Spain has slowly but surely been forced to abandon its stand in consideration of "pride" and "glory."

The foreign demand for breadstuffs continues to be heavy, and the supply is still equal to the demand. A great country this, and the limit of its resources is not yet approached.

Apropos of England's warlike activity it is timely to recall Gladstone's famous reply in the House of Commons: "No, we are not at war; we are conducting military operations."

Coal mining is now one of Missouri's chief industries. The annual report of the United States' geological survey credits her with producing in 1897 2,665,626 tons, the cash value of which is placed at $2,887,824.

The scheme of American popular education will not reach its highest development until every boy and girl shall be fitted, before leaving school, to use every power to its highest capacity to rightly perform the duties of family and civic relations, and to "make a living" by some handicraft the elements of which have been learned.

Time was when to have written a book gave a person some degree of distinction. Men and women were pointed out as the authors of certain books, and these books, once named in educated circles, were recognized. But that time has measurably gone by. To have written a book nowadays is to have done what thousands of others have done, and are busily engaged at this very hour in doing. The statement amounts to little more than does the statement that a certain person has designed an office building, has invented a labor-saving machine, has constructed a new kind of street-car rail, or a wagon.

While Porto Rico is densely populated, yet, in view of the great wealth of the island, there is still room for thousands of immigrants of the right sort. Under the stimulating effect of American ideas Porto Rico will soon begin to astonish the world with her growth. So long as she was fettered by the tyranny of Spain she could not do this, but now that she is permitted to inhale the atmosphere of freedom, she will speedily make up for what she has lost. We will miss our guess if Porto Rico within the next few years does not become one of the most coveted gems on the breast of the ocean, observes the Atlanta Constitution.

After struggling for a long time with the problem of over production, the butter makers opened a central warehouse at Sydney, New South Wales, where they sent all their butter, and whence it was sold at wholesale at certain fixed prices, varying according to the season of the year, but never falling below sixteen cents. What butter is not sold at that price is shipped in cold storage to London. In this way the price is kept up. Co-operation among farmers is admittedly one of the most difficult of social problems. Farming is generally carried on with insufficient capital, which makes the farmer a long-credit man, and places him largely in the hands of the middlemen. Farming really requires a liberal education and large executive ability. What the farmers of New South Wales have done, however, might be done by American farmers, especially since the London market is much nearer America than it is New South Wales. But it can't be done with cotton, for the obvious reason that the London market is glutted at the start.

The Abstract of Statistics of the Railways of the United States, for the year ending June 30, 1897, just issued by the interstate commerce commission, gives some interesting figures. There are 184,428 miles of railway in the country; of second, third and fourth tracks 12,795 miles, and of yard and track sidings 46,221 miles, making a grand total of 243,444 miles. One-third of the rails in yards and sidings are of iron, and 95 per cent. of all others are steel. There are 10,017 passenger locomotives, 20,398 freight and 5102 for switching; 33,626 passenger and 1,221,730 freight cars. There are 823,476 men employed by the railways; the amount paid them represents 61.87 per cent. of the total operating expenses. There were 489,445,198 passengers carried, and 43,168 casualities occurred, of which 6437 resulted in death; 1693 railway employes were killed and 27,667 injured. One out of every 2,204,708 passengers was killed, and one out of every 175,116 was injured; of employes one out of every 186 was killed, and one out of every 10 was injured

In old England you can get a shave for four cents, hair cut for eight cents, and a telegram for twelve cents. Assuredly, old England beats us on the price of some things.

From Indiana comes the story of a man of the name of Mania who is a happy father for the thirtieth time. There will be a company of them by the time the next war comes around.

Harvard's memorial to her sons who gave up their young lives for their country in the latest war will be forthcoming in due time, but not in a hurry. Lasting memorials are never erected in haste.

President Eliot of Harvard said the other day that the modern university sometimes "develops a very peculiar human being, the scientific specialist. He wants his name known, not to millions but to five or six students of the Latin dative case. He does not make money, because, like Louis Agassiz, he hasn't time.

The spread of Western ideas in Japan has not proved an unmixed blessing. Adulteration and fraudulent trading have followed in the wake. As the demand for European medicaments increased dishonest foreign merchants introduced a large quantity of inferior and adulterated drugs into Japan. Consequently a law had to be enacted to the effect that all drugs landed in Japan must be taken to the state laboratories before they could be sold to the public.

A steamboat company which operates boats on one of the Bavarian lakes has introduced a curious innovation in the matter of children's fares, which are in future to be regulated by measure. Children under 60 centimetres in height are to go free; children measuring over 60 and under 130 centimetres must pay half price. Presumably this regulation has been introduced because parents, however capable of cheating as regards their offsprings' age, cannot deceive the company in regard to their height.

Colorado is in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, but thinks, with Alphonse Karr, that the murderers should stop first. Two years ago the state passed a law making life imprisonment instead of death the penalty for murder, and now there is a popular agitation for its repeal. It was found by experiment that as to stopping first the Colorado murderer would not think of it; in fact, he would not stop at all, and went on worse than ever as soon as the law abolishing the death penalty was passed. An effort will now be made to have it restored, and though it promises to encounter sentimental and humantarian opposition, the prospects are that it will succeed, and the normal average of homicides in that state be restored.

A war between France and England would immediately develop the strength of the sympathy now existing between the United States and the latter, says the Washington Star. We should be called upon at once to reciprocate the good will extended to us during our war with Spain, and the response would not disappoint our English cousins. We, as they, in a contest representing the interests of the two civilizations, are for the Anglo-Saxon as against the Latin. The world is moving rapidly now. We have but recently turned a sharp corner ourselves, and are facing a situation undreamt of six months ago. England is with us. So if she should turn a sharp corner and confront a new and difficult situation we would be with her.

Take the standing armies on a peace footing of the six great powers. They number as follows: Russia, 870,000; Germany, 595 000; France, 590,000; Great Britain, 361,000; Austria-Hungary, 359,000, and Italy, 185,000. There are 2,960,000 men who are now non-productive and supported by the governments at public expense. Disbandment would relieve the nations of the cost of supporting them. It would also send that vast army of men in the very prime of young manhood into the already crowded marts of commerce and workshops of industry. Such an invasion would unquestionably have a marked effect. We may form some idea of it by imagining a mill on or more able-bodied young men suddenly added to the population of the United States. Only in those older countries there would be not a tithe of the room for them that there would be here, observes the New York Tribune. The increase of pressure and of competition in the "struggle for life" would be enormous.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road.—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran,
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan.
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height,
That the road passes on to the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish. So am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

A Happy Mistake.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze rest upon him.

Night after night did Maude and I lay side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly failing him, a fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew he must mortgage heavily the farm and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purpose—to decide that we are strong and young and healthy and that such gifts were given to us to be made use of. And so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letter to the old school teacher and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as governess at a competency which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take anyone on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide—one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who would go and wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat, with its long, drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented its aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not often wander from the stylish, elegant Misses Leonard to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance round once or twice, as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

My father grew rapidly worse instead of better, and it was hard work so to word my letters to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home—the shadow of coming death.

Her letters were bright and cheery, and when at last I told her that our father grew no better she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I read the name—Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request; but I said nothing to father of her desire, and one morning, about a week later, his card was put into my hands.

With quick, trembling limbs I hastened down to meet him and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before, had sat in the Leonards' pew.

My face grew red and pale as I recognized him; but he came forward very quietly and, taking my hands, said:

"Come, we will have a little talk first, and then you shall take me to see your father."

Then when he left me to visit my father I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that, could mortal aid avail him, he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing touch.

A half-hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew I might hope.

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall intrust to you."

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he bade me good bye, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said: "You must take care of yourself as well and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought:

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and vigor were at last restored; but when he asked him for his bill he laughingly replied:

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that."

My father looked amazed; but I could appreciate the payment he would accept, and imagined their surprise when he should demand it at their hands.

The summer was rapidly approaching. The time for Maude's home-coming was at hand.

I had reason to be happy, for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trousseau when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectations.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I only know that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs and, burying my head in my pillow, sob aloud.

"Ellie, darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet, girlish voice; and I sprang up, ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat.

Dr. Melrose instantly arose and came forward with his old smile of welcome and made a movement as though he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret was not yet disclosed.

The evening passed rapidly away in pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good night, and as he held my hand a moment in his own he whispered:

"You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. Tomorrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for a few moments in the morning?"

"Certainly," I answered; but my voice trembled, and I think had he stayed a moment longer I should have burst into tears.

All through that long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with myself.

How natural that he should love her, so young, so lovely! But, ah! why had my heart gone forth unasked to meet him? At least the secret was all my own—none would suspect it.

I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With, perhaps, a shade less color, a little quivering of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose, who stood waiting for me.

"I have come, as you know, to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you not guess it?"

A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered bravely:

"Yes, I know it all. You have my consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said, gravely:

"Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your consent?"

"But Maude?" I almost gasped.

"Maude is only too happy in the hope that I may win you. She is engaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's and who is soon coming to claim her. He is a splendid fellow and well worthy of her; but I, ah! my darling, can accept no other payment than yourself!"

And, in a wild burst of passionate joy, of marvelous unbelief, I gave it to him, as he sealed it with the first kiss of our betrothal.

Caged Panther Attacks a Girl.

An unusual accident befell a young workwoman on the Boulevard Belleville, Paris, recently. The girl, who had been turned out of her room because she could not pay her rent, was wandering through the streets till she arrived on the Boulevard, where she crawled for refuge beneath the floor of a menagerie.

She drew so near to one of the cages that its occupant, which was a large panther, immediately put its claws through the bars and held her firmly. The girl's screams aroused the staff of the menagerie, who rushed to her rescue. They labored for several minutes to make the panther release its prey, but they did not succeed until a red hot iron bar was used.

The poor girl's arm and shoulder were fearfully lacerated, but the physicians say she will recover.

LOOKING AHEAD THIRTY YEARS.

Sequences in 1928 of the War Between America and Spain.

Extracts from the New York daily papers of 1928:

"The reunion of the Society of the Survivors of the Battle of Cavite at Madison Square garden last evening was a most successful occasion from both a social and financial point of view. Over 7000 men be s were in attendance, nearly four-fifths of the entire membership, and the accommodations of the hall were strained to the utmost. After the banquet addresses were made by a number of the prominent members, and letters of regret were read from the president and the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Porto Rico and Cuba. Among those who addressed the meeting were Rev. George Dewey Fitzgibbons, Hon. Dewey Manila Brown, Hon. Cavite G. Jones, Governor Philippine Olympia Green and Vice-President Raleigh Concord Tubb. After the banquet was over dancing was indulged in until a late hour."

"The Patriotic Order of the Sons of Cuban Liberty gave an entertainment in their hall, No. 1674 Bowery, last evening, the receipts of which are to go toward building a monument to the memory of the Cubans who lost their lives in the late war. A fair attendance was present, and the musical numbers were well rendered by Mrs. Santiago Cortez Coogan, Cienfuegos Murphy, Amphitrite Cook and Matanzas Johnson. Mr. Habana O'Donoghue made quite a hit with his recitation of 'When Gomez Marched to Dinner.' Quite a neat little sum was realized."

"From Sampson, Ky., comes a dispatch which says that John K. Littlejohn, a gunner's mate on the Nashville in the late war with Spain and who claims to have fired the first hostile shot of the war, died in that town on Wednesday. We have no wish to doubt the veracity of the Sampson Bugle, but at the same time Mr. Littlejohn is the 23rd man to die since the war was ended claiming the honor of having fired the first hostile shot. Isn't this rather overdoing it?"

"Schley J. O'Brien, 28 years of age, was picked up by Officer Good in Bleecker street last night in an intoxicated condition. Before Judge Cooley this morning O'Brien claimed that his condition was the result of discussing the war with Spain in the Maine saloon yesterday evening with two cronies, Bill Dewey Naughton and Bagley Terror O'Rourke. Judge Cooley decided that, in view of the circumstances, the prisoner was lucky to offend by a mere plain drunk, and Mr. O'Brien was released."

"A youth giving his name as Augustus Cuban Libre Lightfoot was arrested yesterday while acting in a suspicious manner on Broadway. Lightfoot is thought to be an alias of 'Hot Shot' Smith, a noted sneak thief, who has of late been operating successfully in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth street. The prisoner claims to have been the first child born on Cuban soil of American parents after the capitulation of Havana. He is still in custody."—London Punch.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

South Africa has a telephone system.

There are nearly 3000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

California has a club of left-handed persons with over 2000 members.

It has been ascertained that plate-glass will make a more durable monument the hardest granite.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

Two British Guiana stamps, dated 1850, and worth originally one penny each, were sold in Berlin not long ago for $5000.

The old custom of watchmen calling the hour at night is still retained in two localities of London, namely, New Inn and Ely Place.

It is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the sewing done by male tailors is neater, finer and more uniform than that done by women.

In Peru it was once the custom for domestic servants to have two of their upper front teeth extracted. Their absence indicated their servitude.

The largest woman in the South, Mrs. Mary Magique, colored, died recently at Little Rock, Ark. Her age was thirty, and she weighed 560 pounds.

A Walkden, England, mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs twenty-four times in the last fifty-two years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a marvel.

A bill-board before a church in Paisley, Scotland, contains this announcement: "Only short sermons delivered here. Excellent music. This is the place to save your soul and be happy. Walk in.

A Convict's Remarkable Escape.

An extraordinary escape from jail was made the other week by a young man from the Pentonville prison. This prison is one of the great houses of detention for all sorts of criminals, and it is situated in the very heart of London, Eng. In some way or other a man got out of his cell, scaled the walls, several of them, and dropped in safety to the ground. He was at once pursued, as a laborer employed in the prison was applying for admission at the main gate just at the moment when the prisoner dropped from the outer wall. In five minutes' time at least a hundred persons had taken up the hue and cry; but the convict, who, it seems, can run like a hare and has a marvelous capacity for climbing up walls, managed to evade his pursuers and was soon lost in the maze of streets surrounding the prison.—New York Mail and Express.

THE NEW IDEAL.

I want no duke or honored earl,
No brave and valiant knight;
I want a man who will tend the stove
And the kitchen fires light.

I want no daring warrior,
Before whose sword men fall;
I want a timid little man
Who will answer to my call.

I want no lordly banker
With wealth on land and sea;
I want a man whose hoardings
Shall in my keeping be.

I want no handsome, brilliant man
Whose glance the heart can hurt;
I want a man so ugly
That none will with him flirt.

I want no man of learning,
Of knowledge vast and high;
I want a man who knows and feels
He knows much less than I.

—Indianapolis Journal.

HUMOROUS.

He—Do you really believe ignorance is bliss? She—I don't know. You seem to be happy.

"Stubbs has written an essay on 'A Bad Tendency in Modern Literature.'" "How egotistical!"

Mrs. Enpeck—You acted like a fool when you proposed to me. Enpeck—That wasn't acting, my dear.

Persistency is the road to success. The only known exception to this rule is a hen sitting on a china egg.

Professor (in medical college)—What is the first thing you do in case of a cold? Bright Student—Sneeze, sir!

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on." "Yes; said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."

"Will you have some of the sugar-cured ham?" asked the landlady. "What was it cured of?" asked the new boarder suspiciously.

"I say, Floss, what makes that snake tie himself up in a knot?" "'Cause he wants to remember something, and he ain't got any handkerchief."

"So that absconding cashier got away by sacrificing his beard, did he?" asked the reporter. "Yes," said the detective. "I missed him by a close shave."

Jack Spratt liked a two-dollar hat,
But his wife chose one for ten;
They couldn't agree, so Mrs. Spratt she
Went home to her mother again.

He (who has been hanging fire all summer)—Are you fond of puppies, Miss Shapley? She (promptly)—What a singular way you have of proposing, Adolphus!

Little Georgie—Do you folks ever have family prayers before breakfast? Little Albert—No; we have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime.

Mrs. Nagleigh—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me. Mr. Nagleigh—I made the mistake all right, but I'm not satisfied.

Mrs. Putt—I had to get rid of my cook. Mrs. Bye—Indeed? Mrs. Putt—Yes; she used one of my golf sticks for kindling wood, and three of Henry's walking sticks right at hand.

"If everybody had a sense of humor," says a philosopher, "stupid people could not make a living." But if everybody had a sense of humor there would not be any stupid people.

Wife—My dear, your table manners are not as they should be lately. Who have you been associating with? Husband—For the last week, darling, I have been taking lunch with your father.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss? Self-possessed Bride (her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.

Good Breeding on the Scaffold.

The Princess of Monaco, on the morning of her execution, about half an hour before the fatal summons came, after having tried in vain to procure a pair of scissors, broke one of the window panes, and, with a fragment of the glass, sawed off her magnificent hair, which she delivered to her confidential friend to be kept for her children. She then took a pot of rouge, and with the utmost deliberation applied some of it to her cheeks, giving as a reason for this strange conduct that if she happened to have a moment of weakness and grew pale the populace at least should not have the satisfaction of concluding that she was a coward.

Under similar circumstances Mme. Roland did an equally brave thing. She was taken to the place of execution in company with one man only, who seemed by no means reconciled to his fate, and, on the contrary, showed symptoms of the most violent fear. When they arrived at the scaffold Mme. Roland begged that he should ascend it first, for she was well convinced that he had not sufficient courage to witness her execution. "Besides, sir," added she, "you certainly have too much good breeding to refuse the last request of a lady." Hundreds of such anecdotes may be found, but they are usually in the histories of personages who are well known rather than in the histories of countries.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Mashonaland Mystery.

Henry Wade, jeweler, has received two gold Venetian coins, which were recently found on the banks of a river in Mashonaland. The pieces which are about the size of a shilling, appeared to be of great age, and bore inscriptions in Latin. As to how these ancient coins came to such an out-of-the-way part of the world as Mashonaland is a mystery and offers a field of much speculation. Mr. Wade is making casts, which he will forward to experts in numismatics at home.—Cape Times