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Thirty-seven Japanese publications are devoted to matters connected with education, and these have a total circulation of 42,649 per month. There are seven medical papers, with a monthly circulation of 13,514; nine relating to sanitary matters, with a circulation of 8,195; two on forestry and two on pharmacy. There are seven devoted to various branches of science, with a circulation of 3,439; but to these must be added twenty-two engaged in popularizing science, with a total circulation of 79,666.

Texas has a new industry. The Clear Creek Crab Canning Company has been organized in Galveston county, and is doing a big business in catching and canning crabs. The shells are removed except the claws, ground in a mill and sent to France, where they are manufactured into a dentifrice. The oil that rises on the vats where the crabs are boiled is used in making soap, and is said to be equal to coconut oil for this purpose. The crabs themselves are packed in five-gallon cans, and are reckoned good.

The object of those who provide doves for shooting matches is to produce birds which will rise rapidly from the trap, fly erratically, and make a struggle to get out of the bounds, even if hit. In England the plan used to be to pull a few feathers out of the bird's tail and apply tar to the spot or to run a pin into the flesh. These practices were stopped by the authorities, and now a new method is in use. The only water given to the birds for twelve to twenty-four hours before the tournament is salt water. This almost maddens them, and when they rise from the trap they fulfill all requirements.

The emigration to this country from Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia and China for the five years ended in 1885 was 341,778. Nearly all of these emigrants took the places of American laborers at starvation prices. A table recently compiled shows that from 1876 to 1880, inclusive, 289,153 skilled laborers came to this country and 152,447 unskilled laborers. From 1881 to 1885 there were 541,119 of the former and 628,788 of the latter, showing an increase of the latter of more than 300 per cent. All of the unskilled laborers, as a rule, remain in the large cities.

Colonel Conway, who professes to know all the noted "bad men" of the plains, tells a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter that they are invariably blondes. He says the traditional idea of a desperado as a man of raven locks, piercing black eyes and a long, jetty moustache is all wrong. He goes into particulars thus: "Masterson, the famous sheriff of Dodge, who had killed twenty-seven men when he was twenty-seven years old, has light hair and blue eyes. So has Doc Holliday, exiled from Arizona for trying to kill off all Tombstone in one day. The Erp brothers could join a Lydia Thompson troupe if yellow curls went for anything. Luke Short, notorious throughout the entire West, is a little fellow of a blonde cast. That is the complexion of Mart Duggan and Jim Kinney, two very bad men of great renown in Colorado; and so on throughout the list.

Connecticut is the richest State in the Union in unprofitable mines. Gold and silver and many other metals have been found in a score of townships, but not in paying quantity. North Stonington has a meagre marble mine, New London is going to dig for petroleum, and a day or two ago a soapstone mine, that once was worked by the Indians, was discovered within the borough limits of Wilmamantic. The deposit cropped out on the Young farm, near the aesthetic Wilmamantic thread mill, and not a dozen rods from the railroad. It is on high ground that is clear of timber, and all about it there is evidence that considerable quantities of the stone were removed at a distant time in the past. Fragments of soapstone pots and dishes, finely chiseled and polished, have frequently been found by villagers, and mounds of upthrown earth, now grass grown, indicate the places in which the Indians worked in the old quarry. The mine is to be worked by Springfield (Mass.) men, who, by means of the magnetic needle, which is strongly affected by the magnetic ore in the stone, have traced the deposit for a long way down the hillside, and who are confident that the mine is a very large and valuable one. The old opening in the quarry at which the Indians worked has been enlarged, and the rock as far down as the workmen have penetrated is pure soapstone. At every point on the hill where a shaft has been made the stone is found in abundance. The Springfield men will begin to work the mine about the first of next August.

HAD I BUT KNOWN!

Had I but known that nothing is undone From rising until setting of the sun, That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach, That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever, I would have measured out and weighed my speech; To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor, Had I but known!

Had I but known how swiftly speed away The living hours that make the living day, That 'tis above delay's so dangerous slough Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow, I would have seized time's evanescent Now! I would be spared this unavailing sorrow, Had I but known!

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire That lay in ambush at my heart's desire, Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand, And left a mark forever to remain, I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand; I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain, Had I but known!

Had I but known we never can repeat Life's springtime freshness or its summer heat, Nor gather second harvest from life's field, Nor aged winter change to youthful spring, To me life's flowers their honey all would yield; I would not feel one wasted moment's sting, Had I but known! —Hunter MacCulloch, in Lippincott.

MISS FORTUNE'S ROMANCE.

It was a hot day in May—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing, and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated, and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Croyle had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course, could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to eat ices, and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida, with a charming frankness, "but some one is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?" "As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Nobles' and the Hilliards' and—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years since. I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me; I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good-by, girls."

and even such straws as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she felt a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimera, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictory, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?" "Your father is so provoking. He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with Madame; and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that, and it really took all interest out of our spring costumes. Beside, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, do nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gertrude."

"But what will people say?" "Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he cannot possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite reconciled to the lot she had proposed for herself when she saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little house-keeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch, and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr. Symington had called before the ladies left, and both times Fortune missed him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs. Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat, "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said: 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr. Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Colonel Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key-note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

speedily, he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so barren a love. Letters to destroy she had none, and as for tokens or souvenirs, she had only one ancient brooch of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it; but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remarks about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he should have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it upon her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely. It was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and wept some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and she felt that all of the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Oh, beloved, do not now deny it?"

"How dare I love you, Ray?" "How dare you not love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why delay longer?" "One thing, Ray, I must ask you. I saw two letters from Gertrude among the papers you dropped one morning?" "Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!" "About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she needed it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.—Harper's Weekly.

Eels.

Now that the aversion to batrachia for food has been overcome to a certain degree, it is to be hoped that the indubitable delicacy of the eel as a palatable fish will be more generally recognized. The Egyptians were the only ancient people who did not consider the eel fit food for kings and princes. In the light of present science the eel is shown to be a most cleanly feeder, living upon the spawn of fishes. It will touch nothing that is unclean or tainted, and will at times nibble the plants that float upon the surface of the water. When lentils are ripe, of which they are especially fond, they have been seen on foraging expeditions in the fields adjacent to the river banks.

Dr. Marshall Hall, to whom the science of medicine owes so much, discovered that eels possessed a "caudal heart entirely dependent upon the pulmonary heart." It is supposed that this second heart causes the extraordinary strength of the eel's tail. A comical incident befell me in Germany. There, fish of all sorts are sold alive, and are killed in the kitchen a few moments before they are to be cooked. Eels are considered a great delicacy, and are sold at fifty and sixty cents a pound. Having received an unusually large fish from the neighboring town, and wishing to keep it until the next day, the cook took it in a large bucket with water to the hotel, that it might be kept in the "fish pot" in a running stream until wanted. A moment or two after she left the house with her shining, steel-blue burden, I heard a swish of water, and looking out of the window saw his elchship seize the edge of the bucket by his tail and throw himself over, as it were, by a "back-hand-spring" on the ground. Now began a chase such as is seldom seen. The astonished cook attempted to catch the great creature, forgetting in her zeal that "slippery as an eel" was no vain adage. Away over the hard road wriggled the fish, with the cook in frantic pursuit. By this time quite a number of persons joined in the chase, but to no purpose. Fearing to injure the creature, there was no force used, and fully fifteen minutes elapsed before the eel was captured and replaced in the bucket. The precaution was taken to cover the top of the bucket with a net, so that any further attempt to escape was precluded.—New York Commercial.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

While a man in Clinton, Pa., was preparing to go to bed he was struck by a thunderbolt and had all the clothing stripped from his body, leaving him unharmed.

A large ball to the thumb in a bad hand promises a leaning to all sorts of self-indulgence; but in an artist's hand it indicates love of color and gifts of expression by means of color alone.

An accident in a Melbourne foundry led to the discovery that plunging iron castings into a mixture of treacle and water softens the metal to such a degree that it can be worked as readily as wrought iron.

A slave could be bought for about seventy-five cents in ancient Rome. This was at the time of the conquest of Great Britain, and one single Roman family owned as many as 400 slaves. Among them were some well-educated and superior people. Some were doctors, some were tutors to the children and some were artists.

Some of the monasteries in England in the eighth century were presided over by ladies. There was a famous one at Whitby in Yorkshire which was ruled by the Abbess Hilda. She belonged to the royal family. She trained up many clergymen, and no less than five bishops. Cedmon, the first English poet, dwelt in her abbey.

The first light ever hoisted over the Capitol at Washington, in 1847, was a lantern on a mast towering about one hundred and fifty feet above the dome. The mast was secured by heavy iron braces. The lantern was surmounted by a ball and weather vane. With the glass in the lantern it weighed about eight hundred pounds. It contained large burners, and when lighted it illuminated not only the entire Capitol grounds, but all the higher portions of the city.

The Chinese have the following legend about the invention of the fan: "The beautiful Kau Si, daughter of a powerful mandarin, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, when she became overpowered by the heat. She was compelled to take off her mask. But, as it was illegal to expose her face, she held her mask before it, and gently fluttered it to cool herself. The court ladies present noticed it, and in an instant a hundred other hands were waving their masks. This was the birth of the fan, which to-day takes the place of the mask in China."

The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. An old Latin writer calls it *triton*, evidently from an ancient form. The usual form on towers and castles was that of a banner, but on ecclesiastical edifices it generally was a weathercock. There was a symbolic reason for the adoption of the figure of a cock. The cross surmounted by a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the repentance of St. Peter, and as a reminder of the important duties of repentance and Christian vigilance.

Suicides by Monarchs.

There have been comparatively few instances of suicide among the occupants of the thrones of modern times. The most recent case was that of Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, who killed himself in June, 1876, by opening the veins of his arm with a pair of scissors. His subjects had rebelled against him, and the Council and Ministers had determined to remove him and appoint his nephew Murad as Sultan in his stead.

In 1868 Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia, is said by some authorities to have shot himself, while others assert that he was killed in battle by the British invaders.

On Oct. 8, 1820, Henry Christophe, King of Hayti, in order to prevent himself being taken prisoner by the insurgents, who had gained ascendancy in the island, shot himself through the heart.

Charles VII., King of France, probably inherited a taint of insanity from his father, and the latter part of his life was embittered by monomania, manifesting itself in the apprehension that his children had conspired to poison him. Under this apprehension he refused food for seven days, and died of starvation near Bourges, July 22, 1461.

HOME.

Two birds within one nest; Two hearts within one breast; Two souls within one fair Firm league of love and prayer, Together bound for aye, together blast.

An ear that waits to catch A hand upon the latch; A step that hastens its sweet rest to win. A world of care without, A world of strife shut out, A world of love shut in. —Dora Fernwell.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One kind of egg plant—A chicken farm. For the baby there should always be a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.—Merchant Traveler.

Does it not seem strange that we should employ contractors to enlarge buildings?—Lambler.

Knowledge is not always power. Every thief knows that there is plenty of money in the banks, but how is he to get at it?—Cobb.

With all his experiences, his business and in conversation the barber is not always acquainted with the parts of speech. —Boston Budget.

An English champion pigeon about announces that he "will aboot any man in America for \$1,000." Let him take a pop at Apache Chief Gerouimo.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Landlady—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder Smith—"Ah, yes, poor thing; I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been very strong."—Sittings.

Teacher—"How many elements are there?" Little Boy—"Water, fish, earth, air and—"

Teacher—"There isn't any other element, is there?" Little Boy—"Oh, yes, there is; there's the lawless element in Chicago."—Sittings.

A young man in Gainesville, Fla., sent 75 cents to a fellow in New York, who advertised "How to make money fast." He received from the New Yorker the valuable information: "Take a paper bill and make it fast to something with paste." The young man now feels that life is a delusion.—Savannah News.

A lady living "On the Hill" Roundout, whose clock had run down the other night, asked a neighbor's little girl if she knew how to tell the time of day. "Yes, ma'am," replied the child. "Well, then, will you just run into the house and see what time it is for me?" "Oh, I don't know how to tell that way. I only know how when it strikes," was the reply.—Kingston Freeman.

HEALTH HINTS.

Lard, if applied at once, will remove the discoloration after a bruise. A fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

For burns, Dr. Mosley declares that balsam of copaiba is an application very preferable to bicarbonate of soda or other remedies which have been advocated.

To apply a mustard plaster so as not to blister the skin, mix the mustard with the white of an egg instead of water. The plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most delicate skin.

Whooping cough remedy—Half cup molasses, one tablespoon castor oil, one teaspoon spirits of camphor, half teaspoon paregoric. Stir ingredients together thoroughly and give a teaspoon whenever a bad coughing spell comes on.

Chinese Paper Makers.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese made paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is cut spirally by a keen knife into slices six inches wide and twice as long. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window frames, paper sliding doors, and paper visiting cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British government visited Peking several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out on the floor, proved to be the visiting card of the Emperor.

The English Royal Family.

It costs a good deal to support Queen Victoria and her family. Here is a list of the amounts as near as they can be got at in dollars: The Queen receives annually about \$3,100,000; the Prince of Wales, \$600,000; Prince Alfred, \$130,000; Prince Arthur, \$145,000; Princess Royal, \$50,000; Princess Helena, \$20,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Princess Beatrice, \$30,000; Duchess of Albany, \$30,000; Duchess of Cambridge, \$30,000; Princess Augusta, \$15,000; Duke of Cambridge, \$110,000; Duke of Edinburgh, \$130,000; Princess Mary, \$25,000; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, \$16,000; Prince Leiningen, \$3,000; Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, \$10,000.

The common mocking bird will attack dogs, cats, hawks, crows and buzzards when they invade his range. He is not a rest bird, but of the fields. He prefers an open situation and the haunts of men. The orchard, a hedge, a solitary hawthorn, where he has plenty of sunlight and a breadth of view, suits him best. It is reported that a deposit of genuine meerschaum has been found on the beach near Yaquina, Oregon.