

Everything that Admiral Dewey does or says confirms his title to glory.

The total losses on both sides of the Spanish-American war were less than those of single battles in our civil war.

Several of the largest banks in Nebraska have notified their depositors that they must reduce their balances for the reason that the institutions have more money on hand than they know what to do with.

If a census were taken it would probably show that the population of the territory now subject to American authority had increased about 10,000,000 within the last six months. Of these, 1,000,000 have been added by the annexation of Hawaii, while the war with Spain has added the rest.

Spanish statesmen now have an opportunity to study the art of ruling such colonies as are left to them. Their method for four centuries has been described as ignorant incapacity, tempered by cruelty. They may at last understand the wisdom of recognizing that subject races have some claims to consideration and a few fights to be remembered.

The trustees of several villages in New York state—Warsaw being the latest example—have passed ordinances forbidding children under fifteen years of age from "being on the streets, alleys or public places," after the hour of nine o'clock p. m. from April to October, or after eight o'clock for the other half of the year. It is made unlawful for parents or guardians to allow or permit children under their care to be on the streets during the prescribed hours, "unless there exists a reasonable necessity therefor." A fine "not exceeding \$25" is provided for parents who violate this section. The police are authorized to arrest and detain children found on the streets at night, but not to imprison them. Their parents are to be notified, and are liable to a fine for not thereafter keeping their children within bounds.

In her desire to both American exporters Germany has outdone herself. It was all right for her to condemn the American cattle and American canned goods, because the spite of such condemnation was expended upon herself. Nobody believed her to be self-supplying in these commodities. But trichinae have been discovered once too often. The result is no less a startling revelation to the world than it must be a blow to innate Teutonic pride. Trichinae, Berlin officials say, have been discovered in an American sausage. This is important if true, for it shows that Germany is not self-supplying even in sausages. The report of the British officials will probably be refuted from high authority. They will be told that there are no American sausages in Germany; hence trichinae could not have been found in them.

Shoes made in the United States and imported into Germany have gained so much in favor in certain parts of Germany that official attempts have been made to create prejudice against their purchase by German citizens. Consul-General Mason, at Frankfurt, in a recent communication to the state department, sheds some light on the character of this opposition. He furnishes a translation of an article published in a Leipzig paper, which reads in part as follows: "The Prussian minister of commerce and industry has addressed to the central committee of the Union of German Shoemakers' Guilds a summons to a systematic resistance to American competition in shoe products. It is known, and the fact is here emphasized by the minister, that recently American shoes of the so-called job-lot or inferior grades 'schleudersorten'—which are quite inferior to the solid German-made shoes, which possess a certain attractive elegance of form and finish—have been imported with growing success into Germany. In order to effectually oppose this import the minister recommends to manufacturers, shoemakers' unions and shareholders interested in the shoe industry to obtain samples of such goods, and by cutting and separating the soles and uppers, which are made of paper and joined by long stitches of thread, expose and show the base quality of workmanship, and to bring these facts to the notice of the press and the knowledge of their customers." The consul, however, advises that there is an opportunity to develop and carry on a legitimate shoe export trade with Germany provided that it is conducted on a straightforward, intelligent, commercial basis.

At this time Emperor Wilhelm must find it particularly annoying to be pointed out by Bismarck's epithet as "somebody's son's son."

In the next seven years, it is now stated, Russia will spend \$255,000,000 on her navy, for which she will get eight battleships, sixteen cruisers, one submarine mine transport, one torpedo transport, twenty destroyers, and thirty torpedo boats.

Because of the high prices for meat German peasants are compelled to cross the border into Russia to get such food. The butchers, unable to make profits under the strict government restrictions, have made emphatic protest against the present laws. With such conditions it would seem that Germany threw a boomerang when it struck a blow at American meat.

Printing is the second greatest industry in New York city, as shown by United States census returns. Clothing leads, with a production of \$138,000,000; bookmaking, printing and publishing are lumped at \$91,000,000, and slaughtering and meat-packing follow with a total of \$50,000,000. Engraving and lithography are grouped together as the nineteenth industry in the city, with a production of \$9,000,000.

According to the London Lancet, the ever-present microbe has the best of opportunities to attack the cyclist who rides along a dusty road with his mouth open. Often after such a ride there are unpleasant sensations, and the symptoms are described as a feeling of dryness in the throat, followed by its sore and inflamed condition, and frequently resulting in headache and depression similar to that experienced in poisoning cases. Road dust contains numerous varieties of bacteria, and among the more dangerous of the pathogenic microbes that have been found and isolated are those of pus, malignant oedema, tetanus, tubercle, and septicemia. The injurious effect of these organisms would for the most part be averted if the mouth were kept closed and respiration confined to the nose, as few of the microbes pass beyond the extreme end of the nasal passage and consequently reach the larynx or bronchial surfaces. In addition to breathing exclusively through the nostrils, it is recommended that after a dusty ride or walk the nose should be doused with a weak and slightly warm solution of some harmless antiseptic.

The report of the director of physical training in public schools of Washington has lately been published. According to this report, the beneficial results of systematic daily exercise have been marked; but, as the writer of the paper truly remarks, "It is impossible to test the full measure of success or failure of our efforts. It is in the remote future, with school days long past, that the lasting influence of such work will be felt by the individual child." However, one thing seems certain, viz., that the introduction of physical training into the public schools of America is a step in the right direction, and, if intelligently carried out, should result in producing a stronger race mentally and physically, thinks the Scientific American. The fact should not be forgotten though, that physical training may be abused. Gymnastics should not be permitted to take the place of play, but rather the two should go hand in hand.—Medical Record.

The recently published statement of the United States treasury department as to the imports and exports of iron and steel and their manufactures is a very striking one. In round numbers, the United States in 1880 imported \$74,000,000 worth of these articles and exported less than \$13,000,000 worth. In the last fiscal year these figures were exactly reversed. The imports were a little over \$12,000,000, the exports were about \$75,000,000. When we consider the marked fall in the prices of many varieties of the manufactures of iron and steel the change is more significant. It is still more so when we recall the very large increase in the population of the United States. This in 1880 was a little over 50,000,000. By the latest estimate of the bureau of statistics it is now a little less than 75,000,000. It follows, therefore, that in 1880, when we had to import \$74,000,000 worth of iron and steel and their manufactures, we consumed not only all our own product, but an average of \$1.50 worth of imports. In 1898 our own product not only supplied the needs of a population of 75,000,000, but enabled us to send abroad an average per capita of \$1 worth.

She's looking rather doleful,
She's talking very blue,
She is no longer so full—
What can the poor girl do?
The doorbell's sudden ringing
Her nerves do sadly rend;
Unto the stair rail clinging,
She wonders how 'twill end.

A TRIPLE DILEMMA

Because she's tender-hearted—
The war's to blame, you see—
She was, when they'd departed,
Engaged to soldiers three!

And now this reckless plighter
Doth realize, slack!
Each death-defying fighter
Is safely hustling back!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"CAPTAIN DORRY."

A WAR STORY.
BY CORA BROWN.

After my grandmother Atkinson died and her will was read they found that she had divided her smaller treasures among her grandchildren. To me came a square box, with a few words in the clearly remembered handwriting. She had written them years before she died, for the ink was faded and the paper yellowed with age. "This," the paper said, "is laid aside for my granddaughter, Dorothea Atkinson, to be given to her after my death. The contents of this box belonged to her cousin, Dorothea Atkinson, for whom she was named."

When I opened the carefully tied package I found a blue soldier cap that had seen much hard service. It was faded, frayed and stained and had tarnished gold letters on the front. Inside of this was a small leather case, lined with blue velvet and containing a silver cup. Engraved on one side of the cup was the American flag and on the other this inscription:
To Captain Dorry.
From her faithful, loving soldiers.

Aunt Mary, my grandmother's only child who had not married, still lived on the old homestead. She had sent me the package, with a letter telling of grandmother's death, but with no word of explanation in regard to the box.

I was at boarding school when the package reached me, hundreds of miles from my own people. I wrote to Aunt Mary at once asking many questions; but she had gone abroad. The letter followed her over Europe, never catching her, and at last found its way back, covered with postmarks, to the old farm.

I appealed to my mother, the only other person likely to know anything about it, but her answer was very unsatisfactory. "The cup," she wrote, "belonged to your cousin Dorothea, the daughter of your father's only brother, William Atkinson. His wife died when Dorothea was born, and he, poor fellow, was killed in the war. The soldier cap belonged to him and is connected with the cup in a story which I must leave your Aunt Mary to tell you. I never saw the child; your father was a mere lad when the events happened."

Often I lifted the cup from its box and read the queer inscription and wondered what it meant. Many times I turned that faded cap around on my finger and tried to guess the story that connected them. Father had died when I was a little girl, but I could remember how he would say to me, "My precious little Dorry."

When Aunt Mary returned from abroad she wrote at once, telling me of my much-traveled letter and inviting me to spend a few weeks with her at the old homestead.

"I will tell you the story when you come, dear," she wrote, "and you might bring the things with you. I should like to see them again."

Three days later I was sitting opposite aunt at the tea-table in the familiar dining room.

"You want the story right away, tonight?" she laughed. "Well, I don't wonder. A year is a long time to wait for a story. You shall have it as soon as we finish tea."

"My poor little girl!" said aunt, when I brought the things and laid them in her lap. "I must show you her picture, Dorry."

Such a solemn, pretty little round face! The serious baby mouth closed firmly; the gray eyes looked straight into yours from under the baby brows; the thick, dark hair was cut short.

"She looked more like her Uncle Jim, your father, than anyone else," said my aunt, "and you mustn't be jealous, dear, but I'm sure he loved her as much as he did you."

"I don't wonder," I answered, pressing the face in the picture to mine. "Who could help loving her?"

"Dear baby, her mother died when she was born, and her father enlisted in the army when she was only two years old. Her mother's relatives took care of her until then, but when Will left he begged us to go and get her."

"I shall feel safe if she is with you," he wrote to mother, and Jim was sent to the city to bring her home. How well I remember that day. How we cried over her, mother and I, and how solemnly she gazed at us from Jim's arms. He said he had found her crying for 'papa,' but in his tender way he had won her small heart.

"When she was three years old Will was sent home on sick leave. After one little dazed moment and a look at Jim, she went straight to her father's arms. He, poor fellow, wouldn't allow her out of his sight."

"After we told her who he was, she called him 'papa' in her quiet voice and would sit patiently by his side, smoothing his hair and crooning a queer little song Jim had taught her till he would fall asleep."

"She ain't no reg'lar child," old Aunt Barbara, the colored cook, would often declare, "She's old, she is; she beats my time." Born in sad times, dear baby, she almost seemed to realize it!

"Then Will left us and took Jim with him. Your father couldn't stay at home with all that fighting going on, although he wasn't much more

than a boy. Mother and I bade them Godspeed with brave faces, but when we reached home we sobbed out our sorrow in each other's arms.

"My poor little Dorry! She never saw her father again. Three months from that day he was killed, and Jim was wounded at the same time and sent home to die, with his shattered arm in a sling.

"He was unconscious for weeks, but mother and I nursed him back to life. When he grew stronger we learned the particulars of that dreadful day.

"They had fought side by side, my two brave brothers. Will's words as he fell, 'Go on, old fellow, you must fight for both of us now!' had sent Jim madly forward, even after his own arm hung helpless by his side. He became unconscious from loss of blood and fell, rose again and staggered he didn't know how long or where, fell again, and when he struggled back to life it was night, and everything was quiet.

"No, not everything—he could hear a moaning sound near him, and when he crawled over to the spot it came from her found—Will.

"Will didn't know Jim; he was too far gone. But he kept moaning 'Water! Water!' Poor Jim lay there and cried, for his canteen was empty, and he was too weak to move again.

All through that night he lay there, listening to his brother's voice begging for a drink and too helpless even to put his hand out to touch him.

"When morning came the calls ceased, and Jim remembered nothing more till he woke in his own room, with mother's face bending over him. 'I might have saved his life—for a few hours, anyway—if my canteen hadn't been empty,' cried the poor boy, burying his head in the pillow, while mother and I sobbed aloud.

"There was only the firelight in the room, and we little dreamed that Dorry had come in. She sat in the shadow till the tale was done, then rose and stood among us, who were too startled to speak. Her face looked white; her great eyes were dilated, and the baby voice sounded harsh and old when she spoke.

"Did papa die 'cause he couldn't have a jink of water? she asked, in a tone of horror, laying her hand earnestly on Jim's arm.

"We couldn't pacify her. She didn't cry, but shook and quivered, and all the time she was so white, and her eyes went from one face to the other in such a questioning, pitiful way, that we were broken-hearted over her.

"That year the war ended. The soldiers began to come home, and we could see trains filled with them passing every day. One morning, just before breakfast time, there was an accident on the road some miles ahead of us, and an early train loaded with the army men was detained at our town for over three hours.

"Such a worn-out-looking lot! Some were sick, some wounded, and all were tired and hungry. Every house in the place was thrown open to them. Jim, still weak and shaky, was rolled to the door to welcome them as they came up the path, while mother and Barbara and I flew about, grinding coffee, baking cakes, frying and broiling and setting the breakfast table the whole length of the dining room.

"In the excitement Dorry was forgotten. I had left her standing by Jim when I ran out to the kitchen. He told us afterward that she stood watching the scene for some time, her hands clasped behind her in an old-fashioned way; then she suddenly surprised him by pulling him down and whispering, 'Uncle Dim, may I have my papa's cap?'

"It was the first time she had spoken of her father since that night. Just then a lot of the boys went past. Away she flew, and in the excitement Jim forgot her question.

"Well, the dining room was full; everyone was busy, and I stood pouring coffee at a side table, when Matthew, Aunt Barbara's boy, came rushing in, his face on its usual broad grin.

"Come to the front door for jest a minute," he said. So I dropped everything and ran.

"Shall I ever forget that scene? At first I saw only a great many soldiers gathered about the horse-block in the front yard. Some were on the road, some in the yard, but all pressed close to the steps. Then one of them moved, and I saw Dorry standing bravely among them, her white dress blowing in the breeze, a worn soldier-cap on her erect little head and in her outstretched hand a long dipper.

"While I looked and could scarcely believe my eyes, her ringing little voice called out sweetly, 'Fesh water, nice fesh water!' and she was lost again behind the crowding bluecoats.

"She done got me to fetch dat bucket and put it on them steps, and I weren't studyin' what she was gwine to do till I heard her callin' out and them soldiers crowdin' up to get a drink," explained Matthew. "She looked so kind o' businesslike wid dat cap on, I went right on and done like she told me. What you reckon made dat chile think 'bout gettin' 'em a drink?' he asked.

"I believed I knew and crept quietly over to the edge of the crowd to watch and listen. I could see her plainly then. The earnest gray eyes looked straight into each bronzed face from under the rim of the old cap. She watched each soldier as he drank from the upturned dipper, then called again, 'Water, nice fesh water!' Down she would plunge the dipper to the bottom of the big bucket and bring it up hospitably full.

"The men crowded around her, full of surprise and curiosity. Her little sigh of satisfaction when some dusty-throated old veteran drank deeply from her hands was very evident. Once, when a young fellow asked for a second supply, the dimple came into view for a minute, the little face relaxed into a shadowy smile.

"'Nice?' she asked, kindly, stooping to look under his cap, and a ripple of sympathetic laughter ran through the crowd.

"'Taint likely her folks set her to doin' this,' said one soldier.

"'Oh, they must have,' said another; 'let's ask her.'

"She was leaning over the bucket when he pushed his way through, but she stood up instantly when he spoke to her and turned, facing him.

"'Did your mother send you out to do this, sissy?' he asked.

"'No,' she answered.

"'Who did, then?' he persisted.

"'Nobody; I finked about it myself,' she said, gazing at him, a little frown between her eyes.

"Then, seeing that some explanation was expected of her, she said, quietly, though the dear voice broke into a sob over the words:

"'My papa died in the army 'cause he couldn't have a jink of water,' and down went the brave little head, and the men suddenly became as still as death.

"It didn't take me a minute to get through and snatch that blessed baby in my arms. I sat right down on that horse-block and cried over her, without thinking once of how they were all looking at me.

"But bless me, when I did look up, there they were, wiping their eyes on their coat sleeves. Two or three of them knelt down, patting her little shoes. Some of them had turned their backs and stood looking hard at the ground, while one soft-hearted fellow sobbed like a girl.

"I wanted to take her away, but they begged hard to have her stay, and she was so anxious to go on, after she had her little cry out, that I left her and hurried into the house. Dear Jim, white and trembling, after I had blurted out my story to the tableful of soldiers, insisted upon going out to her, while mother cried, and Barbara informed us a dozen times that 'she'd always told us she weren't no reg'lar child.'

"When the soldiers fully understood what it meant how they crowded about her, touched to the heart by the pathetic little story. For two hours she kept her post gallantly, Jim standing over her, proud and pale, while Matthew carried water from the well.

"I put the cap on so as they'd know I was papa's daughter," she whispered to me, in full confidence that every man in the regiment would recognize it.

"Old men, grizzly and worn, struggled up, proud of a word or smile; the younger ones begged for a kiss when they pressed forward for a drink, and 'Captain Dorry,' as they called her, ladled out the sparkling water, intent, heart and soul, on serving her thirsty soldiers. Then the time came for them to move on, and Dorry was lifted up on Matthew's shoulder to see them go.

"From her high post she waved the old cap good bye, while the men, led off by a veteran on crutches, sent up for 'Captain Dorry' three rousing, roaring cheers that rolled away like thunder and echoed back from the hills.

"They formed in line; the drummer and the one lone fifer headed the procession, and down the road they came, each man saluting as he passed, while she, after one quick glance at Jim, raised the old cap and stood with uncovered head. The tattered flag dipped to the gallant little figure; the last blue coat disappeared; the sound of the tramping feet died away.

"Two months later this box came by express, directed to 'Miss Dorothea Atkinson,' and in it we found the cup.

"To Captain Dorry.
From her faithful, loving soldiers."

So read Aunt Mary, lifting the cup from its velvet bed and looking at it with dim eyes.

"My blessed little girl, how proud she was. Nothing would induce her to drink out of it; she guarded it lovingly by day and slept with it perched on the foot of her bed.

"We learned afterward that every man in the regiment had given his mite toward the purchase of the cup. Then they were disbanded and went beyond the reach of her thanks. But 'Tell them I love every one of papa's soldiers,' Dorry said to Jim, stretching out her arms as if to embrace the whole regiment.

"That's the end of the little story, dear."

My aunt sat looking into the fire, smoothing the old blue cap absently, and I could not bear to ask the question that trembled on my tongue.

"Yes," she said, bringing her eyes back to my face and seeming to read my thoughts, "she died that very winter. We hung this over her bed where she could see it always, and the cup was on the pillow by her when she breathed her last little sigh.

"My blessed baby, my little Captain Dorry," said aunt, softly, while I, looking down at the cup, saw it shining through a mist of tears.—Youth's Companion.

THE MULE'S HARD LOT.

I'm a mule, an army donkey,
Never kicking,
Always sticking—
To the troops wherever they go.
Silently I bear my burden,
Not a word of credit get,
Never grumbling,
Ever stumbling
Through the dry and through the wet.

I'm a factor in the army,
Ought to see me in a fight,
Always ready,
Ever steady,
Be it day or be it night.
I am good for any labor,
Tote the beans or drag a gun,
Never minding
All the blinding
Rain of lead, though others run.
When I'm old and totter-legged—
Up in steaks the boys in blue
Hip and gash me,
Cut and slash me—
And my work at last is through.
—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

An Illinois boy was recently asked to define the word "goblin," and solemnly responded, "A goblin is the ghost of a turkey."

"Kirby tells me he walks in his sleep." "How remarkable! He doesn't do anything but sit around while he is awake."

The Christian Scientist—Your dyspepsia exists only in your mind. The Sufferer—Now, I know I am not so low minded as that.

Young Wife—But aren't you the man I gave some cake to on Monday? Tramp—Yes, mum; but thank the fates! I've got over it.

"That policeman on our beat is a wonderful man." "How's that?" "He's on duty all night and never sleeps a wink in day time."

"McSnob is certainly the laziest man on earth." "Lazy? Suppose you try his occupation of getting a dinner invitation every day?"

"That dog seems almost human at times," said old Mr. Fussy. "Yes," replied Mrs. Fussy. "He growls over his food quite as much as you do."

That editor of magazines Prove fallible's to be expected—What wonder if they sometimes print Things good enough to be rejected?

She (in business for herself)—Do you think you can learn to love me? He (a deputy sheriff)—Oh, some day I may have an attachment for you.

"Has Haghy any talents worth mentioning?" "Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton to take another girl out for a drive."

Spanish Grandee—The people will demand an account some day, I fear. Second Grandee—What shall we do? All the world knows we are no book-keepers.

Minnie—What a monotonous time those poor heathen women who wear almost no clothes must have. Mamie—Yes, I wonder what they find to worry over?

The New Girl—What was that peculiar noise I heard in the hall outside my door this morning. Mistress (timidly)—It must have been my husband calling you.

A little girl, attending a party, was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

"Love me little, love me long." Quoth I, somewhat in sport. "I'd have to love a man a lot." Saith she, "to love him when he's short."

"I notice, Miranda," remarked Mr. Neggsechoice, "that your first husband's clothes do not fit me." "No, Cyrus," coincided Mrs. Neggsechoice, with a little sigh. "You don't fit them."

"Oh, mamma, don't read any more about cannibals being wicked for cooking the missionaries. Why, my own dad's as bad as any of them; I heard him tell you himself that at dinner last night he toasted all his friend."

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from the society. Second Theosophist—What's the matter? First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try to square with me in some future existence.

A Shop of Criminal Bric-a-Brac. Relics of great crimes in Paris, France, are not placed in a government museum, nor are they retained within the archives of the prefecture de police; they are exhibited for a few days and are then knocked down to the highest bidder. Many Parisians and foreigners, too, residing in Paris have large collections of this bric-a-brac de crime. The government shop in the Rue de Ecoles, where the gruesome objects are exposed for sale occasionally, has a curious lot or two to offer to any would-be purchaser. Up to the present, however, pieces of the human anatomy have not figured in the catalogue, but there was recently offered for sale a gentleman's ear in an excellent state of preservation, as the auctioneer remarked, owing to its having been kept in spirits of wine. The ear belonged to one M. Deloyer, and was bitten off by an adversary in the course of a street row. Deloyer recovered from the effects of the injury. The article was finally knocked down for \$1.25. A heavily muffled man in the audience was supposed to have been the original possessor of the ear. He continually managed to raise the bid at a doubtful moment, but he was not able to buy in the article, which finally went to a M. Lafage.—New York Times.