from the other side. Then I telegraphed, 'How do you do?' and that was answered, a little bit slow, perhaps, but answered all right, and the conversation continued.

"She was not the most skilled operator I had ever taken, but certainly the most interesting one, and we talked through the wall till supper time. That evening I began again, but she was not at home, and when I got in at midnight I wisely forebore sending a 'good night' to her. Next morning I hailed her with 'good morning' and got an answer, and then I asked her if I couldn't meet her after breakfast and walk to school with her, but she would not have it. You see, she was shy without a brick wall between us. I was three or four days pleading with her with my shoe heel on that wall before she agreed to meet me, and by that time I had told her everything, and she just couldn't refuse to give me some kind of a show. After my first walk to school with her I was utterly gone, and though she staid on and was graduated in telegraphy she never had a chance to practice what she learned, for before she got a job I had made her promise to marry me and give up telegraphy."—New York Sun.

CENTURY OF [illegible]VONDERS.

ITS SCIENTIFIC DIS[illegible]VERIES HAVE PROFOUNDLY AFFE[illegible]ED OUR LIFE.

The Nineteenth Will [illegible]ays Take Position as One of the M[illegible]t Memorable of Centuries—The Steam[illegible]ngine Underlies All Our Modern Prog[illegible]s.

The following arti[illegible] was written for the 20th century [illegible]ue of the New York World by Sir [illegible]rman Lockyer, K. C. B., F. R. S., [illegible]uthor of "The Sun's Place in Natur[illegible] etc.

There can be no [illegible]bt that in the future history of the [illegible]world, for thousands of years, the [illegible]ntury that has just passed away wi[illegible] be recorded as one of the most [illegible]le, if not the most memorable, to [illegible]rch attention can be drawn. This [illegible] position will be awarded to it on [illegible]he ground that it is the one which h[illegible] most profoundly affected the life [illegible]nditions of the human race.

The salient point [illegible]bout the nineteenth century is th[illegible] it is the scientific century. Theol[illegible]y, art, learning in the ordinary sens[illegible] are at the end of it pretty much as [illegible]ey were at the beginning.

The gift of scienc[illegible] to the opening years of the centur[illegible] was the steam-engine then coming [illegible]o common use. Watt's patent expi[illegible] in 1800. When one reads how i[illegible]as that Watt achieved one of th[illegible]ost tremendous revolutions record[illegible] in history one cannot help feelin[illegible]at his position as "mathematical [illegible]trument maker to the university" [illegible] Glasgow) had everything to do w[illegible]t; he lived with his friend Black i[illegible]mosphere of research. The stea[illegible]engine[illegible] so closely are all scientific [illegible]plication[illegible]bound together, underlies [illegible]ll our modern progress, for the [illegible]son that hand labor, thanks to it, [illegible]s been replaced by greater powers.

One of the first a[illegible]plications during this century of th[illegible] new source of power was to locom[illegible]otion. This was done by Watt himself and Symmington on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802.

Our present enormous battle-ships and mail steamers and our destroyers going at 35 miles an hour, are doubly the result of Watt's work. It is the steam-engine which builds them and drives them when built. It may even be that Mr. Parsons at the end of the century will porve to us that Watt's method of applying steam to marine locomotion can be improved upon for some uses.

Land locomotion by means of steam followed in 1829, the Rocket and the Stockton and Darlington railway inaugurating the long s[illegible] of engines and railways which [illegible] and safe transit possible almost over the whole surface of the civilized world, both speed and economy being secured by James's invention of the tubular boiler.

Electricity comes next, with its wonderful record of electric telegraph, electric light, electric traction, telephones and wireless telegraphy, and all since 1836. Of the applications of electricity, after what has happened, he would be a bold man who would venture to predict where they will stop, or that no equality striking developments are yet in store for us. If they come it will be because the future will produce its Faradays or its Kelvins.

The saving of the lives of our sailors by storm warnings and the study of the laws of storms is one of the applications of the science of meteorology which the century has brought us—a result undreamed of by him who first "weighed the air." Nor do the benefits of science to our seafaring and seagoing populations end here. Ocean currents as well as air currents have been investigated and charted by hydrographers, who have added to these benefits by maps showing depths, so that now the contours of the bottom of seas and oceans are nearly as well known as those of the land surfaces.

More than this man himself has been proved to have been present on the scene contemporaneously with many now extinct animals at a time long antecedent to that favored by Archbishop Usher. This work has been extended by the modern science of archaeology, which has demonstrated the existence of settled communities and by no means rude civilizations thousands of years ago, and it is now evident that "in the noblest study of mankind" the geologist and archaeologist must work together to dive still further into man's early history.

But there has also been another very practical application of geological study. Geography long ago gave us maps of land surfaces; geology has now based upon them geological maps of priceless value to all interested in the products of the mine.

It was formerly thought that the study of organic nature could have no possible application; that the study of animals and plants led to classification chiefly if not exclusively.

In this region of thought we find another revolution as striking, if not more striking, than those already referred to. The genius of Darwin has evolved from this study "the origin of species"—that is the real cause of the introduction of new forms—and has brought us in presence of evolution in moulding the vegetable kingdom through geological periods, and, what [illegible] important from the practical [illegible] view, in our own times. Whil[illegible] writing there is an internation[illegible] [illegible]ference sitting on hybridizati[illegible] plants and animals in direct r[illegible] to Darwin's work. This shows the [illegible] in which the most abstract generalization of science may affect industry. It was stated at the conference that the whole orange industry of Florida must be abandoned unless a hybrid can be secured which will stand frost.

Medicine and astronomy are certainly the most ancient of the sciences, and yet, strange to tell, the advances here have equalled any other to which I have referred.

I am an old man now, but still I distinctly remember how large in my youth was the number of faces marked with the small-pox encountered in an hour's walk. Such sights and the deaths and ravages caused by this fell disease have practically been abolished by vaccination introduced by Jenner in the first half of the century. Pasteur and Lister have made for themselves immortal names since then, and at the end of the century we find ourselves on the track of the causes of most diseases. The germs from which they spring are known, and preventive medicine is now a well-understood science. Hydrophobia, diphtheria, consumption and other dire human maladies show signs of capitulation, while Listerism enables the surgeon to succeed in operations which were formerly never attempted.

Much of this tremendous alleviation of human pain and the attendant increase in the span of life have depended upon the improvement in the microscope brought about by the study of optics. Strangely enough, the last important progress to which I shall refer comes to a large extent from the same source.

The earliest victories of astronomy were achieved without any instrument. The horizon formed the only point of available reference; then came instruments without the telescope and clock; next these were added. The steam-engine, improvements in the manufacture of glass followed, and permitted the construction of enormous telescopes. Finally we have the optical studies, to which I have referred, carried on in strict alliance with chemistry. Celestial objects which the human eye will never see are now studied in a hundred ways by means of photography, and the heavens have been expanded for us a thousand-fold, and chemistry has not stopped there. The substances of which the most distant worlds are [illegible] composed are now well within our [illegible]ken.

With hundreds of thousands of firm facts at our disposal we can now watch the gradual formations of worlds and study both cause and effect. Hence a new idea of cosmical evolution, and hence also an idea of another evolution which deals with the gradual formation of the chemical substances of which our own earth as well as the distant worlds are built up.

All the world knows of the many applications of the old astronomy, some of which have been so improved in recent years that a ship at 16 knots speed can determine her position to a mile in any part of the trackless ocean. The applications of the new astronomy are yet to seek, but they will come.

The Disturbing Snore.

It was just at the most impressive point of the great Shakespearian production. The big audience gazed spellbound at the massive splendor of the stage, and drank in eagerly the impassioned eloquence of the famous actor. His subtle art had touched a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers. The quiet intensity of the scene caused men and women to hold their breaths. The stillness was almost death-like. It was a triumph of illusion. And just then a man snored—a gentle, peaceful snore that told of refreshing slumber. The tension was broken. People laughed hysterically, as they do when sharply contrasted emotions are brought suddenly and unexpectedly into play. Again and again came that gentle snore, and finally it was drowned in a rustling of gowns and a buzz of comment as people turned to look. The great actor, who boasts the eccentricity of genius, knew that something had happened, but it is doubtful if the snore had penetrated across the footlights. He halted, paused a moment, and then went on, but with a noticeable coldness of manner. Had he known the truth he might have rung down the curtain, for de does such things.—Philadelphia Record.

Russian Bells.

The manufcture of bells has for centuries been carried on in Russia. On account of the immense number of churches throughout the empire, the demand for bells has always been great. As far back as 1653 the celebrated bell, called "Tyar Kolokol," was made. It is the largest bell in the world, being 16 feet in diameter and 19 feet high. No less than 177 tons of copper were used in its manufacture.

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He tried to scatter sunshine
to be polite,
He tried to follow out the go[illegible]
And so people got to thinking [illegible]
wasn't balanced right—
They voted him a nuisance and a foo[illegible]
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Professor—What kind of iron business is your father in, Mr. Freshman? Freshman—Why—er, I think it's metallic iron, sir.

"What makes you think he has had his salary raised?" asked Cheerful Mug. "He's taken up golf," replied the Wise Guy, convincingly.

Tommy—Pop, what is a fatalist? Tommy's Pop—A fatalist, my son, is a man who knows he's going to get the worst of it, and doesn't care.

"Which is the head barber?" inquired the customer. "We're all head barbers," replied the artist. "What did you suppose we were,—corn doctors?"

Mr. Youngwife—My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken! Mrs. Youngwife—What a mercy you've got your checkbook at home, love!

The two old friends had met after a long time. "And your daughter?" said one, "is she married?" "No," replied the other; "I have never felt that I could afford a son-in-law."

Blobbs—It's only a question of time before all important documents will be recorded on phonographs. Slobbs—Great Scott! Then what's to become of the handwriting expert?

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow. "He was a poet."

Angelina—That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do these initials "E. C." mean on the inside? Edwin—Why—er—that is—don't you know? That's the new way of stamping eighteen carats!

Little Edith had been to church for the first time, and on her return her grandma asked her how she liked it.

"I didn't like the organ very well," was the reply. "Why not?" asked the old lady. "'Cause," answered Edith, "there wasn't any monkey with it."

"I suppose," said the visitor, "It's like pulling teeth to get any money out of your husband these days." "O!" chipped in little Tommy, before his mother could speak, "ma don't have any trouble pulling teeth. She just takes 'em out and puts 'em in a glass."

Musical Sounds from Sands.

Perhaps the most interesting experience of musical sands is that recorded by Kinglake in his journey across the desert. He says: "As I drooped my head under the sun's fire and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent their music beyond the Blagdon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing for church. After a while the sound died away slowly."

Kinglake thought he had been the victim of a hallucination; but it is probable that he heard actual musical sounds, either issuing from the rocks beneath the sand, or caused by the friction of the particles of sand over which the travelers were walking; as in the case of a curious mountain which Darwin visited in Guiana. It is called by the natives El Bramador—or the Bellower—because of the sound given forth when the sand covering it is put in motion.—Chambers' Journal.

When an Indian May Vote.

An Indian may not vote as long as he remains a member of a tribe, but if he gives up his tribal relations and becomes a citizen he may vote under the same conditions as any other citizen.

In 1893 California shipped to England 95,817 cases of canned fruits. In 1899 the number of cases were 659,303—an increase of over 600 percent in seven years.