

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement rates for various ad types and sizes.

The entire dairy interest of this country represents a capital five times as large as the entire bank capital of the country...

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron manufacturer, says that Pittsburgh is in danger of losing her supremacy as the iron centre of America.

It is stated that the business of the London postoffice is of such magnitude that the present Postmaster-General has saved \$15,000 a year in sealing wax and twice expenses alone.

An Englishman has discovered the ancient porphyry quarries, where the Romans obtained the stones used in their famous buildings.

The furnishing of gold and silver bars for manufacturing purposes is a growing business at the Government assay office in New York.

There is a great store of gold in Korea, but an entire lack of proper mechanical devices for mining.

The probable cost of the Nicaragua Canal has been placed at \$50,000,000 to \$65,000,000.

Herman Clark, of New York, one of the contractors for the new Croton Aqueduct, proposes to build a tunnel in the metropolis for rapid transit 150 feet underground.

Says the New York Jeweler's Review: "The manufacturing jewelers of Paris are subscribing largely on all sides, for advertising purposes..."

Here's a pat illustration of the way that Southern real estate has been appreciating lately, observes Harper's Weekly.

The study of Volapuk has at last commenced in earnest in this city, announced the New York Press.

Inspector Byrnes, of New York, who has a personal acquaintance with fifty burglars, says that not one of them will have as much money at the end of a career of fifteen years as a mechanic who has worked for \$2 a day.

Raising money for public works in China is no joke to Celestial officials.

THE DYING HOUSE. She is dead; her house is dying; Round its long deserted door...

O, the joy, the love, the bliss, Sheltered once by that roof-tree! Song and dance and serenade...

Some live o'er again the days Of their love's first stolen gaze; Or some sad soul, looking in, Calls back honeyed, "Ought or sin, Glad if her mute life may share In the sheltering silence there."

Silent house with close-locked doors, Ghosts and memories haunt thy floors! Not a wisp of smoke, not a sound...

"You know I'm always doing queer things," Kate said, "but last winter I fairly outdid myself."

"What did you do?" This in chorus from the group seated around the blazing wood fire.

"I stole a horse!" she replied with perfect gravity. "Stole a horse!" echoed the chorus...

"No, Miss, he ain't," "His tone was so aggrieved that I was sorry I had wounded his feelings and hastened to make amends..."

"We met various people whom I knew. They stared slightly as they bowed to me, and even smiled more than was necessary."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Otis, with a peculiar inflection. "I am going to have that horse and drive every week, I am certain."

boarding-house is nothing more nor less than a rallying ground for widows, and mine was no exception to the rule.

"I can tell you I was indignant at his impudence, but Mrs. Otis spoke before I had a chance to petrifify this audacious fellow with a glance."

"The strange young man rose and said with great courtesy, though his mournful face contradicted his grave words: 'I am Dr. Mainwaring, and I am charmed if you are pleased with my horse...'

"Did you ever see Dr. Mainwaring again?" asked Laura. "Yes," said Kate, "I saw him at her quizzically. 'She contrived my meeting after that. I know I was there.'"

"The driver touched his hat, bent down and tucked up a couple, and off we went. I needn't have said anything about giving that horse his head; he took it; he spun along over the crust like a Russian steed."

"All the doctor's horses are fine animals," he continued. "Ah! I said. I didn't care to enter into a discussion with the driver, but something impelled me to say: 'Your master knows how to select a horse, of course, being in the business...'

"The well-bred, English-looking driver actually turned his head and looked at me! In an instant he had recovered himself and answered me: 'No, Miss, he ain't.'"

"When we reached Mrs. Stanfield's I told the driver to take the horse to the stable and to sit at the door in an hour or more, and to tell my driver was waiting for me, and we were soon whirling along again toward the city."

"My dear," said Kate, "don't you know they never run away except they are morally certain of being chased?"

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. A Recipe for Corn Bread. One cup soft milk, one cup sweet, One good egg, that you will beat...

As a prominent beef-dealer of this city was showing a reporter over his place of business in Eatenwell Hall market the other day, he discoursed interestingly on the best method of preparing beef for the family or the hotel table.

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LIFE IN ENGLISH JAILS. THE SYSTEM OF GOVERNING A BRITISH PRISON. Tickets of Leave for the Industriously and Well-behaved, but the Treadmill for the Unruly.

Better methods prevail in English prisons than formerly, and crime in England has been gradually decreasing in recent years. English prisons are divided into two kinds—"convict prisons" and "local prisons."

In all these places there are two features which do not exist in the American prisons. These are the treadmill and the flogging of prisoners. The treadmill is a curious surviving relic of old-fashioned English methods of prison discipline.

A careful account is kept of the prisoner's conduct and industry throughout his term. For the first nine months of his imprisonment he is kept in solitary confinement, working by himself, and not allowed to speak to any one.

The English prisons are far more strictly guarded from the intrusion of the public than our own. It is hard for anyone, who has not some special business in them, to gain admittance.

Over all the British prisons a single official is placed, called the surveyor-general. Not being governed, as our prisons are, by a multitude of commissioners and other officials, greater unity and consistency is preserved in the management of criminals.

A Secretary of the Japanese Legation tells me writes Frank G. Carpenter from Washington to the New York World, that the Chinese Minister is a very fine poet, and that the poetry he writes ought to rank high in literature.

London Trawl sums up the record of Osman Digna, the famous Arab chief, as follows: killed, six times; fatally wounded, three times; severely wounded, four times; troops totally dispersed, nine times; permanently discouraged, three times; escaped, once.

Florida nurserymen are doing a large business in shipping young trees to California.

THE SAILOR GIRL. When the wild geese were flying To Flanders away, I longed to my demand Mesecching him to stay; But the stern trumpet sounded The summons to sea, And after the ship bore him, Malouach Macreath!

Oh! the ropes cut my fingers; But staunch I strove, Till I reached the Low Country In search of my love, There I heard how at Namur His heart was so high That they carried him captive, Refusing to fly.

With that to King William Himself I was brought, And his mercy for Desmond With tears I bought. He considered my story, The young Irish rebel For your sake is free.

"Bring the scabard before us, Now, Desmond O'Hesa, Myself has decided, Your sentence to-day, You must marry your sailor With bell, book and ring, And here is her dowry," Cried William, the King.

STAGE WHISPERS are frequently hard in mail coaches. If you want to know what a sliding scale is try to handle a wet fish. Under the hammer—the nail. Which nail? Why, your thumb nail, of course.

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him." At a railroad crossing near the depot in Adrian, Michigan, is a sign bearing the words: "Prepare to Meet thy God."

At a Kansas City real estate agent was cut on the cheek recently and the Philadelphia Cold suspects it must have been with a cold chisel.

Stranger (to Washington hotel clerk) "Will you direct me to the barroom?" Clerk—"Yes, sir; follow the procession."—"Ejuch." "Two knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said the minister to himself just after he had united the second couple.

Three scoundrels make a drachm, it is taught By teachers to their pupils; 'Tis true, if they're too foolish sought, Won't add unto your scruples.

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