1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Boanoke Beacon,

SONG. If Itlies bloomed the whole year through And roses never faded: If skies were always bright and blue, With no dark clouds o'ershaded; We ne'er had known the charms of spring, The cool delight the shadows bring.

And should the sun ne'er set or rise, Lost were eve's graces tender, The moon's soft light, the starry skies, The morning's glowing spiendor; The meiting hues of day and night Would ne'er have mingled in the sight.

If life no care nor trouble had, Sour were the wine of pleasure The heart that's gayest oft is sad; Tis labor sweetens leisure; When smiles and tears in life's cup blend The years flow happy to the end. -Alfred Lavington.

FAREWELL to the DOBSONS

In every community, no matter how democratic, one family, at least, is considered beneath the social level. Their lower rank does not come from any difference of wealth, intellect or morality, but is due, almost entirely, to the general shiftlessness of the neglected family. Often the judg-ment of the neighborhood is just, but it is not always so.

Mrs. Dobson once said, "How do they know? We never had any chance here in Nebraska. We were as good as the best where we come from, and I'm sure I've worked hard enough to be somebody; but what can a woman do with seven children, and a man as lazy as the Platte river?"

Mr. Dobson looked up with a goodnatured grin, but said nothing. Apparently, he took no more notice of his wife, who went off to spread her meagre washing on the gum-weeds. He tilted his rude chair back against the trunk of a giant cottonwood, and looked over the landscape with lazy enjoyment. From his position, he could see down long vistas of dark, shining, blue-green corn-stalks and beyond them the Platte.

'Meanest, dirtiest water I ever saw," he thought, dubiously. "Taint no good to anybody. Don't fetch down any mill power; can't tote any trade boats; isn't ever two days alike, it's so shifty and sneaking. 'As lazy as the Platte.' Well! well!"

He sighed, and glanced sheepishly at his wife, who was shaking out the last tattered garment of the washing. He watched her uneasily a moment, and then his eyes wandered vaguely to the far-off purple bluffs across the river; but what he saw was a distance of years instead of miles.

"Abner," ealled his wife, plaintively, "just look at me. I reckon Mrs. Barnard hasn't got any such sand-burs as we have. She don't get pricked to pieces when she goes to spread her washing. I do wish you'd-" but she stopped hopelessly.

Mis' Barnard don't have to spread her washing," corrected Abner, doggedly; "she's got yards and yards of clothes-line and pins and baskets and a machine."

Melvina Dobson glanced at her husband anxiously. Never before had he seemed uneasy or envious. "I reckon Mis' Barnard has her drawbacks, "she admitted, generously.

"Yes," answered her husband. moodily, "and Barnard ain't no more willing than I'd be if I was him. His paw left him money, and mine didn't. know one thing, though, if I was Barnard, Mis' Barnard wouldn't wash, if she did have a machine. I'd sell the pigs first.'

Melvina looked at him gratefully. "I know it, Abner," she answered, scothingly, "you always have been good to me. If there ain't money enough for both, you always want me have it. I reckon 'tain't your fault that we are so poor; I don't care for myself, but the children."

She broke off suddenly, and went in to get the scanty dinner. Abner took down his rusty hoe, and passed ductantly into the neglected-patch. He was working with great deliberation when his half-grown daughter passed, without speaking.

"Sallie." he called. The girl seemed not to hear him. She held her head with an air of offended dignity, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. A second call from her father brought her to a

defiant pause. "I say," he called, lazily, "what ails you? Have I done anything?" "Reckon not," she answered, sul-

"And your maw don't seem natural. Is she ailing?" The girl looked him full in the face.

were not pleasant. "Oh, en out with church w is. It's most her new silk nair. And sen's."

ago. Mrs. Barnard gave me some dye for Easter eggs, and when I heard about Sansen's party, I thought I'd color maw's dress and have it ready." A tragic silence followed. Abner

looked up questioningly.
"She can't wear it no more," answered the girl, unsteadily; "it turned brown and green, and went all spotted and speckled."

For a minute the silence was heavy; then Abner said gently, "Never mind, Sallie; I'm real proud of you for trying. Now you run along and help your maw. You're a good girl,

The child went back to the shabby sod house with smiling eyes, and left her father to his own devices. From the force of long habit he sat down to cultivate his thoughts, while the bugs and the weeds waxed strong among the potatoes. What he thought today was something new and strange, and not agreeable. Often his mind reverted to the coming party.

When the company finally assembled at the Sansen's they repaid Abner Dobson for his speculations by freely and frankly discussing him and his.

"Oh, folks like the Dobsons don't care," insisted Mrs. Sansen; "they could get ahead if they wanted to. Sansen and me didn't have anything but a mortgage when we started, and now look at the farm and its improve-

"The rest of us ain't far behind," laughed Mrs. Early. "Only fourteen years ago we drove into the state with a span of horses, a wagonload of furniture, and two dollars.

"We are all better off," suggested someboby else, "then our folks that we left behind." "Except the Dobsons," corrected

Mrs. Sausen. "Why are they so far behind?" asked Mrs. Barnard, in the tone of a newcomer. "Weren't they early set-

tlers?" "Of course they were," answered Mrs. Sansen, "but they didn't use their chances. They were too shiftless for anything.'

A little faded woman in rusty black, whom Sallie Dobson had spoken of as, "even Mis' Jenkins," looked up with keen protest in her eyes.

Mrs. Early saw the glance, and hastened to smooth things over by saying, "Maybe the Dobsons haven't used judgment, but they did work better before they got so discouraged. While the rest of us were getting a start, they had more than their share of sickness and death and accidents to their property."

"You needn't worry about that," broke in Mrs. Jenkins, "they are going back to the mountains. Mrs. Dobson told me that they was tired of being lonesome."

A sudden uneasy hush fell on the little company, followed by a confused demand for further information.

Mrs. Barnard sat listening to the talk, which had drifted back to the days before she lived in the neighborhood. When a pause finally occurred in the conversation, she turned to her companions and asked brightly, "Why can't we give the Dobsons a farewell party? I am sure it would please them; and whatever we saw fit to give would seem prompted by friendship rather than charity."

The women looked at each other in keen surprise, but before one could protest, Mrs. Barnard spoke again; "I was thinking how much Mr. Dobson needed another horse, since one of his span died. I am going to give him my old Bess. She is homely and rather mean, but she can work. Mr. Barnard said yesterday that we had too many horses."

"I can't do anything so handsome," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "but I can give a quilt or two." "And I some canned fruit, and a

ham or so," added Mrs. Early.

The enthusiasm spread, and amid a confusion of tongues, the list of donations grew and grew. "Suppose you stop on the way

home, Mrs. Barnard, 'suggested some one, "and tell them about the party. I'm afraid they wouldn't be tidy enough to enjoy a surprise." So when the party dispersed, Mrs. Barnard delivered the neighborhood

message, and passed on with a smile of satisfaction. From that time forth a new life dawned on the Dobsons. Their lamp

was the last in the valley to go out at night, and the first to be lighted in the morning. The whole family seemed possessed with a fever of joyous excitement.

"Got to have everything slick and mended," admonished Abner; "can't go off leaving things shiftless like." When the eventful day of the party finally arrived, everything was in perfect order. Two hours before the earliest guest could be expected, Mrs. Dobson went to the door in her fresh, new calico, and looked about anxious-

"They will be along now pretty soon," she announced, excitedly; "you haven't forgot your piece, have you, Abner?"

"I reckon not," he answered, onghtfully, as he flicked a straw his new overalls; "it beginsw neighbors. "

a never mind about sayin' it

dress turned yellow in the sun years now, paw," she interrupted, "I reckon you will get through when the time comes.

But Abner was not certain. He repeated it over and over again. Even during the arrival of the people, he could not escape its haunting phrases. He forgot it only when he went to see the nexpected gifts from his neighbors. Then his vision suddenly grew dim, and his mind confused.

He wandered back to the end of the house which the men had appropriated. After a moment he drew himself erect, and began in a loud, artificial tone: "Fellow neighbors-"

The unusual address attracted the notice of those nearest. A wave of silence passed on to the women's edge of the company.

"Feller neighbors,"he began again, "me and Mis' Dobson feel to thank you for this here unexpected notice. Mayby we-uns ain't been any credit to you-all before, but after this we're going to be.'

He cleared his throat, while the people looked at each other questioningly. His wife prompted him quickly. "Mis' Dobson and me-" she whis-

"Mis' Dobson and me, "he repeated, 'got lonesome, and thought we'd better go back to our kin. But lately you-all have showed we-uns that there is kin nearer than them of blood. They didn't give us no farewell party. You-all have been mighty good; Mis' Dobson and me know that there ain't no other such neighborhood on earth. So we ain't going to the mountains." A gasp of astonishment, almost of

consternation, escaped the company. "We ain't going," he concluded; "we-uns are going to stay right here and act like white folks. That's all, fellow neighbors." He sat down in

silence and confusion. The neighbors were startled, but they had undertaken to make this party a success; to a man, they arose to meet the new occasion. For the first time they made the Dobsons wel-

After the party was over, when the last wagons were separating, Mrs. Sansen said, "I'm glad we did it, anyhow, It's just made people of them Dobsons. Him and Billy come over and cut all them Canada thistles we blamed them for."

"And mended our barbed wire fence," added Mrs. Early, "and fixed Mrs. Jenkins's plow."

"Say, Mrs. Barnard," laughed some one, "your party was a big fizzle as a

"Perhaps," she answered, softly, but I think it was a great success as a farewell to the Dobsons. Good night, dear."

The well-satisfied neighbors passed under the quiet stars, which looked down peacefully, long after they had vanished, on the lazy, vacillating Platte, and today Dobsons, regenerated by neighborly kindness and made active by sympathy and approval, bear no resemblance to the sluggish, unlovely stream. - Youth's Companion.

Making Our Flag.

One may pay anything from one cent to \$150 for a flag of the United States. The latter price will buy a beautiful silk flag, 12x18 feet in size. The cheapest flags are stamped on muslin with the colors red and blue, and are then tacked or pasted upon sticks; they are not guaranteed to wash. Of this kind is the little penny flag which the small boy wears on the lapel of his coat. Such flags are put through a printing press like calico shirts and come out all colored at the ate of 100 a minute. Girls then snip them apart with sharp shears and glue them to small sticks hardly bigger than matches. The best flags have a canvas band sewn along the back, through which a rope may be run for fastening them to the pole tackle.

Anybody is at liberty to make United States flags. Thus it comes about that all sorts of patterns of the national ensign are on the market and in use. But if any one desires to have the colors as they ought to be reference must be made to the standard adopted by the army and navy. This standard, altered from time to time by the addition of fresh stars, is preserved and will continue to be kept by the secretaries of war and the navy. In the war department of Washington, close by Secretary Alger's office, is ceased to hope for liberty. displayed in a glass case the true regulation flag of this country. To exhibit it better it is illuminated by a brilliant electric light. This is the original, all others are imitations, or else they are not correct. - Detroit tions of the driving wheel, but there Free Press.

An Aztec Eight Feet Tall.

Professor Moorhead, the archmologist, who has been exploring an Aztea ruin three miles west of Phoenix, Ariz., has discovered portions of the skeleton of the human being whose stature he computes to have been about eight feet. He has also some well-preserved pottery and other utensils used by the early dwe tars in the valley and which he found is the ruins. The professor is working in the interest of an eastern resseum.—Cleveland Leader,

Remarkable Echo. The neest remarkable echo in the world e first which comes from the northeaved of a church in Shipley. It peats any sentence not aty-one syllables.

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

REMARKABLE BREAK FOR LIBERTY BY WAY OF A FLYWHEEL BELT.

The Most Daring Escape From Prison That Has Come Within the Knowledge of William A. Pinkerton - Burglar Steadman's Mathematical Calculations.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During the meeting of the chiefs of police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at Milwaukee recently, there were reminiscences without number of remarkable captures and of escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous, Tomes of criminal history were taken from the shelves of memory and opened at chapters of thrilling interest by the men who had been themselves the principal actors. History? Yes, that is the proper word, but most men would pronounce it romance.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton to a group of chiefs and superintendents, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for here is John Glass, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glass straightened his six feet three inches, and pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with

the story. "The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton, was made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin, and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And, to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit for taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there, covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. we managed to hold long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had become notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from prison in southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet, and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison, had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unfinished.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time he was put to work with other convicts in the engineroom. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing been even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile. possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different calibre. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism. He never ceased to scheme, as he never

"One day there came to him, as if by inspiration, the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revoluwere lacings in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also, by constant observation, just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of the day's work, and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms grappling both edges of the broad leather. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrenck did not loosen his

grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window, and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished,"

"And did he getaway without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again

in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts, and is now serving out an additional sentence, for attempted murder, at the Folsom prison, which is situated some twenty-eight miles from Sacramento."

The Columbus of the Skies. Lacaille has been justly called the true Columbus of the southern skies.

Born near Rheims in 1713, and left destitute at an early age, he was educated at the expense of the Duke of Bourbon ; having acquired proficiency in theology, like Laplace, he abandoned that profession for the study of science, and by the favor of Cassini became one of the surveyors of the coast from Nantes to Bayonne, and in 1730 took part in the remeasurement of the French arc of the meridian. The perfection with which this work was done secured him admission to the academy of sciences, and a professorship at the college Mazarin, where he worked energetically in a small observatory fitted up for determining the places of the fixed stars. While occupied with this work he became impressed with the need of good observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly he proposed an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, which was officially sanctioned and carried out with marvelous rapidity and success. Landing in April, mere signal station for Indian vessels, the time? he secured a location in the wild country near the great Table mountain, and in fourteen months had observed the positions of nearly ten thousand stars with a degree of precision never before attempted in that region of the heavens. The great catalogue which he formed from these observations was published in 1763, and reprinted in 1847 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and until within the last twenty years was the chief source of our knowledge of the southern hemisphere. - Atlantic

The Panthers of the Philippines.

The Felipinas, which destiny has in charge, and which, like Cuba and Puerto Rico, the United may have in charge also, are the fairylands of Oceanica, the home of the humming bird and the firefly. The climate is a thing to feed on, the scenery is a caress to the eye. Barring the wild cac and the Spaniard, there are no beasts of prey. The Spaniard came in the train of Magellan. He had to fight to do it. The adventure cost Magellau his life and a vast amount of jealousy on the part of Portugal. It was in the neighboring waters that the two great maritime powers of the sixteenth century struggled for the dominion of that new world which neither the one nor the other was to rule. The circumstance is noteworthy in view of the fact that it was this hemisphere which bore the brunt of Spanish violence. Malaysia was approached more gently. On its shores there disembarked warriors more paeific and priests less inquisitorial. Far from Castile and continuously threatened by Portugal, the Spaniard understood that to gain subjects' mercy was better than might. In that part of the globe he became indulgent. In every other colonial enterprise he developed into a brute. It is only since possessions here have vanished that in the Felipinas the beast of prey appeared. In earlier days, apart from Portugal he had only Chinese pirates to fear. The latter so bothered one of the governor generals that he got ready to set out and conquer Cathay. lead pencils and blank paper to have fuller of fight than of wisdom. Time tories. has not changed him in the least. -Collier's Weekly.

Kissing Forbidden,

It has hitherto been the custom of the dhildren attending the public schools in Austria and Huugary to kiss the hands of their teachers on arrival and departure. This has now been forbidden by a ukase just issued by the imperial board of education, which bases its decision on a declaration of cited crowd, "What's the matter?" the sanitary council.

Looks That Way. McFragle-Where did the appropriation for the ammunition used by Dewey come from?

McFangle The sinking fund, 1 guess. New York Journal.

SONG OF KING COAL TO UNCLE SAM

I am the king of strife and calm-Now a whistle and now a moan-I have seized the sceptre and torn 'the paine.

From the Wind on his bauble throne.

From the Wind on his bauble throne.

My pipe in his face I boldly puff
Till his rage my soul inspires.

And I draw him down and his cries I drows.

In the glee of a billion fires!

Oh, I am king of the land and sea,

King of the field and foam,

King of the mountain, hill and lea,

King of the hearth and home!

Heir of the lordly limbs and leaves-Now a whistle and now a moan— and my sires, up-garnered in mammoth

sheaves, On the floors of the world were strown. You the hoors of the world were strown.

Yet, up through the starless roofs I come,
And the sentry breezes quali;

And the furnace glow is the flag I throw
In the teeth of the howling gaie!

Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam,
King of the mountain, vale and lea.

King of the hearth and home!

Tears for the straining sail and sheet-Now a whistle and now a moan— As the waves ride over the fated fleet At the whim of the wild Wind blown. But cheers for the million-muscled oars

That I make from the drops of rain;
or as Coal I am king, and the song I sing
Is a dirge to the fleet of Spain!
Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the fleid and foam,
King of the mountain, hill and lea, King of the hearth and home!

-Edward F. Burns, in Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

The mice always play when the cat's away, but the cat finally catches on to

Give the average man a position, and he will cast his eyes around for an assistant. She-Do you like Wagner's phusic?

He-Oh, yes, since I have become partially deaf. "Have you been able to live up to your ideal?" "No; but I've lived up

to my income trying to do it." "Davie, what are microbes?" Things nobody can't see that they

blame all their sickness onto." Teacher-Who discovered America? Street Gamin (after deep thought)-I disremember his name, but he was

a Dago. "You, sir," said the poet, "are a bad judge of poetry." "I, sir," retorted the editor, "am a judge of bad

Miss Passee-I assure you I have lived only eighteen short years. Old 1751, at the cape, which was then a Grumpy-Where were you the rest of

> When a girl suddenly begins lending her wheel to her little brother she is getting ready to ask her father for a new one.

> She-You don't see as many women cyclists wearing bloomers as you used to. He-No. I guess they are afraid of being enlisted. She (at parting)-Do you love me

> better than your life? He (fervently) -Better than my life? Why, I love you better than my bicycle, almost. Patient-I'm feeling wretched, doctor. I take no interest in anything,

have no appetite, can't sleep-Doctor-Why don't you marry the School Teacher-Now, Willie Higgins, you may tell me what Commodore Dewey did on the 1st of May,

1898. Willie-He did the Spaniards, ma'am. Artist-I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door. Dealer (after inspecting it)-Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf

can see it. Papa-Well, did the photographer succeed in making the baby look pleasaut? Mamma-No; the baby succeeded in making the photographer look unpleasant.

Barton-Holden has a good memory. Wharton-Good memory? Bad you mean. He asked me yesterday when I was going to return the fiver I borrowed last year.

His Wife-Do you think the young man from the city really loves May? The Suburbanite - Indeed I do! Doesn't he come here every week and take the chances of getting malaria, just to see her?

"Professor Deepnob says a widow receiving a marriage proposal always reminds him of a cow at a railroad track." "In what way, pray?" "She acts as if she wouldn't go across, but she always does."

"Did you say you found a large amount of fighting equipment on that newspaper man?" asked the Spanish officer. "Yes, sir. There were enough In that enoch the average Don was anabled us to win a half dozen vic-

Giddy Young Thing-Do you know that as Hamlet you reminded me very much of Booth? Eminent Young Tragedian-Ah, indeed? Giddy Young Thing-Yes; your costume was almost exactly like the one he used to wear when he played the part.

It was just after war had been declared, and the quiet man saw the noisy one sneaking away from an exasked the quiet man. "They're discussing the war," replied the noisy one. "Well, you've been yelling for war for the last two months, haven't you?" demanded the quiet man. 'Of course I have," returned the noisy one, "but, hang it all! these people are talking about enlisting,"