

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one month, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, three months, \$2.50. One Square, one inch, one year, \$7.00.

Chicago is the fifth Scandinavian city in the world, and Minneapolis the sixth.

San Francisco declares she has been shaken 417 times by earthquakes in the last eighty years.

Eighty public buildings, costing the Government \$22,000,000, are now in course of erection.

The total vote of these United States at the Presidential election of 1834 was 10,051,851. This year it should reach close to 12,000,000.

Belva Lockwood, the Presidential candidate of the Equal Rights party, is going to stump the States, and will charge an admission fee to her meetings.

In Brazil some of the Senators hold their term for life. One of them has just shown himself in the Senate for forty years, and there is now due him a back salary of \$900,000.

A splendid mine of molybdenum, a metal more precious than silver, has been found in the Cascade Mountains, near Tacoma, Washington Territory. It is worth \$50,000 per ton.

Twenty-six members of the United Presbyterian Church at Bellevue, Pa., in favor of the use of unfermented wine in the sacrament, have withdrawn and organized a church of their own.

The body of a Parisian duke was found in the River Seine a few days ago. The young fellow was dressed in the latest fashion, and round his heart had tattooed these words: 'Tout va bien.'—All for Jeanne.

A telephone has been fitted up between the hospice on the Great St. Bernard in the Swiss Alps and the valley below. The monks are now informed when pilgrims start to ascend the pass. If they do not appear within a proper time the monks are sent to meet them.

Statistics show that about \$90,000,000 is invested in the hotel business in New York State; that the hotels employ over thirty-five thousand persons, and that they entertain eighty-seven thousand guests daily, at an average expense of \$20,000 a day for supplies alone.

There are, says the New York Tribune, about twice as many women as men in Yucatan, notwithstanding which the whole social system of the country seems to be constructed for the benefit of the masculine third of the community. N. B.—The men made it.

It is unquestionable that the straw or raffia hats worn by American men during the summer is an insufficient protection against extreme heat. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the natives of the eastern countries. The coiled turban under the head and the general use of umbrellas are protection which people do not live in American cities do not have.

For quickness in raising money for business enterprises Hutchinson, Kan., seems to outrank some of the large cities. They called a meeting out there for such a purpose, and after the hall was filled, looked the door. A local paper tells that work then began, and in just one hour and fifteen minutes the sum of \$223,090 was subscribed.

Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, is gradually disappearing, and in a few years more will be totally submerged. During one gale in 1881 a strip of land seventy feet wide and a quarter of a mile long was washed away. In 1775 the island was forty miles long and two and a half miles wide. It is now only nineteen and a half miles long and less than a mile wide.

It is now possible to travel from London to Samarang, in Central Asia, by rail and steamboat in eight days and twenty-two hours. It was not very long ago that a European was unable to visit Samarang at all without incurring great risk of being killed, and until the building of the Trans-Caspian Railroad the best time that could be made between St. Petersburg and Samarang was one month.

On April 20th, when off the Westman Islands, Iceland, the captain of the Danish mail steamer Laura threw overboard a letter written in Danish. On May 6th the letter was found in the stomach of a cod caught by a French fisherman at Reykjavik, about 120 miles distant. The man showed it to the French Consul at Reykjavik, who submitted it to the captain of the Laura. It was much decomposed, but still readable.

The danger of somnambulism is well known. A writer in the Century tells of a piece of good fortune coming from the habit. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write or her awake, and this essay secured her the prize.

DEATH AND JUSTICE.

Death does not claim us with the passing breath; Before our Lady Justice can't be stands To hear her grave, immutable commands: "Wait, I shall tell you presently," she saith, "Wait but a moment's space, my brother, Death."

While Time, our kinsman, shakes his silent sands; She holds the balance true, with steady hands; And strong, the little while it wavereth.

Hated and Envy must be still and wait, So, now, must Love and Borrow stand aside; In breathless silence, pale and eager-eyed, Till, through the lips of Justice, speaketh Fate— "Death, in thy keeping must the man abide!" Or, "He shall live for aye—his work is great." —Graham R. Tomson, in Scribner.

TWO SHIPS.

Two girls in the kitchen of a plain, old-fashioned house were busy sewing, the elder rapidly running a machine, the younger trimming a straw hat with odds and ends of ribbons, which she tried in vain to coax into some appearance of freshness.

"How does it look, Mattie?" she asked anxiously, holding it off a little, and slowly turning it around.

Mattie looked up from her machine without stopping its quick motion, turned one comprehensive glance upon the hat and said, impulsively: "Like a last year's bird!"

"Oh, dear," said Dolly, flushing all over her pretty, worried face, and tossing the poor little hat into a corner. "What is the use, any way? We may as well give up and go to the poor house first as last."

"I'll never give up, first or last," said Mattie. "Somebody and somebody I know there must be something better for us, and we are sure to find it sooner or later; but in the meantime I can't afford to waste any of my strength in pretending. Our clothes are old and shabby and dingy, and it's of no use trying to make them look anything else."

Dolly gave a sigh that touched Mattie's heart. "Poor little Dolly! It's too bad for you; you're so sweet and pretty and patient. Just wait till my ship comes in, and you shall see siller."

"And wear a good ring!" Dolly smiled. "That was what father always said when we wanted anything. I used to believe in that ship as much as I believe in next year, and sometimes I indulge myself in dreaming about it now and fancy what it will bring us."

Mattie set the last stitches with lips compressed, and began tending the coarse shirtings which she was working into a compact pile.

"Are they finished?" asked Dolly. "No; I'll sew on the buttons to-night; I'm going out to look for our ship."

Mattie put on a hat older and more openly ugly than Dolly's, and walked down the street with her firm, rapid tread. Once she turned to look back at the small brown house that was the only inheritance her father had left to her wife and girls—a fortune that seemed indefinitely smaller, now that the mother had gone also, and a protracted sickness that had consumed the last dollar from the sale of the orchard and garden.

The coarse sewing, with which the girls made a game of it, and which together was certainly better than nothing, and was considered a respectable resource, but at best it was working with starvation against a merciless lash over their heads.

She went where many a poor soul had gone with perplexities that seemed no doubt to be the minister. No doubt in that penurious, poverty-stricken community the good man had perplexities of his own, but that only helped him to sympathize with other people, and few households held any secrets from the old housekeeper, knitting on the porch, welcomed Mattie kindly. The minister was away; "gone to South Adams to tend a funeral," but she was looking for him every minute.

Mattie went to the study, and turned wearily from the rows of solemn old books to find refreshment in the papers upon the table that seemed so much more modern and human. There was a story that looked tempting with its spicy bits of conversation, but this was Chapter XX.

Then there was a sermon, letters from a traveler, answers to miscellaneous queries, household hints and e.conomics, at which Mattie smiled grimly, with the feeling that she could open some depths of experience in that line herself, and at last a letter from a woman addressed to the editor, complaining that the world was out of joint and in need of regulating.

"So it is," thought Mattie, nodding assent as heartily as if the writer had been sitting there in the leather-covered chair opposite her. As she read her dark face flushed, and her breath came more rapidly. Why, here was a woman in desperate need of help, and here was she, asking only the chance to help her, and they were but twenty miles apart. But then, perhaps, the letter was just made up and put in the paper; perhaps there was no Mrs. E. L. Howe, and at the thought Mattie threw down the paper and went to meet the minister who was coming in at the gate. He smiled at her impudence and seated himself very calmly to read the letter, which would never have attracted his notice. He smiled again when he looked up at her and quite agreed with her that the writer was probably a fiction of some author's brain, created to make forcible the undoubted truth that there were scores of women with beautiful homes whose wealth brought them nothing but bondage, because of the impossibility of obtaining the help of intelligent, dependable caretaking servants, while there was a great multitude of women in need of homes and driven to all manner of makeshifts for a mere livelihood, who might, if they would, supply just this service, with mutual satisfaction and benefit. The problem was to bring them together.

"But if the letter were genuine, my child," asked the minister, "what then?" "Then," said Mattie, promptly, "I would write to the woman and ask her to let me try. I should like nothing better than to be her housekeeper. I delight in housekeeping; I'm a born cook, and Dolly would be perfectly happy with two babies to cuddle and sew for."

The minister looked at her doubtfully. "I suspect it is only the rosy side of her work that the letter writer describes; there must be a good many disagreeable things about the position of cook or nursery maid."

"There are many unpleasant things about our present position," began Mattie, but stopped abruptly. "Not even to the minister would she have owned that they were actually pinched sometimes for suitable food."

"Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly, "there would be any impropriety in my writing to this lady to inquire?" "Not in the least; I will forward your letter with a line to the editor. Why not write here?" he continued.

And with the promptness of desperation, with which alone the minister thought it possible to write his sermons, and penned upon a great square sheet a brief, ladylike letter. The minister's endorsement was also brief, to the effect that the writer was a sensible, practical girl, tolerably well educated, and would, in his estimation, be a beneficial addition to a family such as that described in the communication signed Mrs. E. L. Howe.

The joint letter found its way in due time to the sanctum of a puzzled and amused editor, who frowned and laughed alternately over its contents, half disposed to toss it into the waste basket, in his estimation, but a beneficent idea of a dozen other documents. It might have remained there indefinitely, for the editor was a young man, and had no personal interest in the domestic problem, but, dining that day with his sister, his serene enjoyment was suddenly disturbed by a series of dull thumps upon the stairs, followed by weeping screams.

"There!" said Mrs. Lattimer, rushing away. "She's let the baby fall down stairs; I always said she'd kill it! I shall dismiss her the minute Fred gets back!" she panted, returning with the baby. "I never draw an easy breath except when the children are asleep."

"Oh, by the way," Florence, replied her brother, "I've got hold of a solution for all your domestic difficulties. Never say I'm not practical again. Here are two servants for you made to order—a cook and a nursery maid—natives, sisters capable, educated, warranted by the minister; what more could you ask?" "Dolly, what on earth are you talking about?" "It's all here, you can see for yourself. The fact is, I've been thinking a good deal about this labor question; and one evening I wrote a letter for the Journal purporting to have come from Mrs. E. L. Howe, setting forth her troubles with servants, and appealing to the most respectable, unemployed women for help."

"You miserable humbug! I read it with a sympathizing heart, and meant to write to her myself—our cases are so much alike—only I forgot it."

"Well, here comes a letter from a rustic maiden, who speaks for her sister and herself, and proposes to undertake the job of sickening and weeping women a livelihood turning the bats over their lathes or sewing the covers by hand over the inner core of the sphere, which is now made by machinery. Bats are shipped to this city by the carload from Michigan and West Virginia, and it is estimated that 30,000 cords of ash are intended to be made in this city this winter for this summer's trade. The bulk of the bats are used by amateur players, of course.

Willow is the favorite material for the popular bat, as its lightness is combined with a sufficient amount of strength for youthful players, and West Virginia turns out the best grade of this variety. The superior toughness of ash makes it indispensable for the great strain which a professional player subjects it to, and Michigan's forests furnish an inexhaustible supply of this tough wood. The manufacture of balls demands more care. The better class of balls, those of regulation size and weight, as prescribed by the professional rules, are covered with horse hide, stretched with double linen thread, well waxed and smoothed by machinery. The inner core is of rubber carefully wound about with yarn by hand until the correct size is obtained.

The practice ball, or boys' ball, is covered with sheeting, and is more cheaply and roughly made. The core is usually composed of leather scraps, which are pressed into a spherical shape by machinery and have no more yarn wound around them than is necessary to hold the scraps together until the cover is put on. The design of cover now in use is different from that of the former 'star' pattern. It consists of two strips of leather cut something like the figure eight, or even like the heelless sole of a baby's shoe. These, when laid over the sphere, exactly cover it and are more easily sewn together than any other pattern, and if the man who invented it were to patent his idea he might have been reaping a fortune for his pains.

The City of Quito. If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing sickness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it is now. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving into a vacant one is a rare sight. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and their results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful party, that there is a constant strain of fugitives leaving the State.—American Magazine.

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Implements of the National Game. The national game of baseball has taken so deep a hold upon the youth of this generation asserts the New York Tribune, that to keep pace with the demand for balls and bats big factories have sprung up in many localities, and hundreds of working men and women are livelihood turning the bats over their lathes or sewing the covers by hand over the inner core of the sphere, which is now made by machinery. Bats are shipped to this city by the carload from Michigan and West Virginia, and it is estimated that 30,000 cords of ash are intended to be made in this city this winter for this summer's trade. The bulk of the bats are used by amateur players, of course.

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FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

Those Who Follow the Hounds Require a Keen Stood and a Good Seat.—Reynard's Cunning. Coursing with the greyhound and hunting the hare with carriers is a kindred enjoyment to fox hunting, but of a more selfish nature, as they lack the first named altogether—the presence of that necessary and charming element, the ladies.

It may not be out of place, says W. Fenwick in the Detroit Free Press, to give some minor particulars in connection with the sport in England, as conducted in England, not generally known. To begin then, the pedigree of each hound—it is exceedingly improper to say 'dog'—is kept as carefully as a race horse, and although to an unpracticed eye all the pack looks as much alike as peas, yet the huntsman and his 'tips'—if not the master—knows each by name and sight, and could, perhaps, tell the pedigree of either without reference. While talking once with a huntsman in his house adjoining the kennels, I was surprised that he could instantly detect a quarrelsome member by his growl, which would be quickly silenced by naming and threatening to send him to the pound. Instead of the hunting season are fed but once a day, when they have a 'lively gorge' from troughs, the only meat being boiled up with biscuits, of which the meal largely consists. They answer quickly to the call of their names at feeding time by the huntsman at the kennel door, and when they appear in his judgment, to have had sufficient, they are named to retire from the banquet, but often with a let-me-stay-a-bit-longer look. The pack, too, is exercised several times daily, and is not dangerous to strangers in the open, but should you appear in an enclosure the 'spotted beauties' immediately give tongue, whereupon a wise person would make himself conspicuous by his absence.

A good hunter requires nerve, a good 'seat' and a trusty steed. If the appointed meet is at the residence of the master or some other member of the hunt, a breakfast profuse with champagne only increases the feeling of eagerness for the fray.

The busy haunts of man are left and covers drawn till the welcome 'gone away' succeeds the sure tongue of a trusty hound and the sport begins in earnest. I remember when a boy watching a 'draw' from a hill, when Reynard, unobserved by anyone but my noble self, broke cover and passed by me, not realizing the importance of calling on the pursuers, I stood there with all the dignity of the boy on the burning deck, with the proud satisfaction that sooner or later the whole 'hunt' must pass in review before me. This occurred a few minutes later when the huntsman, being told in reply that I was a boy, and not realizing the importance of calling on the pursuers, I stood there with all the dignity of the boy on the burning deck, with the proud satisfaction that sooner or later the whole 'hunt' must pass in review before me. This occurred a few minutes later when the huntsman, being told in reply that I was a boy, and not realizing the importance of calling on the pursuers, I stood there with all the dignity of the boy on the burning deck, with the proud satisfaction that sooner or later the whole 'hunt' must pass in review before me.

Owing to his having had a spill, I was obliged to be absent against his will. I have omitted to mention that the early season is called cub hunting, when, should a son of the master be making his debut he may have to suffer from the huntsman the 'indignity' of having the go of the first fox killed, smeared over the face, which 'initiation' is called 'blooding.' Of course there is no greater pest of the poultry yard than the fox, and yet as an encouragement to small farmers in some parts of England not to destroy this nocturnal marauder, their claims for lost poultry are paid once a year in a special manner over the face, which 'initiation' is called 'blooding.' Of course there is no greater pest of the poultry yard than the fox, and yet as an encouragement to small farmers in some parts of England not to destroy this nocturnal marauder, their claims for lost poultry are paid once a year in a special manner over the face, which 'initiation' is called 'blooding.' 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