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Queen Victoria was recently made a Colonel in the German army.

This is the first time since 1870, in New York City, that a Mayor, Governor and President are to be voted for together.

A French engineer has conferred a blessing on all players of stringed instruments by inventing a peg which will not slip.

Premier De Giers says that Russia is done with the Bulgarians and they may do anything they please, from cutting each others' throats to declaring an empire.

Under the last census of France there were reported in that republic 190 persons who were living at the age of one hundred years or more, and 15,153 who were more than ninety years old.

Every once in a while an anti-missive crusade is started somewhere in this country or Europe. This time the movement has had its revival in England, and a clean-shaven face is the fashion in London.

The lower classes of the Italian people continue to emigrate in enormous numbers, and the Italian Government is much alarmed. The number which left the country last year was 101,200 as against 82,832 the previous year. Most of them go to South America.

Dr. de Blowitz, the eccentric Times correspondent of the London Times, is reported to think that the new French rifle is a wonderful weapon. He says it is both noiseless and smokeless and sends a bullet with perfect accuracy a distance of four miles.

An American who lived in France for some years and saw many rows and rucous says that Frenchmen who don't wash always pull hair or kick each other's shins. He used to fairly kick some one strike out from the crowd and score a clean knock-down, and was never gratified.

It is said that there are between fifteen hundred and two thousand women in the Northwest who are interested in stock and stock property. Many of these women have their own names, while others are interested in stock running under other names and which they are silent partners.

The natives of the Arctic regions have barbarous, but effective way of dealing with the wolves which are a pest there. They strap blades of ice and in thawed water. The meat freezes, and in thawing with his tongue the blade cuts the tongue, ultimately preventing the wolf from licking the snow, and thirst finally kills the animal.

According to the investigations of Mr. Maria Chadwick, the statistician, the average life of the English genitrix is 50 years, of the shop-keeping class 37 years, of the wageworkers 23 years. Out of every 100 of the children of the shopkeepers 35 die under that age, while no more than 48 in every 100, nearly one-half, of the children of wageworkers survive.

Philadelphia is greatly alarmed over the decline in its grain shipments. Very little wheat or corn has been shipped on foreign account during this year, and it is feared that the latter half of 1888 would be a dollar than in the first six months. The decline in wheat alone is over 4,000,000 bushels, and corn about 1,500,000 bushels, as compared with a corresponding period in 1887.

It may surprise some people, says the New York Graphic, to learn that Captain Kidd was never legally charged with piracy, and that after being held in prison for over two years he was tried and convicted of killing a mutinous sailor. If he ever committed one single act of piracy the law was not able to bring forward proof of it. We are glad to make this correction in favor of Capt. Kidd, though it comes a little late.

Several of the most eminent architects in the country have been invited by the trustees of the proposed new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of New York City, to submit plans for an edifice which shall be the largest, costliest and most enduring church structure in this country. The name of the new cathedral will be St. John the Divine. Land has already been purchased for it above 114th street, near the Hudson River. It is proposed to have the building face south and run back to a depth of about 400 feet. No inflammable material will be used in its construction. The exterior will be of marble or granite. All plans and drawings must be submitted to the trustees on or before the 15th of next December.

IN A DREAM. The old farmhouse, I see it again: In its low, dark eaves, the twittering wren is nestled as long ago; And I breathe once more the south wind's blast, And sit and watch, in the twilight's calm, That bat flit to and fro. The white cows lie at the pasture bars, And the dairy, cool, with its tinkling jars, Is seen with curds and cream. There's somebody putting the things to rights, And through the window I see the light From the tallow candle gleam. The garden is rich with its old-time bloom, And I twitch my fancy, the faint perfume Of blossoms dask with dew. And over it all the starlit dome, And round about it, the peace of home—How it all comes back to view! The night wind stirs in elm and oak, And up from the point comes the breezy croak Of the bull frog's rich bassoon; And I catch the gleam, as over the brink There peeps with a tremulous, shivering blink, The rim of a crescent moon. It all comes back from the dusk of time, With the mournful cadence and swell of rhyme That is half remembered, still—Like a measure from some forgotten strain, That hauntingly comes and flees again, And under a duty, twilight sky, It, mingling, floats with the plaintive cry Of the desolate whippoorwill.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES. "Please, sir," said old Zeruah, the housekeeper, "there's a man up in the plum-tree." "Up in the plum-tree?" repeated Mr. Brown. And what's he doing up in the plum-tree? It ain't the time o' year for ripe plums." "No," said Zeruah, giving the frying-pan that she was cleaning an extra scrape with the knife, "his time o' year for plums to be ripe. But it's all ways time o' year for young men to make fools of themselves—and the third branch of that 'lar plum-tree is on a line with the window of Arabella Arden's room."

"Eh?" said Mr. Brown, dropping his newspaper and opening his eyes very wide. "As true as you live, sir," said Zeruah. "But that was precisely what my brother sent her down here for," said Mr. Brown, contracting his bald forehead into innumerable wrinkles. "To keep her out of Hubert Wynton's way!" "Humph!" said Zeruah. "The world is wide—but it ain't wide enough to keep her out of his way." "Up the plum-tree, is he?" said Mr. Brown, with a sardonic smile. "What sort of a looking fellow is he, Zeruah?" "Wal," answered the old woman, still holding the frying-pan as Minerva of old might have held her shield, "he leaves is thick, and his eyes ain't what it once was; but he's got light-colored clothes on, as was never cut in Bean Hollow; and his hat, that lays out on the grass, has got a city maker's name in it."

"Good!" nodded Mr. Brown. "You ought to have been a detective, Ruey. They would give you good wages, I'll bet a big apple. Where is the hat?" "I'll bring it in and put it on the hall table," Zeruah replied. "Very well. Go out and chain Caesar under the plum-tree. Give him a good length of chain, Ruey. Then come back and move all Arabella's things into the west bedroom. I'll take the end room myself. If there's any serenading, or poetry-reciting, or anything of that sort, I'll have the benefit of it myself."

A slow smile broke over Zeruah's wooden face. "But what'll you tell her?" said she. "Tell her? Why that the end room is a better aspect for my rheumatism," said Mr. Brown, chuckling. "And make haste, or she'll be back from Widow Peet's. Everything must be moved before she returns. And pull the shade down, so the city chap won't suspicion what we're up to."

SELECT SIFTINGS. A palm is three inches. A span is ten and seven-eighths inches. David Ober, of White Oak, Penn., has had a lead pencil forty years. The crown and regalia of England were pledged to the city of London by Richard II. for \$10,000. The German and French governments in the war of 1871 held to their agreement to employ no privaters. A vegetarian hotel is an innovation in London. There are already thirty vegetarian restaurants in that city.

The custom of going bare headed one day in the week (on the "Sabbath," or Saturday) is observed by the Mingrellians. Recently a disgusted Oshkosh, Wis., jurymen offered to pay the sum in dispute if the claimant would dismiss the case. Even so celebrated a general and old a soldier as the Duke of Wellington felt it necessary to fight a duel as late as 1829. Paradise, by Tintoretto, is the largest painting in the world. It is 84 feet wide, and 32 feet high, and is now in the Doge's Palace, Venice.

"Hondium" comes from the German hunder, meaning a loafer, or idler; so "bummer" from the German bummel, a word of similar import. Within a twelvemonth four persons have been killed outright and a fifth badly crippled at very near the same spot in the freight yard at Americus, Georgia. Cooks of old were considered a sacred race; even their fingers were consecrated to the deity. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the middle finger to Saturn, the next to the sun and the little one to Mercury.

Henry Cary, of Key West, Fla., has a novel shaped potato. Standing at a distance of six or seven feet one could not tell it from a wild duck which had been deprived of its body feathers, and to make the delusion more perfect he had inserted a few tail feathers. A traveler at St. Clairsville, Ga., out of curiosity visited the court house, and was most horrified to find his only sister the defendant in a murder trial going on at the time. She had mysteriously disappeared from home years before and her whereabouts were unknown to her people.

Jacob Hibbsman, an unmarried man, aged forty-five years, residing near Lancaster, Penn., died of blood poisoning the other afternoon. Four weeks before he had cut his finger for his stock, his right hand was pierced by a sharp fragment of hay, and that scratch caused his death. An immense pipe of baked clay, that probably belonged to some distinguished mound-builders of prehistoric days, was recently dug up near Purdy, Tenn. It weighs four and one-half pounds, and is in the shape of an angle, the bowl resting on the eyelet's back, and measures nine inches in length.

Jim Blevins, living near White Rock, Texas, killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and noticing the snake's body was unusually large and ill-shaped, made an incision and found it to contain a large cow horn and in the horn a prairie rat. It is supposed that the snake chawed the rat into the horn, and to secure the rat swallowed the horn. In the National Library at Paris there is a Spanish globe 330 years old, on which the Congo follows in a remarkable manner the course now given to that river on the maps. All the best maps in the sixteenth century showed the Congo as rising in a lake far inland, while in this century we first tried to identify the Congo with the Niger, and then for many years made it flow north.

Poison for some animals is food for others. Hogs, cats, hens and geese are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and morphia is said to be innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that in one man's meat is another man's poison. This is due to habits and idiosyncracies. Ironclad Overland Craft. Perhaps the only solid iron box car in the Southern States to-day is now in use regularly on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad. It was built by the United States Government more than twenty years ago, and judging from present appearances, it will be useful for twenty years more.

This relic is constructed of heavy boiler iron, with doors of the same material, and was used to transport powder and ammunition along the line of road between Nashville and the South, to the Federal troops and stations. It afforded perfect safety to its contents from those terrors, the Tennessee bushwhackers, who would be along the side of the track and fire upon occupants of every train. Their bullets fell harmlessly from the sides of the ironclad, so for four long years of strife and bloodshed this old traveling magazine would jog along calmly and serenely through the thickest of the fight, perfectly indifferent to all attacks that were made upon it. After following the army all over the South, and fulfilling its important mission, at the close of the war it was sold to the present owners. It was used by them as a baggage car on the Shelbyville branch for about fifteen years. It is, perhaps, the only relic of the kind in the country, and its veteran friends say, in token of past services, should be bought by the Government and placed in the National Museum, where, doubtless, it would be a very attractive feature.

A Montenegrin Dance. The Montenegrin dance is curious-graceful it is not; but one can not help being struck by the wonderful activity and suppleness of limb displayed by the dancers. A ring is formed and a man and woman begin to dance by springing as high as they can in the air, with the arms raised above the head. After a few bounds they change sides with a prodigious spring, twisting around in the air as they pass. A couple will dance for a minute or so, and when exhausted be succeeded by another couple and so on. The dance is unaccompanied by any sort of music, not even by that primitive and doleful monochord instrument, the "guzla."—St. James Gazette.

EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS THE FLUSH TIMES AFTER GOLD WAS DISCOVERED. Eggs at Eighteen Dollars a Dozen—Oscillating Prices—Gambling and Drinking in San Francisco. The following article is from the New York Sun's review of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's new book, entitled "California Inter-Pocula."

It seems that "during the flush times, although credits were freely given, debts as a rule were promptly paid. Business was done upon honor. There was no law; at a distance from the larger towns there was no legal machinery for the collection of debts." The unscrupulousness of prices in the days when the difficulty lay, not in selling food staples, but in procuring them at all, is illustrated by the following incident: "The day George Eggleston stood behind a box of fine fresh eggs talking with Bob Parker, from whom he rented his stand, when a customer came up: 'How much are eggs?' 'Six dollars.' 'What, a box?' 'No, a dozen.' 'Give me a dozen.' 'Something in the transaction struck Peter as ludicrous, and the plot of a joke arose in his mind. 'George,' said he, when the customer had gone, 'you will never make anything if you don't keep better posted in price.' 'How so?' demanded Eggleston. 'Why, here you are selling eggs at \$6 a dozen, when the regular price everywhere is \$18.' 'But I know where I can get all I want at \$3,' said Eggleston. 'That's it,' replied Parker, 'you haven't the business sense that a man how to make the most of his opportunities. Pretty soon another customer came up and asked the price of the commodity. 'Well,' replied Eggleston, somewhat slowly and demurely, 'eggs are a little up this morning; those are \$18 a dozen.' All right,' was the rejoinder, 'I'll take two dozen.' Mr. Bancroft mentions another instance where a man had received 1500 dozen eggs by a coasting schooner, and sold the whole consignment for 37 cents a dozen. Observing that the purchaser began to sell them at \$1.50 a dozen, the original salesman bought them all back at that price, took them to Sacramento, and sold them at \$1 a dozen. At such a time, other examples of oscillation in prices. Once, when tobacco was down, a man desirous of building a house on soft ground tumbled in enough boxes of tobacco to make a foundation. Before the house was completed tobacco commanded \$1 per pound, and the sunken boxes were worth a dozen such buildings. Another San Francisco gentleman, wanting to lay a crosswalk over made ground, threw in sacks of beans, which soon after were worth thirty cents a pound.

Gambling, of course, was rampant and defiant in those early years, and Mr. Bancroft fills a chapter with recollections of it. "In 1850 on two sides of the Plaza were built gambling houses, and devoted exclusively to gambling. There were the El Dorado, the Bella Union, the Rendezvous, the Empire, the Parker House and the Verandah. Here large halls were fitted up, some of them by companies formed in France, with Oriental splendor. In one the ceiling, rich in fresco and gilt, was supported by glass pillars, and from the ceiling were great glass chandeliers. Around the walls were large paintings of nude female figures, and mirrors extending from floor to ceiling. Entering at night from the unlighted street into an immense room glowing with dazzling brilliance, and load with the mingled sound of musical instruments, the tink of coin and glass, and the low murmur of human voices, it was like passing from the dark depths to celestial brightness." Some of the saloons were open day and night and brought in enormous rents; six thousand dollars a month was paid for the El Dorado. Nothing but gold coin was issued, and the stakes ran into the hundreds and thousands. A bet of any sum less than five dollars was regarded as contemptible. One assertion made by the author in regard to these places will be read with some surprise, namely, that "from 1849 to 1852 gambling was followed in San Francisco as a legitimate business, and there was no disgrace attached to the profession. Among the dealers of gambling games at that time were some of the most influential citizens." Among the many anecdotes of the public gambling era recounted in this volume we reproduce the following, premising that it was the custom to allow a miner to lay upon the table a bag of gold dust or Mexican dollars, and wager the estimated value of the contents. "One night a Mexican with his face half concealed in an old serape entered the El Dorado, and, edging his way through the crowd, stopped before a monte table. After following the game for a short time he drew forth an old linen bag of coin, supposed of course to be silver dollars, and placing it upon a card and leaning over the board, watched the dealer's fingers with morbid anxiety. The Mexican won; the dealer, with indifference, pulled the bag over to him, untied the string, and emptied out the contents. His face turned white as a sheet, his customary coolness deserting him, for out of the bag had rolled, not silver dollars, as every one expected, but golden doubloons, more than enough to break the bank. The gambler, however, borrowed what he lacked from his neighbors and paid the Mexican, who withdrew as quietly as he had entered."

If gambling was common and undisguised, liquor drinking was almost universal. In 1853 there were in San Francisco 337 places where liquor was dispensed. "In the larger saloons tobacco and cigars were sold from a stand fitted up in one corner, and an elaborate luncheon was set out on a table once or twice a day, from which he who bought a drink might partake without extra charge. This free lunch, as it was called, at first consisted of only crackers and cheese, but competition gradually enlarged the ideas of saloon proprietors until finally it grew into a sumptuous repast of soup, fish, roast meats, and side dishes. At these places, for example, at the 'Bank Exchange' on Montgomery street, one could obtain in addition to a drink, which cost twenty-five cents, a dinner which elsewhere would cost twice or three that sum. It is also to be noted that at such places while 'two bits' or twenty-five cents, would be demanded for a mug of lager beer, the same sum would procure a glass of chambertin, of imported champagne, or sparkling moselle.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. To Sweeten a Tainted Barrel. A tainted meal barrel may be best sweetened by charring it. It may be cured by slaking some lime in it and then well washing it, but it is easier to char it. Put a small quantity of dry shavings in the barrel and set them on fire and let them burn out. The barrel may then be swept out or washed and used again at once. If time is used, put a peck of it freshly burned into the barrel, and pour a pailful of warm water on it. When it is slaked down add boiling water until it is thin enough to stir round with the barrel, and thoroughly rinse the barrel several times during two days. Then wash it clean with fresh water.

Keeping Sweet Corn. This easy way of keeping sweet corn, recommended by the New York Tri-Week, can be readily tried: When the corn is not too old cut it from the cob and put into a stone jar with one-eighth measure of salt, or more—it cannot be made too salt. Cover and weigh. It must always be covered with brine. But a lady found that even her cow wouldn't eat corn thus treated. But later she learned that after being drained out of the brine it must be put at once into plenty of boiling water, boiled ten minutes, then drained and put into fresh water for a short time, repeating this the third time, when it is excellent seasoned with butter, pepper and milk or cream with a spoonful of sugar to each quart of corn. Just scald this and then serve.

Lunch Dishes. Lunches are less formal gatherings than parties, receptions, and the like, says a lady correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, and the refreshments are usually much simpler. Being generally given in the middle of the day when the majority of the gentlemen are engaged in business, ladies constitute the principal attendants. Hats are worn or not as preferred. Some only serve chocolate or coffee with wafers, oat meal or other thin crackers, either with or without cakes and ice cream. A little more elaborate lunch includes with coffee and chocolate thin sandwiches, or thin slices of bread and butter, sliced chicken, boned turkey, or some other nice cold meat, and some kind of salad, as shrimp, lobster or chicken salad. After the plates are removed, if in the berry season, ice cream and cake with berries are served. No doubt in other localities there are different customs prevalent, but the lunch is not so much to bring friends together for the display of toothsome dishes, as for the interchange of friendly greetings and the renewal of pleasant friendships.

Protection of Clothing from Moths. It is doubtful if there is any known reliable and unobjectionable means of protecting clothing from the moth, excepting that of tightly inclosing it in some material not subject to the ravages of this insect. A correspondent of the Mountain Standard and Bismarck writes: "I have had clothing badly moth-eaten while kept in a bureau made wholly of red cedar, but have never known the moth to enter a tightly tied sack of cotton cloth. For the preservation of an overcoat, for example, through the summer, the following is recommended: Take a piece of unbleached muslin, cut it 4 inches wide and about 10 inches longer than the coat; fold lengthwise and sew the side and one end, thus forming a sack ten inches long in the coat and 2 1/2 inches in width. Thoroughly brush the coat, and hang it up by a stout cord six or eight inches in length, passed through the muslin tape on the inside of the collar. While thus suspended draw the sack upward over the coat, gather the upper end of the coat closely around the suspending cord, and tie tightly with another cord. Let the coat hang until needed for use. When taken out it will be found free not only from the ravages of the moth, but from dust and wrinkles also."

PRINCESS POTATOES.—Form cold mashed potatoes into balls, brush them with melted butter, then with beaten egg, and place them in a baking pan. Bake in a very hot oven until a golden brown.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint and boil until nearly done, and season with salt and pepper, make a dough with flour, baking powder and butter as for biscuit, roll out about an inch thick, cut into squares two inches in size, drop them into the pot while boiling, keeping the pot covered until done, which will be in twenty or thirty minutes; keep a kettle of boiling water to pour some in as the water boils away.

SQUASH.—Summer squashes are good only when young, fresh and tender. Wash and cut into quarters or small pieces. The skins and seeds need not be removed, wash with boiling water, twenty minutes, or until tender. Place the squash in a strainer cloth and mash until smooth; then squeeze the cloth until the squash is dry. Add a little cream or butter, salt and pepper and heat again before serving.

RHUBARB JAM.—Cut the Rhubarb into pieces about an inch long (not peeled), put three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar to every pound of rhubarb, boil it till the rhubarb is soft, then add the rhubarb and boil gently a quarter of an hour; tie down with tissue paper dipped in white of egg. It will keep good for a year and is excellent. If the flavor of ginger is liked, you can boil some ginger root in a muslin bag along with the syrup.

THE TIME OF THINKING. The time of thinking has been estimated, with some interesting results: It takes about one-tenth second to see a color, one-seventh second to see a word. It takes longer to see some letters and words than others. A word can be named in one-hundredth second, whereas one-third second is needed to name a color. It takes about two-fifths second to call to mind the county in which a well-known town is situated; one-half second to say which of two eminent men is thought to be the greater. Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet."

MONOSYLLABLES. Mine be the force of words that tax the tongue But once to speak them full and round and clear. They suit the speech or song and suit the like bells that give one tone when they are rung; Or bird notes on the air, like rainsdrops flung, That pour their joy for all who pause to hear. Their short, quick chords the dull sense charm and cheer, That tires and sprints from words to great length strung. Strong words, of old, that right to the brain And hit the heart as soon were brief and terse. Who finds them now, and fits them to his sling, Smooth stones from brooks of English are his gain, Which shall make strong his thought in prose or verse, Will be with scribbles to write or hards to sing.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A woman who always makes the train — The dressmaker. If all things are well that end well, how about the horse? "No," said the butter ball; "these are not hard times with me." Always "at par!" Ma, when pa stays out to late at the lodge. A silent partner is all right when he doesn't want to have the whole say. When you lend anybody your fan, you give them a sort of palm leaf to use it. Some men are good because goodness pays best, and then, again, some are good for nothing. It is difficult for a sailor to make a tiller of the soil. He can make it of wood, though. Mrs. Bernard Beece, the eminent actress, is coming to America, but not in a schooner, as has been alleged. It is a lack of artistic taste and feeling that prevent an old man with red whiskers to wear a jet-black wig. If one's creditors are adamant, summer ought to be a good time to ask favors, for all are in a melting mood. "Yes, sir, I've walked where formerly I rode, and I've saved enough money by the operation to have my shoes resoled."—New York News. Mrs. Jenks (at dinner): "Would you like some of this oyster-plant, Mr. Prim?" Prim: "No, thank you; I'm a strict vegetarian."—Life. Some one has asked: "Where do flies go in winter?" We don't know that, but we wish they would go there in summer.—Delaware American. Bobson: "Don't you think that Dempsey rather plays the fool?" Popinjay: "No, sir; I think that he works at the job."—Berliner Free Press. I Street Lady: "Will you spend the summer in Washington, Mrs. Hardup?" Mrs. H.: "I suppose so. It's all I've got to spend."—Washington Critic. Customer (getting his hair cut): "Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then?" Barber (reassuringly): "Yes, sir, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect the hearing, sir."—Stirling. Lucid Explanation: Teacher (to class): "To this stanza what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were gilding fast?'" Bright Scholar: "The people were pulling down the blinds." Maude (before the laughing hyena's cage): "How mean! Here we've been twenty minutes and the hyena hasn't laughed once!" Ella: "Strange, and he's been eyeing your new hat, too!"—Time. "Talk of mothers-in-law and sons-in-law not agreeing," remarked Titmarsh. "My mother-in-law and I agree. She says I ought not to have married her daughter, and I coincide with her."—Mercury. "This butter is really offensive to the smell," observed the two-dollar-and-a-half boarder. "Well, what's that got to do with it?" remarked the landlady. "Sensible folks eat butter and don't smell it." Bishop (on his semi-annual round): "And do you remember my Bobby?" Bobby: "Oh, yes, sir; you are the gentleman ma scolded pa about because you smoked in the parlor and nearly ruined the curtains."—Epoch. A little girl in Lewistown, Me., who was all the other evening called her mother to her bedside and said piteously: "Mamma, I am awful sick; I just swallowed upward," and her mamma sympathized with her. —New York News. Agent: "Madam, can't you induce your husband to take out a life insurance policy for \$10,000 in your benefit?" Madam: "I'll try; but I have my doubts about the benefits. John's got the constitution of an ox."—Harp's Bazaar. There was a tramp, a graceless scamp, of cheek he had a lot; he stole each meal, and once did squeal: "A cucumber I've got!" But in the night he woke in fright and anguish sad to see; he roared in pain, then did exclaim: "That cucumber's got me!" She wanted to take lessons in archery, but was very, very verdant. "Have you a bow and quiver?" asked the teacher. "Ye—ye—ye," she hesitated, "I have a bow, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming for two months now, and I'm used to it."—Washington Critic. Down in Marblehead Harbor the other day "the fleet lay moored." A couple of old fishermen were sculling about and chanced to look up just in time to spell out the gold letters on the stern of one of the yachts: "P-s-y-c-h-e! Well, if that ain't the funniest way to spell fish!"—Boston Herald. At an agricultural meeting the other day "The Best way to Keep Girls on the Farm" was discussed. No conclusion was reached, but we think a baro wire fence six feet high, minus gates, surrounding the farm, would solve the problem. A boy takes his life in his hand when he attempts to crawl over or under or through a barbed wire fence, and he doesn't wear a bullet, either.—Norristown Herald. Flowers, wrote Goethe, are the beautiful hieroglyphics of nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us.

ROYALTY. Queen Victoria was recently made a Colonel in the German army. This is the first time since 1870, in New York City, that a Mayor, Governor and President are to be voted for together. A French engineer has conferred a blessing on all players of stringed instruments by inventing a peg which will not slip. Premier De Giers says that Russia is done with the Bulgarians and they may do anything they please, from cutting each others' throats to declaring an empire. Under the last census of France there were reported in that republic 190 persons who were living at the age of one hundred years or more, and 15,153 who were more than ninety years old. Every once in a while an anti-missive crusade is started somewhere in this country or Europe. This time the movement has had its revival in England, and a clean-shaven face is the fashion in London. The lower classes of the Italian people continue to emigrate in enormous numbers, and the Italian Government is much alarmed. The number which left the country last year was 101,200 as against 82,832 the previous year. Most of them go to South America. Dr. de Blowitz, the eccentric Times correspondent of the London Times, is reported to think that the new French rifle is a wonderful weapon. He says it is both noiseless and smokeless and sends a bullet with perfect accuracy a distance of four miles. An American who lived in France for some years and saw many rows and rucous says that Frenchmen who don't wash always pull hair or kick each other's shins. He used to fairly kick some one strike out from the crowd and score a clean knock-down, and was never gratified. It is said that there are between fifteen hundred and two thousand women in the Northwest who are interested in stock and stock property. Many of these women have their own names, while others are interested in stock running under other names and which they are silent partners. The natives of the Arctic regions have barbarous, but effective way of dealing with the wolves which are a pest there. They strap blades of ice and in thawed water. The meat freezes, and in thawing with his tongue the blade cuts the tongue, ultimately preventing the wolf from licking the snow, and thirst finally kills the animal. According to the investigations of Mr. Maria Chadwick, the statistician, the average life of the English genitrix is 50 years, of the shop-keeping class 37 years, of the wageworkers 23 years. Out of every 100 of the children of the shopkeepers 35 die under that age, while no more than 48 in every 100, nearly one-half, of the children of wageworkers survive.