

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence collected from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 8 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 24 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 84 00 Two Squares, one year... 15 00 Quarter Column, one year... 20 00 Half Column, one year... 30 00 One Column, one year... 40 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for temporary advertisements collected quarterly. For yearly advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

There are now more Chinamen in the Sandwich Islands than native male Hawaiians.

During the last year and a half the cotton manufacturing power of Japan has increased more than 150 per cent.

Chief Electrician France, of the British Telegraph Department, thinks New York's act of capital punishment by electricity will be a failure.

One of the boats of Pittsburg, Penn., that there are seventy-two millionaires in that city, anyone of whom can sign a check good for \$25,000,000.

A swimming dress, to enable a swimmer to blow up mines and hostile boats, has been tried in the German navy. It is a sort of modified Paul Boyton affair.

The entire outlay of Switzerland next year for its executive and legislative departments will be no more than \$61,000, a modest sum even for a country of less than 3,000,000 inhabitants.

A syndicate is being formed in London at present for the purpose of experimenting in beet growing in Ireland, with a view to the eventual establishment of an extensive sugar industry. Experts in the manufacture of beet are very sanguine of the success of the scheme.

Out in Oregon, Lake Melburn, which has heretofore covered seventy-five square miles and been wholly without an outlet, has broken itself a passage to the sea, and is now roaring through it to such an extent that miles and miles that were once its bottom, are now high and dry.

The discovery has been made that the tea brought to this country colored with poisonous chemicals. The Custom House officers in New York have been directed to test all suspicious teas, but it is feared that some of the teas already been distributed over the country.

The mercantile sailing fleet being sent from the ocean by steam companies, inquires the New York Tribune reports the Hydrographic Office at Washington declare that the tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this ratio of proportion is likely to be maintained.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Mr. McKinley's report shows that there are 1,713 miles of railroad mail service in this country, and 5,973 miles of steam mail service. Altop that if amounts to a distance which is six times the circumference of the globe that we live on. The United States of America is a pretty big country."

Over \$5,000,000 is annually appropriated in France for the promotion of agriculture, of which \$2,500,000 is devoted to educational work. Russia appropriates over \$14,000,000 to promote agricultural interests, and Brazil over \$20,000,000. These are official figures quoted by United States Commissioner Colman.

The American Banker notes the discovery lately of a deceptive \$30 counterfeit. The paper of the counterfeit is said to be fully as good as that of the gilt-edged \$30 bills, but the counterfeit can be easily discovered by reason of the fact that it is one-eighth of an inch shorter and narrower than the gold bills. The engraving is also coarse.

"The most interesting feature of the description of the sea serpent lately seen in Winyah Bay, S. C., is," observes the New York Sun, "that he was red-headed. Nothing could be more impressive, decorative marine picture than a red-headed serpent. We hope that it may yet be possible to get one of the red-headed variety for the Central Park."

The room where the Court of Appeals sits in the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., is described as the most gorgeous in its appointments of all the court-rooms in the country. The woodwork is beautifully carved and panels are of mahogany and onyx. The carpet was woven to order a rose water. Portraits of all the judges that have ever sat in the court are placed in panels about the room.

Miss Eva Pemberton, the daughter of wealthy parents at Massillon, Ohio, went to Pittsburg recently and secured a position as nurse in a hospital. She had been in the institution but a few days when she witnessed a frightful surgical operation which made such an impression that her mind became unbalanced. She was taken to her home a raving maniac and has been placed in the asylum at Toledo.

"The first statue erected to General Grant in the United States was, with its foundation and pedestal, placed in the center of Twelfth street, between Locust and Olive streets, the other day, in this city," says the St. Louis Herald. "In due time St. Louis will have a gala day, when the time comes to unveil this beautiful work of art to the admiring thousands of our old hero citizen, beloved and renowned patriot and General."

A DREAM OF HOME.

Ah! this is the home I remember! All others that I have known Have been as tents by the wayside— They never were all my own, Here I first worshipped the sunshine, Here my first violets grew, And from fairyland's open borders Winged thoughts and I fancied flew; And here when the magic of night Has its spell upon me thrown, With a dreamer's strange delight I have come unto my own. Hark! 'tis a leaf that flutters Or a whispering voice that utters A dream within a dream! Beloved! I joy to meet thee Where we parted so long ago; Can the angels above, devotion More sweet than our child-like love? Let us hasten, for while we linger, They call me—the river and woods— The tall pines tremble with welcome As we enter their solitudes. Mossy and green and still Is the path to the wildwood dell, At my touch the violets thrill, They, too, remember well, But why do the branches bend, And whisper as friends to friend, A dream within a dream! Still on where the brook breaks lightly Into broader an swift flow; I only, of all who have listened, That song and its meaning know. To my childhood's ear it warbled O sweeter than fairy lore, "We are coming, coming, dear, The day of our heart's desire." Dear brook, I believe you still, I wait and have waited long, Some bright hour must fulfill The promise of Nature's song. It is not the river nor sky That breathes the foreboding sigh A dream within a dream, Now softly, past shadowing maples, The path to my home we trace; From hearthside or window surely Will smile a remembered face. Yonder the willows were planted, And there the lone cedar tree, All Araby's gardens to me. I have wandered long and far, Home coming is late, so late! But heaven's door seems ajar, As I open the garden gate. That haunting voice! ah! clearer It murmurs—it hovers nearer— A dream within a dream. Keep close to my side, beloved! Behold! where the home-fights shine, Strange shadows fit, and I tremble Lest your hand be loosed from mine. So long have our ways been parted, The silence so deep and drear, That I feel, in this wondrous meeting, It is but your phantom near. For I heard in some vanished gloom, That you slept as my childhood sleeps, A part of the hillside bloom. O speak! child-friend, child-lover, Is it thou saying ever and over A dream within a dream! Yes, now I know I was dreaming; With the dead I have wandered far; Farewell, dear vanishing presence, Called home by the morning star, I must bid on my shining sandals, And onward in silence and sun, Still seek for the land of morning Where the promise of life is won. The vision shadows the truth, The beautiful days will come, The rapture and glory of youth No mine in that last, true home. There never when joy beats high Will lips that are dearest reply A dream within a dream. —Frances L. Mace.

A SUCCESSFUL BURGLAR.

—Mother and the girls were quite in ecstasies over the new house. The masculine members of the family were inclined to be dubious as to its advantages. The chief objection which we had to it was that it was one of a row of eight, all exactly alike, and it was extremely difficult to be sure of the right door. A week's practice, however, made that all right; ours was the fourth house from the south end of the row; as I walked from the office along the street immediately south of us, I soon became accustomed to taking the exact number of steps, after turning the corner, which would bring me to the door. Besides, the hour at which I came home (I am a professor on a morning paper and my duties usually keep me at the office until near 3 a. m.) made it necessary for me to carry a latchkey. While I knew that of course our neighbors had exactly the same conveniences which we enjoyed, and looked for light to windows in the same portion of exactly similar rooms, and experienced the annoyance of smoky chimneys when the wind was in the particular quarter which affected ours. I did not dream that the houses were so precisely the same that the key of one would unlock another. We had lived here about a week when the street-car line near by began running over cars. This was a boon to me, as it saved me a walk of some length. The car lines ran within half a square of the house, being on the next street north of us. The first night that I rode home I was so sleepy when I got out of the car that I scarcely knew what I was doing. Hitherto the exercise of walking had kept me wide awake until I got into my own room. I managed to unlock the front door, however, and get upstairs; habit making my movements noiseless, as I knew that my mother was easily awakened and did not readily go to sleep again. The room which I occupied was over the dining room, the door being nearly opposite the head of the stairs. Somewhat to my surprise, the gas was not burning on the landing; the girls had probably forgotten to light it before going to bed. I groped my way carefully along, and at last reached the door of my room. I entered; it was, like the hall, pitch dark. I tried to find the table on which there should be a lamp, and my hand came in contact with something else. I drew a match from my pocket and struck it. As I held it

it screened in my hand I saw that the room was a strange one. Suddenly all was dark! It was not that the match had gone out, but the brain was shadowed—I knew nothing more.

SHE TELLS IT.

I was always rated courageous. I seemed to lack that instinctive fear which causes some to shrink from darkness and loneliness. My brothers and sisters often declared that I would never be frightened; not even, added May, with a shudder, if a burglar were to present himself before me and demand my valuables. These would not tempt any well-regulated burglar, being small and of little intrinsic value; but I should not like to lose them, and had always determined to defend my property stoutly if threatened, providing, of course, that I had sufficient warning of the robber's intentions to enable me to act. I awoke one morning at that proverbial darkest hour just before the dawn. I had no idea what time it was, as the whole house was wrapped in silence and darkness; it is from after events that I am able to say that it was nearly morning. I had started suddenly from sleep, but at first I could not tell what had aroused me. As I lay listening for some sound from the land of dreams, my thoughts turned instinctively to our next-door neighbors, who had been domiciled in the row for about a week. Nobody knew them, although several of the older residents had spoken of calling upon them—perhaps, for we liked the looks of the ladies and they seemed inclined to be friendly. The men, however, seemed to be home all day and away all night. They were not workingmen, but they were not in their hands, their clothing, their bearing, they were afraid that they were not just what they should be. We recalled certain gossamer stories of counterfeiters, burglars and other criminals who settle in respectable neighborhoods, and only excited suspicion by the unreasonable hours which they kept.

Was that a step on the stairs? I listened more intently, and my wandering thoughts recalled from all other subjects. Surely it was, and that was another. There was a burglar in the house. I sprang out of bed and enveloped myself in a circular which chanced to be hanging on a chair, as I had worn it out into the rain the preceding evening.

In spite of my boasted courage, my heart beat very loudly as the step was heard once more, and this time upon the landing just outside my own door. I grasped the poker firmly, however, trying to restore my wonted courage by the pressure of that formidable weapon in my hand. It was a plain heavy iron, and at which the others often laughed, declaring that it must make me tired to take the fire. The knob of the door turned slowly and cautiously, and the burglar entered the room. What would he do next? He closed the door as gently as he had opened it, and for a moment seemed undecided. Did he have a dirk hidden in a pistol? I could not imagine a burglar without such adjuncts, both of which were equally unfamiliar objects to me; and I shivered as I thought of the damage which he would have over me and my poker. Evidently the dark lantern was not in working order, however, for he simply struck a match. The little flame showed me that our new neighbors were not unfounded upon reason—this was one of them. They were certainly a gang of burglars. He made a step toward the dresser. To reach it he must pass me. He was within reach of my arm. I raised my weapon, and uttering the loudest scream of which my lungs were capable, I struck him on the side of the head. He fell like a log to the floor. Horror! I had killed him!

My renewed screams alarmed the household, and the others were speedily at my side. I had already lighted the gas, and was on my knees beside the man I had struck, vainly endeavoring to recall life. My assortment of restoratives, I was afterward assured, was sufficient to have revived a dozen swooning men. "What in the world—" began my brother as he appeared upon the scene. He was the first to come to the room. "Oh, my burglar's come!" I exclaimed, half hysterically, "but I've killed him!" "Wholly unnecessary severity," remarked Tom; "you always overdo the thing. But that man isn't dead." As if to confirm his words, the burglar just then opened his eyes and looked inquiringly around him. "He looks dazed," I whispered to Tom. "He has occasion to look dazed if you hit him with your beloved poker," rejoined Tom, pushing me aside and applying restoratives in his turn; "but it where it belongs and get me some brandy or whisky or something of the kind. We'll have to get the fellow on his feet before we call the police."

"I—I was mistaken, sir," said the burglar in a feeble voice, but with a very decided manner. "I was mistaken in the house. It appears that the same latch key unlocks both doors, and I got the wrong one."

"Yes, I think you did," rejoined Tom, emphatically, and eyeing him with suspicion. The burglar managed to scramble to his feet, although I could see that he was still dizzy from the encounter with my poker. I retired into the closet and held the door shut—that is, very nearly. "I think that you will do me the favor to change your mind about sending for the police," he said, "when I explain. I am employed upon a morning paper, and am not through with my work until nearly this hour in the morning. I usually walk home, but I took advantage of the new owl cars to-night, and went to sleep on my way home, hardly waking up when I got out and walked the half block here. I live at 415, and I hope you will accept my explanation and apology and allow me to go home to bed. I am very sorry I have disturbed the lady, and probably frightened her."

"It seemed to me," said Tom, putting out his hand, "that the lady is perfectly well able to take care of herself, and that you ought to know it." The stranger laughed good naturedly. "She tried to beat it into my head, at any rate. But will you convey my apologies to her?" The two went down stairs then and I heard no more. But the blow on our neighbor's head effectually broke the ice between the two families and we became firm friends.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Handsome Lambrequin.

A very handsome window lambrequin is of plush; cut a piece the required depth and width of a window. At some distance from each other make a deep perpendicular slash, and draw the portion between the slashes—which should be a little shorter than the ends—from the left and lift high at the right edge by folding in three upturning plaits, tacking securely. Fasten a bow of ribbon over the plaits, and finish the edge of lambrequin with plush braid. On the end pieces embroider a spray of flowers. Line with silena, satteen or Canton flannel.

Co-Operative Pickling.

The ladies in our neighborhood have been trying a little co-operative pickling, says a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. A fine high at the right edge by folding in three upturning plaits, tacking securely. Fasten a bow of ribbon over the plaits, and finish the edge of lambrequin with plush braid. On the end pieces embroider a spray of flowers. Line with silena, satteen or Canton flannel.

The Care of Lamps.

People who live in houses lighted by gas escape much that is disagreeable in the care of lamps—or their lack of care. But the kerosene lamp is the almost universal illuminator. The best light is obtained from a lamp where the surface of the oil is at all times at the same distance from the burner as the wick. Where the burner is not directly under the oil, the flame is directly under the burner, as in most common lamps, the flame burns less and less brightly as the oil decreases and the wick grows more tardy in supplying it. We need an improvement in hand lamps on this account.

Alpine Glaciers.

Glaciers filled every valley and ravine, and where the space was too narrow to hold its rigid waves. Glacier ice is snow that has for a considerable time been subjected to enormous pressure. If you squeeze a snowball in your hand until it is very hard it becomes ice. So in the Alps, the continual fall of snow is the pressure and the sun's heat the warmth which produces those seas of ice called glaciers. There are over 600 of them in Switzerland, and some are coeval with the glacial period of this continent, while others are now in process of formation. Winter is their season of rest, but with the Spring they resume their onward motion, due to the combined action of heat and gravitation.

For in spite of their apparent immobility all Alpine glaciers do move constantly, although with different degrees of speed, and like liquid streams, they carry with them debris of all sorts, but principally the stones that fall upon their surface from the mountainsides. The glacier starting in its purity from some white, unsullied peak, loses before many years its spotless character. The wintry frosts that trickle down the mountain sides expand the water in freezing and shatter rocks with a force that the most solid cliffs cannot possibly resist. Thus broken fragments drop on to the once unspotted bosom of the ice sea and swell its burden with advancing years. The debris thus brought down form what are called moraines. Every glacier has its terminal moraine, and when two glaciers unite, their lateral moraines join and form a medial moraine. One of the largest medial moraines hereabouts I saw as we came down from this excursion. It is in the centre of the Morteratsch Glacier and is about 50 feet or more broad and perhaps 30 feet high in its centre. —New York Times.

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The ladies in our neighborhood have been trying a little co-operative pickling, says a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. A fine high at the right edge by folding in three upturning plaits, tacking securely. Fasten a bow of ribbon over the plaits, and finish the edge of lambrequin with plush braid. On the end pieces embroider a spray of flowers. Line with silena, satteen or Canton flannel.

The Care of Lamps.

People who live in houses lighted by gas escape much that is disagreeable in the care of lamps—or their lack of care. But the kerosene lamp is the almost universal illuminator. The best light is obtained from a lamp where the surface of the oil is at all times at the same distance from the burner as the wick. Where the burner is not directly under the oil, the flame is directly under the burner, as in most common lamps, the flame burns less and less brightly as the oil decreases and the wick grows more tardy in supplying it. We need an improvement in hand lamps on this account.

Alpine Glaciers.

Glaciers filled every valley and ravine, and where the space was too narrow to hold its rigid waves. Glacier ice is snow that has for a considerable time been subjected to enormous pressure. If you squeeze a snowball in your hand until it is very hard it becomes ice. So in the Alps, the continual fall of snow is the pressure and the sun's heat the warmth which produces those seas of ice called glaciers. There are over 600 of them in Switzerland, and some are coeval with the glacial period of this continent, while others are now in process of formation. Winter is their season of rest, but with the Spring they resume their onward motion, due to the combined action of heat and gravitation.

George Washington's Advertisement.

The origin of advertising is lost in antiquity, but it has been discovered that in George Washington's day the art was practised even by that great and good statesman. In the first issue of the Maryland Journal, August 2, 1773, Washington inserted an advertisement at that historic farm now known to all the world as Mount Vernon. This is the "ad":

Mount Vernon, in Virginia, July 15, 1773. The subscriber having obtained patents for upwards of 20,000 acres of land on the Ohio and Great Kanawha (10,000 of which are situated on the banks of the first mentioned river, between the mouths of the Great Kanawha, or New River, from the mouth of the same to the mouth of the survey) proposes to divide the same into small tracts that may be desired, and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years rent free, provided, within the space of three years from next October, three acres of every fifty acres in each lot, and proportionably for a lesser quantity, shall be cleared, fenced and tilled; and that, by and before the time limited for the commencement of the first rent, five acres of every hundred, and proportionably, as above, shall be enclosed and laid down in good grass for meadow; and, moreover, that at least fifty good fruit trees for every five acres of land shall be planted on the premises. Any person inclinable to settle on these lands may be more fully informed of these terms by applying to the subscriber, near Alexandria, or, in his absence, to Mr. Lund Washington; and would do well in communicating their intentions before the first of October next, in order that the first number of lots may be laid off to answer the demand.

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