

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... Full Column, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per the 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.

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 1874 was 98,051,851. This year it should reach 100,000,000.

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 shown himself in the Senate for forty years, and there is now due him a 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 \$50,000,000 per ton.

Twenty-six members of the United Presbyterian Church at Bellevue, Pa., favor the use of unforned wood in the sacrament, have withdrawn and organized a church of their own.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 since in the latest fashion, and round his heart were tattooed these words: "Tout est dans Granier"—All for Jeanne.

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

Statistics show that about \$50,000,000 are invested in the hotel business in New York State; that the hotels employ over five thousand persons, and that they maintain eighty-seven thousand beds, at an average expense of \$100,000 a day for supplies alone.

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

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

For quickness in raising money for business enterprises Hutchinson, Kan., has been to entrust some of the large banks. They called a meeting out there for such a purpose, and, after the hall was filled, locked the door. A local paper tells that work then began, and in just one hour and fifteen minutes the sum of \$21,000 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 1773 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 off Reykjavik, about 130 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 when awake, and this essay secured for her the prize.

DEATH AND JUSTICE.

Death doth not claim us with the pining breath; Before our Lady Justice 'em he stands To hear her doom pronounce; 'tis she that waits; 'Till, I shall tell you presently, she saith: 'Wait but a moment's space, my brother, Death, While Time, our kinsman, shakes his silent hands; She hold the balance true, with steady hands And strong, the little while it wavereth. Hatred and Envy must lie still and wait, So, now, must Love and Sorrow 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. 'I don't like it, I don't like it,' said Mattie. 'Somehow or somehow 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 sign 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'll wear a gold ring.' 'Dolly smiled. 'That was what father always said when we wanted anything. I used to believe in that ship as much as I believed 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 folding the coarse shirts on 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 my 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 his wife and girls—a fortune that seemed indefinitely small, now that her mother had gone also, after a protracted sickness that had consumed the last dollar from the sale of the orchard and garden. The coarse sewing, with which the girls managed to keep soul and body together, was certainly better than nothing, and she considered a respectable resource, but at best it was working with starvation swinging a merciless lash over their heads. 'She went where many a poor soul had gone with perplexities that seemed 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 to 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 economies, 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 quick and 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 she tossed 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 amiably to read the letter, which would never have attracted his notice. He smiled again when he looked up at her and agreed with her that the writer was probably a fiction of somebody'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,

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

Something came clattering along the hedge, and the horse was pushed off, admitting a beautiful boy of four, drawing a tin horse after him. 'Oh, you darling!' exclaimed Dolly, rapturously. 'But the boy drew back a little, saying: "Where's Bridget?" And in a minute the nurse pounced upon him and dragged him off, calling him "a little torment, and a bad, naughty boy." Mattie's first breath, rashly undertaken with Bridget's home made yeast, was an utter failure, and the baby cughed obstinately to Johanna in spite of Dolly's blandishments, while Mrs. Lattimer, knowing nothing of housekeeping herself, had not a particle of patience with ignorance in others, and clung to her deep persuasion that nothing but the most vigorous putting down could ever keep those girls from disagreeable assumption. But long before the end of the month Dolly reigned sweet and serene in the nursery, wore her nurse's cap with an unconscious of bitter servitude as the children she loved and guarded.

'As for Mattie,' Mrs. Lattimer confessed to her brother, 'she's invaluable, and I shall never be able to endure an ordinary servant again, but she hadn't known her mind better than I did mine we would have parted the very first week. That's one blessed thing your old journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endorse the paper out of gratitude. 'Neither of them, my dear. Pretty Dolly, in the course of time, went back to the man and married a farmer's boy who had worked his way through college, and was not ashamed of his wife for having made her way in the same fashion; and Mattie, for aught I know, is a middle-aged and respectable old maid, living on her savings, and educating her three children. 'I have nothing to do with marrying girls in marriage, but with the fact that a good many ships that are continually at sea might come prosperously in, if they would join company with each other, without regarding the fact that one might be a merchant vessel, and the other simply a lugger.'—Congregationalist.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

The Rose of Order. How can I tell her! By her collar. Cleanly shaves and whitened walls. By her dresser. By the back stairs and hall. And with pleasure Takes her measure. By the way she keeps her brooms; Or the peeping. Of her back and unseen rooms; By her kitchen's air of noisiness; And its general completeness. Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness The Rose of Order blooms. —Bullier. Gathering Rose Leaves. The delightful work of gathering rose leaves is best done early in the morning or late in the evening. Shake into a wide basket the petals from roses that are about to fall to pieces. The rose leaves should be spread out on a sheet laid down in a dry place where the wind will not disturb them. Rose leaves gathered on different days should not be mixed, but each collection on the sheet should be stirred and turned every day; when they are all nearly dry they can be heaped together and finished off on another sheet. When quite dry put up in self-sealing fruit jars. These dried leaves are packed in as tight as they can be pressed down, may be used to fill a fancy jar which, when left open for a short time, will perfume a room if the rose leaves are stirred up a little. —New York World. A Useful Contrivance. For the benefit of tired mortals who recline in hammocks most of the time during the warm months there is a contrivance from which, if properly made, they will derive much ease and comfort. Make a square frame of wood and cover with any light fabric, and place a thick fringe of hair matted in as tight as they can be pressed down, may be used to fill a fancy jar which, when left open for a short time, will perfume a room if the rose leaves are stirred up a little. —New York World. The Cannon is like a fashionable woman, inasmuch as it is accustomed to powder and balls. Single misfortunes seldom come alone, and the greatest is generally accompanied by a still greater. 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