

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 19, 1900.

WHAT EVER IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older And my eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing of ungrasped; But as sure as the sun brings morning, Whatever is, is best.

WHEN HE MARRIED.

The postman smiled a little when he passed out the mail, but Luther Wilkins did not notice. He was trying to remember whether it was a year or a pound of cheese he was to get at the store.

After he had gone home and eaten his supper he thought of the mail in his overcoat pocket. He brought it to the table and sat down to examine it.

"Well, now," said Luther, picking it up. "I wonder who's been writing to me. I don't know when I've had a letter. He looked at it eagerly, held it nearer to his eyes, then farther off. He removed his glasses and then polished them in nervous haste.

"What business have I opening her letters?" he asked himself. "I never did open other folks' letters, and I guess I won't begin now." He rose to his feet and carrying it to the mantle-piece leaned it up against the clock.

He settled himself in his papers, and thoughts of Mrs. Luther Wilkins kept intruding on what he was reading about patent nest-boxes, and underdrainage, and the news of the village.

Thereafter, during all his waking hours, Mrs. Luther Wilkins was in his thoughts. He wondered what she was like and he thought of the kind of a woman he would wish her to be, and enjoyed himself very much in imagining how it would seem to have her meet him at the door when he came in from the fields, and how nice it would be not to have to get his own meals.

At first he was a little cynical and told himself that the imagining was much more satisfactory than the reality would be, but after awhile he changed his mind, and would sigh heavily when he came into his lonesome house.

The letter by the clock, too, began to trouble him. He had a devouring curiosity to see what was in it, and besides it did not seem right to keep it so long before delivering it.

One evening in June Luther put on his best clothes and walked three miles to see an old schoolmate who had an unmarried cousin living with him. It seemed to him that Eliza Elliott fitted in exactly with his idea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

He came home quite early very much disappointed. Eliza wouldn't do at all. He worked doggedly for a month, trying hard not to think of the disappointing subject. It was no use, and toward the end of July it was observed that Luther was becoming very neighborly. He spent evenings at different neighbors' houses, he accepted invitations to tea, he went to church regularly and all the Sunday school picnics. And still he could not find a suitable owner for the letter.

"I must be terribly fussy," he sighed. "I've got acquainted with about all the women in town; they're nice women, every one of them, but somehow they don't suit me. I guess I'll have to give up that."

It was one cold, raw day in early November that Luther sat at a window making clumsy attempts at mending a pair of very ragged socks. Happening to glance across the street he saw a woman out in Hammond's yard. She was busy raking up the fallen autumn leaves.

"Lettitia Hammond?" Luther commented. "Bill Hammond's sister. We don't see much of her lately. She don't even go to church; there's so many of Bill's children to look after, and Bill's wife is so took up with her clubs and things. It's hard on Lettitia, but she never finds a word of fault."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Captain Edward W. McCaskey Describes the Vicissitudes of Army Life.

The notes of army life at Calamba, with dates here given, are from the private letters of Captain Edward W. McCaskey, quartermaster of the Twenty-first U. S. Infantry.

CALAMBA, Oct. 17.—Plenty of work on the bay this a.m. More contraband stuff. Very mixed cargo. Stuck on bar, wouldn't go in or out. Bad surf to get little boats alongside. But we're getting it in, rice, rations, sugar, potatoes, beans, onions and canned stuff. Must hustle wood and more Chinos. Some trouble on front of E company this morning. The rebels are getting too bold; need another warning up. New rebel trenches and gun places. They are getting in closer daily. Our two new Gatlings due here Friday. We need them, for we must give them a "go" very soon.

Oct. 19.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. Long night, awake and fever. Had wire late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four canoes and send them to Manila. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to "pull" them.

Oct. 20.—They report 1,000 rebels and six guns to reinforce their lines. Filipino-Spaniard claims hospital as his property, wants us to get out and stop making it fit for a F. formed up and saved the 10,000 waiting for the Gatlings the better to hold our hill and the bridge. Boat in the night. They couldn't get ashore for the surf. Rebels made attack at 10 p. m.; hot time till 11, not so warm as it looks, and quiet again later. The attack was made by party slipping around Cristobel and working in near the village across the lower ferry. Drove in the outposts there and fired hard into hospital, provost prison and plaza. M small, and in the night, more at night. More rain, then more sun, and awful hot between showers. When it is below eighty degrees the workmen are shivering, and I must wear blue shirt and coat to keep off the chills.

Oct. 21.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. Long night, awake and fever. Had wire late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four canoes and send them to Manila. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to "pull" them.

Oct. 22.—Quite a fight this morning. We got up at 3:30, breakfasted at 4 a. m., load on a F. formed up and saved the 10,000 waiting for the Gatlings the better to hold our hill and the bridge. Boat in the night. They couldn't get ashore for the surf. Rebels made attack at 10 p. m.; hot time till 11, not so warm as it looks, and quiet again later. The attack was made by party slipping around Cristobel and working in near the village across the lower ferry. Drove in the outposts there and fired hard into hospital, provost prison and plaza. M small, and in the night, more at night. More rain, then more sun, and awful hot between showers. When it is below eighty degrees the workmen are shivering, and I must wear blue shirt and coat to keep off the chills.

Oct. 23.—Quite a fight this morning. We got up at 3:30, breakfasted at 4 a. m., load on a F. formed up and saved the 10,000 waiting for the Gatlings the better to hold our hill and the bridge. Boat in the night. They couldn't get ashore for the surf. Rebels made attack at 10 p. m.; hot time till 11, not so warm as it looks, and quiet again later. The attack was made by party slipping around Cristobel and working in near the village across the lower ferry. Drove in the outposts there and fired hard into hospital, provost prison and plaza. M small, and in the night, more at night. More rain, then more sun, and awful hot between showers. When it is below eighty degrees the workmen are shivering, and I must wear blue shirt and coat to keep off the chills.

Oct. 24.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. Long night, awake and fever. Had wire late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four canoes and send them to Manila. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to "pull" them.

Oct. 25.—Boat in at 11 p. m. Inspector Gen. Crane has been here for three days; good man. Mail in from Manila, including twenty books and stacks of papers. They will be of interest to many people. Thanks for all. Pot shots all the time. No heavy firing. Many wants everywhere, but good getting in. The sun has been quite hot today, and has dried up most of the water. It's just the sort of time the rebels play ball.

Oct. 26.—Rather quiet night. Some rain and black as ink. Want to get a road and gun for rations. Long range shooting. We can carry it over there very suddenly and soon. Can run cart or ponies out that way with sacks of ammunition. Time important, a mile less distance, but can't use it for rations. Have to get it by bringing serious. Scarce, and our cooks burn it by the cord on open fires and in stoves; must have them done first. Want to get a couple of cords out to advance companies. If these fly husslers in town don't get it before we can carry it over. Have to sit up thing here now to hold it. Casco crew just up from low, hungry. Got a lot of rice. Attack expected on Barnes and here tonight. The 37th will be ready to help out and if it comes, the artillery will be in it. Want to get ammunition up as soon as I can before it opens. Sent two Filipino laborers in a canoe to Banos with message to Capt. Parmenter. Have not reported back. Rebels may have got them or they may have been shot. Long range shooting when I was out on the line to-day, 900 men replying about one to three shots. Hot day, not much air, just the sort they like to open up on us because we get so exhausted when we drive them hard. Forty-four recruits in boat come up today. General Wheaton got in unexpectedly late afternoon, and a campaign is being worked up.

Oct. 27.—Just paid off the hands, some fifty of them, but had bad business and other small items. Pay by the day, but fear we will be killed, or they, or that we may pull out suddenly. Pay in Mexican silver, half value of ours, thirty cents a day and chow. Bosses, banquerouts and good men in particular. Have a peseta (10 cents) or media (5 cents) extra. Rest of a large house is \$20 to \$30 per night; big banana same, smaller 50 cents per day; bulbs 50 cents to \$1 or more per day. It's too hot now for men to work, even these fellows, does them up. They get chills and get back headaches, same as we do, call it "calentury mucho maio en Cabezó." When they shake they say, "Paubre (poor) Filipino, mucho paubre y rico, mucho rico (very cold) mucho malo" (bad), etc. They get the bullets sing they get down in a ditch and will not work, and what the big ditch are at it, they shake and say, "Mucho bombom!" But they like the noise. Just fixed up some reading matter for waiting. Will try to get it out to him this evening before the pay party begins. They generally try it about dusk and dawn, and often in the night if warm and dry. Won't fight in the wet unless cornered. When in a tight place they fight hard, use bolts, throw them sometimes. We keep them a mile away, or as near that as we can. They are now crowding out about the sugar mill on St. Thomas road, but we are ready.

Oct. 28.—O. K. here. Same to you all. Still rather quiet. Very wet, too much rain the night, more at night. More rain, then more sun, and awful hot between showers. When it is below eighty degrees the workmen are shivering, and I must wear blue shirt and coat to keep off the chills.

Oct. 29.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. Long night, awake and fever. Had wire late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four canoes and send them to Manila. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to "pull" them.

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Oct. 31.—Some firing. Plenty of rain. Long night, awake and fever. Had wire late in afternoon to seize two tugs and four canoes and send them to Manila. Plenty of people at landing who would be glad to "pull" them.

What Our Circulation Is.

Something of Interest for the Pursual of Farmers. Per Capita Money in the United States.—A Table Which Shows the Scarcity of Money in the Agricultural Regions.—One Reason Why the Alleged "Prosperity" Cannot Reach the Farmers Under the Present Republican Party.

Just at this time when the McKinley administration and the Republican party are forcing a currency bill through Congress that will inevitably further contract the currency of the country, making money scarcer and dearer and the comparative price of farm produce lower, the table below is, to say the least, suggestive. Some idea of the pernicious effect the class legislation fostered by the Republican party has upon the agricultural sections may be gained from analysis of this table. It shows the per capita circulation of money in the various States. It will be seen that in the northern States, with their protected interests, have successfully sapped the agricultural sections. The table was prepared when the per capita circulation of the nation was \$22.40.

Table showing per capita circulation of money in various States. Includes columns for State and Circulation amount.

Thus it will be seen that the bleak hills of Vermont and New Hampshire show 400 per cent. greater per capita circulation than the great agricultural State of Kansas. Nebraska and 700 per cent. more than Texas.

It is not surprising that special legislation has made the northeast a rock-ribbed Republic section, but what is to be thought of agricultural Iowa, which has 400 per cent. less than Connecticut and 700 per cent. less than Rhode Island?

The policy of the Republican party since men like Lincoln passed from control has been to put a favored class in the manufacturing centers at sections. Sooner or later this fact must become patent to every farming community, just as it has long since been understood and appreciated by the favored sections.

Jumped Their Ball. Nine Men Leave Philadelphia. Charged With Impersonating Election Officers, Making Fraudulent Returns and Ballot Box Stuffing.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8.—The nine men who were indicted last week charged with impersonating election officers, making fraudulent returns and stuffing the ballot box in the Thirteenth division of the Seventh Ward at the election for state treasurer in November last, are fugitives from justice not one of them answering his name when the case came up for trial in quarter sessions today. The bail of each defendant was immediately forfeited and warrants for their arrest were issued. Up to late tonight none of the accused men had been apprehended. The defendants are: Samuel Salter, deputy coroner of Philadelphia; Joseph G. Rodgers, lieutenant of capital police; Washington D. C. Clarence Messer, formerly employed in the copyright bureau of the treasury department; Washington; William Cook, Harry McCabe, and James T. Sheehan, also of Washington, and John Sherman, John Scullen and John Hanna, of this city. The three last named disappeared when the fraud was first discovered, while the others were under bail.

Shortly after the bail of each defendant had been declared forfeited, Coroner Dugan received a special delivery letter containing the resignation of Salter as deputy coroner. The resignation was dated last Saturday, but the envelope showed that it had been mailed in this city at 11:52 o'clock this morning.

The non-appearance of the men for trial produced a small sensation in political circles. District Attorney Rothermel and his assistants were fully prepared to go on with the case, and there was not the slightest suspicion that the defendants would flee until their names had been called, and they did not respond. As soon as the district attorney was satisfied that the men had fled this jurisdiction he immediately asked Judge Frey to declare forfeited the bonds of the defendants. Counsel for the defendants were in court and made no move to resist the application of the district attorney and the judge granted the request. The bondsmen for the six defendants who were under bail were: For Salter, \$1,800; Edwin H. Vane, of this city; for Rodgers, \$1,800; and Messer, \$1,800; Representative John F. Slater; for Cook, \$2,500; Rankin, \$2,500; and McCabe, \$1,800; E. P. Mackin, of this city.

The district attorney announced his intention of immediately bringing suit against the bondsmen for the recovery of the amount of bail. There is every indication that the defendants have fled from the city. None have been seen for several days and all efforts to locate them have thus far proved fruitless.

The frauds for which the men stand indicted were exposed through the agency of George Kirkland, of Washington who alleged as minority inspector in the division named previously in the interest of the alleged guilty ones but actually in behalf of a newspaper. There are sixteen indictments against the men. It is also charged that Lieutenant Rodgers brought a number of repeaters to this city from Washington who acted under instructions from him and Deputy Coroner Salter.

PEOPLE STARVING.

Oct. 29.—Sunday, on board "Seattle," some 36 officers, guard and three rebel spies newspaper men, and crew of mixed Chinos, Filipinos, and natives, were on board. A good breeze and a hope for a trip ahead. Sun out hot now and then. Pulled two canos all the way. Stopped at Pasig and Pedro. There are people all along here they say, dying for want of food. Reached Manila on Monday, and reported at once to division headquarters. The 33d regiment just coming ashore.

GETTING DIZZY. Nov. 1.—Hot and quiet. The hands are getting weak and dizzy. Have to make it an early noon and allow a long time to them for dinner and smoke and siesta. Work again at 2 o'clock and late this evening. Our guests, the Spanish office, late governor of Mindao and a major of infantry. He seems pleased to be with white folks again, gets better fare than he has had for the past two years. He didn't know our last Christmas. He has a wife and two girls in Spain, and four boys buried there. I can't talk very well with him, am a little too slow. Mix up Spanish, French and English when he goes fast. Two more escaped Spaniards go up on boat to-day with the sick and the prisoners. Issued the twenty-two Chinos to the companies. Great dicker about selection, and some companies get a worse deal than others. Very hot from 9 to 2, and then a heavy rain, poured in sheets. More Chino slave business. Enough to eat, but no work. I have 52 in the regiment and 120 in the hospital, to round up, and settle their rows, and arrange in squads so that work and chow go along peacefully. Hong Kong and Canton we not eat or work to-day with the sick and the prisoners. Issued the twenty-two Chinos to the companies. Great dicker about selection, and some companies get a worse deal than others. Very hot from 9 to 2, and then a heavy rain, poured in sheets. More Chino slave business. Enough to eat, but no work. I have 52 in the regiment and 120 in the hospital, to round up, and settle their rows, and arrange in squads so that work and chow go along peacefully. Hong Kong and Canton we not eat or work to-day with the sick and the prisoners.

100 DEGREES IN THE SHADE. Nov. 7.—Sun hot to-day, 100 in shade. Working small gangs and getting small results. Rained later, looks now like an all-day shower. The companies will soon be shifted to afford relief to those that have borne the brunt of it for the past six weeks. The long strain, and wet, and the four fights they have had, are telling on them and it is no wonder that so many are breaking down. New moon last night, partly under a cloud. Rained hard most of the night, let up at dawn. We have been in this island for almost six months and it has not fallen more hours than it has not. The dry times, with bright sun, far and Canton we not eat or work to-day with the sick and the prisoners. Issued the twenty-two Chinos to the companies. Great dicker about selection, and some companies get a worse deal than others. Very hot from 9 to 2, and then a heavy rain, poured in sheets. More Chino slave business. Enough to eat, but no work. I have 52 in the regiment and 120 in the hospital, to round up, and settle their rows, and arrange in squads so that work and chow go along peacefully. Hong Kong and Canton we not eat or work to-day with the sick and the prisoners.

CAN'T AFFORD COFFINS. The mother of my second boss died this a. m., and was buried. I had to get out to a pass for him ("Francisco No. 1") to use a burial box, and enter the cemetery without inspection. They don't bury the box. Boards are too scarce. They wrap the body in a mat of rush or grass work. No priest here. He is out on the rebel lines. Carry them on shoulders of two men like any coolie burden, and two more carry pickets and shovels.

Rebels are making stronger defenses on a part of their line. Suppose we must make another fight out on the right. It looks pretty promising open on us from about 1,200 yards this time. The last two attacks were at 1,000 and 1,700 yards, and then we rushed them. Plenty of amigoss in white in town to-day. Wonder what it means. They will probably pick before the scrap begins. The artillery horses and mules just went by at a round trot. They are huge, powerful animals and are kept in good condition.

Nov. 9.—Fairly quiet during the night. Fine sky till eleven, then heavy black clouds. Heavy, cool rain since 3 a. m. Get into woollen and shiver. We looked for an attack last night or to-night, and then we were going for them to-morrow at dawn, but this rain will change the plan. The mud is so deep that it would be hard to move the artillery at all and our plans require to move fast. Rained all day. Sun shone for about two minutes at noon, then rain again and ever since. Our cook has made a fiddle of tin and strung it up, and is playing "Massa's in the Cold Ground." It's dreadful, but he's getting some fun out of it, and he doesn't have a very jolly time. So I don't growl.

Nov. 12.—Sun out, very hot, everything damp and muggy. Private Roach, of L company, has just died, and I am ordered to get his body off to city by return boat. Sent a man on horseback to beach, to go off and hold the boat. Do not know where boards can be gotten to make coffin. Poor fellow! It was sudden; went sick yesterday morning, hospital in afternoon, unconscious in night, dead this morning. May he rest in peace! Must get up more wood to-day and make an issue of it. Companies on far lines need it badly. Very many sick. Heavy rains for four days and nights and chance for more again. Long rains and hot sun bring out fever strong. Plans making for a heavy fire from our whole line at dawn, and all the artillery to work fast. If the rebels develop we are to go at them; if not, we are simply to hold our trench line and fire at any one to be seen. Have just been all over the line fixing up for move of troops and artillery in the night. Both fords are passable, and upper road will stand heavy guns and wagons, the lower one light carts and ponies to pack and foot soldiers. Expect a stir this night on our right, and we go back at dawn. Companies are to exchange positions Tuesday a. m., if this Fourth of July goes right to-morrow. There is some shooting at intervals, and suppressed excitement. Artillery men have just loaded their chests at Q. M. store room. Flashed work and paid off hands. Must go over ground again to show 37th their places and how to get there, then fix up small details, saddle ponies for mounted messengers 4 a. m., and Gatling team 4:30, etc. It seems hardly right to devote all Sunday to preparations for a battle, but that's our business just now.

Nov. 13.—Rather quiet as I write but we've used up plenty of ammunition since dawn. Up at 2 a. m., breakfast, and out by 4 o'clock. Mostly artillery at mile and mile and a half range firing over our lines, and some heavy infantry work. Last night was beautiful till 2 a. m. We lay down, but waited nearly all night for the rebels to attack. Helped Crawford some in tower to-day, watching shots and giving warnings by telegraph. Found a new rebel trench on higher ground; guess we must go after it. Our companies are growing small, and many men are so weak that extra violent effort does them up quickly. A, B and C companies, of the 37th, also getting smaller daily. Lucky that we did not make an attack to-day over bridge towards Cabayo. They were massed out there, as we have since learned, and ready to warm us at close range in a sort of ambush, while they fired from sheltered positions. Our fire has done good execution. The rebels on our front are spunky until we go at them with a yell in a charge. They can't stand that. But at long range, trench and picket firing they give us trouble. Ran out supply of ammunition this p. m., and arranged to move companies' stuff in the morning.

COMFORTABLE CONDITIONS. Nov. 15.—Fire scant, wood scarce, wet and cold. Hundreds sick, hospital full, work done, and relief pressure. Have on two suits of underclothes, a sweater, and shoes not so very wet, gum coat soaked through, more wet inside than out. Think I'll turn in. Poncho like a sieve, soaked through and full of mildew. Clothes green, nasty and foul smelling like a damp cellar. When will it get better. Rheumats rather better. Not soaked through yet, but the day is young. Whole town flooded last night. Havesmall gangs on tram, and ditch, and rations and wood. River away up I can hear it roar over the rapids nearly a mile away.

Nov. 16.—Paymaster in during night. There may be a warm time when our men have had a hard time here, and may go it rather wild. Many natives are sick with fever and these horrible chills. Too much work and the cold rains. Some cases of bay smuggling. Case of smallpox in plaza. Hope it will not spread. Place is fairly clean now, and we are trying to keep it so. Vio jags make men wild. It is a very poor kind of drink, cuts the insides and kills. My two white bosses are sick, and four Filipino bosses also laid up. Even they go down under the rain and mud and hot sun. To-day I had 28 on duty. Just paid them off, also the washer women, who were in good humor. We pay five cents Mexican per piece, and have a great counting. Send a dozen for 20 cents, and get back ten pieces. Washed in cold, dirty water, little or no soap, never boiled. Smell I imagine it! Captain Larsen, of Napidan, is jolly as ever. Fighting on the north and at Dagupan. Sad news that Logan is killed. I knew him at West Point. He landed the Sunday I was in the city, two weeks ago. Very short career here in Luzon.

Nov. 19.—Sunday very hot; mud drying, and the men are in a bad way. Report in last night of proposed attack, and there were some signs. We got all hands ready, and moved the guns, and then waited all night, but no fight developed. Hope we get some more troops here soon. The constant strain day and night of six months duty in the trenches on the ring line, in this almost incessant rain and mud, under tropical sun, is telling hard on our men. Our sick list is now nearly six hundred, and growing daily. Heavy firing to northwest last evening, toward Imus, probably ten miles out. Many natives are dying. This seems to be a bad season. Too much aqua (water) in it. We eat regularly and smoke and work, and sleep when we can, at any odd time, frequently in all our clothes, just ready to jump.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE—Has world wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felsons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; Infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents at F. P. Green's drug store.

The Good-year saw mills at Galeton cut 58,135,426 feet of lumber in 1899. Their wages account to the mill men was \$68,000. The mills employ 175 men exclusive of those employed in the woods and on log trains, and the amount of lumber shipments exceeded the amount saved by 3,500,000 feet.

AGED PEOPLE AT REBERSBURG.

Rebersburg has a large number of aged people. The octogenarians are Mrs. Kate Bierly, 89 years; Mrs. Hettie Gramley, 84 years; Mrs. Rachel Corman, 84 years; Mrs. Annie Pehl, 82 years; Mrs. Sally Brunt, 80 years; Mrs. Hannah Dubs, 81 years; William Walker, 84 years. The septuagenarians are ex-Judge Samuel Frank, 79 years; Mrs. Reuben Meyer, 78 years; Levi Strayer, 78 years; Mrs. Sallie Weaver, 77 years; Joseph Miller, 77 years; Elias Stover, 77 years; Mrs. Abbie Miller, 76 years; Mrs. Daniel Brungard, 75 years; Mrs. Susan Miller, 75 years; Ephraim Erhard, 74 years; George Weaver, 79 years.

Luther looked at them in wonder and reverence. "I'll never wear 'em," he said, when he was at home again. "I wouldn't have let her do it only I knew it would make her feel better, and it gave me a chance to see her, too."

He found that it was an easy matter to invent excuses for seeing her, and finally, some time in the winter, he asked her, in fear and trembling, if she would be Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

At first she thought it would not be right to abandon her brother's children, but her scruples melted away before the warmth of his eloquence. Then she confessed that she was tired.

"It is so long that I have had to take care of other folks, and it will seem like heaven to have some one to take care of me."

So it happened that in a little less than a year the letter to Mrs. Luther Wilkins was given to its rightful owner. "Circumstances over which I had no control have freed you from getting it before," Luther said.

"Why, it's nothing but an advertisement of some new preparation of cereals," she said when she had opened it.

"I see how it is," she said, after a moment's thought. They sent to the grocers for lists of their customers, and then sent these circulars to their wives."

Let's keep it," said Luther, softly. "If it hadn't been for that."

"Yes, we'll keep it," said Letitia, blushing.—Susan Brown Robbins in Boston Globe.

Fighting Men in Khaki. Khaki may prove to be the winding sheet of the rebel republic. It is the dust colored cloth of which the new service uniform of the British soldiers are made.

When the British fought the Boers in former years, the soldiers of the queen went up against their sharp eyed foes clad in the glaring hued clothes which made their evolutions at Aldershot such brilliant spectacles. They wore scarlet tunics crossed by white bands, bright helmets with waving plumes, huge bear skin shakos and other garbings, all pleasing enough for parades, but entirely unsuited for war.

But in this war the Boers have not done so much long distance shooting. Instead of distinctly marked lines of red they have been confronted with indistinct lines, of soldiers who were hardly to be recognized as such at 1000 yards, because their uniforms were so nearly of the color of mother earth.

As a consequence the Boers were misled and did terrible execution. Against the dull green velvet you can see a scarlet tunic a long distance. The Boers were in the habit of picking out the individual soldiers just as they would pick out a mark at a shooting contest. The "root latties" made line marks. "Root latties" is Boer for red coat.

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