The Daily Press

C. E. THACKER, Editor and Manager.

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MR. BRYAN'S SILENCE.

Mr. Bryan was not a silent man on the subject of expansion when it first came up, but he is now.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

And his course is eminently proper. It would be in exceedingly bad taste for a man holding a colonel's commission in the army under the command of President McKinley to criticize the policy adopted by the President and his advisers. No one can doubt Mr. Bryan's ability to talk on either side of any question he may feel called upon to discuss and those who have followed his career with interest cannot doubt his fearlessness in expressing the views he honestly holds. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryan is on the unpopular side of the question at present, but that is not sufficient reason for believing that he is keeping quiet on that score alone. Nothing can be gained by attributing unworthy motives to Mr. Bryan. While the Nebraskan does not always display good judgment, even his bitterest enemies have never accused him of a lack of sincerity. The sneer of our esteemed contemporary is ill-timed and unjust. Mr. Bryan's silence is easily and logically explained. Under existing conditions it would be not only imprudent but radically wrong for him to attempt to enforce his well known views on the subject of expansion.

A number of individious comparisons have been made concerning efficiency of the volunteer and regular branches of the United States army. It is no reflection upon the volunteer to say that in the very nature of things he cannot be expected to manifest the same degree of steadiness in battle which characterizes the veteran who "has smelled powder." To the regular it is an old story and he goes into battle in a business-like manner which can only come from experience and long training. The volunteer, no matter how brave he may be, is surrounded by new conditions and may not meet a withering fire with the nonchalance of a regular. Comparisons are always odious and in the instance cited were particularly unfortunate. Both branches of the service are exceptionally fine and the members of either may be depended upon to perform their duty at all times. This is all that is necesary and all that can be expected of them.

Governor Black, of New York, has taken a firm and uncompromising stand in reference to the treatment of the Empire State volunteers in the hospitals and military camps, and insists that if the national government cannot give the soldier boys the necessary attentions that they should be mustered out of the service and turned over to the State, which is both willing and able to see that they are properly treated. This a sensible and practicable way in which to get at the matter. With men dying from starvation and neglect, it is quite apparent that the War Department has lost control of the situation. That being the case, it has been suggested that each commonwealth come forward and provide for the necessities and wants of its own sons. Some of the states are not so well able to take the step as New York, but it goes without saying that each would manage by some means to do whatever is necessary for the comfort and welfare of its own volunteers.

Mr. Gun Coates is a candidate for the Senate in Tennessee. If it is necessary to pick such candidates as this there is evidently little show for a "dry" man in that State.

We infer from War Department reports that the negligence and incompetence manifested in that bureau was the fault of no one in particular. This is one of those exceptional cases in which effects are evident without a cause.

We note from the press dispatches that Admiral Schley also found it difficult to escape from the kissing zone.

TOLD BY THE CIRCUS MAN.

A Little Trick of the Clown's That Used to Please the People Mightily.

"Some of the feats and tricks of one sort and another performed in shows that look so wonderful," said an old circus man, "are really as simple as rolling off a log, if you only know how they are done. We used to have a clown at one time who was also a very good acrobat, and he was humorous in his antics as well as in his speech, and everybody liked him. He always wore a black mustache, with the ends neatly waxed and corkscrewed, and one of the funniest things he did depended for its success on these waxed ends of his mustache.

After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion, he would pause, panting, in the ring, and turn to the ring master. "'Well, I'd give a dollar and quarter,' he would say to the ring master, 'for a bottle of soda water.'

"'Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing,' the ring master says, and he sends a groom for a bottle of soda water, who comes back in a minute with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

"'But where's the corkscrew?' the clown asks, picking up the bottle and holding it up clear of the tray and looking all around on it. 'There's no corkscrew.'

"'What's the matter with your mustache for a corkscrew?' says the ring master, the whole audience looking on perfectly still. And before you could think, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his mustache—he'd practiced that so that he never missed it—and drive it on to the point, and then in almost the same motion—there was never any halt in the action from the beginning to the end of the whole thing—he'd begin turning the bottle on to his mustache until the point was buried in the cork, and then he'd give the bottle a yank and pull it free and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his mustache. He'd drink half the soda water, toss the bottle at the ring master, have the cork off his mustache in a jiffy, and toss that at the groom standing there waiting with the tray, and then turn a cartwheel while the whole audience doubled up with laughter. Why, it used to tickle 'em half to death.

"And it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrew tips projecting out beyond his mustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth."

A Discovery at Zurich.

A very interesting and pleasing discovery is announced from Baden, near Zurich. The learned have been discussing for ages whether anything in the way of hospitals were known to the ancients—it is not to be said that they have been disputing, for there was not material enough hitherto to support a lively argument. One might read the whole volume of Greek and Roman literature, carefully, too, without noticing one passage that might be interpreted as an allusion to a hospital. The works of Hippocrates could not fail to speak of them surely, if any existed; but nothing is there beyond a reference to the notes of "cases" observed in the Temple of Aesculapius. So it is generally assumed that there were no hospitals in those days; the Asclepia were "baths" with massage treatment. Scholars who hold to the other opinion can adduce only hints in its favor. But now we hear that one has actually been discovered at Baden, containing "fourteen rooms, supplied with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical, and surgical apparatus, tubes, tubes, pincers, cauterizing instruments, and even a collection of safety-pins for bandaging wounds"—but these things are familiar. "There are also medicine spoons in bone and silver, measuring vessels, jars, and pots for ointment, some still containing traces of the ointment used." The latest date of the coins found appears to be the reign of Hadrian. Probably it was a military hospital, for this was the station of the VII and VIII Legions. But the find is certainly not less interesting on that account, for the army medical service of Rome and Greece is one of the deepest mysteries of archaeology. Caesar refers only once to his regimental surgeons—is there a single distinct allusion elsewhere? We hail with puzzled gratitude the casual remark of Xenophon that the Spartans sent their doctors to the rear when a fight impended—but we look vainly for more information from him or anybody else.

There are two places in a newspaper where a man doesn't care to have his name appear—the obituary column and the police court record.

Summer girls think there should be rough naval engagements to go with it.

On September 1, 1898,

MISS E. H. CLARKE

Will open in Newport News a Select Day School for Girls, number limited. Four oral lessons in French (Parisian accent) will be given daily to the whole school free of charge.

For particulars apply to

MISS ELIZABETH H. CLARKE,
126 Thirty-first Street,
Newport News.

WHEN LOVE WAS SWEETEST SUNG.

Dear little sunny heart of mine,
I bring to you a valentine
To tell you love's old song—
Some little, happy, blushing verses,
Sweet as the summer breeze rehearses,
To play your thoughts among.

To tell you how your magic spells,
Your love's mysterious incantations,
Bewitch me with the fascinations
Their gentle music tells.

And, thinking of the golden days
When love was sweetest sung, I breathe
A thought as fair as love can wreathe
And sing it in thy praise.

—M. H. Douglass in Donahoe's.

TOPPING OFF.

A Custom In the Building Trade That Is Dying Out.

"What was once a very general custom in this city, 'topping off,' as it was called," remarked an old bricklayer to a reporter, "has nearly died out, and some of the new generation of bricklayers have never participated in it. 'Topping off' occurred the day the last course of bricks was laid in a house and was to celebrate the event. On the morning the 'topping' was to take place a flag was raised on the building. It was also a signal for the owner of the building to prepare a lunch and the customary drinkables, especially the drinkables, for all hands engaged on the building. Of course it generally wound up in a mild kind of a spree, but it was the custom, and no one who amounted to anything ever refused to give a 'topping out.' The best kind of punches were often provided for 'topping out,' though in later years it ran down to beer.

"In the days when ale was the drink I have known of a barrel of ale being used at a 'topping out,' besides a barrel of sandwiches. The day Dr. Hall 'topped out' his house on C street, near Four-and-one-half street, which, by the way, was the first brownstone front ever put up in this city, he not only furnished all the ale and porter necessary, but used up three baskets of fried chickens, cakes and other things. It was the talk of the town for years, especially among mechanics. There were also a number of other famous 'topping outs.' Mayor Berret 'topped out' his house on H street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, with fine champagne, as did also Mr. Galt, the jeweler, who built a house next to him. Many of the hod carriers were given bucketfuls of cakes, cookies and sandwiches at the close of the 'topping out.' But those days have passed, and when anything is said to the owners of houses being built these days they express ignorance of the custom, and decline to observe it when it is explained to them."—Washington Star.

The Canyons of Colorado.

The secret of the great denudation and of this wonderful achievement of the Colorado in carving out of rock a series of canyons about 500 miles long and in one place at least more than a mile deep, with a multitude of tributary chasms and gorges, is very simple when you know it. The old lake bed slowly rose. At first the Colorado river and its tributaries or some nameless monstrous ancestor of these, sweeping over the slowly rising surfaces, planed them down in most relentless fashion and then began wearing out broad shallow stream beds. But then the country rose more rapidly, and the water had to cut deeper channels in the rocks in order to get out and away to sea.

Owing in part to the wear of the water itself, but more to the ceaseless bombardment of the suspended sand which it bore from the up country or picked up as it went along, and to the thump of pebbles and bowlders which it swept on in flood-time, the river kept cutting down as the strata rose, until finally when what was left of our inland sea bottom got thrust up so that, towering far above its erstwhile rocky shores it had to be called a plateau, the Colorado and its auxiliaries found themselves at the bottom of a series of colossal canyons and gorges, where they are today.—T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Fireflies In Cuba.

Fireflies in Cuba are nearly four times as large as are the "lightning bugs" in the United States and emit a beautiful glow from their breasts and underwings. The young women dearly love to imprison them in the gauzy folds of their summer-land costumes and enmesh them in the hair in mock coronets. Sometimes a senorita will wear a brilliant firefly or two imprisoned in a tiny cage of gold or silver wire hanging as a bangle to her bracelet. It is an astonishing sight to see a light bedecked southern beauty shimmering in the soft night as if clad in a thousand gems, but having no other adornment than this economical one of fireflies. The poor use them in a more practical way for lighting their houses by putting them under wire screens or in bottles, and they prove quite successful in this office of utility. At one time the laws of Spain forbade the poor in Cuba using any other means for house lighting than fireflies, and the practice is still a common one long after this strange law has been abolished.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

An Absentminded Man.

A Waterville physician thinks he is entitled to the prize for the champion absent-minded man. Some weeks ago a woman who lives some miles out of the city called at his office and paid a bill of $10 for professional services. Monday she came into his office again and asked him if he was always willing to rectify mistakes. Of course he replied that he was, and she thereupon produced the doctor's check for $10 drawn to her order, all in due form. After thinking hard for a moment it dawned on the physician that when the woman had paid him on her previous visit he had seized his checkbook instead of his receipt book. The filling out of the check embraced about the same process as the making out of a receipt, and neither noted the mistake until the woman chanced to examine the paper at her home.—Kennebec Journal.

Correcting Her Papa.

Crusty Old Man—Come, now, I want you to stop fooling around here, and I've told my daughter that she must not see you any more.

Young Mr. Bright—Do you call making a grand play for the only child of a millionaire "fooling around?" My dear sir, I gave you credit for the possession of a better idea of business than that.—Chicago News.

A refugee hut on the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany (10,000 feet), near Garmisch, in the center of the Bavarian highlands, stands on the Grat between the east and west peaks, affords accommodations for 22 guests and has been erected at a cost of $10,000.

Agriculture in Italy employs 3,000,000 women.

Remembered One Thing.

In the course of a tedious trial, involving the possession of a stock of goods, a man who had formerly been employed as a traveling salesman was testifying.

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked the attorney for the plaintiff, "that you can't remember what you carried in your valise on the trip in question?"

"I didn't say I couldn't remember," replied the witness. "I said that at this late day it was impossible for me to recollect everything I carried on that particular trip."

"Don't evade the question, sir!" thundered the attorney. "I want to know what was in that valise!"

"Samples."

"Samples of what? Mention a particular thing."

"Well," said the witness after reflecting a moment, "I remember I had a sample of a rather inferior hair dye, about the sort, I judge, that you have on your whiskers, sir."

"You may stand aside," gruffly said the lawyer after the noise in the courtroom had subsided.—Exchange.

When the House Takes a Hand.

Sometimes the criticism of the house takes the form of audible remarks addressed by one member of the audience to another. Cole, in his "Life of Charles Kean," relates that on the first night of a new play by Sheridan Knowles at the Waterford theater a heavy explanatory scene was "dragging its slow length along" between two still heavier actors who had no effects to produce and were unable to elicit them if they had. The audience were evidently tired, though patient from respect to their countryman, the author, and now and then relieved themselves by an expressive yawn. There happened to be a momentary pause, when a voice from the audience called out in correct parliamentary cadence, "I move that this debate be adjourned to this day six months." This sally woke up the house and prepared them to enjoy the more telling scenes which were about to follow.—Cornhill Magazine.

Pickle and an Emergency.

The talk turned the other day in an eastern Maine town on good luck coming out of apparent misfortune, and as an illustration a gentleman told how a Waldo county man's house caught fire in a time of great drought when the well was dry and there was no water within half a mile. The woman of the house discovered it burning at a lively rate on the dry roof. Help was scarce as water. She began wringing her hands and saying over and over to herself: "Here's a pretty pickle! A pretty pickle!"

"Pickle, pickle!" the word unconsciously repeated itself, and then she thought of a whole barrel full of pork pickle in the cellar, saved for boiling over. She darted down the cellarway and soon began deluging the roof with the brine. Every one who has tried it knows what a complete fire extinguisher salt water is. The effect was magical, and before the supply of pickle was exhausted she had the fire out, and the home was saved. She says she never should have thought of it if that word pickle had not kept running in her mind.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Lincoln's Pioneer.

Abraham Lincoln's western pioneer, always on the lookout for danger and ready to magnify it beyond its true proportions, is only one of a large class of people who use up in one way and another a good deal of vitality which might be profitably applied.

Mr. Lincoln's old backwoodsman had very heavy overhanging eyebrows and wore big spectacles with brass rims. One day he came rushing into his cabin and seizing his rifle aimed it carefully through a crack of the door at a great oak tree that stood near and fired.

"What is it?" whispered his wife.

"A wildcat, Sairy, the orneriest wildcat you ever see, an I missed him!"

He hastily loaded and fired again and then again.

"Now, hold on, Joshua," said his good wife. "Let me look at you. Why, lawks a-daisy, it's nothin but a little bug on one o' your eyebrows!"—Youth's Companion.

The Weaker Went.

A Kalamazoo crockery dealer was just closing up his store for the day when one of his customers, a grocer, came in in a great hurry.

"Here," said he, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomenon."

"Oh, yes, I can," was the ready reply. "The butter was stronger than the jar."

Tardily Acknowledged.

"What are the graves of Adams and Otis marked by big rocks for?" asked the visitor to the Granary burying ground.

"Because they were bolder men than most of their contemporaries," said the Bostonian proudly.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

First Thought.

First Young Girl—Would you like to be a princess, Emmy?

Second Young Girl—Oh, no; a princess' age is in every calendar.—Fliegende Blatter.

The deserts of Arabia are among the most remarkable places of the world and are especially remarkable for their pillars of sand, which are raised by whirlwinds and have a very close resemblance in their appearance to waterspouts.

Quarter.

The term "quarter," used in warfare, originated from an agreement anciently made between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of a soldier taken in action should be a quarter of his pay. Probably it meant to "grant conditions." In this sense the expression was commonly used at one time. As a modern warlike term, to give quarter means that the prisoners of war should be sent to the rear of the army and there lodged and fed by the captors until exchanged or released on the termination of hostilities.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her Chilly Manner.

"Ah," he cried, "yesterday you welcomed me warmly! Today you receive me coldly. What is the cause of this sudden change?"

"Don't you read the papers?" she calmly replied. "My father has just inherited a cool million."—Chicago News.

From that night Braganta was installed in Signor Valdois' palace, whose gratitude for delivering his daughter from death was great. So the remainder of the dwarf's days were happy and long in the palace of Valdois.—Exchange.

Gladstone's Slaveholding Father.

Apparently Sir John Gladstone was a man of more force than fineness in the qualities that marked his character, says The Atlantic. Even 70 years ago the best of moral fiber could not reasonably be looked for in a British capitalist who drew profit from the labor of slaves. If the slave owning of the elder Gladstone had been only a minor incident of his undertakings and kept in the background of his life, it might claim little notice. But it took importance from its magnitude and from the prominence of his opposition to all measures in behalf of the slaves. He maintained the discipline of the lash on his plantations to the last, and his great Demerara estates acquired a sinister notoriety in the abolitionist reports of the day. At the end, when compensated emancipation was decreed by the British parliament, he received more than £75,000 for the slaves that had been solely his own, besides large shares of payment that came to him through his partnership in other estates.

They Couldn't Keep Silent.

He—There can be no women in heaven.

She—How do you make that out?

He—Because the papers said that the Rev. Mr. Saintly, who died recently, had joined the silent majority.—Up to Date.

A Straight Tip.

In the long run the best way to make money backing horses is to drive a cart on a dump.—Philadelphia Times.

HE EARNED IT.

It Was Worth More Than a Dime to Stand the Lecture.

"Mister," whined the professional, "can't you spare a few pennies to help a pore man along?"

"My friend," replied the elderly Bostonian, pausing in his leisurely walk and eying him from head to foot, "you don't look like a man who needs to beg for a living. On the contrary, you have every appearance of being an indolent, worthless vagabond, whose only ambition is to go through life with as little work as possible. Is the world any better, think you, for your living in it? Do you entertain the idea that your fellow men are under the slightest obligation to bear the burden of your support or any part of it? If you do, my friend, you are making a serious mistake. I venture the assertion that you drink beer enough every year of your life to swim in, and yet I will undertake to say that you have not had a bath of any kind since the Mexican war. Men like you are a useless burden on society. You are not worth the atmosphere you displace. The oxygen you consume is a total waste. If you had one molecule of manhood in your composition, you would starve before you would resort to mendicancy. I speak strongly, because I have deep convictions on this subject. Voluntary pauperism, sir, in the nineteenth century is one of the most discouraging facts the latter day optimist has to face. It seems to me in itself the refutation of the theory or postulate known as the 'survival of the fittest.' To encourage vagabondage, therefore, by contributing of the fruits of legitimate industry to keep it alive is to commit an offense against society—considered in its larger aspect, to undermine the foundations of one's own dwelling and turn the guns of the fortress of civilization against its own citadel. Yet, as you have listened patiently to this exposition of my personal convictions concerning pauperism, I will reward your patience by a contribution, which you may consider you have thereby fairly earned."

The moldy pilgrim accepted the dime extended to him by the elderly Bostonian, inspected it carefully and put it in his pocket.

"I'll take it, sir," he said in an injured tone, "but it ain't enough, considerin."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

An Occasion When Its Use Was Not a Flattering Success.

He is spending a month or two in Vienna. He speaks English fluently, he speaks French a little, he can read Italian after a fashion, but he knows no German whatever. In Vienna one day his stylographic pen had one of its chronic attacks of inertia. He blew into one end of it. He sucked the other end of it. He unscrewed it and breathed very violently through its tip. He tapped it gently but steadily on to the blotting pad of his desk. He shook it in the air before him and behind him and all around him, but it made no mark. Then he walked the floor with it and opened the window to throw it out. He raised up his voice and said words about it, and he cried aloud in his wrath. And, lo, when he was not expecting it, it flowed suddenly and profusely—not upon his letter paper, but upon the knees of a new pair of light tweed trousers!

Then he said more words, and he took the trousers, done up as nearly as possible to resemble a roll of music, to the scourer and cleaner upon the next block. In order to explain that the stains were of ink, not of stove polish or of shoe polish, he called the attention of the cleaner and scourer in charge to a bottle of writing fluid upon the nearest desk. He pointed at the ink, and he pointed at the spots. He nodded his head and said "sic" several times.

The scourer and cleaner in charge had a keen sense of the situation and replied, "Yah! Yah!" And he said, "Yah! Yah!" And they both smiled and felt that they understood each other and that the cause of "the confusion of tongues" had been overcome!

When his light tweed trousers were returned to him the next week, they were dyed a uniform inky black!—Harper's Magazine.

Payn as an Anecdotist.

Payn was superlative as an anecdotist. Good stories seemed to have a natural instinct for resorting to him. Often as I used to see him I always thought myself defrauded if I did not come away with some fresh and amusing narrative. On such occasions my family found me out and used to reproach me if I did not bring back some telling anecdote. It must clearly be my own fault. I was certainly not the rose, but I had been near the rose.

Payn's fertility in this respect no doubt implied more study than might be obvious to his readers. He was fond of the literature in which such harvests are to be reaped, and "crammed," if I may say so, for his work conscientiously, though more, it seemed, from spontaneous delight in it than from deliberate purpose. And, then, the charm of his talk and his hearty sociability made it a duty for every one to help him and to repay him as far as possible in kind. The man bursting with a good story found a special pleasure in pouring it into so responsive an ear, and Payn became a perpetually flowing fountain of delightful talk.—Leslie Stephen in Good Words.

DISCIPLINE.

Its Perfection Shown In Time of Danger on Board a Man-of-war.

After lunch, writes Stephen Bonsal, in McClure's, as I walked with an officer upon the spar deck an orderly came up and said just as if he were announcing supper or eight bells, "I have to report a fire in a coal bunker." "All right," replied the officer; "will be down immediately." Then, with a parting whiff, he threw away his cigar, and we went down the companionway together.

There upon one of the lower decks a sentry, with the most quizzical expression of curiosity upon his face that I have ever seen, stood before a great dial like those in use in modern hotels, the indicator of which pointed steadfastly to the little face of the dial marked "B 21."

My companion, the officer, went down still further into the bowels of the ship, while I stood with astonishment at the indicator, with wonderment as great, if not as open mouthed, as the sentry's. "It's a wonderful thing, this here machine," he said. "It keeps me awake at night, it's so darn human. It rings up a fire in some spooky way, just as if you or I might touch a bell and order up a mint julep. Yes, it do, sir."

Where B 21 was neither he nor I knew, but we agreed in the hope that the burning bunker might be far from the magazines. There was some talk about playing that number and that letter in the next game of chance upon which we entered until gradually the consciousness dawned upon us that we were even at this moment engaged upon a game of most serious hazard and that the cards might go against us.

I smoked my cigar for an hour upon the signal tower, wondering all the while how the invisible flames were growing and whether they were gaining headway, and so, having given evidence of what I considered almost Spartan stoicism, I grabbed the officer as he came up from below, covered with coal dust and sweat, and said with as cheerful mien as I could muster, "And how about B 21?"

"Let's go up on the bridge; it's cooler there," was the only reply vouchsafed. So we climbed up to the fighting tops, I drawing a certain satisfaction from the thought that if we blew up we should still be on top, and never from that day to this have I heard a word of how the fire in coal bunker 21 was put out, and, for all I know, it may be burning to this day.

A NEW WAY TO PROPOSE.

It Startled the Old Gentleman, but the Bold Scheme Won.

As the young man entered the old man looked up and scowled.

"Well?" said the old man shortly.

"Your daughter"—began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man calmly "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What!" roared the old man.

"She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of egotistical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way: What I want is nothing to you. Now, is it?"

"Why—er—not exactly."

"I might want $1,000,000, but that wouldn't cut any figure with you, would it?"

"Certainly not."

"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly."

"Then what a fool proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and lot,' or, 'I think I'd like your daughter,' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent to say that she wants me, that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that, if you care to make the investment, I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally she got him. No wide awake business man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.—Chicago Post.

He Sized Him Up.

One of the delegates to the educational convention, a man from the far west, told me a story of an adventure which befell him several years ago. Western manners have changed since then. He made a two days' trip by stage once up into the heart of a Bret Harteish country. All one-half the first day he sat beside the driver and endeavored to engage him in conversation. The driver was not to be engaged. He was not exactly surly, but he was cold. He was distant; he wouldn't talk, and he evidently didn't care to be talked to.

The stage stopped for dinner at a little eating house, and when it rolled away again the driver seemed like another man. He talked, he told stories, he was the soul of affability. Later he explained the matter to the teacher.

"I didn't take a shine to you nohow this morning," he said. "I thought you was one of these here psalm singing gospel fellows, and I ain't got no use for that kind. But when I seen you setting there and a-eating pie with a fork, I changed my mind. I knowed right away you was a gambler."—Washington Post.

Shaving Without Seeing.

That a man can become accustomed to pretty much anything is proved by the officers in the army, who, when camped out or placed in a position where they do not have the accessories of the toilet, soon learn to do without articles generally thought to be indispensable.

In conversation an army officer said the other day: "Why, I never think of using a mirror when I shave. I do not stand up to do it, either, but sit down on a camp stool or the side of a cot and whack away at my face. It is more comfortable to be seated, and then I do not have to crane my neck to see the place I am shaving, and thereby expose myself to a gash from the razor. I never cut myself—in fact, I will be willing to wager that I can shave in my tent without a mirror as easily or with more ease than many who have every convenience of the tonsorial table and often leave marks of their awkwardness on their faces. It is all due to habit, formed by necessity."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

The Best Parts of Lamb or Mutton.

In buying lamb or mutton you may choose the saddle or the whole hind quarter, the leg, loin or shoulder. The saddle is roasted, the leg is roasted or boiled, the loin is roasted or cut into chops and the shoulder is roasted. The hind quarter costs more than the fore quarter, but the shoulder piece, boned and stuffed, makes a very nice and inexpensive roast. The shoulder and neck piece are also used for lamb stews and fricassees.

Chops are cut in two ways—there are the long chops and the short chops. The long chops have the flank end left on, while in the short chops the flank is cut off and only the loin part used. The long chops cost less by the pound, but really are not so cheap, since the flank piece adds to the weight without giving any more eatable meat. It takes so much more to make the amount needed for family use that in the end it really costs more than the lesser number of pounds of short chops at the larger price.—Sallie Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

Secondhand Wagon Wheels.

Among the great variety of things sold at secondhand are wagon and truck wheels. Wheels become secondhand from various causes. A concern running fine wagons kept always in perfect order would discard a wheel that was marred, though it might still be serviceable and replace it with a new one. The old wheel would be bought by somebody having a wagon repaired and needing a wheel to replace one broken and wanting it cheap. The secondhand wheel costs little, very much less than a new wheel. It may be possible to put a secondhand wheel of the same color as the other three or very close to it, so that it matches well enough, but men have been known to take for the same end of a wagon two wheels of different colors and different heights.

When finally worn out, the old wagon wheels and truck wheels are broken up. The wood is used for burning and the axle boxes and tires go to the scrap heap.—New York Sun.

The speed of electricity is so great that its passage from point to point along a conducting wire may be regarded as practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to measure the rate at which it travels, and observers with delicate instruments have affirmed that it was not less than 114,000 miles per second, and in one or two places its speed was as high as 240,000 miles.

"A man with blood in his eye," remarked the observer of men and things, "has just as much less blood in his heart."—Detroit Journal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST—Solitare Diamond ring containing initials "S. A. H.—M. S. G.". Liberal reward for its return to Mrs. Chas. Hoge, 322 Twenty-seventh street.

A SMALL LAUNCH AND TWO-horse power engine for sale cheap. Apply at JUNIUS BULLY'S MILL, Hampton, Va. 1t.

FOR SALE — CHEAP — A NATIONAL Cash Register in first-class order. Apply to or address W. E. LAWSON, Hampton, Va. au26-3t.

FOR RENT — ONE NICELY FURNISHED front room. No. 111 Thirtieth street. aug27-1w*

LOST—OPEN FACE SILVER AURORA Watch. $2.50 reward for its return to this office. aug 27-1w*

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE SEVEN room house on 26th street, between Washington and West avenues. Apply at 105 26th street. aug 21-5t

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WANTED.—To rent part of house from married couple wishing to go to housekeeping, by two young ladies. On or near West avenue preferred. Address, stating terms, J. W., Box 414, City. au 25-4tp

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WANTED—Five gentlemen to board; 3 cool, pleasant communicating rooms convenient to bath. Terms moderate. Address K. B. H., Press office. aug 24-3t*.

WANTED.—Six gentlemen boarders at 3018 Washington avenue. Enquire on first flat. Au 21 1 wk p.

WANTED—WHITE SERVANT FOR general housework. Pleasant home life for right person. Apply at 515 Twenty-seventh street. aug. 23-3t*

Plans and specifications for plumbing schools Nos. 1 and 2 can be seen at office of P. Thornton Marye, architect. Bids will be received by the clerk of school board until September 1st, 8 P. M. aug. 12-1tt

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FOR RENT— PLEASANT ROOMS, with first class board, at 103 Twenty-seventh street, near West avenue. Table boarders taken.
MRS. J. H. GREANER.
ju 30-1m-p

Pythian Notice.

The members of Warwick Lodge, No. 72, K. of P., are requested to meet at corner Twenty-eighth street and Washington avenue this (Sunday) morning at half-past 7 sharp to escort the remains of Past Chancellor Holly Hobbs, of Vandalia Lodge, No. 108, Mason City, West Virginia, to the C. & O. morning train.

A full attendance is requested and visiting brethren are invited to unite with us.

By order of the C. C.
ED. N. EUBANK,
1t. Keeper Records and Seal.

Wanted--Boarders,

BY MRS. M. E. DOSWELL,
No. 105 27th Street.

First class table and pleasant rooms. Terms reasonable. july 3-6m

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Newport News Female Seminary

Classical School for Girls and Young Ladies.

Full corps of efficient teachers, representing the best colleges of the North and South.

Unusual advantages in Art, Music and Elocution. Conservatory course in music. Business course.

TERMS REASONABLE.

Your patronage solicited.

Apply to MRS. M. W. HARWOOD, 225 29th St., Newport News, Va. aug27-1m.

Patronize Home Industry

Having doubled our force we are now prepared to fill all orders promptly for the celebrated

EL MARCO CIGARS

Factory, No. 2,402 Washington avenue, over old Armory. jy19-6m
NEWPORT NEWS CIGAR CO.,
P. O. Box 95.

NOTICE.

The school board of Elizabeth City County propose to erect a school building at Hampton, Va. The board will meet at the office of Jones, Saunders & Co., on the fifteenth of September, 1898 to examine and adopt plans for the same. Plans will be for both brick and frame, not to exceed $10,000. The plan adopted will be paid for at the usual rate. Plans and specifications for other school work can be seen at the same place from August 29th to September 5th, at which place bids will be opened for same.

J. W. DAOUGHERTY,
aug-25-tf. City Clerk.

HAVE YOU TRIED

our '98 wheel? For durability and lightness it is unequalled. We are selling this wheel very reasonably, and will guarantee it to wear as well as any on the market. The name of our wheels signifies ease, comfort and durability. What more do you want?

Newport News Cycle Co.

Fred G. Kipper, Manager, Sole Agent for Southeastern Virginia, 221 Twenty-seventh street.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

$40,000 Bridge Bonds of the City of Newport News, Va.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Common Council of the City of Newport News, until 12 noon September 6, for the purchase of $40,000 4 1-2 per cent. Bridge Bonds. Interest payable semi-annually at the Treasurer's office of the City of Newport News, or Bank of New York N. B. A., New York City. Principal payable in thirty years. Optional after twenty years. Denomination, $500.

Address all bids to City Clerk, marked bids for City Bonds. Certified check for $1,000, payable to City Treasurer unconditionally, must accompany each bid, to be returned if bid is rejected. All bids must be on blanks furnished by City Clerk. J. A. MASSIE,
City Clerk.