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The Fallow Field.

The sun shines and the wind blows... The night mist threads the sleeping forest... If the twilight be of the brown... Still here on this upland slope I lie... Looking up to the chambered sky...

IN THE CREVASSE.

The glacier will not be safe today, said the old guide, shaking his head gravely. "There is a yellow mist over the cap of old Heingen Alp, and that means a thaw."

Shook a crevasse as this, the guide said.

Shook a crevasse as this, the guide said, was always to be found in the glacier, and only the most ordinary care was necessary to avoid it.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for twenty moons. The five good emperors of Rome were Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian and the two Antonines.

My fainting fit lasted only a few moments.

My fainting fit lasted only a few moments, but as I opened my eyes and sat up, the crevasse out of which I had been drawn closed together with a terrific crash.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Wave-lengths of the sounds emitted by a man's voice in ordinary conversation are from eight feet to twelve feet, and of women's two feet to four feet per second.

The Constant Heart.

Sadde songs is out of season. When birds and lovers mate, when souls must part, woe's toll and fate be joined with fate; Sadde songs and wofull thought controls This constant heart of mine, And make new love a treason Unto my Valentine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advised—The doctor's patient. Never look a gift mule at the heels. Music, like firewood, is measured by the chord.

A Dutch Farm.

An English traveler describes a Dutch farm near Haarlem, and the family working it. He declares that he never saw anything so exquisitely clean, neat, pretty and well arranged; the kitchen and the kitchen stove a perfect picture of polished steel and spotless plaques; all the walls painted a light blue with hoops of silvery brightness; the dairy, a scene of red tiles and gleaming milk-pans, pleasing to every sense; the barn, more like cabinet work than carpentry.

An Immense Gold Nugget.

San Howard has been a gold miner in California for many years, and has been uniformly unlucky, but fields fortune has smiled on him at last. A short time ago while sitting on the bank of the Indian river, wading a Chinaman in his employ at work, he saw an immense nugget fall out of the dirt into the cut.

It Walked.

"That butter came from the North," said the landlady of an Arkansas boarding-house; "I don't use the common butter of this country on my table. All of my butter comes from a distance."

Five men leaped up against the bar.

Five men leaped up against the bar for a nightcap. One drank whisky because the doctor ordered it; two others drank a hot Scotch because they couldn't sleep a wink without it; a fourth drank brandy for the cholera morbus, and the fifth man drank whisky because he liked it.