THE STOWAWAY.

BRING him up," said the skipper, tersely. They dragged him up the companion ladder accordingly—a shrinking, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him as do the eyes of captive animals.

"H'm!" remarked the skipper. "So you're the stowaway! Nice looking young gentleman, too. Never did a stroke o' work in your life, I'll be bound. Never mind. We'll see if we can't make you. Eh, Mr. Billings?"

The first mate grinned. His grin was an eloquent one, and the boy shuddered as he saw it.

"How did you find him, Mr. Billings?" continued the skipper.

"Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied. "He had an old mutton bone, with the meat all gnawed off. Provisions, I suppose, for the voyage."

"Provisions, eh? Well, it's precious few provisions he'll get aboard this ship unless he works for them. Pity we're out so far, or we might put him ashore."

For the first time the stowaway spoke.

"Please, don't put me ashore," he cried. "Anything but that. I must go to Cape Town, and I'm more than willing to work my way."

"Shut up!" snarled the mate, emphasizing his remark by a tug at the stowaway's ear. "Who gave you leave to talk, I'd like to know? Shut up, and hark to what the captain says."

"What's your name, and where d'ye come from?" demanded the captain, notebook in hand.

Tremblingly the boy replied that he was Dick Harley, late of the Tenterden grammar school; that his father, a widower, had left him behind in England, while he went to South Africa as assistant surveyor on the new Matabeleland Railway line; that nothing had been heard from that kindly father for a year or more, and lastly, that, compelled to leave school on account of unpaid bills, he had resolved to go to South Africa and find his missing parent.

"And so you thought to steal a passage on the Only Son of Portsmouth?" said the skipper.

"I was refused a berth by every other ship," pleaded the boy. "They said I looked too weak to work."

"Weak or not, you've got to work aboard the Only Son," said the first mate; "hasn't he, sir?"

The skipper nodded.

"That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "If he doesn't want to pay for his passage, try him with the rope's end."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And again Billings grinned eloquently as he led the boy forward.

A quiet, elderly gentleman who had been watching these proceedings now stepped forward.

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Billings," he said. "He's only a child, you know."

"Captain's orders, sir," answered the mate, giving Dick Harley's ear an extra tweak.

The skipper laughed.

"Don't you waste any sympathy on that youngster," he exclaimed. "We can't afford to have any useless, white-handed stowaways aboard a vessel that carries £250,000 to the Chartered Company. How do you know, my dear Mr. Lancelot, that yonder boy is not the spy of some high-sea robbers, put on board to find out about the money?"

The man addressed as Lancelot looked grave.

"True," he said, "they did think in London that an attempt might be made to rob the ship. • • • But still, this mere boy——"

"I've seen 'mere boys' ere now, Mr. Lancelot, that were old men in crime. Take my advice and leave the stowaway to my first officer."

At this moment a shrill cry of pain, followed by another, and another, came from the lower deck.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Lancelot.

The captain of the Only Son of Portsmouth put his notebook, containing

"PLEASE DON'T PUT ME ASHORE."

Dick Harley's name and circumstances, carefully into his pocket.

"That, my dear sir," he answered, smilingly, "is the stowaway getting his first lesson in seamanship from Mr. Billings."

Mr. Lancelot shrugged his shoulders. After all, he had been sent out in charge of £250,000 in gold, which was consigned by the Bank of England to Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company of South Africa. His duty lay in the after cabin, where the treasure was stored, and not in preventing venturesome little stowaways from being rope's-ended.

II.

Bruised and stiff, Dick Harley lay curled up between a seaman's chest and the forecastle bulkhead. One of the deck hands had taken pity on him and thrown a piece of tarpaulin over his aching shoulders. Thus he lay completely hidden so that the men on the larboard watch, who had just turned in after four hours' wrestling with wind and water, knew nothing of his presence.

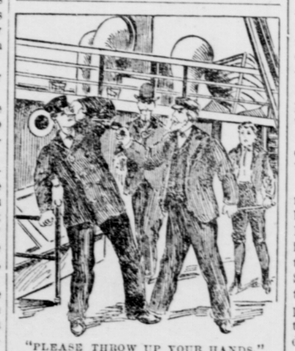
"What became of the stowaway," asked one of these worthies.

"Jumped overboard, I expect," answered another. "Billings gave him 'whatfor,' I can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the poor little wretch."

A chuckle ran around the forecastle.

"Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken, "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's service. The captain thinks there's nobody like Billings."

Just then the mate appeared, and, remarking that the captain was quite right, proceeded to give his orders for a scheme which made the stowaway under his canvas prick up his ear—one of them was still very painful from the mate's cruelty—and listen intently, for the scheme, in which all of that watch were accomplices, having shipped with that express design, was nothing less than the capture of the £250,000 and



"PLEASE THROW UP YOUR HANDS."

the sending adrift of the captain and Mr. Lancelot, if it was not necessary to murder them to secure the treasure.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men. And as yet none of them showed any intention of obeying Billings' advice and "turning in."

They examined their revolvers—for every one of them seemed to be armed—and talked over the coming attack upon the Chartered Company's treasure. Dick had almost made up his mind to risk a crawl along the floor toward the companion ladder, and a rush thence upon deck when one of the desperadoes yawned. A yawn is more contagious than yellow fever. Within five minutes every man in the forecastle was showing evidences of weariness. First one and then another crawled to their bunks, and were presently heard to slumber noisily. The example spread until the last of the band knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to rest. Soon all of them were in the land of Nod.

Cautiously Dick Harley peeped out from under his tarpaulin. Then he ventured forth and set one foot on the companion ladder.

"Who's there?" growled a sailor drowsily.

Dick's answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his bruises would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"Who was it, Bill?" asked a second voice.

"It was that blamed cat, I'm thinkin'," replied the first speaker, and to Dick's relief there was no pursuit. Quickly he ran along the deck and mounted the bridge to where the skipper stood.

That night as the first mate of the Only Son came up from his cabin with a revolver in his hip pocket and a grin on his face, he was met at the head of the stairs by the captain and Mr. Lancelot. To his surprise both of these gentlemen were armed, while behind them he observed the despised stowaway, Dick Harley, with a naked cutlass in his hand.

"Mr. Billings," said the captain, "you will please throw up your hands. Your little plot has been discovered. Ah, thank you——" (as he drew the pistol out of Billings' pocket), "you may return now to your cabin and consider yourself a prisoner."

"Wh—what is the meaning of this, sir?" sputtered the mate.

"The meaning, Mr. Billings," put in Lancelot, "is that this boy here heard your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered Company of £250,000. He very promptly informed the captain. Your accomplices in the forecastle were captured in their bunks, and most of them have confessed everything."

Billings looked at the speaker, then at Dick Harley.

"The stowaway!" he cried. "The miserable little rat of a stowaway."

"Yes, Mr. Billings—the stowaway has saved the Chartered Company of South Africa £250,000 and a staunch, seaworthy ship. You will find that the company knows how to be grateful."

And grateful, indeed, the company proved itself to be. A month later (while Billings and his gang were awaiting trial for attempted piracy in the Cape Town jail) Dick Harley was shaking his father's wasted hand in the new hospital at Salisbury. The surveyor's recovery from a lingering fever was greatly accelerated, you may be sure, by the news that the Chartered Company had rewarded by a position of trust and honor the timely action of the quondam stowaway on the Only Son.—Utica Globe.

What Did He Mean?

An amusing anecdote at the expense of an excellent and necessary profession comes from Temple Bar.

A young doctor, a novice in his profession, who was also somewhat of a novice with the gun, was out after hare, and after he had missed several shots the old keeper said:

"Let me have a try. I'll do for 'em."

About 30,000 families make their living in Paris in connection with the cab industry and taking care of horses.

SPANISH BARBARISM

For Hundreds of Years She Has Been a Blot on the Face of the Earth.

The treatment which Spain has accorded her colonies has always been brutal. Spanish hearts and Spanish methods changed but little from Cortez to Weyler, the only difference, instead of increase and success as at the beginning, failure and decrease of empire is at the end.

Spain has always felt her inferiority in this respect to other nations, and in order to apparently maintain her position she has bid defiance to every other nation on the face of the earth.

Spain has for a hundred years repeatedly thrown down the gauntlet of defiance at our feet.

She has disregarded all treaty obligations. Who can recall the massacre of the crew of the Virginius without a thrill of horror passing through his frame? The Spanish depredations on our commerce up to 1814 were so extensive that she was obliged to cede Florida to the United States on their agreeing to settle with our citizens, accepting Florida in payment of the lump sum.

The United States has not alone suffered from Spain's depredations. As long ago as 1730 the episode which is known as the war of Jenkins' ear arose from the barbarous treatment of Capt. Jenkins, an English officer, and the crew of the English ship Rebecca, which was captured by a Spanish cruiser and searched. The Spaniards, after hanging Captain Jenkins at the yard-arm, with a cabin boy tied to his feet, unstrung him just in time to prevent death, and cutting off his ear presented it to him and bade him take it to his king. Captain Jenkins did as he was bid. The wave of indignation raised by this act of cruelty caused Horace Walpole, who was prime minister, to declare war against Spain. Spain bitterly regretted the act of her naval commander.

In 1702 Spain, by her repeated oppressions, forced England to again declare war against her. Lord Albemarle, with a fleet of 200 vessels and about 15,000 men, appeared before Havana, and although defended by almost twice that number of Spaniards fell in less than two months time, and with it Cuba into English hands. It remained there until by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, it was restored in exchange for possessions which England at that time considered more valuable.

Spain was the last of the great powers to recognize the sovereignty of the United States.

At the end of the nineteenth century nothing remains of her vast possessions but the Philippine Islands in the Pacific Ocean and Cuba and Porto Rico in the Western seas. Mexico threw off the yoke in 1811. Then Central and South America in 1816, and the Argentine Republic was formed from the province of La Plata; then Chili, Peru, the United States of Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela broke the chains of monarchy. San Domingo and Hayti followed.

FISH AS FOOD.

Easy of Digestion and a Light and Wholesome Article of Diet.

It has been frequently stated that fish diet, by virtue of the phosphorous which it contains, is pre-eminently adapted to nourish the brain, and that those who subsist on it largely are distinguished for their brightness and intellectuality, says the New York Ledger. It is perfectly true that a small percentage of phosphorus enters into the composition of the healthy brain, and while it is also true that fish contains more or less phosphorus that may and probably does pass into the circulation, it is yet to be proved either by theory or by experience that a diet of fish is on the whole better adapted to supply the waste of the brain than a liberal variety of other alimentary substances, and especially of meats.

Fish is easy of digestion and creates little vascular excitement and consequently forms a light and wholesome article of diet. Saltwater fish are the best of any, as their flesh is more solid, more agreeable and healthy, less exposed to putrescence and less viscid. They possess these excellent qualities when fresh. When salted, they have all the properties of salt fish and consequently its disadvantages.

Those fish which have scales are in general the most easily digested and the best, and of all these fish the fresh herring appears to deserve the preference. The herring, codfish, turbot and flounder are perhaps the most digestible and best of fish. Salmon and mackerel, lobster and most other kinds of shellfish are more difficult of digestion. The mode of cooking fish is of considerable importance. Frying them in oil or lard is an objectionable process. In general the process of boiling is best adapted to render them wholesome. Stewed fish should be avoided by the dyspeptic. Acid sauces and pickles render fish more wholesome for the stomach, while butter has a tendency to prevent digestion, while spice and salt used in moderate quantities facilitate the digestive process. One of the best sauces that can be used with fish is lemon juice.

Burgoyne Best of British Generals.

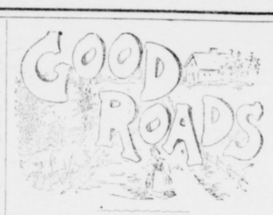
Burgoyne was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful verse-writer and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.—From "The Story of the Revolution," by Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

Tinplate Scrap Has a Value.

The tinplate clippings from the stamping factories of this country are gathered together, tied in bales and delivered at the dock in New York for about $6 a ton; thence they are shipped to Holland, where the tin is recovered and made into ingots, while the iron scrap is sold and turned to different uses. Some factories have as high as 1,200 tons of this scrap tin to dispose of in a year. The process used in Holland for separating the two metals is secret, and the efforts of manufacturers to obtain a knowledge of it has thus far been in vain.

We never have a very good opinion of a man to whom making an apology comes as easily as crying comes to a woman.

It is exceedingly hard to get along with a balky horse.



Road Improvements in New Jersey.

Excellent work is being done in New Jersey in the construction and improvement of roads. The movement is said to have began in 1893 by the organization of a highway improvement association and the passage of a law imposing upon the State one-third of the cost of good roads constructed under the direction of a State road commissioner. Under this statute 238 miles of macadamized roadway has been constructed at an expense of $466,595 to the State and upward of $1,000,000 to the counties and the property owners. People can now travel upon a hard, mudless highway in all kinds of weather. It is solid and smooth as a boulevard from Jersey City to Atlantic City and from Paterson to Camden. The work of construction has continued for a series of years—in 1893 and 1894, seventy-four miles; 1895, sixty-six and one-half miles; 1896, fifty-one miles, etc. The cost has been diminished by experience from an average of $6,000 per mile in 1893 to $4,000 a mile in 1897. The soil and other physical conditions in Illinois are so similar to those of New Jersey that it is believed the same methods and estimates would apply equally well to both States. In New Jersey opposition to the new system has almost entirely died out and the applications for State assistance are so numerous that the appropriation will be increased from $100,000 to $300,000 this year.

The farmers have found that they actually save more than the amount of their taxes in repairing their wagons, harness and horseshoes, without considering the wear of the animals and the economy of the time. The Road Commissioner of New Jersey puts a practical lesson in mathematics before the farmers. "It costs 9½ cents a bushel," he says, "to ship wheat from Chicago to New York, a distance of 909 miles. It costs 3 cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and on a sandy road it would cost at least 9 cents per mile to haul it. The saving on a bushel of wheat with good roads for a distance of five miles would be about equivalent to that of 575 miles by railroad. One mile of good roads places the producer seventy-five miles by rail nearer to the markets. It is estimated that the cost of hauling 700,000,000 tons of farm products to market is $2 per ton, or just about $1,400,000,000. It is also estimated that about 60 per cent. of this last amount, or $840,000,000, would be saved each year if farmers were able to do this hauling over good roads." "The real cost of transportation that burdens our agricultural classes," he says, "is the part of it between the farm and the town or railway station and the market. The loss due to bad roads is one of the greatest wastes of energy connected with farming as it is carried on in this country."—Farmers' Review.

A Michigan "Horrible Example."

The Galigh (Mich.) Advocate recently printed an item which was a most forceful object lesson in favor of good roads, instead of the kind with which Michigan people put up at present. This is the item: "Mrs. Zimmie Payne and Mrs. Brown started for Buchanan yesterday afternoon and at the sink hole by Redden's got stuck in the mud. The horse mired and the water came into the buggy box. The ladies yelled for help, but no one heard them. At last Mrs. Payne took off her dress skirt and waded out of the water, which was waist deep. She went to Redden's and got one of the boys to help. He rode a horse out to the buggy and took Mrs. Brown out on horse back. Leroy Redden then brought the ladies to town. One of the Havens boys went and got the buggy."

British Roads.

Great Britain has 180,000 miles of roads, which costs £30,000,000, and 6,000 miles of streets, which cost £60,000,000.

MAID AND MOUSE.

Cause a Romance that Will End in Marriage.

Cupid has many strings to his bow and many shafts with which to pierce the hearts of men and maids, but never did he choose a stranger one than that which brought love into the hearts of Sidney Riddlestorffer and Lillian Udall. For when the wedding bells ring on Friday their melody will fit to the strange refrain: "O—o—o! O—o—o! A horrid, horrid mouse!"

One year ago Mrs. John St. Clair Riddlestorffer, a wealthy widow, came here from Brooklyn with her son seeking relief from a dangerous malady. She grew worse instead of better, and three months ago she employed Mrs. George Udall, a widow, as her nurse. About a month ago Mrs. Udall, needing help, brought her daughter, a charming blonde, 20 years old, to the house to aid her.

On the day of her arrival Sidney Riddlestorffer returned from his New York office to his home unaware of the presence of his future wife. As he entered the house he heard issuing from the library sharp, little feminine screams: "O—o—o! O—o—o! A horrid, horrid mouse!"

Manfully the intrepid and gallant youth rushed to the rescue. The sight he saw—only a lyric poet can describe the sensations he felt. There on a chair, like a Niobe, all tears, with skirts drawn tightly about her, stood and trembled a vision of beauty. Before the impetuous onslaught of the rescuing knight the mad, ferocious beast had fled. The knight gazed speechless at the trembling vision. The grateful vision gazed speechless at him. They smiled, they blushed, and Cupid's perfect work was done.

Mrs. Riddlestorffer died, but before death came she had learned to love Miss Lillian as if she were her own daughter. On her deathbed she joined the hands of the lovers, gave them her blessing and bade them marry as soon as she should be buried.

When Mrs. Riddlestorffer's will was read there was disappointment in the hearts of many relatives. To Miss Lillian she bequeathed her jewels, valued at $7,000; the family plate, worth $6,000, and all her household effects. To her son she bequeathed $200,000 in real estate and money.

On Friday the lovers will marry.—Norristown (N. J.) special New York World.

Sacred Password.

Only three people know the password of the Tower of London, and they are the Queen, the Lord Mayor and the Constable. The password is sent to the Lord Mayor quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is merely a survival of an old custom.

A QUEER MANIA.

It Attacks the Man Who Looks Down from a Lofty Height.

Not long ago a Cleveland man was taken up on the roof of the New England Building by some of the Century Club boys to enjoy the view. It was a clear day and the vista in every direction was beautiful. But the boys noticed that the visitor hung back from the parapet and declared he could see everything all right from the middle of the roof. Being pressed to go closer to the edge, he flatly refused.

"The fact is," he said afterward, "that I can't stand the sensation of being up at this tremendous height. No, I don't have the ordinary feeling that I must throw myself down. It isn't giddiness. In fact, I think—doctors have told me—that my case is somewhat original. You have noticed the sensation you get when standing on a bridge and having a vessel pass beneath. If you look down it isn't long before you feel as if the bridge was moving and the boat was standing still. Of course, we have all experimented in this very thing lots of times in boyhood days. Well, that's about the same sensation it gives me when at a considerable height above the ground. If I look down and catch sight of a moving object I at once imagine the structure upon which I stand is hustling rapidly through space and carrying me with it. I somehow can't help looking down, and the speed constantly increases. I feel as if I must be thrown off unless I can cling to something, and I really suffer tortures. The sense of moving is just as real to me as if I were on a cannon ball express, and the only relief is to get away from the edge of the roof or whatever it may be and look up at the sky instead of looking down. When I was in Europe a few years ago we made several little trips outside of Rome, and on one of them visited a little place called Ischia—I think that was the name. There wasn't much beyond the local coloring to attract us, the only interesting piece of architecture being a quaint old tower. Of course, the party wanted to explore it, and we went up. I kept my eyes turned away from the earth as much as possible and reached the top all right. While I was studying the clouds and the far away blue hills my companions, for a joke, stole down and left me there alone. I didn't miss them at first, and then one of the party who had reached the ground gave an unearthly screech. A queer old cart was lumbering by, and I saw it and was lost. That tower and I instantly began a mad rush through the atmosphere. Instinctively I clutched at the edge of the buttress. It was the only thing that prevented me from flying off into space. By and by my friends began to worry over my absence. They came up in search of me. They found me with my fingers purple and numb from that awful death clutch. They actually had to pull me away from the parapet, and the strain affected me for weeks. Oh, I'm a bad man to leave alone on a housetop. No, I can't conquer the feeling—in fact, I never tried to conquer it. I do a much more sensible thing—I keep out of danger."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Flattering.

Some people have a faculty for taking off the edge of a neighbor's pleasure. A writer in the Temple Magazine lately gave a case in point. It happened to a doctor of divinity who was preaching some special sermons. He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a well-dressed man, who greeted him most effusively.

"Delighted to see you, doctor," he said. "You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all."

The doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons looked up and remarked:

"You must not take any notice of him, doctor—he's got softening of the brain."

The feelings of the doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rochdale. The morning was fine, and the congregation large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

"We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown," remarked the preacher.

"Yes, sir," replied the guileless and outspoken brother, "a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning."

Employed Indians as Fighters.

The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people of the North as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions, for the scalping of wounded soldiers awakened in the Americans a fierce spirit of revenge, which would stop at no danger. The idea that the Indians would terrify the Americans was a foolish dream. Nothing in reality was calculated to make them fight so hard. Perhaps even Burgoyne may have had a glimmering of this truth when two of the allies of his clement King tomahawked and scalped Miss McCrea. There was nothing unusual about the deed, but the unfortunate girl happened to be a loyalist herself and betrothed to a loyalist in Burgoyne's camp, whither she was traveling under the escort of the Indians who murdered her.—From "The Story of the Revolution," by Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

Highest Authority.

An excellent story is told of a former president of Dartmouth College:

He one night caught a student helping himself to wood from his well-filled shed, and collaring the offender, he demanded, sternly, "Young man, what authority have you for taking away that wood?"

"Well, sir," replied the student, mindful of his Latin syntax, "opus and usus, signifying need, require the ablative."

The president's eyes twinkled in spite of himself, but he said, gravely, "Take it, my boy, take it and welcome. But when you have need again, come to me, and I will give you even better authority than that."

Squelching a Pompous Bishop.

A pompous bishop was having his portrait painted, and, after sitting for an hour in silence, he thought he would break the monotony. "How are you getting along?" he inquired. To his astonishment the artist, absorbed in his work, replied: "Move your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth." Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship asked: "May I ask why you address me in that manner?" The artist, still absorbed in his work: "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

The Fair Divorcee.

Wabash—Jove! old man; but that's a stunning-looking woman.

Ogden—Isn't she, though?

Wabash—Wonder if she is unmarried.

Ogden—Yes; three time, I understand.

What You Get

When You Buy Medicine Is a Matter of Great Importance.

Do you get the medicine that has cured thousands of others who were afflicted like you? Do you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's? If you do, you may take it for scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, rheumatism, catarrh, with the utmost confidence it will do you good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

The "Yankees" and the South.

Hard times test the quality and condition of a people better than prosperity, for they are pretty apt to bring things closer to a cash basis. The depression preceding the incoming of the present administration illustrated this, and the fact that the South passed through the trying ordeal with an astonishing ability to pay its debts and to keep up its increasing business operations opened the eyes of the whole country.

It was proof positive that the South had recovered from the disasters of the land-boom era—which was almost a second civil war in its cost—and had entered upon real and solid growth. There has never been any question about its unlimited resources; the only trouble in the past was that they were speculated upon instead of being legitimately developed. Building cities on paper and floating prosperity on bonds left a long memory of lost money and shattered confidence. But out of these bitter experiences good has come and there is another new South.

For all this large credit is due to the new generations of Southerners, who believe more in running factories than in running for office, and who prefer good money to notes and mortgages. They are the most numerous factors of the better order of things. But at the same time the fact is general from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf and the Rio Grande that the Yankee is welcomed and is at work in the South. He is building cotton factories, putting up lumber mills, utilizing water-power, erecting schoolhouses, academies and public libraries, taking the lead in many industries, and making very handsome profits on all he does. And the best sign of all is that the progressive Southerners and the enterprising Yankees are generally working together, and there are intermarriages and all the social blendings, which mean much.

Possibly our typical American is coming this way.—Leslie's Weekly.

Pat—"An' phat will yez do with yer money at your dith?" Mike—"Oi'll lave it to me children." Pat—"But supposin' yez niver hev iny?" Mike—"Thin it'll go to me grandchildren."—Tit-Bits.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It takes a healthy man four months to eat his own weight in food.

If dry ropes are soaked for four days, in a bath containing 20 grains of sulphate of copper to a quart of water, they will be preserved for a considerable time from the attacks of animal parasites and rot.

The Klondyke

baking powder is *Schilling's Best* baking powder. It keeps and does its work everywhere.

Forestalling Things.

Amateur Actor—But, dear boy, do you think the villain's part suited to me? The manager—Capitally! It won't matter when you're hissed.—New York Evening Journal.

JOHN POOLE IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING large invoices of the celebrated Stoughton wagons. These are superior to any ever put upon this market. Before buying a wagon call and examine, or write for catalogue. Address foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

The hydra fusca, a sort of polypus, may be turned inside out like a glove, and will continue to live and eat as heartily as ever.

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

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Good Health

Is the working capital of humanity. He who loses that is wrecked indeed. Is your health failing you, your ambition, vigor, vitality wasting away?

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The wedding tour is often the calm before the storm.

People who have advice to give are never stingy with it.

Popular songs are often so popular that they become unpopular.

When it comes to jealousy and crowing a man is superior to a rooster.

A war artist is always successful, even though his battles are drawn.

A jolly good fellow is hardly ever classed synonymously with a first-class financier.

When a man boasts of having money to burn he will soon have ashes to throw away.

Only a small portion of the world loves a lover; the rest of it considers him a chump.

A bachelor as a rule is the acme of selfishness, and happy is the woman that fails to get him.

Every man intends to have his own way after marriage, but sometimes his wife relieves him of a false impression.—Chicago News.

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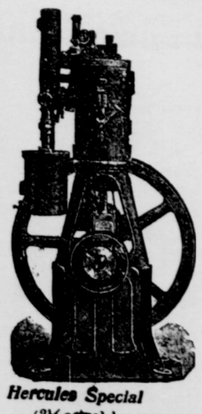

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