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The superiority of the American locomotive is gradually coming to be recognized in England, and this chiefly in connection with express train service. It is stated on the best authority that an English railroad is now building an engine patterned after an American model—another example of the way in which this country is leading the world in point of mechanical ingenuity.

South African trade reports during the last fiscal year indicate emphatically that the United States has large opportunities for commercial progress in the German, English and native colonies of South Africa. A glance, however, at the relative trade done by this country and Great Britain under conditions, too, that favor the United States, demonstrates that we have not yet begun to scratch around the margin of our opportunities in the commercial world. The day cannot be distant when we shall realize fully the importance of these opportunities and adapt our commercial spirit energetically along the lines of definite accomplishment, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Camara's fleet being useless—hardly able to keep itself afloat—and her others all at the bottom of the sea, Spain ought not to repine overmuch at the surrender of her colonial possessions. She has no means of protecting them, and few of communicating with them. Even when she had ships she could not keep them in fighting or sailing order. She will be much better off when confined to the limits of her peninsula. If she introduces these modern methods of industry and administration and teaches all her people to read and write, suggests the New York Tribune, a modest but fairly prosperous career may still lie before her—much more satisfactory than the one she is now forced to abandon.

Admiral Palumbo, the new Italian Minister of Marine, has decided to strike off the list of the active fleet all the ships which during the next naval manoeuvres show a speed inferior to that laid down by the navy regulations. In addition, every effort is being made to promote economy in the construction of battleships wherever such economy can be effected without loss of power. For instance, instead of paneled officers' cabins and saloons with expensive woods, simpler material will be employed. The older ironclads, like the Dandolo and the Duilio, will be examined and refitted wherever necessary. Besides all this, the German firm of Schlican has been commissioned to build four torpedo-boat destroyers, one of which will have a speed of thirty and the other of thirty-two knots.

The physiological evils of overwork have been the subject of official investigation in the Swiss schools, with the result that such evils appear to be so positive that in the case of the Canton of Lucerne severe repressive measures have come up for consideration by those in charge of such interests. The measures, as thus proposed by high educational authority, seriously limit the work to be done by pupils composing the six classes of the primary schools, provide that no lessons shall be studied at home, as is commonly the custom by children in this grade and only moderate tasks to be so required in the secondary schools. In regard to intervals, ten-minute recesses every half-hour are called for, a week's vacation every six or seven weeks, and attendance at school shall not begin before the age of seven.

The American triumph seems complete, says the Washington Star. The valor of the army and navy is highly praised. The marksmanship at sea is the marvel of the world. The kindly treatment of the Spanish prisoners excites both admiration and gratitude. The terms of the peace protocol are generous in an unexampled degree. And now there is applause from abroad for American diplomacy! That is victory, indeed. We have long been regarded as hopelessly short on diplomacy. We have been lectured and condescended with on that score. Attention has been directed to our crudeness, our lack of forms and ceremonies, and so forth. The learned foreigner has observed with pain, and at times with displeasure, that we invariably fail to discuss international questions either with due appreciation of their importance or with due regard to the polite requirements of such negotiations. But it is conceded now that, so far, in the business with Spain, though pursuing the old, crude and direct methods, the United States has won in diplomacy as in the field of war. The whole result is in justification of its methods of managing large affairs.

MODERN GRANDMOTHERS.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore, With such quaint old nursery jingles, that we always cried for more, With their spectacles and aprons, and their ruffled muslin caps, And their puffs of snowy hair, and their broad enticing laps?" Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those old and happy days, When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and acts and ways; When everything was different and simpler lives were led, Those days are gone, "the times have changed," with that, the whole is said.

THE VICTOR'S SPOILS.

A Story of Army Life. By Gwendolen Overton.

MISS TERRENCE, going down the line, watched the girl who was coming toward her. There were three men with the girl, and only Lancaster was with Miss Terrence. However, as he was all the world to her, Helena-like, she lacked not worlds of company. The six men met on the walk in front of Captain Lansing's quarters.

Lansing was a cynic who observed his kind and told the result of his observations. Such are deservedly unpopular, but command appreciative audiences that are the envy of the good-hearted. It was to an audience of the sort that he recounted the meeting, the same afternoon, when the band stopped playing and the invading hosts from the town had scattered and left the post to its rightful owners.

"Dorothy Terrence"—he began, laying his sabre across his knees and settling back to the temporary repose which alone can fall to the lot of the officer of the day—"Dorothy Terrence came up the day—"Dorothy Terrence with her, and she was looking happy. Miss Leeds—the banker's daughter, you know—came down the walk. She had Kant, and Dartmoor, and Ferguson with her, and she was looking like a celestial being. They were both dressed in white—but there was a difference. Mrs. Lansing says it lay in a silk foundation. Be that as it may, there was a fearfully and wonderfully made hat, all drifts and mists, and sprays of white, atop of Miss Leeds, and a fluffy-all-round sort of parasol atop of that. Dorothy saw Miss Leeds from afar, but the latter did not see Dorothy. They came together in front of my quarters—"and I with my harp was there." Dorothy moved to one side. It was her instant attitude, and, I fear, prophetic. The woman who steps aside can always stay there. But all might have gone well, and this story might never have been told, if Kant had not indulged his vulgar propensity for introductions. Miss Leeds bestowed a sweet and transitory smile upon Miss Terrence; but Lancaster is not the best-looking fellow in the Presidio for nothing. If any of you happen to share my good fortune of knowing her, you will understand what—in the nature of things and of men—happened when she turned her eyes upon him with a trick she has of seeming to look into one's very soul. She has the most beautiful voice outside of the heavenly choir, and she brought it in to play also. Dorothy stood it as long as she could, and then she tried to get him away. He never even heard her. If Miss Leeds had not gazed soul-searchingly at him, and told him that she must be going, but would see him at the hop, he doubtless would be standing there still, with Dorothy anxiously watching him. It will be worth going to the hop to see things happen."

Lancaster stood at the door of the dressing-room and watched Miss Leeds, while she waited for Dorothy. He saw her throw back her gorgeous cloak and drop it from her with the careless disdain of a celestial creature discarding some temporary earthly garment. That it fell on a chair and crushed other less splendid wrappings beneath it was a detail which escaped him. He watched her as the huddling feminine mass made way for her at the mirror and she stood unchallenged, leisurely touching her glimmering brown hair and pinning a great white rose upon her shoulder.

Dorothy waited at his side for fully five minutes before he saw her. Then she laughed mockingly up into his face, and wished that her laughter might have been a blow. As soon as he could leave her he went running and sliding across the floor to where Miss Leeds stood at bay before a besieging group. She was backed against the wall, and a sunburst of sabres was just above her head. "There are only twenty dances," she kept repeating, "and I never divide." Lancaster took two of his fellow-officers by the shoulders and put them out of his way. Miss Leeds looked into his eyes and smiled as it seemed to him, no woman had ever smiled before. She put her card into his hand. "The two with the crosses are the ones I promised you," she said. And as she had promised and he had asked nothing, his heart beat high with triumph. Not that it was a case of love at first sight. He was in love with Dorothy. But the most faithful of

that," he burst out, suddenly; "I am likely to lose my life." "Oh! come," she said, "you are not contemplating falling on the point of your sabre, or drowning yourself in the bay, or superinducing galloping consumption, are you? I have had men do a number of things for me, but never quite that."

"I am not contemplating doing any of those. I may be a good deal of a fool, but not enough of a one to put an end to myself for a woman who cares nothing for me."

"Yet that has been done," she suggested. "What I meant was—and what I intended to tell you when I asked you to come to-day, was that I am going to the war."

"That was to have been expected, of course. In your regiment ordered?" "Not yet, I am especially favored."

"When do you leave?" "The day after to-morrow. And now I am going to ask you to promise me something."

They had reined in their horses by the dynamite-guns, and sat looking over the white-capped blue sea.

"So that it is not something I can not promise." "Not that. I shall leave that until I come back—if I do come back. If I do not—in short, if I am killed"—she gave a little shudder; he saw that she did, and repeated—"if I am killed, I shall leave orders that my most treasured possessions shall be sent to you."

"Do you mean this mare?" "I mean the mare. It will make me as happy as it would seem I am meant to be, to know that if I die you will have her, and will ride her, and be kind to her. For you are fond of her, too."

Miss Leeds knit her brows and considered. "And if I should not?" she said. "She shall not go to any one else. I will have Dartmoor shoot her on the day that he hears my death confirmed."

Miss Leeds switched at the skirt of her habit. "Is there no one else who is fond of her, also?" "No," he answered.

"But that other girl you told me of?" "There flashed back upon Lancaster's memory how Dorothy had been wont to stand with her arms around the arched black neck, and her cheek against the warm, soft nose; how the mare had followed her fately round the garrison, as she would follow no other but himself. Then Miss Leeds turned the sun of her questioning eyes upon him. They were serious now, and their gentle light scattered the mists of memories. She only valued the horse for the master's sake, and the master is no longer anything to her. "Will you do as I ask?"

A little, ironical smile, the smile of an easy-going cynicism curled her lips. "Unto the victor belong the spoils. Yes, if anything happens to you, I will take the horse. But you must not be rash. I believe I prefer your safety to it."

Two months afterward, Miss Leeds, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of the black mare that had belonged to Lieutenant Lancaster, turned and glanced up into the face of the man who was riding beside her.

"Who was the girl you bowed to near the gates? The one with the big, sad eyes?" "It was Dorothy Terrence," he told her. "Lancaster used once to be engaged to her."

"No wonder, then, that she looked at me reproachfully." She tried to laugh, but the laughter broke and she grew white as she set the mare into a gallop. "There may, you know," she called to him, mockingly, above the clatter of the hoofs—"there may lurk the adder of remorse, among the victor's spoils."—Argonaut.

Puzzled Over Our Slang. "What gives me most trouble," said a foreign military attache, "is trying to translate your American language into English first, and then into my own language, so as to give my government a correct understanding of the spirit and character of your soldiers. I find the phrase 'get there, for example, difficult. When I saw your infantry going forward against the opposing troops in the forts and intrenchments, I said to the officer with me that the infantry should not attempt such a movement without artillery. 'You're right,' he told me, 'but the boys will get there.'"

"At night, when we were all so hungry, I ventured to inquire if a further movement were contemplated till your army was provisioned. Then the officers, who were gentlemanly, all laughed and said the army would think about rations when they 'got there.' The second day we met many of your wounded men coming back as we were going forward. When the Colonel asked them about the fighting so many times I heard them say: 'We got there.' And afterward also I heard those words very often. But it is so difficult for me to explain so my own people will understand it, what nature of tactics is 'got there.'"—Boston Transcript.

A New-Fangled Idea. A prominent downtown restaurant has put in a machine which "cuts ice," literally and also figuratively, in that it saves money.

Back behind the kitchen, shafting and the machinery necessary to run an ordinary hand saw have been put in, together with a little table. An employe takes a big cake of ice and saws it up into little cubes, just as a workman in a sawmill might make cubes out of a piece of timber.

The saw goes through the ice without causing any appreciable loss of material, the ice melts more slowly, and the little cubes, when placed in a glass of water, look neat and trim. Altogether, there is a great saving of time and ice.—Chicago Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

His Waterloo—Unnecessary Procrastination—A Clouded Life—Her Dilemma—An Art—A Deadly Grudge—A Deceived Wife—Alive to Business, Etc., Etc.

There was a man in our town who posed as quite a wit, and when a question he was asked, he always answered "Nix."

One day he met his Waterloo in a maiden dressed in pink. He asked her if she'd marry him; she answered, "I don't think."

Unnecessary Procrastination. "The man who wins," she said, "is the man who is always ready to embrace an opportunity."

"Well," he whispered, after he had slipped an arm around her, "how do I strike you as a winner?"

"Only fair," she answered. "This might have happened a month ago."—Chicago Daily News.

Her Dilemma. "Have I done anything to offend you, darling?" he asked, brokenly.

"To-day you passed me without bowing, and now you sit there with such an air of hauteur and pride that—"

"George," interrupted she, with an unbending air, but in her voice a cadence sweeter than music in the night, "I have a stiff neck."—Pick-Me-Up.

An Art. "That man is a great political leader," said Mr. Cornstossel's neighbor.

"Well," was the answer, "he isn't exactly what I'd call a leader. But he certainly has a great knack of finding out when the procession is going 'an' then gettin' out in front 'n' hollerin' 'come on fellers.'"—Washington Star.

A Clouded Life. Mrs. Bliffers—"Your old friend has such a sad face. Why is it?"

Mr. Bliffers—"Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and—"

Mrs. Bliffers—"And she refused him?"

Mr. Bliffers—"No. She married him."—New York Weekly.

A Deadly Grudge. "You and Briggs don't seem to be very good friends any more."

"No, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Why, what did he ever do to make you conceive such an opinion of him?"

"Made me believe I ought to take my bicycle apart for the purpose of cleaning it."—Chicago News.

A Deceived Wife. "I don't suppose my wife'll speak to me again for a week."

"Why?"

"About a month ago I bought a new razor without letting her know it, and since then she's kept on ripping seams with the old one. When she found out last night how she had been fooled her consternation was really pitiful."—Cleveland Leader.

Alive to Business. Clipper—"You remember Renten, the real-estate agent who went to the front with the volunteers?"

Lipper—"Yes, very well."

Clipper—"Well, at the battle of Siboney the American troops hadn't any more than captured the field when he went to the commanding officer and asked if he couldn't have an option on it for sale or lease."—Richmond Dispatch.

A Narrow Escape. "Ah, no!" she sighed. "There is nothing new under the sun."

He felt around for the mustache he thought he was raising, and turned a beseeching look upon her.

"Of course," she went on, "that can't be classed as new. It looks several weeks old at least."

For a moment, however, she thought she had permitted the Coopelewhite millions to get away.—Indianapolis Journal.

Moral Effect of Being an Ancestor. "You say Mrs. Weeks was here during my absence?" said the superintendent of the lunatic asylum to the attendant.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "she called to see about taking her husband home, but he positively refused to go—said he would rather stay here."

"I thought there was something suspicious about that man," said the superintendent. "He isn't crazy at all."—Chicago News.

Modern Conversations. Hicks—"Wheeler and Brassey met for the first time yesterday and they got on together famously. They kept up their talk until late in the evening."

Wicks—"What were they talking about?"

Hicks—"Bicycles and golf."

Wicks—"But Wheeler doesn't know the first thing about golf."

Hicks—"Neither does Brassey know anything about bicycling. Each kept it up on his favorite topic without listening to the other."—Boston Transcript.

Her Misfortune. Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated, "Oh, don't call me Peters—Call me Peet!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.—London Weekly Telegraph.

FOUGHT A DUEL IN TEXAS.

At Fifteen Feet, With Revolvers, and to Continue Shooting to the Death.

Two young men of El Paso, Texas, appealed to the code duello a few days ago to settle a score which they felt called for the shedding of blood. As a result of the meeting on the field of honor one of the principals and his second are in jail. The other principal is in the hospital and his second has fled to Mexico.

The feud which precipitated the duel had its origin three years ago, when Ramon Gomez, a young merchant of El Paso, eloped with and married the pretty sixteen-year-old sister of Antonio Velarde, of Juarez, Mexico. Young Velarde, who is a Spaniard, moved to El Paso after his sister's marriage and engaged in the cigar business. He refused to recognize Gomez, saying he was a stealer of young girls and unworthy of notice.

The contempt of Velarde greatly enraged Gomez, who sent his brother-in-law insulting messages, until Velarde threatened to horsewhip him if he sent any more, whereupon Gomez sent word to Velarde that he was a coward and would not fight.

The fiery young Spaniard's answer to this was a challenge, and the two men, accompanied by their seconds, Pablo Alvarez and Avelino Valarde, met on the river bank, within the corporate limits of the city, and fought.

The principals were stationed five yards apart, each armed with a .45-calibre Colt's, and instructed to begin firing at the word "Fire," and continue shooting to the death. Gomez fired three shots, and at Valarde's second shot Gomez fell, with the bone of his left leg shattered below the knee. Both of Velarde's shots took effect in his brother-in-law's left leg.

When Gomez fell Velarde ran toward him and the wounded man raised on his elbow and fired a fourth shot just as Velarde beat him into insensibility with his gun.

At this stage of the proceedings an officer appeared and the second accused, Velarde was put in jail, together with one of the seconds who was caught later, and Gomez was taken to the hospital, where his leg was amputated. Valarde protested against being arrested, saying the fight was by mutual agreement. Officers say this is the first case ever made in Texas for duelling, which is a penitentiary offence.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A German inventor has obtained an English patent for an improved asbestos stuff—asbestos leather—and its mode of manufacture.

Manila hemp is the fibre of a species of banana (Musa textilis) which thrives only in certain localities of the Philippine Islands, where it is cultivated by the natives.

A curious fact that has been brought out is that during the last twelve years at least, the mean temperature of April and May has been the same as the mean temperature of the year.

Evidence collected by M. Camille Flammarion tends to show a connection between the sun spot period and the yearly return of swallows, cuckoos and nightingales, and the flowering of chestnuts and lilacs.

The precise length of the mile of the ancient Romans has been investigated by Senor Antonio Plazquez, who finds it to have been the same as the Arab mile—1672 metres—although it has been hitherto rated at 1481 metres.

Osmium is the most infusible of the metals. It resists the oxygen flame, in which platinum and iridium fuse like water, and is even almost entirely unaffected by the electric arc, which readily melts the extremely refractory ruthenium.

An average man or woman requires not less than 3000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour, continuously supplied during that period, when asleep or in repose, about 4500 cubic feet per hour when engaged in light work; 10,000 cubic feet per hour if engaged in heavy work.

The principal kind of meat consumed by the people of Arabia, both native and foreign, is the mutton of the Somali, or blackhead sheep, and no matter by whom eaten all pronounce it the best mutton ever tasted. The sheep, as its name indicates, is from the Somali country on the African coast. These sheep have no wool, but short fine hair, similar to that of the dog. The most peculiar thing about them is that they have a large lump of pure fat growing right at the root of the tail, and this fat varies in size and weight according to the condition of the sheep. A medium-sized lump of this fat weighs about four pounds. Such a sheep which weighs from thirty-five to forty pounds, is sold at from four to five rupees (eighty-five cents to \$1.05). The skin when sun-dried is exported, and large quantities of them go every year to the New York market, where they are known as "mocha skins," but like the "mocha coffee" of commerce, this is merely a term and nothing else. In 1897 these skins were imported into New York to the value of \$628,226.—Detroit Free Press.

The Shekht and His House.

When the French came into contact with the Beduin in Algeria it was thought that a ready way of civilizing him would be to assist him to build himself a permanent habitation. A sheikh who was thus favored was full of gratitude to the French engineers who had built him a house. "Since my house was finished," he said, "I have not lost a single sheep. I lock them up in my house every night, and next morning I find them all in safety."

"Then where do you sleep yourself?" asked an officer in amazement. "Oh, for myself, a sheikh can live only in his tent!" said the other with dignity.—Household Words.

REFLECTED GLORY.

She used to smile upon me, But she doesn't any more; She holds her head much higher Than she ever did before. She regards me as a being Of a lower sphere to-day, For she looks down on me to-day When he took Manila bay.

She used to sit and listen To the thrilling tales I told; She used to look upon me As among the brave and bold. But I've ceased to interest her; She looks down on me to-day, For her cousin was with Dewey When he took Manila bay.

Oh, I wish her rival could see Were in Van Diemen's Land And that I had been with Dewey To pitch in and take a hand. Ah, her manner's cold and distant, And her glances seem to say, "You were not out there with Dewey When he took Manila bay." —Cleveland Leader.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dick—"Business is business, you know, Cholly." Cholly—"Yas, That's why I object to it, doncher know?"—Puck.

May Knott—"I did not think Jack would marry." DeWitt—"Neither did he. He considered himself an immine."—Judge.

"Cholly is all right, but I think his cables have been cut." "Cables cut?" "Yes; he has no intelligence."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"John, I'm sure there's a burglar downstairs!" He—"Well, we can tell by examining the silverware in the morning!"—Puck.

He—"What is the use of the bridal veil, anyhow?" She—"Why, it prevents the man seeing that the woman is laughing at him."—Yonkers Statesman.

He—"Did your friend, the soprano, ever reach high C?" She—"Yes, one day while she was at the dentist's, I believe she did."—Yonkers Statesman.

Miss Frooks—"Mr. Spokes, do you like 'Songs Without Words'?" Mr. Spokes—"Well, I very much prefer them to songs without sense."—Detroit Free Press.

Bride (breaking in at housekeeping)—"What miserable little eggs again! I really must tell the grocer to let the hens sit on them a little longer."—Roxbury Gazette.

Riprap—"The eyes are the windows of the soul." Wigwag—"Then the soul of the man whose eyes have been blacked looks out of stained glass windows."—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—"Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in lying in the coal-bin?" Joe—"Why, mother, I think she has seen the sign 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.'"—Life.

New Cook—"Do you put pertatoes on to boil in cold water or hot?" Old Cook (trained by his mistress)—"Phwicher iver way is th' most trouble do be th' roight way."—New York Weekly.

George—"You would make a good magician, Miss Sweetly." Miss Sweetly (who has just promised to be a sister to George)—"And how so?" George—"Slight of hand, you know."—Judge.

"When a man is angry he tells you what he thinks of you." "Yes, and when a woman is angry she tells you what she thinks of you and what everybody else thinks of you."—Chicago Record.

"What is the difference between your teas?" Clerk—"In those of the first quality some had tea is mixed with the good, and in those of the second quality some good is mixed with the bad."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mamma—"What do you mean, pouncing your little brother's finger with that hammer?" "Well, 'cause that's just what I did to mine, and you said he must have everything just the same as I have."—Harper's Bazar.

Proud Dame—"I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that." Romantic Daughter—"Oh! I'm not going to marry into my family; he's going to marry into my family."—New York Weekly.

"Don't you think, Mr. Spatts, that your joke about the butter is getting rather old and tiresome?" asked the lady of the house. "Um, yes; it does resemble the eggs somewhat," responded the kicker.—Philadelphia North American.

Noah—"Are all the aniv' on board?" Japhet—"All but Ichthy—ichthy—gimme a (writes ichthyosaurus and the ieo-sosaurus there) Noah (whispering) "Don't say a word about them; they never will be missed."—Puck.

Brown—"I don't understand it. When I gave my lawyer the facts in the case he decided it in five minutes." Jones—"Well?" Brown—"Well, when it got into the courts it took the judges three weeks to decide the same points, and they decided the other way!"—Puck.

Freddy's Uncle—"Well, no, Freddy, I don't think I care to swap knives with you; you see there's a history goes with my knife." Freddy (after a moment of sad reflection)—"Well, Uncle Jack, there's a 'Robinson Crusoe' goes with mine—how'll that do?"—Truth.

She—"You read your political paper and I read my fashion journal. I don't see why you object to what I read." He—"There is a great difference. There is no additional expense when I read my paper, but as soon as you read your paper you make a break for some millinery store."—Standard.

War sets the money in motion. The Revolutionary War cost \$135,198,703; the War of 1812, \$187,159,000; Mexican War, \$74,000,000; the Indian war and other minor wars, \$1,000,000,000, and the Civil War, \$8,500,000,000.