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The Samoan King enjoys the princely income of \$20 a month. The number of millionaire Senators is estimated now at from thirty to thirty-two, or nearly one-half the entire Senate.

The necessity for the artificial application of water is said to be far greater in California than in the older countries of Europe.

A statistician asserts that twenty Princes and Princesses of the reigning families of Europe have been treated for mental disorders.

New York is agitating the proposition to establish free kindergarten schools to take the place of her present primary system of instruction.

Pago-Pago, the Samoan port granted to the United States for a coaling station, is the most easily defensible harbor in the Southern Pacific.

German literature has been added to the curriculum of the college of literature at the Imperial University of Japan. Two German professors will, a native paper says, be shortly added to the staff.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger gives an itemized statement showing that the theft of a chicken valued at fifteen cents cost the taxpayers of that State \$201.70 cents before the State was rid of the offender.

John B. Scott, a South Carolina cotton planter, has been appointed by the Rowan Government superintendent and instructor of a large cotton plantation owned by the Government in one of the Southern provinces.

Mackerel and halibut, it appears from the fishery reports, are deserting the waters of the New England coasts. For the year 1888 there was a falling off of about six million pounds in the catch of these two kinds of fish.

In a suit for damages for loss of a saw the Pennsylvania Supreme Court decided in favor of the Philadelphia Steamboat Company. The court held that a rowboat is not a vessel within the meaning of the navigation laws, and that a steamboat is, therefore, not bound to get out of the rowboat's way.

Garbin and Forest urges the Government to withdraw its forest lands from sale and place them in the care of the army. The Philadelphia Times indorses the suggestion, and asks the States to take immediate steps for the preservation of the forests before all our great rivers shrink into shallow little streams.

It is against the law in Mexico for any one to read a newspaper aloud; but no one cares for that, observe: The New York Tribune, as few people want to read them anyhow. You can get more news in Mexico by sitting down half an hour at a popular cafe than you could get by reading a Mexican paper for a month.

In Michigan University "a larger proportion of woman than of men are taking by choice the full classical course." President Angell reports. Men are becoming scientific rather than classical, on account of the new openings in scientific professions, while women study Greek and Latin, to meet the requirements of teachers.

In England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Austria and Switzerland there are 231 cities having street railroads. Among these 118 are in England, 49 in Germany and 23 in France, there being no city of less than 20,000 inhabitants having such roads, while in the United States they are found in cities of not more than 1000 inhabitants.

According to the Catholic World there are ninety-colored Catholic schools in the Southern dioceses and two colored sisterhoods—the Oblates, of Baltimore, and the Holy Family, of New Orleans, which provide teachers for the schools. The number of Catholic colored churches, the World says, is not more than twenty, and there is but one colored Catholic priest in the country.

Deaths from mining explosions in England for 1888 were only forty-three. This is the lowest record since 1851, when the number was first officially given. The lowest previous to 1888 was six deaths in 1884. The highest record in the past thirty-eight years was in 1866, when 530 lives were lost by explosions—390 of these being covered by the one casualty at the Oaks Colliery.

The great river of Egypt has not sent down its accustomed floods this year, and the people who depend on that for their food indulge only the most gloomy anticipations for the future. There will be no corn in Egypt this year, and the ancient granary of the world must itself buy of more prosperous nations. Some believe that the great feeders of the Nile have been cut off by growths of vegetation choking off the passage of water. Another theory is that the large flood of the Nile which was not cut through the dam, was the case some years ago, and which were not cut through the dam.

A FRIEND. As sang the voices in the courts above, Moved by the Lady's shining men and grace, "Lo, here comes one who shall increase our love!"

So cried my heart when first I saw thy face. I knew thy spirit was to mine akin, Dwelling near on some eternal shore; Time, sorrow, death, their filmy threads may spin, They bar no shining path we shall explore.

Enough, though here we may not meet, since we Once stood together on that blessed height, When, through the mists that veil eternity, Truth's flaming star burst forth upon our sight.

And though our circuits in worlds separate, We smile and part, for surely, O my friend, Their lines shall intermesh or soon or late, And move to ether on the journey's end.

If now we met, perchance the hateful mask Of finite vision might obscure our eyes And dim Truth's fixed star. No boon task— We have met once on hills of Paradise.

—Annie Kent, in Harper.

HELD BY A ROPE.

BY LEIGH YOUNG.

Egypt has been called the Gift of the Nile, and everything in the land is connected with the movements of the great artery that is the life of the country. The seventeenth of June is the "night of the drop," and is celebrated as a festival. Moore in his "Lalla Rookh" tells us of the power of

"The drop that down from the moon, Falls through the healing air of June." According to the ancient legends, Isis, the goddess of Egypt, weeps over the aridness of the country, and the tear falling from her eye into the Nile causes the overflow which brings renewed life to the land. The Cairenes spend the night beside the river, either in the open air or in houses near the bank, and practice all sorts of ceremonies. Each member of the family places a piece of dough on the roof; if the dough rises, happiness is in store for the fortunate one who placed it there; if not, it is an ill omen.

Ten days later the river slowly begins to rise, and the Nile crier goes through the streets every morning with the latest bulletin as to the height of the water. The great festivity of the year is the "Wafa" or the cutting of the dam, which takes place between the tenth and fourteenth of August.

Egypt is now no longer a vast lake during the inundation as it formerly was. The water is conducted into a network of canals and reservoirs, and distributed as it is needed, and engineers are appointed to see that there is no loss nor waste. Levees are built to keep the waters within bounds, and many of the villages are connected by these, while others can only be reached by boat.

When we reached Egypt, in the middle of October, the inundation was at the highest point, higher than it had been for years. To attempt the journey to the pyramids was, we were told, madness. The whole face of the country between the Nile and the city being under water. But the flood would not last for weeks, and we could not wait, and so decided to try it.

Selecting our donkeys with care, we started out, a party of four, including the dragoman and the little animals, which are the street cars of Egypt. The donkey boy, a very bright little fellow of fourteen years, was a family man, he told us proudly, with two wives and four children, and he supported his whole establishment on the one franc a day he earned by taking care of the donkeys.

On past the city out into the open we rode, congratulating ourselves that we had not heeded the advice given us. Our route lay along a high embankment beside one of the numerous canals which encircle the city, and a more beautiful scene cannot be imagined. The water was almost up to the banks, and in the sunlight glittered and glistened. Tall reeds and rushes with waving plumes beautifully green lined the shore, and the reflection in the water gave back every leaf and twig.

Then suddenly and abruptly the dyke was cut off, and before us was a sheer descent into the yellow water. The force of the waves had undermined the foundation, and it had sunk. What to do next was the question. Yusuf got down, and went forward to explore. Finally he came back with the intelligence that there was a boat a little way back, which would take us if we were willing to go in that way. Turning, we rode to where a curve in the embankment formed a tiny cove, and there was the boat, a long, dirty, weather-beaten craft, with the immensely high mast and the odd-shaped sail that they use only on the Nile.

Leaving our donkeys to the boy who was to take them back to the city, we embarked and pushed off. The little boat rocked and reeled with the force of the current, but the boatmen seemed to know their business, and piloted us safely enough, though it was no easy task. The tallest trees were half under water, and the smallest were wholly submerged; and when one least expected it, he was apt to run up against one, for the water was so thick with mud that nothing could be seen below the surface.

Never was apparition more welcome. In a few words the captain explained the situation we were in, and told the man that a couple of English noblemen were there, and he must hasten. Like an arrow the fellow flew away to where a posse of men were mending the road, and they hastened back; but how to get at us was the difficulty. Hops after was flung in vain; we were too far under to catch it. At last they tied a heavy stone to the rope, and allowed it to drift under with the current. It came nearer and nearer. We held our breath with anxiety, fearing lest some eddy should draw it away from us; but as it came past, one of us, holding to the mast, reached out and caught it.

A prayer of thanksgiving went up from our hearts, while a shout testified to our rescuers that the rope had caught; to make it fast to the mast, and cut the other, which was now almost frayed in two, was the work of a moment, and slowly we were drawn from our dangerous position, and towed around to a point where we could land and climb up the embankment.

The engineer is held responsible for there, so we were left in peace to the desolation of the scene. Below us lay the waste of water with the winding line of the embankments curving like a great green serpent, and from its bosom seemed to rise the minarets and domes of the distant city, while over all the fall columns of the Mosque of Mehemet All kept ward. At our feet crouched the sleepless Sphinx brooding over the scene as she has done for fifty centuries.

We explored the Tomb of Numbers, and the temple in ruins, lunched at the pavilion built for the Prince of Wales, sunned ourselves in the sand as we watched the granite monster, and wished a genius was there to unseal those tightly closed lips, and disclose the things that those eyes had seen. Then as the shadows were lengthening, tired and worn-out we returned to the boat. We were in the current was stronger than in the morning, or whether the crew were tired I cannot tell, but certainly the boat did not obey the helm, but drifted at the mercy of the wind, and rocked from side to side. The great danger was, of course, in running against a snag, but providentially, though she bumped many times, the boat did not strike heavily, and we drifted in the right direction, for she seemed to be entirely out of the control of the boatmen. The situation was perilous in the extreme, night was coming on, there were miles from any chance of succor, wholly at the mercy of the current, and liable at any moment to be overturned. At last we drifted toward one of the bridges which had been thrown over the canal, and immediately we were sucked into the current that poured with tremendous force through the opening. Just as we went under, the sail which had been trying to take in fell with a crash, and swept one of the boatmen into the water.

With a shriek he threw up his hands, and went down like lead. Every effort was made to keep in the middle of the culvert, which was twelve feet across, and in that we succeeded. The bridge was about fifteen feet high, and just as we rushed along, the top of the mast caught on one of the timbers of the bridge, and held fast. Back and forth rocked the boat in the rush of water, but the hold of the ropes never relaxed. From the side of the boat we tossed with a dizzy, sickening motion, just escaping each time being dashed against the rocks which formed the side of the bridge, and expected every instant to be capsize.

I have heard of the Eastern indifference to death, but it certainly was not manifested there, for the Arabs shrieked with fear, and called upon Allah to deliver them from it. The boat was half full of water, and it took all of our efforts at bailing to keep her from filling; but the men were of no use, they sat down in the water and rocked from side to side, bemoaning their fate, till the Captain, losing patience, administered some kicks to them, telling them to go to work and stop their howling.

One of them slyly took out his pen-knife, and approaching the rope was just about to cut it, when I, seeing what he was about to do, called to him to drop the knife. The fellow got closer, and had just touched the rope when I pulled a revolver from my pocket saying: "If you touch that rope, I'll shoot you."

The wretched man dropped as if paralyzed, and the knife fell in the water. Our one chance of life, and it was but a slender one, lay in the holding out of the rope. There were men working on the road above us, we knew, and if we could only attract their attention, it might be well with us yet. But, of course, the chances were that the rope would wear away, and then the almost certainty was we should be dashed to pieces.

Half-mad with fear, one of the men jumped into the water to try and gain the embankment. He was a tall, powerful man and a magnificent swimmer, but the water tossed him about like a piece of cork. We saw with horror his red head up and down on the surface, until his upturned, agonized face drifted by us, and he sank to rise no more. Horror-stricken we sat silently thinking that the next moment such might be the fate of the rest of us, particularly as I thought I saw signs of the fraying of the rope where it worked against the mast.

We fired off two or three shots in rapid succession, and then shouted at the top of our voices, but no answer came, save the rush of the water. One of our party rose and threw off his coat. "What is that for?" I asked. "I am going to try to swim to shore; I believe I can do it."

"With Abdullah's fate before your eyes?" I ventured. "Yes," he said, "I will try it, and not be killed here."

"It would be suicide," I replied, again taking out my revolver, "and I will fire if you make a motion to leave the boat. We will take our chances here."

"But what chance have we here?" "Very little, but none in the way you are trying."

Silently he dropped back in his seat. A loud exclamation from the captain startled every one, and we looked up to where his finger pointed. There shining through a crevice in the flooring of the bridge was a round, bead-like eye looking down upon us, and presently, finding a larger fissure, a coal-black face beamed upon us.

Never was apparition more welcome. In a few words the captain explained the situation we were in, and told the man that a couple of English noblemen were there, and he must hasten. Like an arrow the fellow flew away to where a posse of men were mending the road, and they hastened back; but how to get at us was the difficulty. Hops after was flung in vain; we were too far under to catch it. At last they tied a heavy stone to the rope, and allowed it to drift under with the current. It came nearer and nearer. We held our breath with anxiety, fearing lest some eddy should draw it away from us; but as it came past, one of us, holding to the mast, reached out and caught it.

A prayer of thanksgiving went up from our hearts, while a shout testified to our rescuers that the rope had caught; to make it fast to the mast, and cut the other, which was now almost frayed in two, was the work of a moment, and slowly we were drawn from our dangerous position, and towed around to a point where we could land and climb up the embankment.

The engineer is held responsible for the safety of travelers, as it was his business to keep the road in order, and when he heard that some of the boat's passengers had been killed, he came to us in consternation and distress to know how many and who they were.

When he heard that one was an Egyptian soldier and the other a boatman, "Bismillah," he cried, turning on his heel, "I thought they might have been French."

So little is native life counted among them.—Youth's Companion. A Terrapin's Beseeching Eye. David Burnham, living in a near-by town in New Jersey, is exceedingly fond of terrapin stew, but he does not think much of the savory "diamond back" in any other form. Nevertheless, a pet terrapin that some months ago almost miraculously escaped the pot wanders around the plot of ground on which his house stands and sleeps in his kitchen every night.

Last October Mr. Burnham invited some friends to supper, served to celebrate the fifth anniversary of his wedding. For six dollars he purchased in Fulton Market a five pound terrapin, intending to regale his friends with his favorite dish. He left orders that the terrapin should be sent by express to his house, and supposed that it would be delivered in a condition better understood by the cook than the butcher. But the little creature was by no means in the shape of a dinner, and when it was laid down for a moment in the kitchen it proved that it was keenly alive to the situation by waddling at its highest rate of speed toward the door.

It was then turned on its back, and the cook was invited to slaughter it. But she emphatically refused to do so, and as the other servants shared her objections Mr. Burnham served himself to do the butcher's work himself. Armed with the family carving knife he entered the kitchen when the rest of the household had retired for the night. He says that he knelt down upon the floor and was about to slit the terrapin's throat when the succulent creature, lying on its diamond back, gazed at his face with such a human, beseeching expression in its mild, bright eyes, that the knife dropped from his hand, and he determined to spare its life. The terrapin has shown itself grateful, but not demonstratively so, for the mercy extended to it. When Mr. Burnham approaches its usual resting place, under a great chestnut tree, it croaks cheerfully, and slowly moves to meet him. It will take a piece of bruised and with fear, a small fish, or even a softened piece of water-soaked bread from his hand, but its appetite is not large, and it sleeps most of the time. It is growing fat rapidly, and swells beyond its shell with a posterior and an anterior plethora—at least so Mr. Burnham says, and he has studied Dr. Johnson's mode of treating the cold, pretty closely. It does not fear the cold, being warmly clad.—New York Times.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. A Test for Tea. A Russian analyst gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not: Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and well shake it up. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both sorts separately, and let them stand till cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still stronger after long standing, but will remain transparent. Whereas the pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.

Washing Flannels. In washing flannels, make a suds of blood-warm water and white soap. Allow the flannels to soak in this water from one-half to one whole hour, then wash them with a little friction as possible, using no rubbing-board or soap, save what is dissolved in the water; squeeze the articles with the hands until the dirt is forced out as much as possible, then change to another clear suds prepared in the same way and finish the washing process. Finally rinse in warm water, in which you may put a very little bluing, if you like. Do not wring as you do other clothes, but simply squeeze out the water enough to admit of carrying to the line, and be sure when removing the flannels from one water to another that each successive water is hotter than the last—never any colder.

If you wish to restore the color of flannels which are apparently ruined by bad treatment, it can be done by making a solution of one and one-half pounds of white soap and two-thirds of an ounce of spirits of ammonia dissolved in twelve gallons of soft water. By dipping the flannels in this, and wringing them thoroughly in the solution, a beautiful and lasting whiteness will be imparted to them, no matter how yellow they were previous to their immersion. After being well stirred round for a short time, take the articles out and wash well in clean, soft water.

To cleanse blankets, put two large tablespoonsful of borax and one-half a bar of white soap (cut up the soap into thin shavings with a knife, before putting into the water) into a tub of lukewarm water; when the borax and soap are well dissolved, put in the blankets and let them remain in soak over night; the next morning wash well and rinse in two waters, and hang out to dry without wringing them at all.—Detroit Free Press.

Home Recipes. Chocolate Ice-cream—Put into a saucepan half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces of grated chocolate, and a quart of water. Str on the fire until the mixture assumes the consistency of a thick smooth cream. Lay the icing evenly on the cake or pastry, with a palette-knife, and put it into the oven for a minute or two to set the icing.

Corn Oysters—With two cups of canned or freshly grated sweet corn mix three beaten eggs, a cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of salt, enough flour for a thin batter, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. Have ready some thin little squares of cold roast lamb or veal. Drop the batter in tiny cakes on a buttered griddle, on each cake lay a bit of the cold roast, and cover it with a teaspoonful of the batter; bake the same as griddle cakes, and serve them hot, browned and hot. This makes a very palatable imitation of fried oysters.

Vegetable Soup—This is what the French call "Soup Maigre." Take one turnip (if small, one each of a yellow and a white variety), one large onion, a medium sized carrot, two large potatoes, several stalks of celery, and some sprigs of parsley, and after peeling and washing, put them in the chopping bowl and mince fine. Put a table-spoonful of butter in the soup kettle, and when melted add the vegetables. Fry slightly for five minutes, but do not brown; cover with two quarts of boiling water and simmer for one hour. Now add a pint of hot milk and half a pint of hot cream, and season to the taste. It will require considerable salt. Serve with this water crackers, and see if your family or guests do not call for a second plate.

Mock Bisque Soup—Put a quart of either freshly peeled or canned tomatoes on the fire to stew; heat three pints of milk in a double boiler, reserving a cupful to mix a large table-spoonful of flour with. As soon as the milk boils, stir in this flour, which must be smoothly mixed with the cold milk, and let it simmer ten minutes. Add butter the size of an egg, pepper, salt, and a very scant teaspoonful of baking soda to the tomatoes; beat through a strainer and add to the milk. Serve at once, and if there is to be any delay in so doing, do not add the tomatoes to the milk until you are ready to send to the table. This is a delicious and cheap soup, as skimmed milk may be used, although it is not quite so good. Put little slices of fried bread in the soup just before removing it from the fire.

Boston Baked Beans—Pick out and wash one quart of small white beans, put them into a deep earthen dish, cover with cold water and place on the cool part of the stove until they are quite swollen; then move the dish to the hotter part of the stove and allow the beans to simmer very slowly until they are soft, taking care that they remain whole, and always keep them covered with water. When perfectly tender put them carefully into a colander to drain off all the water; then put them into the baking dish and place one pound of scalded and shored salt pork into the water. Mix one cup of boiling water with one cup of molasses, one table-spoonful of soda; pour this over the beans and bake in a moderate oven for two hours, adding a little boiling water from time to time to prevent the beans from becoming dry. Finish by slightly browning the top. The beans are generally baked toward night and left in the oven to cool, which process improves their flavor.—Agriculturist.

proposed to make excavations in the neighborhood of the Roman Forum to cost \$5,000,000. There are 18,983 public houses in the London police district, and 353 co-ops. stals.

AN EPISTOLARY MORGUE.

ODDITIES OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

Curious Reptiles, Queer Articles and Anatomical Fragments Awaiting Identification. There is no silent horror, but only a living interest, upon entering the Dead Letter Office at Washington. "Twenty thousand letters received here daily."

This was the information given to a Detroit Free Press representative by the bright and courteous lady who presides over the curiosity room. "And nearly one-half of them can never be sent on or back, because of the illegibility of the address or some other cause."

The inclosures are kept two years, then, if still unclaimed, are sold at auction. The room is lined with cases, in which the curiosities are very artistically arranged.

Here was a fireman's ax. Improper weight and a sharp instrument not properly protected were the reasons for its detention. There were a number of revolvers arranged on the back of the case. It is contrary to law to send firearms through the mail.

"Oh! here is a human ear," one remarked, wondering at the singular token. "Yes, that came in a newspaper. We do not know by whom it was sent. Here is an asp, and that is a tarantula—both quite startling creatures to find upon opening a box. They both came through the mail, and the attendant, 'and that is against the law, you know.' We always have live curiosities chloroformed and preserved in liquor. We are quite careful in opening packages, for we never know what sort of pets we are going to find."

"Here are some horned toads. I have had tree-toads for pets for months at a time." "Snakes!" exclaimed one of our party, pointing toward some large glass cans. "Did they come through alive?" "Yes, indeed."

En passant, it is very amusing to hear Washingtonians say "Yes, indeed," with the emphasis on "yes," and the "indeed" sliding along as though the expression were one of the pleasures of life.

"Yes, indeed," he answered. "There were sixteen of them sent from Texas en route for Heidelberg, for scientific purposes. They were in perforated tin cans, were detected and sent here. A boy brought the can in a bag, but one snake got away. A lady at the chief's desk, three days after, felt something about her feet. Looking down, in one of the drawers of the chief's desk for those three days. Was she frightened? Well, there are few things that we ladies dislike more than snakes, you know."

"Here is a scalp!" "Yes; it is the scalp of a young Indian girl about eighteen or twenty years old. We were told so by an expert in such things—the hair fine and black and straight, you see, prepared with care to be fastened in the belt."

"Here are some balls of opium. You notice they were disguised in a covering of candy. And here is a beautiful large etching, exquisitely done. It seems a pity that it should not have reached its destination, but we could not help it."

"He stepped to the desk, and took from one of the drawers a book, opening it with care to inspect it. In it were pasted the addressed sides of envelopes. Some of these addresses indicated a close acquaintance with phonographic spelling, as "T. T. G." was spelled "Tight I, G., and" Springfield, Arizona. Again, others were of a poetical turn, and fame doubtless awaits the composers with open arms. Here are four of them:

"Now come, locomotive, and get up your steam, And spurn me away o'er valley and stream, And carry me safely to John James, State of Illinois. And don't I have twins, and both of them boys."

"Postmaster run with speedy feet To 1611 North Third street, Care of Daniel Winforth, For Frederick Arantowich."

To Jack Smith, the web-foot grub, To whom this letter wants to go, Is cutting corn for his grub, In Boise City, Idaho."

A Beaver as a Pet. "Big Joe" is a magnificent beaver two years old, and weighs fifty pounds. Crowds of people have flocked to Mr. J. C. Vian's to see the living curiosity dining on poplar, which the beaver has contracted for by the cord, and to watch the appetite left when he gets down the programme to the dessert, when he becomes satiated with apples and tur-pies. A perfect live beaver in a town or city is rarely if ever seen. The most celebrated traveler that has stood in every quarter of the globe admit they have rarely seen one before, and the best writers in encyclopedias can only guess how they work by moonlight, but such authorities can now see how "Big Joe" works at Vian's. Beaver is considered a great delicacy as food, and the tail of "Big Joe" fourteen by six inches—extra size for his age—would make a dish fit for the gods, but he is highly unlikely to get so conspicuous a place in some zoological garden. He was caught on Oliver Lake, near Rabbit Mountain Mine, by a well-known trapper, and was contented at the mines until the present owner brought him to town in a carriage.—Port Arthur (Canada) Sentinel.

Ice Harvesting. I was talking last evening with one of the largest ice packers along the Hudson River. He said that the greatest sufferers from the lack of cold weather are the men who are accustomed to fill in their winters by working for the ice packers. Of late years the freezing weather has come after New Year's Day. During the past seventy years there have been but five winters when the ice crop fell greatly below the average. They were those of 1816, 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1839. The Hudson River has only been frozen over once this winter, and that was on December 15. Six or 1710 the Hudson has been permanently closed for the winter later than this year only once. That was in 1831, when it was frozen over on February 3.—New York Star.

THE MITTEN.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two.

There was nobody else to forbid it— The music of sleighbells beat time to my heart— And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that was breathed; The white snow Was tinged with the sun's golden glory; Well—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank!

That's the long and the short of the story— The wild rush of happiness you do not know. You can't know unless you have tried it. What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true!

But her dear little hand was inside it! —Gassar Miscellaneous.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A serious blow—A blizzard. A paper dealer—The note broker. An old, chronic growler—The lion. Sign of longevity—"Old Men's Home." Rent in twin—The double dwelling house.

The newest thing in the dog hoo—Puppies. Will not necessarily fall—The girl in slippers. The flower of the family is often the latest to rise.

Settling money on a son frequently unsettles the son. The grocer doesn't often show grit. He conceals it in the sugar. A horse knows more than some men, for it knows when to say neigh.

"I am only a little shaver," said the small boy who worked in a carpenter shop. "It is reported that you have inherited a lauded estate." "My dear sir, it is groundless."

"Your laundress appears to be very old." "Yes; she belongs to the iron age."—Boston Herald. "This is a pretty pass!" remarked the editor when the railroad company renewed his transportation.

They stand for office in England and run for it in America. Characteristic, isn't it?—Philadelphia Call. Curiously enough, the big guns of the human race are seldom in the condition to be fired.—Burlington Free Press.

Many a girl thinks she shall miss if she isn't married, and many a wife Mrs. it by not being single.—Chicago Journal. When the doctors give you up there is only one way to get well; and that is to give the doctors up.—Flying Blade.

Without consulting the market reports, one would naturally expect "reduced" sugar to be "quiet and steady."—Pittsburg Chronicle. There would be no objection raised against any ascending financier settling in Canada if he could first settle in this country.—Hinghamton Republican.

Tom—"A new coat, eh! What color do you call it, seal brown?" Dick (thinking of his unpaid tailor)—"No; dun brown, I guess."—Yankee Blade. "Nice girl you have, that Clara," remarked Giles. "A little absent-minded, I hear." "A trifle," replied Briggs. "The last letter she sent me was sealed with her chewing gum."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Winks—"Well, I declare! The weather indications are right for once." Mr. Winks (looking over her shoulder)—"Humph! That paper that you have got is a week old."—Philadelphia Record. Captain Anson (coaching his players in a game of ball at the base of the great Egyptian pyramid)—"Forty cents are looking down on you, Williamson! Bang the stuffing out of 'er!"—Chicago Tribune.

Said a disgusted tramp to his New York associates on his return from a Western tour: "They said I would find wonderful advance in the West, but I didn't find a man who would advance me a cent."—Siftings. "I used to think," said Uncle Ezra, "that this thing of gals kissing pug dogs was purty rough, but since I come to town an' see some of the dudes—well, maybe the gals ain't so much to blame arter all."—New York Mercury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said counsel in an address, "there were 98 dogs in that lot—98. I want you to remember that number—98 dogs—just three times the number that there are in the jury box."—Albany Law Journal. First Eminent Physician—"But Herr Windygrat has got—his lungs are as sound as possible. Why did you tell him not to play the trombone for six months?" Second Eminent Physician—"Because, my dear Herr Windygrat, his chamber next to mine."—Fanny Fields. A spring whose water is a perfect writing fluid has been discovered in Michigan. Now all that is needed is the discovery of a lake of writing paper, a mine of postage stamps and a quarry of steel pens, in the same vicinity, to make that portion of Michigan a "literary centre."—New York Mercury.

THE MITTEN.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two. There was nobody else to forbid it— The music of sleighbells beat time to my heart— And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that was breathed; The white snow Was tinged with the sun's golden glory; Well—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank!

That's the long and the short of the story— The wild rush of happiness you do not know. You can't know unless you have tried it. What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true!

But her dear little hand was inside it! —Gassar Miscellaneous.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A serious blow—A blizzard. A paper dealer—The note broker. An old, chronic growler—The lion. Sign of longevity—"Old Men's Home." Rent in twin—The double dwelling house.

The newest thing in the dog hoo—Puppies. Will not necessarily fall—The girl in slippers. The flower of the family is often the latest to rise.