

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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| One Square, one inch, one insertion | 50 cts. |
| One Square, one inch, one month | 15 00 |
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Legal advertisements less cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Twenty-four young women hold the degree of L.L.B. from the University of Michigan.

Women of America use four times as much alkali in proportion to population as the women of Europe.

General Henry R. Jackson has offered to present the City of Savannah with a picture to be bought abroad for \$100,000, and to send thither an expert to select the picture.

The French Government is about to issue a man-of-war of such elastic material that when pierced by a projectile the water will close up immediately and the ship cannot sink.

New York Sun facetiously objects that "Bismarck is undoubtedly the best picture to be bought abroad for \$100,000, and to send thither an expert to select the picture."

Detroit Free-Press asserts that the number of deaths was and perhaps never will be so high as made at Panama. They were in a dozen places in South America and nearly always shipped to Panama.

New Jersey Court revoked a legacy of \$100,000 to Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," from an estate of \$1,000,000, because of the name of the beneficiary, who was given to aid in advancing the theories of the "single tax."

Nature announces that a new disease is causing a steady and increasing decline of coffee production in the Andes. The rivers of the Argentine have been successfully dammed with salmon eggs from Denmark.

Some diners in London the guests of the host had their ham from Russia, their potatoes from the Volga, hanch of salmon from Lapland and cokes from the West Indies.

Some countries is the result of modern machinery for transport.

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A CROSS-COUNTRY SPIN.
A wayside inn, a blacksmith's forge,
A furnace flaring in the gorges,
A farm-house and a ruined mill,
The flood-gates gone, the big wheel still,
A lake with lilies on its breast,
A line kite on the hill's sharp crest,
Such pleasing changes meet the eye
However fast the wheels go by.

A peacock spreads his gaudy tail,
A gobbler's treads the crest gaily,
A lamplighter on a farm yard gate
Stares at you with his mouth agape,
While from the hedge a rustic lass
Flings kisses at you as you pass,
Not that she's forward with the men,
But knows you'll never meet again.

EDWY OF TYNEDALE
A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.
It was a time and country of arms.
Valor was the saint by whom all swore,
and no death was feared save a death on the
straw. And with valor ruled song.
When the clash of swords was for a
moment stilled, mincingers and minstrels
sang of the sweetest of love: are not
the tenderest blossoms of the year
those that are fostered by the snow-drift?

The Tower of Tynedale had had its
lapis of blood and consecrations of
song more frequently, it may well be,
than any other castle within the same
horizon. For, for stood on disputed
ground. It was the Tynedale, and many
times had the Brankome men da-
bated themselves against it in vain assault.
Once, indeed, the portals had traitorously
yielded, and the banner of the hated
house of the assassins had taunted the
seal of Tynedale from the battlements
of their own tower. That dishonor had
been wiped out in the desperate courage
of the recapture, but its memory roused
to new life the old family feud, which
had its birth in the buried past.

It was the thought of that forgotten
crime that made more lofty the bearing
of the lord of Tynedale. He entered the
dormer to which a long absence had
made him well nigh a stranger. The
gay laughter of his retainers, who found
it joy enough to feel the shadow of
Tynedale oaks once more above them,
seemed to his ear but to muffle the
angry mutter of defeated men. His
sword, responding to his unconscious
touch, bounded forward, and carried
him in advance of his train to the open-
ing in the forest that commanded a
distant view of the tower.

And there the sunbeams that flashed
from spear-head and sparkled from the
jeweled dresses of lady fair and gallant
knights and waiting maids, sank into
shadows amid the folds of the Brankome
banner, which Brankome hands
had flung once more from the battlements
of Tynedale Tower. Dark and
sullen hung the silken folds heavy with
shame. And dark grew the brow of the
lord of Tynedale, dark even as the
shadows of the forest, when that mes-
sage met his eye.

figure of Oswald, an ancient ser-
vitor of the house, who listened
unmoved to the rude jests and
taunts of the soldiery. Once, at the
first tone of Edwy's voice, a quiver
passed over his blood-stained cheek, but
he raised not his eyes from the floor.
Grim, stern, silent, he waited, and if
he strained his iron muscles against the
cords till he felt them slip and yield, no
one heeded. The youth with his harp
was more diverting than the impassive
prisoner, whom their savage gibes moved
not.

Edwy's fingers had been straying over
the strings of the harp, waking those
low, soft murmurs that musicians love.
Now, with a free hand, he struck the
rowing chords, and no one save Oswald
heard aught but careless melody in the
young voice that filled the hall.

Edwy understood. That the boy re-
membered his benefactor's face was
proved past doubt in that first long gaze,
and now his troubled silence revealed
that he remembered the benefac-
tion also. But silence was hard
for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and
striking the chords sharply, he gave to
measured music the tumultuous words
that throbbled in his brain. The carouse
about the board was somewhat hushed,
but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose
drooping eyes could not bear the steady
gaze he bent upon them.

The boy shuddered and met Edwy's
look pleadingly. One word from those
beardless lips and the minstrel had sung
his last strain, but the word was not
spoken. Edwy sent the conflicting
emotions that held him passive, and
with that sense of power that is the
wine of strong souls, he knew his own
domination over the heart he had preserved.

Edwy ceased. Had he lost or won in
the game where the stake was life? The
boy's gaze was fixed on him, and he
saw the sense of taste remains like
silence, he drew the harp from Edwy's
arm.

The Iron Duke's Confession.
The reminiscences of the great Duke
of Wellington give some idea of his
wonderful activity when in the field.

Washing Made Easy.
Washing is made easy by doing away
with rubbing the clothes before boiling.
Select the nicest clothes and wet them
thoroughly in warm water (not hot),
bring out ready for boiling. To every
bucket of water use a tablespoonful of
oil, put in soap to make a good suds,
and just before the water boils put in
the coat oil as directed. Stir well, and
when 'tis boiling put in the clothes, and
sift and punch around several times.
Don't crowd the clothes in the boiler;
let them have plenty of room for the
water to pass over and about; boil about
twenty minutes, stirring frequently.
Take out, rub through what we call boiling
suds, rinse and blue and they will be
clean and nice; proceed in the same way
for other clothes, a tablespoonful of oil
for every bucketful of water used in the
boil, and more soap. It takes more soap
than usual, but soap is cheaper than
labor. Colored clothes that don't fade
can be washed the same way.—Farm,
Field and Stockman.

Conveniences in Small Houses.
In small houses, where closets are not
abundant, many convenient receptacles
for certain things can be made to answer
other purposes as well. An ottoman, for
instance, tall enough to serve for a seat,
may have a top provided with hinges,
which on being raised discloses a parti-
tioned box for hats and bonnets. A
chest of drawers may be made like a large
bath tub—this, with a ramp, but
no sides. The shape is cut in pasteboard
and covered with closely grained satin.
The top, which makes the pocket for the
slippers, is lined with thick linen of the
same color, if possible, as the satin.
The slipper is hung to the wall by the
heel, at the top of which a loop should
be made for that purpose.—Detroit Free
Press.

Care of Pictures.
In cleaning houses one of the principal
cares should be the pictures. It is too
often overlooked or left to the care of
servants, when the lady of the house
should give it her personal attention.
Each picture, as it is taken down, should
be carefully dusted and the cord or wire
wiped. Then lay it on a table, wash the
glass and polish it until it is perfectly
clear. Wipe the frame with a soft cloth
wet in warm water and rub off all fly
spatters, when the lady of the house
is framed with a glass, paper smoothly
all over the back to keep dust from sit-
ting through the cracks.

The Sleeper of Salspierre.
The Parisian Eudoxie Adolone, the
sleeper of the Salspierre, has awakened
from her long sleep, which was con-
tinued without a moment's interruption
for nineteen days, she had a slumber
of fifty days early in the year in the
hospital where she now is, and has been
for many years. While she was on both
occasions sleeping relays of medical men
kept watch by her bedside. Some hours
before her second period of somnolence
ended she showed great nervous agita-
tion, often started and had intermit-
tent fits of trembling. She at length opened
her eyes in the midst of a burst of loud
laughter, which continued for about ten
minutes. During that time she stared
fixedly, and appeared, though laughing
so hard, as if under some painful appre-
hension.

The Queen's New Chair.
Since the Queen met with a slight
accident at Windsor and sprained her
knee she has not been able to stand com-
fortably for any long period, and at
drawing rooms, although appearing to
suffer, has really been sitting on a
divan, arranged for her comfort, and
gold. This year another and lower
chair was substituted for some reason or
other, with the result that several ladies
nearly tumbled over when they kissed
hands, as the Queen was sitting so ex-
ceedingly low that it was quite a gymnastic
exercise to bend down to her
hands.—London Truth.

Potato Hash.—One pound of potato-
es boiled and chopped, one boiled
onion also chopped, and a teaspoonful
of finely chopped parsley; put these on
the fire with half a pint of milk and a
pinch of pepper; when it has stewed
give five minutes, beat two eggs, stir
in a tablespoonful of butter into the pota-
toes, and then add the eggs; stir gently
till the whole looks like custard, then
remove before the eggs curdle. This
may now be put into the frying-pan or
oven and browned, or eaten white.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE
A CONGRESSIONAL TERM OFTEN
USED LUCIDLY EXPLAINED.
What is Done When the House
Adopts a Motion to Go into "Com-
mittee of the Whole" on a Bill.
After the general debate had ended on
the tariff bill, a proposition was made,
by the member of the House of Repre-
sentatives who had charge of the meas-
ure, to some of the Republican leaders,
to dispense with the consideration of
the bill "in committee of the whole."
Perhaps some of the readers of the
Companions do not know what is meant
by this phrase, or if they do know, they
may not be aware what is the object of
"going into committee" as it is called,
or what the committee of the whole is
exactly what the term suggests. Its
membership is the same as that of the
assembly. The British House of Com-
mons calls the committee "a committee
of the whole House." In the United
States House of Representatives it is
usually termed "a committee of the
whole on the state of the Union." The
Senate considers bills "as in committee
of the whole," but its system is slightly
different from that of the other House of
Congress.

When the House of Representatives
adopts a motion to go into committee of
the whole, the Speaker leaves the chair,
which is taken by some member desig-
nated by the Speaker, and a new set of
rules comes into operation, much simpler
than those of the House itself. Some of
the changes should be mentioned. There
is no calling of the roll. All divisions
are taken by rising or by passing be-
tween tellers.
Again, there is entire liberty to offer
amendments, which, under the modern
methods in our House of Representatives,
can rarely be offered at all, unless by
consent of the committee which reports
the measure. But speeches on amend-
ments are limited to five minutes each,
whereas the time allowed to one who gets
the floor when the House of Representa-
tives proper is in session, is an hour.
Most important of all, there is no
"previous question," and the committee
of the whole has no power to shorten
debate; but when the member having
charge of a bill thinks that a certain
clause has been discussed enough, he
moves that the committee rise. If the
motion is carried, the Speaker takes the
chair, and then the same member moves
that debate on the section or clause un-
der discussion be limited to some time—
one minute, five minutes, or some other
time. If this is voted, the committee
resumes its session, and the Chairman
carries out the order of the House by
stopping debate when the time fixed has
elapsed.

Now what is the object of this machin-
ery? It is to enable members to con-
sider measures rather more informally
and more expeditiously than they could
under the rigid rules of the House of
Representatives; and going into com-
mittee also gives an opportunity to
see the bill as a whole amended, before
they are obliged to vote on its passage.
For when the bill has been read
through, section by section, the clerk
pausing when an amendment is proposed,
and resuming the reading when all
amendments to the clause have been
acted on, the member in charge moves
that the committee rise and report the
bill to the House.

The motion is carried, the Speaker
takes the chair again, and the member
who has been proposing as Chairman re-
ports that the committee of the whole
House has had under consideration such
and such a bill, and reports it back to
the House with a recommendation that it
pass, with sundry amendments, or with-
out amendment, as the case may be.
Then the first question is on agreeing
to the amendments made in committee
of the whole. If no objection is made,
they are voted on in a lump, but frequent-
ly, by agreement, some one or more
amendments are reserved to be acted on
separately, and then the yeas and nays
may be called.

Without any reference to the tariff
bill, it may be said that the liberty to
offer amendments is one of the most use-
ful of helps to good legislation, and it
has been for too much curtailed already.
If the House of Representatives were to
go into committee on every bill, as the
Senate does, many crude and unwork-
able sections would be made more intel-
ligible and practical.—Youth's Companion.

French's Lucid Explanation.
"All rain and no sun makes trade
mighty dull," said a Maiden Lane drag
merchant to New York's *Tribune* re-
porter. "I think the drag stores, if
about the best patronized shops in the
city just now."
As the crowd waited for their drugs to
be put up the proprietor tried to lit a
big cork into a little bottle, and when a
boy asked, abruptly:
"Where do corks come from?"
"Frenchy," there!"
"Frenchy," a young gentleman
from the South of France, gaining a
rudimentary knowledge of drugs and
the English language, and mixing both
with equal fluency.
"Did you ever see corks grow,
Frenchy?" asked the boy.
"Yes, certain. Monsieur, many
times, but zay grow not like ze fruit;
it is ze bark. Zay is much cork cut out
in my country, but more in Portugal."
"Don't it kill the trees?"
"Zay zay lif ze hundred and fifty
year. Ze cork is not cut till ze trees is
feetteen, zen not till ze twenty-five,
or ze most part, ze air is always ze eight
or ten year between ze cork is
more, mooch more, after ze cutting, but
refer so good as ze first."
"Ever see it done?"
"Oui, oui, monsieur; ze—vat you call
'em, 'small boys,' see eferying, eh? Zay
cut ze bark up and down ze tree, zen
around and around, and take out ze
blocks, snak 'em in wasser, and press
'em under ze heffa loads. Zen zay are
dried by a fire and packed for ze
country. Zen ze leetle corks are
made, ze cutters out ze block up like ze
candy caramels, zen zay make 'em round
zay a sharp knife, but you Americans
haz ze saw hinc vat cuts em twenty times
so vore quick. And ze leetle pieces, ze
—parings, so ze parings, monsieur—zay
are burnt to make ze 'spanish black.'
Ze rays are voren large, and ze name is
—zay haf ze leetle cups, monsieur, y-a-s,
ze oak, it ze oak, and ze branches grow
low down on ze—box? ze trunk, on ze
trunk, and ze 'small boys' we go vore
easy up in zem."

WHEN THE BABY CAME
Always in the house there was trouble and
confusion,
Little sparks of feeling flashing into flame,
Signs of irritation,
All waving in confusion,
For strife and tribulation—till the baby
came.
All the evil sounds, full of cruel hate and
rancor,
All the angry mutter—no more to blame:
All the woe-husbands so sweetly,
Disappearing fleetly,
Or quite completely—when the baby came.
Faces that had worn a gloomy veil of sadness,
Hearts intent on seeking for fortune or for
fame,
Once again were lightened,
Once again were brightened,
And their rapture heightened—when the
baby came.
All affection's windows opened to receive it,
Pure and fresh from heaven and give it
earthly name,
Clasping and caressing
In arms of love, confessing
That life had missed a blessing—till the baby
came.
Homes that were in shadow felt the gentle
sunshine,
Smiling, as if anxious their secret to pro-
claim;
Grateful souls were swelling,
Of mirth and gladness telling,
And love ruled all the dwelling—when the
baby came.
Hearts that had been sundered by a tide of
passion,
Were again united in purpose and in aim;
In the heart secluded,
Peace divinely brooded,
Where discord had intruded—till the baby
came.
Little cloud dispeller; little comfort bringer!
Baby girl or baby boy—welcome all the
same!
Even o'er the embers,
Of bleak and cold December,
Some fond heart remembers—when the
baby came.
—Furner's Voice.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Not a bad riot—A patriot.
Minister of the interior—Victuals.
One for ascent—A penny balloon.
Always carries off the palm—The hand.
Economy is the father of a fat bank
account.
The man most looked up to—The one
in the moon.
An unnatural curiosity—The calf of a
cow.
As soon as a man commences growing
bald he is a growing hair.
The dishonest butcher is always willing
to meet his customers half-way.
"Money is nothing to me," said the
tattered tramp as he turned his pockets
inside out.
It is curious how sweet a honey bee is
at one end and how bitter he is at the
other.—Life.
The wife who carries on her husband's
pawnpast after his decease is truly a
"loan widder."
An African tribe is governed by a ruler
who has no tongue. He is not only the
King, but the King dumb.
Improbable stories in newspapers
ought to be placed under the head of
marine intelligence.—Siftings.
To keep a woman out of sulks the
easiest way is to keep her in silks. Only
a slight difference between a woman and
a man.
Jack Goodfellow's "Small Brother."
"Jack, there any part tense of due?"
Jack (gloomily).—"Yes, dun."—Harvard
Lampoon.
When a young man detects the first
evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels
elevated, when in reality it is a sort of
coming down.
Very few people of the present day
ever saw or can tell what a petard is; but
a politician knows it is something a man
can hold himself with or by.—Picaresque.
I met her in the giddy whirl,
She struck me as a new girl,
And now I've made my mine for life,
She strikes me as an angry wife.
—Bos on Courier.
First Domestic—"Wats all that row
up-stairs?" Second Domestic—"Oh,
that's nothing; just the master scolding
the missus about my cooking.—Omaha
World.
It is satisfactory to learn that Henry
M. Stanley is alive and well somewhere
in Africa, although his postal facilities
are somewhat obstructed.—Providenc
Journal.
The girls are all a fleeting show,
With steady staidness given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Decedent shine, decedent flow,
There is not one true in seven.
—Siftings.
When a young man sits in the parlor
talking nonsense to his sweetheart—
that's capital. But when he has to stay
in of evenings after they're married—
that's labor.
A leading man among the Chinese in
New York, now defunct, used to say
that he could tell all his countrymen here
by their pig-tails. He can't now—dead
men tell no tales.—Siftings.
A clever man like I
Am unlucky.
I tried to run a well
A temperance hotel
In Kentucky.
—Mocking Bird.
A man "stops" at a hotel when he
lodges for one night; he "stays" when he
lodges for several nights; he "puts up" when he
lodges for a long time; he is a "guest" of
the landlord when he does not pay.—
Picaresque.
Enraged Husband—"Maria, I can en-
dure this existence no longer. I am
going to blow my brains out." Wife
(calmly).—"Don't attempt it, John.
You have never had any success
in firing at small targets."—Chicago
Tribune.
She walked into the dry goods store
With steady staidness given;
She turned the rolls and lace o'er
And pushed aside the crowd;
She asked to see some ribbon broad,
She asked for some of the same;
She looked at silk of every shade,
And then at velvet seams,
She asked to see some of the same,
She asked to see some of the same,
She asked to see some of the same,
And then she laid her hand, and said
She "guesst" she'd call again.—Siftings.