

Table with columns: Rate, Quantity. Rows: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Rates for various advertising durations and quantities.

American capital is rushing into Central and South America. Uncle Sam makes a profit of four cents on every nickel put in circulation.

An English mining expert declares that there is just enough coal to last Great Britain 102 years, no days, hours or minutes.

The builders in about twenty of the largest cities of the country predict that 1889 will be a larger year than was ever experienced in building operations.

The method of monthly payments lately introduced in the United States army seems to be more and more favorably indorsed as its workings become better known.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has had fifteen different fights with the city of New York in regard to putting its wires under ground, and has won its case in every instance.

The Mexican Consul at Los Angeles, Cal., turned a nice little penny by charging from \$3 to \$4 for passports to cross the line, and scooped in many green-horns. No passport is needed.

The Hartford (Conn.) Post has come to the conclusion that abducting children who are heirs to fortunes is a thrifty, growing business out West.

The vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue says, in Harper's Magazine, that there are 2500 in St. Petersburg society.

THE THREE RIDERS. Three riders set out for the temple of Fame, Each boot and spur and equipped the same.

AN ARTIST'S VISION. How many sleepless nights and weary, wandering days that haunting face had cost me, and yet I seemed as far from its discovery as ever, while the picture on which my hopes of fame were built, and in which so many beautiful thoughts and dreams were shrined, stood unfinished on my easel.

At last, one night, after painting all day in vain, I threw myself down on a tiger skin in front of the picture, utterly weary out, and fell asleep, though to this day I am not sure if what seemed merely sleep to the material part of me was not really a spiritual experience, sent by those unseen helpers who are ever near us, to prepare and strengthen me for the future pain.

I saw a mountainous coast, with deep purple hills melting into tender lilacs and faint blues as they met the sky, already breaking into the golden radiance of dawn.

Gradually, as I gazed, the fairness of the golden dawn changed into a lurid copper hue, and save the bells, not a sound was heard, while I felt a growing horror and terror in that heavy stagnant air.

I strove to fly, and in the darkness, which was growing slowly, suffused with a weird unearthly light, as if the pitiful stars had fallen back into the morning sky to comfort the waiting people, I stumbled over something in my path, and peering down, saw it was an open coffin, wherein lay a veiled woman. Half unconsciously I stretched out my hand to raise the veil, and saw the hunting face I sought everywhere in vain for my picture.

I sprang up with a cry of terror, and awoke in my darkened studio! But the face was clear now as if she really lay before me in her coffin, and still very faintly I fancied I could hear the clashing of those weird bells in the distance.

I lighted my lamp and worked on and on, with that strange feeling of possession one has sometimes—as if some mighty power outside us were guiding our hands and inspiring our thoughts.

seemed their destination, and when after paying my man I hurried into the station, I was just in time to see them disappear into a first-class carriage as the train steamed off!

There was the violet sea thundering on the beach, the shadowy purple hills growing paler against the clear gold of the dawn, and the strange, wild chorus of the bells surging and quivering through the hushed air; and then, with a gathering sense of terror and fear, the darkness, and that dead face veiled in its coffin lying before me.

With a sharp cry I awoke to find this was no dream, but a horrible reality, for the room was rocking and trembling with that sickening motion one grows to know and dread in countries subject to earthquakes, and terrible sounds of falling buildings were mingled with cries and groans of those buried beneath the ruins.

At such time all conventional barriers are forgotten, and as Ina's father and I wrung each other's hands and looked straight into each other's eyes we understood each other's hearts better than if we had been friends for years of every-day life.

We returned to England together, and I found courage as we stood before "The Vision," which held the place of honor in their drawing room, to tell Ina the story of my dream and its strange fulfillment, together with my luckless search for her all the past summer.

Six Boxes of Oranges to a Tree. James Andrews has about five acres of orange land, three acres of peaches and two acres of nectarines, besides twenty-five lemon trees.

Whence Most of the Earth Can Be Seen. Professor Whitney says that from the summit of Mount Hamilton in California more of the earth's surface can be seen than from any spot on the globe, though it is only about 4500 feet high.

her in my old friend's motherly care, promising to come back to them as soon as all possible help had been given to the unfortunate people, many of whom were still half buried beneath the ruins of their homes.

At last some one suggested that the cellars of the Francia were very large and solidly built, and probably many people were in hiding there, waiting to be released; so a party, including myself, began removing the tons of fallen stones, bricks, etc., and after great labor succeeded in making an opening into the first cellar.

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed as I seized his hand. "Dare I believe my eyes after having seen you swallowed up close to my feet? Thank Heaven, for Ina's sake!"

"Ina, where are you? My God! where can my daughter be?" I recognized the voice at once as that of the old man I had seen looking at my picture, and the girl's sweet name sounded like a hymn of peace amid the horrible scene.

"Was she in the Francia?" I gasped. "Yes," he replied eagerly; "she was with me as you groped our way down stairs, but a blow from some falling beam hurled me here, and she—where is she?"

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SLAVES OF THE BETEL NUT. PECULIARITIES AND DAILY LIFE OF THE SIAMESE. Feminine Beauty Marred—Bathers in the River Menam—Siamese Children—Floating Homes.

The betel nut, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Siam, is a native of Siam, and immense quantities of them are exported to India and other countries where the chewing of it prevails. It has a green skin and is of the size of a black walnut. It is sold in pieces of the size of a hickory nut and is of a soft, spongy nature, having a bitter stringent taste.

There were two cellars, one opening out of the other. We had succeeded in reaching the inner one, and found it crowded with people. Many of the hotel servants had gone there on the first alarm, and a few of the visitors had been guided by them, or had found their way there alone; and as these people were gradually lifted out through the hole we had made, what was my amazement to recognize Ina's father among them!

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. TO CLEAN THE POTS. The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black, it is because they are dirty.

RECENT ARTICLES regarding injurious effect of excitement upon quality of beef reminds a Country Gentleman correspondent of a circumstance, in London, Canada, of a housewife, long the meat-cook of a large hotel, who one day refused to accept an ordered roast.

WASHING WINDOWS. There is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor.

HOW TO USE FEATHERS. The wings of turkeys, geese, and chickens may be utilized, instead of being thrown away or burned up, as is usually their fate.

RECIPES. Lettuce Salad—Take crisp heads of lettuce, wash and dry, tear the leaves in pieces, cover with French dressing, turn upside down to mix well, set on ice ten minutes and serve.

Stewed Parsnips—Scrape and boil tender, mash, and to a pint of parsnips add a beaten egg, one tablespoon of flour, salt and pepper to taste.

Meat Croquettes—One pound of minced raw beef, one egg, one onion, chopped fine, one bunch of chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste; mix all together; form into small cakes, dredge with flour and fry in butter.

THE BLUE BIRD. When the welkin rings so gladly with the plow men's voices chering, With the young lambs racing madly in the fallows making merry; And the sunbeams, mirth provoking, chase the tantalizing shadows;

Life is sweet, life is sweet, so sweet! Twittry twot, twot, twot! Twittry twot, twot, twot! Twittry twot, twot, twot!

Humor of the Day. Post haste—The fast mail. "Forever shocking"—An earthquake. "Forever" on the jump—"The road. A green conspiracy—"The grass plot.

Love-making is one of the arts in which experience is not essential to success. He said in tones of sorrow, "No 'friends in need' for me. The friends that want to borrow I do not wish to see."

A debating society is debating the following important question: "If a man builds a corn crib does that give him a right to crib corn?"

A Western undertaker advertises that he furnishes "every requisite for a funeral." He must be a doctor as well as an undertaker.—Sitting.

Stranger to cashier, in restaurant—"Is the proprietor in?" Cashier—"No, sir; he has gone out to get something to eat. Back in a few minutes, sir."—New York Sun.