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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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Anarchy wears its most hideous aspect when it seeks its victims among feeble and grief-stricken women.

Don't go to the Klondike and hunt gold. Go to Porto Rico and raise coffee. Southeast by east the star of empire takes its way.

One Herr Rohrig cut Prince Bismarck's hair from 1890 to 1898. He carefully saved up all the shorn locks, and now proposes to sell them in small sections. Here is a new terror added to the death of great men.

A man was on his way to be married. He got on an express train by mistake. Finding that there was no stop at his station, he pulled the bell cord and got off. Is he liable to punishment? is now the question. It will be interesting to see if railroad companies love a lover.

A Connecticut man has left his entire savings, amounting to twelve thousand dollars, for a monument to be erected to his memory. How much better it would have been to put this money into a memorial library! The monument will do nobody any good. It will be infrequently seen, and it will not make the town a better place to live in, while a library would have been a lasting reminder of his generosity and common sense.

Kaiser Wilhelm has struck another blow at the French. A recent army order commands the suppression of the terms Premier, Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant and the substitution of Ober and Unter Lieutenant instead. The title remains, therefore, half German and half French, and First Lieutenants will be easily confused with Lieutenant-Colonels, Ober Lieutenants. An imperial attempt at Germanizing the French title Lieutenant would have been interesting.

It is a very pretty proposition made by General Sir Herbert Kitchener that a college and medical school be established at Klartum, in memory of General Gordon, devoted to the education of sons of Sheiks and other young men, graduation from which should qualify one to hold Government posts. It would cost, he says, \$300,000; and he believes the British public would subscribe it. That is the way war is made nowadays by nations that feel responsibility for territories acquired in war.

If it be true, as claimed, that the long-looked-for new match has been invented it is of great importance. An Englishman and a Berlin chemist have announced the invention of a match which will strike anywhere and of which phosphorus is a component part. The making of friction matches are liable to necrosis, a horrible form of jaw disease, as a result of the use of phosphorus, and in Europe large rewards have been offered for a suitable substitute for this dangerous substance. It is to be hoped that the substitute has been found.

Lovers of fresh fruits will rejoice at the new enterprise undertaken by the California sugar king, Claus Spreckles, says the New York World. He has begun building a railroad from a point in the San Joaquin Valley over the Tejon Pass into Los Angeles. This will connect south of the pass with the Atchison system and north of it with the new San Francisco and Los Angeles road; which means that all of the great fruit districts of California are to be provided with a competing railroad route to the Eastern States. This in turn means that an abundance of grapes, figs, apricots, pears, peaches and plums will soon be furnished to us as fresh and cheap.

A serious question has arisen in New Jersey concerning a gravestone. It seems that the relatives of a person who is buried in a cemetery at Elizabeth desire to perpetuate his memory, in accordance with his express wish, by placing at the grave a large boulder which has been brought from his farm and adorned with a suitable inscription. The appearance of the huge stone is not satisfactory, however, to some of the neighboring lot owners, and at their instance the authorities of the cemetery have refused to allow it to be placed therein. The rights of lot owners in respect to the monuments which they may erect must depend upon the particular contract with the cemetery association, or upon the statutes of the State in which the cemetery is situated. It is usual for the proprietary corporation to reserve for itself the power of final control in such matters, and where that power is exercised with discretion there is rarely any difficulty. There are many cemeteries in which natural boulders have been erected into very suitable and handsome monuments.

THE BILLS I CANNOT PAY.

They rally round my bed at night, A grim and ghostly band, In tattered uniforms of white The gaudy battalions stand. I watch them march and counter-march, I hear the bugles play, As in review they pass me by— The Bills I Cannot Pay.

AUNT BINA'S QUILT. A WAR-TIME EPISODE.

Undeterred from her purpose by ridicule and objections, Aunt Bina Emerson had pieced the quilt only from bits of calico given her by the women and girls in Eden that she liked. It was the lone woman's "love-quilt," with her shades of affection deliberately outlined in the tiny irregular pieces composing it.

office, out on the country roads and beside the fences, while horses stood still in the furrows, men gathered to talk about the boys who were going to the war. The village paper printed a long list one week and as it was read with tear-dimmed eyes, the people said, "it seems as though all Eden is going."

Then, one bright June morning the sun shone upon a company of eager young soldiers in new blue suits with shining brass buttons. It fell upon the fathers and mothers and friends, who stood grouped near the long wagons which were ready to take "Company I" to the nearest railroad station. The white-haired old pastor offered the last prayer, and with fluttering flags, beating drums, huzzas and waving caps, the brave soldiers were borne away.

A strange hush fell upon the small town. It had always been a staid and sober place; but now it almost seemed as though life had gone out of it. Hard work became a blessed necessity to old and young. The girls learned to drive horses that were not "steady" to ride mowing-machines, to help plan the farm work, to do everything but sing, which they would not learn to do. But the real life of the place depended upon news from the boys after all; and the coming of the old yellow stage twice each day quickened heart-throbs as did nothing else.

Two years passed, and the suspense was not yet over. Some of the Eden boys had gone beyond the sound of bugle-call, a few were in hospitals, but most of them were in action that dreadful spring of '64, when news of battle after battle flashed over the land. Eden was at its height of anxiety as the people gathered for worship in the white church one Sunday morning the last of May. Hymns, Scripture reading and prayer were over, and the old pastor arose, but instead of beginning his sermon he said:

"Late last night word came that there is great need of everything for use on battle-fields and in hospitals. The sanitary commission begs us to send cotton and flannel garments, socks, sheets, quilts, old cotton and linen—everything we can gather, at once. It would be cruel to keep you women who can use needles here with hands folded over your Bibles when the need is so great. You are invited to gather immediately at the home of Mrs. Grow for work, and may God's blessing go with you."

There were children in that congregation who still remember how, with one impulse, all the women arose and reverently left the church. The law of Sabbath observance in Eden was Puritanic, but those who would not sew on a missing button under ordinary circumstances were soon seated, needles in hand, wearing the exalted look which means a great emergency.

Mrs. Grow was president of the Soldiers' Aid, and her husband kept the village store. This was opened and necessary materials were taken from it. The only two sewing machines in the village were already there, and were soon clicking an accompaniment to the subdued voices of the busy workers. A delegation, one of whom was Aunt Bina, was sent out to gather whatever could be found ready for use.

"I'm glad to get out in the open air," said she. "It stifles me to sit there like a funeral in Mrs. Grow's parlor. Seems 's if it would kill me to see the look in Mrs. Hastings' eyes since Harry was shot." "They knew you could tell just where to go for supplies," replied Mrs. Kent. "We must get sheets and quilts and old linen. Have you any quilts to spare at your house, Aunt Bina?" "I'm sure sister has some, and—yes, I've got an extra blanket or two. Come in."

boxes ready to ship in the early morning. Aunt Bina reached her room again at twilight, taking with her Hetty Barton. "You know I've sent my quilt to the soldiers?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes, they told me so. I think it was so generous of you," Hetty replied, in an absent-minded way, as she twisted the plain gold ring on her finger. "I had planned to give it to you, Hetty. There's nobody I like so well as you and John; but now—"

Hetty's eyes were full of dumb agony. Suddenly slipping from the chair to her knees, she buried her face in Aunt Bina's lap. "Oh! oh!" she sobbed, "you needn't think about that. It has been two long weeks since I heard from him. John wouldn't treat me so, Aunt Bina, unless—"

"There, there!" comforted Aunt Bina. "I believe John will live to come home; that's my faith. Why, we've got to believe it, Hetty! If we didn't, how could we live through it!" Even while they slept and talked, John was lying in one of the Washington hospitals. He had been terribly wounded, and after many delays was brought there with one leg amputated and his right arm disabled. His nurse, a bright little woman from Maine, tried in every way to arouse him.

"I believe he wants to die," she said to the surgeon. "I can hardly persuade him to eat." "Probably he does," replied the weary-eyed man. "He had a magnificent physique, and such a fellow feels that he cannot face life again in this fashion. I've often had such cases. If you can only get him past this first shock—"

The busy man hurried away without finishing his sentence, but the nurse understood. A few nights later a lot of boxes arrived in response to the urgent call for hospital supplies, and John's nurse eagerly claimed some of their precious contents. "I need blankets in my ward," she said, "and oh, here is a beautiful quilt! This will cheer my poor boys like a bouquet of flowers."

The nurse from Maine was one of the best in the hospital, and no one objected when she carried away the quilt and placed it gently over her favorite patient. "Perhaps it will keep his eyes off the blank wall," she said to herself, with a sigh. When the first morning light shone in through the long, narrow windows, the young soldier opened his eyes, almost resenting the knowledge that he had slept better than usual. As he looked languidly to see if his nurse had given him an extra blanket, he saw a new quilt, and at the same moment was conscious of a faint perfume of rose-leaves, perceptible even in that sickening atmosphere.

He closed his eyes and saw the bushes under the parlor windows at home, laden with great red roses, as they had been the morning he left Eden. He had started out that morning with a bud in his buttonhole, and another between his lips—"decked for the sacrifice," he thought, with a spasm of bitterness. With his left hand he pulled the quilt nearer. It was made of many, many small triangles! "Mother's dress!" he murmured, placing his finger upon a brown bit with a tiny white spray in it. "Hetty!" and a wave of color rose to his pale face, as he caressed a triangle of pink.

For the first time since he was placed upon that oat, great tears rolled down his cheeks. The spell of despair was broken. Life was sweet, after all. "Mother and Hetty won't mind if I am a poor one-legged fellow," he sobbed. All the bitterness and rebellion melted out of his heart as he lay there quietly crying; and when his nurse came in he greeted her with a smile that transfigured his face. "This is Aunt Bina's quilt!" said he. "I don't know how it got here, but it is. Now, nurse, bring on your broth, for I'm going to get well."

"It's been better than medicine," the delighted woman declared to the doctor. "He's given me his address, and I've already written to his mother. And I've shown that quilt to all my boys, and told them about the dear old maid who counted all the stitches and thought so much of her 'love-quilt,' and how hard it must have been to give it up. They're all brighter and better for it. Why, they say, 'do the folks at home think so much of us as that?'"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The City Huntsman—Had a Substitute—J Woman's Reason—A Friendly Offer—He Early Training—A Friendly Offer—Able to Worry Along, Etc., Etc. Mary had a little lamb, It freely ran about Until a city man took His gun and as entered out. He saw the lambkin where it played, And nervously "let go"— Chicago News.

Had a Substitute. Dixon—"Is your friend Smithsonian a deep thinker?" Hixon—"No, indeed. He's married."—Chicago News. A Woman's Reason. "She sent my letter back unopened." "Why?" "She said the postman who delivered it kicked her dog."—Chicago Record.

Ins and Outs. "He married into one of your best families, did he not?" "Not exactly; his wife married out of one of our best families."—Detroit Journal.

Her Early Training. "With what a gracefully sweeping motion she handles a fan." "Yes, she used to keep the flies off the table in her father's Omaha lunch room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Friendly Offer. Lawyer Goodly—"What's wrong, old chap?" Uglumgugge—"I won a kiss from Miss Purtsitt. She won't pay up." Lawyer Goodly—"Never mind, old man; I'll collect it for you."—Truth.

Able to Worry Along. "Do you need any help?" asked the izard. "I think not," replied the snake. "I can't pull off this event without your assistance. Thanks." And presently he finished shedding his skin.—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

His Gentle Little Joke. "Please, sir, can't you help me?" asked the seeming mendicant; "I am sick and in need of a few dimes." "If you are sick, why don't you go to the hospital?" answered the substantial citizen. "I thought a little change would do me good," was the plausible reply.—Kansas City Star.

Tommy's Last Question. "Papa," said Tommy Tredway. "Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway, "I shall answer only one more question to-day. So be careful what you ask." "Yes, papa." "Well, go on." "Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"—Harper's Bazar.

At Last! First Veteran—"I tell you, these modern improvements in long-range guns and chilled-steel projectiles have made war a good deal riskier than it was in our day." Second Veteran—"Yes; I see that somebody has invented a gun now which, at a thousand yards, will go clear through a small pocket Bible carried over a man's heart."—Judge.

A Last Request. He—"And am I to understand that your refusal is final?" She—"It is." He—"Then life no longer has a charm for me; I shall hang myself." She—"Will you grant me a favor?" He—"Certainly. Name it." She—"Discontinue your existence elsewhere; papa objects to your hanging around here."—Chicago News.

Trouble Ahead. "I regret to observe," said Skilton, "that there is to be another yacht race for the America's cup." "Regret? Why it indicates that England and the United States are coming together again!" said Jones. "That's just it," said Skilton. "We are beginning to get along so nicely, and now all the old trouble will be reopened."—Harper's Bazar.

Why He Was Troubled. Jack—"Come, old man, cheer up. What if she did break the engagement; she's not the only fish in the swim." Tom—"Oh, I don't care any! ing about her breaking the engagement, but you see I've got to go right on paying installments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the icy breeze comes in."—Chicago News.

A Plausible Improbability. The Boarder (irascibly)—"How many more times, Katy, must I tell you that I want my toast well browned? This is hardly more than yellowed!" The Maid (innocently)—"Sure, sor, ut was brown when I tuk ut aff the stove tin minutes ago. May be a settin' in the sun might have faded at since. Sure the sun-light do be dreadful har-r-d on colors, sor."—Puck.

Moral Susicion. Old Gentleman—"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy—"Never! We have moral susicion at our school." Old Gentleman—"What's that?" Little Boy—"Oh, we get kep in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

THE OLD RUSTIC BRIDGE.

'Tis just a common rustic bridge, And spans a common stream; Where mid-eyed oaks take their thirst, And shadows glint and gleam.

The goldenrod and asters flame Along the seely bank; The grass is thick, and lush, and green, The weeds are tall and rank. But it is fair, this quiet stream, Where willows dart and play; Where minnows drop, and blackbirds call Through all the livelong day.

The planks are old, and gray, and warp'd, The rail is broken down, But it is dearer far to me Than any bridge in town. —Mary M. Redmond, in Donahue's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife," was Tommy's guess. At every picnic every guest secretly believes that every other guest didn't bring her share.—Atebison Globe.

"Willie, how can it be that you love your grandma better than your own parents?" "She allus lets me help myself to pie."—Detroit Free Press. "Reputation is a good deal like a linen suit." "How's that?" "When you undertake to wash it, it always shrinks the wrong way."—Detroit Free Press.

"Here is a picture—The Garden of Eden." "Why, man, you're crazy! This is a winter scene." "Of course it is—that's a picture of the garden after the fall."—Truth. "I hope I see you well," he said flatteringly to the old farmer leaning on his hoe. "I hope you do," was the unexpected answer; "but if you don't see me well, young man, put on specs."

"How much longer will I have to wait on you?" asked the impatient man of the busy clerk. "In a few minutes I shall be waiting on you," replied the clerk with a smile.—Philadelphia North American. She—"You never did care for me. You only married me for my money." He—"Now you are not only cruel, but absurd. I should like to know how I could have got your money any other way?"—Boston Transcript.

"She says that he proposed to her, but that they are not engaged." But they knew her and they laughed long and loud. "The only problem," they said, "is to decide which of the two statements is false."—Chicago Post. Old Million—"You want my daughter, eh? Now, sir, tell me in what single instance have you ever exhibited any business tact?" Jake Fellows—"Well, that's easy enough. I picked on you for a father-in-law."

Mr. Floody—"Now, Franklin, my son, I have at last made the great fact of the evolution of species clear to you, have I not?" Franklin Floody—"Oh, yes, papa; I understand! Before I was born, you and mamma were monkeys."—Truth. Judge—"There was no necessity of your assaulting this man and breaking his camera, just because he tried to take a snapshot of you. What else did he do?" Prisoner—"Nothing, your honor. He pressed the button and I did the rest."—Standard.

Mrs. Dashiell—"I see here, Ethel, that every name has a meaning. Thus Harold means 'brave,' Charles means 'gay,' Richard—" Miss Dashiell (interrupting)—"O, I know what Dick means, ma. He means business. He told me so last night."—Boston Globe. "Can you tell me," asked his wife scornfully, after looking over the property he just purchased, "what ever induced you to buy this place?" "I can," he answered promptly. "What?" she demanded. "One of the smartest real estate agents in this part of the country."

"Why have you broken off your engagement with the Fraulein Olga?" "She was too affectionate! She was always throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me and exclaiming, 'Robert, my only Robert!'" "Why, I should think you would have felt flattered!" "Flattered? But my name isn't Robert!"—Der Floh. "Two Spaniards went up in a balloon. The balloon burst. What nationality were they when they came down?" asked the countdrum man. "Give it up," grimly responded the stupid man. "One came down a Russian and the other got tangled up in the telegraph wires and came down a Pole," was the response.—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

Chestnut Under Scientific Investigation. In view of the new interest in the chestnut as an article of food, and therefore of industrial importance, scientific agriculturists are making a careful study of the tree and its fruit. The great enemy of the nut is the unpleasantly familiar worm known as the chestnut weevil. He, too, is under scientific investigation, and the best method of destroying him is being made a subject of special study. A blight that is destroying the chestnut leaves is also attracting the attention of scientific agriculturists. In the course of these investigations American men of science have been in correspondence with botanists not only in England, Spain and Italy, but even in Japan.—New York Sun.

Valuable Spruce. Spruce is not commonly accounted a costly wood, but some of it may be very valuable. Spruce is largely used for the tops of stringed musical instruments, such as guitars and mandolins, the finer graded being the more desirable. The value of rosewood depends upon its color and quality. It ranges in price from a cent and a quarter to ten cents a pound. Thirty-grain Adirondack spruce would be worth more than the finest rosewood. It might be that not one such log would be found among a thousand.—New York Sun.