

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00

A prominent Baltimore physician estimates that 100 bodies are used every winter for dissection by the 682 medical students in that city, half of which, he thinks, are stolen from the city graveyards.

It is stated that Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and Tennessee have expended \$64,375,000 for leveling low lands on the Mississippi, amounting to 23,762,000 acres, with a population of 1,925,723, that produces annually agricultural products amounting in value to \$78,725,000.

Professor Humphrey's investigation of the physical condition and habits of centenarians shows that out of fifteen males seven smoked much, one smoked a little and seven did not smoke at all.

Four prosperous citizens of New York earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap-dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation.

In a paper on the color of eyes in France, M. Topinard has called attention to the extreme rarity of greenish eyes in Europe, only six cases having been observed by Professor Virchow in 6,000,000 Germans.

A writer in a Canadian paper, speaking of the possibilities of pulp as a substitute for lumber in the manufacture of furniture and other articles now exclusively made of wood, calls attention to the resources afforded by northern Canada for the best pulp-making woods.

A report has been returned by the Government relative to the amount of forests consumed in this country to supply railroad ties. We have at present 150,000 miles of railroad and the report is based upon the return from 63 per cent. of the roads.

The French Academy of Medicine has had an animated discussion on the Pasteur system, in which both members and auditors showed as much party passion as is displayed at political meetings.

Thirty-three thousand readers of an English newspaper competed recently for a prize offered for the best list of the greatest twelve among living men.

BETWEEN WINTER AND SPRING

That weary time that comes between The last snow and the earliest green! One barren clod the wide fields lie, And all our comfort is the sky.

AFTER NIGHT THE DAWN.

The door of the country school-room closed behind the last noisy pupil, and the young teacher was alone.

She had dismissed school an hour earlier to-day, ostensibly to enable her to correct the compositions handed in for tomorrow's reading.

She could not help but love him, he had laid so many drifts of sunshine across her otherwise shadowed pathway.

She was not fitted to do battle with the grim fiend of poverty; she had, until two years before, "fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life."

Her father's wealth, which she always supposed from their style of living to be ample, faded away like the demands of his creditors like snow in the spring-time.

She sighed, not for him, but for her shattered ideal, when she saw that he sought out a shallow, brainless favorite of fortune, and sought by a vigorous courtship to obtain her hand in marriage.

She knew Roy would ask her to be his wife, and she had allowed herself to dream of how happy she could be with him; with what a blessed sense of rest and peace she could creep into the shelter of his manly arms.

not once thought of the difference in their circumstances, for he was rich as she was poor.

"Now she had heard her name coupled with the obnoxious terms 'adventress' and 'fortune hunter,' and the prophecy that 'if Mr. Carlton married her he would soon know, as did all others, that it was his wealth that won her.'"

She did not know that the remark had been made expressly for her ear, had been made, too, with the unuttered hope that its barbed bitterness might rankle in her heart.

Keenly sensitive to the opinions of others, she might yet have dared their censure, if this latter suggestion had not given her pause.

"If she was sure, quite sure," she told herself, "that her willingness to accept him had not been caused, in part, at least, and almost unconsciously to herself, by her intense hatred of the drudgery of teaching, she would not give a thought to what others might think, or say, but she must be sure, quite sure, herself, that the day had been so wearying, that she was so tired, she must have time to think it all out.

Her face was so pale, and she did not look up and smile as she was wont to do; her whole attitude was so suggestive of weariness, if not of despair, she was so strong and manly, that somehow, before he well knew what he was saying, he was telling her his passionate longing to take her into his arms and shield her henceforth from every discomfort.

Then came, for her, the slow agony of living on, day after day, knowing that she had in that one hour of weakness cast aside all that made life worth living; of walking daily through the furnace of trial, with the ghost of her dead hopes reproaching her with the cowardice that put an end to their bright, but brief existence.

So two years drifted by, and along the thorny pathway that she trod Ellice Gray learned priceless lessons of self-reliance and courage.

Ellice Gray knew nothing of this. When vacation came she had given up her school, for she could not stay where everything reminded her of Roy. She was teaching in a distant village, when one morning the postman brought her a letter which proved to be from a former pupil in Shafton, Roy's home.

It told of the loss of his property, stated that he had of late returned to his home; that while in the city he had joined a volunteer corps of firemen, and while in the discharge of his duty had been struck on the side of the head by a falling timber, and carried away insensible.

"I beg pardon," he said at last, for Ellice did not speak, "but does any one want to see me? I am blind."

fact is, I am thinking of getting married."

"Ellice," he said, brokenly, "it was cruel to come here to tell me that. Did you think I had still any hopes that you cared for me, that you should come here to kill them with that announcement?"

"No," she replied, and then, as no other words would come, sat staring helplessly at the pale face, as he leaned against the cushions of his chair.

"Roy," she whispered, hurrying into speech, lest her courage should fail, "better than any one else in the world? I loved you then, but I love you an hundred times more now.

"Oh! Ellice," he cried, between pain and pleasure, "how can I consent! It would be such a sacrifice."

"I know it, Roy," she answered, willfully misunderstanding him, "when you are worthy of the best woman living; but only let me be your wife, and I will try so hard to make you happy."

"I am blind," he murmured, hopelessly.

"Let me be your eyes. Oh! Roy," she sobbed, turning away and covering her face with her hands, "don't send me away. I cannot bear it. I cannot live without you."

"I never knew before what a deprivation the loss of sight is," he whispered.

"Whenever you wish, Roy," she replied.

"Really?" "Yes, really," she answered.

"To-day, then," he said, promptly.

"Oh, well, not quite so soon as that," she said laughing, "but in a fortnight, perhaps; yes, two weeks from to-day."

"It will be an age," he declared, kissing her good-bye, "for I cannot even write to you."

A week later she received a few lines from him. The words were blotted and the letters, uneven, but she did not think of that for he wrote:

"You thought me sight. I can distinguish the shape of the paper upon which I write, and I live in hopes that when we meet I shall be able to see your dear face."

Seeming Intoxication.

In no class of people does heredity do a more disastrous work than in the descendants of drinkers, whether excessive or moderate.

A TYPICAL SWELL DINNER.

HOW ONE WAS GIVEN BY "EXCLUSIVE" NEW YORKERS.

Bills of Fare With Each Guest's Portrait Drawn by an Artist—What was Eaten.

In one of her New York letters Clara Belle says: The anti-dance dinners are careful affairs, it need scarcely be said, for they are inevitably compared, contrasted and discussed by the guests when they assemble immediately afterward.

The repast began with raw oysters, tiny ones, opened on the deep shells, the outside of which had been burnished until they were fit for jewelry.

The next course was clear soup in hand-painted dishes. Boiled salmon, with white sauce and Parisian potatoes, came third. The fish was not brought on dishes ornamented with pictures of fish.

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ADOWN THE STREAM.

The sunbeams gild the purple stream, The bubbles float upon its breast; The landscape in a peaceful dream Seems sleeping in a soothing rest.

The tall, gaunt pines adorn the cliff, Appearing like a fortress brown, While she and I in gladness drift Beyond the noises of the town.

Fair clouds of beauty slowly float Above us like a snowy shroud, And hide in shade our little boat, As tears are hidden from a crowd.

The shores grow dimmer to the sight, The woodlands wear their plumes unfurled, And silent shadows of the night Descend upon a restless world.

'Tis then we whisper, soft and low, The sacred love-words from the heart; The joys and pleasures we would know Together in the halls of art.

'Tis then that gladness steals around Upon us while the star-gleams gleam, 'Tis then, when Love is shadow-crowned, We drift adown the purple stream.

—H. Carleton Tripp, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A parlor suit—Courtin' in the front room. A garden party—The Shanghai.—Puck.

Go West young man and freeze up with the country.—Puck.

"Man wants but little here below"—zero.—Boston Courier.

Congressmen use six hundred towels a day. They ought to have "clean hands."—Norristown Herald.

Maud S. is said to have a stride of fifteen feet. How a man must envy her when the sheriff's after him.—Philadelphia Call.

Customer.—"Don't show me any more Astrakhan. Pray what is that fur?" Clerk.—"Fur! Why, fur to keep yer hands warm!"—Harper's Bazar.

The toboggan business is only a temporary mania. We'll bet a new hat that every slide in the country will be abandoned before July 1.—Detroit Free Press.

A naturalist recommends eating raw onions for insomnia. The theory probably is that you will go to sleep to avoid smelling your breath.—New York Tribune.

"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I declare," exclaimed Laura with a startled air, "you surely don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry him!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mrs. Brimmer—Why, Mr. Brimmer, here's a fly. Where did he come from this cold weather? See him hover around that book. What is he after? Mr. Brimmer—Looking for the fly leaf, I suppose.—Boston Budget.

"If there is anything I like better than classical music," said Major Brannigan, in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth on edge."—San Francisco Post.

The minister's quite discouraged. So he looks at the empty pew; So few have his efforts encouraged. And he says, with a voice full of sighing, "The gospel most people are scorning; Ah! this world is giving to lying. Yes, lying in bed, Sunday morning."—Goodell's Sun.

Professional Diners-Out.

I meet them every day in the season, dodging out of side streets, in evening dress and immaculate linen, posting along to eat with Smith or Brown or Jones, with appetites sharpened by the light diet of the day.

He may be middle-aged or old, but the professional diner-out is never young. If any young man were to attempt such shifts for existence as he practices, society would promptly denounce him as an irreclaimable dead beat and leave him to starve.

It would probably be impossible for any social censor to define exactly the line of demarcation between the professional dead beat and the professional diner-out.

In both cases it is a man pretending to be what he is not, in order to get something for nothing; a sort of confidence game played quite as dextrously in society by Fossyby de Tomkyns as might be practiced on the confiding, vulgar public by Hungry Joe.

But we are adepts at making nice distinctions in these days of advanced social polish, and it is not in this direction alone that we send one man to Coventry—or Sing Sing—for what we reward in another as a special virtue.

The stock in trade of the professional diner-out is his dress suit and the people he knows. Smith invites him because Jones does, and Brown because Jones and Smith do.

He lives inexpensively in cheap lodgings or a club, where he never pays for any meal but his breakfast. Indeed, a diner-out who is master of his profession can get plenty of invitations to breakfast, too, so that his actual outlay on himself may be reduced to the merest cost of bed and clean linen.

I know one man who, on an income of \$1,200 a year, which is the rent of a house left him as sole inheritance by some relation, feeds fast from year's end to year's end, and still has money over. And no one to meet him at the fete board would set him down for anything less than a millionaire.—New York News.

Another Sad Failure.

Sweet Girl—"And so you have been on the plains for ten years?" Handsome Cowboy—"Yes, this is the first time I've been back into real civilization."