

The air in the English channel was so clear one day recently that the dome of Boulogne cathedral, twenty-eight miles away, could be clearly seen from Dover with the naked eye.

In conversation with a newspaper correspondent, Arabi Pasha has stated that he is in a difficult financial position. He got an allowance of £50 a month from the Egyptian government, which was scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of his large family, which includes sixteen children, aged from three to thirty-eight years.

The Newberry library at Chicago has secured the Prince Lucien Bonaparte collection of 15,000 volumes, said to be among the best philological libraries in existence. The prince spent a fortune in getting it together and he has offered it for sale at \$200,000, but the Chicago institution is said to have bought it for a much lower figure.

E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention, reports that he has found in the department of Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a "natural well," whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,927 feet, but the actual bottom has not been reached.

Doctor Voges, the director of the Buenos Ayres National Board of Health, reports that during a recent trip to Paraguay he accidentally discovered that naphthalene is an excellent remedy for mosquito bites. It neutralizes the poison, he says, even when the bite has caused considerable inflammation, and if a fresh bite is rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows.

Speaking of the summer and winter journeys wealthy people make to various "resorts" here and abroad, a shrewd observer of city life remarks that "the finer the house on the avenue, the less it is occupied." In so far as that is true, it is to be regretted. At every season, in some favored region, nature spreads a fairer roof than ever architect devised; but we may leave paradise behind us when we set out to find a better place than home.

In the presence of a large number of officers from the garrison and neighborhood, the famous "Tower of Remembrance" erected at Gravelotte by the Germans in 1895, at a cost of more than £10,000, was blown up recently by the military engineers. Originally intended as a post of observation over the neighboring country, it was afterwards found that the existence of such a watch-tower was incompatible with the safety of the new fort outside Metz, which is completely dominated. All access to the monument has been prohibited for some time past by the military authorities.

No fair-minded landlord can any longer advance the old argument that wretched tenements are inevitable because the poor prefer filth to cleanliness and that good tenements will not pay. The City and Suburban Homes Company of New York has disposed of that insufficient excuse of the parsimonious landlord. This corporation approached the problem with the idea of combining business and philanthropy. It has built excellent tenements in the poorest parts of the city, and rents at prices as low as those of the miserable hovels about them. Its holdings represent an investment of two million dollars, on which it has just declared a dividend of 4 per cent. The landlord who pretends that good tenements will not pay is usually a man who wants fifteen per cent.

In East Oakland, Cal., is to be tried a plan for helping homeless girls which seems almost ideal in method as well as in purpose. A rich and generous-hearted woman has declared her intention of building ten cottages, each of which will accommodate ten girls and be in charge of a "house-mother." The cottages will stand in a beautiful park, with trees, lawns and flower gardens about them. The inmates of each cottage will constitute a separate family, the older girls helping to care for the younger ones. All will attend the public schools as other girls do, and will have their own outside diversions and friendships. Inasmuch as they will also have in the home a thorough training in housework. As they reach a suitable age, each will receive special education in whatever trade or field of work she may select—teaching, dressmaking, millinery, typewriting, art or music—so that when she leaves the home each girl will be equipped to earn her own living. One of the most attractive characteristics of the undertaking is its lack of institutional restraint and the large individual freedom which it permits.

Seven of the largest sugar refineries in St. Mary Parish, Louisiana, have decided to discontinue the use of coal in the manufacture of sugar, and will hereafter use oil as fuel. These refineries use \$150,000 worth of coal annually, and they get it largely from western Pennsylvania. It will cost \$35,000 to adapt their furnaces to the use of oil, but it is estimated that less than \$50,000 worth of fuel oil will do the work of \$150,000 worth of coal. It is probable that next season all the sugar plantations in Louisiana will be using Texas oil instead of coal.

Lansing, Iowa, bids fair to become famous for the many fine pearls found there, says an Associated Press dispatch. One was found for \$1,800 the other day. It was found by a Swede named Benson on the clam bed which adjoined the famous Queen Mary about a month ago, and although weighing less than 66 grains, is a much finer and more valuable gem. No less than twelve pearls were found at Lansing on one day recently, but the Benson will probably go down in history as the finest of them all.



As long ago the force of Asia's hate was strong on Greece because she dared to be free.

So Europe, following the self-same fate, Shall hurl her combined armies, soon or late, My country, upon thee.

The world moves on in cycles. History, Re-enacted, as the ages flee; For that which once has been again shall be.

Though changed to fit the time, The monarchs behold with startled eyes The growing shadow, casting in eclipse Their trade and prestige; fear and envy rise;

And he who asks, hears ominous replies Fall from the Future's lips.

For Europe, haughty in ancestral pride, With all her mighty armaments of war, Till they are used will not be satisfied; To crush a rival, as our states allied, Will gather on thy shore.

She hates thy weakness, hates thy liberty; But most she hates thy threatened mastery, Thy fitness to the goal.

Already grow the war-dogs in their lairs; Already come the mutterings of storm; The next decade in silence she prepares; She will not brook an equal past her.

Her columns swiftly form, Her hosts unnumbered swarm upon thy shore; Her navies sprinkle the surrounding seas; This is the culmination of all war, The Armageddon prophesied of yore, Preceding lasting peace.

And long the contest wages to and fro, And long the slow hours heavy over thee; Thy nation, land, yet, in the ending, know Thou shalt prevail and over thee shall glow The sun of victory.

Then, as a tempest on a summer day, Less than a rivulet pure from its passing flood, So shall thy stains, corruption and decay, Thy filth of greed and guilt be washed away.

In that baptism of blood, Then stronger, better, truer than of yore, The flag of freedom over thee unfurled, Thou shalt, the people's champion once more, March onward through the Future's open door.

The leader of the world.

Forcing a Decision.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON. Author "A Romulus of Kentucky," Etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Come to think of it," said George Peterson to Will Garrison, as the two stood chatting on the highway, "I heard that you said that one of us was a-go'ing to get a bullet-hole in him afore long."

"Well, now," returned Will thoughtfully, screwing his left eye and digging at his scalp, "hit comes to me that I hed jest about sich talk."

"You think we ought to shoot over Tillie Adams, eh?" "I don't see that we cud shoot over anything more important; do you? I shot ole Jim Stacy over a hog last summer, an' by gum, in my estimation, Tillie Adams is wuth a whole drove o' hogs."

"That is all true," admitted George; "hogs ain't to be mentioned in the same breath with Tillie—no man gits ahead o' me in appreciating her worth—but the question is one o' policy an' good judgment—ort we to kill each other over her?"

"Now, that is a matter to seriously chaw on, I admit. That we both love the gal more nor an ox team cud pull of they had a down hill shoot on it, is certain. That both wud fling our lives, as worthless rags, at her feet, is eakly shore; but as to whether we'd be doin' the proper thing to do it is a matter to chaw on. But the matter must be settled some way. I believe the one she loves best ort have her, but she won't say. I believe I'm the one."

"An' I feel shore I'm the one." "An' this shorthern o' both, ye see, is what I've thought wud bring trouble. So I figger it this way: If both live, an' one gits her, tother wud ruther be dead. With one dead, he'd at everlasting peace, an' the other is happy with Tillie. Now, what do you say?" "I'm a chawin' on the thing."

"Dined of I don't believe it's Bill Tom Branner an' Tillie." "That's jest who they is, by gum!" An old topless buggy, drawn by a thin, bay horse rattled up. The occupants, coming opposite, inclined their heads gently, smiled pleasantly and passed on, a foam of dust rising in their wake.

"She smiled at me, George." "She smiled at me, Bill." "Say, Bill," laughed George, "Wouldn't it be a good 'un on us if Tillie loved that dog rattled rascal with her better than she do either of us?"

"Huh! An' him wud nuthin' but an' education, an' not a hoss to his name! That's 'bout as redicklus as one o' us 'bin loved' by a president's darter."

"Oh, I wuz jest funning, of co'se, but, come to think, I've hearn o' things jest as onreasonab'le. Ye see, Tillie has been down to the Bluegrass college to school for a year or so, an' that's no tellin' what sich fool doins' an' that will lead a gal to. They are curious critters at the best—gals is. Why, I hearn of a gal once that refused to marry Jesse Underwood, the best pistol shot our Kaintuck hills ever had. Well,



"Boys, don't shoot, for God's sake!" she kep on an' on actin' the fool till she finally married a some poor lawyer that never amounted to nuthin' cepin' sumthin' like circuit judge, or some foolishness like that. Tell ye, gals is curious."

"Yes, that's so; but we ain't no more time for foolin'. Let's set off." The men stepped out, took places and confronted each other. They were to count three in concert, then fire.

"One, two, three!" "Spang!" A ball passed through a lock of hair above Bill's left ear. He hadn't fired, and for good reason. When he went to cock his revolver the main spring had broken. He had pointed the weapon nevertheless, taking the risk of being killed rather than to explain an accident that George might regard as a purpose to avoid the duel.

"We'll have to adjourn this case," sighed George, "until you kin git yer own pop."

"Say, George," returned Bill, handing George the crippled weapon. "I've jest thought we kin settle this matter more satisfactory. Tillie, as well as she appears to love both, mout refuse ter marry the one that kills tother about her. Then we'd be in a nice shape—one dead and tother wussar. Less fine out which one she really loves best; then let that lucky one give tother all his property to console him a little, and take her."

"That'll be satisfactory to me—if we kin git a bill o' discovery, as the lawyers say, that will wuk."

"Well, I think I've got it. Terorry at church me an' you will let on like we git in a fuss, an' pull our pops. Everybody will be excited, the wimmen will yell, an' pritty Tillie will come screamin' out to the one she loves best, an' beg him for her sake to put up his pop."

"The very thing!" exclaimed George slapping a cloud of dust from his right leg.

A great congregation had gathered for Rev. Ball, the celebrated revivalist of Knott county, was to preach, and the report had drawn people as a suck-hole draws chips from a broad territory.

The house being "lled, the grounds overflowed. Men and boys covered the turf in front and at the sides, as thickly as bees cling at the side of a gum on a hot horn of July—all ears eagerly poised. Nothing save the electric voice of the speaker, fell upon the vast quiet.

When the preacher began to pitch his tone to the scale of concluding exhortation, Bill and George, as per previous arrangement, came into the crowd from opposite directions. They were radiant in their new clothes, and their new boots announced their entrance through pfound measured squeaks. Being the richest young men of the section, their appearance made heads of reverence silently incline and a whisper of admiration ripple through the wide throng.

ABOUT GHOST SHIPS. SHIVERING TALES TOLD OF OLD OCEAN'S MYSTERIES.

Haunted Hulks Which Flow the Great Tracks Main—Strange Forms Which Startle Superstitious Seamen—The Flying Dutchman Seen Off Cape Horn.

Landsmen boast of their haunted houses and the weird spirits that dance in country graveyards at midnight. But there's not a house, no matter how black and dismal and how far back from the public road it may be sitting, nor how many murders may have been committed within its walls years ago, that can compare in supernatural terrors with the haunted ships with their crews of dead men that haunt the trackless waves of the ocean.

And there's not a ghost on land, no matter how many graveyards there may prevail around, nor how many old mansions he may rattle chains in and groan and disport himself, that can hold up his head for one minute in the presence of one of the grisly, grinning, matted, dank ghosts that ship as A. B. on a ghost ship. There is an air of vagueness and unreality anyhow about the ocean that makes it naturally a more fit abiding place for ghosts than the prosaic shore. The great trackless, unfathomable mysterious deep, with its centuries of nameless horrors still locked firmly in its silent bosom, is the proper place for ghosts. And so it is no wonder that they who go down to the sea in ships believe as firmly in spirits and spirit ships and roving hulks with crews of men dead centuries ago as they believe in their own existence.

One of the spectral apparitions known to landsmen generally is the Flying Dutchman, with which Capt. Marryat made his readers acquainted. The Flying Dutchman was trying to round the Horn some time in the early part of the 17th century. The ship was repeatedly driven back by contrary wind and sides until the ship's captain, Vanderdecken, swore a fearful oath he would round it if it took till judgment day. Vanderdecken was taken at his word, and now for three centuries he and his worn crew have been battling to round the cape. Sailors watch with fear and trembling when their ships are rounding the Horn, afraid that every moment may bring into view the spectral Flying Dutchman. It is believed that every appearance of the Flying Dutchman will be followed by death or misfortune to some of the crew of the ship that sees it.

Off the stern, rock-bound coast of New England is not infrequently seen the ghost of the ship Palatine, whose appearance scudding in the teeth of a gale is always supposed to betoken disaster. The Palatine was a Dutch trading vessel which was wrecked on Block Island in 1752. The wreckers, who by means of false beacons along the shore had lured the ship to its doom, made short work of the vessel. They stripped the ship of everything movable and then set fire to the hull to conceal the traces of their work.

As the boat lifted up by the tide floated away down the channel a piercing scream was suddenly heard from the cabin and a woman clad in white, but wreathed around in red flames, was seen standing in front of the mainmast. She had been a passenger on the ship and had hidden below to escape the wreckers. She burned to death in sight of the people on the shore, and since that time the ghost of the Palatine with the figure of a woman in white standing in front of the mainmast has been seen hundreds of times by sailors cruising in those waters.

The dead ship of Salem is well known off the Massachusetts shore. Just 20 years ago the ship was ready to sail to England, when two mysterious people, whom none in the village had ever seen before, came hurriedly aboard and secured passage. They were a young man and woman of strange but forbidding beauty. The ship was detained so long by adverse winds that the townspeople began to suspect witchcraft and prophecied disaster. But the skipper jeered at their fears, and when the wind changed put out to sea on Friday morning. No word or sign of that ship or of its living freight was ever seen or heard again.

But later that same year incoming vessels reported having met a craft with shining hull and luminous spars and sails spinning along with every cloth drawing in the teeth of one of the wildest of gales. A crew of skeletons manned the ship, while on the quarterdeck stood arm in arm a handsome pair, a young man and a woman.

Improving His Voice. Canon Dayman, who for half a century was rector of Shillingstone, published his early life in a metrical and scholarly translation of the "Inferno," and in later years for a long period represented a portion of the diocese in the blissful realm of convocation. Amusing as well as learned, I remember his telling a story of one of his parishioners, whom he found one cold, wet windy night standing shivering under the archway which spans the high road over which the Somerset and Dorset railroad runs at Shillingstone. Wondering what the man could be doing, standing on a cold, wet night in the most draughty place imaginable, the canon asked him what he did there and the reply was, "Please, sir, be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem, and I be trying to catch a hooze." (wheeze)—Cornhill.

Engines Using Petroleum Fuel. The San Francisco company on its Pacific system has 779 engines, to which have just been added fifty engines, ordered last year, and to which are to be added 103, for which orders are now outstanding. The company now has ninety-five engines using petroleum fuel, while an order has been issued for the equipment of all engines for burning petroleum. Estimating the consumption of the engines at twenty-one barrels of oil each day for 300 days in the year, the consuming power of the engines will be 5,854,200 barrels. Compared with coal, the use of oil fuel, when established throughout the system, will represent a saving to the company of \$4,203,000 annually, as determined by previous experience of the road in the use of oil.

King's Ten Maces. The King of England has ten maces, which are kept in the Tower of London. They are all of different degrees and all will be used at the coronation. The lords have their own mace and will not allow the house of commons' mace to enter their house. It accompanies the commons to the door of their lordships' house, but it is always left outside.

TOWN BOYS THE "FARMERS."

Principal Thomas W. Boyce of the First District school is of the belief that city children are the real "farmers," in the matter of observation, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. The country cousin has long been scoffed at for his open-mouthed wonder at what to his city-bred playmates are objects of every-day knowledge, and plenty have been the jokes sprung at the expense of the country gawk upon his visits to the city. But now the tables are turned and the city boys and girls may well look out for their laurels as world-wise youngsters.

"We have been reading 'Snow Bound' in our eighth grade recently," said Mr. Boyce, "and it is a matter of surprise and interest to note how little the children know about farm life and nature. Some passages which one would think every intelligent boy or girl of 14 or 15 years of age ought to know leave a perfect blank in the minds of the city scholars. Take, for instance, the passage, 'The oxen hooked and lashed their tails.' The scholars could not imagine what 'hooked' meant. They thought that the word hook meant to snatch, to steal, to grab, to swipe, but not one associated the word with the tossing of the horns of the impatient oxen. The passage describing the well sweep, 'like Pisa's leaning miracle,' was so much Greek to them. Although they understood the reference to the leaning tower of Pisa, they knew nothing of the old-fashioned well sweep. 'The sun-circled day, portent of the storm,' they had never seen. They expostulated at believing such a thing. 'You cannot look at the sun,' they said. 'It is too bright. It hurts your eyes.' Now, I venture to say that there is not a boy in this state who has lived on a farm to whom the sun-circled day is not the portent of a storm. They have noticed it from their childhood days. The city children were non-plussed in reading of the gray banks of clouds with the rising of the sun. The sun they see is over the housetops, through some dining-room window. It is an interesting study for me to observe how little the city people are taught to observe nature. That is where the country children have the advantage over their city cousins."

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South Bend, Ind., July 29th:—Six different doctors treated Mr. J. O. Landeman, of this place for Kidney Trouble. He had been very ill for three years, and he despaired of ever being well.

Somebody suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Landeman used two boxes. He is completely cured, and besides losing all his Kidney Trouble, his general health is much better than it has been for years.

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Thompson's Eye Water. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper. W. N. U.—OMAHA No. 31—1902. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Dimes Good. Sold by Druggists.

One of the animal torturers of the day is the feed bag that is pulled over a horse's nose, as if it were a muzzle, and supported by a rope or strap over his head, asserts an observing writer. When the breathing holes become clogged with oats or corn a hot and humid day or the victim's suffering must be intense. Besides, it is poor economy, as a horse wastes nearly as much as he eats by the act of tossing the bag up to get a mouthful.

He who betrays a trust betrays himself. From Pulpit to Console. Rev. Dr. C. P. H. Nason, who has resigned the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church in Germantown, Pa., is to be United States consul at Grenoble, France. Dr. Nason was graduated at Williams college in 1862, which was President Carter's class and his degree was conferred by Williams two years ago. This is rather a peculiar way for a corymbant to retire. Rev. Mr. Nason was acting pastor of the American church in Paris in 1899.

A College Professor at 80. Although President Henry G. Weston of Crozer Theological seminary is more than 80 years old, he performs all the duties of his office with vigor. He lectures next week at the interdenominational Bible class to be held at Lake Orion, Mich. As long ago as 1849 he was moderator of the Baptist General Association of Illinois, which state was the scene of his early labors.

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