

## CAMPFIRE SKETCHES

## GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

The Drum Major, Delightfully a Court Functionary in Europe, He Was Left Out of the Army—Stories of Waterloo—How a Filipino Dies.

## Terra Domus.

About the deepest valley,  
The mountain ranges rise,  
Above the clouded summit,  
The boundless blue.

Beyond the crested surge,  
Brown plains of ocean are,  
Beyond the star horizon,  
The even star.

Beyond, above, the limits  
Of hill and plain and strife,  
Gleams like a bright heaven  
The blessed life.

Beyond Earth's quick mutation,  
Bright hopes and glooms of fear—  
Ah! but high heaven frights us—  
Our home is here!

—Lewis Morris in Literature.

## The Drum Major.

The infantry regiments of the United States are to have drum majors hereafter, according to the provisions of the Army bill passed at the last session of congress. The fact that while the gorgeous giant with the big cane is an important part of the state militia dress parades, he has had no place in parades of United States Infantry is not so strange when one hears the explanation. "The thing is simple enough," said a military antiquarian. "You have only to remember that in the United States regular army there are no hussars and no Polish lancers. Just wait a moment and I think I can show you the connection. It is rather a paradoxical connection, but it is there, all the same. The general idea is that nothing is to be found in the United States army that was not in the British regular army in the fourteenth year of the reign of George III. By that of course I mean nothing in the way of ranks and disciplinary arrangements. One or two things may have dropped out of use—the rank of cornet for example, which was formerly the lowest commissioned rank in the cavalry both in the American and in the British army. On the other hand they have several things that we have not. If you will take the trouble to look it up you will find that every one of these things has been introduced into the British army since our war of independence. The Polish lancer became famous under Napoleon I, and the British straightway turned half a dozen or so of their regiments of light dragoons into lancers, not only equipping them with lances, but also giving them the Polish caps with the square, flat tops, which they still wear on full dress parade. It was at just the same time that they took up the same busser, which is Hungarian and comes down all the way from the days of Matthias Corvinus, the Hungarian king, whose old stirrups were sold the other day, I see, for \$1,700. With the name of busser the British army took the dress of the Hungarian cavalier—the fur-collared busser, the Turkish soliman or flying jacket, trimmed with fur and hanging loose on the left shoulder, and so on. They have given up the flying jacket but the rest of the uniform they still keep. It was all initiated from the French, who had had bussers two generations earlier. Murat, the spectacular marshal of the empire, made it famous and popular. So far so good. We have most things that they had in 1776, not what they took up in Napoleon's time. But one thing their standing army had which we have not had heretofore, and that is the drum major. Naturally enough, too. There would be no drum majors in the continental army, because the continentals were only the old constitutional English militia, representing the shire and borough levies of the middle ages, transferred to the American colonies, while the standing army—with their red coats, the royal liveries—were an extra constitutional body of troops that began to exist under the Stuarts—mere royal retainers in fact. Now the drum major was first heard of in England in the reign of Charles I. He was an officer of the royal household originally, and his title was drum major general. The Stuarts were very fond of imitating the French court, and a whole century earlier than the days of Charles I. the king of France had had his drum general and drum colonel to teach the royal drummers. It was only after Charles I. had had his head cut off that Louis XIV. reduced his drum generals and drum colonels to drum majors. But the drum major retained the authority to chastise his subordinates, and the big cane to do it with, which later all drum majors still wield for the edification of admiring crowds. So you see this office of drum major was a thing associated with the court and the absolute standing army. No wonder it did not find a place in the army that originated in votes of the continental congress. As to how our state militias took up drum majors, I cannot say exactly, or as to when, but it is significant that the name national guard, or rather, national guards, was taken by the New York militia in 1790 by way of compliment to Lafayette, because he had commanded the Garde Nationale in France. All through the revolution the consular and first empire the drum major continued to be a very important personage in the French infantry. Perhaps our militia in their enthusiasm for Lafayette wished to be as French as they could in everything. It is worth remarking that we have taken up drum majors just about twenty years after the British have dropped them. Since 1870 they have had certain drummers

to discharge the more serious functions which formerly belonged to the drum major.

## Stories of Waterloo.

Ray Canon Staverley in a recent issue of the Cornhill Magazine relates several "military anecdotes" of the battle of Waterloo. His account is one of the most extraordinary escapes from death on the field of Waterloo. Lieut. Stewart Moore received a ghastly wound. "A Polish lancer drove his lance through one of his lungs. He must have been destitute of medical aid for hours, for when the surgeon came to examine his wound, it was dark, and a lantern had to be used for a proper inspection. The light was actually blown out by the air issuing from the wound. But he recovered and lived on to old age." The canon tells also of the wife of the quartermaster, who had stood fire with her husband in South America, and been severely wounded. At Waterloo she lingered with the regiment after the firing commenced. "However, the adjutant told her that a battlefield was not the place for an officer's wife, she reluctantly withdrew, but only to station herself in the belfry of the church at Waterloo, from which she had probably a finer and more extensive view of the battle than even Napoleon or Wellington." The canon winds up his stories of Waterloo by a remarkable and interesting anecdote told him by the sister of a distinguished fellow of Trinity, noted as having been the first Roman Catholic to attain the honor of fellowship: "Years ago this lady paid a visit to the island of Mauritius. She was introduced to a lady of great beauty and commanding appearance, who ordered every one about, and whose features were unmistakably Spanish. Who was this lady? An infant picked up on the field of Waterloo from behind a wagon after the battle. Her parents were known to God alone. She was found by an English soldier, perhaps an officer in the king's German legion. He placed her under the care of a soldier's wife, paying for her support, and as she grew up, seeing how beautiful and talented she promised to be, had her educated and finally married her, as Dick Swiveller did the marchioness. He held in his latter days an appointment in the Mauritius, and here follows the extraordinary pendant to this romantic tale. The great granddaughter of the Waterloo 'waif and stray' (they mature and marry very early in those tropical climes) was the wife of Baron de Lesseps, the originator of the Suez and the unfortunate designer of the Panama canal. At the age of 17 she fell in love with the baron, then about 70, and proposed to him according to the custom of the Mauritius, by a floral offering. The old baron was so amazed that he declared that she must intend the offering for his son, who was with him. 'Non, monsieur, c'est a vous.'

## How a Filipino Dies.

The general, in a white hat, was marching in advance of the firing line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road, says John F. Bass in Harper's Weekly. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about thirty yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground and a second shot was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is a difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.

## Why Men Are Cannibals.

Some gruesome information has been collected by a member of the European medical fraternity in relation to tribes that eat men. A Frenchman figures that 20 per cent of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; 19 per cent eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; 10 per cent partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and 5 per cent feast in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned at 18 per cent. In short, deducting all these, there remains only a portion of 24 per cent who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other means of alimentation. In the heart of Africa, man-eating is continued to this day, and to such an extent that in certain villages ribs and quarters of men meet can be bought. It is easier for the native there to kill men when they desire flesh than to go to the exertion of hunting game.

Some women think that only a married man can do wrong.

## FROM THE GALLERY.

In the "third door back" of a dismal-looking lodging house in a street near Waterloo bridge, a man was standing, singing. In a dilapidated armchair by the window, his audience—one wee, pretty lassie—was curled up, wrapped about with an overcoat, for it was the afternoon of Christmas day, and there was no fire in the cheerless grate.

"Shall I light the lamp, daddy?" she asked, as he ceased to sing and began to execute a grotesque dance, still whistling the refrain of his song. "It has grown so dark that I can't see to give you your cues," and she held up some tattered manuscript as she spoke.

"No, Babie; that will do for tonight. Don't try your eyes, shall we have our usual chat in the dark, pet? There is no rehearsal tonight. Ugh! how cold it is. Have we no coal or wood, dearie?"

"No, dad; but it isn't very much colder without fire, because the silly smoke won't go up the chimney, somehow, so I have to keep the window open when we do have a fire."

"My poor little frozen baby," he said sadly, taking her in his arms. "We will find lodgings where the smoke does exit the proper way—after boxing night."

"Dad," she said, as she nestled close up to him in the armchair, "shall we have a Christmas pudding some day?"

"Shall I sing to you, Babie?" he interposed hastily. And, gently stroking her soft curls, he broke into a lively music hall ditty.

Babie was soon fast asleep. He lifted her up and placed her on the bed. "Heaven help her!" he murmured sadly, as he gazed upon the sweet white face. "If I had only been a laborer you would not have gone hungry on Christmas day, my pet. I wonder how many poor numbers are waiting eagerly for Boxing night? I have looked for work without ceasing. I wonder if the noble army of bogus managers with whom I've been so closely acquainted of late are dining well tonight while she is starving. I'll spend every penny I earn this pantomime upon her comfort. Oh, if I can only make a hit, now my chance has come! Oh, my Babie, my brave little Babie!"

"Daddy, it's the glorious Boxing day at last!" cried Babie, dancing round him in her excitement, as he was preparing to go to the theater.

"Everything wasn't quite smooth at dress rehearsal," he had explained to her; "so I shall be at the theater all day."

The latter part of this statement was not true; but he saw that there was barely food for one in the cupboard, and his pocket was quite empty.

As he ran down the stairs a little while ago, he had been so fond of his "drinking song." She had looked forward to hearing him sing it. He would sing it for her sake.

Then his voice began to falter—he swayed slightly. "He's breaking down," was the terrified whisper. "Won't some one step in to fill the gap?"

And some one did. Right from the very back of the gallery it came—a child's voice that caught up the refrain just as the wretched singer was about to rush from the stage, and the astonished artist, looking up to the "gods," beheld the singer, a little girl perched upon the shoulders of a stalwart coster. It was Babie—Babie alive and well.

By the time the little girl had got through the chorus and the gallery had shown their appreciation by applause and whistling, Halliday had regained his self-possession, and he sang the remainder of his ditty with such joyous vigor that he carried his audience along, and the infection of gaiety from all the smiling faces on the stage made itself felt all over the house.

"That kid in the gallery is an old music-hall dodge," said one petite to another.

"Yes, but this was jolly well worked. I thought the chap had really broken down," replied his friend.

Behind the scenes the "kid in the gallery" was being clasped in her father's arms amid a group of sympathetic people in motley attire.

Babie's story was soon told. She had been offered a quarter by a neighbor to mind her babies while she went out. The temptation to see her "dad" perform had been too strong, and the little girl, with her precious coin in her hand, had patiently waited outside the gallery door for many hours. As she had not expected her father home all day she had not been in the least uneasy.

Then Manager Vaughan and Stage Manager Grahame claimed her attention, and the performer slipped a brand new dollar bill into her hand.

"It's what I owe you for that unheard effect," he said, laughing. "Forget-me-not."

No One Could Do It.

Horace Greeley once was discussing in a general company the faults and needs of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good licking!" An Englishman present promptly said with unmistakable English accent: "Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.'" But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone: "But the trouble is there's no nation that can give it to us!"—Argonaut.



## WAS BEING CLASPED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS.

shoe came clattering after him, and a saucy, smiling face peeped over the balustrade.

"That's for luck, dad!" she called out.

He noticed the little shoe had a hole right through the sole, and he sighed. When he reached the theater he found only a few shivering nobodies assembled on the stage. They all waited for about two hours for the stars, who had never intended to appear, and then the stage manager dismissed them. Halliday met his manager as he turned out of the stage door with the intention of strolling about the streets until evening.

"Hallo!" said that individual, genially. "Hope all the plum pudding you had yesterday won't affect your top notes. I think your song will fetch 'em upstairs. There's money in it."

Halliday uttered an exclamation, and, stooping down, picked up a quarter.

"There, what did I tell you?" laughed the manager, as he clasped him on the back and went on his way.

Halliday hugged the little coin in his palm. It meant so very much. It meant a little Christmas for Babie, and it had entirely changed his plans for the day. He hurried homeward with a lighter heart than he had carried for months, only stopping at a coster's barrow on his way to invest some of his treasure in racy-checked apples.

He sprang lightly up the stairs to his home, calling "Babie!" as he ran, so anxious was he to see her astonished and delighted. But no answer came, no patter of little feet. The dreary room was empty. He sat down chilled and uneasy, and the apples rolled unheeded to the floor.

But one hour—two hours—three hours passed, and still no Babie. The fog was growing denser and denser. The anxious father paced up and down the little room. At every footfall on the stairs he rushed out and called her name.

The gallery at the Regal theater was calling out "overtures and beginners" as he made his way along the passages when a man rushed past him and dis-

appeared into one of the dressing-rooms. It was Nigel Halliday, white and trembling, and with huge beads of perspiration on his brow.

"He'll never be out!" said the performers in chorus. But he was at the side, dressed and made up, fully five minutes before his first entrance. The other performers were looking at him curiously, for his face was twitching and he spoke to no one. "Nervousness or drunkenness," they all agreed.

There was a ripple of laughter as he made his first entrance. It acted like an electric shock upon him. He knew what was expected of him, and he worked desperately. "He'll do!" said the anxious manager, eagerly, as he watched his grotesque exit and listened to the applause that followed it.

As soon as Halliday was off the stage after the fourth scene he caught the assistant manager by the arm.

"I'm not on until the palace scene," he said eagerly. "How long is my wait?"

"Oh, about an hour tonight," was the reply.

Halliday rushed down the passage to his dressing-room, removing his kingly robes as he ran.

"What the deuce are you doing?" cried one of the men, as he watched him struggle into his overcoat. "Are you drunk tonight, or what?"

"Don't stop me!" panted Halliday. "Hands off, I say! It's my long wait. I'll be back in time. My child is lost—missing since morning. I'm crazy with anxiety; she's my only one."

Through the streets he ran, threading in and out the traffic, heedless of the drivers. The fog had cleared away, and the night was starry.

"Babie! Babie!" he panted, as he tore along. "Babie! Babie!" as he vaulted up the dark staircase to his home. All was silent in the desolate room. He stood there one moment and threw up his hands in voiceless prayer, and then he hastened back to the theater.

Just before his entrance in the palace scene the doorkeeper made his way through the crowd and said something in a low tone to the stage manager. He saw them glance toward him and in a moment he was beside them.

"In heaven's name tell me, Grahame! Is it news for me? Don't lie; I know it is!"

"When you come off, Halliday—after your song. There's your music playing now. Go on, old man."

"Tell me first," Halliday replied hoarsely, "and I give you my word I'll go on!"

"A little girl—run over—taken to Faith hospital. Don't know who she belongs to. Died unconscious," Grahame replied hastily.

"Thank you," was all the wretched man said as he staggered past them onto the stage.

A child in the gallery laughed gleefully at his grotesque entrance. It sounded just like Babie's laugh. Babie now, perhaps, lying a little mangled corpse in the Faith hospital. Why was he there? he asked himself. If his darling lay dead. What did he care for money now?

But Babie had been so fond of his "drinking song." She had looked forward to hearing him sing it. He would sing it for her sake.

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## MADE MILLIONS

In Three Years on a Lucky Investment of \$100 Dollars.

New York Tribune: At the Hotel Imperial is a man who has become rich in mining speculations in Washington within the last three years. His name is James Clark. He told the story of how he did it. "A little more than three years ago," said Mr. Clark, "I was the manager of the War Eagle mine, near Hollis, British Columbia. I had always had an idea that there was plenty of gold in the Comaville reservation in Washington state, and one day I decided to make an investigation. I gave two of my workmen \$50 each and started them out prospecting. A hundred dollars was a large sum with me then, but it made me a rich man, and it made the prospectors rich men, too. They discovered gold in large quantities, and I immediately organized the Republic Gold Mine Milling company. There were 1,000,000 shares of stock. The two prospectors and I had a fourth interest each. The remainder of the shares we disposed of at 10 cents a share, although we had a hard time doing it. When operations were finally begun we had splendid success. Three months ago we sold 600,000 shares of the stock to a Montreal syndicate for \$3,300,000. We now have a cyanide plant, and all the modern improvements, and the stock is worth \$4.50 a share. In addition to the Republic, that \$100 investment gave me a fourth interest in the Lone Pine, Surprise and Peril mines, in the same district, all of which pay very well and have glorious futures. That \$100 was the best investment I ever made, or ever expect to make. Mining is a fine thing when you have luck. It is literally 'finding money,' and you usually find it in large hunks, too, when you find it at all. There are mighty few businesses nowadays which will enable a man to make a fortune in three years. Beyond all doubt Washington state is fabulously rich in mineral deposits. Mining has become the mainstay of the state, and agriculture has been compelled to take a back seat."

## CHINESE WALL

And What Its Demolition for Paving Stones Means.

Chicago Tribune: If Frank G. Lewis of Chicago is going to tear down the great wall of China and use the material for paving stones he has a big contract on hand. The main or outer wall was built 200 years before Christ, and runs from the sea along the northern boundary of China for a distance of 1,500 miles. The inner wall branches off from the outer and forms the arc of a circle 500 miles in circumference. The outer wall is built of huge pieces of uncut stone, faced through the most of its length with huge bricks. It is from 15 to 30 feet in height and from 15 to 25 feet in width. The inner wall is almost twice the height and is almost the same width. Along the top of the inner wall runs for its entire length a promenade 15 feet wide. The engineering difficulties overcome and the great amount of labor spent in building the walls may be gathered from the fact that they run up the side of mountains, across rivers and everywhere follow the boundary of the ancient empire. Even to this day the savage Mogul tribes regard the great wall as the limit of their pastures. The two walls together if stretched out in a straight line, would reach from New York to Las Vegas, so that if they had been in place Governor Roosevelt might have ridden his broncho all the distance from home to the Rough Riders' reunion without dismounting. Broken up into paving stones the two walls would cover a roadbed 100 feet wide and reaching from New York to San Francisco.

## LAWN PLAYHOUSES

Large Enough for Three or Four Little Girls and Their Dolls.

The latest novelties in the smart toy shops are large playhouses, to be set upon the lawn for the use of the little girls of the family. These come in very pretty designs, counterparts of the Queen Anne cottages in which the little mothers really live. They are large enough to accommodate three or four little girls and their dolly families. The interiors consist of one large room, which is furnished with small chairs, tables, couches, beds, bureaus, bookcases and so on, all of which articles of furniture come in very attractive forms and can be purchased at any of the large shops dealing in children's toys and games. These houses will be welcomed gladly by the little misses, for they open out a vista of afternoon teas, parties and receptions at which the hostess can play at being a real live mamma and social leader. Placed in a shaded corner of the lawn, or out in the orchard, the girls of the family will pass many a happy hour when the sun is too hot for outdoor exercises.

## Fresh Tips Always Ready.

The tip of a billiard cue is subjected to a great deal of hard wear, and when the least battered the entire stick is unfit for service and must be laid away and thrown out of use until it can be retipped. While this is a comparatively simple operation, it must be performed by one more or less expert in this line or they will not pass the fastidious eye of the billiard player. A scheme by which a tip may be quickly removed and as quickly replaced by another has been devised by William G. Hertz, of Hunteville, Ala. By his scheme a ferrule is fastened around the end of the stick and a split collar made to receive the leather tip in one end and to fit over the ferrule completes the affair. A firm bearing is given to the tip and at the same time it is easily removed and replaced.

The West Nebraska, the French Regiment, Nebraska owns the crack volunteer regiment of the United States and also hosts of the Biggest Mail Order House west of the Mississippi. Hayden Bros. are rapidly absorbing the greater portion of western mail order trade and are even encroaching on the districts of the eastern houses. Send postal cards for free price lists on any goods you need to Hayden Bros. The Big Store, Omaha.

Lots of men never succeed in getting there simply because a dread of failure keeps them from starting.

## "One Year's Seeding, Nine Years' Weeding."

Neglected imperials in your blood will sow seeds of disease which you may never get rid of. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

The attempts of ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt, of Rhode Island, to suppress the playing of street pianos near his residence has proved unsuccessful and he has developed the fact that such music, or such noise, is not nearly as unpopular as the paragraphers would have us believe. The Providence police have been uniformly indifferent to the ex-governor's appeals, and now some of his neighbors, to show their lack of sympathy, are having the pianos wheeled into their front yards and played there.

## New Patents.

During the past week 517 United States inventors received patents, and of this number 169 sold either the entire or a part of their invention before the patent had issued. Amongst the concerns who bought patents were the following:

Columbia and Electrical Vehicle Co., Jersey City, N. J.; City Safe and Lock Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Union Switch and

Signal Co., Swisaville, Pa.; Ansonia Brass & Copper Co., Ansonia, Conn.; Western Electrical Co., Chicago, Ill.; Hinger Manufacturing Co., of New Jersey; E. P. Aills Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.; Whitehead & Coag Co., of New Jersey; American Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.

Inventors desiring information as to the law and practice of patents, may obtain the same by addressing Sues & Co., Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

President McKinley has received the L. D. degree from seven colleges.

## B. &amp; O. Railroad Uses Crude Oil.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is now using crude oil on its tracks, though not so extensively as lines which do not use crushed stone for ballast. There are many road crossings, stations, etc., where dust flies after the passage of fast trains, and these places are being heavily coated with oil. So far the results have been gratifying.

Facts must be feminine—at least they are stubborn things.

## Need the Red Flag of Danger.

Red plumes, blotches, blue, are dangerous signs of blood disease, blood, Cascaris Candy Cathartic will save you, Druggists, 10,20,30c

The enmity between Senators Chandler and Gallinger, of New Hampshire, was caused by a dispute regarding a postoffice appointment.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder to shake in your shoes. It cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Vegetables are like fresh air—indispensable for our health; they cool and purify the blood and add a necessary acid to it.

## Work for All.

Thousands of men are making good wages in the harvest fields of Minnesota, North and South Dakota. There is room for thousands more. Half rates via the Great Northern Ry. from St. Paul. Write Max Bass, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago.

The Chinese tael is a coin which has never existed. It is simply a unit used for convenience.

Faultless Starch. There are many starches on the market but only one "Faultless." All grocers sell it. Every good housekeeper uses it. Try it and be convinced. Large package 10c.

Out of clothes out of countenance, out of countenance out of wit.—Ben Jonson.

The truths we least desire to hear are those which it would be to our advantage to know.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind, cures all the troubles.

Dr. Martin Luther Brooks, who died in Cleveland, O., the other day at the age of 87, made the first speech in favor of abolition ever made in Ohio. This was at Oberlin, which, through his efforts, was made the headquarters of the underground railway. Dr. Brooks later taught the first colored school in the west. He was an intimate friend of Lincoln.

Taking the government crop report as a basis for computation, the statisticians of the New York Produce Exchange figures that at present prices the harvests of this country, already in sight, are worth \$1,594,499,000.