

Spain is now able to sit up and notice things.

Still the stream of true love is likelier to run more smoothly if there are banks on both sides.

Chris kissing Hobson merely recalls that when the heroes of the war are commemorated he must be embraced.

A country boy has to live about ten years in the city before he can appreciate what a good home he had on the farm.

Spain's experience with the "manana" policy in war proved so disastrous that she didn't follow it in arranging for peace.

Those English noblemen who sold their influence to the London promoter succeeded in making Hooley show of themselves.

The American way of treating prisoners of war is calculated to arouse a great deal of discontent among those who were not captured.

Speed is the great requirement of a modern navy, and it is on record that Spanish fleets got out of sight quicker than any previously known.

After all, it may be pointed out, in simple justice to an unjustly used woman, that Miss Schley did visit Madrid and that Spain did sue for peace.

According to the highest medical authority tomatoes do not cause cancer. The worst thing they are responsible for probably is the tomato worm.

Poker has become so popular in Vienna that the city authorities have issued orders forbidding the citizens to play it. This is another Austrian thrust at American institutions.

The Sultan has expressed a desire to buy some first-class American guns for his navy. Abdul Hamid now is on the right track; but he can't buy what he needs, for American gunners are not in the market.

If Promoter Hooley's statements in bankruptcy are trustworthy it cost him as high as \$25,000 to be introduced to one English nobleman. But that seems entirely creditable; it has often cost American belles more.

A shoe dealer says the time to buy new boots is in the afternoon, when one's feet have reached their largest proportions. The average fashionable girl, however, prefers to buy shoes when her feet are smallest.

The condition of the roads near Santiago is indicated by the remark of a correspondent: "Even in what are comparatively dry times, wagons come in with their spokes a mass of mud to the hub, so the wheels look solid, like those of a locomotive."

One result of the war with Spain will be to enhance the value of American citizenship in the eyes of the world. Hereafter the American flag and the American citizen will be respected abroad as they have never been before. Among all but the best educated and most traveled classes we have always had the reputation of being a nation of shopkeepers, shrewd, boastful, vulgar, but of little account outside of commercial transactions. They know better now.

A great deal has been said and written in regard to the tactics adopted by the Spanish sharpshooters in the battles around Santiago, and our people have been led to believe that the Spaniards are more treacherous than the soldiers of other nationalities. In the wholesale homicide called a battle it is regarded as perfectly legitimate for the sharpshooter to conceal himself in any way that presents itself, and it is his business to kill in cold blood. The Spanish sharpshooters did only what our own sharpshooters would probably do if the opportunity came to them. The only way to put an end to such practices is to have done with war.

The ancient city of Winchester, England, is this year celebrating its one thousandth anniversary as a municipal corporation, its first mayor having been one Beowulf, in 808. It was, it will be remembered, the capital of England in the reign of Alfred, the one thousandth anniversary of whose death is soon to be commemorated. Winchester is identified with the Camelot of the Arthurian legends. Curiously enough, this very time has been chosen for a curious attack upon the history of Alfred. Our chief knowledge concerning him is derived from a Latin manuscript attributed to Asser. But careful investigators now declare that manuscript to be a mere compilation of more or less apocryphal tales, made some centuries after Alfred's time, and there is thus actual danger that the great king may become as doubtful and dubious a personage as Arthur himself. Nevertheless, the world will probably continue to cling to the tale of the Round Table, and rightly, for it is edifying and inspiring, whether authentic or not.

One of the most remarkable facts to be noted in connection with the efforts to stop the use of small caliber bullets in the war is the fact that many of the most famous names of men requiring the most careful attention of the surgeons were killed by a horrible disease.

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of the surgeons' quarters during the civil war will not appear in the present war. The Mauser bullets make dreadful gaping flesh wounds at close range, but at ordinary ranges they either kill or leave a comparatively slight wound. During the civil war the death rate in cases of wounds perforating the abdominal cavity was nearly 90 per cent. One of the surgeons in charge of the men wounded at Santiago says the percentage of fatalities from this cause will be less than 3 per cent in the present war. There is no counting on a Mauser bullet. It may pass through one man and scarcely injure him, yet it may hideously mutilate the next man to him. On the whole, however, the small caliber rifle bullets are more humane than the big musket bullets used in the civil war.

Only a year or two ago new rules of the road at sea were put in force by agreement among all the leading maritime nations. These rules prescribe the duties of mariners toward one another, what to do in case of a meeting of ships, the conduct of those who are in position to help others in distress and in general they regulate intercourse between those who meet on the highways of the sea. It was expected that these new rules, together with the extensive mapping of the sea and directions to steamships in the matter of routes at different seasons of the year and for different classes of vessels, would result in making ocean travel much safer. But the Bourgoigne disaster proves that ocean travel is yet lamentably unsafe. The case of the Bourgoigne shows that reliance cannot be placed wholly on the watchfulness and care of those who direct the ocean steamships and the report of the board of inquiry at Halifax concludes with a recommendation that new steamship lanes be established across the Atlantic ocean. This appears to be necessary. Ocean travel has increased rapidly in recent years and now the Atlantic is traversed daily by hundreds of vessels, large and small. Well defined ocean lanes are essential to the preservation of this commerce and the safety of those who cross the seas. The disaster of July last should result in the establishment of new steamer routes and greater safety to those who travel. The fact that it has become necessary to establish definite routes for all vessels crossing the Atlantic and to place all steamship commanders under strict orders illustrates better than could be in any other way the extent to which the world has become smaller by reason of man's conquest of the mighty seas. The hemispheres are nearer to each other than ever before. The ocean highways unite rather than separate the nations.

The business invasion of Cuba has begun. The first American business concern to operate in the islands is the Southern Express Company, which has opened an office in Santiago and is forwarding and receiving articles with such promptness and dispatch as has never before been witnessed in the Antilles. This company is the forerunner of many concerns which will avail themselves of the exceptional business advantages in Cuba following the establishment of a safe and stable government. American emigration to the island promises to be large and capitalists are familiarizing themselves with the character of its undeveloped resources for the purpose of future investments. Neither natives nor Spaniards know anything about manufacturing except by primitive methods, and although small plants for the manufacture of ice, paper, soap and possibly a few other articles have been established in Havana Province the island is practically a virgin field for the American manufacturer. The agricultural resources of course are best known and best developed, but the application of American methods in this principal industry would increase greatly the products and the profit derived therefrom. In the eastern end of the island there are large deposits of iron and copper ore, but the mineral resources are wholly undeveloped. Railroad construction and operation will also interest investors, and the opportunities in these respects are particularly inviting. The ten lines of railroad in the island have been greatly damaged during the war, and some of them have been practically destroyed. There are 17,000,000 acres of uncleared forests in Cuba, with more than forty species of wood, among which are cedar, oak, mahogany and ebony. There are also two species of palm, the yarey and the royal palm, which can be profitably converted into articles of commerce. All of these resources only await the magic touch of American enterprise to give them life and activity, and the vanguard of the commercial and industrial redeemers is on the way.

A Dream Comes Death. In Hartford, Conn., a man was so disappointed to find that a dream he had was unreal that he killed himself. He was Whiting G. Miner, 80 years old, a retired merchant, and committed suicide by shooting himself. Miner, the previous night, dreamed that he was young again and vigorous, and that his family were all around him and happy. Disappointed to awake and find that he had only been dreaming, the old man began to brood, and in the afternoon he was found dead in his room, shot through the head.

Queer Barometer in England. One of the most curious stories in the world is found in England. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white.

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THE LOVE STORY OF NUMBER SIX.

IN the Baptist Orphan Asylum of a small town in Vermont Lizzie Macready was known as No. 6. The name was particularly fitting for more reasons than one. Lizzie was the youngest child in a family of six. She was the sixth orphan who had been admitted to the institution in the sixth year of its establishment. Her father was a locomotive engineer on the Vermont Central Railway. Lizzie, the youngest child, was 6 years old when he was killed in a collision, and brought home a corpse to his little ones. His eldest daughter had been keeping house since the death of her mother, and soon after the father's demise she married a section boss. The children were scattered among friends and relatives. The boys had found good homes and were all at work earning money. Lizzie was taken into the orphanage, of which her aunt, a kindly, middle-aged woman, was matron.

Nobody objected to this arrangement, for Miss Sanders stood very high in the esteem of the townspeople, who thought it but right that the youngest child of the dead engineer should be cared for at the expense of the county, since all the others had not become burdens on their charity.

Number Six grew up a likely girl amidst the orphans of the place, and now, at the age of 16, she was quite a help to her aunt, who still continued in charge of the county's waifs. All who had been there when she was a toddler were gone. The girls had sought service with the townspeople, the boys were at work in the fields. Lizzie was taking upon her young shoulders the cares which burdened the white-haired woman who had been a mother to her.

At this time there was not an empty bed or cradle in the institution. An open winter, something unusual in the rigorous climate of the Vermont hills, had depopulated the firesides and filled the graveyard. For years there had not been infants in the home until this winter. Now there were two, a boy and a girl. The former was the son of the schoolmaster. The girl was a poor washerwoman's child. Bud, the male infant, was robust enough and thrived as successfully among strangers as he had in his mother's arms, but Bee, the charwoman's infant daughter, needed a deal of attention. This little mite of humanity had been christened Beatrice, to the great astonishment of everybody. A washerwoman calling her child Beatrice, was an unheard of thing among the plain people of the Vermont hills. Maggie, Mary or Annie, wagged the gossips, would have been more suitable.

Mrs. Rossiter, the mother of little Beatrice, came to the Green Mountain town when her child was not quite a year old. She wore widow's weeds and informed those who asked after her antecedents that her husband had died a short time ago, leaving her in poverty. He had been a good man, she explained, but a year's sickness had eaten up their little savings.

This was in the summer of the year, and a few days before Christmas the mother was called away from little Bee, before she could indicate what she wanted done with her child. After the burial of Mrs. Rossiter, the baby was taken to the orphanage and placed in charge of Miss Sanders. From the first Lizzie Macready—Number Six—took a violent fancy to the little one. Bee got all the cuddling and fondling. She was such a wee thing; so delicate and frail. Big blue eyes gazed wistfully out of a thin, pale face, and there was a sad droop to the baby mouth, as if the child realized its forlorn condition.

For a time after Mrs. Rossiter's coming to Water Hollow, the gossips indulged in talk about the legitimacy of little Bee. All doubts were set aside, however, when the Public Administrator found in an old tin box among Mrs. Rossiter's effects two marriage certificates. One, the latest, pronounced her the wife of James Rossiter, whom she had wed six years before the baby was born. The other was ten years older. It had been issued by a minister in a small town of New York, and by it the woman had become the wife of a man named Correll.



This was news, indeed, to the denizens of Water Hollow, and they at once speculated what had become of her first husband. By the time they had found something else to talk about Baby Bee was forgotten, so far as they were concerned.

Slowly the little girl grew, tenderly cared for by Number Six, who had become deeply attached to her, and could not endure to have her out of her sight. Several opportunities presented themselves for Bee's adoption, but Lizzie Macready objected. She could not bear to think of a separation from the little waif whose life, like hers, seemed cast in lonely paths. But there came a time when even Lizzie could no longer expect to retain control of Bee Rossiter. A childless couple had come to summer at a neighboring resort in the Green Mountains, and while on their journey visited the orphanage. They had long ago decided to adopt a child, and a glance at little Bee satisfied them that she was just what they wanted. The bargain was made and it was agreed that Bee should be sent to them a few days before their summer sojourn came to an end.

From that time on Number Six was a changed being. She pined and fretted, as the day drew near that would separate her from the little girl, and

ready, would not again interpose silly objections.

Every day the stranger went to the orphanage to spend hours with his little sister and her beloved Number Six, for he insisted that Lizzie Macready should accompany her charge on all their strolls through the garden.

At last he informed the landlord of the little hostelry that he would depart the next day. He ordered a four-seat carriage instead of the single fly to take him to the station.

"I am not going alone this time," he said, with a happy smile.

"Going to take the little girl with you, I see," answered the landlord, saying to himself that there would be one less for the county to feed.

"Yes, and a wife," continued Correll. "A wife?" gasped the innkeeper. "Where did you get her?"

"Over at the orphanage. I am going to be married in the morning to Lizzie Macready—Number Six—you know?"—St. Louis Republic.

INGENIOUS JAIL PRISONERS. Queer Things Made Without the Aid of the Simplest Tools.

Jailer Whitman, of the county jail, has on his desk a lamp which is at once a curiosity and a specimen of what can be done by a prisoner with scant materials. It was taken from the cell of two of the prisoners last week, and is now on exhibition.

The lamp is nearly as simple as the old Roman ones composed of a floating wick and a vessel of oil. In this case, the receptacle for oil is a whisky bottle about eight inches in height, of the shape favored by men who have business in prohibition towns, with a capacity of perhaps a quart. When found by the guards it was filled with gasoline, a fact that would make its use exceedingly dangerous. The burner is composed of a cork and part of a gas jet. The tip of the jet containing the slot-shaped opening for the escape of the gas has been removed, leaving a round hole in the end of the jet. A round hole had been made in the cork of the bottle with a knife, and into this the jet had been thrust, making a rude but effective burner.

In the manufacture of the wick, considerable ingenuity had been shown. It is composed wholly of white twine, twisted into strands, and these neatly braided together into a round wick, as smooth and regular in appearance as a braided sash cord. The wick runs through the jet down into the bottle.

A number of plumbers had been at work about the jail building just before the lamp was found. It is supposed that the gasoline in the bottle was taken from their torches, while the other materials had been picked up in odd places. The only motive for the manufacture of the lamp which the jailer can assign is a restless longing for something to do, as the cells of all the prisoners are brilliantly lighted by electricity.

Another article of prisoner manufacture in Jailer Whitman's possession is a "billy," of which the butt or heavy end, usually filled with bird shot, is packed with tightly rolled pieces of tin-foil. Much of the smoking tobacco in common use is packed in tin-foil, and this, the jailer thinks, is the source from whence it was obtained. The tin-foil was pounded into hard lumps, and makes a fair substitute for shot as lead for the billy. Its handle is of cord, tightly woven, and it is supposed that the leather cover is from an old shoe. The whole makes a fair substitute for a regular billy, and might be used with considerable effect as a weapon.

In the penitentiaries many curious articles are turned out by the convicts, but in the county jail the absence of anything in the way of tools makes these specimens of prisoners' ingenuity rather rare.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Immense Indian Temple. The largest heathen temple in the world is at Seringapatam (the city of Vishnu), in India. This immense temple comprises a square, each side being a mile in length, and inside of which are six other squares. The walls are twenty-five feet high and five feet thick, and the grand hall, in which the pilgrims assemble, is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut from a single stone. There is a very large and magnificent Buddhist temple at Rangoon standing on a huge mound of two terraces, the upper one being 100 feet above the ground outside, and in extent 900x855 feet. The underground temple of Kaal is another temple, all excavated out of the solid rock—so are the temples of Elephanta.

Diminutive Woman in Ohio. Miss Sally Podney, a 25-year-old woman of Spring Valley, O., weighs only twenty-six pounds. Her height is 34 inches. She is fairly well educated, having attended the district schools until she was past the school age. She has always rejected any proposition to appear before the public for gain, although she could have realized a fortune by so doing. P. T. Barnum, the showman, at one time offered her a large sum to travel with his show.

Somewhat Noisy. Henshaw—To me the merry prattle of children is music. Tenbroeck—Yes; but it's—er—rather Wagnerian, don't you think?—Philadelphia North American.

When a woman is sick, and her friends refuse to let visitors see her, the story is started that her family is trying to keep it a secret, but the patient is really insane.

Thirty years ago there was a charm about water melons that we do not notice now.

A brutal young man is one who would tell a girl who offers to mend his gloves that there is a hole in her father's coat.

It is easy enough to say bright things; the difficult part is to think of them.

Fall Medicine

is Fully as Important and Beneficial as Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to keep the blood rich and pure, create an appetite, give good digestion and tone and strengthen the great vital organs. It wards off malaria, fevers and other forms of illness which so readily overcome a weak and debilitated system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

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 opening ede.—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 does the summer girl have so many brothers at the end of the season?

Sit down and cool off suddenly, and then regret it, for stiffness and soreness is bound to follow. Follow them up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

It has been our experience that women will forgive swearing and drinking whisky quicker than chewing tobacco.

Pruso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1896.

SOME people are never at home until they are away from home.

The more a man says, the oftener he is liable to contradict himself.

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

Why is the average spinster favorable to annexation as a war measure?

WANTED—Cases of head lice and H.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. Send 3 cents to Hygienic Chemical Co., New York, for samples and 100 testimonials.

Why does a baby's mother imagine she can unders and is dialect?

Seems to Get Kipe. One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is Neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

Why shouldn't a dyspeptic have stomach troubles of his own?

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Why isn't settling one's debts a paying business?

Advertisement for SYRUP OF FIGS, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Good Luck Then WE GET A BUN.

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