

**DEWEY HOMEWARD BOUND.**

MANILA, May 23.—The cruiser Olympia, with Admiral Dewey on board, left here on her homeward journey at 4 o'clock this afternoon. As she steamed away, the Oregon, Baltimore and Concord fired an admiral's salute. At the first shot the band on the flagship played a lively air, and the crew crowded the decks and gave thunderous cheers.

As the Olympia passed the Oregon, the crew of that battle-ship gave nine cheers for the Olympians, who responded by throwing their caps so high that dozens of them were left behind in the wake of the cruiser.

The din of guns and brass bands echoed through the smoke, a fleet of steam launches shrieked their whistles, the musicians of the Baltimore played "Home, Sweet Home," her flags signalled "good-bye," and those of the Oregon said "pleasant voyage." The merchant vessels in these waters dipped their flags, the ladies on the decks of the vessels of the fleet waved handkerchiefs, and the great British cruiser Powerful, which lay the furthest out, saluted the Olympia. The latter's band played "God Save the Queen," and to this the crew of the Powerful responded with hearty cheers for the Olympia.

The last music heard from Admiral Dewey's ship was "Auld Lang Syne," while the guns from the forts at Cavite and from the Monterey, on guard off Paranaque, too far to be audible, puffed white clouds of smoke. The Olympia was disappearing past Corregidor island when a battery before the walled city spoke Manila's last word of farewell.

Admiral Dewey sat on the deck of the Olympia and received the adieus of his friends during most of the day. The launch of General Otis was first to arrive alongside the cruiser at 7 o'clock this morning, and afterwards the admiral landed and called upon the major-general and the United States Philippine commission. Admiral Dewey is enthusiastic over his home-going, but when mention was made of the welcome to be extended to him, he said he appreciated the friendship of his countrymen deeply, but hoped they would not be too demonstrative.

**War Taxes and a Deficit.**

Secretary Gage admitted to the World correspondent at Hot Springs that there will be a deficit of more than \$100,000,000 at the close of the fiscal year.

The deficit at the last report was \$109,000,000, and this is certain to be considerably increased by the expenditures during May and June.

Secretary Gage looks for a "material decrease" in the deficit next year. He hopes it will not be more than \$50,000,000, and expects to get along without another bond issue. He concedes, however, that "if something unforeseen develops it may become imperative to put the 3 per cents on the market."

The something unforeseen is not unlikely to be the claims of our citizens for damages sustained in Cuba under the Spanish rule, which by the treaty of Paris the United States agreed to pay. Twenty million dollars is a low estimate for these claims, and it now appears that large claims for damages incurred by British, French and German residents in Cuba during the recent insurrection will be pressed against the United States. They aggregate, it is estimated, fully \$10,000,000.

Meanwhile our war expenses in the Philippines are certainly not growing less, and the lowest limit for the present appears to have been reached in Cuba and Porto Rico. The adamant fact remains that the war taxes, passed for a specific purpose long since accomplished, are not only to stand permanent, but even with this addition to our revenues there is a great and continuing deficiency.—World.

"Pauline didn't break her heart over that faithless man, after all."

"No," she convinced herself that if she had married him he would have tyrannized over her dreadfully.

"O, Death, where is thy victory?" they exclaimed, tauntingly.

Death was not given to boasting; but now, it seemed, his reputation was at stake.

"Well," he therefore replied, "I've made certain parties let go of their money!"

Truly a distinguished triumph, as the world goes!

"What is your objection to surrendering?" inquired the weary Filipino.

"I haven't any objection to surrendering," was the leader's answer. "All I object to is being compelled to admit that I have been whipped."

Weary Watkins—Here is a guy in the paper after me own heart. He says whisky is all right in proper quantity.

Hungry Higgins—"I've heard of them guys before. 'Proper quantity' means not more'n half enough."

"It's true, I suppose," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "that a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer, but this doesn't give the fool any particular advantage. A wise man can tell a lot of lies to the fool and the fool won't know they are lies."

"I want to enlist to go to the Philippines," said the seedy-looking man, "I am a good fighter." "That is of minor importance," answered the recruiting officer. "Are you a good swimmer?"

**Connubialities.**

It is fortunate, perhaps, that the average young man doesn't marry his first love. If he should he couldn't make a proper selection among his later loves.

The girls of Illinois have discovered that a widow has 10 per cent more chances to marry than an unmarried woman. This is a phase of woman's rights that threatens trouble.

A Chicago boy 28 years of age has married a widow who has a son 40 years old. There is likely to be fun for the neighbors when papa starts to use the slipper on 40-year-old little Willie because of the latter's slowness in obeying the paternal command to come in at night.

Count Carl Axel Wachtmeister, who married Miss Beulah Cooper Hubbard, of Des Moines, Ia., the other day, has been the secretary of the Swedish-Norwegian consulate in Chicago for several years. He will take his bride to Sweden, where they will make their home.

The marrying age differs in different countries. In Turkey any boy and girl who can understand the religious service may marry. In Portugal, Spain, Switzerland and Hungary a "man" must be 14 years old and a "woman" 12 years old before they can marry. Protestants in Hungary must be 18 and 15, respectively. In Austria boys and girls may marry at 14. In France, Russia and Germany the man must be 18 and the woman 16.

At Peoria, Ill., thirty-five men have formed a club and pledged themselves to marry none but widows. The organizers of the club claim to be philanthropists. Eligible girls, they say, have no trouble in finding husbands, but widows, and especially those with children, cannot pick husbands off the trees, hence the present movement for their relief.

There are more freak matrimonial complications in Indiana to the square mile than in any other section of the country. Cupid in his operations through Indiana, seems to have been afflicted with a most aggravated case of the blind staggers. It was but a week ago that an Indiana mother awoke to find she had married her own son; another woman found she had married her brother; another found that by marriage he became his own grandfather; another that by taking a wife of his choice he became his own uncle, and so down a long list the cupidian blunders indicate that Indiana is not the safest section of the country in which to fall in love.

**Told Out Of Court.**

In deciding the divorce suit of Kraus against Kraus at Cincinnati on March 25, Judge Davis rendering excellent service to those of the fair sex who seek by artificial means to remedy such defects in face and figure as unkind nature has dealt out to them. He held that the concealment by a prospective bride of the fact that she had a glass eye was not a ground for divorce. He said: "It is not necessary for a woman, during courtship, to inform her intended husband of any device or attachment used to improve the work of nature in the construction of her face, form or figure. If a glass eye, purposely concealed before marriage, be fraudulent representation and a ground for divorce, why are not false teeth, false hair or any other false article peculiar to the fair sex also a ground for divorce?"

Judge Alonzo G. Meyers was sitting under a big tree in Brandon, Miss., one fine day, exchanging experiences with Dr. Hart, the minister, and some more of the folks of Brandon. Judge Meyers has a circuit which includes twenty-seven counties and nineteen of them are off the railroad lines. On that account things happen to him once in a while which he thinks are worth recounting. This day it chanced that Dr. Hart's attention was attracted to Judge Meyers' feet. There was something peculiar about them, to tell the truth. They were quite long, but they were wide, and the judge made no attempt to conceal the fact. Dr. Hart had very small feet, and he was just as proud of them as if he deserved any credit. He had his boots made to order and kept them nicely polished, and otherwise sought to direct attention to his cute little feet.

This particular day, while the group was sitting out under the tree at Brandon, Dr. Hart said:

"Judge, that's a pretty fair understanding you have there, isn't it?"

The court looked at the foot rather admiringly and said:

"Yes, that is a pretty big foot. That was remarked to me by a horseman that rode down from Nashville with me a month ago. He said I had a big foot and I said: 'Don't you find that good horses, you know—always have big feet?'"

"He says, 'Oh, yes, that's the rule.'"

"Well," I says, "isn't it true that jack-asses always have small feet?"

"And he says, 'Oh, yes, that's true too.'"

After that Dr. Hart changed the subject to the prospects for a good cotton crop, which were not encouraging.

Jiggers—There goes a man that I always envy.

Jiggers—Why so?

Jiggers—He proposed to my wife once and she refused him.

**Gossip About Noted People.**

John Bonner, the newspaper man who died in San Francisco last week at the age of 70, was one of the best known writers in this country. He was formerly an editorial writer on the New York Herald and Harper's Weekly, and for five years represented the Herald in Paris. He made a fortune in Wall street, but lost it. He was the father of Geraldine Bonner, who is also a writer.

"Jerry Simpson," says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, "has come out of the whirl with profit, and is said to have saved enough from his congressional salary to keep him in reasonable comfort the rest of his life. He has a good ranch at Medicine Lodge, which he 'took up' as government land in early times, a bunch of 400 or 500 cattle and various investments that cause him to be rated at \$30,000 by the commercial agencies. For eight years he received a salary and allowances amounting to over \$6,500, or a total of \$50,000, in payment for his service as a statesman. He has lived in a frugal way upon his mileage, his postage and private secretary account, and has had a little income from the ranch. So, having been too sensible to fool away his money, he is now well fixed and can enjoy the use of it."

Thirty years ago Henry C. Frick, head of the steel trust, was a poor book keeper in a flour mill in Fayette county, Pennsylvania. He made his start in business by the purchase of a small interest in a coal mine near his home. The business grew steadily. In 1873, at the time of the panic, he was only 24 years old. The panic enabled him to acquire the whole plant and then he began to spread. He bought everything he could in the way of coal land and when the reaction came he found himself enormously wealthy. At 40 he was master of the coal trade. In 1878 he took in a partner, E. M. Ferguson, and in 1882 the Frick Coke company was organized. Andrew Carnegie then became associated with Mr. Frick in the coal and coke business and for many years the two have worked together. Mr. Frick is only five feet four inches tall, blond and slight. He is affable and generous and has great capacity for work and organization.

Ed Howe of the Atchison Globe is himself authority for the statement that his last will and testament contains the following provision: "When I die, I do not want to be buried from a church, and I do not want any religious service at the house. If the boys want to send a floral pillow, with '30' marked in the center I would not object, providing they all contribute without being pestered. I specially request that the parade up Commercial street be omitted, and that the hour of the funeral be after 5 p.m. after the printers have thrown in their cases. Anyone who desires to attend the funeral will be welcome, but I desire that no one who is too busy, or who does not find it convenient for any other reason. If Louis Stapper survives me I ask that he secure competent musicians, to be paid from my estate, to render the dead march in 'Saul,' and the sextette from 'Lucia,' at the house, these two musical selections to constitute the services."

I heard a story about the lamented H. C. Bunner the other day, relates a writer in the Buffalo Enquirer. No doubt the story is ancient one among literary men, but is still good enough to acquaint the general public with. All are familiar with the intimacy that existed between Laurence Hutton, the famous critic, and Mr. Bunner. This friendship is still pointed out as the ideal one and literary reviewers and critics are fond of publishing anecdotes of the two.

This story deals with a trip that Bunner and Hutton took through Westminster Abbey. After viewing the tombs of England's greatness Bunner began a savage attack on the custom of handing down to posterity the names and nobles whose actions were never good and whose lives were never for good. He concluded this by saying to Hutton:

"Do you know that there are only three kinds of Englishmen that I like?"

"No," responded Hutton, his curiosity aroused by the rather strange remark.

"What are they?"

"Well," replied Bunner slowly, "they are the Irish, Scotch and the dead."

During Tom Reed's early Czarhood as speaker of the house, back in 1889, when the democratic members were wild and the whole country was agitated over his mathematical attainments as a quorum counter, and the galleries were crowded with a motley throng of expectant on-lookers, a pleasing but unrecorded incident occurred in the national bear garden. From his speakeratorial aerie and with many a gentle gesture about the hall Tom had counted the needed quorum, and with the announcement the routine work began with the usual kaleidoscopic changes and confusion, when Mr. Barnes of Georgia, who weighed over 400 pounds, on this occasion occupied a front seat, about fifteen feet from the speaker's chair, arose and in a brief statement objected to being counted. A hush fell over the hall, and all eyes were turned upon the elephantine form of the gentleman from Georgia. Party spirit ran high and the suspense was truly painful till the speaker, in his Yankee drawl, and with a nasal twang that

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sounds like old cheese tastes, relieved the pain up and almost tragic situation with a humorous climax by exclaiming in a sort of circumflex or roller-coaster accent and with the final inflection high in the air—even scraping the skylight—"Does the gentleman deny that he is here?" There was no answer, the scene changed as a bubble that is pricked, and with the country saved again the wide and witless world wagged on.

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the woman at the table.

"Hey?" ejaculated the waiter who was hard of hearing.

"No, straw, I said."

Indignant Spinster—I shall sue you for breach of promise, sir, and I shall have your letters read in court!

Recent Bachelor—"That's all right. I ain't ashamed of those letters. I copied every one of 'em from a regular printed letter writer."

"You seem to think you are another Cicero," said the ambitious orator's chiding friend.

"I think nothing of the kind," was the indignant reply. "Cicero was all right enough in his time and place. But he couldn't talk United States."

"Russia," remarked the teacher of the history class, "is a formidable monster on land. But she has long sought an outlet to the sea. She aspires to be an amphibious monster, as it were."

"I suppose," suggested the young man with the bad eyes, "that's why she's preparing to annex the Fims."

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