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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
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Job work—cash on delivery.

The heaven of annexation is working in Canada.

The United States is rapidly forging ahead as a first-class maritime power.

Germany is said to be very mad because France is lending money to Russia.

Philadelphia has just consecrated a church for deaf mutes—the only one in the world.

In the North eloquent stump speakers are now known as "spell binders," after an organization recently started in New York.

Hop growing is on the decline in England, the area devoted to that crop in 1888 being eight per cent. less than during 1887.

After all the sanitary engineers have done, the average mortality of the cities is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of the country.

There has been no time in the history of this country, asserts the Omaha Herald, when assassination was more rampant than now.

According to official information the Sudan trade before the troubles with the Mahdi's Arab followers began was worth \$10,000,000 a year to England.

The present Georgia Legislature contains more farmers than any of its recent predecessors. There are sixty-nine farmers in the House, against forty-six lawyers.

In Mexico the word God does not appear in the Constitution or laws. Consequently a constitutional protest which is equivalent to the oath of office is used at an installation of officials.

A Chinaman who after several years' residence in this country, returned to China, has been telling his countrymen that the Americans worship a mysterious being who is called All-Mi-T Dol Lar.

The highest death rate among white people in this country is 27.51 per thousand in New York, where there are 14,47 people to a dwelling. At Newark, N. J., with 7.20 people to the dwelling, the mortality is 16.49.

Says a New York expert in sporting matters: "There isn't a fight, wrestle, rowing match, running match, horse trot or sword contest on the square these days. Everything is 'cooked' beforehand, and 'cooked' to make money."

Says the New York Herald: "It was railways that contributed so largely to German success in 1870 and to some of the most brilliant feats in the civil war of America, and the nation that cannot utilize her railways for military purposes is beyond the sphere of effective warlike combinations."

As electricity will undoubtedly be substituted in executions for the rope, the Chicago Times suggest that a new branch of study is opened for young Anarchists. "They should be instructed in electric volts, and taught to compute the number of ohms which constitute their power of resistance."

Western hunters complain that wild duck are becoming very scarce, and attribute their scarcity to the use of duck eggs in making a new glue that is manufactured in Canada. Their eggs having become valuable, Canadian hunters depopulate their nests and thus materially reduce the supply of young ducks.

The phonograph has reached such a degree of perfection that gaps and saws are produced by it with great distinctness. At a recent trial given at Mr. Edison's laboratory a meeting between two lovers was recorded, and persons of experience say that the kisses were reproduced with tantalizing accuracy and fervor.

Two Pittsburg tube-workers have been hired at \$5 a day to go to England and instruct workmen there how to manufacture tubing. One of the proprietors of a great English manufactory, who employed the men, has discovered that American workmen "are much more rapid and have a better system of doing the work than their English brothers."

The Empress Frederick and her daughters are sombre figures at Windsor, says a London cable. The Empress wears a widow's cap, with long strings reaching nearly to her feet, and her daughters, in addition to their crasse robes, wear what would be termed here widow's caps. The Empress has decided to return to Berlin when she leaves England, instead of proceeding to Italy, as was her original intention.

The heavy expenses of a college course have heretofore deterred all but the daughters of wealthy parents from enjoying the privileges of academic education. This exclusiveness is being very perceptibly broken into now, however, by young women who earn their own money.

There are abundant opportunities for an intelligent young man to go to college, though the cost seems to be a heavy one. He is willing to try them.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

I'm a man that's fond of music,
An' w'en folks are not around,
I kin make our old accorion
Squak a mighty takin' sound;
An' the banjer hangin' yander,
With its gentle plink, plink,
'Yeears to git plumb at the bottom
Of the deepest thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays
For the pray' at church is said,
Jes to stand an' hear "Ole Hundred"
Sourin' fur ov' overhead!
An' I kin kin spy the angels
Leasin' 'cross the gate up thar,
When Old Abram Blackburn's darter
Leads us in "Sweet Yorn's Pray'."

But ef you sh'd want to see me
W'en I hev my broades' smile,
You must ketch me in the kitchen,
W'en I kin play "Ole Hundred"
Ever try on red-bird's wings
That kin hot a taller cagle
To the song the little singe.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller
In the kittle's first sweet note,
Till I fancy weddin' music
Screakin' 'om the iron th'os.

Sech times, ef I s'pout my best
I kin kin play "Ole Hundred"
Ever try on red-bird's wings
That kin hot a taller cagle
To the song the little singe.

—Eva W. McGowan, in Century.

THE DOCTOR'S NEPHEW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Cora alighted from Philo Wilson's high and narrow and somewhat ratty buggy, and sat down on a log with a sigh of relief, while Philo hitched his horse to a tree.

It was not an enticing thing at best to go to a picnic with Philo Wilson; but the picnic itself was preferable to the drive thither. There were distractions at least, and with good luck, a chance for a brief escape. But driving six miles with him, making spasmodic attempts at conversation while he sat in his usual open-mouthed but tongue-tied silence, tall and lank, unimpaired and unimpaired—driving with Philo had no alleviating points.

Fairly at the grounds, then, Cora shook out her white dress and straightened her chip bonnet and even smiled a little with the buoyancy of youth. The picnic was large, she noted, gaily.

There were the older people gathered sedately together among a group of birches. Cora's father and mother were among them, in black broadcloth and alpaca, and they looked over at their pretty daughter and Philo with placid smiles.

They approved of Philo; he was "steady," and their practical concern went no further. Cora smiled back at them. And grouped about the long board platform, where there would be dancing later, were all "the girls."

Cora deserted the log. "I'll go over where the rest are," she said. And though Philo, who was a bit of a despot under his phlegmatism, did not look pleased, she hurried away.

"The girls" were gushingly glad to see her, after the manner of girls. "You look lovely!" said Miss Miller. "What did you bring?" said Mary Fuller. "I've got an angel cake, but it's perfectly horrid! It isn't worth a bit, and the frosting—"

"You know it's splendid, Margy," said Cora, grinning. "Yours always are. Isn't that Dr. Sanborn's nephew?"

"The girls" did not look around—it wasn't necessary. They had him already well fixed on their mental retinas, by reason of sundry furtive glances—the handsome young fellow, blue-eyed and black-haired, in a loose jacket and sandaloes and a soft cap, who sat talking to Sadie Sanborn and Sadie's beau at the other end of the platform. They burst into subdued but indiscreet chatter.

"Oh, do you know him?" "We thought, of course, he's a relative, because he's with Sadie." "Isn't he lovely, anyhow?"

"He is very nice-looking," said Cora, faintly. "I don't see him," said the girls. "Yes, he's the doctor's nephew. He was here last summer, but only for a week or so; and the doctor was in to see father one evening, and brought Mr. Hill with him, and we got pretty well acquainted. He'd run over and play croquet real often, and one day we went—"

"A little excited murmur interrupted her. "He's looking at you!" "He's bowing." "He's coming straight over here, Cora!"

So he was, with the eager smile with which young men have greeted pretty maids since the world began, and with an impatient, outstretched hand.

"Cora's finger arrested, in truth, under the pressure it gave them. "Miss Gilman," he said, finding a seat beside her (and "the girls" edged away, awed by the nearer presence of the doctor's nephew, "I have been looking for you, do you know? I came only yesterday, or you'd have seen me before. How are you, Miss Gilman? You look well! And the croquet ground—is it there?"

"Yes, it's there," she said, smiling up at him. (Philo had been buttonholed by Hank Lee, at a safe distance. "I've improved, Mr. Hill. Will you believe it?"

"You," he cried, in humorous alarm. "Why you used to 'twicash' me every time it was. Well, play some thing else this year, Miss Gilman—tag, or jackstones, or something I'm proficient in."

since. If it hadn't been for you, Miss Gilman, I shouldn't have come here this summer!" he ended, courageously. "But I'm in for a month here now."

"She looked at him breathlessly, her heart beating hard. "Did he mean it? But she knew he did. And he hadn't an idea of Philo's existence. She wished that she had not. The doctor's nephew rose impulsively.

"Come, Miss Gilman," said he; "don't let's sit here pokily. We never were poky, you know. Let's have a ramble. Isn't there an ostensible purpose—an object of interest, or something?"

She smiled, with an inward conflict of gladness and misgiving. "There's the willow arbor, down by the marsh; it's pretty there," she faltered.

Hank Lee had released Philo; he was turning his way, with his loose gait, his hands in his pockets. "I love willow arbors," cried the doctor's nephew. "It there's anything I've always adored and yearned for it's a willow arbor. You'll go?"

"I don't know," said Cora, wistfully. But Mr. Hill knew. Philo Wilson, at any rate, stood the next moment staring after their disappearing figures. It was not quite eleven by Mr. Hill's handsome time-piece when they started; but it was fully one when they got back.

They had forgotten the picnic, almost, wandering among the willows in something more than contentment, and it was a dire necessity to have to come back to it.

"But they'll be having dinner, you say?" said Mr. Hill. "And they'll eat that long table all together? Well, I'll get a seat by you, by hook or crook."

But dinner was late. The fiddlers had arrived, and been pressed into early service. The platform was filled with waiters—to get up their appetites, they said, while their elders waited hungrily for that process to be completed.

"Ah!" said the doctor's nephew, blithely. "Will you give me the first Miss Gilman, and as many more as your card will permit?"

They were laughing at that as they went toward the platform. But they did not ascend it. Philo stood on the lower stair, like a spider in wait for a fly.

"It's about time, seems to me," he observed, his dull face lighted by a spark of anger. "I've been looking round for you for two hours. I guess I'll have the first dance, if you just as lief."

There was sharp resentment in his pale-lashed eyes. Cora bit her red lips, her face aflame. But she spoke quietly.

"Mr. Wilson was my escort, Mr. Hill," she said. "I—I—"

She could not finish. She tried to smile, but her lips only trembled. The doctor's nephew looked Mr. Wilson over from head to foot, and bowed silently, a little paler than his wont, and turned away.

"I didn't mean to make you mad," said Philo, better disposed now that he triumphed. "But I was kind of put out. Your folks didn't like it, neither; I told 'em you was off with him. Wal, let's have a wait." he concluded, conscious of extreme magnanimity.

"I shan't not dance," said Cora. Her pretty eyes blazed scornfully upon him. He had told "the folks" she could have laughed if she had not been so hotly miserable. What did he think?

"You will find me a seat, if you please," she said. But Philo did not hear her. His eyes were fixed on a figure at a little distance—a figure which walked unsteadily with swaying arms.

"I'm Murray!" he muttered, amazed. The eyes of the entire picnic were focused on Jim Murray, and with equal bewilderment. Jim alone was unconcerned. He was the chief blot on the town's respectability; a brainless fellow, half aboemaker and half vagabond, generally idle and never sober. How Jim Murray had got to the picnic was a starting mystery; but he was there unquestionably, and as unquestionably drunk.

His progress was not barred; there was some hesitation about barring it. He swaggered on, marking his course with amiable comments.

"Nishe du, nishe plashe, nishe lot o' girls. Keep right long—for the fiddlers and the music!—keep right long, goin' to have a danshe m' self."

He was grinning with the pleasure of this vague notion. It took clearer form in his muddled head. "Goin' to have a danshe," he repeated. "Here—here's his girl now."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Pretty Floral Decoration. A very pretty floral decoration for rooms or conservatories can be made of a white sponge. Fill the sponge full of rice, canary, hemp, grass or other seeds.

Then place it in a shallow fancy glass dish. The prettier the dish is, of course, the prettier the decoration will be. Pour water in the dish; the sponge will absorb this. Keep enough water to always have the sponge moist. In a short time the seeds will sprout and make the sponge look very pretty. The dish can then be placed on a table, or the sponge can be suspended without the dish in some position where it is exposed to the sunlight. It must be well watered, so that the sponge is always moist, and it will then exhibit a mass of delicate green foliage.

How to Make Soft Soap. In almost all families there is more or less use for soft soap. Nothing is better for dish towels, white tables and floors, sinks, etc., than good soft soap. There is much in knowing how to make it with ease and without filling the house with a disagreeable odor. If the work is properly done there will be no trouble.

The fats to save for soap grease are mutton, goose, turkey, and the skimmings from the water in which ham has been boiled. The soft bits of fat should be rendered while they are sweet. Whenever there are any trimmings of fat from mutton or other kinds of meat that are suitable only for soap grease, cut them in its and place them in a frying-pan on the back part of the stove, where they will cook slowly until all the liquid fat has been extracted.

Strain this into a pot kept for the purpose. Throw the solid pieces into the garbage barrel. Put all the skimmings of fat that are to be used for soap grease in the frying-pan while they are still sweet and let them simmer on the back part of the range until all the water has been cooked out of them. Put this fat with the other.

If you do this work regularly, and keep the fat covered all the time in a cool place, it will remain sweet for months. When you are ready to make the soap the work will not be great. It is best to make the soap a few weeks before you will wish to use it, as it is rather hard on the hands when new. Here is a good rule for making the soap without heating the grease.

Put fourteen pounds of crude—not concentrated—potash in a wooden pail and pour over it enough boiling water to cover it. Stir well, and let the mixture stand over night. In the morning pour this mixture into a large kettle and place on the fire. Now add another pail of boiling water and stir frequently with a stick until all the potash is dissolved. Next put ten quarts of soap grease in a water-tight barrel and gradually pour in the hot potash. Let this stand for three hours, and then add a pailful of hot water and stir well. Add another pailful three hours later. After this add a pailful a day for the next six days, stirring well with a long stick each time. The soap should be stirred every day for the next three weeks, when it will be ready for use.

Be sure the potash is pure.—Housewife.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Split a dozen crackers in halves, lay the surface over with raisins, placing the halves together again; tie up closely in a cloth, and boil about twenty minutes in milk and water; serve with a rich sauce.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg, well beaten, one cup of cold water, one cup of sweet milk, a little salt. Stir into these enough graham flour to make a stiff batter. Put in one pan and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a very hot oven.

WINTER HOODIE-PODGE.—Cut into slices four onions, four carrots, three large turnips, six nearly potatoes, and one stick of celery; add two tablespoonfuls of rice; season with pepper and salt. Cut a pound and a half of lean beefsteak into small slices, and lay all together in a jar with a cover. Bake for six hours.

PEACH CUSTARD.—Soak one-half cupful of gelatine with a cup of sugar and a dozen halves of peaches for one hour, then pour on a cup of boiling water and pass all through a strainer. Be sure to stir it all over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved. Set it aside to cool, and when ready to congeal have ready a cup of rich cream; whip the cream until light, add a pinch of soda, and stir it into the gelatine quickly, one spoonful at a time. Turn into a mold wet with cold water, and set in a cool place to harden.

ROLLED PANCAKES.—Here is a dainty variation of the pancake, desirable for the lunch table or for a hasty dinner. Make a thin batter with a quart of rich milk—that is, milk with a little cream added—a pint of flour in which a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder have been well mixed, and two eggs well beaten. Bake some large pancakes, spread each one, when taken from the griddle, with fresh butter and any nice jam or marmalade; roll them up and arrange side by side on a small platter. Serve hot and eat with a hard sauce or cream and sugar.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY is considering a scheme to establish a State bank in Constantinople, with a German as manager, the idea being to diminish the exclusive privileges of the Ottoman bank.

ORIENTAL THIEFTAKERS.

HOW CRIME IS DETECTED IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

Modern Solomons Whose Wisdom is Shown by Results—Curious Convictions. The Chinese possess no organized detective force, though the officials sometimes visit in disguise the scene of a notable crime for the purpose of making inquiries, and police spies are often locked up with remanded prisoners to try to worm out their secrets.

The lower classes being intensely superstitious, the judicial investigation of crime usually takes place at night, says Chambers' Journal. The judgment hall is a lofty building of wood, unceiled, and bare of furniture save for the raised dais at the north end, where is seated the presiding magistrate, attended by his secretaries, clerks and hectors.

The only light comes from paper lanterns or cotton wicks in oil-cups, which but serve to bring into prominence the weird shadows flitting about the corners and lurking among the woodwork of the roof. Silence prevails, the few spectators watching the proceedings standing like statues.

The accused, dragged from the darkness and into a Chinese prison, is forced to kneel before the judgment-seat throughout the trial. Weakened by ill-treatment and appalled by his own superstitious imaginings, he often only requires a little judicious terrorizing to elicit a full confession of his guilt.

If he prove obdurate, witnesses are called. From these no oath or affirmation is demanded; the breaking of a saucer and other forms for administering an oath to a Chinaman laid down in English law books being quite unknown in Chinese courts.

Any hesitation or refusal to answer the magistrate's questions—for he is judge, jury and crown prosecutor all in one—and counsel for the defense is allowed—is punished by blows on the cheek or the application of the bamboo to the limbs, and similar penalties more severely administered check the giving of false testimony.

Should the prisoner, in the face of strong evidence, persist in denying his guilt, various persuasive measures are resorted to, such as forcing him to kneel on chains, hanging him up by the thumbs or suspending him by the neck in a wooden frame so that his toes just touch the ground.

All such tortures are illegal, but a confession has to be obtained somehow before sentence can be passed, and the cases are many and the time allowed for settling them short.

Two instances of extra-judicial methods for ascertaining the culprit among many equally under suspicion deserve to be recorded for their cleverness. Some balls of opium taken from a piratical junk by a revenue cruiser mysteriously disappeared while being transferred to the latter vessel.

Opium is very precious in China, and a ball is easily split up and secreted in the wide sleeves or the voluminous waistband of a Chinese sailor. The commander of the vessel was loath to institute a search of the ship and crew, knowing well the craftiness of his men, and that, even if found, the cases were many and the time allowed for settling them short.

When a thief's turn came he tried to outwit the gods by rubbing his finger on the bottom of the saucer; but to his horror, when he reached the light, his face was all over black marks, the wily commander having held the saucer over a lamp before commencing the experiment.

In another case, where several servants were suspected of theft, each man was given a bamboo of the same length, marked with his name, which had to be deposited in an urn before a small shrine in the outer prison where they were confined.

The officer announced that the culprit would grow by interpolation of Providence, one inch during the night. The prisoners were then locked up, no watch being kept on the urn.

On the reassembling of the court one rod was found to be an inch shorter than the rest, as the thief had, under cover of darkness, endeavored to circumvent the supposed divine power by biting a bit off his rod.

When any article disappears from a private house and one of the inmates is suspected of purloining it, it is usual, before having recourse to the magistrate, whose underlying exact huge fees for doing anything, or nothing, to call in a priest and hold a communion service.

This consists in invoking the evil spirits and bribing them by offerings and music to hound the culprit to death within the year. It continues for three days and nights—if the terrified thief does not confess and make restitution before that time, a result very frequently achieved.

Europeans living in China have tried this method, but not with much success, as the gongings and other discordant sounds which constitute the "music" so effectively drive away sleep that the neighboring foreigners insist on its being intermitted during the night, and so, say the Chinese, spoil the charm.

A Bluff Skipper Stops the Courting. An Old Skipper (Ma.) sea captain thus describes the way in which he dismissed an undesirable suitor for the hand of his daughter the other night: "I just showed him up the companion-way and out on the gang-plank leading from my house, and gently remarked that the wind was off shore and the sooner he got under way the better off he would get before morning. He paid off and bore away down the street."

A German chemist has found that chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing And names that are never spoken, There are treasures guarded with jealous care And kept as a secret token, There are faded flowers and letters dim With the tears that have rained above them, For the fickle words and faithless hearts That taught us how to love them.

There are sights that come in our joyous hours To chasten our dreams of gladness, And tears that spring to our aching eyes In hours of thoughtful sadness, For, the blithest birds that sing in spring Will fit the waning summer, And lips that we kissed in fondest love Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where the lilies rest In white hands still forever, The roses of June will not and bow, Unheeding the hearts that send blow, And lips that quiver in silent grief, All words of hope refusing, Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows, Love and its sweet elysium, Hope, like a siren dim and fair, Quicken our fainting vision; Drooping spirit and failing pulse, Where untold memories hover, Eyelids touched with the seal of death, And the fitful dream is over.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Bound in calf"—Vaal. Caught on the fly—Trout. Two physicians are a paradox. The burning question—Smoke. Fireside companion—The poker. A loan fellow—The pawnbroker. Unpopular preserver—Jim-jams. A writ of attachment—A love letter. Old maids know what a mis-spent life means.

The oldest and most inveterate smoker in history is Vesuvius. It is the astronomer who most frequently rises to observe. When a man doubles his fists you can hardly say he has four hands. There is a resemblance between books and real estate. Both have titles. The man who lives from hand to mouth should not have far to go for his dinner.

To make a Russian name—imitate the "chug" of a ball frog, give one snee and say "ski." Honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.—New York News.

A young New England baby was named William after his father, who was bilious.—Hesper's Bazar. The manufacturers of perforated chair seats have combined. Their object can be seen through, and will be sat upon.

A parking dog is the most courteous of all animals. He makes his bow to every passer-by.—Binghamton Republican. Money can slip through a pretty small hole sometimes. A Brooklyn man lost a considerable sum lately through a pew rent.

All the street cars have a sign "no smoking," and yet any conductor will help a woman to a light.—New York Herald. A good many of the cashiers who are settling in Canada are those who have neglected to do any settling over here.—New York News.

Woman to (tramp)—"How's the soup?" Tramp—"Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it." Walter—"You want frogs, eh?" Guest—"Not yet whole animal, I want zee, vat you call him—zee drumsticks.—Philadelphia Record.

Brown—"Did you dispose of that last lyric you wrote?" Young Byron—"O yes, I got it off on the publishers for a song.—Yankee Blade.

Duluth people say that that city is growing so rapidly that, sitting down in the suburbs, with the city under the skyline, you can see it grow. "It requires only two things to run a successful campaign," said the politician. "And what are they?" asked a bystander. "Dollars and sense."

Tramp, picking up a five cent piece—"A bloody nickel, hum! Wasn't nothin' but a Jonah all my life. Anybody else but me 'a p'ck'd up that nickel and it 'a been a quarter, sure." (Sings.)

Shakespeare was slightly mixed in his "sewer" ages. It is the "whining school boy" whom the maternal eye has detected in some flagrant act of disobedience that "shifts into the slithered pantaloon."

Leader of the Boggsville male quartet to editor of the Boggsville Herald—"What can we do to interest the public in our organization?" Editor (without looking up)—"Disband"—Burlington Free Press.

A baby girl in Missouri has been named Rainbow. Sixteen years hence, when she is caught in a summer shower, she should feel very much at home, although she would then be a little rain deer.—Norristown Herald.

They say the German Emperor is spoiling to pitch in; He shivers up his spurs and longs To make the swiftest spin; Who wants to pit a cock against The Bantam of Berlin!—Burlington Free Press.

Lawyer—"So that is the entire list of your debts?" Insolvent Manager—"Oh, no; there are many other little items." Lawyer—"Don't you want me to add them in detail?" Manager—"No; just say, for further particulars see small bills."—American.

An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets his wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk during dark. The latter is more deserving of death.—Norristown Herald.

"Did that lady buy anything?" asked the jeweler of his new boy, as the lady in question left the store, apparently in a temper. "He did not. She asked me for an old gold breast pin, and I asked her if she took this for a junk shop. Then she went out."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chandler is having a \$1000 gown constructed by a fashionable New York dressmaker.