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Half Column, one year.....	30 00
One Column, one year.....	100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

THE COMMON CHORD.

We pay \$1,000,000 a year to the examining engineers in the pension service.
It is claimed that Germany has more able financiers than any other country in the world.
The poet Whittier has added his voice to the protest against enforcing idleness in prisons.
The trust fever is spreading in Europe, notwithstanding the disastrous ending of the copper syndicate.

Belgium is the only European country that has attempted to collect through its census the statistics of industry.

The Troy (N. Y.) Press is satisfied that at least five billion dollars in gold and silver lie at the bottom of the different oceans.

Train wreckers have a rough time in Mexico. The Government has them quietly shot, without any newspaper notoriety.

Twenty years hence, predicts the Detroit Free Press, no hunter will be able to discover a wild elephant on any portion of this globe.

Gold and silver discoveries go by miles: California, gold, 1849; Pike's Peak, 1860; Nevada, 1869; Leadville, 1870. Where is the bonanza of 1889?

A phase of benevolent work, which has come into public notice with especial prominence lately, notes the New Orleans Picayune, is the progress of town and city hospitals.

The New York Methodist Conference passed a resolution deploring the custom of raising money for church and charitable purposes by fairs, bazaars, festivals, suppers, pleasure parties and similar means of misleading or injurious tendency.

Ceylon people are interested in a rivalry as to who shall find the highest palm tree. An English railway builder named Cantrell made the first record of 110 feet, but Dr. Paton Gray has just shown a palm 117 feet high and takes the medal.

The British naval programme for the future is colossal. In addition to the thirty-eight war ships of one kind or another now in construction, seventy more are to be laid down at a cost of \$110,000,000, making 501 war ships by 1894.

Of all the races of mankind that migrate to this country, the Italians care the least about becoming the owners of land. Few of them strike out for the fertile fields of the far West to enter upon the work of tilling the soil, to live in cabins built by their own hands, and to "grow up with the country."

The Khalifa of Khartoum has kindly presented the Governor of Suakin with the head of Ras Abuda, the great Abyssinian General, for a foot ball, announces the Chicago News. It is by such little courtesies as these that the people of the East have attained a lasting reputation for politeness.

London has become recognized as the great clearing house for all European thieves who operate on a large scale. The proceeds for any great robbery committed in Europe, which it is intended to restore through negotiations, are always sent to be delivered in London, and there is as yet no legal way to put a stop to the traffic.

Three countries in Europe look to their royal nurseries for the future occupants of their thrones. Alexander of Serbia is thirteen, Princess Wilhelmine Helene of the Netherlands is nine, and Alfonso XIII. of Spain but three years of age. There is something almost pathetic, observes the New York Voice, in the interest with which, in the turmoil of political strife at this age of the world, national lives are bound up in these children.

The people of Rutland, Vt., tried the Australian system of voting at their last village district election, and a local paper reports that "over 150 votes had to be rejected owing to irregularity, while there was much grumbling before the day was over and some contested offices will result. This failure was due to no defect in the method, but to ignorance and the elimination of the element of secrecy—the voters being allowed to help and advise each other in the matter of errands.

When the practice of cremation was introduced here a few years ago, remarks the New York Sun, its advocates believed that it would soon supersede the custom of burial. But it has not grown in favor as they supposed it would grow. The subject has just been brought under debate in the Kings County Medical Society, and cremation was strongly advocated by some of its members; but it is now evident that the popular feeling against the practice is of a kind that cannot be overcome by a pagan institution, not to mention a Christian countries.

THE MAVERICK SILVER.

It was a stormy November evening, with a high wind and a pouring rain, such an evening as makes people appreciate the luxury of a pleasant home fire.

The Misses Maverick felt very comfortable as they sat in cushioned chairs, one on each side of the glowing fire, while between them the little tea-table gleamed with polished silver which reflected back the dancing blaze.

No plated ware was this, but, as the ladies often boasted, solid sterling silver which had belonged to their grandfather, and having nothing else to show in token of what the Mavericks had been in their day, they prized this lattered silver service above all things. As Miss Maverick often observed, she would prefer to lose the house over their heads, though it had been left them by an aunt, than part with one of these worn spoons engraved with the Maverick monogram.

"Alice seems very long about the tea," observed Miss Maverick, glancing at the clock. "I am almost sorry I allowed Nancy to go to her sister's." It is inconvenient, and I never feel safe without her, in case of illness or accident. She hasn't been long with us, but I think she's to be trusted."

"She is certainly sufficiently outspoken," said Miss Myra, nodding her little gray curls. "What do you think she said to me to-day? 'Miss Myra,' says she, 'if that young doctor's too poor to support Miss Alice, as I heard you say, couldn't you let 'em have the rooms across the hall that 'us no to anybody but the miss, and that 'ud save 'em their rent?' says she."

Miss Myra laughed a little, timid laugh, while she glanced half-wistfully at her sister.

But she, stiff and erect, gazed into the fire.

"Nancy must be taught to know her place," she said, sternly. "And as to Alice, I have already said that I will never consent to her marrying Doctor Darrel. Think of our bringing up that child, educating and clothing her, in the hope that she would make a match worthy of a Maverick, and the first thing that she does is to throw herself away on a poor doctor—the son of a plain farmer—who has nothing to depend upon but his practice, if he ever gets one."

"He may succeed in time," said Miss Myra, who rarely ventured to differ from her more strong minded sister. "They say he is clever, and people seem to like

ROYAL PALACE OF SIAM.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SIAMESE KING'S HOME IN BANGKOK.

Of European Architecture, but Adorned With Oriental Magnificence—The Rempit White Elephants.

The palace of the King at Bangkok, Siam, was built only a few years ago, writes Frank G. Carpenter. It looks much like one of the great palaces of Europe. It has several stories, and under the bright rays of this Siamese sun it seems to be made of marble. A closer inspection shows that the marble is stucco, and the golden elephants, each about half life-size, which guard the entrance change as you come near them from massive gold to iron gilded. Widelostways lead by marble steps through these into a great vestibule, the ceiling of which is about forty feet high and the walls of which are hung with old Siamese armor.

At the right of this is the King's audience hall. His throne is a bed and he lies on his arm or sits Siamese fashion, a Turk, while he receives his royal Council and discusses matters of the kingdom. The Ministers and nobles sit on leather-cushioned benches, and the portraits of Siamese heroes, in oil, by European artists, look down upon them from the walls. Just back of the King there is a portrait of a shaved-headed, crooked-mouthed, pale-faced, half-naked Buddhist priest. It is the high priest of the kingdom, and thus the proceedings go on under the very shadow of Buddha himself. The priests, by the way, claim that the royal family are lineal descendants of Buddha.

On the other side of the vestibule is a grand reception-room fully as wide and nearly as long as the East Room of the White House at Washington. This is paved with marble mosaic, and its high ceiling, twice as high as that of the East Room, is gorgeously decorated with carvings of gold. Brilliant chandeliers hang down from it, and about the walls are oil paintings of the royal family, and the only woman's face among them is that of the present Queen, whose sweet face looks down beside those of the King's brothers, and has the best light and the place of honor of the whole room. The furniture of this room is European, and the treasures of Europe have been ransacked to fill it. There are rare vases from Dresden, flint glass work from Venice and richly-carved gold from Siam. Through this room and on into a third grand reception-room we went with the Siamese noble. This room is full of beautiful things. Two of the largest elephant's tusks, wonderfully carved, stand beside the mantel, and an album on a little stand at the back of the room has a medallion portrait of the King painted on porcelain and set in the richest of diamonds. The corners of the room contain large cabinets filled with curious wares in gold from card-cases up to hotel-boxes, and I noticed a fine portrait of Frederick, the late Emperor of Germany, among the many oil paintings on the wall.

The audience chamber, or rather the throne room of the King, is a grand hall with a ceiling made of many colored pieces of glass and producing the same effect as the glass wall which Tiffany built between the vestibule and the long corridor of our White House. The light shining through this makes it look as though it was made of jewels and the room is lighted from the top. This ceiling, I judge, fifty feet from the floor, is vaulted and the walls below are frescoed in gold. Three immense glass chandeliers hang down from this ceiling. The White House, being done from this ceiling, and these were made for the palace of the Emperor of Austria, but were bought by the King of Siam. The floor is of marble mosaic and the King sits on a great chair or rostrum at the back. Five steps led to it, and beside him are the king's umbrellas and over him a nesterly pagoda-like crown of white and gold. Around the room there are gold trees and gold bushes, and the leaves of these are of pure gold, while their trunks are heavily plated. There were, perhaps, a dozen of these on each side of the room, and they ranged from the size of a Christmas tree down to that of a small currant bush. These are the offerings of the rulers of the various provinces under the King. They make these presents of gold trees every year, and some of them are worth fortunes. Not a few were of silver, and the silver trees were placed on one side of the room, while those of gold were placed on the other.

Siam is known as the land of the white elephant. The elephant is the imperial animal of the country, and you see his picture upon all of the flags. The old coins of the realm have an elephant upon one side of them, and the white elephant is here sacred. He is supposed to be the embodied spirit of some king or hero, and the people formerly worshipped him, and they do so to some extent now. Before going to see the palace I had read a glowing description of the white elephant of Siam. Expected to see his tusks bound with gold, to find golden chains about his neck and a superb velvet coat of purple, fringed with scarlet and gold, over his snow-white body. What I did find was four wild-eyed, scraggy-looking elephants with long tusks and with skins not much lighter than those you see in the American circus. The only white part about them was their long flapping ears, which seemed to be afflicted with the leprosy. The remainder of their skins had the whiteness only of disease, and I was told, as a rule, the white elephants of Siam are mad elephants.

These beasts were in dirty stables and they were chained by the feet to great wooden posts. They had dirty keepers and there was no sign of royalty about them. Their keepers fed them some grass while we were present and they performed some ordinary circus tricks for us. The glory of the white elephant has, in all probability, departed, and the elephants of the interior of Siam are made to work quite as hard as their brothers all over the world. One of the punishments of Siam is making convicts cut the grass for these royal elephants. One of them killed his keeper the other day, and this same holy beast made a snap at me with his trunk when I entered his stable.

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WHOLESALESMEN OF COLD FOOD.

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CLEANING FINE LACES.

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In cleaning bed chambers all furniture should be moved, pictures and ornaments taken from the walls and carpets taken up. Bare walls, if hard finished, should be wiped down and papered over, cleaned off with a dry cloth. Paints should be washed; windows washed and polished; floors wiped off with hot water, and rinsed with strong brine. In washing closets and privies, very hot water should be used, and after drying thoroughly, they should be sprinkled with benzine to destroy vermin and moths. Carpets should be freed from dust before putting down. If spots of grease or dirt still remain, they can be removed with hot water and pearline. When bed chambers are in order, the parlor and dining-room should be cleaned in the same way, and then the kitchen, where special care should be taken. All the baking pans, tin ware and crockery utensils should be put in boiling water, and then scoured. The walls should be white-washed and floors scrubbed; sinks and dishes should be cleaned with carbolic acid and hot water. After the house has been cleaned from attic to cellar, the yard and out-buildings should undergo the same process, all rubbish and dirt being hauled from the premises, and lime and carbolic acid freely used to cleanse and purify.

SALADES.

Many delicacies and healthful salads may be made from vegetables, says Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, which are particularly appetizing and acceptable at this time of the year, when the appetite requires tempting.

Asparagus Salad—Boil two large bunches of asparagus in hot water, drain, cut off the tops, throw in cold water, and stand half an hour. Then dry carefully, put in a salad dish and pour over a dressing made of a tablespoonful of vinegar, then a tablespoonful of olive oil, a little pepper and salt. Set on ice.

Lettuce Salad—Wash crisp center leaves of lettuce, and dry. Break or tear the leaves to pieces with a silver fork. Make dressing of half a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, with pepper and salt. Pour over the lettuce and serve immediately.

Celery Salad—Cut the stalks of white celery into pieces half an inch long. To every pint allow half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Dress the celery lightly with salt and pepper, mix with the dressing and heap on a cold dish; garnish with celery leaves.

Kale Salad—Strip from the stalks the inside leaves of tender kale, lay on a dish; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour over a dressing of raw egg, three tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream, two of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of mustard, beat all together.

Onion Salad—Cut up a dozen young spring onions, season with salt and pepper. Take a tablespoonful of vinegar and three of salad oil, mix and pour over the onions, then place a layer of hard boiled eggs on the edge of the dish.

Spinach Salad—Take two dozen heads of spinach, put on a salad dish, season with salt and pepper. Set on ice. Take the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, beat fine, add mustard, salt, pepper, with a tablespoonful of melted butter, mix them thoroughly and then with vinegar pour over the spinach. Garnish with hard boiled eggs sliced.

Dandelion, cresses, turnip tops and mustard all make excellent salads prepared as lettuce salad.

HOW THEY RIDE.

Pace, pace, pace—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace,
Facing gently into town,
To buy a bonnet and a gown;
Paring up the narrow street,
Smiling at the folks they meet—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace.

Trot, trot, trot—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot,
Riding after fox and bound,
Leaping o'er the meadow's bound,
Trotting through the woods in spring,
Where the little wild birds sing—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.

Rock, rock, rock—
That's the way the sailors ride,
Rock and reel from side to side—
Rock, rock, rock,
Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas,
Tossing in a northern breeze;
Thinks that he must veer and tack,
When he mounts a horse's back;
Rocking east and rocking west,
Jack Tar rides, dressed in his best—
Rock, rock, rock.

Sleep, sleep, sleep—
That's the way by Ned will ride,
Floating on the slumber tide—
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Out upon the drowsy sea,
Where the sweet dream-blossoms be,
Far away to Sleepy Isle;
Sailing by Ned "Good-night," he smiles;
Sinking down in pillow-deep,
Little Ned is fast asleep—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
—Anne M. Lilly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

apparent ingenuousness is frequently genuine ingenuousness.
"So you are a jail-bird, eh? What did they put you in for?"
"It is when the Young Idea first begins to shoot that a little learning is a dangerous thing.
Although baseball is termed the noble game, a third of the men engaged in each nine are base-men.—Graphic.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—Tvere Haute Eprou.

Customer—"Say, waiter, this shad tastes very fishy." Waiter—"Yes, sah; shads is fish, sah."—Philadelphia Record.

I cannot sing the old songs.
As I have been requested,
When last I tried to warble them
The Mayor had me arrested.
—Nebraska State Journal.

"I wasn't exactly mad about it," said Silthursby, discussing his ejection from a theatre, "but I was somewhat put out."
—Harper's Bazar.

"Why do they call them spar buoys?" she asked the purser. "O," said he, "I suppose because they are always fighting the waves."—Ocean.

"Alack," he said, "there is a bill. But what's the cash with which to pay it?"
"Alack," he said again, forsooth,
It was a lack that made him say it.
—Merchant Traveler.

Fond Mother—"You must remember, Emeline, that five feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter—"True, mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats."
—Time.

Scene: A lonely spot on a dark night.
"Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man?" Beside this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world."
—Boston Gazette.

Rose (at the cafe)—"Let's see. We've ordered Irish potatoes, haven't we? What can we have to match them?" Emily—"Ah, yes! Waiter, a pat of butter, please."

Amateur Hubert—"Me lud, five moons were seen to night, four fixed and the other did whirl." Muffled voice from the audience—"Did never—Alice—try bromide!"
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A gallant young man, under festal circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he eulogized as "a delectable clear, so sweet that honey would dish in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."
"You'll find it true if you'll observe. Although the flogging out may pain ye, 'Tis sometimes hard to draw the line 'Twixt leaveny and kleptomany."
—Merchant Traveler.

"My dear, was that a hymn you were singing to Lord Fitz de Grey last night?" asked the fond father on Monday morning.
"Oh, yes, papa; it was 'When I Can Read My Title Clear.'"
—New York Sun.

Mr. Jess Waddle (to his bride)—"Please pass me the sugar, sweetness!" (Looks up in some confusion as the waitress ladders him the sugar bowl with unusual slendery. Suppresses laughter from the other boarders.)
—Judge.

A Western college has a school for journalism in it. "John, kill that editorial on 'The Whastness of the Where,' and cut down 'A Lunar Myth,' so that we can give half a column to the 'Esthetics of Canine Countess!'"
—Merchant Traveler.

Papa (that is to be)—"You make a draft of your plans after marriage, George, and submit it to me." George—"I thought I'd leave that to your generosity, sir. About fifty thousand will do, though. I'll draw when we get to Paris."
—Chicago Journal.

A man fell overboard near Havana, and a lawyer jumped into the water to rescue him just as a shark started to seize the poor fellow. The shark reached the man first and swallowed him, but the lawyer was the quicker, for he succeeded in getting the man's boots and pocketbook before he disappeared from sight.—N. Y. Mercury.

The Cuban soldiers and bandits vie with each other in deeds of atrocity. At Guantanamo, while looking for kidnapers, the authorities butchered nine persons.

South Carolina devotes a week annually to tree-planting.

THE COALING OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

Talking the other day with a manager of one of our transatlantic lines he told a New York Sun reporter some curious things about the coaling of ocean steamers and the work and men on board of the big ships. It appears that time goes on all the day long consuming coal in excess on all the Atlantic steamers, which must make the voyage now in seven days or under if they would hold their own and attract custom. To do this a vessel must burn from 200 to 300 tons of coal daily, making this item of expense over \$1000 every twenty-four hours, requiring more men to handle it and taking up additional room in the hold of the ship. The Umbria burns twelve tons of coal per hour, and on every vessel of her size the journals and bearings of the machinery require 150 gallons of lubricating oil per day. The Cunard Line employs 4500 hands, including 1100 of a shore gang, 300 stewards, thirty-four captains and 146 officers.

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The Mayor had me arrested.
—Nebraska State Journal.

"I wasn't exactly mad about it," said Silthursby, discussing his ejection from a theatre, "but I was somewhat put out."
—Harper's Bazar.

"Why do they call them spar buoys?" she asked the purser. "O," said he, "I suppose because they are always fighting the waves."—Ocean.

"Alack," he said, "there is a bill. But what's the cash with which to pay it?"
"Alack," he said again, forsooth,
It was a lack that made him say it.
—Merchant Traveler.

Fond Mother—"You must remember, Emeline, that five feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter—"True, mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats."
—Time.

Scene: A lonely spot on a dark night.
"Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man?" Beside this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world."
—Boston Gazette.