

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Belgium is as convenient to the offenders of France, as Canada is to the boilers of our land.

Japan is now a constitutional monarchy. Its progress toward liberal government has been by gigantic strides.

The total cost of the Paris Exposition is expected to be \$10,000,000. The Government contributes the greater part and the city of Paris most of the rest.

Senator Stanford, of California, offered \$50,000 for Kentucky Prince, and this, according to the Spirit of the Times, was the largest sum ever offered for a horse, but it was refused.

In Toronto, Canada, through the efforts of the Humane Society, a work of humane literature, compiled by the Society, has been adopted as a text book in the public schools.

Nothing is more apparent at the present juncture, states the New York Graphic, than that the Italians are staggering under quite as heavy a load of taxation as they are able to bear.

It is estimated that the value of the land contained in Central Park, New York city, which originally cost \$6,500,000, is now worth, at least, over \$100,000,000. The maintenance of the Park costs nearly \$400,000 a year.

Seven nations have debts much larger than America, and the obligations of Italy and Egypt are well up toward the American sum. The debt of France is five times as large; the English debt is four times as large as ours.

It is significant, thinks the London News, that the Germans have recently thought it worth their while to detail to their American legation a "technical attaché," with the prescribed duty of watching the new experiments in implements and means of warfare.

Thomas Ewing Sherman, the only son of General Sherman, now studying at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, will be ordained a Jesuit this summer. He launched out into the fashionable life of a young of his station, but suddenly retired from the social world to enter upon a clerical career.

Is there any crime, outrage or brutality in this world that a woman won't forgive in the man she loves? asks the New York Mail and Express. "Here's Mrs. Bohan, the poor creature whose brute of a husband roiled gouged out both her eyes last fall, visiting and caressing him in the prison to which he was sent for his mutilation of her."

Statistics, Miss Knutshill-Huggess says, have been recently collected as to the health of women university students after leaving college in England, and in particular those who have married. The results fully bear out the conclusion of Sir William Gull as to the advantage of thorough intellectual training for girls, even from a medical point of view.

Daniel A. Loring owns more stock-gambling "bucket shops," asserts the New York Graphic, than any other man in this country. He has about 200 scattered in different parts of the United States, and his telegraph bill annually is \$500,000. He is a great believer in real estate and invests most of his profits in good New York property. Personally he is youthful in appearance, with a smoothly shaven face, a clear blue eye and ruddy complexion.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that at Rondout-on-the-Hudson a man died, leaving a property valued at \$2000. This was partly mortgaged. The mortgage and costs involved amounted to \$1999, thus leaving but \$1 to be divided among the widow and fourteen heirs. The widow will, however, have only the one of this dollar during her lifetime, and must leave it to her heirs at her death. There were twenty-two defendants in this interesting case.

It is a curious outcome of what appeared at one time a bellicose situation in the Sannoa waters, moralizes the Chicago Times, that the elements rise up and drive the warships of Germany and America upon the rocks, destroying them. They encountered a force in nature more powerful than either of them and sinking into the yeast of waves are seen no more. It was an appalling disaster. The English, with their usual good luck at sea, were not sufferers.

It would seem, remarks the New York News, that in the Spanish Cortes at Madrid the question of selling Cuba has been, if not discussed, at least referred to, as otherwise there would be no cause for the emphatic declaration of the Spanish Minister of the Interior, that "Spain would never consent to sell Cuba to the United States or any other country" and that there was not wealth enough in the whole universe to buy even the smallest portion of the Spanish territory."

SIXTY AND SIX.

Light of the morning, Darling of dawn, Blithe little, like the daughter of mine! While with thee ranging Sure I'm exchanging Sixty of my years for six years like thine. Wings cannot vie with thee, Lightly I fly with thee, Gay as the thistle down over the sea; Life is all magic, Comic or tragic, Played as thou playest it daily with me. Floating and ringing Thy merry singing Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds. List to the play of it! That is the way of it; All's in the music and naught in the words— Glad or grief-laden, Schubert or Haydn. Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay, Like an evangel Some baby angel Brought from sky-nursery stealing away Surely I know it, Artist nor poet Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours. Sorrows, what are they? Near, or far, they Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers. Years, I am glad of them! Would that I had of them! More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine. Ago, I make light of it! Fear not the sight of it, Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine. —Thomas W. Higginson, in The Century.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"You are very foolish to think of it at all," said Miss Antonia Blodgett. "Let me look at it," said Miss Blodgett, and in an instant she recognized the straight, clear handwriting of John Avenel. "Oh, yes, I see! I'll take charge of it, young man."

"Will you be sure teacher gets it?" eagerly panted the lad. "Cause he gimme a—"

"It's all right," said Miss Blodgett, turning back into the house and running hurriedly up to her own room. "The must be a fate in it," said she, untying the new, rustling bonnet-strings. "I wonder what he can possibly have to say to her! I'll just hold the letter over the tea-kettle spout for a minute—it's easy sealed up again—and if it should be nothing but an April-fooling—"

She giggled nervously as she stole down to the kitchen to borrow a kettle of boiling water. "But it was no April fooling, it was a simple, straightforward declaration of love—a laying of Mr. Avenel's heart and hand at Madeline Murray's feet."

"If you care for me," he wrote, "come down to the parlor to-night. I shall be waiting there more anxiously than I can tell you. If you do not come, I shall never utter a word of reproach to you. You have a right to your own decision."

Miss Blodgett read the letter. She gnawed her full, red underlip, and took her resolution in the twinkling of an eye. She put away her showy walking garments, assumed a wrapper, and deluged her forehead with cologne.

And then she sent for Miss Murray to come and sit with her. "You have so much magnetism in your touch, dear," she said. "If you will only sit by me and stroke my head—"

And gentle Madeline, all unconscious of the black treachery in Antonia's heart, was only too glad to be of use. "Mr. Avenel was unwontedly pale when he came to the breakfast-table the next day."

Madeline glanced timidly at him, but ventured to say nothing but the merest "Good morning!" Antonia, however, followed him out into the hall when the meal was over.

"Forgive me, Mr. Avenel," said she, in her sweetest voice; "but I cannot withhold my sympathy for the cruel way in which you have been treated. I couldn't have believed it of Madeline Murray!"

spair of any definite order, a plate of dyspeptic-looking rice pudding, dotted over with fat black raisins.

It was almost as difficult for Mr. Avenel to make up his mind as it had been for Madeline Murray this dreary March night.

"Teacher—teacher! here's a letter for you! Hold on a minute, teacher! Wait!"

"Nonsense!" said Madeline, sharply. "She had had four different labels attached to her gown that day; her lunch basket had had its contents extracted and replaced with shavings; the 'Key to Algebra' had been skillfully substituted for 'First Lessons in Grammar,' and numberless other facetious jokes had been played on her by those young lads, her scholars, and she was in no mood for any more impositions."

"Gen'lman told me to give it to you!" breathlessly uttered the boy. "He gimme a dime, he did!"

But Madeline slipped past him into the house, taking advantage of the door being just then opened by Miss Blodgett, in all the glories of a cheap summer silk and the bonnet newly quivering with honeysuckles.

"Boy!" said Miss Blodgett, severely, "what are you doing here? None of your April-fool jokes in this house, unless you want me to send for a policeman."

"I ain't a-April fooling!" said the boy, with an injured voice. "It's a letter for her—for teacher."

"Who is it from?" said Miss Blodgett, who was not without her fair share of Madam Eve's inheritance.

"A gen'lman," said the boy. "He gimme a silver dime, he did!"

"Let me look at it," said Miss Blodgett; and in an instant she recognized the straight, clear handwriting of John Avenel. "Oh, yes, I see! I'll take charge of it, young man."

"Will you be sure teacher gets it?" eagerly panted the lad. "Cause he gimme a—"

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"The must be a fate in it," said she, untying the new, rustling bonnet-strings. "I wonder what he can possibly have to say to her! I'll just hold the letter over the tea-kettle spout for a minute—it's easy sealed up again—and if it should be nothing but an April-fooling—"

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"If you care for me," he wrote, "come down to the parlor to-night. I shall be waiting there more anxiously than I can tell you. If you do not come, I shall never utter a word of reproach to you. You have a right to your own decision."

"No, I certainly did not," said Avenel. "That is very strange," said Avenel. "I gave it to Tommy Dixon to give to you, and—"

Madeline uttered a little cry of despair. "It's the very letter," she cried. "Tommy ran after me with it, and I wouldn't take it, because I thought it was one of his horrid, teasing, little April fool tricks. Oh, what a fool I was! And an April one, too!" she added, curiously balancing on the boundary line between smiles and tears.

"Then you didn't read it?" "How could I, when I never got it?" "Shall I tell you what was inside?" he asked, holding both her little trembling hands in his.

"Yes, please do," she murmured, knowing by some strange intuition just what was coming next, and already coloring like a rose.

"Just this, Madeline. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"And—do you want me to answer it?" "Most assuredly I do."

"Then—yes!" "My own dear little girl! No, you must not go to the public school. You do not belong to the public school any longer; you belong to be. Let me walk back to the house with you, for—"

Just at this moment, however, a red-faced, panting maid servant, with an apron thrown over her head, met them on the steps, holding something white in her hand.

"Miss Murray! Miss Murray!" she cried. "I've got it for you. I knowed I could if only I waited long enough."

"Got what, Rosy?" said perplexed Madeline. "The letter as was writ to you, Miss Murray—the letter as I saw Miss Blodgett openin' over the name of the billin' hot tin kettle, through the crack of the door, had luck to be—"

"I knowed then as something was wrong, an' I jest by low an' waited till I found it in the pocket of her silk gown, attached to Miss Madeline Murray." "Sure I didn't forget the night you tuck care of me, wid the neurology in my face, an' the hop-wilds you made, at all. There don't nobody state nothin' for you win Rosy Ryan's around!"

In a second Antonia Blodgett's flushed face appeared behind the excited housemaid.

"Give me back my letter, you thief!" she screamed, before she saw Mr. Avenel and Madeline.

Then she stopped quickly, with her fingers pressed over her heart. "It ain't me as is the thief!" boldly persisted Rosy.

And Antonia judged it best to follow the matter no further. "But what was it you wanted me to advise you about?" said Avenel, afterward, to Madeline.

"About whether I should stay here or go back to the country," whispered she. "Then I advise you to stay here."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

MAKING MAYONNAISE.

In making mayonnaise stir the yolk of the egg at least a minute before beginning to add oil. The oil must be added drop by drop, one drop to every one or two circuits of the spoon. When the mayonnaise becomes quite thick use a few drops of vinegar to thin it, then more oil until sufficient sauce be made. The vinegar should be very strong. When made, the sauce should be kept cold.

SMELTS IN FRENCH STYLE.

Smelts are fried in French style, according to Miss Corson, as follows: Carefully wipe two pounds of cleaned smelts with a dry cloth; dip them in milk, then roll in finely powdered cracker crumbs, next in an egg beaten with a saltspoonful of salt and a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, and then again in cracker crumbs; fry them in enough smoking-hot fat to cover them, until they are golden brown. Take them from the fat with a skimmer, lay them on a napkin or a piece of paper to absorb all fat, and serve them laid in rows with a few quarters of lemon on the side of the dish.

MASHED POTATOES.

The object in mashing potatoes is to separate the starch cells, thereby rendering the potato less indigestible. After the potatoes are boiled, pour off the water and place them on back of range to evaporate all absorbed moisture. Then press them through a strong coarse sieve twice, or once through the patent masher. To a quart of potatoes add two ounces of creamed butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a pint of rich cream; beat it up with a fork until as light as snowflakes, and serves. Thus prepared the potato is a luxury. Do not press them with a fork or knife, as some vegetable cooks at restaurants are in the habit of doing. If they are wanted crusted, place the snowy dish in the oven a few minutes to brown. —New York Herald.

A NICE DESSERT.

A nice dessert is made with canned peaches and gelatine as follows: Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cupful of water for two hours. Boil a cupful of water and a scant cupful of sugar fifteen minutes. Mash fine one pint of canned peaches, rub through a sieve and put them into the syrup; cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Set the saucepan into another containing boiling water and add the gelatine; stir five minutes or more till the gelatine is dissolved; then place the saucepan in a dish of ice water and beat the syrup until it begins to cool; add the unwhitened whites of eggs and beat till the mixture begins to harden. When it will just pour, turn it into a mold and let it harden. Serve with cream and sugar. —New York World.

FAVORITE PIES.

Put in a pan on the stove a lump of butter the size of an egg; thoroughly mix with it when hot a heaping tablespoonful of flour; add gradually a cup of boiling water, being careful to form no lumps; beat a cup of sugar with three eggs till light, and add to the first mixture when it has sufficiently cooled so as not to scald the eggs; flavor with vanilla or nutmeg and spread in your pie tin that has previously had its crust laid on, and bake quickly with no upper crust; if desired the white of one egg can be reserved and used for frosting.

After filling your tin with under crust spread your thinly sliced apples in evenly, cover with upper crust and bake; while baking take enough sugar to sweeten nicely, and with a tablespoonful of butter, mix thoroughly till it creams; add grated nutmeg, and as soon as the pie is baked, with a thin, sharp knife carefully separate the two crusts, and laying the upper crust aside, spread the flavored butter and sugar evenly over the apples and replace the upper crust. —Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little gum arabic imparts a gloss to ordinary starch. Wash all marble daily with ammonia and water instead of soapsuds. To prevent a door from creaking apply a little stone polish to the hinges.

Sweep and dust once a week the rooms which do not daily receive this attention. To clean steel, rub the article with a piece of wash leather dipped in kerosene. Put salt in the water to prevent black calicoes from fading when they are washed.

Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good. Egg shells crushed and shaken in a glass bottle half filled with water will clean it quickly.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil. A wineglass of strong borax water and a pint of raw starch will make collars and cuffs stiff and glossy.

A good egg wash a clean, healthy looking shell, while a bad one has a dull, porous looking shell. Kerosene is unexcelled in starch to give polish; also to polish glass. It will make your windows shine like silver.

WHERE RUBBER IS FOUND.

GATHERING THE CROP ALONG THE MIGHTY AMAZON.

Pre-empting Seringoes—Congealing the Sap—Celebrated Para Biscuit—Vegetable Living Rubber Men.

Rubber is a congealed sap of the Siphonia elastica and its kindred genera, a tree, shrub, bush, vine or weed producing merchantable quantities of rubber in Brazil, the North and West Coasts of South America, Central America, Mexico, East and West Coasts of Africa and India. Even our common milk weed would produce a very fair rubber. The standard and most reliable rubber in quality, as well as the highest priced—the celebrated "fine Para biscuit"—is produced in Brazil, while the lowest grades and most irregular qualities are the productions of the West Coast of Africa; the latter, in fact, are even there deteriorating—due to carelessness or fraud on the part of the gatherers.

On the lower Amazon, among the islands, rubber is collected and brought to market every month in the year; but the rubber from the upper river gathered during the dry season only reaches market in the wet season, for the double reason of the necessity for high water to enable the river steamers to reach the higher branches of the river and the enormous distances required to be sailed over by these steamers, whose trips into Peru and the head waters back cover a greater distance than from here to Liverpool and back, and consume a greater time. Between Para and the Andes Mountains there are 30,000 to 40,000 miles of navigable water of the Amazon and its tributaries.

The rubber from this valley was formerly brought to market in the shape of bottles and shoes, made by the natives over clay molds, which were then broken and taken out. This method was continued until about 1848 or 1849, when a wooden mold something after the shape of a paddle, was adopted by the gatherers, and is exclusively used to-day.

Grants of seringoes, or rubber lands, are made by the provincial governments upon application of discoverers or explorers of same, on the condition of their occupying and working the trees, which are in turn mortgaged to the Para or Manaus merchants as security for the advancement of supplies to the gatherers against rubber to be delivered throughout the crop. Nearly all the available lands are thus taken up, although not all thus pre-empted are worked. These seringoes exist not only on the river margins, but in the interior as well—albeit, however, in low districts of a swampy nature, near or around lakes or ponds; and from these inland lakes small streams drain into the river, down which the rubber is floated to the forwarding points for shipment to Para.

Some of the seringoes are very extensive, and many men are employed—divided into gangs—some to keep the paths open from tree to tree by constant chopping and cutting at the wild and luxuriant vegetable growth, which would otherwise choke up the paths and render them impassable in a short time. Another gang gathers the milk or sap of the tree, by cutting into the bark in a V-shape, and sticking to the tree at the point of the V a small clay cup or saucer of about two gills capacity, into which the white, milky sap slowly trickles. It is then collected, brought into camp, and distributed in large quantities to the makers, each of whom has a smouldering fire of coals, covered by a portable clay chimney a foot or so high, from which issues a dense, black smoke. The operation is then a very simple one. The maker covers his paddle with a thin layer of sap, which naturally adheres to it, holds it in the smoke for a moment, at once congealing it. He then adds another layer, by dipping, and again holds his paddle in the smoke. This operation is repeated again and again, until the mercurial "fine Para biscuit" is produced. The paddle is cut out and the operation repeated.

The biscuit, when finished and cut from the paddle, contains fifty-six per cent. water, which must be wholly evaporated before it is ready to put into goods. This loss is divided between the different parties who handle it. The greatest loss is between the camp and Para, where every biscuit is cut for grading of quality. The sweatings of the camp, drippings of the trees and cleanings from the basins, etc., are more carelessly rolled together into serappy balls. In Ecuador the sap is floated on to water and mixed with ashes and other foreign stuff to hasten its congealing, not to mention that it increases its weight.

In Nicaragua the sap is drawn into the dishes and is congealed by mixing with the bruised leaves of a plant which flourishes in that vicinity.

The natives in Africa have a method of gathering by smearing the sap on their naked bodies, coming into camp veritable rubber men.

The product of rubber of the Amazon valley has more than doubled in the last ten years. The crop ending the summer of 1878 was 7328 tons, while last year's crop was 15,725 tons. The total consumption of all grades of rubber in the United States last year was 50,000,000 pounds, the value of which was about \$15,000,000. —Scientific American.

A Big Board.

A short time ago H. Herman, of New York-city, sent an agent to Scotland, Ind., to purchase a large white oak tree, which measured twenty-seven feet in circumference. He paid \$75 for it, and at once set to work to get out as large a board as possible. The tree was ripped up by means of a cross-cut saw, and a board ten inches thick, five feet two and a half inches wide at butt, and five feet wide at top, and thirty-two feet long, was hauled to the depot and loaded on a flat car. It required two yokes of oxen and eight horses a whole day to move it out and one-half miles on a broad tread wagon. The board was shipped to New York.

Canada has increased the export duty on logs \$1 per 1000 feet.

DAWN AND DUSK.

Slender strips of crimson sky Near the dim horizon lie, Shot across with golden bars Reaching to the falling stars; Soft the balmy west wind blows I Wide the portals of the rose; Smell of doves pine and fir, Leping leaves and vines astir; On the borders of the dark Gaily sings the meadow-lark, Bidding all the birds assemble—Hark, the waltz seems to tremble! Suddenly the sunny gleams Break the peppy-fettered dreams— Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven, Piping to the nymph and faun, Who, with wreaths of ivy woven, Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

Shifting shadows indistinct; Leaves and branches, crossed and linked, Cling like children, and embrace, Frightened at the moon's pale face. In the gloomy wood begin: Noise of insect violins; Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps In their atmospheric camps, And the sul-voiced whippoorwill Echoes back from hill to hill, Liquid clear above the crickets Chirping in the thorny thickets. Weary eyelids, eyes that weep, Wait the magic touch of sleep: While the dew, in silence falling, Fills the air with scent of musk; And this lonely night bird, calling, Drops a note down through the dusk. —Frank Dempster Sherman.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Rifle practice—Pocket picking. Unredeemable bonds—Vagabonds. Miss Fit isn't a very popular dress-maker. The Chinaman is a realist. He takes his cue from nature.

Lots of people are inconsistent enough to expect a mule to have horse sense. First impressions are everything, particularly when one is collecting engravings. Any man can get his wife to take active exercise by giving her enough money to shop with.

It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for the savage to get through his need of an idol. Smith—"Jones, were you enlisted during the war?" Jones—"No, but my sympathies were." —Burlington Free Press.

Why not abbreviate Alaska to L. S., which would sufficiently identify it as the place of the seal? —Boston Transcript. A new broom sweeps clean, but it doesn't sweep half as clean as a new hired girl with an old broom. —Burlington Free Press.

The mining stock seller who let his friend into the stock on "a ground floor price" had already got into the cellar. —New York News. The latest bit of Washington Territory brag is that the climate is so fine that wood grows even on hydraulic rams. —Memphis Avalanche.

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated. —Detroit Free Press. "Miss Berlin, I love you. Will you be mine?" "Yes, certainly! Why else would I have been going to a cooking school for a year?" —Philadelphia Blotter.

Tubs—"I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face." Grabs—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors." —Burlington Free Press. Artesian wells have no poetry and no romance in them. The moss-covered bucket, and the old wooden bucket, and all that sort of thing disappeared when the well became a perfect bore. —Pittsburg.

The spring fashion in European waists presents a small pattern of lighter shade than last year, with bright spots scattered here and there by correspondents out of a job. —New York World. Business Man (dejectedly)—"My dear, I mortgaged this house to-day." Wife—"Mortgaged—oh! How much?" "Five thousand dollars." "Isn't that grand! Now you can get me that diamond neck lace you've been talking about." —Philadelphia Record.

Medical Examiner (for insurance company)—"You appear to be in a very weak, nervous, depressed physical condition." Applicant for insurance—"Yes, your agents have been chinning at me for six months." —Philadelphia Record. Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2:30 A. M.)—"Susie, what time is it?" Susie (with second look at Reginald, who loosens his grip)—"A few minutes past 10, papa." Old Man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed." —Wasp.

In Persia when a railroad kills a native the natives pull up the track for miles, boycott the trains. As a practical prevention of railroad accidents this plan must be almost as effective as that of tying a director on the cowcatcher. —Savannah Journal.

Brown—"Hello, Robinson, I thought you were trying in the music to-night?" Robinson—"I just left there." Brown—"What made you leave so early?" Robinson—"A sixteen-year-old young man is trying to sing 'Last-looked-At, Ahoy!'" —Wasp.

Things that egg would rather not have said.—Mahalick—"Do you know, Miss Mannerly, that some of my friends tell me that I am deteriorating in my point of view?" Miss Mannerly—"Oh, Mr. Mahalick! That's quite impossible." —Boston Transcript. A Wise Doctor.—Doctor—"I see just what's the matter with you. You need something strengthening. Eat a plate of oatmeal, bread, every morning for a week fast." Patient—"Oh, doctor, Doctor (equal to the occasion)—"Then leave it off." —Yonkers Blade.