July Shoe Sale.

Gents' Ladies' Misses' | **Russet Shoes and Oxfords.**

During July we follow our usual custom of making cut prices on all Tan Shoes. A few of our prices. All new goods:

Ladies' and Gents' $3.50 Shoes reduced to.....$2.98
" " " " 3.00 " " " 2.48
" " " " 2.50 " " " 1.98
Ladies' $2.00 Shoes reduced to.....1.65
" " 1.50 " " " 1.25
Gents' Bicycle Shoes from.....90c to $1.98 pair
Ladies' Bicycle Shoes from.....$1.75 to 2.48 pair
" " Leggings from.....25c to 75c pair

Special bargains in odd sizes and broken lots.

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

"CRAZY!" I should say yes.

The boys and girls are all wild over the fine display of Fireworks that W. R. Owen has in his store windows. The largest stock and greatest variety ever brought into Oakland County. You should see his funny goods, and do not forget to look at his Hammocks from 75c to $4.50. Croquet Sets cheap as ever. Call and see him.

Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN, Pontiac, Mich.

W.C.T.U.

Meetings First and Second Tuesdays of Each Month.

Held at 3 O'clock p. m. in the M. E. Church Parlors.

OBJECT.

"Protection of the home, abolition of the liquor system and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law."

PLEDGE.

"I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

No weightier testimony to the value of Sabbath observance as a preservation of physical life and strength has been given to the world than these words spoken by Gadstone into a phonograph as his message to future generations: "I owe my health and vigor through a long and busy life to the Sabbath day with its blessed surcease of toil."

Those who will not labor for the welfare of their race cannot expect to enjoy that welfare when it comes.

Gen. Miles, commanding the army, has issued a general order in which, among other things, he says:

"The history of other armies has demonstrated that in a hot climate abstinence from the use of intoxicating drink is essential to continued health and efficiency.

"Commanding officers of all grades and officers of the medical staff are enjoined to restrict or to entirely prohibit the sale of such beverages if the welfare of the troops or the interests of the service require such action."

"Had the single word 'six' been inserted in the fifteenth amendment, I believe that our Nation would be a generation in advance of its present position in the problems of moral and municipal reform." After five years' test of the practical workings of woman's suffrage, and with every opportunity for fair and impartial judgment, Gov. Adams, of Colorado, thus expressed himself in his welcoming speech before the Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busy making one end drink.

The following is a pledge for boys, composed by Miss Willard, who loved to call her children elder sister:

"I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think,
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup,
Nor link with my pure breath tobacco's taint.
For have I not a right to be
As wholesome, pure and free as she,
Who, through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry
For Christ and temperance I would be—
In nineteen hundred; come and see."

Col. Gaither, of the 2d Kentucky regiment, is credited with this reply to one of his line officers who urged a regimental canteen:

"No! I brought these men here to make soldiers, not drunkards, of them. You can have a temperance canteen, but no liquor will be sold in this camp."

A newspaper correspondent writing from Tampa, Fla., says of the Illinois troops: "Colonel Turner's men are beginning to realize the wisdom displayed by their commander when he closed the 1st regiment canteen and prohibited the eating of ice cream and drinking of injurious liquids by his men. While they had their own way the hospital was always well filled with men, with whom there was nothing serious the matter, but who were too ill to do duty. Since the colonel closed the canteen there is very little sickness of any kind."

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS OF BOYS.

Don't forget that by treating your boy like a gentleman you will do much toward making him one.

Don't treat your boy to a perpetual diet of frowns, scoldings and fault-findings.

The old saying that "Molasses attracts more flies than vinegar" will apply to boys as well as flies.

Don't ever get so hard pressed for time that you haven't leisure to listen to your boy.

Don't keep nagging your boy.

Don't forget that he is a creature of reason, not an animal that must be driven.

Don't set up the double standard in your home by training your boy from the very cradle to a mode of life you would not permit his sister to follow.

Don't neglect being your boy's body guard while he wages his warfare with self, with your help he can rise to a generalship in life's battle.

Don't forget that if you make your boy think he is going to the devil he won't be apt to disappoint you.

Don't forget that knowledge is power and that a correct knowledge of self will give your boy the power of self-control.

Don't let him go away from home to stay over night with other boys.

A SONG OF THE MAINE

Sad is the tale, the heart grows cold,
For sailors the sea was a bier,
The woe of the Maine in sorrow is told;
But what of those perishing here?

Chorus—
Hark! to the Goddess of Liberty,
Hasten the call to obey:
"Honor the brave who sank 'neath the wave,
But save the boys drowning today!"
O'er the dark waters their torturing groans
Even now fall clear on the ear;
But we're deaf to the cries and pitiful moans
Of those who are dying so near.
"What of the Maine?" the question we ask,
With tremor and fatal breath;
But to no court yet is given the task
How drunkards come to their death!
Ye who love country and bravely would fight,
Our country is calling for you;
'Tis Alcohol's treachery; dark is the night,
To the rescue! O brothers, be true.

MAKING PAPER MONEY.

HOW NOTES ARE TURNED OUT FOR UNCLE SAM.

The Bonds and Stamps—Paper Used in the Issue Is Manufactured Under Government Supervision and Carefully Watched—The Process.

The making of the artistic green and black notes, so much more common in the northern than in the southern part of our country, is more complicated than might be imagined from a casual glance at their gracefully lined surface. The lengthy process is most unique and interesting, and a visit to the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington, where it may be seen, is a very entertaining one. The large red brick building is situated on an eminence between the green lawns at the base of the tall, chaste shaft of the Washington monument and the fragran gardens that surround the agricultural department. The first floor, besides the offices of the superintendent, etc., is devoted to the department of engraving, the second is that of examining and the third to the preparing and printing. There is a great deal of work accomplished here, as this bureau issues the government bonds, legal tenders, silver certificates, bank notes, and internal revenue and postage stamps. All the work that can be accomplished so is done by manual labor, thus giving employment to several hundred people. The largest face value of any issue is a registered bond of $50,000, and the smallest a one-cent stamp. All of the engravers are specialists in their particular department, and the delicate figures and intricate designs of their work are often marvels of artistic skill. Portraits of living persons are never put on the notes, and all figures, vignettes, borders, etc., are engraved separately before they are put on the plates. The engravers sit, each one before a window, with a screen of ground glass around them, and another of white linen above their heads. Their work is so fine and delicate that the greatest precision and care is required, and the room in which they work is not open to visitors. First the engraver works out his design of face, or figure, and after transferring it by hand to a plate of soft steel the plate is hardened and a soft steel roller takes the impression from it. After this roll is chilled another impression is taken upon another steel plate, and after this later has been hardened it is ready for use. The geometric lathe which makes the border is so complete and wonderful a piece of mechanism as to seem almost alive. The graceful lines for the borders, backs and other conventional designs seen on the notes are made by this machine. If, indeed, it may be called one. After a calculation the machinery is set in motion by steam power and steel points begin their work, and the result of this mathematical calculation shows on the small section of steel an intricate border or the undulating, curved lines, with their strange effect of light and shade. This lathe work is one of the surest guards against counterfeiting, for each bit of work represents an obtuse problem. In the engraving room are two large vaults, in which are kept all the plates, rolls and other implements, the position of head of the department being a very important and trustworthy one, as it is one of the few offices where great confidence is placed in the honesty of one man. The paper for all the issues is manufactured in Dalton, Mass., under the supervision of government officials, and that used for the bank notes, silver certificates, etc., is sent out in sheets large enough to contain four notes. In appearance it is like any other very heavy linen paper, except that it has two perpendicular lines of short, uncut silk threads running through it. On being received it is taken with the blue and white papers for the internal revenue and postage stamps (both water marked) to the "wetting department," as it is called, where it is counted, recounted, and a receipt given for it. Then it is placed between wet cloths and pressed, being shifted about every six hours, to insure each sheet a gradual amount of moisture. This process lasts about three days, then, after another counting, it is delivered to the printer, who must give a receipt for the sheets given him. At the end of the day he returns another check, stating the quantity received, the number of notes he has printed and the blank or spoiled sheets to be returned. The printing room is a scene of great activity, with its many presses and workers. Here the paper is again moistened by applying it to a wet board, then it is laid on a steel plate that has been carefully prepared with ink, which also is made on the premises. There are two workers at each press, usually a man and a woman. The man fills the plate with ink from a roller, then wipes it off, and finally, after dusting his hands with chalk, he gives it a last polishing. Then, after wetting the paper, the woman lays it on the plate, the press is applied, and behold, the clear, clean back of the notes, which must be carefully examined before they leave the printer's hands. This process is repeated each time. The press is a self-registering one, and the employes are allowed to spoil a certain percentage of their work, but if they exceed it, their labor is deducted. Then the notes are sent downstairs, and for twelve hours are subject to great heat in an airtight room. In the room adjoining they are again examined, assorted, and sent back to receive their "face value" from the plates prepared, showing the denomination and the fac-similes of the signatures of the proper officers. Then comes the "wet count," as it is called, and after being dried, the notes are put in a solution of sizing, which gives a greater durability to the paper. After this short process they are sent to the numbering room, where the edges are trimmed and the number is put on by a machine, whose every revolution automatically throws the figures one digit higher. In this room they are given the last count, and are then sent to the treasury department, where the red seal of the United States treasury is affixed and the single sheet cut into four notes. Near this room is a great vault with a double time lock, where all the work, no matter what its stage of development, is sent for the night. It must be in and all the accounts must balance, or no one is allowed to leave the building. The supply in this vault is always a little in advance of the demand of the treasury, and once in, there is no getting it out, except on the requisition of the chief of the division. One man is never allowed alone in the vault, there must be two or more in at the same time. The postage stamps are printed in sheets of 400, and the machine for putting the mucilage on the back is the only one operated by electricity. The sheets are put in and a roller of rough glass spreads on the mucilage, which is made in the building, from potato starch. Then they fall upon an endless chain that carries them through a hot air box, whence they emerge perfectly dry. Afterwards comes the pressing, perforating and division into sheets of 100, as no larger sheets are ever issued, and from the packing room they are sent to the different postoffices. The imperfect notes are macerated in a machine, somewhat smaller than the one used in the treasury. With the great mass of pulp sent from there, this maceration is placed in another machine, that after separating the silk fiber from the paper, washes it and takes all the coloring matter out, leaving a hard, stiff substance, that is sold to the paper manufacturers at $40 a ton. Yet, with all this economy practiced by them, we still hear our august Uncle Sam's ungrateful children complaining of hard times.—Philadelphia Times.

A STOKER'S MEDAL.

Toward the end of the year 1897 the British torpedo boat destroyer Thrasher, with its mates Lynx and Sunfish, left Sheerness on a passage to Falmouth. On the way the Thrasher grounded on a point, causing serious injury to the boilers and the bursting of the main feed pipe.

The burst pipe instantly filled the stoke hold with scalding steam. In it were two stokers, Edward Lynch and James Paul. All the rest of the boat's company were landed on the rocks, but the doubling up of the deck had prevented the egress of the stokers by the starboard hatchway.

There was still a port hatchway, which was partially closed and toward this the two men made their way, Lynch in the lead. Directly under the hatchway, and discharging through it, was the broken end of the steam pipe. Lynch rushed through it safely, and turned to help his mate Paul.

But an instant convinced him that Paul was unable to follow. Then Lynch lay down on the deck with his head and face in the escaping steam, seized hold of the sinking Paul, and by a remarkable exercise of force and tenacity drew him up on the deck.

Lynch then rose on his feet, but it was observed that he was badly shielded about the head, arms and upper portion of the body. The surgeon began to apply oil and wool to his burns, but he repelled the attention.

"I'm all right," he exclaimed; "look after my chum; he's very bad!"

He had said nothing about the way he had rescued Paul, but his manly conduct led the surgeon to investigate, and it was ascertained that, in order to rescue his comrade, he had plunged the whole upper part of his body into what was practically a boiling caldron. More than this, it appeared that Lynch had previously sacrificed his own chance of escaping from the stoke hold the other way in order to stay with Paul.

In recognition of this act of self-sacrifice and bravery, Lynch was presented with the Albert medal of the first class, which is given primarily for gallantry in saving or attempting to save life at sea, and in some cases, for similar acts ashore.

Not His Money's Worth.

Ringolski—"Hour, Grabstein! His was a sad death!" Cohenstein—"Ad der theater, vasn't it?" Ringolski—"Yes and before der show vos halfat ofer."—Judge.

SPICE AND GINGER.

The latest government census in India showed 6,036,759 girls between 5 and 9 years of age who were already married, of whom 170 had become widows.

The beautiful colors seen in the soap bubble arise from the phenomenon, which is called thin film, reflects light from both the outer and inner surfaces of the film.

A beggar died at Auxerre, France, not long ago, and in his trunk were found stock securities valued at 1,000,000 francs. In his cellar were found 400 bottles of rare wines.

The mines in Manchuria, according to the report of a Chinese official, are situated in a country covered twelve feet deep with snow in winter, and infested in summer and autumn with an insect which makes life unbearable.

G. W. Swink, of Rocky Ford, Col., gave a watermelon lunch to his friends the other day, at which one watermelon furnished the feast. It was grown on his own farm last summer and kept on ice all winter. It weighed 98 pounds, was five feet long and thirty-four inches in circumference.

Ammon Fowler, of Brooklyn, after viewing the ancient mine in Mexico discovered by his son, which has been harder to locate than some of the submarine mines at Guantanamo, is convinced that it is the lost Toyopa and will claim the reward of $15,000 offered by the Mexican government.

A Hanover postage stamp dealer named Decker, known throughout Germany as a high philatelic authority, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for embezzlement. He substituted less valuable stamps for those sent to him for his expert opinion on their genuineness and value.

A correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung writes that, in proportion to its size, Barcelona is the most theater-loving city in the world. With 500,000 inhabitants, it has eleven theaters, one of which holds 3,000 spectators, half a dozen music halls, etc., all of which are crowded nightly, notwithstanding the war.

CLAWSON.

Hiram Bailey is very sick at present.

A family gathering met at Eli Phillips' last Sunday.

Lionie Coon, of Clarkston, Sundayed at Geo. Hunt's.

Mrs. Bowers visited at Amy a few days last week.

Fred Goldsmith, of Detroit, visited his family Sunday.

Orson Hunt will move into his new house this week.

Glenn Wilson and wife are stopping at John Davidson's.

Miss Helen Peterson, of Adrian, is visiting at H. J. Bowers'.

Harvey Perkins and family spent a day at Belle Isle recently.

Azel Blair and family, of Detroit, are now residents of Clawson.

Gracie Lawson, of Royal Oak, spent last week at John Lawson's.

Royce Millard, of Gaines, spent a few days with friends last week.

Miss Grace Martin, of Warren, visited her sister, Mrs. Wilson, last week.

Mrs. E. Hart, of Detroit, is visiting her brothers, Henry and Azel Blair.

Mrs. Belles and daughter, of Cleveland, O., are spending the summer at Geo. Hunt's.

Geo. Hunt and son Carl, Mrs. Belles and daughter and Mrs. E. Avery visited at Clarkston the latter part of the week.

Chas. Baker and wife, Myrtle Phillips, Orson Hunt and wife, Will Perkins, wife and Miss Retta took a trip to Port Huron recently.

COUNTY LINE.

F. Renshaw is boring a well for Sid Strong.

Joiner Bros. are hustling E. Wilson's new house.

Rep. Davis loaded some fine ship timber this week.

Joseph Meter buried his baby Tuesday, Rev. Nixon officiating.

R. Hawthorn is fixing over his north barn, C. Gamble, architect.

A good number of Warren people spent last Thursday on Belle Isle.

John McClure, of Royal Oak, visited relatives at Warren last Sunday.

Mrs. C. Gamble of Detroit, is with her daughter, Mrs. Riekerbuss, who is sick at present.

Rev. Nixon was unable to preach last Sunday on account of sickness. C. Kidd took his place.

Mr. Rauss, aged 78 years, was buried at Warren Sunday, services in the Lutheran church. Deceased had been confined to his bed some 12 years.

A. Smith's wife, while berrying last Saturday, killed a blue-racer six ft. long, the largest snake that has been seen in this locality in a long time.

SOUTHFIELD.

Roy Johnson is the happy owner of a wheel.

Epworth League at the M. E. church every two weeks.

The recent rain makes the farmers smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Angstman, of Detroit, are visiting relatives here.

May Bell, of Birmingham, visited friends here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rue VanEvery made a flying trip to Detroit on their wheels last Friday.

SOME persons say it is natural for them to lose flesh during summer. But losing flesh is losing ground. Can you afford to approach another winter in this weakened condition? Coughs and colds, weak throats and lungs, come quickest to those who are thin in flesh, to those easily chilled, to those who have poor circulation and feeble digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites does just as much good in summer as in winter. It makes flesh in August as well as April. You certainly need as strong nerves in July as in January. And your weak throat and lungs should be healed and strengthened without delay.

All Druggists, 50c. and $1. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

THE "CANTEEN" DISCUSSED.

A Topic of Considerable Interest at the Present Time.—Gen. Miles Speaks.

On the occasion of an Epworth League meeting a few weeks ago Prof. E. F. Waldo agitated the "canteen" subject to some extent, and as the topic seemed to excite considerable interest, we publish the following clippings, with a view to still further enlighten our readers regarding this movement:

That army "canteen" matter again. A good deal of indignation is being felt and expressed in church circles concerning the miserable business. Just where the authority lies for establishing the army canteen, and who is (or are) responsible for its continuance seems a difficult thing to find out. Rev. Geo. W. Dubois, pastor at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, has, the Western Advocate says, personally studied the situation at Chickamauga Park. He says the "canteen" is a regimental saloon for the sale of beer. "The brewers supply the tent and bar the beer, and sell at wholesale to the military authorities. Certain men are detailed to manage the canteen. The officer thus appointed decides what and where and how much to buy, and his assistants sell out the stuff." "The sales are large, and the canteens flourish. The profits go into the regimental fund and are divided among the companies as the officers of the regiment decide. Sometimes the canteen fund buys ice; again some of it goes to the hospital department, or it buys water for the soldiers, and in one case a part was taken to buy hymn-books. Sometimes the regiment votes in the canteen, sometimes the vote of the officers brings it in, sometimes the colonel orders it opened. Let this be known: That the colonel can order it out if he chooses to do so; the surgeon of the regiment can order it out, by making a written statement that it is prejudicial to the health of the regiment." The general commanding can also abolish it. Mr. Dubois visited the canteen of the 4th Ohio, which has many soldiers from the Ohio Wesleyan University, and many others from Christian homes in Central Ohio, and he "saw the place crowded with boys drinking beer." Another paper says that the regimental canteens at Chickamauga "are often crowded with soldiers in their teens," while at Tampa "the scenes are riotous and disgusting, soldiers standing at the bars five and six deep, waiting for their turns." Other reports confirm what Mr. Dubois says as to soldiers being detailed to sell beer at the canteens. What an outrage! Our soldier boys, who enlisted to serve their country, detailed to act as bartenders to sell intoxicating liquors to their comrades! It's a disgrace and a shame! A storm of protests should be sent up from the churches, and from Christian fathers and mothers, yea, all fathers and mothers who have boys in the army; protests so earnest and vigorous that they will be heeded and a stop put to the canteen business. Pour in your petitions to our boys and surgeons, and to generals in command, and ask that the canteen be abolished. Some regiments, thanks to their officers, are free from the curse. All ought to be.

* * *

All honor to Gen. Miles; Whether or not it was that the talk about the "canteen" business reached his ears, the commander of our armies last week issued a general order, in which he remarks: "The history of other armies has demonstrated that in a hot climate abstinence from the use of intoxicating drink is essential to continued health and efficiency." Then he says: "Commanding officers of all grades, and officers of the medical staff will carefully note the effects of the use of such light beverages—wine and beer—as are permitted to be sold at the post and camp exchanges, and the commanders of all independent commands are enjoined to restrict or to entirely prohibit the sale of such beverages, if the welfare of the troops or the interests of the service require such action." Continuing, Gen. Miles puts this timely and forceful "sermon" in his general order: "In this most important hour of the nation's history, it is due the government, from all those in its service, that they should not only render the most earnest efforts for its honor and welfare, but their full physical and intellectual force should be given to their public duties, uncontaminated by any indulgences that shall dim, stultify, weaken or impair their faculties and strength in any particular. Officers of every grade, by example as well as by authority, will contribute to the enforcement of the order." We wish Gen. Miles might have seen his way clear to annihilate the army "canteen" at one stroke by positively prohibiting it. He may do it yet, if his subordinate officers do not take the broad hint conveyed in the above quotations from his general order, and put a stop to such scenes, for instance, as have prevailed at Tampa and Chickamauga.

You Take no Chances

When you use Sloman's Diamond Wedding Pure Rye Whiskey. All leading Druggists and Dealers.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order; have no appetite; no life or ambition, have a bad cold in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store Only 50 cents per bottle.

PROHIBITION COUNTY CONVENTION.

A convention of the Prohibition Party of Oakland county is hereby called to meet at the Court House, in the city of Pontiac, on the 8th day of August, 1898, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention at Lansing, Aug. 23d, placing in nomination a county ticket, electing county committee, and transacting such other business as may properly arise.

All who have formerly acted with this organization and all other friends of prohibition without regard to past party affiliations are cordially invited to co-operate with the Prohibition party of this county and state and to participate in its conventions.

The basis of representation in this county convention will be two delegates for every voting precinct and one delegate additional for every five votes, or major fraction thereof, cast for R. C. Safford in 1896.

Precincts are thus entitled as follows: Addison, 3; Avon, 3; Bloomfield, 4; Brandon, 4; Commerce, 3; Farmington, 3; Groveland, 2; Highland, 3; Holly, 4; Independence, 3; Lyon, 4; Milford, 3; Novi, 3; Oakland 2; Orion, 3; Oxford, 4; Pontiac, 2; Pontiac, 1st Ward, 2; 2d Ward, 3; 3d Ward 3; 4th Ward, 3; 5th Ward, 2; Rose, 2; Royal Oak, 3; Southfield, 3; Springfield, 2; Troy, 3; Waterford, 2; West Bloomfield, 2; White Lake, 3.

State Chairman Fred E. Britten will be present and address this convention. Every prohibitionist in the county is urged to see that his precinct is represented by a complete delegation.

Bicycle Gleanings.

Pontiac riders won all the prizes at the bicycle racing which took place at Rochester recently.

Those riders who believe an absolutely erect position is the only desirable or proper one to be assumed in cycling ought to look favorably upon a new English machine on which it is practically impossible to maintain anything in the nature of a scorching attitude.

Pure cold water just about fits a cyclist's thirst. He has no use for tangle-foot, 40-rod, red-eye, bug-juice, family disturber, nose-paint, or anything of the kind. Neither does he take kindly to pink pop for pale people. A drink of Adam's ale is the most popular with those who ride the wheel.

Enemies of the bicycle, after the manner of their kind, have accused it of being at the bottom of about every wrong in the whole category of evils. But even its worst traducers have never said it tends to increase the liquor-drinking habit. Cycling and liquor-drinking do not "gibe." They cannot be each other's steady company.

A decision in the Pennsylvania courts practically decides that a bicycle is not a vehicle within the meaning of an ordinance which gives vehicles the right of way on street railway tracks in the direction in which cars are likely to run, a wheelman riding in such direction failed to turn off the track in time to avoid collision with a cart coming towards him and which would not turn out for him. The court decided that the cycle did not have the right of way and that the ordinance has not "any bearing whatever upon the rights of riders of bicycles." It further remarked that the wheel "is much lighter and more under the control of its rider than vehicles of the other sort which are drawn by horses," and "in many cases, therefore, it is the duty of the rider of the bicycle to regulate his course and to make concessions which probably the driver of a vehicle of burden ordinarily would not be obliged to do." It may be doubted whether such ruling as this will stand, for as the New York Law Journal says, "if the principle be laid down that a bicyclist must always make 'concessions' there could be no sort of definite rule for regulating his duty or fixing his liability."

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and $1. Guaranteed or price refunded.

GLOBE WISDOM.

It is very easy to insult a hungry man.

The easier a woman cries the less it means.

It is easier to sell a farm than it is to sell a piano.

An Atchison woman still makes Spanish omelets.

Some people have a good time, but it is in a fool way.

A good figure in youth becomes flabby fat in middle age.

JEFFERSON'S VIOLIN.

An Old Instrument Which Is Said to Have Belonged to the Statesman.

From New York Sun: The ways in which violins of famous make and great value emerge from obscurity are varied, and no greater proof of this fact has been advanced for many years than the discovery of Thomas Jefferson's favorite violin in the hands of an octogenarian negro near Charlottesville, Va. The violin bears date of 1671, and its maker was Nicolaus Amati. The relic of Jefferson and of the skill of its Italian maker was found by Albert Hildebrandt of 19 North Liberty street, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Hildebrandt is an amateur musician. The story of his discovery and what led up to it is told by himself: "I happened into a barber's shop kept by a negro at Charlottesville and incidentally asked him my favorite question: 'Do you know of an old violin, as I want to buy one?' Said he: 'I knows of an old fiddle, boss, that belonged to Thomas Jefferson, and old John Scott owns it now.' The barber was so interested that he sent one of his men with me, and soon we were on the road to Scott's home, about two miles from Charlottesville, at the base of the Monticello Mountains and adjoining the old Jefferson plantation. John Scott I found to be an active, bright negro of 93 years. When I saw him he was working in the garden. I asked to see the violin, and he brought from the cupboard a dilapidated double violin case that had once been covered with leather. So many years had elapsed, however, since the leather was first placed on the case that a large part of it had come off in patches. Opening it I saw that the moths had had a feast with the red lining. The instrument was wrapped carefully in a piece of old cloth, and the minute I looked at it I saw it was the best specimen of Nicolaus Amati's violins I had ever seen. After a while I managed to strike a bargain with the old man, and the violin became my property. In it I am certain I own one of the very best violins existing today. The scroll is most artistically carved, the model and workmanship beautiful. The varnish is of golden yellow color and the pegs are of ivory. All that was needed was a few repairs, and now it is a singing beauty. John Scott, from whom I bought the violin, told me that he inherited the instrument from his father, who was a slave of Thomas Jefferson. After returning to Charlottesville with my prize I learned that Jefferson was quite a good musician, a lover and player of the violin, and that he had owned several valuable instruments of Italian make. The one I had bought he had christened 'Pet,' and this makes me believe that it was his favorite violin." The violin is today being constantly used by a friend of Mr. Hildebrandt, who is one of the orchestra of a Baltimore theater.

SAN JUAN'S HEROINE.

When the bombardment of Admiral Sampson's fleet began, Senorita Paulina Maclas, the Governor General's daughter, was in the Governor's palace. She made her way to the batteries and from there to the forts. She saw the Spanish gunners, panic stricken, fleeing from that hell of exploding shells. Seizing a sword she raised her voice so that it could be heard above the din of the battle. She called upon the soldiers to return to their guns. Her face glowed as one inspired. She waved her sword above her head and cried to them in the name of their country to rally about her and fight until no life was left to fire a gun. No man with blood in his veins could stand such an appeal. The soldiers ran back as swiftly as they ran away. They turned their guns and fought, with more coolness and greater desperation than before. And Pauline Macias stayed among them, like a battle fury. Only when the guns were disabled was she led away, and the men cheered her as they should have done. And had the men on the ships known of her daring and courage, they would have cheered her more heartily than

SENORITA PAULINE MACIAS.

did her own people. History will call Pauline Maclas the Joan d'Arc of Porto Rico.

His Mistake.

"That politician is a 'has been,' isn't he?" remarked the observer. "No," replied the captious friend, "he isn't even that. He's merely a 'used-to-think-he-was.'"—Washington Star.