

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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This is a great country, indeed. Many of the men who are behind the guns will again become the men behind the plows.

If there is anything left in the jewel box Dewey ought to have it. He is the sturdiest, fighting Yankee of them all.

More than two hundred clergymen will accompany the German Emperor on his trip to Jerusalem. The chances are that he will preach a few sermons to them, just to show them how the thing is done.

The inadequacy of the plan to make Rear-Admiral Dewey a Vice-Admiral is in the nature of the title. Vice-Admiral means just what the words imply, deputy to an Admiral. Admiral is a noble title. It is from the Arabic Emir-al-mar, which means "Prince of the Sea." Admiral is the title given by every civilized nation except ours to the commander of a fleet.

The Chicago Board of Education has set about extending the usefulness of the public school system upon lines of recognized utility. It proposes to make the teaching of cooking and sewing a regular part of the training given to girls, as well as the ordinary rudimentary instruction in reading, writing, ciphering and grammar.

The recent announcement of the remarkable project undertaken by the West Australian Government, namely, to lay some 328 miles of water pipe, made of steel spiral imbedded in concrete, has received much attention, in view of the peculiar kind of pipe to be thus utilized. In the manufacture of this pipe, the sheet steel, after being cut into strips of a width varying with the required diameter of the pipe, is riveted or welded into a continuous strip of the required length; this strip is then fed automatically into the pipe-making machine, and during its passage through it the rivet holes are punched, and the laps of the edge of the strips are brought together under pressure, and held during the process of riveting. The rivets are all set by compression. The edge is slightly recessed, throwing the lap on the outside. In this way the inside diameter of the pipe is maintained evenly throughout the entire length. To render the pipe water-tight on leaving the machine, special hydraulic cement is inserted between the laps before riveting.

The New York Sun observes: The demonstration of the importance of sea power throughout our war with Spain has been striking; but it is worth noting what a powerful agent in peace-making our navy was even when at rest. What was it that Spain of late most dreaded? Not immediately our land forces, either in the Antilles or the Philippines. In Cuba she saw General Shafter's army moving away from the island on account of the fever, and she knew that no campaign against Havana would be tried until after the rainy season. In any case, she was ready to give up both Cuba and Porto Rico, while the fall of Manila had been a foregone conclusion ever since Dewey's victory. But while nothing over the seas immediately threatened her which she had not already faced, she could not endure the home panic which would be caused by an attack of our fleet on her coasts. That our own Government was fully alive to this fact was evident from its continued preparations to send an overwhelming force across the Atlantic, in case of a serious hitch in the peace negotiations. Thus the influence of our sea power was visible even while the negotiations for peace were going on.

THE OLD CANTEEN.

(By a Veteran of the Mexican War.) Where are those that marched that morning? Elbow touching elbow true? Many sleep, but few are waiting For that silent, last review. Guns and knapsacks both have vanished, In the years that long have been; My old army all remaining— My old army in the canteen.

"A VERY POPULAR MAN."

A TALE OF POLITICAL LIFE. By ASHLEY LAWRENCE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Mr. Van Buren Croffutt, a young man who felt, from the hour he cast his first vote, a call to go up higher, and take a prominent seat among the rulers of the land.



Mr. Croffutt was a reader of human nature, with a strong faith in policy, and no idea of principle. He was crafty rather than wise, and saw no difference between notoriety and fame. To be sure, he had some grounds for his belief; for he saw the prominent officials in his country selected, not with an eye to personal fitness, but because they were popular with the people.

Mr. Croffutt deliberated on his future, and, to achieve success, decided to go to work systematically, in order to make himself popular. This is how he reasoned: "A popular man must be a man of the people, and to be a man of the people, one must never sink below the average, nor rise above the majority; so it is equally dangerous to be a drunkard or a scholar! The popular man should neither be a sloven nor a fop in dress, nor a boor or courtier in manner. He should know the people—not only the voters, but their wives and children, their hopes and fears, their success or ill-fortune; and he should ever comment on the things nearest to the heart of the man he is addressing. To be popular, one should be active for the friends he hopes some day to use, but never positive, so as to rouse the opposition against him. A friend in the camp of the foe is a pillar of strength to the popular man."

This, and much more in the same vein showed that Mr. Croffutt went to work with a plan. He had a temper, but he kept it to himself; and if he had any individual views on government, religion or education, he never permitted them to interfere with his agreeing, in his very indefinite way, with the views of people diametrically opposite.

He cultivated a memory for names, and carried a memorandum book, in which each night he noted down the name of every new acquaintance he had met during the day, and every circumstance connected with the introduction. Therefore, he was continually complimenting people who had forgotten him, and showing his interest in them by a curious knowledge of their names, as well as the names of their friends, and other matters that proved he must have retained the most pleasant remembrance of them.

He complimented the temperance men by quietly wishing them success, and publicly attending their lectures and open meetings, but at the same time he took care to keep in with the liquor dealers and men addicted to the flowing bowl by an occasional mild indulgence, to prove he was a believer in the virtues of moderate drink.

All this tended to make Mr. Van Buren Croffutt very popular, but it was not many years after his first vote was cast that he discovered he was still without the pale, and beyond his captivating manners, had no tie that bound him to men by the endearing name of "brother."

He belonged to no society banded for special purpose, and to no order united by mysterious ties for the perpetration of mystic ceremonies and the deepening of the channels of fraternal love. Mr. Croffutt was a member of the bar, a nominal lawyer with a small patrimony that rendered him comparatively independent of fees; but the legal profession, though very noble, does not lead to strong fraternal feelings between its members in a small country town.

Mr. Van Buren Croffutt decided, after much thought, to become a society man in the most liberal and literal meaning of the word. Such a course would enlarge the field of his acquaintance, and enable him to be among brothers no matter where he went.

So Mr. Croffutt began to take "degrees," and to be initiated into the mysteries of all the secret societies

the subject of marriage. It was, next to popularity, the thought with which he most busied his brain; and, as he desired his popularity to give him honors and office, he was anxious his marriage should bring him wealth and high social position. It was with this feeling that he sought every opportunity to meet beautiful Jennie Livingston, the daughter of the wealthy Judge, who had declined a foreign mission, and who was spoken of for the Supreme Bench.

The Livingstons were very aristocratic, and this branch of the Croffutt family had never been named for their position. Miss Jennie, it is to be feared, was a coquet, for she delighted in being the recipient of attentions, and a more popular man than Mr. Van Buren Croffutt might have been flattered by the encouragement she gave him; an encouragement so marked that Mr. Croffutt's brothers and fellow-members began to joke him about his approaching marriage, and the gossips, who flourish so vigorously, discussed the alliance with characteristic freedom and sense of certainty.

About this time there was to be a Congressional election in the district where Mr. Croffutt lived. He had looked forward to this particular election for years, and so expressed no modest surprise when many of his brothers and fellow-members assured him he would get the nomination; and a nomination meant an election, for the district was overwhelmingly on the side of the party to which Mr. Croffutt nominally belonged.

Not to extend the matter, Mr. Croffutt was nominated, but only after the most bitter opposition, and a talk of "boiling" that surprised the popular man, who had even been flattering himself that the other party would make no nomination.

At this time, and for many years before, there was a young man in Judge Livingston's office of about Mr. Croffutt's age. His name was John Wilson, and outside of his profession, where he was successful and honored, he was but little known.

He was a tall, student-like man; a member of no society, and the only support of a widowed mother. Mr. Wilson was dignified and reserved in his manners; but those who knew him well said he was the soul of generosity and honor, and those who did not know him well had an idea that he was very learned, as all reserved professional men are generally supposed to be.

Though John Wilson was a brother lawyer, Mr. Van Buren Croffutt did not like him. John was the one man about whom Mr. Croffutt did not hesitate to give a positive opinion, and always an unfavorable one; and this dislike grew very much stronger when the rumor that the discontents agreed to support Mr. Wilson, and the opposition would make no nomination, ripened into a certainty.

Mr. Croffutt was annoyed and alarmed; for, following the above information, came an invitation from Mr. Wilson to meet him before the people and discuss their respective claims to the position of Representative.

Mr. Croffutt was a popular speaker, but not an orator; Mr. Wilson was an orator, but his popularity was not tried. Mr. Croffutt had great faith in people; Mr. Wilson had great faith in himself.

The canvass went on with increasing heat, and the popular man found himself assailed by the press, and, to his amazement, all his motives, and many motives he never had, were held up to the gaze and ridicule of the people.

The election came off and the returns came in. Mr. Van Buren Croffutt was beaten! It was an awful blow—a blow that changed as if by magic the whole nature of the popular man. He sought the society of the Jolly Larks, and was seen, one day, in court, under the influence of liquor. He openly denounced brothers and members who had voted against him, till, at last, brothers and members began to wonder how they could ever have endured him.

A defeated man needs a great deal of self-respect and a great deal of self-reliance. Mr. Croffutt knew himself, and had neither.

The admiration he had entertained for Miss Livingston before his candidacy increased into most demonstrative love after his defeat; and when he learned that Wilson was before him even in the affections of the proud young beauty, his pronounced dislike was supplanted by the most vindictive hate, which he did not disguise.

About a month before Mr. Wilson was to depart for Washington, the day of his departure being the one selected for his marriage, he was found, one morning, in a piece of woods, between the town and his mother's house, with a bullet in his breast.

The news spread far and wide, with the proverbial quickness of bad news, and that Mr. Wilson was murdered, and the people flocked into the town, even those who had voted against him expressing their sorrow at his death and respect for his character.

"Who could have done the deed?" everybody asked, in open-mouthed wonder, and nobody attempted to solve the mystery.

But young Wilson was not dead, though all the doctors vowed he ought to die, according to medical regulations. He was nursed back to life, and recovered, though the wedding and the time of taking his seat in Congress were necessarily postponed.

Croffutt aided in the search; but from that day on he was a shunned man. He had still a member's standing in the societies, but the brothers avoided him. His clients, never many, dwindled away. Men whose hands he had clasped in mystic fraternity, crossed the streets to avoid him, and he walked a solitary man in the streets, where the children had shouted his name, and where his journeys had been often delayed for hours by the extemporized ovations of his acquaintances and friends. He was wise enough to leave the town; but whether he went, no one knows even to this day.

It is to be hoped, however, no matter where he is, that he has learned how uncertain is the pedestal on which very popular men stand, and how great is the difference between respect and familiarity.—Saturday Night.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The seacoast line of the globe is computed to be about 136,000 miles. The color of the sky is the blue tint of oxygen gas, one of the chief ingredients of the air.

On every square inch of the surface upon which it rests, atmosphere bears with a pressure of about fifteen pounds.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of two thousand feet.

The fact that skeleton remnants of elephants are so rarely found in any portion of Africa is explained by an explorer, who states that as soon as the bones become brittle from climatic influences, they are eaten in lieu of salt by various ruminant animals.

A Berlin (Germany) patent agency announces that a Polish engineer has found a way of chemically treating straw in such a way that it can be pressed into a substance as hard as stone and cheaper than wood paving, for which it is expected to prove a substitute.

In 1808 Sir Humphry Davy made the first electric light; it was not adapted to commercial use, however. Electric lamps were made in France early in the fifties. The exact date seems not to be known. Edison adapted the incandescent light to commercial use.

It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but opinions still differ as to how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer has made observations on the subject, and he declares it impossible for thunder to be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to 130 seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give a distance of twenty-seven miles.

The students of a certain big medical college of this city, says the Philadelphia Record, are enjoying a good joke at the expense of one of their professors. The case in question was that of a young man suffering from nervous trouble who was introduced to the clinic.

In some diseases of the nervous system there is an interference of the blood supply to the smaller blood-vessels of the skin, which show a congestion of the venous blood. A common symptom, for instance, is a blue color in the finger-tips. The subject before the clinic on this occasion seemed to the physician to afford an excellent illustration of this condition.

"Look at this young man's hand," he said. "Do you notice anything peculiar about them?"

The students when closer to investigate, but no one ventured an opinion that anything unusual was to be seen. "What?" went on the professor. "Can't you see the condition of the patient's blood indicated there in the blue color of his hands? That proves—"

But at this point the patient's mother, who was sitting near by, interrupted.

"Why, doctor," said she, "that blue is eye. He works in a tannery."

The students laughed, and the professor laughed, too, but he suddenly changed the subject.

Walnut Forest of 1811 Exhausted.

Secretary Watson of the Lumbermen's Exchange reported that a vast forest of walnut had been unearthed in Southeast Missouri. In 1811 an earthquake in that part of the State resulted in the sinking of large tracts of land. Since then there have been annual floods in that district, each year adding to the accretions. While ago two farmers, walking through a part of the district, noticed what to their eyes seemed to be the ends of walnut trees sticking out of the sunken places and tipped over. Remembering that vast amounts of cedar wood had been dug up in various places, the farmers reported their observations, and the ground was explored. It was found to be rich in trees of black walnut from twenty-eight to thirty-six inches in diameter.

Secretary Watson states that there are two parts to a walnut tree. The centre consists of solid, black wood, and the rest of the tree is a soft, sappy growth, which is of little use for commercial purposes. In these new trees, just unearthed, the sap has all rotted off, leaving only the black heart or solid portion of the tree. This is found to be a fine specimen of walnut, with an unusual depth of color.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Telephone Service in Great Britain.

It is stated that the select committee on the telephone service in Great Britain have agreed by a majority to recommend that the postoffice shall grant licenses to municipalities on the same terms as it does to the National Telephone Company—that is to say, ten per cent. of the rentals charged to customers.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Grounds for Suspicion.—An Example at Hand.—Mother Knew Better.—A New Application.—On the Way.—Juvenile Finance.—Results of the Loan.

I have a little pear tree That blossomed in the spring. And with watchful care and loving I have nursed the graceful thing. Two pears grew on its branches. The first I eat ever bore; Each weighed, when last I saw them, Full half a pound or more.

When I got home last evening, And went to view my tree, The two green pears were missing— My hopes had gone aglee! I do not know who took them— Who 'twas I cannot swear. But my neighbor's boy is under; The doctor's watchful care.—Cleveland Leader.

Mother Knew Better. He—"Why is it your mother so seldom trusts us alone?" "Oh, mother knows me better than you do, George."—Life.

A New Application. "We call our new safe Samson." "Because it is so strong, eh?" "Yes, and its strength depends on its locks."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

An Example at Hand. She—"Did you ever see a bird on a man's hat?" He—"Yes, dear; there's one on my hat now. Will you kindly get up?"—Tonkers Statesman.

Juvenile Finance. "Come here, Bobby; would you like to have me give you a quarter?" "No; gimme a dime; I can spend that fore pa or ma wants to borrow from me."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Way. "The scorchers is a nuisance," declared the quiet man, "and should be exterminated." "Well," replied the frivolous one, "he is going fast."—New York Journal.

Usually the Way. Blister—"I'd like to see that new device of yours for preventing the theft of a watch." Kister—"Can't show it. It was stolen from me yesterday by a pick-pocket."

Results of the Loan. Storekeeper—"Have you nothing smaller than a \$50 bond?" Customer—"Eh? Oh, yes, here, I forgot. I have a couple of 20's somewhere about me."—Philadelphia North American.

At the Opera. "Did you enjoy the opera?" "No; I didn't hear it." "Why not?" "Two women sitting in front of me were explaining to each other how they loved the music."

One Good Result. "The war has developed John's memory wonderfully." "In what way?" "He can sing four lines of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' almost correctly."—Cleveland Leader.

How the Quarrel Began. Mrs. Kindle—"The woman who ill-treats her husband deserves to have her house burned over her head." Mrs. Cross—"That's so. By the way, is your house insured, my dear?"—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Not Disposed to Delay Him. "I would go to the end of the world for you," he exclaimed, passionately. "I'm sure I wish you would," she answered him, coldly, "and—then jump off!"—Somerville Journal.

A Heavy Part. "They have given me the heaviest part in the new play." "You don't say! What is it like?" "I have to catch the big fat leading lady when she faints in the fourth act."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Timely Suggestion. She—"George!" He—"Yes, dearest." She—"It is just 10 o'clock, and as papa says you must not stay longer than 12, don't you think it is about time to begin saying good-night?"—Up-to-date.

A Change of Scenery. Stage manager (to lessee of theater).—"Our scene shifter wants a holiday. He says he hasn't been away for three years." Lessee—"Well, tell him he cannot have one. He gets change of scenery enough for anybody."

A Recompense. Mrs. Tomkins—"Mrs. Yabsley has had such an experience! Arrested for shoplifting! All a mistake, of course." Mrs. Jenkins—"I suppose she must have been very much annoyed?" Mrs. Tomkins—"Not at all. The papers all said she was of 'prepossessing appearance.'"

The Guileless Youth. "Do you know, Mr. Gilley," said Miss Sears, enthusiastically, "that I have ridden a century?" "Oh, come, now, Miss Sears," replied Mr. Gilley; "you can't have done that, doncher know, because bicycles haven't been invented that long, aw."—Detroit Free Press.

A New Kind of Trolley. Who would have thought ten years ago that the following little conversation would occur in 1898? "Mamma, mamma," said four-year-old Doty, as a tired pair of horses lazily dragged a street car along an unfamiliar avenue, "there's a new kind of trolley car as have to have horses."—Electrical Review.

JUST ABOUT THESE DAYS.

I dunno what's th' reason that along about this season, When th' golden-rod is tallest an' th' garden's gettin' brown; When I hear th' crickets honin' an' th' locusts dronin', dronin', An' th' apples in th' orchard one by one a-droppin' down,

That I sorer drop my hurry an' fo'git about my worry As I loaf aroun' th' pasture an' enjoy th' autumn haze, An' fo'git th' cricker's hummin' as I feel th' tear-drops comin', An' I somehow hear th' voices that I heard in other days.

It's a sort of a review'n' thing for years I been a-doin'— An' it seems as if th' biggest what's ever only childish play; While th' things most with th' keepin', an' for which to-day I'm weepin', Took advantage of my blindness an' have vanished clean away.

Yes, this autumn air is clearer, an' it brings up old's nearer, Or perhaps it multiplies 'em when I see 'em through my tears. Maybe that may be th' reason that along about this season I kin see th' loves I uster love arrayed along th' years.

I kin hear my mother singin'; I kin feel her hand a-cingin' Aroun' my boyish neck ag'in an' see her lovin' gaze. I shall had th' future brighter, all my loads will be th' lighter, For the dreams that I am dreamin' as I loaf about these days.—Judge.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Is Hobbs a man of fads?" "I'm inclined to think so. He has a fifth wife."

Miss Askins—"Do you claim to understand women?" Jack DeWitt—"Not I! I know them too well."—Puck.

"He always went to the foot in school." "Then, maybe, that's how he turned out to be a corn doctor."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Don't you think that's rather a clever drawing of Dauber's?" "Well, the face does look rather drawn."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Wallace—"It is the ambition of your life, I suppose, to do without work." Perry Patetic—"Not to do, mum; to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Hilliver—"Husband, dear, what makes you so pensive?" Mr. Hilliver—"Possibly, love, it's because you are so expensive."—Jeweler's Weekly.

"They say that the boys in camp are occupying cramped quarters." "Yes; they are between a peach orchard and a watermelon patch."—New York World.

Singleton—"They say Meekton fell in love with his wife at first sight." Benedick—"Well, I'll bet he wishes he had been gifted with second sight now."—Truth.

Little Girl—"It is selfish of you, Johnnie, to play at ships when I have not got one." Ditto Boy—"You can play, too; you can be the storm, and blow."—Pick-Me-Up.

William (reading)—"Pa, what's a prolonged conflict?" Pa—"It's something you'll never be able to understand, my boy, until you grow up and get married."—Chicago Daily News.

Dasherly—"The Spaniards call us a 'nation of shop-keepers.'" Flasherly—"Well, what kick have they got coming? We gave them a great deal more than they bargained for."—Puck.

Chinmie—"Billy, I've hit a job as elevator boy. Dat's wot I ben simin' at for two years." Billy—"Two years! Golly! You must have some Spanish blood in ye."—San Francisco Examiner.

Tenor—"When I gave my first concert four people had to be carried fainting out of the hall." Friend—"O, but since that time your voice has considerably improved."—Flag-ende Blaetter.

Florida Native—"They say that rich gent from the Nawlth has a half-grown alligator." Second Florida Native—"Ya-as; an' bimely they'll say that a full-grown alligator has got that rich gent from the Nawlth."—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Ayriled. 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.

"Your brother-in-law still at your house, Wallace?" "Yes, but he is beginning to weaken. I have him pushing the lawn-mower every morning and the ice cream freezer every afternoon. I think he will go before I am driven to starting him in on the washing."

Lake of Black Dye in California.

In the vicinity of the Colorado River in Southern California there is one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. The strange black fluids bears no resemblance whatever to water; it is thick, viscid and foul-smelling. Experiments have proved it is not poisonous, but makes an excellent dye. It has been analyzed, but its qualities are not yet made known. The lake is situated about half a mile from a volcano, and occupies an area of about one acre. The surface is coated with gray ashes from the volcano, which serves to conceal it from the view of the unwary traveler, and makes it a dangerous locality. Nothing definite is known as to its source of supply, but it is undoubtedly of volcanic origin.

Naturally the Indians have a legend in connection with this remarkable phenomenon. The lake, they say, is composed of the blood of their bad brothers, who are suffering in their hell, amid the volcanoes. The surroundings suggest the infernal regions with active and dead volcanoes, spouting geysers, boiling springs and a "lake of ink."—New York Tribune.