

That Havana lottery will evacuate with the Spaniards. Uncle Sam will protect the Cubans against themselves.

Adventurers have thus far spent \$30,000,000 in going to and from the Klondike, and have brought back \$6,000,000. But, then, think of the fun!

A Philadelphia paper in its story of the jubilee crowd said it was "nip and tuck between the pickpockets and the police." It would be interesting to learn which finally got the most.

Mr. Joe Leiter is said to have taken to literature. If he can bulge the poetry market in the same way that he did the wheat market he will be regarded as a benefactor by a very numerous constituency.

The enterprising young fellow whose means of livelihood is the marrying of widows with money is in the wrong state and lives in the wrong time. He should have lived in Utah four years ago. Then his peculiarity would not have excited comment.

Dewey is said to be coming home. It will be such a home-coming as no American ever had. For his own comfort we advise that he be put under strong guard in Fort Warren, where his family and friends might visit him with passes signed by himself.

In the conflict which resulted in the resignation of the Brisson ministry in France, the grave underlying question was the supremacy of civil or military law in that republic. As long as militarism prevails in France it can be a republic but in name. The promotion of the rights of the people, the establishment of personal freedom, and all of the elements which enter into republican government are at war with the idea of military supremacy. As long as the man in epaulets is the hero of the populace, and his will supplants that of the statesman, true republican government is impossible.

Agitation for the repair of Time's ravages on Faneuil hall has been renewed in Boston, and this time the local papers hope work will follow the agitation. Ample money to make the long-needed repairs is said to be available, and its use may be hastened by the reiterated warnings of experts that the Cradle of Liberty is actually in danger. In this case there is no such question as was raised in connection with the restoration of the Bulfinch front and the dome of the state house. No one is proposing to rebuild Faneuil hall. It is entirely a work of strengthening and repairing, and this, the Boston Advertiser says, "must be done very gently. It must be done with loving intelligence and patient reverence. We do not want Faneuil hall to become a ruin, venerable and pathetic as that ruin would be. We want it for use as well as for an object of patriotic enthusiasm, on account of its sacred memories. We want it to continue to be the people's forum, as truly now as in John Adams's time."

The curious relations of personal vanity with the worst forms of criminality are plainly shown in the case of Vacher, the notorious "Jack the Ripper" of Paris, who has been condemned to the guillotine. Although evidently a mental pervert, with the usual accompanying mania for homicide, he was willing to give the full details of his crimes, previously confessed, only on the conditions that they should be published in all the leading papers, and that he should have a separate trial for each murder in the place of its commitment, thus obviously adding to the morbid notoriety of his doings. The desire to create a startling sensation by limiting his acts to the murder and subsequent brutal mutilation of young shepherdesses was paramount to all other motives, although he incidentally refers to his fancy for shedding blood. As is not unusual in such instances of gross depravity, he plied his dreadful work long enough to give it the air of great mystery, and when unable to keep the secret beyond a certain time he was compelled to openly jeopardize his safety by exploding a revolting confession. Criminologists are quite uniform in their statements regarding the prevalence of this weakness among thieves and murderers. The detectives understand so well this propensity on the part of wrongdoers that it is an ever ready avenue to secrets which otherwise would perhaps never be discovered. It is the plainest of all exemplifications of a fact that "murder will out." The crime and its punishment grow from the same root.

**THE HEROES OF TODAY.**

We were told that men no longer fought for glory, as of yore,  
That the ancient love of country burned in  
burnt hearts no more.  
"In this age of subtle science, valor counts  
for naught," they said;  
"Heroes are no longer needed, and their  
sturdy races is dead,  
Science will decide the struggle—nations  
will be conquered then,  
Not by courage, but by cunning—with machi-  
naries and not with men."  
Yet when first the sound of battle, borne  
upon the ocean breeze,  
Drifted in from far Manilla and from Cuba's  
tropic seas,  
We were taught that 'tis, as ever, men by  
whom the fight is won.  
Piling on their country's altar mighty deeds  
of valor done,  
Man's own courage fights his battles—  
whether armed with sword and shield,  
—William Hurd Hillier, in Youth's Companion.

## THE HEAD OF A REBEL.

A TALE OF MANILA.

BY R. CLYDE FORD.

This is not really my own story—it is my grandfather's. Still, since it is all in the family, I may as well tell it, and, besides, it has special interest now, when so many people in this land are looking and long ng across the Pacific to where our flag floats over Manila bay.

In the year 1842 my grandfather, a young man of 20, shipped as common sailor on the three-masted ship Polly Ann of New Bedford, bound from New York to the Philippines with a cargo of flour. The voyage was uneventful, and 136 days after passing Sandy Hook the Polly Ann dropped anchor in Pasig river, Manila.

During the ship's stay there, grandfather, who was of an investigating disposition, looked the city over pretty well, and, believing there were chances for a wide-awake Yankee to make a fortune in the islands, he quitted the ship and took service with a trading firm on the harbor front. In ten years he was manager of a business of his own and a man of influence among the foreign traders. The Spaniards, too, looked up to him and respected him.

As his business grew he was unable to manage all the details of the increasing trade and so called to his help a young Filipino named Juan Aguado, a bright young man, half Spanish, half Malay, who had formerly been an assistant in the packing house. Aguado possessed polished, courtly manners and a good education; he had received his schooling at a monastery, and grandfather trusted him implicitly for in the course of time he made him chief clerk and adviser.

Aguado was absolutely fearless—that was where his Malay blood showed out, grandfather would remark when he himself had occasion to refer to the story. They were out hunting one day in a jungle tract some ten or fifteen miles away from the city when they were charged by a maddened buffalo that dashed out of a water hole upon them. They both ran for cover, but grandfather by some misstep tripped on a vine and fell, and before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him. It was no time to use a gun—they were armed with nothing but light fowling pieces for pigeon shooting. When grandfather fell, Aguado, who was a little behind him, made a leap to one side to pass him; but he was not thinking of saving himself. Quickly drawing his kris, which was another mark of the Malay in him, he rushed back upon the buffalo and stabbed it through the neck again and again with all the dexterity of a veteran matador. The buffalo fell dead in its tracks, and grandfather crawled away with a broken arm.

From that time on the two men were like brothers. Juan seemed glad that he had had an opportunity to show his regard for his employer and benefactor, and grandfather was too much of a man to be anything but generous to one who had saved his life.

But it was about the end of their comradeship. One day a native from an country called at the warehouse for Aguado. They retired to a distant part of the building and talked long and quietly together. Then the stranger went away and the clerk returned to his desk.

That night, when it came time for closing, Aguado said: "Senor, I must leave you. I am wanted at home, and it will be useless to try to detain me."

Grandfather was surprised beyond belief, almost; but he did not try to dissuade him. He paid his arrears of salary, added a handsome bonus and said good bye to the only man in the East of whom he was truly fond.

Two years passed and not a word came from Aguado; but that was not very strange, for the province where he lived had been in open revolt for some time, and as the fighting on both sides was constant and relentless, communication with Manila was practically cut off.

However, as time went on the rebellion was crushed, and the insurgents were scattered or captured. The leader of the revolution, one Luiz Berceo, was a man of considerable generalship and resources, for without munitions or money he had held his ground against the Spaniards for a long time and had intrigued successfully against the native troops sent to oppose him. But he could not hold out forever, and he, too, was a fugitive.

Then it was that the government resorted to an expedient often tried in Spanish countries for catching those who will not surrender—a pice was set on Luiz Berceo's head. Placards were posted in Manila and throughout the islands wherever Spanish authority was recognized, proclaiming a reward of 40,000 Mexican dollars to the

one who would bring the head of the insurgent leader to the authorities.

My grandfather had frequently seen these announcements and wondered what sort of a man it was who caused the captain-general so much annoyance. Both the captain-general and himself were soon to know.

One afternoon the captain-general sat alone in his office. He was in a complacent mood, for certain documents before him related to the disposition of the surrendered insurgent bands who had been harassing his chosen province for the last two years. Suddenly, without any warning, the door opened behind him, and a man stepped quickly in the room, at the same time slipping the bolt again into its place. He was dressed like a priest in a long black gown and had a hood over his head.

"Peace upon you," he said, coldly, and Don Xavier Macia turned in his chair.

"Do not talk too loud," said the visitor, pushing back the cowl from his face. "Who am I? See for yourself."

The captain-general gave a start of terror, and his face blanched. It was Berceo, the insurgent chief, who stood before him.

"Listen to me, senor, and I'll tell you what I want. You have offered \$40,000 for my head. See, I have brought it myself and claim the money."

Berceo stepped nearer and drew from under his cloak a long native knife.

"I can't very well carry Mexican dollars, I will take Spanish bank notes. Hurry!"

General Macia ground his teeth in rage, but dared do nothing except obey. He knew well the character of the man he was dealing with. From a desk near by he counted out the equivalent of \$40,000 in Bank of Spain notes and handed them to the rebel leader who began to back toward the door.

"Good day, senor," he said politely and sprang out. A guard at the end of the hall tried to restrain him, but Berceo cut him down with the knife, and then throwing off his monk's garb he reached the street and made good his escape.

That same night grandfather sat smoking on his wide veranda which looked out upon the bay. One or two acquaintances from the neighboring compounds had dropped in for a chat, but by 10 o'clock he was alone again. As he sat dreamily gazing out at the twinkling lights on the ships at anchor, he heard a step on the stairway behind him; he thought it was his Chinese servant. Soon, however, a familiar voice spoke:

"Senor, excuse the intrusion." He turned around, and there stood his former clerk, Juan Aguado.

"Why, Juan, what a pleasure! But how you startled me! Come, sit down, and tell me all about yourself."

Aguado smiled. "Are we quite alone, senor?" he asked, glancing around furtively.

think we can get out to the ship all right."

Talking English, they made their way quietly to the harbor front and called a sampan. They looked like two belated English captains going out to their ships.

A half a mile out in the bay lay the John Dorset, ready to weigh anchor. My grandfather hailed, and when the captain appeared, he climbed on board, leaving Aguado below in the boat. Grandfather drew the captain below and told him who the man was in the sampan and what he wanted.

Captain Higgins of the John Dorset was an old seadog of the genuine Yankee type. He liked a man who had what he called "sand for ballast," as Luiz Berceo evidently had.

"Sliver my mainmast, but I'll take him," said Captain Higgins. "He can have my cabin till we are well past Corregidor and out to sea."

This is about the end of the story. Aguado escaped safely to Hong Kong. A year or two afterward, just before grandfather sold out his business and started home, he received a package from a Chinese port. It contained a beautifully jeweled Malay kris with the name "Juan Aguado" upon the blade.—Detroit Free Press.

### HE GOT IN.

The New Servant Girl Allowed Herself to Be Persuaded.

Harrington had spent three weeks in New York on business; when he returned he drove directly to his house and rang the doorbell. A new servant girl answered the ring.

"Is Mrs. Harrington in?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the girl.

"Well, I guess I'll wait for her," said the master of the house, and he put his foot over the threshold and into the hallway.

"Excuse me, sir," said the girl, "but no one's at home. I can't allow strangers to wait in the house."

Harrington took in the humor of the situation. "All right," he answered, with a smile. "Just tell Mrs. Harrington that a relative called," and away he went.

A half hour after his departure his wife returned. "Has any one called?" she asked the girl.

"Yes, ma'am; a gentleman."

"Did he leave his card?"

"No, ma'am; he said he was a relative, but he looked more like an agent for cleaning powder than a relative. He wanted to wait inside, but I didn't like his looks, so I didn't let him in."

"Quite right," remarked Mrs. Harrington; "it is just as well to be careful. Besides, I have no male relative who is likely to call at this time of day."

Mrs. Harrington barely had her wraps off before her husband, who had whittled away his time at the barber shop, put in his appearance again.

"Has Mrs. Harrington returned yet?" he asked of Ella who answered his ring.

"Yes sir; she just got in."

"Hand her my card, if you please," he said. "I think she'll remember me."

Mrs. Harrington stepped out of the dining room just as her husband, followed closely by the servant girl, moved out of the vestibule and into the hall.

"Why," she cried, "when did you get in?"

The servant misunderstood the meaning of the exclamation. "He got in when I wasn't looking, ma'am," she said. "He goes out again now, if you say so."

"You may let him stay, Ella," said Mrs. Harrington.—Chicago Record.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chinese streets are eight feet wide. Leather money circulated in Russia so recently as the time of Peter the Great.

Over one hundred miles of telegraph wires run through the sewers of Paris.

In Japan poor children have labels with their names and addresses hung around their necks as a safeguard against being lost.

It is estimated that all the gold mined in California since 1848 could be put into a room 12 yards long, 6 yards wide and 5 2-3 yards high.

### A LAY OF THE GOLF LINKS

As up and away from our work today,  
For the breeze sweeps over the downs;  
And it's lay for a game where the gorse  
blossoms flame,  
And the bracken is bronzing to brown,  
With the turf'neath our tread and the blue  
overhead.

And the song of the lark in the whin,  
There's the flag and the green, with the  
bunkers between—  
Now will you be over or in?

The doctor may come, and we'll teach him  
to know  
The statesman may joke, as he tops every  
stroke,  
That at last he is high in his aims;  
And the clubman will stand with a club in  
his hand  
That is worth every club in St. James'.

The palm and the leather come rarely to-  
gether,  
Gripping the driver's shaft,  
And it's good to feel the jolt of the steel  
And the spring of the hickory shaft.  
Why trouble or seek for the praise of a  
clique—  
A creak here is common to all;  
And the lie that might sting is a very small  
thing  
When compared with the lie of the ball.

Come youth and come age, from the study  
or stage,  
From bar or from bench—high or low!  
A green you must use as a cure for the  
blues—  
You drive them away as you go.

We're outwound bound on a long, long round,  
And it's time to be up and away;  
If worry and sorrow come back with the  
morrow,  
At least we'll be happy today.  
—From A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action."

### HUMOROUS.

Smith—It is the unexpected that always happens. Horrgan—Yes; unless we are lookin' for it.

Quizzer—Is he so very intelligent? Guyer—Yes, indeed. They refused to let him serve on a jury.

"Do you own your own house, Tweedles?" "No; we've had the same cook for seven years."

Uncle George—So you really think you love the girl? Harry—Love her? Why, I actually enjoy her mother's company.

Tommy—Paw, how did I end get its name? Mr. Figg—They tried to make nails of it, but found that it could not be driven.

The wind across my chimney  
Wakes no depth of joy in me;  
For I know that its wild singing  
Makes my coal bills bigger be.

"No; I never carry my business into my home." "What is your business?" "I am the proprietor of an intelligence office."

He—I don't believe you can tell who is to be my wife. She (blushing)—You haven't asked me yet. And what is more he didn't.

"I hear that you have got a job at last, Billy." "I have secured a position, Jim." "How much pay do you get a day?" "My salary is \$1.25 per diem."

"The Chuzzletops beat the world in economy." "What do they do?" "When Chuzzletop has a cold he doesn't get his prescription filled until his wife gets a cold, too."

"Mr. Yabsley, may I ask why you always dip your knife in your glass of water before cutting your steak?" "It is a little trick I learned from a fellow who worked in a rubber factory."

Whose men are fast, but in wit they are slow,  
Although I can't say they're so slow,  
A tack in the road is a joke, you know,  
But they don't see the point till too late.

"I would die a thousand deaths for you," said the villain in his most siltken tones. "I fear me much," said the heroine, whose angel's love was growing cold, "that the piece will not run that long."

"I say," said Fuddles, who sometimes thinks he is smart, "what sort of fruit can you raise on an electric plant?" But Fuddles, who also thinks he is smart occasionally, promptly replied, "Currants."

Two ministerial candidates named Adam and Low recently preached in a Scottish church. Mr. Low preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation was much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo! here I am."

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe-store with a red head will return the nubbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

### A Chinaman's Memory.

"The intellectual capacity of the Chinese may rank with the best in Western countries. Their own literary studies, in which memory plays the important part, prove the nation to be capable of prodigious achievements in that direction. It is stated in Macaulay's Life that 'Paradise Lost' been destroyed he could have reproduced it from memory. But even such a power of memory as he possessed is small as compared with that of many Chinese, who can repeat by heart all the thirteen classics; and it is as nothing to that of some Chinese, who, in addition to being able to repeat the classics, can memorize a large part of the general literature of their country."

"A Chinese acquaintance of mine was able at the age of sixty-five to reproduce, verbatim, letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends famous as stylists. When pitted against European students in school or college the Chinaman is in no respect inferior to his Western contemporaries, and, whether in mathematics and applied science, or in metaphysics and speculative thought, he is able to hold his own against all competitors."—"China in Transformation," by A. R. Colquhoun.

Non-committal.  
Alderman's Wife—I see that the members of the Spanish Cortes don't get any salary at all. I wonder how they live.

Alderman—Maria, I never divulge professional secrets, especially to women.—Chicago News.

Do You Wish to Sing Well?  
Then use Hoxsle's Disks for every form of cough, cold, hoarseness or sore throat. They clear and beautify the voice. 25 cts.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. It stops both and restores free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

J. F. Edwards, of Denton, Tex., has received an order from Japan for 250 bales of cotton. This will be the first direct shipment of cotton from Denton County.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The fact that bicycles are taxed in France makes it easy to collect statistics as to cycling in that country. The returns for 1897 show that there were then 408,869 wheels in France as compared with 263,000 in 1894. The income derived from the bicycle tax in 1897 amounted to about \$18,000.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer best medicine ever tried for Coughs.—L. O. HAMMOND, 22 Golden St., Newburgh, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1897.

It is estimated that Australia raises about 125,000,000 sheep per year, and last year exported to England wool to the value of \$123,000,000.

Lieutenant von Schellendorf, a German colonist in Africa, believes that he has succeeded in training the zebra.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Professor Schwab, of Yale, says that the learned professions absorb 62 per cent of the college graduates nowadays, whereas they formerly absorbed 82 per cent. On the other hand, business pursuits now take 31 per cent against 6 per cent in the old days.

Everybody knows that Dobbin's Eucalypti is the best in the world, and for \$2 it has sold at the highest price. Its price now 5 cents, same as common brown bars full size and quality. Order of grocers.

Dentists in Germany are using artificial teeth made of paper instead of porcelain or metal composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold, or to the action of the moisture of the mouth and are very cheap.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. A. fail, druggists refund money.

The Dexter (Me.) Penobscot Woolen Company's plant is running till 9 P. M., and can't produce enough cloth to fill orders.

## Did you ever see a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily remedied.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

## CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years, placed me in this terrible condition during that time I did everything I could but never found any relief, such as my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$1000 for such movement; it is such a relief."

150 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



CANDY CATHARTIC  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pigeons, Pheasants, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.

**CURE CONSTIPATION.**  
Selling Everywhere, Chicago, New York, New York.