

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and corresponding prices.

Times change and men change with them. The judge who passed the first death sentence in California is now pastor of the Baptist church in Cambridge, Mass.

Chicago has six butter and oleomargarine factories, and according to the Inter-Ocean, nearly all the stuff manufactured by them is sent to eastern markets.

Almost every mother would cheerfully face death to save her children, but not one in a thousand would display the Spartan endurance of Mrs. Wheeler, of Dakota, who upheld a flaming can of gasoline until her arm was roasted to the bone.

The increase in the number of private bills presented to Congress is something remarkable. Senator Dolph has called attention to the fact that during the first fifty years of the government the total number of private bills introduced in the House was only about as many as were introduced in the Forty-eighth Congress alone—namely, 8,777.

Even if General Grant died in debt and the nation is slow about a monument, the Providence Star thinks that it is satisfactory to reflect that he was not put in prison for debt in his old age.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat, in speaking of the death of Colonel Richardson, the Southern cotton king, showed how he made that staple profitable in every way.

The American Cultivator believes that "there are many substantial reasons for preferring a more prosperous year for the agricultural interests of this country during 1886 than for several years.

The French have looked with alarm on the steady export of Percheron horses to the United States; but the most prominent breeders there now say that the progeny of these horses raised in the United States are an improvement upon their sires.

A popular craze that is daily growing in the West is chewing gum. Men chew it openly and above board as much as girls, and the practice has gone so rapidly beyond its old confines that the fame of Vassar college as a clinic where fatty tails received its greatest share of worship has died out.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English register-general. In each 1,000 being persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 males 100.5 males were born.

In England and Wales, as our way wars from the "Financial Reform Association" British for 1886, 738 persons were one-fourth of the entire country in Scotland, twelve persons were one-fourth, and in Ireland 734 persons were one-half.

The agricultural papers of Indiana are inveighing against the plague of goats there. There are something like fourteen million goats in the presidency of Madras, and it is alleged that not only have they destroyed young forest trees, but reduced through the accumulation of moisture-absorbing herbage, many of the watercourses into dry ravines.

A Connecticut valley paper-making firm sent to the Paris exposition a blank book weighing 200 pounds, and having 3,000 enormous pages, as a sort of universal autograph album. Only one-fourth of its pages were filled in Paris, after which it served at a local fair, and last year was sent to New Orleans, where it was filled. It has now been returned to Hatfield, Mass., and exhibited. It contains 60,000 names, some well known.

G. W. Peck, of "Bad Boy" fame, was one of the newspaper excursions to the New Orleans exposition. A writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean speaks of him as being anything but the traditional "funny man," but tells of one bright saying of his.

Genuine butter consists of fats derived from milk and soluble casein. Butterine, oleomargarine and other bogus compounds are emulsions of fatty acids, glycerine and insoluble cheese, with traces of the chemicals used, their combinations with the fatty acids, and of poisonous organic acids formed during the process of manufacture.

The wind blew in gusts down the chimney of our little school-house, putting out the fire and making the question of keeping warm a hopeless one.

The half-tired children huddled about the stove and patiently endured their lessons. Poor things, they were so used to cold and suffering, that even the dreary school-house was comfort compared to their miserable homes.

I missed my big dog, Jake. If he were only here, I could send him to the woods for fuel. He was always our dependence in a cold or rainy day.

On the day I opened my school he came to me, with looking an enormous quid of tobacco away in his cheek, and awkwardly, "I want to see your school, I ain't a-going to a school, but I've got a notion to see your school."

HEALTH TIPS.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a pint of water and drunk will instantly relieve "heartburn" or dyspepsia.

Dr. Vignoux recommends a glass of hot lemonade every hour or half hour, as an easy, agreeable and efficient treatment for diarrhoea.

Never wash the feet in warm water except just before retiring. Cold water with a little ammonia or salt dropped in, is much pleasanter, and more beneficial.

Course brown paper, soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the opisthion is greatly inflated in cold weather, the pain in the head is generally allayed.

No disease ever comes without a cause or without a warning; hence endeavor to think back for the cause, with a view to avoid it in the future, and on the instant of any unpleasant bodily sensation, cease eating until it has disappeared, at least for twenty-four hours.

A Lava Stream in Hawaii. An advancing lava flow makes a considerable noise as it goes on—especially if its line of advance is through a jungle or forest.

Traversing a lava stream while it is yet running may be compared to traversing a pair of white-hot pliers. A pair of thick shoes and stockings are used to protect the feet from the heat, as on the inner surface of the lava.

One afternoon Jake came in covered with blood. He had evidently been fighting, and what was more remarkable, had got wounded; but as we went compassionately to his aid as if nothing had happened.

RESOLVE.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December. So let your dead sins with your dead days lie. A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember we build our own ladders to climb to the sky. Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting whatever your past held of sorrow or woe.

JAKE, THE COWBOY.

BY ELLIS C. GREENE.

It was a cold, uncomfortable day. The wind blew in gusts down the chimney of our little school-house, putting out the fire and making the question of keeping warm a hopeless one.

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On the day I opened my school he came to me, with looking an enormous quid of tobacco away in his cheek, and awkwardly, "I want to see your school, I ain't a-going to a school, but I've got a notion to see your school."

He seemed embarrassed; dropped his eyes, shifted his seat, then sprang abruptly into a corner of the room and wiped his lips on the back of one great hand.

"I reckon you ain't never heard of me," he said, finally, with an uneasy laugh. "I ain't generally counted much good around here."

"But I wouldn't wonder," he continued, looking me over with the air of a connoisseur about to bargain for a pup or a horse. "I wouldn't wonder now, if you'd see me in one another teacher."

"I ain't a-going to a school, but I've got a notion to see your school," he said, with a wicked glance into my face.

At my remark he bitched a warty red, up to the roots of his hair, and made a sudden movement as if to offer me his hand; then drew back and chuckled, struggling to speak.

"I can't be, and I will be!" he muttered at last, hoarsely, and strode away to a seat close by, followed by a heavy, ugly-looking dog, which seemed inseparable from his master, and came to school as regularly from that day.

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Jake, his immense proportions sharply outlined through the scanty covering. Turn, the dog, crouched at his feet, and took no notice of our approach.

A handsome rifle and a brace of pistols hung against the wall beside the bed; for the cowboy of the Southwest is seldom so poor that he does not own handsome firearms.

As we entered, the old woman, who proved to be Jake's mother, got upon her feet with great difficulty, and came toward us. But Jimmy laid her finger on her lips and gilded swiftly past her to the bed.

Clasping both hands tightly behind her, she leaned over Jake, softly calling his name.

At the sound of her voice he opened his eyes and gazed wildly about, without seeming to see the face so near his own. He turned his head and caught sight of me, and knew me.

Then his bewildered eyes met hers. "Why, why, Jimmy, gal, how's this, how's this?" he muttered; then seeing her tears, he smiled strangely.

She had the pale, sallow complexion common to her class, and her speech and manners were smooth enough, but there was a charm about her, after all.

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THE AFTERGLOW.

The tired eyelids of the Day Drop heavily; the faint light fades; Golden gleams beneath her lashes. To charm the dark, advancing night, She throws a backward smile of light; But still she lingers lovingly Day.

And while she waits, the shadows steal Across the meadow, o'er the bay, While in the distance far away The hills dream in a purple haze, And to my eyes, lingering gaze, The white sail dips and red.

Upon the rocky cliff I wait, The dim, sleepy clouds that fly In swirling crowds across the sky Have caught the radiance and the light That wrap the earth in garments bright. But still I watch and wait.

'Till morn' comes the waters dew, And softly kiss the waiting sand. Let over hills, waves and land, Touching the woods with misty light, Lingering in calm warm and bright, Soft gleams the afterglow.

The dying smile of day grows dim, And night with tender mien appears My heart is sad, and through my tears I watch the waters slowly sweep, The golden ring of light that's seen Around the horizon rim.

The gorgeous coloring of the West Grows faint and fainter, and the light Of stars gleams softly to my sight. Oh, light divine, oh, holy love, Shine brightly thro' the gates above, And to my heart bring rest.

—JENNIE VERNER BLOOMER, in Free Press.

MUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big spread—The sky. A high old time—The town clock. Likely to be mistaken—An engaged Miss.—Life.

Because the baby is a little yellow it's no sign he is a Chinaman.—Palmer Journal.

There were only seven wonders of the world in ancient days. That was before the diode was invented.—Somerset Journal.

A St. Louis girl thinks she's an angel. She caught sight of her ears in the mirror, and mistook them for wings.—Caldwell's Mirror.

"How shall a cabbage worm be treated?" asks an exchange. That is difficult to answer. We should like to know what the worm would like before we answer.—Gleaner.

A late dispatch from Portland says that Oregon has a wild man. Dakota will have quite a number of them should the present Congress fail to admit her as a State.—Merchant-Traffler.

"I consider him a bold, arrogant man." "Yes, I know he is, now, but he won't be very long." "And why not?" "I should like to know." "He is to be married next week."—Chicago Ledger.

The name of the new Swedish minister to the United States is Kjoit. He isn't as skilful as a young quail, but is said to have a powerful lip on the English language.—Idahoan's Journal.

A poet says: "I kissed her on the balcony." The balcony must be a new name for a portion of the human anatomy and is evidently located immediately under the ears of the nose. If that it should be.—Newspaper Herald.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says the nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information, but anybody who ever stepped on a cat's tail with abrupt suddenness will be likely to entertain staidest views in the opposite direction.—Chicago Ledger.

Well, I never knew that before!" said Mrs. Gummidge, looking over the edge of her newspaper. "What's that, my dear?" asked Mr. G. "Why, that Mr. Parnell is a leader!" "Well, you might have guessed it. He's in favor of home rule." Mrs. Gummidge was silent a long, long time, wondering just what her husband meant. Meantime Mr. Gummidge went on and on on the backdoor step like a prudent man.—Chicago News.

Why Ticked People Laugh.

The interaction of mind and body in disease is well set forth by Dr. Hiecker of Leipzig, who states that tickling, which he styles a variable, intermittent excitement of the nerves of the skin, produces irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of an expansion of the pupil and a contraction of the blood-vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure in the brain, permeated with blood-vessels, is so considerable as not to be without danger; that powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which is simply intermittent, forced movements of expiration, is a decided remedy for the effects of tickling.

A Continued Story.

"The twilight and the purple haze"—"It comes, as he is there." "One of those perfect autumn days"—"Departing rays of sunlight gleams." "A sudden breeze—you understand"—"A lady—see some birds' text; He draws her closer to him, and— To be continued in our next.

They gaze into each other's eyes. While he proceeds to grasp her fingers, They breathe the customary sighs. The brooklet pours its sweet murmur. The youth renews his grave sighs. The dove and dove at all perceived, He looks her close and murmurs, and— To be continued in our next.