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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; Marriage and death notices; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

THE COMMON LOT.

Death levels all things in his march. Nought can resist his mighty strength.

The rich and poor one common bed Shall find in the unbroken grave.

FOREGONE CONCLUSIONS.

"I think, Pamela dear, we might as well dine at the table d'hôte."

"Oh, aunt, impossible!" "Why, dear child?" "Imagine to yourself the people one meets in a place like this."

"Naturally not. But the horror is sure to pass me the salt; and, on the strength of that, try to get into conversation with me."

"Let us try it for once," says Mrs. Sinclair, persuasively.

"We will go for a drive, and then get a blow on the pier, and after that we shall, no doubt, be quite ready for an early dinner."

"Oh, of course, if you make a point of it! But I am sure it's a great mistake."

"My dear child, I really don't see why you should take it for granted that we are the only decent people in the hotel."

Pamela does not answer in words, but merely taps her parasol on the floor in a manner suggestive of unbelief and irritation.

She is not an unamiable young lady—in fact, no one can be more charming, or take more pains to please, than Miss Pamela Clifford.

Mrs. Sinclair betakes herself to don her walking attire, and Pamela pulls from her pocket a letter received that morning, and reads over twice the following passage:

"Melton thinks of going down to in a day or two. I have talked to him so much about you that he is dying to make your acquaintance."

"May I trouble you for the salt?" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice.

Here is a contingency on which Pamela had not reckoned.

She hands it to him in a manner which might freeze the marrow in the bones of a man endowed with susceptibility.

"Thanks," he says, quite unabashed.

"I'll put it between us here, so that I shall not have to trouble you again."

Pamela edges still further away from him, and is about to take refuge in conversation with her aunt, but, to her disgust, perceives that lady to be talking affably, and even in an interested manner, with her next neighbor.

"Arry eats his soup with apparent relish, and having wiped his mouth and pulled his musache, gives a good, exhaustive look at Pamela, of which she is perfectly and indignantly conscious."

"Hotel seems pretty full," he observes to her shoulder.

Pamela effects not to hear. The impertinent little snob leans a trifle nearer to her and reiterates his remark.

she longed to get away from), is prepared to view Lord Melton, his twelve thousand a year, and his place in—shire with the greatest possible favor.

Well, she must get through the intervening time—the horrible table d'hôte included—as she may.

Then Mrs. Sinclair appears, and the two ladies start for their drive.

On their return to the hotel there is a crowd and bustle in the hall; the London train has just brought a contingent of guests.

"The worst possible type of 'Arry!" she says to her aunt, in scarcely modulated accents, as they walk down the corridor to their apartments.

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who, nothing loth, gives him every encouragement; and the pair are soon laughing and talking with abandon which, though permissible in the circles in which Miss Clifford moves, is unreckoned vulgarity here.

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"Melton!" she stammers.

"Yes. You know he sat next to you at dinner the night before last, and you snubbed him so beautifully."

Pamela never felt so small in the whole course of her life.

A mist came before Pamela's eyes; she is reduced to miserable, abject, humiliated silence.

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THE PROSPECTS OF TACOMA.

SAN FRANCISCO'S SUPREMACY ENDANGERED.

A Place Which is Likely to Become the Greatest City on the Pacific Coast—Its Position and Industries.

A correspondent at Tacoma, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, says: The near approach of the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad has given a new impetus to business in this new city, which is the western terminus of the road.

The selection was made only after the most careful surveys of 100 miles on Puget sound, and Tacoma was agreed upon chiefly because of its excellent harbor, which is one of the finest in the world.

This great advantage in safe water communication over other points was sufficient to have made Tacoma a leading port, but there are other reasons why the Northern Pacific company did wisely in making it the western terminus.

It is at the end of the Puyallup valley, a rich agricultural region which, sparsely settled as it is, does a large business with the outside world.

Sixty farmers raised hops last year on an average of ten acres each, and they sent to market over 1,000,000 pounds, which netted them \$400,000.

The great wheat valleys of the Stuck and White rivers are closely connected with Tacoma, and are destined to support a large agricultural population, whose products will be loaded direct on ships from the elevators here.

The whole region of country north, south and east is heavily timbered, and already the whir of the circular saw is heard in the virgin forest, and the products of the mills are shipped to ports in various parts of the world.

Within ten miles of the city, and from that to thirty miles distant, is the most extensive field of bituminous coal west of the Rocky mountains.

A number of mines have already been opened, and coal-bunkers of great capacity have been built by the railroad company.

As an illustration of the amount of this business, it may be said that the Central Pacific Railroad company, which owns much coal land, has made arrangements to ship two hundred tons per day from Tacoma by a fleet of new collier steamers to San Francisco.

Everything now points to the fact that within ten years Tacoma will be the San Francisco of the Northern Pacific coast, the great exporting depot and manufacturing center of the vast region north of California.

Her commerce and manufactures will find their way to market by the sea, but the city will be closely identified with the railroad development in Oregon and Washington, and the great farming region stretched away to the north, which is as yet almost uninhabited.

Her unequalled position and relations, and the two lines of railroad, from the south and the east, will make Tacoma the local metropolis of an area of territory larger than that which includes Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Louisville and St. Louis, and back to Chicago.

Nationally it will be the entrepot and outpost for the trade with Japan and China, to which Tacoma is 600 miles nearer than San Francisco is.

The climate and situation of the town are all that could be desired. In 1882 the lowest temperature was twenty-one degrees Fahrenheit in February, and the highest was seventy-eight degrees in June.

Snow fell eleven times in January, February and March, but generally disappeared on the same day.

Frosts occurred five times in April and twice in May. The rainfall amounted to 44.54 inches during the year.

The city is situated on what was called Commencement bay, Puget's sound, and is built on grounds ascending by successive steps or plateaus, three hundred feet above the water, affording a most excellent opportunity for drainage.

From the main street the view of the sound, a beautiful sheet of water, is a grand one. Puget sound is a ravishingly beautiful archipelago.

There is not so lovely a body of water on the earth. Tourists by tens of thousands will go yearly to Tacoma, to sail on this purple sea, through islands ever green with fir trees, the purple sea be-tressed on the west by the snow peaks of the Olympian range, and sentried on the east by the slumbering volcano, Tacoma, 14,500 feet high, a pyramid of eternal ice and snow.

There is not in all America such a superb spectacle as this snow mountain. And alone of American mountains it holds in its heart a glacier, as grand and impressive as that of Mount Blank.

The population has grown since 1869, when the city was settled, to more than four thousand, and its streets give evidence of that thrift which is common in the West, but which is hardly known in the older towns of the East.

The people have handsome churches, water-works, gas-works, and all the conveniences of older places.

Canary colored diamonds are much sought after; present, as indeed are all curiously colored stones.

Pink diamonds are another of the fashion of the moment.

YEARS AFTER.

I know the years have rolled across thy grave Till it has grown a plot of level grass—

All summer does its green luxuriance wave In silken shimmer on thy breast, alas! And all the winter it is lost to sight Beneath a winding-sheet of chilly white.

I know the precious name I loved so much Is heard no more the haunts of men among;

The tree thou plantedst has outgrown thy touch, And sings to athen airs its murmuring song.

The lattice-rose forgives thy tendance sweet; The airy laughter, and the sod thy feet.

Through the dear wood where grew thy violets, Lies the worn track of travel, toil and trade;

And steamp's imprisoned demon fumes and frets, With shrieks that scare the wild bird from the shade.

Mills vex the lazy stream, and on its shore The timid harebell swings its chimes no more,

But yet—even yet—if I, grown changed and old, Should lift my eyes at opening of the door,

And see again thy fair head's waving gold, And meet thy dear eyes' tender smile once more, These years of parting like a breath would seem, And I should say, "I knew it was a dream!" —Elizabeth Akers, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It's better to have loved some girl, It matters not how small, Than to have lost love's giddy whirl, And missed both shore and tail.

A Polish novelist has written 590 stories. No one ever thought so many stories could be put on one pole.—Pittsburg.

He: "Good-bye, Miss Smith, I'm sorry I have to leave so soon." She: "I'm very sorry, too; but still, 'Parting is such a sweet sorrow.'"—Harvard Lampoon.

"Now is the time to subscribe," said the editor, as he led his wealthy bride to the marriage register and shoved a pen into her trembling hand. —New York News.

When Mrs. F. asked for a new bonnet, Fogg promptly refused. "A man and wife are one," he said, "and it is a duty to practice self-denial upon all possible occasions."

Wendell Phillips hopes that the day will come when no man will smoke on the streets. The day will certainly come. It will be here as soon as there are no men and no streets.

In Italy a cabman is only permitted to charge fifteen cents an hour. But, then, the traveler usually pays him a dollar to cancel the contract after riding ten minutes.—Hawkeye.

Canada claims owls so big that they attack men. This Canada fiction was probably started by some woman to keep her husband home at night.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

"What fools the girls are to marry!" said a single lady of mature years. "Very true," replied her married friend, "but that is the only way you can bring them to their senses."—Boston Transcript.

A lecturer, discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired: "What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he could begin his answer to his own inquiry, some one in the audience cries out: "He can make his will!"—Walt's.

They tell of a boy in the South whose feet are so hot that they will heat a bucket of water in ten minutes. He is probably a son of the man who can make a tub of water boil by merely inserting his nose in it. Both cases are remarkable.—Norristown Herald.

A visitor in the country seeing a very old peasant woman dozing at her cottage door asks a little boy of six or seven, who happens to be playing near by, how old she is. "I can't say, sir," replies the child, politely, "but she must be very old. She has been here ever since I can remember."

A New York woman has been awarded \$5,000 damages in a suit against a dentist, who broke her jawbone while extracting a tooth. The award for damages is not too heavy. A broken jaw-bone is a serious thing to a woman—particularly to a married woman.—Middleton Transcript.

A novel mode of advertising for wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of an English provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper and underneath is the following notice: "Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at this office."

George Eliot wants to know what furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face. We will tell you, George—a grand piano, an ebonized screen on which is embroidered an old gold stork eating a sky-blue Chinaman, and a fine old table covered with an epicurean feast.—Puck.

A short time ago, at a school in the north of England, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name to me an animal of the order indetentata; that is, a front tooth toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied: "I can."

"Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother!" replied the boy, in great glee.