

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Edward Goadby, an English statistician, has been figuring up the cost of the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Russian conquests in Asia and the French operations in Tunis and Tonquin, and puts the figures at \$2,787,500,000.

The new marriage license law in Pennsylvania has proved a bonanza to New Jersey preachers living near the State line. Hundreds of Pennsylvania couples avoid the publicity and expense of a license by crossing the river to have the knot tied.

There was a novel affair in Paris lately. Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk fastest. A common friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of \$200 was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from a novel, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 396,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

Coral jewelry is daily becoming more costly, owing to the diminished supply of the material. The fisheries this year have been unsuccessful. Few persons are aware of the extent of the coral traffic. Naples alone employs five hundred vessels and five thousand men in this fishery. The Naples merchants export \$3,000,000 worth yearly to India alone, to say nothing of exportations to other places in Asia and Africa.

There was a fire in New York city last year for every forty-two buildings, all told, 2,479 fires, with a total loss of \$3,789,283. Twelve persons were killed at fires; twenty-three fatally injured; 102 seriously and 190 slightly. Altogether there are 104,102 buildings in the city, exclusive of sheds. The number of buildings uptown has increased, and the number downtown decreased, as large structures take the place of many small ones. In 1883 there were 136 alleged fireproof buildings in New York. At the end of 1885 they had increased to 522, while the buildings that are over four stories high had increased from 8,251 to 14,190. These facts are contained in the annual report of the fire department.

We read in the Florida Herald that "the eyes of the Northern mill men are turning eagerly to the comparatively virgin forests of the South, and heavy sales of timbered land are constantly being announced. If the ravenous saw must be fed, and no better and cheaper building material than wood can be devised, then the people of the South should not dispose of their heritage for a mere pittance of its actual value. These huge tracts of yellow pine can be converted into yellow gold, and should not be sacrificed as a worthless possession. We should make the most of our opportunities, and not yield too readily to the pressure of greenbacks. These huge areas of undisturbed trees are daily enhancing in value and importance as the supply in the North and West diminishes. It is idle to talk of the "inexhaustible" forests of the South, when Mr. Little of Montreal, an authority on the subject, estimates that the saving capacity of the North is sufficient to consume the merchantable pine of this State in less than a year. The South possesses mines of wealth in her noble forests, and they should not be disposed of carelessly, and without a full appreciation of their true and real value."

The Chihuahua (Mexico) Enterprise reports the discovery of some remarkable ancient ruins on a hill or mountain four leagues south of Magdalena, in Sonora. The hill is about 700 feet high, and half-way up there is a layer of gypsum which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone are cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 6x10 to 16x18 feet square. So even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms, and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are but eight feet high from floor to ceiling. The stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human beings cut in the stone in different places; but, strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and a thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms; implements of every description are to be found. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high, but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain.

The Indian women are coming hourly to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised \$500 for missionary work among their own people last year. This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three societies.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, has been talking to a reporter, and gives to the world the information that he is now a vegetarian. It appears that he met a physician who told him that Americans ate altogether too much underdone beef, and ruined their lives thereby. Barrett at once determined to leave off beef eating and, although the struggle was hard, he has finally conquered, and says he believes the vegetable diet has improved his voice.

Professor C. H. Hall thinks that "the farmer is in need of a higher education—the disciplined mind and a larger amount of information—as a means of self-protection, that he may be able to defend himself and his against the sharks and humbugs which so often entangle him. What he wants is ability, discipline, and knowledge widened, until he is able to measure aims, forecast results, and thwart the purposes of his unscrupulous foe. He wants to be drilled so that he may be able to meet the intellect of the knave on the road, of the scoundrel on the street corner."

Washington seems to have two very successful bill collectors. One of these rides a home-made tricycle of peculiar build. If a man doesn't pay he sits on his machine in front of the house, and gazes mournfully up at the windows, and bill in hand. "The Tricycle Man" is well known, and his machine always attracts attention, so he has little trouble in collecting even the most hopeless bills. The other sends in his bill in a big envelope that has his name and vocation printed on it in large type. A man doesn't like to get these great circus poster envelopes and so pays up.

A leading Northern physician calls attention to the fact that one of the most common and fatal forms of disease at this season of the year, especially if the temperature is above the freezing-point, is pneumonia. The illness results from exposure to violent changes in the atmosphere, such as are experienced on going from overheated rooms into the damp, chill air outside without sufficient protection in the form of wraps. Men are tempted to leave off overcoats when called to go short distances, and women neglect to put on the same weight of garments for a brief walk which they are accustomed to wear under ordinary circumstances out of doors. This folly is too apt to be indulged in by persons who room in one house and take meals in another. "It is only a step," they say, but that "step" may be long enough to produce a thorough chill, which induces the conditions favorable to disease. Another danger, particularly to women, lies in the thin-soled shoes worn without rubbers. Ladies clothed in heavy furs and woollen are frequently seen upon the wet streets shod with light foot-gear, regardless of the fact that the extremities are the parts which should be best protected. These common means of defying the simplest laws of health keep the doctors busy and increase the mortality statistics of cities.

A naval officer, in speaking of an associate, said the other day to a Washington correspondent: "He is a good fellow, but he is a Coburger." When asked to explain the term he replied: "There is a certain class of men in the navy who have always held soft berths, and whom it seems impossible to dislodge. They are official favorites, and we call them 'Coburgers.' There are scores of them in the navy department here. I know of one who has attained the rank of full commander, and whose boast is that the never stood a watch." He was graduated from the naval academy near the close of the war, and promotion was actually so rapid that his boast is the truth. He has been floating round Washington ever since I can remember, and will probably be here when I am gone. There is a choice assortment of soft things in connection with the judge-advocate-general's bureau; Judge-Advocate-General Remy himself has a pretty easy time of it. He is only a captain in the marine corps, but his total sea duty is very small. He has been so long in Washington that people have almost forgotten his real rank. I knew of another case which is even worse. A certain officer, now stationed at the League Island navy yard, hasn't been more than twenty-four hours' ride from Washington for the last sixteen years. The navy department here is full of just such people. How do they manage it? Petticoat influence, I can mention five women in this town who can keep me here until I'm a rear admiral if they only said the word."

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

The Summer comes and the Summer goes; Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes. The swallows go darting through fragrant rains, Then all of a sudden—it snows. Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow, So lightly we heed the flying hours, We only know Winter is gone—by the flowers, We only know Winter is come—by the snow. —T. B. Aldrich.

THE WRECKERS.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

Speaking about sharks, alligators, pirates and such, may be I can interest you in an adventure which occurred so recently that all the particulars are yet fresh in my mind. I am a sailor man, and I am as honest as the general run of them. I was in New Orleans, knocking around for a berth, when one day on the levee, at the foot of Canal street, a man with a blink to his left eye seems to take a great shine to me. He invites me to drink with him and to join him at dinner, and when he believes the time to be ripe, he says: "You look like an honest chap, and I don't deny that I've taken a liking to you. How would you like to ship with my captain?"

"And who may your captain be?" I asked. "Captain McCall, of the schooner Glance, and I'm saying to you that a better man never gave orders from the quarterdeck, and that a better vessel than the Glance was never put together." "And what may be the voyage?"

He looks hard at me a long time before replying, and then draws down his left eye and whispers: "Come aboard and see the captain. He'll be glad to shake hands and tell you all about it." I must own to my confusion that I am a drinking man, as most sailors are, and that this chap with a blink to his eye had me half-seas over before we left the saloon. We had another drink or two before reaching the schooner, and when we went aboard I was in no condition to judge of men or things. I remember of meeting three or four men and of drinking again, and then all memory was gone. When I came to my senses the schooner was in the Gulf of Mexico, heading almost north, and the hour was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Stiff and sore, and thoroughly frightened to find myself at sea, I crawled out of the close and ill-smelling forecastle and made my way on deck. The crew were all there, including the captain. There were five white men, two negroes, and I made the eighth man. There was a light breeze from the southeast, and an island was in sight off to the northwest. A single look satisfied me that we were headed for Chandeleur Bay, on the Mississippi coast.

I was greeted in a pleasant fashion by the men, and the captain beckoned me into his cabin, poured out a stiff glass of grog, and said: "You'll feel better after drinking it. It's good grog that puts heart into a sailor man."

"Will you tell me what schooner this is, and how I came to be aboard of her?" I asked, never minding his soft ways and the liquor he had placed under my nose. "Why, man, have you gone clean daft?" he calls out. "You came to me for a berth on the Glance, and I, Captain McCall, signed you for a trip to Santa Rosa island and return. You were sober enough when you signed articles. Come, down with the grog, and wish us a successful voyage."

"Captain McCall, I never signed with you!" I says, looking him straight in the eye. "And if you are bound to the north-east, why are you holding to the north?" "Tut, tut, man! I am not used to such talk aboard this vessel. Go on deck and do your duty, and if you dare talk mutiny I'll put a bullet through your head."

With that I turned and left him, and to say that I was in a rage would hardly describe my feelings. My sailor's instinct had shown me that I was on a wrecker, and such wreckers are no better than pirates. I had been duped aboard to make up the complement of men, and if they discovered that I was not hand and heart with them they'd have little hesitation in taking my life.

I went forward to the bows, and presently the mate joined me. He was the man with the blink in his eye, and I laid all the trouble to him. He spoke very softly, but I was so bold and bitter that he soon flew mad and abused me in the foulest manner, and finally ordered me on watch under pain of being placed in irons. It would have been foolish to resist, and I took my place among the men and turned to for duty.

The schooner held on, passing between the East and West Chandeleur islands about dark, and holding to the north. Soon after night the wind fell, and finally there was a dead calm. We were then opposite the Middle Chandeleur, and only four or five miles away, and as there was a current setting us to the east the anchor was let go, and an anchor watch set, and the rest of the crew were privileged to turn in. The captain and mate retired to their staterooms, and, as the night was pleasant, the rest of us held the deck. As I stowed away myself forward for a smoke and a think, one of the white men came over to me in a rather cautious way, bunked down beside me, and whispered: "Come, comrade, the better face you put on the matter, the better it will be for you. There's no question but they made you drunk to get you off this voyage, and as for your signing articles, that's all boat."

"Well, I was obliged to dodge the law for a scrape I got into at Mobile." "I shall leave her at the first chance." "That's your lay; but keep quiet. The captain and mate are bad men, and won't stop at murder to hush your talk. If there is a chance for a break depend upon me to go with you." "How far to the north do you go?" "We shall cruise among the islands, and perhaps along the Alabama coast. Take my advice and do duty and keep your eyes open."

With that he left me, and after finishing my pipe I slept until about 9 o'clock in the morning, when we got a slant of wind from the Gulf, and the mate called us to up anchor and make sail. We crept along at a slow pace, and about sunrise had the Big Chandeleur island under our beam. During the afternoon we ran down to the northern end and came to anchor within a few fathoms of a coasting schooner, which was then lying a wreck on the rocks within a stone's throw of the beach. Her masts were gone, bulwarks stove, and the beach was covered with wreckage. It was plain that she had come ashore in a gale, but in the fall end of it, and the sea had not broken her up.

Long enough before we came to anchor, although I was at the wheel of the Glance, I saw a man on the wreck making signals. It seemed to me that the captain and mate placed themselves purposely in my line of vision, to prevent my seeing the man, and we had not yet begun to take in sail when the mate took the wheel, and the captain sent me into the hold to look up some spare oars for the yawl. I was rummaging around down there for half an hour, the oars being only a pretence to keep me off the deck, and when the captain finally called me up the sails were down, the anchor in the water, and several of our men were aboard the wreck, having taken our yawl to convey themselves across the space.

I was not allowed to go aboard of the wreck, but was ordered to remain on the schooner to help receive cargo which the others broke out. The yawl presently made her first trip, bringing a load of ropes, chains, and sails, and these trips were continued at intervals all day. When they came to break out cargo the yawl brought us flour, hardware, groceries, and clothing, some damaged and some in good shape, and the mate bore a hand to help us on the schooner.

There was no knocking off for dinner, and from the way the men were rushed it was plain that the captain feared discovery and was in a hurry to get everything out of the wreck and be off. We had a bite to eat as we worked, and at sunset we were piped for supper. This we ate on our decks, and my friend of the night before, who gave me his name as Bill, planned to take a seat near me. I had worked hard and without grumbling, and captain and mate no longer felt suspicious of me, or at least showed no signs of it. There was an opportunity now for a few words with the man Bill, and I asked him if it was a case of salvage. "Wuss'n that?" he whispered back. "Wasn't there a man—one of the crew—on the wreck when we first came up?"

"Where is he now?" "Knocked on the head and thrown to the sharks!" "Do you mean that he was murdered?" "That's just it, mate! While you were below the captain and mate rowed off to the wreck. We all saw a man aboard, but none of us have seen him since. Had he been allowed to live on it would have been a case of salvage. With him dead, what's to prevent our captain from owning all he can get. "And you talk as coolly as if only a dog had been thrown overboard!"

"Hush! If there is the least show for escape I'm off with you this very night! No more now—we are watched!" After supper the yawl was sent off again, and we worked until about 11 o'clock. Two-thirds of the cargo had been transferred, and our captain meant to hang tight by until he had secured everything or a shift of weather drove him away. There had been a fair breeze all day and it still held, coming from the south-east. There was doubtless a smart surf on the other side of the island, but on our side the water was quiet enough.

When the crew turned in the man Bill was left on deck as an anchor watch. The man lopped down on deck, some without a thing between them and the planks, and in half an hour their snores were hearty and continuous. Then I cautiously rose up and joined Bill. The yawl was towing astern, with the oars on the thwart, and I was determined on escape. To my surprise I found him cager and anxious to go with me.

While captain and mate both appeared asleep, we dared take no risks. If we got away in the boat it must be bare-handed. Any attempt to look up water, provisions, and the mast and sail might upset our whole plan. While Bill walked the deck whistling to himself, I drew the yawl under the stern and slid down the painter. In a minute or two he came after me, and then cut the rope and pushed us off. We at once began to float to the northwest, and in a quarter of an hour were out of sight of the schooner. It would not do to use the oars yet, however, and we were waiting to increase our distance, when all of a sudden the waters around us grew alive with sharks. I have sailed in most seas and have seen a sailor's share of sharks, but never before nor since did I witness such a congregation of the voracious monsters. They seemed determined on destroying us, and every minute dealt the boat such thumps that we looked to see the planks crushed in. They jumped half their length out of the water at the gunwale of the boat, and twice the head of a shark rested on the seat in the stern for several seconds.

We realized that we must make some demonstration, even at the peril of being overhauled on board the schooner, and, getting out the oars, we punched and jubbled with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land the wind bore us along at a faster pace, but the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades, and if the men on the schooner had not been over tired they must have been awakened by the row.

We had drifted perhaps two miles when a terrible thing happened. We two sat on one thwart, Bill minding one side and I the other. He was bending over the rail, punching every shark within reach, when I heard a scream, and turned my head in time to see him pulled overboard. A shark had jumped far enough out of water to seize him. There was a terrible commotion in the water for a few minutes, every fish anxious to secure a morsel, and for a time I was entirely neglected and driving along alone. By and by three or four sharks came after me, but they no longer attacked the boat, nor did the number increase.

When I had got my nerve back I put the best oar over the stern and sculled away, keeping to the northwest, nor did I rest beyond a few minutes at a time until daylight came. I was then entirely out of sight of the schooner, and making a good pace of it. I saw half a dozen coasters on the bay, but made no signals. The Louisiana coast was in full sight, and I preferred driving ashore to being picked up. I knew how the coasters felt toward wreckers, and if I were picked up, my story would probably land me in the courts. Soon after noon I fetched the shore in a bit of a bay, but I soon realized that I was no better off than out at sea. I was hungry and thirsty, but there was neither fresh water nor food. I sculled all around the bay in search of a creek, but found none, but toward evening a smart shower came up, and a gallon or so of fresh water was caught in the boat. It was full of filth when I came to drink it, but it relieved my burning thirst and put new life into me. Shortly after that I found a dead duck floating on the water. I did not stop to investigate its condition, but stripped off a part of the feathers and cut out and ate a large portion of the raw meat. As the shores were dense canebrakes, through which I could make no progress, I tied the boat up for the night and went to sleep, but darkness had only fairly set in when the mosquitoes came down upon me by the million. Sleep was out of the question. Indeed, within an hour I was obliged to scull the boat out into the bay against a smart sea rolling in, and hold her there by hard work to keep from being devoured alive. Whenever I would let up for a few minutes, overcome by want of sleep, the boat would drift back and the pests would attack me, until I found them in my mouth. After midnight the wind came up so briskly that the mosquitoes could no longer come out of the swamp at me, but a new danger arose. I had no thought of alligators until, as the boat rested against the reeds, a monster reptile rose up and clashed his jaws over the stern. In two minutes there were three or four swimming about me, and others were thrashing around in the swamp. From that time until daylight I had to shout, splash the water, and keep moving from one end of the boat to the other to frighten my enemies away, and it seemed as if I lived a month in those few hours. As day broke the wind changed off the land, and I drove with it out of the bay. I was hardly out before an oyster schooner picked me up, and in a couple of days I was safely landed in New Orleans. When the captain asked for my story I offered him the yawl as a free gift in place of any explanation, and he accepted it, and did not ask another question.—New York Sun.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER. Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders, Sowed a seed of glory and duty That flowers and flames in height and beauty Like a crimson lily with heart of gold, To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer— No matter on which side, Philip or Earl; Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl. Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer That day in the wildest work of the field, He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost; His comrades were slain or a scattered host, But stainless and scatheless out of the strife He had carried his colors safer than life. By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield, He faced the victors. The thick heart-silk He dashed from his eyes, and the mist he kissed Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun, As proudly as if the fight were won, And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade, Cut the silk from the gilded staff, Which he posed like a spear till the charge was made. And hurled at the leader with a laugh, The round his breast, like the scarf of love, He tied the colors his heart above, And plunged in his armor into the tide, And there, in his dress of honor, he died. Where are the lessons your kinglings teach? And what is the text of your proud commanders? Out of the centuries heroes reach With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story Of one man's truth and of all men's glory, Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders. —John Boyle O'Reilly, in *Outing*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Justifiable homicide—Sleighting girls.—Citizen. If a man is to die by inches he wants to be tall.—New York News. A snow-plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.—Boston Bulletin. Jones—"Can you always tell a fool?" Brown—"If he doesn't ask too much. What would you like to know?"—Binghamton Republican. They are going down to dinner: He—"May I sit on your right hand?" She—"Oh, I think you had better take a chair." He did.—Paris News. Dio Lewis says that hot water will cure all complaints. In that case improvident men ought to be extra healthy, for they are always in it. Entering the asylum for inebriates, he asked: "Do you treat drunkards here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"—Chicago News. An exchange says the "fall of the skating rink has come." Well, it is time. The rink has caused enough falls in its time.—New York Graphic. A brass band has been organized among the employes of a Columbus carriage factory. They are said to be musical fellows.—Ohio State Journal. An Eastern physician has published a work telling how to prevent scars. A treatise on minding one's own business, most likely.—Chicago Ledger. In regard to modern languages it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult. We find this out when we try to explain to our Chinese handymen that a pair of our socks is missing.—Siftings. Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, they say, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know any more about architecture than a hen knows about artificial incubation.—Merchant Traveler. Man in a carriage (to a farmer in the field)—"That corn doesn't look as though you'd get mor'n half a crop." Farmer in the field (to a man in a carriage)—"Don't expect to. I'm working it on shares." I mean you won't get much to the acre." "Don't expect to; only got half an acre."

AN OPTIMIST'S LAY. The buttercups that gowned the vale, In summer's golden hours are dead; The willow red, the primrose pale, The hyacinth—all, all are dead. No more at morn in beauty's pride Their tinted petals they unfold —,—,—, went the breeze; they drooped and died When chill winds swept across the world. But why should we their loss deplore, Why spend our time in vain regrets When organ grinders to our doors Come daily with "Sweet Violins?" —Boston Courier.

Four Valuable Instruments. A correspondent states that a wealthy person who was devoted to music died lately in Paris leaving behind him four stringed instruments, all made by Stradivarius, which could with difficulty be matched. One violin, dated 1737, the year of the maker's death, was his last work, and was named by Stradivarius the "Swan's Song." Its owner paid 17,000 francs (\$3,400) for it. A second violin, dated 1794, was purchased for 12,750 francs (\$2,550). The viola dated 1728 was bought for 19,000 francs (\$3,800), and for the violoncello, made in 1696, the owner paid 17,500 francs (\$3,500). Duly authenticated documents attest the origin of each instrument.—London Times.

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is despatched itself compared to that elastic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being of the street Arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.—Chicago Ledger.