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Have Completely Disappeared Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Rheumatism is due to acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and permanently cures the aches and pains of rheumatism. Head the following:

"I was troubled with rheumatism when I was a small boy, and I have been a sufferer with it more or less all my life. Not long ago I took a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me so much good I continued its use, and since taking three bottles I have felt no symptoms of rheumatism." R. B. BLALOCK, Durham, N. C.

"I was troubled with rheumatism and could hardly walk. I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and today am a well man." ROBERT JONES, 302 Macke St., Wilmington, North Carolina.

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Cures itching scalp, keeps hair soft and glossy, prevents dandruff, restores color to the hair, and cures all scalp troubles. It is the only hair balm that is pure and safe. Sold everywhere.

LIFE ON A WARSHIP.

Richard Harding Davis Gives Some Graphic Pictures of Repose and Action--The Discipline Wonderful--Training Has Prepared the Men for any Emergency.

Headquarters of the Army of Invasion, Tampa, Fla., May 15.--While it lasted, life on board the flagship New York during the blockade was full of the most novel and picturesque incidents, and the change to the heat and dust and inaction of this base of military operations is painful in comparison. There is all the difference between the deck of warshipplanned for action and a hotel piazza filled with ladies in summer frocks and officers in straw hats, engaged in reading newspapers one day off.

On the warship there were also all the comforts of civilization, all the luxuries of a yachting cruise, but there was none of its ennui and boredom. For if something was not happening, there was always the expectation that it was about to happen. Every column of smoke on the horizon suggested a possible Spanish gunboat, or certainly a blockade-runner, and many times each day and each night the bells of the steam-ram would sound "fall steam ahead" and every glass on the ship would be turned to the flying stranger. Sometimes the New York let her escape, only to run into the jaws of the warship on the next station, but almost invariably the flagship raced after her throwing shells across her bows, until she backed her engines and showed her colors, and a boarding officer went over her side.

The discipline of the New York was rigid, intelligent and unrelenting, and each of the five hundred men on this floating monastery moved in his little groove with the perfect mechanism of one of the 8-inch guns. A modern warship is the perfection of organization. It is the embodiment of the axiom that "a stitch in time saves nine." It is the eternal vigilance which obtains that keeps her what she is, the hourly fight against rust and dust that makes her always look as though she had just been made complete that morning. All the old homely sayings seem to be the mottoes of her executive, there is "a place for everything and everything in its place," whether it is a projectile weighing half a ton, or signal flag No. 23, or a roll of linen for the surgeon, or the blue jacket in charge of the search-light.

A SHIP OF WAR A FLOATING VILLAGE.

A ship of war is like a moving village. It has to house and feed and give employment to its inhabitants, and to place them at certain points at a moment's notice, to face unknown conditions and to face them coolly and intelligently. You can imagine the confusion in a village of five hundred people should they be dragged out of bed at midnight by an alarm of fire. But in the floating village of the warship New York discipline and training have taught the inhabitants to move to certain places and to perform certain work when they get there, within the space of ten minutes. It is no other warship in the navy of the United States. And it does not consist entirely in manning a gun and pulling a lanyard. That is the showy work, the work that tells in the dispatches, and which is illustrated in the weekly papers.

There are also those who serve, "who only stand and wait," who see nothing of the fighting, but take equal risk with those who fight, who have none of the consciousness that all is going well to inspire them, but who remain at their posts in the semi-darkness below decks, shaken by concussion above and not knowing how soon the side of the ship may part, of the deck below rise, or a projectile crash bursting and burning through the deck above and choke them with vile suffocating fumes. They are the fires with coal and haul on ammunition life, like miners in a coal pit. Their work is just as important as is that of the gunner who trains and fires the big gun, but when it is over they go back to set the table for the officers' mess or play a bass violin in a string band or sweep out the engine-rooms. They are just as valuable to the village as is the gunner's mate, and they should be remembered.

GOING INTO ACTION.

We had several calls to "general quarters" at night. They were probably the most picturesque moments of the ten days spent on the flagship. To the landsman one bugle call was like another, "general quarters" meant no more to me than the fact that the mail was going ashore in 10 minutes. It was three sleeping Japanese stewards who told me we were going into action. Whenever I woke to find them in the wardroom I knew some one was going to fire off a 4-inch gun.

They opened a hatch just beyond my berth and pulled on a creaking ammunition hoist. They did this drowsily and stiffly, with the clutches of sleep still on their limbs and heavy on their eyelids. The officers would run by blottoing tunics over white and pink pajamas, and bucking on swords and field glasses. Even below decks you could hear the great rush of water at the bows and the thumping of the engines, that told the ship was at racing speed, and when you had stumbled on deck the wind sweeping past awoke you to the fact that in two minutes five hundred men had fallen out of hammocks and into cutlasses and revolvers, and that the ship was tearing through the dark water in pursuit of a bunch of lights. There were no orders shouted, but wherever you appeared in the darkness--for the flagship showed no lights--you discerned silent, motionless figures. They were everywhere--on the bridges, at the foot of the gangways, grouped around the guns, crouched in the tunnels. You tumbled over them at every step; you saw them outlined against the stars.

LIKE CAT AND MOUSE.

And then, shining suddenly from the flying bridge and rising and reaching out

across the waves, would shoot the finger of the search light. It showed the empty waters and the tossing white caps in a path of light. "To the left!" a voice would call from the height of the forward bridge, and, as though it was part of the voice, the light shifted. "No, higher!" the voice would call again, and the obedient light would rise, turning the glare of day upon a half a mile more of troubled water, and exposing on its horizon a white, frightened steamer, sputtering at full speed for her life. Sometimes she backed, sometimes she changed her course, but the light never loosened its clasp. It gripped her like a thief held in the circle of a policeman's lantern.

It was like a cat playing with a mouse, or a bound holding a fox by the scent. In the silence of the great warship, where the darkness was so great that the men crowded shoulder to shoulder could not see each other's faces, the blockade runner, exposed and pointed out and held up to our derision, seemed the only living thing, on the surface of the waters. She was as conspicuous as a picture thrown by a stereopticon on a screen. And then one of the forward guns would speak, flashing in the night like a rocket and lighting up the line of the deck and the faces of the men, and it would speak again and again. And the flying steamer, helpless in the long reaching clutch of the search light, and hearing the shells whistle across her bows, would give up the race and come to a standstill, sullen and silent.

WHEN THE BIG GUNS ARE FIRED.

While I was on board the big guns were twice brought into service--once at the bombardment of the batteries at Matanzas and again when they were trained on some impudent cavalrymen who had fired on the ship from the shore. Why they did so, unless they had heard that the Dutch cavalrymen had once captured a fleet of warships, it is impossible to say. The first of these bombardments was chiefly important because it was the first; the second was of no importance at all.

The quarter of an hour during which the fire lasted at Matanzas was of interest in giving some knowledge of how a warship in action acts upon herself. With land forces the effect of the fire upon the enemy is the only thought; on the sea, in one of these new inventions of warfare, the effect of the batteries on the ship herself is an added consideration. To the civilian the effect was not so tremendous as he had expected. He had been told to stick cotton into his ears, to stand on his toes and keep his mouth open, a somewhat difficult and ridiculous attitude in which to meet death. As it happened, that there was no time to find any cotton, and as it turned out, there was no necessity to stand on one's toes.

The concussion of the eight-inch guns shook and lifted one as sharply as though an earthquake had passed beneath, and the reports were trying to both the nerves and the ear-drums. A camera I had placed on the deck of the superstructure just back of the forward turret was burst open, but not damaged so badly that it could not later photograph the jets of smoke from the same guns. Glass was broken and Venetian blinds in the chart room were ripped out their sockets, but that was all the damage the ship sustained. To the crew the bombardment was only gun practice, and a quarter of an hour after the order to cease firing had been given I found half of them stretched out and sleeping peacefully on the lower decks, or playing cribbage with anxious and undivided interest.

HOW THE CREW BEHAVED.

I received a cablegram while I was on the New York asking me to relate how her crew behaved in the action at Matanzas. I did not answer it because I thought there were a few things the American people were willing to take for granted, and because the bombardment at Matanzas was no test of the crew's courage, but of their marksmanship. There is a story, however, that illustrates the spirit of the men on the New York, and which answers, I think, any queries any one may make as to how they might behave in action.

Taylor, a young gunner's mate, was shot on April 23 by a revolver. It was an accident, but it is possible he was more seriously hurt than were any of the six wounded men who went through the seven hours' battle at Manilla, for the ball passed through his arm and into his right side, and came out nearly a foot away under his left armpit. Assistant Surgeon Spear said that if he had tried to dodge the vital parts in Taylor's body

Wasting in Children

can be overcome in almost all cases by the use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil and the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. While it is a scientific fact that cod-liver oil is the most digestible oil in existence, in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It is not only palatable, but it is already digested and made ready for immediate absorption by the system. It is also combined with the hypophosphites, which supply a food not only for the tissues of the body, but for the bones and nerves, and will build up the child when its ordinary food nourishment.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the name and fish are on the wrapper. All druggists; 50c. and \$2.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

with a surgical instrument he could not have done it as skillfully as guided by a human hand. It was Junior Surgeon Spear who performed the operation, while the fleet Surgeon, Dr. Gravat, watched him and advised. It was a wonderful operation. It lasted nearly two hours, and it left the layman uncertain as to whether he should admire the human body more or the way a surgeon trasters it. What they did to Taylor I cannot tell in technical language, but I know they cut him open and fitted out his stomach and put it back again and sewed him up twice. He could not get wholly under the influence of the ether, and he raved and muttered and struggled, so that at times two men had to hold him down. Just before the surgeon began to operate the boy gave the chaplain his mother's address, and reached out his hand and said: "So long, chaplain."

HERE'S A SAMPLE.

When the second part of him was sown up Taylor was carried to a cot and lay there so still that I thought he was dead. They had to inject strychnine into his veins to keep his heart beating. But a mutter later he opened his eyes and turned them to the operating table, where he remembered in a half-drunken way, he had placed him two hours before. His eyes were dazed with the ether, his lips were blue and face was a ghastly gray. He looked up at the figures loam- ing over him, their bare arms covered with his blood, and back at the operating table that dripped with it, and why he could not comprehend. He did not know that parts of him which had lain covered for many years had been taken out and held up naked and palpitating and bleeding to the ruthless light of the sun, to the gaze of curious mesmates crowded at the end of the sick bay; that these parts of himself had been picked over as a man runs his fingers over the keys of a piano, and had then pushed and wedged back into place and covered over as one would sew a patch on an old sail, to lie hidden away again for many, many years more, let us hope.

He only knew that some outrageous thing had been done to him--that he had been in a nightmare--and to Taylor, still drunk with ether, these men, whose wonderful surgery had saved his life, were only the bloody assassins who had attempted it and failed.

He was pitifully weak from loss of much blood, from the shock of the heavy bullet that had dug its way through his body, from the waves of nausea that had swept over him, but the boy opened his eyes and regarded the surgeon's scornfully. Then he shook his head from side to side on the pillow and smiled up at them.

"Ah, you've can't kill me," he whispered. "I'm a New Yorker. You've can't kill me."

That is the spirit of the men who sunk the Spanish fleet at Manilla, and one of the crew of the warship that is named after the City of New York.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Corn Stalk Pith in Warships.

Chicago Chronicle.

Today no American fighting craft is deemed complete without its belt or collar of corn-pith cellulose. The pith of the stalk is cut out and ground into a coarse, mealy mass and then under pressure moulded into blocks or briquettes. In this form it is packed into the cells made for it against the sides of the ship and about the region of the water line. The stuff weighs only a fractional part of a similar bulk of water. Now, when an enemy's shot goes tearing through the outside plating and pierces the cellulose, if water be admitted by the rolling of the vessel, the cellulose at once swells automatically and plugs the hole in itself as well as in the plating, thus preventing a dangerous admission of water line. A curious virtue of this stuff is that it does not exert a damaging pressure as corn would do under like circumstances, but rests content simply with plugging the hole. Of course this material would be scattered by explosive shell fire, but even then, being fire-proof, it would not burn.

A Lincoln County Boy Who Will Not Talk to Outsiders.

Charlotte News.

Mr. J. L. DeLane, of this city, who is a native of Lincoln county, gives the following interesting account of a 16-year-old boy in his county who has never been heard to speak a word to anyone outside of his immediate family: "His name is Chas. Ledford, the son of Mr. Berry Ledford, a prominent farmer of our county. I have been well acquainted with him for years (as well acquainted as anybody can be with one who never spoke to him) and he has never been known to speak a word to cousins, neighbors or, in fact, to anybody, outside of his immediate family, and no one outside of his family has ever heard him speak a word to one of the family as he will not talk when anyone else is present. He is not dumb, as his family knows. He seems to be a boy of bright mind and makes himself useful in doing turns about the house, but never indulges in social intercourse with his neighbors."

Mr. DeLane says he can get a hundred testimonials to the truth of the above statement.

S. C. P. Jones, Milledgeville, Pa., writes: "I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers ever since they were introduced here and must say I have never used any other medicine during forty years of house keeping that gave such satisfactory results as a laxative or cathartic." Jas. A. Herdison.

The human machine starts but once and stops but once. You can get it going longest and most regularly by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. Jas. A. Herdison.

NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Some Facts Not Well Known Outside the State.

New York Herald.

The people of North Carolina have been unfortunate in some respects. They have been but little addicted to boasting of their achievements. While other States have been conspicuous on gala days and in the historical records of the past the people of North Carolina have, for two hundred years, been making history without seeking to blazon forth their deeds to the world. Mr. Bancroft, whose duties led him to investigate the facts of North Carolina history, has recognized much that the people of the State have accomplished in the cause of human freedom and in the vindication of rights ever held dear by free-born citizens, and has, in his immortal pages, chronicled some of the events that mark the advance of North Carolina upon the highway of civil liberty and religious development. But unfortunately, the people in the State have been so isolated from the great centres, have had so little communication with the outside world, have been so destitute of those channels of intercourse that belong to more favored sections, that the great, important and unquestioned facts of their history are unknown to the people of other States. While the skirmishes of the New England States are known and read of all men events of earlier and of quite as significant character that happened in North Carolina are only known to gentlemen beyond its borders, who, like the late Col. Peter Force, of Washington, Mr. Bancroft, President Welling and a few others are fond of historical investigation or have been led by some circumstance to explore some of the partially known historical territory that belongs to this people. In view of these facts it becomes an interesting question what North Carolina claims and what can be established beyond all cavil or question? Briefly this:

That the first Englishman who ever planted foot on the American continent landed on Roanoke Island in the month of July, 1585.

That the first child born of English parents on American soil was Virginia Dare, who was born on Roanoke Island in 1585, after whom the county of Dare is named.

That the first resistance to the stamp act was at Wilmington, N. C., in 1765.

That the first blood that was ever drawn in the defence of the people's rights and a resistance to tyranny, was at Alamance, on May 15, 1771.

That the first meeting that was ever held in any of the colonies to declare separation from the British command, to organize for armed resistance, was in North Carolina, in the county of Mecklenburg, in the month of May, 1775--nearly fifty months before the national declaration.

FIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS.

Exciting Episode of the Gussie Expedition.

Jacksonville, Fla., May 19.--A special to the Times-Union and Citizen from Key West, Fla., says:

The Gussie expedition did not fail entirely. Two native Cuban scouts were handed west of Havana on the second day out. Spanish guerrillas had been assigned to the duty of patrolling the shore. A boat from the Gussie landed twenty men. They had hardly set foot upon shore before a furious volley was fired at them by the guerrillas, who were concealed in thickets on the crest of the low hills. The American party advanced, were halted when in range, and the order "fire" was given. They fired as one man, sending three volleys at the guerrillas, who scattered like chaff before the wind. Five of them were killed, including a captain, whose bloody cap and sword were taken and brought back as trophies. Two scouts made their way into the interior.

THE LOWEST COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

First lieutenants have been described as holding the places of vice-captains. The title is purely French. When company formation is made the first platoon is commanded by the first sergeant, a quartermaster-sergeant, four sergeants, and six corporals, two musicians, one artificer, one engraver, one sixty-five private. In the cavalry arm of the service companies are known as troops, and in the artillery as batteries.

Other non-commissioned officers in a regiment are one sergeant-major, one chief musician, two principal musicians, and three hospital stewards.

The terms "fleet," "squadron," and "flotilla" are elastic in their nature. They each designate a number of vessels under a single commander, but "fleet" is a term superior to "squadron" and "squadron" stands for more than "flotilla." The term "fleet" may be properly applied to an aggregation of canal-boats, and it is not unusual to hear of a flotilla of oyster-boats or racing yachts. But at this time one couples the terms with the navy, and, according to established usage, the word "fleet" means a large number of vessels under the command of an admiral or other high naval officer. While it is believed by some authorities that a fleet must contain at least ships, others believe that a small number of vessels may, under certain circumstances, be termed a fleet. There are countries whose whole navy consists of only four or five ships, but these could be spoken of as a fleet with all propriety. Technically, a fleet has been described as composed of thirteen vessels--two squadrons of six ships each and a flagship. But this technicality seems to be entirely disregarded in practice.

A SQUADRON AND ITS COMMANDER.

A squadron is a division of a fleet, a detachment of war vessels employed upon a particular service or operation, and is always under the command of a flag officer. A flag officer is one who has the privilege to display a flag denoting his rank--an admiral, vice-admiral, rear-admiral, or commodore.

A flotilla is the term applied either to a fleet of small vessels or to a small fleet of larger craft.

The difference between a battleship and armored cruiser is technical, and experts have stumbled over the matter. A battleship is supposed to have heavier guns and armor and to be better fitted to withstand hard knocks from an opposing force. But this does not always hold good, as may be seen in the case of the Maine as compared with the Brooklyn. The Maine was a battleship, but she was not so large nor so heavily armored as the armored cruiser Brooklyn. On one point there seems to be no dispute, and that is the fact that the cruisers are faster than the battleship, and it is conceded also that, in instances, the battleships are better protected.

CAUTIONERS ARE VESSEL WHICH WERE BUILT FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE, BUT WITH A VIEW TO BEING ARMED IN CASE OF NEED.

When the vessels were built the government had an understanding with the constructors and owners by which provisions for arming were made. A similar agreement exists between the English government and the owners of the large ocean

SOME COMMON WAR TERMS.

Things That the Present Generation Know Little of.

New York Tribune.

What is an army corps? What a division? What is a brigade? What is a regiment? What is a battalion? What is a company? What is a troop? What is a platoon? What are lieutenants and what do they have to do? What is a det? What is a battleship? What is a flotilla? What is an auxiliary cruiser? What is a monitor? What is a torpedo boat? What is torpede catcher?

An army corps is made up of a number of divisions of infantry, with a proper proportion of artillery or cavalry. An army corps is commanded by a major general, and is in all respects a complete army, being the largest of the sub-divisions of the military forces. During times of peace, there are no army corps in the United States, because the 28,000 men were scattered all over the country, and concentration was impracticable and almost impossible. An army corps is divided into divisions, which term is applied to the next tactical unit below an army corps.

"BRIGADE" A FLEXIBLE TERM.

Brigades are to divisions what divisions are to army corps. A division differs from a corps in so far that while the larger body includes every arm of the service, a division may be composed of only one of these arms. Thus there may be a cavalry, artillery, or infantry division, or there may be a division which includes all these. The number of men for a division depends upon circumstances. Three brigades may be formed into a division, but there is nothing to prevent its being twice as large. A division is commanded by a major-general.

A brigade, commanded by a brigadier-general, is composed of three, four, or five regiments, and may be made up from one arm of the service, or it may include regiments of infantry and cavalry and batteries of artillery, together with engineers and signal corps.

A regiment is commanded by a colonel, and is a permanent tactical unit, with its own distinct individuality. Infantry regiments, according to the new regulations, have three battalions each, and each battalion has four companies. The second officer in a regiment is the lieutenant-colonel, who, in the absence of the commanding officer, takes command. The battalion commanders have rank of Major.

The platoon is to the company what the battalion is to the regiment, and as the major is in command of a battalion under the colonel, so are the first and second lieutenants in command of their respective platoons under the captain.

During the engagement the Marblehead threw 450 five-inch shells into the Spanish forces and 700 shots from her secondary battery, the gunboat Nashville as many more shells and 15,000 shots from her secondary battery.

Fifteen hundred Spaniards were stationed in an improvised fortress on a neck of land and upon these the ships concentrated their fire, and it was upon that the most terrible destruction was wrought. During the heavy fire of shells and just after the lighthouse was blown up, five Spaniards who were running together in an attempt to escape were picked off by a shell from the Marblehead, the gunner being ordered to fire upon them by Eosign Pratt. They were torn to pieces.

De Bombshell.

Atlanta Constitution.

De bombshell, he go sizzin' 'long--
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
En dis yer is he only song:
"Whar--whar is you?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
He huntin' after you!
"Whar is you"
En yo' family, too?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
De bombshell, he go sizzin' 'long--
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
En night en day he sing dat way:
"Whar--whar is you?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
He huntin' after you!
"Whar is you"
En yo' family, too?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!

Subtle Thrust.

Clara--"Mr. Castleton asked me at what time you were likely to be alone, as he wanted to call on you."
Maud--"What did you tell him?"
Clara--"I said any time."--Life.

Reason For Change.

"What changed Gobang's ideas regarding heredity?"
"He says his oldest son has no sense."
--New York Journal.

Florence Flickers (of the Jolly Girls Company)--Did you ever run for office?
Mr. Tuegood--Yes.
Florence Flickers--What office?
Mr. Tuegood--The postoffice, when I found I had been carrying one of my wife's letters around for a week.--Judge.

---"Well--I thought she was going to marry Tom!" Belle--"No, Jack." Nell--"Why she told the Tom was willing to die for her." Belle--"Yes, but Jack offered to make a good living for her."--Philadelphia Record.

A Cuban scout who has returned from Havana brings word that the Spanish fleet is expected there. The expectation is supposed to be based on advices from Madrid. New life has been infused in General Blanco's troops by the hope of aid.

One Minute is not long, yet relief is obtained in half that time by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It prevents consumption and quickly cures colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, influenza and all throat and lung troubles. Jas. A. Herdison.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best preparation I have ever used or used and I can't say too much in its praise."--J. M. Kenyon, Merchant, Orelia, Ga. Jas. A. Herdison.

liners which sail under her flag. The cruiser St. Paul, St. Louis, New York and Paris would not be recognized by the people who travelled across the ocean on the a when they were luxuriously appointed passenger boats. Superfluous furniture has been removed, and the vessels in their war paint look as though they had been built for war purposes.

THE MONITOR'S PEDIGREE.

A monitor is a peculiar battleship, having a low freeboard, light draught, and flush deck, and guns mounted in heavily-armored revolving turrets placed on the deck. A monitor is a floating battery more than a ship, and derives its name from the first of the class ever constructed, which battled with the Confederate iron-clad Merrimack in Hampton Roads. The original monitor was described as resembling a great cheese-box on a plank, but it did valuable service, and revolutionized naval warfare.

Torpedo-boats are the racers among the war vessels. They are swift, small craft, designed to launch torpedoes near large vessels. In order to do this work properly, the torpedo-boat must go close to the object of its destructive designs, and, having placed the instrument of destruction in position, its next object is to get away and out of the reach of the enemy. A torpedo-boat must be small, and the men who form its small crew must be absolutely fearless.

A torpedo-boat catcher is designed expressly to catch or to destroy torpedo boats. In order to be fitted for the work, the boats are larger than the torpedo-boats, can make better time, and carry heavier armament.

SPANISH LOST THREE HUNDRED.

Shelling at Cienfuegos Caused Great Destruction of Property.

Key West, Fla., May 19.--The Spanish loss during the recent engagement at Cienfuegos is now known to have been much heavier than at first reported. Three hundred Spaniards were killed and several wounded. Great damage was done along the coast.

Soon after the engagement the United States cruiser Marblehead picked up several Cubans in an open boat some miles from the coast, including Col. Oris, Lieutenant Otavarez, and three privates, from the insurgent camp near Cienfuegos. They reported that the Spanish losses and the damage wrought by the shells from the warships were very heavy. The hospital at Cienfuegos, they said, were full of wounded and fear prevailed everywhere that the American warships would return to complete the work of destruction.

During the engagement the Marblehead threw 450 five-inch shells into the Spanish forces and 700 shots from her secondary battery, the gunboat Nashville as many more shells and 15,000 shots from her secondary battery.

Fifteen hundred Spaniards were stationed in an improvised fortress on a neck of land and upon these the ships concentrated their fire, and it was upon that the most terrible destruction was wrought. During the heavy fire of shells and just after the lighthouse was blown up, five Spaniards who were running together in an attempt to escape were picked off by a shell from the Marblehead, the gunner being ordered to fire upon them by Eosign Pratt. They were torn to pieces.

De Bombshell.

Atlanta Constitution.

De bombshell, he go sizzin' 'long--
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
En dis yer is he only song:
"Whar--whar is you?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
He huntin' after you!
"Whar is you"
En yo' family, too?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
De bombshell, he go sizzin' 'long--
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
En night en day he sing dat way:
"Whar--whar is you?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!
He huntin' after you!
"Whar is you"
En yo' family, too?"
Shoo, chillun--shoo!

Subtle Thrust.

Clara--"Mr. Castleton asked me at what time you were likely to be alone, as he wanted to call on you."
Maud--"What did you tell him?"
Clara--"I said any time."--Life.

Reason For Change.

"What changed Gobang's ideas regarding heredity?"
"He says his oldest son has no sense."
--New York Journal.

Florence Flickers (of the Jolly Girls Company)--Did you ever run for office?
Mr. Tuegood--Yes.
Florence Flickers--What office?
Mr. Tuegood--The postoffice, when I found I had been carrying one of my wife's letters around for a week.--Judge.

---"Well--I thought she was going to marry Tom!" Belle--"No, Jack." Nell--"Why she told the Tom was willing to die for her." Belle--"Yes, but Jack offered to make a good living for her."--Philadelphia Record.

A Cuban scout who has returned from Havana brings word that the Spanish fleet is expected there. The expectation is supposed to be based on advices from Madrid. New life has been infused in General Blanco's troops by the hope of aid.

One Minute is not long, yet relief is obtained in half that time by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It prevents consumption and quickly cures colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, influenza and all throat and lung troubles. Jas. A. Herdison.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best preparation I have ever used or used and I can't say too much in its praise."--J. M. Kenyon, Merchant, Orelia, Ga. Jas. A. Herdison.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE COST OF WAGING WAR.

Secretary Alger Will Need An Appropriation of \$88,638,840 For the Use of the War Arm.

Washington, May 20.--Secretary Alger has sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, for transmission to Congress, supplemental estimates of appropriations aggregating \$88,638,840, required by the War Department for the support of the regular and volunteer armies of the United States for the first six months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, in addition to the amounts appropriated in the acts of March 15 and May 4, 1888. The particular items for which appropriations are asked are given as follows: