

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one month... \$ 1.00 One Square, one inch, three months... 3 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00 Two Squares, one year... 18 00 Quarter Column, one year... 10 00 Half Column, one year... 6 00 One Column, one year... 4 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each week.

The total area directly or indirectly under the authority of the British empire may be taken at nearly 10,000,000 of square miles, or about one-fifth of the 50,000,000 of square miles composing the habitable globe. Out of the grand total not less than 2,500,000 of square miles have been topographically surveyed, and of this nearly all has been surveyed minutely, field by field.

An eccentric farmer at Hartford, Ind., is engaged in the task of endeavoring to walk many miles each day upon an improvised track, to wear away three layers which he imagines have been added to his feet. He began his tireless walk about two years ago, and keeps upon his feet eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

The landed property of England covers some 72,000,000 acres. It is worth \$10,000,000,000 and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of \$300,000,000. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is owned by 7,400 individuals.

"King Consumption," said a New York physician of reputation lately, "who has put so many in a decline, is at last on a decline himself in this city. He has not lightened his hold upon those upon whom he has once fastened, but the number of his victims is steadily diminishing. The progress of the disease, after it is once seated, is pronounced by physicians to be more rapid than it was when this generation was young, and there is much more rapid transit from its inception to its culmination."

Bathers' cramp is made the subject of an article in the Popular Science News. The conclusion is reached that although the intimate nature of muscular cramps and the precise mode in which they are established are still unknown, sufficient data on the subject enables us to recognize the chief conditions of their causation, which are as follows: A peculiar individual susceptibility; the shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body; prolonged muscular exertion, and forcible and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities.

King Otto of Bavaria, successor to the late King Ludwig, resides, or is kept rather, in the Chateau of Furstentried, about one hour's ride from Munich. The castle is wholly isolated and situated in the heart of the forest. It was a convent in the thirteenth century, and was purchased by King Louis I. The garden and park are traversed by a grand avenue shaded by elms and surrounded by a high wall. The guards and servants are stationed in little houses. Patrols of honor are posted at the entrance to the castle since Otto's elevation to the throne.

IN HARVEST TIME.

Low wind-ghosts flutter through the rustling corn, A locust drones in yonder whispering tree, And where dissolves the misty veil of morn, The lazy ships sail slowly out to sea, In harvest time. The scarlet poppies cluster by the road, The sweeping scythes flash in the falling grass, And lumbering wagons, with their heavy load, Along the dusty highways lingering pass, In harvest time.

HER FIRST WARD.

"There ought to be a law against it!" said Alice Hawkes. "Yes, there ought." She was a tall, handsome girl, with great dark eyes, hair of lustrous brown, all lighted with changing gleams, like satin when it lies in folds. "Well, then," said Kate Jennings, "you have no business to be left an heiress, with no one to look after your rights and privileges. It is natural enough that you should become the prey of your needy relatives."

Miss Hawkes' countenance was very dejected, however, the next day, when, wrapped in sables and velvet, she drove to the depot, about a mile and a half distant from Hawkes Hall, to take possession of her new treasure. But the horses were fat and the roads were heavy with the mud following on a January train, and the noise of the retreating train had long since ceased to echo among the hills when the carriage drew up in front of the station. "I knew we should be too late, Ralph," said Miss Hawkes, sighing, as she descended from the carriage, with a little sugar dog—the result of a last sudden uncertainty whether her future charge were three or thirteen years of age—in her gloved hand.

"Him—and glad enough we be to see the last on him! Like to set the depot a fire, snow-balled a hole in the windy and tied a tin pall to old Bose's tail!" And as he spoke he pushed forward an ungainly boy of about twelve green springs—a freckled, sullen-eyed, heavy-looking lad, with both paws thrust into his trousers' pockets and his chin sunk on his breast. "Alexander Adolphus Wayne, mum—that's the way he was labeled on his trunks. 'To be called for by Miss Hawkes,' and the very time you were there I was a larruping' him down in the cellar for a comin' that there game on Bose, as has been station dog these three years. And I calculate that ere was the way I missed ye."

CHINESE PEARL-GROWERS.

NOTED GEMS THAT ARE OWNED BY ROYAL FOLK. How Pearls Are Dived for—Valuable Turquoise Combined With Them in Making Fashionable Jewelry. "We handle more pearls than any other kind of precious jewels," said a New York importer. "The taste for them has been reviving rapidly during the last few years until they have become almost as popular a gem as the diamond. In one respect they resemble the diamond more than anything else we trade in, for their smallest of them are saleable and have always a market value."

WHERE PATRIOTS SLEEP.

In dreams I stand beside the tide Where those old heroes fell; Above the valleys, long and wide, Sweet rings the Sabbath bell, Where patriots sleep. I hear no more the bugle blow, As on that fateful day; I hear the ring-dove fluting low, Where shaded waters stray, Where patriots sleep.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A stage coach—The prompter. Father (trascibly)—"Who's got my boot-jack?" Cora (smiling archly)—"The cat."—Puck. May an artist who sketches a heap of edibles be said to be "drawing rations?"—St. Paul Herald-Journal. Deacons wear squeaky boots on Sundays in order to wake up sleepers when they land around the contribution boxes.—Picaque. Cyclone insurance companies are being organized. Although why any man wants to insure a cyclone we can't understand.—Call. "I know what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of pants and jackets.—Boston Courier. The barbers were once professional blood-letters. They still give occasional reminiscences of their old business. "Did I cut you, sir?"—Boston Budget. It doesn't take a woman long after she is married to learn that a man can muss up a bureau drawer more in three seconds than she can put it in order again after an hour's patient work.—Somerville Journal. "Grandpa," said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snoring after dinner nap. "If you would give your nose a spoonful of paregoric, don't you think you could put it to sleep too?"—Burdette. It does make a letter carrier howling mad, this blistering, breathless hot weather, to pick up his favorite paper for a few brief minutes on the sultriest morning of the week and light the first thing on a long, able editorial, entitled: "We do not walk enough."—Brooklyn Eagle. HER LITTLE RUSE. She had a pretty hair And she had a little cough And her little cough it is no harm to mention, When in the church she sat, Shook the plumes upon her hat And to its many beauties called attention.—Boston Courier. Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Late Mrs. Null," is accused of giving his heroine gray eyes on one page and blue eyes on another. Quite as remarkable cases as this have frequently occurred. Men have left home with cold, gray eyes in the morning, and returned home at night with a beautiful pair of black-and-blue-eyes.—Norristown Herald. The Care of Babies. The following directions for the care babies in summer, issued by the New York Board of Health, are applicable to any locality: NURSING OF INFANTS.—Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours. Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. If an infant is thirsty give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar. FEEDING OF INFANTS.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee-grinder) and one-half part of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes; strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouth-piece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added. For infants six or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. For older infants, give more milk than barley water. For infants very costly, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before. When your breast-milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food. In hot weather if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda. Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck. No child under two years old ought to eat at your table. Give no candies, in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders. SUMMER COMPLAINT.—It comes from over-feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your well children with cool water twice a day, or oftener in the hot season. Never neglect looseness in the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, garbage-boxes or cutters about the house where you live. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good, and may prevent cholera infantum. A Cure for Corns. A Berlin gentleman who was greatly tormented with corns found in a paper an advertisement promising a certain and speedy cure of this particular affliction. "Apply by letter, inclosing 1.10 mark in stamps, to A. X., Poste Restante, Geneva." Our friend applied accordingly. In a few days he received the following reply: If your corns have grown full size And sit your soul with woe, My remedy you'll surely prize 'Tis this: Paw off your toes. For this purpose I recommend my bone saws at prices varying from ten to twenty marks. Dr. Eisenbart.—Frankenblatt.