HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle.* Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Wisconsin produces annually an average of 10,000,000 pounds of cheese.

"You May Bend the Sapling But Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Allowances.

Mrs. Cadger—They tell me, Henrietta, that your husband is unkind to you.

Mrs. Howes—Yes, John is not very gentle in his manners, I must admit, but there is one thing I will say for him—he never kicks up a rug or creases a tidy.—Boston Transcript.

Very True.

Mistress—It isn't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary!

Cook—Perhaps not, mum; but it's the clothes that makes the policeman!—Puck.

In a rock quarry in Virginia where dynamite was used three more lives have been blasted.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Glass door knobs are handsome and more easily kept in condition than those of bronze or brass.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Frog's skin, though one of the thinnest, is also one of the toughest leathers tanned.

That Dull, Awful Pain!

It's a sick headache. Cure it? Avoid it! Cascarets Candy Cathartic give quick relief and prevent headaches if taken in time. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In the last three years the United States has sold abroad $1,300,000 more than it has bought.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who boldly went off to the war;
The "beef" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Canada sells us farm products valued at $5,326,000, but buys of us other goods worth $78,000,000.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The tax on coffee amounts in France to about 14 cents a pound, while in England it is only 3 cents a pound.

Pure Tea
in packages
at grocers'
Schilling's Best

Washington Soldiers' Monument Association has been incorporated.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

California fruit canners have combined. They will close up half the plants and advance prices.

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, Ld., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Newton, N. C., hosiery mill is running night and day on hosiery.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

HIS BEST DAY.

"I know a boy likes Chris'mas best
'Cos Santa Claus comes then;
He likes to hang his stocking up,
An' take it down again,
An' count his presents out—but I—
I'druther have it Fourth July.

"That other boy likes Chris'mas best
'Cos o' the Chris'mas trees
To Sunday schools—an' things to eat,
An' when they's been a freeze,
He likes to slide and skate, but my!
What's that longside o' Fourth July?

"Chris'mas is good, but Fourth July!
That day's the best of all—
O my! I wisht could be the Fourth
All summer an' all fall!
No other time begins to be
So good as Fourth July to me!

"I hope 'at when the Fourth is here
My mother'll think its right
To let me creep down stairs an' fire
My crackers off 'fore light.
I'll blow my horn, and shoot my gun!
An' wake up pa! an' have such fun!

"At dark I'll fire my shooting stars,
An' let my rockets glare,
An' set my Roman candles off—
Whiza! Rush! Buzz! Bang! Pop! Flare!
Chris'mas is good 'nough, but my!
I'druther have it Fourth July!
I wisht 'twas always Fourth July!"
—Womankind.

A Fireworks Capture.

TROUBLE raged on the irrigation ditch. The upper gang and the lower gang were at outs. The former had lost a horse and the lower gang was supposed to include the thief.

"It just means a fight," exclaimed Mack to Simpson, as the two members of the lower gang rode over the plains one summer night. "There can't be any horse stealing around these parts and not have fighting."

"No; and the feeling isn't any too good already," added the other.

The ponies loped easily, and turning down the trail went swiftly into the thick sunflowers of a ravine. It was nearly sunset and the tall weeds seemed to be almost like young saplings. Suddenly the horses stopped; ahead was an unusual sight, a white-topped prairie schooner.

"A one-horse rig, too," exclaimed Simpson, looking at the thills that were on the front of the wagon.

"And deserted, too," and Matt drew nearer to the strange outfit.

"Well, what do you think of a man that will do this?" He pulled the curtains aside and showed the sleeping form of a boy perhaps 7 years old. The little fellow looked peaked and helpless and the sympathies of both the men were aroused by the sight.

"Well, he's a rascal," was the reply at last and the curtain was dropped.

"He ain't a rascal," came from the inside of the wagon. "My papa is good to me."

"Hello, there, what are you doing here?" asked Matt.

"Waiting for fireworks; papa has gone after them. He always gets them for me on the Fo'ther July."

"What did he say?" asked Matt.

"Says his father has gone after fireworks—a likely story. The boy's hungry; that is what is the matter with him."

"Well, let's feed him. I'll go over and get him something from the camp. And, say, I'll bring him some fireworks, too. I'd forgot it, but to-day is the Fourth of July, and the boss has a lot of rockets and things ready to fire off. All the men are out hunting for the horse thief and they have forgotten all about it. I can steal a few."

Away rode Matt in the gathering darkness, and although the pony went very fast, and the man did not stay in camp more than a few moments, the wait seemed a long one to the watcher in the ravine with the boy. The child was hungry and nervous and confided to the man that he had been "awful sick." Simpson felt exceedingly sorry for the little one, and was more and more indignant at the actions of the man who had forsaken such a precious charge.

"Here he comes," he said at last, when the rattle of horse's hoofs was heard on the prairie sod. Matt came down the ravine and had some difficulty in finding the wagon hidden in the sunflowers. At last he opened the package of food and laid the fireworks on the grass beside the boy.

"Supper first," was the order from Simpson, and the three ate the generous supply that had been brought.

"Good thing not to take the kid to the ranch," said Matt. "The men will have a rough time there to-night, and they wouldn't spare the boy."

"Now for the fun," and away went one of the rockets into the darkness, scattering its splendor over the level plains that spread from the edge of the ravine. The jack rabbits and the prairie owls saw it and wondered what it could be.

Somebody else saw it, far away off to the south, where its light was visible only as a faint glimmer, there was a company of horsemen, and they turned their animals in that direction.

"Hark!" said Matt, as the fun was at its height. "Somebody's coming."

The light of the last rocket had given a passing view of a man on horseback at the crest of a ravine. In a moment the man was near them and he was accompanied by a large number. In the midst of the party, with his head bound in a large red handkerchief, was seen the figure of a man tied on a horse.

"We have got the thief," said the leader of the newcomers.

"Well," replied Matt, "what are you bringing him here for?"

"We kind of lost our way and we thought this was the camp. But we are going to settle with the rascal right here, anyhow. It might not be best to take him to the camp, after all."

"Sure it is the man?"

"Bound to be—got the horse."

In the dim light of the little fire of sunflower stalks that somebody had kindled the prisoner was brought forth. He presented a pitiful appearance and the men almost felt sorry for him. Still, they knew the unwritten law.

"What have you there?" remarked one of the newcomers, pointing to the boy who stood by, looking with open-mouthed astonishment on the weird scene.

"Nothing but a kid that we picked up," answered Matt. "Let him alone, will you?"

"Say, fellows," went on the visitor, "what's the matter with letting the boy fire some of his rockets and make a respectable illumination for this proceeding?"

The others agreed, and the child was placed in position at the head of the two lines that had formed and had in his hand a big rocket that was to be fired at the signal, and then the bands were to be taken from the prisoner and he could be hit by any one who was quick enough. It was thought that he would get enough punishment to prevent him from ever returning to that section again. He evidently thought so, too, for he was trying his best to escape.

"All ready," called Matt. "Go!"

The bandage was dropped from the man's eyes and the ropes came from off his feet and arms. A dozen whips were raised to strike, but before they could be used a dramatic scene followed. The boy who was to fire the rocket dropped the signal in the grass and the bunches of fire went skurrying away in the tall sunflowers. For himself, the little fellow made one leap, and before a whip descended he was clinging to the man's neck with both arms around the same in an embrace that meant a great deal.

"Oh, it's papa!" he cried, and the man, instead of running, stood holding the child to his breast.

"Well, this is a go," said Matt. "What have you men been doing?"

"Make him run," called one of the more excitable ones among them. He raised his whip again, but Simpson stood between and would have received the blow on his own shoulders.

"You have captured the wrong man," said the stranger.

"But you didn't say so."

"How could I when you had put a yard of cotton over my mouth? I was looking for something to eat, and you made a rush and got me tied before I could get word to you. I tried not to let you get me, though."

"Yes, you fought like a tiger."

"My boy and I are traveling back east," went on the man. "One of our horses gave out back here a ways, and we had to get along with one. The boy's mother died in the mountains, and I must take him to my folks. We are very poor, but we are honest."

"Then how did you get the horse that belongs to the gang?"

"I did not get the horse. This is my own horse."

"We'll see about that. Come on, boys," said the leader, and they went toward the ranche house, where the men had their headquarters.

"Bring little fireworks and his playthings," called one of the men, and they gathered up the remainder of the rockets. On the way the boy fired several, and their path was thus marked with fire and shouting, for the men enjoyed the sight as well as he.

As they came into camp they saw all the upper gang men and the remainder of the lower gang employes gathered there. This unwonted sight made them afraid that trouble was in the air.

"We have got your horse," called Matt, as they drew nearer.

"So have we," came the strange answer.

Sure enough, as they entered the camp there was brought a horse with a piece of picket rope tied to his neck, and when they stood him beside the horse ridden by the stranger the two animals looked like as twins.

"But this is the right one," explained one of the men, pointing to the rope. "He had been in the tall weeds and was tangled by his rope."

"Seems to me that we owe you an apology," said Matt, addressing the stranger.

"Let's celebrate it," added the happy Simpson. "If it hadn't been for the boy we would have given the man pretty bad treatment. Let him fire his rockets."

So the remainder of the fireworks went into the dark and illuminated the scene that was so unusual on the plains.

"While we are about it," went on Simpson, "let's shake hands and be friends again."

The men of both gangs liked the suggestion and spent a happy evening together.

When the boy and the emigrant drove on east a few days afterward they were seated behind two horses, and the good wishes of both camps went with them.—Chicago Record.

1. Jack Rabbit—Polly, want a cracker? Poll—Not on your life, Jacky. I've sworn off smoking.

2. Poll—I'll go you. But won't you have a cracker, Jack? Do have one on me.

Jack—Then let's have a Fourth of July race. I'm a regular crackerjack at sprinting.

3. Humph! This looks like one on me.

4. Tut! tut! What's this? I smell powder.

5. Polly—How's that for a cracker, Jack?

6. Zip! Kerzoom! End of the Tale. —San Francisco Examiner.

The Modern Casabianca.

The boy stood on the backyard fence,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn
Shone round him o'er the shed.
A bunch of crackers in his hand,
Two others in his hat—
With piteous accents loud he cried,
"I never thought of that!"
The flames flew wide, flew thick, flew hot,
They lit upon the brat;
They fired those crackers in his hand,
And e'en those in his hat.
There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy! Oh, where was he?
Ask the winds that strewed around
His fragments on the lea!
A top, a knife, three marbles and
Some fish hooks and some yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy
Who burnt his father's barn!
—Vim.

SMALL BOY AND THE FOURTH.

Our National Birthday This Year Has Added Significance.

We have made some history since July 4, 1808, and it is so fresh, so augmentative, so rapid and brilliant that the orator who misses putting a Cuban section and a Philippine section into his present Independence Day oration will be voted behind the times in every way. The fireworks and bunting men have been somewhat restricted in their mechanical affairs since it has been pretty well conceded that we have done about all the heavy fighting necessary. Yellow bunting is at a discount, dangerous to wear, and greeted generally with unfriendly jeers, while the "king of the pack" firecracker—formerly a cherished yellow isolate—is now regarded only as worthy of being blown up in a mine of devouring squibs.

Fourth of July, 1899, greetings among the juveniles, too, partake of a certain timely snappiness that is attractive. Literature, conversation, fireworks are all colored with Cuban sympathy and Filipino enthusiasm. The extravagances of the present Fourth may be excused as to demonstrativeness among our juveniles, for the average American boy glories in the conviction that this country can never be whipped; he feels that he has a right to consider "the little fellow in the fight," Cuba, as a sort of adopted small brother, the big doings of our Manila contingent, as natural consequences of Yankee fire and courage, and consequently he feels martial, important, irrepressible, all at the same time. So, in making the present Fourth a genuine "blow-out," he is only giving vent to an enthusiasm he cannot keep longer bottled up.

TWO MEMORABLE FOURTHS.

One Followed the Fall of Gettysburg, the Other the Victory at Santiago.

THIS country has seen some sensational and dramatic celebrations of the Fourth of July, and these same go to enforce historical significance with those whose memory reaches back into the past generation. Just 36 years ago this Independence Day, that of 1863 was one of expressive, heartfelt emotion. When the sun rose on that vivid Fourth of July and the preparations were made in the midst of devastating war to pay homage to the nation's natal day, the wires flashed the news that Gettysburg had seen the most momentous victory for the Union arms, and that Vicksburg had fallen. It was perhaps the most critical period of the war—the high-water mark of the prowess of one army, when its forces had pursued a victorious march and were actually in ripe alien territory. The whole nation quivered with excitement, and it was indeed a glorious Fourth when the news came that Grant and Meade had simultaneously won two such vital victories.

It is a singular coincidental situation that exactly one year ago practically the same interest and anxiety as that manifested in 1863 hovered about the Fourth of July, 1898. It requires brief exercise of memory to revive with a thrill the rare eagerness with which the whole people of this country were awaiting news of the naval campaign in Cuba as the month of July drifted in. It was July 3 that the most remarkable exploit ever accomplished by American arms came to fruition—on that day the United States navy met the foe long sought for, and Cervera's fleet was destroyed in Santiago harbor. The series of thrilling events that accompanied this important occurrence, the intense national anxiety of July 3 that was followed by widespread rejoicing the ensuing day, mark an epoch in ardent historical event that, being within our near actual knowledge and participation, will never be forgotten.

Racing Terms.

"They're off in a bunch."

His Natural Diet.

Big Brother—Say, Bobby, I should think you could eat powder crackers.

Little Bobby—Why?

Big Brother—'Cause I heard papa call you a little son of a gun.

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH!

—Minneapolis Journal.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA

SHOULD PROSPER UNDER AMERICAN INFLUENCES.

The Fertile but Devastated Island Has Inexhaustible Resources that Need but Proper Management to Make Them Very Highly Profitable.

Havana correspondence:

The problem of Cuba's future is one that is now creating wide-spread interest, and it is a relief to turn from a picture of trials and sorrow to a consideration of the manifest prosperity that seems signally sure to visit the island under auspices that will bring to the front its inexhaustible resources. These need but proper management to make them highly profitable. Practically the veil is now dropped over the panorama of human woes in a past rendered inglorious by the inordinate greed of a greedy race, and it now requires only the peace purchased with the blood of the men who fell at El Caney, Santiago and on the hills of San Juan, together with the generous, free-spirited enterprise characteristic of the American people to make Cuba as garden-like as in the primeval days.

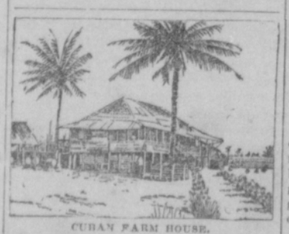
SCENE IN THE INTERIOR BEFORE THE WAR.

Immediately after the peace protocol, President McKinley sent a special commissioner to Cuba to investigate social conditions there. This has led to a study and a grouping of the real economic situations, and the island's business salvation must come out of the workings, philanthropic and commercial, of those who are interested in redeeming a people and their latent abilities. There are existing wrongs to redress, the destruction of war to repair—most practical and important, the elevation of the people in all walks of life. It is Industrial Cuba that will now come into prominent view, and a comprehensive insight as to the future shows that the next decade is destined to see a nation ascend the stepping stones of industry, thrift and enlightenment. Political questions and military policy are now being considered only as temporary transition elements; it is the industrial movement that will conduce to settle all disturbing questions and improve conditions everywhere.

TYPICAL CUBAN HOME.

First of all, the country needs more laborers to work in the fields, and it further needs a feasible, definite plan of employing on a satisfactory basis the semi-slave laboring population now in Cuba. The conditions that have long prevailed on the plantations, and which are still to be met with, are not such as would induce European immigration. It is quite uncommon to find a laboring man who can read or write. Marriage is loosely regarded, and the Cuban and the Spaniard alike are inveterate gamblers. Field labor wages average about $17 per month, an overseer gets $85, his assistant $35. The hours of labor are long—from 4 in the morning till 8 in the night. Labor seeking employment in Cuba at present must face these conditions. Meager food and poor accommodations have so far warned away outside laborers, even the negro.

With advanced and advancing conditions, however, it is believed that unwittingly the American negro will be the pioneer of a new labor era in Cuba. It follows that what has ennobled labor in the United States will have its elevating influence among the laboring people of Cuba. Herding laborers in barracanas like so many cattle, sleeping them, feeding them, bathing them with less care than is shown to fine cattle, ruling them with whip and spur, making no provision or allowing no time for their mental or moral improvement, it is small wonder that for two centuries the sugar planter's crying need has been sufficient and efficient labor. The better grade that new conditions will maintain clears the problem, and its workings must, in the minds of practical thinkers, enter an era of prosperity for Cuba for all classes, that will astonish and attract the world.



CUBAN FARM HOUSE.

"Americanization" must take a hand in the rehabilitation of this country so long laid desolate, and, with stable government, the same is bound to develop itself. In fact, even now the initial suggestions of transformation are manifest. Americans propose to build great docks in Havana harbor, Americans are anxious to construct railroads and telegraph lines, trolley roads and electric light plants. One has only to visit the Jurugua mines, near Santiago, to understand what American development means. Here, upon mountains which are literally of solid iron, an American company has created a small city, building its own railroad and ocean docks, and housing its employes in the neatest buildings of their kind upon the island. The supply of iron is practically inexhaustible. It can be mined, transported to seaboard, carried by ocean to Philadelphia and thence conveyed to Pittsburg, at a lower price than Michigan ore can be bought at the latter city. This is a problem in labor and transportation which is worth considerable study.

Up to date the Cuban railroad is a fearful and a wonderful thing, which American genius must shortly revolutionize. It is narrow gauge, with cars that would not make respectable firewood, and engines of a past age. The tracks are loosely laid. There is a vast amount of business to be done in railway improvement and extension, and new immigration rules, put in force recently, favor the sturdy class of laborers. These prevent the ingress of any more Chinese, whose unsanitary conditions have been a menace in the past. The health bureau has already burned down infected quarters occupied by this class. Another undesirable element is that which have overrun the eastern part of the island—shiftless negroes from Jamaica, Hayti and San Domingo. New accessions of this class are now quietly shipped back home, unless they can show the possession of $40 in ready money. Cuba does not want any more public charges—it needs the vim and muscle that built up the great West and developed the mines of Pennsylvania and Alabama.

Progressive work in Cuba for women will be somewhat circumscribed for a time to come. There are few avenues open on the island now in which the gentler sex can earn a livelihood. None are seen in the shops, none behind the counters, none in offices. The "new woman" is not in Cuba. Still, the training for hospital service and the organization of a public school system would give employment to many made destitute by the war. The value of the American trained nurse cannot be overestimated in influence and practical results. One end immediately desired is that these educate Cuban women for hospital service training—the better class of women—the refined and intelligent and now practically homeless.

One can hardly realize that Cuba is but a hundred miles away from our Florida coast. This means very ready access. There is no color line; the average inhabitants are pliable, languorous, childlike persons, with traditions of idleness and ease that must be replaced with wakeful, healthy ambition. It is believed that the hum of industry will arouse these people and evoke co-operation. It will take much of the leaven of true energetic American enterprise to accomplish it, however. Gradually, as American goods come more and more into use, there is a perceptible appreciation of the utilities. Among the younger Cubans, too, a certain emulation, a comprehension that "things are on the turn" and a new era is due—these elements urge occupation and ambition. Cuba to-day has far more in visible national resources to encourage prospector and investor than did any of the Western States manifest fifty years ago. The development of these is bound in time to make the island rich. The new importance given to Cuba by the commercial attention bestowed by this country is likely to develop it into an ocean depot, a maritime clearing house, a point for the transaction and transference of business, the value of which cannot clearly be estimated in these, the nucleus, the chrysalis days of a people newly freed from the bonds of moral and social slavery, and just on the threshold of a bright, glorious future of ambition, and hence, industry. To "Industrial Cuba" alone the economist and the promoter alike look for the grander results yet in store for this "isle of the sea!"

STARVING CUBANS AT AN INTERIOR RELIEF STATION.

NO COWARD.

Anecdote of a Brave Soldier in the Santiago Campaign.

War anecdotes of men "not mentioned in the reports" are now coming in, as returned soldiers recall the incidents of battle, and many of these are full of genuine pathos. The Courier-Journal gives this story, told by a regular army officer:

In the two days of real fighting before Santiago men of the different regiments became mixed, and for a time were lost to their comrades. This condition gave rise to the report that a certain few men had shown the "white feather."

One of the officers of Gen. Lawton's division observed among his men a colored trooper of the Tenth cavalry. On being questioned, the man explained that he had lost his command, and asked to be allowed to remain where he was.

He stayed and did fine service that day. None of his white comrades were able to outdo him in deeds of bravery. He twice risked his life in assisting wounded men to places of safety, but each time escaped uninjured.

That night he asked the officer whom he had met earlier in the day to give him a note to his own commander, accounting for his absence, and certifying to his good conduct. This was willingly done, and with the precious paper clasped tightly in his hand, under cover of darkness he started in search of his own command.

The next morning at dawn, Lieut. L. started on a search for wounded men of his division, and happened to stumble over a prostrate body. He immediately recognized the brave cavalryman of the day before, who was fast losing consciousness.

After struggling a moment for strength to speak, the prostrate man held up his little slip of paper, and said: "Give it to Captain A. of L troop, if you can find him, and tell him Williams wasn't a coward."

Then, with a look of satisfaction in his eyes, his hand dropped to his side, and he was dead.

ORATOR, SCHOLAR, STATESMEN.

Spain Lost Greatest of Her Men in Emilio Castelar's Death.

The death of Emilio Castelar has removed a man who outranked all his contemporaries in the public life of Spain, and who besides enjoyed international reputation as a writer, an orator and a statesman. He was a man of wide culture and attainments. Through a stormy career he maintained his personal honor unsullied, and though actively engaged in politics he disdained the artifices of the practical politician.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

Castelar was born in Cadiz in 1832, and at an early age lost his father. He had a hard struggle to obtain an education, but by the aid of his pen succeeded. The revolution of 1854 was the starting point of his political career. He made a speech at a public meeting in support of democracy, and the next morning he was famous. He allied himself with the then democratic party, El Tribuno, and each day saw his popularity grow. In 1866 he took part in an uprising against the crown and was condemned to death. He fled to Paris, where he remained two years, returning to Spain to be recognized as the chief of the Republican party.

After Amadeus, who was elected King by the Cortes on the expulsion of Isabella, resigned, Castelar took the folio of the foreign office in the Cabinet of the newly formed republic. Later, in 1874, Castelar became President of the republic, with almost dictatorial powers. While in this position he did good service for the state. He was unable, however, to maintain himself in power, and the republic fell. Alfonso XIII. was then proclaimed King, and since then Spain has been a monarchy.

Of late years Castelar had not taken a very active part in politics, though he was a member of the Cortes subsequent to the time when he was President of the republic. He ultimately became convinced that a monarchy was the best form of government for Spain.

A FRENCH SAILOR-YARN.

Troubled Waves of Ocean Calmed by a Cargo of Varnish.

Clark Russell of England is the best-known teller of sea tales at the present day, and he certainly relates some marvelous adventures. But he will have to look to his laureis. Alphonse Allais of Paris, in a recent issue of Le Journal, gives the remarkable experience of a French sea captain, whom he allows to relate his own story. Since he set forth on his voyage from our own New England capital, which incontestably exists, and can be proved to be still in its place, perhaps we may accept his words as truth.

"Captain of the three-master Lucien Guitry," he begins, "I set sail from Boston Jan. 28, with an exclusive cargo of varnish. What use people could possibly find for six thousand barrels of varnish I do not know—and besides, that has nothing to do with this story.

"The second of February, in the early morning, we were assailed by a frightful tempest. Waves as high as houses beat against my poor vessel, which strained and groaned threateningly. We could not endure much more; yet the sky showed no promise of change. We were in imminent danger; every shock increased our peril; it was impossible to survive such violence if it continued. What should we do?

"Pour oil upon the sea! Certainly, we thought of it; but, unfortunately, we had aboard only a litre of olive oil, destined for the mayonnaise dressing of an occasional salad.

"Suddenly my second officer was struck with an inspiration of genius.

"'Suppose,' cried he, 'we should pour on varnish! Varnish is much like oil.'

"At that moment the hurricane redoubled its fury; truly we appeared to be lost.

"Pour on the varnish!" I commanded.

"The result was stupefying. At the first barrel emptied over to starboard the waves were visibly calmed upon that side; the second, poured to larboard, achieved a like success.

"Thereupon a sort of frenzy took possession of the entire crew, myself the foremost. Every one has heard of such a thing as a collective hallucination; this was a collective frenzy, a delirium of wild exertion! We poured; we continued to pour. When evening fell, we had poured overboard all our cargo of varnish—all! And the effect! Around us, at a distance, the storm raged more and more madly; but about the ship, in a circumference of at least a quarter of a mile, reigned the most tranquil of calms. That, however, was nothing.

"The morning of the next day I leave you to guess our stupefaction when we saw—what? The varnish, having hardened during the night, covered the sea with a thickish crust that glistened with an irreproachable polish! The French three-master Lucien Guitry seemed the center of an immense mirror of amber, upon which, with fairy-like effect, sparkled the beams of the rising sun!"

Cycling in Turkey.

It is considered a heinous offense to ride a bicycle anywhere near the city of Constantinople.

Those Absurd Names.

"What ridiculous names they have over there in the Philippines," said the man who had just walked up to the counter and been assured by the clerk that he could have the best room in the hotel. "There's Calumpit, for instance. That name would make a horse laugh. Who ever heard of anything so absurd as to give a town such a postmark as that?"

Then he took the pen that the clerk had been holding out toward him and wrote upon the register:

"J. Crawford, Woonsocket, R. I."—Chicago Evening News.

A Philanthropist.

Lady of the House—I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging.

Sleepy Sim—I would if it wasn't fer one ting.

"What's that?"

"I ain't got no family meself, and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap wot has little ones to support."—Chicago Evening News.

The value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain every year is estimated at $50,000,000.

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He put in the best part of his life gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half spending dollars to get it back. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

Talent always knows what to do, but it is tact that knows what not to do.

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