

No subscription received for a shorter period than three months.

The St. John, N. B., Globe now openly advocates immediate annexation of Canada to the United States.

The largest amount of land held in the United States by an alien corporation is that owned by the Holland Company, in New Mexico. It embraces 4,500,000 acres.

Captain Albert S. Pillsbury, of Rockland, Me., who was recently granted a certificate by the United States Board of Inspectors to command a steamboat, is the youngest Captain in the service, being only twenty-three years of age.

There are whole towns in Germany that do little else but make dolls for American children. They are mostly simple country folk. England's children spend almost \$1,000,000 for French and German dolls, and America's children almost double that.

There is a touch of pathos in the case of Margaret Calne, who has been convicted of drunkenness 231 times in various London police courts. The woman's latest exploit was to turn up very drunk at a police station, and to begin singing "Home, Sweet Home."

There are fourteen thousand acres of vineyards along the Hudson river valley, and the average yield is four tons to the acre. At 3 cents per pound the means \$240 per acre to the grower. Some grow larger crops than this average, and realize \$300 per acre in sales.

The United States Postal Improvement Association, which has just been formed, desires the resumption of fractional currency for use in the mails, the abolition of postal notes, the issue of postal orders for small sums at reduced rates, and the passage of laws of special interest to farmers and fruit-growers.

An accommodation train in service on the Omaha road between St. Paul and Stillwater is known among railroad men as the hospital train, from the fact that every engineer who has run on the train for several years past has either had a stroke of paralysis while at the throttle or been injured in some way.

The extension of the oyster trade in France during the last ten years is regarded as one of the most extraordinary gastronomic features of the times. During the last year the beds have produced 600,000,000 oysters, ten times more than in 1878. The working classes have their oysters daily, and every wine shop, even in the poorest quarters, has its oyster stand outside.

The youngest racing syndicate in the world is that known as D. J. McCarthy & Brother. The senior member of the firm is 12 years old, the junior member but a little over 10. They belong in San Francisco and own C. H. Todd, the horse which won the American Derby at Chicago last spring and brought nearly \$14,000 into the pockets of the senior member by so doing.

The United States has been, without doubt, the most prolific of all countries in the world in the issue of postage stamps, having put forth over 500 different varieties altogether. The number of distinct varieties issued by the various governments throughout the world is variously estimated, but 5,000 would probably cover the whole. Quite a number of new issues have appeared the past year.

Advices from the gold mining regions of Georgia indicate a marked revival in gold mining enterprises. A syndicate of English capitalists has just bought 3,000 acres of gold mining property near Gainesville, and will construct a 10 mile canal and erect stamp mills. New Orleans capitalists have also purchased an extensive tract near Canton, and will engage in gold mining on an extensive scale.

There are more than \$1,000,000 in the savings banks of Massachusetts for which there are no known owners. A law passed by the last Legislature requires every bank to print annually a list of deposits which have remained untouched for twenty years. One Boston bank, the Provident Institution for Savings, has \$148,000 of such deposits, divided among 280 depositors. The Five Cent Saving Bank has \$39,000 credited to 367 depositors, from whom nothing has been heard for over two decades.

In rough, mountainous districts of New York, Pennsylvania and some of the Eastern States, bears have never been entirely exterminated. Lately they have greatly increased in numbers. Either the presence of winter, or, more likely, scarcity of water in their mountain homes, has emboldened them to come down and invade the settlements. Several such cases have lately been reported in central Pennsylvania. A wounded bear is a dangerous customer for one man to deal with. Though they seem to move clumsily, they get around in altogether too lively a fashion for safety, if one meets them alone. But wherever bears show themselves old guns will be furnished up and a general hunt made, until they are destroyed or run back.

THE WINGING HOUR.

"It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world than to consider a half hour a trifle."—Goethe's Sprüche in Prosa.

Stay not! Pause not! The moon is near: The sun has climbed the height. Stay not nor fear! Follow all thy work be done! On, ever on!

No summer beam shall scorch thee, Nor sudden wave overwhelm thee, Till thy task be ended. On, ever on! Through the mist and through the night, Through the blinding morning light, By elements befriended, Till thy work be done.

Thou wouldst sail the sea, The mountain wouldst thou scale, Upon the starry towers, Exhaust thy vision frail. Stay not for the storm, And stay not for the hour, A great mastery yet Holds thee in his power.

The moon is here, Thy work undone, The end draws near. Ere thou hast won.

Conquer Death, for he is weak And the gathering days are strong! Time to struggle, time to seek While the untired moments throng. Close about thee; seize the first! Then to see the second turns, And the third is all thine own; Thine the light and thine the strength, Thine the throne!

—Mrs. Fields, in Century.

BIG BEN AND CHARLEY.

Were we afraid of Big Ben? Well, yes, to a certain limit. There were five of us in a bit of cabin out in the silver country, and Big Ben was boss of the pack for several reasons. First and foremost, he was too much for any one of us single handed, and, secondly, he had many good points about him. While he was overbearing and brutal at times, he was the best miner in the party, and no bad luck could scourge him. With any one else as boss we should have scattered at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down on our luck all the while.

"Break up! Hunt for luck!" sneered Big Ben whenever anything was said about abandoning our claim. "Well, you are a lot of coyotes—a cussed bad lot. You haven't got the pluck of a sick wolf. I'd like to see some of you walk off and leave me in the lurch, yes, I would. I'll turn to and lick the hull crowd out of your boots if I hear another growl."

Big Ben insulted us a dozen times a day, and on three or four occasions he laid hands on us in a violent way, but somehow we stuck there. As I told you, he was a practical miner, the hardest worker in the lot, and we leaned on him like a knooping around the silver camps. We could have shot him down in some of the quarrels, and the verdict would have been: "ser'd, his right!" but we knew that he had a good heart down in his bosom, and the hand which clutched knife or pistol was always restrained.

One afternoon, while I was minding the cabin and the other men were at work in the tunnel or shaft, a stranger entered. He had come up from San Francisco and own C. H. Todd, the horse which won the American Derby at Chicago last spring and brought nearly \$14,000 into the pockets of the senior member by so doing.

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we could not get over. It was just the thing needed to set us up in rebellion against our boss, and that night we threw off the yoke and gave it to Big Ben right and left. We had two or three rows before bed-time, and all turned in sulky and indignant.

Where? But what a night that was! The cold increased, and the stars were split, and the wind roared until our cabin threatened to topple over at every blast. At midnight Big Ben crept carefully out of his bed and opened the door, and then I almost forgave him for his brutality. Conscience had been at work, and his heart was touched. He hoped to find the boy crouched on the threshold, and I heard him sigh and mutter to himself as he shut the door and returned to his blankets. The strongest man in our party, clad as we were for the winter, could not have stood against the blizzard half an hour, and I fell asleep to dream of finding poor Charley's frozen corpse on the trail leading down to the Forks, and of his big blue eyes being wide open and staring at me in a reproachful way.

For breakfast next morning we had some canned meat—opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it out, and all ate our fill, and were on the point of starting out to search for the boy when one of the men was taken ill. Inside of half an hour all of us were down with pain and cramps, and it was evident that we had been poisoned by the meat. We had no doctor of any sort, and one after another went to bed to suffer the most agonizing pains and to lose consciousness. Big Ben was the hardest hit of all, while I, perhaps, suffered the least. That is, while all the others raved and shouted and lost their senses, I was all the time dimly conscious of everything going on. The blizzard was still raging, and the thermometer was marking still lower degree when the door opened and Charley walked in. I saw him, but I was dazed, and it seemed to me that he was dead. I remember his looking down upon each of us in a strange, scared way, and starting to retreat when one of the men shouted a louder curse.

I was the first to come back to life, as it were, and that was twenty-four hours after being first taken. The pains were gone as I opened my eyes, but I was weak and wretched, like one just over a terrible fever. The boy Charley was standing before me as I opened my eyes, and he best down and whispered: "You have all been terribly sick, and I think one man is dead. Can you eat something?"

I did feel a bit hungry, and I had no sooner signified it than he came to me with a bowl of broth. As I afterward learned, the storm had driven a couple of hares to seek shelter at the door, and he had secured both of them. He did not know the cause of our sickness, but he suspected some calamity, and was prepared to feed us as soon as we could eat. It seemed that when Big Ben drove him out he tumbled into the ravine a quarter of a mile away, and he found shelter under a ledge. How he kept from freezing to death that night heaven only knows. Indeed, heaven, preserved him. It froze our water pail solid when standing within six feet of the fire, and there was, out in the cold in a threadbare suit. When morning came he returned to the cabin to make one more appeal. He found us suffering and out of our minds, and the fire about gone out. Had it not been for him we should have frozen as stiff as poker, for on that day it was thirty-one degrees below zero all day long, and it went down to almost forty degrees.

The boy kept up a rousing fire, dressed his rabbits for the soup, and all day and all night long he kept forcing strong coffee down our throats. That doleful help we used to pull through, or at least four of us. The other man, whose name was Hale, had his teeth firmly clenched, and from the way his features were distorted and his limbs drawn up it was evident that he died in great agony. In a couple of hours I was able to be up and assist Charley in caring for the others, but it was far into the night before the last man could use his tongue in a sensible manner. It was Big Ben, and when consciousness returned and he saw the white face of the boy looking up at him, the great tyrant wept.

"Aye! the corpse of the lad has risen up to confront and accuse me! It was a cruel thing I did to drive him out, and the Lord will never forgive me for it!"

While out of danger we were yet weak and almost helpless, and none of us could attend the fire or do a bit of cooking for nearly a week. The whole thing developed upon the boy, and no one could have done better. He was cook, nurse, doctor and protector all in one. He got three more hares and a couple of birds, and I don't believe a spoonful of the broth went down his own throat.

Well, I for one had been watching Big Ben to see what he would do. The first moment he was able to sit up he called Charley and pulled the frail little fellow down on his breast, saying: "If you'll only forgive me I'll pray to the Lord to do the same. I'm rough and wicked, but to turn a lad like you out of doors on such a night as that wasn't me at all. Old Satan must have had possession of me."

That great big fellow cried like a child, and Charley cried with him, and I might as well own up that we all cried. What made it the more solemn was the fact that we had a corpse at the door. When it was known that Hale was dead, none of the other four of us could lift a hand. How the boy got the body out of doors I never could understand, but get it out he did, and it was three long months before we could give it Christian burial.

On the morning when we all got out of bed feeling pretty strong again, Charley went to bed with a fever, and before noon was raving away. I tell you it was awful to hear him cry out every few minutes in his delirium: "Oh, Ben, don't drive me out. I'll work as hard as I can."

Every cry went through the big fellow like a bullet. He nursed and soothed the poor boy with all the tenderness he could command, and two or three times carried him about in his arms as a father would his ailing babe. There was a doctor at the Forks, and after dinner Big Ben braved the blizzard, and made the trip down and back. The doctor could not be lured to return with him, owing to the cold, but he sent some medicine. Poor Charley was beyond human aid, however. He raved through the afternoon and night, and next morning was struck with death. His mind came back to him

at the last, and as we stood over him he calmly said: "I know I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid. I'll see father and mother in heaven, and perhaps Brother James is there, too."

While we all felt bad enough, Big Ben was completely broken down. His position on his knees and wretched Charley to forgive him, and I never saw a man feel the bitterness of an act as he did. "Yes, I'll forgive you, replied the boy, and if you pray to God, He'll forgive, too. Has it come night so soon again?" "No, my child," answered one of the men.

"But I can't see any of you any more, Good-by. Let me take your hand, for—"

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GRAHAM CRACKER CAKES.—One pint of graham flour into which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a half teaspoonful of salt; make a thin batter with sweet milk and cook in thin cakes on a soapstone griddle.

CORN BREAD WITHOUT EGGS.—Take two cups of corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, one half cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda and a little salt, and sour milk enough to make a batter that will run easily, pour in a pan about three or four inches in depth and bake one half hour.

POTATO CROWDER.—Large potatoes, six; onion, one; milk, one cup; butter, one tablespoon; salt, pork, two ounces; egg, one. Cut the pork in small pieces and fry, add potatoes and onion sliced, cover with boiling water and cook till potatoes are tender; add the milk scalded, and the seasoning. The last thing add the egg beaten light.

CORN SOUP.—One can sweet corn, one pint and a half of milk; flour, one tablespoon; butter, one tablespoon; egg, one; salt, one teaspoon; celery, one sprig; pepper. Heat the sweet corn and celery slowly in the milk till it reaches the boiling point; Rub butter and flour together and add to the milk, then the salt and pepper. Beat the egg and pour it into the tureen, strain the soup and pour upon it.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One and a half cups of graham flour; wheat flour, one-half cup; milk, one cup; baking powder, one and a half teaspoons; salt, one-half teaspoon; sugar, one-fourth teaspoon. Put the graham flour into the mixing bowl. Mix the remainder of the dry ingredients in a sieve and sift. Pour the milk on to the dry ingredients, and stir well. Beat the egg and cut it in. Grease hot pan and fill. Bake in quick oven.

CUSTARD PIE.—Line a deep plate with pie-crust made as preferred with butter or lard, or both. Build up the edge a little. To three well-beaten eggs, reserving the white of one, add four table-spoons sugar, one of flour, and a pinch of salt, and mix to fill the crust, on which nutmeg should be grated. Bake in a moderately hot oven, trying it with a fork from time to time. When no longer "milky," remove from oven, and after it has cooled a little, cover with a meringue made by whipping the white of egg that was reserved with one teaspoon sugar and a bit of essence lemon. Brown lightly.

BROILED CHICKEN.—Cover it with boiling water; let it boil once, then draw to one side of the range and leave it to simmer an hour. Remove the scum, which will discolor the fowl if allowed to remain. The slow boiling makes it tender. When done serve with egg sauce in a sauce boat, and use the broth to make soup for dinner. The egg sauce is made as follows: Cream an ounce of butter; add to it one tablespoonful of flour, a salt-spoonful of salt and half a spoonful of white pepper (black pepper spoils its color). Stir it briskly and add half a pint of the chicken broth. Divide an ounce of butter into little balls, roll them in flour and add them one at a time; stir constantly, and care should be exercised not to allow the same to brown or discolor. Chop three cold, hard-boiled eggs and add them to the sauce before serving.

Useful Hints. Never leave the cover off the tea canister. Use newspapers to polish window glass and mirrors. Flour should always be sifted just before you wish to use it. Salts of lemon will take spots out of linen and also remove stains from wood. A spoonful of fine salt or horse-radish will keep a pan of milk sweet for several days. Carpets will look much brighter after sweeping if wiped off with a damp cloth.

White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whiting in the water. Do not leave any tomatoes in the bottom of a tin can, but pour them into an earthen bowl till you want them. This applies to nearly all canned vegetables. Kerosene will brighten silver, but an easy way to keep bright the spoons and forks is to daily use is to leave them in strong borax water for several hours. The water should be boiling hot when the silver is put in.

A pie that is properly baked will slip from the tin with careful handling, and if placed on a wire frame where the air has access to the bottom it will cool without becoming moist, and when ready to be served it can be transferred to a plate. One of Good Cheer readers has excellent success in cutting glass by holding it under water and cutting it with a pair of large scissors. One of the family papers says glass may be cut with any hard tool, like a chisel, for instance, if kept constantly wet with camphor dissolved in spirits of turpentine.—Good Cheer.

Cleverly Caught. Here is a good story of the redoubtable Master of Balliol. Not long ago an under-graduate of that college lost a roll of bank notes. He had the numbers and wisely told Mr. Jowett of his loss. "Give me the numbers and say nothing about it to any one," said the Master, who then sent the numbers to the bank teller with a hint not to disclose them. Next day the Oxford boardings were covered with posters proclaiming the loss, but giving the wrong numbers. The thief fell into the trap, and presented one of the notes at the bank, with the prompt result that he was arrested. That under-graduate has recovered all his notes and thinks that Mr. Jowett ought to have been a detective.—London Life.

An Unexplored Country. There are few regions more difficult to travel over than unsettled portions of the Puget Sound basin, the timber is so heavy and the undergrowth so dense it takes less than ten miles apart are often separated as completely as if several hundred miles open country lay between them. In fact little is generally known concerning the country outside of the Government surveys.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Great Foreign Armies. A gentleman publishes the following comparative statement in a Southampton journal, says London Truth. It is clearly put and worthy of recollection:

Table comparing British Army and German Army. Columns include Number of troops, 188,000, cost, 418, 262,000; 6 field marshals, 41 generals, 117 lieutenant-generals, 830 major-generals, 150 colonels, 150 lieutenant-colonels, 1,150 majors, 400 lieutenants, 1,000 captains, 10,000 privates, 100,000 privates.

SOME OLD-TIME SONGS.

TUNES THAT WERE POPULAR DURING THE WAR AND SINGE.

Sentimental Songs of the Minstrels. Favorite War Tunes on Both Sides.—Later Compositions.

How many of the popular songs of twenty years ago can the old boys of to-day recall? How many of the old melodies that thrilled them in the days of their hot youth have found an abiding place in their memory? The evolution of the popular song presents a striking illustration of the survival of the fittest. The great sentimental success of the anti-war period was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the unusual theme of the sentimental song of that period, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart-avocation caused by the separation of slave-lovers. "Ben Bolt" was a splendid illustration of the prevailing theme. It was hummed, whistled, sung and played on musical instruments for more than a decade. It was immensely popular with the young ladies, many of whom are now grandmothers. "Sweet Alice" was shrined in every sentimental female's heart, and the question of the day was: "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, and I'll never see my darling any more. She wept with delight when you gave her a smile."

And trembled with fear at your frown. Sharing "Ben Bolt's" popularity during the same period were two songs widely sung by Dan Emmett, Dan Bryant and other minstrels. These were "Nellie Gray" and "O, Susannah" both depicting the sufferings of slave-lovers. "Nellie Gray" swept the country like a cyclone. My charming Nellie Gray, They have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any more. was heard on every side and voiced by every tongue. "O, dear Susannah" was built more in the comic way, and the request, "Don't you cry for me," was based on the consoling fact that "I'm going to Alabama with the banjo on my knee." The pessimistic strain in which the fate of a certain "old nigger," popularly known as "Uncle Ned," "Fanny Brown" or "Susannah" appeared. Dan Emmett's "Dixie" and Foster's "Swanee River" have proven the most prominent of the ante-war melodies. A sentimental ballad called "Lorena" was a great favorite in the '60s, and for 30 years previous the appearance and philosophy of "Old Rosie the Bow" was known to every one. A state of warfare has always proved conducive to song. The flourishing condition of minstrelsy in ages past was due largely to the warlike and adventurous spirit of the times. During the civil war both sides were prolific in song-making. The South made the first great hit with Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland." The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was the Southern national air and was to the boys in gray what "Yankee Doodle" was to the boys in blue. The Southern women ardently took it up, and through every city rang the chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights of war, Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears the single star.

Of the sentimental songs of the war period, the most popular was "Fanny Bell," "Annie of the Dell," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Toll the Bell for Lovely Nell," and "When This Cruel War is Over." In the North, "Wait for the Wagon" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" had a great success during the same period, and others that ran riot through camp and freckle were "Mary Blaine," "Old Cabin Home," "Fair Hair with Golden Hair," and "Daisy Dean." Who has forgotten "Daisy Dean" and its wistful chorus? None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, Thy memory is ever fresh and green: The wild flowers may be broken, And fond hearts be broken, Still I love thee, my darling, Daisy Dean.

A beautiful song, truly pathetic, obtained great popularity in both North and South during the war. This was "Lorena," Percy's "Annie of the Dell," "Mother," "The South produced two songs that evince genuine poetic talent, and have been accorded unstinted praise by the critics. They are the "Conquered Banner" and "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," the first named by Father Ryan and the last by Lamar Fountain. One of the most pathetic poems that appeared during the war was "Somewhere's Darling." The great cloud was the great promulgator of popular music during and just after the war. He was then in the full blaze of his glory. Since then the flame has degenerated to a spark, and that is threatening to go out. But twenty years ago he was the greatest attraction in the ring, and his songs sold like shares in a wild-cat mining scheme. The war songs were the cause of the "Lorena" epoch. These were the days when the "Big Sunflower" and "Love Among the Roses" were epidemic. The agile Billy was the pioneer of the genteel song and dance business, and when he sang "I feel just as happy as a big sunflower, That is so and bends to the breeze, And my heart is as light as the wind that blows, The leaves from off the trees—"

he was pronounced unapproachable. Of the same date is that ridiculous composition: "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." W. H. Lizard brought it over from London and first sang it in a street in New York. He maintained intimate relations with "Captain Jinks" he prospered. When he attempted something higher he got into trouble. "Pat Malloy," "The Charming Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue," "The Fellow That Looks Like Me," "In the Bowery," were widely sung at the time. In the early '70s the successes were "Little Fanny," "I Feel So Awful Jolly When the Band Begins to Play," "Champagne Charley," "The Mulligan Guards," "The Cottage by the Sea," "Billary," "Good-bye, Charley," "Ten Thousand Miles Away," and "Nannie the Bride of Kildare." This came "My Gal," "Strutting on the Sands," and since then the quantity has increased and the quality decreased in the same ratio.—Chicago Tribune.

There is a big difference between getting on well in life and getting well on in life.

"LOVE THREE, LIFE."

I love thee, love thee, life! I fain would dwell with thee thy much-loved guest.

Oh, hold me nearer to thy pulsing breast, That I may feel thy heart-beats throbbing in mine. So bidding it in union with thine. I love thee, love thee, life! Oh, hold me closer in thy strong embrace. Unflinching, bear me onward in thy race, Impart to me thy soul's exulting power To be mine heritage, mine earthly dowry.

I love thee, love thee, life! I fain would wear thy brightness in my face. Oh, give to me thine animating grace, Inspire me, thrill me, love me in return, It is thy noblest gift for which I yearn.

I love thee, love thee, life! Bear not so swiftly toward my journey's end: For oh, I dread to part with thee, my friend! Surround me with thy warm, entrancing breath, And leave me not too soon alone with death.—Inter-Ocean.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Don't count your chickens before the hatch-falls. A man may be opposed to capital punishment, and yet in favor of hanging up his crozier.—Boston Courier. An oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want \$—.—Life. Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?

About the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at the joke of a story he has heard before.—Norfolk State Journal. "We've won your suit," the lawyer said, "And I'll never see my darling any more." "And what are your charges, sir?" they said: "Oh, merely the saved estate."—Old City Derrick.

They tell of a young Lincoln man that he is so able a contentionsist that he can see without difficulty a bald spot on the back of his head.—Lincoln (Neb.) Journal. Some musicians are fond of speaking of the "color" of the tones of various musical instruments. We wonder if they have noticed that the cornet is always "blew" it.—Burlington Free Press. A violinist says that it is not the bow arm that gets tired, but the tips of the fingers. We always supposed that it was the man who was compelled to listen to the violin playing.—Narristown Herald.

"What is the cause of that red spot on the end of your nose, Blossom?" asked Fanny. "It's a cold," replied Blossom. "Is it a cold spot?" "I was out in the hot sun all the summer."—Burlington Free Press. A New York firm left a 1,000-pound boiler out of doors overnight and in the morning it was gone. The only thing that can safely be left out over night in New York is a six-story building.—Omaha World.

Wife—"What under the sun are you doing?" Husband—"Trying to tie this string around my finger." Wife—"Why, I did not ask you to do an errand." Husband—"This string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember to-day."—Omaha World.

The Cause of the Glacial Period. The ocean equalizes the earth's temperature. How delicately balanced the forces of nature are as to glaciers may be seen in the fact that there have been five periods of advance and retreat in Switzerland since 1800. Were the Sahara desert to be inundated, it might disastrously change the climate of central Europe.

The orbit of the earth is an ellipse; its longer diameter being 3,000,000 miles more than its shorter. The sun is in one focus of this ellipse; the earth's summer solstice is fully seven days longer than the winter. The present is favorable to glaciation in the southern hemisphere.

There should be an increase of glacial epochs every 100,000 years, to the earth's changing relations to the sun. Special epochs have been 200,000, 350,000 and 500,000 years ago, and similar epochs are expected 500,000, 800,000 and 900,000 years to come. Croll's theory rests on hypotheses and assumptions. He takes the winds and ocean currents for stable quantities. But the Gulf Stream—fifty miles wide, 1,000 feet deep, and which moves four miles an hour—and the trade winds need to be accounted for. Why? Because the southern hemisphere is cooler. But why is it cooler? The extent and depth of southern oceans add power to the winds in that hemisphere. While the trade winds are steady but not strong, they are sometimes interrupted by terrible monsoons. Not all cold seas are favorable to glaciation; those in the far North lack moisture.

The weak point in Mr. Croll's theory is his failure to satisfactorily account for the absorption, retention and distribution of heat received from the sun. Why do clouds prevent frost? Why does heat pass into glass easily (as into a greenhouse) and not so easily escape? The equator is not so hot, nor the arctic region so cold as they ought to be according to the heat received from the sun. The difference between the equator and the coldest point on parallel 67 (where the mean temperature in January is 56 degrees below zero), which ought to be 172 degrees, is but about 75 degrees. We do not know what causes the glaciers, but glacialists are more concerned with the facts of glaciation.—Prof. Wright of Harvard.

The Value of a Whale. The owners of the bark Stamboul have brought suit in the United States District Court against the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, owner of the bark Wanderer, to recover \$7,000 for the loss of a whale. Plaintiffs claim that they had harpooned the whale, which thereupon swam under a field of ice and came to the surface a mile away, and that the crew of the Wanderer then captured the same animal, and, in order to give a shadow of claim, substituted their own harpoon for that of defendant. It is claimed that for forty years it had been the recognized custom that whalers had once harpooned a whale it was entitled to the full ownership of the animal.—San Francisco Examiner.

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