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It has been recently shown by statistics that the difference between the wages of men and women in this city who do the same work is from \$1 to \$12 a week in favor of the men.

The New York Herald thinks "it is more than probable that De Lesseps' Panama ditch, if it is ever finished, will not be big enough to hold all the poor fellows who have died while digging it."

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, Switzerland, has lately experimented with himself in laughing. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course his experiments didn't go very far.

During the last season on the great lakes, it is estimated, more than two hundred lives were lost and \$2,500,000 worth of property destroyed. Seventy-six steamers, forty-three schooners, six tow barges, and eight tugboats were lost or damaged.

Indiana is proud because she claims to be the first State to adopt a daily weather service. The headquarters are to be at Indianapolis, from which one hundred telegrams will be sent out each morning early, giving the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance.

Saxony and Thuringia are the home and paradise of dolls. The annual production of dolls' stockings alone in Saxony is 35,000 dozen. Thousands of shoemakers find constant employment in making dolls' shoes. The export of dolls to England, France and America is very large, and increasing every year.

The Electric Revolver says that the uselessness of the lightning-rod is becoming so generally understood that the agents find their vocation a trying one. Fewer and fewer rods are manufactured each year, and the day will come when a lightning-rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a man's door.

San Francisco has more representatives in the United States Senate than any two other cities in the country. The California Senators, Stanford and Hearst, have residences in San Francisco, as have also the Nevada Senators, Stewart and Jones. Stewart practices law at the San Francisco bar, and Jones is a member of the San Francisco Exchange.

Alabama is going ahead fast, according to the reports of a correspondent, who writes that in ten years the State has increased her taxable property from \$125,000,000 to \$215,000,000; and in the past year Jefferson County, of which Birmingham is the county seat, has increased \$33,000,000 in tax value. The total increase in the State for the year was \$41,001,703.

Albert M. Thompson has arrived in this country and is going to study medicine in the Medical College of Indiana. The interest of this announcement is in the fact that he is a full-blooded Veyneg o, the son of Downans, King of the Upper Ieron County, and Sandymanda, Queen of Jarbaeca. His African name is Momora. He is twenty years old and well educated, having studied at Cape Mount, West Africa.

Cremation is rapidly pushing to the front in Europe. The new crematory at Stockholm, Sweden, burned its first body, that of the late rendant of the Likbranningsforeningen (cremation society) Kjelherstedt, on October 15. From that day to December 6 nineteen corpses were incinerated. A crematory is in course of erection at Zurich, Switzerland. Another is to be built at Basel on the same plan. At Hamburg, Germany, the erection of a crematory will commence next spring. The cremation society at Berlin has secured the ground for a crematory.

The Albany Argus says that a crusade against cigarette smoking has been inaugurated along the Hudson River, and what is termed "a moral boycott" is the instrument used to bring about the desired result. Physicians say the number of cases of serious illness traceable to the pernicious effects of cigarette smoking is very large, and that it is high time to call a halt. Results of the crusade can be seen in Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Newburg, etc., where signs are displayed: "No Cigarettes Sold to Boys Here." The movement is being warmly indorsed by clergymen, educators and others.

Bush Otter, a young Sioux, is the only full-blooded Indian who was ever employed by an Executive Department of the United States Government. The Geological Survey has for some time past employed Otter, who is well educated, to prepare for publication a series of Indian legends which he learned in his father's wigwam when a child. Otter repaired to Hedgesville, W. Va., last summer to pursue his literary work in that quiet town. There he met a charming white girl with whom he fell in love. His pay for a month did not seem sufficient to him in the light of contemplated matrimony and he struck for higher wages. The Geological Bureau refused to raise his salary and Otter became a man of

MY LIFE.

O life, my life! Child of the deep, unfathomable night! Thou child of terror, child of joy and light, Of peace and strife, O thou, my life! O thou, my life! Begot in passion, and in sorrow born! By warring doubts bewildered and torn— With tumult rife Art thou, my life.

ARMSTRONG'S LESSON.

In the early days of California—the olden days of gold, or the golden days of old, as you please—in a certain miner's camp on Yuba River there lived a queer genius named Armstrong. He was an honest miner, not dithering materially from his fellows, excepting that he had a curious habit of talking to himself.

From the simple reason that he departed from the common custom in this one particular he was of course voted crazy by the other miners. To call all persons "crazy" who do not follow the customs of the majority is a constant habit with men. But day after day Armstrong worked away with his pick and shovel, caring nothing for the remarks of his neighbors, and seeming to wish for no partner in his toil or rest, save the invisible personage whom he always addressed in the second person singular, and with whom he was almost in close and earnest conversation. The drift of his talk while at work would be as follows:

"Rather tough work, Armstrong—rich dirt, though—grab \$1 a pound—no time to waste—pick in, sir—hanged if I don't wish I was in the States. This mining's mighty hard work. Nonsense, Armstrong; what a fool you are to be talking that way, with three ounces a day right under your feet, and nothing to do but just to dig it out."

His conversation would be duly punctuated with strokes of the pick and lifts of the loaded shovel. And so the days would pass along, and Armstrong worked and slept and talked with his invisible partner. Well, it happened in due course of time that the class o human vampires commonly called gamblers made their appearance at the camp where Armstrong had been working. As he was not above following the example of his fellows, he paid the newcomers a visit. It is the same old story. After watching the gambler while he concluded it was the simplest thing in the world. So he tried his luck and won—\$100! Now, any new experience would set Armstrong to thinking and talking to himself worse than ever. It was so this time. "Now, Armstrong," he said, as he hesitated about going to work the next morning, "that is the easiest \$100 you ever made in your life. What's the use of your going into a hole in the ground to dig for three ounces a day? The fact is, Armstrong, you are sharp. You are not made for this kind of work. Suppose you just throw away your pick and shovel, leave the mine, buy a suit of store clothes, dress up like a born gentleman, and go at some business that suits your talent."

Armstrong was not long in putting these thoughts and sayings into action. He left the diggings and invested in fine clothes. He looked like another man, but he was still the same Armstrong, nevertheless. He was not long in finding an opportunity to try a new profession. Waiting for his next outfit he had just concluded a long talk with himself about his bright prospects when he halted in front of a large tent with a sign over it: "Miners' Rest." Armstrong went in. It did not seem to him that he remained very long but it was long enough to work a wonderful revolution in his feelings. When he came out he was a changed man—that is to say, he was a "changeless" man. He was thunder-struck, amazed, bewildered. He had lost his money, lost his new prospect, lost his self-conceit—I st everything but his new clothes and habit of talking to himself. It is useless to say that he was mad. Armstrong was very mad. But there was no one to be mad at but Armstrong himself, as he himself more than was in for a rough lecture.

"Now, Armstrong, you are a nice specimen—you fool—you blik—you dead-beat—you inf—" Well, I need not repeat all the hard things he said. Like King Richard, he "found within himself no pity for himself."

in the middle of that road, sir, and walk in that dust behind that wagon. "What's with these clothes on? Why, it is fifteen miles, and dusty all the way." "No matter, sir; take the road. You squander your money on three-card monte; I'll teach you a lesson."

"Ghang! g'lang! drew the driver, as he looked over his shoulder with a curious mingling of pity, contempt or wonder on his dusty face. More and more spitefully snapped the swinging whip as the slow-paced oxen toiled mile after mile under the heat of a September sun. And therein the road trudged Armstrong behind the wagon; slowly, wearily, thoughtfully, but not silently. He was a man who always spoke his thoughts.

"This serves you right, Armstrong. Any man who will fool his money away at three-card monte deserves to walk in the dust." "It will spoil these clothes." "Well, don't you deserve it?" "The dust'll fill my eyes."

"Yes; any man who gambles all his dust away at three-card monte deserves to have the dust in his eyes—and alkali dust at that." "The dust chokes me." "All right; any man who will buck at monte deserves to be choked. Keep the road, sir—the middle of the road—close up to the wagon. Do you think you will ever buck at monte again, Armstrong?"

And so the poor culprit, self-arrested, self-condemned, coughed and sneezed and choked and walked and talked, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the great wagon groaned and creaked, the driver bawled and swung his whip, the patient oxen gave their shoulder to the yoke, and the golden sun of September shined warmly toward the west. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall when the wagon halted at the place called Packer's Roost, on the Yuba.

"Here we rest," sighed Armstrong, just above his breath, as he looked at the stream. "No you don't," answered the head of the firm. "You buck your money away at monte and talk about rest." "Now, Armstrong, go right down the bank, sir, into the river." As the command was peremptory and a spirit of obedience seemed the safest, Armstrong obeyed without parley and down he went, over his head and ears, store clothes and all, into the cold mountain stream. It was a long time that he remained in the water and under the water. He would come to the surface every little while to talk, you understand. It was impossible for Armstrong to forbear talking. "Oh, yes," he would say as he came up and snuffed the water from his nose, "you'll buck your money away at three-card monte, will you? How do you like the water cure?" His words were, of course, daily punctuated by irregular plunges and catchings of the breath.

It so happened that the man who kept the shanty hotel at the Packer's Roost had a woman for a wife. She, being a kind-hearted creature, besought her lord to go down and "help the poor crazy man out of the water." "Please," said the ox driver, "he ain't a crazy man; he's a fool. He walked behind my wagon and talked to himself all the way from Scrabbletown."

Thereupon arose a lengthy discussion about the difference between a crazy man and a fool. But after a while the landlord and the ox driver went down to the bank and agreed to go Armstrong's security as if at locking at monte in the future if he would come out of the water. So he came out and went up to the house.

"Will you have a cup of tea or coffee?" said the woman, kindly. "Yes, madam," said Armstrong, "I will take both."

They continued their old ways, making money fast and spending it foolishly—even giving it to monte dealers. But the Armstrong firm was never broken in that way but once. After that, whenever he saw one of the peculiar signs: "Robbers' Roost," "Fleecers' Den," or "Fools' Last Chance," Armstrong would shake his head with a knowing air and say to himself as he passed along: "Oh, yes, Armstrong, you've been there; you know all about that; you don't buck your money away at three-card monte—not much."—Overland Monthly.

Some of Last Year's Inventions. According to the New York Sun, here are some of the inventions made during 1887: A small, round rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it up.

A cheese cutter, consisting of a swing knife by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A balloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over an oil tank. An electric pump machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sandpaper, where a nickel or lead bank is dropped in a slit in the side of the machine.

A nose protector (Idaho invention), by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather. A cigar pump machine that drops out a rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to enclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, a funnel and a tube are provided.

A monster bicycle, with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the machine with levers geared to the axle.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads. An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea. A fax rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A chur-hew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable chairs within. A device which will prevent the most restless individual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A new gun with a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

The Kitchen Table. Among the very necessary things in a kitchen is a good-sized, substantial table of white wood or pine which is needed for ironing and baking days. It should have three drawers; a large one for holding the shirt boards, ironing sheets and holders, and two smaller ones for spoons and knives used in crockery. It is also a good plan to keep the cook book in one of these drawers. Above this table can be fastened a hanging rack for ironing days. This can be closed against the wall when not in use, but will be found a great saving in time and labor, as no one can quite estimate the number of steps taken from the table to the clothes rack when one finds it necessary to hang up each article as soon as it is ironed.

Recipes. MOLASSES BUTTER-SCOTCH.—One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter. Boil until it snaps when dropped into cold water.

SCALLOPED CODDING.—Mix together two cups of mashed potatoes, 1 1/2 cups of cold boiled codfish, 2 1/2 cups of milk, one-half egg, and one-quarter of a cup of butter; bake a light brown.

RICED PUDDING.—Three tablespoonsful of dry rice, half a cup of sugar, one quart of milk, put in a pan, flavor with vanilla and bake in a slow oven four hours without stirring. Serve either hot or cold.

SALMON SALAD.—To a can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery; cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits; sprinkle over a little salt and very little pepper, and pour on some good vinegar. A small onion may be added, if desired.

A NOURISHING DISH.—Take one-half pint thick sweet cream, set on the stove to boil. Put into a sauce two tablespoonsful sweet cream, into which stir thoroughly one teaspoon flour. When cream on stove is boiling add cream in which you have stirred flour and let come to a boil. Set off. Salt and pepper a little if preferred.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Put one quart of cold water in a jar, add to it a teaspoonful of salt and three and a half cups of buckwheat, beat until perfectly smooth, then add half a cup of yeast and mix well over the top of the jar, let stand in a moderately warm place until morning. When ready to bake dissolve a teaspoon of soda in ten tablespoons of boiling water, add this to the batter, beat and bake on a hot greased griddle.

VERMICELLI.—Put a tablespoonful of lard in a porcelain dish; when hot put in the vermicelli, broken in small pieces, with some thin sliced onion, pepper, salt, a few crushed potatoes, and a sprinkling of red pepper. Stir to prevent burning, allowing it to become a light brown; then add a little hot water, and boil until tender. By the time the water is evaporated it will be done.

Useful Hints. Keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places. Rub the hands on a stick of celery after peeling onions and the smell will be entirely removed. Let dishes be neatly washed, rinsed in hot water and drained, and then run them until they shine.

THE GAS MAN AT FORDS.

THE PART HE WAS TO PLAY IN LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION. Arranging to Plunge the Theatre Into Total Darkness.—The Plan Spoiled by a Trivial Incident. James Franklin Flitts tells in the Chicago Ledger how an employe at Ford's Theatre, Washington, would have played an important part in Lincoln's assassination but for a trivial incident which spoiled the well-arranged scheme. Mr. Flitts says: The man referred to was the gas man of the theatre. Such a person is an important factor behind the scenes. He has sole charge of the apparatus, and at the signal of the stage-manager lowers and raises the lights, turn off and lights up the gas, etc. All this is done now-a-days by merely touching different electric buttons; but at Ford's the clumsy system of that day was in use. Turn-cocks were attached to the pipes in a chest set well back on the stage, out of sight. The gas man kept the key, and he alone had access to the chest.

It is a mistake to regard Booth as a desperado, bent on executing his scheme even at the sacrifice of his own life. The public manner of the assassination, and the manner of the stage in full view of 2,000 people, was an afterthought, adopted on the pressure of the moment, when his own carefully matured scheme had been defeated. Much as he wanted to kill the President, he never wanted to be known as the assassin.

His plan was simple, and its very simplicity seemed to insure its success. The President's party, having been seated in their box, at a given signal the gas was to be turned off, leaving the whole house in darkness. Booth, having marked the exact position of his victim at the instant, and having access to the box, would promptly do the murder in the dark. So great would be the confusion and uproar in the immense audience that packed the house, over the mere fact of total darkness, that the horrible tragedy, just so secretly and successfully accomplished could not be made known for some time so that it could be understood. The gas man would have locked the chest and quietly departed with the key in his pocket, probably en route for Canada; it might be half an hour before the house could be lighted. In the meantime the commission of the crime had been perfectly hidden by the darkness. It would not be a question in the case of the escape of the assassin; for although Booth had taken the precaution to have a saddle-horse ready in the alley outside, he deemed it a mere precaution. There would be no proof, nothing more than suspicion against him if his plot succeeded.

The signal for the turning off of the gas was thought to be the master stroke of the plot. None but a man with a strong dramatic instinct could have chosen it. Let the reader recall the time. The fall of Richmond and Petersburg and the pursuit and surrender of Lee had followed in quick succession, on occurring but a few days before. The North was in a transport of joy. Washington was full of soldiers; a thousand of them would be at Ford's Theatre that night, and it was known that the President would attend. The manager saw that something besides the rather tame play of "Our American Cousin" must be presented to satisfy the patriotic overflowing of men's hearts. So it was made part of the program that, when the President's party came, several male quartets should take the stage, and sing the anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the house naturally joining in. A designated line of this anthem was to furnish the signal for the gas man. With the last short line of the first stanza, "Let freedom ring!" the whole theater was to be plunged in darkness, and the murder would swiftly follow.

Due to a time possibly not more than one minute preceding the singing of the fatal line, events seemed to march straight on to the consummation of the tragedy exactly as planned. The overture was done; the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris had arrived and were seated, amid the plaudits of the house; the singing of "America" from the stage had commenced. Booth at the box door, one hand on the knob, the other on his pistol; the gas man behind the scenes went to his chest. And then—

It was the great Talleyrand, I believe, who said that "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step." The truth of the saying was never proved as it was in that moment!

An actor of the company had for several days been on what in these days is commonly known as "a racket." He was lingering about the wings on this evening in a boozey condition, when the manager caught sight of him and proceeded to give him "a wiggling." To do so more at ease he planned the de-liquet down on the gas-cast, and took a seat beside him. The gas man came up, and saw at once that "one" could not be given. He did not dare draw attention to his proceedings by requesting the manager to move. To be watched was to insure him the scaffold!

The anthem went on. "Let freedom ring!" was solemnly rolled through the house; the lights were undimmed; the piece was finished with wild applause; the play was begun.

And there in the lobby was Booth, raging with disappointment, striding up and down, now seen by half a dozen different persons, nerving his hand and his brain for the public assassination that occurred an hour later.

THE AESTHETIC OWL.

The owls sit perched on the hemlock tree As wide awake as an owl can be. The sky is clear and the air is still, And he hoots to the night as long as he will.

Oh! the light of the sun is no light for him, Give him the moon and the starlight dim, For all the hours of the garish day, Deep in the thicket he blinks away.

To wit! to whom! there's another shout, From the midst of the forest the cry breaks out; It comes from the heart of the doddered oak And he knows full well the voice that speaks. 'Tis the signal shout that his mate has made. Away! it is time for their nightly raid.

Softly and slow through the gloom they go, Winging their way over field and wood, While their eyeballs stare with a fendish glare At the thought of blood.

Woe to the mouse that is out of his hole, One squeak and the victim is swallowed whole, And struggling and raw in that ravenous maw He lies by the side of the delving mole.

The little songsters are all at rest In leafy covert or cozy nest, Not a thought or care or dream of fear, Though their deadly foe is hovering near. One blow and the sharp beak drips with gore And the hapless minstrel sings no more.

Savage of heart with a show of sense, Made up of feathers and sheer pretense, Light-hating creature, moping and dull, Mere glimmerings of thought in his muddy skull.

What title has he to wisdom's crest? Out on the owl! he's a fraud at best. But when at last he has met his fate, Like every avaricious man call great, Afoat and mounted his prize is hoard, And aesthetes say: "What a lovely bird!" —Hartford Courant.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Some acrobats are fresh, and somewhat. (Circus tickets go with this.) The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter. —Washington Critic.

At the museum—Mrs. N.—"My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apolonia." —Life.

The man who says "I told you so," At each chance he has laid low, We know that he'd get killed; you know That we have often told you so. —Tid Bits.

There are lots of men in this world who are born to rule, but the other fellows are such a pack of ignoramuses that they can't be made to realize it. —Merchant Traveler.

An all-round has placed the following placard over his coal-bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's retort is in consternation. —Burlington Free Press.

Mrs. Chargeplease—"Good morning, Mr. Takeemasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check." Mr. Takeemasure (fervently)—"So should I." —Detroit Free Press.

Very Sick Husband (to weeping wife)—"If I may come out at right 'let, my dear, so don't cry." Weeping Wife—"I can't help it, John. You know how easily I am moved to tears." —New York Sun.

A Mud river Indian was mistaken for a deer the other day and shot. As they picked him up he decried: "All the pain was assuaged by the evidence that somebody had some use for him." —Tid Bits.

Country Minister (to deacon)—"Deacon, you have a reputation of knowing something about horses. I've got an animal that's balky. What do you do in such a case?" Deacon—"I sell him." —Academy News.

There is one thing a woman can do which a man cannot, and that is set a hen. All the softer parts of her nature vanish in the contemplation and performance of the act—she sinks her sex beyond Amazonian possibilities. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of reference. "The book-keeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at his books." "Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember?" "Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?" "Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know." "And is the other all right?" "Yes, sir, I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir." —Boston Transcript.

A Seepie as to Hydrophobia. Recent alleged cases of death by hydrophobia moves C. J. Peshall, who is one of the greatest authorities living on canine lore, to again lift his voice against a belief in the existence of the much dreaded disease.

"I do not believe," he says, "there is any such disease as rabies. Dogs, like other animals, must pay the debt of nature and die from disease. A dog's brain may become affected from a disease, and when so affected the animal may even bite his own master, but if the wound is properly treated by a physician no bad effect will follow. History teaches us that for thousands of years the dog has been domesticated and has become the almost constant companion of man. That man has made the most extensive use of this animal in every way, and I now think it is time we should begin to give the dog his dues, and do justice to him and his race." —Graphic.

Treatment of Owls. A rural friend of mine, who enjoys trifling with old superstitions, has a pair of owls which he keeps on his piazza summer and winter. He enjoys the strange noises which they make at night; and instead of attributing them to weird influences, assumes that they are due to hunger or indignation on the part of the birds of wisdom. At all events, he claims that by supplying the owls with raw meat and fat, and by angering them he laps into silence for the night. —Boston Free Press.