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The consumption of beer and whisky is rapidly increasing in India.

"Will the supply last?" is the question the natural gas people are asking.

The famous botanical gardens at Edinburgh, Scotland, have just been opened to the public on Sundays.

Some 200 miles of road are to be built this year in Pennsylvania to develop coal, iron and timber lands.

It is predicted that Manitoba will become one of the great wool and wool-raising centers of the earth.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker thinks it wiser to improve the postal service than to establish one-cent postage.

The Argentine Republic is growing alarmed over the great influx of Italians of the poorest class and the Government has issued orders limiting the arrivals to 200 per month.

James Gordon Bennett, of the New York, London and Paris Herald, wants the United States to send a strong corps of American mechanics to the Paris Exposition to see and learn things.

An American sea captain thinks he has found a gauge of the nearness of an iceberg by the use of a foghorn, and the consequent echo. If so, remarks the New York Voice, it will prove a very valuable discovery.

Prospective emigrants are reading with much interest a paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press, to the effect that every man who settles in Colombia, Central America, gets six dollars a month, 250 acres of land, a cow, two pigs and a plow.

The action of the Connecticut House in inviting a New York woman to participate in a House debate on woman suffrage is, declares the New York Graphic, without a precedent in the eccentricities of Legislators. The Connecticut men were exceptionally gallant.

The greatest surprise of the day is the statement that the Eiffel tower at the Paris Exposition is not in fact, the Eiffel tower, but the Mongieur tower. It is alleged that it was a young engineer of that name in Eiffel's employ who first conceived the idea and worked it out.

According to Broadstreet's, the abandonment of silk culture in California is overshadowed by the action of the Governor of that State in vetoing an appropriation of \$10,000 made by the Legislature to carry on experiments. The reason given is that California cannot compete with China or Japan in that industry.

The Washington Memorial Arch, that is known very sure of being erected there, will not be one of the first-class works of art in the world, observes the New York Sun, but it will be the finest thing of the kind on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. The popular subscriptions to the fund in its behalf are still coming thickly.

The seals of Behring Sea are in great need of protection. Their earlier haunts among the Georgian Islands, off the coast of New South Wales, the South Shetland Islands, and the other places in the South Sea are almost deserted, and having taken refuge in Behring Sea, they are threatened there too with extermination.

The musicians have every reason, thinks the Brooklyn Citizen, to rise in their might and slay the inventor of the phonograph. Large ones are being constructed that will correctly register the playing of first-class orchestras, and the stage manager has but to turn one crank on the stage instead of ten in the orchestra to get superior music.

Benjamin Hurst, of the Pennsylvania Railroad has just celebrated the close of his fifty years' active service as a locomotive engineer, and he is not ready, by a long way, to retire. He is called Uncle Ben by all who know him, and he is still at work running a first-class passenger train. His eye is as clear as ever, and he stands as erect as a cedar.

During the last twenty-five years Queen Victoria has captured 447 agricultural prizes with stock from her Windsor farms. She takes great interest in cattle shows, and is a good judge of Shorthorns and Jerseys. At Windsor, on Aberfeldie farm and at Osborne she has herds of cattle worthy a royal owner. The park at Osborne is now stocked with a picturesque herd of West Highland cattle.

A rather strange way of raising the wind in Spain is a tax of twelve per cent. on money left to be expended in masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased. This may be to discourage such bequests, for a shrewd observer of Spanish affairs says: "More money has been expended than would have covered Spain's roads, even on a British scale of rate and extravagance."

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree Plants a hope. Rootlets up through fibres blindly groped; Leaves unfold into horizontal trees. So man's life must climb From the cloist of time Into heaven's sublime. Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree, What the glory of thy boughs shall be? He who plants a tree Plants a joy; Plants a comfort that will never cloy, Every day a fresh reality. Beautiful and strong, To whose shelter throng Creatures lithe with song. If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree, Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee. He who plants a tree He plants a peace. Under its green curtain jargons cease, Leaf and aphyr murmur soothingly; Shadows sweep with sleep, Dried tired eyelids creep, Balm of slumber deep. Never hast thou dreamed thou blessed tree, Of the benediction thou shalt be. He who plants a tree He plants youth; Vigor won for centuries, in youth; Life of time, that hinds eternity! Boughs that strength uprear, New shoots every year On old growths appear. Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree, Youth of soul is immortality. He who plants a tree He plants love; Tents of coolness spreading out above Wayfarers, he may not live to see Gifts that grow are best; Hands that bless are blest; Plant; Life does the rest! Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree, And his work its own reward shall be. -Lucy Larcom, in the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LAST RESORT.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES. It was a sunshiny afternoon in late May. The breezes that wooed apple-blossoms into blossom, far off in country wildernesses, served but to send clouds of dust along the city streets. But overhead the sky was blue and bright, all dappled with white clouds, and Miss Gill, Mrs. Aramis's forewoman, looked up with a sigh, and thought of the old farm in Ulster County, where she used to live many, many years ago, when she was a girl. Mrs. Aramis was a fashionable dressmaker in Montagu street. Miss Gill was second in command, and there were six young girls who sewed in a big back parlour, and a couple of "fitters" to superintend. The spring fashions were advantageously displayed upon various wire forms and waxen dummies around the show-room. Mrs. Aramis was in a certain respect a widow, checking off a large order from the South. Miss Gill stood behind the counter, and a pale, pretty young woman, dressed in mourning that had lost its first freshness, was talking earnestly to her. "So you have no vacancies at all?" said she. Miss Gill shook her head. "None," she replied. But I think if you were to apply at Severell's, next door—" The pretty girl colored vividly. "The place would not suit me," said she. "The floor-walker—" And then she stopped suddenly. "Yes, I understand," said Miss Gill. "He is rather disagreeable. I wonder," she added, within herself, "if this is the girl I've heard of, that old Fitch, the floor-walker, was determined to marry, whether she would or not. She is very pretty. And I'm sorry for her, poor thing!" "I don't know what to do," wistfully added the girl. "I am very poor, so very poor, and there are so few ways for a woman to earn her living. If one could drown oneself, and be done with it. But starvation is such a slow death." At that moment the creak of heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, and in trudged a stout, elderly woman, with a black felt bonnet, and short gray curls, blown into confusion by the riotous spring winds. "Is this Mrs. Aramis's place?" demanded she. Miss Gill bowed courteously. "I've heard a deal about it," said the elderly woman. "Mrs. Judge Jaxon, our way, bought a maroon silk dress here once. It was dreiful tasty. And I was calculating to buy a black silk dress myself. We hadn't no good dress-makers at Eventown, so I sort o' thought I'd buy it ready made. Got any nice ones?" Miss Gill came out from behind the counter. It was true that the old woman's bonnet was cheap in material, and ancient in make, and her general attire entirely deficient in effect; but these eccentric people were often the best customers. Miss Gill drew forward a handsome costume, above which was a wax face simpert with perpetual smiles. "How do you like this?" she said. "Oh, Mrs. Blinn started. "I most thought it was alive, at first," she said. "That's an awful pretty dress," "reering through her spectacles at the loops and puffs and lace cascades that decorated the rich material. "What's the price?" "We could sell this," said Miss Gill, making a mental calculation, "for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is worth more, but—" Again Mrs. Blinn started. "A hundred—said—twenty-five—dollars!" she echoed. "Why, that's more than Blinn's best team o' horses cost. I couldn't think o' giving that for a dress." Miss Gill pushed the wax-headed figure back, not without some scorn in her movement, and took a big pasteboard box from a drawer. "Here is a bargain," said she. Mrs. Blinn pricked up her ears at the word.

A SURAH SILK, RICHLY TRIMMED WITH JETS, WHICH WE CAN AFFORD TO SELL AT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

Mrs. Blinn's countenance fell. "Tain't no use talkin'," said she. "I can't afford no such price as that." Miss Gill closed the drawer with a bang. "May I ask—" began she. "I set my price at twenty-five dollars," said the customer. "I don't want none o' your fancy fixin's. Something good and plain would suit me!" "We don't deal in any such quality of goods as that," said Miss Gill, elevating her nose and compressing her lips. "I might give thirty, if I was put to it." "Quite out of the question," said Miss Gill. "Our price for making up the material alone is thirty dollars." Mrs. Blinn sighed, took up her umbrella and alighted bag, and slowly withdrew. Miss Gill uttered a snuff of disdain. "The idea!" said she. "I don't know what people expect," observed Mrs. Aramis, from her recess. Out on the pavement, however, as Mrs. Blinn was unhitching the horse and gathering up the time-worn reins, a pale, pretty young woman accosted her with timid eagerness. "I beg your pardon," said she, "but I believe you did not suit yourself at Mrs. Aramis's?" "No," said Mrs. Blinn. "I didn't." "Perhaps," hazarded Miss Frederick, "I might be fortunate enough to—" "Be you a dressmaker?" said Mrs. Blinn, turning the full focus of the spectacles directly on the girl's face. "I make gowns—yes." Mrs. Blinn paused, with her foot on the muddy wagon step. "And," added Miss Frederick, "I can undertake to make you a nice, plain black-silk dress for twenty-eight dollars." "I'm willin' to pay that much," said Mrs. Blinn. "When can you measure me?" "To-morrow," said Miss Frederick. "At No. —, Sixth Avenue, at ten o'clock. I will see about the material at once." "I'll come, said Mrs. Blinn. "It's a sort o' bother rakin' in and out of the city, but there's to be a wedding in the family, and I want the dress to wear week after next." "It shall be ready," said Miss Frederick. She watched the creaking vehicle jolt down the street, and then went straggling to the next little room of a friend of hers, who had just opened an unpretentious milliner's shop at No. — Sixth Avenue. "Jenny," said she, "I want to borrow your room for an hour to-morrow. I've got a customer, and I can't take her to the dark hall bedroom where I hibernates. And I want to paint a little sign, and tack it up above yours—for this occasion only—" "Miss FREDERICK, Dressmaker." "You shall, and welcome," said kind Jenny Plympton. Mrs. Blinn came, and was duly fitted. Miss Frederick showed her a sample of the silk, which Mrs. Blinn looked at this way and that, raved out, and rubbed between her thumb and finger in a knowing manner. "It's good silk," said she. "Yes," said Miss Frederick, "it is good silk." "When can you have it ready?" "By Saturday night." "I'd sort o' like to try it on afore I pay for it," hazarded the old lady. "I'll bring it out myself and try it on you," said Miss Frederick. Mrs. Blinn brightened up at once. "Will you?" said she. "I'll send the farm-boy in for you, then, with the wagon, and praps you'll stay over Sunday with me? You look sort o' pale. Mebbe it would do you good to breathe the country air." "I should like it of all things!" said Miss Frederick, eagerly. She arrived on Saturday night, with the dress carefully pinned up in brown paper. She tried it on, and Mrs. Blinn, Naomi Blinn and Susanna Blinn all pronounced it "a perfect fit." "Such a rich silk!" said the old lady. "A deal better quality than Mrs. Judge Jaxon's!" "Such pretty jet dangles all over it!" said Miss Susanna. "Such a stylish cut!" cried Naomi. "Ma looks dreiful ladylike in it! I wonder if Miss Frederick would make me one!" "A black silk!" cried Susanna, incredulously. "No, to-be-sure!" said Naomi. "An alpaca, or a challi, or something—Eh—what's the matter? Is she sick?" For, even as Miss Frederick was adjusting the sash drapery of the new gown, she sank fainting to the floor. "I think it must have been because I was so weak," she murmured, when at last breath came and sense returned to her. "I have eaten nothing but bread and water for a week." Mrs. Blinn who, good soul, thought a deal of her breakfast, her dinner and her supper, uttered a cry of dismay. "I am a dreiful hypocrite!" said Miss Frederick, smiling faintly. "I may as well tell you the whole truth. I'm not a dressmaker at all—only a shopgirl—only I used always to help with poor mamma's dresses and my own when—when we had money. Mamma is dead now. This, glancing at the silk gown, "was her best black silk, that I never could make up my mind to pawn. She only wore it half a dozen times, and I sponged and turned it all carefully. It's not new, but—Oh, I am such a wicked fraud!" and she burst into tears. "Don't fret, dear!" said kindly Mrs. Blinn, folding her in her spacious arms. "The dress is beautiful. Didn't I say what a fine quality it was? and a good deal nicer than the money would have bought for me anywhere else—" "And the fit," interpolated Naomi—"it's just like the fashion plates." "And," added Susanna, who had a little money of her own, which a maiden aunt had left her, "I want you to make a new dress for me, if you will. And Squire Eden's daughter wants her olive cashmere made over, and—and—Oh, we'll get lots of work for you to do, Miss Frederick, if only you will stay here."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PROTECTION FROM MOTHS. For the effectual protection of woolen goods against moths the use of cedar wood boxes and cloths is insufficient, and it is stated that there is no other means of protection against the ravages of the insect but perfectly to inclose the woolens in material which is not attacked by the moth, such as cotton cloth. Woolen goods brushed clean from dust, folded together and put into cotton bags, which were well tied, have been found perfectly intact when taken out at the change of the season.—New York Telegram. LAST USE OF LEMONS. "If you ever use lemons," remarked one housewife to a lady friend, "and have a portion of one left over, be sure you do not throw it away." "I am never without them in the house, as I always use them for flavoring; but of what use are pieces?" "Just this. The next time you think you have done with a lemon, just dip it in salt and rub your copper kettle or steapen with it. You will be surprised to find what a brilliant surface you will obtain if you rub the article instantly with a dry, soft cloth. You can polish all brass work by the same means, every stain disappearing as if by magic. A moist lemon put into a dirty saucepan half full of water will, for half an hour, cleanse the utensil amazingly and removes any odor, such as fish or onions. Try it and see if I am not right."—New York Herald. THE BENEFITS OF COFFEE. It is asserted by the men of high professional ability that when the system needs stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water makes a first class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling too long. If coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized kettle over night and a pint of cold water poured over, it can be heated to just the boiling point and then set back to prevent further ebullition, when it will be found that, while the strength is extracted, its delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes nearly ten pots of coffee per capita, it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some of our best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.—The Epitour. HOW TO PREPARE ROAST BEEF. Take about eight pounds of porterhouse roast, have your butcher remove the bone and nearly all the fat around the tenderloin or fillet, and then tie it and fasten with skewers into a circular shape. Lard it with the fatty part of bacon cut in thin strips. Place in your roasting pan with two onions cut in quarters, inserting a clove in each quarter; add a bay leaf. Sprinkle your meat well on all sides with salt and pepper, a little thyme, and dredge well with flour; add from two to three cups of stock, as it makes your gravy richer than using water alone. Place in a well heated oven and baste as often as possible to keep the meat juicy; when well browned on top turn bottom side up and brown that also all around. I allow about two hours for this piece. It will be nicely browned and still rare at the heart. When done place it on a heated platter and turn into a warming oven. Now prepare the gravy. Remove all the fat from the contents of the pan. Mix in a cup a spoonful of flour, with cold water, until smooth. Add to your contents of pan. Place on the stove, add a little salt, and allow to boil until smooth and quite a little thick, stirring constantly. It can then be strained or, as desired, Pour into gravy dish and serve with the meat.—New York Press. RECIPES. Crumb Pudding—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread crumbs, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, butter size of an egg, flavor with lemon; bake in a slow oven and when done spread over a layer of jelly, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, and one cup of powdered sugar; pour over the jelly and bake a light brown. Serve cold. Cream of Tomato Soup—Cook one quart of tomatoes for half an hour with a minced onion and some sprigs of parsley. Rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back the seeds. Set the saucepan over the fire with a tablespoonful of butter; stir in heaping tablespoonful of sifted flour, and when smooth add slowly the liquid of tomatoes and a scant half teaspoonful of baking soda. Measure the soda with a very light hand. When the foaming stops, add a quart of boiling milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and pour at once into the tureen. Serve this wafer crackers with it. Almond Sponge Cake—Take six eggs, their weight in granulated sugar, half their weight in flour, one lemon, juice and grated rind, one cup of finely chopped almonds. Beat the eggs separately. Add the sugar to the thoroughly whipped yolks. Grate the lemon rind and strain the lemon juice into this. Now put in half the flour and half the whites, which should be beaten to a stiff froth, then the balance of flour, into which the cup of almonds should be stirred. To prepare the almonds take them from shells, put into a dish and pour boiling water over them till they can be slipped from the skins. Let stand till cold and then cut them very fine with a sharp knife. Lastly add the remainder of whites of eggs and beat hard for a few minutes. Have ready two narrow long pans thoroughly greased with sweet lard and heated. Bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

A LIVELY BEAR HUNT IN THREE STATES.

One of the most exciting bear hunts of the year took place in the vicinity of Charleston, W. Va., recently. Early in the morning a big black bear, weighing about 300 pounds, was chased out of the mountains above Hedgeville, in Berkeley County, by some squirrel hunters. It crossed the Potomac to Williamsport, Maryland, where it created a great deal of excitement, and in an hour after its arrival on Maryland soil twenty-five men and twice that number of dogs were in pursuit. Brain escaped the hunters and hounds, skirted around Hagerstown, and was seen that night near Greentown, Penn., having traveled about twenty miles during the day. Most of the original pursuers dropped off, but others took up the chase from time to time, so that there was always about the same number of excited men at the animal's heels. His trail was lost over the Pennsylvania line, but the animal doubled back, and was again found near the North Mountain. There he was surrounded, and being brought to bay in a field near Quincey, was shot to death by a volley from the hunters. The animal showed fight before being shot, and was an ugly customer to handle. Beds in Japan. A Japanese bed is the matting that covers the floor. At bed time several blankets or quilts are produced. One is rolled out on the matting-covered floor and forms the mattress. The pillow, as stated above, is either a small block of wood or a wooden structure, like a miniature saw horse, intended to fit at the nape of the neck. Some more luxurious ones are rolls or little round cushions made of some soft material. When the Japanese or his visitor stretches himself on his blanket and lays his head on this executioner's block for a pillow he draws over him one, two, or half a dozen blankets, according to his fancy and the temperature of the air about him. In cold weather, Japanese houses are anything but comfortable, as no arrangements are made for heating them. The Jap, however, proposes to be comfortable in his bed, and he provides himself with a bed warmer. This is a grated box or case, with a receptacle inside, in which charcoal is burned. He puts this charcoal stove under his blanket, near his feet, and wraps his limbs about it. The Japanese will sleep this way all night.

A JAPANESE WRITING DESK.

The Jap's writing desk, like the lady's toilet set, seems to be made for very little people. The Jap does not sit in a chair to write, but kneels before his cabinet and squats on the floor. The cabinet contains a number of dainty little drawers, in which are kept paper, ink, brushes and pencils. On the top of the cabinet is a tray for the ink. One little vessel contains water in which the stick of India ink used in writing is moistened. The stick thus moistened is rubbed upon a finely polished brush with which the writing is done. Some of the paper comes in rolls, and as the Japanese writes his characters in vertical rows, he unrolls his paper and keeps unrolling until he has written all he wants to write, and then, if it is a letter, he tears the paper written upon from the roll, folds it up and sends it away. Some paper used by Japanese women is made in fancy styles with figures or flowers painted or printed on it in colors.—Washington Star.

THE MOTHER OF ICEBERGS.

It is in Alaska and Presses Constantly Toward the Sea, Into Which Huge Masses Drop From Its Front. The most notable of the glaciers in Southeastern Alaska, says Professor Horace W. Briggs, in the Sitka Alaskan, is the Muir, named from Professor John Muir, a geologist of some reputation, since he gave the first uncolored description of it. It is forty miles long, and back on the land, in a basin of the mountains, being reinforced by fifteen tributaries coming down the glens from different points of the compass, it swells to an icy sea twenty-five miles in diameter. Thence it moves with resistless power, bearing rocks and long lines of detritus on its billowy surface. Just before it reaches the bay it is compressed by two sentinel mountains into and is forced through a gorge one mile in width. Emerging from this narrow gateway it moves on, at the rate of forty to sixty feet a day, to the waters whence it originally came, buttressing the bay with a perpendicular wall 800 feet high, 300 feet of ultramarine crystals tipped with purest white being above the surface, and being pushed beyond its support in the underlying rock, a battle begins between cohesion and gravity. The latter force always prevails, and vast masses break from the glacial torrent with the combined crash of falling walls and heavy timber, a tumble into the bay with a dash and a shock that agitates the waters miles away, making navigation perilous to craft of all sizes. The most deafening roar made when these masses are rent away, the splashing baptism they receive in their fall and the leaping waters are lively witnesses to the birth of an iceberg, which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of grinding the shores, butting against its fellows and of scaring navigators. While the ship was resting unmoved near the front of this icy barrier, we were startled by the sudden appearance of a mass of dark crystal, vastly larger than our own ship, shooting up from the depths and tossing our steamer as if it were an eggshell. As the vessel careened, the frightened passengers were sent whirling against her, over chairs, or prostrate upon the deck. This strange visitor had doubtless been broken off from the roots of the icy mountain, hundreds of feet below the surface, and hence had unexpectedly appear upon the scene. Had it struck the ship fairly nothing but a miracle could have saved us. Having recovered somewhat from our dumb amazement, about twenty of us were sent on shore in the captain's gig. Landing some distance below the ice wall, we climbed seventy feet up a lateral moraine, craggy, steep and in wet gravel, down into the valley of a glacial river, forded it, paddled through glacial mud covered with shingle just deep enough to hide the creamy pools, slipped prostrate on the ice mad treacherous by a thin disguise of detritus, and barked our shins and cut our shoes on the sharp angular blocks of granite and basalt strewn for two miles, in great profusion, along our perilous route. After more than an hour of plunging and sprawling, and of pulling each other out of gray mire, about half of our number reached the uncovered glacier, and at the first glance we felt that here we should stand with uncovered heads, for we were in the presence of the marvelous, marvellous and wonderful power in action, and looked with unveiled eyes upon the potent agencies by which much of this planet has been fashioned. Away in the distance was the white lake fed by numerous frozen rivers, and these rivers were born of mountain snows fifty miles distant. The white-robed mountains themselves, seen in the past, were smoothed and grooved far up their flinty sides when this same glacier was threefold deeper and many times more ponderous and mighty than it is to-day. The larger portion of this crystal river, perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, is heaved into rounded hills and beetling precipices, quite resembling the sea in a storm; while the middle and the wider side is splintered into countless spires and needles and pinnacles, ten, twenty, thirty feet in height, and of a beautiful ultra-marine at the base shaded to a dead white at the summit. In the onward march of the glacier these pinnacles are occasionally wrenched from their seats in the solid ice beneath; they nod, then totter, and then make a plunge, and are shattered into a cloud of acicular crystals that sparkle like the frosted snow under a full moon of a winter's night, only with more of color—they are diamonds on the wing. Again the whole surface is riven by a thousand crevasses, along the bottom of which streams of clear water find their way, often broken by waterfalls that plunge further down, into the blue abysses out of sight. These chasms are frightful gaps to one peering down a hundred feet between their turquoise walls. A slip, a frail alpenstock, a feeble grasp of the guide's rope, and gravity would close the scene without further ceremony. The molecular structure of the glacier is continually changing, adjusting itself to the elevations and depressions of its rocky bed, and hence there is an incessant clicking and cracking, interrupted here and there by an explosion heard over every inch of the surface. The whole scene is weird, and strange in sight and sound—in the voices that rise to the air from the azure depths—fascinating because every step is perilous because its march is irresistible, and awful because its march is irresistible.

VERMONT CLAIMS TO PRODUCE MORE BUTTER ANNUALLY THAN ANY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION.

Consider what a force in wearing away mountains and glens an icy torrent must be, one mile wide, 800 feet deep and in the middle flowing sixty feet a day; it goes grinding and groaning and cracking in startling explosions, all mingled in a loud wail like that from the Titans imprisoned under Mount Etna. Vermont claims to produce more butter annually than any other State in the Union.

GRANDMOTHER KILT FOR THE BABY.

A jacket of blue "No color for boys," so she wrote it, "But this one will do." And she sent a gold pin with a blank for the name. "To wear till 'he' came. Next day came from lovely Aunt Mollie "What do you think? All sent, embroidered and dainty. A jacket of pink! "To dress a girl-baby in blue is a shame!" She wrote: "What's her name?" "Dear Grandma," wrote mamma one morning, "Your jacket in blue Is just the right thing for our baby, His eyes are so blue." And her note to Aunt Mollie was strange, you may think! "Our dear little girl is so pretty in pink!" I fear that you'll say her two letters At variance seemed, Or that I am telling you something I could not have dreamed; But the fact is, her stories were nothing but true. For the twins wore both jackets—the pink and the blue! —Agnes L. Mitchell, in Babyhood. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A love-letter—W. An early settler—A man who pays his bills promptly. They say a sheep-dog's favorite vegetable is a colic flower. A dog will bark up a tree. So will a horse, if hitched to one too long.—Siftings. "If brevity is the soul of wit," draws should be the funniest of men.—Pittsburg Chronicle. "Yes, Julius, the health life is a good thing, but don't look for it in the vicinity of a mile's heels."—Burlington Free Press. It is said that every man has his double. It generally occurs in youth, during the green-apple season.—Providence Journal. Many people travel for health; but you cannot travel in England without losing seventy-five or a hundred pounds.—Bazar. McCorkle—"Synthe says he never you a geude." McCrackle—"Never mind; Synthe never pays anything."—Harper's Bazar. The young King of Spain's nurses have little trouble in keeping him clean since he is himself the Castle's hope.—Hotel Mail. The mean is not the extreme, but if there is anything meaner than a hornet's stinger it has not come this way.—Binghamton Republican. Stella—"Oh, Bella, how glad I am! I haven't seen you for ages!" Bella—"Hush! I will give us both away."—Burlington Free Press. "How came Governor Buck to marry a woman inferior to him in social position?" "Oh, you forgot she began life as a governess."—Boston Gazette. Cora—"What induced you to tell Mr. Merritt I went to the party last night with George?" Little Johnnie—"A quarter."—Harper's Bazar. First Broker—"Jay Gould's stocks are feverish this morning." Second Broker—"Feverish! Is it possible that he forgot to water them?"—Texas Siftings. An Ohio church deacon exclaimed: "Consent it all to Texas!" and the verdict of the church investigation was: "Not guilty, but in bad taste."—Detroit Free Press. Husband—"A word to the wise is sufficient, my dear." Wife—"I know it, darling. That's why I have to be continually and everlastingly talking to you."—Washington Critic. Mistress—"Now, Jane, clear away the luncheon!" "Yes, ma'am, and then look after the children. I'm going around the corner to have a dress fitted." Faithful Servant—"Yes, ma'am. Will you take the night key, or shall I set up for ye?"—Time. A miller fell fast asleep in his mill, and bent forward until his chair was caught in some machinery, and almost a handful of hair was pulled out. Of course he was awakened. His first bewildered exclamation was: "Hang it! wife, what's the matter now?"—Tid Bits. Omaha Chief—"And when the shooting began you ran away from the melee?" Proud Polliceman—"Yes." O. C.—"Did you not know you would be called a coward all your life?" P. P.—"I made a hasty calculation to that effect, but I thought I would rather be a coward all my life than a corpse for fifteen minutes."—Omaha World. Some strolling actors were once playing "Macbeth" in a country town. Their properties were not kept in very systematic order, for, when the hero of Shakespeare's drama exclaimed: "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" a shrill voice responded from the "flies." "No, sir; it's the party-knife; the dagger's lost!"—Barnstable Words. CURING THE FALSETTO VOICE OF MEN. A St. Louis gentleman tells the following story: "I consulted, the other day, a well-known St. Louis specialist in throat and lung diseases, a man who is famous in the country for his original investigations. Chatting with him after my business was disposed of, he casually mentioned a discovery he had made a year before, by which he was able to cure the falsetto voice of men. "I thought it was incurable," said I. "Oh, no," he said. "The cure is a mere matter of training a certain idle throat muscle to do its proper work. You know Mr. Blank and Mr. Dash and young B. I showed them in ten minutes how to cure the falsetto voice, and after a week's exercise they all came back to me talking in full, manly baritone and bass voices." "But it is not generally known that you have discovered this," said I. "Why don't you write something about it?" "Well," said he, "I can't afford to antagonize the profession, as I should do if I advertised that I could do something other physicians could not do."

BOTH.

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