

THE AVERAGE MAN.

When it comes to a question of trust-
ing
Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of bur-
dens,
The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
In the hour you may meet as you
can,
You may safely depend on the wis-
dom
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
On the commonplace bit of the way,
'Tis the average man, may God bless
him,
Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swarth grime of
his calling,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the no-
blest,
The commonplace, average man.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's
Weekly.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

A Cuban Romance.

Tat-tat-tat sounded in a dreary
monotone from the drums, and slowly,
in single file, the miserable prison-
ers came into view. Ragged, dirty,
unkempt, footsore, panting from the
blazing August sky, they were truly
a pitiable sight, though they held up
their heads defiantly, and smiled de-
rively at the insulting epithets and
grimaces which the lower classes
heaped upon them, especially in the
vicinity of any officer's residence.
The better classes of the Havanaes
showed their sympathy in striking con-
trast to the jeers and jibes of the
baser sort—the men, by their sullen,
indignant looks; the women, by fre-
quent sobs and tears and smothered
exclamations.

The time was 1851, directly after
the capture of Crittenden. Lopez's
brave lieutenant, in his ill-starred
expedition to Cuba. He and his Spanish
remnant were these forlorn prisoners.

When they reached the Calle de la
Lamparilla, one of the narrow streets
of the city, the guards suddenly halted
the column and reverently bared
their heads. A funeral procession
was approaching from the opposite
direction, and the line was pushed
close towards the houses jutting on
the narrow footway, scarcely worth
the name of a sidewalk.

A youth among the foremost prison-
ers, who, evidently, had not the
fortitude of his older companions,
judging by his bowed head and deep
dejection, now looked up with a wan
smile of recognition as a pair of
dark eyes brimming with tears gazed
through a latticed window at the pit-
iful sight.

"Amalia," he whispered.
"Roberto! Is it indeed you? Oh,
how terrible! I did not dream you
were with them."

"Dearest cousin, save me," he re-
plied, in Spanish as fluent as her own.
"We are all condemned to be shot in
two days, perhaps sooner. I am too
young to die."

"Would that I could, nino querido,
but, alas! I am powerless as a lamb
among wolves."
"Amalia, don't say that! You have
friends among the Spaniards. For the
love of my mother—"

"Forward, march!" rang on the air,
and the weary column passed on to
the dungeons of Morro castle.

That night the Senorita Amalia de
Valdez was a dream of loveliness as
she reclined listlessly among the cush-
ions on a lounge in her handsome sal-
on. Tall, exquisitely formed, with
jetty tresses framing a softly rounded
face, with "midnight eyes" so large,
so liquid, so lustrous that her admir-
ers exhausted the affluence of their
honeyed tongues in praising them;
with a mouth whose twin carnations
perfect in repose, were still more en-
chanting when her smile disclosed the
dazzling teeth within—it was no won-
der that she was considered to be the
beauty of beauties in the capital
famed for the grace and loveliness of
its women.

The young Captain Antonio de
Ramon, who presently entered, was
so enraptured with her appearance
that only the presence of the inevi-
table duenna restrained him from
throwing himself at her feet in real-
ity, as well as in the formal saluta-
tion with which Spanish gentlemen
greet all ladies.

"Beso a V lo pies, senorita."
She responded in the same fashion,
only kissing his hands figuratively.
Instead of his feet. But she looked
pre-occupied, sad, despondent. He
seated himself near her, while the
duenna, her gentle Tia Maria, retired
to a distant corner.

"Tell me, my soul," said he, "why
are you so melancholy?"
"A sigh was the only answer."

"Ah, yes! I know your tender heart
aches for the poor prisoners you have
seen to-day. Poor fellows! There is
a terrible fate. But tell me, what
is it you wished to ask me? Can
there be a wish of yours I would not
gratify at the risk of my life, if need
be? I have your precious billet safe
here," and he pointed to his heart.
"You have but to command and I will
obey."

"Tia mia," said Amalia, turning to
her aunt, "I have mislaid my pearl
bracelet upstairs. Will you kindly
look for it?"

The duenna vanished as if she had
expected the request. On the instant
Amalia said to him—

"You have often sworn that you
love me to distraction; is it not so,
Antonio?"

What happiness it was for him to
hear from her lips the diminutive
"to" added to his name, which, in
itself, is a caress in words.

"My life, with all my heart and
soul," he exclaimed. But she drew
back.

"No, I give myself only to him who
proves his love."

"What can I do for you, beloved?"
Dispos of me as you will for life."
"It is life I ask. Sit here, beside
me, dearest, and I will tell you."

She then related the scene of the
morning, the discovery that Roberto,
who had passed the previous winter
in Havana with his family, was now
among the prisoners.

"He is the son of my favorite aunt—
so young, barely sixteen. He came
here to perfect himself in Spanish,
and I inspired him with my own en-
thusiasm for the Cuban cause. He
has returned, alas! to die, unless you
will save him for my sake. Should
he perish, I can never know another
happy moment."

Antonio grew pale as he listened.
"Amalia, you cannot break my
heart thus. Ask me anything else."
"Antonio! I love you!" she
sobbed. "For you I would give up
home, relatives, country. God grant
me this one favor. Save that poor
child, and I swear to become your
wife in another month. You have
said that if I would marry you you
would resign your hateful commis-
sion in the army and seek a home in
Mexico. I will follow you there and
to the ends of the earth."

"You have won," he said after a
pause. "For you I will dare anything.
They will die day after to-morrow. I
have but a short time, and now must
leave you, dearest. If I fail, you will
forgive me, will you not? or I will not
survive my disgrace."

CHAPTER II.
Roberto lay on a pallet beside two
other comrades, who, in the midst of
their own misery, tried to cheer and
fortify the boy, exhorting him to meet
manfully a doom which they felt was
even more terrible for him than for
them. He had been one of the most
enthusiastic volunteers; had fought
well, but now the near prospect of
death seemed to make a coward of him.

A soldier who spoke a little Eng-
lish entered the cell at this moment
and roughly bade him rise and follow
to the captain's room. Roberto rose
tremblingly.

"Courage, my boy," said a middle-
aged man, "perhaps it is good news
for you. If not, beware lest he wring
from you a word about Lopez's plans."
"Never fear," he replied, making an
effort to control his agitation. "I hate
to die—here he gulped down a sob—
"this way, but I'll not be a traitor.
Good-by."

The guard interrupted further
speech by pushing him into the cor-
ridor with his musket.

"Here is the prisoner, captain."
"Very well; you may retire, ser-
geant."

Antonio looked the door after him,
and in a low tone briefly related to
Roberto the plan he had formulated, for
the latter's escape.

"Each prisoner will receive three
shots. By dint of extensive bribery,
and the co-operation of a surgeon,
a secret friend of the Cuban cause,
I have arranged that three blank car-
tridges shall be fired at you. You must
be careful to simulate death as much
as possible until the word 'Amalia'
is whispered in your ear. Then you
may breathe freely and open your
eyes, for you will be temporarily safe.
Further details will then have been ar-
ranged and told you. The least indis-
cretion on that of those I have employed,
though only two are in the secret,
will ruin me as well as seal your
fate."

Roberto thanked him fervently, and
promised him implicit obedience.
"You must not return to your com-
rades."

"Poor fellows," muttered Roberto.
"The light of hope is shining in
your eyes, and might betray us. Look
as downcast as when you entered, if
possible. Enter sergeant," he said, as
he entered the door, "and conduct
this prisoner to a solitary cell. He
must have no communication with the
other filibusters."

They passed out, and Antonio,
groaning deeply, murmured—
"Oh, my love, what a sacrifice!"

The courtyard of the castle was
thronged with soldiery as Crittenden
and his unfortunate band were
marched to the death-place just as
day was breaking over the beautiful
bay. Surrounded by hostile soldiers,
they still maintained a defiant air,
even when the glittering line of bay-
onets faced them, and they knew all
hope was over.

"Kneel, filibusters!"
The command was not obeyed. Crit-
tenden proudly refused in the words
that have passed into history—
"A Kentuckian kneels to none but
God."

A struggle ensued, in which some
were forced to their knees; perhaps
all might have been had not the of-
ficer in charge, with a touch of hu-
manity, begun giving the orders.
At the word "Fire!" so deadly was
the volley that few survived it, and
they but a few moments, Roberto,
happily, had no need to simulate
death. The shock and strain of the
suspense had caused him to faint, and
the surgeon, who hastened to his side,
gave a deep sigh of relief as he per-
ceived Roberto's rigid unconscious-
ness.

"Carry this body, and this, and
this"—pointing to several—"to the
hospital."

"If they are not dead now, they will
soon be under his knife," laughed one
of his assistants.

When Roberto revived he found
himself in a carefully darkened room.
With joy he heard the word "Amalia"
in a friendly voice. In a day or two
afterward, according to Antonio's
previously concerted arrangements,
he was smuggled, in the disguise of a
waterman, to an American ship in the
harbor and concealed in the hold all
night. The next day he thanked his
devoted cousin as he inhaled with a
glad sense of freedom, the soft
winds of the Mexico sea. He never
returned to Cuba, though his future
life was replete with striking adven-
tures.

The gay capital of Cuba was quite
electrified a month later to learn of
the resignation from the army of Cap-
tain Antonio, and his marriage imme-
diately after, in spite of opposition on
the part of her family, to the supremely
beautiful Senorita Amalia de Val-
dez.—Waverley Magazine.

BURIAL UNDER FIRE.

A Striking Episode of the War, on the Shore
of Guantanamo Bay.

High on the ridge where the marines
pitched their tents on the shore of
Guantanamo Bay, the first Cuban soil
taken by American troops, are the
graves of the men who were killed in
the first land fighting of our war with
Spain. They were buried under fire
by men who overlooked no title of the
solemn ceremony, although the singing
of Spanish bullets rose clear above the
voice of the chaplain.

The burial ground was composed of
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a German professor, is that the Japanese
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recover a part, at least, of the business
taken from them by the more conven-
ient street railways.

When laws are enacted to even up
the rights or the privileges of the
sexes, the purpose generally is to give
the women something in the way of legal
privileges from which she had been
barred by the selfish law-making
men. An exception, perhaps the only
one, is in a new law in Maryland,
which is to take effect on January 1
next. This gives the husband the same
marital rights in his wife's
property as the wife has under exist-
ing law in her husband's property.
Each will have dower rights. The
change gives to the husband more of
property rights than he enjoyed under
the now obsolete common-law right of
"courtesy." The latter was a contin-
gency upon the birth of a child, and
gave the husband a life interest in all
the landed property of his wife. The
husband's new rights fasten on the
wife's property the moment she brings
it into matrimony, or acquires it there-
after by inheritance, gift or purchase,
unless steps have been taken to keep
him out of it. Should he not waive
them, or by joining her in a deed of
her property convey it to a purchaser,
his claim to each piece or parcel to the
extent of one-third continues until
after her death, when he becomes a
life tenant of his one-third. The new
right will attach even though the par-
ties are separated, but not absolutely
divorced. In brief, the statute aims to
give both husband and wife, widow
and widower, respectively, the same
or an equal share in each other's prop-
erty under like conditions at death,
and equal rights in property in all re-
spects.

Curing Sleeplessness.
"There are many remedies for sleep-
lessness," remarked the village philo-
sopher, judiciously. "About as many
as an army of sketeers on a summer's
night. One formula is to count one
hundred as slowly as if you were
working by the day, and another is
to repeat the multiplication table for-
wards and backwards till you are ut-
terly exhausted."

"You are also advised to imagine
that you are watching a flock of no-
count sheep jumping over a gat-way
one at a time, and also to draw a long
breath every once in a while, and
think steadily of nothing."
"Another rule is to crook and un-
crook your little finger slowly and dis-
tinctly, so to describe it, several times."
"There are also all sorts of things
that you are recommended to eat and
not to eat, any one of which is guar-
anteed to put you to sleep without
fear of successful contradiction."
"There is one beauty about all of
these suggestions. They are totally
harmless. They won't hurt you, even
if they do not do you any good. I
have tried 'em all, and a good many
more, and I am prepared to say that
the only infallible rule of producing
deep, refreshing sleep is to imagine
that it is time to get up. If you can
firmly convince yourself that the
work of the day is waiting at a stand-
still for you to arise and take it up,
you'll go to sleep though every house
in the vicinity falls with a crash.
Such, I may add, is the perversity of
human nature."—Baptist Union.

The Fate of the Bachelor.
Every almshouse in the land is full
of old bachelors, pale, moping men,
who meditate on childhood and its
memories of friends. If old age comes
with wealth then the bachelor realises
that the sweetest things of life cannot
be bought. His house is not a
home. Those who wait on him work
not for love, but for wages. He is
like a traveler in a strange land, who
wishes for a genuine resting place
and some one to look at whom he
loves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cuba has changed its advertisement
from "help wanted" to "employment
wanted."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

More than 500,000 sewing machines
are made in this country annually,
which is ninety per cent. of the pro-
duction of the world.

According to the figures recently
compiled by the Manufacturers' Rec-
ord of Baltimore, the export trade of
our south Atlantic and gulf ports has
increased from \$223,779,533 in 1888 to
\$391,473,736, showing a net gain of
\$167,694,203 in ten years.

When a man forfeits \$5,000,000 of his
inheritance in order to marry the wo-
man of his choice it becomes import-
ant to remember that he has another
\$5,000,000 securely "salted down."
With that sum in hand any tolerably
thrifty young man would undertake to
keep the wolf from the door.

The United States has more than six
times the railroad mileage of any other
country. We began seventy-two
years ago with a tram road, extending
from the granite quarries at Quincy,
Mass., to the Neponset River, a dis-
tance of about five miles, and have to-
day nearly 200,000 miles of track.

The report of the committee of the
Privy Council on education in Scot-
land for the year 1897-98 states that
in an estimated population of 4,222,784,
an increase of 3 per cent. for the year,
the number of scholars on the registers
of inspected schools was 716,892, an in-
crease of 1.65, the number in average
attendance being 605,389, an increase
of 2.1.

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the rights or the privileges of the
sexes, the purpose generally is to give
the women something in the way of legal
privileges from which she had been
barred by the selfish law-making
men. An exception, perhaps the only
one, is in a new law in Maryland,
which is to take effect on January 1
next. This gives the husband the same
marital rights in his wife's
property as the wife has under exist-
ing law in her husband's property.
Each will have dower rights. The
change gives to the husband more of
property rights than he enjoyed under
the now obsolete common-law right of
"courtesy." The latter was a contin-
gency upon the birth of a child, and
gave the husband a life interest in all
the landed property of his wife. The
husband's new rights fasten on the
wife's property the moment she brings
it into matrimony, or acquires it there-
after by inheritance, gift or purchase,
unless steps have been taken to keep
him out of it. Should he not waive
them, or by joining her in a deed of
her property convey it to a purchaser,
his claim to each piece or parcel to the
extent of one-third continues until
after her death, when he becomes a
life tenant of his one-third. The new
right will attach even though the par-
ties are separated, but not absolutely
divorced. In brief, the statute aims to
give both husband and wife, widow
and widower, respectively, the same
or an equal share in each other's prop-
erty under like conditions at death,
and equal rights in property in all re-
spects.

Curing Sleeplessness.
"There are many remedies for sleep-
lessness," remarked the village philo-
sopher, judiciously. "About as many
as an army of sketeers on a summer's
night. One formula is to count one
hundred as slowly as if you were
working by the day, and another is
to repeat the multiplication table for-
wards and backwards till you are ut-
terly exhausted."

"You are also advised to imagine
that you are watching a flock of no-
count sheep jumping over a gat-way
one at a time, and also to draw a long
breath every once in a while, and
think steadily of nothing."
"Another rule is to crook and un-
crook your little finger slowly and dis-
tinctly, so to describe it, several times."
"There are also all sorts of things
that you are recommended to eat and
not to eat, any one of which is guar-
anteed to put you to sleep without
fear of successful contradiction."
"There is one beauty about all of
these suggestions. They are totally
harmless. They won't hurt you, even
if they do not do you any good. I
have tried 'em all, and a good many
more, and I am prepared to say that
the only infallible rule of producing
deep, refreshing sleep is to imagine
that it is time to get up. If you can
firmly convince yourself that the
work of the day is waiting at a stand-
still for you to arise and take it up,
you'll go to sleep though every house
in the vicinity falls with a crash.
Such, I may add, is the perversity of
human nature."—Baptist Union.

The Fate of the Bachelor.
Every almshouse in the land is full
of old bachelors, pale, moping men,
who meditate on childhood and its
memories of friends. If old age comes
with wealth then the bachelor realises
that the sweetest things of life cannot
be bought. His house is not a
home. Those who wait on him work
not for love, but for wages. He is
like a traveler in a strange land, who
wishes for a genuine resting place
and some one to look at whom he
loves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cuba has changed its advertisement
from "help wanted" to "employment
wanted."

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from
Various Parts.

RETURNED KLONDIKER.

Transportation Companies Pledge Miners
—Auditor General Proposing to Receive
Statements From the Banks—Samuel
Nisley Had Wandered Far and Wide
Since April—Daniel DeTurk Dead.

John A. Krieger, of Johnstown, is home
from Alaska after a fruitless search for
gold. He is thoroughly disgusted at the
many reports that are being circulated
about fabulous wealth at the Kotzebue
Sound District. "It's all a big transpor-
tation scheme," said Mr. Krieger, in speaking
of the trip of himself, his uncle, William
Garhart, and the latter's son. "Just a
game to get the people up there for the
revenue the steamship company and rail-
way lines derive. We did not see anything
the color of gold all the time we were in the
Kotzebue district. In fact, there isn't a bit
of the yellow metal there. The steamship
people carried a large number of gold seek-
ers, but their description of the country was
purely a fake. There is just as much gold
in the hills of Pennsylvania as there is in
Kotzebue. There is no lack of provisions.
When we left the Kotzebue Sound there was
enough food there to keep the 600 gold-
seekers five years. Many of the prospectors
there expected to try the overland route to
the Yukon and try to work the Klondike
fields, but they will never succeed, for the
reason that they do not have enough dog
teams to transport their outfit. The only