

It must be confessed that when it comes to bankruptcy and onions Spain leads the world.

It is believed by close observers that the bicycle is creating a large army of matrimonial immunes.

In the process of Americanizing Cuba the bull fight is the first relic of Spanish barbarism that should go.

Isabella pawned her jewels to help Columbus discover America. The Pearl of the Antilles was the last to go.

At the same time those boy babies christened for Dewey will have a great name for fighting while still in the cradle.

Good roads contribute as much to the comfort of the people and the value of lands as any single factor in the economy of a State.

There's a claim the Cubans will be slow to assimilate American institutions. But this can hardly apply to the five lunch ideas.

"Admiral Dewey's place in the history of the war is clearly defined," remarks a contemporary. To be sure, his place was at Manila, a town easily found on the maps.

Triumphs on the field of battle are a fine inspiration, but there's much to be learned from the quickened beat of a soldier's heart when he finds himself again at home.

Spain might bear up under her present griefs if some cruel and inconsiderate writers did not persist in reminding her of the terrible trouncings she received from little Holland in 1609 and 1648.

A short time ago the death of either Gladstone or Bismarck would have seemed not only an irreparable loss, but a revolution-provoking catastrophe. Today they are both gone, and not a ripple is caused thereby on the tide of human affairs. The loss was great, but it was personal and historical only. So small, after all, is even the greatest man's place in the world when once his work is done.

At last the powers of Europe have concluded that the United States is one of the powers of the world, and it is announced that at an early date the republic will be recognized by the other six powers as a seventh world power. Official recognition will not count for much, for every man of perception has long known that the United States was about the first of the rank. But it does no hurt for the nations of Europe to confess semi-officially that they have got their eyes open.

From many quarters comes a demand for the abolition of prize money as a part of our system of rewards for naval prowess. The system is undoubtedly open to criticism and even to denunciation, for its only excuse is to be found in ideas of war that have long been abandoned on land, and it is to be hoped that before our navy has any more fighting to do matters will have been so arranged that the sense of duty done and glory won—not to speak of generous pay honestly earned and drawn—will be for the sailor as for the soldier a sufficient recompense.

As a term of reproach, the word "snide" is obsolete. The war has made it so and the finger of scorn must not point again at the chappies who chew gum and smoke cigarettes. Fifth avenue exquisites stripped of the finery of city swiftness have been an honor to the canvas brown and woolen blue of the volunteers. On foot and on horseback with Roosevelt's troopers and jockeying into battle line on the caissons and gun carriages of Astor's battery, the dude has demonstrated that, after all, he is really a "devil of a fellow." He has not found campaign drudgery vulgar, the shock of battle has not been too much for his nerves and his blue blood is very red on the sands of Cuba and Luzon. Therefore we must reconstruct our ideas of American dandyism.

The country-bred boy has the distinct advantage over the city-bred fellow in two things: his strength is greater by reason of his country birth, and he has a clearer idea of hard work, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The country-bred boy, as a general rule, has to struggle for his existence; he has to help on the farm, and generally it is at hard work. This gives him strength and power of endurance, while all the time he is breathing an atmosphere of pure air into his lungs. Experience prescribes such a boy for hard work. The city-bred boy rarely knows what hard work is, and when he needs it as a young man he cannot endure it. It is true that the country boy approaches city problems with a lesser knowledge of them than does the city-bred boy. But often, as has been said, the two fundamental essentials in carrying out one's way to a successful career are good health and hard work. With these a young man can accomplish almost anything he desires without them he can do nothing.

Introducing into the conditions attending the disaster of the French liner... which reveals some of the... which occurs travelers are now... that might be removed... of a more perfect... in storms and foggy... At

present particular signals are used, but these frequently fail to give timely warning, and the inevitable collision follows, finding the crew and passengers wholly unprepared. Sometimes criminal negligence on the part of the crew of one or both vessels is responsible for such disasters, and again it may be due entirely to atmospheric conditions which prevent ships from intercepting the signals, although other vessels much farther away may detect them perfectly. This phenomenon has been investigated by the German, French and American governments, but thus far no satisfactory explanation has been presented that is generally accepted. Failure to modify and improve existing systems of signaling at sea has led to the investigation and development of other methods, and as might be expected, the inquiring mind has instinctively turned to electricity to furnish a solution of the problem. When Marconi submitted his plan of telegraphing across space it was suggested that it be applied to signaling between ships at sea, but closer investigation revealed many objections. One of these has already been found to be very serious by experience gained with present methods—namely, the dependence that must be placed upon the watchfulness of the crews of other vessels. In the case of an iceberg or a wreck of course no protection whatever would be afforded, and the destruction of the ship might in a measure be due to the mistaken sense of security in the presence of danger. But the subject presents a fascinating study, and many solutions of the problem have been suggested. One of the suggestions is now attracting considerable attention. It proposes to utilize the principle of radiation, and provides for the employment of instruments embodying the essential features of the thermopile and the radiophone. Warning would be given of the approach of another vessel, of the presence of a floating wreck or an iceberg or the vicinity of land itself, as in each case, it is claimed, there would be a noticeable change in the temperature, which would readily be detected by the sensitive instruments provided. The suggestion will doubtless require considerable elaboration and modification before it becomes a practicable plan, and the gentleman who advances it realizes that many important factors must be considered before it can be adopted for actual service; but it certainly is entitled to some consideration, especially in view of the fact that present methods have been shown to be practically worthless in critical emergencies.

Short History of Alaska. Purchased in 1867 from Russia for \$7,200,000; purchase negotiated by Wm. H. Seward. Area in square miles, 581,409. Population (census of 1890) 30,320, of whom but 4,416 were white, 8,400 Eskimos, and 13,735 Indians. Principal cities, Sitka (the capital), Juneau, Wrangell, Circle City. Principal rivers, the Yukon (more than 2,000 miles long), the Kuskokwim, the Colville and the Copper. Principal mountains, Mount Logan, altitude 19,500 feet; Mount St. Elias, 18,100; Mount Wrangell, 17,500 feet. Principal products besides gold, furs, fish and lumber. Principal occupations of the people, hunting and fishing. Gold first discovered in 1879. Estimated product of gold to date, \$30,000,000. Product of gold in 1906, \$4,670,000. Klondike in English is Deer River. The river is so designated on the maps. Scene of the present excitement is along the upper Yukon and its tributaries. Distance from Chicago to the Klondike gold fields, via the Yukon, is about 6,500 miles; via Chilkoot Pass, 4,000 miles. Time to make the trip by either route, thirty days. Cost of the trip, about \$300. Travel possible only in June, July and August. Climate in winter severe in the extreme; winter beginning in September. During June and July continuous daylight, during December and January continuous night.

Fine was Remitted. Judge Campbell had just heard the evidence against a young Mission hoodlum charged with disturbing the peace. "I think you're guilty, young man," declared the judge. "Funds in the treasury are running low, so I guess I'll have to get in something toward my salary, as I'm getting hard up. I'll fine you \$5." "You've got more money than I have," pleaded the prisoner. "But I haven't. Show up what you've got," and the judge emptied his pockets, which contained just 36 cents in change, on the desk. The prisoner turned all of his pockets wrong side out and produced 25 cents. "You are worse off than I am," said the judge. "Fine remitted. You can go."—San Francisco Post.

A Desperate Remedy. "Heavens on earth, old man! Why did you shave off your mustache?" "Well, my wife happened to catch me when I got home a little too much so—a few nights ago and I had to do something to give her something else to think and talk about."—New York World.

Large Coffee Plantation. The largest coffee plantation in Brazil, and perhaps in the world, is the Dumont plantation, established by a Frenchman in the state of Minas Geraes. The number of coffee plants in 1906 was 4,718,000.

Every spring a woman puts out a few plants in order that she may scold her husband about falling to water them when she is away spending the summer.

A SOLDIER'S TARGET.



Each man, as he signed his name on the enlistment roll, realized that war meant fight, and that fight meant kill. This idea was further drilled into us in camp; it formed the basis of the colonel's address as we marched to the front; it brought our muskets to an "aim" as we caught sight of the enemy for the first time. We had become soldiers to march, fight and kill. It was to be looked upon as a matter of business, as well as a patriotic duty. The sooner the strength of the enemy was exhausted the sooner we would have peace. We thought that every man in company "Q" had the same feeling—to kill—but we had not been long at the front when we found an exception. A score of skirmishers were ordered down in front of the regiment to feel the strength of the enemy in the fringe of bushes along a creek. Ambrose Davis was one of us. He was a man of 30—a plain, every day man who had laid down the tools of a mechanic to take up the musket of a soldier. He was not given to enthusiasm, but he was an obedient soldier and the best shot in the company. As we clambered over the fence and took "open order" on the broad field which dipped down to the creek, the enemy in the fringe had a dead rest on every man. War with them also meant kill. To kill one of half a million men means little, and yet it means kill. Zip! Ping! Zip! It was not firing by file—it was not firing by volleys into a battle line half hidden in the smoke, but every bullet that came pinged was meant for an individual soldier. We crouched down and ran forward. We zig-zagged to right and left. We took the shelter of every knoll, brush and stump. The enemy had to develop his strength to check us. In front of Davis was an opening in the fringe—a spot where a farm road crossed the creek. The enemy to the right and left of this road was using the bank of the stream as a breastwork and we were firing a good deal at random. An officer suddenly appeared in the center of this opening, and raising a pair of glasses to his eyes he took a cool survey of the regiment far back of us on the hill. He was within pistol shot of Davis and he must have known it, and yet he stood there as cool and calm as if his purpose to take his chance. It was sheer bravado. Four of our twenty had been killed, and the enemy was seeking the lives of the rest. I was to the right of Davis and could have almost hit the officer with a stone; the man on his left had just as fair a target. He was not our "game," however—he belonged to Davis. We saw our comrade thrust forward a barrel of his musket and bring his eye down to the sights. Then we watched the officer to see him throw up his hands and fall. Thirty seconds passed away, and we glanced back at Davis. He had lifted his head and was looking at the officer over his gun. At the end of a quarter of a minute he dropped it again. It was his duty to kill, but this was killing in cold blood, and he had to have a few seconds to nerve himself up. Back went our eyes to the officer. He was slowly sweeping the glasses across a front of half a mile, and I wondered if he would drop them as the bullet struck him, or whether his fingers would clutch and hold them the tighter. My heart came crowding into my throat as I watched and as the seconds passed, and at length I heard the man on Davis' left shouting at him: "Shoot! Shoot! Why the devil don't you drop that officer?"

I turned to look at Davis, and as I did so he slowed the muzzle of his gun to the right and fired into the bushes. A few seconds later the officer lowered his glasses, and swinging them in his hand and perhaps humming a tune, he slowly disappeared into the bushes. Later in the day, when Davis' singular action had been reported, the captain said to him: "Davis, I can't believe you are a coward, because you went down on the skirmish line to be shot at, but when you had an enemy fairly under your gun, and an officer at that, why didn't you bring him down?" "I was going to, sir, but I—I couldn't," was the reply. "But they were shooting at you to kill." "Yes, I know." The captain could hardly reprimand a man for not killing an enemy as he would have shot down a rabbit, and there was no one to hint that Davis lacked courage. The incident was forgotten after a little, and such was the soldierly conduct of the man that he was made a corporal. When the enemy withdrew behind the works at Yorktown to bar McClellan's road to Richmond he covered his wings with sharpshooters, and our officers were their special target. One day, as three companies of us were dragging up some of the heavy siege-guns to be put in position, a major and a private were killed by a sharpshooter who was located in a tree top. He could be plainly made out, but the range was too far for our army muskets. A Berdan rifle was sent for, and when it arrived our captain put it into the hands of Corporal Davis and said: "You are by long odds the best shot in our company. With a dead-rest over that log you can tumble that man out of his tree." "I've hung back and turned pale, then a brigadier rode up to give

one which could not be carried. The enemy realized this at last, and the battle began to die away. On our front we had only dead and wounded men, as far as we could see, and all firing had ceased, when a man suddenly rose up from the ground about a pistol shot away and stood staring at us. A thousand men shouted at him to come and surrender, but after a moment he turned his back and began moving away. I do not know why any of the hundreds of men who had him in range did not fire, but they did not. Some were even cheering the man, when an officer of artillery jumped down among us and shouted: "Shoot him—shoot him—why don't some of you bring him down?" His words were heard by fifty men, but not a gun was raised. The officer was storming at us when Davis suddenly lifted his musket and fired, and the retreating man flung up his arms, whirled about and sank down. Curses and groans followed, and Davis threw down his gun and hid his face in his hands and sobbed. "A splendid shot!" cried the officer, "and if I were your captain you would be a corporal to-morrow!" Davis had done a strange thing. We looked at him and wondered over it. The heat of the battle was yet strong upon us, but the killing of the man seemed little short of cold-blooded murder. "Did I kill—kill him?" asked Davis of a man beside him when he could control himself. "Yes, you shot him dead, the poor devil. Why didn't you let him get away?" "You have all been down on me because I wouldn't kill," moaned the shooter, as he hid his face again. That night we fell back to the James River. In the darkness and confusion commands were mixed up, and it was night again before the company roll was called. Private Davis was among the missing. He had survived the battle—the retreat was unmolesed—if alive he was bound to find his command within a few hours. And yet he never found it. When the returns were made up his name was placed among the dead. He had been disgraced because he would not kill. He had nerved himself up at last to fire upon a human target—and then? We spoke his name in whispers after that, and said only good words for him.—Charles B. Lewis, in Denver News.

PETRIFIED BODY Of a Woman Found by Hunters in Missouri. Oscar Cobb and John Shackelford, while hunting on Dr. F. Shackelford's farm, near Fayetteville, in Hazel Hill Township, this county, discovered the body of a petrified woman. While traversing a small ravine one of the boys found under the roots of a tree, where the water had hollowed out the bank, what he supposed to be human feet. On investigation he discovered that they



"SLEWED THE MUZZLE OF HIS GUN TO THE RIGHT."

blood, and he was looked upon more favorably. We saw nothing more of the "strangeness" of Ambrose Davis until the battle which drove McClellan to make a change of base. For half a day our regiment stood in battle line, waiting to attack or be attacked, and during this interval our company lost two men killed and three wounded. It required all the nerve the men could work up to stand there and be shot at without firing a shot in return, but Davis showed no more nervousness than any of the rest. When at length we moved by the flank for a quarter of a mile and then dropped down to open fire and hold our ground, Davis was the man on my left and as I loaded my musket I noticed that he was firing high. Five minutes later a lieutenant came creeping along in rear of us and warning each man to aim low, I heard him cursing Davis, and twice after that, ere we fell back, I saw the man firing into the tree tops. The enemy crowded us back day by day and mile by mile, and there was fighting over every foot of the high-roads. We had a fierce grapple at Fair Oaks, and again at Savage Station, but all I knew of Davis was that he was with us. It was only when returned at bay at Malvern Hill that I found myself beside him again. He had been three times grazed by bullets, and that was proof that he had stood up to a soldier's work. Our regiment was stationed at the base of the hill, strung along in the bed of a dry creek, and the banks gave us protection and a rest for our muskets. As the enemy came swarming across the open every man was a fair target. I had fired three or four times when my musket fouled, and as I waited to clear it I watched Davis. He was firing over the heads of the enemy by thirty feet. Our position was

Soldiers From the War

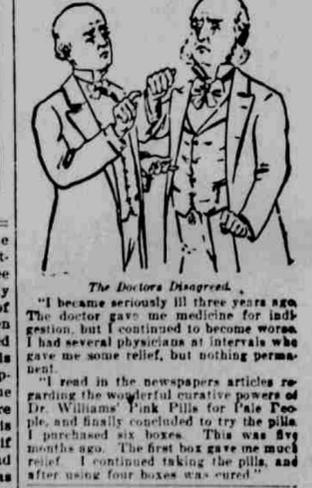
Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and other diseases, which may prove contagious in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the system and brings back health. Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Truthful Woman. Counsel: "What is your age, madam?" Witness: "Forty-seven, sir." Counsel: "Married or single?" Witness: "Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life, and if it is of any interest to the Court, I don't mind saying that I have worn false hair for nearly thirty years." Counsel: "Hem! That is all madam. There is no use trying to shake the direct testimony of so truthful a woman as you are." It's Your Own Fault. How long have you had lame back? It's your own fault. St. Jacobs Oil would have cured it promptly, and will cure it now, no matter how long it has remained neglected. The first settler in a new territory may be the last to settle his bills. Tender Flesh. The more tender the flesh, the blacker the bruise. The sooner you use St. Jacobs Oil, the quicker will be the cure of any bruise, and any bruise will disappear promptly under the treatment of the great remedy. It's surprising how often you get some thing you don't want. DEWEY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Woodfield, N. H., sole agents everywhere for Life of Admiral George Dewey and Dewey Family History, handsomely illustrated.

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From the Mountaineer, Wailalla, N. Dakota. The remorse of a guilty stomach is what a large majority of the people are suffering with to-day. Dyspepsia is a characteristic American disease, and it is frequently stated that "we are a nation of dyspeptics." Improper food, hurried eating, mental worry, exhaustion, any of these produce a lack of vitality in the system, by causing the blood to lose its life-sustaining elements. The blood is the vital element in our lives, and should be carefully nurtured. Restore the blood to its proper condition and dyspepsia will vanish. For example, in the county of Pembina, North Dakota, a few miles from Wailalla, resides Mr. Ernest Sailer, a man of sterling integrity, whose veracity cannot be doubted. He says:



The Doctors Disagreed. "I became seriously ill three years ago. The doctor gave me medicine for indigestion, but I continued to become worse. I had several physicians at intervals who gave me some relief, but nothing permanent. I read in the newspapers articles regarding the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally concluded to try the pills. I purchased six boxes. This was five months ago. The first box gave me much relief. I continued taking the pills, and after using four boxes was cured."

Burlington Route. A Map of the United States. Send me 15 cents in stamps and I will mail you a map of the United States, three feet four inches wide by five feet long. Printed in six colors. Mounted on rollers. Shows every state, county, important town, and railroad in the United States. Useful, Ornamental. J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb. P.S.—If you go west via Omaha and the Burlington Route you can stop off and see the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.