

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (e.g., 10 cents).

Congressman William D. Kelley is delighted with the resources of the new South. In his opinion Anniston, Ala., is an ideal industrial centre...

The latest show window attraction in New York is animals. The electric dummies that thump on the window glass to attract one's attention are being supplemented in places by parrots that call to customers...

An Indianapolis colored barber is credited with eating, at one sitting, seven pounds of roast beef, forty-five pounds of vegetables, a peck of corn bread, a loaf of wheat bread, four pies and six glasses of food tea...

Lieutenant Dudley Mills, of the British army, in a recent expedition to Shantung, China, discovered the sculptured stones near Chiansiang, which he was the first foreigner to visit.

The mortality of the globe has recently been completed as follows: Per minute, sixty-seven; per day, 97,790; per year, 35,639,835. The number of births per year is about 30,792,000; and per day about 100,000.

The Philadelphia Press has been making a chemical examination of the output of Philadelphia bakeries. The result is startling. The amount of chromate of lead used in coloring cakes and buns by the Quaker City bakers is astonishingly large.

Valley City, Dakota, claims the greatest prodigy in music in the Northwest. It is Blanche Ramer, the four-year-old daughter of E. T. Ramer. She plays on the organ or piano strictly by note, and reads the notes with surprising rapidity and accuracy.

A party of treasure-seekers, backed by several Philadelphia capitalists, have chartered the schooner William P. Orr for a period of six months to look for 900,000 Spanish doubloons, which they assert are buried off the Delaware capes on the English privateer De Braak, which sank in 1798.

A SUMMER SONG.

O! spirit of the summertime! Bring back the roses to the dells, The swallow from her distant clime, The honey-bee from drowsy cells...

HOW AMASA SNOW GOT ON HIS FEET.

Amasa Snow sat in his little law office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his stove full of wood and red hot. His office was about a rod from his house, and quite near the high wooden gate leading into the village street.

There were his law books—a couple of thousand dingy calf volumes, not kept up to date, the inheritance from the judge, and a couple of law books were "chattered," as they said, L. E., more engaged, quite beyond their value.

That was his plan—to go West. He had felt his fifty years. He felt young and energetic, but he thought of it all the while. By-the-by, there was his brother, Elisha—his brother who in his youth was so like him.

Just then there came a tap at the office door. Amasa turned round. "By George!" he cried, nearly carried off his feet with astonishment. "It's Elisha—in propria persona!"

"I have come home," said Elisha, meekly. "I have come home to my neighbor round." "And just in the nick of time, Elisha. Might I say to you?" Then a thought occurred to him, as he shook his brother's hand, with that feeble wave in the air so common in Southern Connecticut, he would not tell Elisha of his financial condition.

"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rubbing his hands. "The girls will be so happy to see you. Come, let's go in the house."

He slipped an old, well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do Western bank president. He looked sleek and well fed. There wasn't a trace of anxiety about his face.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended leaving his money in equal shares to his six nieces, they went of literally like hot cakes. Mawley junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessie, and then they were all married off in batches of two, until the youngest refused to marry at all, saying, with her finger at her lip, "she preferred to stay with her father."

"Elisha began to feel his old boastful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. Why, he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. My five million dollars don't count very much out there."

"Elisha says the Sunday-school shall have a new organ if it takes his last cent," said their father, laughing heartily. He could not hold his tongue. "Well, said Elisha, "not quite as bad as that. But they shall have a new melodeon—yes."

"Well, don't say it isn't so, anyway," whispered Amasa, and led Elisha to his room, where that great and good philanthropist and millionaire lay down upon a sofa and took a comfortable nap.

"I know, I know," replied Amasa, apologetically. "I ought to ask how you have happened on East this way." "Why, yes; you ought to show some brotherly feeling. It's natural."

more, his business picked up so that he paid a large sum on account all around among his creditors. They all said "Elisha is doing it for him." He painted and refurbished the old Snow house. He ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his girls had some new clothes sent them from New York. He donned a new suit of broad cloth, and—was happy. He was on his feet. Slayton was utterly nonplussed. In vain the wily practitioner went about spreading doubts as to Elisha's having any money whatever.

"I'm very contented here," protested Elisha, "reading the newspapers and sitting in the hotel. It agrees with me. I don't want to disappear." "I liked the adulation extended to him on the ground that he was a millionaire. He played the easy, well-fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection. His acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Amasa. "This is dreadful! I see State-prison yawning before us!" "It's just what the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine needs," said Elisha, swelling himself out—"a little money."

Amasa still lives—a fairly well-to-do old country lawyer—slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpapa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them, benignly: "Children, I have put all—and myself—on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mother an awful lie."

The Amir of Afghanistan. A correspondent of the Journal des Debats sends the following account of the Amir of Afghanistan: "Abdurrahman in the first part of his career was a soldier; when he was raised to the Amirship he became a bureaucrat, a new role for an Afghan ruler, and one not likely to be popular."

Pulque in Mexico. It is as amusing to note the efforts which newly arrived Americans make to say the word (which should be pronounced pool-keh) as their grimaces in learning to like the liquid, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press from Mexico. They generally begin in calling it "puik," or at best "poolk," and end by doing their fullshate toward disposing of those 80,000 gallons per annum.

Curious Bugs. Next door to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company's store, Fulton street, is an exhibition case with glass sides containing three little turtles. The turtles are alive, and are about the size of a silver quarter.

THE GREAT DRAFT RIOTS.

FERRIBLE OPPOSITION TO CONSCRIPTION IN NEW YORK IN 1863.

A Brief Sketch of the Sanguinary Resistance to the Draft—Hundreds of People Killed. The difficulty in enforcing the draft in New York might have been foreseen, indeed, it was plainly apprehended, but it was not thought advisable by the Federal authorities to materially alter the regulations of conscription in putting the law in force that city.

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Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one, and he left a thousand dollars for the new organ.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Recipes.

TONGUE TOAST.—Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly all over on both sides, and minus crust. Butter it slightly. Grate with a large grater a liberal sufficiency of cold tongue and spread it thickly over the toast.

LEMON CREAM.—Boil the thin peel of two lemons in one pint of cream, strain, and thicken with the well-beaten yolks of three and the whites of four eggs, into which half a tea-spoonful of white sugar has been beaten.

STRAW APPLES WITH RICE.—Scop out the cores and peel some fine russet apples, and steep them in clarified sugar. Boil some rice in milk with a pinch of salt, and sugar enough to sweeten it. Leave on the fire until the rice is quite soft and has absorbed nearly all the milk; place in a dish; arrange the stewed apples on the rice and put in the oven to remain until they are of a golden color.

CHIESE FRITTERS.—Put about a pint of water into a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg, the least bit of cayenne and plenty of black pepper. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then take it off the fire and work it into a quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, and then the yolks of three or four eggs and the whites of two beaten up to a froth. Let the paste remain for a couple of hours, and then fry it the size of a walnut into plenty of hot lard. Serve sprinkled with very fine salt.

REUBARB JAM.—To six pounds of reubarb add six pounds of lump sugar and six large lemons; cut the reubarb into small pieces about the size of a walnut; then the lemons should be sliced and the peel cut very fine. Put the fruit (taking out the pips from the lemons) all into a large bowl; then cover it with the sugar, broken small; let it stand twenty-four hours, after which boil it slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, taking care it does not stick to the pan, also stir it much so as to break the pieces of reubarb, and the beauty of it is in being whole.

VEGETABLE AND FAMILY SOUP.—Two pounds of lean beef, half an onion, one large carrot, one turnip, quarter of a cabbage heart, two fair-sized potatoes, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two stalks of celery, pepper and salt, three quarts of cold water, browned flour. Put the beef over the fire in the cold water, and cook slowly three hours. All before taking it from the fire, put in the vegetables. Shred the cabbage, cut turnips, celery, carrots and potato into dice, and slice the onion. Cook them half an hour in boiling, salted water. Drain this off and throw it away. By this time the meat should be tender, but not in shreds. Add the parboiled vegetables to it and the broth, put in the parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Cook all for fifteen minutes; stir in a good spoonful of browned flour wet with cold water; boil up and pour out.

Useful Hints. A few oyster shells, mixed with the coal used for a furnace or large stove, will effectually prevent the accumulation of clinkers. To clean satin that has become greasy, sponge lengthwise, never across the width, with benzine, alcohol or borax water. Press on the wrong side.

Infant Prodiges. Willie Gordon, the ten-year-old son of a Fandan wholesale clothing dealer, is his father's bookkeeper and confidential clerk. He shows a surprising aptitude for business, and always takes entire charge of the store when his father comes East to buy goods.

Brains and Bodies. On the one hand, the great men of the past have been noted not only for their brains but for their bodies as well, and that, on the other, in the development of their bodies the time given to athletics and to exercise was productive at once of an increased tenure of life and of the highest and best intellectual power.

THE CARK OF CARE.

Like the rapacious earthworm that stripes The orchard's verdure, leaving stark and bare The shriveled bough that else had blossomed fair.

With promise of ripe fruit for craving lips, Care creeps upon us stealthily, and sips The life-blood of our souls—wilt ye rare Purpose and act—the will to do and dare— Without one fear of failure or eclipse.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The most charming talkers are those who think as you do.—Pisgah. Which is the most aversive? A man will run after a dollar, while a dog will follow a scent.

Why a man boots his dog, but merely shoes his hen, has never been precisely determined.—Philadelphia Call. Sophronia—"Certainly, dear, imitation violins for the room adornment should be decorated with bows."—Boston Courier.

The mosquito is here and we realize that there are other troublesome flies besides the inter-state commerce affair.—Boston Bulletin. Tennyson is ill with gout. It is apprehended that he caught it from some of his recent poetry, whose lameness is thus accounted for.—Boston Transcript.

Stiggins has married his type-writing girl. Before they were married he was in the habit of dictating to her, but now she dictates to him.—Boston Boston. The baby believes in the motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place," and her place for everything is in her mouth.—Saratoga Journal.

Is a Canadian has shot an American sewing machine agent; but shooting only one American sewing machine agent won't settle the fishery trouble.—Traveler's Magazine. "It is right," said a contemporary, "for a member of the General Assembly to go without his coat?" It depends upon where he is going. If he is going to bed it is all right.—Saratoga News.

"What is the chief peculiarity of the Canadian climate?" asked a school-examiner. "It is beneficial to bank cashiers," said the bright boy of the class, "but very deadly to reformers."—Judge. "Oh, Mr. Lighthouse," remarked Miss Oldgirl, with a simper, "I've seen just eighteen happy summer-days." "Only eighteen happy ones?" replied he, with pity in his tone. "Yes, an unhappy life you must have had."—New York Sun.

"Theodore, I don't believe you love me any more," said a K-street girl plaintively, as her best fellow, a Postoffice Department clerk, pulled her hastily past an ice cream saloon. "Oh, don't say that, dearest," said he, reproachfully. "Why, I named fourteen Postoffices after you last week."—Washington Critic.

Where; Oh! Where! The season fly swiftly away! Spring has just departed away! Oh! when shall I see you again? Begun on the first of the year? This truth to us yearly comes daily, when we see the snow on the dreary vale, That dunes are kept only by The people who keep them for sale.—Boston Courier.

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An Ungrateful Panther. Jim Ponce, of St. Augustine, Fla., going across the woods, heard tremendous growls, yells, and roars, and cautiously investigating came upon a seven-foot panther fighting with an alligator, which had the panther fast in its ponderous jaws. Ponce sided with the under dog and shot the alligator, whereupon the panther, freeing himself, made for the hunter, who had a hard fight before he killed the ungrateful beast.—New York Sun.