

Onions bring into Mexico millions of dollars a year, besides many cents.

The balance of trade seems to be in favor of Halifax when she gives port for La Champagne.

This new carpet trust is only in a line with others that run up prices. In other words, it is nothing new on the carpet.

The national debt is now \$13.41 for each person, and to avoid further trouble kindly call and make arrangements for settling.

The output of umbrellas in the United States has reached an average of 240,000 a week. This is preparing for a rainy day and no mistake.

The Kansas City Journal says: "Mr. Fivecoats lives in Anderson County and Mr. Fewclose in Cowley County, Kansas." Why not arrange a pair?

Recently the record of a single night's sailing of an American steamer beat the day run of an Italian railroad train. Thus the American night run beat the Italian day.

When a man sees his wife really angry he says it is foolish to lose her temper like that; when he gets the same way himself he says there is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue.

Dr. Mary Walker has been refused admission into the society known as the Daughters of the American Revolution because she wears trousers. Why doesn't Mary now join the Patriotic Sons of America?

A man in Syracuse says he learned in a dream the other night just how to build a "perpetual motion" machine. That fellow evidently has all the necessary qualifications for a good Key West correspondent.

Queen Victoria is not yet 80, and she is in pretty good health. This spring her eldest grandchild, the Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, is to be married, and it is by no means unlikely that the queen may yet become that very venerable and exceptional personage, a living great-grandmother.

The humor of the situation in Africa impresses itself forcibly. Two thieves break into a farmer's orchard. When it comes to gathering the stolen fruit one claims priority, because he got over the fence first. The other demurs because he put up a little imaginary fence of his own to define the boundary line of the first thief's domain. In these strange ethics the owner of the orchard has no status.

If the time comes when war is necessary the quiet, earnest American citizens will go to the front and do the fighting as they always have. And there will be some who will stay home and get rich selling whisky and supplies to the Government, as men of their thrifty habits have done in the past. Then when the war is over we'll have a new odious aristocracy, built on riches accumulated by these same thrifty patriots in trafficking with the Federal Government.

Irrigation of white men's farms has so drained the Gila River on which the Pima Indians depend for water that they are in a condition verging on starvation. There are 4,000 of these Indians in Arizona whose farms have been made unproductive by the draining of their river. The neighboring Papagos are stealing to keep themselves alive, and it would be cheaper for Congress to make the appropriation for a reservoir to water the Pimas' farms than to try to feed them or punish them when they become mutinous under their wrongs.

A young college girl with common sense and a taste for mathematics, listened one day to two older women talking of their privileges as colonial dames, and resenting the claims of certain acquaintances who had no "ancestors." "How many ancestors may a person have, going back twenty generations?" she asked. "I have just been working it out." "A good many, I suppose," was the reply. "Yes," she laughed back, "something over a million. Surely among so many we must all average about alike in distinction." Surely! the occasional absurdities of hereditary-patriotic societies to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is a more intolerable nuisance in the theater than the big hat. This nuisance is the late comer. Sometimes he is alone; he has dined heavily; he has been late in deciding where to go; he sits down leisurely down the aisle; his seat is at least six places from the aisle; he apologizes loudly and steps carefully on male and female feet. Or he is one of a theater party. He and his friends come in the fully glory of evening dress, but they come late. There are people on the stage, but the theater party does not see them as it enters—nor do those seated near them until the party, with much ceremony, is seated.

From correspondence from Washington states that the Agricultural Department people say that their great trouble now, in connection with the beet-sugar question, is to keep people from rushing headlong into the project, where it is apparent that success cannot crown their efforts and that only disappointment and failure will result. The beet-sugar question has reached the proper

tion of a craze in many sections, and, while the department officials have unbounded faith in the ability of the United States to produce all the beet-sugar necessary to supply our entire population, they say that there are comparatively small areas in which very high per cents of sugar can be grown, and that the trouble lies in people insisting upon going into the business in sections where it is known that the beets grown will not contain a sufficient percentage of saccharine to return a profitable investment. The statistics for the sugar consumption in the United States just published, show, however, that there is a vast field for the production of this crop and that there is no fear that there can be an "overproduction" for many years to come. The sugar consumed in the United States during 1897 reached the enormous total of 4,192,320,000 pounds, or over 2,000,000 tons, showing the very large increase over 1896 of 272,354,000 pounds. Of this total consumption, only 41,000 tons was from beets grown in this country. The total United States production of sugar, including beet, cane, maple-sugar and sorghum, was 336,000 tons, leaving a total of 1,760,000 tons, or 3,521,000,000 pounds to be purchased abroad. This is what the Agricultural Department wants to see raised at home, and their only fear is that attempts will be made to establish factories, at large cost, in sections where the beets raised produce so low a percentage of sugar as to be unable to compete with localities more favored by reason of rainfall, climatic conditions, etc.

If there were in France to-day a strong, brave, self-reliant man, with abilities as a leader, it is doubtful if the republic would be able to exist a month. It is no secret that the force that has held the republic together for the last four or five years has been the national pride and confidence in the army. The trial and conviction of Dreyfus made the people suspicious of the integrity of some of the officers, who, it was supposed, were selling military secrets to the Germans. The principal effect of this was to create an intense anti-Semitic feeling in all of France. The fact that Dreyfus was a Jew resulted in a radical prejudice that came near breaking up into general violence and bloodshed. The French people had not lost confidence in the army; they had conceived an intense animosity against the Jews. But when Zola, in whom the better classes in France had confidence, took up the cause of Dreyfus, and made an open and positive assault on the integrity of the army and the character of some of the highest military officers in France, the people were simply stunned for the time. The populace generally took sides against Zola, while lack of him was the conservative element of the country. For his charges upon him, he fearlessly defied the state to try him, he has been convicted and sentenced. The trial of Zola has made matters worse than they were before, for, while he is under sentence, there are many people in France who believe he has been sacrificed for the purpose of covering up irregularities in the army that the government dares not have exposed. As it now stands, the large majority of the French people have lost confidence in the army and they are only half-hearted republicans at best. The conviction of Zola has created the terrible suspicion in the minds of the French people that Dreyfus was the victim of military treachery, and that Zola is punished for exposing a dangerous condition of affairs in the army. If a Louis Napoleon were in France the present system of government might be shattered to atoms in a night and a monarchy established in its place.

We should say that the virtue in thrift, so far as there is virtue in it—and we have met with it in some of the meanest as well as some of the noblest of mankind—lay in the development which the practice must give to the power of self-control. There are many higher occasions for the exercise of that high quality, but there are none, except in the case of ill-tempered men, which recur so frequently. All men naturally like to spend, and to be thrifty the resolve not to spend whenever expenditure is avoidable must be acted on twenty times a week, and will in a short time exercise a perceptible influence on the character. The man learns to resist momentary temptation, and becomes, therefore, a stronger man, just as a white man becomes more enduring from the constant wearing of clothes. The weight of clothes is seldom great, but the perpetual habit of carrying them almost imperceptibly strengthens the muscles. The thrifty man is more master of himself than the extravagant man, and in self-mastery is one most fertile seed of virtue. But thrift in itself is not virtue any more than a plough is agriculture or mathematics accuracy of thought. The best test of this is that a Christian teacher, who in England would inculcate thrift, would in many another country be compelled to condemn it as of all qualities the one which most interfered with freedom of the spirit. Now a virtue which is a real virtue, and not merely an expedient practice, must be as independent of national manners as of geography. No doubt in England the use of carefulness needs to be inculcated, the typical Englishman, if he wants sparrows, being ready to shy at them with half-crowns; but it should be taught as arithmetic is taught, not praised as a Christian virtue. The two most thrifty people mentioned in the New Testament are Ananias and Sapphira, and their thriftiness was considered worthy of death. They were thrifty, no doubt, at the wrong time and in the wrong way, but still they were thrifty, and it was not counted to their virtue. A little less reticence to reduce their balance would in their case at least have been considered more consistent with the Christian character.



THE FAMILY HISTORY

SAVED THE TRAIN.

KANE CREEK was a railroad crossing on the S. & C. Railroad, about two miles from the divisional terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a schoolhouse, all arranged in a scraggy row along the railroad track. A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of speeding and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight, which stopped at Kane every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express, westward bound, from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train—ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big No. 98. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts of the whistle. Every one in Kane thought they meant simply "Wake up, look out!" for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing, but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly!" and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught a glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket, and then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek. Any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for there were not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time tables on the walls and a kitten curling upon the doorstep? At 17 Polly had gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy, and when Clark, the agent, was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other. Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill-tempered, but to Polly he was always as tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her with him to Mercer on his engine, and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped; what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squeaked there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice, and Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the neat little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do. At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct, from the detached train. The man at the telegraph instrument sprang to his feet and ran to a side window in the waiting room and looked up the track. Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did Polly sprang to the engineer's cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily. The big steel wheels began to turn, very slowly at first. Farther and farther the throttle opened and faster and faster turned the wheels, and yet they did not go half fast enough to suit Polly, who was now glancing fearfully over her shoulder.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open, and she saw the robber darting up the track. He had a pistol in his hand. He was pointing it at her and shouting for her to stop, but the engine was now going at good speed, and, run as he would, the robber could not catch it, but he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab over Polly's head. The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fixed or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open, she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the spigole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress. Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the airbrake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with a half dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm. They heard the firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came. From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire, the Mercer men went out to find her the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train. In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly, and they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way. Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to lie in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered her a new and better position in Mercer, and, of course, all the passengers and express messengers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances. Which no one believed, of course. Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

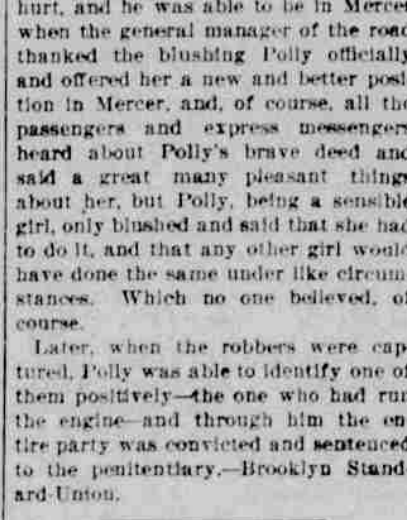
DEGENERATE FRANCE. In Every Particular She Is Failing in the Race of Civilization. In the view of the rest of Europe France is seen at her worst since the tiger-like outburst of the commune, writes Harold Frederick. The scandal of the Panama canal corruption was nothing by comparison, for that tainted only a single case in public life. Nor was even the commune itself so bad, for then it was only Paris which went wild, and it was the rest of France which roughly put it right. But in this atrocious Dreyfus crime the dry rot permeates all of France. It is easiest to describe the disease as anti-Semitism, as that is what one sees on the surface. The cheap newspapers which have the largest circulations, have been for years openly preaching destruction to the Jews until they have filled the weak and ill-balanced brains of their hundreds of thousands of readers with the most savage ideas. But in reality anti-Semitism is a symptom and not the disease itself. The true malady is degeneracy. The French are no longer able to keep up with the rest of the world under the tremendous strain of the pace at which contemporary civilization moves. They have broken down by the wayside. Their adults cannot adapt themselves to the new conditions. Their youth are pitifully below the standard of any past generation of Frenchmen we know about. From every standpoint, numerically, commercially, financially, mentally and spiritually, they perceive themselves dropping further and further behind their rivals. Nobody any longer treats French opinion with intellectual respect. Even Russia, having borrowed more of their money than they could spare, laughs in their faces and makes open overtures to their enemy. It is the disordered, ill-formed and more or less vehement rage at the vague perception of these things which is the matter with the French masses. It needs no prophet to see that they will be much worse before they are better.

Another Delusion. Mrs. Fadden, Faith Curist—How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget? Bridget—He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum. "You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism." "Yes, mum." A few days later. "And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?" "No, mum; the poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried him yesterday." Signs of the Times. With a single break about fourteen miles in length it is now possible to go in trolley cars from Providence, R. I., to Nashua, N. H., a distance of considerably over 100 miles. This is a striking reminder of how the trolley has spread over New England during the last ten years.—Boston Journal. A colored philosopher says it is foolish to count your chickens before they are hatched.

Will be Seen. He—What is the use of putting that trimming on the back of your hat? Do you suppose any man can see the back of your hat when he meets you? She—No, but every woman will when she passes me.

Caged lions, tigers, pumas and jaguars take no notice of the men and women passing in front of them, but if a dog be brought anywhere near the cage they show their savage nature at once. If you see it in the yellow journals you wonder if it's so. If a man doesn't think right it's impossible for him to behave right. If a woman is ever devoid of mercy it's when she gets a mouse in a trap. If you would fly high don't attempt to use the wings of your imagination. If the husband makes a living by gambling the wife usually has to support the family. If the average man could live his life over again he would probably be a bigger fool than ever. If, as Colonel Ingersoll declares, the dog is man's natural companion, the new woman will have to stick to cats. He whom good luck nor bad luck has no effect upon, is more than half a hero. The wicked spread themselves like a green by tree; it is only the righteous that are persecuted. It isn't so much what men ken't do that makes them fall short on success, as it is what they won't do. Why is it that we seldom see an au-burned haired old maid? Why isn't a graveyard the last measure a man resorts to? Why doesn't a man lead a double life when he is beside himself? Put the hive near the orchard.

Uncle Sam Says: This is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood, To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.



Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which it was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. Today I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man. C. H. WEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC. Cascarets. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, No. 26. CURE CONSTIPATION. Suffering Sufferers Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Ill. NO-TWO-BAG Sold and distributed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER WILL KEEP YOU DRY. Don't be fooled with a makeshift or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest snow buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

7000 BICYCLES. With a single break about fourteen miles in length it is now possible to go in trolley cars from Providence, R. I., to Nashua, N. H., a distance of considerably over 100 miles. This is a striking reminder of how the trolley has spread over New England during the last ten years.—Boston Journal. A colored philosopher says it is foolish to count your chickens before they are hatched.

Roofing. The best Red Kops Roofing is 10, per sq. ft., and sells for \$1.00. Samples free. THE PAWNAWILLA ROOFING CO., Camden, N. J.

N. N. U. NO. 488-16. YORK, NEB. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please give us the address of the office where you saw the advertisement.