

One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00
One Square, one inch, one month... \$2.00
One Square, one inch, three months... \$5.00
One Square, one inch, one year... \$15.00

Spain has declared a general pardon for deserters from the navy. Under the circumstances they could hardly be blamed.

The Mexican Herald, commenting upon our occupation of Cuba, says: It is a good beginning that the American army met in Cuba are making.

Official statistics from seventeen leading American cities show a slight decrease in building operation values during the past year. The total for the seventeen cities was \$202,000,000 in 1897 and \$181,000,000 in 1898.

With Adolphe d'Ennery passing away the last of the great French melodramatists who were coeval with the elder Dumas. It is not too much to say that he did more to make the drama of emotion by situation and machinery widespread than any other playwright.

In connection with the discussion regarding the competition in trade between Great Britain and the United States, the English and American Gazette says: "There is hardly a branch of trade in which America does not now compete with Great Britain."

The news from Philadelphia of the discovery of tubing in the walls and floor of Keely's work-shop is, on the whole, rather mortifying. The Philadelphia Press vouches for the story. It avers that the Keely work-shop has been ripped up; that under the floor was a steel reservoir capable of holding compressed air at a high pressure.

It may be that a new fashion in matrimony has been created in the mountain fastnesses of Virginia. Not long ago a comely young woman of that region was wooed by two suitors, one of whom she preferred.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW. The rooms are hushed, the lights are low, I sit and listen to the wind That comes from out the distant hill.

When those we love have come and gone, 'Tis weary to be left behind To miss sweet eyes where late they shone.

money—I'll trust you, even if you don't want to trust me. "I can't do it."

POSTMISTRESS AT DOWNINGVILLE.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

WHEN you come to think of it, Downingville was a village of magnificent distances, with almost a half-mile from the tannery to the sawmill.

health was not good, and there two younger sisters and a little brother who were still at school. It was a little after three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day that a stranger entered the Downingville postoffice.

Even the postoffice stood alone, at least a hundred yards from the nearest house, with a corner of Squire Pomeroy's wood-lot coming up almost to its back door.

"That is my name—M. P. Morganstone. Please let me have it." "The rules require identification in the case of registered letters, you know," answered Mabel.

It was a beautiful September morning; she had just finished putting up the six twenty-four mail, and the boy who carried it to the station had departed.

"No," answered Mr. Blodgett. "I can't give out a registered letter on such identification. Mr. Blodgett, the postmaster, has instructed me not to do so."

"Why, good morning, Mabel!" she said. "You weren't looking for me so early, were you, now?"

"No, I don't think I am. A postmaster is responsible for registered letters. If he delivers one to the wrong person the rightful owner can hold him accountable."

"Well, I don't know, you know. You can't tell. But I suppose this doesn't seem early for you."

"Why, see here, I've got lots of registered letters on less identification than this, and at larger offices," the man said.

"You don't tell me! Well, I think you have to get up too early, that's what I think. Seems as if Blodgett might stir out and open the place himself, specially as you have to stay so late at night."

"They're very kind," said Mabel, instantly, "but I couldn't take anything. You please tell them so, and stop their coming. I didn't do anything more than that day and my duty, and I couldn't take any reward for that; but you can thank them for me, please."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

65.—An Acrostic. Nine three-letter words, the initials of which spell the name of a Frenchman, whom all Americans esteem.

1. A boy. 2. A conjunction. 3. A fancy. 4. Part of the verb to be. 5. A personal pronoun. 6. A Bible name. 7. A light blow. 8. A spin. 9. A sound-receiver.

66.—A Transposition. The meaning of the first is "to mourn"; the second is "a cloak" by women worn; third is "a shell" for ornaments, I wear; while "of the mind" for fourth, is plainly seen.

67.—A Corrugated Column. 1. A serpent. 2. Succor. 3. A kind of bird. 4. A boy's abbreviated name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A unit. 7. One of the senses.

68.—A Square. 1. A noted European city. 2. An iridescent stone. 3. To knock about. 4. A girl's name.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS QUESTIONS. 61.—Nine Insertions—Cain-cabin; piers-hears; save-salve; alar-alter; paupt; toes-tones; ales-also; cats-carts; cream-cream.

62.—A Diamond— T R A P E S T W I N I N G S A R I D I T I E S S P A N I S H F L A G E P I T H E T I C S N I F T E D G E L I D S A C

63.—Five Broken Words—Spear-mint; bar-row; green-house; block-head; foot-ball.

64.—A Square— H E A R T E R R O R A R I S E R O S E S T R E S S

WHITE HOUSE CLOCKS.

"The clocks in the White House," remarked an official clock-winder to a reporter, "are by no means the most interesting things about the house, though but little has ever appeared about them in the newspapers."

The next afternoon she was able to sit up at home. Mr. Blodgett came and congratulated her on what she had done. He told her that after she had become unconscious the man she had escaped by running across the field to the near-by woods, and that it now appeared he had good reason for running away, since he was the accomplice of some burglars at Riverside who had sent him a large sum of money, stolen the night before, in the letter, fearing immediate arrest themselves.

"What is known as the Lincoln clock, purchased when President Lincoln was in the White House, is an object of interest in the Red Room, and is of ebony and gold. It strikes the quarters, halves and hours. In Mrs. McKinley's rooms is a clock which has been running without the slightest intermission for nearly thirty years. The clock at the foot of the stairs leading up to the President's office is the one that the public generally sees. It is rather modern in construction, of the 'regulator' pattern and is very reliable."

Upset the Lawyer. A case was being tried in court, and the particular question at issue was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple minded German was in the witness box.

"Well," meekly answered the witness, "off course I could not chust say, but I think dere was between six and seven."

Valuable Engravings. The most valuable engravings in the world are the four impressions of Rembrandt's portrait of a man leaning on a sabbat. The fourth was recently sold for \$10,000. The original plate made by Rembrandt was cut down first to an octagonal oval and the pictures from it sold for \$130. Then it was sliced off still more and the prints sold for \$12, but of the original plate only four prints mentioned exist.

SUBMARINE BOATS RIDICULED.

Yarrow, England's Great Expert. Says They Are Not Effective.

The recent manoeuvres of the French submarine torpedo boat Gustave Zede have aroused much interest in English naval circles, and the many experiments of Americans in the same line make her tests of equal importance to the United States Navy.

"From the sensation which is being made about it in France," said Mr. Yarrow, "one would think it was a new idea. It is not. For more than thirty years trials have been made of submarine torpedo boats. And the thirty years have been marked by little progress and considerable loss of life. And in this latest attempt by the French the essential objections to the idea still remain."

"These dangers arise to some extent from the fact that the specific gravity of the boat must be either exactly or nearly the same as the specific gravity of water. The result is that if an indentation was caused in the skin of the vessel, its specific gravity would, of course, become actually greater than that of water, and it would sink to the bottom. Another danger, which arises chiefly in shallow water, is that the vessel is apt, through the slightest disorder of the steering gear, to get out of the horizontal line. And in that case in less than no time it might stick its head in the mud. This actually occurred a few years ago at Tilbury, when Lord Charles Beresford was nearly drowned."

"A third danger is that of collision with rocks, fish or pieces of wreckage. If a large fish in some foreign sea came into contact with one of these boats it might easily take charge of the steering gear. "In my belief they would be of value only against stationary vessels. In the case of a vessel in motion, sufficiently accurate guiding would be impossible. As far as stationary vessels are concerned submarine torpedo boats which can be guided by electric wire from the shore would prove quite effective."

"With our present knowledge, boats of the French type are both dangerous and ineffective, and I may add, the more money the French spend upon them the better for the rest."

Girls Growing Faster Than Boys.

Is the athletic girl to pay the penalty of her fondness for outdoor sports by growing so fast and so much as to end in the long run by overtopping her brothers and sweethearts by a head?

The disparity in height has been noticed particularly at some recent weddings, and a wail comes to us from the young girls still attending dancing schools that they as a rule are all tall, while the boys are all short, and the consequent awkwardness resulting has been very unpleasant.

King Lewanika's costume was rather remarkable. On his head he wore a black, broad-brimmed felt hat over a scarlet night cap. A long, bright-blue dressing gown, much embroidered with scarlet braid in Manchester style; a flannel shirt, tweed waistcoat, trousers and aggressively new yellow boots completed his costume. This was evidently his holiday attire, for on other days his scarlet night cap was replaced by a blue Tam-o-Shanter and the dressing gown by a shoddy ulster.

Calling a Dog by Telephone. The Daily Telegraph narrates the following incident: "A lady passenger who arrived at Redhill by train reported in great grief to the station master that her little pet dog had been left by accident on the platform at Reigate, and would likely be either crushed by a locomotive or lost. The courteous official telephoned through respecting the poodle, and the answer came immediately, that a dog of that description had just been brought in to the police station. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and the lady was asked to speak to it. She did so. The effect was electrical. The dog barked a cordial recognition of the voice, and by its antics expressed a great desire to jump into the apparatus and traverse the wire in order to get to its mistress all the sooner."

Easy to Guess. "He called last night, and he's charming," she was saying to her best friend, between acts at "Cyrano de Bergerac." "He is simply fascinating in conversation and perfect in his manners. He has traveled a great deal, you know, is a great observer and really gives you a better idea of what he has seen than can be obtained from books. One thing he told me was simply enchanting, and I never heard it before from any one."

Household Words. "What was it?" "A proposal." Then they got as near back to back as the seats would permit and did not speak during the rest of the long performance.

JIM BOWKER.

Jim Bowker, he said of he'd had a fah show. An 'a' big enough town for his talents to grow. And the last bit of assistance in hoelin his row.

Jim Bowker, he said, He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name, An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame.

It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might be; Then ag'n— But he had had taral luck; everythin' went ag'n him. The arrears of fortune they allus 'ud pit his name; So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him;

Jim Bowker, he said, Et he'd had a fair show you couldn't tell where he'd come, three months. An' he feasts he'd 'a' done, an' the heights he'd 'a' clum'd. It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might be; Then ag'n— But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less. Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success, An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"How do you like her voice?" He—"Still."—Yankee Statesman. Dewey opened up the ball. Dewey caused Manila's fall. Dewey shows us by what's past That the first shall be the last!

Penner—"He once seemed to be a promising young poet. What stopped his career?" Scribes—"Baldness."—Judge. Miss Passee—"They say marriages are made in heaven." Miss Pert—"Ah, then, you have one more chance."—Syracuse Herald.

"Quite polite, isn't he?" "I should say. He is so polished that he can't tell the plain unvarnished truth."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Louie—"Fred must be an auctioneer." Nelly—"Why?" Louie—"Last night he said he was going three times before he went."

"A man is as old as he feels," said the gentleman of the old school, "and a woman as old as she says she is."—Indianapolis Journal. "Why is the villain in the play always a dark man?" "I guess it's because villains are naturally opposed to the light."—Chicago News.

Hibbler—"Does your wife help you in your work?" Scribbler—"Yes, indeed! She always goes calling while I am writing."—Brooklyn Life. The girl who keeps her birthday. When a merry little elf, Keeps it still when she grows up, But keeps it to herself. —Chicago News.

Horrid Mother—"I should like to know how you happened to let your Simpkins kiss you?" Daughter—"I—I thought no one was looking." "Won't your wife sing for us?" asked one of the callers. "I guess she will; I just asked her not to," replied the knowing husband.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hingso—"He's a queer fellow." Jingo—"You bet! He told me yesterday that he didn't like the solitude unless he had a girl with him."—Syracuse Herald. "How did you find business abroad?" "Well, I noticed that everything was looking up at Naples."—"Indeed?" "Yes; at Mount Vesuvius."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"If your head aches, my dear, I wouldn't go to the tea meeting this evening." She—"Then the other woman will be sure to talk about me."—Boston Traveler. Mrs. Crimstoneak—"My life, John, is an open book." Mr. Crimstoneak—"That's the trouble; I wish to goodness I could shut you up some time!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine. She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."—Chicago Record. Little Rodney (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, what is the proper age for a man to get married?" Mr. Hennepeck—"Not till he is old enough to know better, my son."—Puck.

Duzy—"Jabbin, do you remember that joke I sprung at the club dinner last week?" Dooby—"Yes; and I'll never forget it. I've remembered it for over ten years."—Roxbury Gazette. Pollywog—"What's the trouble between Van Clove and his wife? I thought she was the light of his life." Jollydog—"So she was, but she went out too much."—Philadelphia North American.

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