

Agricultural note by Spain: "Barb wire will not keep out pigs."

Since the battle of Santiago the fellow who is called a dude takes it as a compliment.

In admiration of the man behind the gun don't lose sight of the man behind the coal shovel.

There is a possibility that Cervara may settle in this country; it is a certainty that Spain will have to.

Chicago bootblacks have formed a trust and their first monopolistic movement is the adoption of the rule, "no trust."

In spite of all the care that is taken part of the work that creeps into the American funny papers is simply ridiculous.

Looking after repairs to his fences is a necessary part of the statesman's work. Suppose he may want to get on it?

Bicycle riders are said to be the greatest advocates for good streets, but searchers are frequently seen "tearing up the road."

The Washington Post says: "The press censor is every bit as popular as the chaparron." Well, isn't the chaparron a press censor?

Owing to the conflicting claims of the naval authorities it may be necessary to introduce the double umpire system in the future engagements.

A Texas man has named his infant daughter Schleyette. With all due regard to the naval hero, let's hope she won't grow up a fighter.

"We should not condemn Spain too severely," remarks a contemporary; "her onions are good." This doesn't strike us as even ordinary common sense.

While the New York Aldermen propose to tax every man who swears \$10 for each offense, there is nothing said about prohibiting the women from cursing all they please.

It is said that a patient in a Delaware hospital had thirty-one epileptic fits in two days and "apparently experienced no unpleasant effects from them." This seems to be a clear case of the survival of the fittest.

"Spain," remarks the New York Mail and Express, "has given a forcible illustration of how a war should not be conducted among other things." Of course if Spain has been conducting her war among other things she deserves the fate that has overtaken her.

The forces of religion and the forces of commerce are moving swiftly in the footsteps of our victorious armies of invasion. New York merchants have chartered vessels for Santiago and Guantanamo, and missionaries are bundled up for the long voyage to the Philippines.

Experts who are looking for the causes of physical degeneracy, if indeed it exists, should take notice that the percentage of rejected volunteers among young men born and brought up on farms is quite as great as among those born in cities. There may be something in the suggestion that farmers' boys are put to hard work too young.

A strictly American Nicaragua Canal may be set down as one of the inevitable results of the present war. The perilous and long voyage of the Oregon around the Horn, instead of across the Isthmus, and the wonderful service rendered by that battleship in destroying Cervara's fleet, will add emphasis to the popular demand for the construction of that waterway and having it under American control. Whatever diplomatic obstacles there may be in the way will be swept aside. The cost will be great, yet small as compared with the advantages, naval and commercial.

It is not beneath the function and dignity of art to concern itself with the common, everyday life of the people in their business and their work. Intelligent people have found that out in Europe many years ago, and we in this country are beginning to find it out also. The growth of village improvement societies during the last few years testifies to the innate love of the beautiful that can never be eradicated from the human heart. These societies are destined to increase, and in many ways to enlarge their scope. People will come to realize that a village which is down at the heels, whose streets are unkempt, whose houses and places of business are unsightly, and whose citizens are in a condition of chronic slothfulness cannot hope to attract to it those who would add to its material or moral wealth.

"How many years may a woman expect to live for physical charm?" asks the woman Wilcox, in a letter to the editor. The answer is easy. All women of 40 years of age—if she is a woman—should not expect to live for physical charm.

Time and silence occasionally succeed where all other agencies fail.

and that is all that can be said about it. All women are beautiful who have this inner light and let it shine. And therein is the secret of charm—the fountain of perpetual youth—let it shine. The woman who keeps bright the inner light and lets it shine will always be beautiful and graceful and charming. Men will bow down to her and give up their hearts. She will never grow old, and when she dies she will not die. She will exchange her habitation of clay for one more worthy to house a soul so fine. Just let it shine.

Every book of ballads shows a rich harvest of poetry from the heroic, the tender, the romantic events of war. Farragut's fights at New Orleans and Mobile inspired two of the noblest war ballads (Brownell's, Gettysburg gave us Bert Harte's splendid account of "John Brown of Gettysburg." The poem, "He'll See It When He Wakes," the tender verses about "The Burial of Latane," John R. Thompson's "Music in Camp," Randall's "My Maryland," the ballad of "Little Giffen of Tennessee"—all these and a hundred others were inspirations of the war of 1861-65. Why is it that the present war has inspired absolutely not one stanza that is worthy of preservation? Why has no poet celebrated Dewey, or Hobson, or Schley, or the Rough Riders, or Wainwright, or any of the rest of them? Is poetry dead? Does heroism no longer stir its pulses? Is our age so critical that poetic enthusiasm no longer dares lift up its voice?

Ever since its existence the American navy has been engaged in teaching wisdom to other nations, and it has continued the good work during the war with Spain in a fine way. It has shown that the much vaunted torpedo boats, their destroyers and the torpedoes themselves are not to be feared, and that now, as always, numerous and heavy guns, with skilled and courageous men to handle them, are the best reliance in sea fighting. When the Spanish fleet left its home ports for the West Indies, to sweep us off the sea, we were almost frightened into the belief that the torpedoes on the big armored cruisers, combined with the swift torpedo boat destroyers, would do us great damage, but since the fight at Santiago we have realized—and so has the rest of the world—that our fears were entirely groundless. When a small, hastily armed steam pleasure yacht sank two of the terrible destroyers, without sustaining any damage worth mentioning herself, and when one of the enemy's formidable vessels blew itself up by means of one of her torpedoes, our naval experts, and those of the other maritime nations, realized that we had demonstrated something quite as valuable as we did when we brought the iron revolving turret—the cheese box on a raft—into action on that memorable morning in Hampton Roads thirty-six years ago. Fast-going, easily maneuvered, heavily armed vessels is what we have found most valuable in this war. We need more of them, and we will doubtless continue building them as fast as we can, and so will the other naval powers, now that we have shown them that these are the best.

If this country continues to be prosperous the industrial classes must be intelligent and contented. The industrial conditions have changed very much within the last quarter of a century, and the condition of the man who can simply work with his hands is steadily growing worse in this country, but for the man who is able to put brains into his work there were never brighter prospects than at the present time. There is only one way by which the industrial classes can keep abreast of the times and maintain the high position of honor which has always been accorded them in this country, and that is by more and better education. The average school life of the child in this country is but a small fraction over four years. Children belonging to our working classes receive very little over three years of school training. This means that 75 per cent. of these children never get beyond the third reader; 50 per cent. of them, perhaps never reach it. But one out of eight, including all classes, attends school after the age of 14, one out of 31 after the age of 18, and but five out of each thousand enter college. The great problem to be solved by educators is how to keep this great body of children in school for a longer period of time. Our public school system, formed at a time when an education was scarcely thought necessary for the men who toiled for a living, has steadily led young people away from industrial pursuits. It makes no pretense to meet the special needs of the industrial classes. The object is not to train students from the ordinary walks of life for the vocations to which they naturally belong, but it rather seeks to stimulate them to break away from present environments and seek a calling free from manual labor. If manual training and other practical subjects were introduced into our courses of study two results would follow: First, pupils would be induced to remain in school longer, and second, the knowledge and training given would better prepare students for their life work. Our present courses of study are arranged for the 10 per cent. who expect to take a higher education. Would it not be better to reverse this order and arrange our courses of study to satisfy the 90 per cent. who will not be able to enter the secondary schools nor the university?

Most of the shoes worn in Japan are made of straw or wood. In the entire country there is but one factory where leather shoes are made.



SARAH SAVED THE DAY.

JACKSON SMITH had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carver in air. His next aversion to a Democrat was an old maid. Indeed, the old maid was even more odious to him. The Democrat could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or peeling quills, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth had gone, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself. "I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance—we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife. He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent for the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah. "Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" And Sarah looked incredulous. The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over." And putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door.

When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and, while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him. "There's Josh Mullin; he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty. Henry Hodge is home, but he drinks so that there's no dependence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. Yes, there's John Howard, but— and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and giving a jerk to her sunbonnet she started down the path across the meadow. John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his face. "Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked. "Yes; Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n two or three days, and—Oh, John, it's awful the way he is." "Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"

through it, but—if—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah—we could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know." "Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager. "No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's high noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner." "I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—only—you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again. "I understand it, Sarah. Don't fear."

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy." And Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face. "I've been attending to business for us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."



The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's. "Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd rather you'd tell him if you don't mind," Sarah said. John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down. "Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had—"

me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. You needn't mind what I said about the Democrats—I reckon you don't know better. Call Sarah; I want to give her the bridle helver."

When the lawyer came the next day he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked. "I'm afraid I would only pester you if I did—I reckon I ought to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone, and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of their position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that, John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our—our—dilemma; but if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel mean, and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always loved you, but now I feel I can't stay unless—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open in wide amazement, and the face so lately tear-stained.

Women admiration who use Glenn's Sulphur Soap to improve the skin. It's the best and most reliable. It's black and white, black or brown, 50c.

Late Tomatoes Often Fail. While the very earliest tomatoes always bring the highest prices, these do not continue long, and the glutted season begins when the crop in years of plenty can hardly be given away. We have often found a ready sale late in the season for tomatoes for pickling at better prices than the best-picked would bring a few weeks previous. The advantage of this late crop is that the green tomatoes are even more salable than the ripe ones. It is always customary to wait until late in making pickles. After the hottest weather is past the pickles keep better.

Turnips Among Potatoes. If the potatoes are not to be dug with a machine, turnips can be grown among them with profit, and generally with better advantage than among corn. Potato tops die down before frost injures the corn, and after the potatoes are the turnips have all the plant food to themselves. But there is another advantage—the stirring of the soil required in hand digging the potatoes develops plant food and kills many weeds, besides removing some of the surplus turnips and giving those which remain a better chance to remain.

The past is the schoolmaster of the future. Some professed christians had rather to wro-g to suffer wrong. The "proper thing" is less than the right thing. Frenchmen is the fashionable that a loss this season.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD. From the Times, March, 11. The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they grappled the continent or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of today. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease.

"A forty-niner." I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could think of or hear of, but received no relief. I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctors with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its great merit.

When a young man comes more than a hundred miles to see a young lady, that settles it so far as her neighbors and friends are concerned, and they commence to worry about what they will get her for a wedding present. There are a few things that money cannot buy, but the trouble is that not many people want them.

Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. 21; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

The Omaha show. The Omaha exposition evidently doesn't intend to take any chances of failure. It has two Midways—Chicago Times-Herald.

The fact that the Omaha exposition has two Midways will soon enable the public to forget the open road.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The people over at Omaha are quite enterprising but they will be sure to ascertain that this thing of running an exposition to a war is no fool job.—Washington Post.

Why isn't water intoxicating when it makes a barrel water-tight?

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why are men of loose habits always getting tight?

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Why doesn't a poor barber supply talk at cut rates?

Why shouldn't level-headed people live in flats?

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Bathtubs with colored grounds will be covered with loose floral designs.

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