

It is a terrible thing to contemplate, but the dramatists are bound to fight Spain for many years to come.

Quite a number of routes are available for an isthmus canal. The first thing is to take our pick and then shovel.

What does a Chicago paper mean by advertising a forthcoming work entitled "The Spaniards in the War"? They weren't in it.

Two soldiers died from drinking weed alcohol at Camp Alger. It is always well to shake the bottle and then show it away before using.

Likely enough when hereafter Uncle Sam views the territory he's won he may indulge in that well-known Yankee expletive: "Good lands!"

When American enterprise begins to build railroads in Cuba, it will be curious to hear conductors calling out the names of some of those stations.

Spain evidently doesn't understand the first principles of business or she never would have put two entire squadrons in soak without realizing a cent by so doing.

A St. Louis paper says that "Aguinaldo wears a uniform consisting of a gold collar, a gold breast-plate, a white and a cane with two gold tassels." Where are the police?

America is also carrying the war into Africa. Farm machinery and agricultural implements made in the United States are now leading the importations of the Dark Continent.

One reason why the American army has handled Spain so severely is because the American is a rapid-fire sort of thinker. He is not forever talking of to-morrow, and putting off what should be done. It is the quick think of the Yankee and the quick act that make him a formidable foe.

The war with Spain has clearly demonstrated the advantages in naval engagements enjoyed by a nation that has attained industrial supremacy as compared with one in which little attention has been given to modern inventions. Comparison between the American navy and the ill-fated Spanish fleet cannot fail to impress the observer with the immense superiority of the former.

Plenty of direct testimony has been given tending to prove that the Spanish officials in Havana grew rich by war. They charged their government double prices for army supplies, took bribes from favored merchants and citizens, sold ammunition from government stores to the insurgents, and probably held back pay to which their own soldiers were entitled. For these reasons there was no persistent, energetic and well-considered effort to stamp out the rebellion.

Reciprocity seems to be the order of the day in language. For years there has been an incursion, or adoption, of French words and phrases into English speech. Now there is a similar incorporation of English expressions into the current speech and literature of France. While we speak of "the beau monde," Parisians speak of "le high life," as often as we mention a "soiree" or a "matinee," they tell us of "une live a'clock tea," and when we pronounce a thing "indeed," they respond that it is "verdy 'tves smart." Is this an indication that the universal language of the future is to be a polyglot?

Unimaginative exactness, as the Century Dictionary defines liberalism, may not always be the highest form of truth, but its practice would be a mental tonic to many vagrant minds. In a well-known family where the wife recently lay dying, an inquiry came by telephone concerning her condition. Knowing that the husband would hear the reply, and wishing to save him pain, the young girl answering the call said that the patient was about the same. A little later the speaker felt a gentle arm about her shoulder. "Your aunt is not nearly so well," came the slow words. "You had better call that person up and say so. Try always to tell the exact truth." A more emphatic instance comes from an old pupil of the eccentric President Finney, of Oberlin. The girl was in distinctly bad health, but meeting the President one day responded to his "How are you?" with "Pretty well, I thank you." "Tut, tut," came his prompt reply, "Isn't that a lie?"

The Jewish Chronicle of London gives as the subject of Jewish colonization in Palestine some of the reasons why the sublime porte of Turkey does not give his assent to the movement. The Sultan has 120,000 Jews as subjects in Turkey and 150,000 in Asia, and instead of showing the opposition to them that is shown in most of the other European countries he has always recognized them as among the most valued of his people. They hold important positions in his armies and in the civil service, as well as in his own household. He is also a contributor to the various Jewish charities. That Turkey has been frightened into submission with the free immigration of Jews into Palestine is generally admitted. The Chronicle says: "The Christian empire has yielded its ground to the Jewish people, but its shrinkage is not so great as one case being cited as evidence rather than as an

expansion of the area of liberty. True, Serbia is magnanimous to its Jewish subjects. But Roumania has broken its own chains only to rivet them on some of the least offensive of its own people. Its treatment of its Hebrew population is a stultification of those powers which championed its cause in the interests of freedom, and in striking contrast to the action of the Sultan. Then, again, Greece's alleged blow for Cretan liberty was accompanied by a wave of anti-Semitism, as the report of the Thessalian evacuation showed. The imminence, too, of Russian predominance in Bulgaria is a direct menace to the Jews in that principality."

Ever since the war began Spain has been closely watched to discover what man of commanding abilities would be developed by this crisis in her affairs. It is an old maxim that great crises produce men equal to the emergency, and in this country such a dictum has been most astonishingly verified throughout the whole course of our history. But all the men who have attained high rank in either the diplomatic, military or naval service of Spain have woefully failed when they have been put to the test of trial in the war. Possibly Canovas, the prime minister who was assassinated last August, might have proved to be equal to the occasion had he lived, but since his death the only one who has shown any capacity for meeting the difficulties that beset Spain is Campos, the predecessor of Weyler as captain general of Cuba, but who since his recall from the island has held no important commission from his Government. As Governor of Cuba he showed too strongly the spirit of the nineteenth century and too little of that of the fifteenth to suit the Spanish cabinet, he was recalled and the policy of starvation inaugurated by his successor was carried out. That Campos is abreast of the times is shown in a recent interview, in which he said that "it is impossible to have colonial empire without a navy and without good budgets. It is impossible to live on glorious memories that are preserved in old historical parchments." That Spain attempted to do what Campos declared to be impossible cannot be questioned. The histories of Greece, Rome and Turkey demonstrate the absolute truth of Campos' declaration. The internal quarrels in Greece did for that country what they are doing for Spain. Rome lived for centuries on her past glories, and Turkey lost Egypt and her Balkan states by policies not unlike those which Spain attempted to carry out. No man in the peninsula is more loyal to his country than Campos, but he has studied the world's history to some purpose, and knows that Spain has lost her empire by adhering to methods of government that have no place in modern civilization.

In a recent address before the Lumber Exchange of Baltimore, Dr. B. E. Fernow, chief of the forestry division of the United States Department of Agriculture presented many important facts, says the Scientific American. In the past it has been the custom of many lumbermen to look upon the scientific forester as their worst enemy, but now they are coming to see that it is an entirely erroneous view of the case, for without these experts and without legislation all of our forests would be cut down in time, and not only would lumbermen be without occupation, but the great industries which make use of lumber would be paralyzed. Trees must be cut down and ought to be cut down, not only for commercial and industrial uses, but also for the good of other growing trees, and all that the scientific forester asks is that the cutting should be done judiciously. The ignorant lumberman who does not look to the future cuts down all of his forests at once, while the forester cuts the trees so as to make it a permanent investment. We have a remarkable object lesson in forestry in Germany, where it has become almost an exact science. In this country about 11,000,000 acres of forest lands is owned by the State, and the yearly revenue is not less than \$20,000,000. About 20,000,000 acres of forest lands is owned by private individuals, and their profits are almost as great. During the last fifty years at least these revenues have been constantly on the increase, owing to the more intelligent management, irrespective of the market price of material. Of course, forestry can be practiced successfully only in a country where forests properly receive adequate protection from fire. In the last few years many farms in New England have been abandoned because the land was no longer regarded as productive, though they would be considered so in other countries, where people are less used to an abundant fertility. If, however, they are no longer capable of producing crops, they could be turned to good account by the growing of trees, and many thousands of acres of land that are now useless would thus be made to produce a handsome revenue, while at the same time a large addition would be made to the diminishing timber resources of our country.

The Lotus in America. For several years a patch of genuine Nile lotus flowers has flourished without care on the banks of the Raisin River, near Monroe, Michigan. These perfumed water blossoms, supposed to be exotic, have thriven through all the sudden changes of the American climate, but no one knows how they got to the Raisin River. The flower is about eight inches in diameter, and of a rich creamy color, with a dainty center of golden yellow.

Very few children have as much strength of mind as they have of don't mind.

Costly apparel doesn't always make a woman look neat and attractive.



HIS WORD OF HONOR.

HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but they were going to shoot him, nevertheless. The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, taken red-handed with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to the Mairie of the Eleventh Arrondissement.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch all that was passing around him as though they held no concern for him. He heard the sinister report of the fusillade which buried his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterwards" which was soon to become the "Present" to him also. Perhaps he was thinking of his happy carefree childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relations and their sorrow when they heard of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow-countrymen; and, perhaps, he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigors of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and fatherless, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

The things he had seen and suffered during the few last months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so inexplicably good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear—again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

"Ah," he thought, sadly, "if they would only trust him—would give him only one hour of liberty—how he would run to her and then come back and give himself up to the hands that hungered for his life. He would give his word, and he would keep it. Why not? Save



"DEATH SEEMS BETTER THAN SUCH A LIFE."

his mother—and she, too, was dying—he had no one to regret. To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, to console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then he could face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

"Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle, you know what awaits you?"

"Yes, mon commandant, and I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months—such awful things—death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice, if I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me, boy, soon you can be out of sight; you would soon be off, I'll warrant.'"

"Try me, mon commandant, try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! da! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy!"

"Listen, sir, I beg of you: Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than ought else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave the opportunity of seeing her once more, for the last time. Mon commandant, do for me what you



"HE FLEW HOME."

would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour's liberty, and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging violently at his mustache, and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"My word," he murmured, "this urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

He stepped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked, in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the 15th of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you to leave her to follow the Commune?"

"For the three, monsieur chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them, and wept and prayed."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

The commandant turned toward his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed to interest and pity.

"Well, then, it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to come back in an hour. 'Ours' then, I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here at 8 o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart, and care more for life than honor. Adieu! Quick march!"

"I thank you, mon commandant. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party!" he added, grimly. "Off with you!"

lay down beside her, and her arms closed round him hungrily. And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could no longer but sob. Now, in his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again. We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and marry some good girl. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely; completely, dear."

Her soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and child. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, and gazed at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come, not seeing a soul he met nor daring to look behind him.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. He had hoped, like the good-hearted man he was, that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

"Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage—tears of joy for her, of despair for me—she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms around me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?"

"So I kissed her, and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. Mon commandant, I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture "And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would reverse you as a second father."

"Allons! you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first—bien! Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother, and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words, the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him away gently.

"It really would have been a pity," he said, half apologetically, to his staff, as he turned toward them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with

kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy! Ah! you are here; it is really you!" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs, which Victor could not calm.

"Oh! my boy! my boy!" she moaned. "I dreamt they were going to shoot you!"—Strand Magazine.

The Lord's Itinerary. A good story is told by the Jewish Messenger of a number of boys who were playing on a Saturday in front of an Episcopal church. The rector suddenly came out of his parsonage and told the boys to be quiet in front of the Lord's house.

"That is all right, mister," said the boys. "The Lord is not here to-day. He is down the street at the Jewish synagogue."

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"I see you're advertising for a 'second help,' mum," said the hunky tramp who had called. "If the work ain't too hard, mum, and the wages is satisfactory, I'm willin' to take the job, pervidin'—"

"But, goodness alive!" interrupted the matron, "I advertised for a man! I don't want any great, overgrown man to a girl's work!"

"I see," rejoined the pilgrim, plaintively. "P'raps you wouldn't mind softenin' the pain of this refusal, mum, by givin' a pore man some lean meat an' rany or somethin' like that?"

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Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

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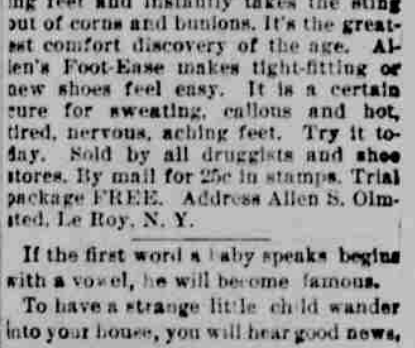
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