

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 8 00
One Square, one inch, three months..... 2 00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 00
Two Squares, one year..... 18 00
Quarter Column, one year..... 20 00
Half Column, one year..... 30 00
One Column, one year..... 40 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

It is said that a large proportion of our standard silver dollars are hoarded by Chinamen on the Pacific coast to take home with them when they return to the Celestial kingdom.

Mr. Mercier, the Alaskan explorer, says that 850 miles from the mouth of the Yukon river is a place where a gigantic glacier is about eighty feet above the surface of the water, sixteen feet deep and fifty yards wide. On the surface of this frozen stream is a bed of antediluvian forest remains, six feet deep. The ice from the glacier is constantly bending over and breaking off.

The territory embraced by railroads thirty years ago had the Mississippi River for its western boundary as far south as Louisiana, the western boundary of that State then being the limit. The area covered was 907,000 regular miles, or 581,000,000 square acres. Now every State and Territory is accessible, and the extent covered is 3,580,000 square miles, or 2,291,300,000 square acres.

How great and varied are the resources of some of our railroad corporations may be judged from the statement that a Western company has completed arrangements to establish a weather service over its entire system similar to that in use by the Federal Government. Trains will be equipped and operated according to the weather reports, which are to be made from stations along the line to the headquarters of the road. These reports, it is expected, will aid materially in the safe shipment of live stock and perishable goods.

The products of Florida Industries, with a population of 365,000, amount in value to a little over \$41,000,000. Here is a list of the products of her industries: Vanilla, poultry, peaches, cow peas, honey, swine, sheep, alligator hides and teeth, strawberries, nursery trees, bricks and artificial stone, moss, beef, cotton seed, sponges, oysters, fish, turtle, cigars, vegetables, corn, wheat, tobacco, hay, fodder, hides, milk, butter, limes, lemons, pineapples, pindars, grapes, oranges, arrowroot, wine, horses, mules, cattle, wagons, plows, sugar, molasses, ice, lumber, cotton, naval stores, etc. So says the Florida Dispatch.

The New York Commercial Advertiser remarks editorially: "The industry of sea island cotton along the Atlantic coast which began with favorable prospects a few years ago, has turned out nearly, if not quite, a failure on account of low prices. The fibre of this kind of cotton is much longer than that of the ordinary staple. In the meantime the price of the products manufactured from it has remained stationary or has been raised, so that the loss falls wholly on the planters, and there is danger of the industry dying out. Such an outcome would be seriously felt in this city, which receives the bulk of sea island cotton shipped from southern ports."

The experiment of taking the jacket off an 8-inch gun was successfully performed at the Washington navy yard a short time ago. Such a thing was never required and never attempted in this country before. Large steel guns are not made in one solid piece now as they formerly were. The groundwork of a cannon is one long tube, of not more than one-half the external diameter that the finished cannon will have. This tube is strengthened by jackets and hoops which fit the tube so closely that the joints are firmer than a solid casting would be. These jackets are simply other tubes of larger bore pressed over the inner tube. They are put on red-hot, and in the cooling shrink so tightly as to be equal to a solid piece of metal.

The editor of the New York Sun says. A correspondent wants to know which city, New York or Philadelphia, manufactures the more goods in amount. New York does. This marvelous metropolis ranks first among the manufacturing towns of the United States, as she does in so many other respects. Philadelphia used to lead in manufactures. The last census showed the relative position of the two great cities:

	New York	Philadelphia
Number of establishments.....	11,339	8,567
Capital.....	\$181,903,356	\$187,148,837
Average number of hands employed.....	227,353	185,527
Total amount of wages.....	\$97,030,021	\$64,305,966
Value of materials.....	\$288,441,691	\$199,155,477
Value of products.....	\$472,939,437	\$324,342,935

In other words, with about \$6,000,000 less capital invested than Philadelphia, and with about 42,000 more working men and women, New York produced in 1880 about \$473,000,000 of goods from \$288,000,000 of material; while Philadelphia produced \$324,000,000 from \$189,000,000 of material.

THIS LIFE
This life is like a troubled sea,
Where—helm a-weather or a-lee—
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear.
All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steady;
But just as Fortune's wind may blow
The vessel driven to and fro.
Yet, come but Love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain
The hurricane
While he is at the helm. —Dibdin.

THE MATE'S STORY.
NOW CHINESE PIRATES WERE REPULSED.
In 1875, owing to the wreck of a Boston brig in the China Sea, I was left in Hong Kong in pretty bad shape. After I had carried a flag of distress, as you might say, for two weeks, an Englishman offered to let me work my passage to Liverpool, but as I was about to accept it I ran across a countryman who had a berth for me. One of the largest trading houses in Canton at that time was composed of three Americans, and they owned two small steamers and three or four sail craft. These vessels were employed in collecting goods from the various islands to the southeast, and some of the voyages extended up the Yellow Sea as far as Tengchow. Just at that time the firm had come into possession of a new steamer, and she was about to make her first voyage. There had been trouble with piratical craft, and the steamer had been fitted out to take care of herself. She carried two six-pounders, twenty American cavalry carbines, a score of revolvers, and was fixed to throw hot water overboarders. Her complement of men was fifteen, of whom the cook, steward, and three firemen were natives. All others were Americans and Englishmen. The supercargo was an American, who could rattle off the Chinese language as well as the best of 'em, and the Captain and some of the others could "smatter" more or less.

Our first voyage was to be up the Yellow Sea, and we carried a load of American and English goods. The cargo well deserved the name of "miscellaneous." There were muskets, fish spears, sole leeches, tinware, looking glasses, calicoes, buttons, stoneware, lamps, fish nets, groceries, axes, and almost everything else you can think of, and the supercargo also carried money to purchase what we could not traffic for. We were to pick up in exchange whatever foreign markets called for in Canton, which included tea, rice, several species of nuts, dyestuffs, roots, barks, skins, etc.

I was in luck to secure the place of mate, for Captain Tabor was a splendid fellow and the crew was one which could be depended on. We had three or four men who understood the handling of the six-pounders, which had been sent over from the United States, and with the supply of small arms at hand we felt ourselves a match for anything except a regular gunboat. We got away in good shape, ran up between the coast and the Island of Formosa, and then steered to the northeast to fetch the Loo-Kioo Islands which are seven or eight in number, and deal in ginseng, sarsaparilla and other medicinal roots. We stopped a day at Ke-Lung, which is at the northern end of Formosa, and almost opposite Foochow, on the mainland, and while here it was noticed that the native members of our crew were very thick with a lot of suspicious characters who were hanging about us the greater part of the day. The supercargo overheard them discussing our voyage and making many inquiries, and when he spoke of the matter to the steward that pig-tailed gentleman explained that all our natives were related to the strangers who had been hanging about, and of course the latter took an interest in them.

I didn't know Chinese character as well as some of the others, and was therefore somewhat surprised to hear the Captain and supercargo discussing the impudence of the natives aboard before we had left Ke-Lung by fifty miles. The firemen had given the engineer trouble, and the steward had a certain sort of impudence in his obedience to commands. I did not know until now that a gang of twenty or more of the fellows at Ke-Lung had attempted to induce the Captain to give them passage to the island of Tseusan, which we meant to visit. They had offered big passage money and were willing to put up with any accommodations, but he mistrusted them, and firmly declined to have one of them aboard. The steward and firemen were soundly berated by the Captain and threatened with irons if any more trouble occurred, and there the matter was dropped. At the close of the second day we dropped anchor off a small island to the southwest of Tseusan called Kung-wah. There was no harbor, but the depth of the water enabled us to get within a cable's length of the beach in a comparatively sheltered spot.

Captain Tabor had traded at this island a year before, and he knew that the natives were all right as long as they were kept in awe by a superior force. There was a trader on the island who had a large stock of roots, and after a palaver lasting two days and nights the supercargo finally made a bargain with him. It was observed by the Captain that some change had come over the natives, for on his previous trip they had been eager to close a bargain at any figure named. The natives in our crew had been permitted to go ashore, and a dozen or so of the leading men of the island had come aboard and inspected us. It was night of the second day before a trade was agreed upon. On the following day we were to begin landing and receiving goods.

There was a big crowd of natives on shore opposite the steamer, and they had canoes, catamarans, and dhows enough to have embarked 300 people. Just before night closed in we sighted a large junk coming down from the direction of Formosa, but gave her no particular attention. At about 9 o'clock she came jogging along at a tramp's gait, and dropped her mud hook within 200 feet of us. I gave her a looking over with the night glass, and as only five or six men could be made out on her decks, it was natural to conclude that she was a trader. Being in port, with fair weather for the night, the crew might expect that only an anchor watch would be maintained. The men must therefore have been somewhat surprised when Captain Tabor invited our five natives to go ashore, and spend the night with their friends, and announced to the rest of us that we should stand watch and watch. The cook was the only native who did not go. He declared that he had enemies ashore who would kill him, and he was therefore allowed to occupy his accustomed quarters. There were ten of us besides him, and soon after the junk anchored, the guns were cast loose and loaded with grape, the firearms brought up and made ready, and the engineer was instructed to keep steam enough to permit us to move. The cable was arranged for slipping, and then five men turned in "all standing," and the other five of us stood watch. Before this occurred the Captain said to me: "Mr. Graham, this may be going to a good deal of trouble for nothing, but the man who deals with these natives has got to be prepared for any emergency. I will therefore head the second watch. Keep your eye on that junk, and permit no boat to come aboard under any circumstances."

I distributed my men over the vessel to the best advantage, and reserved to myself the right to act as a free lance. That is, I went from one part of the vessel to another, and kept one eye on the junk and the other on the beach. All was quiet up to half past eleven o'clock, when I made two discoveries in quick succession. The cook had prepared a large dish of coffee for our use during the night. We had a large urn on a stand in one corner of the dining room, and a lamp underneath kept the coffee hot. The same thing is in use in American hotels and restaurants. I was on the point of entering the cabin to secure a drink of the beverage when, as I passed an open window, I heard the cover of the urn rattle, and then caught the footsteps of some one in retreat. It could be none other than the native cook, I argued, but I did not go to his quarters to verify or disprove my suspicions. I entered the cabin, turned up the light, and carefully examined the urn. The rascal had certainly "dosed" it. There was a grayish powder on the cover and on the edge of the urn, and in his haste he had spilled some on the floor. A look inside showed numerous bubbles on the surface of the liquid, but these broke and disappeared while I was looking. The rascal could have but one object in his actions. I arranged the can so that no one could secure a drink, and then started to notify the Captain. As I passed along the deck I looked for the junk, and in an instant saw that she had decreased the distance between us. The tide was setting in, and she was either dragging her anchor or had purposely raised it, and allowed herself to drift. The Captain was up as soon as I touched his arm, and when I reported my suspicions of the cook and the junk he replied: "Call all the men at once, but make no noise. That junk has got fifty men in her hold, and the natives on shore are in with a plot to capture us. Take a pair of handcuffs and have the cook secured in his berth."

After I had called the men I went to make a prisoner of the cook, but he was nowhere to be found. His object in remaining aboard up to that hour was to drug our coffee and note what preparations we were making. When he got ready to go he probably swam to the shore with his news, but he could have reported little more than the fact that he had drugged our coffee, which all who were awake at midnight would probably make use of. When the men had received their orders we paid our attention to the junk, and one of the guns was quietly hoisted across the deck and trained upon her. When the night glass was directed to the shore we could make out that many of the natives were moving about and evidently getting ready for some expedition. There was no question now but what we were to be attacked. We had a good pressure of steam, plenty of hot water, and the hose was attached and a man assigned to take charge of it.

It was an hour and a half after midnight before there was any decided move on the part of the enemy. The Captain of the junk could not have had a night-glass, and perhaps he reasoned that we were as badly off. He kept paying out his cable foot by foot until he was so close onto us that I could have tossed a biscuit aboard of him. Owing to the set of the tide or some cross current, he dropped down to us stern first, while we lay broadside to the beach. The stern of the junk was pointed amidships of the steamer, and our gun would take his whole deck at every discharge. At 1 o'clock two men left her in a small boat and went ashore, and then forty or fifty armed men came out of the hold and took their stations on deck. A few had muskets, but most of them carried knives and a sort of hand grenade. These bombs are filled with a vitriolic compound, which is let loose as they are broken, and the fumes are more to be dreaded than a bullet. Their plan, as we solved it, was for an attack on both sides of us at once. A fleet would come out on us from the shore and the junk would drift down on us at the same time. We had the cable ready to slip, sent the engineer to his post, and then waited.

At about half past one, while the tide

had yet half an hour to run, we saw the shore boats make ready. At least 200 natives were ready to come off. They knew that the cook had drugged our coffee, and therefore sent a boat in advance of the fleet to see in what shape we were. The boat came up very softly and rowed twice around us before the Captain hailed and let them know we were wide awake. Some sort of signal was given from the boat, and the light opened at once. Just the moment we saw the people on the junk getting ready to drift her down upon us we gave them the grape from the six-pounder. They were not pistol-shot away, with most of them crowded aft, and I verily believe that the one discharged killed or wounded twenty men. I was at the gun with two others, and a man armed with a carbine was near us. He fired six or seven shots while we were loading, and three or four musket shots were fired at us. Our second shot drove all who were left alive below hatches, and believing that the carbineer could keep them there, we ran the gun to the starboard side to beat off the boats.

It was high time. While the first discharge of the gun had done for a score of them, they were a reckless and desperate lot and would not retreat. They were provided with bombs, spears, blow guns, and muskets, and the man who was to sprinkle them with hot water had been shot dead at their first fire. As soon as we got our gun over, some one picked up the nozzle of the hose pipe and turned it loose on every boat within reach. But for the hot water the fellows might have carried us by boarding for two hundred to ten is big odds. Such screaming and shouting and shrieking as they indulged in when the boiling hot water splattered over their half-naked bodies was un-lemmonium of itself, and all the time we kept playing on them with the guns and the carbines. The fight could not have lasted over seven or eight minutes, and as soon as they began to draw off I ran my gun to the port side, loaded with shell, and sent the missile right through the junk's stern. Half a dozen fellows rushed out of the hold and jumped overboard, and I gave her two more. When the third was fired there was an explosion, probably of a barrel of powder, which lifted her decks thirty feet high and split her wide open. She sank right there before our eyes, and the wails of the wounded wretches who floated about for a minute or two were dreadful to hear.

Captain Tabor felt that such treachery as the natives had shown deserved the severest punishment, and we turned both guns loose on the village, and fired forty or fifty shells. When daylight came not a human being was in sight. Portions of the junk had been driven on the beach, and the natives had fled and left everything behind them. The sharks were probably attracted to the spot by the sounds of firing, and they certainly had a rich feast. I never saw them so thick before nor since, and as they fished up the bodies from the bottom around us three or four would seize and tug at a single one and quickly tear it to pieces. I was sent ashore with a flag of truce, and with four armed men to make it respected, and on the sands I found the body of one of our firemen, and not far off that of our cook. After some hard work I induced the head man to come in out of the forest and talk to me. His name was Wung-Hang, and a more humble man I never met. He had laid it all to the people on the junk. The natives among our crew had conspired with the fellows at Ke-Lung to secure passage aboard and overpower us. When this game could not be worked, owing to the refusal of the Captain to take them, they followed on after us in the junk, and found a cheerful co-operator in old Wung-Hang, the trader. He denied taking any part in the affair personally, and added that he did his best to dissuade his people from making the attack. His loss, according to his own figures, was sixty odd killed, while almost every one else was wounded or scalped. Five men got ashore from the junk, which had nearly fifty men aboard of her.

We were in a situation to take every dollar's worth of goods the old rascal had in his store-houses, but Captain Tabor had no intention of blasting his prestige in that fashion. We held the trader to the contract already made, and landed our goods and put his aboard. He had been soundly thrashed, and like plenty of other men under the same circumstances he respected the thrashers. He supplied us with the best of provisions, detailed natives to do all our work, and when we were ready to leave he supplied us with five natives, and gave Captain Tabor full power to decapitate them at the first signs of disobedience. During the next three years, or until I severed my connection with the steamer, we got around to the island about once in six months, and old Wung-Hang always had a good bit of cargo ready for us, and would deal with no one else. —New York Sun.

A Fair Report.
The following report of the financial standing of a gentleman, furnished a friend by Abraham Lincoln, is probably more reliable, says Youth's Companion, than many of the reports furnished today by some commercial agencies. His estimate of the value of the wife and baby will strike the ordinary father as being very fair:

"Years of the 10th instant received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby. Together they ought to be worth fifty thousand dollars to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth one dollar and fifty cents, and three chairs worth, say, one dollar. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into."
Respectfully yours,
A. LINCOLN.

A Michigan ex-soldier has declined to receive his pension any longer because he has got well. It is rumored that he will be given another pension now on the ground of insanity. —Call.

TWO INVENTIONS A WEEK.
THAT IS THE AVERAGE FOR WHICH ONE MAN SEEKS PATENTS.
Millionaire Westinghouse and His Peculiarities—Mrs. Westinghouse and Her Lavish Expenditures.
Edison has, in the opinion of many, been eclipsed by the versatility of a Pittsburgh genius, says a letter from that city in the Chicago Tribune. The one name that is more familiar, perhaps, than all others in the patent office at Washington, is that of Mr. George Westinghouse, the millionaire inventor whose wonderful workshops make up at least one-twelfth of the industries of this city. His air-brake made him famous several years ago. But it is since then that his inventive mind has been more prolific. For the last year his patents taken out in the government office have averaged two a week—all of them of the most valuable kind. Of a man whose ability to invent can stand such a constant drain; whose inventions require the constant employment of 5,000 men to manufacture; whose profits from his various patents have swollen to between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000 in a decade of years—many interesting stories can be told.

Last week one of Mr. Westinghouse's clerks, John Sprague by name, struck a novel idea to break the intensity of the incandescent electric light. It was to simply have the egg-shaped globe made of heavy wavy glass. Mr. Westinghouse happened to notice the experiment, quickly recognized the utility of the contrivance, and gave Sprague \$1,000 for his idea. Of course in this way Mr. Westinghouse has bought up a number of small patents which appear to the public as his own, but the great majority of them are evolved in his own brain. His most important inventions are in three lines—viz: the air-brake for locomotives and switch and signal apparatus, safety appliances for natural gas, high-speed engines and dynamos for the manufacture of electric light. The King of Belgium recently sent Mr. Westinghouse a bundle of parchment stamped with gold and scarlet seals and bound with yards of tape, in which the inventor found himself titled for life as "Sir Knight George Westinghouse," he being knighted for the many lives saved through the instrumentality of his air-brake. Workshops to make the brake are maintained in Pittsburgh, Paris, and Berlin. Almost every railroad operating in the United States, Europe, on the Continent, in the countries of the Orient or the Occident, pay Mr. Westinghouse a royalty for the use of his way of utilizing air. It will thus be seen that his profits from this source are princely. No other man in the United States can show the name of every railroad on the pages of his ledger as debtors.

Mrs. Westinghouse is one of the remarkable women of Pennsylvania. She spends money with a lavish hand to attain her happiness. Among the purchases her husband once made was a cream-colored horse with beautiful white mane and tail. Mrs. Westinghouse went into ecstasies over the animal. She wanted a mate for it. None could be found in Pittsburgh. So she hired a trustworthy man and sent him out to search for the mate of the cream-colored horse. He was to travel until he found it. This took him a year, but he came back with the exact mate. No prettier team was ever seen on the streets of Pittsburgh than those two horses. A short time afterwards one of them died. Mrs. Westinghouse's grief was uncontrollable. She engaged a taxidermist at an extravagant price and had her dead pet stuffed. Hoofs of solid silver were placed upon his feet, and the whole, fastened to an elegant mahogany bed, now stands in the stables beside the live mate. They are there to-day and can be seen by visitors to Homewood, the name of the inventor's splendid palace. It is related of Mrs. Westinghouse that on another occasion she was conspicuous in an equally prodigious expenditure of money. It was while she was summering at the Kaaterskill Hotel, on the top of the mountains, that she gave a splendid reception. It was over at last and she was about to retire in the morning when she was struck by the weary, laggard looks of all the servants who had been compelled to do extra work on her account. Her generous heart responded, and she felt for her purse to reward them. It had been left in her room, and so going to the clerk of the hotel she requested the loan of \$1,500 until morning. "I have only got \$1,100 here," replied the clerk. "Well, give me that," said the dashing woman. And this whole sum she is reported to have thrown around among the servants.

There is at present being built at Pullman, Ill., a magnificent private car for Mrs. Westinghouse. She travels a great deal, and her husband proposes to have something for her that will outrival in elegance the cars of Pullman, Vanderbilt, or Gould. Only the other day William Timmins, a laboring man, invented a new kind of brake for railroad trains. Mr. Westinghouse offered him \$75,000 for it, but the shrewd little Englishman held on to his contrivance and expects more.

His Preference.
Somehow or other I don't think I'd care to be the prettiest girl in the world," he remarked.
She—"Why not?"
He—"Because I'd rather be next to the prettiest." —Sittings.

The London Lancet records the case of a girl who had attacks resembling delirium tremens from the act of chewing tea leaves. Science believes that many persons could be cured of their dyspepsia and of palpitation of the heart by discontinuing the use of this favorite beverage.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Fine language—Ten dollars and costs. The time when the cold water party largely predominated—During the flood. —Call.
If every man was as big as he feels there couldn't be standing room in this country. —Newman Independent.
A man is like a raven because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapp. —Danville Beece.
The greatest reformer of the age was the inventor of the bustle, which has reformed nearly every woman. —Philadelphia Herald.
An exchange observes: "We owe much to foreigners," from which we infer that the editor has not paid his hired girl. —New Haven News.
The epidemic of pugilism is calculated to make the weary newspaper reader wish that even the baseball season might come again. —Philadelphia Times.
A writer says that "kind words are never lost." How is it when your wife puts them in a letter and gives them to you to mail? —Burlington Free Press.
The question of the hour may hold much mad contention in it, but is reduced, when all is told, to moment and to minute. —Sittings.

A Maine minister was recently tread by a bear and kept there for an hour. He says he will never preach a long sermon again in his life. —Burlington Free Press.
Why, Chawley, I drugged Gus de Flipkins to his chum, C. Percy Giddibraine, "where's your watch?" "Oh, I couldn't stand it," he replied, "the beastly ticking shattered my nerves." —Tit-Bits.
Mrs. Bigsby—My husband just detests cabbage. Why do you suppose he is so prejudiced against it? Mrs. Hlobson—I imagine he takes too much of it in his cigars, my dear. —Burlington Free Press.
Doctor—"What ails you, sir?" Patient—"I don't know, doctor; I have such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue?" Doctor—"No, never mind; bring your wife around some day; I'd like to look at hers." —Statesman.
"Would you say the poultry is very tender or the fowl is very tender?" asked the boarding house mistress of one of her victims the other day at dinner. "Neither," was the reply. "What, then, would you say?" "I'd say the chicken is mighty tough!" came from the boarder with emphasis. —Statesman.

King Kalakaua's Kingdom.
From Mr. F. S. Poole, of St. Louis, who has for many years been engaged in raising rice in the Sandwich Islands, I got a glimpse yesterday of King Kalakaua and his kingdom. Everybody will remember the stir that was made when the Sandwich Island monarch traveled through this country several years ago. King "Kaloo" was an every tongue. Mr. Poole told me that King Kalakaua, although once very wealthy, has been so open-handed and prodigal that he has little money left. He has been reigning for fourteen or fifteen years, and while a man of some ability he has not been able to hold his position except by the constant expenditure of money. They have elections on the islands, compared with which those in the United States are tame. The islanders are natural orators and will discuss the issues of the day by the hour from any point of vantage, whether the head of a sugar barrel, a table or a door step. They move largely on the impulse of the moment and can be swayed under excitement for any side. The kingdom is divided between the "his" and "outs," that is, the Administration and the anti-Administration factions. With the exception of the treaty with the United States, the Sandwich Islands have a protective tariff of ten per cent. against all countries. —New York Tribune.

Momentous Words.
What apitonal chance steals unawares
Whenever lovers come,
And trips the nimblest brain and scares
The bravest feeling dumb?
We had one minute at the gate,
Before the others came,
To improve it would be too late,
And whose would be the blame?
I gazed at her, she gazed at me;
Alas! the time sped by,
—How warm it is to-day—
"It looks like rain," said I.
—Century.

TO MY WIFE
Why need you care, dear wife, or heed
The passing of your early grace?
What though the lilies supersede
The springtime roses of your face?
What though the azure of your eyes
Has mellowed to a softer blue?
The fairest tints that deck the skies
Are caught from twilight's fading hue.
Why should the ripened fruit regret
Its summer bloom, howe'er so fair!
Why need you sigh, though Time should set
His crown of silver on your hair?
The sweetest fragrance of the rose
Is from its fading petals pressed,
And Nature spreads her earliest snows
Above the flowers she loves the best.
What care we for the vanished years,
Save for the fruit their summers brought:
What care we for our fallen tears,
Save for the rainbows on them wrought?
Why should we mourn the joys we shared,
Or see them perish with regret,
Since on the fruit our hearts have fed,
And memory keeps the rainbows yet!
What though our winter time has come,
And summer's buds and blooms expire?
Love hath an ever radiant home,
And bids us welcome to its fire.
He dwelt with us through all the spring;
We sheltered him from summer's heat;
Now at his hearth we'll sit and sing,
And let the wintry tempest beat.
—Lee O. Harris.

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Doctor—"What ails you, sir?" Patient—"I don't know, doctor; I have such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue?" Doctor—"No, never mind; bring your wife around some day; I'd like to look at hers." —Statesman.
"Would you say the poultry is very tender or the fowl is very tender?" asked the boarding house mistress of one of her victims the other day at dinner. "Neither," was the reply. "What, then, would you say?" "I'd say the chicken is mighty tough!" came from the boarder with emphasis. —Statesman.

King Kalakaua's Kingdom.
From Mr. F. S. Poole, of St. Louis, who has for many years been engaged in raising rice in the Sandwich Islands, I got a glimpse yesterday of King Kalakaua and his kingdom. Everybody will remember the stir that was made when the Sandwich Island monarch traveled through this country several years ago. King "Kaloo" was an every tongue. Mr. Poole told me that King Kalakaua, although once very wealthy, has been so open-handed and prodigal that he has little money left. He has been reigning for fourteen or fifteen years, and while a man of some ability he has not been able to hold his position except by the constant expenditure of money. They have elections on the islands, compared with which those in the United States are tame. The islanders are natural orators and will discuss the issues of the day by the hour from any point of vantage, whether the head of a sugar barrel, a table or a door step. They move largely on the impulse of the moment and can be swayed under excitement for any side. The kingdom is divided between the "his" and "outs," that is, the Administration and the anti-Administration factions. With the exception of the treaty with the United States, the Sandwich Islands have a protective tariff of ten per cent. against all countries. —New York Tribune.

Momentous Words.
What apitonal chance steals unawares
Whenever lovers come,
And trips the nimblest brain and scares
The bravest feeling dumb?
We had one minute at the gate,
Before the others came,
To improve it would be too late,
And whose would be the blame?
I gazed at her, she gazed at me;
Alas! the time sped by,
—How warm it is to-day—
"It looks like rain," said I.
—Century.

TO MY WIFE
Why need you care, dear wife, or heed
The passing of your early grace?
What though the lilies supersede
The springtime roses of your face?
What though the azure of your eyes
Has mellowed to a softer blue?
The fairest tints that deck the skies
Are caught from twilight's fading hue.
Why should the ripened fruit regret
Its summer bloom, howe'er so fair!
Why need you sigh, though Time should set
His crown of silver on your hair?
The sweetest fragrance of the rose
Is from its fading petals pressed,
And Nature spreads her earliest snows
Above the flowers she loves the best.
What care we for the vanished years,
Save for the fruit their summers brought:
What care we for our fallen tears,
Save for the rainbows on them wrought?
Why should we mourn the joys we shared,
Or see them perish with regret,
Since on the fruit our hearts have fed,
And memory keeps the rainbows yet!
What though our winter time has come,
And summer's buds and blooms expire?
Love hath an ever radiant home,
And bids us welcome to its fire.
He dwelt with us through all the spring;
We sheltered him from summer's heat;
Now at his hearth we'll sit and sing,
And let the wintry tempest beat.
—Lee O. Harris.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Fine language—Ten dollars and costs. The time when the cold water party largely predominated—During the flood. —Call.
If every man was as big as he feels there couldn't be standing room in this country. —Newman Independent.
A man is like a raven because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapp. —Danville Beece.
The greatest reformer of the age was the inventor of the bustle, which has reformed nearly every woman. —Philadelphia Herald.
An exchange observes: "We owe much to foreigners," from which we infer that the editor has not paid his hired girl. —New Haven News.
The epidemic of pugilism is calculated to make the weary newspaper reader wish that even the baseball season might come again. —Philadelphia Times.
A writer says that "kind words are never lost." How is it when your wife puts them in a letter and gives them to you to mail? —Burlington Free Press.
The question of the hour may hold much mad contention in it, but is reduced, when all is told, to moment and to minute. —Sittings.

A Maine minister was recently tread by a bear and kept there for an hour. He says he will never preach a long sermon again in his life. —Burlington Free Press.
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