

THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT.

Just a little every day. That's the way! Seeds in darkness, swell and grow. Tiny blades push through the snow.

Just a little every day. That's the way! Children learn to read and write. Bit by bit and mite by mite.

Just a little every day. That's the way! Leaps to knowledge and his power. Slowly—slowly—hour by hour.

Just a little every day. That's the way! Just a little every day. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"MR. SPENS."

"I've always brought you up to expect that I would do something for you, Rupert, and I will—but I confess I am disappointed. As my uncle you would have a right to aspire to almost any marriage."

"What'll you see her, Uncle Spens?" "I'm beginning to be quite sure with curiosity. If she's all you say, my boy, I wonder what she saw in you!"

"All women don't worship their uncles and aunts," said Rupert Carnac impatiently. "Lucky for you they don't, my boy. Well, you really think the beauty creature for you? You don't imagine that the fact of your being my heir has anything to do with it?"

Rupert smiled a fatuous smile, which made his uncle long to shake him. "You think yourself very wonderful, Uncle Spens, and all that, don't you know; but you're on the wrong tack this time. I told them nothing about my prospects, and if Meriel has accepted me I presume it's for myself."

"It's the daughter of a country parson, seven brothers and sisters, etc. . . . However, I will see the girl for myself. And so that she should not be on her good behavior—rich uncle and all that, don't you know—I'll go down to Systed and stay at the inn. There's a decent stein of beer here, and I can be attracted by the fishing. Nobody need find out who I really am and I can easily make acquaintance with the parson."

"Yes, if you go to church he will probably see you." "Sir Spenthorne Carnac intimated that he was prepared to make even that sacrifice in the interests of his nephew. And as the two men separated on the steps of the Naval and Military, the staid old soldier could not help once more wondering what the daughter of a girl (if she was all Rupert said) could have seen in the little chap."

"Certainly, sir, you can have the room, and the fishing is especially good just now." "Well, that just suits me. Can I have some dinner?" "Yes, sir; certainly, sir. Er—what name did you say?"

"The young man." "As the landlady left the room Sir Spenthorne Carnac walked up to the diamond paneled windows of the little inn parlor, and looked across the road to where stood a small white house. The abode, he knew from his nephew's description, of the rector. Presently down the dusty road came a girl dressed in white, a tall and finely proportioned figure, clad in plain grey, with a sailor hat. The way the girl carried her head impressed Sir Spenthorne."

"By Jove, I suppose that's one of Lord Lauder's daughters," he said to himself. "I know they live some where hereabout. Now, if Rupert had faked a girl like that—"

"The girl was coming up the garden path, and Sir Spenthorne caught a glimpse of great brown eyes, chestnut hair, and a complexion like a wild rose. "Yes, Miss Meriel, dear?" "Can you let us have some eggs?" "Only a few, Miss Meriel. We've got a gentleman come here for the fishing, and I'll be wanting them for him. He's a real gentleman."

down the road together between the sweet June hedges. This walk was the beginning of a quickly ripening friendship. Meriel showed the way to the best pools. Sir Spenthorne invented the most wonderful picnics and alfresco teas for the children. When he wasn't by the river he was at the rector's house, and perpetually in the company of Meriel. Sir Spenthorne had never married, because years and years ago a girl had jilted him, and yet his heart was as full of reverence for women as a boy's. Never had he come across one who fulfilled his whole ideal of womanhood until he met Meriel. He hardly realized which way things were drifting—was not Meriel engaged to Rupert, and was not he, Sir Spenthorne, the rich, elderly uncle, who had come to make all things smooth for them?

As he returned to his inn one evening after a delightful expedition in the woods with Meriel and half a dozen young brothers and sisters he found a telegram waiting for him: "Am coming to-morrow—getting anxious. RUPERT."

Sir Spenthorne felt his heart suddenly grow cold. Good heaven! What folly was this? Why should he mind his nephew coming down? he asked himself, impatiently—but in his heart of hearts Sir Spenthorne knew the reason why. He put the telegram in his pocket and walked across the road to the rector's house. The small servant showed him in. "Mr. Spens" was quite a friend of the family.

Meriel was alone, filling a china bowl with June roses. Her face was flushed, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks. "What is it?" asked "Mr. Spens," taking up her hand. "Nothing." "Nothing—and you are crying?" "I'm a fool," cried Meriel passionately. "It's nothing; there is a man who wants to marry me—father wishes it, and I don't know what to do."

"But," said "Mr. Spens" gently, "don't you like him?" Meriel turned a scared face to him. "I didn't mind him—at first," she said. "Well?" "Well—nothing." The girl turned to the window and looked out into the shadowy evening. "Tell me," said "Mr. Spens" with a thrill in his voice—"tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell. He was a nice little man, and he asked father, and father said if he did there would be nothing for us, and it would comfort him to know one of his daughters was married. I don't know what to do. He looks well and strong, it seems he has something wrong with his heart, and he might die at any time—and so I said yes."

"But," said "Mr. Spens" quietly, "but why is it more tragic now than before?" "But Meriel wouldn't answer him, and kept her head obstinately turned away, and "Mr. Spens" rose. "I see it's no use asking you to confide in me," he said at last. Then Meriel turned to him. "Oh, go, go!" she cried. And Sir Spenthorne, turning, left the room without another word.

"My God!" he said to himself as he walked across the road to the inn. "I have a faint notion that have liked me, old fellow as I am."

"What an awful thing!" "Yes, it's a desperate business. I have telegraphed to the young fellow's parents to get him out of the country." "Have you told him it's smallpox?" "Yes." "Look here, Ray, there's something I want to tell you. I am Rupert Carnac's uncle. I wanted to see the girl he was going to marry to have the opportunity of judging her, and I had made up my mind to make things right for them."

"Heaven knows if there will be any right," said the poor rector, too distracted to give much heed to Sir Spenthorne's words. "Ah! thank goodness, the doctor says he's not smallpox." "A fly drove up to the door of the inn, and Rupert, looking somewhat furred, got out. "Of course, I came at once," he said in an embarrassed tone; "but I hope Meriel does not expect to see me. Smallpox is an awfully infectious thing."

"My daughter does not even know that I have sent for you," said the rector, stiffly. "I thought it right to do so—she's not to know. And she had urged his daughter to accept Rupert Carnac, and he did not quite like the light in which Rupert was showing himself. Sir Spenthorne said nothing, but his lips tightened, and there was a look on his face the reverse of complimentary to his nephew. During the weeks that followed young Rupert was very much bored, and only the fear of his uncle kept him in Systed. Sir Spenthorne rather avoided his nephew, and was, besides, too desperately anxious to care for anybody's society. The terrible illness dragged its weary length along, but at last a day came when the doctors pronounced Meriel to be out of danger, and said that she might see Rupert. When the young man was admitted into the darkened room and caught a glimpse of the swollen face and blurred features dimly seen in the uncertain light, he tried in vain to conceal his feelings. "It's horrible, isn't it?" she asked, wistfully. "No one could love me now."

Sir Spenthorne Carnac was kneeling best as he could. The girl looked up. "You want to marry me, now my looks are all gone?" "I love you—I want you—and I don't care about anything else."

But a few months after, when, thanks to a clever German specialist, young Lady Carnac had lost all traces of her illness, and Sir Spenthorne was inordinately proud of his beautiful wife, Rupert declared that he had been abominably treated, and that Lady Carnac was the most mercenary and deceitful of women.

KIMBERLEY'S VAST WEALTH. The figures representing the wealth of the Kimberley diamonds are so vast that it is hardly within the comprehension of the mind. In two years after the formation of the De Beers Company by Cecil Rhodes in 1888 it had paid \$8,000,000 in 20 per cent dividends and \$4,400,000 in interest, the original \$40,000,000 capital, making a total of \$12,400,000, or \$620,000 per year. So then the output has greatly increased, so that the annual production is about \$20,000,000. The total production in the eleven years since the consolidation is not far from \$200,000,000. This official output, however, by no means represents the total product of the mine. The De Beers Company is nothing more than a vast diamond trust, which regulates the output of the mine. There is no intention on the part of the De Beers Company to take diamonds so plentiful that they will become cheap. On the other hand, the price of diamonds has been steadily advanced by the trust until it is now far in excess of what it was at the time the De Beers combination was formed. The company meanwhile has been stocking away great stores of diamonds until it has a reserve fund of this nature probably amounting to scores of millions of dollars.

Of course it is impossible to estimate accurately the value of the De Beers mines, practically all of which are at Kimberley. Attempts to do so have been made and the figures have ranged all the way from \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. In 1880 there were 1,300 Europeans and 5,700 natives employed in the mines. There are now 1,800 Europeans and 6,500 natives or Kaffir negroes. The miners get from \$25 to \$30 per week and the day laborers' wages range from \$15 to \$18 per week. The Kimberley mines cover more than twenty-six acres, and are sunk to a depth of from 450 to 500 feet, with shafts running down from this level to a depth of from 500 to 1,200 feet.

Horse Sense. It is peculiarly appropriate that some old fads about the horse be laid before the public at the present time. These will substantiate the assertion that the horse is an animal of extraordinary little sense—using the word as synonymous with judgment. It is quite natural that the horse should have a nature so unbalanced mentally; evolved, as he is, from an ancestor who was one of the most timid of wild animals, possessing no weapons of offense or defense, and therefore finding his only safety in flight. He had never to be on the alert, with his keen sense of perception ever tense; ready to urge him into a mad gallop at the slightest movement, or rustling of a leaf, which perhaps might betray the neighborhood of some lurking beast of prey about to spring upon him and tear his life out with lacerating claws or teeth. It is no wonder therefore that at any unaccustomed sight, noise, touch, or motion, the horse of to-day, in spite of the long training of the modern service man, under the ancient impulse that dominates his most intensely nervous organization, should still be seized with an ungovernable terror that expresses itself in a mad onward rush whose frightful power is fraught with destruction for everything that comes in his way. Automobile Magazine.

African and the Locomotive. The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labor of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside. Hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in crowds waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor did they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come from the strength of the ox. The Arabs of the Sudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire horses of the railway one of the Djinn of the Arabian Nights, harnessed by the magic of the Infidel in the long trains of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being, of which they believed there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a Sheik made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine draw so huge a train.—Windsor Magazine.

A Novel Race. Anglo-Indians are passionately fond of sports, and have originated some clever and unusual outdoor entertainments. Not long ago a race was got up in which a camel, an elephant, a horse, a bicycle and an automobile were the entries. The camel and the elephant were ridden by their keepers and the horse, bicycle and automobile were managed by experts. The course was three miles, and the race was a handicap, the elephant and camel being given half a mile and the automobile an eighth of a mile. The elephant won the race, the bicycle and the automobile finishing second and third.

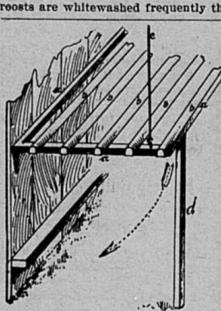
He Gave His Consent. It was at a society wedding, a clergyman after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between the young couple concluded by saying: "If there are any objections they are now bestowed." A fashionable youth, an old admirer of the intended bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him, rose up and exclaimed: "I have no objections for my own part," and then quietly resumed his seat as if he had attended to a mere formality.

Crusty Curmudgeon's Last Retort. "Oh! Good morning!" cheerily cried the good-natured man, "I hope I see you well." "If you don't," the Crusty Curmudgeon tartly retorted, "you'd better consult an oculist."—Catholic Standard and Times.



FARM CORNER.

Handy Chicken Roost. In many poultry houses the manner in which the roosts are placed in position is a source of annoyance when time comes to clean out the house. In order to avoid the difficulty of getting around under the roosts, they should be placed crosswise a frame made of about 2x4-inch material, six feet wide and nearly as long as the building in which they are to be placed. Hang the frame, at one side to the wall by heavy strap or T-bolts and support the other side by props, placed under it or a couple of pieces of stout wire rope, hung from the roof. The roosts can then be laid down out of the way when the house is being cleaned, and they also can be scraped off and washed with lime, either with a brush or spray pump. If both house and roosts are whitewashed frequently the

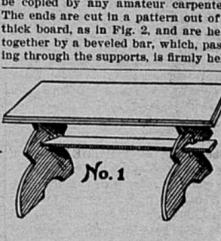


CHICKEN ROOST.

Gathering Cow Peas. My method of gathering them is a long way ahead of the common way of hand picking. Take a heavy chain and fasten on No. 20 Oliver chisel plow, or any other heavy plow, in same manner as you would if wishing to turn under a tall growth. Buckle lip straps on harness so short as to hold plow out of ground. Take wheel and jointer off plow; let row come between team and plow, just skim enough surface to cut pea stalks off. The stalks will be caught by the chain and dragged until enough gathers to raise chain, then they will drop under chain and be piled in manner. Size of bunches will be regulated by weight of chain. If gathered in this way early in the morning while they are tough none will shatter. This is superior to my patented pea harrow I have yet seen. I gathered my last year's crop in this manner with great success.—P. B. Meyer.

Has Come to Stay. Rural fire delivery is now in successful operation in every State and territory of the Union, and the \$300,000,000 worth of property that has been nearly all expended. Quoting Special Agent A. B. Smith, in charge of this branch of the Postal Department: "One remarkable fact in connection with the service is that not a single complaint of misdoing or failure to perform duty has been lodged at the department against any of the carriers. The service has been discontinued in but two or three instances, and then against the earnest protest of patrons." An offset to the expense of the delivery is the abolition of some very small postoffices, which are no longer needed where the carrier makes his rounds. Rural delivery has come to stay.

For an Amateur Carpenter. The honest hand-craftsmen furniture is always attractive, particularly if it is made without glue in the good, old-fashioned style, with wooden bolts to hold the joints together. The accompanying design for a table is artistic in its simplicity and might well be copied by any amateur carpenter. The ends are cut in a pattern of oval together by a beveled bar, and are held through the supports, is firmly held



A SIMPLY MADE BENCH.

Good Hardy Breeds. Among the hardy breeds of poultry that thrive well in winter may be mentioned the Brahmans, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. Some breeds may excel them as layers in summer, but in the winter season they will prove as profitable as any from the fact that they are very heavily feathered and have combs that are not excessively large, which enables them to endure severely cold weather. The breeds named are of large size and are excellent market fowls, having yellow skin and legs.

Borers in Apple Trees. If the trees have already been infested the borers must be taken out with a sharp knife or killed in their holes by inserting a sharp wire. After the trees have been freed from them, prevent their further attacks by scrubbing the trunks once or twice a year with strong soap. If the trunks are covered with rough bark, remove this by scraping. It is very difficult to rid an orchard of borers after they are once established.

Shiftless Farming. Now that frost has come it will be noticed that the corn is yet standing in some fields, not having been cut at the proper time. Such corn is a dead loss to the farmer, so far as the fodder is concerned, and reduces the profit of the crop. It is such farmers who abandon their crops because "farming doesn't pay," and they go into debt or mortgaged their farms because they do not know how to manage their business. A mirror was once simply something to be wondered at. The first looking-glass undoubtedly caused great astonishment.

grow wherever the soil is fertile. It is really a valuable acquisition to the list of garden plants, as well as being a profitable crop for field culture.

Fighting Hog Cholera. If the hog cholera should break out on our farms, then all the pigs that have been exposed to it should be confined in small lots so as not to spread the disease on the farm. The pig that has the cholera should be confined in a pen to itself, and it should be sprayed three or four times each day with chloro-naphthol. The water in the trough should be chloro, and the floor of the pen should be white with slaked lime. If the pig dies, it can be done, haul some logs and wood and burn it in the pen. If the pig is not dead, but is sure that every cholera germ is killed on the way from the pen to the place where the pig is buried. By using such vigorous measures we have succeeded in stamping the cholera out several times on our farm.—James Riley, in Farmers' Advocate.

To Destroy Cabbage Worms. Pests of the cabbage family are best controlled by the use of the following insecticide: Pulverized resin, 5 pounds; concentrated lye, 1 pound; fish oil, 1 pint; water 5 gallons. Mash this into a stock solution by placing the resin and one gallon of cold water in an iron kettle, heating until the resin is melted. After this add the concentrated lye carefully and stir the mixture thoroughly. Add four more gallons of water and stir the mixture until the mixture will unite with cold water in making a clear, amber-colored mixture. This mixture should make five gallons of stock solution. When this is used, E. S. Strine, of the Geneva Experiment Station, says that by spraying it by hand with a six-foot nozzle, it will kill the worms in six to eight days. The water, resin and milk of lime is added. In every case where this mixture is properly applied good results were obtained.—American Agriculturist.

Try Winter Oats. I would advise farmers who live where the spring is backward to try sowing some fall oats. We have been raising this variety of oats now for six years and are in every way satisfied with them. Sow them the same time as wheat, putting on two bushels to the acre. They ripen earlier and are much heavier than the spring variety. Of course one has to pay more for winter oats than the spring ones, yet when the fall is secured they are invaluable to the farmer and are a great help in question the best oats to raise.—J. W. Stevens.

How to Make a Snare. Take a cord rope ten or fifteen feet long, make nose in one end, tie the other end to a spring pole, drive stakes in the ground, make long loops in the diameter; make long trigger, say 12 to 14 inches, cut notch four inches from end and another notch near the same end. Make short trigger four or five feet long; slope both ends. The rope back three feet and to make a loop of short trigger, draw down spring pole, let nose around circle of stake set as you would trap, by having notch in top of one stub for short trigger.

Shorthorn Heifer. The 2-year-old Shorthorn heifer, Bapton Vanity, is a roan, bred and owned by Mr. J. Deane Willis, Bapton Manor, Wiltshire, England. She is very large for her age, being wide and deep in front. She was first at the show of the Bath and West Society at Gardif.



HEIFER BAPTON VANITY.

Animal Food for Young Turkeys. As long as the supply of insect food for young turkeys will make rapid growth, but as soon as they begin to grow, the grass disappearing and insects less abundant, begin feeding a small quantity of meat to the young turkeys at night, so as to promote and continue their growth. You should not aim to get them very fat. What you should desire is to secure as large frames and bone as possible, so as to have some where to crowd on the meat and fat later on. Hence do not allow them to grow too fat, but push them until they are ready to market, putting them up for the purpose of being fattened about ten days before selling.—Exchange.

Control the Potato Scab. "Another year's experience confirms my statement that a year ago that one can control potato scab by the use of a rye soil, as this is done in the right way. This is the fifth year of an experiment on two acres of land that had become so infested with scab that a decent crop of potatoes could not be grown. Five successive crops of potatoes have been grown in this land, turning a rye soil under each spring, and the seed used a portion of the time has been wholly free from scab and has been untroubled with any solution to kill the germs, but the crop is above the average in smoothness. The seed last spring, coming from Northern Ohio, had more scab than seemed safe, but so far as examination of the hills now indicates, the crop will be all right. If the rye can be turned during a hot spell in the spring, it makes the soil a little acid, and that is fatal to the scab germ. Two years of that treatment practically cleaned the field."—Alva Agu, in Ohio Farmer.

German Rape.—which has been praised so highly for stock is now known to be one of the best and cheapest garden crops that can be used for "greens," being superior to kale in rapidity of growth and the crop will be all right. If the rye can be turned during a hot spell in the spring, it makes the soil a little acid, and that is fatal to the scab germ. Two years of that treatment practically cleaned the field."—Alva Agu, in Ohio Farmer.

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SIX MILITARY GOVERNMENTS.

When the War House syndicate, trading on the Luckless deal in bankrupt notes, made the war with Spain a pretext for imperialism the United States had an army of 27,000 men and a navy whose combined cost was \$54,000,000 a year.

At the difference now. This republic is now maintaining six military governments. The revenues of the captured territory are not sufficiently rich as yet to defray the cost, and much of it is taken from the pockets of the taxpayer. Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and Guam are all under the control of the military. Civil government has been wholly eliminated in the six possessions, and the bayonet and the sword are the final arbiters. Save in the Philippines, there has been no open attempt to displace bayonet government. But the inhabitants of the six military-ruled territories have appealed to Congress for relief from the burden. The situation in Porto Rico especially is a disgrace to the natives of that island, who met with days and acclaim the American army of occupation, are ruled with an iron hand more unrelenting than that of the Spaniards we chased into the sea. For purposes of his own the President has made no attempt to have civil government established in Porto Rico. Under the guise of controlling through the military arm until Congress would have time to act, the administration is carrying out a series of systematic robberies in connection with the form of government it proposes to establish there. The administration proposes no immediate change in the form of government for Cuba. Until forced to give up this tempting plum, the War Department will maintain a military despotism there. Profitable fields for speculation for the War Department's pets are made available by continued bayonet rule in Cuba. The revenues of the island are sold without question from a higher authority. Until Congress actually takes a hand and asserts its unquestioned right to terminate the War Department's tenure, there will be millions spent in questionable ways.—Verdict.

Way is Clear for Bryan. The election result in Nebraska will have a tendency to deter any other Democrat from making an attempt to compete with W. J. Bryan for the Democratic Presidential nomination next year. There is no other candidate for the nomination in sight nor is it probable that any other candidate will appear. On a broad platform of Democratic time-honored principles—on a platform like that on which Tilden or Cleveland stood, with the issue of anti-imperialism added—he would have a united party to the polls. His election over his success in Nebraska is natural and amply displayed. He sees no rival for the leadership in his own party. This triumph has gained by great labor and it is not disputed.

The seems now to be no possible doubt as to who will be the opposing candidates next year for President. The campaign of 1896 will be reproduced, with the results to be determined by the voters. Save that Ireland may now be counted in the Democratic column the battlefield of 1900 will be substantially that of 1896; the standard bearers will be the same, but the issues will be different.—Chicago Chronicle.

Rather Paradoxical. At the outbreak of the Boer-Boer war we read of the Boers as usual, prostrating themselves before their altars, and appealing to their god of battles to bless their cause. The Boers perform the same service. As they are, to their supposedly Christian nature, it follows that they are not appealing to the same divinity, both claiming the support of the same omnipotence. But as even a divinity could not give the victory to both sides simultaneously it follows that one party or the other is certain to be disappointed. After the issue shall have been determined the world will probably fall back to its materialistic theory, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions and those of the greatest staying power.—Los Angeles Herald.

A Republican Query. Republican papers, with customary Republican alacrity, are asking: "Suppose the Philippines are subjected to war before the next Presidential election, where, then, will be your issue?" It will be here. If in the next year they have been subjected to war by the United States, the Republican party will be in a very bad way. It is the duty of the Democratic party to see that this country is governed along the lines of justice and right, and the Democratic party, backed by decent Republicans, will so see.—The Iconoclast.

Pure Cant. McKinley talks about "churches and schools" about American patriots and about peace, about our reasons "for profound thanksgiving" and yet as a consequence of his personal policy, or lack of policy, the power of the United States is being exerted to compel the submission of a people who have never submitted, in violation of the very principles for which our American forefathers fought in King George's day. To talk about peace at such a time as this is the cant of a white hypocrite.—Baltimore Equivocal.

Destiny Doing It All. It would not be at all surprising to find the administration represented by a big fleet and an army of 40,000 men somewhere on the coast of China some fine morning. It would be there quite unexpectedly and providentially, we would suppose, and would receive the fact, of course, that they determined its destiny or destiny determined its duty to seize and benevolently assimilate a large section of China, with 50,000,000 inhabitants, more or less.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Pointed Question. The President's commissioner says to interfere with the business of the territory would bring on a bloody and wholly unnecessary war." Perhaps so. But was it necessary to bring under American jurisdiction slave territory, in the first place? Was it necessary to add to American domains territory which could not be held in peace without trampling upon the 13th amendment, that sacred heritage of the most awful sacrifices in the nation's blood and treasure?—Springfield Republican.

The War of a Syndicate. The American branch of the Anglo-American China Development Com-



BLUFF WON THE DAY.

It wouldn't have worked in America, but in the Little Nice Hotel Carried Everything Before It—Assurance of a Yankee Tourist.

"Here at home bluff doesn't count for much," said a globe tourist, "but I'm telling you that a good, stiff bluff, with a cheeky American behind it, is worth a lot of money in Europe. When I got around to Nice last year the best hotels were crowded and I had to take up with a small room. On the same floor was a German who was occupying a suite, though not spending much money or putting on any great style. One day there was a great row. The landlord had asked him as a particular favor to vacate for a new-comer, and, of course, the man didn't propose to be turned out. The landlord hoaxed and argued, and the German growled and muttered, and I followed them down to the office to see how it would come out. At the desk was an American I had run across in Venice—a buyer for a Chicago dry-goods house. A man and the landlord and the German began to gabble in chorus the buyer pulled a blank check from his pocket and reached for a pen and said: "All this talk is of no use. I want rooms here. I will buy the hotel and select my suite. Sir, what is your cash price for this hotel?"

"You would buy the hotel?" exclaimed the landlord, as he threw up his hands in surprise. "Grounds and all, and I want it today. How much—a million—three or four? And what name shall I fill in on the check?" "Say, now," laughed the tourist, "but you ought to have seen that thing you were talking about. The German had admitted to be ugly about it, but when he bumped up against a man who had as soon pay four millions as one for what he fancied he felt awed and humbled and ready to quit. The landlord figured that to turn away such a Croesus would ruin his house, and it wasn't half an hour before the bluff was installed in the suite and the German was checked out into a dog hole on the top floor. And that wasn't all, my boy. When they sent the buyer bill based on his supposed millions he got up and threatened to buy up the town and start six soap factories to running, and they cut every item in two and begged his pardon to look. I don't believe that chap had \$1,000 in his name but he just walked over everything and everybody for two weeks, and it was current gossip that he owned the whole of Chicago and a good share of St. Louis and Cincinnati. Nothing but cold bluff which wouldn't have taken him into an American dance hall as a dead-head, but it was equal to a letter of credit for \$1,000,000 over there."—Seattle Times.

FIGHTING GUY HENRY. Was One of the Bravest Soldiers Who Ever Wore the Blue. Death mustered out of the service in the country in Gen. Guy V. Henry one of the bravest soldiers and most picturesque characters who ever wore the blue. General Henry more than any other army officer, perhaps, filled the romance writer's idea of a "beau sabreur." During his long army career he was almost constantly with the cavalry, and he was always at the fore front of a charge. At Cold Harbor he led a brigade across an open bullet-swept field. Midway of the charge he was wounded and his horse was killed. His second steed was killed just as, in obedience to Henry's spur, it rose to jump over the enemy's entrenchment. The next day he led the charge on the lines of the foe. For this Congress gave him a medal of honor. General Henry fought the Apaches in the early '70s, and a few years later was shot through the head in a battle with the Sioux. He recovered and later on took the field again against the same Indians. As Lieutenant Colonel, General Henry was in command of the Ninth Cavalry in the field against the Sioux in 1880. His bold troops idolized him. One day during his leadership they had made a forced march of fifty miles from beyond the White River. They had eaten only a little bread and a cup of coffee each. Word came that the Ninth Cavalry was marching. General Henry looked at his jacket and asked his junior officers to sound the temper of the troopers. Would they follow him to the relief of the Seventh? When the colored men found out that Henry was to lead them they followed him as though, as some one expressed it, they were going to a ball. Henry and his men rode together about eighty miles that day, and the Seventh was saved. General Henry wore the army's medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry. He never held any bureau position. He was a fighting soldier pure and simple, being better acquainted with the frontier camp than with the streets of the city of Washington.

As in the Philippines. There is a salutory lesson to be drawn by Americans from the Transvaal war. The power of a great nation is being used to murder the people, devastate their homes and spread carnage and death in South Africa to enhance the fortunes of a few powerful men in England who are able to influence the action of the government.—Washington National Watchman.

Only One Way to "Call" Him. An exchange has observed that Mr. Hanna's indorsement of trusts has caused the Republican party to believe that he will have to be "called off." Who will call Mr. Hanna's boss and has sole possession of the club. The only way to reach him is through the ballot.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Signs of Being Rattled. The Globe-Democrat is very much afraid that Mr. Bryan will hearen the Republican party with the matter with our gifted Republican administration? Doesn't it propose to smash Aguinaldo before Mr. Bryan is nominated? Really, the organs are becoming incoherent.—Athens Constitution.

The Court and the Boss Don't Agree. Mark Hanna is likely to denounce the Illinois Supreme Court, has plainly declared a trust to be in operation in that State and that it is illegal. Mark says there is not a trust in the country.—Manchester Union.

A Few Centuries. How long will it take a farmer to acquire a competency under a system that constantly depreciates the price of what he has sold and constantly increases the price of what he has to buy?—Omaha World-Herald.

American Girls in Germany. A woman traveling through a mountainous part of Germany recently came upon a small party of young women pedestrians who had just started out on a day's journey, each of whom carried a long, slender, pointed black streamer flying from the uplifted end. The floating pennons indicated mourning or woe of some kind, but the joyous demeanor of the sightseers did not carry out the impression. On coming nearer the observer noticed that the streamers were black stockings. Every evening the walkers arriving at a stopping place for the night did a small amount of laundry work, and as the stockings never seemed to get perfectly dry, each morning saw the dancers start out with black stockings flying on the breezes. Of course, they were American girls.



GEN. GUY V. HENRY.

Death mustered out of the service in the country in Gen. Guy V. Henry one of the bravest soldiers and most picturesque characters who ever wore the blue. General Henry more than any other army officer, perhaps, filled the romance writer's idea of a "beau sabreur." During his long army career he was almost constantly with the cavalry, and he was always at the fore front of a charge. At Cold Harbor he led a brigade across an open bullet-swept field. Midway of the charge he was wounded and his horse was killed. His second steed was killed just as, in obedience to Henry's spur, it rose to jump over the enemy's entrenchment. The next day he led the charge on the lines of the foe. For this Congress gave him a medal of honor. General Henry fought the Apaches in the early '70s, and a few years later was shot through the head in a battle with the Sioux. He recovered and later on took the field again against the same Indians. As Lieutenant Colonel, General Henry was in command of the Ninth Cavalry in the field against the Sioux in 1880. His bold troops idolized him. One day during his leadership they had made a forced march of fifty miles from beyond the White River. They had eaten only a little bread and a cup of coffee each. Word came that the Ninth Cavalry was marching. General Henry looked at his jacket and asked his junior officers to sound the temper of the troopers. Would they follow him to the relief of the Seventh? When the colored men found out that Henry was to lead them they followed him as though, as some one expressed it, they were going to a ball. Henry and his men rode together about eighty miles that day, and the Seventh was saved. General Henry wore the army's medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry. He never held any bureau position. He was a fighting soldier pure and simple, being better acquainted with the frontier camp than with the streets of the city of Washington.

At Least in the "Pathometer." Of the invention of long-felt springing wires there seems to be no end. The latest of these is an instrument by which it is easy to record automatically not only the distance traveled by a bicycle, but also the various directions followed during the journey on the hills ascended and descended. The record of directions is obtained by means of a compass. The needle is suspended at the top of the "pathometer," an apparatus is called, directly above the tape on which the records are taken.

Heaps of Gold in New York. Bigger heaps of gold than ever were buried by Captain Kidd or carried by pirates on the Spanish main are hauled around New York City every week, says the Scientific American, to and from banks and wharves, in commonplace trucks.

Krupp's Iron. Krupp buys from an eighth to a tenth of all the iron ore and pig iron imported into Germany from foreign lands, and this gigantic enterprise is the largest producer in the German empire.

Bluff Won the Day. It wouldn't have worked in