AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

come and play tennis?"

Wes." she answered

"I Sent him away."

left the post."

ast minute.

back.

breathlessly.

swept into the house.

on the stoop again.

"Mr. Robinson-"

west gate."

chair in his own quarters.

"Curtis gone!"

"Mr. Robinson, Curtis Burke has

That was just what she had said to

"Margaret, did you send him away

on my account?" And he looked

straight into her eyes. He thought

she was his, for her eyes reflected his

glance for a moment; then she shrank

"I did not send him away, Mr. Rob-

"You did, and I hate you for it."

"And you love him?" - he asked,

"I do, Mr. Robinson, and we are

your enemies after this;" and she

Robinson hardly realized that he had

the parade ground and sank into a

That afternoon, as the major passed

"What are you doing, Margaret?"

"Why, major?" she asked, sadly,

"If you don't stop, every officer in

"Left about ten minutes ago by the

A great rapping came at the ma-

jor's door, and a hurried call: "Ma-

The major had been sleeping sound-

ly, but awoke suddenly and hurried

"What's the matter, sergean+?"

"Major, Black Snake and his band

last two days, and this afternoon the

Snake and about-fifty bad reds took

to the trail. They looted the agency

and half killed Scott." The sergeant

gasped out each word he was so

"Which way did they go?" asked

the major. He had gone back into

and the call was taken up by

trumpeter of each troop. In shadowy

squadrons they formed in on the par-

ade ground, and in a moment they were

gone through the west gate, with the

Major at their head, pounding out into

For a day Curtis Burke had been

in the mountains, alone with his

memory and his rifle. The keen joys

of a good killing made him feel the

more like facing the world again, and

there was something of lightness in his

heart as he descended the trail through

the Stage Coach Pass and came into

the foothills. He had ridden hard for

the last hour. A spring attracted his

notice to the right, so he said, half to

himself and half to the pony, "Let's

take a drink." He swung off, and to-

gether man and beast drank from the

"Well, Roxy, do you want to rest?

As he spoke, a rifle cracked near

him. .. He turned quickly as a bullet

sang over his hat. Beyond his pony's

back he saw a haze of smoke rising,

and through it a figure crouching. His

revolver was out at once, and a yell

"Indians, by Joye!" He was on

Roxy's back in a moment, as the echo

of his would-be-assassin's yell echoed

Up the trail he sped. "There's only

one place for us, Roxy, and that's the

Caldron. The reds must have jumped.

the reservation. I'll have to hide you,

pet, in the bushes; then, if cartridges

hold out, we can keep them off a

while. Curse them, they're coming!

Yell, you devils! Split your throats!

There, Roxy, you stay there and don't

make a noise, or you'll be wearing

another brand at rounding up time.

Good-by, old girl," and he crawled in-

to a natural hollow on the top of the

"That'll be of use when we get

thick," he murmured, and he pepped

over the rim of the hollow and re-

ceived a salute of yells and whizzing

"You're wild, friends. I am afraid

you're loaded with Scott's worst tan-

glefoot, instead of your rifles with his

best powder." Every period of these

sentences was punctuated by a pull on

"I can hold out for some time, and

then when we close in-there, Snake,

that's for you-you're a mean one,

you are, and I am glad I knocked you

down last month! You go to the rear

A sudden redoubling of the yelling

the trigger of his gun and a snap of the

lever.

same pool. He rose and scretched.

Shall I cinch off?"

followed his shot.

down the gulch.

"It's me-MacLaughlin."

are off the reservation."

winded and excited.

their quarters.

the darkness.

"What?"

the regiment will be leaving the post."

inson. You drove him away."

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

last month in Denver. But woi.'t you "May I come in, Major?" "Who is it? What-you Curtis? Come right in, my boy. You're just in time

for my taps pipe.' Burke sank into the wicker chair the Major pushed toward him, and slowly filled his pipe from the prof-

"Major Wright," said he, at last, "I

want to leave the post." The old gentleman looked up quickly. "Leave the post, man? Why, what

The young off er arose and stood in front of the commandant. "You've been more than a friend

and kind commander to me, sir, and you to ask this favor." "You did right to come to me. he trouble, my boy?" Years ago, when he was a younghe had loved the boy's mother,

when her son had come from the t" he had tried to be more than nd commander and a friend to It was with the solicitude of ther for his son that he asked: Curtis, my dear boy, what is the

atter? I thought you were content ere, and you've made an an man feel like living: but now ter. what's on your mind?" and he rected his hand on Burke's shoulder.

The ligutenant walked up and down the room twice before he began. "Margaret-

"I hought so," broke in the Major; "I tought it was the little flirt." 'N, no, sir; not that. It isn't her fault and Burke sank into his seat agair and hid his face in his hands.

"It's Robinson." The other man recalled an episode in has own youth as he gazed at the jor! Major Wright, quick, let me in! boy e loved.

The major had been sleeping sound

"Medor, listen; I'll tell you all. You're the best friend I have on to the door. "Who is it? What is earth, and you will understand. know Margaret and I were

s engaged for hearly a year. Well, when Robinson became sick at Fort Leavenworth and was exchanged to this post, you know how glad I was; for Ed was my chum and classmate, you know. Well, he hadn't been here long when I saw how it was. He was trying to win Margaret."

"Not he, your best friend?" A true friend doesn't steal away the girl you love. I saw this a month ago, and didn't say a word to Margaret or to him. Finally, Peggy"-he half smiled-"I mean Mar- his room and was hurriedly dressing. garet, began to like him; so I went to her, Major, and rel her from every obligation she

The old man nodded musingly "And she told me she didn't lo son," Burke went on; "but

flativ denied that he had ever told her his feelings, or tried to prejudice her against me in the least. She wanted to defend him, you know. So, Major, I've thought it all over, and I've come to you to ask if I can't leave the post. I can't stay here and see her-" His voice half broke as he

hid his face in his hands. "Not tonight, my boy. Stay-" "No sir," insisted the younger man. "You'd better take . man with you." "No, sir, I want to be alone. And

now, good-by, dear sir. You've always been so good! You seem like a father. You know mine died when I-was so young I never knew how it felt to have one." A half hour later a horseman left

the post by the west stockade gate. He rode at a walk with his chin on his breast, and seemed oblivious to everything. The cool mountain breeze sang softly to the tall grass as each blade bent its head to hear the music. The blue hemisphere above glistened with a thousand eyes, which with their merry twinkle tried to make the man forget his sorrow. But on he rode. Burke's was not the only note of discord; for if he had noticed the northwest sky, he would have seen the reflection of many fires, and had he listened attentively he would have heard the weird notes of an Indian song and the beat of many dancing foot. But on he rode, and as the morning sun faintly tinted the mist high up on the mountains, he entered the foot hills and was lost to view.

That morning, as the major returned from guard mount, a girlish voice called to him from the balcony of the post surgeon's house:

"Major, I want to see you. Come over, do." The commandant bit his lip

turned and saw Margaret. "Come, that's a dear. I want to ask you something;" and as the major went up the stoop: "Where's Curtis?"

hill. Below him he could see the Indians breaking cover. They had left "You ought to know, Margaret." the trail and their ponies, and had "I? I haven't the least idea," answered the girl, with eyes wide open. formed in a half-circle and were crawl-"You don't know what you've done, little girl. You've sent the best man

ing up. The Caldron was without cover within a radius of two hundred yards, in the world away from you." not even a boulder. Burke unstrapped "He left last night. You know, his belt and loaded the magazine of his Margaret, how close Curtis and I are Winchester. He then took his Coit from the holster and laid it beside the

to each other, and he told me all." "But, major, what-"

"I don't come as an envoy from him, my dear. All I have to say to you is that Curtis is the best boy that ever breathed, and that you've lost him. Good by, little girl. I once heard of a case similar to this, andbut never mind, you've done your

hest, no doubt." After the major left her, Margaret sat for a long time simply repeating to herself, "Curtis gone! gone!" And then she set to thinking over their friendship; how much he had really been to her, and now good, and brave, and kind. She had really loved him once, she thought to herself; and she knew in her heart of hearts that he loved her, and loved her yet-and now he was gone, and what had he left?

The door of the officers' mess don't"-bang!-"lead"-bang!-"a n y opened, and a man came out on the piazza and waved a tennis racquet. more war parties"-bang! She did not see him, nor did she nofar to his left caused Burke to turn tice him at all until he spoke her suddenly. The sound of a falling rock name next her. Then she rose sudswerved him around with the ejacula-

"The same, Miss Margaret. Why, I tion, "Surrounded, by God!" He glanc- vial tests the ruby; the purple one must have frightened you, you said ed through the sights on the barrel and beside it tests the sapphira; the yellow You!' in such a tragic way. Just started at what he brought into range; like the Camille we saw at Tabor's a gun barrel, and behind that an eye.

and that eye belonging to his worst enemy, Robinson, His heart seemed to beat a hundred times before he dropped the stock of

"Get in here, Ed, for Heaven's sake, and thank God you're here! I don't mean that I want you to be killed, but two Winchesters are better than one, even if-look out, man, down! They're getting the range. Lay there till you get your wind."

"How in the world!" "Shut up; don't talk. You'll have to take my place in a little while!" He herself a hundred times during the peeped over the edge and fired three

Robinson was beside him now, and alternately they singled out their man and let drive. Between the shots they

"How did you get here, Curtis?"

"Been after goats." "You left suddenly." "Yep; but what the dickens are you

"Shooting Indians;" and Robinson smiled through the grime on his face. "I left, Ed, because Margaret had

"I- know: that's why I'm here, "Did you leave because you thought

'eggy'd sent me away."

"I lit out for your sake, Ed;" and left her veranda as he walked across on the edge of that little hollow on the hilltop the two men shook hands. Below, the reds had ceased firing for the moment, and all was still as the surgeon's house, he saw Margaret

> "Whatever happens, Curt, we're here to stay together-" "Till death," answered Curtis.

A report rang out near them, and Robinson fell backward. "I'm hit, Curt," he said, quickly. "Oh, Lord!-where?" A red spot on

his shoulder showed the place. Burke peeped over the rim. Five Indians had tried a flank move, and his ready rifle just stopped them. "I'm done for, old chap," Robinson crawled back and lay down on his

"Nonsense!' said Burke. es bad. I tell you what.

Put me on the rim and I'll fire as long as I can, and you get on and "And leave you here? Not much."

"Sure, they've been dancing for the "But I'll die, anyhow. It doesn't

Curtis turned suddenly. "I have it. My pony is right down here. I'll carry you down to her, and you get on and under cover of my fire ride!" "And leave you here? Not much."

Robinson repeated Burke's refusal. "Come on, I'll carry you, Ed." "It can't be done, Curt!" "Look-they're coming! Get up

"Now is our time, Ed!" exclaimed

Robinson, reached out his hand and

grasped Burke's Colt. He placed it to

A sorrel spot showed itself in the

sight of Burke's rifle, and a wild neigh

answered his shot. He kicked the re-

volver from Robinson's hand with,

"You fool, I've killed the pony and

Colors had just been sounded, and

the flag came lazily down to the boom

of the Major's favorite ten-pounder.

Over in the shade of the wind break a

hammock was stretched. A thin man

lay in it, and beside him sat three

persons. The girl who was fanning him

half crooned a bit of a cradle song as

she swayed the hammock. A young of-

ficer with his arm in a sling was play-

Burke. "I'll carry you!"

we're both here for good!"

his own head.

Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate, American Ambassador to Great Britain, One of the famous boys of Salem, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard. He joined the bar in Massachusetts in 1855 and settled in New York in 1856. He was one of the committee of seventy that drove-Tweed out of office into jail, and he later served his adopted State as President of the Constitutional Convention of 1894. He is one of the foremost lawyers, of his time, and ranks high among our celebrated public speakers. He has ably upheld the great

tradition of the post he now occupies .- National Magazine.

FANTASTIC FOOTCEAR.

Worn by the Sultan, Dattos and Others of the Moro

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* VIIE Moro Sultan, datto, rajah and slave may be devoid of ingenuity, care, shame, gentlemanly instincts, thrift, sense or and the like, writes a Philippine grrespondent of the Shoe Trade Journal but he is certainly well up in what he outly to put on his foot. He may not care much about his shoulders, as these often bare. His head is often exposed and his east frequently free from incumbrances. But his

I saw a number of instances in which the Moro protected the soles of his feet with a shingle-like piece of wood fixed

on the bottoms as the feet of the Amer-

KKKKKKKKKKK shoes thus painted by the hands of the Moro shoe artist. It will give one an idea of the direction in which the average More mind runs when it comes to patterns for the surfaces of foot-

datto owns slaves. In fact, every one seemed to me to belong to some datto. The chief authority the datto seemed to me to possess over his tribe of men, women, boys and girls was that of kicking them gently as occasion arose. Any transgression of the datto house rule meant a kick. Thus some of the dattos and their assistants have horns fixed to the toe tops, as in Figure 8.

Sea Anemone Whipped a Crab. The sea anemone is the last animal on sea or land that one would pick as a fighter; but a certain blue crab in the New York Aquarium knows that he is A hattle between the fighting anemote and a thiever crab was described by L. B. Spencer, who has charge of the feet are quite often as well protected and a f Aquarium laboratory.

"I was feeding the anemone a fair-Spencer, "with-bits of chopped clam bus-Yes; my wife is away on a visfrom a long stick. The crab, not con-

gers signalled rapidly, "did you get that job as office boy?" "No," replied the other, "the man sid he didn't think 'd answer.' gine a great army of women and their

Useless? Why it has kept lots of docors from starving to death. Nell-Mrs. Rittenhouse Squeer says her husband was a perfect nobody when she married him. Belle-And now? Nell-Oh, now he is Mrs. Rittenhouse Squeer's husband. Backlotz-You don't mean to say

ANURCIBEC.

RETRIBUTION.

Poor old horse! He has to do Just what we humans tell him to!

True sympathy his woes provoke; When first he starts in life, he's broke.

He plods as bid, this way and that;

He has no chance to choose his sup. He has to sleep while standing up.

And when we bireds seek the track

Unmoved, the steed beholds our plight

And says, in horse-talk, "serves you right.

HUMOROUS.

"She has, buried three husbands."

Yes; I heard her say that she had a

La Mott-Is the young man who is

going to play a finished musician? La

Moyne-No; but he will be if I can

Sunday School Teacher-Now, can

any one tell me who made the Milky

Way? Tommy-It was the cow that

Mr. Brown-Yes, Slader is passion-

ately ford of horses, but he loves his

wife, too. Mrs. Brown-He loves

Wigg-The average Englishman is

slow to see a toke, isn't he? Wagg-

Yes; he believes that he laughs best

She-Why do you suppose they have

all the telephone wires so high in the

air? He-Oh, that is so they can keep

"Hello!" the first deaf mute's fin-

Sharpe (describing amazons)--Ima-

leader calling: "Fall in!" Whealton-

H'in! 'If it was an army of women I

Sillicus-Presperity has ruined

quite as many men as adversity. Cyn-

cus-Possibly; but most of us would

prefer to take the former course if we

Blobbs-The vermiform appendix

scems to be the one thing in the world

that is absolutely useless. Slobbs-

guess they'd "fall out."

are to be ruined at all.

up the conversation, I suppose.

let in the cemetery.

find a brick handy.

jumped over the moon.

anything he can drive.

who laughs the next day.

-Washington Star.

He's forced to wear a funny hat.

this is the first you've heard of it? Subbubs-Yes. Backlotz-Why, its sized brown specimen," said Mr. the taik of the neighborhood. Sub-

Wagons.

Buggies.

NO 15

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. A. HOLLAND.

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NINETU-SIX,

French ships are usually named

after French provinces or towns, vic-

tories, ideas or sentiments, but no

men in their history, are made use ot.

ear the names of Ger

ice. The professional nurse is supposed to know better, and so, it is the woman not accustomed to nursing who is advised to live on a wholesome diet.

S. C

The Sick Man of Europe has been in so distressful a plight financially and in other ways for a long series of years that the expectation of his speedy collapse has been general. Nevertheless, in mysteria French names, excepting those of great paying his

and | that he may proceed



ing chess with an elderly gentleman with a major's leaf on his collar. The game suddenly ended and the Major sat back. "Peggy, when are you going nerve yourself up to a proposal?" The girl fanned the thin man in the hammock violently., "I den't know," she said blushing.

"Why, I brought him back to you, and you ought to claim him. Hadn't she. Robinson?" "She had, indeed, Major. Margaret, go on. We'll coach you. I know just what to say. I've done it before; but

I hope you'll have better luck than I." Under his breath the Major repeated the hope, but he said aloud: "Peggy, go on." The girl hesitated a moment, "Curtis," she commenced. The thin

man sat up in the hammock. "Margaret, will you take what's left "Yes, Curtis."

"And I'll be chief mourner," said Robinson. "And as commandant of one of the divisions engaged," said the Major, "I order an unconditional surrender."-New York News:

Diamonds and Rubies Float, "We float diamonds and rubies now to prove their genuineness," said the

"Float diamonds and rubies! What are you saying? Gems won't float," expostulated the patron. "Oh, but they will in some media," the jeweler insisted. "A chemist," he

went on "has composed and bottled" and put on the market certain harmless acids that will test gems accurately. Look here." He poured from a vial into a bowl a colorless fluid. Then he unwrapped a black velvet cloth, and a handful of

displayed. One of these he dropped into the bowl, and it floated like a piece of cork. "See that?" he said. "That is a positive proof that this diamond is genuine. Here, now," and he took out of and nurse that arm, young man, and his pocket another brilliant-"here is londshrdl ushrdl ushrdl ushrdlushrdlu a French paste stone. Watch it sink." He dropped the antificial diamond into the bowl, and it plumped down to

beautiful, unmounted diamonds were

the bottom like a lump of lead. "I have," concluded the jeweler, "a half-dozen of these vials, each a test for its own particular stone. That blue one the pearl, and and so on down the a gun barrel, and behind that an eye, line."—Philadelphia Record.

and thus sustain the piece at the bot- choice morsel from its mouth. tom of the foot securely. There is a "Then a funny thing happened. Fullike piece, wider, over the lower part ly thirty small threadlike coils shot of the foot. With this affair fixed to out from near the anemone's mouth, erproof boots, not before. the sole of the foot the native is able stariking the crab on all sides. These to go almost anywhere without damag- threads are said to have stinging powing the feet very much: . ..

Another type of shoe is shown in Figure 2, consisting of a solid piece of wood cut down to right proportions cess of gonging with inferior tools. the shins. There are always some of flippers fee'ly. the tribes at war with one another, and the warriors of the different tribes ered. I tell you that crab has not been wear armors of leather, caribou horn; brass and other metal; helmets for the

head of wood and metal, and, in addition, metal and wood protection for the ankles such as shown in Figures 3 and 4. The first is a wood interior made up with a shell trimming. The shells are sometimes cemented on, and sometimes riveted with little metal nins. In Figure 4 the contrivance is more like a legging than anything else. It is made of several sorts of native material. The best kinds are those made from skins. The lacing is some of the gut properly dried and twisted so as to make very tough and lasting lacing.

In Figure. 5 is a sketch of one of the Moro shoemen's knives used in various lines of shoe and leather operations. It is a very stout-bladed affair, often with the butt of the blade quite stocky and strong. The edge of the blade is kept sharp and clear, and the point in proper order for quick service. These knives are considered relics by visitors to the island, and tourisis nurchase them and send them home.

In Figure 6 is a drawing of one of the foot rigs of a Sultan. There is a sole piece, consisting of a piece of close grained redwood. This is worked by hand tools until it is given the proper form to make a comfortable adjustment to the foot. Then an artistic style of ribbon or strap with buckle is passed up and over as shown. Sometimes this strap over the foot contains n'ttistic designs. Often the patterns are worked out with little pieces of colored glass or bits of metal. -The featpre, however, is the brilliancy of the gem used in the ring placed over one of the protruding toes.

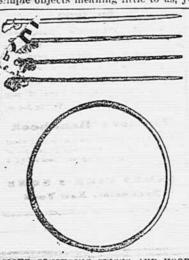
The More artists have already taken American-made shoes in hand, and colors. Figure 7 is a sketch of one of the without remains of the conjurer's hoop

ers equal to a nettle. "Instantly the crab doubled up in apparent pain and started round that glass tank like all possessed. After and gradually hollowed out by a pro- numerous turns he approached again, and this time the anemone stung him The Moro devotes considerable taste hard, for after a turn or two he turned to the making of protecting devices for over on his back and wagged his

"It was some time before he recov within hailing distance of the brown anemone since."-New York Mail and

Sloux Medicine.

Those who go to the Museum of the find on exhibition a single hoop, four sticks and a br of tobacco. These simple objects meaning little to us, yet



SIOUX CONJURING STICKS AND HOOP mean a great deal to the Sioux Indian They are the conjurer's hoop, and I will be observed that each quarter is painted a different color and so is each

jarer is sent for, the hoops and stick are so arranged upon the tepee floor as to orientate with the points of the compass. A simple song, "he and e he-e; she and ce," are repeated over and over again, finally the hoop and sticks are removed and taken to some they have endeavored to Moroize them far-off lonely eminence. The further by applying the necessary coating of and lonelier the greater the efficiency Few hills in the Sloux country are

(in surprise)-You don't mean to say you ride in a carriage? Dusty Dennis -No, mum; a patrol wagon. Twist-I should think you'd be

afraid to write in your novels of things you don't know the first thing about. Bluff My dear boy, don't you know that the people who read my books don't know even as much as that? Lady-Aren't you the poor man to

whom I gave a piece of my cake the other day? Tramp-No'm; dat wuz me twin brudder Bill. He croaked de next day after eatin' dat cake, an' I tought mebby you'd gimme a quarter to help ereckt a marble shaft to his mem'ıy.

Mother-Have you any waterproof boots for a boy? Salesman-We have waterproof boots, ma'am; but they are not for boys. Mother-Why don't you have some for boys? Salesman-When somebody has invented a boot that has no opening for the foot to get into it, we may hope for boy's wat-

Mutiny Veterans at Delhi.

When all the others have long been in their places, a small band of men, composed in about equal poroprtions of Europeans, Eurasians and natives, all well stricken in years and some visibly bowed down under their weight, gray haired and white bearded, march up the arena from the ceremonial entrance.' They would fain make such a show of military alignment and soldier-like precision of step as the infirmities of age allow, but in many cases the attempt is beyond their powers. Of the Europeans, some are in plain mufti, some in uniforms long since discarded, and tarn-University of Pennsylvania will now ished and faded in the course of years, while several are wearing the uniforms of their civil and military employment. The natives clearly belong mainly to the humbler classes, for their long, flowing garments are piain and unadorned. But, more superbly than in shining raiment or in fustre of gold and silver, these men are clothed in the glory of as splendid memories as the records of our Empire can boast. They are Mutiny veterans, about 600 altogether; remnants of those slender isolated forces of stout-hearted Britons and loyal natives who, 45 years ago, held India for the empire on the Ridge of Delhi, in the residency at Lucknow, and on many another bloody field .- London

A Dog's Long Journey.

The other day McClellan McCord of Altoona, accompanied by his son went to fewiston by train to enjoy rabbit hunt. With them they took what they had been led to believe was a first-class rabbit dog, but as scon as the chain was removed from his neck he took to his heels in the direction of Altoona. Father and son finished the day's hunt with normal suc cess, returning home at night with lit tle hopes of ever seeing the dog again. Two days later he walked in and took his accustomed place beneath the kitchen stove. The distance from Lewiston to Altoona is 71 miles.-Tyrone Times.

about it. The amount of money that ! can pass through the hands of a young woman has prefequently paralyzed a young husband-who thought he was! something of a spendthrift himself, reflects the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

There is a break in the radium mark et. Radium, it may be said, is a combination of metals, pulverized, which gives off a light almost as strong as that of the sun, by means of which iron three feet thick can be penetrated. Radium is now \$900,000 a pound marked down from \$1,000,000 the other day.

An American woman in London writes: "I have said that I am at a loss to know whether the lack of heat in English homes and business buildings is caused by hardiness or stinginess. I used to think it the latter, till I found numerous delightful English friends objected to my own heat ed home. Actually some of them 'cut me every winter, so far as calling on me is concerned, because they say my rooms are too stuffy and hot.

In Germany, electricity, among other curious results, has rehabilitated the discarded windmill. At Nereshelm a windmill supplies power for thirtysix incandescent lamps that light a large paint factory. Another in Schleswig-Holstein keeps up a steady current of thirty volts. At Dusseldorf a windmill winds up a heavy weight, of which the descent works a powerful dynamo.

Professor Dewey of the Boston Institute of Technology, in speaking before the convention of educators and business men at Ann Arbor, Mich., deplored the lack of fitness shown by college graduates for the hard realities of life. Professor Ripley of Harvard University urged the enforcement of business methods of exacting attention to study all through a university stu-

A movement has been started in behalf of such non-commissioned officers and men in the Army who had a Civil War record to have extended to them the same privileges as is given to commissioned officers-that is, of retiring with the next higher rank than they posse .... time of their retirement. aus non-commissioned officers of the highest rank would retire with the grade of second lieutenant. Privates would retire with a grade of corporal.

Among the many hobbies of Senator George F. Hoar are his fondness for trolley trips and dime novels. The Senator's favorite time for reading hair-raising publications is while traveling, and he declares he gets keen enjoyment out of the plots and impossible characters. The Senator is as well a student of history. At his home in Worcester he lives on the atmosphere of history. One of his chief means of recreation in Washington is

An English physician warns all attendants upon the sick against the amateurishness of "toast and tea," ploved on 1625 miles of rail in Italy ive to cheerfulness and patience in self. Much better say at one?, "I canany person who undertakes this serv. not afford it."-American Queen,

der Captain Brownson, which the Brazilians to time during the Melirevolution. Recently she has been the cause of another little incident between that republic and ours. She entered the harbor of the Port of Paro recently and saluted the Fortress De Barra. The salute was not returned until five hours later. The incident has been satisfactorily explained by the Brazilian government. It seems that the commander of the fort was away when the Detroit entered and his subordinates did not know enough to return

the American salute. As soon as he returned to the fort the customary number of guns was fired. The fighting around Santiago in 1898 has resulted in the adition to the equipment of the engineer corps of two implements which proved to be very useful in that battle. These are the machete and the wire-cutting pliers. The machete is not only a valuable weapon of offense at close quarters. but is useful in cutting through thick brush and jungle growth. The useful-

ness of the pliers is obvious since barbed wire has come to be such an important factor in the defense of fortified positions. Without them it is likely that many more men would have fallen in the assault on the San Juan blockhouse. Insurance Agents' Methods.

Every once in a while the newspapers print stories about the devices adopted by life insurance men, book canvassers and others engaged in similar occupations to gain and hold audience with their prospective victims. A favorite story tells of the life insurance agent who, when on the point of being ejected on the ground that his victim's time was too valuable to waste in listening to insurance schemes, bought five minutes of the time at \$1 a minute, the price being set by the owner, of course. At the end of five minutes the insurance man had the victim's signature to a \$10,000

But for simplicity this does not compare with the plan pursued with great success by an insurance man new in town. Admission to the victim being gained, the conversation runs some thing like this:

Insurance Man-Give me a dollar and I'll tell you something of great

interest to you. Victim (cautiously)-Not so fast; why should I give you a dollar in advance? Tell me your scheme first (or words to that effect).

With an invitation such as that it is plain sailing. This possesses the advantage over the first scheme that in case of failure, even if the agent is not a dollar in, he is, at least, not \$5 out.-New York Sun.

When people with small means are thrown in the way of wealthier acquaintances, always let it be with frankness. Putting on air is detrimental to self-respect. A good deal of misery comes to people who are not able to make both ends meet. The effort to keep up appearances which are beyond one's income is a constant nervous strain, with which no sensible which is a diet not especially conduct person should willingly burden him-

## Pays Interest Solicited. President.