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CYPRESS.

Moonlight, and love, and magnolia trees; A bare, gray house on a lonely hill; A river below, with the sweep of seas; An air of stillness, so strangely still— So still of trouble or strife or stir, I heard my heart as it beat for her.

WANTED, A DRESS SUIT.

A HUMOROUS STORY FROM THE GERMAN. "By Jove! that miserable tailor is enough to drive a man crazy," cried Judge Winkler desperately, not knowing whether to curse or laugh. He paced the room as he spoke, like a caged animal. "Poor fellow! His anger was not unreasonable as he strode up and down the limited space, his hair dressed and perfumed, and attired in shining patent leather boots, linen faultlessly laundered—but there our description must cease, and we must not further dilate on the bridegroom's apparel. Yes, Henry Winkler was to be married at 12 o'clock sharp, to his adored Aurelia, in one of the most fashionable churches. The tailor had promised him to deliver his dress suit at his apartments at 10 o'clock, and now it was quite 11:30, and Mr. Winkler stood arrayed in spotted white and there were no signs of a swallow-tail anywhere!

dently, and so Charley resigned his new clothes to his enraptured friend. It took Judge Winkler but a moment to slip into the dress suit, and soon he had arrived at the church, escorted by the faithful Charley, who had donned the perforated morning coat and the despised trousers. Winkler was the happiest of men, and Charley one of the saddest, as he walked up the aisle with the lovely Bertha on his arm, at whom he dared not look, for fear she would break off her engagement with him. An hour later the newly-married pair went in the cars steaming away to Greenwald, where they were to pass their honeymoon. The judge had bribed the guard to give them a separate carriage. He had thrown off his overcoat and sat with his arm around his wife, pressing her tight against Charley Held's dress coat. "My dear husband, did you not assure me that you never smoked?" the newly-wed spouse demanded. "You are certainly right, my little darling," the judge replied; "I never smoke."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

"It shall never happen again," she declared. Will she keep her word? We doubt it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Disease germs are probably much less affected by extreme cold than might be expected. Experiments have been reported to the Glasgow philosophical society in which 120 degrees below zero was insufficient to stop processes of putrefaction. A remarkable property of the ice-plant is its absorption of salt, a fluid exuded by its leaves having been found to contain about thirty-three per cent. of sea salt. For this reason it is suggested that the plant may be advantageously grown on lands made unproductive by an excess of salt. Professor Young says when you consider the brightness of the sun's surface you find it to be about 150 times as bright as one of our calcium lights, and about four times as bright as the brightest of the points in one of our electric lights. The electric light is very bright, but the solar surface is about four times as bright as that. Recent investigations show that at Hockst-on-the-Main, while aniline is poisonous, none of the men employed in the aniline works who became ill died, and those who have been engaged in the magenta house eighteen years, though reddened with the dye even to the inside of the mouth, were not in bad health. Men employed in lead works, according to the London Mining Journal, who eat largely of fat meat and other fatty matters, are much less susceptible to lead poisoning than others. At an establishment on the Continent, where a great deal of work was done, there were the usual attacks of poisoning, but a change in the food—cheese, butter, bacon, pork, lard and similar articles being thereafter the principal diet—soon put an end to the attacks, and no one was troubled with lead colic for more than fifteen years. The free use of milk is said to have the same effect. The wood of the cork elm is heavier and stronger than that of the white elm or slippery elm. It is close grained, susceptible of fine polish, and useful for agricultural implements, wheel stock, bridge timbers, etc. It is quite distinct in form from the other elms, and deserves to be planted largely for ornament and use. It ranges from southwestern Vermont through Western New York, Ontario and Southern Michigan to Iowa, and South through Ohio and Central Kentucky, reaching its best development in the southern peninsula of Michigan. The ordinary dwellings of the Japanese are not firmly attached by foundations to the earth, but rest loosely on squared stones or boulders buried in the ground, the result of which is to partially prevent the transmission of momentum from earthquakes. An Englishman has made an improvement on this plan and rests the house at each of its piers upon a handful of cast-iron shot. These shot, of the size of buckshot, so increase the frictional resistance to rolling that the house is practically static, and the motion is in most earthquakes only about one-tenth of what it is outside. The new process of sugar-making brought forward in Berlin by Trobach is purely chemical, differing materially from the mechanical process now in use. This method dispenses with crushing and pressing altogether. The cane is cut into slices by means of machinery, and the water extracted from it by alcohol vapor, which having an affinity for the water, absorbs it, but leaves the saccharine in the desiccated cane; this is then treated with liquid alcohol, which extracts the sugar, and afterward the alcohol is extracted from the alcohol, or the alcohol from the sugar, by filtering through lime and chalk. The effect, it is said, will be to cheapen the cost of sugar. How Arabs Live Without Much Water. How is it that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region. They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits, and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where water will collect. They regard this fluid more, perhaps, in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the exterior of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. General Colston tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp water would be offered them, but often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness they are able to cover immense distances, which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage animals.—Chambers' Journal. The Age of Niagara Falls. Mr. Bakewell, an eminent English geologist, gave personal attention to the problem as early as 1840, and from everything he could learn at that time, estimated that the falls had receded about a hundred and twenty feet in the forty years preceding. He recurred to the problem again in 1846, 1851, 1856, and was each time confirmed in the belief that the apex of the horseshoe fall was receding, on an average, three feet a year. On the other hand, Sir Charles Lyell, upon his first visit, in 1841, "conceived" (upon what basis he does not tell us) that at the utmost the rate could not be more than one foot a year, which would give us thirty-five thousand years as a minimum time. But as it appears the result of the recent survey is to confirm the estimate of Mr. Bakewell, thus bringing the period down to about seven thousand years.—Science.

LIFE IN PETTICOAT LANE.

"Petitcoat Lane" and the People Found There—One Man who is Always Protected from Harm. One of the very worst districts of London (probably the very worst, now that Hatten garden is no more), writes a London correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is that long, narrow lane, with its neighborhood, known to the initiated as "Petitcoat" lane—to the uninitiated as Middlesex street. The dangerous classes of London and Paris differ in one most essential respect from the same kind of people in America. Probably the very worst slums of New York contain no creatures whose criminal genealogy dates back beyond one or two generations. London, on the contrary, was a great city prior to the discovery of America. Its slums reckon their age by centuries, while the inhabitants are the result of long generations of depravity, and could, were it fashionable in those localities to keep a family tree, trace their descent in crime back from father to son for many generations. Petitcoat lane has one feature peculiar to itself. That is the great Sunday market from which Rag Fair takes its name. On week days the neighborhood is nearly deserted, at night almost equally so. The criminal tendencies of Petitcoat lane are not of a noisy or demonstrative sort. This is the great criminal manufactory of the world. Here the most dangerous thieves, housebreakers, and murderers graduate and serve their apprenticeships, live, and die. Many of them are utterly unknown to the police save by name and the effects of their life work. Scores of them have never been seen by mortal eye other than their "pals." Here the Fagins of London society ply their trade. In all appearances Middlesex street is one of the quietest streets in London. Occasionally, however, a knot of villainous-looking men will gather in some corner of the street, talking in low tones, and in a language as unintelligible, to ordinary mortals as Sanscrit. At night the whole neighborhood is dark, silent, and deserted. Now and then the sound of a scuffle is heard in one of which the dark, blind alleys, leading nowhere, with which the neighborhood abounds. Ere the police can reach the spot all is again silent, though frequently the blood-stained sidewalk is a silent witness to what has happened. But few lights appear in the windows, and no suspicious character is ever seen issuing from the doors. To the houses which line each side of Middlesex street, and fill the courts and alleys within the arms of that great cross, no one save the inhabitants or the police in trios and quartettes have ever set foot. Yet, stay, there is one person who is always welcome, and whom the vilest and most murderous ruffian would protect with his life, and that is the doctor. The inhabitants of London slums have learned that in the epidemics which now and again—almost every year, in fact—rage with the fury of the plagues of old among the denizens of those filthy and overcrowded houses, a doctor is a necessity. When wounded and bleeding, as the result of some unholy midnight raid, the modern Bill Sykes flies, like a wounded stag, to his covert, death will surely ensue unless a doctor can be persuaded to take the case in hand. It is a religion with London heathens—the only one they know, save the honor that exists among thieves—to protect the doctor. Protected by two policemen in uniform and a detective in plain clothes, the writer of this article once made a pilgrimage through all that was visible of five of these houses. They were not the worst, for into those nothing short of force could gain admission, but they were very bad. In two of them the police showed a large trap in the floor. It was so built as to be quite invisible. At the touch of a spring in the wall some distance off the slab fell downward, disclosing a well, whose depth we had no means of ascertaining. A stone descended in silence for many seconds, and then came a loud splash! The fiendish contrivance is for the benefit of spies. A person entering a house whom the inhabitants suspect, or wish to be rid of, is enticed on the invisible slab. But Middlesex street on week-days, and the same thoroughfare on Sunday, possesses stronger points of difference than Broadway, New York, when a procession is passing, and when it is not. For many months, though as well acquainted with the neighborhood as is safe for a non-resident to be in its week-day dress, the writer was not aware that this great fair was held in those parts. At last I did hear of it, and the following Sabbath beheld me divested of the garments of respectability and arrayed, pro tem, in those as nearly resembling disrespectability as I could fashion in clean materials. There was no need of a police escort this time. "There is safety in numbers," says an old truism, beside which, on Sunday morning, picked constables, the flower of the force, are distributed through the fair at intervals of fifty yards. I arrived at my destination at 8:30 A. M., and found pandemonium in full swing. Up the narrow roadway are placed stalls three deep, on which are to be found every kind of salable article from meat to mouse traps. Petticoat lane is devoted to general merchandise, and the cross-alleys to second-hand clothing exclusively. The stolen goods of the week from all quarters appear in tempting array. Every species of merchandise, food, clothing, books and live stock, every style of clothing, from a priest's surplice to a seedy frock coat, from a duchess's toilet to a child's pinafore, may be seen on these stalls. And the crowd! The motly cosmopolitan crowd! who throng and surge on the narrow footpath, forming a solid,

moving mass of humanity. Human rats who vegetate underground for six days of every week emerge on the seventh for one single hour like moles in wet weather, with a coin in their skinny hands, to purchase the necessities of life. At 12 o'clock sharp all Sunday fairs close by act of parliament. As the melodious bells from various churches chime the hour of noon there is a general stampede. Barrows are wheeled away, stalls are cleared, merchants vanish with their goods, and the surging crowd melts like the mists of a summer morning or clouds before the rising sun. The whole picture vanishes in five minutes, like the scenes in a panorama, the tavern doors (closed by law during Sunday morning) are thrown wide open, and rag fair becomes a memory of the past until next Sunday awakes it into fresh activity. Lakes of Solid Salt in Asia. Yarrow means "the sunken ground," and no word can describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from the Kangraul road on the west to the Band-Dozian, which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its great breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge which runs across from north to south, with an average height of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow, which rises to some 400 feet above the general average. To the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous, descent, impassable for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Merv road, in the northeast corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply of salt in it is apparently unlimited. The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level, and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryke of Penjeh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and southeastern end sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this lake is apparently lower than that of the other. I made it out to be some eight hundred feet above sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other, and did not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes, or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.—Sir Peter Lumden. Men Who Drag Carriages. Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard-plated pigtail—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoralized-looking wretches, to call them "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with their passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty strong, not at a walk or a shuffle or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant nor perspire, but keep up their pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.—Cornhill Magazine. A Plague of Monkeys. The natives of Benares are suffering the results of monkey worship. The licensed beasts plunder right and left, they invade cake stands, and make raids in fruit stores, and no man may say they nay. The Brahmins of Benares have at last decided that the monkey must go. A pious old rajah offered an asylum across the river in the grounds of his palace. They were deported thither in boat loads. For a steady life they preferred the town. So when the shades of night began to fall they went down to the wharf, where boats were always plying to Benares, and without showing any tickets or any nonsense of that kind deheaded themselves home again. Then the Brahmins sought to make a contract with the English railway company to convey these descendants of Hanuman, the monkey god, to Saharanpore. They wished to send 10,000 to begin with. And the company is considering the question, but incline to decline it.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Once on a time a beautiful maid Of graceful form divine, Of graceful carriage, high-toned air Just cut out right to shine, Had for a husband, such a man As women most do crave— A million dollar, and a cough, And he her abject slave. 'Tis true he wasn't very old, Nor either very young, But he was strong in solid cash, And very weak in lung. He furnished all that wealth could buy, A palace for a home, Her summers, where she might select, Her winters all in Rome. The rarest jewels, finest silks, And viands fit for queens, All these and more were at command, Because he had the means. But strange to say, the girl refused The proffer of his hand With haughty scorn, and wed a lad Who kept a peanut stand. L'ENVOI. You think this strange? Well, so do I, Until they've been told why— That post was to get a prize, Who told the biggest lie. —Merchant-Traveller.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sound a sleep—A snore. Generally (wreckless—Careful sea-captains. "It is not always May," sings a poet. You are very right; it is sometimes June. A rosebush is thought to be exceedingly modest, but yet it wants the earth. The only muffs which have not been packed away for the summer are the base ball muffs. It seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest when he is himself the "shortest."—Chicago Ledger. In the morning, cool and early, Ere it's time to rise, What a blissful, sleepful season, Were it not for flies. —Merchant-Traveller. A little miss noticed the gold on her aunt's teeth, and exclaimed in flattering admiration: "Auntie, dear, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."—Boston Beacon. It is remarkable what a difference there is in the sensation when you get a letter enclosing a ten-dollar bill and when you get one enclosing a bill for ten dollars.—Somerville Journal. Wiggins predicts a very mild winter. This shows where the professor lacks in tact. What this country demands just now in the prophecy line is a winter cold enough to freeze the tail off a cast iron dog.—New York Graphic. MOON-BURNING. One moonlight night a happy boy Of cherries stole a pailful. The farmer quickly turned his joy Into a sorrow baleful. And while he roared, it came to pass, A settled fact the boy learned, That being tamed by moonlight was Far worse than being sun-burned. —Life. A piece of laundry work—"Now, then," said the captain of police to the janitor of the station house, "give the prisoner a bath, and when that is done, let him be handcuffed and sent off to the jail." "In other words," remarked the janitor, "you desire the prisoner washed and ironed and sent off!" "Precisely," and it was done.—Boston Courier. THE HYGIENE OF KISSES. "Chawley, dear," said a lovely maid, As they sat in the house one night, "It's unhealthy to kiss the doctors say, So, of course, it cannot be right, Nor right." "Well, darling," spoke the noble youth, As the clock struck the midnight hour, "I never thought being kissed to death Such a horrible death to die. Let's try." Approaching Earthquakes. The earthquake shocks which were felt last week over a wide area in Yorkshire remind us that an authority on the subject of those phenomena, M. Delaunay, of Paris, is of opinion that next year will see the recurrence of upheavals of the earth's crust in an intensified form. M. Delaunay is a prophet of evil, but unfortunately all his prophecies have hitherto come true. His specialty is earthquakes, and he predicts them only too surely. In 1877 he announced that that year would not conclude without disturbances of the earth, and as a matter of fact, two frightful catastrophes on the coasts of South America followed. In 1883 M. Delaunay again pointed to approaching earthquakes, and soon after the volcanic eruptions in the Indian archipelago occurred, by which thousands of human beings lost their lives, and hundreds of square miles of territory were engulfed by the sea. Toward the end of last year M. Delaunay once more raised his warning voice, and the earthquakes in Spain proved how well founded were his warnings. Quite recently he has prophesied very severe volcanic disturbances for 1886. Having acquired a well-merited notoriety in foretelling earthquakes, some weight ought to be attached to M. Delaunay's utterances. He affirms that next year these natural phenomena will be of a very intense character, and that they will show themselves either when the earth is under the direct influence of a planet of the first rank, such as Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when sun and moon are nearest to our planet at the same time.—Iron.