

BILL BUNKER'S NED.

He warn't no youthful prodigy
As far from that as fur kin be,
A tarnation tougher little cud
Never wriggled his toes 'n' mud
'N' rummaged round 'n' farmer's mows
'N' pelted stones at neighbors' crows.
Evening, when th' farmers sot
Round 'n' Dan Jones' store so hot,
All turned out, 'n' each one sed,
He'd turn out bad, Bill Bunker's Ned.

Time went on 'n' so did he,
Cuttin' his capers kind as free,
Really didn't do nuthin' bad,
Vest a mischievous sort of lad;
Lots of th' other boys could spell
'N' beat him at figures just as well,
But swappin' knives or savin' dimes
He'd beat 'em all a hundred times,
Only still when he got ter bed,
Farmers' terror, Bill Bunker's Ned.

All of er sudden he stidded down,
'N' ther warn't a boy in all th' town
Could swing a better scythe than he
Er pick more apples off a tree,
'N' some er th' gossips whisp'ered round
He'd fell in love with Lindy Brown;
Anyhow it did look that way,
For he went off one summer's day
Ter city life, 'n' th' folks sed,
'N' now he is lost, 'n' Bill Bunker's Ned.

Just about three years had passed,
We found he'd made a fortune fast;
Come back 'n' make a Lindy Brown,
'N' did a lot ter help th' town—
He fixed th' ol' church through 'n'
through,
'N' built a town house bran fire new.
Now, when the farmers talk er
Down in Dan Jones' corner store,
Each one sez that he aliuz sed,
He'd make his mark, Bill Bunker's Ned.
—Wilbur N. Dantley, in New York Journal.

WHO HESITATES LOSES.



Richard Hotelling was in the depths of perplexity as to his status in a certain, or, more properly speaking, a very uncertain, young woman whom he much adored. He had been so deeply in love for more than a year that he had had eyes, ears and thoughts for none other than pretty, fascinating Miss Dormer. Yet, so skillfully had he been managed (whether consciously to herself or not, he knew not), that to word of his could have been construed to give evidence of more than a friendly feeling.

There were others in his predicament, and misery always loves company. At the same time he felt there must be an end to all things, and had resolved to bring matters to a state of certainty without further delay, knowing full well that he had made a similar decision a score of times before. She had a way of turning the conversation at most interesting stages without giving offense and with a show of tact worthy a weightier cause. He could recall any number of times when he was on the eve of making a full avowal, and thought her particularly sympathetic, when a turn of her head or a glance of her clear gray eyes would throw him back into the old state of dejection and he would leave with the words unsaid. Again, interruptions had come when he was at the point of growing serious, and there had been much in the way of declaring his love.

She must have read it in his eyes, in his every act, yet there were several other fellows who wore their hearts on their sleeves in a much more smazing manner than did he, and who were treated with the same calm impartiality.

There was Hilton, member of every club in town, and possessed of such an income as is never an objection in the affairs of the heart. There was Bessler, the captain of his college eleven, adored by all the girls, adoring Miss Dormer only. There were Malard, Hollister and Smith, all rattling good fellows, to say nothing of one Bookleigh, a sort of literary man with long hair, ready maxims and original poems. No man feared him as a rival, however, for he made his love as common as postage stamps by talking of her to everyone he knew. Moreover, he was the kind of fellow to make a hit with old ladies at afternoon teas, and the men not only considered him more of an ass than any one of their acquaintances, but actually gazed him to his face. Among themselves they jestingly accused him of imperfect veneration. But in spite of these foibles, and that he enjoyed a fair share of Miss Dormer's favor, they liked him because he was kindly-natured and altogether harmless.

As Hotelling chewed the end of his pen, he meditated upon these things; particularly Hilton's ten thousand a year, and wondered if the latter consideration would weigh with Miss Dormer. He believed it would not, and wrote her a note accordingly. He asked for an engagement during the week, adding that he had under consideration an offer to go abroad as foreign correspondent for a daily paper, and that in case of accepting he would sail the next Saturday. He would leave it for her to decide whether he should go or stay. It was his last resource, and he felt that it would bring things to a crisis. If she refused him, he could go away—and forget. If she—but the other possibility plunged him into such a delirium of delightful dreams that he destroyed the missive and resolved he would see her that evening and set his mind at rest.

There is a popular fallacy that vanity is the prerogative of woman exclusively. Many hold that the soul of man is above such petty considerations as dress and personal adornment. Go to! Vanity hath no limitations of sex. As Mr. Richard Hotelling carefully accomplished his toilet that evening, with frequent suggestions from his valet, and more frequent glances toward the mirror, he thoroughly appreciated his good points, and valiantly strove to maintain the most of them, in order to look well in the eyes of her he loved.

After donning his dress suit, which he loathed, as most men do, it occurred to him that he would feel easier and consequently appear to better advantage in his Tuxedo. At length, attired to his satisfaction, he felt that he was not such a bad figure of a man, after all, and that a girl might well be pleased—but, of course, no one ever really knows what a fellow thinks under such circumstances, and, all things considered, it was unkind to speculate. However, it was with a feeling akin to hope that he closed the street door and went out into the night.

He was ushered into the music-room, where he found her playing a dreamy melody of Chopin. She was alone, and very lovely in soft turquoise crape, which brought out the ruddy gold of her hair and the fairness of her skin to exquisite perfection. She heard him, and turned quickly, with a bright smile, saying: "How good of you to come to-night? Mother and the boys have gone to the opera, and I am alone for the evening."

"I did not dream of being so fortunate," he murmured, as he took her hand. "In some way it did not sound exactly right, but he was fast losing courage, and hardly knew what he said. She sank on a low divan, and as he took the place at her side he observed that she was tantalizingly near to him. Of course, he would have given worlds to take her in his arms at once and tell her all that was in his heart, and have done with suspense.

He felt it would be a trifle irregular, however, and dismissed the thought as he became more at ease under the influence of her smiling eyes. He endeavored repeatedly to lead up to the point in question, but in vain, for she was altogether oblivious to the trend of his thoughts. At length they spoke of the opera the night before.

"To my mind," she said, "there is nothing more exquisite than 'Romeo and Juliet.' The music is heavenly, and the story beautiful—mournfully beautiful."

"Every story of love is beautiful," he said, quickly.

"Yes, love is best of all. It is perfect," she returned, with a far-away look in her eyes.

"I have a chance to go to Vienna as foreign correspondent," he began, precipitately, "but before I decide there is a story I want to tell you."

She was still smiling dreamily, but turned to him with a look of interest. Her silence gave him courage; she seemed to await his next words.

"It is a story of love, of my love for you," he said, desperately, taking her hand.

She withdrew it quickly, with a look of dismay, seeing he was terribly in earnest.

"Will you hear it?" he continued, mistaking her consternation for coyness.

"Is it possible that you have not heard—that you did not receive my note announcing that—"

"Announcing what?" he demanded in amazement.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Another expression in favor of having Congress take action on the subject of road improvement appears in the Greenville (Mich.) Democrat, in an interview with Dr. A. W. Nichols. The doctor speaks of the necessity of having better roads, and then continues:

"I believe that this country will never have good roads until the Government has adopted the policy of supervision and construction of the same. Most of the civilized governments of the Old World have built their roads by government appropriations. Government appropriations for good roads would not be felt, but would be a benefit by way of clearing farms of stone and giving employment to labor. The importance of roads for military purposes, leading into the interior territories and to the frontier was early appreciated, and some important routes were opened by the general Government; as the national road from Baltimore through Wheeling and Cincinnati to St. Louis, and that from Bangor to Houlton, in Maine."

"It has been estimated that \$20,000,000 appropriated by the Government among the several States in proportion to their agricultural population, and that sub-divided and distributed among the counties of each State in proportion to the agricultural population of each county, would give the average agricultural counties of this State from \$15,000 to \$25,000 each, and in twelve or fifteen years' time the counties would be provided with good macadamized roads, provided stone were reasonably accessible. I believe in liberal appropriations for all the departments of our Government, but I cannot see why the great agricultural interests should be neglected. If our billion-dollar Congress would appropriate the small amount of \$20,000,000 a year for good roads, it could not, in my judgment, be better applied in developing our country and, at the same time, meet the wants of our people, especially in the agricultural districts."

"The importance of good roads is becoming so well recognized that they are a probability of the near future, and their cause should be championed in Congress as soon as possible. Thus far, of late years, all moneys used in the construction of good roads have been secured by a direct tax upon the people living along the lines of such roads, or those living in the counties or States where such roads are located, and has proven a heavy burden upon those people. The Government can conduct this matter much better than States, and the revenue required to meet the expenditure would be so small that it would not be even felt by the people. The coffers of the Government are now being filled to overflowing under the present system of revenue, and the war taxes could be reduced many times and yet have sufficient funds to meet this appropriation of twenty million dollars annually for good roads, and, at the same time, leave all other departments of the Government well provided for."

"I believe that if a member of Congress would champion Government appropriations for good roads that he would find no difficulty in securing petitions signed by a large majority of the people, urging the enactment of such a law. Let the people wake up on the subject of good roads and national appropriations for the same, for it will benefit the farmer more than any other improvement that I know of, and would likewise prove advantageous to all interests of the country, especially to interior cities and villages."

Road Measures in Missouri.
At the Missouri Road Convention, three amendments to the State constitution were decided on for recommendation to the General Assembly. If the Legislature receives them favorably, they will be submitted to a popular vote in 1900, and if they then receive a majority they can be put into effect by statutes at the Legislature of 1901.

The first amendment designs to remove the present restriction that State taxes for revenue purposes shall not exceed fifteen cents on \$100 after the taxable valuation of the State reaches \$900,000,000. The second one makes it possible for the State to appropriate money for road improvement purposes, and pass a State-aid law, and the third one removes the present restrictions on counties as to levying taxes for roads. A bill was also decided on for presentation to the Legislature, to establish a Highway Commission similar to that in Massachusetts.

Roads in Porto Rico.
The experts say it will be almost impossible to build good wagon roads in Porto Rico. They tried one and it cost a hundred thousand dollars a mile. The rest are two feet deep when it rains—and it rains all the time. Railroads, too, would be ruinously expensive, chiefly through lack of coal; but electric roads are feasible. The rains would not wash them as it does wagon roads, and there is plenty of water power for electricity. A network of them, it is said, will soon cover the island, and then the laborers who now earn their living by carrying cotton and tobacco on their heads from the interior to the seacoast will have to look for other jobs.

An attractive lawn-mower has just come into use. It is a velocipede to which is attached a sharp knife, and this cuts the grass as the seated operator moves along.

The Pacific is the largest ocean. It is an area of 80,000,000 square miles.

A BOY INSTRUCTS HIS DAD.

Johnny's Geographical Knowledge Was More Than Sufficient For His Father.

"Now that we have these vast possessions in the antipodes, Johnny, I think—"

"Father, I'm astonished! Our antipodes are somewhere among the fishes southwest of Australia, which is a far cry from the Philippines."

"Well, I was just going to say that this hemp they grow in Manila—"

"It isn't hemp at all, father; travels under false pretences. Manila hemp is a variety of the banana family."

"Dear me, is that so! It's good cordage all the same. Why, then, I was out in the Sandwich Islands I—"

"Father, you're enough to make Liliuokalani shudder. No educated person says Sandwich Islands now, unless to make himself understood by those who don't know that the Hawaiian Islands is the official and accepted name. Besides—"

"Well, I suppose you'll be asking me next to say 'Puerto Rico' just because the Spaniards do."

"Not at all, Porto Rico has been good English usage for several centuries. It's all right."

"Glad you've passed on the question. But if we go into Manila hemp growing in a territory 8700 miles from our former limits we—"

"You mean 4500 miles. You certainly haven't forgotten that the United States has long extended to the end of the Aleutian Chain, and Atna is only about 4500 miles from Manila."

"You're very kind. But speaking of Manila hemp, they say that in Borneo, the largest island in the world—"

"It was when you studied geography, father, but they've learned since that New Guinea is larger than Borneo, and Greenland is larger than New Guinea."

"Great world this! Well, I was talking with Brown about introducing Manila hemp into tropical America, and he said that on his plantation in San Salvador—"

"Why, there are no plantations in the city of San Salvador. If you mean the country of which San Salvador is the capital you should say Salvador."

"Young man, you've had it getting too small for you. If you don't stop making my head ache with your erudition I shall send you direct to Vladivostok."

"You don't mean direct. I should have to transship at Yokohama or Shanghai, I think—"

"Give us a rest, please. I want to read the paper."—New York Sun.

Incidents of Remarkable Nerve.
There is a condition possible to some few souls that, if not really the highest attribute of humanity, would be chosen by most men of noble mold, were selection possible. It is the unwarmed tranquillity, the absolute inability to fear, that some men, not many, possess, or rather, one should say, by which some men are possessed. An instance of such courage on a low plane is that of Potemkin kicking aside the bloody head of his predecessor as he stepped to the block, an act almost indelicate enough to be humorous, yet, withal, significant of an iron nerve.

Somewhere in the late seventies another Russian, but this time a savant, gave a proof of what length a rapt intensity of purpose will carry a man to. In order to make good his theory that a suicide might be deliberate and unrepenting, he subjected himself to hideous torture, ending in death, but under such circumstances that he might have relinquished his design at any stage of its progress.

He lay on his back upon a bedstead, from which he had stripped all the clothing, with a lamp placed underneath him so that the flames just touched his spine, rising at intervals to make notes, which were afterward published. They show a calm spirit of research and are slightly triumphant in tone, though touched into high relief once or twice by an expression of anguish. Insanity has become to some extent the plea through the whole gamut of crime, from shoplifting to murder, that one hesitates to apply the mean and derogatory word to an act like this.—North American Review.

Removing a City.
The Japanese Government has ordered the destruction of the city of Teckham, Formosa, and removal of all its inhabitants to a new location. The city is situated on the northwest coast of the island, and has been frequently subject to pestilence. In 1896 and 1897 plague visited Teckham with enormous fatality. This fact being called to the attention of the Government, an investigation was ordered by sanitary experts, who reported that the city was built upon a swamp, whereupon an order was issued to the Governor to select a new location as convenient to the old one as possible, where the natural conditions were healthful. A new city was laid out, and each property-holder in the old one was assigned a site that corresponded in area with that he occupied at Teckham, and was given twelve months to remove his buildings and belongings. Sewers, railroads and sidewalks, public building, water-works, and all other public improvements were laid out by the Government in the new city without expense to the people, but they were required to pay the cost of the removal of their own property. Most of the houses and other buildings in Teckham are built of very light wooden material.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

His Endeavor—Ambition Fulfilled—Unless We Expect It—Timely Eric-a-Brac—A Rude Awakening—Explained at Last—Diplomacy With Tramps, Etc.

When first we met I fell in love
Of favors she was chary,
And so I stole her photograph—
To get ahead of Mary.

Now we've been married full ten years,
I've grown a trifle seary,
So still I strive with might and main
To get ahead of Mary.

Ambition Fulfilled.
"Ah, my boy, how do you like having a nephew named after you?"
"It makes me feel rich, old man."
—Detroit Journal.

Unless We Expect It.
Smith—"It is the unexpected that always happens."
Horriagan—"Yes, unless you are looking for it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wonderful Change.
Extraordinary alteration in Mr. Winkle's appearance resulting from a small score.—Life.

Timely Eric-a-Brac.
"Clara is always up-to-date."
"What now?"
"She rented wooden Indians to decorate her parlors for that afternoon tea."—Detroit Free Press.

A Rude Awakening.
Wife—"John, I wish you would let me have \$50 this morning."
Husband—"My dear, you must have dreamed that I married an heiress, didn't you?"—Louisville Commercial.

Explained at Last.
Snitor—"Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence."
Her Father—"Oh, that's it, eh? I've often wondered how you could ever see her, with the gas turned so low."—Chicago News.

Easily Misunderstood.
"We are crushed," they moaned, "under the iron heel of the invader!"
Yet at that very moment the victorious captain, in his guarded tent, was being kept awake with chillblains.

Ah, how easy is it not for persons related as conqueror and conquered to misunderstand each other.—Detroit Journal.

One of Many.
Mrs. Weeks—"What business is your husband engaged in?"
Mrs. Meeks—"He operates in stocks."
Mrs. Weeks—"Is he a 'bull' or a 'bear'?"
Mrs. Meeks—"Both. He's a bull at the stock exchange and a bear at home."—Chicago News.

The Real Reason.
"And you will not be mine?" he faltered, sadly.
"Not if I know myself!" exclaimed the proud girl.

In point of fact, she was rejecting him not so much because she knew herself as because she knew the rich De Smythes; but it was not always best to emphasize social distinctions.—Detroit Journal.

Diplomacy With Tramps.
Boston Bill—"Please, mum, kin you gimme somethin' to eat—just the meat the dog left will do."
Mrs. Miggles—"We haven't any dog."

"Oh, you ain't? Den you git to work an' cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, 'fore I kick ye in the jor!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Wonderful Language.
"I don't understand it at all," she said, knitting her brows with a puzzled look.
"What?" he asked.
"Why, I heard you telling about the deal you went into with Mr. Brown, and you said he dumped you good and hard."

"That was right."
"But not more than five minutes later the subject came up again, and I heard you say that he threw you in the air."

"That was right, too."
It looked like a hard problem, but with the aid of a slang dictionary she was able finally to solve it.—Chicago Post.

A Re-markable Bargain.

A Giant Flaming Machine.

In Buffalo, N. Y., a planer is in operation which at each cut removes a shaving full twelve inches wide from solid cast iron. The knife is between twelve and thirteen inches wide.

THE EDITOR ABROAD.

Experiences of an American Who Has Founded a Paper in Manila.

One of the first results of the infusion of American spirit and ideas into the Philippines is an up-to-date Yankee newspaper called the American Soldier, published in Manila. The first number has just arrived in New York. It is a four-page sheet, the columns of which are full of interesting personal matter regarding Uncle Sam's soldiers in the Pacific Islands.

The name of George A. Smith appears as that of the managing editor. Mr. Smith advises the public that his newspaper will be published weekly and sold at five cents per copy, "in American coin." The leading editorial, after commenting upon the great enterprise necessary to establish a paper in the United States, says that in Manila the task is even greater, "involving as it does the transaction of business with a non-English-speaking people, who are crafty and suspicious in their dealings and decidedly slow in grasping the ideas of American push and energy."

Editor Smith forestalls criticism of the typography of the American Soldier in a paragraph which says: "Don't blame the proofreader nor the writer for the errors in grammar or orthography. The type is set up by native Filipinos, and it would have taken a proofreader with a dozen pairs of eyes to have discovered the errors they have made."

The funny man on the American Soldier cracks a joke and apologizes for it in the same breath. He says: "Dewey Merritt success? No bouquets, please! We won't do it again."

Under the head of "Bum Notes from the Band" the paper says that "the boys give a short concert every night. It is unnecessary to say why they are so short. There are few fatalities, however, and very few wounded. General Merritt escaped before they had a chance to serenade him. They were all very sore, but grief such as that soon fades. At least in this climate it outs no ice."

The advertisements in the American Soldier are from Manila merchants in various lines of trade. One saloon-keeper calls his place the "American." He announces that "refreshments for the inner man are served ice cold at all times, except when closed." The proprietor of the "Alhambra," or the "American Atlantic Garden," urges the public to call and have "lunch served by Old Dad George Richwell."

The Value of Nerve.
"I'm going to keep that man because I admire nerve," said a wealthy business man at his downtown office the other day. "I don't know yet what he can do, but I'm going to find out and then put him at it, no matter if it's cleaning stables and stocking furnaces. He came to me recently when I advertised for an experienced coachman. Oh, yes, he knew all about horses, how to drive them and just how to care for them, as well as everything else about the barns. The truth was that he didn't have the first qualification. He buckled the harnesses together and then tried to put them on over the horses' heads; didn't know a coupe from a surry; turned the hose on the silk linings of the brougham, and would have had a runaway on the first go off if the barn boy and a policeman had not lent a hand."

"I've been using him for a sort of an errand boy, but he doesn't fill the bill. My folks are away and Tuesday I sent him to the house for a pair of fur gloves, telling him that there were two pair, one dark, one light, and urged him to be sure to bring mates. He came back with one of each, and I took pains to show him just how he had blundered. 'But the other two don't mate no more nor these two,' was all the explanation he had to offer. I told him to get me 100 postage stamps, handing him a \$10 bill. He brought back 100 ten-centers. The next day he wanted a raise in wages. But I'll find something for him to do. He's too good to lose."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon at School.
The first few months at school are certainly not the least unhappy of a great life. Papa Charles leaves his sons at Autun—the preparatory school for Brienne—two little waifs in a hostile world. All the other boys are French—enemies and conquerors—and these two, Corsicans and vanquished.

"What's your name?" says a little Frenchman to one of them, and according to that time-honored formula of schoolboys.

"Nabulione de Bonaparte," he replies, in his Ajaccian.

And there is a roar of laughter. They laugh at everything from the first—at his accent, his country, his Paoli, his poverty. One does not like to think of the passion of rage, scorn and hatred that surges into that childish heart. Little Joseph is a great deal more equable, and soon takes the teasing pretty well for what it is worth. But Napoleon can't. He remembers now with a torment of regrets the place where he was happy—Mammuccia, easy-going papa, Mamma Letizia. He walks about the playground alone—angry, surly, wretched. He begins to learn French "with frenzy." To laugh at him!—no one shall laugh at him. "You Corsicans are des laches!" cries some little demon of a schoolfellow. The boy is white with passion, with his eyes blazing. "It is you French who are des laches, with your twenty to one!" says he; and he fisticuffs the little Gaul in a fury.—Pall Mall Magazine.

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