

NO MAN INDISPENSABLE.

A Limit to the Value of Even the Valuable Man's Services.

"It's a mistake for a man to think he's indispensable," said Mr. Nozzleby, "for no man is. Men are valuable, and they may easily make themselves very valuable, but when a man comes to think the business can't get along without him, or can't get along as well as it does, which amounts to the same thing, why, he's wrong, that's all. More than one man has found that out when he has set his valuation too high. And it is very probable that when he began to dwell on his own value his value in reality began to decline; it is certain that one of the things that contributed most to increase his value was his forgetfulness of himself.

"As a matter of fact a man's interests, if he is really a superior man, up to a certain point, and that a high point, too, will take care of themselves, or rather other people will take care of them if he will supply the motive. There is a fixed low price for the run of people of average ability, but none for the man of really superior ability, that is, if he is a 100 per cent. man, which is to say not only of high ability but perfect forgetfulness of self and absolute devotion to business. Any break or flaw or lack in these qualities anywhere knocks a man's value down wonderfully. Nothing less than the whole will do, but that will command a price anywhere and everywhere.

"Still no man is indispensable; it isn't in the nature of things that he should be. No matter who dies, the world keeps on turning just the same, and it would be just the same with the business if you should go out of it."—New York Sun.

JOKE HABIT IRRESISTIBLE.

This Man Simply Had to Make Light of the Most Serious of Things.

"The coolest man I ever knew," began the drummer from Milwaukee, "was not a soldier at all, and very likely would have run like a scared sheep if ever he had been under fire. For all that, he never let anything surprise him. He seemed to make it the chief object of his life to crack a joke on every occasion that other people thought serious. He was the ordinary city knockabout—called himself a real estate dealer, I believe, though I doubt if he ever sold a foot of land in his life.

"Well, one day John Jimson—that was his name—dropped dead in his office. At least, he seemed to be dead. The doctor called it heart disease and made out the death certificate accordingly. We all went to his funeral for he was liked by everybody, and a good many commented on the natural, smiling expression of the corpse.

"Just as the undertaker was about to close the coffin the corpse raised its head slightly and said very faintly but smiling and distinct: 'One moment, please.' 'You can bet there was a great sensation and a scurrying to get him out of the coffin when we realized that he had only been in a trance. As we lifted him up he smiled again very cheerfully and whispered: 'I was only going to suggest, Mr. Undertaker, that you ought to send your bill to the doctor who granted a death certificate and not to my poor family.'"—Buffalo Express.

SHE ROUNDS UP HOBOES.

A Woman Who is an Expert in Persuading Tramps to Work.

Mrs. S. J. Atwood calls herself the "Hobo Hustler of the West," and there is possibly no other woman in the world who holds a similar position. Her business is to gather up all the idle laborers she can find and put them to work on the Union Pacific Railroad in Colorado, Wyoming and other Western sections. She has been employed by the Union Pacific in this capacity for the past twelve years, and the company finds her services indispensable.

Mrs. Atwood has been in the business so long that she says she can tell by looking at a man whether or not he will make a good hand. When she sees one who suits her taste she approaches him without hesitation and asks him how he would like the position she has to offer. It only requires the work of about a minute for the terms to be arranged, and the man is escorted to some corner where others she has engaged have been congregated.

Mrs. Atwood has no place she calls her home, but she usually makes Denver her headquarters. Most of her time is spent between Denver and Portland, Ore.

The "hobo hustler" is a little woman about 30 years of age. She has short curly hair that is as black as night. She walks with an agile step and always has a pleasing smile for even the toughest hobo.—Kansas City World.

Origin of Chinese Opium Smoking.

Although opium has existed as a medicine in China for over a thousand years, the curse of opium smoking has only been known on any considerable scale for less than one hundred and fifty years, and then it spread from the coast inland, the import steadily increasing, first in the hands of the Portuguese, but from 1773 in the hands of the British. This view of the matter supports the ordinary anti-opium contention, which is that opium is almost invariably spoken of as Yang-yen-i, i. e., "foreign smoke (or tobacco)," and not by its Chinese name and that the habit of opium smoking, with all its attendant evils, came from across the seas and was introduced by foreigners.—Contemporary Review.

COL. HAY'S LAWSUIT.

The New Secretary of State Fighting About Lake Sunapee.

John Hay, the new Secretary of State, is the leading plaintiff in an important case, the facts in which are now being ascertained by a referee appointed by the New Hampshire Supreme Court.

Incidentally associated with Mr. Hay are Professors John D. Quackenbush and William A. Dunning, of New York; Colonel W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester, Mass., and others.

These gentlemen have built summer homes on the shores of Lake Sunapee, the most beautiful jewel in New Hampshire's girdle of lacustrine gems. So far as variety of scenery, vigor of climate and ease of access are concerned, this lake is an ideal summer resort, and every succeeding year finds its charms more widely known and more warmly praised.

But for land owners upon its shores there is one black cloud in Sunapee's blue sky. By an old grant of the New Hampshire Legislature a corporation known as the Sunapee Dam Co. was given power to regulate the flow of the lake through its principal outlet, Sugar River. This stream furnishes water power for several large manufacturing and the Sunapee Dam Company keeps the water in the lake at a convenient height for that purpose. The result is that the summer residents, whose bathhouses, wharves and grounds line the lake shore, find their property submerged for a part of the time, and, again, separated from the water's edge by a stretch of unsightly beach.

In fact, the corporation has caused so much complaint that the inhabitants around the lake frequently transpire the first two words of the company's title, in referring to it.

Other means of redressing their grievances having been tried and found wanting, the summer residents decided to take their case into court. Its decision will establish an important legal principle as to the riparian rights throughout New Hampshire, and perhaps in other states as well.

The distinguished gentlemen named as plaintiffs think they have invested sufficient money on the shores of this New Hampshire lake to be justified in expecting to draw dividends of undisturbed enjoyment.

Secretary Hay's villa is commodious, comfortable and suited to its surroundings, though it would not look out of place if transported to Newport or Bar Harbor. Twenty-five miles across the country, at Holderness, is the summer home of John G. Nicolay, who was Colonel Hay's co-worker on the monumental life of Lincoln.

A little colony of musical, literary and theatrical personages make Sunapee their home of a summer season. It has had, however, no Whittier to sing its charms and no persistent railroad advertising to bring it into national notice and popularity. In the minds of Col. Hay and his companion plaintiffs, this freedom from publicity is one of the lake's chief charms.

Try It and See.

A man in a light check suit stopped at the corner and looked intently upward.

His gaze appeared to be directed at the roof of a tall building directly opposite.

Two men stopped and began to look in the same direction.

A moment later several others joined them.

Business men hurrying along the road on the way to their offices were seized with like curiosity, and stopped short to gaze with the others.

"What's the matter?"

"What is it?"

"What's the excitement?"

"These questions flew from lip to lip, but nobody seemed able to answer.

"Move on, there!" exclaimed a policeman.

"What are you blocking up the road for?"

But the crowd was too big to be dispersed by a single policeman.

"I say," asked the officer, forcing his way to the center of the throng, and grabbing the man in the light check suit, "what are you all looking at?"

"I'm not looking at anything," replied the other, without lowering his head.

"I've a stiff neck, and I always carry my head this way. I stopped to rest a minute. I don't know what these chumps are doing here."

And the crowd melted silently away.

Battleships and Cruisers.

"There are not many men outside the Navy who thoroughly understand the difference between a 'battleship' and a 'cruiser,'" said a naval captain to the writer.

"The battleship is a fighting machine, pure and simple, and speed and coal-carrying capacity are sacrificed to guns and armour. One-half of the weight of the average battleship consists of the ship herself, three-tenths of armour and guns, and only two-tenths of engines and coal. She can steam, without re-coaling, an average distance of 7,000 miles.

"The cruiser is built on quite different lines. Fully half her entire weight is made up of propelling machinery and coal; her average rate of steaming is about twenty knots an hour, and she can, if necessary, steam round the world without re-coaling.

"The average battleship in the present war is roughly 350ft. long, 70ft. wide, and 43ft. deep. She weighs 11,000 tons, carries about forty-five guns, ranging from the 13in. gun, with its projectile weighing half a ton, to the Gatling, with its tiny bullets, three of which barely weigh an ounce. She carries steel armour varying from 4in. to 15in. in thickness, has a crew of 500 men, and can steam fifteen knots an hour."

Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather.

AT THE ELYSEE.

Its Tragedies and Its Romances of the Past Recalled.

During the last twenty-five years six presidents of the French Republic have made the Elysee Palace their temporary home, and of these M. Felix Faure, the son of humble working upholsterers, and in every sense of the word a self-made man, has proved himself to be not only the most suitable for the post, but also the most popular personality of them all.

In theory, if not in fact, M. and Madame Faure are entirely "kept" by the state—that is to say, they are lodged rent free and may consider as their own the produce of the splendid kitchen gardens and conservatories kept up at Versailles and Fontainebleau. The president has the right of shooting and hunting in the state forests and woods, and from them the Elysee is also supplied with wood and charcoal. The lighting of the palace, whether by oil, gas, or electricity, is also provided, and a laundry is kept up and managed quite independently of the president's official income for the use of the Elysee.

But the kitchens, which are in some ways the most important department of the palace, are entirely maintained by Monsieur or rather Madame Faure. There is a chef and under him four head cooks, and when a ball or banquet is about to be given from thirty to forty extra scullions make their appearance. Madame Faure only patronizes the best Paris or rather French firms. Fortunately for the president, however, the Paris season for receptions and general entertaining only lasts some five or six months of each year.

The president finds it impossible to restrict himself to fewer than twelve horses, although the keep of only three is allowed by the state. The Parisian public are very good judges of outward show and state, and on certain occasions, notably the day of the Grand Prix, M. Faure's equipage and horses have to run the gauntlet of thousands of critical sightseers.

There is room and to spare at the Elysee, and each president has, to a certain extent, altered the arrangements made by his predecessor. M. Faure, being a practical man of business, has made his study on the ground floor, close to the splendid reception rooms where Madame la Presidente receives on official occasions. The president's study is a large, pleasant room, furnished with a view to work rather than play, but it has the beautiful ceiling and stately furniture to be found in most old French chateaux. When conferring with his ministers, and those other persons whose business procures them an audience with the president in his study, M. Faure sits at the big writing table at which he does all his official writing.

The official residence of the French president is situated in one of the pleasantest quarters of Paris, and the beautiful old house, for it can only be called a palace by courtesy, fills up a considerable space between the Faubourg St. Honore and the Champs Elysees. History has been made and unmade in the Elysee. It was there that Napoleon I signed his abdication in favor of the King of Rome after Waterloo, and a few weeks later the emperor's study became the business room of the Duke of Wellington.

When the allies left Paris the Elysee Bourbon, as it was then called, was restored to the crown and was occupied by the heir of Louis XVIII. It was occupied first by one and then by another royal personage till the year 1848, when the new government assigned it as the official residence of the then president of the French Republic, General Cavaignac, and by a strange irony of fate, in the very room where Napoleon I signed his abdication, Louis Napoleon, then prince president, waited with his feet on the fender to hear the result of the coup d'etat which made him emperor.

During the third empire, the Elysee Napoleon, as it had then become, was lent to the many sovereigns who visited Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugenie. Although filled with works of art and furnished with some of the finest eighteenth century furniture in existence, the Elysee happily escaped the notice of the Communards, and so was never sacked nor burnt.

GREAT HABIT, THIS!



"Hullo, old man. Been shrimping?"
"No—no! Been for my ma-ma-tual-dip. Wouldn't it be dip-pip-priv'd of it for worlds. It's awfully invigorating. Gives one the consous-tit-tution of a lil-lon. It would imp-pip-prove you won-on-derfully."

Aguinaldo's Statement of the Causes of the Insurrection.

He gave the following three reasons for the outbreak of the insurrection:

1. The misdemeanor of the priests. (Spanish, of course.)
2. Spanish laws giving all the liberties to Spanish subjects and restraining the Filipinos in every possible way.

3. The occupation of civilian offices by Spanish officers instead of natives.

As an illustration of the first reason, he told this story:

A priest had an eye on the good looking daughter of a native. He put himself in correspondence with the civil guards, whom he bribed, and had the father of the girl arrested on political charges. He then took possession of the girl, the house, and the fortune of her parents; in other words, he had them confiscated, and divided the spoils with the civil guards. The prisoner was put on board of a transport and exiled to some Spanish island in the Atlantic where he was put at hard labor, and where he soon after died.

Doctors, lawyers, educated men of all descriptions, even women, have been similarly dealt with, and Aguinaldo asserts that even now Spain holds over 3000 such prisoners. In revenge the insurgents have locked up all the Spanish priests in the country, and hold them for exchange.—Captain W. A. Harper, in Harper's Weekly.

CONDITION IMPROVED.—"I was suffering from catarrh in the head, and was in such a condition that I could hardly be about. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle and it did so much good I continued its use until I was entirely cured. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." P. S. PALM, BRADFORD, PA.

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Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Little Nettie accompanied her parents on a trip across the lake recently, and after being out a short distance she began to get seasick. "How do you feel, Nettie?" asked her mamma. "Oh," was the reply, "I just feel like I wanted to unswallow my breakfast."—Chicago News.

GET INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES.—This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness. Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince.—35 cents.—73.
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Sold by C. A. Kleim.

"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine."
"What did she say?"
"She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her boy to take it."—Chicago Record.

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and tender little juicelets for the children, are all right, but papa and "the boys" want a good, big, juicy steak, roast or chop when business or school duties are over, and we can cater to them all. Our stock of prime meats is unexcelled for quality, and we send them home in fine shape.
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No doubt it has been noticed by this time that there are fifty-three Saturdays in the year of our Lord 1898. This is due to the year's beginning on Saturday and winding up on Saturday. This will cause a little confusion among the banking and loan and saving institutions before the weekly depositors are made to understand why their deposits were rejected for one Saturday. Fifty-two Saturdays are the maximum number from legal stand-points.

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Butter per lb.22
Eggs per dozen24
Lard per lb.08
Ham per pound09
Pork, whole, per pound06
Beef, quarter, per pound07
Wheat per bushel80
Oats " "35
Rye " "50
Wheat flour per bbl.	4.40
Hay per ton	9 to \$10
Potatoes per bushel60
Turnips " "25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck25
Tallow per lb.05
Shoulder " "09
Side meat " "08
Vinegar, per qt.05
Dried apples per lb.05
Dried cherries, pitted12
Raspberries12
Cow Hides per lb.31
Steer " "05
Calf Skin " "80
Sheep pelts75
Shelled corn per bus.60
Corn meal, cwt.	1.25
Bran " "95
Chop " "95
Middlings " "95
Chickens per lb new08
" " " old08
Turkeys " "	1.25
Geese " "14
Ducks " "08

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