OUR COMMON SCHOOLS

THE GOOD RECORD OF BENTON COUNTY'S SCHOOLS.

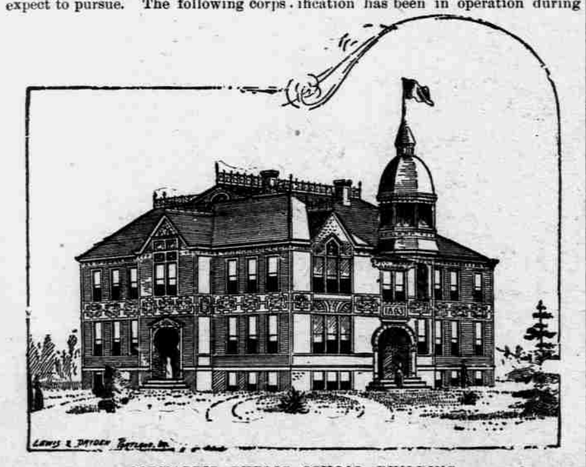
County Superintendent of Public Instruction George W. Denman States Some Plain Facts Concerning Benton County's Educational Interests.

The citizens of Oregon may well be proud of the position their state has attained in the educational world. The efficiency of our school system is seen in the gratifying fact that of all the states in the Union, Oregon ranks third in the matter of literacy, although we are spending less per capita each year for the maintenance of our schools. She has, however, over $2,900,000 invested in school property, and spends annually nearly $1,000,000 for teachers' salaries.

While Benton is one of the smallest counties in the state, in area, yet no other is better equipped for carrying on the work of educating the future citizens. She has located within her boundaries three colleges, employing at least 40 instructors, and having an enrollment of over 450 students.

There are two graded public schools in the county, one at Corvallis and the other at Philomath. These schools employ 12 teachers, and had, during the past year, an average daily attendance of about 450 pupils. The school in Philomath consists of two grades, advanced and primary. Professor A. C. Guthrie has been retained as principal, and Mrs. Minna Bryan will remain in the primary department.

The Corvallis public school is not only the leading public school of our county, but it ranks high in comparison with the other public schools of the state. Professor S. I. Pratt has been principal for the past four years and the board showed their appreciation of his services by re-electing him at their last meeting, for the ensuing year. Mr. Pratt is not only principal, but has charge also, of the Ninth grade, which was added to the Eighth grade, upon his recommendation, last year. By this addition, students are better fitted for college work, which many of them expect to pursue. The following corps of teachers has been selected for the ensuing year: Mrs. May Nelms, Misses Mildred Linville, Esther Simmons, Lettie Wicks, Alice Horning, Mollie Bergin, Clara Duncan. Miss Mary Newton, who has been in the primary department, was re-elected to a higher grade, but has resigned in order to accept a position in Washington. Too much credit cannot be given Professor Pratt for the manner in which he has labored in building up and increasing the efficiency of this school. It is his intention to extend and lengthen the courses in language and business forms during the coming school year. The Corvallis public school building is one that the citizens may well feel proud of. It represents the thrift, progressiveness and public spirit of the patrons of the school.



CORVALLIS PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

In addition to these graded schools, there are in Benton county 53 school districts, and 130 persons licensed to teach. There were employed, during the last year, 93 teachers, of which number 20 were males and 73 females. The average salary paid male teachers per month was $37.50, and female $30.49. The annual report showed 1,302 males and 1,283 females residing in the county between the ages of 4 and 20, and of these 749 males and 724 females were enrolled at the public schools; 545 boys and 439 girls did not attend any school. The average number of months taught during the year was five and four-fifths. There were three private schools conducted last year, employing three teachers and having an enrollment of 12 pupils.

The total number of visits made by the superintendent was 95, making the distance traveled 1,500 miles, and the average time spent in each school, two hours.

There are over 1,300 legal voters for school purposes in the county. The value of the school houses and grounds has been estimated to be $38,040, and of furniture and apparatus, $7,889. The districts carry a total insurance of $20,840. Last year the county had $23,976.84 from all sources, for school purposes, and of this amount $17,833.11 were expended for teachers' salaries and $4,070.09 for apparatus, furniture, insurance, etc., leaving a balance of $1,131.38 in the hands of the several school clerks. The superintendent apportioned in April this year over $7,000 to the various districts of the county, and there is now in the hands of the county treasurer, awaiting the August apportionment, about $5,000. There will also be $2,500 from the state fund, making a total for the fall apportionment of about $7,500. Each district, except joint districts, receives $50 annually, and so much per capita, as the funds allow.

Of all the splendid educational work that is being carried on in the several counties of Oregon, Benton can make a showing equal to any. The quality of the school work done by the teachers of our county cannot be praised too highly. Many obstacles have beset their pathway in years past. No district, until recently, had any definite aim or plan adopted for the carrying on of work. No specific amount of progress was required of the teacher. The matter of graduation was never discussed by the pupil, teacher or parent. In a very few districts the course of study of some city school was loosely carried out. Amid all these and other difficulties, the teachers persevered and accomplished good results.

The confusion arising from the absence of classification and gradation intensified the demand from the teachers and many of the patrons for a county classification. The subject was frequently discussed, at various institutes and teachers' associations. Ex-Superintendent Holmes took up the matter and distributed among the teachers copies of Illinois course of study. The advisability of adopting this course here was discussed and at a meeting of the county association at Philomath in 1895, a vote was taken and the teachers present promised their assistance. Owing to the retirement of Professor Holmes from the office, he could not complete the work, so the present incumbent, assisted by Professors Holmes and Pratt, carried out the plans already begun. A simple classification of the work for the common schools was compiled and published in pamphlet form and sent to all school officers and teachers in the county during February of the present year.

The pamphlet consists of two parts. The first 12 pages is devoted exclusively to the classification work, and the rest treats of the duties of parent, teacher, pupil and director. Some of the aims of the classification are as follows: To make the advancement uniform in every branch throughout the county; to lessen the damaging results of a too frequent change of teachers; to increase the interest of pupils by giving them definite aims and to encourage them to complete the public school course and receive a common school diploma; to show what studies are to be completed before others are taken up, thus preventing neglect of any branch.

The entire eight years' work is mapped out, year by year, and a certain amount must be completed during each school year. At the end of the eight years, the pupil is supposed to be ready to graduate, having completed the course laid down in the county classification. Questions are then prepared by the county board of examiners and sent to the teachers, who conduct the examinations and grade the papers, which are forwarded to the superintendent for further grading. If the applicant receives a general average of 75 per cent and does not fall below 55 per cent in any one branch, he receives a diploma of graduation from the superintendent, free of charge. These diplomas are accepted, on certain conditions, as evidences of educational ability by the Philomath colleges, the Oregon agricultural college and the Monmouth normal school. While the classification has been in operation during the spring term only, yet all the schools of the county are taking up the work with an enthusiasm and vigor that is having a telling effect and insures its complete success.

GEO. W. DENMAN.

STEAM AS A MOTIVE POWER.

The First Vessel So Propelled Was Invented by a Spaniard.

The application of steam as a moving power is claimed by various nations, but for the first extensive employment of it the world indisputably owes the English and the Americans. As early as 1543 a Spanish captain named Blasco De Garay showed in the harbor of Barcelona a steamboat of his own invention. The preacher Mathesius, in his sermon to miners in Nuremburg in 1562, prays for the man who "raises water from fire and air," showing the early application of steam power in Germany. An Italian engineer, G. Beanca, invented in 1629 a sort of steam windmill. In England among the first notices of steam power is one contained in a small volume published in 1647, entitled "The Art of Gunnery," by Nat Nye, in which he proposes to "charge a piece of ordnance without gunpowder" by putting in water instead of powder, ramming down an air-tight plug and then the shot, and applying a fire to the breach "till it burst out suddenly." But the first successful effort was that of the Marquis of Worcester. In his "Century of Inventions," in 1655, he describes a steam apparatus by which he raised a column of water to the height of forty feet. This, under the name of "fire water work," was actually at work at Vauxhall in 1656.

The first patent for the application of steam power to various kinds of machines was taken out in 1698 by Capt. Savery. In 1699 he exhibited before the Royal Society a working model of his invention. His engines were the first used to any extent in industrial operations. In all the attempts at pumping engines hitherto made, including Savery's, the steam acted directly upon the water to be moved, without any intervening part. To Dr. Papin, a celebrated Frenchman, is due the idea of the piston. It was first used by him in 1690. The next step in appliance was made in 1705, in the "atmospheric engine" conjointly invented by Newcomen, Cawley and Savery. This machine held its own for nearly seventy years, and was very largely applied to mines. The next essential improvements on the steam engine were those of Watt, which began a new era in the history of steam power. His first improvement was the separate condenser, patented in 1769. The principal improvements that have been made since Watt's time have been either in matters relating to the boiler, in details of construction consequent upon our increased facilities, improved machinery and greater knowledge of the strength of materials, in the enlarged application of his principle of expansive working, or in the application of the steam engine to the propulsion of carriages and vessels.

Whales as Travelers.

Mr. William H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution says, in Science, that "during the early days of the whale fishery several well-attested instances occurred of whales struck in one ocean, as the Atlantic, being afterward killed in the North Pacific, and vice versa." This would indicate that some whales are great travelers, for to get from the Atlantic to the North Pacific they would have to go many thousands of miles, passing either around Cape Horn, or around the northern end of North America and through Bering Strait.

A Secret Newspaper.

A strange newspaper which many persons will be eager to obtain had its existence disclosed for the first time at the Von Tausch libel trial in Berlin. It seems that certain aristocrats at Kaiser Wilhelm's court turn in the gossip they hear to an editor, who prints off a limited edition of the news thus collected for the contributors and a very few other persons. To get at this chronique scandaleuse a member of the secret police forged, with full acquiescence from his superiors, the name of a nobleman high in court circles.

ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITH AND MOMENT

Have, ers now, had their currents "turned awry," as Hamlet says, by an attack of dyspepsia. Napoleon failed to improve his advantage at Austerlitz in consequence, it is said, of indigestion brought on by some indiscretion in eating. In order to avoid dyspepsia, abstain from over indulgence, and precede the meal by a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, more effective than any dietetic in improving the tone of the stomach. Liver complaint, chills and fever, and rheumatism are annihilated by the Bitters.

In Rome there are few houses bearing the number 13. Nearly all the houses that should bear those figures are marked 12B or 14A.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

The Lord Mayor's Robe.

The lord mayor of London is entitled to wear an earl's robe whenever a crowned head visits the city. The present lord mayor had such a robe made for use at the recent jubilee festivities which cost him £500.

A little thing happened down at the home of Schilling's Best tea the other day that cost the firm a clean $200, and the most interesting feature of the matter is that they could have got out of paying it if they wanted to—because it was a voluntary thing and no one expected them to do it.

It seems that, in the earlier part of the missing word contest, A. Schilling & Co. promised $100 each to the two persons who sent in the largest number of Schilling's Best yellow tickets before June 15.

It seems fair that the consumers of the tea should get those prizes. A grocer has a better opportunity for collecting tickets; and then, too, he makes a profit on the tea. But two grocers won the prizes, and A. Schilling & Co. paid the money.

Now comes the funny part—they wanted consumers to get $200, and were determined they should. So they paid another $200 to the two consumers who had sent in the two largest numbers of tickets.

That is handsome, to say the least.

A Botanical Clock.

Among the botanical curiosities which have been found in the isthmus of Tehuantepec, lately much explored by naturalists, is a botanical clock. It is a flower which in the morning is white, at noon is red, and at night blue, and the alterations of color are so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower.

It is well known that continued darkness has caused the vision of animals to become partially destroyed.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hoitt's School, Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal. In charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D. Reopens August 10th.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

French paupers are provided for by the funds arising from a ten per cent tax on theater tickets. This tax averages $10,000,000 a year.

Cuba's Great Forests.

According to a consular report, Cuba, although its entire area is only about equal to the state of Pennsylvania, contains 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests, "where the woodman's axe has never been heard." In these forests, which cover nearly half the entire surface of the island, are found, among other timber, mahogany, cedar, redwood, logwood, ebony, lignum-vitae, and a tree with extremely durable wood called ciaguaran.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business trasactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Tsledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family pills are the best.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

The stargazers of the Mount Hamilton observatory say that there are five hundred million burning suns in the milky way.

TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

MRS. A. C. BUHLER, 1123 North Albany avenue, near Humboldt Park, Chicago, Ill., says: "I am fifty-one years old and have had twelve children, and my youngest is eight years old. I have been suffering for some time with a terrible weakness; that bearing-down feeling was dreadful, and I could not walk any distance. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and they have cured me. I cannot praise your medicine enough."

A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad.")

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CHAPTER I.

The day and date is the 21st of July, 1861.

The scene is the battleground of first Bull Run, a field made memorable forever.

From daybreak to high noon the Federal army under McDowell has been moving down on the Confederate position selected weeks ago by the generals old in the strategy of war. On the flanks brigades have grappled in the open fields, regiments have dashed at each other in the forests and thickets. Here a little ground has been gained, there a little lost. It has been the skirmishing which precedes every battle, locating the enemy, testing his readiness, drawing his strength and uncovering his designs.

The hour is high noon. The Confederate front has been pressed back, the left wing shattered. Men looking down on the battlefield from the hills of Centerville have every movement in plain view. At 12 o'clock the battle is won for the Federals. Bee, Barstow and Evans, who have held the Confederate center, have been beaten back by Burnside, Sykes and Porter. They give way slowly and grudgingly, fighting as they break back, and they are trying to rally, when there is a clatter of bayonets being fixed to muskets, and a thousand men rush forward at the double quick. It is the New York Twenty-seventh, and Colonel Slocum leads it, the first bayonet charge of the war—"Forward! Forward!" And the wedge drives into the Confederate center and rolls the fragments right and left.

The cheering is heard a mile away above the noise of battle. The Federal center moves forward to pursue the shattered enemy, and couriers ride away with the news, "We have pierced the Confederate center and won the day!"

Behind the flying Confederates is a plateau of 300 acres, comprising two or three farms. There are two or three farmhouses, orchards, meadows, thickets of pine, barren fields. Here is Stonewall Jackson with 5,000 men in reserve. The fragments of brigades, regiments and companies are hurled back to the slopes of this plateau to be rallied and reformed behind the reserves. Couriers ride away to Beauregard to ask for more artillery, infantry and cavalry, and while the Federals pause to replenish their cartridge boxes and gird up their loins for a last struggle 5,000 fresh Confederates are hurrying forward to the plateau.

Noon becomes 1 o'clock. The skirmishers are at work all along the front of the plateau, but there is no fighting.

Another hour slips away. The Federals have waited too long. At noon they could have carried the position with a rush. At 1 o'clock they would have met with stubborn resistance, but victory would have perched on their banners. Now as the Federals are ready to move the Confederate 5,000 have become 10,000, and their 10 pieces of artillery have become 20.

A majority of the troops are fresh and their nerves unshaken, and all are ready for the grapple.

Thirteen thousand Federals move against the plateau at different points almost as one man, and the battle opens with a great crash. Under General Jackson's immediate orders are five or six regiments. On the right of his line is a Virginia regiment. On the right of that regiment is a company from the Shenandoah valley. They have not been in action yet. As the Federals move up to the attack Rickett's Federal battery, supported by a Minnesota regiment, are in front of Jackson's men. The battery is wheeling into position, when the Virginia regiment is ordered to charge it. With a wild cheer, the command dashes forward, but to meet with such a withering volley from the western men that it falls back in confusion. Let us follow the company on the right. As it falls back its captain is left lying on the field. The first lieutenant should be in command, but neither he nor his fellow officer seeks to rally the disorganized men. The company is breaking back in a mob right under Jackson's eyes, when a private seizes the flag from the panic stricken color bearer and shouts:

"Halt, men, halt! Those who are not cowards will follow me!"

"Halt, men, halt! Those who are not cowards will follow me!"

It was too late to rally the company as a whole. It was breaking back on the reserve, headed by its two lieutenants, but at the call to rally about 30 of the men turned and raised a cheer and followed the flag. The sight of the flag and the echo of the cheers put heart into the beaten regiment. Something like order came out of confusion, and a moment later two-thirds of the regiment were fighting over the guns. The other regiments of the brigade moved up, and they came just in time. The First Michigan and Fourteenth New York were charging up to support the Minnesota men and save the guns.

And now for the space of a quarter of an hour 5,000 men fought with bayonet, with clubbed muskets, with whatever weapon they could wound or kill. It was the fight of a mob. It was a mob which went circling round and round the battery long ago disabled by the killing of all its horses. The Thirty-eighth New York, followed by a portion of the Fire Zouaves, went forward yelling and cheering, but they came too late to save all the guns. The Confederates held the ground and retained three of the pieces. As Jackson rides forward the company from the Shenandoah valley is dragging one of the captured guns to the rear.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general, looking in vain for a commissioned officer.

The men halted and stared at him, but no one replied.

"Where is your captain? Where are your lieutenants?" he demanded.

"Can't tell yo', general," answered a private who was bareheaded and coatless, "but the boss we are workin under jest now is that ar' Yankee with the flag!"

Jackson was about to speak further when an aid delivered an order, and he rode hurriedly away. There is no more fighting on this front. To the right and left the Federals charge again and again, but always to be beaten back. Did they number twice as many they could not dislodge the Confederates from the plateau. Nature made it for the key of a battlefield.

It is 3 o'clock, and the fight still rages fiercely. It is 4 o'clock, and the Federals are still battering at the slopes of the plateau. Half an hour later the volleys of musketry suddenly increase in volume, the artillery redoubles its fire, there is wild cheering all along the Confederate front. Johnston's troops have come up from the valley. He throws them into the battle, and the Federals are driven back. The Confederates push forward in pursuit, and the troops who were giving way slowly and retiring in good order suddenly become panic stricken.

An army panic is like unto nothing else in its foolishness, in its madness, in that feeling of terror which makes servile cowards of brave men for a few hours. In 30 minutes from the first wild shouts of alarm the highways leading back to Centerville were choked with the shattered, disorganized and fleeing Federal commands. Here and there feeble attempts were made to check the terrified mob, but each effort only increased the panic.

What were they fleeing from? Death! If so, almost every man of them had faced death for hours that day without flinching. They faced it now, as terrified men discharged their muskets and threw them into the ditches, as remnants of cavalry commands dashed into the mass, as fieldpieces and limbers and caissons, drawn by horses which seemed to have caught the spirit of terror, turned in from the fields at a mad gallop and rode down every obstruction. Men flee like shadows from a plague, but they know from what they flee.

Rushing into the highways, fighting each other as they struggled to reach the van, stumbling, falling, a chill of fear upon every heart, the army which had fought so well and long streamed into the hamlet of Centerville. There was no pursuit. There wasn't a brigade in the Confederate army in condition to pursue, nor was the extent of the Federal disaster known to Confederate officers. Here was a strong position, and here it was that troops who had not been in action were formed across the highway leading to Washington to check the panic stricken thousands. Mounted officers rode into the mob and shouted commands and appeals. The panting fugitives paused for a moment, but it was not to listen, not to obey, not to feel ashamed of their silly fears. It was to draw a long breath and then dash at the wall of glistening bayonets. The wall menaced them, the bayonets pointed at their breasts, but with one mighty surge the living wave dissolved the wall, hurled it down, flung the fragments to right and left, and the stream of humanity poured on over the hills and flowed the faster for its temporary check. It could not be checked again until it reached the Potomac.

CHAPTER II.

Let us go back a few weeks and connect the chain of events.

The thunder of a hundred guns had been let loose at Charleston, and the south was rushing to arms. One who has not witnessed the beginning of war cannot comprehend the insanity of excitement which accompanies the passage of each fateful day. We of the north were delaying, hoping, trying to make ourselves believe that war would be averted, though no one could tell how. While we were delaying the south was acting. No man in any southern community dared talk of peace. While the south raised regiments and put brigades into camp and planned a campaign. While the north waited the south possessed itself of fort after fort. The streets of every city echoed the tread of marching men; every village was aroused by the music of the fife and drum. That generation knew nothing of war. Men looked upon the waving flags and rippling banners, the marching volunteers and the holiday attire and said to each other:

"Then this is war? Men who have written of war have deceived us. There is no suffering, no wounded, no dead. Let us also join in the march."

But historians had not deceived them. They were deceiving themselves. The beginning of war is merriment and feast. The end is marked by thousands of marble headstones bearing the single word "Unknown"—those and crape and tears and desolation. It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon of one of those never to be forgotten spring days of 1861, remembered now only by gray haired men and women. The scene is the ancient town of Winchester, in the beautiful Shenandoah valley, the garden spot of the Old Dominion. Under cover of a wooden awning sheltering the front of the old store and postoffice two men are seated at a table borrowed somewhere for the occasion. One of them wears the uniform of a militia captain; the other is in citizen's dress and has a list of names on a paper before him. Hear what the captain is saying to the men crowding up until they stand six or eight deep before him.

"We want 60 more men to fill up this company. Within a week we shall be ordered to the front. We want only young men and good men. Now, then, you all who want to go to war and see some fun put your names down on this paper. You, there, Steve Drayton, step up and sign!"

"How long shall we uns be gone, captain?"

"I reckon on 60 days."

"Then I'll put down."

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Say, captain," called a young farmer from the rear rank of the crowd, "can't yo' make the time 30 days? The old man's feelin porely this spring, and he can't do no farm work. I'd like to go along with yo' all, but I can't spare over 30 days. Make it 30 days, and I'll put down."

"We want sixty more men to fill up this company."

"I don't like to say 30," replied the captain as he stood up to look over the crowd. "You see, we've got to get there, wherever it is, and then we've got to have a fight or two and march around, and I should reckon on 50 days anyhow. Better come along. You never did have no such chance to see fun in all your life before."

"Waal, I reckon 10 or 20 days won't make no great difference anyhow," said the man. And he pushed forward to add his name to the list.

Directly opposite two men sat looking out of a second story window. They were in the law office of Justin Williams, a lifelong citizen of the town and a lawyer of repute. He was a man of 55, but carried his age lightly. The other was a young man of 24, well built and having a plain but kindly face. He was Royal Kenton of Rhode Island, a graduate of law at a prominent university and the junior partner of the law firm of Williams & Kenton. They were uncle and nephew. Kenton had come down about 18 months before. As the relative and partner of a prominent citizen he was treated with courtesy. As a Yankee, fresh from Yankeeland, he was a subject of criticism, and there was little heart in the hospitality accorded him. There could not have been. He represented principles antagonistic to the south. There was no neutral ground in those days. A man represented not himself, but his section of country. The opinions of his section were considered to be his. A southerner at the north would have been looked upon through the same eyes and held responsible to the same extent. Men liked him as a man, but they detested him as a Yankee.

"Well, I am sorry this trouble has fallen upon the country," said the old lawyer as they watched the crowd opposite. "I have long felt that it must come sooner or later, but I hoped it would not be in my day. Nothing can now prevent war."

"But everybody appears to think it will end almost as soon as begun," replied Kenton.

"They do not stop to reflect," said the lawyer as his face assumed a more serious look. "I am a southerner, and I believe the south has been fully justified in her course, but our people are foolishly underestimating the strength and temper of the north. They will not let us go because we bluster and threaten. If the south secures a separation, it will have to be won on the field of battle. It was to be, and it has come, but it is to be deplored."

"If war comes, business will have to go," observed Kenton as he looked about the office.

"War is here, and our business has already fled," replied Williams. "Martial law will soon be proclaimed, and there will be no more use for judges, jurors and attorneys. I have wanted to ask you for several days what course you mean to pursue. If it was to be a war of 60 days, six months, or even a year, we might take certain points, but it is to be a long and bloody struggle, and this very valley will be a battleground. We may as well close our office today as a month hence. Amid such excitement as this there can be no call for our services."

"I am a northern man," said Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Yes, they call you a Yankee."

"I have cared nothing for politics. There is a great principle herein involved, but our greatest statesmen are divided over it. The south seeks independence from a federation which has become unbearable. The north, or at least a goodly portion of it, denies the right of secession. This coming war is the consequence. I stand on neutral ground."

"You are neutral today, but you cannot be 30 days hence," said the old lawyer as a troubled look came into his face. "Do you find any neutral men in that crowd down there? Have you heard any neutral talk among our people? It may not be 10 days before you will be put to the test."

"What test?"

"Of your allegiance to one side or the other. Every young man in our town is hastening to volunteer. I am too old to be taken now, but later on I may be forced into the ranks. It will be a war in which the south will need her last man. I am not pledged to a southern confederacy, but I am pledged to Virginia. I go with my state. You have come down to cast your lot with us. It is for you to answer whether you are for or against your adopted state. Think it over. If you wish to go north, the routes are still open. If you wish to remain, you will be asked why you don't volunteer. I do not seek to influence you. Be guided by your own conscience. Tomorrow we will settle all business matters between us. It may be years before there is any further call for our legal talents in this or any other Virginia town. Military law will soon override everything."

The old lawyer rose up and passed down stairs on his way home without further remark, leaving Royal Kenton in a brown study, which was interrupted 10 minutes later by wild cheering on the street. He went down to ascertain the cause, and a man who had just volunteered swung his hat and replied:

"Hooray! We uns is gwine to send fellers right on to captur' Washington and ole Abe Lincoln!"

(To be Continued.)

Couldn't Spank Her Son.

People never get an encouragement for doing the good samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of respectable people on a suburban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror.

At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

Roars and kicks from Master Johnny.

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good trouncing this very minute!" she wailed as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever since he started from home.

"Allow me, madam," he said, blandly: "I am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent parent."

"Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!" said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his own father or any other ugly old catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she effectually shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her.

Calm and Collected.

Reporter—It is said that yourself and your comrade, O'Hoggarty, were calm and collected after the dynamite explosion at the quarry.

McLubberty—Wull, it was loike this. Oi was calm and O'Hoggarty was collected.—New York World.

$1000.00

Who will get it?

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is-----?-----because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get *Schilling's Best* tea at your grocer's; take out the *Yellow Ticket* (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket.

If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

Every one sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

Besides this thousand dollars, we will pay $150 each to the two persons who send in the largest number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 15 and the end of the contest—August 31st.

Cut this out. You won't see it again for two weeks.

B2

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Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H. P.

Prussia's Amber Monopoly.

The working of amber in Prussia is a monopoly in the hands of a firm which owns the two best mines, the Palmnicken and Kraxtepelle. For the concession it has, according to a report from the British consul at Dantzig, to pay to the German government a royalty of 650,000 marks a year. It is reckoned, says the London News, that this firm has, up to now, paid no less than $1,000,000 in royalties to the German government. In addition to the output from the mines in 1895, a good deal of amber was picked up on the beach at the Pillau, in the province of East Prussia, being washed up with the seawood during the prevalence of northwesterly gales. The shore at Pillau after a storm is sometimes covered with a layer of seaweed three feet thick, among which the amber is found entangled. Men, women and children find easy and lucrative employment in searching for the amber along this part of the amber coast. The people engaged in this precarious work often earn $6 a day or more. In 1895 about 100 tons of raw amber came to Dantzig to be worked up, as compared with 140 tons in 1894. It is nearly all melted to make lac and varnish. The larger pieces are also made into beads, which are sent all over the world. The beads known to the trade as the Leghorn corals, are in strong demand.

Russian Railroads.

Russia, with over 4,875,000 square miles more than the United States, has 158,000 miles less of railroads, says the Boston Courier. Most of the engines burn naphtha oil for fuel, with excellent results. This oil is the refuse from the first refining and costs about 40 cents per barrel. This oil is also used for general lubricating purposes. None of the engines have bells, but instead they have two whistles. The engines are finely painted, the wheels red, the frame black, jacket and cab green, with a fine black stripe; the inside of cabs nearly white, or cream color. The speed of freight trains is limited to 20 miles an hour, and the fast express is limited to 35 miles per hour. In switching and making up of trains all signals are given by sound—that is, the switchman has a tin horn which he blows and the engine driver is obliged to repeat this signal by whistle before he goes ahead. When and engine stops the engineer is required to give three short whistles.

Singular Effects of Cold.

A bar of lead cooled to a point about 800 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, according to the experiments of M. Pictet, gives out, when struck, a pure musical sound. Solidified mercury, at the same temperature, is also resonant, while a coil of magnesium wire vibrates like a steel spring.

The Kiel canal is lighted over 62 miles by electricity, and is the longest distance in the world lighted continuously in that way.

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The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like.

If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 68 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

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