

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, one month... 5 00; One Square, one inch, three months... 10 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 30 00; Two Squares, one year... 50 00; Quarter Column, one year... 20 00; Half Column, one year... 30 00; One Column, one year... 50 00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each session.

The introduction of the photo-lithographic presses is likely to revolutionize the Chinese book trade. Two firms at Shanghai, one English and one native, now issue the celestial classics at a price that causes each individual pig-tail to stand on end with delight.

The United States steamer Iroquois is en route to the Easter island, 2,000 miles from the coast of Peru, to examine and photograph for the Smithsonian institute the remains of an unknown race. It is said that one of the islands is covered with remarkable ruins, and that the present residents are unlike any other people.

Out of 7,000 persons examined by the civil service commission during the past year, of whom about two-thirds were successful in standing the test of capacity required, eighty-six per cent. were educated in the common schools; the other fourteen per cent. had the advantage of either complete or partial college training.

Here lies the body of John McLean Hayward, a man who never voted. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. This is the epitaph which a citizen of Wayland, Mass., left behind him, and which, it is asserted, his executors intended to inscribe over his grave. Probably the last sentence of the epitaph is not based on exact knowledge.

In the collections recently taken to Denmark from the east coast of Greenland by Capt. Holm are several objects that have excited the astonishment of European geographers. They are maps made by the natives. The maps are engraved with their rude cutting implements on boards that drifted ashore. They were found among the natives who live along the shores of a deep fiord, near the most northern point attained by Holm. Only ten or twelve of these 400 people have ever visited the Danish settlements in South Greenland, owing to a stretch of glacier and ice fields which have so nearly isolated them from the world that their existence was not known until recently. They had never seen a white man until Holm and Dr. Knutzen came among them. Some of these curious maps, Capt. Holm says, represent quite accurately the contour of the coast, with all its many big and little indentations, along which they live. Other maps give the outlines of islands lying near the coast, and the explorers say they may reproduce the shape of the islands with a good degree of fidelity.

Some changes have been made in the rulings concerning unmailable matter. The rule has been, for a long time, that candy and cake could not be sent by mail unless enclosed in a tin or wooden box. These articles are very troublesome in the mail. If candy can go by, any kind of candy can go, and candies are sent that melt and run, and defile and glue together all the other mail matter in the same pouch with it. Cake is worse still, and, strange as it may seem, gives the department more trouble than any other kind of mail matter. It is always wedding cake, and very rich. It not only breaks up, gets scattered through the pouch and leaves great grease spots on all the other mail matter, but attracts the rats, so that they eat through the pouches and through the other mail-matter to get to it. Experience has proved, now, that even enclosing cake and candy in tin or wood does not remedy these evils; and consequently a late ruling declares cake, candy and all sorts of confectionery unmailable. This, observes the Chicago Journal, will break the hearts of a great many brides and bridesmaids, but it is indispensably necessary.

A Washington letter says that a man named Arnot, who is now employed in the agricultural department cleaning spittoons and brushing desks, was once a millionaire mail contractor and lived at the capital in the highest style. He is one of the most picturesque and striking figures to be found in Washington. His favorite amusement is to pose himself in a conspicuous place, usually against some pillar in the hotel lobby, and watch the people as they come in and out, evidently extremely gratified at the attention which his appearance attracts. He wears a drooping white mustache, which is curled at the ends, and has an aristocratic nose upon which a pair of gold-mounted glasses are perched. His black silk hat is of antediluvian style, and around it is wound a string of crumpled seven inches wide, which gives him some resemblance to Judge Waxen, from away back, about to leave Washington on a congressional funeral trip. His shirt front is elaborately ruffled and starched. He wears an enormous watch fob with an old-fashioned seal of the size of a half dollar, and he steadies his stately pose with the assistance of a gold-headed cane and a paleozoic umbrella.

THE STORM EAGLE.

When quiet broods throughout the blue, Nor breathes the wood, nor lips the wave, He hides away from mortal view, A sleep, adream, in some lone cave. But when great storms their fury vent And roar and wreak their pow'r, He soars into the firmament, The genius of the hour.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE. "This is about it," said John Scott, the engineer, as the train slowly crested a long, gradual grade. "You're atop of the Rocky mountains now, ma'am." Emily Vaughn looked to the left and to the right, and was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. She had pictured the top of the Rocky mountains as something quite different from this. Here were no frowning heights or sudden gulfs, only a wide rolling plateau, some distant peaks which did not look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels running down into plains. It seemed hardly worth while to have come so far for so little. "Really!" she said. "But where are the mountains? They don't look nearly so high as they did yesterday!" "Naturally, ma'am," responded the engineer; "things don't appear so high when you're as high as they are. We're atop, you know."

by the time it came to that, and the children stopped hurrahing. "Oh, the poor little things! What did they do? Were there many on board? Was there plenty for them to eat?" "That was the worst of it. There wasn't plenty for any one to eat. We had stuck just midway of the feeding stations, and there wasn't a great deal of anything on board beside what the passengers had in their lunch baskets. One lady she had a can of condensed milk, and they mixed that up for the babies—there was ten of 'em—and so they got on pretty well. But there was about five other children, not babies, but quite little, and I don't know what they would have done if it hadn't been for the young lady." "The young lady?" said Miss Vaughn, looking up with some surprise, for with the words a curious tremble had come into the engineer's voice, and a dark flush into his bronzed face. "What young lady was that?" It was a moment or two before John Scott answered the question. "I don't know what she was called," he said, slowly. "I never knew. She was the only one on the train, so we just called her the young lady. She was traveling alone, but her folks had asked the conductor to look after her. She was going out to some relative of hers—her brother, I guess, who was sick down to Sacramento. That was how she come to be there."

to remember that it might take longer than we was calculating on. "Says I, 'if we are kept here a week there won't be a shovelful of coals left for any of the fires, let alone the engine.'" "Then don't you think," says she, in her soft voice, "that it would be a wise plan to get all the passengers together in one car, and keep a good fire up there, and let the other stoves go out? It's no matter if we are a little crowded," says she. "Well, of course it was the only thing to do, as we see at once when it was put into our heads. We took the car the sick lady was in, so she'd not have to be disturbed, and we made up beds for the children, and somehow all the passengers managed to pack in, train hands and all. It was a tight squeeze, but that didn't matter so much, because the weather was so awfully cold. "That was the way I come to see so much of the young lady. I hadn't anything to keep me about the engine, so I kind of detailed myself off to wait on her. She was busy all day long doing things for the rest. It's queer how people's characters come out at such times. We got to know all about each other. People stopped siring and ma'am-ing and being polite, and just showed for what they were worth. The selfish ones, and the shirks, and the cowards, and the mean cusses who wanted to blame some one beside the Almighty for sending the weather—there wasn't no use for any of them to try to hide themselves any more than it was for the other kind. The women, as a rule, bore up better than the men. It comes natural, I suppose, for a woman to be kind of silent and pale and patient when she's suffering. But the young lady wasn't that sort either. She was as bright as a button all along. You'd have supposed from her face that she was having just the best kind of a time! "I can see her now, standing before the stove roasting jack-rabbits for the others' supper. Some of the gentlemen had revolvers, and when the snow got crusted over, so's they could walk on it, they used to shoot 'em. And we were glad enough of every one shot, provisions were so scanty. The last two days them rabbits and snow-water melted in a pall over the stove was all we had to eat or drink." "I suppose there was nothing for you to do but wait," said Miss Vaughn. "No, ma'am; there wasn't nothing at all for me to do but help the young lady now and then. She let me help her more than the rest, I used to think. She'd come to me and say, 'Mr. Scott, this rabbit is for you and the conductor.' She never forgot anybody—except herself. Once she asked me to hold the sick little girl while she took a sleep. It was mighty pretty always to see her with them children. They never seemed to have enough of her. All of them wanted she should put them to bed, and sing to them, and tell them stories. Sometimes she'd have all five swarming over her at once. I used to watch them."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Exact measurements of the oscillations of chimneys have been made. One near Marseilles, France—115 feet high and four feet in external diameter at the top—reached a maximum oscillation of twenty inches during a high wind. It is found that the fish traps of the large salmon fisheries in the Columbia river, Oregon, are injuring the channel of the river beyond any doubt. At Willow Bar there has formed below the trap, a new bar one-third of a mile wide and three miles long, which up to the present defies removal. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is 480,000,000 miles. It is next in brightness to Venus, and may be seen in the daytime in clear weather from a mountain top. It is about 300 times the weight of the earth, and has 1200 times the bulk of the earth. It reflects nearly one-half the light that falls upon it. One of the blast furnaces of the Kemble Iron & Coal company at Riddlesburg, Penn., was banked up in November, 1884. After being out of blast nearly sixteen months, it was recently opened for the first time, and the fire found still burning. The coke glowed brightly, and on admission of the blast soon became hot enough to melt cinder. The furnace was started with a little difficulty as if it had only been standing a week. The English armor-clad ship Nile, of 12,000 tons, now in course of construction, is to have engines of 12,000 horsepower, and it is expected that with this power a speed of sixteen knots will be attained. This is by far the greatest power yet possessed by any English ship afloat. The engines of the Italian armor-clad Re Umberto, however, have the enormous collective power of 19,500 horses, and are greatly in excess of anything attempted up to the present time. Professor Winchell's comparative trials of the granites of New England and Minnesota have shown some surprising differences in strength. Two inch unpolished cubes were taken, and crushed between wooden cushions, the average strength of Minnesota granite was found to be 91,272 pounds, or 23,218 pounds per square inch; crushed between steel plates, the average strength was 108,800 pounds, or 26,200 pounds to the square inch of surface. A like number of specimens of New England granite gave an average strength of 59,785 pounds, or 14,759 pounds to the square inch. The interaction of mind and body, in disease, is well set forth by Dr. Haecker, 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 on 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 Rope of Refuge. "When I was captured before Petersburg," said Captain Richard O'Neill, "I was first taken to Libby Prison. The prison was crowded, and the day after I was placed in it I was told that we were all to be searched for valuables. I had \$500 in my pocket, and was thinking with little pleasure that this would soon go to swell the Confederate purse, when I noticed a man in a corner with his back to the crowd busy at some mysterious work. I stole up to him, and glancing over his shoulder saw that he was rolling up greenbacks into small cylinders. "Hullo!" I said, "what are you doing?" "I ain't doing nothing," he replied, gruffly, looking at me suspiciously. But I saw he had a rope in his hand which was larger at one end than at the other. "Don't tell any one for the world," he said, for he saw I knew what he was about. "I'm in the same boat," I said. "Well, go and get a rope," he said, "and I'll hide them for you." "I pressed my way through the crowd to the door. 'My good friend,' I said to the sentry, 'I have lost my suspenders, and I'll give you \$5 to get me a rope to tie round my waist.' 'Greenbacks!' bawled the sentry, and in a few minutes brought me one. I took it to my friend, and in two hours he had plaited my \$500 into the rope so skillfully that no one could see a ray of a bill. Soon after we were stripped and searched. When my clothes were returned the rope was not noticed. 'My good friend,' I said to the soldier in charge, 'I have broken my suspenders, and I have nothing but that old rope to tie around my waist; will you not pick it up for me?' 'Take your old rope, you Yank!' said the Confederate. 'I've no doubt you have a right to it; only you ought to wear it higher up than your waist, as many a better man has done.' He tossed me the rope, and I tied it round my waist. My friend, who was a sailor, got his rope back safely, and the next day escaped. My own rope afterward saved my life and that of a Bostonian named Curtis."—New York Star. The Jocular Judge and the Lawyer. While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber at Portland one day a rich and very dignified lawyer, who may be called Lightweight, came in. The judge said: "Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?" "Because I can't afford it. How much do you suppose it costs me to live now?" The judge said he couldn't guess. "Well, it costs me \$6,000 a year just for my own living." An expression of surprise came on the judge's face. "Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."—Louisian Journal.

THE DEAD MARCH.

Play me a march low-toned and slow, a march for a silent tread. Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead. Lonely—between the bones below and the souls that are overhead. Here for awhile they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace; Here with the grass beneath the feet and the stars above the face, Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown their grace? Who shall assure us whence they come, or tell us the way they go? Verily life with them was joy, and now they have left us, woe! Once they were not, and now they are not; and this is the way we know. Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars. How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds and scars? Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-seen bars? No, we are here with feet unfixed, but ever as if with lead. Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which we tread. Down to the dust from which we came and with which we shall mingle, dead. No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our banished eyes. Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry, and faint for skies. Far from the reach of wingless men and not to be sealed with cries. No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of tyrant Time; Welcoming all the gifts he gives us—glories of youth and prime; Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white as rime. Why do we mourn the days that go, for the same sun shines on each day? Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her May; Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born to-day. Do we not, too, return, we men, as ever the round earth whirls? Never a head is dimmed with gray, but another is sunned with curls. She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls. Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face wore! Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen shore! Ah, for the face, the flower of flowers, that blossoms on earth no more. —Magazine of Art.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A note-orious affair—A concert. A school for liars—A school of fish. A shocking affair—The electric battery. What interjection is of the feminine gender? Alas! A carpenter may have many virtues, still he can't get along without vices.—Pacific Jester. "I'll look into this thing," the man remarked when handed a kaleidoscope.—Palmer Journal. When a business house is in a "shaky" condition, is it proper to speak of it as a firm?—Pacific Jester. There is one thing that cannot be "slow and sure," and that is a watch.—Burlington Free Press. "This is the widow of my discontent," groaned an old miser who married an extravagant relict.—Merchant-Traveler. Among the "society offenders who might well be under ground" we may mention the telegraph wires.—Detroit Free Press. It is asserted that Henry Irving takes snuff. This is prima facie evidence that he is a good enough actor at a pinch.—Texas Siftings. An exchange asks: What can the Hindoo? Well, almost anything is better than idling away his time.—German-town Independent. Cadmus was the first postman. He brought letters to Greece.—Boston Transcript. So! We thought the first male was left in the Garden of Eden.—Boston Bulletin. A young physician of New York refused to go duck hunting with a party of friends the other day. He said the ducks were too infernally personal in their remarks when addressing him.—Life. THE TWO COLLUDING GO TOGETHER. The winter will be over in a very little while, and the maiden isn't sad to see it go. For she couldn't wear a bustle of the drom-edary style. Beneath a seal-skin dolman, danteerknow.—Boston Courier. You may talk about woman being fickle and changeable till you grow tired of your own voice, but in one particular she is always the same. She never gets too old to take an interest in a love story.—Chicago Leader. "Mother," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan." "Why so, my dear?" "Because I should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum."—Boston Journal. "Der First Man Kilt." General Casement told me of a German who was slightly wounded in the first engagement of the war in which his command participated. The man got a scratch on his scalp. He jumped about six feet in the air and grabbed his scalp with both hands, exclaiming: "Sherusalem! 'Der first man kilt in Company D."—New York Tribune. Putting His Horse into Submission. There is a colored preacher who lives near Jasper, Ga., who rules his horse by butting him. If the horse is fractious or stubborn he takes the kinks out by deliberately setting it by the ears and butting it squarely in the forehead until it falls to its knees. This it generally does at the second or third butt, when the old person steps behind and drives ahead again.—Copers (Ga.) Solid South.