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If there are any blowholes in American armor plate Spain can't prove it.

Of 8700 American war pensioners residing in foreign countries at the time of the last report, ten only resided in Spain.

"Billingsgate," to describe bad language, is no longer a correct term, the vocabulary of London's great fish market having been improved by the exertions of the London City Mission.

It is said that a patient in a Delaware hospital had thirty-one epileptic fits in two days and "apparently experienced no unpleasant effects from them." This seems to be a clear case of the survival of the fittest.

The London Saturday Review says: "The lesson of all our conflicts with America was that the American soldiers and sailors shot markedly better than our own and won astonishing victories. It looks as if the old lesson holds good to-day."

No higher tribute could be paid to a warship's crew than that paid by Captain Evans to the men of the Iowa: "So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women." In that pregnant sentence is the whole philosophy of military heroism.

The recent establishment of a whale-oil manufactory on Notre Dame Bay calls attention to the fact that whaling is now a paying venture off the coast of Newfoundland. Recently seven whales, worth nearly \$1000 each, were captured by a company of Norwegian whalers. A company has been formed to carry on the industry. This ought to make the old fishermen around Amagansett prick up their ears. Possibly the old shippard of Cold Spring Harbor, which fitted out the whalers of the last century, may resume business.

The Philadelphia Commercial Museum says that Porto Rico is not only adapted for the growing of cotton, but for the manufacture of cotton fabrics as well, though for the growth of the plant it will be necessary to engage native labor or to secure help from Cuba. Of the more than one thousand streams upon the island sixty are navigable, and many of them could be utilized to furnish power, which is an important consideration, since all the coal used must be brought from this country; and all the chief towns are connected by railway, though communication with the interior is only possible by ox teams.

In speaking of the recent popular war loan the Baltimore American says: Not since the wonderful alacrity with which, in July, 1871, the French peasants and the working people of Paris went down into their stockings and subscribed in a day \$400,000,000 to meet the first instalments of the big war indemnity with which the German invader was bought out of France, has there been so impressive a demonstration of the latent resources of a great nation, or of its patriotic confidence in its Government. It will be to European Governments as significant a proof of the enormous reserved strength of the American people as all our military and naval successes put together, brilliant though they are. The wealth of a nation and its ability to raise money within its own territory on moderate terms is a main element in its fighting capacity.

More and more is the machine encroaching upon the fields where formerly the handworker held full sway, says the Dry Goods Economist. This not entirely new observation is suggested by our latest advices from Paris as to fall and winter styles. It seems that trimmings of all kinds will be profusely used in costume and garment decorations, and that this style has been brought about largely by the dressmakers in an endeavor to bring into popularity something that could not be produced by machines. Judging from present reports, however, they reckoned without their host; for the modern mechanical devices are capable of reproducing even the finest and most delicate designs wrought by the cunning hand of the seamstress or maker of embroidery. Of course, there are some applications and figures that cannot be made on machines; but nevertheless such a high state of perfection has been attained in this direction that there is but precious little in his line that the machine cannot reproduce with a fidelity to handwork that is startling, and so close is the imitation in many instances that only the expert eye can detect the difference.

IN RUSTIC WAYS.

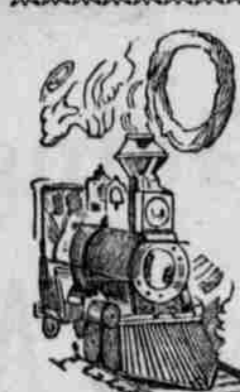
The blackbirds whistle all day long, A rhythmic gladness in their song; And night and morning down the lane Drifts by the cow-bells' rattle refrain.

IN RUSTIC WAYS.

The hedge-row blossom stains the sod, The south winds make the grasses nod, And woolly lambs in awkward play Down the green hillside ambling stray.

RESCUED FROM THE TRACK.

By MARY A. DICKERSON.



Endora! cried Mrs. Stebbins in her high nasal voice, and the clatter of spoons in the next room stopped suddenly, after which slight assurance that she was heard, Mrs. Stebbins commanded, between the energetic splashes of her churn: "I want you to come right out here an' put up the men's dinner an' take it down to 'em. They ain't goin' to take the time to come home, 'cause father's feet is achin' this mornin', an' he wants to get in all the hay afore the storm. Come along now! Them spoons is going to keep."

There was no answer this time either, but the door was pushed farther open, and a girl came silently into the kitchen. Her fingers were black, as if she had been cleaning very dirty silver, and she walked over to the sink, poured some water into a tin basin and began to wash them with a deliberate slowness which made her mother's thin lips tighten and the churn fairly hop about the floor with the vigor of her strokes.

Mrs. Stebbins could not tolerate slowness. She could not understand how it was possible for a person to be either slow or silent, and nothing made her so angry as the exhibition of either characteristic in her only daughter—a fact which I am sorry to say Endora discovered and made use of at a very early age. It was the only way in which she could, as she expressed it, "get square" with her overbearing mother, and she had cultivated it till the slight natural tendencies in those directions had become actual habits.

As she stood there now, seeming to wash and dry each separate finger by itself, she did not look like a person who would be trod upon without finding some way to turn.

She was dark, with a strong, handsome face, heavy brows that met above a very determined nose, a beautiful chin and bright, brown eyes, but the most notable thing about her was her height. Tall, taken in the ordinary sense, would not describe her, for she stood six feet one in the lowest heeled shoes she could buy, and the neighbors declared that though over twenty she was growing yet—a fact which filled her parents with pride, her brother with envy and herself with fierce rebellion.

She detested the curious looks that followed her when she went to town, the inevitable jokes about the state of the atmosphere "up where she was," and references to "the long and the short of it" or the probable diminutive height of the man she would marry.

She was thinking of it now, as she saw how far she had to stoop to reach the basin, and the little fit of anger attendant on the thought made her even more deliberate than usual, so that at last Mrs. Stebbins broke forth in spite of herself.

"You've took five minutes for every finger now," she exclaimed wrathfully. "If you wash the palms the same way, I'll be able to do the butter and git down to the field afore of you. If it takes all big things so long to move, I'm glad the boys didn't grow no more!"

Endora flushed and threw out the water with a more hurried motion. That last was the only taunt that ever had the least effect upon her. Then she went into the pantry and began to cut a loaf of bread.

"You better cut it all," her mother called, "cause there's four of them to-day—pa's got Joe Sampson helpin', too—an' don't forget to leave the mustard out o' Joe's sandwiches, either. Put in lots of pickles, and take the apple pie—En-do-ry! Do you hear-me?" as no sound but the rattle of dishes came from the depths of the breezy pantry.

"Yes, ma," said Endora, shortly, and for a few minutes the churn had the floor entirely to itself. But presently Mrs. Stebbins broke out again. "What'd you get them spoons out for anyway?" she demanded. "If platin' us ain't good enough for Gus Sanderly, why he'd better stay away, that's all. He ain't no better'n my boys or Joe Sampson. If you only wasn't so plumb cracked on height, you'd know there wasn't as much good in the hull length of him as in little Joe's thumb nail. En-do-ry, do you hear-me?"

"Yes, ma," said Endora, and silence reigned once more. In a moment she came out of the pantry, carrying a big tin pail full of dinner, and set it quietly down on the table.

Taking all this into account it is not to be wondered at that the sight of big Gus Sanderly, who was all he wished to be and was not, walking down in close and evidently pleasant converse with Endora should turn all Joe's thoughts to bitter ones and make his handsome eyes grow dark with anger.

He was not even mollified when Endora produced the pile of sandwiches made expressly for him, without a bit of mustard, or when she gave him the biggest quarter of the pie, and when the two visitors started to pick up the debris and journey back again to their own dinners he determined to go along with them.

Endora was in a mood that day which made this arrangement suit her very well. She thought it would be rather amusing to see the two men glare at each other a little longer, and she even started home by another road in order to extend the episode.

But, contrary to her expectations, talk languished, and when they struck the path that led along top of the railroad cut and the chimneys of the Stebbins house rose up almost beside them nobody was saying anything at all.

But as they rounded a sudden curve Endora gave a little start of surprise. "Why," she cried, "there's Daddy Hunt down on the track! How do you ever suppose he got there?"

Daddy Hunt was an old blind colored man who lived alone in a tumble-down hut near the railroad, refused to go to the parsonage and would have died of starvation long before had it not been for Mrs. Stebbins, who was wont to declare that she hated beggars in general, never gave them anything and hoped this one in particular would die, with the very same breath in which she asked what clothes he needed or gave him the run of her orchard or kitchen garden.

The old man stood in the middle of the tracks, tapping fearfully about with his worn old cane and grasping by legs a lively and defiant chicken, who was persistently doing her best to bewilder and annoy her present owner.

"Guess he must have tumbled in," said Gus languidly, as he pointed to a place where the embankment gave evidence of a recent slide. "Hello, Daddy, where'd you steal that chicken?"

"I didn't steal him," replied the old man indignantly, "Mis' Stebbins just dun gib him to me, an' I wish you uns'd come down here and kill him. I darren't le' go m' stick, an' he gits 'two n' legs so's I can't walk no-how. Keep still dar'!" And he gave the offending fowl a shake which sent it into a series of frantic squawks and struggles.

"Throw her away then, Daddy, she's no good," suggested Gus, and the young folks laughed as the old man set up a loud and indignant protest.

But as the sound died away they turned to each other with strained white faces, for coming toward them was another sound, a swiftly rushing roar that deafened every other noise about as it rang out from the narrow cut below them.

Daddy heard and understood it too. "De train, de train!" he heard him cry. "Which way, which way?" and he turned helplessly round and round, groping in his pitiful blind way with both stick and chicken.

"To the right, Daddy, to the right," cried Gus Sanderly wildly, as he leaned down over the bank, for each one knew it was too late now to climb down and lead him safely off.

Mechanically the old man turned, his hands relaxed with fright, the chicken felt it, made a last dash for liberty, and as he grasped to save her the shuffling feet stumbled, and he fell just in the track of the advancing train. He was up in a moment, but so frightened that as Gus shouted frantically at him to move, move but a yard and he would be safe, he merely turned his sightless eyes imploringly toward the voice and stood silently facing them.

Endora saw the engine rushing round the curve, then with a cry threw both arms before her face and sank down on the path, while Gus stood by her, motionless with fear and horror.

And then, above the rush and roar and rattle of the train, Endora heard—not the shriek of awful agony which she waited, but a wildly ringing cheer, and when she looked again the cars were rushing swiftly by, and she and Gus were standing all alone upon the bank—for little Joe had vanished.

"Where?" she began, and then she saw the train had passed, and she saw him—saw him lying helpless on the farther track, side by side with Daddy Hunt, and the next moment she had slid, stumbled, rolled—she knew not how—down the steep bank and was bending over him.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

That Same Old Gate-A Setback—Cause and Effect—A Substitute—Intellectual Pride—No Option—Cause For Shame—Appreciated—He's the Only One, Etc. There are things that can be hastened in this droll old world, we know; you can hurry up a dinner, you can make a motor go.

You can speed a train or vessel, horse and wheel you may control; but no plan has been invented which will rush a lovers' stroll. —Chicago Record.

A Setback. "Father, can't I go abroad and have my voice cultivated?" "No—not for the world; it is bad enough now." —Detroit Free Press.

Intellectual Pride. He—"I suppose it's the pride of intellect, but I can't help despising a man that knows less than I do." "I don't see what else you could do." —Life.

Cause and Effect. "Doesn't Tompkins look quite oreozy this afternoon?" "Decidedly. I dare say his wife has been blowing him up again." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Substitute. She—"I shall never marry again, but I think I shall adopt some orphan instead." The Rejected—"Dear lady, how fortunate. I am an orphan." —Pick-Me-Up.

No Option. Barber (fussing in the mutilation) —"Will you have a close shave, sir?" Victim (with a gasp)—"If I got out of this chair alive I shall certainly consider it a very close shave." —Baltimore Jewish Comment.

He's the Only One. "What an exceptional person that man Bigley is?" "In what way?" "He doesn't seem to know anybody that just missed going on that boat which was sunk." —Chicago News.

Cause For Shame. Perry Patetic—"I have been on the road for years, but I've never done anything to be ashamed of." Wallace—"I should think you would be ashamed of never doing anything." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Woman's Wit. Gorryman (at the mirror)—"Put a monkey before the looking-glass, they say, and he will look behind it." Miss Sharpe—"But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier there than the face he sees before him." —Appreciated.

The Victim—"Confound your impudence! Trying to take a snap shot at me?" Amateur Photographer—"I've got it, thanks! Much obliged for the attitude and expression! It'll be an interesting picture, I'm sure!" —Puck.

Looked That Way. The Comer-Back—"What has become of Billingsho? When I went away he seemed to be a pretty big gun." The Stayer-at-Home—"He dropped out of sight. I guess he was one of those disappearing guns." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preliminary Charge. Doctor—"I have concluded to go to the war as a surgeon, and as a consequence I need all the money I can collect." Patient (examining bill)—"If you charge the enemy as you have me, they will certainly retire in disorder." —Boston Courier.

Answering Mechanically. Judge—"And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested?" Complainant—"He answered mechanically, yer honor." Judge—"Explain." Complainant—"He hit me on the head with a hammer."

It Was Tough. Customer—"If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last one, I'll take away my custom." Butcher—"What's the matter with it?" Customer—"Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't get my fork even into the gravy."

He Had Forgotten. "As the immortal William once said," remarked Prince Henry, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." "Really, now, Heinrich," said the kaiser, as he overheard the remark of the prince, "that is quite clever, but when did I say it?" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Adopted to the Service. Shopper—"I see there are no name plates on those bicycles." Dealer—"No, they are a lot we have got out for kitchen maids and butlers." Shopper—"For kitchen maids and butlers?" Dealer—"Yes. They'd be sure to break the plates, you know; so we leave them off." —Boston Transcript.

An Ungrateful Father. Father-in-Law—"Look here, young man, don't you think it's about time you were going to work, or do you expect me to support you the rest of your life?" Son-in-Law—"It would be no more than just, after what I have done for you." Father-in-Law—"I'd like to know what you ever done for me." Son-in-Law—"Why, didn't I take your daughter off your hands?" —Chicago News.

JOLLY US ALONG.

When we, without or with desire, Are tangled in the law, A lawyer, then, we needs must hire To find the needful law.

When we perchance have fallen sick, And fever racks or pain, Then send we for the doctor, quick, To bring us health again.

But Lawyer Sharp and Dr. Wise, Who work for needful pain, Can never hope to take the prize When matched with one's own self. With power or wealth or fame in sight, We struggle in the throng; While hope keeps trimmed her luring light And jollies us along! —Hunter MacCalloch, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Walter—"Did you give anything to the fresh air mission?" William—"Yes, I sent them a draft." Ethel—"Why is Bessie so angry with Tom?" Mae—"Yes, sent her a bunch of red and yellow roses.

Softleigh—"I wondah what makes mah eyes so weak?" Miss Mabel—"They're in a weak place." —Life. Marie—"Then you don't care to listen to soft nothings?" Ruth—"Not unless they mean something." —Puck.

He never told his love. Later advice indicated that he wishes he had, instead of writing it. —Cincinnati Enquirer. "I guess it's nothing but an idle rumor." "Idle? I guess not. It is the basiest old rumor that ever happened." —Brooklyn Life.

"I am summoned to another climb," said the bell boy as the indicator announced a call from the top floor. —Philadelphia Record. Bacon—"Are the flies so bad up your way?" Egbert—"I think not. A great many of them seem to go to church Sundays." —Yonkers Statesman.

"Maud married a man a good deal older than she, I hear." "Older? He is twice her real age, and three times her given age." —Indianapolis Journal. "I should think that you would hesitate about getting such an expensive present for your wife." "Not at all. If I hesitated I wouldn't get it." —Life.

"Come and have a quiet game of tennis," said Johnson. "Can't" replied Thompson; "never could play tennis without a racket." —Boston Bulletin. Jimmy—"Is your aunt on your mother's or your father's side?" Tommy—"Sometimes on one and sometimes the other. It depends on who is getting the best of it." —Tit-Bits.

"Tell us," cried the group of maidens, "how to remain always young and attractive." "That is easy," replied the sage. "Get a fortune and stay single." —Indianapolis Journal. Visitor—"I have looked all through the history and catalogue and I can not find 'Great Naval Victories of Spain.'" Librarian—"You'll find it in the fiction list." —New York Journal.

Mr. Watts—"It seems queer that elephants should be so afraid of mice." Mrs. Watts—"I don't see anything queer in it at all. The elephant is one of the most intelligent of quadrupeds." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Mr. Scripp—"My dear, I don't see how you had this counterfeit bill passed on you." Mrs. Scripp—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference." —Harper's Bazar.

Anxious Mother—"How is it that you have so much trouble with your housekeeping? You told me your wife could cook." Adult Son—"She can." "Then what is the matter?" "She won't." —New York Weekly.

"Bobby," cried Tadley to his young hopeful, angrily, "my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing." "Well," answered Bobby, thoughtfully, "I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that." —Truth.

"What might be your business?" asked the passenger. "I am a writer of short stories, sir," replied his seat-mate, with a touch of pride. "I place my work with whatever publication will accept it." "Oh, a sort of odd job feller, eh? I got a brother that makes his livin' that way, too. He is in the tinware mendin' trade." —Locust Tovin.

An English scientist who had been delegated by the English Government to experiment with locust toxin reports as follows: As the inoculated locusts died they were kept and dried and afterward having been given time to mature they were ground into powder. A swarm of locusts, which were two hours in passing, went into a five-acre meadow patch, and some of these locusts were saturated with a solution from the ground-up powder and set loose again in the swarm, which a couple of days afterward was visibly affected. A little later they were all dead. If this story be true it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance to farmers in countries affected by the locust pest. —Pathfinder.

Language of Southern Spain. In southern Spain language has been much degraded in pronunciation, and by the admixture of gypsy and other slang; but differences go according to the provinces, not according to the rank or social position. This uniformity of language is, as it were, the outward and visible sign of a certain social equality which prevails among the Spaniards. It is perfectly compatible with the recognition of official rank or social distinction. But this is given among the Spaniards, as it is among the officers of an army, without servility.