

HE FACED GREAT DANGER.

But, Not Knowing It, He Escaped Being Considered Brave.

"I noticed a couple of reminiscences as to my old branch of service," said an ex-naval officer to the writer, "which reminded me of an incident in my own career. I was an assistant engineer on a cruiser bound from Norfolk to South American ports, and our ship was telling off 14 or 15 knots an hour one day, when a crank pin came out, and the next instant the crank was thrashing around in a most recklessly unsystematic fashion. Everybody in the engine room—and there were some men of considerable rank there just then, as it happened—made a dash for the deck. Meanwhile I quietly took four or five steps and shut off the steam. Of course the engines stopped, and then followed the delay caused by making the necessary repairs.

"It didn't occur to me that I had performed any act of an especial character until the chief engineer informed me that I was a confounded fool. 'Don't you know your place under such circumstances, sir?' he asked, and when I answered that I thought I had taken my proper position he continued: 'No, sir; your duty was to make your way as soon as possible to the deck. With that piece of steel whirling and crashing about it was one chance in a thousand that a single soul would escape an instantaneous cooking, because if that thing had carried away the steam connections your life would have ended right then.

"Well, I took the chance," I answered. "Yes, sir, you did, but you didn't know it, therefore it is not at all to your credit," was the chief's answer, and it was so absolutely true that I couldn't for the life of me make any reply."—Detroit Free Press.

THE POWER OF WILL.

He Wanted to Live Four Days, and He Succeeded.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the sympathy for the poor and suffering which William Stokes could throw into his voice, says his biographer. One of the stories he used to tell is of peculiar interest, not only for its revelation of human kindness, but as a proof of the power of the will in prolonging life.

An old pensioner was a patient of Stokes in the Meath hospital. His life was despaired of, and, in fact, his death was hourly expected. One morning, having many patients to care for and believing that the pensioner was unconscious and past help, Dr. Stokes passed his bed without stopping. The patient was greatly distressed and cried out:

"Don't pass me by, docther; you must keep me alive for four days." "We will keep you as long as we can, my poor fellow," answered Stokes, "but why for four days particularly?" "Because," was the reply, "my pension will be due then, and I want the money for my wife and children. Don't give me anything to make me sleep, for if I sleep I shall die."

On the third day after this, to the amazement of Stokes and others, the patient was still breathing. On the morning of the fourth day he was alive and conscious, and on entering the ward Stokes saw him holding in his hand the certificate which required signature. As the doctor drew near the dying man gasped:

"Sign, sign!" The doctor quickly complied, and the man sank back exhausted and within a few minutes crossed his hands over his breast and said, "The Lord have mercy on my soul," and quietly breathed his last.

Where He Repented It.

When illicit distilling was common in the highlands, there was an old man who went about the country repairing whisky pots.

The gauger met him one day and, surmising that he had been doing repairs at no great distance, asked what he would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky pot.

"Och," said the old man, "she'll shant tak' half a croon."

"Done!" retorted the gauger. "Here is your money, but be careful to tell me correctly."

"Och, she'll no' tell the gentleman a lee."

Getting the money, the old man quietly remarked:

"I shant mended the last whisky pot where the hole was."—London Spare Moments.

Ingenuous.

"My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived," said Kipper.

"I believe you," returned Nipper politely.

"But you don't know why you believe me," intimated Kipper.

"To tell the truth, I don't," replied Nipper, looking bored.

"Well, I'll tell you. We've been married 12 years and lived in the same house all the time, and this morning she found a new place in which to hide my slippers."—London Standard.

No Wonder Russia is Ignorant!

Russia, with her population of 129,000,000, has only 743 newspapers, but little more than half the number published in the state of Pennsylvania, which is 1,430. Of the 743 there are 589 printed in Russian, 69 in Polish, 44 in German, 9 in French, 5 in Armenian and 2 in Hebrew. No English newspaper appears in the list.

The earliest known mention of the pianoforte was in a playbill dated May 16, 1767. The principal attraction was given thus: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from 'Judith,' accompanied by a new instrument called pianoforte."

About 1,500 tons of iron and brass wire are yearly manufactured in Britain into pins.

ABSORBED IN WHIST.

A Game That Cost General Doubleday a Fortune.

Not many years ago a famous whist game was played at Sudbury, Vt., two of the sitters in being General Doubleday and Henry Dater of the well known firm of Dater, Thompson & Co. It was something like 5 or 10 cents a corner; so you see it was easy for a man to lose as much as \$1.90 in an afternoon. Play began after the Sudbury dinner hour, half past 1, and lasted until bedtime. The old roosters became so wrapped up in the game that nothing short of an earthquake could have disturbed them. Brokers in New York could do nothing to shake the interest.

The game was played at the time of the historic Hannibal and St. Joe corner, engineered by Kennedy, Hutchins & Co., in the interest of their client, John Duff of Boston. Doubleday was selling the stock short through Van Schaick & Co., and at a quarter to 3 on the eventful day he received a telegram from his brokers advising him of the situation. The game was stopped just long enough for him to read it and lay it aside. In 20 minutes a second dispatch arrived, was read and cast aside. Doubleday was winning at the rate of 35 cents an hour. What did he care about Hannibal and St. Joe? Later in the afternoon a third summons came from Van Schaick & Co., and at 5 o'clock a fourth. Then Doubleday arose and remarked: "Gentlemen, I have enjoyed the game. My winnings are exactly \$1.65. I must say good afternoon, as it is necessary for me to take the first train for New York." The next morning his brokers informed him that he could settle for \$100,000. At the time the first telegram was sent he could have settled for \$25,000, at the time of the second for \$50,000, the third for \$75,000. He had ample warning, but in the thick of the Sudbury game of whist he believed the rise was only a threatening flurry.—New York Press.

SCOTCH SIMPLICITY.

The Mason, the Budding Architect and a Conscience Stricken Lad.

The Scotch are fond of telling stories which illustrate the peculiar simplicity of mind of their country people. This simplicity at least saves them from wicked guile.

One of these stories relates that an honest mason once had a contract to build a small house of stone. He came early and began from the inside to lay the stone, working very fast. At noon his young son brought him his dinner, peeping over the wall as he handed the basket to his father. With honest pride in his eye, the mason looked over to the boy.

"Weel, Jock, hoo d'ye think I'm gettin on?" he asked.

"Ye're getting on famous, feyther," answered Jock, looking at the solid wall, in which there was no break.

"But hoo d'ye get on?"

The mason looked around. It was true. He had provided the house with no door at all, and he was on the inside. He looked kindly and very admiringly at the boy.

"Mon, Jock, ye've a grand heid on ye!" he exclaimed. "Ye'll be an architect yet, as sure as yer feyther's a mason!"

Another story shows how unsuccessful as a thief the rustic Scot may be. Two young plowmen went into a garden at night to steal gooseberries. The bushes surrounded a plot of potatoes, and as one of the lads groped about he got a handful of potato plums, which he quickly put into his mouth. Then he gasped to his comrade:

"Och, Jock, I'm poisoned! For my sake, shove me through the hedge again, for I wanda like to die i' the auld man's garden!"—Youth's Companion.

Tobacco in England, 1845.

When I was a lad, fully half the population of both sexes, rich as well as poor, the banker equally with the workman, were snufftakers. My first schoolmaster always carried his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket, and innumerable were his dips into it with two fingers and a thumb in the course of the day, while the big gaffer frill which protruded from the bosom of his shirt was always thickly sprinkled with it. We used to notice that he never seemed to relish one of his huge pinches so much as immediately after having administered a sound castigation to some recalcitrant pupil.

On the other hand, there was little or no open air smoking, except in the case of laboring men going to or from their work. In this respect lucifer matches have something to answer for; but for them the practice of outdoor smoking would never have grown to its present enormous proportions.—Chambers' Journal.

An Unexpected Call.

"You are just going out, I see."

"Yes, an important engagement. What was it you wanted?"

"It was about that little debt I owe you."

"Ah, yes! Take a seat."

"I was going to ask you for a little delay."

"Oh—excuse me, but I'm already late."

"I say, I was going to ask you for a little delay when I met a fellow who paid up what he owed me, and—"

"Why on earth don't you sit down? Will you take a glass of wine?"—Paris Figaro.

No Faith in Anything.

"Aunt Josephine is a thorough skeptic."

"She is?"

"Yes; she puts mucilage on the back of every postage stamp she uses."—Chicago Record.

Elephants' Teeth.

Elephants have only eight teeth—two above and two below on each side. All elephants' "baby teeth" fall out when the animal is about 14 years old, and a new set grows.

WASHINGTON.

From our Regular Correspondent. WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1899.

Gen. Miles has stirred up the administration managers and frightened the War Investigating Commission, by again charging that embalmed beef was issued to our soldiers. Secretary Alger would like to have Miles court-martialed, but he is afraid to do so, even if Mr. McKinley would consent, because he knows that would give Miles an opportunity to prove his charge, and that is just what Miles wants. The positive assertion of Miles that he has abundant proof that the beef was embalmed has greatly disturbed the War Investigating Commission, which had about completed its report, declaring that no embalmed beef was furnished the army. It is now a little bit afraid to make its report so strong in favor of the beef contractors. This thing isn't over by a jugful.

It is now believed that a sufficient number of Senators, who were inclined to vote against the treaty, will content themselves with the adoption of the resolution declaring that the treaty does not commit us to retention of the Philippines to-day.

Nobody had any cause to be surprised when the bill authorizing the increase of the regular army to 100,000 men, was passed by the House by a vote of 168 to 125. Four Democrats and one Populist voted for the bill, and six Republicans voted against it. The humbuggery of the amendment giving the President authority, in his discretion, to reduce the army to 50,000 men, was fully exposed by the Democrats before the bill was jammed through under orders from the White House. It is Mr. McKinley who is clamoring for a standing army of 100,000; consequently nobody will expect him to voluntarily make the number smaller. Just before the bill was passed a shrewd move was made to add to its strength in the Senate, by the adoption of an amendment for the abolishment of the army "canteen. For several years the temperance and reform organizations of the country have been asking Congress to do away with the "canteen," but their requests have been ignored until now, when their influence is needed to get the Senate to agree to a standing army of 100,000 men. The Republican leaders are as slick as they make them, when it comes to manipulating legislation.

The Hull bill for the perpetuation of the gold standard, the retirement of the greenbacks, and other purposes, has been favorably reported to the House from the Coinage Committee, under pressure from the gold standard men who have been demanding financial legislation, but easy as it ought to be for the Republicans to put the bill through the House, it is very doubtful whether they can do it.

Representative Handy, of Delaware, has filed the minority committee report against the Hanna-Payne shipping bill, and it is a stinger. Words are not missed, but the bounties provided for by the bill are named for just what they are, personal grabs into the people's money. Or the cost, the report says: "By a careful and conservative estimate we find that the government will be obligated by the contracts likely to be entered into during the first twelve months under this bill to pay bounties, amounting to more than \$165,000,000." Its concluding words are: "This bill is the offspring of mere bounty beggars and I should be repudiated by Representatives of both political parties. It is vicious in principle. It is not necessary for the rehabilitation of our merchant marine to give hundreds of millions of the people's tax money. The bill is wholly unjustifiable."

When the Ambassador of a foreign country allows himself to be interviewed for publication, it is generally to help the government of the country.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for lists of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENNY & Co., TOLEDO, O.

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try he represents carry out some plan. Consequently, there is much curiosity in Washington since the German Ambassador declared in a published interview that Germany would not interfere with the plans of the United States in the Philippines, because the United States did not interfere with Germany's plans in China, as to what Germany's game is. Some think that the interview was intended to notify us that American non intervention in American plans in the Philippines.

The Sampson clique are not as chipper as they were. They realize that their pull is getting weak in spots. First, the Senate refused to act on Sampson's promotions until given official reasons therefor; next Secretary Long declined to assume the responsibility of deciding Sampson and the crew of the New York to be entitled to prize money for participation in the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and ordered the claim be referred to the Court of Claims. All of which is nuts for the friends of Schley.

The House passed the River and Harbor bill last week. It appropriates a little more than \$30,000,000.

One of the first results of the passage of the bill to provide for a standing army of 100,000 men is the announcement that the Military Appropriation bill, which will be reported to the House this week, will carry \$90,000,000. Imperialism comes high.

"Trifles," said the Cornfield Philosopher, "are well known to make the greater sum of women's happiness, which is doubtless the reason a woman is generally so happy with a trifling man."—Indianapolis Journal.

"My papa makes pictures, and he's a painter," said one little tot proudly to another.

"My papa," declared the other, as she swelled to the limit of her tiny proportions, "makes busts and he's a—he's a—he's a buster, that's what he is."—Detroit Free Press.

Husband (at the breakfast table). Oh, for some of those biscuits my mother used to make!" Wife (sweetly). I'm sorry you haven't got them dear. They would be just about stale enough by this time to go well with that remark."—Chicago News.

They have been "keeping company" for eight years, and when he finally proposed and was accepted, in his ardor of his enthusiasm he exclaimed: "Darling, you are worth your weight in gold!" With almost cruel facetiousness she replied, "That is saying a good deal, for it was an awful long wait."—Richmond Dispatch.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BARCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

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One Dose Hood's Pills. Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills. And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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