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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

A great "rush" of herring is expected this winter on the west coast of Norway. For two centuries, for some unknown reason, these rushes have occurred at regular intervals.

The cashier of the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati, whose only idea of fidelity was that it made a nice sounding name for a bank, has found in the jail to which he has been sent a man who was his schoolmate forty-five years ago.

The Congressmen from the far Western States will make neat little sums of pin money out of their mileage allowance, which is twenty cents a mile and from Washington. The Oregon members will each receive \$1,340 and the Arizona delegate \$1,000.

The great cottonwood trees in the swamps of Tennessee contain veins of clear, sparkling water, which tastes somewhat like unweakened soda water, and which spurts forth as if under gaseous pressure when a vein is punctured.

Chicago is trying the experiment of burning garbage and the refuse of the streets, and the result is said to be very satisfactory. Two fires are built under a large iron-lined pit with a grating for a bottom, and on this grating the garbage is dumped.

Dr. Seguin and Godfrey, of Bridgeport, Conn., have secured and examined the stomachs of Alice, Jumbo's widow. It has proved a perfect bonanza and possessed all the treasures of a curiosity shop.

The largest, or perhaps the best known, shop in Paris, Au Bon Marche, is kept by a woman, Madame Boucault, who has recently been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

It is doubtful whether death in burning buildings is as horrible as is generally supposed. The London Lancet, speaking particularly of the affair of the Opera Comique in Paris, observes that the burning seldom occurs in these cases until after death, or at least insensibility to pain, has been produced.

The natural products of any land in vegetable or animal life are the safest for its inhabitants to propagate. When they try exotic there may be no adequate check to their increase and the most serious consequences will result.

THE HIDDEN CROSS.

How many hearts so brave and true Are battling day by day To bear a cross their whole lives thro', Unamurging all the way.

A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES.

It happened one afternoon last year, in the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early next morning on an important business matter.

Having dispatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skinning over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor.

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station, rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were unimpeded by the unmerciful fashion in which the railway officials had assisted me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, and flight was possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty pride followed suit.

"On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavoring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snatched his hand-cuffs in some inexplicable manner, and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, I roke through the bystanders and fled down the street.

"The Burton Murder—Escape of the Prisoner." After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows:

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture.

"Yes, we know," responded my honest friend. "The Burton police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake. Why, I saw him handcuffed, and his arms pinioned behind him, and he lying half dead the while after the throttling as you gave him."

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early in the spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader. —Chamber's Journal.

One of the remarkable sights in this city, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, is the Julien electrical car rushing along in a way that excite a degree of surprise approaching alarm.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool impertinence:

"You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam, but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?"

By a mighty effort I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: "Excuse my reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out."

"The moment the words left her lips I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once plant his feet it was all over with me, lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride! The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Then, nails, feet, all were aching me at once, but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I strained with blood and almost lost consciousness, still held on while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased; and I fainted across the body of my captive.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Hands and Household Work. Household work and neat hands are not as incompatible as they seem, if every means possible is used for the protection of the hands.

Pin This Up in the Kitchen. Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound. Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

An Electrical Car. One of the remarkable sights in this city, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, is the Julien electrical car rushing along in a way that excite a degree of surprise approaching alarm.

The Art of Sermon Making. For a number of years, says the Rev. A. J. Behrend in the Brooklyn Eagle:

Blowing the Mayor's Horn. Among some of the numerous corporation customs in England, says Cassell's Magazine, may be mentioned the blowing of the "Burghmote Horn," by the sound of which the members of the corporation were, in days gone by, summoned to the corporation.

How to Make Good Coffee. Put one cupful of fine-ground coffee in a small saucupan and on the fire. Stir constantly until hot. Put the hot coffee in the filter of a coffee-tiger. Place the coarse strainer on top, and then add half a cupful of cold water, pouring it in by tablespoonfuls.

Certain proverbs in the Malabarath parallel those found among other nations. Among these there is the "golden rule," which, however, is formulated negatively in the Sanskrit: "Do not do to others what thou wouldst not have others do unto you."

We're living on the topmost shelf, I ain't been tickled since I was a boy, I wish we got company 'bout now.

We're peach preserves an' pumpkin pie, An' jelly cake three times a day. An' I've havin' such a bully time, I wish 'our comp'ny come stay. —Boston Globe.

A CAT ACTS AS SURGEON.

THE WONDERFUL FELINE THAT DRESSED A WOUND. Astonishing Advance in the Mental Evolution of the Lower Animals—Will They Ever Talk?

Animals often display more intelligence than the lower grades of man. Dr. Thomas Bryan Gunnig, the noted scientist, once had a cat called "Black" who had many learned qualifications.

Humor of the Day. The equestrian takes a back seat. The convict is naturally in a good humor when he's breaking out.

Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. Campaign and oysters at midnight's hour. Cuts a man off in his sick flower. —Merchant Traveler.

Lady who had a sick husband. "Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?" Doctor (absent-mindedly)—"No, madame, not until he gets well." —Epoch.

An exchange has an article on "China as It Is." Just how China is depends upon the hired girl. Generally it is wicked, and often so badly broken that it has to be swept out. —Omaha Herald.

I tell you what it is, Gus: Araminta's father can't appreciate us. He has no soul. "Oh! he hasn't! eh! Well, if you'd been in my place last night you'd have thought he was all soul." —Harper's Bazar.

A strange child was introduced to 4-year-old Adelaide with injunctions as to her entertainment. When a supper was given the suggestions were checked by: "My dear, I have played with children all my life." —American Magazine.

Cleveland's Future Home. Mr. Cleveland intends to remain a citizen of New York State, and on his retirement from Federal office he will select some portion of the State in which he will make his home.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DUCKS SHOT IN A DAY.

The best record ever made in the Susquehanna fields was about eight years ago, when on the opening day William Dolson, of Havre de Grace, an expert gunner, killed from a box old and burst a fine gun before he stopped.

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