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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1899.

VOL. LXIV. NO. 30.

LIFE AND LOVE.

There is something to live for and something to love. Wherever we wander, wherever we rove, there are thousands of sad ones to cheer and sustain. Till hopes that are hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love. For the spirit of man is like garden or grove. It will yield a sweet fragrance, but still you must till. And cherish the blossoms and culture the soil.

When everything was ready for the show the next evening Joe was the most composed of the entire cast, and it was taken for granted he had fought a battle with his conscience and had determined to adhere to his bachelor's sentiments.

The sketch was finally begun, and Joe made a very good villain. Semmes and Miss Kingore as lovers were truly ideal. Everything progressed smoothly, and finally Joe captured the heroine and bore her off to the woods (the back door and the piazza in this instance), when the hero, discovering the abduction, was to dash out and rescue her after a struggle, noise being made by the trio to impress the audience.

The moment Joe and Miss Kingore reached the piazza he put his arm around her and drawing her to him said rapidly in one breath:

"Miss Kingore, I'm going tomorrow. I like you, yes, I love you. Tell me there is any hope for me? Will you marry me?"

She could not have disengaged herself from his embrace if she had tried, which she didn't, and she said suavely, as if they had all night to discuss the matter:

"Why, you know you have always been so pronounced in your views against marriage that I hardly know what to think of your sincerity now."

Hee! could he here Semmes inside Semmes, looking down at the letter which he had just received, and he half-exclaimed:

"Oooh, Margaret, answer me quickly! Is it yes or no? And bending down before she could answer he kissed her, accompanying it with a hug.

Just then Semmes jumped out, and Margaret and Joe separated. Semmes made a rush for Joe, and they grappled. For about two minutes they wrestled around the piazza, and had Joe wished to injure Semmes he could have pitched him off the piazza. He was content, however, with brushing his hand across Semmes' face occasionally, and when he finally released him Semmes grabbed Miss Kingore and bore her into the room to the centre of the stage with a triumphant stride.

Instead of hearty applause greeting him everyone shouted with laughter. Miss Kingore looked puzzled and then turning caught a glimpse of Semmes, and she, too, joined in the laughter, and the play was abruptly ended.

Semmes meanwhile could not see where the joke came in until one of his friends escorted him to a mirror, and he saw a reflection of a face that looked like patches of a barber's pole with its black and white stripes. In

LIFE OF OUR PHILIPPINE ARMY IN THE FIELD AND IN THE TRENCHES.

The Fighting Not Desperate But Harassing to the Troops.

The fighting around Manila of late has not been of a desperate character, but has been harassing in its physical requirements. This little black man, the Filipino, who is causing some kind of trouble that the boy-experiences with a hornet's nest, cannot be understood in a day. When captured he acts as if his lot had fallen among old friends. He is made a point beyond our skirmishes, assuming to think that the aspect of his fleeing countrymen is a huge joke. The next minute but give him the chance he is likely to send a bullet into an American's back. For such an offence Major-General Anderson once had a Filipino struck up a tree on the spot, this being the only American military execution thus far recorded in the Philippines.

A giant private of the Montana was fired on; at a distance of about ten yards and missed; he caught the enemy, took his gun away from him, and then laid him across his knees. After he had vigorously applied a piece of bamboo, he seized the enemy by the seat of the trousers and threw him toward the rear.

"There," he said, "Don't you let me catch you playing with firearms again."

Life in trenches has often been de-

some men come and escape. I have seen many men make the last sacrifice, and sometimes, looking down into a familiar face, have for the mo-



NEBRASKA MEN DIGGING TRENCH FOR THE BURIAL OF DEAD FILIPINOS.

ment felt that glory was a hideous thing, and yet it is a great privilege to have seen men die so. The memory of it will make one stronger and better."

There are constant rumors coming in through prisoners that the insurgents' ammunition is giving out. Nevertheless, on the advance to Malolos, whenever one was captured

A FRENCH SAILOR YARN.

The Most Remarkable Experience of a Sea Captain.

Mr. Clark Russell of England is the best-known teller of sea-tales at the present day, and he certainly relates some marvellous adventures. But he will have to look to his laurels. Alphonse Allais of Paris, in a recent issue of Le Journal, gives the remarkable experience of a French sea captain, whom he allows to relate his own story. Since he set forth on his voyage from our own New England capital, which uncontested exists, and can be proved to be still in its place, perhaps we may accept his words as truth.

"Captain of the three-master Lucien Guifry," he begins, "I set sail from Boston, January 28, with an exclusive cargo of varnish. What use people could possibly find for six thousand barrels of varnish I do not know—and besides, that has nothing to do with this story."

"The second of February, in the early morning, we were assailed by a frightful tempest. Waves of high as houses beat against my poor vessel, which strained and groaned threateningly. We could not endure much more, yet the sky showed no promise of change. We were in imminent danger; every shock increased our peril; it was impossible to survive such violence if it continued. What should we do?"

"Our oil upon the sea! Certainly, we thought of it; but, unfortunately, we had aboard only a litre of olive oil, destined for the yamonnaisse dressing of an occasional salad."

"Suddenly my second officer was struck with an inspiration of genius. 'Suppose,' cried he, 'we should pour our varnish! Varnish is much like oil.'"

"At that moment the hurricane redoubled its fury; truly we appeared to be lost."

"Pour on the varnish!" I commanded.

"The result was stupefying. At the first barrel emptied over to starboard the waves were visibly calmed upon that side; the second, poured to leeward, achieved a like success."

"Whereupon a sort of frenzy took possession of the entire crew, myself foremost. Every one has heard of such a thing as a collective hallucination; this was collective frenzy, a delirium of wild exertion! We poured; we continued to pour. When evening fell, we had poured overboard all our cargo of varnish—all! And the effect! Around us, at a distance, the storm raged more and more madly; but about the ship, in a circumference of at least a quarter of a mile, reigned the most tranquil of calms. That,

"HULLO!"

When you see a man in a white Walk right up and say 'hullo!' Say 'hullo!' an 'how d'ye do?' 'How's the world-a-unt' you?' 'I'm just the same as the day o' yest'ry. Walk right up and don't go slow. Grin and shag and say 'hullo!'"

W'en big vessels meet, they say, 'The saloot an' sail away. Just the same as you an' me—Lonesome ships upon a sea; Back over sails, the bows of day. For a port beyond the fog. Let yer speakin' trumpet blow. Lifer yer horn an' cry 'hullo!'"

Say 'hullo!' an' 'how d'ye do?' 'O'ber folks are good as you.' 'I've yer leaves yet, the day o' day, Wandering in the far-away. W'en you travel through the strange Country 't'other side the range. Then the soul, you've observed will know Who you be, an' say 'hullo!'"

—Texas Commercial Review.

HUMOROUS.

Algie—What is the first thing you would do if you had \$1,000,000? Tom—Bribe.

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail. Tommy—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it.

Honorable—How dare you ask me to feed you again? Hobo—That, ma'am, is a perpetual secret.

"What's makes you consider him such a strong man?" "Why, I saw him open three car windows in succession."

"Shave yourself, usually, don't you?" queried the barber. "No," replied the victim, shortly. "Never talk to myself."

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, yer honor." "What was it?" "She says she wanted to kill herself!"

War Hero—All right, I will accept your offer of \$1000 for an article. What shall I write about? Magazine Editor—Oh, about nine or ten pages.

McFingle—Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority. McFangle—Why—I—when did he—he die? McFingle—Well, no; but he's married.

A sure sign of old age—write it down as the truth—Is to prattle like a sage on the follies of youth.

Jones—I'm six months since I loaded you that ax, and you said you only needed it for a short time. Smith—Well, that's right. It lasted only half an hour.

THE BACHELOR'S SURRENDER.

How the Stylus Club Lost Its President.

BY JAMES T. SULLIVAN.

During the three years Joe Heagel had been president of the Stylus Bachelor club he had seen the membership dwindle from its original number of fifteen to two.

Joe was always the most pronounced in his views regarding the delights of being "free and untrammelled," as he put it. Joe was in no sense a misogynist; indeed he was a gallant person, fine when he came in contact with women. Best of all he made no distinctions in favor of youth and beauty; in fact, he seemed to treat those to whom nature had been kinder, or who had passed the thirty-year mark, with a triple more consideration.

On this account his advent at Waverly, a summer resort in New Hampshire, had come to be regarded as a blessing by the landlord. For five successive summers he had enjoyed vacation life there and each year deepened his craving for the delights of a bachelor. In that time he had met scores of attractive, fascinating, captivating girls without a semblance of encouragement being given any of them on his part, while many of his friends became tangled up in matrimony. His sentiments on the subject had become a byword with the guests who went annually to Waverly, and wagers had often been made regarding him.

Each year when he was about to start on his trip he was conveyed to the train by several friends, and in jocular style they importuned him to beware of the wiles of the fair sex. Joe always assured them there was no need to worry on that score, and his last few moments were usually spent in declaring:

"That 18—wha the usual off for his. He want after with the train to a him with other to the hotel. Seven people made the change, an elderly couple, three children and a young woman who was apparently accompanied by her mother."

When they reached the hotel at the other side of the lake Heagel was given a hearty welcome by companions of other years, and they found him the same old bachelor as of yore.

The first week of his stay he was busy renewing old acquaintances, and on only two occasions did he meet the young woman who had arrived at the hotel the same day he did. He had forgotten her name, but he settled himself down to enjoy the summer he reflected that he had seen her sitting demurely in the background at some of the social functions, so he resolved to see that she would not be left in solitude again.

During the next week Miss Kingore on several occasions was brought to the front by Joe, and she proved a charming addition to the company. Whether mama disapproved of her enjoying social life was unknown, but it was noticed the young woman was not present at the evening assemblies for some time. Invitations to go driving, rowing, sailing, etc., were declined by mama on behalf of her daughter several times.

When Joe's history had been rehearsed in Mrs. Kingore's hearing on many occasions, and she had heard several stump speeches by Joe on the matrimonial question, she volunteered to let Miss Margaret go rowing with Joe while she chaperoned the party. The young woman was allowed to join in the evening socials again also, but her dancing favors were limited to Joe and two other staid married men. No notice was taken of Heagel's frequent jaunts with Miss Kingore, as it was presumed he was doing it from motives of good nature, especially as mama was always on hand wherever they went.

The fourth week of the vacation had passed, and Miss Kingore's liberties were no so restricted, another young man, a Mr. Semmes, having also found favor in mama's eyes. So one pleasant afternoon when Joe had planned on a sailing trip and went looking for Miss Kingore, only to see her fading away in a canoe paddled by Semmes, he experienced a strange feeling of loneliness.

He tried to laugh, but it was a dismal failure. When he looked again and saw mama was not with them his feelings were lacerated more deeply. As insane desire to jump into his sailboat and chase them seized him. He would accidentally run them down and save Miss Kingore.

When he went back to his room and threw himself on his bed, there he spent several hours deeply absorbed in thought. He pictured in his mind how his friends would laugh if they knew his feelings then; tried to picture himself as a benefactor, with all the past good times nothing but a memory. Then he resolved to let Miss Kingore severely abuse and kill the flames kindling in his heart.

That evening Joe made a desperate effort to avoid her, but somehow or other their eyes met frequently. When he saw the appealing look in her big blue eyes as she sat alone he reproached himself and went over to her. He tried to be a little sarcastic, but couldn't.

He had just been seated comfortably when Semmes showed up, having tramped to the postoffice two miles

away to see if a letter Miss Kingore had expected had arrived. When Semmes handed a missive to her she was all smiles and thanked him profusely. She made room for him to sit near her, and Heagel was annoyed. She read the letter and talked to Semmes at the same time, and when Joe saw by a glance that the letter was written in a masculine hand, comprising a dozen or so sheets, he was burning. Excusing himself he went out on the piazza to smoke and reflect.

"Just as I always maintained," he mused. "Here she is getting letters from a sweetheart in the city and flirting with us. They are all alike, one bunch of conceit. I'm through, though; you can bet on that. She may fool Semmes, but not my uncle. Semmes can have the field to himself after this."

His thoughts were suddenly checked by a light touch on the shoulder, and as he looked up Miss Kingore inquired: "Are you going to dance this evening, Mr. Heagel?"

"Yes, I mean no. You see I'm smoking, and I'd rather not go indoors, as it's too hot to dance," he answered.

By the time he finished speaking he was on his feet, and looking at Miss Kingore noticed she had a far away look in her eyes, and she seemed as if she was about to cry. He didn't know what to say, but seeing that she had a wisp over her shoulders suggested that she would catch cold remaining outdoors. She made no reply and apparently had not heard him.

"They stood there about three minutes when the postman brought them



THE RAINY SEASON IN THE PHILIPPINES—SOLDIERS MESSING.

clothespress, while in the sacristy was a store of grain for public animals, and the nobility as well as the sacred images and stations of the Cross remained looking down on the havoc that hell in the guise of war had created in His temple. It was awful. It was war.

So, too, we saw war's footsteps in the deserted Nipa villages—a starved, wretched cat mewing piteously, a gaunt dog with down-drooping tail, a flock of frightened chickens, a few poor pigs rooting in the ashes of the



AMERICAN TROOPS TAKING LUNCH IN THE FIELD.

with gun and ammunition, he had an abundant supply, often over two hundred rounds. One sharpshooter had four hundred.

Thus far not a woman or child has been injured, to the knowledge of our men; and yet the entire population of the villages from Caloccan to and beyond Malolos, much over forty thousand helpless people, has been carried back by the insurgents. They set fire to the town of Polo on evacuating it, and two bedridden old people were burned to death; our boys made

more trouble from me," he continued. Reaching the pump, Margaret worked the handle while he emptied his pocket of stove soot and washed the soot from his hand that he had used in smearing Semmes' face.

When he started for Boston the next day Semmes was not on hand to bid him good by. Two months later Joe and Margaret were married, and the ceremony was ended Tom Burkus, the best man, found himself president, governing committee and board of directors of the Stylus Bachelor club. —Boston Globe.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, literary auctioneers of London, recently sold a genuine lock of Napoleon's hair for five guineas. It was accompanied by the original letter with which it was sent by Captain Poppleton of the Fifty-Third regiment to Mrs. Levaux, saying: "Inclosed is what I promised you. It is small but precious, as I have but little left."

its hollowed out ends, and wall wherein are stored the odds and ends of a soldier's belongings. Many of the men have pet monkeys. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes that he saw one man going into the fight at Maraguina with a monkey sitting on his shoulder chattering with rage or, perhaps, fear.

Not far from the lines of the Kansas command is a native cemetery. High walls of stone with an elaborate carved archway form the enclosure. Within are parallel structures of stone and brick, some ten feet in height, wherein are rows above rows of narrow vaults opening on the central aisle, with arched glass doors in the better portion, the poorer ones being closed by a stone. In these vaults "individuals" they are placed the bodies, there to remain until those left behind to mourn forget, or neglect to pay for rent. In either of those cases out comes the departed and his bones are added to the ghastly heap in the rear of the

soldier letter of unquestioning patriotism and of the most clear-sighted appreciation of the nobility as well as the horror of war. The Republican calls it "graphic writing, fit to be called literature." The author is an unnamed member of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, and he tells a friend in the East that "it was not mere soldiery out here; it was in earnest Americanism." He calls his companions "those who on the Manila roads and in the Luzon trench fields fought a desperate fight, asking no whys or wherefores; who shook out the old flag further from home than it had ever been before, performing a thankless duty, knowing full well the reward—"

How the Indian Plague Travels.

Animals spread the disease by poisoning with the germs such water as is used in both and human beings, and—in all likelihood—by means of the insects which are common to them and men, or to them and the houses of men. Surgeon-Major Dimmick, of Bombay, an expert, declared the methods of infection to be by the secretions of patients or infected animals, by rats, and perhaps by insects. In the neighborhood of a plague patient; dark, over-crowded, unventilated rooms were the main site of the retention of the poison, and also underground drains. The over-crowding of people in such places, he said, was the main means of plague distribution.

Colonel Adams, a medical officer, declared that the infection is carried a long way in clothing, and to a limited extent by rats. Another medical officer swore that where he had studied the plague the natives called it "the rats' disease." Dr. Underwood, of Bombay, said that the plague is spread by over-crowding, rebreathed air, and aerial stagnation. He declared that rats were found in larger numbers during the plague than before. "They were migrating from one place to another, appeared to be in a state of intoxication, and would not notice human beings when they came across them." A singular bit of testimony, by Captain Wilkinson of the Indian Medical Service, was of a single case of plague in a village where no native "communicated with the patient. The only other victims of the disease were rats. A sanitary inspector in the Punjab knew of a case where plague-stricken rats dropped into a well and infected its water.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

Queer Insurance Cases.

There is one sadly dramatic history associated with an insurance ticket. A gentleman purchased one prior to starting on a journey, and, as is frequently done, posted it home to his wife from the departure station. The ticket was delivered simultaneously with an intimation from the railway company announcing that he had lost his life in a railway accident.

In the case of the Tay Bridge disaster, an insurance ticket was discovered upon the body of one of the victims. The ticket had been reduced to absolute pulp by the action of the sea water, but under a microscope the printing could still be traced. The company thereupon admitted the claim and duly paid over the amount of the insurance money.—Railway Magazine.

Once in the solitude of his room Joe made a resolution to drop out of the race. The following day he kept his resolve bravely by taking a tramp through the woods, eating his dinner at a farmhouse. But it was a great effort on his part, and he had hardly heartache as he pictured Miss Kingore and Semmes having a good time together.

He was purposely late for supper and had his meal alone, after which he went to his room determined that no power would drag him from it. His absence was soon discovered, however, and a committee waited upon him and overruled his protests, taking him bodily to the reception hall.

Miss Kingore seemed to look more cheerful than ever, and certainly she was very gracious in her efforts to please Joe. He found himself gradually thawing out, and it was a long time after the dancing ceased that he said "good night" to her.

When he went to his room he was feeling jubilar. All his views on the bachelor question had undergone a sudden change.

The rest of the week the guests at the hotel were treated to some amusing scenes as Heagel and Semmes tried to out-genera each other in getting Miss Kingore to go with either of them. Heagel took the remarks about his change of attitude on matrimony in good part. Miss Kingore was impartial in accepting invitations, but mama was invariably with her. That prevented any sudden declaration of love on the part of either.

When mama was absent the two rivals were with her, and the glances they exchanged at times, were not those of a rival, but of a friend. Matters went along this way until there were only four days left of Heagel's vacation. Semmes' time was not limited, and Miss Kingore had no idea when she was going home.

Joe had become desperate and resolved to propose on the first opportunity, while Semmes decided to keep an eye on Heagel and prevent such a thing occurring in the short time Heagel was to stay, hoping that he would find ample time to win Miss Kingore while Joe was disposed of.

One of Joe's friends decided that a fitting novelty on the eve of Joe's departure would be to have some amateur theatricals. Everyone agreed it was just the thing, and Joe was chosen to write a sketch for the occasion.

Here was his chance of a lifetime, he thought. He would write a great, heroic part and play it himself, with Miss Kingore playing opposite to him.

"We will cast Semmes for the villain," argued one of Joe's friends, and with that idea in his mind Joe spent a whole night writing a splendid part—with its accompanying heroic details.

When the play was read over the next morning by the committee Semmes suggested that as the villain's part was such a strong one no one but the author could do it full justice. As Joe's friend was in the minority Semmes' idea was adopted. Semmes then volunteered to play the role of the hero and was accepted, much to Joe's chagrin.

When Joe's suggestion that Miss Frost, an angular maid of forty or thereabouts, be given the heroine's part was overruled and Miss Kingore chosen, his cup of sorrow was filled. In the hero's role was a love scene ending with an engagement, and Joe pictured Semmes making it as realistic as possible.

A well which spouts a large column of water from 200 to 400 feet high has been opened near Whittier, Col. The well was being drilled in the hope of striking oil. While the men were at work an enormous volume of water, under tremendous pressure, shot out of the mouth of the well. Ever since the flow began it has steadily kept up. The country around is flooded, and no method of controlling the stream has yet been found.

Among the suicides, which continue numerous in Paris, France, was a remarkable one a few nights ago. A man seated in a cafe in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette suddenly stabbed himself in the heart and died immediately. On the table at which he had been sitting was a paper containing the following words: "And now for eternity without regret! Ah, to see the moon at a distance of one meter."

In 1634, the Massachusetts general court passed a law restricting sumptuary laws. These laws forbade the purchase of woolen, silk or linen garments, with silver, gold, silk or thread lace on them. Two years later, a narrow binding of lace was permitted on linen garments. The colonists were ordered not to make or buy any slashed clothes, excepting those with one slash in each sleeve and another in the back. In Newbury, in 1633, two women were brought into court for wearing silk hoods and scarfs, but they were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth two hundred pounds apiece.

A steel bird's nest was recently acquired by the museum of Soleure, in Switzerland. Soleure has an extensive watch and clock making industry, and such metal filings are continually being swept into the roads with the waste from workshops. One day a workman noticed a pair of wagtails gathering steel filings shining in the sunlight and carrying them to their nests. He made an investigation, and found that the birds had constructed a big nest almost exclusively of steel filings. When the brood of fledglings had flown, the steel birds' nest was taken away and sent to the museum.

Novel Cure For Assassination. Under Governor General Ripport assassinations became terribly frequent in the island of Cuba so that no one's life or property was safe. A great delegation went to Ricaport to demand that something be done to improve the enforcement of the law.

"When," the Governor asked them, "do you say these robberies and assassinations take place?"

"At night," they answered.

"In the streets."

"So I suspected. I advise you, if you don't want to be robbed or assassinated, to do as I do; never go out at night!"—Youth's Companion.

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Not less trying is the sight of the actual ceremony of interment. We do not smoke long cigars at funerals, nor do we chatter ceaselessly thereat; both these things are done by Filipinos. But then, they do many things that we do not do. They wash rice in the dirty Pasig. Girls of ten and twelve years smoke cigars. Females, old and young, wear the same dropping-off-the-shoulder cut of corsage. That is, perhaps, an advantage for a man of family, since, in consequence, the style never changes.

Not less startling than the cemetery was my first view of the interior of La



OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES WAITING TO BE CALLED TO THE FRONT.

of boys, with no peculiar sort of virtue over others. It was simply theirs to have a privilege and opportunity that other men at home, often by force of circumstances, had missed or been denied. Here is the passage by which, perhaps, the use of the word "literature" was suggested: "Death was among them (the artillerymen) a shrill, to be rolled over; he is rolled over, a pallor is on his face, a blood blotch on the forehead—dead, so quickly does the call come to some. A man staggers from the piece, and clutches at his breast. 'Are you hit, John?' 'Only a flesh wound,' he answers, and dies after a whole day of pain—so do some men suffer. A cannoner steps aside, unbuttons his made shirt, sees where a Musser has made a red furrow across the chest, laughs, and returns to his post—so does do

declare peace! "This is a strictly judicial proceeding," said the facetious footpad who had kept the revolver pointed at his victim's head while the other's footpad went through his victim's pockets. "I am holding you for robbery."

Hibbler—What are you writing now? Scribbler—A volume of bright sayings for infants. Hibbler—But how on earth can it be of any use to infants? Scribbler—It can't. It's intended to be of use to parents in saving the wear and tear on their imaginations.

"You know and I know," shouted the attorney for the accused, "that it is better that nine innocent prisoners should escape than that one guilty man should be punished!" "I cannot permit such a statement to go to the jury unchallenged," smiled the court. "Note an exception, Mr. Steuographer!" roared the attorney.

Dawson, the Mecca of the North. In its simple geographical setting Dawson, the Mecca of the north, is a settlement of the Northwest Territory of Canada, situated at a point 1300 miles as the crow flies northwest of Seattle. It is close to, if not quite on, the Arctic circle, and it lies the better part of 300 miles nearer to the pole than does St. Petersburg in Russia. By its side one of the mighty rivers of the globe hurries its course to the ocean, but not too swift to permit of 1600 miles of its lower waters being navigated by craft of the size of nearly the largest of the Mississippi steamers, and 600 miles above by craft of about half that size. In its own particular world, the longest day of the year draws itself out to 22 hours of sunlight, while the shortest contracts to the same length of sun absence.

During the warmer days of summer the heat feels almost tropical; the winter cold is, on the other hand, almost the extreme Siberian rigor. Yet a beautiful vegetation smiles not only over the valleys, but on the hillsides, the birds gambol in the thickets, and the tiny mosquito, either here or near by, pipes out its daily sustenance to the wrath of man. The hungry forest stretches out its gnarled and ragged arms for still another 100 or even 300 miles farther to the north.—Appleton's Popular Science.

Window Washing Not a Bar. Can a lawyer practicing at the bar be at the same time a manual worker? This question is now agitating the members of the legal profession in Hungary. A young brilliant barrister, tired of waiting for clients, took to earning money by painting, decorating, window-cleaning, paper-hanging, spring-cleaning, and so forth in the provincial towns in the district in which he practiced at the bar. An effort was made to have his name erased from the roll of advocates, but the lord chief justice ruled that the young legal revolutionist was within his rights in earning money by honest manual labor.—Budapester Tagblatt.

At the Millinery. "Miss Golithly, shall I put some of this lovely clover on your hat?" "No; it's too commonplace." "Commonplace?" "Yes; it looks just like clover."—Chicago Record.

Flash Measured. By means of a photograph, made with a vibrating lens, scientists have calculated the time of a lightning flash. It came out one-nineteenth of a second. The calculation is based upon the multiple image in the photographs and the rate of vibration of the lens. The time applies of course only to the particular flash that was photographed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Grown in the United States. Nearly a quarter of the wheat raised in the world is grown in the United States.

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