

CAMP McCALLA'S MEN.

THREE TRANSPORTS ARRIVE AT CAMP WIKOFF WITH TROOPS.

They Have on Board a Number of Marines, Several Artillery Regiments and Three Companies of the Thirty-fourth Michigan.

Montauk, L. I., Aug. 24.—The trim looking auxiliary cruisers Resolute and Badger, now used as transports, came yesterday. The Resolute left Santiago on August 16. She was sighted from Montauk at 8 a. m. In board are the Second, Fourth and Fifth artillery, under General Randolph, and 468 of the brave marines who so nobly distinguished themselves and their commander, Captain McCalla, by holding their ground against great odds for more than a week, when they effected the last landing on Cuban soil at Guantanamo.

The Badger left the south coast of Cuba on August 18 and made a quick trip. She was sighted from Montauk a few hours after the Resolute. On board are Companies E, K and L of the Thirty-fourth Michigan, under Captain Curtis. The sick number eighty-two, with no very serious cases. There was not a single death on either ship during the voyage. Another transport, probably the Mohawk, was sighted before noon, but her identity could not be positively determined at that time. The Leonas, which arrived last night, brought Companies A, D and B of the Twelfth infantry, Troops A and C of the Ninth cavalry, Company E of the Thirty-fourth Michigan, Battery E, Fourth artillery, and a Gatling battery. The men were under command of Colonel Cumba during the voyage. The sick number 194.

The City of Macon struck on a bar late last night, but was pulled off into deep water. She was brought up to the pier and landed her passengers. Freight will be discharged this afternoon. Lieutenant Hart was removed from the City of Macon in a very precarious condition.

The consignment shipped to the Eagle's supply tent by Richard Young of 7 Lincoln road, Flatbush, has been received. It came in fifty barrels, forty containing watermelons and ten containing muskmelons. There were heaps of bundles and boxes containing pipes and tobacco. Captain Fuller of General Wheeler's staff took charge of the consignment immediately on arrival. Five wagons were assigned to help distribute the supplies, and each wagon left the station loaded with melons. They went to different camps and an equitable distribution of the delicacies will be made if Captain Fuller's assistants can possibly restrain the soldiers from mobbing the wagons.

There appears to be a lack of unity in the main hospital and the trouble arises from the apparent want of a single authoritative head. The peculiar manner in which the work is performed by the hospital authorities is shown in this instance: Privates Denning and Roush died yesterday; the latter in the detention hospital. Their bodies were boxed in coffins and shipped to the main hospital, with a note that read: "These are the bodies of Denning and Roush." It was necessary to open the coffins to make the identification before the bodies were buried. Similar carelessness has been displayed on many occasions and has caused considerable confusion and delay.

The general hospital contains nine hundred and fifty patients and there are 350 in the detention wards. There are 225 typhoid and eight measles patients. A sergeant of the First cavalry died yesterday morning. The arrival of six hundred cots sent by the Red Cross Society has done an incalculable amount of good to the sick men. The cots came this morning and will be occupied immediately. There is no room for them in the hospital, but they will be set up nearby. There is a sufficient number of them to go around and every one of the men in the hospitals will have a soft place to rest his head.

Torpedo Boat Station at Boston. Washington, Aug. 24.—Plans will be prepared at once for the \$150,000 torpedo boat station at Boston. Railway and storage sheds will be constructed capable of accommodating twenty boats. It is intended to keep the ships in order for service, and this work will ultimately be done at the Boston yard. The torpedo boats which served in the war, and which are in need of extensive repairs, will be overhauled at New York and Norfolk, as there are no facilities at Boston at present for carrying on this work. Supplies for the boats will be kept in the storage shops, and everything will be in readiness for putting the boats in service at twenty-four hours' notice. Another station for torpedo boats will be established at Pensacola, Fla. The board which recommended Boston was somewhat in favor of locating the northern station at the League island navy yard, but the place will be used as a station for larger ships.

West Point Superintendent. Washington, Aug. 24.—The selection of First Lieutenant A. L. Mills, First cavalry, as superintendent of the Military Academy, is attracting much attention among army officers. No officer of such junior rank has ever held this position, and Mills, who whitt at West Point is a colonel, will be senior to the present commandant of cadets, Lieutenant Colonel O. L. Hein, who is a captain in Mills's regiment. He himself was a candidate for the place, and was backed by what is known in the army as "Sherman influence." It is expected he will ask to be detached and returned to his troop.

Jamaica Wants Annexation. Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 24.—Coincidentally with the West India sugar conference, to assemble at Barbados on September 3 for the purpose of protesting against a sacrifice of the colonies, Jamaica is preparing a plebiscite to the British parliament requesting permission to endeavor to arrange for annexation to the United States. The promoters of this movement are endeavoring to secure inter-colonial co-operation, but they are not depending upon it.

A TRUSTED MESSENGER.

Employed by the Government for Twenty-seven Years.

"One of the most interesting characters in the government service," said an official of the State Department, "is Eddie Savoy, the colored messenger of the Assistant Secretary of State. He has been employed in that department for the past twenty-seven years, and is thoroughly imbued with all its customs and traditions. A perfect diplomat in his way, he never sees anything he should not see nor knows anything it is not intended he should know. At least, that is how he impresses the people who do business with him—his superiors, as well as those desiring to communicate with them. His position is a strictly confidential one, and frequently puts him in possession of highly important state secrets, the premature disclosure of which, in several recent instances, would have seriously embarrassed the government. But never since he first entered the foreign office, back in the administration of Secretary Fish, when the State Department was located in the building at the corner of Fourteenth and S streets, now used as an orphan asylum, has he been known to betray a trust or to tell anything whatever about the affairs of the State Department that he was not personally authorized to tell. I am reminded of this by the important part he played in the events attending the recall of Sackville West, the British Minister, during Cleveland's first administration, as well as those in the more recent case of Senor Polo, the Spanish Minister. He acted as the trusted messenger between the Secretary of State and the foreign minister in both cases. Secretary Bayard selected him to personally hand Mr. Sackville West his passports, and Secretary Day confided to him the important duty of handing to Senor Polo, first, President McKinley's ultimatum to the Spanish Government for the evacuation of Cuba, and next the official papers insuring him safe conduct out of the territory of the United States. 'Eddie,' as he is familiarly called, was fully impressed with the importance of these missions, and adopted a simple but shrewd method to satisfy the head of the department of their successful execution. When he handed Minister West the package containing his passports he asked him as a favor to show that they had been properly delivered that he write his autograph on the official envelope and give it to him. Mr. West did as requested, and Eddie took the envelope with its autographic indorsement and broken seal back to the department and showed it to Mr. Bayard. He followed exactly the same course with regard to Minister Polo. The two envelopes are now 'Eddie's' private property, having been presented to him by Secretaries Bayard and Day, and are treasured by him as relics of important events in the diplomatic history of the United States."—Washington Star.

AUTOMATIC WOOL DRYER.

Accomplishes the Work Without Leaving Any Harshness.

One of the drawbacks of rapid wool drying is the necessity of maintaining a low temperature to avoid harshness in the fiber. Harshness is due to two causes, the existence of a high temperature while the dry stock is being manipulated, and the lack of air circulation. The result of these conditions is that the stock becomes what is known in the wool trade as "baked." A high temperature on a wet fiber will not render it harsh. Ordinary wool dryers maintain either a uniformly low temperature throughout the drying, and thus avoid harshness at a sacrifice of capacity, or they secure capacity by maintaining a uniformly high temperature, but produce harshness. In a new automatic wool dryer both these difficulties have been overcome, the stock being subjected to a high temperature, say 180 degrees, at the wet end, and then carried on into successive compartments of gradually reduced heat to about 110 degrees at the finish. The drying is accomplished by circulating heated air alternately through the stock and steam coils placed in a compartment at the side of the machine. A constant supply of air saturated to grade is maintained at the top of the machine, and each chamber receives its specially heated supply of fresh air. This grading of heat in the successive chambers produces a soft fiber, free from harshness when dry. In fact, the wool has the advantage of being subjected at every stage of the process to a scientifically adjusted combination of heat and moisture. The machine is built in sizes ranging from 2,000 pounds to 12,000 pounds' daily capacity.—St. Louis Democrat.

Etiquette of Golf.

Here are some things which you will do well to remember when you go on to the golf links, either as a player or as an onlooker: Standing so that a shadow falls upon your partner's ball is not only impolite, but detrimental to the success of his "drive." Standing on the putting green after you have "holed out," whether it is to gaze at the scenery or write down your score, will exasperate your best friend on earth if he or she happens to be playing behind you. To play first and to shout "Fore!" afterward is apt to add insult to actual injury. "Fore" is called as a warning that a "drive" is about to be made. It is not an expression of consolation after one has been hit. If you choose as a partner a woman who keeps you back by slow play, don't quarrel with her on this account. Abide by your choice and do what you can to help her enjoy the game.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

Cannot Get Them All for Thirteen Dollars a Month.

One of the heroes in Cuba was given to indulging in the flowing bowl; not a mild indulgence, either, but a rip-roaring, whoop-snorting indulgence that is simply terrific in its mildness. One day before he had floated over to the shores of the Gem of the Antilles, the colonel of his regiment called him into his tent for the purpose of talking to him like a father, as he had known him for years. "Now, look here, John," said the colonel, kindly, "what do you mean by this sort of thing?" "I mean to quit, colonel," he responded. "You've said that a million times. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a man of more than ordinary intelligence, you have nice people at home, you are of a good family, you are quick to learn the duties of a soldier, you are clean, you look well, you keep your accoutrements in fine condition, you are obedient, you are always willing to take your share of the hardships, you never complain, and in fact you are a model soldier with one exception." "What's that, colonel?" asked John, just a shade leeryly, it must be confessed. "You will get drunk." "Is that all, colonel?" "That's enough, isn't it?" John staided himself by the colonel's table. "Now, colonel," he said, as volunteers have a way of talking to their superiors, "if I'm all these good things that you say I am, why not let me drinking go with the balance? You don't expect to get all the cardinal virtues for \$13 a month, do you?"—Washington Star.

AMERICAN CLOTHESPINS.

Used About Everywhere on the Globe Where the Wash is Hung Out to Dry.

Wherever the wash is hung out to dry, all the world over, it is more than likely to be pinned on the line with American clothespins. Americans sell clothespins practically everywhere—all over Europe, in South Africa, South America, Australia and elsewhere. Some clothespins are made, for the supply of local markets, in Sweden and in Scotland, but they are big and clumsy plus, twice the size of the Americans, and whittled out by hand, and American pins are sold in both these countries in competition with the home production.

Clothespins are made chiefly of beech and of maple; some are made of tupelo wood. They are made entirely by machinery, counted into boxes, containing 720 each, by machinery, and the boxes are nailed up by machinery. It might almost be said that blocks of wood fed to machines at one end come out boxed clothespins at the other. They are made and sold wonderfully cheap. There are two grades of clothespins; first and seconds. First grade pins can be bought for thirty-five cents a box.

The production of clothespins is enormous, millions of boxes annually. The consumption in this country keeps pace with the growth of the population, and great numbers are exported. Even people in the trade wonder what becomes of all the clothespins.—New York Sun.

Wonderful Russian Jewels.

A whole guide book devoted simply to the Hermitage could give no soft idea of the barbaric splendor of its belongings. Its riches are beyond belief. Even the presents given by the Emir of Bokhara to the czar are splendid enough to dazzle one like a realization of the "Arabian Nights." But to see the most valuable of all, which are kept in the emperor's private vaults, is to be reduced to a state of bewilderment bordering on idiocy. It is astonishing enough, to one who has bought even one Russian belt set with turquoise enamel, to think of all the trappings of a horse, bit, bridle, saddle-girth, saddle-cloth, and all, made of cloth of gold and set in solid turquoise enamel; with the sword hilt, scabbard, belts and pistol handle and holster made of the same. Well, these are there by the roomful. Then you come to the private jewels, and you see all these same accoutrements made of precious stones—one of solid diamonds; another of diamonds, emeralds, topazes and rubies.—Ladies' Home Journal.

As Seen From Another Country.

A Chinese essayist thus describes the American people: "They live for months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; the men dress all alike, and to judge from their appearance they are all coolies; neither are they ever to be seen carrying a fan or an umbrella, for they manifest their ignorant contempt of these insignia of a gentleman by leaving them entirely to women; none of them have fangs more than an eighth of an inch long; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestor's graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."—New York Tribune.

A Young Student.

"What I know," said Cholly, "I have learned in the school of experience." "I did not know," said Miss Pert, "that experience conducted a kindergarten."—New York Journal.

HER VANITY PUNISHED.

A Little Six Year-Old Felt That She Had Reaped a Just Reward.

A dear little maiden of six, the daughter of a South Jersey clergyman, came to New York for the first time the other day to visit a wealthy aunt. In her simple home life in the country no one had ever paid much attention to the beauty of her coloring and the pathos in her eyes. She was simply a child, to be spanked when she was naughty and let alone when she was good. When she arrived in the metropolis, dressed like a quiet little sparrow, her aunt fathomed the sensation that she would create if put in an artistic setting. So she led her to a swell establishment where everything that is dainty and chic in children's clothes can be had for a price. The child was soon transformed into an infant belle. Four or five artistic creations were tried on and purchased, and finally she issued from the store radiant in a fluffy white gown and a big pink picture hat. Her delight in her new clothes was simple and unaffected and no thought of how they might affect other people disturbed her. Her beauty was fairly dazzling. As the aunt led her into a trolley car and they took their seats every eye was on the child. Smiles greeted her wherever she looked and finally it was forced upon her that she was the observed of all observers. The roses in her cheeks deepened. She twitched and turned, unable, in her sweet innocence, to endure the admiring glances showered upon her. In a little while her eyes filled with tears, and sobbingly, she buried her face in her aunt's lap and tore the picture hat from her head. "Oh, auntie," she said, "take it away. I look like such a fright in it; everybody is staring at me. It's God's punishment for being so vain."—New York Mail and Express.

THE TODDY TREE.

Nature Has Her Rum Shops and Drink-ards Among Insects.

Nature has her rum shops, her saloons. She produces plants which devote themselves to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. The South American toddy tree is well known to naturalists. It is well known also to the South American beetle. When the latter goes on a spree he never goes it alone, after the unneighborly habit of the human drunkard, but he collects his friends and acquaintances to the number of thirty or forty; the whole crowd run their short horns through the bark of the toddy tree, while inebriated, are easily caught by the human natives.

The toddy tree parts with its liquor free of charge. There are other plants which are less generous. They exact no less a penalty than the death of the unfortunate drunkard. And what do they do with the body? Strange as it may seem, they eat it. In this manner they obtain the food which nourishes them and sustains their healthful existence.

At the end of each of their long green leaves these plants have a pitcher-shaped receptacle. We might style this the growler, but it never needs to be brushed. It is always full of what with special appropriateness might be called bug juice—a watery liquor, sweet to the taste and inebriating to the senses. Only in fine weather is the growler open for business. On rainy days it is firmly shut up to keep out the rain that would dilute and spoil the contents. Nature's saloon keepers do not water their stock.—William S. Walsh in Lippincott's.

Making Manila Hemp.

Every engineer knows what Manila hemp is, but few are aware that it is the product of a species of banana, which is cultivated in certain localities in the Philippine Islands. The plant, called by the natives "abaca," throws up a cluster of sheathing leaf stalks to a height of 20 or 30 feet, which spread out at the top into a crown of huge, undivided leaves. When it is three years old, it is cut down, and the stalks are torn into strips. These strips, while still fresh, are drawn between a knife and a wooden block, and the soft cellulose matter is removed. The fiber is then hung up to dry in the open air until it is fit for use. Each stalk gives about a pound of fiber, and two natives will turn out about 25 pounds a day. The inside fiber, which is thin and weak, is used by the natives for making articles of dress. The familiar Manila rope is made from the fiber of the outer layer, which is hard and strong. The whole supply of Manila hemp practically comes from the Philippines, and the United States consumes 41 per cent of it. Last year this country took 417,473 bales out of the 825,020 bales exported. Great Britain coming next with 385,182 bales. The continent of Europe took 22,373 bales.

All Was Not Well at Eight Bells.

Dr. Field, who was the examining surgeon for the Naval Reserves while the recruiting was being done in New Orleans, had many a good story to tell of recruits in the service. A good one he tells is of a German who was walking his post and calling the hours as is required. He called "seven bells and all's well." The next call, however, was a variation. It was: "Eight bells and all is not well; I had droppit my musket oberboard."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Contented as It Is.

"I regret that I lost my temper, this morning, Harry," she said. "I don't," he replied sweetly, "provided you never find it again."—Philadelphia North American.

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Our Boys Should Remember. And It Would be Well to Adopt It. An exchange says, let your motto be: "Lie, Steal, Drink and Swear." When you lie, let it be down to pleasant dreams. When you steal, let it be away from immoral associates. When you drink let it be nothing but pure cold water. When you swear, swear that you will patronize your home paper, pay your subscription and not send your work away from home. Next. After using a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm you will be sure to buy the 50 cent size. Cream Balm has no equal in curing catarrh and cold in head. Ask your druggist for it or send 10 cents to us. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City. I suffered from catarrh three years; it got so bad I could not work; I used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well; I would not be without it.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut Ave., Boston. When President McKinley was Major McKinley he once made an address, in which he described the difference between the American volunteer and the soldier of other nations. The men who were his comrades in the civil war, he said, not only fought, but thought. To illustrate this he related an anecdote, about a young soldier in some Northern regiment, whose duty it was to carry the regimental flag. On the march the boy ran on ahead with the flag streaming in the air. The colonel was incensed. "Here!" he cried, "bring that flag back to the regiment!" The boy turned and replied: "Aw, you bring your regiment up to the flag!" This incident very strikingly shows the material out of which the American soldier is made. CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.