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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 renowned in naval circles. Sixty-four years ago Captain Dewey, an ardent Whig, saved the Jackson figurehead of 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 hoped against hope that Andree and his companions may yet return to civilization, the quest for the like that Sir John Franklin, 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.

NOW WE HIDE THE NIHILIST.

By a Marine Engineer.

HOW we came to 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 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; thus I took out, so 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 dream 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 stip 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, he cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had no 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 seamy, 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.

that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room and stoke-holds, and if found, put both "Him" and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on to the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon. It seemed partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into a oven. All went well till the mid-day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain, accompanied by the Russian, came to the engine-room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could come to my assistance the Russian had got round the evaporator (I had shut off the water as soon as I saw them coming), and good heavens! I saw with beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror he was going to open the steam valve on to the coils, and boil poor "Him" to death. I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on to the boiler top and shut off the auxiliary valve, a thing which I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

Quick as lightning, however, the Chief did it, and our poor, bottled-up fugitive was saved. The Russian police officer deliberately opened the valve, and then, turning round on me, laughed sardonically in my face. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the whole of our plot had somehow been given away to the Russian police. In his pride at having, as he thought, baffled us, however, he forgot to feel the dome to see if it were getting hot. I should say that the anxious look on my face had told its own tale. The officer at any rate had fairly done his work, for when he had kept me talking for some time, he said, blandly, "Well, Mr. Engineer, you are now at liberty to have what is left of that fellow. Good afternoon." And walking out of the engine-room, he never troubled us again that run.

We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored "Him" to liberty. He was an awful wreck when we lugged him out and made a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in maturing a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-bar for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as "Him."

We reach Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We begged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit. When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal-lighters glided wilyly back alongside our ship; we then climbed aboard and awaited the result.

All night long that Russian searched Algiers for "Him," but of course in vain, and next day we saw the indefatigable officer dragging the harbor. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat. It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship C— at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any farther on his eventual 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 city.

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 25 bank-notes, and I

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. Lieslebi. 2. Aamkwini. 3. Aaannic. 4. Lidafro. 5. Nscoco.

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. Manoh Chuk, Williamsport, Towanda, Punxsutawney, Chambersburg.
36.—Five Beheadments—P-ark; s-tar; s-hip; s-hoe; b-room.

Indian Native Cavalry.
When a man wishes to enlist in a sildar 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 sildar, or the owner of an assami; and in the latter case a bargir, and his employer his assami.
A sildar 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) enabling the owner to draw horse pay. This practice is still common in some native Hindustani States.

An Order of Journalists.
A newspaper report from London says that the Rev. Lach Szymra, a devout Episcopalian 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. Szymra, 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 daily bringing \$2.50 or \$3. Small ones have been made by parties who took supplies of glass and oil lamp (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.

Peat Bricks 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.

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 shoestings and belts.

WHEN COOK'S AWAY.

When cook's away sweet Besse tries Her hand at baking beans and pies; She gets the cook book from his shelf, And then proceeds to teach herself. She pores the pages till she thinks She mastered all the doughs and drinks. But tho' she follows every trick, 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 gray jumps, And we are in the deepest dumps. For indignation 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 lies to please sweet Besse. I tell her (Love forgive the crime!) She'll be a splendid chef in time, Nor never show by word or look That I am yearning for the cook.

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—"Parvenu! I will pull your nose!" Sloucher—"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-scul 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 skulls!"

"It snows!" cried the school boy. "Hurrah!" and his shout was 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 downstairs hear you say that. He runs the idea into the ground."

"That is a pretty big buckwheat 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 porousses 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 landlords and landlords won't have it so: They always insist upon pay in advance. —Washington Post.

"So you are going to marry Herr Meisener?" "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 asked 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.