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WHEN EVENING COMETH ON.

When evening cometh on, Slower and staller in the mellowing sky The fane-like purple-shadowed clouds arise; Cooler and balmy doth the soft wind sigh; Lovelier, lovelier to our wondering eyes The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries His thrilling, sweet farewell; and twilight bands Of misty silence cross the far-off lands When evening cometh on.

IN A BOTTLE.

It was a beautiful day in midsummer, and the half-a-hundred-odd cabin passengers on the good steamship Nautic were listlessly lounging about the deck. They were already nine days out from Liverpool, and owing to an unfortunate accident, which had occurred early on the voyage, only half the distance to their port of destination had been accomplished. The accident had been attended with no danger to the precious human freight, but the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable, and the passengers were beginning to grumble.

Mrs. Gale by the young men in semi-sailor dress. They were venting their indignation against the steamship, and the combination of untoward circumstances that had delayed their voyage. Standing a little apart from the group was a slim, pale-faced girl, in a dress of quiet-gray, unrelieved save at the throat, where a bit of cherry-colored ribbon was gathered into a prim bow. This was Elsie Annabel, and she was maid and companion to the Misses Gale, who were named respectively Agnes and Eunice. She took no part in the conversation, but there was a sad and wistful look in the gray eyes, as she turned her face toward the western horizon. "It's outrageous!" cried Papa Gale. "Shameful!" echoed his wife. "It's killing me!" sighed Miss Eunice. "I am really faint with ennui!" chirped Miss Agnes. "It's deucedly unfortunate!" chorused the young men. "If something would only happen!" continued Agnes. "I tell you what?" cried the elder of the young men, addressing Miss Eunice, in particular. "Well?" interrogated that young lady, with a listless attempt at interest. "Let's write letters to our friends, enclose them in bottles, and throw them overboard. They're no doubt considerably worried over our long absence, and as it's impossible to tap the cable and telegraph them a message, we'll make old ocean's waves our letter carrier."

and secretly promised to correspond with them. The Gales had been home nearly a month, when one morning a hired hack came slowly up the long carriage road which wound through the rich pork-packer's extensive grounds, and, when it finally reached the house, the door opened, and a young man leaped lightly to the ground. He inquired of the servant who answered his ring for Miss Elsie Annabel, and the man showed him into the back parlor. Elsie was considerably surprised when told that a gentleman wished to see her below, but she went down, and timidly approached the back parlor. She halted for a moment on the threshold, and the gentleman, who had been idly drumming on the window, turned. At the sight of his face she recoiled, and would have fallen had he not sprang forward and caught her in his arms. "Elsie, my darling!" he said, holding her very tightly. "Have you no word of welcome for me?" "Oh, Guy!" she murmured, as her eyes met his. "Have you really come back to me? I have been so lonely without you! Forgive me for my cruelty!" "It is I who have come to ask forgiveness!" said Guy, leading her to a seat. "After we parted, two years ago, and I got over my stubbornness, I tried to find you, but you had disappeared, leaving no trace behind you. I was inconsolable, and reproached myself for my harshness, because it was all my fault. Finally, however, I grew moody and cynical, but I could never bring myself to think of you with aught but love and tenderness. Six months after you disappeared my old uncle died, and left me his heir. Since that time I have hunted for you, far and wide. Last summer I took a run along the coast in my yacht, stopping at every port. Two weeks ago we were lying off Cape Breton, in a dead calm. One of the sailors called my attention to a bottle that was drifting by me. I fished it up with a scoop net. It was sealed, and all gathered around to see what it contained. I broke the neck, and found this little note," and he produced from an inner pocket the identical message she had written on board the Nautic, in mid-ocean. "You can imagine my joy at the strange discovery of your hiding-place, and, a breeze springing up, I ordered the yacht put about, and we ran into Halifax. I have come to you as fast as steam would carry me, to ask your forgiveness, and assure you that I have never ceased to love you." What answer she made him can but be imagined. Anyway—when Papa Gale returned to dinner he heard the whole story, and declared in his hearty way that he'd give away the bride. Accordingly, as soon as a suitable trousseau could be prepared, the two, so strangely reunited, were made one. The Misses Gale officiated as bridesmaids, and Bob Carrington and his cousin were the groom's best men. Papa Gale, true to his word, gave the bride away, and the great pyramid of flowers which occupied the centre of the banquet table was crowned by the identical bottle that was responsible for the happy event.

SAVAGE SEA ELEPHANTS.

MARINE MONSTERS THAT BITE OFF AND THROW ROCKS. A Panther Story—Tale of a Battler—A Cute Collic—Mice Swallowed by an Oyster. "Did you ever meet with a sea elephant, captain?" "Oh, yes. Up 'round Behring's straits I've often seen them, and they are tough fellows, too," replied Captain Gilderdale to the reporter of the New Haven News. "Are they hard to kill?" "No; it's easy enough killing 'em, but when they are dying they kick up a great fuss. With their little short teeth I've seen 'em bite off a piece of rock as big as a spittoon and throw it at a man with fearful force. I found one on a reef one day, and as we needed some more oil I ordered the boat steerer to make for the gully way in the rocks where he was. We came right up to him, put an iron into him and hauled him after us into clear water. "Then I got into the bow right under his nose, when he grabbed the bow of the boat in his teeth and tore away a streak fore and aft. He bit off the ends of three lances, and another he snapped out of my hands and tried to throw it at us. Once he made a snap at me with his head, throwing me right into the boat on my back. I picked up a hatchet, and with my two hands buried it in his head up to the handle. It killed him outright. "He was twenty-five feet long, and gave two dozen barrels of oil. We made blanket sheets of his blubber, cutting it into pieces three feet square. Then piercing a hole in the centre of each block and running through a spun-rope we made a raft of them and towed it to the ship. The usual way to kill a sea-elephant used to be to run right up to him, hit him under the jaw with an oar, which would make him raise up his head, when we would fire right up through his mouth into the brain."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The flowering plants and ferns of Ceylon, according to Dr. Trimen, embrace 1,072 genera, or 3,249 species. There are also 408 varieties, of which some may prove to be distinct species. In Southern Russia vineyards are freed from phylloxera by planting hemp near the infected vines. The parasites are attracted to the hemp by its strong odor, and the roots prove to be poisonous to them. A peculiar black paper of Siam and Burmah, made from the bark of certain trees, is used very much as are slates in Europe and America. The writing upon it may be rubbed out by the application of betel leaves, just as slate writing is erased by means of a sponge. The Scientific American states that plush goods and articles doct with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well, and is less expensive than the purified. A French surgeon has a method of dressing wounds by which their healing is hastened and the pain made to disappear immediately. It consists in the application of compresses wet with a decoction of thirty parts of valerian root in one hundred parts of water. The treatment is of no avail in deep wounds. A "sound-desander," consisting of elastic air-cushions to close the external orifices of the ears for the use of mechanics and artillerymen, has been invented by Dr. Ward Cousins, of Liverpool, England. Boiler-makers and other workmen subject to hearing constantly loud and sharp noises are frequently made deaf thereby. This new invention may render city noises less troublesome to nervous people. Messrs. McCook and Bell's observations of the action of corrosive sublimate on a species of ant in Nicaragua are exceedingly interesting. As soon as one of the ants touches the white powder, it commences to run about wildly and to attack any other ant it meets. In a couple of hours round balls of ants will be found all biting each other, and numerous individuals will be found bitten completely in two. The utility of tears to animals in general, and particularly to those which are exposed much to the dust, such as birds which live amid the wind, is easy to understand. The eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up had not nature provided this friendly, ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean. But here, again, we must admire the wondrous mechanism which works the human body; for it is to be observed that, when through some accident or hurt the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears.

IF I WERE YOU.

Why did he look so grave? she asked, "What might the trouble be?" "My little maid," he sighing said, "Suppose that you were me, And you a wealthy secret owner, Pray tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd tell it somebody," Said she, "if I were you!" But still he sighed and looked askance, Despite her sympathy. "Oh, tell me little maid," he said Again, "if you were me, And if you loved a pretty lass, Oh, then, what would you do?" "I think I'd go and tell her so," Said she, "if I were you!" "My little maid, 'tis you," he said, "Alone are dear to me," Ah, then, she turned away her head, And ne'er a word said she, But what he whispered in her ear, And what he answered too— Oh, no, I cannot tell you this; I'd guess, if I were you! —Chamber's Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An important period—The one between the dollars and cents. Beats the world—The impecunious tramp.—Waterloo Observer. A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet.—Brooklyn Times. What is the difference between a paper dollar and dollar of silver? Never mind.—Boston Transcript. Of a man suddenly struck dumb it may be said that his melancholy daze has come.—Washington Hatchet. A "duck of a girl" must be very closely watched, or ten to one she'll go off and marry some quack.—Chicago Sun. Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies.—Chicago Ledger. Girls in search of materials for crazy quilts are advised to apply to the railroad companies, because they throw away thousands of old ties every year.—New York Journal. Civilization is making gratifying progress in the Congo country. A few years ago the inhabitants ate white persons raw; now they roast them.—Washington Republican. The man who has to endure all the agonies of solitary confinement is the clerk who works for a firm that does not advertise. It's the next thing to being buried alive.—Maple Leaf. Little cricket on the hearth, Little children full of mirth, Little breezes blowing long, Little onions smelling strong, Little lovers in the dark, Little kisses—hear them spark. —Chicago Sun. Customer (entering unexpectedly)—"So, sir, I've caught you putting water in the milk." Milkman—"Yes—or—no—no, that is, sir, I'm only washing it. You don't s'pose I'm going to serve my customers with dirty milk, do you?" —Chicago News. ROBSON'S CHOICE. A thief on his trial refused to be sworn. "Of what use," queried he, "will my evidence be?" If I tell the whole truth, I shall get the Old Nick; If I tell what's not true, the old Nick will get me. —Century.

Melancholy.

There is a deal of "moping melancholy and moonstruck madness" in the world, about two-thirds of which I attribute to disordered liver. There is, of course, much melancholy which results from sufficient cause, but when one takes the majority of the cases and examines them, he will find that a little dieting, some lemon juice, and a pill or two will make the sunshine just as bright as it ever did to the patient, and he will wonder that his liver had such power over his intellect. Young people in love are given to fits of melancholy, but in these instances the cause of the trouble is a supersensitiveness of the pericardium resulting from excessive youth and redundant verdancy. A little age and a little ripening always work a radical cure with these patients. I think it is extremely foolish for people to let themselves become melancholy, even though there be some cause for it. There is a blue sky above us all, and a bright sun; the fields grow golden harvests of fatness; the rivers run clear and sparkling; the flowers bud and blossom along our paths, and the birds sing cheerily all the day. There is life everywhere, and joy and gladness, if we will only look for them, and insist upon having our just dues, and if we neglect them, we are sinning against ourselves, our friends, and the good and wise Creator, who put us here to make the world better, and not fill it with sighs and tears, and blood and bile. There, my dears, you want to brace up.—Mrs. Brown, in Merchant-Traveler.

Fruit All the Year Round.

Florida is the land of fruit as well as of flowers. A paper of that State says: "Commencing with January, we have strawberries then until late in June. Japan plums from February. Mulberries are ripe in April and last until August. Pineapples ripen in June and last nearly all the year. We have guavas from July until late the next spring. Of the various berries—dewberries, blackberries and huckleberries—almost any quantity. Peaches from May 1 until July. Melons from June until late in the fall. Oranges—the best of the kind—from October until the next June, with lemons and limes, persimmons, pomegranates, grape fruit and grapes. The total number of flowering plants now known in British North America may be estimated at about 3,900 species against 10,000 in the United States.

A San Francisco Chronicle correspondent from Upper Soda Springs, at the headwaters of the Sacramento river, tells of an adventure of a gentleman who went out to camp at the Lick. As he was upon his hands and knees peering through a low breastwork of brush and rails, to his surprise and horror he saw within three feet of him a large panther which was creeping stealthily toward an opening in the small triangular-shaped enclosure which partly concealed his body. The hunter's first impulse was to draw himself up on his hands and knees and grasp his rifle. He thought that though probably having scented him the panther had not seen him until this movement attracted the beast's attention for she sprang back a few yards and began grinning and snarling in a most familiar though exceedingly disagreeable manner. To draw his rifle to his shoulder, take aim and fire was but a moment's work, and the deed was done. One shot, thanks to steady nerves and a sure aim, was all that was required. The creature measured seven feet, and the vicious-looking claws and head, with its glazing eyes and carnivorous teeth, were not at all pleasant to contemplate.

Water-Grabbers.

Owing to the system of land piracy, Nevada has been regularly swindled in every real estate transaction in which her interests were concerned. The man who bought forty acres of land contiguous to a spring, river or lake, had the actual possession and enjoyment of perhaps 10,000 or 20,000 acres adjacent thereto without the latter costing him a nickel. The reason is obvious. So long as the buyer holds a good title to the land bordering on a stream he is monarch of all he can see beyond and around that stream. The owner of forty acres upon which exists a spring thus has a free range, or pasturage, of several square miles, and the State is out of pocket by the operation. In illustration of this evil we can cite one case out of a thousand. In a certain township there are about twenty-five thousand acres of land, but only two springs. At \$1.25 an acre this township ought to realize for the State the sum of \$31,250. But the land pirate knows that by buying up the land immediately surrounding the spring he practically becomes the owner of twenty-five thousand. He therefore buys the smallest subdivision which the law permits, that is, forty acres around each spring. For these two small tracts he is allowed twenty years in which to pay the balance. That for which he ought to pay \$31,250 he gets for \$160. In other words, the State has been selling these water grabbers, mainly consisting of a rich and powerful syndicate of cattle-men, her selected lands at a rate less than half a cent an acre.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Corks, Straw and Wooden Ware.

"We beat the old world at cutting corks," says a Chicago dealer, but it is rather strange that America should import tons of straw. Yet we do every year buy straw in Germany in the form of bottle-covers. These covers cost eight dollars per 1,000, and they are handmade. They cannot be made for one-fourth the sum in this country, until somebody gets up a machine to do it with. We import something like 100,000 of these covers every month. All of these little tin foil caps for wine and soda bottles come from Paris. A New York firm has tried to compete, but they can't do it. We have 350,000 at the depot, just arrived from Paris. They are shipped in hermetically sealed cases. "But this country leads in wooden ware. Perhaps you don't know it, but the best wooden ware maker in the United States carried on business in Chicago for twenty-five years. He is now over in Michigan, in the timber country, making faucets, bungs, bung starters, wooden shovels, cork drivers, and vinegar measures and funnels, each out of one piece of wood without joint or seam. As for bungs, Cincinnati might properly be called the buntown of America, as there are made all the bungs used in this country. One factory there ships 200 barrels of bungs every day."—Chicago Herald.

Revolvers Going the Rounds.

A country merchant stopping at one of the Chicago hotels the other day asked the clerk to direct him to the pawn-shop region of the city. The diamond wearer and bell japper looked up in astonishment, and was about to send a porter up stairs to look after the guest's baggage, when the latter remarked: "Oh, you needn't look so scared. I don't want to pawn anything, and will pay my hotel bill. I am a hardware dealer and want buy some revolvers." The country merchant went down to South State and Clark streets and made the rounds of the numerous pawn-shops to be found there. He bought several dozen revolvers of all sizes and values and piled them in a carpet bag, which he had brought along for the purpose. "Yes," he said, in response to the inquiry of the Chicago Herald reporter, who had followed him. "I buy all my revolvers in this way. I have been on to the scheme about a year. I never come to Chicago but what I save enough on the revolvers I buy in the pawn-shops to pay my hotel bill, and sometimes my incidental expenses. I can buy these goods a great deal cheaper than I could new ones, of course, and out where I live I can sell them for almost as much. There's a queer thing about this revolver trade. A country boy never thinks of coming to Chicago without a revolver in his pocket. He has heard so much about the wickedness of Chicago, you know, that he really thinks it wouldn't be safe. And, beside, no young man in the country thinks himself really a man unless he has a revolver. When they come here to Chicago on business or a visit, or looking for a job, and they run short of money, the first thing goes to the pawn shop is the revolver; and they go for a song, too. One day I was in the pawn shop at No.—State, when a fellow came in and pawned a revolver for \$1.50 that he had bought of me a month before for \$9. On my next trip I bought that gun for \$3.50, and sold it within a week for \$8. Shouldn't wonder if I could make two or three more turns on it before it wears out, and if I don't somebody else will. There's a continual drift of revolvers in that way. We sell 'em in the country, in the city the pawnbrokers get them, and then we buy them back again. Four-fifths of the revolvers sold are in the country towns, and the smaller the town the better the trade in proportion. The trade in the cheap revolvers has about played out."

The Caroline Islands number 500, big and little.

A citizen of Rochester, Minn., has completed a monument made from stones gathered from all parts of the United States. It is about six feet high and four feet in diameter at the base. It contains stones from nearly every State in the Union and from the highest peak in the Rocky mountains.