

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for ad type and duration, and rates.

In Paris work has begun for the great World's Fair, to be held in 1889, and workmen's sheds have been erected all around the park on the side of the Champ de Mars.

A botanical curiosity in a garden at Ealing, England, is a rose tree whose blossoms are entirely green, the flowers, in fact, being composed of similar leaves to the ordinary foliage.

One of the most remarkable features of the trade of 1886 was the extraordinary failure of the Eastern mackerel catch. The total amount taken in 1886 was 81,953 barrels, while the catch of 1885 footed up 329,043 barrels.

The American exhibition which is to be held in London in May next promises to receive the practical support of many of the leading manufacturers throughout this country.

In the matter of ingenuity the American people lead the world. More applications for patents are received and more patents granted at the Patent Office in Washington than in any two countries of Europe.

Even the Holy Land is being deprived of all its picturesque. A big soap factory has been built where of old stood the town of Shechem; Bethchem has been rebuilt and gas introduced.

One of the most remarkable formations of common salt in this country, and indeed in the world, is that on the Island of Petite Anse, 125 miles west of New Orleans.

Natural gas wells are being utilized in the West. An editorial in the Age of Steel gives some valuable points gathered from Prof. John F. Carroll of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey.

SINK NOT. Sink not! sink not beneath the scorn That is upon you cast! Remember you to cares were born,-- These will not always last.

"ALL BUT." "Good-by, dear Mary. I hate to have you go. It's like going into another world, so far away. Tell John I never shall be satisfied till he settles East.

And the old lady wiped her eyes. She was a stout woman, in a plaid flannel dustcloak and poke bonnet. The cloak was odd and conspicuous, but Mrs. Watrous did not care for that, she wanted something soft to cover her dress, something that she could shake out of temporary crosses, and keep on the hat-rack for daily use.

Mrs. Watrous had gone to get the baggage checked, and Mrs. Watrous stood by the car, which waited on the track to be coupled to the express train just whistling in the distance: a train that made no stop in the next hundred miles.

As Mrs. Watrous wiped the tears from her kind eyes, Mary held up Molly to the window to comfort the mother's heart with that lovely baby face set in yellow curls, lit by soft hazel eyes, just like her mother's, and sparkling with dimples.

"By, danma!" she shouted, kissing her fat hand, and smiling. She was delighted to go, for she liked to ride—for a time.

Just behind the car, perhaps a rod from it, stood the engine of a local accommodation train, spitting and hissing ready to leave as soon as the California express should draw out.

from her grasp, and, with a wild shriek, flung herself into—her mother's arms. Yea; there was that deplored mother, stout, hearty, uninjured in life or limb, just rising from the dessert that lingered on the dinner table, to see who came in at the front door in that eager, familiar fashion; and there sat her placid father, with the remainder of a big pear on his plate, his eyes as wide as eyes could open, his mouth agape, struck dumb by her entrance; for he had just said:

"I hope Mary has got to C— by this time, and taken her section in the sleeper. I telegraphed them to reserve a whole section; she will be so much more comfortable with Molly along."

"Why, Mary Dutton!" exclaimed her mother, after Mary had sobbed out her piteous story.

"Why, I never in the world thought you was looking out, or I'd have telegraphed to the train. You see that other engine was very near, and I'd got my eyes sort of dull with crying, and for a minute I stood still to get my balance, that coupling of the cars shook me so, you know. Then I saw the engine begin to come, and I started across; it was foolish, but there was time enough, only my cloak had got unbuttoned at the top, and slipped back so it was caught in a splinter on the end of a tie, and that sort of hindered me. I stumbled, a woman screamed, for she thought I was going to fall; but I didn't. I caught myself up, the cloak tore off my back and fell down; for in the pull the other button went, and I got over the other rail only just in time, and then I did fall, but not to hurt me, for a man had run forward to get me off the track, and I fell right against him. There's the cloak, pretty well run over."

Mary turned. The torn and dusty remnants of "charity" hung on a chair; for Mrs. Watrous had brought them out to illustrate her story to her husband.

"Well, I can tell you, but it won't be of no use. The 'twas a tornado sweep' over the county yesterday afternoon—at least over the south part of it—and the wires betwix her and Sent Lewis is all down." Mary sank back in her chair; she could do nothing for John; he must put up with his anxiety. An hour went by, local trains came and went, the usual sort of travelers came and went also.

Molly began to cry; she was tired and hungry. Mary crept over to the restaurant, now open to feed the passengers of a northern accommodation train who dined there. She got some bread and milk for the child, and tried to eat something herself, but food choked her; she could only swallow another cup of tea; she took Molly on her lap and the child fell asleep then; the baby head resting on her bosom comforted that sore heart, yet she cried bitterly over it, recollecting how often she had sat in her own mother's arms in her childhood, and, resting on her shoulder, found that blessed consolation that only a mother's arm can give.

"Children crying in the night, And with no language but a cry." Presently Molly woke up, cross, hot, and quite intractable enough to occupy her mother for the next half-hour in soothing her fretful temper, washing the warm face and hands, smoothing the hair curls, and beguiling her sorrows with a red apple from the lunch-counter.

Then, after a little while, the window of the ticket-office opened, Mary bought her ticket to L—, dropped a dollar into the station-maid's hand, who received it with an astonished stare, and a grim "Thankye," and then, grasping little Molly's hand, went out into the fresh air and paced the platform till the porter shouted:

"Western Express! Passengers for the East'ard, all aboard!" Once homeward bound, it seemed as if her grief and terror were renewed. Molly slept; but in spite of all her efforts, Mary could not help recalling the last thing her eyes saw before she fainted, and her soul covered before what she must meet now.

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SOME ODD OCCUPATIONS. QUEER WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING IN NEW YORK.

A "Clean Towel Company"—Two Hangmen—Dog Doctors—Wealth in Refuse—Painting Black Eyes. New York, writes Julian Ralph in the Mail and Express, has not attained the unique distinction recently boasted by Paris of maintaining a beggar factory for maiming little children, so as to render them objects of pity.

Two courageous New Yorkers follow the useful but unpoetic business of hanging their fellow-citizens. They are not prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the Union.

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap-dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes and deprive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly.

A rich Italian employs a horde of his countrymen to trim or balance the loads upon the scoops of our street sweeping department. These trimmers save for him all the rags, fat, bones, metal and other contrivable refuse flung into the householders' ash barrels.

Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them, at five cents a clipping, added to a subscription fee each year.

One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening.

There is a revival of Queen Anne dances among the devotees of Terpsichore in England.

THE REASON. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

My love's a maiden fair, And she's sweet; She has a modest air And she's neat; Her hair is golden brown, And in ringlets it hangs down; She's pretty from her crown To her feet.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—Siftings. There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand—picking pockets.

A new kind of stove is called "The Infant." It ought to be painted yellow.—Rochester Post-Express. Firemen are rather discouraging fellows; it is their business to throw water on things.—Lowell Citizen.

The income of Madame Patti from her present six months' tour in this country, will be about \$150,000. A good harmonica can be bought for fifteen cents.—Tid-Bits.

A Michigan woman kicked a bear to death. She had an awful sore throat, which accounts for her deviation from the usual method of scaring them to death by screaming.—Danville Breeze.

Stallion Against Bull. A singular combat took place recently in a cattle car on the Air-Line Railroad between an Alderney bull and a Norman stallion. The two animals were boxed in a car at Jopaw, Ind., for shipment to Louisville, Ky. A strong partition was built between them.

The "Business Hand." A superintendent of mails says that the so-called business hand gives the post officials a great deal of trouble.

Sharp Practice. Patted Bride—"Here is the bill for that fur cloak that I told you about. It's lovely." Indulgent Husband (looking at bill)—"Great Scott! You said you could get that cloak for a mere song."