

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month; one square, one inch, one year; and legal advertisements.

A new theory of the final destruction of the earth is that the polar ice is penetrating the interior of the globe like a wedge, and that as soon as it reaches the furnace there will be an explosion that will split the world into pieces too small for truck patches.

According to the statistics gathered by Dr. Lindley, of the New Haven Board of Health, consumption claims a larger ratio of victims among the foreign-born population of New England than among natives. The Irish are particularly subject to it.

James Parton says: "Farming appears to have completely passed out of the thoughts of young men in the Eastern States as a desirable career. Is not this somewhat strange in a Nation, the founders and first rulers of which were farmers almost to a man?"

Sixty thousand orange trees are on their way to California from Japan, where they were shipped on board of an English bark in the harbor of Yokohama. With them also comes a miscellaneous assortment of over 90,000 trees and shrubs, indigenous to Japan, which it is proposed to acclimatize in California.

The New York Sun asserts that "the mosquito can be readily knocked out by hanging in the window a bunch of green pennyroyal herb, or where this is not obtainable a few drops of the oil of pennyroyal upon the pillow will insure safety from their attacks and a night's rest. Pennyroyal herb, however, is common everywhere."

It is well to know the safest kind of tree to take refuge under in a thunder storm. A farmer, who has known of twenty-eight forest trees being struck by lightning, says that nine were oaks, seven poplars, four maples, three willows, and the others were a chestnut, horse chestnut, walnut, hawthorn and elm. It is a popular belief in South Carolina that lightning never strikes the palmetto.

A piece of ground in Philadelphia, with a frontage of sixteen feet on Chestnut and thirty-four feet on Fourth street, was recently sold for \$85,000 or \$150 a square foot. It was necessary to complete a building site in the heart of the city, and therefore commanded this extraordinary figure. This is the highest price ever paid for real estate in America. The one next to it, perhaps, was on Wall street, New York city, where a lot sold for \$145 a square foot.

A nugget of gold weighing 156 ounces and five pennyweights was recently found near Breckenridge, Cal. It is worth as a specimen lump to \$5,000. It is said to be the largest lump of gold ever found in California, but one almost, if not quite as large, was taken from the Little Annie mine in Summit District, Rio Grande county, late in 1876. Australia produced the largest nugget of gold ever discovered. It weighed 136 pounds, and was found at Ballarat near Geelong.

One of the regrets of the Israelites when they "in their hearts again turned back to Egypt," was that for the onions which they used to eat in the land of their bondage. It is to be noted that Egypt is again becoming a land of onion culture. Large quantities are yearly shipped to Europe from Alexandria and other ports. A few years ago the trade hardly existed, while in two months of last year alone 14,000 tons were shipped to Liverpool.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat makes the statement that in recent years the health of Louisiana has been improved fifty per cent. "Diseases that ravaged New Orleans and all the chief towns," it says, "have been kept out by better sanitary methods and by an effective quarantine. The death rate is forty per cent, less than in ante-bellum days, and is now as low as in any portion of the country; the rate is fifty per cent. less. If human life and human health are to be counted in the balance, Louisiana has made immense strides forward as compared with the most prosperous period before the war."

An electric headlight has been recently introduced on an engine of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad which has given entire satisfaction in regular use, and has achieved some remarkable results in illuminating the track ahead for a great distance. A photograph was taken by its light on the railroad near Cleveland, showing the telegraph poles clearly for three-quarters of a mile ahead. A newspaper has been read by the light four miles away, and the time discerned by a watch at a distance of nine miles. The reflection of the light in the clouds has been noticed twelve miles away. The light used is a 2500-candle power arc light with a special reflector designed for the purpose, and a feed for the carbons, which gives a constant light despite the jar of the train. The engine for driving the dynamo is also of a special type, designed to overcome certain difficulties incident to the conditions of working on a running locomotive, and it is said to answer its purpose admirably.

"TAKE IT EASY." Do not hurry. Do not worry. As this world you travel through, No regretting, No pining, fretting, Ever can advantage you. Be content with what you've won, What on earth you have undone There are plenty left to do.

CONRAD'S ESCAPE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

With an eye out for the nearest smoking compartment, Mr. Jeremy Calcott regarded the approaching train which was to convey him from Siena to Florence, but Fate, looking pensively forth at him through the window of a second-class carriage, caused him to change his mind and relinquish all thoughts of that pet city.

Fate had hidden herself behind such a lovely pair of pathetic dark eyes under a poke bonnet lined with red silk, how could Mr. Jeremy Calcott resist her mighty magnetism? Though in reality he was ready to read limb from limb a fidgety governess and three children who threatened to bar his progress, Mr. Calcott ensconced himself in this particular carriage with a manner intended to express the coldest indifference as to where he sat. He chose a place opposite the wearer of the poke bonnet, so that discreet moments his artist's eye might refresh itself without danger of dislocation by a look at the most charming face and figure it had ever rested upon. The air of the carriage was fresh and sweet, though unsuited to her young years, and much to the fascination of the girl's face.

She was accompanied by a rather dull-looking person in black, who divided her time between catching short, jerky naps in ungraceful attitudes, with her mouth open, and casting anxious glances at a large basket in red drapery in a rack overhead. She had doubtless placed it there herself with the usual feminine disregard for stability and public safety, and was watching for it to come rattling down upon somebody's head.

Mr. Calcott longed to speak to his pretty neighbor, but for fear of frightening her he refrained. Fate presently took compassion on him; the shade of her eyes, and her expression, were not enough for the pretty black eyes; for a little white hand, quicker in its movement than Calcott's, reached up to draw down the blind. The wood was warped and stiff, and the poor little fingers were pinched. Not very badly, perhaps, but the black eyes had a suspicious moisture in their corners. Calcott forgot his caution reserve, and expressed deep regret for the accident which caused the young lady such suffering.

Did she know that red wine was considered efficacious in allaying the pain of a pinch, and would she allow him to offer some from his flask? She seemed nothing loath, so the infuriated young man tore up strips of his fine new linen handkerchief, and expressed deep regret for the accident which caused the young lady such suffering.

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up among the Pistoiese Apennines, and established himself at an old posting inn, now patronized by strangers in search of quiet rusticity, near the boundary between Tuscany and Lombardy. After his dinner of risotto—stewed kid and pumpkin flowers fried in butter—Mr. Calcott began to take his bearings. It was, indeed, a pretty, picturesque nook, tucked comfortably in a side pocket of the mountain, eyes, had worn him gaunt and grim, and he believed and privately hoped, and made a sojourn in Nature's solitudes best for him.

Sitting on a bench at the end of the path he had chosen, Mr. Calcott saw a lady in a black dress absorbed in a piece of needlework. Jeremy lifted his hat as he passed, and was continuing his way, when to his surprise the lady called him back and motioned him to a place beside her.

With the pine-tops embroidering the intense blue of the sky above, and chestnut groves gathering round the peasants' houses of gray stone with red-tiled roofs. Very primitive, silent and lonely, but quite suited to Mr. Calcott's frame of mind. The gnawing heart-hunger, awakened by a certain pair of bonny black eyes, was the man who badged my sister Dora's finger in the train that day; a very trifling pinch you and she both knew, not at all worth the waste of a handkerchief. Dora kept the piece with the initials on it—very silly of her," she began.

Jeremy could scarcely believe his eyes and ears. Here, dropped down in this most hidden of hamlets, was the dull young person who had so fidgeted and yawned during that, to him, most blissful journey from Siena? Was her sister with her? Calcott's knees trembled with joy at the delightful possibility, and then a chill froze his blood at the fear that the sisters might have parted company.

"My sister will be glad to see you; she has wearied me to death talking about you." "Though not wholly complimentary, this was music to Calcott's ears, for it hinted at Dora's having forgiven him for his sharp judgment apropos of quadrupeds. He had already possessed himself of her name as a precious treasure.

"Is—is your sister here?" hazarded Jeremy. "Yes; she is sitting with Conrad, to keep the flies off him while he sleeps." Hereupon, to Jeremy's great discomfiture, the young lady burst into tears. With a prayer-wishful desire to divert her thoughts, he began, with a painful display of mannish ignorance, to question her about the work now lying unheeded on her lap. She brightened up immediately, and displayed her handiwork to Calcott, the nature of which caused him considerable astonishment. A square of black silk with a skull and cross-bones, skilfully embroidered in white, enlivening one corner, and a small coffin, with the name on the lid, in process of completion on two of the others.

"I'm making this for a lady who has lost her husband; it is to wear round the neck; she always likes a pretty little shawl. Don't you think it will please her?" "Yes," answered Calcott; "there is something so original and—and so cheering about it, you know." "Yes. Everything—Oh, there comes Dora; you can talk to her instead. I'm going to Conrad," whither upon the eccentric young lady hustled her work out of sight in a basket, and beat a hasty and unceremonious retreat.

With the grace and loveliness of an ideal queen, Dora advanced over the carpet of chestnut leaves lying golden on the path. Instead of the poke bonnet, a parasol lined with pale rose protected her dainty head, with its dusky crown of hair soft and glossy as silk, from the glaring sunshine.

With a flush of pleasure, as the vain young man chose to construe it—though it might have been only the reflex from the silken canopy over her head—she recognized Mr. Calcott.

Luca, snow grown to be a staid old cat, which accompanies us everywhere. She seems to think some of the soul of her dead lover lives still in this cat, and caring for it is her one great passion; she calls it Conrad, and is never contented away from it. I have to feel the same affection and interest in an animal I really do not like, out of consideration for my poor Hilda's feelings. I shudder for the consequences if any misfortune were to befall her pet. I know it is ridiculous to travel about with a cat, but—

"Oh, please don't say anything to recall some stupid speeches of mine," began Calcott, eagerly. "There is nothing ridiculous." "Yes, it is silly," she interrupted him; "but I take that as part of my punishment, as I try to bear patiently with Hilda's dreary fancies in needlework. If I can suppress the frightful decorations she makes before she produces them in public, I'm thankful. She always wears mourning, and finds great satisfaction in elaborating the dismal symbols of death you found her busy over."

"A terribly depressing influence for you," said Calcott. "Yes; but do I not deserve a far worse lot? That is my story very hastily and imperfectly told—I cannot bear to dwell on details—but it is enough to explain what seems strange in our conduct. Let us return now through the fields, and talk of pleasanter things."

For many subsequent days Jeremy had to content himself with fleeting glimpses of Dora, for she seemed to avoid him, and his most adroit attempts to bring about a chance meeting failed.

At sunset, one evening, he found her sitting alone on a stone wall where a sweep of the road commanded the prettiest view of the valley. Traces of tears were in her eyes, and a pathetic tremor in her voice; she looked irresistibly lovely, and, astonished at his own courage and eloquence, Calcott presently found himself telling her that he had loved her from the first moment he had seen her, and that heaven would begin for him on this dull earth if she would be his wife.

"Oh, no, no, I cannot! I beg of you not to speak to me in this way. Oh, why did I not prevent you?" "This was not encouraging, but Calcott did not mean to let himself be abashed too easily.

"But why may I not tell you that I love you?" "No—no man must talk to me of love so long as my poor Hilda needs me. I have sworn to devote myself to her, allowing no one to divide my allegiance—it is but little compensation for ruining her life."

"But why not let me help to bear the burden which is far too heavy for you?" "No, I say; no one can help me. Alone with me, Hilda is usually docile and good. The intimacy of other people maddens her—I have tried all that so often."

"But this sacrifice of yourself is shocking! It is—"

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MAKING NORMAN BREAD.

THE STAFF OF LIFE IN FRENCH FARMHOUSES.

Loaves Like Cart Wheels Baked Once a Month—Kneading in the Family Dough Trough.

One summer's day, we stopped to call at the stone farmhouse of Monsieur Dural, says Ernestine Dingle, in the Epoke. Ernestine, the eldest daughter, was housekeeper in her dead mother's place, and she it was who brought out the amber-colored cider, the goat's cheese and the heavy, hard country bread. It is an essential of French peasant hospitality to offer these things to visitors.

The loaf she took from the shelf was one of half a dozen others leaning against the brick wall. These loaves resembled cart wheels, and had been baked in six-quart milk pans. Ernestine cut the loaf with a small saw made for the purpose. Nothing less than such a saw or a pirate's cutlass could sever that homely, but wholesome pain rasher.

These loaves, we know, were baked only once a month. Bread-day in a Norman peasant family is like washing-day on an American farm, in the respect that it comes at regular periods. We judged that bread-day in this cottage was approaching from the fact that only six loaves remained of the original thirty, or thereabouts.

After our little lunch, Ernestine took us through the orchard to a picturesque stone building, where the bread was made. This building had once been part of an ancient abbey, and amid its ivy-covered ruins we could still trace fine sculpture and bits of armorial designs, but inside there was no trace of art or architecture. It was really a Norman house. We saw several pairs of sabots or wooden shoes hanging from the wall and looking as if they had been whitewashed.

In one corner of the place was a large space enclosed with boards. This was empty, but, like the sabots, it suggested whitewash or mortar-making. Ernestine told us that this was the family dough-trough. Here, once a month, came her father and the hired man to "set" the yeast rising. Flour and water were stirred together with the huge wooden spades, like snow shovels, which hung with the sabots upon the wall. When the mass, thoroughly beaten together, had risen and assumed a dark leathery consistency, then came the tug of war. The two men put the sabots on either side of the dough, jumped in upon the dough and commenced the kneading. The way they did it was to jump and prance and flourish like opera dancers; to stamp and kick like horses, to exercise themselves till the perspiration streamed off them and they had no strength left.

After this process the dough was put into the pans, and baked in the huge oven at the rear of the abbatial house. In all Norman towns half-cad men may be seen lounging about bake-house doors. Their legs and feet are bare and floury, and as they tread the streets we know that they have just come from or are returning to their usual bread-kneading.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Ernestine when we told her that in America bread-making was woman's work. "Mon Dieu! how cruel your men are! I rather shoe horses!"

Chinese Delicacies. If one wishes to enjoy a genuine Oriental market sight, with stands and booths of nearly every description, crowded with Chinese patrons, he should pass through Mott street on a Sunday afternoon, say about 5 o'clock, writes Wong Chin Foo in the New York World.

The first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year A. D. 800. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdalla, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.

NIGHTFALL.

The last red beam has fallen from the sky, While, in its wake, a sombre tint of gray, Half light, half dark, so restful to the eye, Comes o'er the heaven—'tis the end of day.

Above the distant hills the crescent shines, And waxes brighter as the night grows dark, The gentle breeze sways the stately pines, And from the meadow glints the fire fly's spark.

Throughout the erstwhile crowded marts of trade, Deep silence reigns instead their busy hum, And shadows thicken as the gray lights fade, And gath'ring darkness proclaims night has come.

—George Owen Koch.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The most pushing man is the man who gives momentum to a hand-car.—Goodall's Sun.

Nothing so completely upsets a man as to tread upon a small reel of cotton at the top of the stairs.

An up-country town is proud of a female blacksmith. We presume she begins by shoeing hens.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Danville boarder said they fed him so much boiled beef that he was actually ashamed to look at a cow in the face.—Danville Bee.

The broiled chicken on the bill of fare at the summer hotel is too often like the same fowl when it emerges from the shell.—Just out.—Boston Bulletin.

Billing and cooing is a very favorite amusement with young couples. The wife brings in the bills and the husband coos over them.—Burlington Free Press.

Rev. Dr. Torrey states that he can marry a couple in eighty seconds, and it is awful to think so much damage can be done in such a brief time.—Boston Herald.

There is a man in Indiana who takes thirty-two newspapers, and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side-saddle as to attempt to impose upon that man.—Siftings.

"Taint every pull can be a pullet, And every bull can be a bullet. But every bullet, pull let in, Will surely prove a bullet in, And may serve for a bullet in."—Goodall's Sun.

Helless—"I am afraid it is not for me that you come so often, but for my money." Ardent Woer—"You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?"—Boston Courier.

If you see a bald-headed man with hand uplifted in an expectant pose he is not about to take the oath of office, nor sitting for his picture. He is just waiting to smash that fly when he lights again.—Boston Globe.

Though woman, with her pleading voice, Ne'er vaunts of her command, Her arts she skillfully employs To rule throughout the land.

And men must all acknowledge, Although the fact they rue, The hand that rocks the cradle Retains the night-keey too.—Washington Critic.

WISE WORDS.

Rebuke with soft words is the most effective of arguments.

Services and kindness neglected make friendship suspected.

He that brings the most of use into his life lives the longest.

Never run into debt unless you see plainly a way to get out again.

Live by the day; you will have zally trials and strength accordingly.

The brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels them, as it were, to follow him.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.

There are words that strike ever harder than blows, and men may speak daggers though they use no words.

Let us so use the moments of the life this is passing, that they may win for us a life that will never end.

The gamesome humor of children should rather be encouraged to keep up their spirits and improve their strength and health, than to be curbed or restrained.

Be content to travel as you are able. The oak springs from the acorn and does not become a tree at once. The mushroom springs up in a night. But what is a mushroom? Remember there must be time to grow.

Said General Oglethorpe to Wesley, "I never forgive you." "Then I hope, sir," said Wesley, "you never sin." Lord Bacon said: "He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself."

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness. What others, it may be much less gifted, make others easy and steady, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity and self control.

Making Believe. A correspondent says it is a custom in London for inexperienced young men unable to keep a job (as they call a saddle horse) to make believe they have been riding, as little boys do with dining room chairs. Algie and Bartie, old chaps, put on their cords and tops, grab their whips and go to a stable where there's a "splasher"—that's a bucket of mud and a whitewash brush. There they are splashed, and as soon as it dries a bit they are sent down a foot Regent, Bond or Piccadilly, just in from a dash across the country. The splasher has different kinds of mud for different localities.

"What'll it be, your honor, best or west?"

So the mud and the lie won't conflict. There's yellow loam from one source, red earth from another, and the nice-looking black dirt peculiar to a third locality. That's a trick that takes. I have just dropped on another. A worthy dress-maker I know is making three handsome white dresses.

"Do they fit well?" I asked. "They ain't to fit no one," said she; "they are to hang on 'bobs' in the cleaners' winders to make 'em' they've been cleaned."

The high four posted beds of a century ago are again popular.