OUR REGULARS.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS ON AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

How Private Comforts and Toilet Articles—The Discipline in the Army.

The war correspondent of the London Times writes as follows to his paper, giving an Englishman's impression of our regulars:

On the trip of this ship to Cuba no officer or man has ever worn a uniform except at guard mounting and inspection. The fifty men who went ashore near Cabanas and pitched into some 500 Spaniards, left their coats behind and fought in their blue flannel shirts. Of the officers some wore a sword, some did not, though all carried a revolver. No orders were issued on the subject—it was left to individual taste. I have experienced hotter days at German manoeuvres than on the coast of Cuba during the days we happened to be there, yet I have never seen the slightest disposition in the army of William II. to relax the severity of service even temporarily. My German friends sincerely believe that the black stock and the hot tunic are what has made Prussia a strong nation.

In the way of clothing the American private carries a complete change of underdrawers, undershirt, socks, laced boots, and uniform trousers. My particular private was carrying a double allowance of socks, handerchiefs and underwear. He had a toothbrush and comb. That is the heavy marching order knapsack. For light marching, which is the usual manner, the man begins by spreading on the ground his half tent, which is about the size of a traveling rug. On this he spreads his blanket, roll it up tightly into a long, narrow sausage, having distributed along its length a pair of socks, a change of underwear, and the two sticks of his one tent pole. Then he brings the ends of this canvas roll together, tie them fast, as the German army, into more like the ends of a horse-shoe held by a rope which at the same time stops the ends of the roll tightly. When this horse-shoe is slung over the man's shoulder it does not press uncomfortably upon his chest. The total weight is distributed in the most convenient manner for marching.

The packing of the man's things is strictly according to regulation, excepting only the single packet in his knapsack, where he may carry what he chooses, as he chooses. His light canvas haversack is made like the English one, and his round, rather flat water flask is covered with canvas. It is made of tin and the one inspected was rusty inside. It would be better if of aluminium. In the haversack is a pannikin with a hinged handle that may be used as a saucepan. Over this fits a thin plate, and on the two are covering each other the handle of the pannikin fits over both by way of handle. It is an excellent arrangement but should be of aluminium instead of a metal liable to rust. The most valuable part of this haversack is a big tin cup that can be used for a great variety of purposes, including cooking coffee. It is hung loose at the strap of the haversack. Of course, each man has knife, fork and spoon, each in a leather case.

The cartridge belt contains 100 rounds, which are distributed all the way around the waist, there being a double row of them. The belt is remarkably light, being woven all in one operation. It is of cotton and another material which prevents shrinking or loosening. The belts have stood admirably the test put upon them for the last six days, when it has rained every day, on top of the ordinary heavy moisture usual at sea in the tropics. The test is the more interesting from their having been previously in a very dry country. Officers and men alike unite in praise of this cartridge belt. The particular private whom I was inspecting said he now carried 100 as easily as he formerly carried fifty. This belt rests lightly on the hips, without any straps over the shoulders. It is eminently businesslike in appearance. The hat is the gray felt of South Africa, Australia, and every other part of the world where comfort and cost are consulted. No boots are blackened on expeditions of this kind. The men who form in line for guard duty have their tunics off, otherwise they stay be due to extraneous assistance.

For fighting purposes, then, the United States private has nothing to keep clean excepting his rifle and bayonet. He carries no contrivance for polishing buttons, boots, or the dozens of bits of accoutrement deemed essential to a good soldier in Europe. In Spain, for instance, the private, though he may have nothing in his haversack, will, nevertheless, carry a clumsy outfit of tools for making his uniform look imposing.

Now, as to discipline in the American army, I cannot speak at present, for the war is yet too young. It may, however, be worth noting that in this particular regiment, while most complete liberty was allowed the men all the twelve days of the railway journey from San Francisco to Tampa, not a single case of drunkenness or any other disorder of discipline was reported. Among the 105 men on this boat there has not in the past seven days been a single case of sickness of any kind or any occasion for punishing. The firing discipline during the three times we have been under fire has been excellent; the obedience of soldiers to their officers has been as prompt and intelligent as anything I have ever seen in Europe, and as to coolness under fire and accuracy of aim, what I have seen is most satisfactory. The men evidently regard their officers as soldiers of equal courage and superior technical knowledge. To the Yankee private "West Pointer" means what to the soldier of Prussia is conveyed by noble rank. In my intimate intercourse with officers and men aboard this ship I have not recall any instance of an officer addressing a private otherwise than is usual when a gentleman issues an order. I have never heard an officer or non-commissioned officer curse a man. When the engagement of Cabanas the orders were issued quietly as at any other time, and the men went about their work as steadily as bluejackets on a man-o'-war.

Mammoth Japanese Painting.

What is probably the biggest picture ever painted was the work of Hokusai, the celebrated Japanese artist, who died in the middle of this century.

In 1871, when the artist was in his 58th year, he paid a visit to Negoya, where several of his pupils had settled. At this time his book illustrations were in great demand, and his enemies took occasion to observe that he was capable of nothing more than little drawings of this sort. This irritated Hokusia, who proclaimed, ironically, that if the greatness of a painter were to be measured by the size of his work he could prove himself great indeed. He and his pupils immediately set to work to confound their adversaries, and to make preparation for the drawing in public, by the master, of the largest picture on record.

The paper for the huge masterpiece was specially made, of great thickness, many large pieces being deftly joined to make a sheet of the area of 120 tatami, or Japanese floor mats. Now, as these tatami are invariably of one size—6x3 exactly—it is easy to calculate that Hokusai's big picture was to occupy a sheet of paper of 240 square yards in area. Brushes were made, of which the very smallest were brooms. Ink and color were prepared in barrels, with buckets for convenience of carriage. Upon the vast sheet the master proceeded to paint an immense figure of Daruma, the ancient hermit. The head, from the extreme crown to the lowest of the chin, measured thirty-two feet. Hokusai's signature and the date appeared at the left-hand side, and the whole thing remained suspended on the scaffold till the next day for the wonder and admiration of the crowd, which was vast.—Strand Magazine.

Japan's First Skyscraper.

Over in Japan the people never have dared to build their houses or stores or office buildings more than two or three stories high. If they did the nice lively earthquake that came along would tumble them all down. And yet Japan has recently made long strides toward civilization and is introducing many of the wonders of human industry which have characterized the civilization of America and Europe.

Recently an architect has drawn plans for a fifteen-story "skyscraper" to be built in the city of Tokio, and the money has been secured to complete the work. It will have the usual steel framework and its architect thinks that no earthquake ever will shake it down. No doubt when it is completed it will be a remarkable sight standing, as it will, among the low buildings of the city. It will be provided with elevators, and the Japanese will have an opportunity for the first time of experiencing the sensation of falling ten or fifteen stories and landing safely.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Portraits of Harvard Law School.

After acting and persistent efforts, covering a period of about fifteen years Mr. John H. Arnold, the librarian of the Harvard Law School, has practically completed a very fine collection of portraits of English and American jurists. All of the portraits, of which by far the larger number are engravings, have been classified and hung on the walls of the lecture rooms in Austin Hall. This collection is held to be the most extensive and valuable in America, and is said to be superior to any public collection in England. With the exception of a very few of the portraits, which have been given, they have all been purchased from the Law School funds, and many of them have been personally selected by Mr. Arnold in America and England.—The Boston Transcript.

More Timber Than Gold.

The value of all the gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and lead mined every year in America is exceeded by the products of the forests. Even the combined wheat and cotton crop is less in value than the forest product.

A German papermaker has invented a paper bottle, very light, for use on board ship.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A PROMINENT MINISTER.

Subject: "A Glorious Rest"—This World's Wealth Can Give No Permanent Satisfaction—It Is Only in Heaven That Success From Sorrow Comes.

Text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."—Micah 2:10.

This was the dying boast of a prophet who wanted to refute his people from their impressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Hotels, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great work and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vacations and anniversaries take after us. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but there is the man in the world who has found anywhere rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has made the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks, from the cold that distresses us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stitch us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. Old Father Adam and Mother Eve and his world would be very different if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does not look well for a few years. It is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have created this box of wonders, and have hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and rill, and torrent—so that all this world is in full hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They built themselves great stores. They gathered around them the instruments of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and safe-deposit vaults great rolls of Government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that astonished lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice, drowsy with mid-summer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But not they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man; how can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Rack to the tap of that fire-bell: it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! This of it who will get your property when you are gone! What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. It that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "I'll build only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could only gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of handclapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From bosoms as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! All disturbing voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

"Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor! Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the wheel of tragedy? Up man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers, which lie upon his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan of a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival, yet sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statement! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a traitor. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Matthews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Matthews." "Alas! Alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Matthews." Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and generals, and princes, and kings, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

"Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements crumbling down to a pile of military books which he intended to write. He died alone, when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a lock of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of that picture! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. Rome they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the overflowing of his prosperity, harangued the people of Britain; and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, fall, and be forgotten. Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California the wildest stories were made up and started off to get their fortune, and a year ago for the same purpose hundreds dared to go on the Klondike. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of God. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of heaven and earth, in which he offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are paved with pearls, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not the Crusade of those who went to the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. Before the stock company is made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army. There shall be no taint of moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses. I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you should be with me. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place of rest for us. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin, weary with society, weary over the dead, is the sad cry of the world. In the cemetery to hear no sound but the tires of the hearses rolling in, to see the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief! Is the bottom of the grave always at the top dust? No! no! No! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on eternal morn. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

Into that rest how many loved ones have gone! Some put down the work of mid-life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Some with no old age. One can tottering on his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of Christian consistency here, now busy with kindnesses for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was

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If there is any one feature of life aboard ship that a ward room officer of the navy particularly dislikes, it is his election as caterer of the ward room mess. Under the ward room officers have to take their turn at this job. When the catering of an officer proves especially satisfactory to his messmates, he is often elected over and over again, to his deep disgust. His frequent re-election, however, does not seem to make him any smarter in the duty to the mess, in order that he may be displaced as caterer. This would be too obvious, and would cause criticism. The ward room caterer does all of the buying for the mess through the ward room steward, who is an enlisted man. Some ward room officers are eminently successful as caterers, and others make a very bad list of it. It is a principle among ward room officers to ridicule the mess caterer and pour contumely upon his efforts, no matter how successful he may be, and the contumely is always in evidence at hands aft at meal times. Everything that he sets before his messmates is pronounced villainous, and he is made as unhappy as possible, even though he knows the officers of the mess are only giving him. At the end of the month, the expenses of the mess are divided up among all of the officers of the mess, each paying his portion.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, the nervy young officer who recently performed the feat of getting a good view of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor by making a daring detour of seventy-five miles or so on Cuban soil, was attached to the Bennington, which was lying in Honolulu harbor, about three years ago. He was then an ensign, and he had not up to that time been entrusted with the honor of being unanimously elected almost as soon as he was attached to the Bennington. Lieutenant Blue is a giant of a young man, and exceedingly good natured. But he made a sad hash of the caterer's job. He got his accounts all mixed up before he had served as a caterer for a week, and he had to pay a lot of seignorage out of his own pocket. The meals he placed before his messmates were satisfactory enough, but the caterer's job wore on Lieutenant Blue a great deal. He figured on how to get rid of the job. When a new caterer is elected it is the custom of the ward officers to weigh themselves every day, in a spirit of fun, in order to weigh the caterer, and to make it appear by their solemnly averred loss of weight, that they are being half starved. Lieutenant Blue went down to the engine room one day, after he had been worried over the caterer's job for a week or so, and dug out a big drop-scales. He tinkered with it for a while. Then he rigged a bo'sun's chair to it, carried it aft, and suggested to the officers that when they wanted to weigh themselves thereafter they use this scales of his. The officers didn't suspect anything, and after dinner the same day several of them weighed themselves. They had all lost a pound since the day before. They said the scales were wrong and Lieutenant Blue admitted that perhaps they were. They all weighed again the next day. Each of them had lost another pound, and they began to feel of their waistbands wonderingly. All of the officers of the Bennington's ward room went on losing flesh, according to Lieutenant Blue's scales, for ten days or so. Then a meeting of the ward room officers was called, and Lieutenant Blue was dropped as caterer, as being "incompetent" and "no-account anyhow." Lieutenant Blue didn't have to serve as caterer for the rest of that cruise, and he wore a smile of deep content every time he looked at a weighing apparatus.

A Monkey Cyclist.

There is a very popular monkey in the Zoological Gardens of the Prater at Venice just now, and she is very much admired. "Miss Maje," has an exquisite bicycle which she rides to perfection, imitating to a nicety all the movements of cyclists. She jumps into the saddle without touching the pedals, kisses her hand to everybody while she waits for the signal, then flies off at a splendid pace. From the wheel she jumps on a trapeze and then on the wheel again before it can fall. When she has shown all her arts and graces she kisses her hands, calling upon the public to applaud. She thanks prettily for applause by bowing and putting her hand to her heart. The monkey has not been trained at all—only made to look on while men and women cycled. She has taught herself everything without any one's help. When money is given to her she runs to her nurse, takes her purse and puts it in. It has been proposed to let her have one of the many cycling medals distributed in Vienna, but the societies refuse to give it to her.—London News.

Philadelphia Dog Ambulance.

An ambulance built especially for dogs and small animals, and the only one of its kind in the world, has just been put in use in the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania. The exterior of the palace on wheels is decorated with a

Signature of a great-looking St. Bernard and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases.

In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital it has been provided with movable slides so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and side for birds and poultry. The plans for the ambulance were drawn by Dr. John W. Adams and they called for the best of material and the springs provided reduce all jarrings to a minimum.—New York Mail and Express.

Snakes Pick Hops.

Hop picking is one of the principal industries of the Deer Lick bottom district in Indiana, and gives employment to several hundred persons each year. In 1896 the employers had considerable trouble with the pickers over the question of wages. The pickers wanted 15 cents an hour, but the hop growers wished to maintain the present scale by the piece. The matter as a general proposition is still unsettled except by one hop grower, Jacob Presley, on Deer Lick bottoms. He did not hire any pickers at all this year, but raised the hops and picked and cured. The story is a curious one, and begins in 1895, when Mr. Presley first noticed two yellow snakes in his hop field. His first impulse was to kill them, but their actions were so odd that he stopped to watch them. The snakes would climb the hop poles and pick every blossom, throwing them upon the ground. Then they would extract a certain amount of hop from the stalk and pass on to the next one. This set Mr. Presley to thinking if the snakes could be utilized instead of men and women.

In the spring of 1896 he found a nest of thirteen yellow snakes down by the creek, and, capturing them alive, he took them home. In the fall he planted them and with such success that he determined to use them this year. Accordingly he hired no hands, to the great surprise of his neighbors. Instead he turned the snakes loose, putting 150 baskets on the ground to catch the hops and left the pickers alone. The experiment was a great success.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The First Public Library.

Libraries instituted for research in all branches of knowledge existed in remote antiquity. According to Prof. Sayce, such a one was founded by Sargon I., the Semitic ruler of Akkad, about 3800 B. C. Here was deposited the great work of Babylonian astronomy, the "Observatoirs of Bel," and the name of the keeper of this library has been handed down to us on his seal.

Similar libraries were founded in the chief cities of Babylon, the contents of which—either the original works or copies of translations of them—were drawn upon to enrich the famous Assyrian library of Nineveh, founded, it is stated, by Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) from political motives. That it was a public library is indicated by a remark of the king at the end of a treatise—"I have placed it in my palace for the instruction of my subjects."

According to a writer on the subject, the volumes were all numbered, and any one who wished to consult a book wrote the number of it on a ticket and handed it to the keeper. The library founded at Athens by Pisistratus about the year 540 B. C. is often stated to be the first that was opened to the public. The more famous Alexandrian Library takes the next place in point of time.—New York World.

Quick Wit Saves from Failure.

The faculty of keeping one's head in an emergency is not too common. A young Philadelphia elocutionist has it to perfection, and a few days ago it neatly saved her from an embarrassing situation.

She was reciting professionally, and her work had called forth wild applause. She was warm and tired, however, and when just a few lines into an encore number, she knew that a certain place her memory would fail her, and that she would stumble and fall. Her wits answered quickly. Before coming to the breaking point, she suddenly stopped and addressed her auditors. "I see by your faces that many of you have heard this piece before. I do not like to repeat, so, with your permission, I will try another number." Some magnanimous person—"No, no. Go ahead." But the young lady was obdurate, and the people of that audience now consider her the queerest of all elocutionists."—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle Sam's War Month.

April is the month made notable by great events in American history. The first great struggle for American liberty broke into hostilities at Lexington and Concord in April, 1775; the war between the Confederate States and the United States began in April, 1861; in April of 1862 Farragut captured New Orleans, and in April, 1865, came the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House.

Georgia Has Much Land.

Georgia has more than 5,000 miles of railroads, with a capitalization of $150,000,000 in round numbers on the mileage in the state.

General Pennington Ordered South.

NEW YORK, July 1.—General Pennington has received orders to proceed to Tampa to take a command. He is soon to be relieved at Camp Black and thinks he will be relieved either on Sunday or Monday. He is the fourth ranking brigadier in the army.

Newspaper Boat Wrecked.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, July 1.—A newspaper dispatch boat, the Ely, went ashore Wednesday night on a rocky point near the eastern end of Jamaica. She will probably go to pieces. Langdon Smith, a correspondent, was on board of her at the time.

Hanging in Indian Territory.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., July 2.—Henry Whitefield, alias Perkins, and K. B. Brooks (colored) were hanged within the stockade of the United States jail here yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. It was the first execution in the history of the federal courts in the Indian Territory.

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Greyhound has a greater speed than a horse. A greyhound can travel in running 125 yards in 6 seconds.

Cure Constipation Forever.
Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c, 50c. If your druggist can't supply you, we will send you one by mail. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. 309

A Novelty in Belts.
Lappum, of Hanau, has invented belt of a new shape, which is said be very deep tone and to be as much considerably heavier bells seen at present in vogue. The peculiar, being hemispherical, metal is uniform in thickness over the "round bow" (or the bell tip which the "clapper From the edge to some little above the sound bow the very thick, and then alters gradually from the uniform thickness rest of the bell.—Invention.

Lane Theater has the largest proof curtain in the world. It feet by thirty and a half of iron and asbestos, and if fire can lower itself automatically in fifteen seconds.

gun in the Parliament at Ottawa, Canada, is fired direct from the Montreal Observatory.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of life, is also the bane of existence, because it means a time of suffering.

No woman is entirely free from pain, it does not seem to have

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relieves the condition that produces much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

MRS. E. PENHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache, no appetite, that tired me out, and did not care for anything. I taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of Liver Pills, two boxes of Liver Tablets. To-day I am a well person. I feel like I want to have those who suffer as I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints. Yours wonderful medicine and advice.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice to women who are suffering in this way, write to her. She did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she gave free of charge to all women.

Signature of a great-looking St. Bernard and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases.

In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital it has been provided with movable slides so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and side for birds and poultry. The plans for the ambulance were drawn by Dr. John W. Adams and they called for the best of material and the springs provided reduce all jarrings to a minimum.—New York Mail and Express.

Snakes Pick Hops.

Hop picking is one of the principal industries of the Deer Lick bottom district in Indiana, and gives employment to several hundred persons each year. In 1896 the employers had considerable trouble with the pickers over the question of wages. The pickers wanted 15 cents an hour, but the hop growers wished to maintain the present scale by the piece. The matter as a general proposition is still unsettled except by one hop grower, Jacob Presley, on Deer Lick bottoms. He did not hire any pickers at all this year, but raised the hops and picked and cured. The story is a curious one, and begins in 1895, when Mr. Presley first noticed two yellow snakes in his hop field. His first impulse was to kill them, but their actions were so odd that he stopped to watch them. The snakes would climb the hop poles and pick every blossom, throwing them upon the ground. Then they would extract a certain amount of hop from the stalk and pass on to the next one. This set Mr. Presley to thinking if the snakes could be utilized instead of men and women.

In the spring of 1896 he found a nest of thirteen yellow snakes down by the creek, and, capturing them alive, he took them home. In the fall he planted them and with such success that he determined to use them this year. Accordingly he hired no hands, to the great surprise of his neighbors. Instead he turned the snakes loose, putting 150 baskets on the ground to catch the hops and left the pickers alone. The experiment was a great success.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The First Public Library.

Libraries instituted for research in all branches of knowledge existed in remote antiquity. According to Prof. Sayce, such a one was founded by Sargon I., the Semitic ruler of Akkad, about 3800 B. C. Here was deposited the great work of Babylonian astronomy, the "Observatoirs of Bel," and the name of the keeper of this library has been handed down to us on his seal.

Similar libraries were founded in the chief cities of Babylon, the contents of which—either the original works or copies of translations of them—were drawn upon to enrich the famous Assyrian library of Nineveh, founded, it is stated, by Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) from political motives. That it was a public library is indicated by a remark of the king at the end of a treatise—"I have placed it in my palace for the instruction of my subjects."

According to a writer on the subject, the volumes were all numbered, and any one who wished to consult a book wrote the number of it on a ticket and handed it to the keeper. The library founded at Athens by Pisistratus about the year 540 B. C. is often stated to be the first that was opened to the public. The more famous Alexandrian Library takes the next place in point of time.—New York World.

Quick Wit Saves from Failure.

The faculty of keeping one's head in an emergency is not too common. A young Philadelphia elocutionist has it to perfection, and a few days ago it neatly saved her from an embarrassing situation.

She was reciting professionally, and her work had called forth wild applause. She was warm and tired, however, and when just a few lines into an encore number, she knew that a certain place her memory would fail her, and that she would stumble and fall. Her wits answered quickly. Before coming to the breaking point, she suddenly stopped and addressed her auditors. "I see by your faces that many of you have heard this piece before. I do not like to repeat, so, with your permission, I will try another number." Some magnanimous person—"No, no. Go ahead." But the young lady was obdurate, and the people of that audience now consider her the queerest of all elocutionists."—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle Sam's War Month.

April is the month made notable by great events in American history. The first great struggle for American liberty broke into hostilities at Lexington and Concord in April, 1775; the war between the Confederate States and the United States began in April, 1861; in April of 1862 Farragut captured New Orleans, and in April, 1865, came the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House.

Georgia Has Much Land.

Georgia has more than 5,000 miles of railroads, with a capitalization of $150,000,000 in round numbers on the mileage in the state.

A Fearless Traveler.

From the Dowagiac (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are two guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max D. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 475 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of bookkeeper.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth *The First Sergeant*, until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to my work.

"I tried the hot-water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I had tried many advertised remedies, but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them.

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I continued using them till the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Ventilating Shoe.

A ventilated shoe has been invented in Cologne, Prussia. A steel spring works a bellows between the heel and sole, and every step the wearer takes drives a stream of fresh air through perforations in the inner sole, to every part of the foot.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Dartmoor Prison.
Dartmoor is the largest tract of uncultivated land in England, it occupies one-fifth of the County of Devon.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs and of Pulmonary Consumption. JOSHUA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1899.

One Kentucky grower has 117 acres planted in tobacco. He says there are 1,150,000 plants.

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