

them, and, in consequence, there is a difference of nearly a whole day between Manila and Hong-Kong, although the actual difference of time is but about half an hour. This difference causes all kinds of complications there, in that Hong-Kong and Manila are so near each other. A telegram dated at Hong-Kong, say, the 1st of May at one o'clock, will reach us April 30th; if sent direct to Manila it would reach there nearly twenty-four hours before it was sent, for when it is Monday in Manila it is Tuesday in Hong-Kong. This will account for the receipt of the dispatch in reference to Commodore Dewey's victory dated Hong-Kong, May 2, stating that the bombardment was then taking place, whereas it was really Sunday, May 1, in Manila. The necessity for having an international date line can best be understood if you will imagine yourself traveling around the world in some sort of a conveyance which enables you to keep pace with the sun; say, for instance, your start is on Monday, with the sun directly over your head. If it were not for the international date line it would always be Monday to you; instead of this, each time that you cross the one hundred and eightieth meridian the day changes.—The Great Round World.

THE SOUND "GHOST."

With every precaution taken to meet the emergencies of thick weather, it would seem almost impossible for accidents to occur; and yet so popular is the error that sound is always heard in all directions from its source in proportion to its intensity and force, and according to the distance of the listener from it, that sailors continue obstinately to trust the fallibility of their own ears, although numerous shipwrecks have emphasized the fact that audition is subject to aberrations under circumstances where little expected. Often, when a vessel has stranded in a fog, it has been charged against the keeper of the neighboring lighthouse that he failed to blow the guiding signal, but subsequent investigation proved that the whistle had been at full blast all the while when the accident occurred.

This curious phenomenon led scientific men to study more closely what appeared to be a departure from the laws of acoustics. A most perplexing feature, common to all ear signals, was discovered. They "appear to be surrounded by a belt, varying in radius from one to one and a half miles, from which the sound seems to be entirely absent." For example, on moving away from the station, the sound will be heard for about a mile, then it will

be extinguished for the same distance, after which it will become distinctly audible once more. Observers, impressed by the mysterious, spirit-like evasiveness of this inexplicable phenomenon, have denominated its silent area "The Ghost."

Very clearly defined, too, is this ghost space, for persons standing at one end of a vessel which is entering the silent belt can see the steam puffing energetically from the whistle on shore, while not a sound reaches them; and upon walking to the other extremity of the ship will hear the blast burst forth in full vigor. The two great scientists of England and of the United States have embodied their views upon this subject in the volumes entitled "Tyndall on Sound" and "Henry on Sound;" but, to quote the words of Col. Haines, "I do not think either of them was ever thoroughly satisfied that they had gotten at the true cause."—Godey's Magazine.

"REVOLUTION RATHER THAN EVOLUTION."

The less people think of destiny and the more they think of righteousness and experience, the clearer will be their political views and the more vigorous and consistent their political action. We have a country protected by nature from the intervention or attack of foreign powers, a government based on the principle of equal political rights, founded on the free consent of the governed, recognizing the superiority of certain inalienable rights to the physical force of rulers. We have been trying the greatest experiment of this kind that the world has yet seen, and we cannot yet say that the work of our hands is finally established. We are now urged to occupy territory that is exposed by nature to foreign attacks, and to set up a government therein that will not be based on the principle of equal rights, that will not be founded on the free consent of the governed, or recognize their right to determine its nature. If we do this, we repudiate the principles in which we have boasted and bring our professions to open shame. We shall impose our laws by force upon other nations and establish a system of taxation without representation. It seems strange that such a policy as this should be claimed to be in accordance with our destiny, involving as it does the abandonment of our most cherished traditions. Revolution, rather than evolution, seems the appropriate word to describe it. . . .

No one can escape responsibility if he has been all his life upholding the declaration of independence as Gospel

truth, and now takes the position that it is nothing but a tissue of glittering generalities. If other races are rightfully to be held subject by our own, what moral basis is left for democracy? If taxation without representation is just, how long since it became so? If dark people have no rights that white people are bound to respect, what was the significance of the abolition movement? These are questions which foreigners will not hesitate to ask in the most pointed manner, and it is high time for conscientious Americans to gird up their loins like men and prepare them to answer.—New York Evening Post.

A BIT OF SPANISH PUBLIC OPINION.

The third-class carriage into which we climbed was pretty full, and I found myself at close quarters with two intelligent men, one from Burgos and the other from Valladolid. In the corner opposite sat a rather dispirited young man of about 20, though he looked a mere boy. He wore nothing but a tropical suit of blue and white striped cotton, with a round cap on his head similar to the forage cap of the German army. His face spoke distinctly of swamp fever, and I was not surprised when my neighbor told me that the poor fellow had been invalidated home from Cuba. It was commencing to freeze out of doors; for on the table lands of Spain March is a winter month, in spite of a hot sun at noon. We found ice every morning on the pools that we passed. Packed closely as we were, with our overcoats, we were none too warm, yet there sat a poor devil of a soldier in something no warmer than my summer underclothing, while his own blood was impoverished by a disease which makes one peculiarly sensitive to chills. The fellow had neither overcoat nor blanket, and I asked my companion if the government did not provide him with necessary clothing.

He received my naive remark with an expression of great scorn. "Government?" said he. "What does the government care whether we live or die?" Then he went on to tell me that he had already served his term in the ranks, and that his brother had come home from Cuba with a bullet wound through his hand, which had necessitated amputation above the wrist.

What interested me particularly about this man's talk was not so much the hearing of a stray individual opinion as to find that all his words, addressed to a stranger like myself, were spoken without reserve to all within range of his voice, and were listened to not merely without protest, but rather

with signs of approval. My neighbor on the other side said: "We are all republicans here," and with this he waved his hand over the 50-odd fellow-travelers about us. I could not but think, as I sat in this gathering of men accidentally thrown together, that, after all, there must be something of a public sentiment in this country, if the military authorities would only seek for it in the manner I am now indicating to them.—Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Weekly.

MORE OMAHA EXPOSITION NOTES.

The officers of the Trans-Mississippi fair are:

Gordon W. Wattles, president; Alvin Saunders, resident vice-president; Herman Kountze, treasurer; John A. Wakefield, secretary; Maj. T. S. Clarkson, general manager, with an executive committee of seven, and vice-presidents for each of the 24 trans-Mississippi states.

The corner stone of the exposition was laid on Arbor day, 1897, so that the vast enterprise has been accomplished in a year's time. Many of the states of the region have contributed liberally to the exposition in the way of suitable buildings, while the general government appropriates \$200,000 for its building, and in it has placed exhibits of great interest. The government has also taken official notice of the exposition in the issuance of a series of postage stamps, from one cent to two dollars, inclusive, commemorative of the event. Over 300,000,000 of these stamps were ordered for the first installment. The designs on the stamps are appropriate to the great west and its progress, illustrating phases of pioneer life. The stamps were to have been ready for distribution June 1, but the issuance was delayed a few days.

Nearly as many acres of ground as Paris will have for her exposition in 1900—200 acres, to be precise—bordering the edge of a bluff, with the lazy, mud-stained Missouri in the distance, have given fine opportunity for the development of the exterior scheme of the exposition. The grounds where the more important buildings stand are in the form of a great quadrangle over 2,000 feet in length, and perhaps 550 in width. In the central portion of this lies a lagoon. Bordering it are fine stretches of turf, with much promise of bloom when the hotter summer comes, and at their edge rise beautiful buildings, snowy white, large, artistic, architecturally exquisite. Strong men in architecture from various American

cities have united to produce about the sides of this long lagoon the most imposing and attractive series of buildings ever erected for similar purposes in America, save for the buildings which distinguished the Columbian fair above all other expositions of the century.

One of the speakers at the opening of the exposition put the progress of the region in a nutshell when he made note of the fact that in the land where only 50 years ago the Indians wandered at will there are now 22,000,000 people, with an aggregated wealth of \$22,000,000,000.—Harper's Weekly.

THE RECEPTION OF PRINCE HENRY AT PEKING.

Few scenes in history have been more dramatic, as few have been more pregnant with possible consequences, than the interview between Prince Henry of Prussia and the Chinese emperor, which took place at Peking on the 15th of April. It was like a chapter of Gibbon. The prince had already seen the empress dowager, "unpainted and unveiled," sitting "behind a table in the form of an altar," when he was summoned to the presence of the emperor, to be received, first of all Europeans, and indeed of all human beings, as an equal and a friend. The "bold barbarian," as the Chinese would consider him, had already broken through the etiquettes of centuries by traversing the Secluded City in state, and being used to courts and confident in his birth, probably felt no emotion beyond extreme curiosity; but the unhappy lord of a fourth of the human race, still absolute in his capital and his provinces, must have felt as he shook the intruder's hand as Emperor Alexis did when the rough Norman threw up the foot he had been told to kiss. He is said to have trembled much, whether with fear or rage, or it may be only overpowering shyness, and he had reason for his tremor.

That abrogation of all the etiquettes which have been piled up for centuries to make his rank seem in his subjects' eyes all but superhuman, which is announced to the world by the prince's reception, marks as nothing else could have done that the last defenses of his throne have collapsed, and that for the future his dynasty stands bare and defenseless, face to face with the un pitying force of the barbarian. Naturally, we think little of an occurrence which in Europe is an ordinary one; but to the emperor of China, bred up in seclusion, and ac-

customed to be revered almost as a god, it must seem as if the end of all things was at hand, and as if the public suicide on which he had resolved if the Japanese soldiers ever appeared at the gates of Peking might yet be the only honorable termination of a life marked so visibly from all previous emperors' lives by the disfavor of heaven. It must have been after a terrible struggle with himself—for he is a man with a temper, and once ordered half his ministers to be executed—that he brought himself to return the prince's visit, and so acknowledged once for all to himself, as well as to his great counsellors, that an emperor of China has equals in the world whom he must perforce respect.

It is certainly 2,000 years since such an acknowledgment has been made in China, and it can never be recalled. All Asia will hear of the admission of the prince, and all the viceroys of the Chinese empire, and all alike will realize at once that the power which they have thought so nearly divine has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and must after no long interval depart. In China itself the very sacredness of the imperial throne will accentuate the loss of its prestige, the universal judgment being that the invisible powers have deserted it; while all through the endless dependencies in Tartary, in Kashgar, in Nepal, in Thibet, and in the islands, the feeling will be that Peking is broken, and an assertion of independence at last is safe. . . .

We question if any ambassador has ever informed his court that China was absolutely powerless, and doubt whether even the chiefs of the propaganda, who know much more of China than any other Europeans, have ever realized the full truth, that in the vast empire there is no longer the power of striking a blow. We have been slow to believe ourselves, though to us China has been a lifelong study; but the evidence seems now almost irresistible. The empire as a power capable of self-defense is dead, and its burial is only a question of time. It is not only that its dynasty is effete, its blood corrupted by generations of dissoluteness and that kind of adulation which destroys mental fiber, but the great service which has governed China for centuries in the name of Peking is dead, too, powerless to gather any force capable of resisting any vigorous attack.

Even the people, though millions of them have been for centuries inclined to disorder, seem to have lost the power of organization, and receive enemies as men receive respected though dis-