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The construction of a battleship takes three years; its destruction about three minutes.

Health, wisdom and peace of mind are along the line of judicious cycling. With the aid of the right sort of a mount any able-bodied person should be able quickly to get rid of surplus ruminations and worries.

Men will never learn the supremacy of nature and the operations of her laws. Had young Leister studied agriculture and the rules of compensation he might have been spared the humiliations of trying to control the wheat crops of the world.

Coal is King of the Seas, to-day. Brains are his coadjutor, not his master. 'Tis Coal that makes history in the age of steam power. But, the doom of steam is not far off. Something more tractable and less wasteful will supplant it, and then King Coal will be dethroned.

There can be no longer any question of the hostility of the greater part of the German press to the United States, maintains the New York Commercial Advertiser. There is also evidence that this is largely shared by the people. No doubt we have friends among the Germans, but the dominant sentiment is so strong the other way that they are constrained to keep silent.

A notable sign of the times is seen in the constantly increasing provision for the storage of bicycles. Every enterprising shopkeeper maintains a rack; many churches have their wheel stables; the modern office building has a place set apart for the machines of its occupants; architects specify the "wheelroom" on plans for both city and country houses, and certain enterprising railroads engage to care for commuters' mounts, all of which indicate that, while the opportunity for pleasure in cycling is greater than ever, the bicycle is beginning to be chiefly esteemed because of its usefulness.

The people of Norway are greatly alarmed at the spread of liquor drinking among them, and are endeavoring to reduce it by all expedients in their power, remarks the New York Tribune. They tried the Gothenburg system, which resulted in no improvement; then eighteen towns resolved to prohibit the sale of liquors altogether. The result was that drunkenness immediately and decidedly increased. Not only was a strong kind of port wine drunk in quantities, but illicit stills were set up in back kitchens, and the people drank the red spirits with lamentable results. The country is still wrestling with this difficult problem, with no substantial prospect of amelioration yet in sight.

Switzerland offers an example in the way of adjusting railroad fares that is worthy of attention. By a new arrangement tourists or commercial travelers (or others) can now secure for an absurdly small sum what amounts practically to a free pass over the Swiss railways and steamboats. Tickets good for fifteen days cost \$12 first class, \$8.40 second, and \$6 third, and allow holders to travel over any or all of these routes as often as they please. For thirty days the tickets cost \$20, \$14 or \$10 for the different classes; for three months, \$48, \$34 and \$24; for six months, \$76, \$54 and \$38; for one year, \$120, \$84 and \$60 respectively. Mountain railways are of course not included. Two weeks suffice to get a glimpse of the principal parts of Switzerland, and it can now be done for \$6. Every ticket must have the owner's photograph on it.

The man who is "clever with tools," who could repair any of the ordinary machinery about the farm, seems to be the exception nowadays, unless the American Agriculturist. This is partly because of the old plan of making things at home has given way to the modern idea of buying manufactured articles. This has deprived the young of the wonderful experience that formerly taught them how to use their hands. Most of our young people nowadays have no conception of the power of hand, eye and mind, much less the ability to put such power into action. This must be the object of manual training in our common schools, and of technical training in the agricultural colleges. Teach our youth how to use their hands! One has only to go deeply into this phase of the new education to realize the wonderful possibilities before the young man or woman who is so trained as to be able to make the hand obey the eye in carrying out the original dictates of the mind. The world needs such more than it needs absorbers of mere book learning.

A FOGGY MORNING ON THE FARM.

The mist hung heavy on the barn, it looked a kinder low'rin'. An' the fish above the ridge-pole said the day would sure be a lowerin'. We'd hay down in the upper field, corn needed second hoelin', An' the new ground in pertaters into weeds an' togs was growin'.

WHAT BILLY FOUND IN THE FOG.

By JOHN J. O'BEEKET.

TRULY Billy Hanford was a live, keen, "clap of the old block," and that is saying a good deal when the "old block" was Captain Matt Hanford. He was as good a man as ever walked a deck—short, thick-set, with a copper red tint to his well-seasoned face, and a pair of small, twinkling gray eyes.

Captain Matt was the sailing master of the Sea Conch, a stanch sailing yacht built for racing and owned by a wealthy young New Yorker. Her owner meant to take her over to the Isle of Wight and race the Prince of Wales's Britannia, the German Emperor's Meteor, or any of the smart English cutters that wanted to try conclusions with a Yankee keel.

Captain Matt had promised Billy that if he came out at the head of his class at school he would take him along. Billy came out ahead. He would have done so in any case, for he wasn't going to let any boy find out more things than he did.

It isn't every boy that has a chance to go to Europe when he is fourteen. But no boy ever enjoyed a trip there more than Billy Hanford. The Sea Conch got beaten in the races; that was the only drawback to the trip. Billy was convinced that the reason of this was that the owner of the yacht sailed her himself in the race. If his father had handled the boat, the other yachts would have been nowhere—so Billy firmly believed.

The young owner of the Sea Conch told Captain Matt that he could run up to London for two or three days before he took the yacht back. This was some consolation to Billy. He was going to see the biggest town in the world!

He was bound not to admit that it was much better than New York. Of course, it was bigger. But look how much longer it had been growing! The buildings in New York were a good deal higher than anything they could show in London. Hyde Park wasn't anywhere beside Central Park.

One day Captain Matt took his son to visit the docks. The boy looked around on the hundreds of acres of massive cut-stone piers with great lakes of water between them and said nothing. The Brooklyn Navy Yard compared to these immense docks was like a duck pond.

His alarm at seeing his son and heir apparently just after a bath, and one taken with his clothes on, gave him a start. "Billy, you didn't fall off, did you?" he inquired, huskily.

"No, but he did," said Billy, tugging away at his knotted coat and trousers. "He pulled me out with his clothes," said the other boy; "and I tell him to come down to the President an' get dry."

"Is it far?" said Captain Hanford. "No, Jes' down there." "Well, I think we'd better go, Billy. I'm afraid you'll catch cold."

The small boy, looking like a drowned rat, led the way and Captain Matt followed, gathering the details of the adventure from Billy. He glowed with pride at his son's presence of mind in devising this novel clothes-line and rescuing the boy. But Billy treated it as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world. He was really thinking more of getting warmed up than anything else.

They both wondered a little where the boy could be leading them. They were still more surprised when they brought them to the oddest-looking craft they had ever seen. It was too old-fashioned a tub for even Captain Matt to have ever seen its like. It was a big, bulky frigate, whose sides bulged out like a gourd and then narrowed in. The top was entirely covered in with a glass roof. It looked like some old hot-house tied up at the dock.

"Billy, this is worse than a fog in mid-Atlantic. It is no use trying to find the Pearl of India in this. We could hardly find a lighthouse. It isn't safe to be groping round here, either. You stay right here for a few minutes till I walk back to that policeman and ask him if he knows whether Simpson's craft is near here. If he doesn't we'll give it up. Don't stir from here or I'll never find you again."

Billy promised not to move. He watched his father disappear in the cold, enveloping mist with a sense of discomfortableness. If the docks had seemed a wilderness before, they were more of one now with him left like an atom lost in the enshrouding fog.

Just then he heard the "plunk" of something falling into the water. He started and tried to peer through the wall of fog. Almost immediately he heard a shrill cry for help. Some one, a boy, he imagined from the sound of the voice, had dropped off into the water. It was hard to tell where he was from the sound, but there was no doubt it was near at hand. The cries were repeated shrilly. Billy went a little nearer the edge and looked down into the milky green water lapping the stone walls a good distance below him.

"Keep hollerin'," shouted Billy, "till I can find you. Swim toward me, if you can, and don't lose sight of the dock." If it was a boy, of course he could swim, but Billy knew if he once lost sight of the walls of the docks he could have no idea where he ought to head for.

"Here I am. Oh, help me out," came back the frightened voice. It sounded nearer, and in a moment more Billy saw a shiny head and a small white face with a pair of scared eyes in it. The boy was paddling around like a small puppy.

he said, however, was: "If they think that old hulk is an American ship, they ought to see the White Squadron!"—New York Ledger.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The exports of glass from Furth, Bavaria, to the United States are growing largely.

The export trade of this country in paraffin and paraffin wax has grown up very rapidly.

During the last year 1521 persons underwent the Pasteur treatment for rabies at Paris.

A German scientist is of opinion that women will have beards some time in the remote future.

Paper made from seaweed is a growing industry in France. It is so transparent that it has been used in place of glass.

Railway building in Africa is proceeding with wonderful rapidity considering the difficulty and expense of most of the enterprises.

Professor Leist, of Moscow, claims to have discovered a terrestrial magnetic pole at Kotechetovka, a village in the government of Kurak in Russia.

Professor Michelson, of the National Academy of Science, Washington, has invented a new form of spectroscope, made by building up steps of equal thickness of optical glass.

The aluminum product for the past year aggregated nearly four times the amount mined in 1896. The value of the product is not given, but its quantity reached the handsome bulk of 4,000,000 pounds.

A number of German electric street railways are discarding the familiar trolley on overhead lines for a stirrup-shaped sliding bar made of aluminum, having a V-shaped section and filled with grease or in some cases with a bearing surface of white metal.

The most powerful electro-magnet ever constructed for laboratory purposes was recently exhibited at a meeting of the French Physical Society. It weighs 100 kilograms (about 220 pounds) and consumes two horse-powers in the exciting coils.

There are a few of the comparatively higher animals which live in hot springs, but these are chiefly mollusks. Until the present year the only instance of the occurrence of the isopod crustacea in warm springs was that of Spheroma dagesi, found living in this situation in northern Mexico.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed "Ranz des Vaches," or cow song; and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature.

When the sun has set in the valley and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!" As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsman they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words.

This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. When silence again reigns the herdsman kneels and prays with uncovered head. Meantime it has become quite dark. "Good night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. The words resound from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsman and the cliffs, and the mountaineers then retire to their dwellings.

Hobson Enriches the English Language. Lieutenant Hobson, by his gallant deed, likely to add a word to the nautical portion of the English language? It looks like it. For example, a river passenger steamer, one of the griniest and most tumble-down of the many dilapidated craft of the kind that plough the silent highway, nearly clogged with a barge at London Bridge the other day. The skipper used strong language to the barge, but to his tenants the latter belted, "Better take that old tub out to sea and Hobsonize her!" The report was greeted with a burst of appreciative and sympathetic laughter by the passengers on board the vessel thus characterized. If the majority of the Thames passenger steamers were efficiently "Hobsonized," and replaced by comfortable modern vessels, the change would be welcomed by most of the people who use the river service.—London Daily Telegraph.

A Curious Sight. In Japan, the traveler sees many curious sights; one of the strangest of which is the population washing itself at the corners of streets towards evening. In Yeddo, the citizens frequent large bathing establishments. The street doors of such resorts stand open, and a striking spectacle, to say the least, is presented by the inmates sitting washing themselves with the utmost unconcern. This is a general custom, and nothing whatever is thought of it. Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend, and is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilization of the Japanese. In many other of the manners and customs do the Japs offer striking antagonism to those accepted by us.—Detroit Free Press.

A Glittering Flag. In the window of a New York City jeweler is displayed a unique and expensive bit of patriotic fervor. It is a United States flag, five by three inches, made entirely of diamonds, sapphires and garnets. The union is a mass of sapphires, which represent forty-five large diamonds. The stripes are made of bands of garnets and diamonds one-quarter of an inch in width. The effect is very pretty and attractive.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

In the Garden—Consoling—Forever Not Always—Not So Feeble—Another Rupture—His One Great Fear—The Marital Spirit Raging.

"Come into the garden, Maud, For the wintry days have flown; Come into the garden, Maud, And see how things have grown. I have planted pansies and sweet peas And morning glories there— Come into the garden, Maud, And see how my seedlings fare."

A German scientist is of opinion that women will have beards some time in the remote future.

"What a delicate-looking child Mrs. Rieckrack's third is!" "Delicate? That's the child that bosses the whole family."—Chicago Record.

Consoling. Patient—"Doctor, this is the worst attack I ever had." Doctor—"Well, don't worry yourself, I am quite sure you won't have another."—Up-to-Date.

The Marital Spirit Raging. "Our baker's boy takes great interest in his job nowadays." "And for why?" "He calls his morning deliveries rolloalls."—Indianapolis Journal.

Another Rupture. She—"Do you know that married men, as a rule, live longer than bachelors?" He—"Oh, I don't believe that. It only seems longer to them."—Cleveland Leader.

His One Great Fear. Wallace—"Why don't you enlist and do something for your country?" Perry Patetic—"I'm afraid I might get into the army of occupation. I belong to the army of no occupation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only Kind He Knew. Professor—"So, then, by the term reptile we mean a creature which does not stand on feet, but moves by crawling on the ground. Will one of you name for me such a reptile?" Freddy—"Baby brother."—Judy.

This May Explain. "Why is it that the old and trusted employes are always the ones to abscond with the funds?" "It must be because they are the only ones who are allowed to know the combinations to the safes."—Chicago News.

Speculation. Jack—"I wonder who that young woman was we just passed." Tom—"Don't know. To judge from her dress she might be a lady." Jack—"Yes; but to judge from her beauty she might be a lady's maid."—New York World.

He Saw Its Finish. "Yes," the critic declared, "your play is a masterpiece. The lines are sonorous and lofty; the plot is reasonable; your theme is noble; the moral is evident."

"Alas," cried the miserable author, "then it will be a failure!"—Chicago News.

Slandered. Her Father—"I am told that you are a spendthrift—that you have no idea of the value of money." Her Adorer—"I have been wronged. I have an acute sense of the value of money. Otherwise I should not be here asking you for her now."—Chicago News.

Poor Baby. Unsophisticated Parent—"Hello there, nurse, what's the baby yelling that way for? I can't read at all." Nurse—"He's cutting his teeth, sir."

U. P.—"Well, see that he doesn't do it any more, or you lose your place."—Harlem Life.

The Feminine Method. Bertha—"These men are troublesome things!" Edith—"Why, what's the matter with the men now?" Bertha—"For the life of me, I can't make up my mind whether to let Fred or Charley fall in love with me."—Boston Transcript.

Faithful to His Trust. "Dear Harry," wrote his chum, who was in camp at Key West, "I have had only one letter from my girl since I came down here. Are you looking after her as you promised?" "Dear Jerry," wrote his friend in response, "I am—six evenings in the week."—Chicago Tribune.

A Trustworthy Officer. Living Skeleton (president of Freaks' Secret Society)—"Our organization, ladies and gentlemen, is about perfected. It will be necessary, however, to select a treasurer. Whom shall it be?" Chorus of Members—"The legless wonder."—St. Louis Republic.

Rapid Promotion. Fuddy—"You know Tom enlisted last month? Well, he has got his shoulder-straps already." Duddy—"You don't mean it! The idea of Tom being an officer?" Fuddy—"Oh, he isn't an officer. The shoulder-straps help him in wheeling his barrow when doing police duty."—Boston Transcript.

IN AFTER YEARS.

In after years, when age has taught the heart to shield itself by thought, When life's highway seems more secure, And idle dreams cease to allure, Ah, then perchance the joy we sought Will come to us, in vestments wrought of wisdom, patience—peace—and naught But blissfulness shall then endure, In after years.

If friends depart, if hopes are brought To nothingness; if battles fought, End in distress, and griefs inure, The heart and will—then seek the cure That time may bring, nor fear you aught In after years.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Any way, the pedestrian has the law on his side." "Oh, of course; but he has the wheelman on his neck."—Indianapolis Journal.

"One way to remove wet paint," says the Frogtown Kid, "is to lean up against it in your Sunday clothes."—Philadelphia Record.

Hungry Tourist—"Waiter, two eggs, please! Boil them four minutes." Waiter—"Yes, sir; be ready in half a second, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—"What advantage has the old Greeks over us, Hans?" Hans (drawing a long breath)—"They did not have to learn Greek."

"Is your new traveling man enterprising?" "Enterprising? That man could sell a carved-ivory card-case to an elephant."—Chicago Record.

Rigby—"Did you fire your cook?" Digby—"No; she fired herself." Rigby—"French leave?" Digby—"No; gasoline."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I made this cake for you, dear, all by myself." He—"Do you mean to tell me that you had no accomplices?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher—"What became of the children of Agamemnon?" Pupil (after mature deliberation)—"I think they're dead by this time."—Harlem Life.

Mamma—"Oh, dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good." Jimmy—"Yes I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do."—Truth.

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Bright Scholar—"The people were pulling down the blinds."

Greene—"You don't mean to say you tell your wife everything you do?" Gray—"Hardly that. But I tell her a great many things I don't do."—Boston Transcript.

"Papa, when a horse laughs he kicks up his heels, doesn't he?" "I guess so." "Well, old Bill has just laughed at Bonnie. Won't you come out and carry him in?"—Truth.

Brown—"That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson." "Yes, Brown." "About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?" Robinson—"Eternal vigilance."

An artist being asked, "Is sculpture difficult?" answered, "Why, bless you, no! You have only to have a block of marble and chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."—Tit-Bits.

Watts—"They say it costs \$7000 for every man killed in battle." Pettis—"That is away too much. Why, if a man will hire a good lawyer, he can kill a whole family for that much."—Washington Star.

Observing Brother—"Mr. Smith is down stairs waiting for you." Sister Gladys—"Oh, is that so? I wasn't expecting a caller this evening." Observing Brother—"Did you think he was dead?"—Truth.

She—"I see poor Senator Lock is dead." He—"I didn't know there was any Senator by that name." She—"Oh, but there was! I read only yesterday how the Senate adjourned on account of a dead Lock."

"You say that your married life has been a miserable disappointment. Wasn't it because you didn't marry the right woman?" "I suppose it was because she did not marry the right man."—Boston Transcript.

Badger—"You say you have so much trouble to get paid for service, but I notice you have bought a new house lately. Some of your patients must pay." Dr. Pellet—"They or their heirs."—Boston Transcript.

"Mamma, what does jumping at conclusions mean?" asked ten-year-old Janet. "I know," replied eight-year-old Mabel, before mamma could reply. "What does it mean, dear?" asked mamma. "It means a kiddy trying to catch its tail."

"How did the surprise party at the Cawkers' turn out? Was it a genuine surprise?" "Indeed it was. Somebody had given the Cawkers a hint, and when we got there the house was dark and there wasn't a soul at home."—Harper's Bazar.

"Is football a game?" asked the foreigner. "Dunno," was the reply; "but footballers are. When a man breaks both his legs and dislocates his spine, and then doesn't go off the field until the play is over, you bet he's game."—Pick-Me-Up.