



Publock Press Reader.

J. WINFORD HUNT, Proprietor. LUBBOCK, TEXAS.

MILITARY MATTERS.

Gen. Velle and his troops were banqueted at Junction City, Kan.

The queen regent of Spain has signed the decree disbanding the military classes of 1894, 1895 and 1897.

The troops which have been ordered to Porto Rico will relieve a like number of regiments now in the island, the organizations to be designated by Gen. Brooke.

Gen. John M. Bacon, commander at Leech Lake, Minn., is a veteran officer who has seen considerable service in both volunteer and regular armies of the Union.

Lieut. Col. Livermore of the corps of engineers and Col. Waring of the quartermaster's department have been designated to join the board which is to look after camp sites in Cuba.

The fifth cavalry and sixty-ninth infantry are making preparations for service in Cuba or Porto Rico. The fifth was officially notified that it will be sent to Porto Rico. They are now encamped at Huntsville, Ala.

A delegation of citizens of Cincinnati called on the president and urged him to locate winter quarters for troops at the Oakley race track at Cincinnati. The delegation was headed by Representative Bromwell of Ohio.

The war investigation commission is asking all witnesses to be sworn.

Gustave Siler of company I, sixth Illinois volunteers, died at Troopport, Ill., of typhoid fever, contracted at Santiago de Cuba.

The special naval board, headed by Admiral Seward, which is considering the promotion of officers for gallantry during the war, called in a body upon Secretary Long and had a conference with respect to the work of that board.

It is the well-grounded and almost unanimous opinion of the medical staff of the American army in Porto Rico that the conditions of the volunteer forces there necessitate their removal north.

Secretary Long has named the four new monitors contracted for as follows: That at Bath, the Connecticut; at Nixons, the Florida; at Newport News, Arkansas, and at San Francisco, the Wyoming.

An official dispatch from Iloilo, Philippine Islands, reports that the landing of troops there caused a panic among the insurgents; that 300 muskets, four cannon, a quantity of ammunition and a flag were captured.

Six hundred men have gone on a strike at the Havana navy yard, refusing to work unless they are paid five months' arrears of wages. Several Spanish vessels are on the stocks awaiting repairs, and cannot leave until they are repaired.

Col. Mabry and the boys of the first Texas did fine work during the recent storm at Jacksonville, Fla. Col. Mabry worked in the rain all day, seeing to the sick men, and then went about his camp all day and part of the night seeing that all the men were all protected.

Serjt. James F. Strickland, company F, first Arkansas volunteers, died at Fayetteville, Ark., while home on a furlough, of fever, aged 22. The remains were interred in the national cemetery at that place with military honors.

James Collier, a private of company L, twenty-second Kansas volunteers, who died of typhoid fever at a Philadelphia hospital was buried at Atchison, Kan., with military honors. He was the youngest member of the company, not having reached his seventeenth birthday.

Secretary Long said that the sole purpose of ordering the Baltimore and Petrel to Tien Tsin was to safeguard American interests and protect life and property of American citizens in the event of an outbreak in the interior, Tien Tsin being the nearest point to Peking accessible to warships.

Col. Wm. ... and his command, the third Nebraska, went into camp, Jacksonville, Fla., on the old site of the second Texas, adjoining the first Texas. Col. Mabry and staff welcomed Col. Bryan and staff. He claims he is much improved by his short vacation. The first Texas boys dined the first battalion, they arriving before their cooking outfit and subsistence.

Col. Young's regiment of engineers is the only military organization remaining at that once populous camp. Col. Young has been instructed to take the necessary steps for the dismantlement of the camp, and the preservation of the camp equipment.

Capt. Francis J. Higginson, who commanded the battleship Massachusetts at Santiago, and on the expedition to Porto Rico, has been made chairman of the lighthouse board. This is the place formerly held by Commodore Schley, and is a trying one.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, interviewed at New York, said that he expected the seventh army corps, of which he is commander, will probably go to Cuba about the last of this month. He has fifteen regiments under his command at present.

The first Indian Territory regiment, stationed at Georgetown, Ky., gave a war dance a few nights ago. The Indians laid aside the government uniforms, and donned the Indian costume, painting themselves, and gave a hair-raising dance in original style.

TALMAGES' SERMON.

"THE GRANDMOTHERS' LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT."

"The Unforgotten Faith That Is in Thee, Which Dwelt First in Thy Grandmother's Loins"—From Second Book of Timothy, Chapter I, Verse 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction. The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, 'a little wine for thy stomach's sake'—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any."

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence. Paul hints to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of today, a golly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiaries and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of the nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reverence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel they ought to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

The celebrated Frenchman, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society, and how wretchedly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and you will see how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, not understanding that those in times were so much wiser than ours, there was a glorious race between women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes aches from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have even relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half written between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering

round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely days that we call Indian summer!

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the golly grandmothers to give them our thanks and then to persuade the mothers of today that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked there the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children, I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fourtieth and upon the year to come, and upon the world last to last? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand, and upon every one of them, you, the mother of today, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names piled a serial of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousand year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are today in the person of their descendants, in the Senate and the Parliaments, in the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon our nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not thinking of mother Eunice. I am talking of grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream, or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we do not understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the reality side, after it has been working on for centuries, and let us see how it has accumulated in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence which it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi river away up at the top of the continent starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where waves might ride, between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and the Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Allegheny and Rocky mountains make contributions. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling for ever. Who can father on it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? How can mothers better be intensifying their influence? How can they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away from the mountains, and the worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the column, and that by attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Was thy grandmother?" They will point her out. For we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eyes as clear as heaven, so full of aches and pains and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into caruncles, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early part of the nineteenth century, and those of the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare today. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hospital. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the fifty years since she went away. Morning noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following. Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance by wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, it is a hard world for women. Aye, I go further and say, it is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the cheek? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

A DOG OF WAR.

A hardlooking young colored man leaned against an awning-pole at a street-corner in Washington, says the Post, while a very ordinary car sat at his feet. A crowd of people assembled, waiting for streetcars. Then the colored youth bestirred himself.

"Look a-yeah, Nero," said he to the new alert and tail-wagging car, "what 's gwine ter do of a Spanyul come 'snoopin' down the street?"

The words were scarcely uttered before the car began to snip with a viciousness that seemed to say, "What I'd do to him would be a heap." The crowd laughed, and applauded the cleverness of the plebeian-looking pup.

THE GOLF DANCE.

A Social Diversion Which is New This Season.

The golf dance is certainly new on this side of the Atlantic, and bids fair to become very popular. A good band of music is the chief requisite; next comes a good dancing floor, and if this is not forthcoming a fair "putting green" is the alternative. One does not require elaborate refreshments at a golf dance. This entertainment often serves to wind up the season, as it were, and it is usually given by the governors of the course. A clubhouse is the proper place in which to hold it if there is a fair assembly room, but golf clubs are as plentiful as blackberries this season, and most of the summer institutions have not established the dignity of a clubhouse. Content with their links and spending their club's funds on building or digging "bunkers" and keeping the course mowed, the local clubs have attempted nothing further than the customary tent. Here one can seek shelter from a fierce sun or cool off with a cup of some refreshing iced drink. Wooden benches and lee pails constitute the customary furniture of the golf tent. It is obviously impossible to dance in such a tent unless one hires a marquee for the occasion. A barn is one resource, but the "putting green" on a moonlight night is a far more picturesque scene for the golf dance. The turf must be in good condition here. The Scotch (and, therefore the proper) method of keeping golf links in order is to have a flock of sheep grazing over them. This saves the expense of mowing, except at the "putting greens," where necessary. A "greenkeeper," a steward to keep the candles in order, and a ladies' maid at the tent, dressed in as nearly Scotch costume as is feasible, in tartan gingham if possible, are the functionaries of a regularly constituted golf club, but these again are lacking in the clubs which are made up by the floating summer population of our country or mountain resorts. For the golf dance you will need a ladies' maid in the dressing tent to take charge of the wraps and hand out shawls to the heated dancers, and to be on hand when needed with a cushion full of pins, tray of brushes and hairpins, and the sewing basket with threaded needles ready to repair any untoward rip or founce that has been trodden upon. Informally is the keynote of the golf dance. Here it is permitted to wear a short skirt, and how much easier it is to dance in one of these skirts than in the cumbersome dignity of a trained robe. Anything becoming can be worn. If the dance be on a board floor evening dress can be worn, but if it be on a putting green a long skirt of delicate pink or blue silk will be ruined by contact with the grass. Even his dull and filmy "bale" muslin and lace that faces a dancing skirt will not save it here. A dancing dress should have a short skirt just touching, but not lying on, the ground.

Where the "Mads" are One of the great "Mads" is the top of Mount Sinai, and the spot where it is supposed to have stood when he received the tables of the law.

PERSONALITIES.

George Gissing, who will reside permanently in Worcester-shire, is writing a book on the critics of Magna Græcia, using the material that he collected on his recent travels in Italy.

Frederick Harrison, the English writer, has figured it out the Queen Christina of Spain is a descendant of the great-grandfather of the late William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham. In his time the Protestant of Great Britain supported him against the tyranny of Spain. Today another branch of the same race espoused the cause of the Spanish oppressor, while, if Mr. Harrison is right, the blood of William the Silent flows in the veins of the royal representative of that oppression.

The Luxemburg has acquired a picture, the work of a young American negro, Mr. Tanner, who has also a picture in the Paris salon, and has determined to assert that, although colored people had made little progress in the direction of art hitherto, they would appeal to the future of the artistic world. Mr. Tanner was the son of a colored minister, who was anxious that his son should follow in his footsteps, but the young man determined on a painter's career and said he would do as much for Christianity with his brush as he would by preaching. His pictures have hitherto been always painted on a religious theme, the one in the salon representing the annunciation.

Art circles of Europe are much shocked and excited over the sad death in Rome of Prof. Frederich Geselesch, a German painter of international fame. Prof. Geselesch had been for some time in Rome, engaged on important state orders for the Italian government. He was in wretched health and fearing that the work he had undertaken (mural paintings for the Vatican were among the orders) would be too much for his strength Prof. Geselesch's mind gave way under the strain. He had been missing from his home in Rome for several days and was finally found hanging from a tree in a grove on the banks of the Tiber. There is no doubt that the eminent artist committed suicide.

DEVIIOUS DEFINITIONS.

Junction—A place where two roads separate. Conceit—Often the true term for exaggerated humility. Expert—A man who doesn't get confused when cross-examined. Villager—People who wear abbreviated clothing in comic opera. Miserly—People who don't spend their money as we think they should. Clock—A treadmill on which Father Time toils twenty-four hours daily. Nervous—The sensitive state of some people induced by the nerve of others. Repartee—The bright things we always think of after the occasion for saying them is past. Usually the more a man is wrapped up in himself, the colder he is.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Jibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

College and Business. Last winter I would rise at ten, I went to bed at two, My soul was filled with anguish when I had to brush a shoe. I used to quaff champagne at night, A cocktail in the morn, My purse and feet were always light, I held our Dean in scorn.

These days I rise at half-past five And work till half-past six, Then thank the Lord that I'm alive My drinks I never mix. I gladly usher in the church, My tone is mild and meek, As on an office-stool I perch For dollars five a week.

A New Excuse.

Office Boy—May I have this afternoon, sir? I want to see the base-ball game. Employer (in surprise)—What has the last of your relatives been buried?

German Talk. Gilbert, the librettist, met Liebling, the pianist, not long ago, and they say the following interchange occurred between them. Liebling, you must know, has an inordinate vanity, and Gilbert, as you do know, has a caustic wit. Liebling was introduced to Gilbert, and Gilbert said:

"Sir, I have heard Liszt—" Liebling bowed his head in acknowledgment of what he supposed was the coming compliment.

"I have heard Henri Hertz," continued Gilbert. Liebling bowed still lower.

"I have heard Paderewski." Liebling made a genuflection even unto the ground.

"Well, sir," concluded Gilbert, in abrupt tones, "not one of them, not one of them, sir, perspired as profusely as you do."—St. Louis Star.

Unlucky. "It might have been different," sighed the young king of Spain, "if I had been christened some other name but 'Alphonso.'"

"Why, dear?" tenderly asked his mother. "Because—" the king.

A Prominent Physician. A prominent New York physician is discussing the merits of Pe-runa. Mrs. With a brother, dear is a terrible business. Just think of those poor men who are lying in the hospitals.

Mrs. Nilson—Oh, I don't know. It might have been worse. If the boys had been at home I suppose many of them would have had to hear some of the summer opera companies we've had here this season.

Statecraft. "We must raise money somehow," said one Spanish official. "Yes," replied the other; "but there's only one thing that suggests itself to me. Those Americans are exceeding patient and good natured. I wonder if they'd stand an import duty on all Spanish prisoners landed at our ports."—Washington Star.

A Queer Case. "Singular fellow, that Berkley." "I never noticed it. In what way is he different from other folks?" "I've never heard him say that he would go to Cuba or Porto Rico to make his fortune if he were only a single man."

His Occupation. "So you are engaged in literary pursuits, eh? What is your particular line?" "Chasing after the books my friends borrow and then lend around to everybody they know."

Explained.

Every one wondered why Professor Dauber wore such a long, pointed beard, but could not imagine how he obtained such satisfactory results.—New York Ledger.

A Thinker. Greyhair—My wife is such a thoughtful woman. Betterhaws—So's mine. You couldn't imagine all the things she thinks about me if I happen to be detained downtown.—Chronicle Telegraph.

When Greek Meets Greek. Moses—"How mudge you vant on dis vatch?" Levi—"Vell, it's vorth ten; I'll take eight, but if you offer four I'll take six!"

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Fall Medicine

Is Fully as Important and Beneficial as Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to keep the blood rich and pure, create an appetite, give good digestion and tone and strengthen the best vital organs. It wards off malaria, fevers and other forms of illness so prevalent in the Fall.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure a Liver Ills. 25 cents.

WANTED—Agents for Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. Agents for the Bible-Looking Glass. It teaches the Bible by illustrations. All Year Books, Quills, etc. Agents will foot of a call; sent in Walker County, Texas, sent in a sample of the goods. J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS

Get your Pension DOUBLE QUICK Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1428 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Heavy G. A. R. Business.

General Manager Rawn of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western Railway has prepared a detailed statement of the number of people carried into Cincinnati on the occasion of the thirty-second annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic September 3rd to 12th inclusive. According to the train records 37,957 people were transported, the largest number being on September 3th, when the total reached 8,322. According to these statistics the Baltimore and Ohio South Western carried about 30 per cent of the travel.

Cutting off a dog's tail does not affect his voice.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Home Ointment Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

We cannot rise above reproach, even with flying machines.

Triple expansion balance?" suggested the tradesman.

"That's right!" exclaimed the soldier. "There can't be too much expansion about it to suit me! That's the kind of American I am!"

Whereupon the patriotic jeweler sold him a timepiece with a highly expanded price on it.

Some persons find it a hard matter to let other people's affairs alone and attend to their own.

A graceful person is worthy of admiration.

Up-to-date Watch.

"You want an American movement, I suppose?" said the jeweler.

"You bet!" replied the returned soldier, who had dropped in to buy a watch.

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Some persons find it a hard matter to let other people's affairs alone and attend to their own.

A graceful person is worthy of admiration.

Up-to-date Watch.

"You want an American movement, I suppose?" said the jeweler.

"You bet!" replied the returned soldier, who had dropped in to buy a watch.

"Triple expansion balance?" suggested the tradesman.

"That's right!" exclaimed the soldier. "There can't be too much expansion about it to suit me! That's the kind of American I am!"

Whereupon the patriotic jeweler sold him a timepiece with a highly expanded price on it.

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