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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 10.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 15.00; Quarter Column, one year... 5.00; Half Column, one year... 10.00; One Column, one year... 18.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

Probably the Spaniards are thinking just now that those "American pigs" must be of the wild boar variety.

Massachusetts claims to have more different kinds of native trees than has any kingdom of Europe. The number exceeds fifty, among them being nine large oaks.

It is reported from Spain that our navy officers don't wear socks. This may account to the Spanish mind for the barbarous ferocity with which they keep at the work of knocking the socks off the Spanish navy.

A large part of the literature of the world is becoming unintelligible to this generation through lack of ability to understand quotations from the Bible, asserts the Christian Herald. Allusions to sayings and events which our fathers would have understood at a glance now signify nothing to many readers.

The Illinois Central Railroad has beaten its record, having delivered 1,000,000 bales of cotton at New Orleans during the current season of eight months beginning September 1, 1897. The one million and first bale was presented by Stuyvesant Fish, President of the railroad, to Colonel H. G. Hester, Secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, and it is to be disposed of for the benefit of the poor of the Crescent City.

"The talk about European intervention in the Cuban affair and a Continental league against the United States has a hollow sound," declares the New York Tribune, "when American control of food supplies is demonstrated so completely. America stands in no dread of a European concert in defense of the worm-eaten Spanish throne, when by withholding food supplies she could menace every Continental State except Russia with bread riots and starvation; nor is it necessary for Americans to be impotent in their wooing for an Anglo-Saxon alliance. England not only speaks the same language and reads Shakespeare, but it also lives on American wheat. Self-interest rather than sentiment is the true basis of an Anglo-American alliance; in future bread is more important than blood relationship."

It has been repeatedly stated in the past few months that the ships of nations at war could not pass through the Suez Canal. That was the common belief, and many people who prided themselves on the accuracy of their general information have been not less confused than surprised to find, on looking the matter up, that they were entirely mistaken. The canal is as free—except for the little detail of tolls—to the navies of every nation and at all times as are the waters of the open sea itself, and this has been the case ever since 1858. Early in that year England, France and Turkey agreed on a convention making the canal a neutral highway, and a few months later all the powers gave their acquiescence. The instrument explicitly permits the transportation of war material and ships of war through the canal, whether peace prevails or not, and only prohibits overt acts of hostility between or within three miles of the termini.

The battleships of modern times are a necessity to any great nation which intends to maintain its rights and protect its interests, believes the Atlanta Journal, but their cost is heavy. An outfit of something like \$5,000,000 is required to construct and equip a ship which would take high rank in any modern navy. After such a ship is complete the expense of maintaining it is very heavy. This item for each of our big battleships is now about \$1500 a day even when they do not fire. The daily expenses of our navy are now over \$50,000 a day. The total annual expenses of a first-class battleship are estimated at \$547,000, divided as follows:

Table with expenses: Pay of officers, crew and marines... \$326,000; Bunkers... 45,000; Equipment... 12,000; Navigation charges... 6,000; Ordnance... 15,000; Construction and repairs... 13,000; Steam engineering... 32,000; General supplies... 14,000; Medicine, surgery, secretary's office and incidental expenses... 75,000.

The cost of ammunition used during an engagement is immense, but it is of course impossible to estimate this in calculating the expense of a navy. Repair to warships, cruisers and other craft even in time of peace is large, but after every engagement it is necessarily immense, even for the victor. War on a modern basis is a terrific absorber of money, and there never was a time when the importance of money as a factor in war was anything like as great as it is now.

THE DANGER OF BEAUTY.

I never read the papers without feeling so content. That both my eyes are twisted and my nose is slightly bent; I'm glad my mouth is out of line and that my teeth are few. And if I had a "wealth of hair" I don't know what I'd do. A "tiny foot" or "lily hand" would fill me with dismay. And if I had a slender waist I'd stick in a day. For I have noticed from the first, as strange as it may seem, The girl who gets the worst of it is "lovely as a dream."

THE PAPERS NEVER TELL ABOUT A WOMAN BEING SHOT.

Or mangled by a trolley car, or married to a sot. Or forced, at point of pistol, her last fifty cents to lose, But that her eyes are "limpid" and her boots are number two's. So I can live in sweet content, without the slightest fear. That trouble or calamity will ever hover near. And when I see my mistle face it's some relief to know That I'll outlive the beauties by a hundred years or so! —Brooklyn Life.

THE HEART OF SAVAGERY.

A TRAGEDY OF BEACHCOMBERS IN THE FAR AWAY SOUTH SEA.

EARL fishers are a mysterious lot and the South Sea is full of obscure tragedies. Recent events in the Philippines have drawn attention to them anew. Tragedy was often the end of adventure, and then, too, none but the most venturesome or the most abandoned of white men sought to live among the wild islanders in the days, not so far remote, when the missionary had not yet introduced his steeple churches and taught the natives the price of an axe or a handful of ship biscuit. This tale of one of the forgotten tragedies is drawn from an official document on which forty years of slumbering in a forgotten pigeonhole has served to dim the writing and to dull the imprint of the lion and the unicorn with which a British Consul made the paper official. To write an account of a murder on sixteen sheets of Government blue stationery, to attach a seal with the royal arms—that may pass sometimes as just the same as avenging it.

On the islands for the sake of the moral effect, enough of a buccaneer to have dollars to jingle on the Circular Quay in Sydney before a grand carousal in the Currency Lane public house. From end to end of the Pacific Sam Sustainance was known by the name of Ur-Uru, which the islanders had given him. At Penrhyn Island on August 1, 1857, he engaged an English beachcomber, Joe Bird, to superintend the party of native pearl divers whom he shipped at the same time. There were eighteen men and several women in the party. The Penrhyn folk are widely different from the gentle and timorous Manahikians. Sour and gloomy at all times, they are capable of nourishing a grudge and of biding their time in a plot to wipe it out. Two days later Ur-Uru stopped at Manahiki long enough to take on board 7000 coconuts for the food of his divers, and on August 13 he anchored at Suvarrow.

According to beachcomber's law of might is right, Sustainance and Joe Bird with a fighting crew at their back, with a score of fierce Penrhyn islanders, were able to decree that Tann and his handful of mild Manahikians should confine themselves to one islet and leave the rest of the atoll to the pearl divers. Still more company was coming. Within a month or six weeks the native settlements of Manahikians and Penrhyn people and that all was well. In April, 1858, the brig Charlotte touched at Suvarrow and two of the Manahiki boys, Ota and Vainan, went on her to Samoa. Neither on the voyage nor at Apia did they mention any white men as having been with them on Suvarrow, and the master of the Charlotte knew nothing of the former actions of Sustainance.

That trader again visited Suvarrow on June 15, ten months after establishing his diving station and eight months after his last visit. As he stood up for the passage through the coral reef first one and then a second canoe filled with Penrhyn Islanders boarded the Dart with many expressions of pleasure that they once more saw their friend Ur-Uru, for the three beachcombers had long ago taken their boat and sailed away westward to Samoa. Knowing the wild roving fever which drives the beachcomber hither and yon, back and forth through the South Seas, and their recklessness of the chances of voyaging, Sustainance saw nothing unusual in the thought of three men setting out in a small boat for an ocean voyage of hundreds of miles. His two mates suggested the possibility of foul play, but he pooched their suspicions. At any rate the Penrhyn Islanders told a consistent story.

On landing, Sustainance met the Paumotu woman, Kokorari, wife of the Manahiki Here. Her story was to the effect that in February the three beachcombers had painted the boat and made a new sail. They had taken the small cask filled with drinking water and a large supply of dried eggs, of the sea food which swam on the islands, together with a variety of food in the shape of fresh and baked coconuts. The boat had been leaky, but was tight after the new painting. They had sailed away to the west and before sundown were out of sight. As they had left their wives behind, she was sure that they intended to take ship in Samoa and go to their own lands beyond the horizon. They had taken all their trade goods except one bolt of printed goods which they had divided among the Penrhyn divers. For a savage this woman seems to have had a genius for lying. The other people agreed with her account, and the island, when carefully searched, yielded no indication in the way of goods or stores that the woman had told other than the truth. For the following fortnight the Manahikians and the Penrhyns were on the Dart on the homeward voyage back to Penrhyn, and not a word or a sign gave reason to suspect that the story was false.

Some weeks later Sustainance touched in the course of trade at Rakahanga, and there again encountered the woman Kokorari. She asked at once if he had heard of Joe and Tann. Apparently much concerned when she heard that they had not reached Samoa, she asked in which direction Pakapuka bore, and when the shipmaster pointed down to the west, she seemed much relieved, and suggested that the beachcombers had probably reached that island.

Yet in her original story and in this renewed interest in the voyage of the beachcombers Kokorari was but playing a leading part in a tissue of fabrication which was sufficiently good to deceive Sustainance, and it may be said that it is by no means easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a South Sea trader.

With these confessions set out in full the original document ends. A careful search of the records shows no indication that any attempt was made to punish the murderers. Three men had died in the early morning in the lagoon of a little visited atoll in the wild South Seas, but they were only beachcombers, and their loss was not grievously felt by the world of civilization they had voluntarily cast off in order to plunge into the heart of savagery, a wild, a sudden, a cruel heart.

How such a murder was regarded by a man who was living the same life and was exposed to the same chances is naively shown in the concluding words of the deposition of Captain Sustainance: "There did not appear to have been any serious quarrel, neither should I judge the natives to have been much excited. I should infer that it must have been talked of long before and probably accelerated by the gun unhappily discharged over instead of into the head of Tangiroa."

—New York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Trust—Rather Spiteful—His Artfulness—Awfully Mean—How a Bashful Man Got a Wife—Practical Wisdom—Complete in Every Detail, Etc., Etc. She stood at the gate in the twilight—The lover's favorite hour, And calmly waited his coming, His coming to her lower.

Brown were her eyes and most patient, Patient and gentle were they, And her dark red hair seemed darker still In the fast receding day. About her all nature lay quiet, No sound broke the solemn hour, And flowing over all were the crimson rays Of the sun—the King of Power.

Kiss'd by the rays of the dying sun As the zephyrus kiss the bud, She sees approach a man with a pall While she calmly chews her cud. —The Cornish Widow.

May—"This hat makes me look older." Kate—"It's wonderful what the milliners can do these days."

His Artfulness. "Your husband is so amiable." "Yes, he acts that way in public, so people will think the baby takes after me." —Chicago Record.

How She Did It. "My wife got me into an awful scrape this morning." "How?" "She'd been using my razor to sharpen a lead pencil."

Complete in Every Detail. Nodd—"You don't mean to say you have already finished your country house?" Todd—"Finished it! Why, I have been trying to sell it for the past three weeks."

Practical Wisdom. Mr. Billus—"Confound the collar button!" Mrs. Billus—"Never mind looking for it, John. Turn out the gas, walk around a little in your bare feet and you'll find it."

Spain's Submarine Boats at Manila. "I noticed some time ago that Spain had a torpedo boat that would stay under water for hours?" "Spain has boats that will stay under the water forever." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Doubtful Meaning. "Sir," said the stranger, "I am an artist." "So?" queried the other. "What sort? Razor, fiddle, brush, snow shovel, bar, pugilistic or stage?" —New York World.

How a Bashful Man Got a Wife. "Blusher is the most bashful man I ever knew." "How on earth, then, did he come to get married?" "He was too bashful to refuse." —Boston Traveler.

Tenement House Humor. Jimmy—"Say, pa, they won't be no more plaster falling from the hallway ceiling." Pa—"Why, Jimmy?" Jimmy—"Cause they ain't no more left." —New York World.

The Advice of Experience. Edith—"O Ethel, what shall I do? Jack says he supposes it's all over between us and that he'll send my presents back." Ethel (experienced)—"Tell him to bring them." —Brooklyn Life.

Awfully Mean. The Thin Girl—"Oh, Ethel! Jack says that you look just like a full-blown..." The Fat One—(interrupting)—"Rose." The Thin One—"No—tire."

A Good Job Coming. Jeweller—"How was your boy pleased with the watch I sold you?" Fond Father—"Very well, sir. He isn't ready to have it put together yet; but be patient, I'll send him around with it in a day or two." —Jeweller's Weekly.

Futile. "Spain has no chance to win in this fight," said Mr. Manchester to Mr. Northside. "Of course not," replied Mr. Northside. "A nation of mandolin players has no business to contend with a nation of machinists." —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

An Indian Parist. One of the New Proprietors—"Shall we put out a sign, 'This place has changed hands?'" The Other New Proprietor—"No. It hasn't changed hands. We have all the old help, haven't we? Hang out a sign that it has changed heads." —Indianapolis Journal.

Not Used to Fragile Ware. Mrs. Housewife—"Bridget, that is the seventh piece of china that you have broken within the last two days." Bridget—"I know it, mum. At the last place where I worked the folks never ate off of anything but gold and silver." —Somerville Journal.

A Dream of Happiness. Her eyes glistened. "And you have brought \$10,000,000 in nuggets back with you!" she exclaimed, scarce able to believe her own senses, unsupported, as they were, except by her husband's words. "See!" he answered, and he produced the freight receipts and the newspaper interviews. "And we can live in New York?" she faltered, clasping her hands. "Ay, love, and be descended from kings!" he cried exultingly. —Detroit Journal.

THE SHIP.

A ship sailed from the port, Another port to find, To be the ocean's sport, A plaything to the wind.

In merry mood the crew Unfurled the driving sail, And zany on they flew Before the freshening gale.

The fading land behind, The shores sea before; No track clearly defined, Toward the westward for shore.

All lighted by the day, Embroidered in the night, The ship sails far away, Yet lingers in the sight.

And whether soon or late 'Tis anchored by the shore, Still, in the hearts that wait, The ship sails evermore. —Alfred Lavington.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Some persons are proud of their blood, but it's all in vein. On opening the front door you find the hall stairs in your face.

A girl whose dress is a "perfect dream" is always awake to the fact. A carpenter may believe in maxims, but he doesn't always trust an old saw.

They don't furnish cats and dogs with caudal appendages at a retail store. He—"I'm not myself to-night." She—"Then how dare you speak to me, sir, without an introduction?" —Chicago News.

She—"Don't you think it is dangerous to eat mushrooms?" He—"Not a bit of danger in it. The danger is in eating toothpicks." "What made you so anxious to introduce Higby and Digby?" "Higby tells war stories and Digby tells fish stories." —New York Journal.

"Does young Mr. Slimmins shine in society?" asked a young woman. "Some," replied Miss Cayenne; "especially about the coat sleeves." "Seems to me you didn't thump quite so hard as usual at the concert last night. Weren't you well?" "Oh, yes; but it was my own piano, you see."

Hicks—"Nobbins seems to be holding up his head of late." Wicks—"Yes; it probably comes of reading newspaper bulletins." —Boston Transcript.

Dawdler—"Snithers writes poetry for magazines." Dofton—"Is that so? How many magazines do they give him for each poem?" —Roxbury Gazette.

Fiddler—"Yes, Boston has turned out a great many musicians—yours truly among the number." Quiz—"Well, how can you blame her?" —Brooklyn Life.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives; but if it could be convinced that such knowledge was none of its business, it would try mighty hard to find out.—Puck.

Lecture (in museum)—"Yes, ladies and gents, there are freaks and freaks, but this man stands alone." Spectator—"If he'll stand a loan of five dollars, I'll divide with you."

"The young woman you are engaged to is very fascinating. I understand?" "Fascinating? I had to stand in line seven hours to get to propose to her." —Chicago Record.

An old lady refused the gift of a load of wood from a tree struck by lightning, through fear that some of the "fluid" might remain in the wood, and cause disaster to her kitchen stove.

Mendicant Michael—"Shure, ma'am I've got seven small children at home, all under five." Mrs. Skinner—"Seven children! Any twins?" Mendicant Michael—"All twins." —Tit-Bits.

First Tramp—"I hear they are building a new jail, with all modern improvements." Second Tramp—"That won't do no good. You'll need a pull to get in there." —Fliegende Blaetter.

She—"I am not up in the language of flowers. What did that bunch of jacquemints mean that you sent me?" He—"I don't get the translation from the florist until the end of the month." —The Manhattan.

Bacon—"Is that man Crimbeak in favor of war?" Egbert—"No, indeed! Every night he's out late he takes home oysters or something to his wife. I think he's for peace at any price." —Yonkers Statesman.

"My son," said the aged politician, "it is better, especially when you are talking about the enemies in your own party, to use only soft and honeyed words. They are much easier to eat, should occasion arise." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sagasta—"Well, Your Majesty, we have one hope left. The rainy season is about to begin in Cuba." The Queen Regent—"A, senior, it looks to me very much as if the rainy season was about to end there." —Cleveland Leader.

The Sarcastic Parent—"And you want my daughter for herself alone?" said the sarcastic old millionaire. "Yes, sir." "Well, my boy, I'll do better by you than that. I'll throw in the clothes she wears, too." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why is it, I wonder," mused Sagasta, "that those Americans are such dead shots?" "It must be their practice at the national game," suggested Gullon. "I've heard considerable about their putting the ball right over the plate." —Philadelphia North American.

"Pa," began little Clarence, after a short season of silence, "a Chinaman..." "Yes, my son," broke in Mr. Callipers hastily; "a Chinaman does many things which seem to us very peculiar." "Yes, I know, pa; but what I was going to ask you was, isn't it easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a Chinaman to get through his need for an idol?" —Judge.