

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

The Astors of New York City pay \$1,000 a year for a special guard of their houses, which, although containing tempting riches, have never been entered by persons with burghlarious intent.

The Association of Grand Works of Panama has made a contract with a business house of Halphong for the supply of 1,200 coolies, who will be put to work on the Panama Canal. They are to receive \$30 a month and free board and lodging.

A Philadelphia club of lawyers has called itself the Burlaw, and since it became famous and moved into a new clubhouse in a fashionable part of the city, the members are kept busy explaining that Burlaw was a sort of Scottish common law, whereby disputes between neighbors were settled at an assemblage of the people without the delay and expense of litigation.

The doubles in the present House of Representatives, at Washington, or those having similar names, are numerous. There are three Allens, four Andersons, two Bakers, two Breckenridges, four Brownes or Browns, three Campbells, two Davidsons, three Hendersons, three Hopkins, two Johnstons, two O'Neills, two Russells, only one Smith, three Stewarts, two Stones, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Thompsons, two Tanners, two Whites, two Whittings and two Wilsons. There are twelve Mc's and only five with the prefix O.

It is announced at El Paso, Texas, that the Mexican Government has granted extraordinary concessions to a real estate company to induce emigration to eleven States of Mexico. The company has obtained title to 55,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua, Sonora, Durango, Coahuila, Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Michaveau, Galisco and Guerrero, and proposes to establish agencies in all the large cities of Europe and America. The Government has granted exemption from taxation to all settlers on these tracts, and insures proper protection.

One of the curious features of the courts is the number of people who want to change their names. Some desire a new name in order to come into inheritance; others prefer better sounding titles. A Chicago man named "Tinker" objected to his name because it is an uncouth one, giving rise to much sport and ridicule, to the mortification and disgust of your petitioner. A New York musician with a Russian name claimed that he had lost several positions as a member of an orchestra because his name was hard to pronounce and difficult to remember.

Of the thirty-eight widows of Revolutionary soldiers drawing pensions from the Government, two are residents of Ohio, two of Indiana, two of Illinois, two of Kentucky and two of Michigan. Tennessee claims no less than eight, while North Carolina has five, Vermont three and Georgia three. The other old ladies are scattered about in Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and Virginia. The two oldest are ninety-five years of age and the youngest sixty-nine, the average being eighty-five. Of course the husbands of these women must have been middle-aged or quite old men with young wives. The greenest woman of the list is Nancy A. Green, of Versailles, Ind., and the two oldest are Susan Curtis, of Topham, Me., and Nancy Rains, of Carter's Furnace, Tenn.

The last year has been unusually disastrous to navigation on the great lakes. The Chicago Tribune presents a startling array of figures of losses which have occurred in the last twelve months, and which is appalling. Two hundred and four human lives have been sacrificed and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-three vessels went to the bottom as compared to fifty-seven during 1886. Whether the increase was due to the greater severity of the storms or negligence is unknown. The effect of the property losses will be to replace the lost vessels—mostly sail—by steam propellers, lessening greatly the risk of loss and increasing vastly the efficiency of the lake transportation service. While the loss this year was about 21,000,000 tons, the increase for next year will be about 100,000 tons.

The cotton industry in the Southern States is gradually becoming one of the most important industries in the country, says Democrat. "All over the South great activity is displayed, and now mills are continually being erected. At Columbus, Georgia, one company has added 8,000 spindles to its mill. The cost of building some of the mills has been from \$100,000 to \$500,000, and after they have been erected it has been found necessary, owing to the large increase in the work, to extend them. At Galveston, \$1,000,000 has been expended in building a mill. All this vast expenditure of capital has been the means of giving employment to thousands of people, and the result has been that the working people of the South have bettered their condition. All the resources of the Southern States are being rapidly developed, and if this activity continues, the New South in a few years will be the great rival of the North in the commercial world."

PEACE.

Winds and wild waves in heading huge commotion. Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast; While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean, Lie peace and rest. Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping. Hurry and hiss, like furies late-possessed; While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping In peace and rest. Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world raging Flitst thou thus midway, passion's slave and guest? When all so near above, below unchanging, Are heaven and rest! -C. W. Wallis.

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVER. "Are you all right, Matilda?" said Mr. Perkins, casting a final, comprehensive glance around him, as he put one foot on the wagon-step and gathered up the reins into his left hand. "Yes, I believe so," answered his wife. "Is the big loaf of election cake in?" "Yes." "And the stone jug of maple molasses?" "It's right here." "And the ten yards of rag-carpet, and the pair of brackets, and the cherry vase, packed in tissue-paper shavings?" "Yes, I believe we haven't forgotten nothing," assented Mrs. Perkins, craning her neck this way and that, to make assurance doubly sure. "Well, then, that settles matters," said the farmer, briskly adjusting himself in his seat. "Attention, company! Forward—march!" But as the clumsy old farm-wagon lumbered slowly on through daisied fields and meadows crimsoned with nodding grasses, he looked up in a quaint, one-sided manner at his wife's clouded face. "What on earth's the matter, Matilda?" said he. "I s'posed you was dead set on goin' to this 'ere 'Donation Party,' this afternoon." "I did set considerable store by it," said Mrs. Perkins, pumping a heavy sigh out of some unseen deeps in her internal economy; "but somehow I feel sort of uneasy about leavin' Chatty in charge of things at home." "Ashel Perkins whistled. "Ain't she a woman grown up?" said he. "I s'pose so." "Get out!" said the old farmer. "One would suppose she was a baby." "But she ain't used to bein' left alone." "It's a good time to sort o' begin, then, ain't it?" chuckled the old man. "I'm afraid she'll let the dried peach-sass burn." "No great harm of she does." "And there's the calf to be fed, and the Shanghai chickens to be looked arter, and the short-cake to be baked arter." "Well, I calculate Chatty's equal to the occasion," nodded Mr. Perkins. "Anyhow, we shan't never know, ef we don't take some way of findin' out. Come, mother, don't fret. I do believe, ef you was on the road to heaven, you'd want to turn back to see of the clothespins was all a-layin' with their heads the right way, and the chickens had gone to roost all square an' even on the proper perch." "Ashel, you hadn't oughter speak light o' sacred things," reproachful y murmured Mrs. Perkins. "Well, mother, I won't," acquiesced Mr. Perkins, "ef you'll leave off thinkin' you know more than Providence does, eh?" So the old couple kept on toward the Catfield Parsonage, where there was, on that particular day, one of those great local upheavals commonly known as a "Donation Party," and where four bushels of doughnuts, thirteen bed-quilts, nine macrame tidies, and nineteen bouquets of impossible paper roses, had already arrived in bewildering succession. "Do hope," sighed the Rev. Eli Parsons, "that Providence 'll put it into the head of some one to send me a fall o' cire, for mine's clear in rage. Squire Pepper, now—he's fairly well off in this world's goods—it's just like him to think of such a thing!" While Mrs. Parsons, a withered little old lady with clusters of false curls on each side of her face, and an immortal butterfly always hovering over the black lace borders of her cap, secretly hoped that Mrs. Goldwood, who had more money than she knew what to do with, might be spiritually moved to present her with a much needed black silk gown. "I know it ain't consistent to think too much of earthly adornments," sighed poor little Mrs. Parsons; "but I never had a silk gown, and it does seem as if it would be comforting to own one before I died." But our hopes are frequently doomed to be blighted. Squire Pepper brought a damaged photograph album, from the "unsuitable" shelf in his store, and Mrs. Goldwood smilingly presented to her pastor's wife a hideous basket of wax fruit, which had stood on her own back parlor table until she was tired of the sight of it. Mrs. Parsons could have burst out crying. The stuffy little parlor filled fast with the parishioners. The kitchen was well packed with solid matrons and brisk maidens, arranging the salt shoulders of bacon, the juicy hams, the cold roast fowls, and loaves of home-made cake; the pounds of coffee, in brown paper packages, the packages of white beans, and the glasses of currant jelly, which were one by one brought in. The parlor tables groaned under book-markers, embroidered tidies, home-knit laces, volumes of poems, and such eminently useful contributions. Mr. Parsons bustled to and fro, wondering how on earth, even with all the china and glass she had borrowed, she should manage to provide for such a concourse of guests. Mrs. Parsons smiled feebly at the well-worn jokes of his people, and wondered how many of this particular type of "Donation Party" it would take to send him to the poorhouse. "Didn't you bring your city niece?" old Miss Tackberry asked of Mrs. Perkins, who, surrounded by a group of congenial friends, sat on the sofa in the parson's study, radiant as the full moon.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Roast Meat. Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of the school of domestic economy at the Iowa Agricultural College, says: In roasting meats of all kinds the method adopted should be the one that in the most perfect manner preserves the juices inside the meat. To roast beef in the best possible manner, place the clean-cut side of the meat upon a smoking hot pan, which must be over quick fire. Press it close to the pan until seared and slightly browned. Reverse and let the opposite side become similarly seared and brown. Then put it at once in the oven, the heat of which should be firm and steady, but not too intense, and leave it undisturbed until cooked. The time that should be allowed for cooking beef in this manner is twenty minutes per pound, if it is to be rare, less half an hour deducted from the aggregate time on account of searing. In other words, a five-pound roast of beef will require an hour and a quarter, a six-pound roast an hour and a half, and so on. If the oven is not too hot the beef requires no basting and is better without it. When the oven is at the proper temperature and the cooking is going on all right, the meat will keep up a gentle sputtering in the pan. If, upon opening the oven door, this sputtering is not perceptible, more heat is required. But if in addition to the sputtering any smoke is discernible in the oven, the heat is too intense and should be lessened. Unless the heat of the oven is too great, the drippings in the pan will not burn and smoke, and when the meat is cooked there will be a thin coating of brown jelly in the pan where the meat rested, which by the addition of stock or water will make a delicious gravy. A roast of beef should never be washed, and if it is accidentally been wet or moistened, it should be carefully wiped dry before it is seared or put to cook. Searing almost instantly coats the cut side of a piece of meat, and prevents the escape of juices in the after-process of roasting, while a firm, steady heat gently but thoroughly cooks it, and thus both juices and flavor are preserved. Basting is a troublesome and unnecessary proceeding. And as salt and water have a tendency to toughen and extract the juices of meat, they should not be used on it while roasting, if it is desired to have the meat sweet, juicy and tender.

Eating 100 Eggs at One Sitting.

At the Hoffman House last night a party sat at a table in the last gallery making wagers each on his own particular trick. A young broker who spent last summer with his grandmother in Jersey, won a pocketful of greenbacks on a trick taught him by the good old lady. He had lost considerable money on catch bets when he offered to wager any one in the party that he could eat 100 eggs in half an hour. The present providing he was permitted to have the last turn. A doctor, a coroner and a bank teller took the bet. After a brief discussion the three gentlemen decided to tackle fried eggs. He repaired to an all-night restaurant in Sixth avenue, famous for the encounters which men about town have had within its portals and ordered a batch. Every man at the table handed a check for several dozen. Then the young broker that had learned a thing or two from his Jersey grandmother directed the cook to crack and spill into a large pan 100 fresh eggs. Before putting the eggs into the pan, however, he ordered that it be half filled with vinegar. His instructions were carried out. After allowing the mixture to cool a reasonable time the cover was lifted and the eggs piced in a big dish. By permission of the proprietor the gentleman interested had watched the cooking. When the eggs were brought forth every one except the man with the Jersey grandmother gave vent to ejaculations of astonishment. The 100 eggs could be conveniently put into an ordinary teacup. Then the owner ate them in half a dozen swallows. "There's a hole in the pan," yelled one of the party. "No there ain't," replied the man. The vinegar has eaten them. It is a fact. You can drop a thousand eggs into a teacup and they will all be gone in half an hour. You will find that when cooked in it the eggs will disappear as if by magic."—New York Mail and Express.

The Youngest Federal Soldier.

The youngest Union soldier of the late war seems to be almost as numerous as the aged and colored woman who nursed George Washington. A St. Louis paper now claims that the honor belongs to Mr. George Faulds, who lives at 301 South Broadway, and is a member of Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., of that city. Mr. Faulds was just twelve years, one month and seven days old when he mustered into the service on the 7th day of November, 1861, and he was mustered out January 17, 1865. He was enabled to enter the army at such an early age because his guardian, General Robert B. Mitchell, desired to keep him with him. General Mitchell commanded the Ninth Brigade of the Ninth Division, under General Buell, General Jeff C. Davis commanding the division. Soon after he was mustered in he was placed on detached service as an orderly for General Mitchell. Mr. Faulds went into the service with Company H, Second Kansas Cavalry. He also claims to be the youngest member of the Grand Army of the Republic.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Quaint Epitaph.

In the new cemetery at Strirling, Scotland, there is a tombstone to the memory of a Chief-Constable of Strirlingshire, which, though erected as late as 1893, has in the epitaph a most quaint and suggestive illustration of mortality: "Our life is but a winter day: Some only breakfast and away; Others to dinner laid; The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed; Large in bed, and full of sleep; That lingers out the day; He that goes soonest, has the least to pay."

Making Themselves Old.

Shakespeare makes Caesar say that cowards die many times before their deaths. And so do they. And so do thousands upon thousands of persons who grunt their lives away. They make themselves old with in-judicious aches and pains and anticipated distresses. It is not good to give way to merriments. Anticipation brings the misery that it looks for. If we think we are sick we shall be sick. If we anticipate decrepitude it will run us sweet.

HOW A BLIND MAN SEES.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF A WESTERN MAN. Totally Blind, and yet Able to Travel Without an Escort by Perception—Some Tests. Many instances have been related showing that deflection in any one or more of the human senses often results in developing the corresponding inner sense. This has been more frequently observed in persons afflicted with loss of sight and hearing. One of the kind is interestingly described in a late issue of the Chicago Herald, which can be safely taken as one of the most remarkable on record. Mr. Henry Hendrickson, born in Norway forty-three years ago, but who has lived in this country forty years, was declared blind at six months of age. He was educated at the institution for the blind in Janesville, Wis., and is the author of a book entitled "Out of the Darkness," somewhat in explanation of the mediumship with which he is becoming endowed, although unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to the known laws of physical science. The narrative states that he is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and, with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste, and when going on territory carefully strange to him. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see. Describing his habits to the reporter, he said: "When I am in a full speed I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime, or to determine our speed. Of course I do not see them, but I perceive their qualities are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but am never in total darkness. It is the same at midnight as at midday. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me. A practical test was made. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in his chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for any one to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking stick was held up in various positions, and in answer to the inquiry: "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers, without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles. "I have never," he said, "by the ordinary sense of sight seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight or discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you: Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into, and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; but there is communicated to me some strange law of perception the size and configuration of the room." He then related that being in New York in 1871, he walked from Union Square to a friend's house on Forty-first street, a long distance, with several turns, and did not make a miss. He said: "I knew the house when I came to it. I did not see it, and yet I lit. I am studying shorthand, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first, but am now able to write very well." Another remarkable illustration of his power to see without eyes is this: If one makes motions in the air like being the time for a choir, but describing phonetic characters, he tells the characters, and interprets them. What might be termed a "crucial test" of this was given in the Herald reporter. Mr. Hendrickson further said: "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small and fine. The faster I go, the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something, it is light to me, and I discern everything."

Simple Water Teas.

Test for Hard or Soft Water: Dissolve a small quantity of good soap in alcohol. Let a few drops fall into a glass of water. If it turns milky it is hard; if not, it is soft. Test for Earthy Matters or Alkali: Take litmus paper dipped in vinegar, and if, on immersion, the paper returns to its true color, the water does not contain earthy matter or alkali. If a few drops of syrup be added to water containing an earthy matter, it will turn green. Test for Carbonic Acid: Take equal parts of water and clear lime water. If combined or free carbonic acid is present, a precipitate is seen, to which, if a few drops of muriatic acid be added, an interference commences. Test for Magnesia: Boil the water to a twentieth part of its weight, and then drop a few grains of neutral carbonate of ammonia into a glass of it, and a few drops of phosphate of soda. If magnesia be present it will fall to the bottom. Test for Iron: Boil a little nut gall and add to the water. If it turns gray or slate black iron is present. Dissolve a little prussiate of potash, and if iron is present it will turn blue. Test for Lime: Into a glass of water put two drops of oxalic acid and blow upon it. It gets milky lime is present. Test for Acid: Take a piece of litmus paper; if it turns red there must be acid. If a blue sugar paper is turned red, it is a mineral acid.—Health and Home.

Drinks for the Voice.

Tea coffee and cocoa are three admirable drinks, but none in excess. For the voice cocoa is the most beneficial. It should never be made too strong, and those cocoas are the best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa just warm is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has drawn too long, for tea then becomes acid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane of the throat. There is always a dry sensation after having taken a cup of that has been allowed to draw too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea, and only take milk with it.—American Druggist.

Seal Hunting.

In the spring, when the seal comes out upon the ice to bask and bask in the warm sunlight, the hunter approaches him by lying down and slava cing cautiously, at the same time imitating the motions of a seal, keeping his feet and legs, which he crosses at the ankles, close together, so that they may resemble the hind quarters of a seal. Indeed, when at a distance, I have frequently found it difficult to tell which was the seal and which the man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Seal Hunting.

During the last few years the growth of the towns on the Pacific Coast has been remarkable.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$ 1 00  
One Square, one inch, one month..... 5 00  
One Square, one inch, three months..... 12 00  
One Square, one inch, one year..... 30 00  
Two Squares, one year..... 50 00  
Quarter Column, one year..... 20 00  
Half Column, one year..... 30 00  
One Column, one year..... 50 00  
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

GROWTH.

The living stream must flow and flow, And never rest, and never wait, But from its bosom, soon as it flows, Cast the dead corpses. Time even so Runs on and on, and may not rest, But from its bosom casts away, The cold, dead forms of yesterday— Once best, may not be always best.

That which was but the dream of youth,

Begot of widest fantasy,

To our old age, perhaps, may be A good and great and gracious truth.

That which was true in times gone by,

As seen by narrow, ignorant sight,

May in the longer, clearer light Of wiser times, become a lie.

I hold this truth—whenever wins

Man's highest stature here below,

Must grow, and never cease to grow— For when growth ceases, death begins.

—Alice Corp.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The habitually silent man becomes gar-

gulous after he buys a dog.—Boston Courier.

The boy who has a female school

teacher knows all about misplaced switches.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Chinaman in New York is named

Talk Talk. It is not stated, but we suppose he is a barber.—Norristown Herald.

In the Volapuk language the word for

dollar is "doab." But it will be just as hard as ever to borrow one.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

When a man gets to be a "society

leader" you may generally look for him at the tail end of every other procession.—Burlington Free Press.

"Were there any poets among the ante-

diluvians?" a writer asks. There must have been or there wouldn't have been any food.—Boston Courier.

It would seem to the average philoso-

pher that the man who wants the earth the most is the chap sailing about in a runaway balloon.—Detroit Free Press.

Some things are quite beyond our ken:

Explain why if you can, We say "a man in liquor" when The liquor's in the man.—Boston Courier.

The old, old story boiled down: She

(early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same She, (late in the evening)—"Good night, George."—Burlington Herald.

Every one in a long, long while some

conscience-stricken wretches returns to the government \$35 which he stole from it three years ago. The \$5,000 which he stole last year he keeps as a reward for his honesty.—Burdette.

"Doctor, I am troubled with an affec-

tion of the stomach." "Well, sir, if you will describe your symptoms, I think I can." "Stop, doctor! Medicine won't touch it. My trouble is an affection for pie."—Burlington Free Press.

The quickest way of doing a thing

isn't always the best or most satisfactory way. A gas leak, for instance, is easiest discovered by going in search of it with a lighted lamp, but very few people care to try that method more than once.—Boston Transcript.

Patient—I've taken all the medicine

you sent except this one bottle, and I don't seem to feel any better." Doctor—"Yours must be an aggravated case. Farmer Acorn's cow was took down at the same time you wuz, an' I giv' her just the same medicine exactly, an' it cured her."—Litt.

Snowbirds on Toast.

Hunting snowbirds on South State

street and the avenues is a "met" and

ble employment than hunting ducks in the Indiana marshes. But few persons

are familiar with this fact, but it is true nevertheless. The palate of the epicure

must be tickled in some way; ducks and redbirds are too common, but the snow-

bird, it would appear, fills the long-felt want. There are millions of them on the south side, and they are being shot and trapped at every opportunity. The small

boy does considerable towards supplying the wants of proprietors of restaurants,

but the business has so suddenly developed that grown men have turned snow-

bird hunters, and with reasonable good luck can make from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day. The birds are wholesaled at 20

cents per dozen, and four of them go to make a meal, which costs the purchaser

50 cents. The restaurant man, it will be seen, has a profit of \$1 on an investment

of 50 cents. So it is apparent that there is money in the business for every one directly interested.

In a restaurant window on State street

the sign "Snowbirds on Toast," was

displayed yesterday. The proprietor was asked if there was much of a demand for such game. He said there was at present, as there always is at this season of the year. The birds are plump as can be, juicy and wholesome, but a working-man would eat a hundred of them at a meal without having his appetite appeased.

The birds fed on the grain that falls from the cars and vehicles. The hunters are in the immediate vicinity, and either kill the birds with guns or trap them. They go in flocks of hundreds, and a shot fired into their ranks brings down at least a dozen. The hunter has a bag at his side, and into it are tumbled the victims. The supply is enormous, and as long as the demand is kept up, so long will the south side hunters continue to make a good living. There are not half a dozen in the field at present, but when the snow comes down for keeps the ranks will be considerably augmented. That a man can make a good day's wages at the business is evident.—Chicago Tribune.