

IT WILL TAKE 100,000 MEN

To Conquer the Philippine Islands Says a Returned Fighter.

Capt. Mark L. Hersey, quartermaster of the Twelfth United States Infantry, a hero of the Santiago campaign, who has seen service in the Philippines, and is just from Manila, is enjoying a leave of absence, and is staying with relatives out in Wyoming. "Capt. Hersey is a Maine boy, was appointed West Point by Congressman Boutwell, and graduated from West Point in 1887. Capt. Hersey is a quiet, unassuming man, slight of build and, aside from a little stiffness, caused by the long journey from Manila to Boston, is as well as ever. There is nothing about his appearance that would indicate that he had been through the yellow fever of the mangrove jungles or the tropical heats and rains of the far East. Were it not for the captain's wife, who accompanied him to Manila, Capt. Hersey would still be on duty about Manila. Mrs. Hersey desired to return home, and so the captain got authority to accompany her to Boston, with permission to enjoy a thirty days' leave of absence, being distributed north and south of the city.

"We have always driven the Filipinos before us," said Capt. Hersey, "but they are like flies about a sugar barrel. The moment your back is turned they are around again as thick as ever. Not having force enough to hold the towns, our forces push on and the men we fought today are back again tomorrow in the town we drove them out of the day before. Some of the towns about Manila have been taken as many times as a cat is reported to have lives. We need 100,000 men in the Philippines, men enough to garrison the towns and hold them after we capture them."

"What is the tone of the people there?"

"Well, I should say that the Filipino didn't want us there. The feeling toward us is anything but kindly. There are several daily papers published in Manila by Americans, and one or two Spanish papers. All this talk about Gen. Otis must have cropped

"They are far from being the ignorant men that they have been represented to be. They are not idol worshippers, but belong to the Catholic church and are well grounded in the tenets of their belief. They are an intelligent people, a large part of them being able to read and write. In my army experience I have come in contact with the Mexican granger and the Cubans. From what I saw and heard while at Manila, I have no hesitation in saying that they are the superior of either of these people. They are men of education and refinement."

"Are they competent to govern themselves?"

"Well, the Mexicans have succeeded very well in that direction, and I see no reason why the Filipinos shouldn't, inasmuch as I believe them far more intelligent than the former."

"What sort of a field is it for the missionary?"

"Well, they might just as well send them to convert the people of Spain, there's just as much chance to make converts."

"Are the people priest-ridden and do the clergy exact exorbitant fees from the people?"

"Not knowing, I cannot say. But the priests I met at Manila—the Jesuits, those who have control of the observatory there—are a very scholarly, high-minded set of men, who do all in



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

and the right to apply for thirty additional days if he desired. Capt. Hersey left with his regiment on the transport Sheridan, Feb. 19 last, sailing from New York, Lieut.-Col. Jacob H. Smith in command. They reached Manila April 14. He left Manila for San Francisco, June 18, on the transport Indiana, serving as quartermaster and commissary on the trip.

The headquarters of his regiment is at Fort Santiago, in the city of Manila. Up to the time of his departure from Manila, Capt. Hersey says that the Twelfth regiment had been in two engagements, June 2 and 12. In the first engagement the regiment lost two men. During the second engagement three men were killed, and one officer and fifteen men were wounded. The first battle was before the towns of Taital and Cainta, and the second fight was at Las Pina and Paranaque. The Twelfth was supporting Dyer's Battery, Sixth artillery.

"It's hard to tell just how many insurgents were in those engagements," said Capt. Hersey, "but it was estimated by those on the firing line as about 900 in the first engagement and 6,000 in the second. I never learned who commanded the opposition, but they were armed with Mausers."

When Capt. Hersey left the insurgents were within five miles of the city. The Twelfth Infantry is stationed on the south bay, the American forces

their power to restore peace in the islands."

Glass Pavement.
United States Consul Covert, at Lyons, reports the laying of a glass pavement in one of the streets of that city nearly a year ago. He says: "It has stood as hard usage as any pavement could be subjected to during that time, and is still in an admirable state of preservation. The glass, or ceramic stone, pavement is laid in the form of blocks eight inches square, each block containing sixteen parts in the form of checkers. These blocks are so closely fitted together that water cannot pass between them. The advantages attributed to this ceramo-crystal by the manufacturers are: As a pavement it has greater resistance than stone; it is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it readily; dirt will not accumulate upon it as easily as upon stone, and it will not retain microbes; it is more durable than stone and just as cheap."

Women Scarce in Australia.
The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In West Australia there were only 54,600 women in a population of 168,000.

Only women over 40 like to take a trip without a trunk.

THE MONUMENT.

I think I may fairly claim to know more of Monty's peculiarities than most people for I have known him all my life.

Therefore, when he told me one afternoon that he was going to be married, I felt in a position to pity the girl from the bottom of my heart. "Monty," by the way, is a contraction of "Monument," a name I specially invented, as summing up nearly both his physical and mental aspect.

He was tall and extremely handsome, after the style of the later and more degenerate Greek gods bearing an every feature and in every movement the stamp of languor and of lassitude.

He is indolence personified, and, indeed, if you take that away, there remains little or nothing but obstinacy (with a big O). This combination blended together by a thick solution of self-complacency, produces, metaphorically speaking, a stone wall.

You cannot argue with him; he will neither be convinced himself nor be at the trouble of convincing you. You cannot interest him against his will, and he seldom wishes to be interested. Finally, you cannot even have the satisfaction of quarrelling with him, for he will not be roused, and looks on your supreme efforts to anger him with the easy tolerance of a victorious Perseus watching Medusa's snaky locks entwine themselves around his fingers, and strive to make him relax his hold.

At one moment of our lives he would have had me believe in his lordly way that he was not unwilling to link my destiny with him. But, strange to relate, I remained unmoved by the golden prospect of his companionship, protracted indefinitely—perhaps eternally—and his tentative hints lapsed into oblivion. To return to the afternoon in question. Being aware of his artistic temperament, I naturally jumped at the conclusion that his choice had fallen on a "daughter of the gods."

"Oh, no," he said in his slow way, "a beautiful woman is delightful to look at, but not to marry. She would be impossible to manage."

"Then is she young?" I asked, although my curiosity was somewhat dampened.

"Just 17," he observed, thoughtfully, and was surprised at my exclamation.

to be the hourly accompaniment of my married life I should be afraid of the consequences. It is to be sure, but you may find it not perfect truth that I should not particularly mind a woman who will admit that nothing can be better than her, and saying 'I will be better.'"

"By the way," said Monty, after a pause, "I believe there was a time when I had a fancy for you, Mimmie, and thought you might not make me a bad wife."

"There may have been," I answered calmly, "for I can distinctly remember a time when I decided that certainly you would make me a bad husband."

And Monty bestowed upon me one of those all-forgiving, albeit sad, glances that are so abnormally irritating when one is trying one's best to snub him.

After Monty's casual remark I was surprised to find Effie a nice looking girl, though with, of course, no pretensions to the Junoesque that Monty demands of his ideal woman. She was young, indeed, but had an old-fashioned way with her that was infinitely attractive. I had guessed intuitively that she had neither father nor mother, although many people might say that this was judging my cousin too harshly. Her guardians were an elderly uncle and aunt, who didn't mind what she did as long as she didn't worry them, so I was glad to help her with her trousseau, and see as much of her as possible.

I soon discovered that Monty objected to her having so many friends.

"Lancelot," as she was made to call him, thought "gadding about" showed "empty headedness."

"But, my dear child," I exclaimed, he surely doesn't expect you to drop your friends just because you are going to marry him? Why, you will want them more than ever. What do you suppose you'll do when he's at work all day?"

"Then he hasn't told you he's going to resign the partnership?" said Effie timidly.

My heart froze and the fact must have been clearly evident to her, for she hastened to add: "You don't think he spoils me too much, do you, in giving it up for my sake?"

And the recording angel should put it to my credit that I only answered, "Effie, if he ever spoils you let me know."

Yesterday I tackled him.



HE WAS NOT A GOOD LOVER.

"But my dear Monty, you are old enough to be—"

"Excuse me, Mimmie, I would rather she were still younger. Marry a child and you may hope to educate her into the wife you would cherish in your old age."

"O!" I gasped, "then what is she like?"

"Inclined to be frivolous, but I shall soon remedy that. The poor girl is only too glad to find a man who is not hunting her for her paltry five or six hundred a year."

That I could readily believe, and in justice to Monty, I must say that money, as mere money, does not in the least appeal to him. Perhaps that is because he has always had enough to be comfortable.

But he was not a good lover! He was even then far more interested in the academy than in his fiancée's charms. There were three or four portraits of lovely women that he spoke of in a way that made me glad the originals did not come within his sphere of acquaintance—for the girl's sake.

He did not carry her photo in his pocket. It took him several moments of hard thought to remember her address, and—when you are intimate enough to call her by her Christian name," he remarked, "please call her Kaphemia, and not Effie."

"Why?" I asked, determined on no account to do so.

"Because," he answered impressively, "Effie is too insignificant for a married woman, and I have a strong objection to pet names."

"When," I inquired, sternly, "did you ever in the whole course of our lives call me by my baptismal name?" Monty smiled indulgently.

"That is different. You are not going to be my wife."

I confess I revelled in this consoling thought, for nothing in the world could ever reconcile me to the peculiar acidity of my name, and if its full hide-

"What do you mean," I asked "by retiring from business at your age?"

"And why not?" he said, "Isn't a husband's place at his wife's side?"

"Most emphatically no," I rejoined, with deadly earnestness. "A husband's duty is to make money for his wife to enjoy herself with."

"My dear Mimmie," he begged pitifully, "don't put those sort of ideas into Euphemie's head. You are too frivolously minded to understand that a woman should be a man's handmaid mentally as well as physically, and not his plaything. I don't want a wife who requires amusing, or who wishes to amuse me. If I want relaxation I can come and see you. I want her to be useful, and domesticated, and—"

"And," I interrupted, "what do you think she will want to be?"

Monty actually gasped. Then he recovered himself sufficiently to answer characteristically:

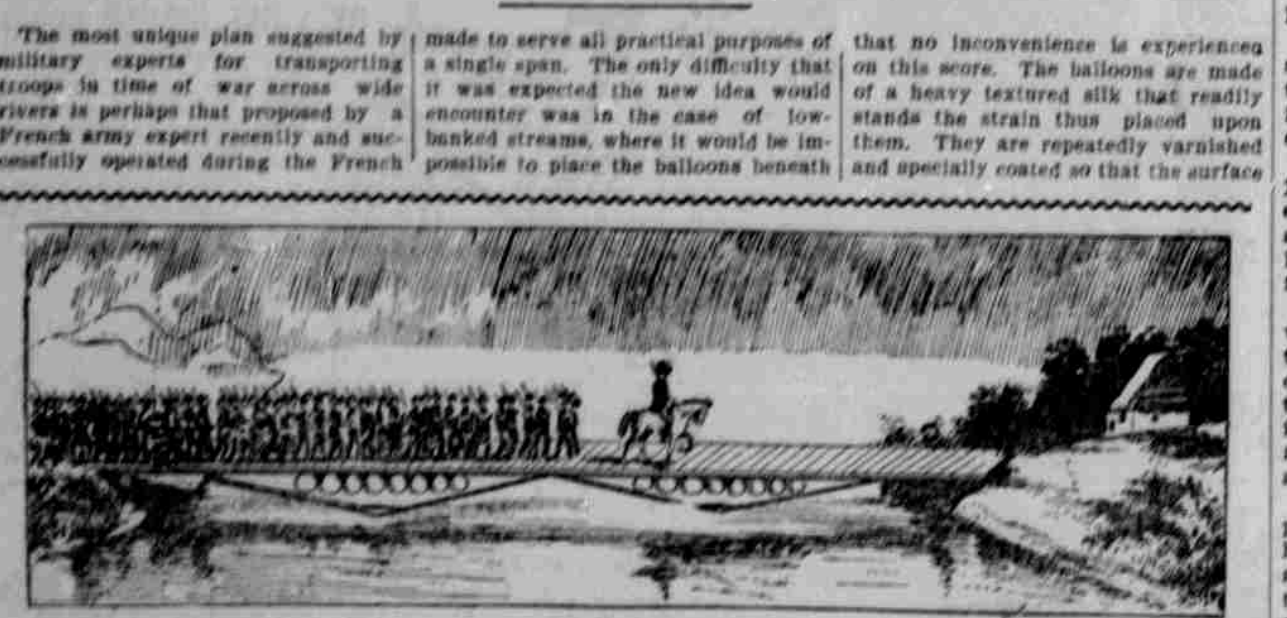
"She will want to be what I make her."

Poor Effie! And the wedding is tomorrow!—Westminster Budget.

Analysis of a Lady's Tear.
It is said of James Smithson that "happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek he endeavored to catch it in a crystal vessel; that one-half of the drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents, and detected what was then called microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda and three or four more saline substances held in solution."—Self Culture.

Amazing Speed of the Otter.
The speed of an otter under water is amazing. Fish have no chance against them. In some places in India otters are kept by the natives to fish for them. They are tied up to stakes like dogs when not working wear plaited collars and seem happy.

A BALLOON MILITARY BRIDGE



The most unique plan suggested by military experts for transporting troops in time of war across wide rivers is perhaps that proposed by a French army expert recently and successfully operated during the French maneuvers. It consists of a portable bridge to be carried about with the troops and thrown across the stream in emergencies and supported by means of balloons. The balloons are not, however, allowed to float above, but are placed beneath the planking. A dozen large inflated balloons anchored at the desired height can thus be made to support a planking on which a hundred men can safely cross at once. In the wider streams three or four of these planks are necessary to be used, but they can be bolted together and thus

made to serve all practical purposes of a single span. The only difficulty that it was expected the new idea would encounter was in the case of low-banked streams, where it would be impossible to place the balloons beneath the bridge and above the water. When this was tried, however, it was found that the same purpose was served by floating the balloons on top of the water, with the advantage that fewer balloons were needed to support the planking. There is no difficulty whatever in carrying the material for the hastily constructed bridge about. The planks are, of course, easily enough carried and the balloons could be readily inflated with a balloon wagon. This has become an accepted part of military paraphernalia in any event, so

that no inconvenience is experienced on this score. The balloons are made of a heavy textured silk that readily stands the strain thus placed upon them. They are repeatedly varnished and specially coated so that the surface

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William Sodds, the greatest cattle
owner in the United States, attends to all the details of his work, entrusting as little as possible to the care of subordinates, although he could well afford to retire from the active management of his business. "If I want to be sure a thing is well done I just do it myself," he says. Twice a year he accompanies his shipment of cattle from northern Arizona into Kansas City.

Protecting New Inventions.
H. H. Y., of Omaha, Neb., asks: "Is there any method of establishing priority of invention except by a caveat?" Answer: We commenced filing incomplete applications in lieu of caveats twenty years ago and such practice has been followed by other attorneys. W. D. Baldwin, vice president of the Patent Law Association of Washington is on record as saying in practice of forty-two years he never found a caveat benefit any of his clients. There is a strong probability that congress will abolish the caveat system.

The caveat fees are an unnecessary expense. An application such as we prepare and file at Washington upon receipt of the first fee, \$20, will be equal protection for one year. Any other way of fixing date of priority of invention is uncertain.

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I never used so quick a cure as Fiso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 26, 1899.

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