

SMALLEST SALARY PAID BY THE GOVERNMENT.

WELSH, - - LOUISIANA

The curse of litigation seems still to hang over the Fair millions.

Too much thinking on the subject of microbes will dull the heartiest appetite.

There is a double reason for calling it hard coal, since it has become so hard to get.

The fact that coal and diamonds are chemically identical ceases to wear an air of paradox.

An Indiana man burned up \$6,000 in greenbacks before committing suicide. Is this patriotism?

Grave diggers are taking risks when they go on a strike. There are no strikes at crematories.

Since his father's will was read young Mr. Mackay has not had to worry about his board bill.

We have not read the coronation ode written by William Winter, but it is better than Alfred Austin's.

King Edward should remember that uneasy lies the head that doesn't take off its crown on going to bed.

President Castro should know how to take his medicine. It is the same dose he has served out to others.

The Viceroy of Chili means well enough, but his proclamation reads like something from a comic opera.

Henri Rochefort of Paris wears a straw hat which is said to have cost \$1,000; but then one can say anything.

It is a severe strain on the transportation facilities to move even the stories that are told of this year's crops.

It is to be hoped that the rest of the South American republics will not insist positively on having revolutions now.

England is drinking California wine, with "California" on the label and likewise on the cork. Will the "invasion" never end?

It takes courage to buy a big daily newspaper only to suppress it, as Mr. Ochs has practically suppressed the Philadelphia Times.

One ambitious and able-bodied mosquito will cause more bloodshed than all the Central American and Haitian warriors put together.

One of the first signs of autumn is the prima donna's annual interview about the fabulous salary she has had to decline because of a previous contract.

The farmers' \$50,000,000 trust will not need to go east after financial assistance if it can hold on to its products until the east really needs them.

American women led all others for costly jewels at the coronation, a fact which the customs officers in New York will try to recall a little later in the year.

The empress dowager has caught another Chinese reformer and suggested that he be sent to the place where reforms are either unnecessary or impossible.

Possibly the cigars that a Texas railroad is offering as a bonus to travelers are of the kind that make the discomforts of travel seem as nothing by comparison.

Because a waitress hands a customer a piece of peach pie when he says "Give me the kind that resembles you," would you accuse her of being egotistical?

Really that New York woman who is suing her first husband for abandonment after she has tried six other matrimonial ventures is paying him a very high compliment.

The lady who drenched her husband in vitriol must have been an extravagant housewife. It is not necessary to have more than a few ounces of the fluid about. Besides there was her temper.

Since the walls of Solomon's temple have been discovered in Samaria and Noah's ark has been found in Greenland, there appears to be a chance for some scientist to locate Adam and Eve's first tepee.

In Tolstoy's latest book the Russian pessimist asserts that English fiction, with Dickens and American literature, ceased with Emerson and Lowell. This is tough on Samuel Eberly Gross and Mary McLane.

A New York mendicant has admitted in court that he makes \$1,800 a year begging. But, poor fellow, how can he expect to cut any kind of a figure in New York on \$1,800 a year.

A Boston man is trying to start a home for poor inventors. It should be fitted up with a number of padded cells for the perpetual motion crowd.

Such lovely, artistic ways of serving watermelons as one reads of! At the same time, for pure relish, can anything beat the small boy's way?

Among the long list of government employees who draw salaries from Uncle Sam's pocketbook, the distinction of being the smallest salaried of any falls to Charles Henry Gibbs, keeper of the "bug light" at Nantucket, Mass., who annually about the 20th of July receives a check of \$1, his year's salary, and cashes it with as much concern as if it were \$1,000,000 instead of 100 cents.

What is known as the "Bug Light-house" is situated on a hill near Monomoy, on the south side of Nantucket harbor, and at the time when the island was at the height of its fame as a whaling port was considered an invaluable guide to vessels entering the harbor at night. It ranged with the light on Brant Point in such a manner as to indicate the channel entrance; but for over twenty years it has not been used at all, the shifting sands of Nantucket bar and the buildings of the jetties bringing it several hundred feet out of range. The name "Bug" was applied to the light by the old mariners as a nickname, evidently from its resemblance to a fire fly when seen at a distance.

However, the government still retains the lighthouse and is willing to pay a man \$1 a year to live there. The keeper has no work to do, but is

allowed to keep hens and breed cats for a livelihood. Mr. Gibbs is one of Nantucket's eccentric characters and lives alone, coming to town only when his stock of provisions is getting low.

He is a native of the island, and in early life learned the cooper's trade, afterward going whaling for over twenty years, and made several voyages "round the Horn," visiting nearly every sea on the globe. Since giving up the sea he has made a living at whatever kind of a job he could secure, and about eight years ago he accepted his present position as keeper of the lighthouse.

Despite his threescore and ten years he even now hires out to neighboring farmers in haying time, and is an expert berry picker, claiming he can pick more berries in a day than the liveliest youngster on the island.

Mr. Gibbs wears neither shoes nor stockings in the summer time, but in the winter resorts to the old-fashioned leather boots. He says he does not get lonesome, for his cats keep him company, and he always has one event to look forward to each year—the coming of his check in July, when he indulges in a few delicacies from his table and one or two heads of tobacco for his enjoyment during the long winter months.

TWO CLASSES OF MEN WHO MAY BE PITIED.

In fine, I hardly know who are most to be pitied, the rich or idle and lazy who underwork, or the very poor who must overwork to live. The former grow flabby or tense, according to their heredity, in both muscle and mind, become fastidious, finicky and sentimental, are especially prone to yield to temptations to drink and of sex excesses, must aimlessly change their interests, location and pursuits from sheer ennui; are easily bored and finally lose the power of being strenuous about anything. The effects of an inactive life upon the offspring are sometimes sadly and markedly degenerate.

The overworked, especially if young, are prone to many forms of arrest. Children are undergrown in both height and weight; they are robbed of the paradise of leisure, which is the literal translation of the Greek word school. The high ideals and ambitions normal to adolescence fade into a dull state of apathy and discouragement, and, at worst, of

smoldering revolt against the existing order of things. To be always tired is miserable, and individual or social misery is a powder magazine liable to explode at any time.

Man is endowed with a fatigue sense that tells him he is tired, continues a writer in Ainslee's. It seems to be a specific feeling, due perhaps to accumulated products of decomposition in the muscles. This pain-tire is a warning to stop or let up. It is, however, possible to press on in defiance of it, and if we persist in so doing there comes a point when this fatigue sense is itself fatigued and tired out and ceases to act. This is when runners get their second breath; when those beginning night work have fought through the period of sleepiness that comes when they have went to go to bed and feel very wide awake and alert as if they could go on forever. But the day of reckoning comes. They are now living on their capital, which is being rapidly overdrawn.

WOLCOTT'S BIG LUCK IN GAME OF POKER.

Senator Wolcott is said to be one of the coolest of men when engaged in a game of poker. In describing his play, Albert Watson of Denver said:

"The senator once found himself in a game of poker where three of the other players were playing a 'sure game.' They were professionals, and were after a big bundle of money. Wolcott had in his possession, as well as looking for that which a fifth player, a mining operator named Durkin, was known to have.

"Wolcott knew in twenty minutes after the first hand was dealt that the intention was to rob him, and wearied his wits in trying to find a way to get out of the game without making trouble, but he could not do it. At last he was dealt a pat flush of diamonds, made up of the five, seven, eight, nine and jack.

"He skinned the cards over and did a mighty piece of thinking. He felt in his bones that a flush would be

of no account in the world when it came to a show down, but he chipped in to draw cards.

"He pondered a long while between discarding the five spot or the picture, and at last tossed away the jack and called for a card. The dealer looked astonished at his wanting any, but gave a card.

"Wolcott picked it up and found that he had got the six spot of diamonds. He never turned a hair. The betting began, and he nursed his sequence along, letting the other fellows do the raising. At last it got down to Wolcott and one of the professionals.

"Finally there was a call, and the other man showed four queens. Wolcott laid down the five, six, seven, eight and nine of diamonds and swept in the money. The game stopped right there. I reckon that was the greatest piece of luck any man ever had in a poker game."

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Prodigality Has Reached a Stage That Is Almost Epidemic.

It seems to cost a great deal to live nowadays. Most persons notice it, especially persons who are hard put to it to find the money to pay their bill, says Harper's Weekly. The statisticians report that commodities in general use cost, on an average, about 10 per cent more than they did a year ago. The rise in the price of meat contributes a good deal to this advance, though breadstuffs have been high, too. Articles of luxury have grown dearer in proportion than most articles of necessity, because the huge influx of money that the country has sustained has made a brisk market for luxuries. Rents are higher; houses cost more; servants get higher wages; board is higher at summer hotels. Another thing that counts for a great deal is that in prosperous times like these the incomes of very many people are increased and their expenditures are proportionately amplified. They spend more money, live more luxuriously and raise the standard of living. The living expenses of any given family are very much affected by the expenses of other families of their acquaintance, and the scale of living of "other families" seems just now to have become inconveniently liberal. There is nothing that we are reader to share than our economies. It is easier to economize when it is the fashion. Just now prodigality is so conspicuous that it has become more or less epidemic.

Actions may speak louder than words, but you can't make a woman believe it.

WAS DIFFICULT TO ANSWER.

Secretary Wilson's Question Effectually Squelched Interrupter.

Secretary Wilson has gained the name of the "David Harum of the cabinet," not only through the stories which he keeps on tap appropriate to all occasions, but also because of the ready wit with which he meets all conversational attacks. Not long ago he was one of the guests at the board of the Clover club in Philadelphia, an organization which has acquired a reputation as being a most difficult body to address. The members seem to take a fendish pride in rattling a speaker by their interruptions.

Mr. Wilson had just risen. His first sentence had contained a reference to the fable of the lion and the ass.

"Which are you?" called a voice from down the table.

"The lion," answered the secretary, without an instant's hesitation.

"Which are you?"

The Difference.

An American girl, pretty and bright, had been spending some time in Leamington, England.

The afternoon before her departure she suddenly remembered that several books from the public library should be returned. She took the volumes, sallied forth, and presently encountered a young Englishman whose acquaintance, though brief, had not been without attraction.

"Really, now, how queer you American girls are," he said. "Now, I suppose if you were at home, walking on Fifth avenue you would never be seen with a fellow lugging all these books."

"Certainly not," she quickly and archly answered. "If I were in America the fellow would be carrying them."

BALTIMORE MAN WHO LIVES IN PIANO BOX.

Perhaps the strangest place of abode for a human being has just been discovered in Baltimore. It is a piano box, located in a branch of the Chesapeake Bay, and is occupied by James Bailey, a wooden-legged fisherman. There are several boxes on the side of the river, all with the exception of the one occupied by Bailey, being used as lockers by fishermen who live in the vicinity. The box in which Bailey lives is made of rough boards, and was once the home of an upright piano. It is about 6 feet in length, 3 feet wide and a little over 5 feet high. It is known as "No. 2501," and has been used by Bailey for the last fourteen years. From the first of February until the last of November he eats, sleeps and lounges in this box, deserting it only when the winds which sweep over the river make it uninhabitable even for an animal.

The old fisherman has never known a day of sickness, and says that he is perfectly happy, reports a writer in the New York Herald. Though he has several children living in Baltimore, all of whom are anxious and willing for him to spend his declining days at their homes, Bailey stoutly refuses all invitations, preferring to end his days in his "mansion" by the river.

A mattress and several bed covers hide the bottom. Along the sides are two shelves, on which are ranged bits of fishing tackle, a teapot, a coffee urn, a bottle of milk, knives, forks and cooking utensils. Around the sides are his clothes, neatly hung on hooks. At one end is a lighted lantern. On the whole, the place looks extremely cozy and comfortable.

"I've been here since the blizzard of '88," said Bailey, in answer to a question. "Up to that time I'd lived in a cabin a little farther down on the shore, but the place was too cold, and I had to find more comfortable quarters. I bought this box for 75 cents—rather cheap for a home, wasn't it?"

"Yasas," is a little cold in winter, sometimes, but then, you see, the place is all my own. I'm protected from the rain, and I'm pointed to the rough iron roof that covered the top of the box, and in summer time I'd sooner sleep here, where I can open the lid and get the full benefit of the breezes, than in a hot, stuffy bed in a real house."

The monogram lid is all right, but better let it alone. There are times when positive identification might be embarrassing.

SOLDIERS BELIEVE IN CHARMS AND SPELLS.

During the South African war a number of instances have cropped up showing that the idea still prevails that there are such things as charms and spells against wounds and death. Not long ago a paragraph appeared in some of the papers to the effect that a soldier's watch, with a charm attached to it, had been found on one of the battle-fields, and was being held for a rightful claimant. Earlier in the war a private's letter told how a comrade had come in safely through a hot engagement by virtue, as he thought, of an amulet he wore, to be mortally wounded in a subsequent skirmish, when, by the merest chance, he was not wearing his charm. A relative's letter from the front tells the writer of a young fellow who wore a charmed ring suspended from his neck. The wearer had it from his sweetheart; he placed the most perfect faith in it, and, though he had been in several hot corners, he had hitherto always come out scathless.

Although this kind of belief is of very ancient date, it is curious as well as interesting to find it still in existence in the British army. Perhaps we ought to say "traces of it," for it is hard to believe that it is widely prevalent. And yet it would not be very surprising if it were so, seeing that a certain proportion of

the rank and file are illiterate, and come from a stratum of society which is largely superstitious. It is curious to compare our army in this respect with the German.

Those who happened to be in the fatherland during and immediately after the war of 1870-71 must have been struck by the amount of superstition that, hidden under ordinary circumstances, in the then excited state of the public mind made its way to the surface, much as the mud of a stagnant pool floats to the top when the water is agitated. Nothing seemed too absurd to be believed. Portents and warnings were seen everywhere. Black crosses, observed for the first time in window-panes of the houses of the peasantry throughout Baden and the south generally, were held to be signs of divine wrath against the turn things in general had taken in the fatherland, especially in regard to the church. The excitement touching this phenomenon became intense, and was only allayed when a Baden glass manufacturer came forward and demonstrated that the warning crosses were marks imprinted on the glass in the process of making.—New York Evening Post.

The man who is bravest in words is often weakest in action.

VILLAGE BLOTTED OUT BY SHIFTING SANDS.

Not alone volcanoes, floods and cyclones show the inability of man to cope with the aroused forces of nature, as a recent dispatch from Los Angeles, Cal., shows.

Just across the mountains to the east of Redlands, Cal., in the Mojave desert, lies the village of Indio, a station on the Southern Pacific railway. Two years ago it was surrounded by an arid waste of sand. Nothing grew there—not even sage brush. It was as desolate and dreary a waste as Death Valley, 100 miles to the northeast.

Someone put down an artesian well and found abundant water a short distance below the surface. Other wells were sunk. Water was turned on the land and the desert began to blossom. Land which had been worthless began to sell at all the way from \$20 to \$100 per acre.

And this land grew anything. It produced melons every month in the year. It grew alfalfa six crops yearly. Anything that was planted produced huge crops. Indio was the center of a fertile and fruitful district.

Two or three weeks ago the desert wind began to blow. It had blown often before and the people of Indio were not alarmed. This time, however, it continued to grow in strength. Fine particles of sand filled the air, and still the people were not alarmed. They had had sandstorms before. But not this kind of sandstorm. The wind grew fiercer and fiercer, rolling clouds of sand before it and finally sweeping up whole acres of it and hurling it upon the cultivated fields and fruitful gardens of Indio.

At the end of three days, when the desert wind ceased, the whole cultivated region was once more an arid desert, buried under sand many feet deep. Not a green thing was spared. Everything had been obliterated by the fierce breath of the simoon. The jealous desert had claimed its own again. Crops, irrigation ditches and improvements valued at over \$1,000,000 had vanished—blotted out by the shifting sand.

To be contented you must be good friends with yourself.

WHEN IS A MAN WISE? Differences of Opinion Concerning a Most Important Point.

What age brings with it of wisdom on the one hand or irresponsibility on the other depends largely on the point of view. The recent unfortunate slip of Gen. Brigg's pen regarding the Cubans was under discussion the other day, between two men, both of whom had seen, in their time, a good deal of public life.

"I am sorry for Bragg," remarked one of them, "but he is far too old to be placed in a position of the delicacy of that of consul general in Cuba at this stage."

"I am not so sure of that," answered the other. "I was once, as a youngster, with President Lincoln and Secretary Seward when the latter was urging that a certain diplomatic mission requiring the ripest and soundest judgment should be given to a certain man he had selected. Mr. Lincoln inquired how old the candidate was, and was told that he was past middle life. The president shook his head.

"He won't do," said he; "he's too old for such a post. I should be too old for it; you would be too old for it, Seward."

"No," answered Seward, equally

earnestly, "the trouble is just the other way. I am not old enough to fill it properly; I never shall be old enough."

In Haunted Ways.

In haunted ways I set my feet, When pales the wistful after-glow; The ghostly presence is so sweet, No lightest fear my heart may know; The sigh of darkness lingers I hear— One spell the whispering leaves repeat; One only voice, in all, I hear.

One only face I meet; In haunted ways I set my feet, Where'er I go—where'er I range; The ghostly presence is so sweet, My heart, forsooth, desires no change; Clear rings the thrush's matin call, The waking eyes of dowers I greet; One only voice I hear in all.

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—Edith Thomas, in Harper's Bazaar.

An enthusiastic man loses his popularity as soon as people get on to him.

To be found in bad company is often equivalent to being lost.

The Ladies' Home month has a long husbands should wives. When you room, reading, and in, arise to your bow.—Atchison Glob

The British consular reports that it is newspapers as packing, export for Turkey, as examined at the custom it contains "seditious" moved.

Mr. Samuel McCaughey, a sheep king, has suffered on account of It has diminished a flock of 1,250,000—world which belong no fewer than 1,000

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Lozenges, cures w.

The eminent German poet, Franz von Lenbach, and his wife, more than any of women, though he declares they are so etherial that they can be happy in marriage unless they are adored and petted all the time.

Prof. Stetson of the University of Chicago told the students at the course of a lecture on "Psychology and the Preachers" the other day that a minister should "compose his own hymns, words and music; should be a skilled art critic, have a smattering of architecture and be an expert psychologist."

Hearts may be attracted by easy qualities, but the affections are by to be fixed by those who are real. De Moy.

The loyal bill poster sticks up for his employer.

Marry in haste and repent in the court room.

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