

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 10.00; Two Squares, one year, 15.00; Quarter Column, one year, 8.00; Half Column, one year, 10.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Philadelphia now puts in a strong claim to be known as a city of churches.

Porto Rico hopes to become one of the States of the Union within five years.

It is believed in the Northwest that our soldiers would not have been under fire if the Indians had not been under firewater.

The Jerusalem trip of the Emperor William may have arisen from his territorial expansion fever. He felt he had to take something, so he took a journey.

The Czar should not be discouraged because his first attempt at international reform did not succeed. Ablem than he is he has been obliged to leave good ideas to prosperity to be carried out.

Stripped of her armor and war paint, the American liner St. Louis has started once more on her peaceful but no less honorable career as a commerce carrier. Whether in peace or war she is credit to the nation whose flag she flies.

The horse seems to be doomed. He has been useful in his day, but mechanical genius has found something better. What with bicycles for the army, and balloons, and automobiles, we are really on the edge of a revolution.

The decision to retain in the navy all the auxiliaries purchased during the war, coupled with the limitation of trade between American and Porto Rican ports to American vessels, means good times for ship builders. To restore coasting lines to their condition before the war and to provide for increased trade many new vessels must be constructed.

Stanley, the explorer, says that slavery will never be abolished in Africa until railways are constructed from the coast to the interior. This is so because in many parts of the Dark Continent slaves are the only means of carriage for commodities, and, for the most part, goods are brought to the coast and their exchange value taken back again on the backs of slaves.

If a child in Switzerland does not attend school on a particular day, the parent gets a notice from the public authority that he is fined so many francs; the second day the fine is increased, and by the third day the amount becomes a serious one. In case of sickness the pupil is excused, but if there be any suspicion of shaming a doctor is sent. If the suspicion proves to be well founded the parent is required to pay the cost of the doctor's visit.

Porto Rico is one of the richest islands belonging to the group of the West Indies, and its vast resources in the hands of wide-awake American developers can be made conducive to handsome profits; but those who go to Porto Rico for the purpose of embracing its commercial and industrial opportunities must go prepared to encounter lively competition on the part of the natives of the island. Since the natives of Porto Rico are at last free from the yoke of Spain they are not apt to sleep over the prospects which have opened up before them with the dawn of liberty.

The latest novelty in suicide is the self-slaughter by a woman convict in an Iowa prison, serving a life sentence for murder, who ate spiders which she gathered from the prison walls and accumulated in her handkerchief. If this form of destruction becomes popular with despairing criminals, a new department will have to be established in every well-regulated place of detention. The State Legislatures should at once create the office of chief arachnologist, who shall have charge of the spider hunting and exterminating work at all the prisons and penitentiaries, facetiously observes the Washington Star.

Miss Helen Gould's recent declaration that she never dreamed mere money could give her so much pleasure as it has in her recent work for the suffering soldiers and sailors, accentuates the fact that wealth is the source of have the nobleness as well as of the misery of life, philosophizes the Youth's Companion. Her great reward has been not in the resolutions or thanks tendered her by the council of the second city in the world, nor in the notoriety given her name through the newspapers, but in the prayers and thanks and grateful smiles of the mer and lady she has succored. Plans for life cannot ignore the fact that wealth, rightly used, is to poverty what strength is to lameness, or the sight of one eye to that of two.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West, An' my heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast, To think the boy whose future I had at once so proudly planned Should wander from the path of right an' come to such an end! I told him when he left us not to tussle about years ago, He'd find himself a plowman in a mighty crooked row; He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers, too; But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's a big temptation for a youngster in the West, But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist, An' when he left I warned him o' the ever waitin' snares That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere. But Bill he promised faithful to be keeful, an' allowed He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud; But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very worst kind!

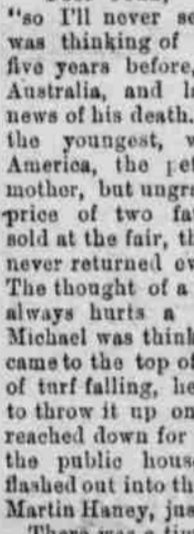
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was a-tramping on a mighty rocky road, But never once imagined he would bow his head in shame, An' in the dust 'd wailer his ol' daddy's honored name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother, if I crush her poor ol' heart! An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her— Bill's in the Legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.

—Denver Post.

THE STAR OF THE BOG OF ANNEN.

By James Riley.



WILIGHT was falling, and Michael O'Neil, behind his load of turf, was driving up the steep hill this side of the bog of Annen. Tired, after his hard day's work in the bog, Michael put his hand on the load, and looking down on the ground, as the cart moved up the hill, held his whip over his right shoulder.

"Poor John," he said to himself; "so I'll never see you again!" He was thinking of his oldest son who, five years before, had left home for Australia, and last night came the news of his death. And Thomas, too, the youngest, who had gone to America, the pet of his father and mother, but ungrateful, had taken the price of two fat bullocks that he sold at the fair, the day he left, and never returned even to say good-by.

The thought of a child's ingratitude always hurts a father's heart, and Michael was thinking of this when he came to the top of the hill, and a sod of turf falling, he stopped the horse to throw it up on the load. As he reached down for the sod the light of the public house across the way flashed out into the road, the publican, Martin Haney, just lighting his lights.

There was a time in his young days when Michael O'Neil drank hard. But he had changed, and not tasted spirits for twenty years, never, since the day he walked fifteen miles to Moate, to take the pledge from the hands of Father Mathew, had he drunk a drop of strong drink. So much of a dislike had Michael for a public house where drink was sold that he would not now, not for the world, have stopped the horse; even for a sod of turf, before the door of Martin Haney. It is always good to break from a bad habit, but better not to fall into one, for a road once walked on is easy to tread again, especially if it was traversed at first when we were young. And so with Michael O'Neil now. For a score of years he had not been tempted, but this night he had been feeling bad, and could he not go in and drown his sorrow in at least one glass?

As he thought of this he put his hand into his pocket for the money to buy the dram. But there was none there. He was walking up to the door while doing this, and was near the step when he found himself pulled from behind. Three down jerks of his coat made him look around, and he found that his horse and load of turf were gone. He had heard no noise, and it was all done in a moment. Michael was startled. He did not know what to do. He stepped a few paces further on and climbed up a big rock on the side of the road that was on the top of the hill, the light of Martin Haney's windows all the time upon him. It was now very dark, and the bog-land below and the Hill of Hart beyond were quite lost to his sight.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

1.—A Geographical Charade. My first is not off, my second is a product of coal; my third is an exclamation of triumph, and my whole is a great lake.

2.—A Proverb Puzzle. By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking a letter at regular intervals, a useful business proverb may be found: Chaperon, outlet, lazily, nuggets, onology, never, aggravate, shame, errors, janitor, amatory, sense.

3.—A Diamond. 1. A consonant in editor. 2. A General. 3. A national hero. 4. A kind of fish. 5. A vowel in boys.

4.—A Decapitation. Be sure if you can, to keep out of my whole; Behold me, I trouble the waters that roll; Behold me once more, I will calm them, you'll see; Another time yet, and a prefix I'll be. Behold me again, still my force is not spent, A numeral adjective I'll represent.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The white freestone of France will only stand a compression strain of 1422 pounds to the square inch.

Every language contains such names as cuckoo, peewit, whippoorwill and others in which the sound imitated by the animal is imitated as the name.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at almost incredible distance.

The chemicals constituting the incandescent mantle of the Welsbach gas burner are principally the oxides of zirconium, lanthanum, thorium and yttrium.

Nearly all Russian leather is tanned with birch bark. This gives it the peculiar pleasant odor which is so admired, and at the same time protects it from insects.

The pincer claws of the female of the blue crab, in both the hard shell and the soft shell state, are tipped with red, while those of the male crab are blue to the ends.

Vestadium is a recently discovered white metallic alloy, of a beautiful appearance and great strength. It seems to meet with as quick and general acceptance as was the case with aluminum.

An artificial sandstone is now made in Belgium which has many advantages over the natural stone, being better able to resist climatic influences and susceptible of manufacture at small expense.

Palermo the Beautiful. The origin of the beautiful city of Palermo is lost in antiquity, but as regards the Saracens taking it, a romantic tale is told. There was a woman at the bottom of it. A Byzantine general was one day passing through the streets of Palermo when he saw a beautiful nun looking down at him from her balcony window, whereupon he immediately fell in love with her.

Love laughs at locksmiths, so the nun stepped out of her window that night on an impromptu ladder and had just reached her lover's arms when a friar, returning late, discovered her. The power of the church was not to be trifled with, and the general was sentenced to be flogged through the streets, the nun being compelled to stand at her grating and watch the degradation. By the aid of his fellow-officers, the general ventured a most hazardous escape. The keeper of the prison was poisoned before midnight, and the keys obtained. The prisoner then swam out into the bay and floated until a fishing boat took him up and for a heavy bribe put him on board a vessel bound for Africa.

Once there, he investigated the Mohammedans to an easy conquest of Sicily; and they ruled the island with vigor for 200 years, enriching its cities with beautiful palaces. Tradition does not say that he found his sweetheart, but it is to be hoped that he did, after all he had gone through for her sake.

An Electric Man. Vestal, N. J., has a freak. He is Benjamin Berdell, a wandering clock repairer. Three years ago, when at Rahway, N. J., in a storm he was picking cherries, when the tree was struck by lightning.

Berdell received a severe shock. It transformed him into an electric man. Any one who shakes hands with him now receives a severe shock. By pressing the blades of a knife between his thumb and finger during a storm he charges the metal so strongly that heavy weights can be lifted. When flies alight upon him they drop dead. When he is in a dark room sparks flash from his flesh and his eyes shine like incandescent lights.

Whenever a storm approaches Berdell becomes highly charged with electricity, and it is dangerous to touch him. He says he feels no inconvenience except that he will not go near a moving locomotive for fear of being drawn against it and killed.

Words Alike Either Way. Adda, Anna, bab, bib, bub, civic, dad, deed, deified, deified, did, dood, eede, eye, eve, eve, gag, gig, gag, level, madam, maram, noon, non, oho, pap, peep, pip, pop, pup, redder, refer, repaper, reviver, rotator, sees, selles, seper, shahs, sis, siris, semes, stellet, tat, tenet, tit, toot, tot, tut, waw, welaw.

A Cheap Old Queen. An Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of Queen Anne, wife of James II. was offered for sale in a London auction-room and realized \$60.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Furside Inside Outside—Confusion of Alternatives—Not All—One Explanation—A Pleasant Punishment—His Graceful Way—Social Diplomacy, Etc.

Then he killed the Mudjelivis, Killed the mighty Mudjelivis, With the skin he made him mittens, Made them with the furside inside; Made them with the skinside outside. He, to have the warm side inside, Turned d them cold side skinside outside; And, to have the cold side outside, Turned them warm side, furside inside. That's why he turned the skinside outside. Why he turned the furside inside. Why he turned them inside outside. Why he returned them outside inside. —Christian Guardian.

Confusion of Alternatives. "Now, Bobby, would you rather have papa punish you, or mamma?" "I—I—think I'd rather have a nickel." Not All.

"Now that his father is dead I suppose Godbody will spend all his money." "Oh, no; he gets married to-morrow."—Truth.

One Explanation. He—"I can't understand why an Englishman always wants to marry his deceased wife's sister." She—"Why, it saves him the bother of breaking in a new mother-in-law."—Truth.

A Pleasant Punishment. "Dickie doesn't like his school this year." "What's the trouble?" "He says his teacher lets all the other boys except him sit by girls."—Detroit Free Press.

His Graceful Way. Maude—"How kind of you to remember my birthday! Gustave always forgets it." Gustave (confused)—"Forgets it? Why, yes. It is a graceful way I have of ignoring her increasing years."—Judge.

Social Diplomacy. Foxy—"Did you send the Borems a card for your musicale?" Mrs. Foxy—"Yes; how could I get out of it?" Foxy—"Well, I'll tell Borem that Smith is going to come. Borem owes him some money."—Philadelphia Record.

Gave Himself Away. Mrs. Sharpey (at a hotel)—"That couple try to act as if they had been married for years, but I know they are on their wedding tour." Mr. Sharpey—"Guess not." Mrs. S.—"Yes they are. He gave her the tenderloin of the steak."—New York Weekly.

Ignorance That Was Not Bliss. Ethel—"What a perfect specimen of manhood! I really don't believe he knows his own strength." Edith—"I'm sure he doesn't. (Confidentially) Do you know, he uses both hands to drive a horse that he could easily manage with one if he only knew it."—Life.

A Little Change. Old Friend—"Don't you remember sweet Alice, who danced with delight when you gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown?" Mr. B. Bolt, Jr.—"Oh, yes. She doesn't care a cent for my smiles or frowns either, now. We're married."—New York Weekly.

His Qualifications. "I saw you come to think that man had any of the qualities of a successful author?" inquired the friend. "Oh," replied the English manager, "you are judging him merely by his books. You ought to see how inequally interesting he looks in a dress suit on the lecture platform."—Washington Star.

The Difference. Wilkins (to Filkins, who owns to forty)—"Ah, got your mustache shaved off? Look ten years younger." Filkins (delighted)—"Nonsense! And how old do I look without the mustache?" Wilkins—"Oh, somewhere about sixty-two or three."—Boston Transcript.

A Jolly for Paps. She—"And what shall I say in my papa asks me what your prospects are?" He—"Well, er—you might say that I am figuring on securing one of the most prominent, influential and wealthy men in the city for my father-in-law. That ought to fetch him."—Chicago News.

In No Hurry. Mr. Testy (meaningly)—"I don't want to interrupt you—er—conversation with my daughter, but the—er—last car goes by at 12." Mr. Statylate (with composure)—"Thanks, many thanks, but there's a big German ball uptown, and a conductor told me the cars would begin running again at 2."

Quite Modern. "He's an up-to-date wheelman, isn't he?" "Yes, indeed." "College man, too?" "No? Is he?" "Yes. Signs himself A. Skorcher, '99." "Oh, the '99 is for his wheel."—Philadelphia Record.

Preparing For an Emergency. Senior Member (of law firm)—"What are you so excited and nervous about? The jury will certainly acquit our client." Junior Member (hastily gathering up his law books and grabbing his hat)—"I'm afraid his women relatives will want to do a lot of kissing when the verdict comes in."—Chicago Tribune.

THE VALUE OF TORPEDO-BOATS.

To Make a Successful Attack the Vessel Must Remain Undiscovered.

Reasoning from superficial facts, much has been written of the failure of torpedo-boats. It is as well to correct this impression now while events are still fresh in the popular mind. The idea of torpedo attack is attack under cover of darkness, rain, or fog. The construction and painting have this object in view. There is no protection against even the lightest projectile, and to make a successful attack the boat must remain undiscovered until almost the moment for the discharge of its torpedo. Our vessels fully comprehended the dangers of torpedo attack, and all precautions were taken to guard against one. In spite of this, one of them had a narrow escape from being torpedoed by the Porter, not having been discovered until well within striking distance. In this case the cruiser was a lost ship, and ever after had the utmost respect for the possibilities of successful torpedo attack. Had the Porter been certain that the vessel sighted was an enemy, and had it not been necessary to disclose her presence by signals, etc., the attack could have been successfully made, and the Porter would have escaped without harm. No lack of discipline, lookouts, or attention was in any way responsible for the incident, all these being fully up to the high state of efficiency in our navy. Only the favorably darkness of a stormy night and the advantage which we took of the cruiser's smoke made such a result possible. Contrast these conditions with those under which the Spaniards made their gallant but foolish efforts at Manila and Santiago. They showed splendid heroism, but how was it to be expected that their torpedo craft could live and approach through a fire that destroyed armored cruisers? Their chief defect—invisibly—was lacking. Torpedo-boats have sufficient speed to choose their time of attack, and, to be successful, the time chosen must be one favorable to the torpedo-boat—not favorable to her enemy, as was the case in both attacks in this war.—From "Torpedo-boat Service," by Lieutenant J. C. Fremont, in Harper's Magazine.

An Awkward Situation. There is no objection to giving this one publicity because the man in the case never finds an opening to relate the incident that he does not do so.

"I was something of a boy orator myself," he modestly admits, "and in school it was quite the usual thing for visitors to predict that my persuasive and impressive eloquence would some time be heard in the halls of Congress. Before I was old enough to vote I used to go out as a campaign speaker, and a drive of twenty miles in order to speak at some school house had no terrors for me.

"One night I took a long and stormy drive in order to fill an appointment for a man who was unavoidably detained at home. When I reached the little red building I was met by a lusty young farmer who seemed surprised on learning what I was there for, but he kindly offered to put the team away. Before doing so he said to me: 'You go right up there on the platform and take that there big chair with the feather cushion and the sheepskin hung over the back. That's put there special for the speaker, and they won't low no one else to occupy it.'

"I boldly followed instructions, having a great sense of self-importance as I took the seat of honor. There was a giggling in the audience that made me wonder whether my necktie was so straight and my hair smooth. But all was explained when a grim-looking old granger walked up to me, took me firmly by the arm and firmly said: 'Sonny, this here cheer is for a man. He speaks here ter night. You kin find a seat down in the audience.'

"I wanted to run him a race. A private in a volunteer regiment told a friend that the first time under fire was, 'a nasty experience'—that he felt as though he was 'up against a new job that he didn't like, but knew he'd have to stick it out or lose his bread and butter.

"When our regiment was in reserve once," he continued, "I saw a reporter legging it back from the front. He was going for all there was in him, and looked as though he had a through ticket for the rear. We found the reserve line as bad a place as the firing line, most always, so I wasn't feeling very comfortable.

"This war correspondent's life ain't what it's cracked up to be," said he to me as he passed.

"I looked after him, and then I listened to the firing and heard the bullets whizzing.

"Old man," said I to myself, looking after the reporter again, 'if I wasn't an enlisted man, I'd—run—you—a—race.'"—New York Post.

Just a Little Dog Story. Walking along a residence street of Susquehanna, Penn., a citizen noticed a little child at play with an immense Newfoundland dog on a lawn. In the rough and tumble sport of the two, the child hurt his dumb playmate, who snapped rather angrily at the child. A woman, who stood watching on the porch, cried out: "Nero, aren't you ashamed of yourself for frightening the baby? Go away, you bad dog!" The dog slunk away, whining. Suddenly he sprang toward a flowering plant, bit off one of the fragrant blossoms, and with many extraordinary capers laid it at the feet of the little child, and then bounded toward the woman to receive a caress of forgiveness.—New York Press.

Philadelphia's Electric Railways. Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy, shall we seek for communion of souls Where the deep Mississippi meanders, Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls? Ah, no! In New Brunswick we'll find it A sweetly requested nook— Where the street gilding Skoodawabook is Unites with the Skoodawabook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco, Of Passadunkoag or Missoche, Of Kennebecasis or Quaco, Of Miramichi or Buctouche; Or boast of the "Touque of Missep, The Masquashu or dark Menarraco; There's none like the Skoodawabooks, Excepting the Skoodawabook.

—James De Mille.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Rhymerster—"Poets, sir, are born—no." The Editor—"Not in the last fifty years."—Indianapolis Journal.

Whenever a girl tells a young man that her dress is made of material that doesn't ruple that ought to be sufficient.—Chicago News.

"Kirby tells me he walks in his sleep." "How remarkable! He doesn't do anything but sit around while he is awake."—Chicago Record.

Cholly—"Aw—I always pity a man who lives by his wits, doncherknow?" Miss Sharpe—"I should think you would envy him."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I believe \$2000 can make a good deal of trouble in this world." He—"That's the amount you paid for the piano for your daughter, isn't it?" "I can't understand what the ancients saw in their pottery to admire." "Nor I. Of course it wasn't antique in their time."—Detroit Journal.

He—"How do you know that Jones has come into money?" She—"Why, formerly people always said he was crazy; now they say he is original."—Standard.

"Why did William throw over that charming little modiste he was in love with?" "Because, he said the man would all shun him if he was a dress-maker's Bill."

Teacher—"In this stanza, what is meant by the line—'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Bright Scholar—"The people were pulling down the blinds."—Tit-Bits.

"Willson's wife is such a womanly woman," said the gossiping boarder. "Poor Willson!" said the Savage Bachelor, and relapsed into his usual grim silence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A brook, a brook, A study nook, A wish, a fish, A sudden swish, A sigh, a lie, Next day—why? —Chicago News.

"How did the fire start?" In the haberdasher's store. The theory of the insurance companies is that one of the new fall neckties and a pair of golf stockings got crossed.—Chicago Tribune.

The Elder—"You do not pay enough attention to your business. You know the proverb says a man must put his hand to the plow." The Younger—"But that might mean a hired hand."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What do you call that eminence?" asked the tourist. "We don't call it nothing," answered Pisface Johnson. "That there, I guess, is the only bluff in this country that ain't been called."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The man that I marry," she said, "must be one who always thinks before he speaks." "Then," replied the young gentleman at whom the shaft had been aimed, "I guess he'll never ask you."—Cleveland Leader.

Lady—"And what does your father do?" Little Girl—"Oh, papa is a doctor." Lady—"Indeed! I suppose he practices a great deal, does he not?" Little Girl—"Oh, no. He doesn't practice any more. He knows how now."

Bride—"I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought for any one but himself." Matron—"I adopted that plan when I was married, and my husband never got over it."—Tit-Bits.

A newspaper down in Maine, in telling of the death of a man through being struck by a railroad train, adds that "it will be remembered that he met with a similar accident a year ago." It is to be hoped that the habit which he appears to have contracted will not become chronic.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Buffalo widow who "had pleasure" in thanking her friends for their attention during the fatal illness of her late husband" is paralleled by the Wichita girl who is acting as army nurse at Fort McPherson. She writes that she "has twenty typhoid fever cases under her care and is delighted with her work."—Rochester Herald.

"I struck a new one the other day," said the man who is about to move, "when I went to see a house to which a faithful Irishman was custodian. 'Too small, too small,' I said, as soon as I saw the place. 'Go away, sorr,' he replied, 'till I show you a larger on the inside, but it is on the outside, sorr.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Mother-in-Law in New Britain. In the island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to his relative, but she must be avoided, and if by chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face.

Manners of English Marines. Although seamen have to doff their caps when undergoing inspection on board ship, marines do not have to do so. The royal marines do not uncover their heads as a mark of respect except in the presence of royalty or at divine service.