

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (e.g., \$1.00).

In some sections of Dakota, where fuel is expensive, farmers will this year grow an acre or two of flax for fuel.

A feature in a New York physician's house, described in the American Architect, is a small hospital on the roof.

It occurred to a man on Capitol Hill, Washington, that it would be a good idea to mix the soil of all the States and territories in the Capitol park.

It is reported that the czar intends, in 1897, to assume a title equivalent to that of emperor over the whole of Central Asia.

Two paragraphs have recently been going the rounds of the newspapers, the matter of which is undoubtedly erroneous.

It is estimated by insurance companies that in the United States last year dwelling houses were burned at the rate of one every hour, with an average loss of \$1,806.

On the Rio Grande frontier it is an open secret that wholesale smuggling to Mexico takes place almost daily.

Why is it, she said, impatiently, "that I feel such an inward distrust of that man? His face is simply perfect—too perfect to be true—yet it must be my own jealous fears for Rose which make me so unreasonable."

OUT TO THE SEA.

"Out to the sea! Out to the sea!" Sing the waters of inland rivers; From source to mouth In the sunny south The liquid stream, song quivers.

BALKED.

"Won't you come down, Olive?" Rose Annesley paused, with her hand on her sister's chair; but Olive only laughed merrily, and shook her head.

Max Hart smiled pleasantly. He was a large, fine-looking man, with a rather bronzed complexion, and frank, kindly eyes.

"I am stopping here on business for our law firm," he explained. "They were at one time located here, and still have a good deal of business in the city."

St. Cloud smiled complacently. He had always liked Max Hart well enough, though he considered the young lawyer in some respects an "odd fellow."

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm engaged," he explained. "It's getting time for me to settle down, and I couldn't do so under more favorable circumstances."

"They are," replied his friend. "But Mr. Annesley was twice married, and his elder daughter inherits her fortune from her mother's family."

"How about this Miss Olive Annesley?" he asked, with a forced smile. "Anything of an old maid? Likely to die soon, and leave her property to Rose, eh?"

"I should say not," answered Max, composedly. "I have only seen Miss Annesley at a distance, but I should judge her to be a fine-looking woman of about twenty-seven or eight."

"Quite young enough to marry," murmured St. Cloud, gloomily. Then rousing himself, with an effort, he changed the subject.

"You can take a chance at the heiress, old fellow; but mind, if you win her, I shall call for a division of the spoils."

"Love you!" she said. "Yes, as you have loved her—my poor, trusting little Rose! Forgive you! Yes, when she forgets you—not before! Go, Bertie St. Cloud, and seek some other dupe! I have outwitted you at your own game!"

St. Cloud waited for no second bidding. He had been snared in the toils he himself had laid, and silently raging at his own failure, he quitted the house forever.

Oliver turned at once to seek her sister. She found her still crouching on the sofa, from which she had half-risen, her face pale as ashes, her whole frame trembling like a leaf.

"Do you know the story of my past?" she said, bravely. "Aye, and love you but the more! You are still my rose—my queen of flowers!"

"A poor, withered, faded rose!" she answered, smiling through her tears. "But the one rose in the world for me!"

And then she placed both hands in his to have and to hold.—Katherine Hyde.

Horse Prayer Cure.

The priests of Naples celebrate a yearly festival for the sake of prayer-curing vicious horses. One by one the brutes are announced and blessed, and their masters buy holy biscuits, which they string together and hang around the horses in the form of a necklace.

But the evening before his departure, he overheard some words which seemed to him proof positive of what he feared.

Rose had stepped into the conservatory to gather for him some of her favorite flowers as a parting gift, and Max stood alone at a large bay-window which overlooked the balcony.

"I have much, very much, to tell you, Olive," he heard St. Cloud say, eagerly, "but I dare not. Never was a man placed in a more unfortunate position than myself."

"Why should you fear to speak?" asked Olive, in a slightly agitated tone, "if what you wish to say be indeed from your heart?"

"Can you doubt it?" was the reply, accompanied by a glance which made Max thrill with anger.

But at that moment Rose's cheerful tones were heard, exclaiming: "Oh, Mr. Hart, I cannot find a single Marchal Niel in bloom! I am so sorry! With one of those buds, your bouquet would be perfect."

She stooped as she spoke to pin it on his coat, and Max glanced down at the little, white hand which held the flowers, thought, bitterly: "Poor child! Betrayed by both lover and sister, what an awakening lies before her!"

Before she could rouse herself sufficiently to speak, his voice was audible in the adjoining parlor, asking eagerly: "You here, Olive, and alone? Where is Rose?"

"I left her asleep," was Olive's answer. And St. Cloud, understanding her to mean in her own apartments, said hurriedly: "Do not rouse her. It is so seldom that I see you alone, and—lately I think you have avoided me, Olive."

"I cannot blame you; I know how true and noble you are, and I will not even speak of what I have suffered. But I place my whole fate in your hands. Decide for me. Say but the word, and I will marry Rose."

Olive's head dropped, her breath came quicker, as she murmured: "No!"

A gleam of triumph shot from St. Cloud's eye. He drew near Olive, and bent over her until his cheek almost touched her own.

"My darling," he whispered, "you do not know what a struggle I have undergone. But Rose is generous. I will tell her all, and at some future day, when she is happy again, you will let me claim you—is it not so? For you do forgive me; you do love me a little. I am sure of it."

St. Cloud waited for no second bidding. He had been snared in the toils he himself had laid, and silently raging at his own failure, he quitted the house forever.

Oliver turned at once to seek her sister. She found her still crouching on the sofa, from which she had half-risen, her face pale as ashes, her whole frame trembling like a leaf.

"Do you know the story of my past?" she said, bravely. "Aye, and love you but the more! You are still my rose—my queen of flowers!"

"A poor, withered, faded rose!" she answered, smiling through her tears. "But the one rose in the world for me!"

And then she placed both hands in his to have and to hold.—Katherine Hyde.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A chemist has discovered an extract from coal tar 380 times sweeter than sugar.

The only Presidents who were never in Congress are Washington, Taylor, Grant, Arthur and Cleveland.

It was once a popular opinion that death is delayed until the ebb of the tide. Hence in cases of sickness many pretended that they could foretell the hour of the soul's departure.

The word grenade means pomegranate, and is so called from its resemblance in shape to that fruit. In military circles a grenade is an iron bar filled with powder, which causes great injury when it bursts.

The curious and remarkable discovery is reported that a South American shrub, called "alizia," exudes a juice which acts so powerful in stopping flows of blood that when a knife is smeared with it and used for surgical operations, the largest vessels may be severed without any hemorrhage.

Forks were used by the ancients for the same purpose as they now are. A two-pronged silver fork has been found in a ruin on the Via Appia at Rome, and one of five prongs, one of which is broken off, resembling our silver forks, has been found in a tomb at Paestum, and is now preserved in the museum at Naples.

A popular term formerly in use for the nails on the ten fingers was the ten "commandments," which, says Nares, doubtless led to the swearing by them, as by the real commandments. In the same way the fingers were also called the ten bones, and it was a common thing to use the exclamation, "By these ten bones!"

Probably the first American establishment for the exclusive manufacture of edged tools was founded by Mr. Samuel Collins, at Collinsville, Conn., which is now one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. It was begun about 1826, when the product of a day's labor was the forging and tempering of eight broadaxes.

The minute hand of the clock on Westminster abbey is sixteen feet long, and the hour hand nine feet. They weigh about a hundred pounds each, and are kept in motion by weights proportionally ponderous, the hands and appendages, in all, weighing about one and a half tons.

In a recent snow storm in London this clock was stopped, the hands being impeded by the snow.

In Lisbon able-bodied beggars increase their claims to public charity by turning their throats in prodigious goitres. Special experts teach the art of developing these excrescences, and the proprietor of a thirty-pound neck-pouch feels as proud as the owner of a prize pig.

There are dealers in deformed babies that can be borrowed at so much a night, with or without the privilege of stimulating their howls by additional artifices.

A good name, like good will, is got by many actions and lost by one. Pale death beats with impartial foot at the hovels of the poor and turrets of kings.

Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

Remember this: However small you consider your possessions there is some one who envies you them.

There is no luck, but there is such a thing as hard work and knowing how to make it answer for what others call "luck."

Real difference of opinion, honestly expressed whenever the subject is serious enough to demand it, always deserves respectful attention and consideration.

No matter how low down man may get there is not more than one in every 100 of them but will prove true to a small trust if his pride be strengthened by your seeming faith in him.

WASHED AWAY.

All unobserved it started, drop by drop; The stream grew larger and larger every day; And lo! its flooding waters did not stop Till it had washed the bridge of love away.

The whole foundation, founded on the rock Of faith, fell swiftly downward, stone by stone; Fell swiftly down beneath the awful shock Of waves which beat so cruelly upon.

The hydra-head it lifted ever higher; It coiled its sinewy length all through the day, Flooding the pleasant paths where had de-sire Walked undisturbed upon her way.

And when the night-time came, an awesome scene Showed where the hurtful flood-tide had been sent, For desolation reigned where erst had been A sunlight path, and flowers of sweet content.

Ah me! the saddest of sad sights it is, To see the wrecks of joy strewn thick ahead; The sweet, sweet flowers of happiness to miss, To miss, and feel they are for ever dead.

To know no more upon joy's pleasant track, Our longing feet in all the years may stray; Saddest of all—there is no going back, Because the bridge of love is washed away.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A false scent—a counterfeit. A long "felt" want—a new hat. Always what it is cracked up to be— "This is a long tramp," said a policeman as he ran in a six foot vagrant.—Boston Bulletin.

Some men are born great, some wrestle with the parlor stove, and some have the charge of the kitchen fire thrust upon them.—Siftings. A friend of ours, absent on a trip to Washington, writes that he has been all through the national capital and considerable of his own.—New York News.

SACCHARINE COMMODITIES. 'Tis sweet to brood a favoring muse, Sweet is to weed and honey, Sweet is glad election-news, And sweet the girl with money.—Goodall's Sun.

A little four-year old, while praying one night, said: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and make me a good little girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Life.

IMPROVED VERSIONS. How does the frisky little kid Improve each shining minute; He finds the jam his mother hid, And sticks his fingers in it.—Pittsburg Commercial Courier.

"Yes," said Fogg, in a facetious vein, twenty years ago Charles could not read or write; now he speaks two languages beside his own and is more or less familiar with half a dozen more. What do you think of that? "Wonderful!" echoed the boarders. "And how old did you say he was?" asked Jones. Fogg—"Twenty-one next summer." Chorus—"H'm!"—Boston Transcript.

"How are you getting on?" asked Yeast of young Crimmonback, whom he met on the street the other day. "First-rate," was the young man's reply. "What are you doing?" further queried Yeast. "I'm a medical director in an institution downtown." "A medical director?" "Yes; you see I direct envelopes in a patent-medicine house." "Oh."—Statesman.

Strangest footstep haunts my chamber in the night; When shadows lengthen in the pale moon-light A sound of weird and phantom forms in flight. (Rats.)

And from without my window comes a sound Like harp Aeolian playing underground, And wailing voices from the dark, profound. (Cats.)—E. D. Pierson.

Games Among the Ancients.

Running, rowing, wrestling, boxing, quoit throwing, hunting, chariot racing, horse racing and games of ball were favorite sports of the ancients.

Polo, which has become fashionable during these last few years, is the "Chugar" of the Persians, and perhaps the Tartars, too, and is supposed to be prehistoric.