

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$2.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$5.00; Two Squares, one year... \$10.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$5.00; Half Column, one year... \$10.00; One Column, one year... \$20.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Both houses of the Nevada Legislature have adopted resolutions disfranchising Mormons in that State.

The amount of capital and capital stock put into new industrial enterprises in the South during 1886 is reported by the Chicago Journal at \$139,000,000, as against \$68,000,000 in 1885.

Amid so much that is transitory in this planetary system of ours, it is pleasant to learn from the scientists that the sun will maintain its present standard of heat for about 10,000,000 years to come.

California Indians are fast becoming civilized. One of them called upon the editor of the Crescent City Record a few days ago and threatened to scalp him for publishing his name in the paper as getting drunk and raising a row.

A \$5 greenback appeared in the till of a Newaygo (Michigan) bank the other day bearing the following inscription: "Here she goes—save your salary—don't gamble—never play faro bank—the last of a fortune of \$10,000." The author of this gave very good advice.

The United States consumes about 1,500,000 tons of sugar every year, and this comprises 100,000 tons of beet sugar from Europe. Of the remainder Louisiana and one or two other States on the Gulf coast raise about 50,000 tons, leaving 1,350,000 tons to be imported from the West Indies and the Sandwich Islands.

The most novel advertising scheme heard of lately was recently adopted by a merchant in Carthage, Illinois. A series of prodigious boat tracks were painted, leading from each side of the public square to his establishment. The scheme, it is said, worked to perfection, for everybody seemed curious enough to follow the tracks to their destination.

The carrier-pigeon service of Paris is almost as completely organized as is the telegraph system, for messages can be sent by the winged messengers to neighboring forts and towns, and even to distant places in the provinces. The staff numbers 2,500 trained birds. The Parisians, during the terrible days of the last siege, learned the value of the pigeon post, and the lesson has not been forgotten.

Italy is having so much trouble in Abyssinia, where Rasalula recently destroyed nearly the entire Italian force in that country, that the Chamber of Deputies have approved a credit to lay a cable to Massowah from the Islands of Perim, which will connect with the Red Sea cable and establish communication with Rome. And only a little more than twenty years ago the interior of Abyssinia was almost an unknown country, though England has had representatives at Massowah for a century.

There is an aesthetic street car conductor of Philadelphia who for the past two years has spent much of his spare time in making his car beautiful. Two handsome silk flags adorn the centre of the car, and the bell rope is jauntily lined with knots of brightly colored worsted. He takes great pride in this work. The attendants at the stables say he scrubs and airs his car with all the care of a housekeeper. A sponge is always to be seen in the car. No man on the line keeps his temper better in a time of blockade.

The Emperor of Russia's dentist must enjoy practicing his science upon the imperial grinders, for while he is at work two gentlemen kiploaded pistols pointed at his head, and the Lord Chamberlain stands at his side with a sabre, to which off his hand if it touches the Czar's person. At least this is the tale that a former American resident in St. Petersburg relates to his friends in Boston. Some one has thrown cold water on this gossip by affirming that the autocrat has the finest teeth in Europe, and no dentist has ever meddled with them.

Revival meetings have been held for some time past in the Methodist Church in Sweetzer, Ind., of which the Rev. George Howard is the pastor. It would seem that the effects have not been as lasting as they should be. A few nights ago some of the young folks created slight disturbance and the muscular pastor threw them out bodily. James F. Smith, one of the disturbers, had the pastor arrested and fined for assault, and, in retaliation, the pastor had young Smith's father arrested for profane swearing. Then Mr. Howard was arrested for allowing the church doors to swing in instead of out, as the State law provides, and the pastor promises to make things very lively for his persecutors. The whole community is intensely interested and has taken sides for or against the minister.

BETTER AND BRAVER.

Aye, the world is a better world to-day And a great good mother this earth of ours. Her white to-morrows are a white stairway, To lead us up to the star-lit flowers— The spiral to-morrow, that one by one We climb and we climb in the face of the sun.

OLD GRIDLEY'S GHOST.

"Why, Dunham, what's the matter? How your hand trembles! Are you sick?" "No; not exactly."

"What ails you then? Speak out, man. Have you been seeing a ghost?" "To tell the truth, Maggie, I do feel a little nervous this morning. I haven't made a trip these twenty years that I dreaded like this."

"Seen Old Gridley again?" "Yes." "Pshaw! I thought that was it. Haven't you seen him a dozen times before and nothing came of it?" "This time he had his sextant."

All this was at the breakfast table. Dunham was mate of the Oro Fino, making tri-monthly trips between Portland and San Francisco. He had sailed thirty years, been round the world twice, been Captain about six years, but lost his ship and couldn't get another, and so was glad to be First Mate of the Oro Fino.

Dunham had a habit of seeing ghosts, or, rather, a ghost, for he never saw but one; that was old Gridley. Gridley was mate of the vessel on which Dunham made his first trip as a ship-boy. That trip was Dunham's first, but Gridley's last. Gridley had a passion for beating ship's boys with a rope's end. Gridley was taking an observation with the sextant, and, as the boy was passing him with a bucket and swab, a sudden lurch of the ship threw him against the mate. Gridley seized a rope's end, and was laboring the boy soundly when a boom, providentially left loose, struck him and knocked him overboard. Ever since that, on numerous occasions Dunham had seen Gridley's ghost—usually with a rope's end, but sometimes with a sextant. He had never been able to see any particular fatality portended by the vision with the rope's end. He had seen it a dozen times; and, on some occasions, his best luck had seemed to follow the apparition.

Not so when the ghost with the sextant appeared. He had seen this only twice—once, the night before he fell from the foretop and broke his leg; the other time, the night before his ship was cast away. Last night was the third time. He had waked up and found himself lying on his back. The room was perfectly dark; it was also perfectly still. Dunham could see nothing and could hear nothing. Nevertheless, he felt that something or somebody was in the room that ought to be out of it. He also felt a draught of cold air. Dunham was no stickler for ventilated apartments, and had carefully closed and locked the windows before retiring. The air could not come from the windows; neither could it come from the bed-room door, for that opened into the sitting-room just opposite to a window, and if the door had been open he could have seen the window. Despite his natural courage, Dunham was frightened. He raised himself on his elbow very cautiously. He looked about the room; he could see absolutely nothing. He reached over to where Maggie, his wife, slept—she was there. He moistened his finger in his mouth and held it up. He could then sensibly feel the draft of air coming from the foot of his bed. He got up and struck a light. Looking over his shoulder as he did so, he saw, at the foot of his bed, old Gridley. It would do no good to stand aloud—his wife would only laugh at him. He had often waked her up to look at the ghost, but she professed never to see it. It would do no good to go up to the apparition and try to seize it—he had often done this, and it only disappeared for an instant to reappear in another part of the room. So he left the lamp burning and got into bed with his eyes fixed on the figure.

ing waked for half a mile to the stern. Fishing boats and Indian canoes glide past her like shuttles, and before you can fairly turn to look, are tossing and rocking on the swell many rods behind. A black hull, supporting a cloud of dingy-white canvas, is seen ahead. It is the Hudson Bay Company's store-ship, bound for Vancouver. A flash, a cloud of white smoke, a heavy thud, and she has saluted the Oro Fino. A jar and a thunder-clap that startles the old ones, and sets the ladies to screaming, and the Oro Fino has saluted her. Three cheers from the stranger as the British flag runs up to the masthead, and three cheers as the stiff breeze from our gaff. Now that she has passed, and the sun falls full on her canvas, she seems like a great bank of snow floating up the river.

Nearly everybody is tired of watching her, and many have gone into the cabins to avoid the wind which is growing chilly, and others are composing themselves in two and three about the deck, with a new and more thrilling episode calls them all to their feet again. Dunham and two men come tearing up the stairs to the quarter-deck. The bell tinkles, and the paddles stop. "Man overboard!" is the cry. Every one rushes to the stern; every one scans the boiling current. "There, I see him!" cries one. "He's trading water!" cries another. Everybody can see him now; but by this time the tremendous momentum of the vessel has left him a little speck a quarter of a mile behind. It takes an age to lower the boat. Finally it is off—Dunham in the stern, and the sturdy sailors bending the ash dangerously. "Can he hold out?" "Oh, yes; can't you see him? He's trading water." "No, he's floating." "Anyhow, he keeps up bravely." "How slow the boat goes!" "Why don't they pull!" In fact, the boat was cutting the water like a frightened fish. Men on the ship involuntarily bent and strained, as though they could help in that way. The boat nears the floating object, now only a speck in the distance. A joyful murmur goes up from the ship. "He's saved!" "Oh, those strong men!" But Dunham sheers the boat around, and picks up only a hat and holds it high in the air. The owner had long since sunk. By the time the tired crew were taken on board and the vessel under headway, it was dark. They made Astoria by midnight, and lay to alongside the wharf.

The wind freshened during the night, and by morning a heavy gale, filled with salt spray, was driving in directly from the sea. The pilot reported that it would be impossible to cross the bar in such a blow. So they waited. Dunham's presentiment of bad luck had been strengthened by the loss of the man from the ship, and he was more nervous and gloomy than when he left home. So he took his boy and went ashore. He went to the house of a friend and left Joey there, with orders to return to Portland by the first steamer that should go up. He also wrote a letter to his wife—a little longer than usual, almost two pages, and a little more affectionate than usual. He excused himself for writing by telling her that the bar was so bad they couldn't cross, and it was a little too dull to stay there doing nothing.

By ten o'clock the squall had abated, and by noon the pilot said he thought he could get over the bar by taking the north channel. While the firemen were getting up steam, Dunham ran over to his friend's house—it was only a few steps—and bade Joey good-bye, and told him to be a good boy and mind his mother, and gave him sundry other items of good advice which I fear the young scapegrace did not attend to closely, being engaged in the very amusing game of see-saw with the little girl of the house.

By three o'clock the ship was fairly under way again. By five, she was safely over the bar, and had put her pilot aboard a steamer which was waiting on the outside to enter. The captain, having been up all the previous night, went to his cabin and turned in for the night. The passengers were all either sea-sick or chilled by the cold wind, and had gone to their rooms and into the cabin. The wheelman, by orders from Dunham, made out Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and took his ranges from them and put the ship on her course. He had only time to do this when a fog rolled up, so dense that even the light on Cape Disappointment could scarcely be seen. Dunham assured himself that the ship was on the right course by going into the wheel-house and looking for himself. Having done this, and knowing the coast perfectly, he felt pretty safe. He was a little confused and nervous, however, and so he went down to the cabin and overhauled his charts, and read the sailing directions just as though he had never made the trip before. He seemed to be all right. "Bring your vessel in range with Cape Disappointment and Tillamook Head, and then put her about south by east." He had done this fifty times before, and had come out all right. To be sure that no mistake had been made, he climbed up to the wheel-house, and quietly asked the man at the wheel how he had got his range. He answered promptly and satisfactorily. Everything was according to orders. So Dunham cursed his nervousness, and walked back to the smoke-stack.

The wind had gone down with the sun, but a heavy sea was running, and it was as dark as Tartarus. Dunham paced the deck for half an hour, then went below to get his cloak. Being chilly, he went up to the hurricane deck and sat with his back to the smoke-stack. Being nervous, he lit a cigar. Being careful, he walked forward to see how things were moving. He thought he heard a distant roar. He listened, and could hear nothing. He walked back to the smoke-stack. In ten minutes he came forward again. He thought he heard the roar of the surf. He called to the man at the wheel: "Abbott!" "Ay, ay, sir."

"How does she stand?" "Sou' by east, sir." "That was all right; that was the course Dunham had put her on." He went to the paddle-box and signaled the engine to stop. Then he called a man and had the lead thrown. "Twenty-four. Plenty of water," thought Dunham, and started the engine. He then went to the Captain's cabin and knocked. The Captain did not hear the first time, and he knocked again. "Who's there?" "The mate."

The Captain opened a port near the head of his berth, and asked him what the matter was. Dunham reported. The Captain told him it was all right; that it was foggy, and the roar of the surf with such a sea on and no wind could be heard ten miles. Dunham rather thought so, too, and went away. During this parley, and while the mate stopped a few minutes to look after things below, the ship had made more than two miles headway. By the time Dunham got on deck again the roar of the surf was frightful. He fairly screamed at the helmsman. "Abbott!" "Ay, ay, sir."

"How's her head?" "Sou' by east, sir." "Amazing! Dunham ran to the paddle-box and jerked a signal. The engine stopped. Then he rushed to the Captain's door and called him out in the name of the gods. Both flew on deck. There was no mistake about it; there were the breakers not half a mile ahead, judging by the sound, thundering and boiling against the shore. Dunham had almost run the ship's head on shore, and that, too, when she was holding precisely the same course by compass that he had put her on fifty times before. The Captain roared: "What's her course?" "Sou' by east, sir." "Put her sou'west." "Sou'west, sir," echoed the man at the wheel, and the wheel spun round and the chains rattled. The Captain rushed to the signal-bell and started the engine, and got the ship under good steering headway. Scarcely had she started on her new course when a scraping sound was heard and felt—then bump, bump, bump, as though the ship had been lifted up and set down hard three times; then a crash that sent the captain and mate on their faces, and brought the smoke-stacks crashing through the decks, and snapped off the topmasts like pickets. The ship had struck a sunken rock, and began to fill at once.

Who got to shore, and how they got to shore, matters not. It is the same old story. The news spread on wings. Men came and dragged the swollen corpses of their friends out of the surf, or dug them out of the sand, or identified them in the shed, or paced the beach day after day, looking out on the remorseless sea that sullenly clung to its dead. The captain and the wheelman, Dunham they never found—and there they talked over the strange affair and exhausted all their ingenuity in vain to account for the loss of the ship when on the right course on a still night. When the wrecking-tug was ready, they went out to the wreck. It still hung on the rocks. The bows were high out of water. The two men climbed up into the wheel-house. They unscrewed the compass-box from its fastening and brought it on shore. There they opened it, and lifted up the card and needle, and there lay the little instrument of death—a broken knife-blade.

The handle and the rest of the blade were in little Joey Dunham's pocket. He had tried to pry out the glass, to see what made the card swing around so when he held his knife by it, and in doing so had broken the blade. He concealed his mischief and stole away.—Argonaut.

Sleep Necessary.

The present epoch is one which the mind of man seems to turn to the performance of impossibilities, or what have been regarded as impossibilities. Explorers seek to penetrate the North Pole, and mountain climbers to scale the highest peak of the Himalayas. Captain Webb loses his life in seeking to swim the Niagara Rapids. Dr. Tanner goes forty days, and an Italian fifty days, without food.

The latest attempt of doing something that nobody else has ever done, is that of an Italian named Rouzani, who essayed to go three weeks without sleeping, but was speedily convicted of using deception in making people believe that he got along without sleep. Whatever feats of endurance men may accomplish, they cannot live long without sleeping. The victims of the Chinese waking torture seldom survive more than ten days. These unfortunate men are given all they wish to eat and drink, but when they close their eyes they are pierced with spears and awakened. There is no torture more horrible.

Men sleep under almost all conditions of bodily and mental suffering, however. Men condemned to death—even those who fear their fate—generally sleep the night before their execution. Soldiers sleep lying upon sharp rocks, and even while on the march. No one knows just what sleep is. The prevailing theory as to its nature is that of the Physiologist Preyer, who holds that refuse matter accumulates in the nervous centres in such quantity as to bring about insensibility, which is sleep, and which continues until the brain has been relieved of this waste matter by its absorption into the circulation. By way of contrast to the cases of those who seek to do without sleep, or are often unable to obtain it, a case is recorded by Dr. Philipson in which a young man slept thirty-two hours without waking.—Youth's Companion.

A COUNTRY DRUG STORE.

HOW THE YOUNG CLERK WHILES AWAY THE TIME.

The Drug Compounder is a Thing of Beauty—Interesting Colloquy With a Fair Maiden. The young drug clerk is alone. His employer has gone to the city to buy stock. There has not been a customer in the store for more than an hour. The drug clerk feels lonesome. He gazes pensively out at the deserted village street, and muses upon the vanity of all things here below. An open book lies upon the counter before him. It is "Daniel Deronda." Somebody has advised the drug clerk to read it, and he has been trying to do so. But he don't like it. He is disappointed, for he began it under the impression that it was a detective story. It makes him sleepy.

The drug clerk is a thing of beauty, and is calculated to be a joy forever. He wears a check suit, a blue scarf with a large pin representing a mortar and pestle (suggestive of his devotion to business), and a very high collar. His natural attractions are further enhanced by a large amethyst ring upon the little finger of his right hand, and a blonde bang, which long and careful training has reduced to a state of complete subjection. But see! the expression of gloom upon his features gives place to a sunny smile. He sees a maiden coming up the village street, and he knows that the chances are very large that she will not be able to get past the door. He pulls down his cuffs, and assumes what he believes to be an attitude of unstudied grace. The door opens, she enters, and the following dialogue ensues:

She—"All alone, Cy?" He—"Why! good afternoon, Addie. Yes, things are rather quiet. Hain't seen you for an age." She—"You saw me at church last Sunday."

He (with a killing glance)—"Well, three days away from you seem an age." She—"Cy Whittaker, you're getting worse and worse!" He—"I know I am. Guess you'll have to undertake my cure. Hey?" (Brief intermission for giggling.) She—"What are you reading?" "Daniel Deronda." "Do you like it?" He (guardedly)—"Do you?" She—"I think it's perfectly splendid. Don't you?" He (promptly)—"Perfectly magnificent! Going to the Methodist tea-party to-morrow night?"

She (with scorn)—"Me? No, sir; I don't mix with that set." He—"Kinder severe, ain't you, Addie? Some nice folks down to the Methodist Church." She—"Oh, yes, I s'pose there are—the Griswold girls, for instance. I heard it said yesterday that the Griswolds must be a mighty unhealthy family—judging from the number of times a week those girls visit this store."

He (slightly hysterical)—"He! he! he! Now, that amuses me. Who said it?" She—"I shan't tell you." He—"Yes, do!" She—"I won't." He—"Well, I know who it was; it was that Higgins girl." She—"Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't."

He (insinuatingly)—"This ain't the first time that that girl has tried to make trouble between you and me. But she can't influence me. And as for the Griswold girls, you can judge how much I care for them, when I tell you that, though they were round here this morning urging me to go to the tea-party, what you have said has decided me not to attend it." (Assumes an expression of tenderness.) She—"I am sure it is a matter of indifference to me whether you go or not."

He (ignoring the remark)—"I think I shall take in the concert at the Presbyterian Church—that is if I can get any one to go with me." She (unbending slightly)—"You seem to be in such demand that there ought not to be any difficulty about that." He—"Well, I'm a little particular about my company. But if you would accompany me—" She—"Oh, Cy! Fanny Berry will be there; and what would she say? She'd be just wild!"

He (with dignity)—"Miss Berry's opinions are a matter of perfect indifference to me." She—"Well, I'll go, Cy, and I'll wear my plum-colored silk; and you be sure to call for me very early, and—oh, my goodness!" He—"Why, what's the matter, Addie?" She—"In great agitation"—"I forgot all about it! Grandma has got one of her fits—a dreadful one, this time—and man sent round here to get the old prescription put up (produces bottle); and I forgot all about it, and poor grandma may be dead by this time. Do hurry and get the stuff ready, Cy."

SILENCE.

My soul is voiceless as the frozen moon, Yet in its slumbers mute deep and strong As all the splendid fire of sunlight noon; Would that some hand might strike it into song. And yet perchance the touch that thus should wake The silent chords to soaring melody, Might be the hand of one for whose dear sake The song would grow until too great to be. So sleep, my heart, serene as yonder star; Silence shall be sweet like summer rain, To hush the lips of song were better far Than bursting into symphonies of pain. —W. J. Henderson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A drink for the sick: Well water.—Argonaut. The champion belt of the world is without doubt the equator.—Boston Budget. A pair of slippers consists of two fat men on the icy sidewalk.—Goodall's Sun. Once a woman has reached seventy she no longer hesitates to give her age.—Philadelphia Call.

There is a merchant in this city who has an admirable sense of the eternal fitness of things. He provides his collector with a dun colored horse.—Merchant Traveler. It is said the Emperor of China is the shortest monarch in the world. King Kalakaua should not be forgotten in the list. He wants to borrow money all the time.—Piscine. "Oh, dear," exclaimed Fenderson, "I wish I knew something about history!" "Very commendable aspiration," replied Fogg; "but why do you particularize history, Fendy?"—Boston Transcript.

MAN'S WASTES. Man waxes but little here below Of wealth's bright golden calf; But when he gets the horns and heels He wants the other half. —Gorham Mountaineer. "The loss of my husband completely unnerved me," said a lady to a neighbor who had been recently afflicted herself. "Yes, dear, and the loss of my husband completely unmaned me."—Pretzel's Weekly.

"Who is the god of battles?" asked a teacher in mythology. "Mars," answered little Johnnie Henpeck. "Mars, you mean, Johnnie," corrected the teacher. "No, I don't, neither. I only got one mar."—Washington Critic.

Ocean Pilots.

All ocean steamers are commanded by men who have licenses as pilots for every harbor along their routes. But there is another class of pilots who make it a business to lie outside the harbor for which they are specially licensed, to watch for sailing vessels and steamships coming from a distance, or from foreign ports. Such a pilot, we must explain to our inland readers, takes entire charge of outgoing and incoming vessels, until they have passed the dangers surrounding the coast and harbors of our seas, lakes and great tidal streams. The Captain of a ship surrenders its control wholly to the pilot while he is on board, on pain of forfeiture of the insurance on the vessel in case of disaster within that time.

There is no craft, perhaps, in this country which is subject to more rigid rules than this. The pilots, for example, of Delaware Bay have for a century been governed by certain inexorable customs, as binding as laws. Their business obliges them to be sober, intelligent, keen-sighted, and ready-witted men. When not in charge of a vessel, they are on large pilot-boats, which lie outside of the capes, sometimes sixty miles at sea, watching for vessels. The pilots of New York bay and of Boston harbor go even farther out to sea, and are sometimes met with from one to two hundred miles from the land. They are cruising about in the track of incoming steamers, and almost always appear in ample season to offer their services. But if no pilot comes, the ship lies outside the harbor and signals for one. The corps on the pilot-boats have regular turns, and the pilot to whose lot this vessel falls is rowed out to her.

He is bound to answer the signal by day or by night, in sunshine or in the fiercest storm. Nothing but the absolute certainty that the boat cannot live in the sea running between him and the vessel will release him from his obligation. A boy who wishes to learn this business must serve an apprenticeship. For Philadelphia pilots the term of apprenticeship is six years, during which time the young man lives on the pilot-boats, studying the channels, soundings and dangers. Then, after a year and a half of partial responsibility, he becomes a pilot.—Youth's Companion.

Beauty and the Poet.

Mrs. Langtry tells that when she first appeared on the stage Joaquin Miller wrote a poem in her honor, entitled "The Lily." Shortly after it appeared in print the author approached Mrs. Langtry at a large reception, and, after paying his respects, bowed himself backward out of the room, and, as he retreated, strewed rose leaves, which he had crummed in his trousers pockets, on the floor. Mr. Miller at that time was a member of the Rosetti Circle, of which Whistler, Burns, Jones and Swinburn were also members. At that time Miller appeared in public in a red flannel shirt and top boots.

A statistician declares that, while the annual increase of population is less than two per cent., the annual increase of physicians is more than five and a half per cent. Mrs. Haddock, of Iowa, asserts that 1,000 women own and manage farms in Iowa, and that in Oregon they are so numerous as to occasion no remark.