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An effort will be made to cultivate the sugar beet in the South.

Texas is harder on shoe leather 'per capita' than any other State in the Union.

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he 'can talk a million miles on a sunbeam' sounds to the Chicago Record like moonshine.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown bread is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax. The law is intended to entirely suppress speculative dealings in produce.

Says the American Agriculturist: 'We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers. It would be highly interesting to have these facts, as without them it is not possible to tell to what extent agriculturists avail themselves of the savings banks.'

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunate in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs. Many speakers, employing the latter method, argued very lucidly against the innovation. Only one advocated it. The majority said that the reading of the lips never gives to the deaf mute an 'exact idea of the thought or sentiment which it is desired to express. It is to them very much as the reading of a dead language is to those who can hear, but can only vaguely understand it. The digital language, they declared, was that which was most natural to deaf mutes. These views are a great disappointment to many who have supposed that the teaching of the labial system was one of the greatest boons ever bestowed upon those who can neither hear nor talk.

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, who has been termed the 'prince of living physicists,' has placed on record this confession: 'One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students fifty years ago, and if our mathematical tools are better tempered than those then used, they have tougher metal to out.'

Spain is having her hands full with her colonies, exclaims the New York Independent. In addition to the war in Cuba there is considerable disturbance in Puerto Rico, but more serious still is the revolt in the Philippine Islands. For years these have been a source of much revenue to the home Government and very little expense. The exports of tobacco and hemp, as well as of coffee, cotton, etc., have been very heavy, and the Government has been a curious mixture of Spanish despotism and local self-government. The original inhabitants have almost disappeared; and the Malays, who have to a great degree taken their place, are for the most part quiet, industrious, inoffensive people. Of late years numbers of Chinese have come in from Hongkong, and they and the mestizos (children of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers) form the most aggressive element. A number of these, it is supposed, in connection with filibusters from Hongkong and secret societies in Japan, perhaps brought over from Formosa, have taken advantage of the small number of Spaniards and the weak garrison at Manila, have raised a revolt, and so far as can be learned from the meager dispatches, have seriously endangered the Spanish rule. Troops have been sent from Barcelona, but it will be some time before they can reach their destination. Merchants have been warned against shipping goods to the Philippines, and a British war ship remains at Manila to protect British subjects.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN.

In solemn hush of dewy morn, What glory crowns the fields of corn! A joy and gladness in the land The lithe, green ranks of beauty stand; Broad-aced valves from hill to hill The lifted plumes and tassels fill, While birds sing in the cool, sweet morn Through fields of corn.

Like palms that shade a hidden spring The reeded columns away and sing; The breathing ceases swing away, The leafy symbols clash and play, And when the breezy voices call, The maize-grows billows rise and fall, And meads and fields and joy is born Through fields of corn.

To fields of corn the summer brings The rustling blades, the blackbird's wing, The abandoned locust's strident tune, And idle raven's moaning runs, The bobolink's exulting strain, And cuckoo prophesying rain In low, sweet whistle in the morn Through fields of corn.

In banners fields of corn unfurled God grows the maize of the world; He waits to bring the yellow gleam, The harvest song, the reaper's gleam, And still as through the Syrian gold Of Galilee, in days of old, He leads again this Sabbath morn Through fields of corn.

—Benjamin F. Leggett.

TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.

BY FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

IBYLLA ASHLEY sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand, on pale gray paper. In romances which Sibylla had read, the composition of such letters was attended with much agony and littering of the floor with torn paper. Sibylla had made one draft, which it took her five minutes to write. She read it over once and it seemed to suit her, for she folded and addressed it, and then called, in her low, musical voice, 'Letty!'

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. She was tall as Sibylla, but had not her superb figure. One saw at a glance, however, that they were sisters.

'I want Joe, Letty,' said Sibylla as she pressed the envelope on her blotting pad.

'Joe drove grandfather into town this morning,' replied the younger girl.

'Call Absalom then. I want to send a letter.'

'Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk.'

'There is Chrisy,' said Letty, tentatively.

'I won't have her; she bungles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simply an errand.'

Sibylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawns of most Virginia country houses. Letty stood in meek silence as though she had done her sister a personal injury.

'Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do,' said Sibylla, after a moment, in a slightly modified tone.

Letty ran down stairs to do her sister's bidding with her usual alacrity. Sibylla drew the letter from its envelope and read it a second time.

It ran thus: 'Julien: It simply cannot be. I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot. You are not a man whom a woman should have to try to love. Think well of me if you can, for I have been honest with you. You would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing of the kind. You will remain my faithful and respected friend, as I shall yours. SIBYLLA ASHLEY.'

can't remember it until you get to town.

'Dead I'll do just 'zactly as you say, Miss S'bylla.'

After the child had gone Sibylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head, the sleeves falling back above her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes.

'Come here, Letty,' she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room. She drew Letty close to her and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. 'I want you to kiss me,' she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibylla's mouth.

'I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement.'

Chrisy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town, Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Anon she skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat at home. She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus.

Her heart beat with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside. Cows were not butterflies, but Chrisy must chase something, and the cows were at hand.

'Hi, hi!' she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, and every few steps leaping high in the air. 'Hoo, hoo!' she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Chrisy. She had taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand.

'Woo, woo! It's wild beasts after you!' she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, and turning out tried to climb the bank by the road. 'Hoo!' cried Chrisy, in hot pursuit, waving her hands.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. 'Go, way, go, way!' she howled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth, just where, a second letter, a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud.

Chrisy instantly forgot her own terror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more dreading than any of her previous imitations of wild animals.

'Oh, you hav' 'ble beast—yo' great foot on my bea'ful letter! Look at it, all covered w' nasty mud! I can't nevah, nevah take it like that, an' I was so happy jes' now!' She burst into a passion of tears. 'What will I do—I might jes' as well run away from home. I nevah can face Miss S'bylla.'

She trudged slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking a poor consolation in the thought that 'p'raps Miss S'bylla'd write it over ag'in.'

Scenes black clouds were gathering in the west and there was a muttering of distant thunder, but Chrisy feared only Sibylla's frown. She heard a sound of horses' hoofs behind her, and looking around beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Captain Julien Booth was riding slowly up the road toward the Ashley house.

'Now Miss S'bylla kin tell him he's 'sposed,' thought the child, 'an' he won't send the letter. But she'll ax me to!' she thought the next instant. 'I'd better run home an' 'ress it all; I kin get there befo' Cap'n Booth if I run fast.'

Then the prospect of immediately facing Sibylla with her dread confession overpowered the girl. 'Tain't no use,' she muttered, as she dropped back into a walk; 'I might jes' as well die.'

Captain Julien Booth had risen at dawn and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to take.

Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

'That flash of lightning which almost blinded him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.'

For a moment he thought of riding by. He wanted to postpone the interview—he needed more time for thought.

Then he threw his head up and his shoulders back as he turned his horse and rode through the gate.

'It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of a coward,' he said.

After Sibylla had been left alone she sat for a while and wondered how Julien would receive her letter. Perhaps he would come out in the evening. She hoped he would not. Sibylla wanted to hear no criticisms; she dreaded a scene.

It would be so much better if Julien would write a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision. Then they could meet after that as friends. Of course, he would be unhappy for a long time; she expected that. It made Sibylla herself feel a little sad, now that it was done. But that would soon pass.

She wondered how far Chrisy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when she arrived. She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him. She saw the rain-clouds gathering and returned to her room. She tried to read but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window and looking out her lips turned pale. Julien was riding up the drive. He must have galloped all the way from the town, she said, as she hurried from the window to her mirror.

Julien threw his bride to Absalom, who was hopping about on one foot before the door. In the hall he met Letty, who with soiled eyes told him that Sibylla was at home, and ran upstairs to warn her sister.

When Sibylla entered he was at the window. She closed the door and stood looking at him in silence. The color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

'Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla,' Julien said at last in a voice unlike his own.

'Why should I not do so?' she said kindly, and advancing placed her hand in his.

'Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, for the words I have come to say to you are surely the hardest that man can speak to woman and away quickly.'

'Do not say them then,' she said with all her old imperiousness—'I forbid you!'—then in an altered voice: 'Julien, I have been a weak or a wicked woman, perhaps, but remember I am a proud woman. I know all that you have to say. Don't reproach me.' He stared hard at where she stood, looking at him with kindly, sorrowful eyes; then sank trembling upon a chair. She had read what was in his mind the instant she entered the room. What a marvelous sympathy existed between them! She was making his task easy; but oh, how doubly hard!

'How long have you known this, Sibylla?' he asked after a while.

'How long? How can I measure it by time?' she said with a touch of impatience. 'It was days, weeks ago that I became conscious of that indefinable something which had come between us. I felt that we were growing farther apart, and I tried to draw myself nearer you. Yes, I tried. But even when I was most affectionate, even when you held me closest, I felt it most strongly—oh, miserable sham and pretence; Julien, why do you make me speak of it?'

'Sibylla, it was not sham and pretence—it was real—while it lasted it was true.'

'Think so if you can; even truth has its phantasies and mutations I suppose.' Then she added more gently, 'I want you to believe the best of me.'

Captain Booth bent his head and covered his eyes with his hand. He attempted to speak, but only succeeded in making a sound like a groan.

grandfather's, and he never lent it? How ridiculous!

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. 'Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain,' she said.

Captain Booth was at the front door. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house, Sibylla ran back into the parlor, threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears.

Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a patter of bare feet and became aware that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head.

'You're never goin' to ride out in his rain, Cap'n Booth,' cried Absalom from the hayloft as Julien entered the barn door.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullen were huddled. He looked down into Chrisy's swollen face and brimming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry for him. Then he looked up at the leaden, streaming sky and tried to imagine what his life was going to be like without Sibylla Ashley.

Of what anxious halloos or night-shade had he drank that he fancied her looking in tenderness?—this glorious, beautiful woman whom he had just renounced, and whom, he knew now, he loved with all his soul.

He darted out into the rain again and strode back to the house. Chrisy still ran at his side. He pushed the front door open. The sound of his footsteps on the hall floor was drowned by the fury of the storm. He heard Letty's voice, and then Sibylla's. She was sobbing.

'I sent him away in the rain, Letty. He behaved so beautifully—so nobly. . . . I did not think it could be so hard.'

'Don't cry, dear,' said Letty. 'It is better so, since you do not love him.'

'But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever.'

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Sibylla was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the pillows. Letty stood beside her, holding her hand. She dropped it with a start as she saw Julien, who held up a warning finger.

'Don't go away, Letty!' sobbed Sibylla, and then using almost the words of Egypt's miserable and deserted queen, 'Don't talk to me—just ply me.'

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty simply faded out of the room, and it was Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

'Letty, I know he will ne—never come back! I asked hardly a word, but looked so miserable! How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!'

She suddenly sat upright, Julien was kneeling beside her, his arms were around her waist. A sob was trembling on her lips. There must be an outlet; a fit of hysterical, undigested weeping if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her head, so comfortable, so restful a haven. Before she realized it, and by no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there, Julien's cheek pressed against her own, and his arms held her close.

'I could not give you up, my darling,' he whispered.

'And I can not let you go,' she said, between her sobs.

The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low hanging clouds. The lower part of the house was very still. Mournful, fragmentary phrases of the talk of the two lovers penetrated to the hall, where a ridiculous little figure in a muddy pink frock lingered near the parlor-door.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Craft He Took—A Lucid Explanation—Had Found It Out—No Reason for Change—Blased, Etc., Etc. A maiden stood upon the sands Of Narragansett Pier. Her lover held her by the hands; Her papa wasn't near.

'And must you go?' she cried. 'Alas! I fear I must,' quoth he. A-then he took a little smack And went away to sea.

A LUCID EXPLANATION. 'Ann! Lucy, what is eccentricity?' 'It's the queer things that other people do.'—Chicago Record.

WHEELER. 'My doctor advises me to cycle; but I don't think I will do so.' 'You don't?' 'Wheeler—No. I think he's biased—he's a surgeon.'—Judge.

REBUFFED. Gentleman—'My lad, can you direct me to the Bank of England?' 'Shoeblock (with withering scorn)—'Go on; do yer fink I should be doing this if I was a bank director?'—World's Comic.

WHAT PREVENTED HER? Deaf Mute Lover (speaking through finger signs)—'Please sing for me, dearest.' Deaf Mute Loved One (ditto, regretfully)—'I can't dear; I have a sore thumb.'—Judge.

HAD FOUND IT OUT. She—'Did you know that Mand has a dark room on purpose for proposals?' He—'Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night.'—Comic Home Journal.

NO REASON FOR CHANGE. Stern Parent—'You must understand, sir, that I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she had before, sir.' Jack Bluffington—'Well, you're not going to sell out, are you?'—Baltimore News.

ONE WAY. 'They say the minister preaches sensational sermons in order to directly reach the most depraved classes.'

'How can that do it?' 'Why, now the reporters have to hear him.'—Life.

THE BEST THEY COULD DO. 'I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning,' said the wrathful citizen.

'Yes,' said the official of the water company, 'that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait.'—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RULING FASHION. Gus—'Jack, old boy, it breaks me all up to tell you, but the doctors have decided against you.' Jack (very sick)—'What do they say?'

Gus—'That you've only one chance in a hundred to get well.' Jack (who is an inveterate bettor)—'Egad! those are big odds. Go you a fifty that I pull through.'

GEORGE ALL RIGHT. Anxious Mother—'My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night.'

Observing Father—'Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon.'

'He hasn't said a word about any young lady.'

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept No matter how large the key Or string the bolt, I would try so hard, 'Till I opened a heaven for me.

I would like to gather them, every one, From nursery, school, and street, From folding and holding, I'd peck them in, And, turning the master key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. She—'Am I the first woman you ever kissed?' He (surprised)—'Why, no! I have a mother.'—Norristown Herald.

Artist—'That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine.' Galler—'Oh, then you've had it framed?'

Man in the First Row (at theater)—'I don't think much of that comedienne.' Man in the Second Row—'Nor I; he didn't ride in on a bicycle.'—Pack.

'You have nothing to regret, brother?' tentatively asked the minister. 'None,' said the dying ronder. 'I ain't leaving a cent.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Grayman—'Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? The moon was full.' Mr. Grayman—'So was I.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

'Overcoats are to be short and trousers tight this winter.' 'Well, I'm all right; only my trousers will be short and my overcoat tight.'—Buffalo News.

He was reading aloud—'Bears, it is said, have a vicious propensity for hugging.' 'Oh,' she interrupted, 'how I wish you were a bear!'—Detroit Free Press.

Tired Byard—'De coastin' part of bicyclin' is all rite. Yer don't haf ter work de pedals. Weary Wally—'Yes, but yer haf ter hold on an' steer, don't yer?'—Judge.

'I suppose this campaign requires all the oratory of our politicians!' 'Yes, requires very little oratory; what bothers us is the man in the audience who asks questions.'—Pack.

She sat on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers. 'Know all men by these presents,' she murmured, 'that I am a summer girl.'—Pack.

Dolly—'I told Mr. Nicsefellow that I bet Leggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta.' Daisy—'Well, wasn't he shocked?' Dolly—'No. I let him hold the stakes.'—Boston Globe.

'You don't mean to say that that stinky old maid has given you ten marks for telling her fortune?' 'Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old.'—Pittsburg Black-Letter.

'Dennis, did you mail that postal card I gave you?' 'Yes, sor, an' Oi tuk the liberty, sor, of puttin' a two-cent stamp on it, sor. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on 'er 'yard Oi thought it might be 'overweight, sor.'—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Nabbins—'My husband is a perfect brute.' Friend—'You amaze me, Mrs. Nabbins.' 'Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel, but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.'—Tit-Bits.

Professor—'Do you know, madam, there was a time when men wore corsets; but you found that were injurious to health, and so Mrs. Wrong-righter—'Yes; and so they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless wives and daughters.'—New York Weekly.

'I am tired to death,' declared Mrs. Matronly as she reached home from down town the other evening. 'What's the matter?' asked her husband. 'Been having baby's pictures taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know.' 'How long were you at it?' 'Three hours and a half.'—Detroit Free Press.

Cause of Fog and Mist.

Owing to the clear sky that prevails within reach of light pressure the radiation of heat from the ground or the ocean surface and from the lowest stratum of air proceeds more rapidly, and, as is well known, during such periods mist and fog are formed in the lower air. Radiation proceeds uninterruptedly during the night time from the upper surface of foggy air, and the depth of the layer of fog steadily increases, so that sometimes the heat of the sun, in the middle of the day, is not sufficient to dissipate the fog formed at night. It has often been remarked that the look-out at, or above, the main top overlooks the ocean of fog. In general, a dense fog implies clear sky above it, and by attention to the movement of areas of pressure it becomes possible to predict fog on our coast.

A Hygienic Writing Paper.

Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is especially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading by letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Every one is aware that in receiving letters from disease-stricken places, at home or abroad, they run a certain amount of risk. This stationary is said to be rendered innocuous proof. The paper is so impregnated with antiseptics that all deleterious organisms (bacteria and other micro-organisms) though a fever-stricken person writes or touches the letter.