

Wars Growing Shorter.

With the exception of the Franco-Prussian war, the greatest war which Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon was the Crimean war, which took place more than forty years ago and lasted about two years. The campaigns of Napoleon, of course, while they were considered short as compared with some previous wars in Europe, were certainly long as compared with the wars of the past few decades. A distinct movement in the direction of the shorter duration of wars is to be noticed in the past few centuries.

The campaign in the Spanish Netherlands lasted forty-two years. Then followed the thirty-year war in Europe, ending in the peace of Westphalia. Civil war in England lasted from 1642 to 1660, although hostilities were not in progress all that time. The wars of the Spanish Succession, of the Austrian Succession, the Swedish-Russian war, and the Seven Years' war followed, averaging about ten years apiece. The Napoleonic campaigns covered nearly fifteen years. The Crimean war lasted from 1854 to 1856. In the war of the rebellion, in this country, the world saw the latest war which extended over four years of time.

Since 1865, with the general introduction of the telegraph, the electric cable, and the modern system of railways, war has become a matter of a few months at most. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria in seven weeks. Prussia defeated France in about two months. The war between Russia and Turkey began in April, 1877, and was practically finished by the close of that year. The war between China and Japan began about midsummer, 1894, and ended in March, 1895. The present war between Turkey and Greece seems to be practically ended in about four weeks from the outbreak of formal hostilities. It seems to be shown by experience that two important civilized nations in these days of telegraph and railway cannot conduct wars for any length of time unless the contending countries are separated by the ocean or some other natural barrier.

Why Smokestacks Escape Lightning
Statistics show that 10,000 smokestacks only three are struck by lightning each year, while of 10,000 church spires sixty-seven, and of 10,000 windmills eighty-nine are struck by lightning annually. An endeavor has been made to explain this condition by the fact that the smoke discharged from the smokestacks takes the electricity assembled around the building along and distributes it in the air, whereby the source of attraction for the electric spark of lightning is not only diminished but almost disappears. This fact also explains, it is said, why people in the country kindle a large fire in the fireplace when a thunderstorm is approaching.

Only a Little Premature.
"I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer who was seeking advice.

"I know it isn't pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it is about to pend."—The Green Bag.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet, it cures painful, swollen, itching feet, and chafed, itchy skin. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes itching feet or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try the shoe that is made of leather and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Few people are aware of the variety of goods shipped from the South to all parts of the world. The steamer Georgia, of the Old Bay Line, plys on the Chesapeake Bay between Baltimore and Norfolk, recently brought into Baltimore for shipment consignments of Southern goods to Cape Town, Africa; Kingston, Jamaica; Shanghai, China; and London, England. A part of the Chinese consignment was cigarettes made in North Carolina.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

DULL ACHING PAINS

Palpitation of the Heart—All Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.
"I was troubled with a dull aching pain in my right kidney, and I also had palpitation of the heart. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and since then I have never been troubled with either of these complaints. Hood's Sarsaparilla is also helping my wife very much." H. B. Scott, Marlboro, New York.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE MERIT.
The Rocker Washer has proved the most satisfactory of any washer ever put upon the market. It is warranted to wash an ordinary family washing of 25 lbs. of clothes in 10 minutes. It is as easy to use as a washboard. Write for prices and full description. **ROCKER WASHER CO.** Liberal inducements to live agents.

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Wanted—An Idea
Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN W. BOURNE & CO.**, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. For their \$1,000 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.



THE CROOKED SPECTACLES.

An elf lived in a bittersop,
And walking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles
And stepped out on the lawn.
"Dear me," said he,
"I scarce can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble bee
Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good morning!" in his ear.
"It is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumble-bee,
Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
And thus accosted him:
"Why don't you wear your green coat
straight
And look in better trim?
It frets me quite,
In such a plight,
To have you field folk in my sight."

He saw an airy dragon fly
Float o'er the meadow rail.
"Pray, stop, sir Dragonfly!" he cried.
"So upside down you sail;
The sight will make
My poor head ache;
Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl upon the tree
Blinked his great, staring eyes;
"To folk in crooked spectacles
The whole world looks awry,
So what, To whom,
To whom," said he,
"Many such folk I've lived to see."
—Susan H. Sweet, in *Woman's Edition Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

A SAGACIOUS MULE.

ABOUT twenty years ago when there were but few railways in the Western States and Territories, the United States mail was carried in saddlebags on what were called pack-mules. The riders were young men, carefully selected for their bravery, fearlessness, and activity. The animals were charged at stations about twenty-five miles apart, so that they were always in good condition to run if necessary required it, which was often the case, as the country was swarming with Mexicans and Indians.

Benteen, a brave young Irishman with Indian blood in his veins, was chosen for the road between Camp V—, Arizona, and a town on the border of New Mexico, and for more than a year escaped the snares and treacherous traps that were laid for him. One cold day in February, 1875, when a heavy mist not only made things cheerless and gloomy, but threw such a veil over the earth that it was impossible to see any object more than a few feet away, Benteen started on his customary long ride. When or how the Indians surprised him was never known. His body was found at the entrance of Sunset Pass by a squad of cavalry sent from Camp V—, riddled with bullets and arrows, and near it lay three dead Indians, showing he had sold his life dearly. The mule galloped into Camp V— two days later, and fell exhausted in front of the barracks, with the mail-bags untouched save by the blood that had flowed from a bullet-hole in his side. He was put in a comfortable stall in the cavalry stables, and owing to the skill of the veterinary surgeon, in addition to the best of food and care, he soon grew strong and fit for light work. During his sickness the soldiers became so attached to him that the Post Quartermaster made an effort, and succeeded in buying him.

One year later I had the good fortune to be ordered East on temporary duty in Washington. Though I had been in Arizona but six months I was heartily tired of that desolate country, and fully determined to let no obstacle delay me in the trip that was taking me to my native city. We left Camp V— in an ambulance drawn by four mules. Soon after starting I found that one of the leaders was the pack-mule I have mentioned. He had fully recovered, and had been named Frisky by the soldiers on account of his exuberant spirits.

In the ambulance with me was the driver and an old soldier whose name was Flaherty. Behind us was an army wagon packed with our luggage, rations, and forage for the mules. It was guarded by an escort of eight privates, with Sergeant and Corporal. Frisky was as lively as a young kitten and seemed none the worse for the hole in his side. On our fourth day's travel, soon after starting, Frisky began to sniff, prick up his ears, and tremble. Flaherty turned toward me, saluted, and said, in a half-apologetic voice: "Beg pardon for thronblin' ye, Lootinint, but I think it will be wise to halt a bit and take a look at the country; Frisky scents the red men, and you niver can deceive him on this."

The driver slackened the speed of his team and looked at me for an order to stop. I had been but one year and a half from West Point; I had quite an opinion of myself and my judgment, and I thought I knew far more of Indians than old Flaherty, who had been in the service nearly thirty years. The mule continued to act like a frightened child, and about noon refused to go by throwing himself on the ground regardless of harness, and braying in the loudest tones. The men tried coaxing, then the whip, but all to no avail. "He speaks the thruth in his way, Lootinint," said Flaherty, in what seemed to be a patronizing tone. "We'd better prepare for an attack; I'm an old

soldier, sir, and I know phwat an Indian surprise is. It manes trouble. Pardon me, Lootinint, for tryin' to give me commandin' off'er orders." I felt very foolish and angry when I found myself obeying Flaherty and stopping my command for the pranks of a mule. I ordered the men to make a barricade of sand and sage-brush branches, and corralled our mules behind it; in front of them we put the ambulance and wagon for us to hide behind, so as to keep from the enemy the fact that we numbered only fifteen all told. We remained in this warlike attitude for nearly an hour; then disgusted with what I thought my folly, I gave orders for the mules to be unharnessed and our command to move on. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when, glancing towards the road leading to our left, I saw a cloud of sand. I turned to Flaherty, who stood by my side eying me reproachfully and sullenly. "What's that?" I asked. "It's the red men that Frisky and I said were coming, sir. 'Tis the beginnin' av the circus." In a few moments we were surrounded by about fifty hideously painted Indians on their ponies, galloping around us and giving us the full benefit of their warlike yells. Fortunately, they were not as well armed as we were; if they had been, our time in this world would have been short. As it was, our men had to fight like tigers. The struggle lasted a little less than an hour. During that time I lived through days, it was all so new, strange, and horrible to me. I was but twenty-two, and very much of a boy at that. My youth and inexperience seemed strangely out of keeping with my attempts to give orders to men who had spent more than half their lives fighting Indians. So, after giving a few, I turned the plan of battle over to the Sergeant and Flaherty. The latter was in his element, and showed the greatest courage, coolness and clear-headedness I have ever seen. After every shot he fired he would call out in slow tones: "Faith, an' it's me red scalp ye want to illawminate yer wigwags! Well, take a pace of cool lead instead." "Coom a little closer, ye red snakes, Frisky an' me want to pay a debt we owe ye;" and he would fire away deliberately, with sure and deadly aim. Owing to his bravery and that of the other men we came out conquerors, and felt very light-hearted when we saw what was left of the red men disappearing over the hill, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

The men lost no time in harnessing the mules, packing the wagon and moving on. After the last Indian had disappeared, Frisky regained his customary spirits and activity, and was the hero of the hour, for we all appreciated the fact that had it not been for his warning we would have been massacred in the wagon. That night we put twenty-five miles between us and the battlefield, and save for a slight flesh wound on my arm, and a grazed spot underneath Flaherty's red hair, we were none the worse. Soon after I reached Washington I sent Frisky a gold medal; on it was engraved: "For Frisky, the wisest mule that ever lived." He wore it fastened to the collar of his harness until he died.—Our Animal Friends.

The Voices of Bullets.

From 11.30 onward for two hours the Turks did their very best. Their fire was incessant, like the "independent firing" which is so comforting a business just before the enjoyable charge on a big Aldershot field day. We kept a constant watch, and fired when possible, but as we were against the skyline, the enemy had a much better sight of us than we had of them. However, from behind our little wall we could laugh and say "Kale oval" ("Good morning to you") as the bullets howled past.

By the way, the voice of a bullet varies. There is the thin high whistle, to which no one pays any attention after the first half-hour. There is the prolonged moan, "the cry of a lost spirit," as a novelist might say. There is the wolfish howl, which for some reason always seems to be taking one on the flank instead of fairly in front; and last of all there is the low, ill-tempered buzz, as though the nasty thing had got out of bed the wrong side, as children say. It is far the most terrifying, especially if it suddenly stops as the bullet strikes something close at hand. It was to those bullets only that we politely wished "Good morning."—War correspondence London Chronicle.

An Old-Time Watch.

Charles H. Mueller, a watchmaker, has an interesting watch in his possession. It is an heirloom and belongs to Paul H. Krauss, to whom it comes from a great great-grandfather. "This watch," says Mr. Mueller, opening the quaint, old-fashioned case, "is the oldest repeater I have come across in thirty-seven years' experience. It was made by Rose & Son, London, 1793, and was the verge escapement. It is a good watch yet. The first watch made at that great old town, Nuremberg, and called the 'Nuremberg egg,' because of its shape, had this same kind of escapement."

World's Youngest Teacher.

At a teachers' examination at Decatur, Ind., the other day, before the County Superintendent, Rev. William Shearer, the twelve-year-old son of William Shearer, successfully passed the examination, and was awarded a license. He is conceded by instructors to be the youngest teacher in the State of Indiana, if not in the United States. He has always shown exceptional educational abilities, and will no doubt become a successful teacher, even at the early age.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Women as Painters.

The proportion of female painters exhibiting at the Royal Academy in London is far greater than at either of the Paris salons. At the Champs de Mars only 23 per cent. of the exhibitors this year are women; at the Champs Elysees, ten per cent.; but at the Academy there are no less than 320 among the 1380 contributors, or practically twenty-five per cent.

Victoria Weeps for Ireland.

According to an "absolutely unimpeachable authority," a writer in the Westminster Gazette relates how the Irish song, "The Wearing of the Green," was very recently sung in Windsor Castle. Queen Victoria, it appears, requested a young Irish lady who was visiting the castle to sing an Irish song. She went to the piano and sang "The Wearing of the Green," and according to the story told, Her Majesty was touched by the pathos of the song and burst into tears. The writer continues: "'Ah!' said my eminent informant, 'you little know the depth of the Queen's sympathy for the Irish and the tenderness of her heart.'"

An Ideal House Robe.

Mrs. McKinley wrote to her modiste for an ideal house robe, and in reply received a design that had been made for a young woman upon her convalescence from a fever. The material was ladies' cloth of a woolen texture. It was in one piece and belted below the waist, with a loose girle of passermenterie. Over the gown was a long robe of ladies' cloth edged with passermenterie and provided with sleeves long enough to slip down over the hands on a cold morning. It was lined with thinnest pink flannel for warmth.

Mrs. McKinley's Health Improved.

"Living at the White House and continually meeting different people has acted like a tonic upon Mrs. McKinley," said a member of the President's official household, "and the change has been of the most gratifying character to her husband and to the members of her family. It is a pleasure for the President to have his wife with him whenever he goes off on a recreation trip, and the effect of the change from Canton to Washington has been frequently commented upon by all who have met Mrs. McKinley since inauguration day. She is not so easily fatigued as was formerly the case, and whether it is the knowledge that she is indeed the first lady in the land or a change of climate that has brought about such beneficial results, one thing is certain, all her friends and well-wishers are sincere in the hope that this benefit to her health may continue. It was remarked at Philadelphia how cheery and bright Mrs. McKinley appeared, and she did not seem to mind the fatigue incident to her travel of the last two days in the least. When the President and Mrs. McKinley arrived at the White House this afternoon the mistress of the Executive Mansion declared she had never felt in better health or spirits, and her sole regret was that her stay in Philadelphia had been so short."—Washington correspondence to the Chicago Tribune.

A Woman With a Record.

The case of Mrs. Addie W. Buzzell, a young woman of Clinton, has set all Eastern Maine astir. Although but thirty-four years of age she has been married and divorced five times. In each case she has been the libellant. Her five ex-husbands are still living, and are most of them neighbors of Mrs. Buzzell. She is now in sole possession of a large farm that she tills with the aid of a hired man. Mrs. Buzzell is a very advanced type of an independent woman, and frankly states that when she has found that a husband has not come up to her ideas of industry, thrift and congeniality, she has promptly set him aside. She also says that she is still looking for the right man to handle her farm and make her happy.

Fashion Notes.

Yellow appears on light gray and mauve on dark blue. Navy blue is brightened by cerise, light green, scarlet or white. Golden and chestnut brown shades are worn with mauve and bright green. Pink and white is trimmed with black velvet and white (not cream) lace. Gray and cerise, peacock green and mauve are striking combinations when rightly managed. Pale violet is worn in a silk gown with vest of pink chiffon, large collar of white satin and lace and belt of black velvet.

Every one is sure of red for the fall—cerise, scarlet, purplish, red, deep pink—the whole scale of shades coming under this head. A changeable pink and green taffeta is lovely with yellowish embroidered batiste and a deep mauve velvet belt, each being just the correct shade. The new waists and jacket bodices grow more and more French and elaborate as the season advances, and each novel Parisian conceit in the way of decoration seems a little prettier than the last, and the art of making the tucked, pleated, slashed and dyked, shirred, velvet or ribbon-trimmed chiffon-trimmed combination a notable garment is now the study of the fashionable dressmaker.

Business Vicissitudes.

The annals of commerce are not entirely without a spice of romance. There is a little retributive justice that savors of the novelist's art in the way the spoiler is sometimes spooled in business relations. In an article entitled "Made in Japan," the Fall Mall Gazette shows how nations have encroached upon one another's business, and repaid for a time a rich harvest, only to see the same tactics employed by a rival people, and the trade slipped from their hands into the keeping of another nation.

In old times the Dutch, by importing English clay, made a good profit out of imitations of Chinese porcelain, and presently the Dutch product became world as Delft ware. But the Dutchman was no more secure in his profitable trade than had been his predecessor, the Chinaman. The English potters took to copying the Dutch patterns, and sold their pottery much cheaper, and the north of England became headquarters for the Delft china.

Again, however, the spoiler has been spooled. Of late the Japanese have made themselves masters of the art of reproducing the patterns best liked in England, and have begun to encroach on the domain long monopolized by the English potter. The Japanese product is finer and stronger, and above all cheaper than the best English ware, and Japan is providing the markets with goods which were originally a Chinese monopoly.

Two girls own the largest salt works in Oklahoma, and are going to college on the profits of it. The ladies of a Syracuse (N. Y.) church have agreed to remove their hats during service. Mercedes, now seventeen, was for six months Queen of Spain. The birth of Alphonso XIII supplanted her.

Julia Ward Howe is just three days younger than Victoria. She celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday May 27.

Alderman Edward Klotz, of Allegheny, Penn., has a daughter, Miss Florence, aged eighteen years, who is a constable.

Miss Winifred Warren, daughter of President Warren, of Boston University, has been elected to the chair of Latin at Vassar College. She is now in Europe pursuing her studies.

Mrs. Rizal, widow of Dr. Rizal, an insurgent leader who was shot for treason, is commanding a company of Philippine islanders armed with rifles. By last accounts she was at Nait, Cavite province, waiting for the Spaniards.

Miss Jane Stone, a Philadelphia girl, has gone into the oil business in the newly discovered petroleum fields in Tennessee. She makes her own leases. It is her purpose to drill ten wells before fall, and she has contracted for 100,000 feet of lumber for derricks.

The woman's exposition of the Carolinas, now being held at Charlotte, N. C., and which is managed entirely by women, has gathered a very creditable collection of paintings, tapestries and statuary, mostly the work of Southern artists. The art gallery contains over 300 pictures.

Mme. Emma Nevada has had the misfortune to lose a diamond and pearl shell of great value at a soiree given in Paris by Mme. Laborde. The shell was presented to Mme. Nevada at her debut at the Opera Comique and bore the touching inscription, "Une Perle a Une Perle."

Mrs. Storer, wife of the new United States Minister to Belgium, established the Rookwood Pottery in Cincinnati, and has for years been experimenting on her own account with ceramics, especially in glazes, of which she has discovered more than one hitherto unknown to chemists.

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Miss Cora B. Hertzell, an attorney of seven years' standing in Chicago, has been appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel. Her duties will be to look up authorities and prepare briefs. She was a member of the Wisconsin bar before going to Chicago, where she was graduated from the Chicago College of Law.

The last remaining grandchild of Alexander von Humboldt, Mathilde von Humboldt, died a few weeks ago in Rome. She was born in 1830 in Ottmachau, in Silesia, the ancient family seat. She lived in Coblenz and Ottmachau till her mother's death, when she removed to Rome, where she was the leading spirit of the German colony and well known as a friend of young artists of talent.

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TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Free.
In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life. Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.



To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Mrs. A. C. BULLER, 1123 North Albany avenue, near Humboldt Park, Chicago, Ill., says: "I am fifty-one years old and have had twelve children, and my youngest is eight years old. I have been suffering for some time with a terrible weakness; that bearing-down feeling was dreadful, and I could not walk any distance. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and they have cured me. I cannot praise your medicine enough."

A COOL BOTTLE.



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