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England's new diplomacy bears an inscription which, being translated, reads: "Made in America."

Chicago has a new institution, designed to transform the servant girls of the windy city into "home scientists." Here's luck to it.

The remark is so frequently made that "a man who refused to give his name was knocked down by a street car," or that "a woman whose identity could not be learned was run over by a grocer's wagon," that the Springfield Homestead advises people to give their names cheerfully and avoid such a penalty.

Maula's Admiral is not the only Dewey who made the family name resound in naval circles. Sixty-four years ago Captain Dewey, an ardent Whig, saved the Jackson figurehead off the frigate Constitution one night in Boston Harbor. It raised a commotion at the time all over the country almost as great as the Philippine news did in our own day.

It is gratifying to note that General Henry is applying to Porto Rico the same vigorous and salutary policy by which General Wood has put new life into the province of Santiago. In Porto Rico the conditions are not so difficult and depressing, and the task will be less difficult, and General Henry is facilitating it by doing things in their proper order. He is beginning by holding municipal elections, and will then reorganize local courts of justice and other details of local administration, after which the American public school will be established. All these measures will show good results even more quickly than they have in Cuba.

Another Andree relief expedition has come to grief without finding any trace of the lost explorer. This is the second expedition in the past few months that has been compelled to retreat, baffled and disappointed, before the terrors of the Arctic. As the months go by it becomes more manifest that the daring balloonist has met the fate of Franklin and De Long and hundreds of others less prominent in the white wilderness of the unexplored North. While it is hoping against hope that Andree and his companions may yet return to civilization, the quest for them, like that for Sir John Franklin, will never cease until tangible evidence of their death has been secured.

In a recent report on the American iron trade with Great Britain, Consul Halstead, of Birmingham, sets forth a point of great encouragement to producers in this country. He declares that the old reason for a sale of American pig in the English market—the disparity between this and the native product in the matter of price—no longer holds good; that the recent rise in the American market has served to show that we can maintain our market there even with Alabama iron—which furnishes the great bulk of the trade—at a higher figure than the native brands. This market he regards as now a permanent one, and freight rates from Southern ports can always be kept down, because the season of heavy movement corresponds with the cotton shipping season, when pig iron serves admirably as ballast to ships bulging with light-weight cotton.

Our esteemed contemporaries, the Temps and Petit Bleu, of Paris, seek to persuade themselves that our acquisition of the Philippines has deprived us of the guardianship of the Western Hemisphere, says the New York Journal. As the Petit Bleu puts it: "The Monroe Doctrine is now out of date. The American Republic, conquering and colonizing, no longer has the right to close to Europe the new continent, since she herself has stepped out of it." That is to say, because we have stepped out of our own home for the purpose of thrashing Spain and giving liberty to some millions of her oppressed colonies, anybody is free to step into the American residence or found settlements on the adjoining premises. When any European country is able to beat us in war, as we have beaten Spain, it will be privileged to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine, and not till then. The validity of that doctrine has rested not on Europe's consent, but on the ability of this Republic to enforce it. No foreign monarchy can fasten upon any part of this half of the world with out demolishing a republic, and the demolition of republics by monarchies is an enterprise which the United States will not tolerate. The Monroe Doctrine is stronger to-day than ever it was, because we are more powerful for its defense than at any other period in our history.

HOW WE HID THE NIHILIST.

By a Marine Engineer.



HOW we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, a n d bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of great anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1889, and the Chief, the Fourth, and myself (I was acting as third engineer at the time) were ashore one evening, in a ship-chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimitri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most uncomfortable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the cause of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be "in the know," later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government, and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleets had escaped, and was actually at Dimitri's shop in hiding. We were told, further more, that Dimitri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country.

The Chief asked our opinion on the matter; sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I cannot say whether I was won over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that at last we three engineers consented to smuggle this Nihilist to England. It had been decided that the representatives of those steamers in port should draw lots as to which one was to undertake the task, for risk it undoubtedly was. We fully understood that to be caught aiding this man would be a serious business for us.

Well, our Chief lost the toss, and we had to arrange the matter as best we could. I may mention here that the looks of the fugitive himself (we could never grasp his crack-jaw name, and so always referred to him as "Him") were not by any means prepossessing, and so repelled was I when I first crawled into the hole under Dimitri's roof, and was introduced to the man as one of his would-be saviors, I could have recalled my decision there and then to aid and abet his escape. You see, there's no getting away from facts. In fiction the fugitive would be a really noble-looking fellow, possessed of every attribute that commands one's admiration.

"Him," however, was fully six feet in height, with a shaggy head of hair, reminding one of the traditional pictures of poets; a beard that covered the whole of his chest, and had apparently never been trimmed, and a face that generally seemed never to have known the cleansing properties of soap. His clothes, which he had evidently at one time been Dimitri's, and were ridiculously too small all round, by no means improved his appearance. Such were our first impressions of our romantic hero. In dismay, we decided to leave "Him" where he was, for that night, at any rate, and hold a consultation with our second engineer, who was aboard the ship, before doing anything further in the matter.

Perhaps it would be as well to state here how matters stood in our steamer. The Chief was a new vessel, owned by a Greek firm, and flying the Greek flag. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the four engineers, were Greeks, and we were put on board by the builders of the machinery, a well-known north-country firm, as their guarantee men.

Now, four English engineers, all fellow-townsmen, and all likely to be employed on this same steamer for about six months only, and then to return to the same engine-shop together, were more like four brothers. Therefore, when we told our second engineer what had occurred, he readily acquiesced, and we all four sat down in the mess-room and worked the problem out. I will not weary you with an epitome of the suggestions offered; let it suffice to say we decided that the best place to stow "Him" was in the evaporator.

Without diving into technicalities, let me say that the evaporator is a machine used in modern marine engineering for making fresh water (in the form of vapor) by boiling salt water. A powerful jet of steam is run through a series of coils. When the dome is raised, these coils can be removed, and then a cylindrical space is left, some six feet in height by three feet six inches in diameter. Of course, the machine can be worked off left unused as required, all ingress of steam and water being regulated by valves.

When we started work as usual next morning at seven o'clock, I got my men to raise the dome within; they then took out the coils, which, when clipped, I put carefully away in the locker in the Chief's cabin. At dinner-

time the Chief himself, who had been ashore all the forenoon, came on board with a stranger. Believe me, I should never have recognized the unclean, weird-looking "Him" in the person that now stepped aboard. Our Chief had evidently not wasted his time, for he had taken a comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor ashore, and cut off all the Nihilist's superabundant hair. Much soap had evidently been used on the large person of "Him," and now he really looked a smart fellow, arrayed in naval clothes. Old Mac, our beloved chief, had bought a suit of clothes from a very tall engineer belonging to a Swedish ship-lying close to us, and had equipped "Him" in them.

That evening, when the men had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took "Him" down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as if ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. This evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only thirteen inches in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Custom-house officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found out that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate "Him" as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by ourselves, would have made "Him" a comfortable home for the three weeks' run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome; he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor "Him" in its mad movements.

But what were we to do with "Him"? We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much food down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor "Him" out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very seakish, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in a part of the engine itself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beef-tea and arrowroot biscuits; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and went on deck to see that we were not troubled of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been into the engine-room, and that a strange man was walking round examining everything.

Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, crossly; "what a fool he must be thus to expose himself to danger." I hastily told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "staring platform," as though the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunder-struck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—you see, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any further on his eventful voyage to Antwerp, and we afterwards learned that the dragging operations were crowned with overwhelming success during the evening, with the natural result that the Russian became the laughing-stock of the entire crew.

Putting into Dartmouth for a further supply of fuel, we smuggled "Him" ashore, and the Chief and I were not sorry when his train left for the Metropolis. On arrival at Antwerp a letter was put into the Chief's hands; it contained no communication, but twelve £5 bank-notes, and I

confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor "Him," it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a far greater Nihilist than he—a "political" of high rank. "Him" was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly was very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.—Wide World Magazine.

COMMON SENSE ON PUNCTUATION.

A Batch of Rules That Are in Accord With Modern Methods.

"Whose punctuation do you follow?" The answer is, our own. Unlike D'Israeli's alleged "sensible men"—who, when asked what their religion is, "never tell"—we are willing and glad to tell what our rule of punctuation is. Here you have it in a few words:

1. Never use a comma if "the way-faring man, though a fool," can grasp the meaning of the text without it.
2. Never use a semicolon when a comma will serve the author and the reader as well.
3. Never use a colon when a semicolon will serve as well.
4. Wherever there is no climacteric effect to be preserved, cut up your semicoloned and colonized sentence into short sentences.
5. Use commas and periods as your standbys.
6. Use the semicolon chiefly to better express antithesis, and to group phrases and clauses.
7. Use the colon chiefly in formal enumeration, after "viz.," "as follows" and the like.
8. Use the dash to indicate an abrupt break in the sentence, an afterthought, and, in many instances where in older times the parenthesis was used, to indicate that the words included are parenthetically employed.
9. Use the parenthesis only when you find dashes are not sufficiently exclusive.
10. Never use brackets except when you insert some word of your own in a quotation from some other author.
11. Never use an interrogation point when your question is direct; e. g., it would be improper to use it after "girl" in this sentence: "He asked what ailed the girl."

These are our rules to-day. Tomorrow, if we see any new light, we shall follow it. But we are not likely to stray away from the course above marked out. Punctuation, like sentence-making, becomes second nature after awhile. In punctuation, as in sentence-making, we do well or ill as we succeed or fail in presenting our thought in fewest words. The words should be chosen and arranged as to develop our meaning, our whole meaning, and nothing but our meaning.—Midland Magazine.

After the Catechism.

She—"Will you love me always."
He—"Passionately, my darling."
She—"And you will never cease to love me?"
He—"Never, my darling."
She—"And you will save your money?"
He—"Every penny."
She—"And you will never speak harshly to me?"
He—"Never."
She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?"
He—"Every one of them."
She—"And you will get along with mamma?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And papa?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And just what papa wants you to do?"
He—"Yes."
She—"And just what I want you to do?"
He—"Of course."
She—"Well, I will be yours, but I fear I am making an awful mistake."
—Tit-Bits.

Pearls Made to Order.

M. Boutin, of the Sorbonne, since the announcement of his successful production of pearls in the Rosoff laboratory, has been inundated with letters from fashionable ladies who either want to know where they can buy these artificial products or whether they should lose no time in disposing of valuable pearl ornaments. To the trade, however, M. Boutin's discovery causes little agitation, for the dealers well know that he has merely done what has been for years a familiar trick with the heathen Chinese. A little pellicle of some foreign substance introduced between the shells of the oyster will in the course of a few weeks become coated with the beautiful iridescent material known as mother-of-pearl. But the result is not a genuine pearl of any value, for that is a growth which only comes to perfection after a considerable lapse of time. Such a process of nature cannot be hurried.—London Chronicle.

Striking Contradictions.

A great contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being the most jocular in society usually, and humorists in theory the most lugubrious mortals in practice.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, was written in prison under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Baresford, was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room where the author was surrounded by the best of everything, and Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation.

WHEN COOK'S AWAY.

When cook's away sweet Bessie tries her hand at baking beans and pies; She gets the cook book from its shelf, And then proceeds to teach herself. She pores the pages till she thinks She mastered all the doughs and drinks, But then she follows every quirk, The stubborn recipe won't work.

When cook's away the cake is sad, The biscuits drop, the coffee's bad, The bread is never baked enough, The fish is raw, the meat is tough, The porridge burns, the gravy lumps, And yet she follows every quirk, For indigestion comes to stay, And reigns supreme, when cook's away.

When cook's away I fear that the Recording angel weeps for me, For it is true, I must confess, I tell some fibs to please sweet Bess, I tell her (Loves forgive the crime!) She'll be a splendid chef in time, Nor ever show by word or look That I am yearning for the cook. —What-To-Eat

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tabby—"Would you die a thousand deaths for me?" Tom—"No; only nine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hostess—"I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?" Caller—"Well, no, not in that way."

Mr. Newby, we don't see you at our socials any more." "No; I've got into society now."—Chicago Record.

"She is a promising young musician." "Well, get her to promise that she won't play any more."—Illustrated American.

Foreigner—"Parvelli! I will pull your nose!" Sloncher—"Maybe my nose, Count; but never my leg!"—Philadelphia North American.

Boarder (disgustedly)—"I can't eat this food; 'tisn't fit for a pig." Boarding-house Keeper (coolly)—"I don't cater for pigs."—Fun.

"What a well-informed man Jenkins seems to be! He can converse intelligently upon almost any subject." "Yes; Jenkins has brought up five boys."

"The single-seal race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double seals!"

"It snows!" cried the school boy. "Hurrah!" and his shout is echoed with lusty applause. But ten minutes later the wind veers about, and he plaintively murmurs, "It thaws!"—Washington Star.

"I want an ice boat," said the boy. "Nonsense," replied the old man. "What's the matter with an ice wagon? It's not quite so fast, perhaps; but it's just as cold."—Chicago Post.

"Always keep cool," exclaimed the man who lives to give advice. "Yes," said Mr. Meekton. "But don't let the man who tends to the steam down stairs hear you say that. He runs the idea into the ground."

"That is a pretty big backwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmy-boy. "It looks big," said Jimmy-boy. "But really it isn't. It's got lots of porroses in it."—Harper's Young People.

Wood—"After starving for twenty years, old Potts conceived an idea which resulted in making his fortune." Van Pelt—"What was it?" Wood—"Changed the sign over his shop from 'Junk' to 'Antiques.'"—Truth.

"I can marry any girl I please," he said, with a self-satisfied, if-you-love-a-girl-would-you-marry-her expression upon his languid face. "No doubt," she responded, "but what girl do you please?" They don't speak now. My grandmother told me to pay as I go; I'd follow the rule if I had but the chance. But landladies and landladies won't have it so; They always insist upon pay in advance. —Washington Post.

"So you are going to marry Herr Meissner?" "Hardly. Papa is not altogether satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family; he doesn't strike me as quite stylish enough—and, besides, he hasn't tacked me."—Punch.

The Hand as an Indication of Disease.

The study of physiognomy and of the hand is curiously interesting. It is now generally admitted that a person's character can be gauged with a very considerable degree of accuracy by a visual analysis of the features, and the same remark applies, with less force perhaps, to a study of the hand. The fact that in certain diseases the expression of the face and the appearance of the hands are fairly reliable indices of the nature and progress of the disease is too well known to require further emphasis. It would certainly appear to be more likely that the study of the hand is deserving of closer attention than is usually bestowed on the subject by medical men in general practice.—New York Sun.

Voyage of a Tin Box.

Things cast up by the sea sometimes have floated for a longer distance than one would suppose. A man near Rockland recently picked up a small tin tobacco box, with a note inclosed requesting the finder to return it to Edward H. Grant, South Framingham, Mass. The box was mailed to the above address, and an answer was soon received from the recipient, who said that the box had been thrown overboard from a canoe on Twin Lake, near Moosehead, where he was spending his vacation last season, and must have found its way down the Penobscot River.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Extensive Use of Kangaroo Hides.

Not many people have any idea how extensively kangaroo hides are utilized in this country. During 1897 there were over 400,000 such skins received in New York, and about eighty per cent. of these were tanned in one large establishment in Newark, N. J. The hides all come from Australia and New Zealand. Prior to 1859 kangaroos were killed and eaten in Australia and their hides were cut up and made mostly into shoestrings and belts.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

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37.—A Diamond.

1. A consonant in Profectum. 2. A fairy queen. 3. A title of respect. 4. Wicked. 5. A consonant in Semper.

38.—Five Pied Straits.

1. Lleslebi. 2. Aankewni. 3. Aaanubi. 4. Lidafro. 5. Nscao.

39.—False Adverbs.

Add the proverbial ending: To an exclamation, and form sacred. To ground grain, and form cartilaginous. To a little demon, and form to signify. To a dog, and form having ringlets. To method, and form a military officer.

To one of the organs of sense, and form on time. To a kind of cloth, and form an answer.

40.—A Square.

1. The seat of life. 2. A mistake. 3. To get up. 4. Fragrant flowers. 5. A lock of hair.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

33.—A Corrugated Column—

R A C E R
F U N
C A S T E
A H A
T H I N K
I N N
B U G L E

34.—A Square—

H O L M
O L E A
L E O N
M A N X

35.—Six Pied Cities in Pennsylvania—Lancaster, Mauch Chunk, Williamsport, Towanda, Paxanatawney, Chambersburg.

36.—Five Bedchambers—P-rark; s-hip; s-hoe; b-room.

Indian Native Cavalry.

When a man wishes to enlist in a sillidar cavalry regiment he must provide himself, says a writer in Chambers's Journal, with a horse, saddle, lance, (if his regiment are lancers,) a sword, his uniform, and his transport; or else he must be employed as a rider by some other person who is the happy possessor of all these necessaries. In the former case he is called a sillidar, or the owner of an assami; and in the latter case a bargir, and his employer his sillidar.

A sillidar draws pay for his assami and also for his own services. Thus, if a man owns two assamis, he draws two lots of horse pay and one lot of pay for himself, a corresponding amount to this last being paid to the man who rides his second horse—that is to say, to his bargir.

In some regiments, until comparatively recently, it was quite usual for one man to own ten or twelve assamis, or even an entire troop. More than this, it was not unusual for an assami to be left by will to a man's wife or infant child, in which case the executors employed a substitute (awas kidmat) to ride for the woman or child, thus enabling the owner to draw horse pay. This practice is still common in some native Hindustan States.

An Order of Journalists.

A newspaper report from London says that the Rev. Lach Szyrma, a devout Episcopal clergyman, is seriously agitating the founding of an order of journalists, which is to be placed under the special protection of the Apostle Paul. The clergyman argues that the press of the day is exerting a powerful influence over the world, and that the formation of a society of newspaper editors and writers, with the noble aim of instructing the nations and of guiding them on the road of justice and universal brotherhood, cannot fail to prove of incalculable benefit to the Christian Church and humanity. The physicians, says the Rev. Mr. Szyrma, have St. Luke as their patron saint, and as St. Paul was the best reporter of ancient times, and the mighty logician and moralist of Scripture, he would be the best mediator for journalists between heaven and earth. It is proposed to hold an annual reunion of newspaper workers in the big Cathedral of St. Paul, where some eminent bishop is to deliver an annual address, and where prayers will be offered for the benefit of the newspaper fraternity.

Where Window Glass is a Luxury.

Dawson is soon to be "Dawson City" in reality, says Consul McCook. One must take money in in order to bring money out of the gold fields, capital being needed in developing. Many improvements have been made in Dawson. Window glass is scarce, a small light ten by twelve dily bringing \$2.50 or \$3. Small lamps have been made by parties who look supplies of glass and oil lamps. \$4 lamp commands from \$18 to \$20 in Dawson, and a five-cent pair of carpet tacks will sell for seven or five cents. One-half the buildings in Dawson to-day are without window glass.

Feet Hecks a Cheap Fuel.

Consul Kehl, of Stettin, writes of the manufacture of briquettes from peat or turf. This fuel besides being very cheap has other merits. It is clean, easily packed in bins, gives good heat, and in a closed stove with only a slight draft will remain in a glowing state for ten hours. Owing to crude machinery the cost of production now (about \$1.55 per ton) is greater than it will be when improved machinery is introduced. Briquettes manufactured from coal are cheaper than those of turf.

His nose was prominent. He was par- about twenty miles from Wash- politics.

6000 \$700,000. Chronomet.