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There are 900 miles of railway in operation in Egypt.

John Most, the New York Anarchist, says that there are 500,000 Socialists in the United States.

According to a Boston statistician "the cost of the fences in the United States is more than the National debt."

If the arming of the German cuirassiers with lances proves a success, the dragons and hussars will be armed in the same way.

A recent official publication estimates the average annual decrease of the Indians at nearly 2000. Their present total number in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 245,000.

There have been 355 persons arrested in the United States during the current year for violation of the laws against counterfeiting, etc. Seventy have been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment.

The work of the United States Fish Commissioners is appreciated. Beginning in 1868 with one hatchery and \$1000 appropriation, they now have five hatcheries and an annual appropriation of about \$25,000.

The Cincinnati Enquirer declares that a source of all yellow fever which this country has, or ever has had, is Cuba. It should be cleaned up or cleared out. Nothing but miserable mismanagement which makes that beautiful island breeding-places for pestilence.

The manufacture of cotton in the United States is the second nation in the world, led only by Great Britain, which produces fifty per cent. more than this country. We consume two and one-half times as much raw cotton as Germany, and three times as much as France.

Robert Harding, a young English Socialist, when he wants to make a speech in the streets or public squares, padlocks himself with a chain to an iron fence or similar fixture. Then when he comes to take him in they have to cut the lock a long time in getting him unfastened, and he can make a pretty long speech before he is carried off.

An English farmer who has been inventing the caterpillar pest, which is so destructive to the fruit and crops in Kent, has concluded that the swarms which produced the caterpillars were deposited by the winds last season, and which were supposed to have been driven over from the continent by the storms.

English railroads do not cut prices, they receive the Detroit Free Press, but they do cut time and have the fastest trains in the world. The Flying Scotchman runs to 84 miles in nine hours. A train put on a train that equals this, and the Scotchman does the distance in four hours. Notwithstanding the great loss of the English railroads they killed 121 passengers last year.

South London is to have a new underground railroad. It is being built sixty feet under ground. Passengers are to be carried by hydraulic elevators, to carry fifty persons at once. The tunnel is being driven by the use of a steel shield slightly larger than the iron rings of which the tunnel is to be constructed. The steel shield has a knife edge, and is driven forward at the rate of fifteen feet a day by hydraulic rams worked by hand.

Sheriff Grant, of New York, according to the Courier-Journal, has declared that he would not hold his present office after January 1, for five times the present value of the position, which is \$10,000 per year. The new law requiring executions in New York by electric shock goes into effect on the date named, and Sheriff Grant fears that it might fall to his lot to execute a criminal and that thereby his name might become in some way attached to the new system.

The Khedive of Egypt has, by a decree, taxed land devoted to the growing of tobacco in his domains \$157.50 an acre, and the Egyptians have refused to grow tobacco. The result is, remarks Frank Leslie's, that instead of the usual crop of 13,000,000 pounds, not more than 1,000,000 pounds are expected this year, whereas our Maryland tobacco manufacturers particularly rejoice. Virginia and North Carolina will also profit; but Maryland is entitled to assume that her products will be most in demand, because the Balt more tobacco has been made the official tobacco of France.

A leading Chicago restaurateur, avers the Prairie Farmer, comes pretty near solving the problem of how to furnish the poor with good food at almost nominal cost. He will buy the entire carcass of beef at an average cost of eight and one-half cents a pound, reserve for his restaurant the choice portions that would cost him twenty-two cents a pound, and with the remainder make soup. With the meat and bread he proposes to furnish from a large kitchen at five cents a meal, excellent food to individuals and families. The scheme is not a charitable one, but purely a business venture, run for profit.

ARTIST AND FRIAR.

Should you in Florence wander where The Past has hoarded riches rare— Paintings within whose perfect lines The kindling touch of genius shines, Statues throughout whose marble limbs A seeming life blood leaps and swims— Among the names recounted long With honor in enduring song, One will be heard that whoso you go, The master's—Michael Angelo, And you will hear another name Blown by the trumpet blast of fame Through Christian lands. No balls of art Bespeak the throbbings of his heart, But streets are vocal, and the square That leaved his final martyr prayer, A rosary his fingers told, The cap he wore in cloisters old, Some blazoned bones, are all they show Of noble Fra Gioianni.

FITZHERBERT.

My name is John Smith—plain Smith, without change or addition of vowel—and I was in no way discontented with it till I fell in love with Katie Rogers. Katie had never sneered at it, but her elder sister, Miranda, had more than once intimated that it was neither romantic nor uncommon, and her father, in his somewhat lengthy discourses about the British aristocracy, had an aggravating way of looking apologetically at me every time he spoke of "a good name."

In our commercial community Smith was counted a better name than Rogers, and young Smith, the rising cotton-broker, more distinguished member of society than old Rogers, ex-Captain of dragons, who could scarcely pay his thirty-pound rent, and never wore a decent hat.

I quite agreed with my neighbors on these points till I fell in love with Katie, and grew familiar with Miranda's sentiments about "the ignorance of Philistine Riverbank."

Captain Rogers was descended from Fitzroger, who came over with the Conqueror, and, as I listened reverently to the history of the family progress through eight centuries, there was a total collapse of my once foolish pride in belonging to what a local paper called "one of the oldest families in Liverbank."

So I was surprised and happy. I was not quite vain enough to share my darling's opinion, that I, John Smith, was better worth worshipping than all Carlyle's "Heroes" put together; but I was rather easily convinced that I was far too feeble to fear any rival. So, when Katie went on a visit to London, there was no bit of cross in my regret, for I believed in her—and myself.

At first I was not disturbed by Miranda's boasts about the advantages her sister was enjoying in "the best society," but when the London visit extended for weeks and months beyond its original limit, I began to feel vaguely uneasy. In those days Katie's letters, though loving, were not long, and she more than once apologized for their brevity by pleading "a particular engagement," the nature of which she never explained. My confidence sank, my jealousy rose.

At last she came home, and then I noticed a change in her that seriously alarmed me. She was paler and quieter, and at times there was a wistful look in her eyes suggestive of something on her mind. It could not be anxiety about her father's pecuniary affairs, because about that time he appeared in a new hat, and Miranda kept better fires. These outward and visible signs of prosperity would have given me sincere pleasure if it had not been for the suspicious, old Rogers was more than ever disposed to sneer at the Norman Conquest, and for the certainty that Miranda's sneers at "people who could not count their grandfathers," where all for my benefit.

slipping down to the kitchen for a taste of the new jam. "I know it was my own chance," she said, "but when I was in it's in pots. I just got to the hall when I heard her sneaking down stairs, so I run in here. She's in the dining-room now, and I don't know whether she's going up again or down to the kitchen."

"Don't be a coward, my boy," I said, feeling it my duty to be moral. "You must be a man, and you must bear it like a man."

"I understood the full peril of the situation now. Miranda prided herself on doing a mother's duty to the motherless boys, and I knew that whatever her hand found to do she did it with all her might."

"And it's just because I ain't a coward I don't want to meet her," went on Bob, evidently mindful of the traditions of Fitzroger valor. "You see, Jack, I could hit back if she was a man, but she ain't, you know, and of course no fellow who is a gentleman ever hits a woman."

"Hobert," I murmured, "you are the soul of chivalry." "Oh, shut up, Jack Smith!" and my small brother-in-law elect held me with a desperate grip. "She's coming in!"

I peered cautiously between the heavy curtains, and caught a glimpse of Miranda's lank form and lynx eyes. The next moment she was vanishing, but she stopped as Katie appeared at the door.

"Kate," she said in her thin sharp voice, "I was looking for you. I think you might help me to get the jam. Smith may not be here to-night, and if he comes let him wait. How pale you look! I can tell you, my dear, that your appearance does not improve since you took up with Fitzherbert."

I stood with freezing blood behind the curtains, wondering what awful revelation was about to wreck my life's happiness. In a lightning flash of jealous imagination I saw Fitzherbert. No doubt he was one of the swells Katie had met in London. A military swell, and sometimes garish, and with bits of gold and silver tinsel pasted here and there about his figure. This bright and tinsel gives the idol a rather cheap and tawdry appearance, suggestive of a cheap show.

"I don't see why the interests of our family are to be risked in a collision with the narrow middle-class prejudices of Mr. John Smith," said Miranda, sharply. "I don't see why the interests of our family are to be risked in a collision with the narrow middle-class prejudices of Mr. John Smith," said Miranda, sharply.

milliners in London, and— Oh, Jack, don't see you don't mind so much, after all!" The precise nature of my conduct on this occasion need not here be recorded. The bridal wreath was a present from Fitzherbert.—Household Words.

Fantastic Brahmin Idols. One sees Brahma occasionally in the East pictured in heroic size on the walls of houses, or as an idol of wood or stone, occupying a shed at one end of a village with his wife Sarasvati. He is also, of course, to be seen in temples, but not often.

Sarasvati is always represented as a beautiful young woman presenting a flower to her husband, says a correspondent of the Cassinian. Like our own Mother Eve, she was created out of a portion of her husband's body, although the Hindus do not distinctly say a fib.

When this happened Brahma was possessed of but one head. Beholding this lovely newly created companion, however, he at once became smitten with her charms. Sarasvati, being shame-faced maiden, modestly turned away to escape his gaze.

At Brahma's wish to still behold her, a second head issued from his body. As the damsel skipped around to another position a third head appeared and then a fourth.

In length, in her embarrassment, Sarasvati sprang into the sky. Not to be outdone, however, Brahma instantly produced a fifth head. This fifth head was subsequently struck off by another god in a dispute, which leaves him only four.

The idol with the leopard skin loincloth, the snake about his head, and neck and the trident in his hand, is Siva, the destroyer. He is one of the most familiar idols one sees in India. As you approach an Indian village the first building by the roadside is apt to be a shed-like shrine, sheltering an idol of Siva about the size of a man.

He is painted red, with a blue neck, and sometimes garish, and with bits of gold and silver tinsel pasted here and there about his figure. This bright and tinsel gives the idol a rather cheap and tawdry appearance, suggestive of a cheap show.

A Snake Swallows a String of Fish. Hugh Pattison, of the water rates office, had a funny experience while fishing at Long Lake, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He had been catching fish pretty lively all the morning, and as he was about to land another, he saw a snake coiled around the end of the line, and he saw a string of fish in the water by the boat. He lingered under the shade of the trees for a couple of hours, and then returned to take up his rod for the purpose of enlarging the string of croppies that he caught in the morning, after fishing a short time he took a nice bass and reached over the side of his boat for the purpose of placing the bass with the other fish. It was gone. Not a sign of his twenty-five croppies could be found.

WORLD FAMOUS CHIMES.

CELEBRATED MONSTER BELLS OF FOREIGN LANDS.

The Largest of Tintinnabulating Giants is in Japan—The Oldest Peal of Bells in America. The largest bell in the world hangs in a great tower in the city of Kioto, Japan, says the Boston Herald. It is twenty-four feet high, but as it is struck on the outside with a wooden hammer, its sound is comparatively feeble. China possesses many large bells, but like the large bell of Kioto, they are worthless according to our standards.

The Turks adore bells, and are said to be adverse to admitting them into their country, for they seem to regard them as inimical to their faith. On the other hand, the Germans have a peculiar reverence for bells, and in the Hartz mountains the casting of one is made an occasion of great public rejoicing. In Mandelay, when the hour is struck upon a bell, a public official cries: "By the favor of His Majesty the King, it is such and such o'clock!" The ceremony, which still prevails in some parts of our own country and in England, of ringing the church bells at 9 o'clock in the evening, is, doubtless, a survival of the practice of sounding the Curfew or cover fire, which William the Conqueror introduced into England.

The old Church of St. Sepulchre in London, well known to all American visitors as containing all that is mortal of Captain John Smith, whose name is familiar to every boy and girl in the States as that of the hero of the Pocahontas-Peachant episode, which possesses a bell which used to toll whenever a convict at the Newgate prison, on the other side of the street, was led out to execution at Tyburn Fields. As the unfortunate man passed the church, sitting on his coil in the open prison cart, the sexton would present him with a little nosegay in token of the beauties of the earth upon which the eyes of the poor wretch would soon close forever.

When the Royal Exchange in London was destroyed by fire in 1838 the dismay of the Cockneys was changed to momentary amusement as the famous chimneys, which, by a mechanical device, were made to play a different tune each day of the week, struck up the famous air "There's Nae Luck About the House," just as the roof fell in.

Various nations of Europe make various boasts regarding their respective bells. The thirteen-ton bell of Exeter, for instance, is said to contain the finest metal in the world, but the Church of St. Stephen, at Vienna contents, itself with possessing the largest bell in German countries. The people of Antwerp pride with justifiable pride to the sixty-five bells in their superb cathedral. The fine church edifice in Mechlin follows this with forty-four bells, the famous belfry of Bruges presses fast behind with forty-one bells, and Ghent makes a respectable showing with thirty-nine in a single tower.

The oldest chime of bells in America is the chime of eight on Christ Church, Salem street, Boston. They were brought from England in 1744 and were produced by subscription. Mr. John Howe (living in 1830) says they cost \$2800, and charges for and putting them in place were \$465.

Next to the giant of Kioto, the monster of Moscow, Russia, is the largest bell in the world. This marvelous specimen of the founder's art weighs more than 250 tons. It is more than 21 feet high and is 67 feet in circumference, and being mounted on a huge stone pedestal, now serves as a chapel. A great fragment being broken from one side easy access is afforded to the interior. There is a mystery about this great bell, and a mystery as great as the bell itself. History does not report whether this enormous mass of metal has ever been rung or rung. The exact age of the bell does not seem to have been accurately determined. Some writers assert that as the bell was being raised upon one of the great towers of the Kremlin it fell and broke. Others affirm that it had been safely hung when the building caught fire and that the water used to extinguish the flames cracked the heated metal and sent it crashing from its side, while others are equally positive that the injury was done in the process of casting, and that the bell lay in the foundry pit for 101 years, and was then dug out and placed upon the pedestal where it stands to-day. It is not easy to see the use of such a metallic monster. Nothing short of steam powder could swing the mass of metal, and steam power was unknown in the days when the Moscow bell was cast. The value of the metal alone has been computed at about \$350,000, and it is said that a large quantity of gold and silver was mixed with it.

The twelve bells of St. Paul's Cathedral in London are said to be the greatest metal in the world. It is a matter of pride with the English that they always swing their bells instead of merely swinging the clappers after the fashion prevailing in Russia and other parts of continental Europe.

The Russians have a passion for big bells. There are numbers of them in Moscow. In the tower of Ivan, in the Kremlin, hangs a sixty-ton bell, which is rung only three times a year, and the combined efforts of three men are required to swing the hammer. Above this hang forty bells of various dimensions, a mountain of metal capable of emitting the most deafening sounds throughout magnificent Moscow. Suddenly, at midnight, from the tower of Ivan, the mighty congregation of bells peals forth in a tumultuous and discordant crash. Then the bells of the entire city join in the metallic uproar.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Baking Fish. Fish can be baked by two methods. One method of baking fish requires frequent basting with sauce or gravy. The other method, which is properly designated dry baking, is best performed when thin slices of bacon are placed upon the bake pan, beneath the fish, and also upon the surface or upper side of the fish, when baked in this manner a fish requires no other attention than that it should be removed from the oven as soon as baked. Fish baked by either method flakes and separates easily from the bones when sufficiently cooked.

To Preserve Milk. According to an English recipe, when it is difficult to preserve milk from becoming sour and spoiling the cream, it may be kept perfectly sweet by scalding the new milk very gently, without boiling. Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump sugar as will make a pretty sweet, will be good for two days, if kept in a cool place. Syrup of cream may be preserved as above in the proportion of one and a quarter pounds of sugar to a pint of perfectly fresh cream; keep it in a cool place for two or three hours, then put it into one-ounce or two-ounce bottles, and cork it close. It will keep good for several weeks, and will keep very useful in traveling.—New York World.

Drying Corn. To dry corn, first parboil it, then cut from the cob; or, better, score the tops of the grains, scrape out and spread thinly in clean tin, dry in the cool oven (not over 150 deg.) of a stove. If you have a fruit-drier, it may be perfectly dried thereon, and without danger of contracting dust.

In drying sweet corn, many ladies make the mistake of thinking that corn too old for eating will answer for drying. I have tried various ways, says a lady writing in the Prairie Farmer, and the following way has been cut off the corn before cooking, and put it in a pan over a kettle of hot water until the milk is set—stirring frequently, then dry on plates in the oven as quickly as possible, without scorching; when wishing to cook I put it in soak in warm water immediately after breakfast, or frequently the night before, and cook from fifteen to twenty minutes, flavoring as when green; it is tender and delicious.

Sweet Pickles. Sweet pickles are more wholesome than other pickles, and are a nice accompaniment to game and poultry. Almost any fruit or vegetable makes nice sweet pickles. They should be well spiced and sufficiently cooked to keep them without spoiling.

Green Tomato Sweet Pickles.—Slice ten pounds of green tomatoes. Soak in salt water overnight. Make syrup of five pounds of sugar and a quart of vinegar. Spice well, put the sliced tomatoes in, and boil until clear. Put in glass jars, pour syrup over, and seal.

Sweet Pickled Grapes.—To seven pounds of grapes use five pounds of sugar, three teaspoonsful each of cloves, nutmeg and mace, with a pint of vinegar. Put ripe grapes on the stem in a scald; take out, put in jars. Cook the syrup low, pour over the grapes, and seal.

Sweet Apple Pickles.—Pare a peck of sweet apples—leave whole, but remove the core. Put in cold water. Take three pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar, boil, skin, and add a teaspoonful of nutmeg, cloves, and ground. Drop the apples in, let cook, take up, put in a jar, pour the syrup over, cover close.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Peel large ripe cucumbers; cut them to quarters, remove the seed. Let them stand in weak vinegar over night. In the morning scald in clear water. Boil five pounds of sugar in a pint of vinegar for every eight pounds of cucumbers, each well spiced, and clear. Put in jars, put in jars, and cover well with syrup.

A SONG OF DREAMS.

A dream of a merry child at play, Blue eyed and fair, frolicsome, gay, Glad as the birds in the springtime air, Sorrows about his clouds afar, Careless of trouble, untouched by fear, Singing her way through the golden year.

A dream of a woman, old and gray, Wrinkled and bent, wending her way Lonesomely toward the last milestone, Where the grim, dark shadow of death is thrown, Stern stained and weary, and worn with care— The candle of life at its final flare.

A dream of a grave in a churchyard lone, Neglected, drear, with weeds o'ergrown, With only the chirp of the cricket's song, As it sings in the grass the whole night long, To break the silence that brood so deep, Where the worn out soul and body sleep. —Statis M. Deal, in Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In a nutshell—Sweet meats. Born to rule—a book-keeper. Notes of the day—Slight drafts. Worth its weight in gold—Gold. He "whoops 'em up"—The cooper. Awaiting its turn—A buckwheat cake? The bent of many a man's inclination is crooked. Lame men have running expenses the same as other folks. Keep your conscience but not your farm void of a fence.

Strange to say, elastic has its greatest snap when it's "broke." The bottom of a gun barrel is always a good base for a charge. The chief disease of a miser is attacks of tightness of the chest. Paste diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often. When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice. An imposing sight—A street fair selling brass watch cases as solid gold watches. Shakespeare advised his readers to throw physic to the dogs. He is silent about cats.

A little up-town boy is so fond of whipped cream that he licks the dish.—Boston Transcript. Big Head is the name of a prominent Sioux Chief. His Sioux-de-nym as it were.—Philadelphia Press. Some men are born witty. Others have a good memory and some witty friends.—Somerville Journal. Determining the weight of an ear of all-guess work. You can't weigh a fish without scales.—Ottawa Bee. Signor Casus Belli, the celebrated Italian, is still trying to foment trouble in Europe.—Detroit Free Press. The sweet girl graduate about this time is getting sour over the kitchen range, learning how to cook.—Somerville Journal.

"Poor childless wish" exclaimed Fogg, when Fenderson spoke of his wish being father to his thought.—Boston Transcript. Hobson—"Don't you think that Dempsey rather plays the fool?" Popinjay—"No, sir; I think he works at the job."—Burlington Free Press. "I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith." "Oh, well, you know, she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself anywhere, you know."—Life. "I love you, dear," the young man said. "Oh, will you be my wife?" The maiden replied, "I am a modest maid. And whispered, "But your life!" —Somerville Journal.

Probably there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leisure.—Sheen and Leather Reporter. Do not let your overweening modesty prevent you from recording your own good deeds. A real estate man lost a fortune once through an unrecorded deed.—Harper's Bazar. Hopeful Youth—"Is Miss De Cash in?" Servant—"Yes, sir." Hopeful youth—"Is she engaged?" Servant—"Yes, sir; but he isn't here this evening." Come in.—The Courtier. "Do you understand much about arbor culture?" asked Labatt of a friend. "Yes, I think I do." "Well, I want to ask you a question. Are all forest trees seeders?"—Texas Sittings. Says a novelist of to-day, describing an interview between lovers: "Between them there passed an ecstatic kiss." And neither of them got it!—What, what! they must have been!—Burdette. You can't weigh grams with a grammar, Nor sugar cure hams with a hammer, Do sum with your grammar, Stow plums with a plumber, Nor shair an old ram with a rammer. —Springfield Union.

Dentist—"Well, how do the new teeth work?" Patient—"Not very well. They seem to cut the others." Dentist—"They are perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know."—San Francisco Examiner. As soon as his yacht, with a fair lady by him; He asked for a kiss, but she chose to deny him, "Not here," cried the lady, in tones full of mirth, "Though I have not the slightest objection to an embrace on the water." Visitor at Cannon Foundry—"This is all grand, stupendous, astounding. But where will your occupation be when universal peace prevails?" Proprietor of Works—"Casting cannon to celebrate it with, Sir."—Chicago Tribune. "If you think my legs eccentric," "Said the grasshopper to the bee, "And say farewell to your legs, I intend Where the brain box ought to be; That my mouth has feeble motions, And my voice dark and mysterious sounds, Please to know I once existed As a Pythagorean dude."—Judge. "Father, the paper says you officiated at the wedding of a girl in the traditional garb of the clergy." "What does traditional mean?" "Traditional, my son," replied the poor minister, as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to things that have been handed down."—Chicago Tribune. Three women were in hysterics at one time in the rear room of a New York dry goods store the other day. Some slight cause unbalanced one, and the other two went off because they looked at the first one.