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The Pumpkin. Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun. The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run. And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold. With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold. Like that which o'er Ninevah's prophet once grew. While he waited to know that his warning was true. And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain. For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire of rain. On the banks of Xerid the dark Spanish maiden Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden. And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold. Yet with dearer delight, from his home in the North, On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth. Where crooknecks are coiling and yellow fruit shines. And the sun of September melts down on his vines. Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west, From north and from south, come the pilgrim and guest; When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored; When the care-worn man seeks his mother's smile more, And he wears matron smiles where the girl smiled before; What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye, What calls back the past like rich pumpkin pie? Oh! fruit loved of boyhood! the old days re-alling. When the wood grapes were purpling, and brown nuts were falling; When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin, Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within; When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune, Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon, Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for a team. Then thanks for thy present! None sweeter or better E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter. Fair hands never wrought at pastry more fine, Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine; And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less; That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below And the time of thy worth like the pumpkin vine grow; And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie! -John G. Whittier.

AUNT POLLY'S STORY.

Mary Sunderson, city born and bred, was on a visit to her mother's aunt, Mrs. Polly Perkins. One day she entered the house, her cheeks all aglow. "I met Mr. Tracy and his mother out riding, auntie. What a sweet face she has, and how fond and proud her son is of her!" Aunt Polly was making pies. "So he order be," she said, cutting deftly the superfluous crust from the one she had just covered, the rings of dough falling over the plump bare arm. "There ain't many such mothers; that she underwent fur him can't be told in words." "She inquired after you, Aunt Polly. She said you were once the best and only friend she had." Polly smiled, as she glanced up from the apples she was slicing. "It's true as Gospel, child, though there wouldn't nobody think it to look at her now. Courted an' sought after as she is now, the time was when every heart and door in Barbary Green was closed ag'in her but your Aunt Polly's. An' she ain't forgot it, nuther. Grand as she is, an' high as she might carry her head if she was a mind tew, she ain't forgot how I stood by her through all her troubles. She give me the black silk gown I wear Sundays, an' the lace cap an' kerchief in the square room, an' the carpet an' pictures. There's scarcely a week passes but what she sends me suthin' or ruther, if 'tain't more than some fruit or flowers." "Tell me all about it, auntie," said Mary, coaxingly; "I know it must be interesting. Do, and I'll help you to make the pies. I can pare and slice apples." Polly looked rather dubiously at Mary's white dress. "If you are goin' tew dew that, dear, you'd better put on one of my aprons, so as not tew soil your gown." Enveloped in one of Polly's gingham aprons, which nearly hid her from view, Mary took the pan of apples and a low seat by the table at which the former stood, rolling-pin in hand. "Now begin, auntie," she said, "at the very beginning, mind, when you first knew her." "If I dew that, I'll have tew go back

tew when we was girls, an' used tew go tew the deestrick school together." "Jenny Locke was the darter of Tom Locke, the blacksmith, a big, brawny man, with a voice like the growl of a bear, and an arm like a sledge-hammer. How he ever come tew have such a sweet, pretty girl as Jenny, passes me. She didn't look a mill like him, nor his wife, nuther. Folks said that she looked like Tom's grandmother, who was an educated lady, an' who ran away to marry his grand'father. But I never see her. She lived at Barberty Centre, an' died when Jenny was a baby. "Tom had five other children, all girls, and Jenny was an odd sheep in the flock, looking like a moss-rosebud among hollyhocks, or a violet underneath a hedge. "They are all nice girls, enough, full of fun, an' bound tew have a good time; but Jenny was the flower of the family. There couldn't nobody help loving her that knowed her. It was as nat'ral for her tew be gentle an' sweet an' ladylike as tew breathe. "An' she was just as pretty as a picture, with big black eyes, an' hair jest the same color, as soft an' shiny as silk. I used tew like tew watch the color in her cheeks a comin' an' goin'—now jest a delicate pink, an' the next minute as red as the heart of a June rose. "An' there was more than me that used tew love tew watch tis. But I hain't come tew that yet. "Squire Tracy was the richest man in Barberty Green, an' he lived in the biggest an' grandest house, an' he felt his oats, you may depend. Not that he was above speakin' tew common folks—he always spoke tew the poorest on 'em—but it was in a grand, paternizin' sorter way that didn't exactly suit some people. "The old squire wa'n't none tew pleasant tew live with, nuther, not if half the stories told 'bout him was true. He had a terrible temper, an' was as sot in his way as a mule. Everybody said if Mis' Tracy hadn't been one of the peaceable creturs alive she never could have got along with him. But as 'twas, she didn't have no trouble, or, if she did, no heart on't. "Tis had one son, Norman Tracy, who was liked by everybody in the village, great an' small. He was so brave an' generous, an' had such pleasant an' winnin' ways! Both the squire an' Mis' Tracy sot their life by him, though they had different ways of showin' it, an' 'twas't no wonder, nuther. "Mis' Tracy hadn't no girls of her own, an' she tuck a fancy tew Jenny when she was a little bit of a thing. She used tew often have her up tew her room, an' spend the day or afternoon, an' was allers takin' notice on her, whenever they met, though she was so modest an' retirin' that it didn't seem to set her up none, as it would most girls. "Jenny was allers handy with her needle, an' tuck nat'rally to all kinds of fancy work; an' when she was growed up, Mis' Tracy used tew have her tew her house weeks to time sewin' fur her. Sometimes she would go home nights and sometimes she wouldn't, jest as it happened. "One day a while Norman came home. He had been tew college. He had grown an' altered wonderful, but he had the same handsome face an' merry, winnin' ways. "Norman was allers a great mother's-boy, an' as Jenny was sewin' fur Mis' Tracy all the time jest then, him an' her was nat'rally throwed a good deal tewgether. "I had married an' settled down in a home of my own. But John an' me was ambitious tew git ahead. We had tew paid fur our place, an' so I used tew dew odd jobs at the house fur Mis' Tracy, an' was allers clear-starchin' her muslins. She was partic'lar 'bout sich, an' allers said I suited her tew a T. So I was in an' out the house considerable. "Mis' Tracy used the room openin' out of her'n, an' which used tew be the nursery, tur a sewin'-room. Tew my mind 'twas the pleasantest one in the house; the winders was low, lookin' out upon the garden, that was full of flowers an' shrubbery. "It was warm weather, an' the door was open intew the hall, an' I used tew often see Norman in there mornin's, either talkin' in his pleasant way, or readin' aloud tew his mother, out of some book of poetry. He had a beautiful voice, an' I liked the sound of it, tho' I couldn't make no sense on't. "Jenny allers sot by the window, sewin', an' I remember, as if 'twas only yesterday, how pretty she looked, the color a-comin' an' goin' in her cheeks, an' her downcast eyes shinin' through the long lashes. An' I remember how he looked at her, an' how gentle his voice was when he spoke tew her. An' I minded that they need tew often be in the garden an' down by the river tewgether. "I've often wondered sence what his mother could be thinkin' on. But she seemed tew think that Norman was the boy that he was when they used tew play tewgether, an' then Jenny was so still an' quiet, that she didn't have no suspicions as to what was comin'. "I was sorter uneasy myself sometimes, when I see how Norman continued tew be allers where Jenny was—an' she seemed no ways averse to it—I knew that the squire would never consent tew his marryin' Tom Locke's darter, an' Mis' Tracy, fond as she was of Jenny, would never think her a fit wife fur him. "I don't know how it came out, but the squire seed or heard suthin' which roused his suspicions. I wa'n't there and I wa'n't sorry, nuther. Them that was said that he ript an' raved fit tew take the roof off. Tis upshot on't was, that Norman went off tew furrin parts, an' Jenny was sent home mighty soddin'. "Sammy was only a few weeks old, then, an' kept me tew home poety close, so I didn't see nothin' of Jenny 'cept tew meetin', an' then her pale, sad face went right tew my heart. But I thought it was from grievin' arter Norman, an' that arter a spell she'd get over it. "Arter a while, some ugly stories got afloat. I was mad enough when they was first told me, fur I didn't believe one word on't. But I made up my mind

that I'd see Jenny, an' have a talk with her. But more'n a week passed, an' somehow I didn't git started; suthin' or ruther happened every day tew prevent. "One cold, stormy evenin' in December—I sha'n't never forget it the longest day I live—I was sittin' alone by the fire, a-knittin'—husband had gone down intew the milk-suller for suthin'—when I heard a tap at the door. "I opened it, an' there stood Jenny, with nothin' round her but a thin shawl, an' her face as white as the snow at her feet. "Fur the land's sake!" says I, as I pulled her in tew the fire, 'what brung you out such a night as this?' "Tis she tried to speak, but her voice ended in a sob, I rubbin' her hands all the time, which were fast like ice. Then she said: "'Polly, I haint nowhere to go, an' no friend but you!—father's turned me out of doors!" "Then she fell tew the floor in a dead faint. "I hollered tew yer uncle, an' he bed-twitx us both we got her ontew the bed in my bedroom. Then I built a rousin' fire, while he went fur the doctor. "Jenny was dretful sick all night, an' all the next day. When the wust was over, she didn't seem tew rally. It almost seemed as if she was goin' tew die from pure weariness and disgust of life. Arter tryin' everything else I could think on, I put her baby in her arms—as fine a boy as I ever laid eyes on. She kissed it, an' from that moment began tew git better. "Her folks didn't none on 'em come nigh her, an' husband an' me both said she could have a home with us as long as she was a mind tew stay. "Sich a commotion as it made in Barberty Green I never see yet! The folks in the village made all sorts of errands to come in, so's tew see Jenny Locke's child. "A body would ha' thought that she'd sunk tew the floor with shame, tew meet all them pryin', curious eyes; she was allers sich a sensitive thing, colorin' tew the ears if a man looked at her harder than common. But she didn't seem tew mind it one speck, but sot like a mother dyin' in makin' an' hixin' over that she found plenty tew dew. "Mis' Tracy took her son's absence very hard; her health was very poor, so I heard. As fur the squire, folks said he was more ca'tankerous an' harder to get along with than ever. I didn't see neither on 'em tew speak tew. "Mis' Tracy never spoke to Jenny but once. It was the summer arter Norman went off. Jenny an' me sot on the porch sewin' when I see her comin' down the street. "She sorter hesitated when she reached the gate and then opened it and walked in. "I was settin' a little back of Jenny. I looked at her, but there was not a bit of change in her face 'cept that it might be a little paler than common. "Georgie, the baby, was playin' at her feet, the very pictur' of what Norman was at the same age, as I heard Mis' Tracy say arterward. "Mis' Tracy looked at the child and then at its mother, layin' a roll of bills on Jenny's knee. "A proud, almost angry, look came into Jenny's eyes. She handed 'em back, sayin': "'I can't accept charity from you.'" "Mis' Tracy made a motion tew go on, and then stopped, sayin': "'If my son has wronged you, Jenny, it is not charity.'" "Your son has not wronged me, madame." "Mis' Tracy passed on, though I minded that she kept her eyes on the child so long as it was in sight. "Not long arter that, the squire Tracy dropped down in the street in a fit of apoplexy, and died afore mornin'. "Mis' Tracy had the body put in the tomb, telegraphin' fur Norman tew come home immediately. "I sha'n't never forget the day he come. Jenny was at the window when he rode by. She never said a word, but I took notice that her cheeks was as red as the June roses that was growin' outside. "Not more'n ten minutes arter, a neighbor rushes in, sayin' that he'd been thrown from the carriage ontew a heap of stuns, an' taken up fur dead. "Snatchin' up her child, Jenny ran out intew the street, an' I followed. She made a straight be-line fur the squire's, where a great crowd had collected—up the steps, through the hall, up-stairs tew where the dyin' man lay. "As she bent over him, he opened his eyes, an' smiled as he saw her. "Jenny—my wife!—my child! Mother, for my sake, be kind to them!" These were the last words that Norman Tracy ever spoke. "When Jenny saw, he was gone, she gave a sharp cry an' fell tew the floor. An' when they loosened her dress, tew try tew bring her tew, they found her marriage certificate, close to her heart, where she allers kept it. "The father an' son was buried on the same day, an' a sadder house an' funeral I never went tew. "Howsomever, Jenny was righted at last, an' them made ashamed who had looked down on her, an' who now repented of their harsh judgment. "I needn't tell you that Jenny—now Mrs. Norman Tracy—never left the house which she had the best of all rights tew be in. Old Mrs. Tracy never forgot her son's dyin' words. She was as kind to Jenny as an own mother could be, and as for Georgie, her grand-son, she fairly worshiped him, an' does tew this day.

"The three live very happy together in the big house on the hill, an' from which nobody that's sick or in trouble is ever turned away unconforted or empty-handed.—Mary Grace Halpine.

Color-Blindness. Dr. B. Jeffries, of Boston, America's leading authority on color-blindness, has been examining the students of Yale college, to ascertain how many of them suffered from defective vision. Out of 325 students examined he found seven to be color-blind. "I find," remarked Dr. Jeffries to a Union reporter, "that one male in twenty is color-blind to a greater or lesser degree. You wouldn't think it affected some people to the extent it does. There are young people who cannot tell red fruit from green leaves. You may well imagine they've no business to go out pickin' strawberries or cherries. To some color-blind people grass looks red, while others often run into red painted railings taking them for grass, and to them blood looks bottle-green in color. I know a case where a man had a blue uniform and waistcoat. He wanted a pair of trousers to match and so went out and bought a red pair!" To another victim the color of cucumber and boiled lobster was the same. Molasses and blood have the same colors to many color-blind persons. I heard of a man who never saw a red nose—red to him always had a blue color. An English authority tells of a young man who picked up a red hot coal and wanted to know what that funny green thing was. Again, an artist who had become color-blind painted a red tree in a picture! In another instance a man could not distinguish by gaslight the variously colored bottles in a druggist's window. There is a case on record of a postoffice clerk whose cash account was always wrong. He might have got into serious trouble but that it was accidentally discovered that he was color-blind and could not distinguish the red from the green stamps when making sales. And I shouldn't wonder if many a letter that is sent to the Dead Letter office because it has on it a two-cent stamp instead of a green three-cent one, would never have so miscarried but that a color-blind person unknowingly applied the wrong stamp. "And what causes color-blindness, doctor?" inquired the reporter. "It is a congenital defect, largely hereditary, although it may be from disease or injury. When congenital, it is incurable, but when it results from diseases of the eye or brain, it may not become permanent. A jar or shock as in a railroad accident may cause a person to become temporarily color-blind. The excessive use of alcohol and tobacco may also cause it." "And what do you hope to accomplish by your investigations?" "My object at present is to bring before the community the dangers and prevalence of color-blindness—a real danger to life and property on land and sea, of this curious visual defect. Do you know that English railways pay two millions of dollars a year for killed and injured passengers?" When I get the public aroused on this matter, I hope to have such legislative action taken as will prevent the employment by public corporations of color-blind servants. Red and green signals at sea, and red signals by railroads—many an accident has been caused by color-blind employees mistaking these color-blind investigations out of pure scientific interest." Dr. Jeffries said that out of 11,735 men examined by him, he had found 486 color-blind, and out of 10,605 women examined, only six were color-blind.

The royal wedding in Spain, ushered in by a storm of rain and celebrated in the midst of a kingdom laid waste by flood and famine, has had anything but happy auspices; but it is singular to note how many royal matches during the past century have been similarly linked with misfortune. The marriage of the famous Austrian Empress Maria Theresa, was immediately followed by a Prussian invasion which drove her from her capital. The show of fireworks at the wedding of her ill-fated daughter, Marie Antoinette, ended in a panic that caused the death of several thousand persons. Napoleon's wedding with Marie Louisa of Austria was marked by the burning to death of Princess Pauline of Schwartzenberg and several other victims of less note. The Russian Grand Duke Nikolas, died shortly after his betrothal to Princess Dagmar. His sister's marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh was followed by the death of the Czar's first, Elena Pavlovna, and King Alfonso's first bride survived her wedding only a few months.

There now live near Dahlonega, Cherokee county, Georgia, two children who have no such seemingly necessary things as veins. They are the step-children of George Cayle, who married the Widow Montvale. The peculiarity was inherited not from their mother, but from their grandmother, who was also veinless. The slightest scratch causes a copious flow of blood. There were three of the children until a few weeks ago, when one of them bled to death from an abrasure of the skin. The surviving children are in perfect health. This is a very tall story, but the Dahlonega Mountain Signal swears to its truthfulness.

The organ rolled its notes from the growing diapason to the gentle ruse; and the congregation accompanied by deep, sepulchral coughs to coughs scarcely audible, because they had not yet heard of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Roast Turkey.—Select your turkey with care; it should be young and tender, and not too fat; too large a fowl is not always the most desirable, choose a medium sized one. A dressing can be prepared in several ways; some prefer a dressing made of bread, butter and oysters, moistened with the liquor from the oysters, but the true New England way is to make with chopped bread, a good quantity of salt pork moistened with milk and seasoned with sweet marjoram. A rich dressing can also be made with bread crumbs and butter, moistening slightly with water and seasoning with salt and pepper. The fowl should be well stuffed, tying the neck tightly and sewing the body with a strong thread, so that they can be easily removed when the fowl is dished. In roasting have it thoroughly done, baste slowly at first, basting it with butter and water, and afterwards with the gravy from the dripping pan. Two hours is sufficient time unless the fowl should be large; watch carefully, having it a rich brown when done. Very good gravy can be made from the dripping pan from the juices of the turkey, thickening with flour.

Pumpkin Pie.—One quart stewed pumpkin pressed through a sieve, nine eggs, white and yolks beaten separately, w o quarts milk, one teaspoonful mace, one of ginger, a little salt, one and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of good molasses, beat all well together and bake in crust without cover.

Cheese Custard.—A breakfast cupful of sliced cheese, the same quantity of milk, and two eggs; butter a pie dish, put in the cheese, pour the milk over, and then stir in the beaten-up eggs; bake for half an hour. If a smaller quantity is required, put a teaspoonful of cheese and milk and one egg.

Spiced Apples.—Eight pounds of apples, pared and quartered; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of thick cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves; boil the vinegar, sugar and spice together; put in the apples while boiling, and let them remain until tender (about twenty minutes); then put the apples in a jar; boil down the syrup until thick and pour over them.

Sponge Cake.—A. L. R. Cochran, Ind., sends the following: Five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one goblet of flour, one goblet of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mrs. H. C. Klingel gives the following: Two cups of white sugar; two cups of sifted flour; one-half cup of water; four eggs beaten separately; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat sugar and yolks of eggs together; thoroughly mix baking powder in flour, and add whites of eggs and flour last—a little of each until all is used.

Where it Pays to Grow Grapes. It is a fact not generally known that the growth of a vineyard depends more on the nature of the climate in spring and fall than during summer and winter. The vine thrives best in localities where the springs are not subject to frosts nor the autumns to excessively hot weather. Barton says that the cultivation of the vine succeeds only in climates where the annual mean temperature is between fifty and sixty degrees; or the mean temperature may be even as low as forty-eight degrees, provided the summer heat rises to sixty-eight degrees. In the old world these conditions exist as far north as latitude fifty degrees; in the new world not beyond forty degrees. In both hemispheres the profitable culture of the grape ceases within thirty degrees of the equator, unless in elevated situations or on islands where the intensity of the heat is moderated by the atmosphere of the sea.

The first step to be taken in planting a grapevine is preparing a border for its roots. This must be perfectly dry, it not naturally so drained thoroughly that no stagnant moisture can exist in it. A loose under-soil is, in fact, requisite for all varieties of grape. Mr. Elliott, in the American Wine and Grape Grower, says that limestone clays, regarded as valuable for the grape by many, are not in his opinion to be preferred. A certain requisite of lime may be needed, but it must be associated with iron, salts of soda and other stimulating ammoniacal material to give healthy growth to the vine and perfection to the fruit. The authority quoted from further says that a light clayey, sandy loam, with an underlay of gravel, the surface being frequently supplied with bone meal, salt and gypsum, will, whenever the climate gives sufficient heat and length of season, be applicable to Elsinburg, Wolter, Croton, Delaware, Iona, Rebecca, Allen's Hybrid, Traminer and Lydia grapes. All the named varieties as well as the Scuppernon succeed in soils with richness of surface and no underlying stagnant waters. What has been said of these is also true of every class, but there are varieties, as the Concord, Catawba, Clinton, Salem, Wilder, Barry, Hartford, Diana, Cynthia, Ives, Martha and Lenasqua, that will thrive in heavier, closer soils provided the border for the roots be supplied with the elements requisite to the nourishment of the vine and be also free from the stagnant water at the base.

The usual mode of preparing a border for vines in garden culture is to dig out the natural soil to the required depth, about three feet, and length and width necessary. This is to be filled up with a compost exposing requisite materials. A southern exposure is generally considered best; an eastern exposure is generally quite successful.—New York World.

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storms. She set her beautiful eye on me, and with her little lips said: "An umbrella will do us well."

Coming-Come.

How dreary are the crowded streets With not a soul abroad! How sunless is the sunny sky! No fire on hearth, no mirth at board! How long the nights, how slow the day! My love's away! My love's away!

How gay the crowded city streets! How cheerily shines the sun! Dances the fire, and rounds the board From lip to lip the greetings run! No longer in the damps I roam— My love's come home! My love's come home! —New York Tribune.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

No slouch—A high hat. Germany is now overrun with beggars. Girls, Naomi was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. The cook who undertakes to pluck a turkey must make a clean breast of it. —Pocynue.

A game of euchre between the seasons —Spring passes, summer makes it next, autumn orders it up and winter runs the game out.

No farmer will be mad when the cow kicks over the milk pan. It's when she kicks square against it and upsets it that he is riled.

Mr. Soule of Illinois, has, it is claimed, 200,000 dozen frogs of all ages on an acre and a quarter of land, which he is breeding for the Chicago and Cincinnati market.

John Bright declares that if he was a teacher in a school he would make it "a very important part of his business" to impress every boy and girl with the duty of being kind to all animals.

Be what nature intended you for and you will succeed, say the wise men, but it seems to take about twenty-five or thirty years of the average man's life before he finds out what it was nature intended him for. —Des Moines Register.

Professor Sheldon in his new work on dairy farming, assumes that 350,000,000 gallons of milk are annually made into cheese in England and 500,000,000 gallons to butter. The quantity of the former product made is 126,000 tons and of the latter 80,285 tons.

The shrinking of the water in Tulare lake, Cal., has uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals once bordered with planted trees, and other evidences of former occupation by an unknown race, are being clearly defined as the water subsides.

The three greatest natural wonders of the American continent—perhaps we may safely say the three grandest on earth—are all comprised within the United States. They are the Yosemite valley, the region about the headwaters of the Yellowstone river, and Niagara Falls.

Many a handkerchief flirtation on the street has caused a runaway," says an exchange, and the Norristown Herald remarks that "the runaways are often brought to a sudden stop by an 'alter and a bridal'."

Scientists say that a man whose specific gravity is one hundred pounds on this globe would, if he were transported to Jupiter, weigh twelve hundred pounds. Imagine the New York fat men's association holding a clam bake in Jupiter! They would bust the bottom out of the planet. —Norristown Herald.

In a sterile tract of country between Dar-es-Salaam and Nyswassa the elephants attached to the Belgian elephant expedition marched uninterrupted without food for forty-two hours and without water for thirty-five hours, each animal carrying at the time burdens weighing twelve hundred weight.

Lines on a Popular Article.

Open and shut, Open and shut, Even from the rise to the setting of the sun. Open and shut, Open and shut, Open and shut, And never a single bit of fun.

Open and shut, Open and shut, With never loud smiles of joy or tears. Open and shut, Open and shut, Oh, this is the life of a pair of shears.

Local Advertising. The virtue of advertising is of more consequence, in a general way, than it is often credited with. A too contracted view is so frequently thrown around its salutary influence that those who read a business card seem to link its import is of little consequence to any one besides the advertiser. This, however, is a great mistake, for the community at large is benefited, according to our own way of thinking, by every business card of a town store appearing in the local papers. It needs no very skillful reasoning to elucidate the proposition, for there can be no better method to improve a village, town or city than that which keeps the bulk of trade at home. By so doing the results of industry are widely diffused in the expenditures made, society becomes co-operative to a considerable extent, material improvements are encouraged and pride of place is fostered. Our live stockkeepers are beginning to understand the value of advertising, and our residents fail not to regard them for their enterprise. A contemporary puts the matter in this wise: When a business man of a town fail to advertise extensively, they diminish the importance and trade of a place, and permit more enterprising localities to take the latter from them. Although done for their individual interest, advertisers should be looked upon by citizens of the town where they reside as in some sense public benefactors, and they should be encouraged accordingly. One merchant who advertises extensively is worth to his own town and people more than forty that never show themselves in print, and should be for this reason alone preferred, assuming that he is, of course, a fair business man. —Woburn (Mass.) Journal.