

Under Sam's demand for revenue stamps caused a stampede.

The era of the trocha and the barbed-wire fence in Cuba has passed.

In the time ripe for again raising the question whether the national flower shouldn't be the flag?

Weyler says he is "deeply mortified" by events in Cuba. Weyler ought to be compensated without delay.

A story in a current magazine deals with "the conscience of an alderman."

The Germans are now kicking about American shoes. If they will put them on once they will forget how to kick.

Roosevelt's rough riders have more than justified the high opinion entertained of their courage and endurance.

In the future no nation will feel absolutely safe unless its war vessels bear the trade mark, "Made in the United States."

A resident of Union Hill, N. J., was killed by a mosquito bite. Why doesn't New Jersey offer a liberal bounty for mosquito scalp?

A young man in New York tried to glare \$15 of a judge, offering his glass eye as security. That chap had an eye for business.

The new French premier proposes a scheme for taxation "based on the outward signs of wealth." Here is where civilization at last gets even with the hotel clerk.

A contemporary says: "If you feel like pronouncing the name of any of those Spanish towns in Cuba fill your mouth with hot potatoes first." And keep quiet afterward.

A man with a bulging forehead figures that if the water in the ocean should evaporate there would be a layer of salt 230 feet deep. This explains why the codfish is so salty.

One of the young Indians of the Rosebud agency in South Dakota reports to the United States Marshal as follows: "I want to make complaint against my brother, Wolf, for shooting at my mother. He did not kill her."

The foot-killer is respectfully requested to modify his present itinerary and time schedule so as to contemplate the man who gave a strange water a \$500 bill in payment for a \$6 lunch and is still waiting for his change.

Recent naval operations have served to impress one truth upon experts—the successful fleet must be fleet. Speed prevented the Christobal Colon from escaping; battle ships should have at least eighteen-knot records.

And now comes a Scotch medical authority with the assertion that riding a bicycle will cure insanity. The use of a wheel to cure "wheels" seems to be a clear triumph for the homeopathic school. Similia similibus curantur.

A Chicago citizen paid \$200 for a wife, sued her parents for the sum after the wedding and obtained judgment the other day. If marriage ever becomes a mere brokerage transaction, let a husband recover damages from his wife's family if she prove a disappointment?

When Captain Conchas brought the convales over to the World's Fair he conceived a warm welcome; but it was positively frigid compared with the welcome given him by the Americans when he took a war ship out of San Diego harbor.

A Washington murderer offers the explanation that "while his hands may have been guilty of the crime charged against him, his mind and his heart were not acting in harmony with his hands." We fear that the only way to handle such a system thoroughly is to use the hangman's rope.

The spirit of earnestness called out by the war is a good thing. Properly and the "piping times of peace" are glorious and necessary for national growth and advancement, but war is a nation's fever and indicates whether it has strength or the mere appearance of it.

The matter of producing heroes at any point seems to be chiefly a question of opportunity. They appear when the occasion calls for them. Whether it is Weyler at Manila, or Hobson at Santiago, or Roosevelt's rough riders at El Morro, the minds to direct and the souls to work and the souls to dare something are found ready to the hand.

A young woman bicyclist in Philadelphia the other night nearly was killed by a fire. Her skirt catching fire from the bicycle lamp, "I knew I was getting pretty warm," she remarked, "but supposing it was merely due to the fact that I had been riding fast." Well, bicycling is a very hot and dangerous sport.

Experience teaches people lots of things they would rather not know.

qualities we have shown in war—and there is no greater quality a free people can possess than that of self-restraint.

It is asserted that bicycle manufacturers, in their eagerness to make as much profit as they did before the reduction in prices, are putting a great deal of poor material into their wheels. The result has been the frequent breaking of forks and frames, as well as of lesser parts of the wheel, with a number of fatal casualties following. The proposition is made in a Buffalo paper that a Government inspection of bicycle factories should be established to remedy the evil. But if a plate bearing the name, address and guarantee of the actual manufacturer were required on each wheel it would probably answer the purpose and save the community the cost of maintaining another set of officials. Probably most of the breakages occur in wheels sold in job lots to retailers and labeled with fictitious names—the manufacturers thus "dodging the responsibility."

The colonial growth of the leading powers of Europe within the last half-century has been something marvellous, when it is considered upon the basis of square miles. It is a good deal of a question with many whether we ought to add to our possessions Hawaii, the Philippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico, which embrace an aggregate of about 247,750 square miles, an area considerably less than that of the State of Texas. As compared with the absorption of colonies by the great powers of Europe such an acquisition by the United States seems insignificant. The United Kingdom has an area of about 121,000 square miles, while it has colonies covering 16,862,073 square miles. France has an area of 204,062 square miles, but colonies covering 2,505,000 square miles. The German empire embraces 208,830 square miles in Europe, but abroad she has 1,615,577. Spain has on the peninsula 197,670 square miles, but on other continents she had, before the war, 405,458 square miles, and if she loses what the United States has seized she will still have 244,362 square miles of colonial possessions. In population these seizures would add about 12,000,000 to our present 75,000,000 inhabitants, which would make our total about 87,000,000. But Great Britain and her colonies now have 361,825,000 people, France 82,810,000, and Germany 90,500,000. There is, of course, no argument in all this that we ought to embark in the business of acquiring colonial possessions, but it shows how very little we should add to our borders or population in comparison with what other nations have done, and yet they are, even now, so far from being satisfied that some of them are hanging about our tracks like vultures in the hope that out of the contest between the United States and Spain they may gobble up some insignificant island.

The unprecedented commercial prosperity of the United States for the fiscal year 1898 and the tremendous balance of trade in our favor have been the subjects of extended comment. That our trade balance, which this year amounts to \$615,259,025, would break all previous records was indicated by advance sheets sent out by the bureau of statistics of Washington some time ago. It was necessary, however, to get complete returns for instituting comparisons in order to fully measure the wonderful commercial advance of the United States in one year. To say that for the first time in the history of the country our exports are twice as great as our imports does not tell all the story. A comparison of the total exports of 1898, which were \$1,231,311,868, with the exports of 1888 shows an increase of 100 per cent. in one decade. It is also interesting to note the directions in which this export trade has been extended. It will be found that our increase of sales has been most marked in those countries which purchased but little of our products a few years ago. A comparison of our sales to foreign nations for the years 1888 and 1898 makes the following remarkable showing:

Table with 3 columns: Country, 1888, 1898. Rows include Africa, Japan, China, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, France, Germany, British North America, and United Kingdom.

It will be seen from this table that our greatest percentage of increase in trade during the decade was with Japan and Africa, countries which ten years ago traded almost entirely with Great Britain. Our trade in China also more than doubled during this period. It is a significant fact also that our exports of manufactured goods show an enormous increase over those of any previous year, clearly demonstrating that American-made goods are given the preference wherever the foreigners have an opportunity to inspect them.

Cyclist's Speed for an Hour. Cyclist's private opinion, ten miles; cyclist's opinion for his friends, eighteen miles; police constable's private opinion, twelve miles; police constable's opinion for the magistrate, twenty-four miles; old lady's opinion, who was knocked down, forty miles; actual speed, eight miles.—Pick-Me-Up.

Sensation in Madagascar. A sensation has been created in Madagascar by the appearance of a carriage in the streets of Antananarivo. It is the first one that has ever been seen in the country, and belongs to the Mayor of the city, Capt. Destinas.

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SAVED AND LOST.

GRIMED with dust and sweat of his work at the foundry, Peter Gurney wearily plodded his way home. A great longing for the rest and comfort of his lodgings came over him, and braced his tired muscles into activity again, as he turned down the dingy street in which he lived. There was only one redeeming feature in Worship lane, and that was No. 27, and before its gate Gurney stood with admiring eyes. Bright green paint shone on door and railing—a row of sickly flowers struggled to show their bloom in a box on the front window, and neat window curtains hid the room within.

"It do look wonderful smart, but not half smart enough for her," he muttered as he pushed open the gate and opened the door. Carefully wiping his boots on the tiny mat, he went straight to the kitchen. "Where's Dick?" said a voice from the scullery beyond.

"He's got some errands—he'll be back in a bit," he answered, as he sat in an arm chair before the fire and gazed approvingly around. Bright oleographs were neatly fastened to the paper; the wooden chairs and table were spotlessly clean and the grate was as bright as labor could make it.

"Well, Peter, how do you like my pictures?" said a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Dart, drying her hands, came into the kitchen. Her trim, neat figure, her refined accent and her sweet, pale face, all proclaimed her foreign descent, and, together with her tidy house and smart dress, brought down upon her the scorn and hatred of her neighbors.

"The big man looked at her with a wistful look, which she seemed to find embarrassing, for she began getting ready the supper. "Lass," he said, turning his back to her and leaning over the fire, "I'll not be saying as how I haven't been well cared for here, or that my lodge ain't comfortable, but—I'm going to find another, lass, if I can."

The girl's face grew paler yet, and her eyes contracted and dilated in her agitation. "Going to leave us, Peter? When we've been such good friends. Why, what have Dick or I done that you should go away?" A little catch in her voice and the tremble of her chin warned him that tears were near at hand, and he sprang up and turned toward her.

"Ah, lass, you don't understand. Can't you see I musn't stop here no longer?" "I've offended you, Peter," she said, wiffully, not seeing his meaning.

"No, lass, you ain't offended me, nor couldn't if you tried; but it's well—I must tell it. The first day I come here I loved you, lass, and as it was, so it is, and I can't stay here; don't you see I can't?" His voice rose and trembled with passion. "Ah, lass, you can't tell how I've longed for you, how I've hungured for you, night and day. Your face comes in front of my work—your face is with me always—for I love you."

Maddened by his grief, he threw his scruples to the winds, and strained her to his breast with a force that frightened her; she tore herself away and stood panting in front of him. A heavy footstep sounded on the flagstones outside, and a loud, cheery voice called out, "Is Peter in, Missis?"

The pair stood looking at each other, and with a heartbroken sigh, Gurney turned away and went silently to his room. At half-past 5 the two men left the house for their day's work in gloomy silence. A fierce haired for his chum, nursed by the evil thought of a sleepless night, filled Peter's mind, leaving no time for idle talk. Come what might he had resolved in some way to thrust his chum out of the way. "Suppose he tripped when carrying a bucket of molten iron?" whispered the tempter; "it wouldn't be your fault. Supposing you pushed him into the pit of molten steel, who would suspect you, his chum?"

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Peter began the afternoon's work of shell casting. Groups of men, each carrying a long iron pole sheathed at the end with wood, approached a large furnace; a hole was knocked in the end, and a small stream of molten bluing steel flowed out, sending showers of sparks in the air. With a long

hook the foreman pushed iron buckets under the flowing rivulet of metal; each one, when filled, was slung by its carriers on the pole, and was borne shoulder-high to the shell molds and there emptied. Peter and Dick started at length with their load, with the latter in front, and once more murderous thoughts filled the former's mind. A trip on his part would send the molten metal streaming over his chum's back, and another accident would be added to the long list, and—the girl he worshipped would be free.

Little did Dick Dart suspect how many times that afternoon Azrael with his flaming sword stood over against him, or how many times the wretched man behind him drew back from his ghastly task.

At length the shells were all cast, and Peter, with what strength of mind he had, thanked God that his trial was over, but as the men were leaving the foreman said to the two friends: "I wish you two would stop for a bit beside the casting pit in the other shop. We were late running the metal in, and



It must be raked for at least an hour before it settles."

"All right, sir," said Dick, cheerily. "Peter and I will stay, never fear." The workmen streamed out, leaving the two men and the watchman the only living beings in the vast works. Peter shivered as he followed his mate to the great pit which radiated a burning heat on all sides. With long rakes they cleared the molten sea of scales that dimmed its glowing surface, and watched the blue flames that flickered from time to time on it. Although the sweat was running down him, Peter felt an icy coldness creep over him as he drew nearer to Dart, who stood looking keenly at the liquid mass before him. He raised his rake to thrust him headlong to an awful death, but he was unable to move, for there stood plainly, between him and his victim, the shadowy form of Dick's wife, with hands uplifted. He flung down his rake with a curse and came and stood close to his friend, who was stretched out over the pit gathering the fresh rising steam. Whether the fumes overcame him, Dick Dart will never know, for he felt himself falling forward and uttered a sharp cry. Instantly Peter swung out his left arm and with a mighty effort hurled the falling man back, but lost his own balance as he did so and fell with an awful cry into the yawning death below him. His scream of mortal agony rang through the building as he lay for an instant on the liquid fire. Then the flames burst out around him and in a few seconds not a trace of Peter Gurney remained.

Heine to Goethe. On occasion of the recent gathering in the Goethe society at Weimar, the Frankfurt Zeitung published what is said was a letter of Heine's to Goethe never before printed. Dated Berlin, Dec. 20, 1821, it ran as follows: "I had a hundred reasons for sending my verses to your excellency. I will mention but one—I love you. It seems to me that this is reason enough. My rhymelets, I know, have but small worth as yet. Only here and there will you find a passage to make you see what I shall be capable of one day. For a long time I have not been able to satisfy myself as to the true nature of poetry. People told me: 'Ask Schlegel.' Schlegel told me: 'Read Goethe.' I have read him, and, if anything good proceeds from me, I shall know to whom I owe it. I kiss the sacred hand which has pointed out to the German people and to me the kingdom of heaven."

Whale Caught by a Cable. A correspondent of an English technical journal, writing from Rio Janeiro, states that while the telegraph ship Normerman was engaged in picking up a cable off Cape Frio, in order to locate the cause of a fault, it brought up a whale which had become entangled with the cable. The cable sheathing, strange to relate, was not parted, but the copper conductor was broken. The whale had probably been there some two or three weeks, judging by its condition, and it had evidently been much worried by sharks. It measured four feet across the tail.



Secretary Alger's Letter.

"I usen't to know," said Mr. Dooley, "what me frind Gin'ral Sherman meant when he said that thing about war. I've been through two iv thim, not to speak iv conv-ventions an' prim'ries, an' divvie iv bit iv har-rm come to me no more thim I was settin' on a roof playin' an acor-jee. But I know now what th' of-a-d meant. He meant war was hell shiv' was over."

"I ain't heerd anny noise fr'm th' fellows that went into threanches an' plugged th' villainous Spanyard. Most iv thim a too weak to kick. But th' proud an' 'sarless pathrites who restrained thim—divves an' didn't go to th' front, th' lads that struggled hard with their warlike indintries an' finally downed thim an' stayed at home an' practiced up on th' typewriter, they're ragin' an' tearin' an' leathroyin' their foes."

"Did ye see what me frind Alger wrote o' Chansey Depoot? Well, sir, Alger has been mistreated. There's a good man, I say he's a good man. An' he is, too. At anny thirk fr'm shingles to two-be-fours he's as good as th' best. But no wan appreciated Alger. No wan understood him. No wan even thried to. Day by day he published th' private letters iv other people, an' that didn't throw anny light on his character. Day by day he had his pitchers took, an' still th' people didn't get onto th' cur-ries iv him. Day by day he chattered iv th' turriors iv war, an' still people only said: 'An' Alger also r-ran.' But th' time come when Alger cud contain himself no longer, an' he set down an' wrote to Chansey Depoot."

"Mr. Chansey Depoot, care iv Grand Central Depew, New York, New York, Esquire, Dear Chansey: I've been expectin' a letter fr'm ye fr three or four days. In reply to same will say: Oh, Chansey, ye don't know how I suffer. I'm that low in me mind I feel like a bunch iv lathes. Oh, dear, to think iv what I've gone through. I went into th' war unprepared. I had on'y so many r-rounds iv cartridges an' a cross-cut saw, an' I failed to provide meself with th' ordinary necessities iv life. But in spite iv me deficiencies I went bravely ahead. Th' strain was something tur-r-ible on me. Me mind give out repeatedly. I cut not thing at times, but I never faltered. In two months I had enough supplies piled up in Maine to feed ivry sojer in Cuba. They were thousands iv r-rounds iv cartridges fr ivry rig'mint, an' all th' rig'mints had to do was to write fr thim. Th' navy had taken Manila an' Cervera's fleet an' th' army had taken Sandago an' th' yellow fever. Th' war is over an' peace want more wags her wings over th' country. Fine scantlings is quoted strong. Ivrywhere is peace an' civ-til-ty. Me photographs are on sale at all first-class newsdealers. Yet there is a cam' fr me. Onthinkin' was insult to me. They sent me a sojer can't sit g'ral orders. They want me to r-rain an' go back to me humble home in Michigan. Disgustin' men that've done nawthin' but get themselves shot ak fr milk an' quinine. They'll be askin' me to carry food to thim nex'. Oh, Chansey, oh, heavens, ye can't know how grieved I am. Rather wud I have perished in a log jam thim ye've induced this ingratitude. But in lookin' back over me past life I can think iv no wrong I've done. If me mimicry is at fault please note. Me career is an open book. I've held nawthin' back fr'm th' public, not even when 'twas marked private. I can say with th' pote that I done my jooty. But oh, Chansey! don't liver aspire to my job. Be sicerly iv war if you will, but never be sicerly iv a war. Do not offer this letter to th' newspapers. Make thim take it. How's things goin' with ye, ol' pal? I hope to see ye at th' seaside. Till thim I'm yours, sick at heart, but 'atin' reg'lar. Russ'."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' poor man must've had a hard time iv it." "He did," said Mr. Dooley. "Niver laid his head to a pillow before eight, up with th' moon, he's suffered as no man can tell. But he'll be all r-right whin his mind's at r-rest."—Chicago Journal.

Heated Him Off. "Charley," said Mr. Billyuns, after the wedding, "do you know that you had a mighty narrow escape before you married my daughter?" The old gentleman had a cigar that was "just the kind," and felt good. "Yes, sir," he went on, while his son-in-law discreetly listened. "I had made up my mind to discharge you. Your work wasn't satisfactory, and I even went so far as to tell my secretary to notify you that your services were to be dispensed with."

Charles Turvey was still silent. "Well," said Mr. Billyuns after a while, "you don't seem to be much surprised." "No," the young man replied, "I knew it at the time." "Knew it at the time?" thundered Horatio Billyuns, "and yet you had the audacity, knowing how I felt toward you, to go to work and marry my daughter?" "Yes, papa, that was the principal reason why I got her to hurry you up."

Half a minute later Mr. Turvey walked away, for even a fool could have seen that the old man wanted to be alone.—Cleveland Leader.

Mice in N apolitan Churches. The churches of Naples are so overrun with mice that most of the pastors have been obliged to keep cats in them, at the risk of provoking comic scenes like those sometimes witnessed in theaters when a cat walks across the stage.

A Dress of Spider's Web. Queen Victoria owns a dress manufactured entirely of spiders' webs. It was a present from the late Empress of Brazil, who had it specially prepared in her palace by twenty native silk workers.

The Japanese are very much alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or pounds in weight.

Scrofula. Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent its thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sift together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Rub in one-quarter cupful of butter. Mix into a soft dough with about two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk or water. Divide in two parts, roll each to fit the pan—put in one, brush with melted butter and place the other on top, and bake twenty minutes or more. Individual shortcakes are made by cutting like biscuits and putting together with butter between.

The "proper thing" is less than the right thing. French ecur is the fashionable thing in ladies' seasons. Plain covert cloths will be much worn in tailor made gowns. It is predicted that long coats will be in high favor next fall.

HANDSOME PICTURES. Four Plaques of American Gam. Writ in the Reach of All. Probably at no time in the world's history has so much attention been paid to the interior decoration of homes as at present. No home, no matter how humble, is without its handiwork that helps to beautify the apartments and make the surroundings more cheerful. The taste of the American people has kept pace with the age, and almost every day brings forth something new in the way of a picture, a draping, a piece of furniture or other form of mural decoration.

Until Oct. 1 Messrs. J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent packages of Elastic Starch, Station Brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their grocer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only and should be taken advantage of without delay.

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