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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, and legal advertisements.

There are 3,000 persons in the United States who profess to be able to heal the sick by the Christian science, or faith-cure formula.

The prize for the effectual destruction of rabbits offered by the New South Wales Government is being warmly contested. Already 386 inventions have been sent in to compete for the \$250,000.

The Church of England is getting so pressed for money that Canon Gregory proposes to cut down the salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury from £15,000 to £13,000, and the salary of the Archbishop of York from £10,000 to £8,000.

It may not be generally known that Arkansas has very fine apples, and a greater variety than is grown on the Pacific coast. Arkansas has now competed at all the fruit shows in the United States, and has at each place won the highest award for apples.

The insurance companies last year collected \$3,180,000 net money in Chicago, for premiums, while they paid out for fire losses a little over \$3,000,000. The showing was nearly as bad as this in New York, and all around the year seems to have been an unprofitable one for the companies.

The fashionable butter makers of America, such as Mayor Hewitt, of New York, and William B. Dinmore, are far in advance of their English colleagues. They get a dollar a pound for their butter, but the Duchess of Hamilton offers her for sale for one shilling and seven pence per pound.

The Boston's Young Men's Christian Association, establishing a library, invited George W. Cable to deliver a lecture in behalf of the enterprise. No tickets were sold. Admission was given to anybody who brought a book for the library. The scheme made a happy hit; a great many library shelves were filled.

The queen of the Cowling River tribe of Indians died near Freeport, Washington Territory, a few days ago, and was buried with a great Indian powwow. He was more than one hundred years old and was one of the surviving members of a tribe that was once a power among the Indians of the Northwest.

Professor Kirchoff, to decide a bet, recently stated that Chinese was the most popular language in the world. It is spoken by 400,000,000 persons; Hindostani by upward of 100,000,000; English by more than 100,000,000; Russian by more than 70,000,000; German by 58,000,000; Spanish by 48,000,000, and French by only 40,000,000.

The night school for convicts, lately started in the New Jersey State Prison, is producing good results. One of the scholars has started a dictionary in his cell. When he hears a new word he writes it down on a slip of paper. He then asks a deputy keeper what it means. He writes down the meaning opposite the word and files the slip on a hook in his cell. In the evening he studies these slips for an hour or two. His unique dictionary now consists of about 800 words.

General Greely now wisely supplements his monthly "Summary of International Meteorological Observations" with a series of daily charts covering land and sea, most of the way from the equator to the Arctic circle. The changes taking place in one part of the globe have such intimate relations with those at a distance that the highest efficiency in forecasting can be obtained only after careful study of simultaneous phenomena in adjacent regions. These maps conduce directly to that end.

If the wits who waxed humorous over the purchase of Alaska twenty-one years ago could read so of their "jokes" today, they would scarcely be pleased at their exuberance, says Frank Leslie's. The average annual market value of the products of that locality in recent years has been almost equal to the entire sum which the United States paid for the whole region. With a Territorial Government organized there, to give security to titles and afford encouragement to emigration, the annual gold product alone, a few years hence, would undoubtedly exceed the original cost of that entire section of the country.

Though considerably past seventy years old, Prince Bismarck still works as hard as he did when he was twenty years younger. He never goes to bed until two in the morning, and eats a hearty supper shortly before midnight. He rarely rises much before noon, as he has always been a heavy sleeper and is often disturbed during the night by the arrival of dispatches which require instant attention. The Chancellor is becoming a rich man. The salaries from his offices are by no means extravagant, but added to the revenue of his estates and the profits of his saw-mills and distilleries, they bring his income to between \$100,000 and \$150,000 a year. And, as the Prince is notoriously economical, a very large proportion of this comfortable income is annually saved.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

My neighbor's acres held in fee, His broad, and green, and fair; Six slender feet of ground for me; My mother earth, my spare, To have and hold when I shall be Headless of title there!

Soon Death, who mocks at rank and class, Will bring us to one goal, Where each his narrow grave must pass, Stript to the naked soul.

What will he have beyond, alas! Of earth's unstinted dote? For him six slender feet of earth, Six slender feet for me; We two, divided from our birth, Twinned in the grave will be; Enough, if then my mortal death Is merged in heaven's full sea!

-C. Richards, in Home Magazine.

"AT THE PATGO."

There is a very peculiar custom which prevails in the rural districts of Louisiana, of which the oldest inhabitant cannot tell the origin. In some points it resembles the old Scottish game of "Wappenshaw," but it has local and special features of its own, which only some dead-and-gone Acadian ancestor could explain.

As for the singular name, it is simply an corruption of "Pape gais"—the "Pape," or "Pop," as it is called in English, being a bright little bird. The Patgo is a wooden rooster, gaily decorated with showy ribbons, and mounted on a pole as a mark, or target. Prizes are offered, so many dollars for each wing, so much for the head; but the grand prize falls to the lucky marksman who brings down the bird.

A horseman dismounting before the gate of one of the small cottages in Prairie Manon, in Southwestern Louisiana, noticed a great excitement in and about the house. Men were collected in groups, guns were being cleaned and fired, and that deafening hubbub prevailed which the soul of the excitable Acadian delights in.

The gentleman fastened his horse to a post, and approached a venerable-looking old man who sat on the steps of the house, and who was gesticulating and shouting with the most obstreperous of the noisy crowd.

"Can you give me lodging to-night, sir?" he said, taking off his hat with a courteous inclination of his fine head. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, stared at the speaker, who was a bright young man in the uniform of the United States army. Over six feet in stature, he was finely proportioned, and had a face of singular and marked beauty. There was a game-bag slung over his shoulder, and he held a rifle.

"Je comprends pas, monsieur," the old man answered. "I spik not the language, monsieur." "And I not one word of French," laughed the stranger. "But look here, old fellow, I must make you understand. Been hunting," pointing to the full game-bag and gun. "Lost my way," walking about, and turning from right to left in a confused manner. "Want some supper," chewing vigorously. "And above all," laying his hand on the old man's shoulder, "I want to understand you. You are a game-bag slung over his shoulder, and he held a rifle. The old man certainly understood all that was ridiculous in it, for he laughed aloud, but courteously repressed his merriment and answered gravely: "My garcon, my son, Jean Baptiste, he spik de mericaal good. Jean Baptiste, vicensic!"

"You shan't be balked of your shot. You shall take my rifle; it's a first-rate one. You'd better try it now, with the other marksmen, till you get accustomed to its weight." "If he had rescued Jean Baptiste from a terrible fate, the Acadian could not have been more vehement in his expressions of gratitude. In a queer patois of French and English, mixed with hysterical yells, he poured forth his thanks. The stranger sauntered leisurely after him, and watched with keen eyes the marksmanship of the Acadians.

"Jean Baptiste isn't half a bad shot," he said to himself, "but the boy's too nervous. Dare say he'd have done better if he hadn't been tearing his nerves to fiddle strings this evening. Funny people, these Acadians! Too excitable and so easy ever to make good marksmen." "That night, in the loft which Jean Baptiste shared with him, the boy confided to him his reasons for wishing to get the great prize. He sat on his mattress, his big brown eyes luminous with excitement, and his expressive gestures piercing out his imperfect speech.

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"My name is Scott," said the stranger, "Captain Scott, from the Barracks at Baton Rouge." There was a minute's profound silence, as the name of the most celebrated marksman in the country fell upon their ears. Not a man there, not a man hardly in the United States, but what had heard of the wonderful feats of marksmanship of that gallant young officer.

Then suddenly, as with one voice, there arose a deafening cheer. "Captain Scott! Hurrah for Captain Scott!" Men crowded around to gaze at him, to shake hands with him. A voice cried, in good English, "We are proud, Captain Scott, to have seen you. We'd have given two ponies willingly just to have a peep at you. And you're worth it too."

"A Good Family Desert." Apples and stale bread make one of the best of family desserts, according to Miss Corson. Peel ten good sized apples (evaporated apples will do), core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them. Meantime thicken the sides and bottom of an earthen baking dish and press all around the side and bottom crumbs from the inside of a loaf of bread, having them nearly an inch thick. When the apples are done, mix with them a tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten; put the apples into the dish without disturbing the crumbs; over the surface put an inch-thick layer of crumbs dotted with bits of butter, and bake the pudding until the crumbs at the sides are brown. Turn a plate, just large enough to enclose the dish within its rim, over the pudding dish, quickly turn both upside down so that the pudding will slip out on the plate, dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

"A Clothes-Basket Crib." The nicest kind of a crib for a new born baby is a clothes basket. Get the largest size of wicker clothes basket—a square one with handles at each end. Have a small hair mattress made to fit the bottom of it, as hair is much more wholesome to sleep on than feathers, but for a sudden emergency any ordinary pillow will answer the purpose. This kind of crib has many advantages. It can be lifted into another room without disturbing the baby's sleep, if its mother should want to receive guests before she is well enough to leave her room; it is very convenient in moving to the country in the summer, as it can be packed with baby's clothes, covered with the baby's rubber sheet and tied over with a rope; and on arrival—the baby wrapped and tied—there need be no waiting till the porter carries up the heavy crib, as any one can carry the basket; and there is no screwing together, but simply take off the rubber sheet and there baby has its bed ready, and nurse can attend to other things. In going across the ocean it is invaluable, resting on its broad base on the floor, no pitching nor rolling of the ship will be able to upset it. When baby gets too old to use it, it can retire to its natural home—the laundry—and there be made useful for the rest of its days.

"I make mine not only useful but quite ornamental by covering it inside and out with either blue or pink paper mullin, over which I draw in folds some thin dotted Swiss, sewing it carefully and tightly through the bottom where the coarse stitches will be hidden by the mattress; now from the outside edge of the top I hang a ruffle of cheap cotton lace, covering the stitches made by sewing it on by a row of quilted satin ribbon in color to match the mullin, and I have a very pretty and cheap crib. The mattress can be kept till needed again.—Baby's World.

"Household Hints." Clean pans keep with a soft rag dipped in alcohol. Egg stains on silver can be taken off with table salt and a wet rag. Apples that are not properly looked after will decay in the barrels very fast. Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg. Sweet potatoes require nearly twice the time that Irish potatoes do either to bake or boil. To polish nickel-plated goods after becoming black and not worn, use rouge or whiting on a rag with a little oil. If ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds, made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth and iron over.

"China's Solomon." Another Solomon has arisen at Shanghai, China. A man was accused of having stolen a table. He professed to be so weak and sick that he could not have carried away the table. The judge listened sympathetically and then said: "I think you are right, pity you. Take that bag with \$10,000 and spend it in getting thoroughly cured." The accused bowed and took up the bag on his shoulders and walked out. "Bring that man back!" ordered the judge, and on the culprit's reappearance the judge told him he had noticed him as he had walked through the room with that heavy load of money on his back, and he considered him quite equal to the task of carrying away a table. So he pronounced the accused guilty of the theft.—Chicago Herald.

"A Novel Lawsuit." In the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, Ill., a judgment has been rendered for the defendant in the ejectment case of John H. Decker against Roderick E. Rambour. The defendant has been for twenty years the occupant of a piece of land of 700 acres known as Cobb Island, in the Mississippi river near East St. Louis. It shifted its position in the changes of the stream and lodged against the land of the plaintiff, who claimed it as a natural accretion and brought this suit for possession, with the result stated.—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

"Cement to Mend Iron Pots and Pans." The following cement, it is suggested by the Scientific American, to mend iron pots and pans. Take two parts of sulphur and one part, by weight, of fine black lead; put the sulphur in an old iron pan, holding it over the fire until it begins to melt, then add the lead; stir well until all is mixed and melted; then pour out on an iron plate or smooth stone. When the cement is cooled, break into small pieces. The cement quantity of this compound being placed upon the crack of the iron pot to be mended, can be soldered by a hot iron in the same way a tinsmith solders his sheets. If there is a small hole in the pot, drive a copper rivet in it and then solder over it with this cement.

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A MAGNET'S GREAT POWER

SCIENTIFIC EMPLOYMENT OF TWO DISMANTLED CANNONS.

Interesting Experiments With the World's Largest Magnet—A Watch Stopped Three Feet Away. Willett's Point, on Long Island Sound, is used as a post graduate school for West Pointers. It is designed especially for the instruction of those enlisted in the engineer corps. At present there are about 400 men there. Major W. R. King, who is in command, is a large man, of massive physique, with bushy black hair and beard. He is very courteous in his manner, dresses negligee, and does not look much like a soldier. He is an enthusiast on the subject of physical science, and he has entered into all his original researches with such a strong determination to make them successful that the men under him regard him in the light of a genius.

Last December Major King happened to see two large 15-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock. He immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannons with submarine cable wound about them. The experiment proved very successful. The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It is the largest and most powerful magnet in the world. Some faint idea of its power may be conceived from the fact that it takes a force of 25,000 pounds to pull off the armature.

The experiments made the other day were the last of the season, as the men are about going into winter quarters. Herebefore the experiments have been largely in the direction of fish torpedoes. The tests to demonstrate the enormous power of the magnet were made in the presence of a number of the officers of the United States Engineer Corps, and were highly successful. A crowbar which was applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A handful of pins thrown in the opposite direction immediately flew back and attached themselves to the magnet. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch cannon balls. The balls were solid and as much as a strong man could lift, yet the magnet held several of them suspended in the air, one under the other.

The most interesting experiment of the one that was regarded with the greatest attention was the test made of an American non-magnetic watch. Ever since the great railroads of the country have compelled their employes to provide themselves with timepieces that would not be affected by the magnetism generated by the car tracks, there has been much speculation as to whether such a watch could be made, and a sharp rivalry has been going on between the American and Swiss manufacturers. The test was highly satisfactory, and once more proved that whenever a new invention was imperatively demanded, the American genius could fully hold its own against the whole world. Major King's magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped three feet off as soon as it came within three feet of it. Before the test was made there was quite a diversity of opinion among the experts present as to how far it would prove successful.

Those who believed that while a watch might be constructed that would resist magnetic influence under ordinary circumstances were also of the opinion that when it was subjected to the most powerful magnet in the world, the steel parts would bear so on the working parts that the watch must necessarily stop. For ten minutes the watch was held in front of the magnet. It did not vary the hundredth part of a second. The man who held it said that he himself was conscious of the influence of the magnet. The whole world, he held the watch by the chain that some other power than his was keeping it suspended. The most amusing experiment was made with a sledgehammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to the magnet he felt as if he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind. There is nothing in the world that could take the consent out of a primitive man so much as this simple experiment. Another amazing test was made with a number of carpenter's spikes. A spike was put lengthwise on the end of the magnet, then another spike was attached to the first and so on until a line of them stood straight out from the magnet at least four feet in length. Aside from their interest in science, the experiments were so novel and startling that they were entertaining even to those who were not interested in the wonderful developments of electricity.—New York Sun.

Wages For Life From a Railroad.

A locomotive engineer on a train entering the city of Constantinople, Turkey, December 18, 1887, on reaching the depot was frightened to see a number of freight cars on the track. He was in agony of terror, but succeeded in stopping the locomotive in time to prevent a mishap. In consequence of the terrible excitement he suffered he fell ill and became unable to continue his occupation. The company discharged him. He brought a suit of damages against the company for payment of his full wages of \$32 a month during his lifetime, to be secured by a capital of \$12,500, which was to be deposited with the court. The suit was carried through all the three stages, namely, the Austrian Consulate at Constantinople, the Superior Court of Trieste and the Supreme Court of Vienna, Austria. The engineer was awarded \$16 a month by all the courts, because his loss of health was caused by a mishap beyond his power to control, and for which, therefore, the company must be held responsible.—Chicago Herald.

A Bull Fight in Her Honor.

A young lady in the city of Mexico, Senorita Justitia Montaga, having been the first of her sex to devote herself to the medical studies, the young men of the city were struck with such admiration for her courage that they got up a bull fight in her honor lately. It was a real fight, as the fact that two of the toradors were seriously hurt proved. The receipts were devoted to the purchase of books and instruments for the outfit of the lady.

BALLAD OF THE FADED FIELD.

Broad bars of sunset slanted gold, Are laid along the field, and here The silence sings, as if some old Trobin, that once rang loud and clear, Came softly, stealing to the ear Without the aid of sound. The rill Is voiceless, and the grass is sere; But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance-like the mellow air doth hold The sorrow of the passing year; The heart of Nature grows so cold, The time of falling snow is near; On phantom feet, which now may bear, Creeps—with the shadow of the hill— The semblance of departing cheer; But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray clustered weeds unfold The well known summer path, and dream The dusking hills, like billows rolled Against the distant sea, appear. From lonely haunts, where night and fear Keep phantly tyme, which misters are chill, The dark pine lifts a jagged spear— But beauty's soul abideth still.

Dear love—the days that once were dear May come no more; life may fulfil Her fleeting dreams, with many a tear— But beauty's soul abideth still. —Robert Burns Wilson, in the Critic.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Beats awh—shoot machinery. A gang of desperadoes is a preying band. Dispensers of charity are permitted to carry aims. That would be a weak enterprise which could not stand a loan.

The spook of the "Haunted Tavern" must have been an insecteer. It was the lady you thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

A Paris paper says "the people of St. Louis, D. T., are dying of a disease called the blizzards." While some ladies desire only the latest novelties in ribbons, there are others who prefer those of a more antique pattern.

The Transcriber speaks of the turtle as taking a leading part at dinners. "We thought he generally appeared as a supe.—Boston Bulletin.

"Ah, yes," said a cabinet-maker to a crockery dealer, to whom he was introduced—"ah, yes, you sell tea sets, and I sell settees."—Graphic.

A laborer asks: "What luxury can the common ditch-digger claim as his own?" Dear man, he can take his pipe.—Binghamton Republican.

English traveler (out West)—"What is the population of Pistoletville?" Native—"Oh, about four hundred in the morning, on an average, and twenty to twenty-five at night."—Graphic.

Fair Critic—"I think that little spot there"—(Pointing.) Artist (alarmed)—"Fardon me, but your name's not touch the picture." Fair Critic—"Oh, it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!"

A serious accident occurred in an uptown house the other night by a misplaced switch. The owner's husband stepped upon it and ran a hairpin into his foot to the depth of an inch.—Norristown Herald.

As the act-drop fell Mrs. Galatine fixed her eyes on it and studied it curiously. "You seem to be enjoying the drop," remarked her husband. "I am." "Well, I think I'll enjoy one myself." And he stole softly out.—Tid Bit.

Mistress—"Anna! Whatever has become of all your pretty curls?" Maid—"You see, ma'am, the regiment has left our town, and so I have had to give a lock of my hair to several of my acquaintances."—Birmingham Bulletin.

Stranger (to boy)—"Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?" Boy—"I kin fer twenty-five cents." Stranger—"Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?" Boy—"Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gets high pay."—New York Sun.

The prairies vast we used to roam, We thought we'd be bliss to live in the West. But when storms knocked us endways, with a whir and a whizz, We realized there was more blizzard than bliss.

A Kansas City woman saw Booth and Barrett play "Othello" in that city and was asked which actor pleased her most. "Well, I hardly know," she said, after due deliberation; "I liked one about as well as the other. They were both just as cunning as they could be."—Graphic.

Waiter (to customer)—"Ain't de soup all right, sah?" Customer (dubiously)—"Yes, it tastes all right; but I am a barber, and I wish you would ask the chef if he doesn't want a bottle of my Egyptian Tonsorial Elixir; it prevents the hair from falling out."—Philadelphia Call.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultured people say "how do you do?" Those who are not so cultured say "howdy day." In the backwoods of Tennessee they say "howdy!" The noble red man of the West says "how?" While the cat on the fence says "ow!"