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In Chicago almost every form of crime is rapidly advancing.

Three States now have Fallos Reform acts—Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Indiana.

Montana has signalized her approaching Statehood by the discovery of new gold mines.

A French soldier has been sentenced to be shot for throwing a quid of tobacco in the face of his Colonel.

The Scientific American asserts that nine-tenths of the material prosperity of this American Union is due to inventors and their patents.

The first experiment with the Australian ballot system in the United States will be that which will be tried in Montana in October.

The old men are on top in Japan. Under the new constitution of that country a man must be thirty years old to be eligible for office.

Funny, isn't it, queries the New York Herald, that this great country with millions of acres of unoccupied land, must buy eggs from Germany and onions from Spain.

The railroads are not making as much money as formerly, according to Goodell's Sun. On 10,000 miles of road last year the loss as against 1887 was nearly \$21,000,000.

Admiral Porter, of the United States Navy, says that with \$50,000,000 at his command he could, in sixty days, put an improvised fleet in motion which would make short work of any foreign nation's commerce.

Says the Washington Star: "Tastes differ. Most people would prefer a Pole to a Chinaman. In the eastern provinces of Prussia, however, they are driving out the Poles, while talking seriously of importing Chinamen."

New Orleans has set the peculiar example of making her police secure in their calling for life. The experiment, remarks the Washington Star, will draw attention from a dozen cities where the problem of getting a good police force has not been solved.

The Cubans are greatly excited over the rumor that there is a plan in this country to buy their island. The Spanish Minister of the Interior, however, declares that Spain will never consent to part with Cuba or any other colony for any consideration whatever.

A Canadian paper wants to know why five million Canadians should pay more to be governed than sixty million Americans say. The thirteen Cabinet officers at Ottawa receive \$105,000 a year, while the eight Cabinet officers of the United States receive \$64,000.

The casting of plate glass is said to exceed in splendor and marvelous display all other pieces of work in the industrial world. There is about it such nervous rapidity of movement, such play of color, that the beholder is inspired with the greatest enthusiasm and exclaims aloud with delight.

President Harrison was fifty-five years, seven months and fourteen days old when he was inaugurated. His grandfather was the oldest man ever selected President, being in his sixty-eighth year. General Grant was the youngest, in his forty-seventh year. The average age of Presidents at the time of their inauguration is fifty-six years. General Harrison is but little under the average President, in years at least.

A few days ago a man got permission to experiment with an Egyptian embalming process on a cadaver at the New York Morgue. The body was placed in a fine lined box. A plate with a powder that looked like common clay was set on fire and placed inside the box. The cover was screwed on the box and the body was subjected to the process for six hours. The Morgue people pronounce it a success. The cost is fifty cents.

In the largest jewelry shops in New York, where \$3000 worth of gold is used in a day, the gold is not weighed out to the workmen, and nothing but the honesty of the employes prevents loss. But the gold is allowed to be exposed, and the Atlanta Constitution, tobacco is locked up because it has been found that the man who would not steal a grain of his employer's gold, did not hesitate to appropriate his employer's tobacco.

An entertainment given by a mission band at Toronto, Canada, one of characters, "Britannia," stood on an American flag while introducing representatives of the various nations to the audience. Professor Marshall, of Queen's University, who acted as chairman, remarked that the flag was placed there to show Great Britain's relation to the United States. This declaration, made into the local journals, caused indignation and protest and the authorities have been asked to remove the professor.

SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song in the days when the earth was young; The waves were going loud and long Ere mortals had found a tongue. The heart of the waves with writhing was wrung Or sooted to a siren strain, As they tossed the primitive isles among, Or slept in the open main. Such was the song and its changes free, Such was the song of the sea.

IN THE THROAT OF A BOA.

BY COL. EDWARD B. TAYLOR. "I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we threw this pretty South American wife of the party, stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. "And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that?" "I added, with a pretty pout. "Ah, that was the recompense," said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being sucked down to death."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Clean Rubber Canvas.

Take ten ounces of borax, thirty of coarse pulverized shells, and two hundred ounces of water. Dissolve by placing over a steam bath for a few hours, by using a tin pail placed in a kettle of hot water. When the shells and borax are dissolved, set off to cool, after which add a half ounce of glycerine to make the varnish more flexible. If you want a black varnish, add soluble nigrosine or very pure lampblack, but the nigrosine is the best. This is a very cheap varnish, and may be used on leather as well as canvas.—New York Sun.

Decorating a Bedspread.

Coarse linen sheeting makes an effective bedspread, with a bold design of large lilies and leaves applied on it in gold-colored satin, worked with knitting silk of two shades of gold deeper than the satin. The design is traced on the satin, tacked on the sheeting and chain-stitched around the outlines; then, when the edges are cut away, the design stands out on the surface and is finished off with long, "spiky" stitches. The veining of the leaves, etc., is done in gold stitch. A broad band of gold-colored satin is added as a border all around. A heavy counterpane may be made of serge, with very large poppies and leaves or sunflowers or some large design worked in worsteds. The work is easy and pleasant.

Delightful Cheese Cakes.

There are various recipes for the delightful little cheese cakes which would certainly be very nice for an informal lunch. Try the following: The Neufchatel cheeses may be bought—done up in silver paper—at the grocers in cities. One Neufchatel or cream cheese. One teaspoonful sugar, one lemon, grate the rind and use half of the juice; half teaspoonful currants, worked with a fork; half teaspoonful salt; half a dozen cracker crumbs (the finer and more delicate the cracker the better); four eggs well beaten; one spoonful melted butter; half teaspoonful cream or rich milk; half a nutmeg; one saltspoonful salt. Mix the cracker crumbs dry with the cheese, first removing the wrapper and taking off the thin film or skin on the outside of the cheese; crumble the crumbs and cheese well together; add the eggs, which have been first well beaten up with the sugar. Then the butter and cream may be added. If the cream is very rich the butter may be omitted. Lastly add the lemon, currants and nutmeg. The mixture must have been washed, dried and then well dusted with cracker dust or flour. Mix well and put directly in well-buttered patty-pans that have been lined with puff-paste. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven. They will puff up, but must not be too brown.—New York World.

Don't Toss the Baby.

The throwing a baby into the air and catching him again is always a risky practice, certain though the tosser may be of his quickness of eye and sureness of hand. A sudden and unexpected movement of the child in his mid-air flight may result in a cruel fall. A gray young father snatched up his baby one morning and tossed him to the ceiling. Twice the little fellow went flying through the air and came down safely into the waiting arms. The third time the excited child gave a spring of delight as his father's hands released him; plunged forward, and, catching over his father's shoulder, fell head downward, to the floor. When the poor baby came out of the stupor in which he lay for hours, it was found that, although no bones had been broken, the brain had sustained an injury that would, in all probability, render the child an imbecile.

Prussian Horseflesh Sausages.

The amount of animal food disposed of in the German capital is such that, divided up equally among the population of that city, it yields an allowance of two and a half pounds of meat a week to every man, woman and child in the place, including infants in arms, members of the Legislature and paupers. In other words, says the London Telegraph, each and every Berliner, irrespective of age, sex and political opinions, is officially credited with the consumption of 141 pounds weight of beef, mutton, veal, pork, lamb and horseflesh per annum. No fewer than 7000 horses are slaughtered yearly for the Berlin meat-market, the flesh being sold as "butcher's meat" in shops specially affected to retail trade in "Pferdefleisch," and partly "worked up" into sausages, a popular variety of which is hawked "all hot" about the streets late in the evening and during the smaller hours of the early morn.

American Game Preserves.

The famous Adirondack region of New York is being invaded by the timber-cutters and hunters and tourists are filled with sorrow at the prospect of the eventual denudation of mountain and glen. Efforts have been made in the New York Legislature to have the Adirondack region set aside as a park, but as yet no safeguard has been erected by the law-makers, and the harvesting of timber goes on with undiminished vigor. If the sporting clubs of New York would combine and purchase or lease large tracts in the Adirondack region, in the sections most frequented by game animals, they would accomplish what seems to be impossible of attainment in any other way. An establishment of game preserves in this country has met opposition because the movement savors somewhat of the privilege of nobility in the Old World; but it would seem that if favorite haunts of game are to be guarded for the benefit of posterity the sporting societies of the United States must do it. The time will come in the United States when the owners of good game preserves will be able to charge a handsome price for the privilege of hunting in forests where the pot-hunter cannot roam in his campaigns of extermination.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Literary Partnerships.

In modern days the partnerships of Rice and Besant has been considered one of the most remarkable as well as one of the most congenial in literary history, and it was only sundered by the death of Mr. Rice. The dozen or more novels they wrote together have all proved successful, and are entitled to at least a place in the second rank of modern English fiction. More wholesome or more delightful stories have not been written. Rice and Besant were the English counterparts of a still more famous twin pair of French novelists, Erckmann and Chatriain, who are Alsatians by birth, but who reside in Paris. Their novels have the same wholesome, moral and delightful tone which characterize Rice and Besant's, though often more melodramatic and tragic. Whoever has seen Henry Irving in "The Iliads" has seen one of Erckmann-Chatriain's most powerful stories portrayed by one of the best dramatic companies. It is translated from the drama of "Le Juit Perouais"—"The Polish Jew."—Chicago Herald.

AN ODD PHILANTHROPIST.

INCONGRUOUS LIFE OF ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON.

Paying Five Cents for His Lunch.

but Giving Thousands to Charity—Stories of His Peculiarities. The late Isaiah V. Williamson was one of the most remarkable characters in the history of Philadelphia. There was an incongruity in his nature which made it at once surprising and estimable, while in his eccentricities, his habits and his tenacious pursuit of wealth made up just such a percentage as Dickens would have delighted in portraying. His life properly consisted of two eras, one covering the first thirty-five years, when he came a country-bred young man, and cut out by hard work a fortune of \$200,000—an era when he was eligible in society circles around whom the fair moths fluttered, when his liberality and his vast aspirations carried him through a tour of Europe, and when it was believed he would settle down into the comfort of domestic life and enjoy the charming existence of unhampered bachelorhood. The second and the longest era, now closed by death, was that of a money spinner, under whose magic touch everything turned into gold until he had estate in a dozen of millions. All the traits of prodigality, all the attention and adornment, all the ambition to shine in the social arena disappeared, and by a grand transformation the man became a recluse, imposing upon himself the simplest fare, adorning all his former haunts and associating all his former aspirations upon the single work of augmenting his already vast fortune. As an instance of the queer blending of the penurious and the human traits of his character, it may be mentioned that once when he had made his dinner upon a glass of beer and two crackers, and at a certain point he went directly to his office and wrote out a check for \$5000 to aid a struggling charity. In ten years his gifts to public institutions—and each made to meet some pressing need—amounted to \$150,000. It is a further indication of his self-reliance, and the simplicity of all his business operations, that he never had a lawyer and never was involved, individually, in a lawsuit.

Humor of the Day.

A long tramp—The six-foot beggar. On a schoolship even the ropes are taut. The boy who stole the syrup did so syrup-titously. Motto of the ashmen—Come down with the dust. A spark of love—The diamond in the engagement ring. The Man of Orleans was evidently made of grit too. Dressmakers are of necessity people of much bias.—Merchant Traveler. Parnell is undoubtedly a long way ahead of the "Times."—Siftings. The Salt Trust is the freshest monopoly. It should be put into the brine.—Philadelphia Press. "Pay as you go" is a good rule, but if you have no baggage the hotel-keeper insists that you shall pay as you arrive. Peddler—"Can I see the lady of the house, please?" Bridget—"Is it the mistress you warrant or meself?"—New York Sun. "Did they receive you warmly?" "Did they? Well, rather. They made it so hot I left on the next train. Here is a souvenir feather."—Harper's Bazar. Housekeeper—"I regret to say, sir, that your son and the cook have eloped." Rich Old Party—"Thunderation! Then we shan't have any dinner."—Loeud's Gleaner. A forger's man committed forgery because starvation stared him in the face, and then starved himself because the forger's stare him in the face.—Hutchinson's (Kan.) News. "Captain," she said, looking up at him archly, "why does it look as if you had been twice married?" "Don't know, Miss Bangs, why?" "Because you've a second mate on board."—Opus. Miss Belle (warningly)—"Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish." Sally (who owes her one)—"Well, why didn't you?"—Life. "Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?" "Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent. "How a heroine?" "Why, she married your father when his income was only \$500 a year, and she knew it." "I understand," said Cora, "that you were greatly deceived in Mr. Pentwazel?" "Yes, my dear," returned Miss Snyder. "But seemed I never believed in him except when he told an untruth."—Harper's Bazar. Question, the meaning of "Nihilist"—Teacher (writing word on board, and covering up the termination)—"What does that mean?" Pupil—"Nothing. Oh! It must mean a man who doesn't know anything." "What, man, you are going to let your son serve his year in the infantry and not in the cavalry?" "I have only one son, my father. Do you think I can trust his life to an unreasoning animal?"—Philadelphia Blatter. "Excuse me, Mr. Brown," said the lubberdasher, "but this is a quarter peak you have selected. You always wear a \$1 one." "That's all right, old boy," he returned with a wink. "My wife has just started making a crazy quilt." There is nothing in the world that succeeds like energy. For instance, a Boston man succeeded so hard that one day that he dislocated his shoulder, and he is now drawing \$25 per week accident insurance.—Boston Free Press. The cats, dogs, and poll parrots of England having been properly provided for, a hospital for fish has been established. Fish are much exposed to dampness, and pulmonary diseases would naturally be most common.—Detroit Free Press. Oh, mother, mix the buckwheat cakes, and beat the bubbling water. Then let it fall in slopping fashion. To slowly spread and spatter. But don't forget the whole affair. In letting each cake run. Till tinged like tawny, storm-swept skies. The deepest shade of day.—New York Sun. Here is Oscar Wilde's latest. He "chanced to occur" to a lady who had just purchased a number of Japanese screens, which were standing in artistic disorder in her drawing-room. "You have come just in time, Mr. Wilde," she said, "and can arrange my screens for me." But Oscar replied: "Oh, don't arrange them; let them occur."

ROSALE.

Her smile is like the sunlight on a rosebud ere it blows. Her voice out-sweetens the summer wind that sings amid the grain: She dances like a bonnie brook that ripples as it flows, And her footsteps fall as lightly as the tiny drops of rain. So happy are her eyes They are subjects of surprise; I know the fairies kneed them full of glee. There is nothing can be drear In this very world when she is near, Such a very merry child is Rosalie.

Whenever I watch the sunbeams that are tangled in her hair, It calls to mind the cowslips as they blossom in the spring. 'Tis sweeter far to listen to her feet upon the stair Than all the crystal trillings that the prima donna sings. It fills my heart with woe Just to think that she must grow, And some day be a woman fair to see. But 'tis proper, I suppose, That the bud should be a rose, And time should change my little Rosalie.

When her dainty feet are weary, and the day has winged its flight, And the sky is full of laughing stars that wink at us below, I rest my little darling in her tiny bed of white And I watch as she slumbers like a rosebud in the snow. And I dream of years to come When my lips are cold and dumb— Ah, who will win the love she gives to me? May the one that comes to woo Bring a heart that's strong and true, Or never win the heart of Rosalie. —Samuel Martineau Peck.

Electricity is cheaper than steam.

The American aborigines did not know anything about the monkey wrench, but they were familiar with the Indian life.