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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

More woe for the downtrodden farmer. An English professor announces that the wheat crop will be a total failure in 1931.

The English speaking races are all right. The charge of the Twentyfirst Landers through a body of 2000 ambushed fauatical Dervishes is an English contribution to the lesson which American troops taught at Caney and San Juan. It is a great year this 1898.

New York is to have a permanent exposition, with a capitalization of \$20,000,000, for the display of manufactured products of the United States. It is proposed to erect immense buildings, and house each line of products in a separate building. London, Paris, Berlin and other European cities now have such permanent expositions.

The brutal murder of the Empress Elizabeth adds another family calamity to the many that have afflicted the unfortunate Franz Josef, of Austria. He has lost by violent deaths his favorite brother, the Emperor Maximilian, and his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, while it is hardly a year ago that his wife's sister, the Duchesse d'Alencon, was burned to death in the charity bazaar fire in Paris. A fate as relentless as any in Greek tragedy seems to pursue him. The murderer is said to be an Anarchist. What political wrong could be avenged or advantage to the cause gained by the killing of this inoffensive woman it must be difficult for even a militant Auarchist to demonstrate. Of all crowned heads in Europe the Austrian Empress was preeminent for her efforts to put aside the trammels of her rank and had notoriously never interfered with the polities of even her own country. At the time of her death she was an invalid seeking for health and traveling as a private person. The crime committed against her cannot be dignified into a political assassination; it is the unprovoked murder of a helpless woman, proclaims the New York Sun,

The complete destruction of all disease causing microbes 18, of course, the aim of modern methods of sewage treatment and disposal, and in a method recently devised calorific sterilization is added to the ordinary processes. The treatment consists essentially in allowing the sewage to flow into tanks which are subdivided in such a manner that the liquid passes through a restricted passage, where it comes in contact with a current of air under pressure. In its passage through the various cells the solid matter is deposited in a number of pockets, from which it is subsequently taken to be dried and burned, The distinctive feature of the process occurs in the next operation, where the liquid, after having been mixed with alkali, passes through a series of heat exchanges, in which it cools and is itself heated by liquid previously acted upon. From the heat exchangers the liquid next passes to the sterilizers, where it is heated and propelled through coils by means of steam jets to another vessel. The last stage in the treatment consists in its passage under a sludge-drying platform to a settling-tank, and its exit through filters in a pure and wholesome condition.

Philadelphia was noted for its cleanliness as far back as 1860, the Ledger of that city claims, when the daily per capita consumprion of water was thirty-six gallons. Conditions as to cleanliness are no better now, when the average daily per capita use is over 200 gallons, and the conclusion is that the excess consumption over that in 1860 is wasted. With the acknowledged vile condition of the water furnished in Philadelphia not much better use could be made of it than to permit it to run into the sewers, but that is an expensive disposition of it, as the cost of providing the total supply is assessed uniformly upon the houses or tenements, according to the size of the supply pipe. As the amount used by each individual bears no im mediate relation to the price he pays. no concern is left regarding leaking fixtures, and faucets are left conveniently turned on day and night. In many places fans, sewing-machines, and other small machinery are run by water-motors, the cost of which is a charge on the general water assessment. Appeals to remedy the injustice to those who do not waste the water have been made in vain to the Councils, and a way is now pointed out to consumers whereby they can protect themselves. That is by having meters pat in, which can be done under existing ordinances. Then they would pay four cents per thousand gallons, or about one-third what they

THE RETURNING.

They march behind their tattered flag, Our very hearts it charms, But spent and slow their footsteps lag The weary men-at-arms.

With gallant haste they stormed the hill, And dared the deadly fray; They had no lack of nerve or will In battle's fearful day. Phough bullets swept their thinning ranks,

They did not pale with dread.
o-day they smile and utter thanks
Above that roll of dead.

A subtler foe, a willer craft,
Has mowed them since the fight;
L bitter cup their lips have quaffed,
Fever, and cold, and f-ight,

And famine, ghastly enemies, Have had them for their prey. Well may they lag behind the flag, Our men-at-arms this day.

And home returned, the brilliant skies Gre dark to us who see.
The at blur our pitying eyes
How was war can be.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

(New 1 - New1 - New 1 MIGUEL, THE PUNKA-COOLIE

A Tale of Manila.

By Charles B. Howard

Calle de Carenero. The coolies had transferred the slight damage, and talkative Chinese carpenters were swings overheada novelty for me, as I had not

needed one in the old office. At last the incessant, quavering gabble of the three carpinteros, combined with their marked odor of opium, sandal-wood and warm humanity, drove me outside until the work should be finished.

I found at the door a crowd of natives beside my clerks, who, it seemed, were candidates for the position of punkero, or coolie, whose duty it is to keep the fan swinging during business hours. Considering the harrowing monotony of the work, his pay is very low. They were all boys in various stages of dirt and nakedness, except one, whose appearance attracted my attention.

He was a tall, old man, neatly dressed in snowy shirt and trousers, with a fine, intelligent face. His hair was nearly white, which indicated a pretty ripe age, for a Filipino's head seldom shows signs of grayness before he is fifty, and I never saw one in the sacred?

"Does that viejo-old fellow-want "Si, senor," answered Jose, with a pidgin-Spanish:

"He doesn't look like it," said I. "Mira-look here-viejo, canst thou

not find better work?" "No, senor," he answered, respect-fully. "I have a wife and crippled

son to support, senor, and I hope I may be allowed to serve your grace.' The old man's Spanish was pure and good, and his replies to the few

questions I asked betrayed an education far superior to that of the ordinary native. I was puzzled to know why boy from the wilderness; but he was very reticent in a respectful way, and added, looking around. dodged my questions most diplomatic-

At last I decided to try him, partly as a curiosity, for no other office in the place was ornamented by a punkero of such vererable and dignified appear-

out-and ordered Jose, much to that worthy's amazement at my choice, to install Miguel, as he called himself, in his position as soon as things were ready. Furthermore, I told Jose, with emphasis, to see that the other clerks attempted no "skylarking" with the old man.

When I returned I found the punks in place, and Miguel maintaining his dignity wonderfully on a three-legged stool, with the cord in his hand, which he began te pull as I entered, filling the room with a refreshing whirlwind.

Thus old Miguel became a fixture in my office, and performed his lowly task faithfully and well. He was always at his post when I arrived in the morning to greet me with "Buenos dias, senor!" He tugged patiently at that crippled son to support, too, I rehis cord till I donned my jacket and riding-boots at five o'clock, the signal for "Buenos noches, senor!" and his

The old man's one drawback-and that only at first-was a persistent tendency to go to sleep at his post. I tried to cure him of the habit by sawing off one leg of the stool. This kept him awake an hour or two, but he soon found that by propping one edge of the stool against the wall, he could still take a little nap, and I was obliged to have another leg of the stool cut him, and your off. After that I had no more trouble, had in pleuty. for the effort necessary to balance himself on the one-legged stool kept the

old man awake. It was so unusual to see a man of his age doing such work that my business friends used to remark upon "H.'s

Punka Methuselah." Now and then his wife would come in to see him -a dear old coffee-colored lady, with brilliantly colored skirt and starched mantilla, while her white, frizzly hair was adorned with an immense horn comb. She was such a dainty old creature, and the courtesy with which she always favored me was so like that of a duchess of the last century that I could never hesitate to rise and bow with the utmost gravity, which performance created the displayed little or no appreciation with Miguel's tally-sheets. I set the the wildest hilarity on the part of the of his promotion, and when on pay day clerks to work gathering these first Englishman who witnessed it, I handed him the additional pesos, he while I endeavored to open the sate. and I had a bad time at the club table

that evening.

HARMED by my funny Spanish, if her husband was prospects I had doing his work to my satisfaction, and just moved into a I as often assured her that he left new office in the nothing to be desired, whereupon she would pat his shoulder in approval, and they would converse in their own language, all g's and n's apparently.

One afternoon, toward the end of June, there entered the office an old three long and Chinese merchant, Quin Leng by name, who long before had lived in the Philippines, but who now resided putting up a punka, at home in Hongkong, and came or big fan which across the troublous China Sea occasionally on a business trip.

After the usual long-drawn greetings, we proceeded to business and were deeply involved in the prices of hemp and sugar when his glauce happened to fall on Miguel, pensively laboring at the punka-cord, and he stopped arguing with an abrupt "Wah-pia!" the Chinaman's usual ex-clamation of surprise.

Then, with an apology to me, he rose, waddled across the room and held out his hand to Miguel, saying, "Como va,-how goes it,-Senor Ortiz?"

Miguel took the proffered hand with a stately bow, and replied, quietly, "Muy bien, gracias,-very well, thank you,-senor. I trust it is well with your grace, also?"

All this was very much out of or der. How came a high-class "Chino" merchant, and a mandarin of the blue button at that, to be greeting thus cordially an old punka-coolie, infinite ly beneath 'him in that social standing which the Chinaman holds so

My bewilderment was probably visible in my face as Quin Leng resumed to be a punkero?" I asked Jose, the his seat, for he smiled like a yellow half-moon, and said, in his queer

man Miguel and years ago was the chief clerk and 'majordomo' of Augustin, Ramon y Ca"-a famous old Spanish house in Manila, long since failed and gone. Did you know that?" I shook my head, and he went on:

"He was discharged for stealing money, they said. What a pity!] never believed it. Ah, Miguel and I were good friends in the old days!" "How did it happen?" I asked. "I cannot say," he replied, "but the story was that Miguel was left alone

he should be an applicant for a posi- in the office all that afternoon, and tion generally considered beneath the afterward could not account for three dignity of any one but a half-grown hundred silver dollars which had been brought in. It is strange, also," he "This is the very same office they had then!" "How long ago was it?" I asked. "Let me see-it was the third of

June of the year 18--, I have reason to remember it well, for it was the same day that my godown-warehouse-was sadly damaged by an earthquake, and I had to pay eighteen pesos for the three coolies that were killed in it."

Our business was soon concluded. and as Quin Leng went out he laid his long-naited hand on Miguel's shoulder and said, smiling, "Back in the same old nest, old bird, eh?" And Miguel replied with a quiet, "Si senor."

So this was the story of my queer punkero, I reflected. Surely he had been amply punished by all these years of poverty and degradation-reluced from a position of trust, with comparative wealth, to living in a nipa hut among the lowest class of natives.

How he had managed to live in the meantime I never knew; but it troubled me a good deal during the next few days to see the patient old fellow at flected.

I could not pay him more than other punka-coclies received without getting all the other business men down on me. Although I wanted to give him some employment more worthy of his ability, I was only the agent of a great house at home, and my responsibilities were too heavy already to justify my placing in a position of any trust a man accused of theft. I knew none of the other houses would take him, for I

concluded after all to keep him at that still serviceable stairs.

So a new punkero, considerably less corner; and the old table had deremarkable in aspect, was established tached itself from the wall, vanquished on the one-legged stool, and Miguel its solitary leg, and lay in the middle spent his days in the godown, report- of the room, leaving a ragged gap in ing at the office late every afternoon. the walls, while the floor was strewn merely thanked me gravely; but the next morning I found his senora wait- knees in the corner exclaimed, "Mira, She would invariably inquire, in ing for me, and she was so overpower- senor!"

ingly demonstrative in her gratitude that she demoralized the whole office

force for a time.

One day in July, the worst season of the year until the rains come, his tally-sheets, and spread them out beauty were past.

The thousands of big silver dollars me aside with scant ceremony, and that had been rattled and counted on throwing himself down on his knees, its surface had sadly dimmed its pol- plunged his hands into the heap and ish; earthquakes had cracked it, as examining them with feverish excitewell as the office walls and ceiling, ment, like the most grasping old miser, and some great convulsion had caused the walls in that corner to settle, so with you-Miguel?" I demanded that the old table tilted rather awk- rather testily, as I recovered my balwardly, and everything deposited on it had a tendency to coast rapidly down into the corner.

The day had been hotter and sulstillness in the air that always seems to forebode some strange event, and I totals, while Mignel stood by, waiting so long ago, and when the earthquake for my final approval.

felt thick and heavy, and the drowsy ripped slightly away from the wall, creak, as the great fan swung slowly and tilted up as the floor settled. The to and fro, and an occasional sleepy silver and other things must have cry from the street were all the sounds poured down into the space thus I heard as I muttered, "Fifty bales, opened, which had closed up when seventy-five, a hundred"—and then I the convulsion was over, and buried stopped, for the table was trembling the dollars and Miguel's good name under my hands, and strange, groaning sounds were coming from the

"Terremoto - earthquake-senor," said Miguel, calmly.

There had been several slight shocks during the last few days, but none heavy enough to disturb us, and we had become quite used to them, so went on: "One twenty-five, one fifty" -and that was as far as I got that day.

At this point a heavy jarring came; and a horrid, up-and-down, sideways and diagonal movement of everything around us, together with the loud grinding of big timbers, warned us that this was no ordinary shake-up. Indoors was then no place for those who valued life and limb, so Miguel Spain and found the only descendant and the new punkero and I waited no of Senor Augustin, who turned out to longer, but dropped everything and dashed for the door.

I remembered, long afterward, that old Miguel, in the midst of a danger more appalling to the mind than any other I know of, stood aside, with the instinctive courtesy of the old days, to let me, the younger man, but his gefe he remarked that an earthquake in -chief-pass out first.

first shudder. As I went on the fly- quoting the proverb about an ill-wind ing jump down the stairs, which were and its ways.-Youth's Companion. swaying and cracking apart, a heavy crash somewhere told of a falling beam. I reached the street just in time to see a huge sheet of galvanized the clock standing in William the iron slide from the roof of the build- Fourth's bedroom at Hampton Court, ing opposite and come swinging and and which Messrs. Gaydon & Sons, of clanging down, while a shower of Kingston, were recently commissioned broken tiles, shaken from the roof of to repair. our building, clattered on the sidewalk

close beside me. many windows terrified people were mechanism in existence. It is what running or jumping, and I was carried is commonly known as a "grandfather along with the mob of shricking, pray- clock," standing in a very tall oak ing and gesticulating natives and case, with heavy ormolu mounts. Chinamen, with here and there a pale There are several particulars in which but silent Englishman, toward the open square at the end of the street. unique. In the first place it goes for A couple of ponies, struggling in their | twelve months at a time without harness, added their maddened winding. But more remarkable than screams to the uproar, and a great, this is its ingenious mechanism. It tame buffalo, stupid with fear, lay is what is known as a "calendar" down in the road and allowed the clock, and besides recording the days crowd to surge over him.

By the time we reached the open space the earthquake had thundered | time of sunrise and sunset, itself far away to the south, and old mother earth was in her right mind hauled was early in the present

Briton, elbowing his way toward me, wound up. It speaks well for the "that was the heaviest I ever felt, splendid workmanship of our an-H.! How long do you think it was?" A Scotchman, just out from home,

fifteen seconds.

Nothing on earth would have induced a native to re-enter a building that evening, and we "Ingleses" felt a mutual disinclination to do so our his mechanical, ill-paid labor-with selves. I had put things away and closed the safe just before Miguel came in, so I concluded to let things remain as they might be until morning, and to go home and see how my house in the suburbs had borne the excitement.

I found everything intact, with the exception of my servants' nerves and a few trifles in the way of crockery, and at last got to bed in a state of thankfulness that things were no WOTER.

Mother earth, having played her could not conscientiously recommend little joke, behaved in a manner more him, and younger clerks were to be befitting her age that night, and I rose in the morning to find the wel- long over dashers and have a seating So punkero he remained, till one come rain at last pouring as it only day, during a rush of business, another can pour in the tropics, and the air clerk was needed at the godown to help | cool and fresh. On arriving at the check and tally weights. As no one office building, I found my entire foundland dog, and it was, therefore, else was available at the moment, I clerical force assembled outside, waitsent Miguel down. In the afternoon ing for the encouragement of my pres he brought back his tally-sheets, so ence before entering, and I headed a accurately and neatly made out that I small procession up the rickety, but

work, for there would be no possible The office was in fairly good shape, opportunity for dishonesty of any sort, all things considered. The safe was and it would enable me to raise his rakishly askew, and presented the appearance of trying to look around the Suddenly a clerk on his hands and

"Que hay-what is it?" said I, struggling with the refractory door. "Pesos-lollars-senor! A lot of

them!" "What are you talking about?" said

Miguel had appeared as usual with I, slipping over to him. There on the floor lay a scattered for my inspection on the big table heap of silver dollars, mingled with which was built into the wall in one the fragments of an old inkstand and corner, like a shelf. It had been a odds and ends of stationery. I handsome table in its day, made of picked up several pieces, and on some dark, polished native wood, cut examining the dates, found them to in heavy slabs. A massive, carved leg be all of the coinage of over thirty supported the corner which extended years before. I was stooping in out into the room; but its days of amazement for another handful, when old Miguel, with a strange cry, shoved

> "Que tiene tu-what is the matter ance.

The old man slowly looked up "They said I was a thief, senor! And see, here is the money!" and in a trier than usual, with that ominous flash I saw how it had all happened. I sat down in the nearest chair and stared at the big hole in the wall from felt tired and stupid as I leaned over | which the money had fallen. It must the sheets and tried to foot up the have been lying on the table that day or my final approval.

The very air, stirred by the punka, had occurred, the table had probably

in a common grave for all these years. Now was the old man grubbing among the dollars and muttering his wife's name over and over, and I was forgetting my Spanish in my efforts to soothe him. They clerks were gap ing at us both, and that utterly demoralized safe was leering at the whole crowd, when old Quin Leng, a I merely waited a moment, and then pigtailed vision in white silk and blue cap, came toddling in to see how we had survive the catastrophe. He grasped the whole situation at a glance, like the wise old celestial that

It would be a long story to tell how the kind old heathen gentleman undertook to see that justice was done for his old friend; how we wrote to be a good fellow when the facts were proved to him, and instructed the Spanish bank of Manila to pay his father's old servant a monthly sum which would keep him and his family

in comfort for life. When I saw Quin Leng afterward, the capacity of a benefactor was a The clerks had stampeded at the unique idea, which was one way of

> An Interesting Clock. A most interesting old time-piece is

The clock was made by Dan Quare about the year 1660, and is one of the From every doorway and a good most remarkable pieces of automatic of the month and the months of the

year, it also automatically shows the The last time the clock was overcentury. For the last forty years, "By Jove," exclaimed a young however, the clock had not been cestors that, with slight exceptions, Messrs, Gaydon found the works in as vowed that it had seemed to him about | perfect a condition as when the clock two hours, but a more minute calcula- was originally made, and there is no tion brought it down to something like reason why it should not last for another 200 years .- London Mail.

Values Fictitious,

The values of enormous diamonds are largely fictitions. They are actually uncommercial. The Koh-i-noor weighed nearly 800 carats when it was taken out of the mines of Golconda, and the sum of \$10,000,000 has been mentioned as a justifiable price for it, on the scale employed in the trade. Hortensio Borghese reduced it in cutting to 279 carats, and it had to be again cut to 1021. The Pitt diamond was sold to the King of France in 1720 for \$625,000. The Victoria diamond weighs 302 carats. - New York Press.

Street Cars of Manile.

All the street cars in the city of Manila were made in America. The open cars are thirteen feet six inches capacity of twenty passengers. These cars are drawn by Philippine horses, which are about the size of a Newnecessary to make them extremely light and at the same time of the required strength. The street railway company is known as the Transvias de Filipinas. -Street Railway Journal.

Genlus All Ready to Work. "Now," said the interviewer, "as to our method of working. "Well," replied the great author. 'I take a writing pad-

"Yes." "And a pencil-" "Yes:"

"Seek out a quiet spot-grasp the pad firmly in one hand and the pencil in the other hand-and---

"Yes. And ---"And write."-Philadelphia North

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Mary and the Lamp-The Remains-The Usual Occupation-He Carved His Way -The Only Thing He Caught-Time to Go-A Cheap Luxury, Etc., Etc.

Mary had a little lamp
To keep her wheel alight;
The flame expired; an officer
Took Mary out of sight.

Next morning in a crowded court, With dignity sublime, The judge gave Mary thirty days, And now she's doing time.

-New York Heraid.

"Did you save anything out of that wheat venture?' "Oh, yes; a check stub."-Philadelphia North American.

The Usual Occupation. "What did you do while you were way on your vacation?"

"Sat around while my wife was dressing for meals, most of the time.' -Chicago News.

Good as Capital.

Binks-"New man in your office, 1 e. Looks like a prize-fighter." Winks-"He's my silent partner. "Eh? Does he foot the bills?" "No. He foots the collectors."-

New York Weekly. He Carved His Way. "There goes a man who has literally

arved his way to fame." "Who is he?" "The man that won first prize in the x-dressing contest at the butchers'

picnic,"-Chicago News, The Only Thing He Caught. Reelman (to guest)-"Oh, I assure you that I never make a business of fishing; I merely fish for recreation. Mrs. Reelman-"Yes, and that's about the only thing I ever knew him

to catch,"-Richmond Dispatch. A Cheap Luxury. Jabberly-- "I was thinking of buy-

ng a bicycle." Gabbler-"You were? Where would you get the money?" Jabberly-"What money? It doesn't cost anything to think of it, does it?"

-Saturday Night. Time to Go. Mr. Staylate-"I hear your mother's

step on the stairs, and I shall be able to bid her good night." Sleepy Beauty (wearily)-"It can't be mother. She's a late sleeper, Probably it is the girl coming down to start the fire."- New York Weekly.

He Was Demoralized. "That plate-smashing hired girl Blimber's must have demoralized

him." "How so?" "Why, at the battle of Santiago blamed if he didn't drop four loaded shells and a breech block!"-Cleeve-

land Plain Dealer.

Family Resemblances. "Minnie," said a mother to her naughty three-year-old daughter, 'what's the reason you and your little brother, Harry, can't get along with-

out quarreling? "I don't know," was the reply, 'unless it's because I take after you and Harry takes after papa."

Too Late. "Willie," asked the fond father, "did you obey me and not eat any cherries from the tree to-day?" "Yes, sir."

"That's a good boy. Here's a dime, and now we'll go out and eat some to-

"I cleaned 'em all out last night."-Detroit Free Press.

Sympathy.

"Don't you feel gloomy?" said the young man who has occasional intervals of soulfulness, "when the sky is overcast with gray, when the rhythmic rain sounds a dirge upon the roof and the landscape's beauties are hid by the weeping mist?"

"Yes," she answered, with sweet interest. "It's dreadfully annoying. It does make one's hair come out of curl so!"-Washington Star.

Not to Be Caught. His tongue clove to the roof of his

"I-I-that is," he faltered,

And then he suddenly caught her to his bosom. "You know what I would say!" he

Frigidly she disengaged herself. "Another missing word fake," she muttered, pale but calm .- Detroit

Habit.

"I thought I had him silenced," remarked the man whose mind stoops to small things. "But I hadn't."

"To whom do you refer?" "That old inhabitant who is always declaring that it's the hottest or the coldest weather the city has known. I strolled up to him and said. 'This is very moderate weather we are having.' 'Yes,' said he, 'to my personal knowledge it's the moderatest weather we've had in sixty years." -- Washington

A Cold-Blooded Girl. "Oh, Mr. Staylate," she said, with out taking her eyes off the clock, "I want to ask you something about your tastes in the way of cookery.'

"I'm charmed to have you take such an interest," was the unnecessarily

earnest reply.
"Do you like bacon and eggs for breakfast?" "Why-er-sometimes."

"I hope you will speak frankly, because if you don't like them we can tell the servant as soon as she comes down stairs to prepare something else."-Washington Star.

THE SOLDIER'S TENT.

The soldier lay smiling peacefully.

Asleep in his tent on the sward.

The Moon crept in and said: "Look at me, A glance from thy sweetheart I bring to

But he answered: "I have my sword." Then the rustling Wind drew softly near,
Breathed round him with whispers light;
"I am the sighs of thy mother dear,
The sighs of thy mother am I, dost hear?"
But he answered: "I have the fight."

Then Night sank down from the dark'ning sky Round the sleeper, and murmured: "Rest!"
The sweetheart's veil on thy face doth lie."

He answered: "No need of it have I, For the banner doth cover me best." The River came rolling clear and wide, By the tent, with its silver flood; And said: "I am water, the cleansing tide, More blessed than aught in the world be-

But he answered: "I have my blood." Then Sleep drew near to his tent, and low

Then Steep drew near to his tent, and low She whispered with soothing breath: "I am Sleep, the healer of ev'ry woe, The dearest treasure of man below." But the soldier replied: "I have death!' —Carmen Sylva, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Harvey-"George said he kissed you. Did he?" Flora (ambiguously)
-"Not much,"-Boston Transcript.

Boy - "Papa, where's Atoms?" Papa-"Athens, you mean, my child." Boy-"No, papa-Atoms, the place where people are blown to."

Minnie-"At any rate, Mr. Shore is every inch a gentleman." Mamie-"That's why it is such a pity there is not more of him."-Indianapolis Jour-Mr. Rich-"You ask my daughter

in marriage-er-what may your in-come be?" Mr. Stoney Broke-"I will leave that entirely to you, sir!"-Maud-"When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about

it." Marie-"I don't see how you can help it, dear. Every one will regard it as a mystery."-Brooklyn Life. A Trunkful: "Did your sweetheart write to you while you were away?" "Write to me? I had to give away my clothes so I could bring her letters

home with me."-Chicago Record. Irate Parent-"Tell that young Softleigh that he must cease his visits here. Iforbid him the house." Daughter-"But, papa, he doesn't want the house; it's me that he's after."-Chicago News.

Professor-"Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me; and the worst of it is I can't remember his name!" Peasant-"Five dollars for entering

this estate." Tourist-"But why is no warning sign put up, then?" Peasant-"We had one, but took it down again, for while it was up no one came in."-Fliegende Blaetter. Fuddy-"Kwiverful, they say, is married again. That is his fourth

wife." Duddy-"Kwiverful'd better be careful. He'll get caught some day. He'll marry a woman who will live."- Boston Transcript. "You are the first one I ever heard mention Bradley's literary ability," "Well, I never heard of him writing any books, but I know he can borrow

more of them than any other man I know."-Cincinnati Enquirer. The fat man in the pink blazer rose at once. "Please take my seat!" he arged. The slender girl who carried her lunch in a music-roll was alto-

gether overcome. "This is too much!" she protested .- Detroit Journal. "Does it make any difference to you which berth you take?" "Not a bit. Ferguson, Just as lief have the lower, There is nothing upperish about me, I don't mind being climbed over. Well, good night."—Chicago Tribune.

"Why," he asked, when they were quite alone, "do women always cry at weddings?" The look of withering disdain she gave him gradually softened. "Because," she finally answered, not unkindly. - Detroit Jour-

Professor of Chemistry-"If any-

thing should go wrong in this experi-

ment we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky-high. Step up closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow."-Stockholms Dagblad, "My brain is on fire," tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins, as she threw herself down upon the sofa. "Why don't you blow it out?" absent-mind-

edly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed

in the evening newspaper. And then he dodged a flying hair-brush. Riding in an omnibus up Regent street last evening I heard an old lady annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—London Spectator.

Little Eddie-"Your nose looks just the same as it always did." Mr. Sparkleigh-"Of course. Why shouldn't it?" Little Eddie-"I heard mamma say, when Mr. Willikins came to see sister May, night before last, that your nose was out of joint."-Chicago News.

Hardtack, Postage Prepaid.

Miss Birdie Daly, of Wichita, has received through the mails a piece of hardtack from her brother with the troops at Santiago. There was no covering over the hardtack. A postage stamp was stuck on one corner and the address was written across it in ink. People who have had ironbound Christmas boxes smashed up in the mail may now begin to realize the hardness of Uncle Sam's bread .--Kansas City Journal.

Land of Theatres.

There are more theatres in proportion to its population in Italy than elsewhere in the world.