

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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| One Square, one inch, one insertion..... | \$ 1 00 |
| One Square, one inch, one month..... | 2 00 |
| One Square, one inch, three months..... | 5 00 |
| One Square, one inch, one year..... | 15 00 |
| Two Squares, one year..... | 25 00 |
| Quarter Column, one year..... | 10 00 |
| Half Column, one year..... | 15 00 |
| One Column, one year..... | 25 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.

The State of California has 38,600,000 acres of unoccupied land. The great scarcity of water is what now troubles the Californians more than the Chinese question.

Medical co-education has been decided a failure at Berlin, and henceforth women are not to be admitted as hospital students, or even allowed to attend the regular medical lectures.

General Miles says that we have in this country material for the finest light cavalry in the world. In the event of a war we could recruit upon the plains 50,000 cowboys, who would make, with very little drill, matchless cavaliers, far superior to the Cossacks in the Russian service.

During the season of 1886 the United States Fish Commission has distributed over 90,000,000 young shad in the various streams and waters of the country, at an expense of less than \$20,000. As less than 6,000,000 shad are taken for the market in a season, fifteen young fish are put into the water for every old one removed.

It is intended to construct a large tower in London in commemoration of the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. The tower is to be 440 feet high at the extreme top, from which may be seen eight or nine counties. It will overlook every other structure yet built in London. It is proposed to erect this structure at the top of Oxford street, where the ground lies high.

On the 27th of next June the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, Ga., accompanied by a number of their Southern friends and acquaintances, will leave Atlanta, and on the 2d of July embark for Europe on board one of the Antwerp steamers, of the Red Star Line, sailing from New York. The Gate City Guard is said to be the crack military battalion of the South, and the principal object of the voyage is for recreation and sight-seeing in the various cities of Europe, after which the Guard will return home, expecting to reach Atlanta by the 1st of September.

Although not yet out of the experimental stage, electric street railways are rapidly gaining ground in public favor. Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Toronto and other cities already have electric street railways in successful and profitable operation. About a dozen new roads are in course of construction, and a score or two more are projected. Montgomery, Ala., will be the first city in the world to have a complete electric street railway system. In New York it is expected that a new and powerful Daft electric motor will soon be making trips on the Ninth Avenue Elevated Road, hauling a train of four or five cars.

"Numerous instances have been recorded of late in the medical journals," says *Science*, "of the complete reunion of portions of fingers which had been cut off from the hand, in some cases by the knife, and in others by the axe. In one case a man, in cutting kindlings for the morning fire, accidentally cut off the end of his thumb. He had gone from the place some twenty feet, when he returned, picked up the end, wiped it and replaced it, binding it in its original place as nearly as possible. The wound united; and the finger is now as good as ever, save that its sensibility is somewhat diminished. In another case a boy chopped off the ends of three fingers. He was seen by a physician three or four hours after the accident. The ends of the fingers had been found in the snow, and were brought to him. He attached them, and two of the three united."

"The Manufacturer and Builder" thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a new and distinct ambition for a remote and vague one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not half so profitable as a vision of a lot 100x200, with a snug little dwelling house upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have the vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in passions, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt, incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, inciting him to all industry and to self-government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the workman should be to convert his earnings into real estate."

HOW OFTEN.

How many lips have uttered one sweet word, Ever the sweetest word in any tongue! How many listening hearts have wildly stirred, While burning blushes to the soft cheeks sprung, And dear eyes, deepening with a light divine, Were lifted up, as thine are now to mine!

How oft the night, with silence and perfume, Has hushed the world, that heart might speak to heart, And made in each dim haunt of leafy gloom A trysting place where love might meet and part, And kisses fall unseen on lips and brow As on thine, sweet, my kisses linger now.

—Charles L. Hildreth.

THE POSTMISTRESS.

BY IRELLA B. EDGECOME.

"Muffs and crumpets made to order." Thus ran the written notice, penned, too, in characters nearly approaching half-text, stuck up in one of the few principal shops facing the main street.

The unimportant village of "Lammer-ton" lay somewhat far away from any town, and therefore did a fair amount of steady going business on its own account. Foremost of all ranked the repository, or store, rented by Janet Lisle, in which she sold stationery, newspapers, the magazines of the day if duly ordered in time, besides a variety of useful odds and ends. She was also the village postmistress, and carried out the duties of her office with a marked regard for promptitude. In each of these pursuits, however, she was aided by her pretty and winsome niece, Elsie Falconbridge. In all reality, Elsie was more mistress of the postal department than Janet Lisle herself. It was she who ordinarily undertook the dispatch of that twice-a-week letter-bag, bestowing upon each misadventured previous the due official stamp-mark. "Janet Lisle's right hand, in fact," as every one said. She, too, it was who made the muffs and crumpets—muffs and crumpets which were so popular in the village that no one ever dreamt of having a tea party without also having "muffs and crumpets" to match.

"Oblige me with a two-cent stamp, Miss Falconbridge, won't you?" and a somewhat elderly man at that moment stared her in the face—this necessarily, however—through the gap made in the wire network marking off the space allotted to the postoffice department. She handed him what he required. "And a registered envelope, also," he said. "Again she had fulfilled his request. 'Thank you,' and without more ado he deposited a twenty-dollar note within the same.

"All right," he soliloquized, as old gentlemen are so fond of doing. "Come, that's done, at any rate." He added, in self-congratulatory fashion. Then came aloud, questioning: "In the letter-box—or shall I leave it with you?" "You can leave it here, sir," answered Elsie, quietly.

Others were now coming in fast, demanding this and that, and in adopting a calm exterior lay her only chance of attending rightly to each petitioner. Janet Lisle also was unusually busy that afternoon. Miss Veal, the richest old lady in the parish, gave a large tea party that very evening, and muffs and crumpets were accordingly being sent off in startlingly large quantities.

"Is there any letter waiting for me to-day, please?" asked a somewhat timid voice a few minutes later on.

"No, Miss Josephine, nothing."

"I'm sorry. Disappointing—is it not?"

The two speakers seemed fully to comprehend each other. There existed, apparently, a sort of pleasant sympathy between them.

Both were pretty. Both looked good, and also thoroughly in earnest. Only that the assistant postmistress appeared full of brightness and life, and the girl now facing her wore the aspect of being tired of life already.

"Yes, very. I am sorry too."

"Thank you. You are always kind. I will look in again to-morrow, if my doing so will not trouble you too much."

"Not at all, Miss Josephine."

The last-named was already moving away to make room for some one else. Elsie Falconbridge had, however, not yet completed her business with the late lawyer's daughter.

"Auntie," she whispered, "take my place here for a moment."

Janet Lisle nodded in assent.

"Do come in here an instant with me, won't you?" and Elsie signified that Miss Josephine should accompany her into the cozy back parlor, where all was now in readiness for tea. "The fact is, Miss Josephine, I've done the most stupid thing imaginable to-day—made a mistake, and prepared nearly twice the number of crumpets that will be wanted by anybody. Isn't it absurd of me? You won't mind—no, I'm sure you won't, Miss Josephine—helping me out of my trouble?"

"But how?" came, hesitatingly, in response. Then came—ah! so bravely, for it is ever difficult to tell the plain truth in such matters—"I can't. It's quite impossible. We have no money. Don't you understand?"

"Absurd!" was the interruption.

"Why, it's a favor I'm asking of you; don't you see? I knew you would be in to-day, for certain, and would befriend me. It's only that I want you, if you don't mind the trouble, to carry home a dozen or so to your sweet mother. Many of the dozen she has ordered from us in the past, when, perhaps, we haven't been able to supply her. One can't forget that fact, you know, in a hurry. So then—they are, Miss Josephine, all hot

and ready-buttered, for I don't think you would know how to do it yourself. You had better go out this way, by the side-door, and then no one will be the wiser for the favor you've done me."

For one brief instant her worn, pale-faced companion had bent down impulsively and laid her own soft cheek against Elsie's, and the next, wholly unable to speak, she had disappeared.

"A rather heavier mail-bag to-night than usual, wasn't it, Elsie?"

"Yes, aunt. Thank you for doing it up for me. At any rate, the registered letters did not occupy you a long while."

"No, child."

Meanwhile Elsie had been engaged in penning a dozen words or more upon a large sheet of letter-paper, and the following morning, side by side with the well-known "muffin and crumpet" statement, appeared the following:

"A young lady, clever and well-educated, desiring at once a good morning or daily arrangement as governess. Terms moderate. Excellent references. Apply for particulars within."

Miss Josephine had, in a most inexplicable way, won the woman's entire sympathy, and also the admiration of Elsie. And yet the latter never seemed to forget the difference in station that she considered still existed between her favorite and herself. She only knew that the lawyer's daughter was a very model of sweet patience, and that she and all at home were as poor as any church mouse.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed little Bob Travers that morning, as the letters were brought in. "What shoals of letters! What a lot of governesses we shall have, mother! I do declare if it won't be just like an evening party."

"Hold your tongue, Bob!" urged his father, peremptorily. "Leave the room."

Letters of importance had to be discussed, most of them bearing reference to what Bob had termed the "evening party."

Some applicants declaring they were experienced, because middle-aged. Others asserted that they were young, and therefore generally regarded as having an attractive way with children; which latter statement was yet worse. The last-described young ladies would perhaps prove attractive in other ways, and fall desperately in love with the quiet bachelor—Uncle Fred.

No, that wouldn't do at all, and in a decided fit of ill-humor Bob's father threw the entire batch of letters into the fire.

As usual, when perturbed in mind, "mother" turned the current of conversation by addressing Uncle Fred.

"I wish, when passing Janet Lisle's to-day, you would ask for our magazine."

All was hurry-scurry, as usual, three or four hours later on in the post-office. A variety of small packages required immediate weighing; and it was at this very juncture that Uncle Fred placed his foot upon the threshold.

Something had, however, just caught his eye, and without more ado he beat a hasty retreat—not, however, to a great distance off.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated. "There! We have been hunting about all this while—and to what purpose? 'Particulars within.' Eh? Why, I'll go in at once and inquire."

Uncle Fred was a widower, and had, therefore, made his home of late years with his sister Polly's family. Anything, he thought, was better than living alone. He was rich, too, and a highly cultivated man, with a peculiar faculty also for engaging in the performance of kindly actions. Like the rest of the family, however, he had only lately come into the neighborhood.

"Will you excuse my troubling you about the notice in the window?"

Elsie started visibly an instant. Yes, of course. This was not the first occasion upon which she had seen that certainly striking face. Yesterday, of course, when he had sent off the registered letter.

But Elsie was instantly all attention. Yes; she could tell him all he required to know—and did so; and even as she spoke, Elsie's eyes sparkled brightly and lovingly. She was doing now what it rejoiced her true woman's heart to venture upon—trying to help her favorite.

"And Miss Falconbridge thought that the young lady in question might be fully relied upon in her guidance of little children?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me! Yes—most certainly."

"You can give me her address?"

Elsie nodded it down quickly upon a slip of paper.

Before the end of that certainly eventful day, Miss Josephine was engaged as daily governess in the family of Uncle Fred's sister, at the moderate salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Some months have passed away since then. Kind Uncle Fred, that he ever is, has just appeared in the large, old-fashioned hall, and is assisting "Miss Josephine" in putting on her cloak previous to taking her departure for home. He and "Sister Polly" also, are both made of good stuff, and folks say, and—Heaven bless them for it!—only wish to make her feel at home with their wish.

And for the reason, therefore, it seems that Uncle Fred not only, on this special evening, escorts her to the hall-door, but also a short distance on the road toward home.

As he says, the evening is so lovely, and the balmy outer air will do him good.

She is telling him—why, she does not exactly know—something about their troubles at home since "dear father" died.

"In fact, you know," went on "Miss Josephine," quite simply. "He had not even a penny left in the house. It was too dreadful, sir."

She paused a moment; then went on in the least degree nervously.

"Shall I tell you what I did?"

"Yes."

"I advertised, then, in the country paper—don't be shocked, please. At any rate, I did it for the best—whether right or wrong, I don't quite know."

"Go on."

"I merely said, then, that a widow and her daughters—all born to better things, as it had seemed—were suddenly thrown into the lowest depths of poverty—and asked for help."

Uncle Fred gave a sort of slight nervous start at this moment, but "Miss Josephine" did not notice it. She was thinking only at that instant of the terrible struggle which had urged her to take such a step as that which she was now describing.

"And the result?" he asked, quietly.

"What was it?"

"No answer came," she returned, gravely, but earnestly. "Possibly those who read the notice did not believe in their truth; or possibly some did so who were not in a position to aid us."

"I see," and Uncle Fred spoke now, as if dreamily. "There! I must leave you, Miss Josephine. Very sorry for it—very sorry, indeed. Have just suddenly remembered something. You'll excuse my running away thus abruptly; won't you? Will be a trifle more courteous next time. Horribly hard-hearted of the people; wasn't it, Miss Josephine?" And thus talking glibly—as if, too, he did not exactly know what he was saying—Uncle Fred lifted his hat and disappeared.

The following Thursday morning, just as "Miss Josephine" was starting for her usual daily occupation, a letter was placed in her hand by the postman; after reading which, that young lady marched deliberately upstairs again, removed her hat and cloak, chased away with her pocket handkerchief a great many tears that for some reason or other would insist upon pouring down her cheeks, and then set to work to re-read the following words:

"DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE: Pardon my abrupt leaving-taking yesterday; but I will now explain. Returning home expressly by way of the post-office, I did a small stroke of business there on my own account.

"Miss Elsie Falconbridge was out, having gone to spend the evening with the widows, and alas! no childless mother, of her own, and so lately too, sailor lover. We have, however, already spoken together—you and I—and this unlooked-for event, and also of the one way in which Miss Elsie bears the heavy blow.

"But I would now speak of something else—so selfish are we all in this world, you see. I persuaded the good dame, Janet Lisle, to assist me in something which was puzzling me not a little.

"I heard last evening, for the first time, of course—and also from your own lips, most strange to say—that a twenty-dollar note, which I had sent you in answer to your advertisement asking for aid, never reached you. It had not, I now find, miscarried in the ordinary way that letters do occasionally go astray; but it was as impossible, you will presently see, that it should ever have reached your abode, as the residence of one of the ancient patriarchs.

"The letter containing the amount named was only through placed in a registered envelope for which I duly paid one dispatch; and in the hurry-scurry of the moment it was never entered, either in the office book. The fault was, of course, my own, as much as that of any one else; but every one was asking hurried questions at the moment, and my letter—yours, rather—paid the penalty. Then, as fate would have it, it landed itself otherwise than in the legitimate post bag, and dropped, how it best knows to itself, behind a drawer that is rarely opened.

"Forgive the details, however. Janet Lisle had only discovered the thus hidden-away mistake an hour before I appeared upon the scene—mark the coincidence—and was in a state of no little consternation.

"Picture also my own dismay.

"The mystery, however, is now solved.

"I will not trouble you with the amount for your acceptance, as there certainly seems to be something unfortunate attending its career—beside which, on my part, I am going to ask a favor from yourself.

"Will you, I ask, become my wife—and also kindly acknowledge promptly the receipt of this letter, or I shall be compelled to take it for granted that my second communication has shared the fate of the first."

UNCLE FRED.

"Miss Josephine," like a wise woman, answered the letter just received by return of post.

The years have flown since then, and matters go on much as usual in that small township of Lammer-ton.

But there are changes, nevertheless.

Janet Lisle knows her place no more in the cozy little postoffice. She has already gone home long since to rest and sweet Elsie Falconbridge is now the mistress of everything.

Her hair, however, though still beautiful, is in these days white—white as the driven snow; and the abiding expression upon her still handsome face is that of one who has passed through a mighty and also terrible sea of trouble, and borne the trial only as a true heroine could.

She knows, she says, that God has ordered all, and that she shall see her sailor lover again one day in heaven.

But there is still one person in the world whom she loves dearly, and that is the happy, true-hearted wife of "Uncle Fred."

"I owe all—every bit in fact—of my happiness to you, sweetest Elsie," as Josephine says. "It all dates from the day—don't you remember?—when you gave me muffs and crumpets."

"And also did patched my registered letter so carefully," remarks Uncle Fred, quaintly.—Frank Leslie's.

The number of fruit trees in California is given as follows: Apple, 2,700,019; peach, 1,200,000; pear, 500,000; plum and prune, 600,000; cherry, 400,000; apricot, 400,000; orange, 1,600,000; lime and lemon 500,000. It is estimated that there are 70,000 acres of grape-vines.

It Will Never Return.

The waves roll back on the desolate shore. The ships return over the sea, And the child returns to its father's door, And the castle win' home from the day. The leaves return with the spring-time bloom, And the light returns with the day. But the cash the candidate spent on his boom Is gone forever and aye!

—Lynn Union.

LIFE AMONG THE WENDS.

REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT NATION IN NORTH GERMANY.

Both Sexes Tilling the Fields—Making Their Own Clothing and Furnature—Weddings and Funerals.

The Wends are the remnant, numbering altogether 140,000, of an ancient Slavonic nation, surviving in a few districts of North Germany, partly in Lusatia, a providence of the Kingdom of Saxony, and partly of the Prussian province of Brandenburg, especially in the Spreewald, forty or fifty miles southeast of Berlin. The Spreewald is a level region of woodlands and marsh-meadows, intersected by many winding branches of the river Spree, which are traversed in punts; and a Berlin correspondent, who with a companion enjoyed a few weeks' sojourn in that district has furnished us with sketches of the people. They are industrious, frugal and comparatively wealthy peasants, retaining their national costume, manners, habits and language; but were friendly and hospitable to their visitors, and could speak German, which is taught in the schools. Around Burg, one of the largest villages, the Raupen or farmhouses are substantial buildings, whitewashed and thatched, the roofs having often high gables, ornamented with crossed and carved beams, and there is sometimes a wooden gallery outside the house. Formerly a carved figure of a horse's head, which had some mythological significance in half-pagan times, was a frequent decoration of the roof-beams. On the grass-plot in front, where the homespun linen is spread for bleaching, a large fir tree is usually growing; the river close by is crossed by a raised foot-bridge with step-ladders at each end, and with a single hand-rail, while the punts are tied up at the landing place. The little garden is bright with red peonies and white guelder roses. Some hamlets are built on small islands, the shores of which are protected by stakes and beams at the water's edge. The Wendish men and women are seen working in their own fields, each peasant owning, perhaps, twenty acres, cultivated by the labor of himself and his family. Being so thrifty, and buying scarcely anything except groceries, making their own clothing and wooden furniture, they save a good deal of money. Every year the family will salt down or cure two sheep and two pigs for winter consumption; four or five stall-fed cows provide their milk and butter; there is poultry in the yard and fruit and vegetables in the garden. Wood is obtained from the forest that belongs to the local community, and peat is found in abundance. Their crops and cattle are chiefly for their own consumption. They grow their own flax, which is spun by the girls in merry winter evening parties, finishing with song and dance; and some of their homespun wool is exchanged at the neighboring town for wool dyed of bright colors, from which they weave the stuff of their splendid holiday and Sunday dresses.

A Wendish young lady wears a scarlet petticoat edged with black, with yellow seams up the plaits, a wide, clean apron, a black velvet corslet, across which is folded a bright handkerchief of yellow and red pattern, and a starched white head dress of imposing shape. The wedding of a bride who had a dowry of \$20,000 thalers was a grand affair; the women appeared in bright silk head dresses with tremendous stiff ruffs of the Elizabethan style around their faces, lace neckchiefs, velvet bodices and gorgeous silk aprons over the heavy skirts of embroidered cloth. The bride wore a myrtle wreath around her head, and carried her lace veil in her hands on leaving the church. The Wendish household is comfortable; there is a large tiled stove in the sitting-room, with a settee around it, and a bench goes all around the room; in the window, behind white curtains, are pots of flowers; the bedroom is snug and the huge feather bed is only two feet, but the bed linen is clean and fresh; large chests are filled with clothes for all occasions, neatly folded and scented with lavender. Different dresses, skirts, scarves and caps are worn by a Wendish lady at church, at the Communion service, at a wedding or festival and in private life; she will have, perhaps, fifteen to eighteen dresses, each worth fifty to sixty thalers, but they last her lifetime. In going to a funeral, the women, over their black garments, put on long white shrouds, looking like ghosts; a boat filled with such mourners was rowed silently down the river, and with a bereaved mother intently gazing on her little child's coffin, decked with a black cross and wreaths of white flowers. These simple Wendish folk who live so peacefully not far from the great capital of Prussia will probably be Germanized before many years more have passed, and their picturesque peculiarities will no longer be seen on the banks of the Spree.

The West Point Military Academy.

The corps of cadets at the West Point Military Academy consists of one from each Congressional district, one from each Territory, one from the District of Columbia, and ten from the United States at large. With the exception of the latter, who are selected by the President, the cadets are chosen appointees of the members of Congress of the districts where vacancies occur. They are appointed one year in advance of their admission to the academy, and appointees must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years. Candidates are examined under regulations to be prescribed from time to time by the Secretary of War, and must be versed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography and of the history of the United States. By applying to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., further information can be obtained. —Boston Cultivator.

A Princess in Purple.

The Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, is addicted to the use of purple. During the few days she spent in Paris she was so frequently seen in purple garments that the color has become suddenly fashionable here. Until the other day it was looked upon as only suitable for old ladies, and now it is being seen upon young girls and even upon children. It is the amorial color of Denmark, and suits the fair Princess Marie admirably. One evening at the Theatre she was seen in the dress of purple plush with a gold plastron. She is fond of wearing a purple velvet capote with a gold agrette, and a purple velvet mantle lined with gold. Her latest traveling mantle is made of purple cloth trimmed with gold passementerie. —Paris Letter.

DEVOTION.

Just as the hill-crowned lake reflects the sky That o'er it bends—shines blue when it is blue. Is gray when dim and hoary clouds float by, And bright when sunset limns a gorgeous hue. The tapestries of eve with crimson dye, And gleams when night's soft dusky hands renew. The heaven's star-studded diadem on high, Whose million jewels glisten clear and true; So is reflected in a maiden's eye, Through lashes long or drooping eyelids shy, Each changing mood of him whom she loves best; Whether in sorrow dim or gladness bright, Love shines with constant and devoted light. Through her soul's windows, ever self-consumed!

—John M. Cameron.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When women obtain the right to vote, there will be a good deal more bustle in politics than there is at present. —Boston Courier.

A Boston firm publishes a work entitled "A girl's room." The average girl's room is two seats in a horse car. —New Haven News.

The fact that a man has not cut his hair for ten or twelve years need not necessarily imply that he is eccentric. He may be bald.

Why does the beautiful maiden seem So wearied and so vexed? She's just found out the tale will be "Continued in our next." —Mercantile Traveler.

"How easily a man may make a mistake that he will regret a lifetime," feelingly observes an Ohio editor. It is inferred that he was recently married. —Norristown Herald.

Passenger: "That's all the money I have." Conductor (examining a trade dollar): "I can't take that piece." Passenger: "Ah, well, give it to the company, then." —Ti-Bits.

"Pa, have you got the hydrophobia?" "No, Bertie; what makes you ask that question?" "Well, heard in my way to-day that you got awfully bitten when you thought she had a fortune in her own name." —Harper's Bazar.

Before marriage the young man feels that he is profoundly unworthy of the dear girl, and she knows that he is worthy. After marriage they both change their minds—she adopts his opinion and he hers. —Chicago Mail.

Said Mr. Henpeck to a friend: "The combined age of my wife and myself is forty years; now guess our respective ages." "If your ages aggregate forty, I suppose your wife represents four and you represent the naught." —Texas Siftings.

Horace Greeley said that the saddest day of a young man's life is when he comes into the possession of a dollar he has not honestly earned. It is pretty sad for him, though, when he don't come into possession of a dollar he has honestly earned. —Lynn Union.

"TWILY, NEVER DIE."
"Th' heard as soon as breaks the morn
And heard each hour till day is o'er;
Th' centuries since it was born
And it will last for centuries more—
Foghat till Gabriel blows his horn—
Th' winter order: Shut the door!"

Sugar Cane.

The recent experiments conducted by the Agricultural Department under a new process for extracting the juice of the sugar cane, by the process of diffusion, have resulted quite successfully. The process may be described by saying that it extracts the juice of the cane by soaking. It is nothing new, having been practised in Europe for many years. The juice passes from the cells of the cane into water in which the cane has been placed. By the old process the juice is crushed out by direct pressure, the cane being passed between rollers. Experts report that the average yield of juice extracted by pressure is from fifty-six to sixty-one per cent. of the quantity contained in the cane, although with special care, and by using the best mills, seventy and even eighty per cent. has been obtained. Generally, however, from one-fourth to one-third of the sugar is lost, and is burned with the bagasse. By diffusion, on the other hand, a much larger per cent. is extracted, and the juice is obtained free from impurities. The substitution of diffusion for pressure in India some years ago raised the percentage in quantity from seventy to eighty-four per cent., while the total gain of crystallized sugar was forty-three per cent. The diffusion process has been so perfected in the manufacture of beet sugar that ninety-five per cent. of the juice is saved. Some recent experiments with Louisiana cane sugar resulted in 134 pounds of sugar to the ton of cane, whereas, by the old process only eighty pounds could have been produced, and this means a vast increase in the production of Louisiana cane sugar, and a decided impetus to the growth of sorghum. —Cultivator.

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The recent experiments conducted by the Agricultural Department under a new process for extracting the juice of the sugar cane, by the process of diffusion, have resulted quite successfully. The process may be described by saying that it extracts the juice of the cane by soaking. It is nothing new, having been practised in Europe for many years. The juice passes from the cells of the cane into water in which the cane has been placed. By the old process the juice is crushed out by direct pressure, the cane being passed between rollers. Experts report that the average yield of juice extracted by pressure is from fifty-six to sixty-one per cent. of the quantity contained in the cane, although with special care, and by using the best mills, seventy and even eighty per cent. has been obtained. Generally, however, from one-fourth to one-third of the sugar is lost, and is burned with the bagasse. By diffusion, on the other hand, a much larger per cent. is extracted, and the juice is obtained free from impurities. The substitution of diffusion for pressure in India some years ago raised the percentage in quantity from seventy to eighty-four per cent., while the total gain of crystallized sugar was forty-three per cent. The diffusion process has been so perfected in the manufacture of beet sugar that ninety-five per cent. of the juice is saved. Some recent experiments with Louisiana cane sugar resulted in 134 pounds of sugar to the ton of cane, whereas, by the old process only eighty pounds could have been produced, and this means a vast increase in the production of Louisiana cane sugar, and a decided impetus to the growth of sorghum. —Cultivator.

A Princess in Purple.

The Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, is addicted to the use of purple. During the few days she spent in Paris she was so frequently seen in purple garments that the color has become suddenly fashionable here. Until the other day it was looked upon as only suitable for old ladies, and now it is being seen upon young girls and even upon children. It is the amorial color of Denmark, and suits the fair Princess Marie admirably. One evening at the Theatre she was seen in the dress of purple plush with a gold plastron. She is fond of wearing a purple velvet capote with a gold agrette, and a purple velvet mantle lined with gold. Her latest traveling mantle is made of purple cloth trimmed with gold passementerie. —Paris Letter.