

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

A Pittsburg builder of cheap houses uses matched flooring instead of lath and plaster.

Here is another argument for oatmeal and milk. There are living in West River Settlement, Nova Scotia, four brothers—McLeod—whose united ages foot up 324 years.

The meanest teacher on record—and that means a great deal to the children—is the one at Liegnitz, in Germany, who gave her class the following problem for a holiday task.

The Powdery of Belgium is named Pahaut. He is the leader of the Belgian quarrymen, and during the recent labor riots in that country he exercised his influence on the side of order.

There is trouble over the famous Navarro flats in New York, the model and mammoth apartment buildings that were to revolutionize methods of living.

Statistics in regard to newspapers seem easy to obtain, yet it is asserted that for the first time an accurate counting appears in a report read before the Imperial German Diet.

Texas has been popularly supposed to bear the palm for sententiousness since the episode of the householder who, upon observing a burglar climbing into his window at night, drew a revolver and simply remarked: "Git!"

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not!

HIS REWARD.

"The dearest little woman in the world," I answered enthusiastically, when Robert Payton asked me for a description of Mabel.

Then Robert interrupted me with a light laugh: "If you admire her so much, old fellow, why do you recommend her to your friends?"

Here, meeting the conscience-stricken eyes, I plunged into a discussion of some public topic, and she spoke no more of Mabel until she came herself to the porch where we were seated.

He was my friend in college, and had accepted an invitation given years before, and come to spend a few weeks in Somerville with me.

She was but fifteen then, an innocent child, fair as a flower, gentle, loving, and yet full of youth's happiness.

Shyly at first, but in a little time, with all the frank confidence of the years we had spent together in college, Robert made me the confidant of his love.

"You cannot escape this way," I shouted, pushing them back into the room: "we must try the window!"

I threw open the window, and the door flashed into flame. A crowd beamed a shout as I lifted Aunt Clara to the sash, and hundreds of arms were raised to receive her as I lowered her to them.

It was many long days before I knew anything more. I was taken to another hotel, and here my aunt and Mabel nursed me back to life again.

Tenderest love spared me all possible pain, but I murmured sorely. All my dreams of ambition were put aside with much repining for the deformity and lameness were not so insupportable as a bar as a severe internal injury, that will make me an invalid till God takes me from life.

In the darkest hours of my despair Mabel was the angel who brought the light of patient submission to comfort me.

How could I fail to love her more and more every day—my comforter, my darling! Was she not ever beside me, to wait upon me, to play for me, to sing to me, read with me, wear away the long hours in games, and when my suffering was shown in my face, to bend over me, and, with her tears falling, thank me for her life.

Three years had passed since the fire, when Robert came to visit me. He had left me in the full flush of youthful strength; he found me a crippled invalid; but by God's mercy no longer a despairing, murmuring one.

But when the letter reached me announcing Robert's intention of visiting, a strange vision rose before me, uniting the lives of the two who were my dearest friends on earth.

I rose up bewildered and went slowly to the house. Aunt Clara was in her little sewing-room, and I entered my own snugger beside it.

"Why, John, old fellow," Robert said, in a cheery tone that gladdened my heart, after the confidence of the morning.

"I could only look wistfully into his face." "I know! You meant it all for the best," he said, still in the same low tone.

"I heard no more. The sudden rush of happiness was too much for my feeble health, and I fell forward heavily, utterly unconscious. When my senses returned I had been lifted by Robert's strong arms to the sofa in my snugger, and he was standing beside me.

"Mabel!" I cried, sitting up in spite of the agony it caused me. And she came at my call. At last, she read the love in my face, and she nestled in my arms, sobbing quietly.

"I can scarcely believe it yet," I said. "You love me, lame, deformed, sick!" "What made you so?" she answered.

She was mine now, my darling, my Mabel! I am stronger as the years go by, but I shall never be quite well, never anything but a deformed cripple; yet Mabel loves me, and in my wife's affection I find happiness.

Sweden's Manners. One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry.

Later he would be provoked, and once he hinted at arrival. Earnestly and truly I assured him that in the whole range of her maiden friends, Mabel had never shown favor to one above another.

Cherished by my assurances, encouraged by the affection of Aunt Clara, Robert became more hopeful as the summer days wore by, and my first attempt at matchmaking seemed in a fair way to prosper.

September was with us, and Robert was talking of returning to the city. Already, under the influence of his love for Mabel, he had prolonged his stay far beyond his original intention, and we had gladly urged him to do so.

"To-day!" I cried, and looking full in his face. I knew why he was going.

"I did not mean to speak so soon," he said, in a low voice, that he made even by a strong effort, "but I met her on the porch, and she was so kind knowing my stay was nearly over, that I was hopeful for the first time. I told her my love, and before she spoke I read my answer in her sad, wistful eyes. She does not love me. Very gently she told me this. I cannot accuse her of any coquetry, for she has given me no more encouragement than the frank friendliness of hospitality. It was all my own folly. But, John," and Robert placed his hands upon mine, looking earnestly into my face, "she told me in her pure, womanly sympathy for my pain, her maiden secret. When I pleaded for time, hoping still to win her, she told me all her love, all her heart, was already given to another. Death might come before her love was answered, but it was no longer hers to bestow.

Before I could speak Robert left me again. Did he guess, by the pain of his own heart, the secret of mine? Was this unknown rival as startling as unexpected to him as to me? Mabel, this child I had known from babyhood—Mabel, nursing a secret love! I could not believe it! Reject Robert for some stranger, whose name I could not guess! It must have been while I was in college that the love grew in her heart, while she was yet but a child.

I rose up bewildered and went slowly to the house. Aunt Clara was in her little sewing-room, and I entered my own snugger beside it. The doors were not closed, and Mabel was on her knees, her face hidden in the bosom of the only mother she had ever known. I could hear her voice as she sobbed.

"It was cruel, mamma, to bring him here—cruel to him and me!" "Bug, Mabel," my aunt said, gently, caressing the bowed head, "I cannot understand. You say you cannot love him because you love another. Tell me, darling, where have you given your love?"

"Whom could I love but John?" I heard no more. The sudden rush of happiness was too much for my feeble health, and I fell forward heavily, utterly unconscious. When my senses returned I had been lifted by Robert's strong arms to the sofa in my snugger, and he was standing beside me. I could see my aunt holding Mabel in her arms near the window.

"I could only look wistfully into his face." "I know! You meant it all for the best," he said, still in the same low tone; "but, you see, love will not be driven. God grant you every happiness! I can say it from my heart. Mrs. Meredith," he said, aloud, "can I speak to you a moment in the garden?"

Aunt Clara gently released herself from Mabel, and we were alone. "Mabel!" I cried, sitting up in spite of the agony it caused me.

"I can scarcely believe it yet," I said. "You love me, lame, deformed, sick!" "What made you so?" she answered.

"Was it not to save my life you risked your own? You could have easily escaped, but you waited for me. Oh, John," she said, earnestly, "I loved you always. I cannot remember when my love was not given to you, but never has it been so strong, so true, so life-long as since you were crippled, deformed, and sickly for my sake."

So she is mine now, my darling, my Mabel! I am stronger as the years go by, but I shall never be quite well, never anything but a deformed cripple; yet Mabel loves me, and in my wife's affection I find happiness.

Swedish Manners.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedes are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound.

Try It!

The jelly jar is on the shelf, And Johnny stands and helps himself. 'Tis no time to take a spoon, For some one may be coming soon.

But soon he starts in quick surprise— Mamma looks in with sober eye. "Why, Johnny! How can you do so? That is not nice at all, you know!" "Not nice, mamma?" he laughs in glee, "Just take a taste and then you'll see!"

RUNNING A TENT SHOW.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP UP A CIRCUS IN THE SEASON.

A Heavy Expenditure Before a Cent Comes In—What the Money is Paid Out For.

Few have any idea of the executive ability required to run even a moderately large railroad show. All reputable circuses now travel by rail, and many proprietors own their own rolling-stock. They not only give transportation to an army of men and horses, but bed and shelter them also. The first thing is to lay out a route into "stands" of from one day to a week according as the town to be visited is a "\$2,000 town," a "\$12,000 or a \$15,000 town."

When a circus train rolls into a town the cars containing the performers are side-tracked, but the flats carrying the property wagons and cages are into position for immediate removal. A long pair of skids are placed at each end of the line of flats and the spaces between the cars are bridged by smaller pairs. In loading, the material is so arranged that the first thing needed will be the first to come off. The wagons being towed along the top of the cars, are taken down the incline with the brakes down, where one or two teams, the animals having their tails done up in burlaps to avoid having them worn off or eaten, are in readiness to be hitched to the wagon, when it is whisked off to the grounds.

The spectacle of the great fabric of spars and canvas going up in the course of an hour or two is something worth witnessing. After the preliminary measuring a man steps around and indicates where stakes are to be driven by planting little wires tufted with red. Immediately in his wake comes a man with a stake, and with him a group of drivers, who range themselves about it, each commencing a regular swing with a big iron maul. They follow each other with blows so closely that it almost looks as though a continuous stream of iron were striking the stake, which is sent into the ground with a steady motion, as if from an even pressure, and not a succession of blows. It takes forty-five seconds to drive a stake and to accomplish what would wind an ordinary man. While one is puzzling himself how the tent is going to be put up, the great expanse of canvas which has been unrolled on the ground commences to rise in the center, and flattens out as the guy ropes are made fast to the outside stakes. The roof is further braced by wall poles, which have previously been laid under the canvas. Then the walls go up, and the tent assumes recognizable shape. Expert canvasmen receive \$30 to \$60 per month and board, and bosses (one for each tent) \$100 to \$200 per month.

Meanwhile the ordinary actors, side-show freaks, fakirs, candy butchers, and others have crawled out from their quarters in some old worn-out coach to suit their purposes. It has rows of bunks on either side, four deep instead of two as usual in sleepers. Calico curtains adorn the front of the bunks, which are rarely drawn, as seclusion goes at a heavy discount. The higher-priced performers travel in somewhat better style.

The common herd always eat at the mess tent, and frequently the better class of actors in places where hotel accommodations are not the best.

All contracts call for board and transportation. Trainers get \$25 per month; teamsters \$40; animal attendants, \$15 per week or less; "lion tainers," \$50 per week; ring performers, \$25 to \$50 per week; female trapeze performers, \$150 to \$250 per week, according to reputation; riders, male and female, \$45 to \$50 per week, unless they have National reputation or own their own stock, which is frequently the case, when these prices are increased according to the value and number of horses. These figures were given by a showman, who may have stretched them somewhat for the glory of the profession, and they are for the common run of performers, having no reference to stars, whose salaries are regulated by competition among managers.

It is to be remembered that these salaries do not last the year round, though the people usually make dates with variety theatres or dime museums, or go South during the winters. Performers are required to furnish their own costumes and properties, though the super has his supplied by the manager. Circus men, like actors, have a cold-blooded way of lying about their salaries. It is believed to be to the interest of performer and manager to do this, and the habit has much to do with the misleading glamor thrown around show life. This professional fiction is frequently backed up by dummy contracts, which are ornamented with generous figures, and are flashed upon the innocent upon the slightest provocation.

"Can you tell me the difference between a hen with three legs and a very young lady?" asked Hieronymus Tuck of Nebraska;ezar Snippi. "I don't think I can," replied Snippi; "what is it?" "One is a little strange and the other is a little stranger."

A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes up the commonplace day. The moon and the stars are commonplace things, The flower that blooms, and the bird that sings, But sad were the world, and dark out lot, If flowers failed and the sun shone not, And God, who sees each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Talk is cheap—unless you employ a stenographer.—Somerville Journal.

An hour-glass is made smallest in the middle. It shows the waist of time.—Chicago Ledger.

A pretty girl won a musket in the French lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

Pretty nearly everybody is on strike nowadays—trying to hit the pestiferous fly and missing him nine times out of a possible ten.—Troy Times.

When Fortune hides her smiling face, And many troubles disconcert you, Though friends may leave their "customed" place, Your creditors will never desert you.

"What do you grow on this land?" he inquired of the farmer who was leaning over a fence inspecting a particularly barren piece of ground. "Grow lazy," was the satisfactory reply.—New Haven News.

A young man advertised for a wife, his sister answered the advertisement, and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it is hard to have two fools in the family.—Buffalo Commercial.

HOPELESS.

They have made the piano of paper. What wonders art is achieving! If they'd make a paper performer Life yet might be worth someone's living.

"Are you a philanthropist, sir?" asked an old gentleman of a young man who was distributing a quantity of butter-Scotch to some little children in Washington Square. "Am I a what?" said the young man. "A philanthropist?" "No, sir; I'm a dentist."—Puck.

"I remember well," said Bagley, in a reminiscent way, "the old gate where we did most of our courting. The dear, dear gate." "So it was," said Mrs. Bagley, musingly. "I know dear papa said it cost him thirty dollars to have the hinges and other parts repaired that summer."—Philadelphia Call.

"Mamma," said a young man in an ice cream saloon, toying with his cheek, "do you know that a chemist has discovered tyrotoxin in ice cream?" "Has he though?" answered Mamma, manifesting pleasurable surprise. "I wondered what made it taste so good. I could eat another plate of it." And the young man mentally cursed the lamentable failure of his scheme.—Norristown Herald.

The Helgoland Woodcock Harvest.

Helgoland is the favorite (proposed) resting place for those vast flocks of woodcock which, in the month of October, leave the fast-fading forests and bare rye fields of Norway and Sweden, where they have hatched out their young and fatten the young birds upon the resinous shoots of larch and succulent bilberries of the far north. At the first ice-blast they prepare to fly south, and about the middle of October every eye in Helgoland is on the alert watching for their arrival. Right across the narrowest end of the island high poles are fixed in the ground; from pole to pole strong fishing nets are stretched, resembling gigantic tennis nets. All is now prepared for the "hospitable" receptions of the poor, tired birds, and at last the happy day arrives. Sometimes during church time the cry is heard: "The woodcock are coming!" when every soul, including the clergyman, rushes out, and, seizing a long club-stick provided for the purpose, watch the long, black, wavy streak in the sky till it comes nearer and nearer; the poor birds fly very low in their fatigue after so long a flight and hitting against the nets fall down and are killed in enormous numbers. This is the rich harvest of the year for the Helgoland, and boats are immediately got ready to convey the dead birds to Harburg. Woodcock pate is also made for the next week without ceasing, and fetches large prices in Germany, being very like Strasbourg pate. So, few escape to continue their flight that this massacre of the innocents may account for the comparatively rare appearance of these excellent birds in our English woods.—All the Year Round.

A Collection of Boot-Heels.

Here is the latest new thing in collections. An old gentleman in Paris, Fred, I suppose, by the example of the collectors of celebrities' hats and fans, and stockings and snuff-boxes, has been for some time engaged in collecting the boot-heels of famous people. He has already more than 1,000 specimens, and declares that the character of their former owners can be read in the state of the boot-heels they have left behind them. But, after all, the old man is not to be laughed at. Boot-heels are quite as interesting as the old corsets which another collector is accumulating. The nucleus of this last collection was formed by one that was formerly the property of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," which was sold at a recent sale of Bronte relics for half a guinea.—London Figaro.