

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month... 3 00
One Square, one inch, three months... 5 00
One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00
Two Squares, one year... 15 00
Quarter Column, one year... 3 00
Half Column, one year... 30 00
Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marrriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The reason that Corvera was bottled up is that it was Hobson's choice!

Oklahoma is preparing to offer a 30,000,000 bushel crop of wheat as an argument for statehood.

The whole number of men engaged on auditing work in the offices of American railroads is roughly estimated at 10,000.

Ex-President Harrison declared the heroic deed of Lieutenant Hobson in sinking the Merrimac in the entrance to Santiago without a parallel in history.

Truly, we live in an appreciative age. Bravery meets with prompt reward. Fidelity to duty receives quick favor. All commanding officers of Dewey's fleet are promoted for gallantry, and all the world applauds. Faith, hope and charity are abroad in the land.

The crop expert of the Orange Judd Farmer figures it out from present indications that we shall have a 700,000,000 bushel yield of wheat this year. The outside commercial estimate of the 1897 crop was 580,000,000 bushels, and the biggest harvest ever reaped—that of 1891—was 685,000,000 bushels, so it can be imagined with what a glow of prosperity the country will be pained.

Germany's debt in 1877 was \$4,000,000. In 1887 it had increased to nearly \$125,000,000. It is now \$535,250,000, and is still going up with a steadiness which bears strong testimony to the financial resources of the Prussian Fatherland. It will soon be able to point with pride to a national debt of the highest class, scientifically adjusted to the capacity of the people to bear it, like a pack-saddle to the back of an Andorra mule, just a shade easier to stand up under than to lie down under.

So finely are the scales of nature adjusted that it is probable every defect has its compensation near at hand. Man's part is to find it. In Kansas and Nebraska the rainfall is insufficient to supply the needs of agricultural vegetation. Nevertheless it has recently been ascertained that an inexhaustible deposit of water lies directly below all the arid region; while the wind, nature's agent to lift the water, blows during the whole summer. It was from air registering one hundred degrees below zero that Nansen, by means of a windmill, wrested the power to light and heat his ice-bound Fram.

"You may fire when you are ready, Mr. Gridley," said Admiral Dewey to the Commander of the flagship Olympia on that memorable May day in the harbor of Manila, and the battle began. The glorious victory was not secured quite so cheaply as we thought, after all. Captain Gridley was injured and, being invalided, died on his way home at Kobe, Japan. He is the first officer of high rank to perish as the result of the war, and his memory will be justly honored as such as if he had died on the deck of his ship in the thick of battle on that Sunday morning when he opened the fire upon the Spanish fleet.

There are in the principal cotton spinning countries of the world about 97,000,000 spindles and 1,920,000 looms. Of these totals 45,200,000 spindles and 660,000 looms are credited to England. In the last ten years there has been an increase of more than 3,000,000 spindles and 60,000 looms in Great Britain. Nevertheless, the exports of cotton have gone down instead of up during this period. The United States now have 17,300,000 spindles, against 13,500,000 ten years ago, and 354,000 looms, while the European Continent has 27,000,000 spindles (23,000,000 in 1897) and 850,000 looms. The exports of textile machinery from Great Britain have increased from \$28,000,000 in 1893 to \$33,500,000 in 1896.

A LITTLE PATH. A little path that 'mid the trees a narrow lodgement finds, And in and out, and all about it slyly creeps and winds; Still on and on as if it tried To find some nook where it might hide.

And you and I, this summer day, Together seek to trace The rambles of this runaway And find its hiding place. And like the feet that in the quest Grow weary often pause to rest.

And we now find a fallen tree That helped it o'er a brook; Then up a hill and down, until, Within a shady nook, There hangs a nest where thrushes stay And sing to cheer it on its way.

Does little feet that hide with me Where'er my path may tend? I sometimes almost wish that I Might never find the end. But all our round of summers through This little path we might pursue. —Albert B. Paine.

THE SUBALTERN. A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR. By THEODORE ROBERTS.

THE day had been overcharged with sun and unfanned by any wind; the white sand in the streets had attained to such a heat that people moved across it hurriedly. But at eight o'clock a fresh breeze blew from the bay, and Sandy white sand in the streets had attained to such a heat that people moved across it hurriedly. But at eight o'clock a fresh breeze blew from the bay, and Sandy white sand in the streets had attained to such a heat that people moved across it hurriedly.

"By thunder, sir," he exclaimed; "those fellows deserve all they get. It would give me keen pleasure to meet one face to face and shoot him down like a dog." The colonel looked at him for a few seconds without speaking. Then he said: "Mr. Brown, you may hate a man, and think nothing is too bad for him; but when you have had to kill one you will not consider it such a keen pleasure."

"I resent this term when applied to my own men, so the first thing in the morning I went over with them myself. I saluted, reported the men ready for duty, and then told the major that, first of all, my command was not crazy, and second, that they were here to act as scouts and trailers, and knew nothing of regular military work. The major requested me to remember that we were a long way from the post and that he was my superior officer. I bowed, and returned to my own tent. Half an hour later those six Indians were back in their quarters. I returned with them immediately and tried to make excuses for them, saying again that they were unfit for sentry duty. The major was in a woful rage.

"You say they are trailers," he cried, "then bring them over here tonight." He called to one of his men and ordered him to drive two stakes into the ground at a distance of about two hundred yards from one another. Then the major gave a carbine to one of the redskins and told him to shoulder it. "Now, you red idiot," he said; "do you see this stake here and that stake over there?" "The man looked and granted." "All right; spend the next two hours trailing from this one to that one. See?" They tried to laugh at the captain's story, and then McDufl said, "Good-night," and started back for the town. At the hotel one of the regimental bands was playing, and the grounds and the rotunda were gay with summer dresses and dapper uniforms. Sandy dressed himself in a quiet corner and talked "war" with Billings, of the Exchange.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Sugar alone will apparently sustain life for a considerable time. Of the shoes imported into British colonies more than forty-five per cent. are of American manufacture. The tinxine remedy against the locusts in Mashonaland, Africa, is said to be proving of some efficacy.

A Frenchman, M. Bleunard, uses the X-rays for measuring the alteration of floor with chalk and sand. The voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man has never reached higher than a mile.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is 100 tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of eighty-eight elephants, or 440 bears. The expedition of Major Gibbons, to cross Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, Egypt, will have aluminum launches that may be separated into sections for carrying.

Paper artificial teeth are now made in Germany. They are said to be not brittle, to retain their color, and to be lighter than china teeth, and they do not melt in the mouth. M. Victor, the French naturalist, says that a load will live twenty-eight months completely embedded in plaster of paris poured on as a liquid, and then allowed to harden.

The introduction of the electric light in the Roman catacombs has been chronicled already. Now it is proposed to light the galleries of the great pyramids of Egypt in like manner. Glass bricks are gradually coming into use, and it is said that glass will soon be used for making statues for public squares, as it resists the corroding effect of the weather much better than marble or granite.

Although this country has not the advantage of a location that Great Britain has as regards German markets, yet one-third the sewing machines and two-fifths of the bicycles imported into that country in 1897 came from the United States. Rattlesnakes are said to have a natural antipathy to the leaves of the white ash. Some naturalists assert that a rattlesnake placed in a circle composed of half white ash leaves and half hot coals will cross the coals before he will encounter the leaves.

The fibre of the ramie plant, originally an East Indian perennial of the nettle family, but now cultivated in the West Indies and in the southern part of the United States, and used for almost every purpose heretofore served by cotton, is conceded to be the coming textile fibre. The new oxygen treatment for wounds is regarded by the medical profession as of the greatest value and as a distinct advance in surgery. Not only does it bring about healing in cases that seemed hopeless, but the new skin is wholly unlike scar tissue; it is soft, thick, smooth, fair, loose, warm skin, not ridged or seamed, and hardly to be distinguished from healthy structures.

Witchcraft in Bavaria. The oldest mention of witchcraft in Bavarian law is the imposition of a fine of thirteen shillings (about twenty cents) upon persons who injure the harvest by magic arts; in addition to this fine the sorcerer is also made pecuniarily responsible to the owner for loss of property. Penalties of a like character were also inflicted upon such as foretold events, produced storms or caused horses and cattle to disappear by means of diabolical machinations. In Arheo's "Life of Corbinians," the first bishop of Freising, it is related that as he was one day riding up to the castle he met an old woman reputed to be a witch, accompanied by men bearing meat and one of them leading a live animal. On asking whence they came and what they were doing, he was told that the duke's son had been vexed by demons and that she had healed him. This information so excited the wrath of the bishop that he leaped from his horse and gave the old hag a sound beating; he also took away the gifts which she had received for her services and distributed them among the poor at the gate of the city. This incident occurred between 718 and 724.—Popular Science Monthly.

American Ordnance in England. A significant item is found in the reports of an English ordnance factory, where 1500 men are now employed night and day. The manager, who is an ex-navy officer, has been authorized to spend \$115,000 on new buildings and \$85,000 on new machinery. It is stated that the whole of the last sum will be expended in the United States, as the Americans only produce such machines as are wanted. All this new plant will be driven by electricity, an Ohio firm having got the contract for the whole of it. The machines are mostly vertical lathes, not obtainable in England. One of the novelties which the American firm is said to have disposed of a number to the English Government recently is a six-inch gun, which, in consequence of the employment of a base ring of soft copper of a peculiar shape, presses against a ring of asbestos, will show no signs of wear. At least, a gun from which 300 rounds had been fired, had its muzzle velocity reduced not more than 100 feet per second.

A Vexed Question Settled. It is noteworthy, in view of the arguments aroused on account of America commencing hostilities with out first formally declaring war, that of all the wars of the last 200 years, only ten have commenced with a formal declaration of hostilities. According to French statisticians, 147 have commenced with hostile acts. Forty-seven of the latter broke out in the eighteenth and sixty in this century.—London Tit-Bits.

Spanish Sunshine. Spain has more sunshine than any other country; in Europe, the yearly average being 3000 hours.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Fraying For His Girls—Good Intent—Superlative—No Excuse For Being—The First Disappointment—Away Down—Proof Positive—He Knew His Boy, Etc. He got his daughters off his hands, and thought it quite a treat, until he found he had to keep "his boys" on their feet.

He didn't mind the Harrys or the Georgies with their liss, The Jacks and Petes he rather liked, But drew the line at Bills. —Harper's Bazar.

Good Intent. "Are you going to do anything for your country?" "Yes; I will try not to write any war poetry."—Detroit Free Press.

No Excuse For Being. Humorist's Wife—"I don't see that this joke of yours has any sense to it." Humorist (wearily)—"No, only nonsense."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The First Disappointment. Millie—"What does this motto on the ring mean?" Willie—"Faithful to the last." "The idea! I thought I was the first!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Away Down. Patience—"What is the cheapest looking thing you ever saw about a bargain counter?" Patrice—"A husband waiting for his wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

Proof Positive. Yeast—"I understand Snapton has been after a political job." Crimsoneak—"Yes; I see he's not doing anything new. I guess he must have got it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Superlative. "She sobbed as if her heart would break." "Her heart? She could not have sobbed more bitterly had her chainless wheel been wrecked."—Indianapolis Journal.

Often the Way. Brown—"He was a great scholar. Why, it took twenty-five large volumes to hold all his know." Towne—"And yet he didn't know enough to fill one pocketbook."—San Francisco Examiner.

One of the Rumors. First Citizen—"Yes; there is news from Madrid, but I don't believe it." Second Citizen—"What is it?" First Citizen—"They say the Spanish Cabinet is organizing itself into a 'Don't Worry' club."—Puck.

Hard Requirement. He—"I'm about to get a good position under the city. Nothing to do, practically, but sit still and look wise." She—"Oh, I do hope you'll be able to fill the place."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sure Sign. "How do you know that illustration was not made by one of the modern humorous school of artists?" "Because in putting the alleged humorous lettering upon it he has not missed any of the words."—Chicago Post.

At the Boarding House Table. "It appears that the ancient Egyptians hatched out eggs in incubator ovens." "That accounts for it. I wondered where the chickens we have every Sunday for dinner came from."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Painful Reminder. He—"How is it Miss Halftones never puts the date on any of her pictures?" She—"Well, you see, last year she signed one Jane Halftones '97, and some one asked her why she put her age on her paintings."

Hard Cash. "Are you going to use bricks in the construction of your house?" asked a friend. "No," replied the owner of the property, as he glanced over the estimate furnished by the contractor, "rocks."—Chicago News.

Her Understanding. "Has your measles gone, Bessie?" shouted a little friend to the tot who was looking wistfully from the window. "Yes, they're left. I heard the doctor tell mamma that they broke out last night."—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew His Boy. Mr. Beach—"Here is a letter from Charles." Mrs. Beach—"Read it." Mr. Beach (reading)—"My dearest, darlingest mother—" "Great Scott. The young scoundrel needs more money again already."—Tit-Bits.

Not Buying. Proprietor—"I think that lady over there is not being properly waited upon." Shop-Walker—"Oh, she doesn't want to buy anything. Everything that has been shown her she has declared perfectly lovely. She hasn't found fault in the least with anything."—Tit-Bits.

Notice Before Remonstrance. The Father—"That young man who used to call on you and stay so late in the evening now, I understand?" The Daughter—"Yes, papa; and think of it! His boat has been disabled! The last time I saw him he was being towed in." "Well, don't let me see him around here all hours of the night, or you will see him towed out."—Yonkers Statesman.

India's Census. The latest Government census in India showed 6,016,759 girls between five and nine years of age who were already married, of whom 170,000 had become widows.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

A Mountaineer Who Appreciated Really Good Cooking. As a rule the Western mountaineer is not a gastronomic connoisseur, and the visitor at his table is quite as likely to hear dried apples referred to as "fruit" as he is to find any other kind of fruit on the table. Occasionally, however, one of them is sufficiently fortunate to get away from his fastness, and living temporarily down in the valley has an opportunity to acquire some virtues not otherwise obtainable. It was such a one I caught up with one morning in June along the ridge of the Rockies.

"I'm looking for a place," I said after a few preliminaries, "where I can stop for a week or so while I look up some timber I have in this neighborhood. Do you know of any?" "There ain't much up that sort around here," he replied, "exceptin' you gotter Mt. Pleasant, an' I reckon that's too fer. But hol' on," he broke in with a sudden thought, "thar's the Widder Tackett. She axed me yistidnight to see some of you folks at the mill and tell 'em she had a place to sleep an' eat two or three men of they wasn't too pertickler."

"Is it a pretty good place?" I inquired thoughtlessly. The young man's face flushed. "Well, I reckon," he said with some emphasis; "she's goin' ter be my mother-in-law, come next September."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "I only asked to know if she had good eating. Some of that we get in private houses even in the cities, you know, is not the best in the world."

"Cities be blamed," he said, with a fine feeling; "yer ain't never tried the Widder Tackett's pie yet, mister, an' yer want to keep still till yer do. Ain't nothin' like it nohow, no matter what kind you a pie she sets afore yer. It's all ne plusibus unum, an' no mistake. Why, I'll tellin' you that I set down to one of her pies last week, blamed if I remember what kind it wuz, ef I ever knowed, an' I wuz eatin' right into it like a hot shovelful goin' into a snow pile, an' Bill Rogers acrost the table from me called me a liar an' I never said a blamed word to him till I had plum et my pie and got my teeth picked. Blame my buttons ef I did, coonerd."

I did not like to inquire further into the mystery of what happened to Mr. Rogers after the last taste of the pie was safely housed by my informant, but I made a fair guess, and went on to see the Widder Tackett concerning board and lodging for one man for one week.

American Carpets. Of all the nations in the world the United States is the greatest producer and consumer of carpets. The manufacture is confined almost entirely to the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1890 there were 175 factories in this country which manufactured carpets other than rag carpets, and the value of their total product was nearly \$48,000,000. About 30,000 persons were employed as operatives in the carpet works. Sales statistics would doubtless show a large increase over these figures, as they in turn showed over the statistics of 1890.

Not only are American carpets successfully supplying home wants, but they are also being exported to a considerable extent. The same mill which turned out the carpets in a recent sale supplied 25,000 yards which were sent to furnish two palaces for the present Czar of Russia. The carpet sent was a plain velvet, especially designed. The prevailing color was green, with a pattern of flowers.—New York Tribune.

Indians in Wisconsin. Wisconsin has at this late day about 9000 Indians of various tribes, all of whom, with the exception of the Winnebago, wear practically the ordinary clothing of the white man. The Winnebago alone cling to the native mode of living, occupying their wigwams in even the coldest weather. One-half of the members of the other tribes speak enough English for the purpose of ordinary conversation, and more than one-half read the English language. They are fast learning to recognize the legality of matrimonial relations. Eighty-five per cent. of them are engaged in pursuits of civilized life; ten per cent. in hunting, fishing and root gathering and the like; only five per cent. live exclusively on government rations. Of the 1800 Oneidas, the 1300 Menomonees, and the 500 Stockbridges and Munsees, all live on labor in civilized pursuits. Many of the Oneidas compare favorably in thrift, cleanliness and rational life enjoyment with the whites in their vicinity.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Building a Big War Balloon. An immense balloon for use by the United States government is now in course of construction at Professor Myers' balloon farm, at Frankfort, N. Y. It is understood that the balloon is to be used in or rather above Cuba. In many ways it will be remarkable in its construction. It will consist of 1298 pieces. The ordinary balloon has but thirty-six pieces in its make-up. The idea in making the great airship of so many pieces is that if in any way one piece should become torn, the tear would extend only a short distance before being stopped by a seam. The carrying capacity of this monster balloon will be one-half ton, the basket being made to accommodate four persons.

India's Census. The latest Government census in India showed 6,016,759 girls between five and nine years of age who were already married, of whom 170,000 had become widows.

Big Pocketbooks. The Swedes and Norwegians carry their loose cash in immense pocket-books; some of these have been in use for two or three generations, and contain almost enough leather to make a pair of boots.

DIRGE OF THE DRUMS.

Dead! Dead! Dead, dead, dead! To the solemn beat of the last retreat That falls like lead, Hear the hero now to his honored rest With the badge of courage upon his breast, While the sun slinks low in the gleaming west— Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Mourn the dead! While the mournful notes of the bugles float Across his bed, And the guns shall toll on the vibrant air The knell of the victor lying there. 'Tis a fitting sound for a soldier's prayer— Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Dead, dead, dead! To the muffled beat of the lone retreat And speeding lead, Lay the hero low to his well-earned rest, In the land he loved, on her mother breast, While the sunlight dies in the darkening west— Dead! Dead! Dead! —Ralph Alton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"If I were not in a canoe I would kiss you." She—"Take me ashore instantly, sir."—Tit-Bits.

"Do you keep fresh eggs here, waiter?" "No, sir; but I can have a couple laid to order, sir."—Brooklyn Life.

"What a strange expression on Schultz' face!" "Yes, he has either committed a murder or he expects to be called on for a speech."—Flyingeagle Blaetter.

"Jennie is awfully proud just because her sweetheart is going to the war." "She isn't half as proud as Maud. Hers has just come back from the Klondike."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hicks—"Do you think it will pay me to read Broser's book?" Wicks—"I think it will. It will relieve you of all desire ever to read anything else from his pen."—Boston Transcript.

"General, in my regiment I have a company composed entirely of Hollanders." "All right, Colonel. When we form a line of march that company shall be the Van guard." Chicago Tribune.

Managing Editor—"I tell you, sir, we've got to be more enterprising." Trembling Reporter—"What shall I do?" Managing Editor—"You must turn tramp, marry a queen and pawn her crown."—The Jeweler's Weekly.

"That hospital," said the guide, "was built and endowed by a deaf mute." "Indeed!" said the loquacious lunatic; "then it is the first authentic case of being dumb-founded that I ever encountered."—New York Journal.

"I read the other day," said Mr. Northside to his wife, "of a young cannibal who ate his father and mother, and I can readily understand what he became." "What did he become?" "An orphan."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"They say that Jack Crumley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately." She (turning pale)—"I'd like to know what he's been saying." He—"Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his tandem."—Tit-Bits.

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter; "can I have a little fresh air?" The well-drilled automaton raised his voice to a high pitch: "One air!" he yelled; after a pause adding, "and let it be fresh!"—Tit-Bits.

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Airyland. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else." "Really?" rejoined Miss Cayenne; "has he been proposing to you, too?"—Washington Star.

"A dinner such as we have had today," said the elderly boarder, "makes me feel like a young man." "Indeed!" was all Mrs. Hashcroft deigned to reply. "Indeed. When I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if it was lamb I must be still a boy."—Standard.

Visitor (at Sing Sing)—"That convict is quite a joker. He says the cells are large and airy, the views magnificent and the table unsurpassed." Guard—"Oh, he's no joker; he really means it; he used to own a summer hotel before he came here."—Puck.

Lady (in railroad train on windy day)—"Dear me! I can't get this window up." Gentleman (behind)—"I would assist you, madam, but presume the railroad company has glued the windows down to prevent the loss of patrons by pneumonia."—New York Weekly.

"Where were you last night, old man?" "Oh, I was at a grand dinner at Mr. Vanderlan's. Never saw so many rich people together before. The aggregate wealth at table, not counting me, was at least \$100,000,000. Counting me, it was about \$99,992,432.37!"—Harlem Life.

Brown—"Mercy on us! We are in for it now. Here comes Trotter, just back from a six months' trip abroad; he'll bore us to death with his talk about it." (Groans from the rest.) Trotter—"Well, boys, how are you all? I have just returned from a six months' trip in Europe. (More groans.) I am just going to sit down here for two or three hours (more groans), and I want (groans) you to tell me all that has happened here while I was away." (But they didn't; the shock was too great.)—Puck.

Big Pocketbooks. The Swedes and Norwegians carry their loose cash in immense pocket-books; some of these have been in use for two or three generations, and contain almost enough leather to make a pair of boots.