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The French press is fuming gloriously against the United States, and is furious against England, which has blocked, once for all, the chances of a European coalition against the United States.

The Swiss canton of Nönnenburg has sanctioned a plan for a universal life insurance in which all the natives over eighteen years old may participate. In case of death, a sum varying from 1000 to 5000 francs is to be paid to the heirs.

The Hong Kong Press tells of a professional beggar who has built quite a fine three-story tea-house just outside the South Gate. As the only three-story building in the city, it is an object of great pride to the natives, whose charity helped so largely in its erection.

A Berlin paper has ascertained that intoxication by means of ether has become almost epidemic in Lithuania, owing to the fact that ether is cheaper than brandy and less of it is needed to get drunk on. Many families have been ruined by the habit, which has also found victims even among school children.

Fifty years ago there were few persons employed or gaining a livelihood by the utilization of electric energy. Now in Europe and America there are more than a million—very likely two millions in the world. In 1827 George Stephenson started his first railway train possibly with a dozen employes. Now in the United States there are nearly 800,000 railroad workers.

Amherst, Mass., with a population of 4800 has a public library of 70,000 volumes, which is open to all comers for thirteen hours every day. In addition, the citizens have also access to the college library, of 19,000 volumes, and to two other free libraries, containing 7000 and 2300 volumes respectively. Only ten towns in the State of Massachusetts are now without free public libraries.

Little John Victor Thompson was born under a whole constellation of lucky stars. His first piece of good fortune was in being born in Chicago. He could not have made a wiser choice of a birthplace. His second morsel, or, rather, large mouthful, of good fortune came when he was adopted by the Thursday Club. Thirty-nine young ladies, each of whom has pin money to spare, were looking about for some charitable work to do. They saw young Thompson and adopted him. They will send him to school, perhaps to college, and start him on an honorable career. Thirty-nine mothers! That is a privilege which very few boys enjoy, and John Victor knows it.

According to the Boston Traveler recent events point to the falling behind of the Latin races in the march of civilization. Old abuses which have been stamped out long since by their sturdier Saxon brethren, France in the Zola trial has shown the world defects in her judicial and administrative systems that the English trial by jury would not have permitted even two centuries ago. Spain, in attempting to crush Cuba, shows the same crude methods which disgraced Alva in the Netherlands. In the desire for better observance of international law and freedom of trade, too, our Latin brothers seem to be sadly lacking. If recent events count for anything, they seem to point to the future supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon.

There is a common notion that America is the only country in which there has been a rapid growth of cities. The Americans are so accustomed to consider that their country is in all respects vastly superior to all others that they give very little attention to what is done elsewhere. But the desire of human beings to crowd together in cities is one of the striking peculiarities of the present age, and, as a result, there has been an enormous growth of cities in every country. Take, for instance, the city of Berlin. In 1858 it had about 440,000 population. In 1898 its population is 1,500,000. In 1861 the population of Liverpool, including Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the river Mersey, was about 550,000. In 1898 it was 940,000 and to-day is over one million souls. The city of London is another interesting example. In 1861 the population embraced in the registrar general's district was 2,000,000 and a little over. In the same district, in 1896, the census showed 4,411,000. It would be difficult, even in the United States, to find more rapid growth of the population of cities than that stated above; but it is more the rule than the exception.

**FREEDOM.**  
They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak.  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scolding and abuse  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they need must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.  
  
Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free.  
—James Russell Lowell.

**A LAWYER'S SECRET.**  
By G. MANVILLE FENN.

CURIOUS cases in my profession? Oh, yes, plenty. I often smile to myself when I find the novelist taking up old family incidents and working them up into stories; and then I think of what plots I could have furnished if they had not been family secrets of a private and thoroughly confidential character.

I remember one case that, changing the names, it will be no particular breach of confidence to mention, and I tell it the more frankly because it is a little against myself, and I must own that I did not act quite upon what is called the square. In fact, I played a part—a negative kind of part—for I did nothing else but hold my tongue. If I had spoken, it would have been fifty thousand pounds or so out of a truly honest man's pocket and into a rogue's; so, somehow, I let my feelings get the better of my professional conscience, and I said not a word.

I was old John Hendricks's solicitor, and looked after his property, for I had known him when he was a struggling man and I was a young lawyer with none too much practice. Then I lost sight of him for twenty years, at the end of which time I was still plodding along respectably, just holding my own and nothing more, when, going into one of the city taverns for my regular daily chop, which I ate at the same table for so many years that I had become one of the institutions of the place, I found myself opposite to a yellow-looking, thin, gray-haired man, who kept on looking up from his plate to stare at me very rudely I thought.

I did not resent his stare at first, but at last it became so unpleasant that I determined to look him down, and I gazed firmly into his eyes.  
"Why, it is!" he exclaimed. "Dick, old boy, don't you know me?"  
"That's Jack Hendricks's voice," I exclaimed, nearly upsetting my plate; and the next moment we were sitting there, hand clasped in hand, and with the tears in our eyes, looking very foolish and weak, I dare say, to the other occupants of the room; but that did not trouble us, for we had too much to say to each other.

John Hendricks told me that he had been in the north of India, close to Nepal, for over twenty years. He had gone out as a factor to an indigo grower, and had become a grower himself.

"And now," he said, "I have come to look after my dead sister's sons and to die."  
"Well, old fellow," I said, "the first part's right enough, but as to the dying, I think it's as well to leave that alone. It will be all settled for you. The only thing with respect to that, speaking as a professional man, is to make your will, if you have anything to leave, and then make the most of your span."

"Have you made yours, Dick?" he said sharply.  
"If so, I said laughing. "I've nothing to leave, Jack," and then we went into mutual confidences, and after I had told him of my own hard-working life, he gave me to understand that he had made a very large fortune in indigo, and spent very little on himself.

"Mine's been too hard-working a life, Dick," he said, "for me to be much of a spender; but it will be a fine thing for Jenny's two boys if—if I like them," he added sharply. And then, with a quiet, subdued look, "Poor Jenny! I should have liked to see her again."

John Hendricks was fifteen years my senior, but we became once more the closest of friends, for he seemed to resume his old protective way over me, but trusting me most fully in every point.  
It was all done in a quiet, unostentatious way, but from the day of John Hendricks's return the world began to smile on me. I had a great deal of professional business to do for him, and as he had most extensive connections among old indigo planters, I found them coming to me, right and left, by his recommendation; so that very soon, in place of finding it hard work to keep one clerk, I had very hard work for four, and a big balance at my bank.

But I am getting on too fast. Before long I met the two nephews at their uncle's quiet little house at Chelsea, and as we sat at dinner I could not help thinking how kindly fortune was behaving to the young men to place them in the way of such expectations; and before I left it was plain enough to me which was the uncle's favorite.  
This was Philip, a frank-faced young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, very gentlemanly in his ways, and decidedly good-looking, while he

was that he let me put down two thousand pounds for Sam; but the great property of a hundred and odd thousand pounds, well invested, was left to Phil.

"Now, Dick," said the old fellow chuckling, "those boys will be sure to ask you if you have any will of mine, and I want to humbug them; so we'll deposit this at the banker's, and then if they ask you if you have my will, you can say 'No.'"

Everything was done as he wished, and the will placed at the banker's; and though, during the next five years I tried hard to get the old man to make a fresh one, he grew more obstinate than ever, shutting his eyes blindly to the character of his nephews; and all I could do was to let matters take their course.

It was a bad course for Philip Hemsley, who was, in a quiet, secretive way, a regular scamp—his father over again. He was very clever and shrewd as a lawyer, and got on well when he stuck to it, and this pleased the old man, to whom he was devotedly attentive; while poor Sam seemed to become more and more estranged, though a better and truer-hearted fellow never married a pure, sweet little woman like an angel, who poured out tea for a grim old fellow.

I was often at his snug little home, and, after trying in vain to make things better for him with his rich uncle, I came to the conclusion that they would be no happier for the money, so I let matters slide.

"Two thousand will be a nice nest-egg for them," I thought, "so perhaps all is for the best."

As I have said, Phil became a shrewd fellow in the law, and passed his examination pretty well, so that he knew what he was about in legal matters; and one day he proved the truth of his uncle's prophecy by saving me suddenly from well, Mr. Brown. Have you got his will?"  
"No," I said, so shortly that he turned upon his heel and went away. About a month later I was with my old friend, and felt shocked at the change, for it was evident that he was not much longer for this world.

He had sent for me, and I was in hopes that he meant to alter his will, and I was right.

"What a while you have been coming," he said querulously. "I wanted you so badly, Dick."

"I came on directly, old fellow," I said, kindly. "Here, let me put you a little more easy."

"Thank you, Dick," he said, "but it's all over. That boy has killed me. Did he ask you if you had my will?"

"Yes, about a month since, and I said 'No.'"

"I knew it, Dick; I knew it," he said, pitifully; "and ever since he has been worrying me to let him make my will. Dick, old friend, I've made a big mistake. There, there, don't jump upon me. I—I confess it all. I thought he was his mother's boy, he was so like her; but—but he has his father's spirit and his ways to the very bone."

"I am glad you have awakened to the truth," I said.

"You should have advised me better," he retorted querulously, "Should I, Jack?"

"No, no; you did, Dick. I've only just found out what an old fool I am; my dear boy. We have quarrelled terribly, that boy and I, for I have found him out, in spite of his smooth tongue. He's a scamp, a villain—a gambler, and in debt terribly. He has half killed me, Dick, and—"

I tore at the bell, as the poor old fellow seemed about to have a fit, for the terrible emotion he had suffered at what must have been the rooting up of his most cherished belief in his sister's child had proved, in his weak state, to be more than he could bear.

The doctor was sent for, and at the end of an hour John Hendricks was so far recovered that he whispered my name, and I, sitting down beside him, heard him in a whisper say—  
"Draw up my will quickly. A just one."

"I don't think he will ever recover sufficiently to sign," said the doctor. "He has driven it too late, Mr. Brown."

The doctor was right, for my poor old friend never recovered his senses, but quietly breathed his last a few hours later.

The funeral followed in due form, and I was there, both as old friend and solicitor, to meet the very small party who went to the grave.

Sam was there, of course, making no indecorous show of sorrow, while his brother sobbed aloud over the grave; but he had a good deal recovered when we assembled afterward in the dining-room of my old friend's house, his few friends wondering whether he had remembered them in his will, about which subject I heard a whisper going round that none had been left.

I suppose that it was from a feeling of importance, perhaps more from an unwillingness to wound poor Sam Hemsley and his young wife by letting them hear the unjust will, that I did not hurry myself to produce it, though I don't think they anticipated much. But all at once, to my utter astonishment, Philip rose, coughed to clear his husky voice, and said quietly—

"I presume you all know how much I have of late been in my uncle's confidence, so that you will not be surprised that as I was by his wish a solicitor, he should have entrusted to me the making of his will."

I am a man of the world, but for the moment I was knocked off my balance. Then I was about to exclaim, as I saw him bring forth the document: "My dear Philip, you scoundrel, you have forged a will!"  
Fortunately for Sam, I recovered myself, and sat with my old friend's genuine will buttoned up beneath my coat, while, with the calmest audacity,

**THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.**

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Preferably the Whole Thing—Insulted Dignity—Why She Disliked Him—Waterproof—Hopeless—When Woman Hates—Patriotic—Experimental, Etc.

I'll wed some meek, submissive man, For reasons good, though few— I'd rather be the whole of one Than the better half of two.

"Is Gobang a patriotic man?" "I should say so. He has been urging his wife to enlist for three weeks."—New York World.

"Hey, there! Are you the office boy?" "Office nuttin'! I'm de janitor's private secretary!"—Chicago Tribune.

Waiter (who has spilled the contents of a water bottle over a guest): "Shall I get you a napkin?" Guest—"I think you would better get me a mackintosh."—Truth.

She—"Do you think the North Pole will ever be discovered?" He—"Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find it."—Chicago News.

When Woman Hates. Lucetia—"I should hate to be two-faced." Lulu—"I should think you would, especially if your other face was anything like the one I see."—Yonkers Statesman.

Why She Disliked Him. He—"How do you like Foppington, Miss Barrow?" "Not at all. He doesn't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bow-wow."—Tit-Bits.

Experimental. "Did the prisoner offer any excuse for his bigamy?" "Yes; he said he was tempted to keep on marrying until he got a wife that could make a good cup of coffee."—Chicago Record.

Changed by Time. "As a child he was afraid of the dark." "Yes?" "Well, now he is grown, has gone into politics and is afraid of the light."—New York World.

The Latest From Klondike. Friend—"And so you were slowly freezing to death. Well, what saved you?" Narrator—"Oh, at the thought of it my blood began to boil, and I thawed out."—New York Journal.

Her Victory. Mabel—"I gained a great victory over myself to-day." Madge—"How did you do it, dear?" Mabel—"I was passing plate-glass windows all day and I never looked at my reflection in any of them."

One Scoffer Silenced. Sarcastic Inquirer—"What good will it do you to take your bicycle with you to Cuba?" Prospective Soldier—"If I become homesick, sir, I can puncture one of my tires and breathe my native air again."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Sure of Her Ground. "How often we are reminded of Achilles sulking in his tent!" exclaimed the pedantic young man. "Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox a little doubtfully; "I am told that circus people are sometimes rather ill-tempered."—Washington Star.

Full Well He Knew the Danger. "Oh, Edwin, Edwin!" sobbed Athanasia. Often at evening she would sit by herself, thus, and weep over her faithful lover's letters.

For he had not committed himself in any of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Costly. A countryman walked into a Western newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative.

"What is your charge?" he asked of the clerk.

"We charge \$2 an inch." "Oh," said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My relative was six feet three inches."—Household Words.

Planning For a Piece of Pie. Hostess (at party)—"And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" Willie (confidently)—"Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie."—Tit-Bits.

No Need of Peeking In. "The eyes," he said, in a fine burst of poetic eloquence, "are the windows of the soul."

"So I have heard," she replied, but—"But what?" he urged, as she hesitated.

"You needn't try to sit so close to me just because I happen to be a little near-sighted."—Chicago News.

All Adroit It. "The idea of holding that woman is not amply fitted to enter public life!" she exclaimed. "What is there of more value to one in public life than the art of extemporaneous speaking, and when it comes to speaking extemporaneously—"

"My dear," he interrupted, "your point is well taken. When it comes to speaking extemporaneously man is really only a base imitation."—Chicago Post.

**WHEN THE DAY COMES.**

When the day comes  
With thunder of the drums,  
And blowing of the bugles, we shall be  
No craven band  
On crimsoned sea or land,  
To heroes tracing our high ancestry,  
And, under God's great banner red,  
On glorious sea and sod,  
Cleaving a path of freedom for the free!

When the day comes—  
Either rejoicing drums,  
And victor-flags above the ranks to wave,  
Or, where the dust gleams red  
With blood for Freedom shed,  
The glory of the dying of the brave!  
Life for the land to give—  
For Freedom still to live,  
Or her loved name to light us to the grave!

**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**

"Papa?" "Well?" "How tall is the man who is above criticism?"—Judge.

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Jack—"I want to marry my opposite." Maud—"I don't know of any girl bright enough to suit you."—Judge.

"Baffled!" muttered the great detective. He threw his wife's dress to the floor and strode gloomily from the room."—Judge.

Foreman of Torrent Engine Company (grazing at the smoking ruins, but speaking cheerfully)—"Well, boys, we saved the engine!"—Pack.

She—"Love is like sea-sickness." He—"Why?" She—"Because you can have it awfully and yet can't describe it."—Detroit Free Press.

Jasper—"They say that Huxler made a fortune in the Klondike." Jumpsp— "Yes; he carried loads up there and carried wise men back."—Pack.

Mrs. B.—"The lady Dabbs is going to marry a highly intellectual. She speaks three languages." Mr. B. (condolingly)—"Poor Dabbs."—Boston Traveller.

"Pa's got a awful temper," said Jamie. "I tried 't sand-paper my pencil on his chin while he was takin' a nap, an' he woke up an' got real mad about it."—Judge.

A Quaker once, hearing a person tell how much he felt for a friend who needed assistance, drily observed: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"—Tit-Bits.

"Ain't I little bow-legged?" asked the dubious young man. "Bow-legged?" said his tailor. "The idea! Your lower limbs, sir, are absolutely without a parallel."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well," said the adjuster as he set down his valise, "I investigated that Wigglesworth death claim." "How about it?" asked the president of the company. "Straight as a die."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dumlow—"Tell Closefast I want to speak with him, will you?" Bogstow—"I don't want to disturb him now." Dumlow—"Why not?" Bogstow—"He's counting money, and I shouldn't care to interrupt him at his devotions."—Rosbury Gazette.

"My son wants me to buy him a trolley line, and I think he would make a lawyer. In the one case he would cut people up, and in the other merely pull their legs. What would you suggest?" "I'd make a doctor out of him. Then he can do both."—Pack.

High-Priced Doctor—"You are now convalescent and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir; but your walking should have an object." Patient—"All right, doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill."—Standard.

He (wondering if that Williams has ever been accepted)—"Are both your rings heirlooms?" She (concealing the hand)—"Oh, dear, yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer and (blushing) only dates from the conquest."—Harlem Life.

Misses—"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these window washers?" Bridget—"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so ye can look out; but I intentionally left them a little dirty on the outside so them ignorant Jones children nix door couldn't look in."—Truth.

Dingus—"Old man, you've accommodated me a great many times, and I wouldn't strike you now if it wasn't a matter of absolute need, I'm suffering for the lack of \$10." Shadbolt (reluctantly handing it over)—"What's the trouble, Dingus?" Dingus—"My wife has got her heart set on a '98 wheel, and I need the \$10 to make the first payment on it."—Chicago Tribune.

He (desperately)—"Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us?" She (sally)—"Yes." He (with a ray of hope)—"I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive." She—"How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?"—New York Weekly.

Repertoire by John Wesley. John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was brought before the mayor at a certain town, charged with having wrought disturbance by street preaching.

"You ought to have known," said the mayor, "that this sort of thing is not permitted by the mob." "Pardon," said Wesley, "but I wasn't even aware that this town of yours was governed by a mob."

A Dutiful Son's Advertisement. A dutiful German son advertises in the Leipzig Tageblatt: "Marriage—I seek for my father, a strictly respectable man with a quiet business, an elderly, solitary widow or maiden with some property in cash. Address with a statement of conditions."