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A SONG OF WAKING.

The maple buds are red, are red, The robin's call is sweet; The blue sky floats above thy head, The violet kisses thy feet. The sun paints emeralds on the spray And smiles on the lake; A million wings unfold to-day, A million flowers awake. Their starry cups the cowslips lift To catch the golden light, And like a spirit fresh from shrif' The cherry tree is white. The innocent looks up with eyes That know no deeper shade Than falls from wings of butterflies Too fair to make afraid. With long, green raiment blown and wet The willows, hand in hand, Lean low to touch the rivulet What trees may understand Of murmurous tune and idle dance, With broken rhythms whose flow A poet's ear shall catch, perchance, A score of miles below. Across the sky to fairy realm There sails a cloud-born ship; A wind sprits standeth at the helm, With laughter on his lip; The melting masts are tipped with gold, The brodered pennons stream; The vessel beareth in her hold The lading of a dream. It is the hour to rend thy chains, The blossom time of souls, Yield all the rest to care and pains; To-day delights controls. Gird on thy glory and thy pride, For growth is of the sun. Expand thy wings what e'er betide, The summer is begun. —Katherine Lee Bates.

A WHITE HEART DIAMOND.

Mr. Peter Pinto was perhaps one of the most enthusiastic of modern collectors. Far be it from us to convey the impression that he went around with a pencil and a pocketbook bulging full of papers in behalf of gas companies and cheap coal associations. On the contrary, he despised trade and all its plebeian concomitants. He kept a genealogical tree, and prided himself on being distantly related to some one or other who had come over in the Mayflower, and having a cousin who had once known Longfellow, the poet. He read, studied high art and devoted himself to the dream-world of the ideal. His floors were carpeted with tiger-skins, dimly splendid draperies hung on his walls and shut out what little sunshine filtered through the medieval glass of his stained windows. He delighted in costly folios, rare editions, grinning Chinese idols and masses of charmingly ugly Eastern lacquer-work. But the taste which had the strongest possession of his soul, and which dragged most persistently at his purse-strings, was one for precious stones. "If it hadn't been for that, I should have been a rich man long ago," sighed Mr. Pinto. "Of course I can't indulge in it, as I should like—no man could, unless he had the income of a duke. But I can aspire—I can aspire!" And as Mr. Peter Pinto had inherited a snug little fortune from his father, and fallen heir to the united savings of several maiden aunts, he had been enabled to prosecute his caprices in no contemptible degree. He owned an Eastern opal, a black pearl, a pair of unapproachably-tinted topazes, several peculiarly-shaped turquoises and an agate with a human face distinctly massed in its outlines. He kept his treasures locked in velvet-lined cases within the iron jaws of a tremendous fireproof safe, and prowled around the jewelry stores, pawnshops and second-hand repositories with a perseverance worthy of Bruce's spider. And when he became meditative and dreamed to be confidential he would think if once I could gain possession of this white heart diamond I should be quite—quite happy!" But the white heart diamond had to all appearance been withdrawn from circulation. It was known only by rumor. It had retired somewhere into conventual seclusion, and with unparalleled modesty declined to reappear. That there had once been a white heart diamond was proved by the conversation of grizzle-headed old lapidaries, who had grown crooked by long sitting over magnifying glasses, and the tales of retired jewelers who had made their fortunes long ago. From all accounts it was a stone of medium size, but rare color and fire—a stone which was a veritable General George Washington among diamonds—a stone whose renown had even reached foreign parts and achieved the dignity of an especial article in the Lapidaries' Journal of Vienna. And to Mr. Peter Pinto the white heart diamond represented the roc's egg of Aladdin's palace! Until one day an old workman in precious stones beckoned him into the den where he was cutting sapphires with a whirling little wheel, which sung like a mechanical bumblebee at its work. "I've heard of it," said he. "Of—" gasped Mr. Pinto. "Of the white heart diamond!" said the workman. "No!" shouted the collector, breathlessly. "As true as you live," nodded the

old man. "I always knew it was in the Jorgensen family. Couldn't ha' got out o' it, don't you see? But I never found out afore yesterday as there was an old lady—Miss Mehitable Jorgensen—a second cousin of old Jan Jorgensen's daughter, livin' up in the Catskills. There was some old-fashioned sleeve-buttons come in to be mended yesterday, with 'J. J.' on 'em. Bless your heart! I could have told old Jen's twisted initials anywhere. Didn't have no monograms in them days, you know. Niece left 'em. A pretty girl, with red cheeks. I'm to send 'em back by mail when they're done." Mr. Pinto drew a long breath. "I'll go to the Catskills at once," said he. "Fair and softly, fair and softly!" said old Caleb Grinder. "The white heart diamond was always shy game. Mind you don't frighten it!" "I shall know how to behave," said Mr. Pinto, with dignity. "The address, Grinder, if you please." And so, clad like unto the inevitable sketching tourist who infests all the wildernesses within a hundred miles of New York, Mr. Peter Pinto "put money in his purse" and started for the cottage in the Catskills, resolved to approach the subject with the most cautious winds and turnings of diplomatic skill. Miss Jorgensen was a tall, crooked woman of fifty, with scant, iron-gray hair, a forbidding visage, and eyes as sharp and keen as those of a hawk. Hetty, her niece—Mehitable, junior, as the old lady called her—was plump and pink-cheeked, with hair of real poet's gold, and a laugh like the chirp of a blackbird. "Oh, yes," said Hetty, with the utmost frankness, "auntie will be glad to take a boarder. Only, please, you may transact all the business with me. Auntie belongs to a fine old family—I'm only related on the mother's side—and it hurts her pride to think of keeping boarders. So, if you would make believe to be a visitor it would be a great accommodation, and no harm done. We can only spare the little garret bedroom; but there's a fine view, and you will find everything very clean." And thus to his unmitigated surprise and amazement Mr. Pinto found himself at last under the same roof with the white heart diamond. Of course there was a certain outward show to be kept up. Mr. Pinto was obliged to spend much of his time in the woods making meaningless attempts at sketching, while his heart yearned after the mystic jewel. He strove vainly for something like confidential intimacy with his hostess; but in vain—Miss Jorgensen froze him. She kept him at ceremonial arm's-length. Hetty was social, smiling, always ready to talk, but Miss Jorgensen never forgot that she belonged to a family. Until, one day, an inspiration seized upon our hero. "By jove!" he profanely exclaimed, "I'll marry the old woman, if there isn't any other way to get at the white heart diamond!" But that evening as he came in a little later than usual, with the purple twilight glowing in the horizon, and a score of whip-poor-wills singing in the glen, he met Hetty at the gate. She started and colored like a rose bud, and murmuring some trivial excuse, flitted away. Mr. Pinto stooped and picked up a flower which she had dropped. "Hello!" he said to himself; "this complicates matters. Little Hetty is in love with me!" It was not such an unpleasant idea; but, of course, it could not be entertained for a single moment. The white heart diamond was his soul's sweetheart. The white heart diamond only was the treasure on which he was bent. Accidentally, as it seemed, but in reality from a carefully-laid train of associations, the conversation turned on jewels that evening, as Miss Jorgensen sat knitting by the lamp, and Hetty was picking over blackberries for the morrow's jam, in the outer porch. "Talking of diamonds," said Miss Jorgensen, fortifying herself with a pinch of snuff—Mr. Pinto hated snuff—"there's a very valuable Siam in our family, which—" "Aunt," said Hetty, coming in, "Mrs. Didcombe wants to see you just a minute, about the next meeting of the Dorcas society." Miss Jorgensen bustled out. Mr. Pinto smote the table with the flat of his hand. "I'll do it!" he said. And he did it within the next half-hour. "It may seem premature, dear Miss Jorgensen," he said, after having gone stiffly down upon his knees, "but our hearts do not beat by rule or calendar. I behold in you a congenial spirit. I love you! Will you be mine?" "Godness me!" said Miss Jorgensen. "Well, I never did! But, of course, if your happiness is involved—I wonder what Hetty will say?" Mr. Pinto clasped the wrinkled hand, pressed a kiss on the snuff-flavored cheek, and with an ecstatic thrill thought of the white heart diamond. Hetty came smiling in presently, and Miss Jorgensen told her of the new page in her life's history. Mr. Pinto expected to see her blush, scream, or perhaps even faint away.

But she did none of the three. She did not behave at all like a broken-hearted heroine of romance. "Oh, I'm so glad!" said she. "Now I can leave you with a clear conscience, Aunt Mehitable." "She has been engaged to Philo Wetherlie for a year," explained Miss Jorgensen. "I'm sorry you've noticed her of an evening hanging over the gate waitin' for him to go by with the cows." "Oh, auntie, I didn't!" said Hetty. "La, child, it's nothing to be ashamed of," said Miss Jorgensen, chuckling. Mr. Pinto bit his lip. He would like to have pitched Philo Wetherlie, whoever he might be, over the cliff. But, however, this had nothing to do with the white heart diamond, and when Hetty tripped out again he led the way as gently as possible to the fascinating subject once again. "You were speaking," said he, with an insinuating smile, "of a famous diamond which—" "Oh, yes," said Miss Jorgensen. "The white heart diamond, they called it." "I am something of a judge of such matters," said Mr. Pinto, his heart beating a reveille in his bosom. "If you would allow me to look at it—" Miss Jorgensen shook her head. "I couldn't," said she. "I sold it three and twenty years ago to my cousin, Philo Jorgensen. He was drowned on the very next voyage he made to Amsterdam—diamond and all, for he always carried it in a little chamois-leather bag next his heart. He had a very good imitation put into the setting for me. I've got it somewhere upstairs. And, after all, what could I do with a thousand-dollar diamond?" Mr. Pinto drew his breath with a little gasp. Had he sold himself for the rest of his days for a mere bit of paste, a faceted lump of glass, while all the time the white heart diamond lay fathoms deep in the sea? Angels and ministers of grace defend him! It could not be! But he had a great deal of fortitude and self-reliance. He played the devoted lover to Miss Jorgensen's entire satisfaction all the evening, but when Hetty came to call him to breakfast the next morning his bed had not been slept in, and he was over the hills and far away. In fact he had run away. Miss Jorgensen was rather indignant at first, but when Hetty exclaimed, "He must be a crazy man, auntie," she concluded that all was undoubtedly for the best. "But," she said, with a smirk, "he was certainly very much in love!" "Yes, indeed, auntie," said Hetty, with the utmost gravity. And thus briefly and logically ended Mr. Pinto's search for the famous white heart diamond.—Helen Forrest Graves.

The Pagodas of Japan.

An instance of the way in which man adapts himself to his surroundings is shown by the Japanese in the construction of their pagodas. These curious buildings are the most remarkable specimens of Eastern architecture. They often rise to a great height, and, although they are built in a land where earthquakes are severe and frequent, some of them have stood unimpaired for six or seven hundred years. Any tall building of brick or stone would certainly be overthrown by an earthquake; therefore the pagodas are built of wood, and in a manner which evinces the great ingenuity of Japanese architects. A traveler thus describes one which he visited: When I first ascended I was struck with the amount of timber employed in its construction; and I could not help feeling that the material here wasted was even absurdly excessive. But what offended my feelings most was the presence of an enormous log of wood, in the center of the structure, which ascended from its base to its apex. At the top this mass of timber was nearly two feet in diameter, and lower down a log equally large was bolted to each of the four sides of this central mass. I was so surprised with this waste of timber that I called the attention of my good friend Sakata to the matter, and especially denounced the use of the center block. To my astonishment he told me that the structure must be strong to support the vast central mass. In my ignorance I replied that the center part was not supported by the sides, but upon reaching the top I found this monstrous central mass suspended like a clapper of a bell; and when I descended I could, by lying on the ground, see that there was an inch of space intervening between it and the earth, which formed the floor of the pagoda. By its clever construction it is thus enabled to retain its vertical position even during the continuation of earthquake shocks; for, by the swinging of this vast pendulum, the center of gravity is kept within the base. I now understood the reason for that lavish use of timber which I had so rashly pronounced to be useless; and I see that there is a method in Japanese construction which is worthy of high appreciation. The value of railway property in Missouri in 1882, as estimated by the railroad commissioners, was \$93,000,000, and the gross earnings \$28,000,000.

THE BAD BOY'S AMBITION.

HE RETIRES FROM THE SODA WATER BUSINESS. And Obtains a Permanent Position as a Super in a Theatre, Intending to Re-open a Second Booth. "You look sleepy," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store yawning, and stretched himself out on the counter with his head on a pile of brown wrapping paper, in reach of a box of raisins; "what's the matter? Been sitting up with your girl all night?" "Naw! I wish I had. Wakefulness with my girl is sweeter and more restful than sleep. No, this is the result of being a dutiful son, and I am tired. You see pa and ma have separated. That is, not for keeps, but pa has got frightened about burglars, and he goes up into the attic to sleep. He says it is to get fresh air, but he knows better. Ma has got so accustomed to pa's snoring that she can't go to sleep without it, and the first night pa left she didn't sleep a wink, and yesterday I was playing on an old accordion that I traded a dog collar for after our dog was poisoned, and when I touched the low notes I noticed ma dozed off to sleep, it sounded so much like pa's snore, and last night ma made me set up and play for her to sleep. She rested splendid, but I am all broke up, and I sold the accordion this morning to the watchman who watches our block. It is queer what a different effect music will have on different people. While ma was sleeping the sleep of innocence under the influence of my counterfeit of pa's snore, the night watchman was broke of his rest by it, and he bought it of me to give it to the son of an enemy of his. Well, I have quit jerking soda." "No, you don't tell me," said the grocery man, as he moved the box of raisins out of reach. "You never will amount to anything unless you stick to one trade or profession. A rolling hen never catches the early anglo-worm." "Oh, but I am all right now. In the soda business there is no chance for genius to rise, unless the soda fountain explodes. It is all wind, and one gets tired of constant fizz. He feels that he is a fraud, and when he puts a little syrup in a tumbler and water in it, until the soapsuds fill the tumbler, and charges ten cents for that which only costs a cent, a sensitive soda jerker, who has reformed, feels that it is worse than three-card monte. I couldn't stand the wear on my conscience, so I have got a permanent job as a super, and shall open the first of September." "Say, what's a super? It isn't one of these free lunch places, that the mayor closes at midnight, is it?" and the grocery man looked sorry. "Oh, thunder, you want salt on you. A super is an adjunct to the stage. A supe is a fellow that assists the stars and things, carrying chairs and taking up carpets, and sweeping the sand off the stage after a dancer has danced a jig, and he brings beer for the actors, and does anything that he can to add to the effect of the play. Privately, now, I have been acting as a supe for a long time, on the sly, and my folks didn't know anything about it, but since I reformed and decided to be good, I felt it my duty to tell ma and pa about it. The news broke ma all up, at first, but pa said some of the best a tors in this country were supe once, and some of them were now, and he thought supeing would be the making of me. Ma thought going on the stage would be my ruination. She said the theatre was the hotbed of sin, and I brought more ruin than the church could head off. But when I told her that they always gave a supe two or three extra tickets for his family, she said the theatre had some redeeming features, and when I said my entrance upon the stage would give me a splendid opportunity to get the recipe for face powder from the actresses, for ma, and I could find out how the actresses managed to get number four feet into number one shoes, ma said she wished I would commence supeing right off. Ma says there are some things about the theatre that are not so alfred bad, and she wants me to get seats for the first comic opera that comes along. Pa wants it understood with the manager that a supe's father has a right to go behind the scenes to see that no harm befalls him, but I know what pa wants. He may seem pious, and all that, but he likes to look at ballet girls better than any meek and lowly follower I ever see, and some day you will hear music in the air. Pa thinks theatres are very bad, when he has to pay a dollar for a reserved seat, but when he can get in for nothing as a relative of one of the 'perfers,' the theatre has many redeeming qualities. Pa and ma think I am going into the business fresh and green, but I know all about it. When I played with McCullough here once—" "Oh, what you giving us," said the grocery man in disgust. "When you played with McCullough! What did you do?" "What did I do? Why, you old seed cucumber, the whole play centered around me. Do you remember the scene in the Roman forum, where McCullough addressed the populace of Rome. I was the populace. Don't you remember a small feller standing in front of the Roman orator taking it in; with a night shirt on, with bare

legs and arms? That was me, and everything depended on me. Suppose I had gone off the stage at the critical moment, or laughed when I should have looked fierce at the inspired words of the Roman senator, it would have been a dead give away on McCullough. As the populace of Rome I consider myself a glittering success, and Me took me by the hand when they carried Caesar's dead body out, and he said, 'us three did ourselves proud.' Such praise from McCullough is seldom accorded to a supe. But I don't consider the populace of the imperial city of Rome my masterpiece. Where I excel is in coming out before the curtain between the acts and unhooking the carpet. Some supe goes out and turn their backs to the audience, showing patches on their pants, and rip up the carpet with no style about them, and the dust flies, and the boys yell 'supe,' and the supe gets nervous and forgets his cue, and goes off tumbling over the carpet, and the orchestra leader is afraid the supe will fall on him. But I go out with a quiet dignity that is only gained by experience, and I take hold of the carpet the way Hamlet takes up the skull of Yorick, and the audience is paralyzed. I kneel down on the carpet, to unhook it, in a devotional sort of a way that makes the audience bow their heads as though they were in church, and before they realize that I am only a supe I have the carpet unhooked and march out. They never 'guy' me, cause I act well my part." "Well, I'd like to go behind the scenes with you some night," said the grocery man, offering the bad boy an orange to get solid with him, in view of future complimentary tickets. "No danger, is there?" "No danger if you keep off the grass. Some time next fall you put on a clean shirt and a pair of sheet iron pants, with stove legs on the inside, and I will take you behind the scenes to see some good moral show. In the meantime, if you have occasion to talk with pa, tell him that Booth, and Barrett, and Keene commenced on the stage as supe, and Salvini roasted peanuts in the lobby of some theatre. I want our folks to feel that I am taking the right course to become a star. I prythe au reservoir. I go hens, but to return. Avant!" And the bad boy walked out on his toes a la Booth.—Peck's Sun.

Electricity and Storms.

The question of the electric nature of cyclones is a question of fact, and cannot be determined by balancing opinion. Facts alone can decide, by proving or disproving that cyclones are caused by electricity. I maintain that not only cyclones, but all the phenomena of the atmosphere are electric in their nature and character. The facts upon which I strongly rely and adduce to prove the electrical nature of cyclones cannot be stated here, for they are too voluminous. The substance, however, is briefly as follows: A luminous or fiery cloud-spot is seen to descend from the clouds, which is met by a flash from the earth where the spout touches. Simultaneous with the flash everything free at the point struck explodes into fragments, is carried clean away, and generally hurled into the clouds through the vortex. Likewise, whenever an electric discharge takes place, ozone in stifling quantities appears with the flash. Combustibles are set on fire in the buildings struck, and destroyed. Flashes issue from the furniture in the houses, and sparks from the walls, like from an emery wheel. After night the tornado cloud is invariably luminous—often not perceived in the daytime—and a wavelike flame on the earth confronts the cloud-spot as it sweeps forward on the surface of the ground. I interpret these facts to say that this luminosity, these sparks and flames, are electricity, and hence that the whole phenomenon is an electric one.—Professor J. H. Tice.

Man's Needs Supplied.

An English girl read, some time ago that the supply of coal in the mines of Great Britain would be exhausted in three hundred years. The poor child was so troubled by the thought of distress which would follow this disaster that she became ill. It doubtless did not occur to her that, long before the three hundred years had elapsed, the world might be heated and lighted by electricity, or some other potent agency. In like manner thoughtful people have been troubled by the decay of that important article of food, the potato. But recently we had the news of a great discovery of native wild potatoes in Arizona. The tubers are in process of cultivation, and no doubt we shall soon have a new and hardy stock. Up to the present time nature has always provided fresh stores for man according to his needs. If we make a good and proper use of the gifts of Providence we need have no fear of their exhaustion.—Golden Argosy.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice— That could travel the wide world through; I would fly on the beams of the morning light And speak to men with a gentle might, And tell them to be true. I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea, Wherever a human heart might be, Telling a tale, or singing a song, In praise of the Right, in blame of the Wrong. If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice— I'd fly on the wings of air; The homes of Sorrow and Grief I'd seek, And calm and truthful words I'd speak, To save them from Despair. I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town, And drop, like the happy sunlight, down Into the hearts of suffering men, And teach them to rejoice again. If I were a Voice—a convincing Voice— I'd travel with the wind; And whenever I saw the nations torn By warfare, jealousy or scorn, Or hatred of their kind, I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder-crash, And into their blinded bosoms flash, And, all their evil thoughts subdued, I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood. If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice— I'd seek the kings of earth; I'd find them alone on their beds at night, And whisper words that should guide them right— Lessons of priceless worth. I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird, And tell them things they never heard— Truths which the ages for aye repeat, Unknown to the statesmen at their feet. If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice— I'd speak in the people's ear; And whenever they shouted "Liberty," Without deserving to be free, I'd make their mission clear. I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day, Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way, And making all the earth rejoice— If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice. —Charlotte Mookay.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A journalist's club—The lead pencil. Border enterprise—Piecing out the carpets. A kid-cleansing establishment—The public bath-house.—Boston Star. The most popular club in New York is "The Locust." It is supported by policemen—at \$1,200 per year. Knitting silk stockings is the latest fashionable racket. There is no money in jug painting, and no more room for the jugs. In answer to the question, "What is fame?" a Kentucky paper replies that it is a word of four letters, and that's about all it is. A. "My cousin lost his reason through love." B. "That isn't saying much. A friend of mine became a postman only in order to get his letters from his sweetheart sooner."—Ellie-gende Blotter. At a prayer meeting the other night the burden of the remarks was about those who had died recently. There was some smiling when the deacon in charge then said: "We will close by singing 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.'"—Boston Globe. Did you ever notice the warning, "Paint," posted on a door, that you didn't feel the matter with your finger just to find out if it wasn't dry enough to take down the sign? You probably never did. It would be contrary to human nature.—Rochester Express. "You ought to see my new dog," said A. to B. "He's one of the best Gordon setters I ever saw." "I've got a setter that will lay over him," rejoined B. "Bet you a V you haven't." "Taken," said B. The bet is still undecided because B. trotted out a hen.—Boston Courier. "Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man, when the subject was broached: "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."—Philadelphia News. The war department recently advertised for proposals to furnish the army with 8,000 scrubbing brushes. An army armed with scrubbing brushes would certainly send a thrill of terror through the enemy. Our army, it is suspected, contemplate "scouring the plains" and having a brush with the Indians.—Norristown Herald. Colonel Faceabout is nominated for town officer. "Do you think?" asks his nearest friend, "that the colonel will run well?" "No doubt of it," replies Corporal Lance, who was in the colonel's regiment; "that is if he hasn't changed wonderfully. I know he used to run well when he was in the army."—Boston Transcript. The bird on the tree, Now carole forth his notelet, The boy that hath no feeling Ties tin cans to the goatlet. What then? The spring is here, In palace and in hall; The goat dot get upon his ear, And gives that boy a cut-let. —Harvard Criticon. The addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, on the evening of the first call. "You have got the same hair, and the same forehead, and the same eyes." "And the same nose," she added, quickly. He has stopped calling at that house.—Saturday Night.