

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00

Russia is willing to spend \$90,000,000 on a new navy.

The lowest estimate places the wealth of President Harrison's Cabinet at \$42,200,000.

Geologically and mineralogically, Nicaragua is said to be the richest spot in America.

There were 14,900 divorces in the United States during the last twenty years caused by drunkenness.

The project of neutralizing the banks of Newfoundland during the fishing season is exciting public interest.

It is said that unless the present conditions are changed the complete destruction of the Adirondacks is inevitable.

Fourteen ex-Senators are said to inhabit the Kansas Penitentiary, though only one of them ever conducted legislative business in the interest of that State.

Australia has just made to a projected railroad a grant of 16,000,000 acres, of 20,000 acres a mile.

The Dakotas plume themselves, according to the Commercial Advertiser, upon artesian wells of such force and number as to make manufacturers of all sorts well within their possibilities.

Dr. Chaille, the well-known statistician, states that the average life of woman is longer than that of man, and in most parts of the United States woman's expectation of life is greater.

There are, it is said, five men in America worth \$50,000,000 each, fifty worth \$10,000,000 each, 100 worth \$5,000,000, 200 worth \$3,000,000, 300 worth \$1,000,000 and 1000 worth \$500,000 each.

The Atlanta Constitution believes that Spain holds on to Cuba as a matter of national pride. The island has proved an expensive possession.

"Life is a delicate possession, after all," concludes the Detroit Free Press. "A Michigan child was recently fatally injured by falling upon a lead pencil, and last week an English actress was killed by the accidental puncture of her neck with a knitting needle."

Mrs. Rose Porter, the well-known writer of religious books, is a most remarkable woman. Although an invalid, and forced to recline from her bed, she has already written some fifteen books, all of which have had extensive circulation.

The wide-embracing arms of civilization are rapidly stretching out to take in the whole world. One of the latest notable illustrations of this is the announcement made the other day that a cable will soon be laid from Bermuda to Halifax.

In a recent talk with a delegation of clergymen and others who called upon him to urge a more Christian policy in dealing with the Indians, General Harrison said emphatically that he should do his best in the direction named.

It is generally predicted that Oklahoma will be settled up with phenomenal rapidity. The Oklahoma Valley is one of the finest in the United States, with an abundance of timber and an altitude of 1600 feet above the sea.

THE LITTLE PERSIMMON-TREE.

A little persimmon-tree stood in the road, Oh fair to see!

Like Topsy it "never was born but it grew," This little persimmon-tree,

By soft winds nurtured, by sweet dew fed, Its bright leaves trembled in constant dread,

Least some wicked cut-throat should cut off its head, Poor little persimmon-tree!

"It has come!" said the little tree, one day, Oh fair to see!

"Good-by, oh bonny blue sky, for aye," Said little persimmon-tree!

For a man dug round it with might and main, Till it nearly died with the terrible strain,

And feared it should never look up again, Poor little persimmon-tree!

But it woke next morn in a garden grand, Oh fair to see!

And it felt the touch of a master's hand, This little persimmon-tree!

Budding from Japanese seedlings rare, Cutting skillfully here and there,

Till the little tree marvel'd how much it could bear, Dear little persimmon-tree!

Years passed—it had grown to a goodly height, Oh fair to see!

And the crimson fruit was a wondrous sight, On this stately persimmon-tree,

And it blushed when the master its story told, And said 'twas to him worth its weight in gold,

And had paid for his labor a hundred-fold, This noble persimmon-tree!

I could point a moral, but is there need? Oh fair to see!

And a moral some people don't care to read, Whether of man or tree,

But you understand, if you don't, 'Tis, That a little, unlovely child to view,

Can with culture become quite as wise as you, And even more fruitful be.

—Mary A. Denton, in Youth's Companion.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, my uncle, Colonel Edouard Griffard.

At the age of forty he was Colonel of a regiment of Hussars, and an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Such was my uncle Edouard when, in 1869, it was our fortune to be in camp together at Chalons, where his regiment, which had been decimated by yellow fever, had been ordered.

He was not more than six years my senior, and he loved me as though I was a younger brother.

One day I was dining at his mess, and while we were over our coffee the Sergeant entered and handed him a letter.

"It is Suzanne. She is right, poor girl. I ought to have informed her of my arrival."

Then he handed me the letter, saying: "What progress she has made!"

"Why, of course!" I replied, "she is seventeen years old; you forget that."

One morning my uncle aroused me early. Two saddled horses were waiting for us, and I accompanied him in his daily ride.

"Why do you not marry?" I asked. "Because I have not cared to do so. And you?"

"Ah, I am too old. What do you think of Suzanne?" "She is one of the most beautiful and fascinating girls I have ever met."

"Very well, I wish you to marry her." "I looked him full in the eyes. He was confused."

"That is not true," I said. "You love her." He laughed with a forced laugh as he replied:

"Nonsense! my ward! Why, I am twenty-three years older than she! I would be mad to think of marrying her."

"I do not know whether or not you are mad, but I know, my dear uncle, that you are trying to deceive yourself."

"It is not so," he answered. "If I thought it was generally supposed that I wished to marry her I would leave this place at once."

"Ah, well, let us say no more about it," I said. During breakfast I observed my uncle and Suzanne. Her manner toward him was winsome and attentive, while he was reserved and severe.

After breakfast, as the morning was beautiful, we all went into the garden. As we were leaving the house I told Suzanne that I wanted a few words with her, and we walked apart from the others.

"Ah! already!" I perceived that my uncle was casting a quick look toward us. It was Suzanne who first spoke.

"My guardian," she said, "told me of his plans yesterday. I do not know whether or not you agree with him; but, before you tell me, I wish to say that I shall only marry a man whom I love, and I do not love you."

"I thank you for your frankness," I replied. "I do not, however, agree with my uncle, and I approve of your sentiments. I cannot understand why he should be so anxious for us to marry."

"It is not difficult to understand," she answered. "He wishes to rid himself of a troublesome ward, as he himself desires to marry. He evidently loves some woman. But why doesn't he marry and leave me by myself? I will not trouble him. I can remain as a teacher in the convent where I am studying. That is my choice."

A tear rolled down her soft cheek. "You would not like to see him married?" I said.

"I!" she exclaimed. "It would be nothing."

She did not finish the sentence; a sob choked her. Then, suddenly turning from me, she ran down into the garden, leaving me standing alone.

"How she loves him!" I exclaimed. That evening I went to my uncle's chamber and related the scene to him. He was pale as a specter.

"You have done a bad thing," he said. "How so, since I have revealed you to each other and shown you how to be happy?"

"Happy?" I exclaimed. "I tell you that I would be a monster if I should marry Suzanne!"

I was dumfounded. He made me promise that Suzanne should never know what he was about to reveal to me. I felt that I was growing as pale as my uncle.

"Do you know how the father of Suzanne died?" he asked. "Do you know that?"

His emotion was terrible to see; he trembled like a leaf. "I killed him! Do you hear? He was killed, and I was his slayer. And I love his daughter with a passion that is killing me—that is my horrible explanation—"

"Oh! yes, I know the duel was fair. I challenged him. He was an old wrangler, jealous and envious. He was ill-favored, disagreeable and had no chance of advancement. I was handsome, popular, and rose rapidly in the service; I was envied; I was Fortune's favorite. He insulted me. Fortune's favorite to the last, I killed him. Fortune's favorite to the last, I love his daughter and she loves me. But we cannot join hands over the dead body of her father. On his death-bed he called me to him and gave me his written testament in which he made me the guardian of his daughter, who was henceforth alone in the world; and as he gave it to me he said:

"You have killed the father; you will watch over the child."

In less than a year from the time my uncle told me of his duel with Suzanne's father, the battle of Worth was fought. Our forces were in retreat, and we were approaching Niederbronn. I was galloping beside my battery, doing my utmost to save my guns.

"Make way there! make way!" cried my guides to a troop of Hussars who were crossing our path.

I recognized the regiment by the color of their uniforms. I put spurs to my horse and hastened forward. In the centre of the group I recognized my poor uncle Edouard; he was pale, bleeding, dying, supported in his saddle by a few of his Hussars.

On entering Niederbronn I ordered a halt before the house of a physician, who was a distant relative of our family. I had my uncle taken into the house, where many of the wounded soldiers had already been received.

The doctor shook his head as he examined him. The Colonel had received a terrible wound from a lance that had pierced his breast. I wept holding my uncle's hand, which was already growing cold. I felt his pulse flutter. I raised his head. He gave me a glance which I understood. I put my ear to his lips.

DOMESTICATION OF THE BUFFALO.

Regarding, then, the buffalo as an animal well worthy conserving, what are his good and bad points? First of all, he is hardy, not liable to disease, and on the plains of the American and Canadian Northwest he can forage in deep snow and live in the open air all winter long.

His meat brings nearly as good a price as beef. His robe is worth \$25 to \$40; and his head taxidermized, thanks to the decorative tastes of sportsmen, fetches as much as the robe, or even more. So much for the credit side of the account; now for the debit. The buffalo is a strong brute, and of a temper at times so fierce that his domestication is a task not seldom accompanied by decided hazard.

Ordinary fences are as gossamer to a buffalo bull, especially during the irritable years when he is past his prime and finds himself less attractive than of yore. Still, the example of well-behaved domestic cattle, with which buffaloes readily amalgamate, is very effective. It is not, however, in mere domestication, but in cross-breeding, that the buffalo's value consists. In pairing a buffalo bull and domestic cow the young are brought forth without any unusual percentage of loss being sustained. The offspring combines good points of sire and dam. It has nearly all its sire's hardiness and strength, and so much of its dam's tractability as to be well suited for draught purposes. When killed, the net weight of its carcass exceeds that of a buffalo's, while the meat is better. Such a carcass has been known to weigh as much as 1100 pounds net. Its robe is much more valuable than the buffalo's; for its fur, instead of being chiefly bunched at the mane, is evenly distributed over the hide, and is much finer in quality—its present value being from \$50 to \$75. A buffalo paired with a half-breed cow produces an animal quite as hardy as its sire, but not quite so large. Experiments of much interest are in progress with various strains of domestic cattle, the outcome promising to be perhaps only less important than the original domestication, and subsequent mulling, of horses and cattle from their primitive wild forms. —Pittsburgh Courier Monthly.

CORNERING THE MARKET.

Watching the Markets—They Buy and Control the Supplies and Beat Them Out at Big Profits.

The ocean cable has revolutionized commerce. It has wiped out of existence the old-time merchant who speculated in his own odd way on the rise and fall in prices of the products of foreign countries. Nowadays the telegraph is too quick for him. The cargoes of goods and necessities on the sea are told about. The chances for big crops are among the things gossiped about along the wires and the cables every day of the week from Teheran to Boston. Yet, somehow or other, bright merchants occasionally make a profitable corner in products, in spite of telegraphs and swift steamers. Take the case of Mr. Joseph J. O'Donohue. He is in a position to-day to dictate the price of tea, notwithstanding railroads, steamships and cables, for it would take a good month to order tea from China before they could arrive in New York, and meanwhile the public must buy their tea of Mr. O'Donohue or go without.

It cost him a cool half million dollars to get up this little corner in tea. It was not done by steady buying, or as the result of long expectation, but was largely luck with a small supply on hand and no goods on the way, and the sharp-witted Mr. O'Donohue saw a chance for a quick turn, and in a couple of days bought up every box of tea in the great wholesale market. As usual, it was only when the deal had been consummated that the other speculators saw what a chance they had missed. Mr. O'Donohue is now unloading rapidly at a small advance upon the purchasing price, but it is safe to say that he will realize \$150,000 and have all his money back at the end of the month.

Could he hold up the market for any longer period he would make a much greater profit, but, fortunately for a public, cables and fast steamers and railroads have brought prices all over the world almost down to a dead level for staple articles, and it is only under exceptional circumstances that a small corner can be manipulated, and then it lasts but a short time. It is in the obscure products that active speculators, who desire to get up little corners of their own, now look for a chance, for the collapse of the copper syndicate shows what fabulous sums are needed to inflate the price of a staple article and how impossible it is to prevent competition.

A year or two ago there was a failure in the American hop crop, and importations began under a heavy duty. A sharp young man downtown, who was familiar with the beer trade, bought up all the aquasiva wood he could by his hands on. This is a wood that is used mostly for medicinal purposes, having a tart flavor that makes it a good appetizer and the wood used hardly more than a few shiploads a year. The brewers, however, rely upon this wood to re-ferment their mash when hops are high, and when it is thus used barely a fourth of the usual quantity of hops is necessary to give beer the required flavor. This young speculator had the American brewers at his mercy, and he realized a small fortune out of the deal without the general public hearing anything about the affair.

Last year an amateur coin collector went abroad and somehow started a report that several bushels of rare Greek coin had been found in recent excavations. Instantly the value of these coins fell under this bear movement, when he quietly went to work and bought them all in. It was soon discovered that the reported discovery was a hoax, and when prices went up again the amateur speculator was able to make the cost of a European tour out of the deal. Another curious corner was made in peanuts by an Italian in this city not long ago, and it furnished an immense amount of fun to the Stock Exchange jokers, who labeled him a Napoleon of Baxter street.

In the drug trade numberless small corners are being gotten up all the time, and in many instances the speculators are wiped out. Quinine is a favorite speculative commodity that frequently doubles in price. It takes a large sum of money to manipulate these deals in obscure articles, however. It is not long since a London banker was ruined because he attempted to corner indigo in imitation of a rival who made a fortune out of a speculation in cochineal, which is a dye that has no other use than to color the red coats of the British army. If Lord Wolsey succeeds in reforming the red-coat out of existence the cochineal industry of Central America, which employs thousands of natives gathering these minute insects, will be ruined.

A lot of small booms have been engineered in the bric-a-brac trade, which produces not only curiosities in ivory but in flesh and blood. One old gentleman in this city has for years been getting possession of all the floating Egyptian rings which he could buy cheap, confident that the day will come when there will be a rush for these ornaments, while an uptown crank says that the Indians are so rapidly passing away that their relics will in a few years command a high premium and he is laying in a stock of arrow heads and dried-up scalps. —New York Star.

SHEDDING A HAIR OF GLADSTONE.

A Naples correspondent gives an anecdote which, he says, deserves to become historical. "Sitting exactly behind Mr. Gladstone in church I saw a gray hair tumble on to the collar of his overcoat! Hearing once how a lemon squeezed by the Prince of Wales instantly became of immortal value, it occurred to me that a hundred years hence this short iron-gray hair might likewise attain distinction, so I carefully picked it off and held it between my thumb and finger. The next thing was to bring it home and preserve it, but on the way I—no! not I—but sold it. Meeting an Italian deputy of high position I showed him my trophy; he got tremendously excited, seized my hair (the gray one), threw me a 5-franc piece and bolted." —Pittsburgh Courier.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO RENOVATE BLACK CASHMERE.—Boil a handful of tea or peppermint leaves if you design to renovate black cashmere in a pot of hot water, strain, and in the decoction wash the cashmere. When clean, rinse thoroughly, wring and wrap in white muslin until nearly dry, which should be in about twenty-four hours; iron on the wrong side while damp. —Detroit Free Press.

HOT WATER.—Applied to a bruise, hot water will allay pain and prevent discoloration. It has superseded medical "eye-waters" in the treatment of inflamed and aching eyes. An American author, whose excellent eyesight was wonderful, when one considered her age and the immense amount of literary labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her eyes freely in water as hot as could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for many years. For the bath, hot water is incomparably better than cold, which contracts the pores and thus roughens the skin.

Florence Nightingale says: "One can cleanse the whole body more thoroughly with a quart of hot water than with a tubful of cold." —Sunshine.

TO PAPER LIMED WALLS.—The lime-washed wall is brushed over with a strong solution of alum, after which the following preparation is used, viz.: Eighteen pounds of finely powdered white bole, a kind of clay to be procured at the paint or drug stores, is softened with water, the surplus water being poured off; one and a half pounds of powdered glue are boiled with one gallon of water until dissolved, and this is mixed with the bole and two pounds of calcined gypsum; the mixture is forced through a hair-sieve by means of a stiff brush, and is then diluted with hot water to the consistency of a thin cream. This is laid on the wall, and when it has dried the paper is put on in the usual way. A good way to make the paper adhere still more firmly is to first put on the newspapers and brush the outer surface well with the paste as the papers are laid on the wall paper then adheres closely. Some alum should be dissolved in the paste to prevent the too common mold which attacks the paste. —New York Times.

CURRENTS ARE SMALL GRAPES.—A frequent error among those interested in cookery is to suppose that the imported articles called currants, used in fruit cakes, mince pies, plum puddings, buns, and the like, are a fruit resembling our own black or red currants dried. It really these dried fruits which we call currants are just as much raisins as anything that is ever under that specific name, being a small dried variety of grape, although of a "single" small variety, each grape being smaller than a common pear and each bush only two or three inches long. These little grape bunches are picked and dried in the sun, and are so full of saccharine matter that the exuding sugar crystallizes them into a compact form of sufficient hardness to require considerable strength to open the mass and prepare the fruit for packing; they being then a second time compressed, this time by means of treading with the feet, which process perhaps accounts for a good deal of the dirt and gravel usually to be found packed with them. The grapes grow all through the islands and adjacent regions of the Grecian Archipelago, and being exported originally from Corinth, they were called corinthi, which word was gradually corrupted into currants, till the primitive plant and its fruit were forgotten in the remembrance of the little round berry of our own gardens, which might be dried from now till doomsday without developing sugar to melt them together as we find the Zante currants melted. —Harper's Bazar.

CABBAGE COLDS.—Chop cabbage; season with little salt and vinegar. Sweeten with rich cream and turn over cabbage just before serving.

BOILED TONGUE.—Let it stand in water over night, and in the morning wash out the salt, which is put into the water to preserve it. Boil in plenty of water till tender. Remove the skin while hot, and when the tongue is served garnish it with parsley.

ASPARAGUS.—Cut the heads about five inches long; let it stand in cold water half an hour, then tie in bundles; put them into boiling water, with salt to taste, and boil twenty minutes. Take them from the water, drain, remove the string and serve on slices of toast.

BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS.—Cut the steak three-quarters of an inch thick and fry in hot butter, and when nicely brown remove from the frying-pan and keep in a hot dish before the fire; have in readiness a plateful of sliced onions seasoned with pepper and salt, put them into the pan and cover to keep in the steam; when soft and brown pour over the steak and serve immediately.

SPINACH.—Pick over carefully, remove the yellow leaves and cut off the ends of the stalks. Wash in four or five waters, then lay in a colander to drain. Put it into a saucepan of boiling water, with a tablespoonful of salt. When it has boiled three minutes strain the water off and fill up again with boiling water. Keep it boiling till tender, which will be in about ten minutes; squeeze it dry, lay it on a dish and cover in squares.

ROAST LAMB.—Secure a quarter of lamb, trim and roast in hot oven so as to be cooked through and nicely browned all around; make a gravy from the drippings in the pan, pour this gravy over the lamb. Chop one large bunch of green mint very fine and mix with one pint of vinegar and three-quarters of a pound of pulverized sugar, stir until thoroughly mixed, and serve. This sauce can also be boiled and cooled again to make a stronger mint flavor. Wash off the contents of two cans of French peas, put in a saucepan with a piece of butter, salt and pepper, toss over a fire to become thoroughly hot, and serve.

THE OLD VANE.

Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak! The 'ol' vane be blue or gray, Here, from my perch, a word I speak To all who glance my way.

Flushed by the morning's earliest light, Before the town's awed, Kissed by the starry beams of night, With every wind I whirl, Ever a message true I speak, Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!

Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak! The farmer heeds me well; Over the fields, his hay to seek, He hies, when rain I tell, Slaves of the breeze; yet tyrant I To those who watch below; Joy or regret, a smile or sigh, Unearthly I bestow, Ever a message true I speak, Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!

Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak! I watch the snow-snows weave; Keen arrows of the rain so bleak, Sun lanes I receive, All's one to me; my task I do, Untrifling, year by year; A lesson may this be to you, Whose glances seek me here! Ever a message true I speak, Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!

—George Cooper, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dressed hens look chic. Late habits—Night gowns. A head gardener—The barber. Court plasters—Awards for damages. Words of wit—"Bring that bill next week."

Walter's epitaph—He couldn't wait any longer, so he went. Better to be a loan than in bad company was not written of our umbrellas.—Life.

Even the tiger is not without affection. He is very much attached to his paw and claw. Girls who use powder don't go off any quicker than those who don't.—Boston Courier.

The homely girl is seldom mentioned, and the pretty one is also seldom mentioned. The railway sandwich is an instance where they never succeed in making both ends meet. Even the most unemotional man can't contain himself when he goes to sea.—Terra Haute Express.

A Stray Thought.—"Do Few—"I have an idea." Van Ripper—"Can't you find the answer?"—Munsey's Weekly.

The press feeder sooner or later finds that the press is in temperate. It often takes five fingers.—New York News.

Tommy—"What did your mother do for your cut finger?" Little Johnnie—"Licked me for cutting it."—Essex.

Lobsters and babies are alike in one respect. They both turn red when they get into hot water.—Burlington Free Press.

Artist—"What do you say to my new picture?" Critic—"I am not going to say anything to it unless it says something to me."

"You can't do anything without money, my boy." "Oh, yes, you can." "I'd like to know what?" "Get in debt."—Statesman.

It is an indication that peppery times are near when the salts are mustered for action on board of a man-of-war.—Boston Courier.

A long-winded artillery captain had his pocket picked in Denver recently, and his companions speak of him as "another rifled bore." The highest office in the gift of the President is that of Postmaster at Mineral Point, Col. It is 12,000 feet above the sea level.—Norristown Herald.

The pretty young misses at church fairs are continually laying themselves liable to arrest on the charge of robbing the males.—Rehoboth Post-Express.

Though a maiden's voice be squeaky, 'Tis it cannot be discovered. That the dollars of her dandy Make it very silver toned. —Detroit Free Press.

A Born Grumbler.—"I am the unluckiest man living. Here I find a piece of money, and it is only a nickel. If any one else had found it, it would have been a quarter."

She—"Isn't Miss Ambler a perfect daisy?" Mr. Jonathan Trump—"Yes, they are all daisies, but after awhile they lose their petals in the game of 'love me, love my net.'"—Life.

"It is the partings in this world that give us pain," sadly sings a poet. It is the meetings too. If you don't believe this, ask the man who has a note to read.—Boston Courier.

The old-time daylight was even dimmer than parlor gas. Still, the young men of those days were very well satisfied with it and didn't call early to avoid the rush.—Terra Haute Gazette.

"You say your son is a painter, Mr. Browne. Is he a landscape painter?" "No, I think not. His last job was on the Gateway flat house. He is more of a fire-escape painter."—Harper's Bazar.

"You appear to be in good health," said a prison visitor to a convict. "It is only in appearance, sir," replied the convict. "for the fact is I am confined to my room more than half the time."—Siftings.

A busy doctor of Scranton, Penn., sent in a certificate of death to the health officer, and inadvertently placed his name in the space for "cause of death." This is what might be called accidental exactness.—Chicago Herald.

A five mouse fell into a pan full of milk. It swam round and round in its efforts to get out, but in vain. However, through the activity of its movements the milk was at last churned into butter, when the mouse was enabled to jump out of the pan and regain its liberty.—Osselle de Quatrecent.

The number of places of religious worship in England and Wales, certified, recorded, and on the register at the close of 1888, was 25,897, an increase of 630 in the year.