

# Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Harry Lehr is to retire from society. Must be going into impolite vaudeville.

John J. Dowd, a scissors grinder, died, leaving a fortune of \$30,000. John was a sharp business man.

A man was arrested down East the other day for marrying his mother-in-law. It was probably on an insane warrant.

King Peter of Serbia is busy destroying the freedom of the press in that country. It will probably not take him long.

A Philadelphia judge has delivered a profound opinion regarding kissing, that institution having at last reached Philadelphia.

The increase of suicide among rich people is exciting some people. Have we not always said happiness could not be bought with cash?

Although the king of bunco men is dead, there are many of his loyal subjects still alive. And they aren't all in the big cities, either.

The laziness microbe is known also by the name of the hook worm. It is not surprising that fishermen are among its favorite victims.

A man in Maryland boasts of having voted seventy-five times in his life. If he got his money every time, he must be pretty well fixed.

Homer Davenport, cartoonist, has joined young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class. It is to be hoped that devout scriptural study is his only object.

That new, wonderful telegraphic apparatus, that is said to be capable of transmitting 800 words a minute, could almost keep up with a sewing circle.

A New Jersey clergyman advises girls not to marry a man till they know all about his past. He must be a member of the Race Suicide club.

King Alfonso of Spain narrowly escaped being hurt in an automobile accident the other day. The boy should stick to his hobby horse a few years longer.

It is said that large hats are "again in favor." Are they not always in favor? Where is the woman who is content with less than an acre and a half of new hat?

Prof. A. J. Crooks of Northwestern, who gained fame when he told the students he had never kissed a woman, has married. Well, it's never too late to learn.

A girl in New Jersey eats coal, waste paper, toothpicks, bits of string, etc. She seems to have what might be called the regular New Jersey octopus appetite.

The Congregationalist remarks that ministers would sometimes preach better if they read the Wall Street Journal often. But mightn't they be induced to speculate?

Twenty women testified that Barbara Long of Mahony City, Pa., is a common scold who has a tongue like a whipaw. If she has a husband he deserves to go to heaven.

The dean of the university of Chicago has troubled the girls there by disclosing the fact that the average age of the graduating "co-ed" is 26. This explains many things.

There is something essentially humorous in the dispatch which says that M. Deleasse is moving cautiously in demanding redress from Morocco, lest the sultan proclaim a "holy war."

That Philadelphia judge may regret his learned decision on the kissing question if his wife institutes mandamus proceedings to make him tell how he happens to know so much about it.

Riveter Summerfield fell 140 feet from the Williamsburg bridge into the water, swam around until picked up by a tug, came ashore and called for a "ball." There's the simple American life for you.

A letter to Santa Claus was opened in Oklahoma the other day. It read: "Dear Santa: I am a little Indian boy, 8 years old. Please bring me a typewriter." We guess poor Lo is coming on all right.

The Atlanta Constitution has been trying to tell its readers what the "zemstvo" is, and from the result of its labors we are forced to the conclusion that it would be considerably easier to tell what it isn't.

A scientific sharp has just declared that "every drop of water taken into the body means additional work for the heart." The young man who finds that his heart is running away with him should step up to the faucet and take a long, cooling drink.

Somebody calls attention to the fact that a strike among farmers never has been known. Of course not. The cows have to be milked and the weeds have to be pulled out of the onion bed whether the farmer is satisfied with what he gets or not.

A St. Louis woman in her divorce allegations says she let her husband have \$500 "to keep his atmosphere from being strained through prison bars." Perhaps if he had to live in such an atmosphere of strained poetical expression, he would have preferred jail.

A woman narrowly escaped being burned to death in St. Louis the other day because she was so fat that the fireman couldn't get her through a window. Here is another strong argument in favor of the sylph-like form.

# OLD OF THE VETERANS

The Maid of Sparta. O come to me when the Persian blood is red on thy father's sword. And if thy scars be upon thy breast, I will give my wedding word.

O come to me when the battle shout has anointed the lips of thy vow. And I will bind thy wounds with oil, And bathe thy matted brow.

O come to me when the heart of the foe has dulled the barb of thy spear. And if thy shield be upon thy arm, I will hear thee—I will hear.

Come when thy bone and sinew ache From the marches many and long. And I will rest thee in my arms, With a love both true and strong.

Come to me when thy eyes are dim With the brine of the galley fight. And I will comb thy shaven hair, And wash them clear and bright.

Or come to me, undaunted dead, Borne back from the front of the field. And I will pledge eternal love With the gods on thy shield.

—Aloysius Cull, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Southern Woman's Reminiscences. Writing in the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Courier a Southern woman tells of her experiences during the war. Here is one of them:

As we hurried on our way, two of the girls beheaded, we heard the guns of the battle of Bakers creek. We heard them for hours; our men were falling back on Vicksburg, the sound veering in that direction. We saw something of the grimness of war when the wounded from the North Georgia battle fields were brought to Macon. Our father took us down to meet the trains. We took along rolls of bandages and lint, and all the shirts that he could spare, and food and pots of hot tea. Other women were there with baskets of fruit and food. The wounded were laid in long rows on each side of the railroad track in the station house. They had lain on the battle field two days and during that time had had neither food nor drink. The surgeons had dressed their wounds on the field, but they were now stiff and sore. They were shot in every part of their bodies. Under our father's directions we dressed many wounds. Two poor fellows were stone blind, both eyes shot out.

"One man had been wounded in the nose. It was swollen as big as his fist. He said he had been shot in the nose three times. Two lads, both handsome, and looking like gentlemen's sons, had been shot through the head, and were crying out in delirium, both dying.

"I kissed the woman next him and said: 'Why don't you kiss him?' She answered, 'I passed my hand over his lips, and that seemed to satisfy him.' I wonder if she has ever forgiven herself for not kissing that boy. I am sure that I have never forgiven myself for not pushing myself to his side and kissing him. Not a groan or a cry escaped one of those wounded except those who were delirious. But they bitterly resented that Gen. Johnston had been removed from the chief command. 'We would have followed Gen. Johnston anywhere,' they said. Years after the war I spoke of this to Gen. Johnston, and tears rushed to the old warrior's eyes.

We nursed the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and were met with tears and blessings. When they died my little sisters went from house to house begging flowers. We tried to let no soldier go to his grave without a flower, for we knew that he was somebody's darling.

A dinner to Gen. Breckinridge and a visit from Gen. Johnston were two of our proud war memories. Another proud memory to me is that I walked the deck of the Merrimac before she went down to her magnificent fight in Hampton roads, a victory that in four short hours sunk the Cumberland and burned the Congress, and drove the armored Monitor for refuge under the guns of Fortress Monroe, a fight that revolutionized forever the construction of the navies of the world.

The most astounding and unlooked for news of my entire life was that Gen. Lee had laid down his sword. I simply did not believe one word of it. I believed to the last, along with all the other Southern women, that the South was bound to succeed, to believe anything else was traitorous.

The "Abolition" Regiment. The Twenty-first Massachusetts which was known as the Abolition regiment from the fact that some of the men in its ranks were firm adherents of Garrison, Phillips and Parker, served in Leasure's brigade, Stevenson's division, Ninth corps, was in twenty-three general engagements, had a total enrollment of 1,178, while its percentage of loss in action was 13.4.

The commanders of the Twenty-first were Col. Augustus Morse, Col. W. S. Clarke and Col. G. P. Hawkes. Six men died in rebel prisons. The surgeon of the Twenty-first, Dr. C. E. Cutter of Warren, had been an active sympathizer with John Brown and an ardent supporter, and worked with him in his operations in Kansas. Sergeant C. P. Tidd, who died at Roanoke Island, was one of the men who was with Brown at Harper's Ferry, at the time of the famous raid, which has been described as "the skirmish line" of the civil war. The Twenty-first left the state August 23, 1861, was brigaded with Reno's command, and became a part of the Burnside expedition to North Carolina. At Roanoke Island five men were killed and thirty-nine wounded. In the following month, under Col. Clarke, the regiment fought gallantly at New Bern, Adjutant Stearns being among the killed in that engagement. At Chantilly, in Ferrero's brigade, Reno's division, the Twenty-first, had the hardest fighting of its experience. Lieut. Col. J. P. Rice was killed and out of less than 400 men who went into the action, twenty-two were killed, ninety-eight were wounded and twenty-six were captured. At Fredericksburg, while in Ferrero's Second brigade, Sturgis' (Second division), the Twenty-first rendered most efficient service, by the skill and marksmanship by which it kept down the enemy's fire. The regi-

ment went to the front with a corps of sharpshooters or scouts, organized by Sergeant Tidd. Two color bearers were killed in the terrible charge at Marye's Hill, and others were wounded. Sergeant Plunkett being among the latter. Plunkett lost both arms. Leasure's brigade distinguished itself at the Wilderness, where it swept down the line across, and in front of Hancock's position, making one of the most daring charges of the war.

"War is Hell." Much has been written of Gen. Sherman's famous saying, "War is hell." To-day it is said many of the confederates are still bitter because of Sherman's historic raid and march through Georgia; yet, of all the generals none have expressed deeper regret for the fearful necessities of war. In his letter to James E. Yeatman of the United States sanitary commission, May 21, 1865, Gen. Sherman said:

"I confess without shame that I am sick and tired of fighting—its glory is all moonshine. Even success, the most brilliant, is over the dead and mangled bodies, with the anguish and lamentations of distant families appealing to me for sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have never heard a shot, never heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated (friend or foe), that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."

The Badge Money Cannot Buy.



To Establish a Soldier's Death. "It's a grewsome case he's on," said Assistant Manager Owens at the Piedmont as he indicated a short, dumpy, smooth faced man. "He's one of the number who make a living by unearthing secrets."

"Up in Vermont there is a lawsuit on now in which a fortune or two is involved. Before the civil war a farmer near Montpelier had two sons, as the story comes to me from Mr. Tanner, that's his name," Mr. Owens continued, as he glanced at the register, "and both were in the Union army. Both had families when they dropped civilian apparel for uniform. The end of the war brought one of the sons home. The other lost his life while pushing Johnson's army back into Atlanta, and was, when the Union dead were gathered in after the war, given a resting place in the national cemetery at Marietta. The old man died a dozen years ago, and within short time the son who followed Thomas, Sherman and others into Atlanta went to his last rest."

"When the surviving son died the discussion became bitter and eventuated in a lawsuit, the heirs of the soldier who came home disputing the rights of the soldier who was resting under the shadows of the Kennesaw. In the course of the litigation it became necessary for the defendants to show that the soldier who gave his life to help Sherman into Atlanta is really dead. It must be shown beyond all doubt that the form resting in the grave at Marietta is the remains of the man who once lived in Vermont, and to do that there is a possibility that the grave made forty years ago may have to be opened. As I understand, the soldier resting in the cemetery at Marietta was slightly deformed in one hand, and it is that deformation which, if the grave must be opened, will establish to the satisfaction of the court of the Green Mountain State the rights of his direct descendants to their part of the estate."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Constitutional Coward. Gen. Joseph Hooker was a fierce fighter during the civil war, and was known as "Fighting Joe," the commander of the Army of the Potomac. But, beneath those brass buttons and back of that blue uniform there was a heart as tender as a woman's. He never permitted severe punishments for his soldiers, if they could be avoided.

On one occasion a private soldier had been sentenced to death for desertion. It was his third offense, and there were no mitigating circumstances. Gen. Hooker went to the tent of his judge advocate general and said: "I want you to recommend pardon on some grounds. This man's dear old mother is in my tent praying for his life, and you must help me out some way."

"But, General, I can't do it. The fellow is worthless, always drunk or quarreling; three times a deserter, and this time in the presence of the enemy. He is a constitutional coward, and—"

"That's it, that's it," interrupted Gen. Hooker. "You forward the case to me recommending clemency because he is a constitutional coward, and I'll pardon him."

And it was done. Inside of five minutes the gray-haired old lady went from the tent of Gen. Hooker clinging to the arm of her worthless son; but, he was her boy just the same, and she loved him—Los Angeles Times.

# THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Britt's Next Opponent.

There is an air of general satisfaction in San Francisco over the result of the battle between Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson. With the fight now over, the topic of conversation is "Who will be Britt's next opponent?"

A number of challenges were read at the ringside, but as yet none of them has been given any consideration.

Of all the deities hurled at the winner the one that will receive the most attention is that challenge sent by Charlie Mitchell, the former English heavy-weight pugilist, on behalf of his protegee, Jabez White. If matched the battle would have an international aspect.

White will sail for America within a few days, and it is not improbable that Britt will agree to give the English boxer a chance. Britt will, however, ask for a few weeks' rest before entering the ring again.

Expects to Ride 50,000 Miles.

E. H. Corson of Boston, one of the pioneer cyclists of New England, has just started on a motor cycle trip through the South in order to complete his total mileage of over 50,000 miles before returning.

Although 56 years old, Corson intends to tour Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, part of Louisiana, Texas and Kentucky before returning to Boston.

Since the first of May last he has been constantly on the move. He has covered over 45,000 miles since he bought his motor cycle, and before that pedaled over 100,000 miles on bicycles.

Jiu Jitsu Downs Sharkey.

Tossed like a child by a man not half his size, Tom Sharkey, the pugilist, found more than his match in Higashi, a Japanese. The little man pitched the science of jiu jitsu against the sailor's great strength. Sharkey tried straight boxing. He was tossed into the air, his big body describing circles. Then he was permitted to secure a desperate hold on the Japanese. The next moment he was on his back. Sharkey, when he met his opponent,

GREAT FIGHTERS WHO BATTLED ON COAST RECENTLY.



JIMMY BRITT.

Perhaps two stronger exponents of the Queensberry art could not be found than the pair of ring masters that mixed matters in the arena at Mechanics' pavilion in San Francisco Dec. 20. Nelson had a strong following at all times, while Britt, the natural favorite, was backed heavily by the general public in all parts of the country. Nelson is the fair type of the rough-and-ready fellow, while Britt is the true exponent of the clever, artistic boxer, who is always ready for the rugged chap.

regarded him with a pitying smile. Later he took off his hat and smiled as pleasantly as his bruises would permit.

Titus to Scull on Coast. Constance S. Titus, ex-champion amateur sculler of America, stated positively that he would go to the Pacific coast to race Pape and Glass. He also stated that he had not abandoned the idea of going to Australia. He said: "I have made all arrangements for a trip to Australia in February, but I certainly would go to the Pacific coast to row Al Pape on Lake Merritt, near San Francisco, and would stop on my way at Portland, Ore., to meet Ed Glass."

Titus said that when he goes to Australia he will not return until May.

Matter Left to Lush. Outfielder Billy Lush of the Cleveland American league team has been told by the management of the club to use his own judgment whether he shall accept the terms conditional upon his coaching the Yale baseball team for the coming season.

The Yale contract calls for Lush's services until the 1st of July, the middle of the American league season. Lush had written for permission from the Cleveland club, and in view of the fact that the club has four other outfielders, the question of accepting the Yale contract is left to Lush's judgment.

Yost Tells Why He Signed.

Coach Yost has told how it happened that he signed for a long time contract with Michigan. "Outside of the money consideration," said Yost, "I am quite enamored with Michigan sport. There is none better in the country. In fact, I feel now almost as if I was a Michigan man myself, and as it is about time for me to quit rambling and stick to one college, I have decided to remain here five years anyway. Knowing that I will be here from year to year, I can do more effective work with the team and may, and I will, hurry up a little more."

No Chance for Baltimore.

President B. B. Johnson of the American league denies that there is a deal on looking to the transfer of the American league Washington franchise to Baltimore.

"I have had no communication whatever with Mr. Hanlon or any of his representatives on the subject of transferring the Washington franchise to Baltimore," said Mr. Johnson. "We

have no intention of moving to Baltimore, even if the chance offered. The affairs of the Washington club have shaped up nicely, and we are satisfied to stay there."

Trotter Worth Owning. Alta Axworthy has put Al Thomas, the westerner who owned, bred, trained, raced and sold her, on easy street. In two seasons she won him hard on to \$20,000, and he sold her for \$13,000 cash. On a safe estimate it would seem that he must have cleared at least \$25,000 on her. As the service fee that produced her was free, and he also bred and raised her dam, her expense to him was limited to her feed bills, entrance fees and shipping expenses during her campaigns.

American Cyclists to Race Abroad. Next spring will see many bicycle riders leave this country for a sea son's racing on the tracks of France and Germany. While in New York during the six day race Robert Coquelle, one of the managers of the Parc des Princes track, signed a number of American riders, including Frank Kramer, the American sprint champion; Willie Fenn, and Major Taylor. Other who will go across are Tom Butler, M. T. Dove and possibly Frank Caldwell.

Luke Blackburn is Dead.

Luke Blackburn, noted sire and in his day one of the most brilliant performers the American turf has known, died of old age at the farm of W. H. McAllister, near Bellevue, Tenn. He was 27 years of age. Luke Blackburn was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, horse of his day. It was Luke that made Phil Dwyer famous, and Dwyer says to this day that he was the best thoroughbred he ever owned, not excepting Kingston.

Hogan Now a Yachtsman.

Capt. James J. Hogan, Yale's famous football leader, who closed his career on the gridiron with this season, is to become a jolly jack tar. He has purchased a knockabout thirty-two feet in length and is now burning midnight oil over volumes of yachting literature in an attempt to become nautical enough to gain admission to the Yale Corinthian yacht club. Hogan is anxious to enter his boat in the next Yale-Harvard yacht race.

Parr Beats Gotch. At Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 21, Frank Gotch, the American, lost a handicap match to Jim Parr, the English wrestler. Gotch undertook to throw Parr three times in an hour. He won one fall in thirty-six minutes thirty seconds, and the second in seventeen minutes and ten seconds. This left only six minutes and twenty seconds for Gotch to win the final. Parr was in no danger when time was called.

Duffy Off for Australia.

Arthur F. Duffy of Washington, who holds the world's 100 yard sprinting record, has gone to Australia to compete with athletes there. This is the longest trip undertaken in the history of amateur athletics. Duffy during the past four years has won the championships of the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland and France. He has a record of 100 yards in :09 3/5. He will meet all comers in Australia.

Ruhlin and Hart to Fight.

Billy Madden, manager for Gus Ruhlin, is endeavoring to arrange a fight between his man and Marvin Hart, and has issued a challenge Hart will doubtless accept, and the winner will then be matched against Champion Jim Jeffries. Madden tried to get on a bout between Ruhlin and Jeffries, when the champion suggested that Hart meet Ruhlin first, and promised to fight the winner.

Demand Paid Football Coach.

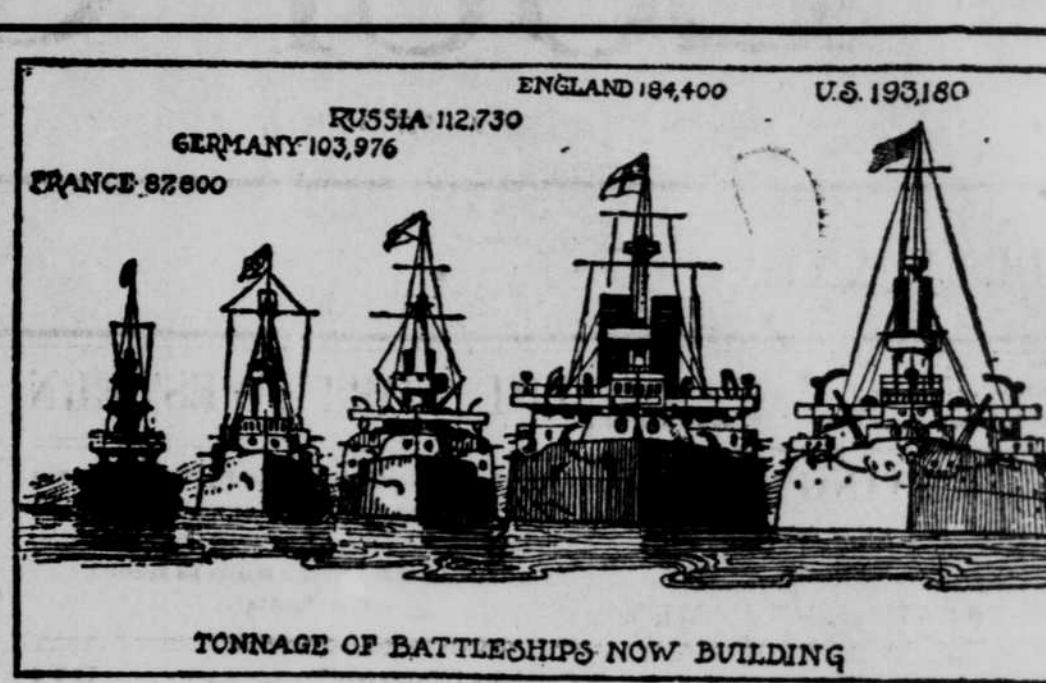
The Harvard Bulletin recently published a communication signed by fifty-four prominent Harvard graduates petitioning for a paid football coach instead of the graduate coach who for so many years has handled the Harvard teams.

The communication laments Harvard's failure to defeat Yale and attributes it to the graduate coach system.

More Records for Barney.

Barney Oldfield lowered all automobile records from two to nine miles at Agricultural park track, Los Angeles, Dec. 21. The new records are as follows: Two miles, 1:46 2/5; three miles, 2:39 4/5; four miles, 3:35; five miles, 4:29; six miles, 5:22 2/5; seven miles, 6:15 4/5; eight miles, 7:09 1/5; and nine miles, 8:04.

# HOW SEA FIGHTING FORCES OF THE NATIONS COMPARE



PARIS RESUMES OLD GLORY. Coolies in South Africa.

Session of North Sea Tribunal Resolves Its Diplomatic Pretext.

The tribunal which is dealing with the controversy relating to Russia's sinking of English fishing craft in the North sea has just opened at the French capital. Paris is resuming its old glory as the world's political center. It was at Paris that the representatives of the United States and Spain met to settle the issues growing out of the war of 1898. It seemed just as appropriate a place for the United States and Spain to meet in that juncture as it did in 1856 for England, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey and the rest of the European powers to deal with the issues growing out of the Crimean war. It was at a congress at Paris in 1783 that England recognized United States independence. Twenty years earlier a treaty of Paris brought the seven years' war to an end. Between 1763 and 1904 more important international gatherings have been held at Paris than in all the rest of the world's capitals.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Table of Immigration Shows Arrival of Millions. A recently published table shows that from 1821 to 1903 (both inclusive) the total number of immigrants was 21,255,723, of whom Europe furnished 93 per cent. Of the total immigration into the United States during eighty-five years Germany and the United Kingdom furnished 56 per cent, as follows: Germany, 24 per cent; Ireland, 19 per cent, and England, Scotland and Wales, 13 per cent. During the same period Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland furnished 21 per cent, as follows: Austria-Hungary, 7 per cent; Italy, 8 per cent, and Russia and Poland, 6 per cent. Of the total immigration in 1903, Germany and the United Kingdom furnished only 12 per cent, while Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland furnished 63 per cent.

IN AND OUT OF CABINET.

Sensations of Members Well Described by Senator Foster.

Postmaster General Wynne, who used to be a newspaper man in Washington, bears his honors with becoming dignity, but does not in any way feel upish over his advancement. The president one day asked him: "How does it feel to attend a cabinet meeting after having spent so much time on the outside trying to find out what occurred at similar gatherings?" "Oh, it is not so much how he feels," said Secretary Wilson, "as how the rest of us feel." Wynne has Irish blood in his veins and ready wit at the tip of his tongue. He came back in this fashion: "That reminds me of what Secretary Foster said when he took charge of the treasury department. I was his private secretary. One day he remarked to me: 'Wynne, when I first came to Washington as a member of the cabinet I gazed in awe at the distinguished men who were my colleagues and wondered how I got there. After I had been in the cabinet three months I wondered how my colleagues got there.'"

TO THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Charles P. Neill Soon to Succeed Carroll D. Wright. On Feb. 1 Charles P. Neill will succeed Carroll D. Wright as commissioner of labor. Mr. Neill has acquired a reputation as a statistician

and has the confidence of laboring men as well as the administration. Mr. Neill's home is at the capital. He is thoroughly familiar with the work of the bureau.

Tuberculosis Infection. Tuberculosis is a house infection. We don't pick it up on the streets as we may pneumonia or smallpox; we never inherit it; seldom is it contracted from diseased milk or meat. Occasional contact with a consumptive engenders no one; the disease is not contagious in that sense. But every house in which an ignorant or careless consumptive has lived and coughed up the deadly bacilli; every close and foul-smelling workroom in which he has labored becomes a peril to those who live or work with him or follow after him.—McClure's.

Railroader to Take High Office. Isaac Thomas Parker, who will soon be inducted into office as lieutenant governor of Delaware, is conductor of a passenger train running between Philadelphia and Delmar, Del. He is already quartermaster general on the staff of the present governor, but this is the first elective office of importance to which he has been chosen. Mr. Parker has no idea of resigning his position on the Pennsylvania railroad, but declares that as soon as the legislature adjourns he will be found on his old run as usual.

Czar Has Verestchagin's Pictures. It is said that the czar has bought all the paintings of Verestchagin, the great artist who perished in the sinking of the Petropavlovsk. These paintings are mainly devoted to the horrors of war. Verestchagin entered upon the exposition of war as it actually is in the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877-8. He had the definite purpose of making the representation so horribly truthful that it should clear from the minds of the people everywhere the glamor of heroic achievement.

Mean Fling at Senator Depew. Senator Depew says that the meanest remark he ever heard about himself came from a passenger on a sightseeing automobile in Washington. The automobile was going past the senator's house in H street. "That tree in the yard, ladies and gentlemen," said the megaphone man, "was planted by Senator Depew himself almost six years ago." "Say," piped up a passenger on the back seat, loud enough to be heard by the senator and his wife, who were standing in front of the house, "I bet it's a chestnut."

Tamagno Declines Honor. Tamagno, the tenor, has followed the example of Macagnoli, the composer, and refused to be nominated as candidate for the Italian parliament. Tamagno has thews and sinews which might have been useful in those personal encounters which sometime given the tedium of debate in the legislature of the Latin peoples. In his early days he was a butcher boy, with solid muscles and a taste for gore. But as an operatic hero he is the mildest mannered man who ever handled a "property" sword.

GET FOOD TO PORT ARTHUR. How Chinese Junks Successfully Elude Blockaders.

The medium-sized northern Chinese junks make first-class blockade runners. They are built very low in the water, with the decks almost awash when loaded, so that only the bow and stern rise noticeably above the water line. They are strong, flat-bottomed and of unpainted, dirty wood, with no bright colors about them. Propelled by from ten to twenty oarsmen, if the sails fail, they glide through the water with no noise or smoke, and are very difficult of detection. Dodging along the shore and among the numerous islets, which extend from the Shan-Tung peninsula across the mouth of Pe-Chee-Lee gulf, they closely resemble the low, brown rocks and during the past months hundreds of them have evaded the Japanese watchers and carried tons of fresh provisions and vegetables to the beleaguered Port Arthur garrison.

Simple Home of Rockefeller's. In Mr. Rockefeller's home in New York little effort is made at pretentiousness. There are no elevators, no elaborate system of electric bells, no frills about anything. Mrs. Rockefeller laboriously climbs the stairs rather than have an elevator put in. Simplicity and economy sound the keynote. Mrs. Rockefeller's kitchen in her New York house would be considered extremely old-fashioned by the standards of her rich neighbors. She does not care much for the pleasures of the table. Plain cooking suits her best. Her husband, of course, is most careful of his diet. The list of dishes he is obliged to pass unnoticed would make a very large bill of fare.

Railroader to Take High Office. Isaac Thomas Parker, who will soon be inducted into office as lieutenant governor of Delaware, is conductor of a passenger train running between Philadelphia and Delmar, Del. He is already quartermaster general on the staff of the present governor, but this is the first elective office of importance to which he has been chosen. Mr. Parker has no idea of resigning his position on the Pennsylvania railroad, but declares that as soon as the legislature adjourns he will be found on his old run as usual.

Czar Has Verestchagin's Pictures. It is said that the czar has bought all the paintings of Verestchagin, the great artist who perished in the sinking of the Petropavlovsk. These paintings are mainly devoted to the horrors of war. Verestchagin entered upon the exposition of war as it actually is in the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877-8. He had the definite purpose of making the representation so horribly truthful that it should clear from the minds of the people everywhere the glamor of heroic achievement.

Mean Fling at Senator Depew. Senator Depew says that the meanest remark he ever heard about himself came from a passenger on a sightseeing automobile in Washington. The automobile was going past the senator's house in H street. "That tree in the yard, ladies and gentlemen," said the megaphone man, "was planted by Senator Depew himself almost six years ago." "Say," piped up a passenger on the back seat, loud enough to be heard by the senator and his wife, who were standing in front of the house, "I bet it's a chestnut."

Tamagno Declines Honor. Tamagno, the tenor, has followed the example of Macagnoli, the composer, and refused to be nominated as candidate for the Italian parliament. Tamagno has thews and sinews which might have been useful in those personal encounters which sometime given the tedium of debate in the legislature of the Latin peoples. In his early days he was a butcher boy, with solid muscles and a taste for gore. But as an operatic hero he is the mildest mannered man who ever handled a "property" sword.

Simple Home of Rockefeller's. In Mr. Rockefeller's home in New York little effort is made at pretentiousness. There are no elevators, no elaborate system of electric bells, no frills about anything. Mrs. Rockefeller laboriously climbs the stairs rather than have an elevator put in. Simplicity and economy sound the keynote. Mrs. Rockefeller's kitchen in her New York house would be considered extremely old-fashioned by the standards of her rich neighbors. She does not care much for the pleasures of the table. Plain cooking suits her best. Her husband, of course, is most careful of his diet. The list of dishes he is obliged to pass unnoticed would make a very large bill of fare.

Railroader to Take High Office. Isaac Thomas Parker, who will soon be inducted into office as lieutenant governor of Delaware, is conductor of a passenger train running between Philadelphia and Delmar, Del. He is already quartermaster general on the staff of the present governor, but this is the first elective office of importance to which he has been chosen. Mr. Parker has no idea of resigning his position on the Pennsylvania railroad, but declares that as soon as the legislature adjourns he will be found on his old run as usual.

Czar Has Verestchagin's Pictures. It is said that the czar has bought all the paintings of Verestchagin, the great artist who perished in the sinking of the Petropavlovsk. These paintings are mainly devoted to the horrors of war. Verestchagin entered upon the exposition of war as it actually is in the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877-8. He had the definite purpose of making the representation so horribly truthful that it should clear from the minds of the people everywhere the glamor of heroic achievement.

Mean Fling at Senator Depew. Senator Depew says that the meanest remark he ever heard about himself came from a passenger on a sightseeing automobile in Washington. The automobile was going past the senator's house in H street. "That tree in the yard, ladies and gentlemen," said the megaphone man, "was planted by Senator Depew himself almost six years ago." "Say," piped up a passenger on the back seat, loud enough to be heard by the senator and his wife, who were standing in front of the house, "I bet it's a chestnut."

Tamagno