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The Empress of China has dispensed with any peace-note preliminaries and proceeded to raise an army of 250,000 men.

United States Consul Hanna, writing from San Juan for the benefit of touring Americans, dwells invitingly upon a conviction that Porto Rico is destined to become a valued winter resort for our people as soon as the removal of the heavy duties on American building material opens the way to the erection of hotels such as our people are accustomed to use when traveling for health or pleasure.

Perhaps the congressional snubs administered to New Mexico's ambition to be a State are responsible for the remarkable decrease in the percentage of illiterates. It has been known there for some time that the territory was not eligible for statehood on the basis of population alone, but that educational qualification would have to make a respectable showing also.

It looks dark for Dreyfus again. But the belief in his innocence is unshaken, and those who hold it still insist that he shall be returned to France and restored to his rights as a citizen and to his place in the army, says the Washington Star. Less than this will satisfy none of them. He has suffered, he is innocent, and France at all hazards should undo the wrong. There are so many difficulties surrounding the case that predictions as to the result are of small value. It is said that if the sentence is reversed by the court of cassation a revolution will follow in the interests of the army. Should the army in such a contest succeed that success would operate as a reversal of the court's reversal, and a reaffirmation of Dreyfus's sentence, his re-arrest probably if in reach, and deportation back to that lonely island. But even should the army lose, it would still be unsafe for Dreyfus to appear in France, and impossible for him to live there. He would be too marked a man, too intimately associated with bloody contention, although the innocent cause of it.

Within the past few days some important data bearing upon the colonies, protectorates and dependencies of the globe has been sent out from the Treasury Department at Washington. In view of the character of recent events this data is of timely interest. Some figures taken therefrom are given in the table below.

Table with columns: Countries, Colonies, Area, Population. Lists various countries and their respective statistics.

According to the information set forth in the table above Great Britain has nearly twice as many colonies as the other Powers, while her colonial population aggregates in extent nearly three-fifths that of the other Powers. France comes next upon the list, but her colonies are more extensive in territory than population.

A new system has just been started among trained nurses in New York City and other cities, which will certainly prove a boon to the majority of patients and must eventually prove very lucrative to the nurses themselves. There are thousands of people who are ill, and yet cannot afford the luxury of a trained nurse. Again there are others who do not need the services of a nurse all day and all night. The first class cannot have them on account of the expense, and consequently suffer and are ill longer than if they could have only a portion of a nurse's care. The second class are not ill enough to need the constant presence of a trained nurse. The nurse can now be hired to come in and assist at an operation, to visit the patient at certain hours, dress wounds, bathe or change or otherwise make them comfortable in a manner such as a woman trained to such work alone can do. Many sick persons are made very nervous by the presence of an absolute stranger constantly in the room with them, and often prefer to dispense with the services of a trained nurse for that very reason. Under the new arrangement such persons can obtain all the benefit necessary by these visits.

EBB-TIDE.

A sudden reach of wide and wind-swept sea, A sky of shattered steel that falls the night, And one long shaft of sun that seems to write vast letters slowly on a slate of sea;

The gray beach widens. Foot by foot appear strange forms of wreckage creeping from the waves, Like ghosts that steal in silence from their graves To watch beside the death-bed of the year;

Poor shattered shapes of ships that once stood out Full-freighted to the far horizon's sweep To music of the cheery sailor's shout Of men who sought the wonders of the deep!

Poor shattered ships! Their gallant cruising o'er, Their cargoes coral-crustled leagues below, They rise, unmanned, unnumbered, from the bow Recession of the ebb along the shore.

The drible tide that bore them bravely then Betrays their shame and nakedness to be Mate witness to the littleness of men Who battle with the sovereignty of sea.

For me, as well, alone upon the dune, There sinks a tide that strips the beaches bare, And leaves but grim unsightly wreckage where The brooding skies make mockery of air.

Ab, dear, that hopes, like tides, should ebb away, Unmasking on the naked shore of love Flotsam and jetsam of a happier day, Dreams wrecked, and all the empires thereof! —Gay Wetmore Carry, in Harper's Magazine.

WALTER'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

By SIDFORD F. HAMP.



THE time I was foreman for Mason & Jevons, wool-growers—so said the old managing director of a famous ranch company—young Walter Mason came West for his first visit. He was a pale boy of fifteen, nephew to the senior partner, and sent from his home in the East, under the doctor's orders, to live in the open air for a couple of years.

There were no comforts or conveniences about sheep-camps in those days. A bunk-house and kitchen, with all the furniture home-made except the cooking apparatus; some rough shelter for the sheep and a stable for the horses were generally the only buildings, and these were apt to be set down in some hollow of the bare, brown plain, to make like ovens under the summer sun and to shake in the cold blasts of January.

Mason & Jevons had a lot of such camps, but the home ranch, on the Deep Arroyo, was a more pretentious place. There my men and I had a five-roomed house, about pasture enough for two cows, and a small garden, "under ditch," for the growing of potatoes and such luxuries.

We thought the place a wonder of comfort, but the sudden change from a good city home to a sheep-camp, with its extremely early hours, its very plain fare and still plainer cooking, was rather trying to Walter; but he never made the least bit of complaint, not he. He fell into the ranks at once, and although he was not required to work, he set about learning the details of sheep-raising by doing everything with his own hands.

Before a year was over the outdoor life had turned his muscles into steel and burned his face to a brick red, still, he was only a boy, and could not be expected to compete with the seasoned men in an ordinary day's work. And yet, for all that, he would come in brisk and smiling at the end of a long day's lamb-herding, when some of the older hands were used up.

This puzzled the men, for they had been generally inclined to laugh at the boy as a "tenderfoot." The explanation really was that Walter never lost his temper in dealing with the provoking, scamping, silly lambs. Now few things are more exhausting than a total loss of temper—especially when it is lost for fifteen hours a day—and that is the usual misfortune of lamb-herders.

Walter spent most of his leisure time upon a superannated cow-pony, shooting at coyotes with a rifle, but it was months before he hit one. The coyote, although he always turns "broadside on" and gives the marksman the best chance he can, is a bad target; his thick fur makes him look much larger than he really is. Walter fired away cartridges by the box in vain.

shooting. They'll crawl up to you through the cover—that is, if it's more than just a bush or two," for you see, Sally hadn't been born on the plains without learning a good deal about Indian-fighting.

"Well, that's a fact," Walter cried out. "But—Hello! what's that?" and Sally stood up and clutched hold of him, and they both stared while the old horse reared onward.

"It's water—it's no mirage," said Walter. "Yes, it's real water," said Sally. "There's a hollow there and the thunder-storm's filled it."

"Must be pretty shallow," said Walter, an idea jumping into his head. He didn't ask Sally's opinion this time, but man fashion, he took his chances.

"Sit down and hold on tight, Sally," was the said. With that he turned out of the road, whipped the horses into their best gallop and drove straight for the water, which was a shallow pond about three hundred yards wide and four or five times as long.

Maybe it was the sight of the water that encouraged the ranch-horses; anyway, they kept the pace so well that the Indians were still more than half a mile behind when the horses splashed into the pond and were brought to a walk. Walter drove them straight forward until water began coming into the wagon-box.

Then he turned the wagon broadside to the Indians. Sally and the boy were now about a third of the way across the pond, and they had entered it about midway between its ends. This suited Walter's plan exactly; he set the brake hard so that his horses couldn't move the wagon against his will, hung his cartridge-belt about his neck, jumped into the water, helped Sally down beside him, pulled her little trunk over so that it concealed and protected her, and then took his rifle and stood ready.

If you will think, you will see that he had a pretty good fortification. The wagon-box was between him and the Indians; the enemy could neither ride fast nor run on foot fast out to where the boy and girl stood more than waist-deep; they were half under water, and their heads and chests were well defended by the wagon-box and the trunk; there were only five Indians and these could not get near enough to shoot without offering a far better mark themselves.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

- 73.—Twelve Anagrammatic Cities and Towns of the United States. 1. Lion stew. 2. Tin chovers. 3. Oil jet. 4. Tar pole. 5. Lion car. 6. Large bugs. 7. Evil Land. 8. Ten blue veils. 9. Brown tails. 10. Labor time. 11. Farrville. 12. Lively Sam.

74.—A Drop-Vowel Quotation. B-t-t-r -t-t-k t-n sh-d-w-s th-n b-r-b-b-d b-n-t-t-f.

- 75.—Five Behadments. 1. Behad to form, and have aged. 2. Contracted, and have a dart. 3. Cost, and have a kind of food. 4. Hasty, and have a kind of tree. 5. Closed, and have an humble dwelling. 5. To reproach, and have a relation.

HARDWOOD SAWDUSTS.

The Fine Dusts Used For Various Special Purposes—Fine Sawdusts Exported.

The fine sawdust of hard woods, that which is produced in sawing veneers, is used for a variety of special purposes; fine mahogany sawdust, for instance, being extensively used in cleaning furs. There are sold fifteen or twenty different varieties of fine sawdust from as many different kinds of hard woods, these being gathered from the various mills.

While fine mahogany is the sawdust most largely used in cleaning furs, various other kinds are also employed for that purpose. The use of boxwood sawdust for cleaning jewelry is traditional. Boxwood sawdust is also used in polishing silver. Some sawdusts are used in marquetry work. Some are used in making pressed mouldings and ornaments. Sandalwood sawdust is used in scent boxes.

The production of coarse sawdust of various hard woods, such as oak and maple, is greater than the demand for them; such sawdusts may be burned in the mills where they are produced. Coarse mahogany sawdust may be sold for commonplace uses, or employed as fuel where it is made; but for the fine sawdusts of all the hard woods there is more or less demand; for many of them there is a ready market. The most costly of fine hardwood sawdust is boxwood, of which the supply is less than the demand.

Sleep-Walkers' Freaks.

A well-known physician gives an account of an Irish gentleman who swam more than two miles down a river, got ashore and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, altogether unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

Professor Fishnell, of Dale, writes of a young student of Wurtemberg who used to play hide-and-seek while fast asleep. His fellow students knew of his propensity and when he began walking three bolsters after him, which he always eluded, jumping over beds and other obstacles in his way.

A man was once discovered at 1 o'clock in the morning in a neighbor's garden engaged in prayer, evidently under the impression that he was in church, but otherwise in a deep sleep.

A young girl given to sleep-walking in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled her physician a great deal until he learned that when an infant the girl lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed upon his instrument within her hearing.—London Tit-Bits.

Guest Room Toothpowder.

Passenger Traffic Manager McCormick, of the Big Four, tells of a friend of his who was visiting some relatives. He was given the spare room and slept well. In the morning, desiring to clean his teeth, he looked through his valise for his tooth brush and box of tooth powder. He found the brush, but had come away from home without the powder. Looking about he discovered a small jar on the mantel. He opened it and saw it contained a grayish powder. "Here is some tooth powder," said he, and wetting his tooth brush he dipped it into the powder and gave his teeth a good scrubbing. When he went down stairs to breakfast he said to his hostess:

"You must excuse me for taking the liberty, but as I came away from home without my tooth powder I used some of that you have in the little jar on the mantel in my room."

"Why, Charley," said the hostess, "that isn't tooth powder in that jar; it's Aunt Ann's ashes."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Torpedo Boats.

The average distance of discovery of a torpedo boat by the searchlight from a battleship has been calculated to be 781 yards, and the greatest distance 2000 yards. Thus, taken the distance at which the torpedo can be fired with effect at 500 yards, it will be generally found that a torpedo boat will have to cross about 300 yards under fire from the ship she is attacking, and it will take the little craft about half a minute to do this.

A Foreign Writer's Bards.

"I find your political terms very puzzling," remarked the foreigner who was trying to gather material for a book on American institutions. "For example, to rotate means to move in a circle. A ring also means a circle. Now I am told that when a ring controls your offices they don't rotate any more."—Chicago Tribune.

BARN-YARD'S SOUTHERLY CORNER.

When the frost is white on the fodder stack, The lawn in the thornbush withered and black,

When the near fields flash in a diamond mail And the far hills glimmer, opaline pale, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the ruts in the cart-road ring like steel, And the birds to the kitchen door come for their meal, And the snow at the gate is lightly drifted And over the woodpile thickly sifted, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the brimming bucket steams at the well, And the axe on the beech-knot sings like a bell, When the pond is loud with the skaters' calls, And the horses stamp in the littered stalls, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the hay lies loose on the wide barn floor, And a sharp smell puffs from the stable door, When the pitchfork handle stings in the hand, And the stanchioned cows for the milking stand, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

The steers, let out for a drink and a run, Seek the warm corner one by one, And the ludding sheep, in their dusty white, Nose at the straw in the pleasant light, When merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner. —Charles G. D. Roberts, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I feel all run down," said the jocular citizen as the cyclist rode over him. Jenkins—"How do you like Miss Donegan?" Hawkins—"Oh, she's not as bad as she is painted."—Judge. Penelope—"Has your fiancé a sanguine temperament?" Perdita—"Yes—he even thinks I am going to marry him."

"It's a good town, and it's like your bald head, Weary," said Dusty Rhodes to his partner; "there's no lock-up there." "List!" she said, "oh, list to me!" He listed to her. And when he had listed low enough—He kissed her. —Life.

"Every genius gets in debt," "Of course, it takes a plain, ordinary, humdrum, commonplace man to keep out."—Detroit Free Press. Pigg—"Say! Why do you call that fellow 'Asphyxiate'?" That is peculiar nickname," Penn—"Because his last name is Gaskill."—Priceton Tiger.

"As soon as Jibson was appointed to office he had his picture taken." "Cabinet?" "No; ordinary clerk ship."—Philadelphia North American. If you call a man a lion He will always be your friend, But just hat that he's a bear, and He will hate you to the end. —Cleveland Leader.

An orator said to his audience: "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," when some one shouted: "Yes, and if you don't get done soon, they'll be here!" Mrs. Tracey—"Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save your fellow men any suffering?" Tracy—"Didn't I marry you."—Spare Moments.

Doctor—"Well, Mrs. Smith, if convenient to you and to your husband, we'll say Thursday." Mrs. Smith—"It'll suit me, and so it'll suit him—he's very tame."—Judge. Orator's Friend—"Denise through, wasn't it?" Orator—"Denise? I should say so! I tried every story I had on 'em, and didn't get a single laugh."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did you hear why the Smiths quarrelled?" "I understand Smith insisted that the cost of their sitting in church should come out of Mrs. Smith's allowance for clothes."—Puck. Dorothy (noticing with great distress a rip in her doll, whence the sawdust was spilling out)—"Oh, mamma, please do something quick! Dolly's just sawdusting herself to death."—Judge.

Bobbs—"What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar." Bobbs—"How so?" Bobbs—"Why, most of the girls could find their way in the dark."—Tit-Bits. Court Proceedings by Telephone. A litigation was up in a magistrate's court at Castalian Springs, eight miles from Gallatin. It was during the cold weather, and J. Tom Durham, of Gallatin, was counsel for one of the litigants. The trial was held in a country store in which there was a telephone. Eight miles' ride through the cold was too much for the constitution of the lawyer. A happy thought suggested itself to the attorney—he would use the telephone, conduct the suit and remain in his office by the fireside.

The case was called, all the witnesses were present and the suit began. Attorney Durham arranged for an assistant, who was to stand at the telephone and act as interlocutor, while he did the rest. The attorney carried on a careful and rigid examination of the witnesses, even cross-examining the opposing sides. At the conclusion of the evidence Lawyer Durham made a strong and effective argument, which was repeated to the court by the man at the telephone at that end of the line.—Nashville Banner. A Cause For Commotion. A pew-opener in England greatly astonished a group of women who were constructing evergreen motes and wreaths for Christmas by announcing that she had found "a stray hen laying in the pulpit." Their excitement was calmed when she produced a large green "N" which had "strayed" from some text or legend.

THE PLACE FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

The newspaper is the legitimate place of the advertisement. Custom has established it, and the successful advertisers, without exception, are those who use its columns. People are educated to search the newspaper, and because this is so it is the one proper place for the advertisement.

Circulars, handbills, dodgers, etc., are but makeshifts and unclean imitations of the original article.—Newspaper Maker.

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