

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

It is not often an Admiral and a diplomat are found under the same jacket. Dewey proves to be an exception. He has filled both positions at Manila with pre-eminent ability.

In a report of a recent Parisian duel it was said that the seconds placed the adversaries at an equal distance from each other, an arrangement the squareness of which no court of honor anywhere would think of impeaching.

Lieutenant Geelmuyden, of the Royal Norwegian Navy, admires the Oregon so much that he has advised his Government to give the contract for the two warships which it proposes to build to an American firm.

In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people when they see a ghost say 'Nunny dunny'"; and he adds: "I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unravelling the corruption of language."

In 1890 consumption caused 102,199 deaths in the United States, being 235.36 deaths per 100,000 people. England shows a lower rate than this, or 174.9, but Prussia a much higher one, or 304.3. Among the colored people the rate of death from this disease is more than twice as high as that of the whites, or 546.11.

The annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor presents exceedingly interesting and important facts regarding the comparative wages and price of labor in 1872, 1881 and 1897. In general the results indicate a higher wage rate in 1897 than in 1881.

"WAITING ORDERS." Oh, ye that shine in the thickest fight, And ye with labor spent, That bear the heat and dust and sweat, On victory intent.

HOW STEVE STUCK TO ORDERS.

By FRANK OAKLING.

HE stage and the sun, alike keepers of time, were both due at the lone station on Lost River.

Already the eastern rim of the desert was breaking into fire; already across the reddened stretch of sage-bush a burst of dust marked the sure coming of the coach, on its way from the Snake River settlements to the Salmon River mines.

Blamed if there aint those three Banocks again, hanging round the station like jack-rabbits round a stack of lucerne! he commented.

The hostler looked up. He was an alert young fellow in tilted cowboy hat, "chick" shirt and overalls.

There'll be a little pile coming in the treasure-box to-night, Steve," he said, bending alike from dignity and the box, and lowering his voice to a confidential tone.

The blanketed Indians gazed after in gleaming-eyed approval. Returning to their roadside camp, they mounted their ponies, and taking the trail to Snake River, they also began to pound the dust from the desert.

He spanned the animals he sought—a pair of four-year-old Cleveland bay horses. High-headed, long-manned, streaming-tailed, the span stood sixteen hands high and were heavy in proportion.

Driven into Lost River, it gradually sank to the hubs with the weight of the water as Steve filled it; and all the nerve and power of the heavy horses were required to start it from the sand.

without the braids, while his equally braided follower, resuming his station at the opposite front wheel, leaned from the saddle and silently extended the bucket to the driver of the tank, who as silently took it.

The stamp of the horses, restless at the stoppage, emphasized that instant of waiting. The dangling toggles on their straining tugs jangled their clear suggestion, and Steve gave one glance before him at the road.

From the opposite side of the road behind came the flash and roar of a heavy rifle, as the fellow with the eagle-feather, readier than his companions, took a snap shot at the venturesome driver of the tank.

Steve's action had been in accordance with orders. But now, as the tank bounded unchecked over the desert, he began to see that its stoppage, and the demand for water, were much more important stoppage and demand.

The stage with the money for the mines in its treasure-box would be along in a few hours, and these pretended Banocks had not hung about Lost River and trailed across the desert simply to shoot jack-rabbits!

It was a matter of a few miles. He had the start. Could he keep it? he asked himself, glancing from his horses in harness to the horsemen behind. Two of them he saw, had dismounted and stood over the third, lying by the road where he had been thrust by the tongue of the tank.

Half-asleep as he was, Steve recognized the three onlookers of the morning at Lost River.

It struck Steve that his tone was strangely mandatory for a Banock. He looked more closely at the speaker. The man held a rifle across his saddle, and a headless jack-rabbit hung at the shrunk flank of his pony.

The horses, sharers of his excitement, were running of their own volition, straight in the road hedged in on either side by sage-brush.

Steve could see them plainly as, swinging easily in their saddles, they refilled the exhausted magazines of their rifles from their cartridge belts. The sight lent numbness to his fingers busy with the bullet-holes and plugs.

In his haste he sat exposed on the seat, but the riders behind made him their target no longer. Riding well out on either side, they began shooting at the horses.

Then Steve, exulting, became something of a savage himself. He danced perilously on the edge of the tilted foot-board, whooped in emulation of those behind, and waved his hat to them in daring derision.

Steve saw them sit, silent and motionless, as they let their horses take breath. Then wheeling about, they were lost, like coyotes, in the shadows of the sage-brush.

It was nearly the middle of the day when a buckboard drove into the station, and its driver entered the stage barn as one who had authority. Steve, sunnolent in the corner stall, felt the horse-blanket drawn from his face.

Every good quality carries its own weight of power. Ideals are mind-pictures drawn in the lights and shadows of our best thoughts.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and fools.

A Waterville physician thinks he is entitled to the prize for the champion absent-minded man. Some weeks ago a woman who lives some miles out of the city called at his office and paid a bill of \$10 for professional services.

The Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario, and Michigan have an aggregate area of 94,750 square miles, which is larger than the area of Great Britain.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

My Steed—Catching Cold—An Alternative—Strategy—Her Complaint—Children's Ways—More Than Likely—End of a Romance—The Cheerful Presence.

He never cares for food at all. But likes a little grog; The halcyon is his favorite stall— He stabilizes there in peace. He'd run a week, I rather think, And never feel a pain; He'd neither eat, nor sleep a wink— But I can't stand the strain.

An Alternative. "If we appear together so often there's sure to be trouble." Jack—"I say—er—let's disappear together."—Brooklyn Life.

End of a Romance. "I wish I had never met her?" "Why?" "I asked her to write to me, and here's a letter of forty pages."—New York Journal.

Catching Cold. Jones—"Which travels the fastest, heat or cold?" Lones—"Heat, of course. You can't catch heat, but you can catch cold."—New York Journal.

Children's Ways. Ethel—"My mamma's going to be married again." Flossie—"Is she? I wouldn't allow my mamma to; if she did I'd tell my papa."—Westminster Review.

Strategy. "When I get off a joke I never smile." "What is your reason?" "If nobody sees the point I can prove an alibi."—Chicago Record.

More Than Likely. "Edith, when you accepted me I walked on air." "Well, is that where you got your idea that we could get married and live on air?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Cheerful Presence. "I can't understand how some people always have a good time wherever they go." "That's easy enough; they take it along with them."—Chicago Record.

A New Play. Modern Dramatist—"I've got another order for a new play." Wife—"Did the manager furnish you with a plot?" "Yes—er—that is, he showed me all the scenery he had."

Other Years, Other Titles. Daughter, who is this Mr. Eugene Wadsworth Carrington that is calling on you so often?" "Why, papa, he's the boy we used to call 'Buster' when he lived next door."—Chicago Record.

A Pleasure Trip. First Doctor—"I've got to make a trip out of town to-morrow." Second Doctor—"Be or pleasure?" "Both. I'm going to dine on a wealthy patient."—London.

Ill-Natured Ret. ar. "I never saw such a town as yours," declared the governor. "Every un-married man there is trying to enlist." "Don't blame 'em," responded the bachelor representative from the place in question; "the girls there have organized a cooking club."

Her Chilly Manner. "Ah!" he cried, "yesterday you welcomed me warmly. To-day you receive me coldly. What is the cause of this sudden change?" "Don't you read the papers?" she calmly replied. "My father has just inherited a cool million."—Chicago News.

What He Would Like. Employer (meeting clerk on the grand-stand)—"See here, Jenkins! You told me you would like to get off this afternoon and go to your mother-in-law's funeral." Clerk—"Yes, sir. I would like to do that first rate; only she isn't dead."—Judge.

A Matter of Words. "What a pushing fellow that young Migley is! Six years ago he was a waiter in a cheap restaurant. To-day he has a government job that pays him \$7000 a year." "Pushing, did you say. You've got the wrong word. Pushing is what you mean."—Chicago News.

Making It Right. Wife—"By the way, Clive, I had a letter from my banker while you were away. He said I had overdrawn my account." Husband—"Yes, dear; and what did you do?" Wife—"I told him not to be so rude again and sent him a check for the amount."—London Punch.

THE STALKING OF THE SEA WOLVES.

They had come from out of the East To ravage and burn and kill; And they stopped for a moment to rest and wait In a landlocked harbor still.

Then another old sea dog came. And they sat them down to wait, Unluring, stern, through long, dry days, At the harbor's frowning gate.

And the wolves came forth at last, And the grim sea dogs closed in; And the battle was won, and the Old Flag waved.

Humor of the Day. "My dear young lady, do you ever think of marrying?" "Think! why, I worry!"—Life.

"The face is an index of the mind." He—"Then your mind must be made up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Johnny—"Say, pop, did you ever wish you had lots of boys?" Papa—"Yes, my son; before I had you."—Brooklyn Life.

"The poem I sent in has been rejected and I am tired of life." "Don't send the next, then—take it there yourself."—Brooklyn Life.

First Old Soldier—"There's something familiar about that woman's face." Second Old Soldier—"That's so, I guess it's the powder."

"I want to buy a lamp." "Yes, sir; student's?" "No; I want one of those 'midnight lamps' that the poets polish poems by."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Dickie, how did you happen to eat the whole pie?" "Mamma, I played you wuz grandma, ar told me to take all I wanted."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Cawker—"But how do you know that it is a secret?" Mrs. Cawker—"How do I know? Why, everybody knows it's a secret."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Elmer—"Pa, when is a man really old?" Professor Broadhead—"Whenever he reaches the point where his ideal woman is one who is a good nurse."—Puck.

"What freaks one meets in boarding houses." "Yes, a lot of them around at our place have got up a purse and sent the landlady off on a vacation."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Wilkins—"Arthur, you used to say you loved the ground I walked on." Mr. Wilkins—"Yes, I know I did. Your father owned all the land in that vicinity."—Chicago Tribune.

"The Spanish army," said the tire-some boarder, "exists largely on paper." "Really?" said the Cheerful Idiot. "That can hardly be as nutritious as mule."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"What a lovely summer afternoon! How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above." He—"Y-a-a-s; nice day for a fellow to get his hair cut!"—Roxbury Gazette.

Messenger—"Hurry over to the museum, doctor, the glass-eater is ill." Doctor—"What seems to be the matter with him?" Messenger—"They say he has a pane in his stomach."—Standard.

Mr. Ferry—"You're lucky that you didn't live in the days when I was a boy." Bobby—"I dunno, popper. You might have been pretty good company when you was a kid."—Cincinnati Enquirer.