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Spain will find a heap of consolation in that \$20,000,000 of good American money. It is more cash than she could have squeezed out of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines in the next dozen years, even if she had been permitted to retain her sovereignty over those islands.

Men now living can remember when Rowland Hill effected the adoption of the "penny post" in England, and the vast progress it marked in human intercourse and information. To-day we stand upon the threshold of a penny post era, not only throughout the British Empire, but in all the English-speaking world. It will be a time of mighty forward movements toward that intimate intercourse and sympathetic mutual knowledge that are the essential prelude to the brotherhood of man.

The English newspaper people are complaining that the American-Spanish war did not prove a source of profitable revenue to them. War correspondence from Cuba to one London evening paper cost \$1500, and the results did not pay bare expenses. And so it seems to have been all around. One editor has mourned that the smashing of the Spanish fleet off Santiago failed to move the circulation of his paper by a single copy. Moral: They do not know how to work these things over there.

It is many years since the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue was invested with as great a degree of interest as attends it this year. That interest will not be confined to the United States, for the report tells of a probable addition of \$100,000,000 in round numbers to the internal revenue receipts as the result of the passage of the war-revenue act of this year. The internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30 last amounted to \$170,866,819, which represented an increase of over \$15,000,000 over the estimates submitted a year ago, and the receipts for the current fiscal year are estimated at about \$270,000,000. This is after making allowance for a reduction of the volume of the receipts from the level reached in the first three months of the current fiscal year.

There is no better barometer of business conditions than the state of the rail-making industry, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser. When crops are abundant and factories are busy the railroads are among the first to profit and they take advantage of increased earnings to improve their roadbeds, carrying stock and the like. This is the meaning of the contracts which have just been placed for 500,000 tons of steel rails for roads in this country. For several years these latter have spent very little money in betterments. They could not do so, for business conditions would not admit of it. Even substantial roads were forced to cut down dividends in order to make ends meet, while weaker roads ceased to pay dividends altogether or went into the hands of receivers. All this is now passed. The better class of roads have not only increased their dividends but are now improving their property, and other roads report increased earnings. The result will be that the service of the railroads of the whole country will be greatly improved and all of them better enabled to withstand a period of depression when next one shall come.

The Diving Spider.
There is nothing new in the diving bell. Long before man thought he invented it, the water spider knew all about it. The water spider spins down a red dragging his diving bell with him, and anchors it under water on a level keel so that the air it contains keeps the water out. When this air becomes foul, the spider swims to the top, captures a bubble with a flit of its tail and carries it down to the bell for future reference. There the spider lives in snug comfort and no storm disturbs his lowly home.

A NEW YEAR.
Our other years have slipped away, as slips the flower its sheath. Once more with heads held out we grasp a gift the Father sends, And give Him thanks for length of days, for joy that comes with breath, For home and books and happy work, for children and for friends.
All in the midnight and the frost we sped the old year out; All in the dawnlight and the glow we bid the new year in! The King is dead! Long live the King!—'tis aye the clamorous shout; And ever 'tis with mirth and hope the new-born reigns begin.
What yet may wait of care or grief to-day we cannot tell. Another year, another start, another chance to do What leath closest to our hand; God loves us, all is well. Dismissing fear, we greet the year, whose first white leaves are new.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE.

(The incidents of this story are taken from life.—The Author.)



It was breakfast time at Avondale, and General Higginson, for the fifth time, wondered what kept his daughter so fidgeted with his paper and stirred his hot coffee. Just as his patience was at an end the door opened and admitted a tall, handsome girl, with bright blue eyes and a determined mouth. She held a big bunch of clematis in her hands.
"Where have you been, Mona?" inquired her father.
"Down at the river; I found the stone wall near the boathouse ablaze with these blossoms. I am sorry to be late, dear."
"The Southern mail is in," observed the General, nodding toward a small pile of letters at her plate.
She flushed slightly as she laid the clematis on the sideboard, and took her seat at the table. A conscious smile crossed her father's face as she broke the seal of the first letter. He turned to the paper in his hands, and his eyes caught this heading: "A Romance in Real Life." He glanced at the article casually, and then the smile died away; his hands tightened on the paper and his face grew hard and stern while he read the following paragraph:
"With the invalided officers returning this week is young Colonel Lawrence, who was severely hurt in the charge at San Juan. Among the nurses who went to look after the sick was a handsome young woman whom the Colonel formerly admired. Family misfortunes had forced her to adopt nursing as a profession. Their friendship was renewed, and when the Colonel came home he was engaged to his old love. Colonel Lawrence is to be married very shortly. Report says that he had entangled himself with another lady, who will now find that she must look elsewhere for consolation."
As he laid down the paper the General glanced at his daughter. She was sitting with a dazed expression on her face, gazing at a letter she held here-to-day. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in holding you to your engagement; notwithstanding the pain it causes me to do this I want to release you entirely and leave you free to marry someone who is not so shattered as myself, but believe me, dearest, that whatever my future life, you will always be shrouded deep in my heart of hearts."
"HENRY LAWRENCE."

"24 West Fifty—street, New York, September 12, 1898.
"Dear Mona—You may have seen in the papers an account of my being wounded; I made light of it in my last letter, fearing to alarm you, but the truth is I am a wreck, as the papers have accurately stated. I am invalided and crippled, and if it had not been for devoted nursing I should not be here to-day. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in holding you to your engagement; notwithstanding the pain it causes me to do this I want to release you entirely and leave you free to marry someone who is not so shattered as myself, but believe me, dearest, that whatever my future life, you will always be shrouded deep in my heart of hearts."
"HENRY LAWRENCE."

"What does it mean?" almost shouted the old General. "It means that your lover is a scoundrel, Mona; read this," and he thrust into her hands the newspaper containing the "Romance in Real Life."
"Be brave, child; be brave," said her father, as he watched her anxiously.
After a moment's silence, the girl turned a pale face toward her father; "I will be brave, but leave me to myself for a while," and crushing the letter in her hand, she hastily left the room.

It was a terrible blow to the General; he had always liked Colonel Lawrence, and consented to the engagement just before the young man was ordered to Cuba. Facing the rooms wrathfully, he gave vent to his feelings. "The scoundrel! I should like to horsewhip him myself for a whelp of a cur if he were not wounded. What are his hurts to the stab he has given. Mona—ah! when Gilbert hears this!" and then the General remembered that his son was coming home that week. It was a satisfaction to have a man around to whom he could give vent to his outraged feelings.

As though in answer to his thoughts, the butler at that moment brought in a telegram. "Yes, Gilbert was coming, and, fortunately, a day earlier than expected, bringing a friend with him for the ball. Just as well to distract her attention," thought her father, as Mona joined him with her hat on and a letter in her hand.
"I have written a few lines to say that his views upon the subject of our engagement entirely coincide with mine."
"My brave girl."
"Don't say a word more, now, father; I can't bear it."
"Gilbert is coming to-morrow at 5 with an old college friend, who, it seems, has just turned up in New York."

"I am glad," said Mona, quietly, and then calling to her dogs, she walked quickly away.
Gilbert Higginson was a good-heart-

ed, rather jovial specimen of his profession, loving outdoor life and always stealing off for a day at Avondale when he could manage to escape the routine of his office. He arrived in high spirits with his friend, a Major Laurie, just returned from Porto Rico. The two men had not met for nearly ten years, and each seemed equally glad to renew his college friendship. As soon as they were alone the General poured out his indignation and woe to his son, who was naturally much incensed at the behavior of Mona's fiancee.

"Pity that your friend is an officer and just home from the war; it will keep the wound open," added his father.
"Confound it, so it will; I am dencedly sorry for Mona. No wonder she is cut up, but as Laurie is sure to know Lawrence, we must be careful not to show him that Lawrence has hurt us. Mona is plucky enough and must force herself to be jolly for a couple of days till Laurie takes his departure."
"Jolly! Poor girl, how can she be?" sighed the General.
"I should like to wring that rascal's neck," exclaimed Gilbert, impetuously, "and he of all men, whom we all liked so much."

"That is just where it hurts so," answered his father.
"By George," exclaimed Major Laurie, (after excusing herself early in the evening, Mona had left the three men in the billiard room smoking.) "but Miss Mona is stunning. If I were not engaged to the dearest girl in the world, I should lose my heart to your sister."
"I did not know we had to congratulate you, old fellow."
"When does the happy event come off?"
"Very soon; you'll be invited."
"Who is she?" asked Gilbert, interested.

"A Miss Sterling, whose nature verifies her name; have known her since she was a girl."
"Rather anxious time for her when you were wounded," suggested the General.
"Oh, but I was not in much danger, you know; now some fellows go so cut up you would hardly recognize them. There was poor Lawrence—(both his listeners started)—one leg clean gone, the other up to the knee, one arm off, and a scar across his face—and the plucky chap just smiled through it all."

Father and son exchanged glances. "He pulled through, thanks to the devoted nursing he got," continued Laurie, unconscious of the interest his words aroused. "I never saw that man down until yesterday, when he collapsed as though shot."
"How was that?" asked Gilbert, in a constrained voice.
"Well, you see, it was this way; he's very reticent, still, we all knew he was devoted to some girl at home, though he never mentioned her name or spoke about her; couldn't get him into the slightest flirtation with anyone. When we came back together he spoke for the first time to me about his affair. 'You see, Laurie, I am such a wreck; should I marry a girl when she might have to nurse me? and then, at best, I'm not a whole man; will have but one sound arm and only part of one leg to offer her.' By George, I felt for the poor devil when he talked like that. Well, I suggested to try her and see what she thought about it. Write and offer to release her. He caught at the idea. 'But I wouldn't write as though pleading with her; I would not want to be married out of pity, but would just state the facts and leave her free to decide,' said he. 'And what do you think she'll write?' I asked him. 'I think she is too faithful to give me up,' he answered, and, 'pon my word—scar or no scar—he looked so proud and handsome as he spoke, I only wished his sweetheart could have seen him.'

"And then?" asked Gilbert, as Laurie panted in his narrative.
"Oh, then he wrote, alluding to his being a wreck, and referring to the account in the papers, and yesterday her answer came; I was in his rooms when he got her note—just a short one, but he turned white, and said bitterly, 'She writes that my views upon the subject of our engagement, ending most her own; she releases me, evidently without regret, thankful to be free from what might have been a burden to her.' I tried to cheer him up; he gave me one look, such as you see in a hunted beast as you shoot it down, and, by Jove, he keeled right over. I was in a fearful funk, and called his name. He came round presently and begged me not to mention the subject again."
"Laurie, for God's sake explain matters a little more," cried Gilbert, who had risen from his chair in great excitement.
"Yes, sir," cried the General, equally roused, "you don't know how much depends upon what you have been telling. Colonel Lawrence is engaged to my daughter Mona."
"The mischief!" and the eyeglass dropped from his habitual place.

"And here's news of his engagement to another woman?" echoed Laurie, evidently in hopeless amazement.
"The nurse who took care of him. There is a flaring account of it in today's Reporter."
"Confound the newspapers; it's all a lie," cried Laurie, fumbling for his eyeglasses and almost dropping his lip.
"They have mixed our names up; it is I that am engaged to the nurse Miss Sterling, whom I just mentioned; Lawrence has never looked at any other woman nor had a thought except for his fiancee; I can swear to that."
"But his letter," began the General.
"All his confounded chivalry; wishing to give Miss Mona a chance to be free of an invalid; why, he's more a man now, with legs and an arm off, than half the whippersnappers one meets every day."
"What is to be done?" cried Gilbert. "My sister is nearly broken-hearted."
"By thunder, sir, if what you say is the true explanation of the situation, then you have made three people very happy to-night," added the General.
"Tell your sister that I am off for New York, and get a note from her. What time does the train leave?"
"There is one at 11.45, if you really mean to go."
"If you will kindly order a trap for me, I'll get ready now," said Laurie, looking at his watch and relapsing into his lip and drawl.
The next morning when Major Laurie walked into the adjoining bedroom his friend started up in bed and tried to ask a question, but Mona's note was in his hand before he had time to frame the words.
"My darling," she wrote, "forgive me for misunderstanding your letter. I cannot free you from our engagement as long as I realize that you love me and that I can be of use to you. What matters to me a loss of an arm or a leg, as long as you have body enough left to hold your soul together. I am yours till God calls that soul home to Himself. YOUR LOVING MOTHER."

Toward noon of that day Major Laurie had a vision of Mona with her arms around her lover's neck, heard her joyful cry, and from Lawrence a murmured "My darling—at last," and he hastily left to themselves two of the happiest hearts in New York.

As he turned to Mona's brother in the next room, wiping his eyeglasses, which had suddenly become misty, he said below his breath, "By Jove, I rather think I've done a good day's work."—New York Times.

A Story of General Grant.
Stuart Robson tells the following story in which the late President Grant occupies a prominent place: "I was playing some years ago in a well-known theatre outside of New York. The first act was over and I was chatting in the wings with my manager when a boy rushed in on the stage to tell us that General Grant and his family were in one of the boxes. A flush of gratified pride mounted to the manager's face, followed by a look of agonized doubt, as he evidently reflected that perhaps the General had 'dead-headed' into the box. 'Did you send him a box?' he asked me, and on my replying in the negative he pulled a card from his pocket and, scribbling a line on it, told the boy to take it to the box office and bring back an answer. The boy rushed off, his head full of the General, and returned in a few minutes with the card, which he handed to Mr. Manager. A ghastly look crossed his face as he read it, and without a word he handed it to me. The first line read, in a rather shaky managerial chirography: 'Did General Grant pay for his box?' while underneath appeared: 'No, but my son, Fred Grant, did.—U. S. Grant.'"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Matrimonial Inhibitions.
Don't marry a polished girl—she might reflect too much.
Don't marry a tennis girl—she'll be on to all your rackets.
Don't marry a girl who plays pool—she knows too much about pockets.
Don't marry a musical girl—she knows too much about notes and bars.
Don't marry a bright girl—she might go out when you most needed her.
Don't marry a grass widow—you might have to cure her of hay fever.
Don't marry a melancholy girl—her sighs might prove a heaviness to you.
Don't marry a girl who cries—damp powder is awfully disappointing.
Don't marry a "peach"—she might not be easily preserved.
Don't marry a lazy girl, unless you are in the tire-repair business.
Don't marry an industrious girl—it might prove too great a temptation for you.
Don't marry a vain girl, unless you are anticipating breezy times and will want to know which way the wind blows.

Her Pet Parrot.
A woman came out of a tailor's establishment on G street Wednesday morning and could not but turn to stare at her. On her left forefinger sat an imperturbable green parrot. There was a faint suggestion of frosty sting in the sunny air and Master Parrot was fortified against it. He wore a coat, or a blanket, or whatever you like to call it, of green velvet, made of two pieces, just the shape of a turtle's shell. One piece hung over his chest. The other protected his back, and the two pieces were joined to a kind of collar. A bicycle stood at the curbstone. The lady placed the utterly self-possessed bird on the handle bar, mounted and rode away. I said to myself that obviously there was a woman who was—well, who had been having "Miss" on her visiting cards since hoop skirts were in fashion, but when I asked the very next woman I met about it, she told me that the parrot's mistress not only has a husband, but a real live baby, too.—Washington Post.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Origin and Nature of Soils.

Nothing is more common than the soil under our feet, and yet how many of us stop to consider it. If you take up a handful of soil and examine it carefully you will see many mineral fragments, which look like small stones. That is what they are. All soils are composed very largely of pieces of stone. In a gravelly soil these pieces are large, some of them good-sized pebbles, or even larger, possibly boulders several feet in diameter. If you examine a handful of clay you apparently do not see mineral fragments, but under the microscope this same clay does look like sand to the naked eye. In fact soils are composed, mainly, of these particles of varying sizes, larger in gravel or sand, and smaller in clay or loam.

The fertility of a soil depends largely upon the size of its particles. The mineral food of plants (the portion of the plant which remains as ashes after it is burned) is formed in the soil by the dissolving of the mineral fragments. Naturally, which will dissolve more rapidly, gravel or fine sand? Why will pulverized sugar dissolve more quickly than rock candy? Because its particles are finer, and the liquid has more surface to act upon. Thus fine soil dissolves faster than a coarse one, hence plant food is formed more rapidly.

But soils contain something more than broken fragments of worn and weathered rock. If we heat a sample of soil to a red heat, we find that after cooling it has lost weight. This loss was partly water and partly organic matter. All of our soils contain large quantities of decayed and decaying plants. This decayed material gives to the soil its dark color. Muck soils are dark colored because they have a large amount of decayed swamp grass and weeds. Clay soil has among its very fine particles a small quantity of silicate of aluminum, which gives it its sticky or plastic quality. Loam soils have more or less of this same sticky material. The importance of soil to animal and plant life cannot be estimated. Without it we could not exist. All forms of trees and all kinds of crops would perish, and all forms of animal life, including man, would perish with them. Only a few mosses and lichens would remain.

Where does soil come from? How is it formed? All soils are formed from rock. Geologists tell us that at one time the surface of the earth was covered with nothing but solid rock and water. Now how was the rock changed into soil? Rocks decay when exposed to the weather. Freshly quarried stone has bright and angular surfaces, while stone that has been exposed to the action of rain and freezing looks dull, and the edges are rounded. All rocks absorb water. Even the hardest granite will absorb 4 of a pound for each 100 lbs. of rock. When the water in the stone freezes the ice expands and breaks off small pieces of stone. Rains come and wash this material away and at the same time wear away the surface of the rock. Running water is a good soil former and soil mover. Every year the Mississippi River carries into the Gulf of Mexico seventy-two sections of land four feet deep.

Mange and Distemper in Horses.
The want of proper grooming, and want of sufficient food, starvation in a word, are the chief causes of mange. The disease is very contagious, hence it is essential that all animals suffering from it should be isolated. Blankets and other clothing should be soaked or boiled in a solution of soap and carbolic acid; also, the saddle, harness and grooming utensils should be washed with warm water and soap, and it would be all the better to follow this with an application of corrosive sublimate diluted in water, ten grains to the ounce of water; then air and dry them thoroughly. To follow this washing by sprinkling of sulphur on the parts coming next the horse, is highly recommended. Some of these precautions may seem unnecessary, but where the disease has been of long standing the infection is difficult to eradicate.

Among the many remedies for this disease we find the following recommended as equal to the best, if not the very best: Sperm oil, six ounces; oil of tar, three ounces; iac sulphur, two ounces; mix these well and apply by means of a brush. The skin of the horse, however, should be well washed before the remedy is applied. The remedy should be applied again at the end of the second or third day. Thus the treatment should be continued until a cure is effected.

The first steps in the treatment of distemper horses is to keep them warm and comfortably sheltered; and if in severe weather, have the chill taken off the water they drink; and their bowels kept open by giving them gruel. For the swollen glands beneath the ears, and the tumors that form there, a poultice of poplar bark, slippery elm, linseed and lobelia, equal parts, moistened with vinegar, and water, should be used. And to give relief to the passages of the head and throat, pour slowly a small quantity of tincture of lobelia and vinegar on a hot stone or shovel, and have the horse to inhale the steam. This should be continued at short intervals to cause the pus to discharge from the nostrils. When the tumors are ripe, which is indicated by becoming soft where the matter forms, they should be lancee, and relief will generally follow. And to facilitate and increase the discharge from the tumors, the bandages on them should be kept moderately tight; and they should be sponged occasionally with a cold infusion of bayberry bark. If the bowels become inactive, which often occurs, give injections composed

of four drachms powdered aloes and one drachm common salt, which will promote action.

As the horse begins to improve, and will partake of food, begin with gruel, then advance on the mash, boiled oats or green food, but no corn until he is pretty well recovered. In the feed may be given two ounces powdered gentian, one ounce licorice root, this divided into six equal parts; this will be strengthening and otherwise helpful.—James I. Baird, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Effect of Tuberculin.

Opinions still differ as to whether the tuberculin test has an injurious effect upon a healthy cow. Many unprejudiced and careful veterinarians and scientists maintain that where it is properly employed, the effect is not injurious; on the other hand, the complaint is still made among Massachusetts farmers that their herds which have been tested with tuberculin during the past two or three years have in some cases "gone to pieces," meaning thereby a general breaking down of health and milking power. This complaint is loudest among those who have expressed the greatest prejudice against the test, and it may also be partly due to the use of a foul syringe and improper methods. It is admitted on all sides, however, that quite a number of the cows in a given herd which do not react to the test now are pretty certain to do so six months or a year hence. Of course there is no means of knowing whether in such cases the test favored the development of the disease, or whether the cows would have become infected if they had not been tested. The extreme claims formerly made for tuberculin are no longer uttered by sensible men among either the profession or the laity, who are all agreed as to the far larger importance of proper care of cattle, with plenty of good air, pure water and every reasonable sanitary precaution against disease.—New England Homestead.

Milk That Will Keep.
Clean milk, cooled as soon as drawn and kept in a cool place, will stay sweet longer than new milk that has been carelessly cooled and handled and kept in a dirty dish. Thus old milk is sometimes fresher as far as practical keeping qualities are concerned than new milk. This is a point which should be better appreciated by those who carry on milk routes. Lowering the temperature puts the bacteria to sleep and prevents their getting so numerous as to do any harm for some time. On the other hand, warm milk is exactly the material in which bacteria which cause sourness like to grow and multiply. Thoroughly strain and cool the milk, and keep it cool until delivered to the consumer, and milk will nearly always keep as long as it is wanted to keep. This care in straining and cooling is important in winter as well as summer.

Cooling cannot be properly done by setting large cans into cold water, because the bacteria have already gained somewhat of a start before the milk in the middle of the can is cool. Yet this method is much better than none. Those who have any considerable quantity of milk will find it profitable to buy an aerator.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Green Food For Fowls.
Fowls in winter confined in hen-houses lack the variety of food which they had in summer while allowed a wide range. At this season they require more condensed food than in summer, and grain should be their principal ration. But they will eat more or less green food also, and we never found a better way than to hang up a cabbage head by the roots, allowing the head to come near enough to the ground so that by jumping they can bite out a mouthful. The inferior heads of cabbage that would otherwise be thrown away can thus be put to good use.

Poultry Notes.
The runs should be spaded up once a year anyhow.
Introduce new blood among the poultry once a year.
Fewer eggs will be gathered if the hens are crowded.
Buckwheat, oatmeal and milk are good for laying hens.
Give lime for growth of bone and for eggshell material.
A little cayenne pepper in the food often stimulates laying.
The usual causes of roup are cold, dampness and exposure.
Good leghorn hens may be kept until they are five years old.
The flavor of eggs depends very much on food given the hens.
Feed ducks and turkeys always where you wish them to roost.
A laying hen should have her food and drink at regular intervals.
It is essential that confined fowls be supplied with plenty of gravel.
If the hens show an inclination to pull feathers, feed them salt pork.
Corn is a fattening food, but can nearly always be given at night to good advantage.
Fresh eggs are heavier than the old ones, therefore when put in water the older ones will float higher.
When the floor of a poultry house is earth, the top should be removed once a year and fresh earth put in.
It is a good plan to mix the meal for the fowls with boiling water, for this partially cooks it and makes the food better.

It is considered by many that over-feeding fowls on corn is the cause of apoplexy. When chickens fall off the roost at night they are generally affected with this disease.

The man behind the broom and shovel is the hero of Santiago and San Juan to-day.

GENIUS.
Far out at sea—the sun was high, While veer'd the wind and fopp'd the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea!
The little wanderer, who had lost His way, and danger, or worse cross'd— And he hath felt, thought, known and seen A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea!
Above, there gleam'd the boundless sky; Beneath, the boundless ocean shen; Between them danced the butterfly, The spirit-life of this vast scene—
Far out at sea!

The tiny soul then soar'd away, Seeking the clouds on fragile wings, Lured by the brighter, purer ray Which hope's ecstatic morning brings,
Far out at sea!
Away he sped with shimmering glee! Scarce seen—now lost—yet onward borne! Night comes!—with wind and rain—and he, No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea!
He dies unlike his mates, I woen; Perhaps not sadder, or worse cross'd— And he hath felt, thought, known and seen A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea!
—Richard Hengist Horne.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Long drawn out—The naval secretary interviewed.
Bell—"And so they were happily married?" Nell—"Yes; each one of them married somebody else."—Tit-Bits.
She—"I think I must have hit the caddie." He—"Naturally; you were not aiming to hit him."—St. Louis Republic.

Monner—"Billy, where are all those huckleberries? Did you eat that plateful?" Billy—"No, monner; I ate it empty!"
Doctor—"Do you take a bath regularly? Once a week, I suppose?" Patient—"Lor' bless you, no, sir. I ain't so dirty as all that!"—Sketch.
"Let me show you something." "What is it?" "A kinetoscope representation of Johnny going through a new pair of shoes."—Chicago Record.

"Why did Josephine dismiss her suit for damages?" "The man proved that he ran into her bicycle because he was looking at her."—Chicago Record.
"Mrs. Rinks seems like a very fussy woman." "Fussy? Say, if she built a house she'd insist on having all the nails manicured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Groom (very wealthy)—"Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?" The Bride—"I haven't the slightest idea. Mamma managed the whole affair."—Harlem Life.
Mrs. Bronson—"The Sillibys have reached an agreement with the owner of their flat house." Mrs. Marble—"So?" "Yes. Their children are to be allowed to visit them once a week."—Life.

Emily—"I am so unhappy. I begin to see that Arthur married me for my money." Her Dearest Friend—"Well, you have the comfort of knowing that he is not so simple as he looks."
"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine." "What did she say?" "She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."—Chicago Record.

Tenant—"You call our flats the Klondike because they are so cold in winter and so hot in summer." I suppose. Ha, ha!" Landlord—"No, because there's no such money in them as people think."—Detroit Journal.
Husband—"Anything you want down town to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-rising flour?" Wife—"We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-rising servant girl."

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" she asked him, more as a matter of habit than anything else. "I cannot tell a lie," said he. "You are not. You are simply the best of the bunch." Being a modern maid, she was content with that.—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Mr. Buyer—"Mr. Green, there seems to be something serious the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps he is wind-broken. What would you advise me to do?" Jay Green (promptly).—"Sell him as quickly as you can; I did."—Tit-Bits.

These two converted savages were speaking of a third; nothing is to be gained by repeating names here. "He'd sell his soul for a dollar!" exclaimed one. "And that's way below cost, if there's any truth in the statistical reports of missionary expenditures!" replied the other, evidently much disturbed.—Detroit Journal.

Torpedo Boat's Wear and Tear.
So injurious is life on a torpedo boat that a year's continuous service will mentally and physically incapacitate a man. This assertion is made on the authority of Lord Charles Beresford, but that the strain on any one serving on these crafts is very great is shown by the fact that to one month's service the British naval regulations allow one week off. Austria is endeavoring to mitigate the hardship of service on these boats, and life on one built for the Austrian navy, and tried on the Thames recently, was demonstrated to be pleasanter than on those of the English navy.

A Great State.
Kansas is a great State in a variety of ways. Among the candidates who were voted for at the late election occur the following names: Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, John Bunyan, Tom Corwin, Julius Caesar and Edgar Poe. Nearly all of these were candidates for the Legislature.