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The Michigan Legislature has passed a new and more equitable libel law.

Little Denmark expends \$55,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools.

Governor Lee says foreign capital will not be solicited to settle Virginia's debt.

The Sugar Trust is making a profit of \$3,000,000 a month or \$36,000,000 a year.

Says the New York News: "The most hopeful sign of the times in the political life of this country is the rapid spread of ballot reform."

A movement has been started by the Swiss Government looking to a universal reduction of the hours of labor for employes in factories and on farms.

Brazil has recently celebrated the first anniversary of the abolition law, by which she placed herself among the ranks of the non-slave-holding States of the world.

The New York World finds 125 men in New York worth over \$1,000,000 each, forty women and 129 firms, at least one member of which is good for a million, or a total of 294 millionaires in the American metropolises.

The population of the city of London is now, according to the most reliable estimates, 4,250,000. Of these, 4,250,000 people fully 900,000, or something over twenty per cent., are at present in receipt of some form of pauper relief.

Sir John Swinburne has discovered that the Portuguese Government has been owing England a trifle of \$12,046,205.12 for value received ever since 1815, and has never yet paid any interest on the little bill—nor given anything on account.

The new eastern express from Berlin to Constantinople, Turkey, is to run once a week. The event is hailed in Berlin as marking an epoch in German railway traveling, for it practically connects Hamburg and Constantinople direct by express train.

The Pull Mall Gazette states that many have been induced to go to Buenos Ayres from both England and Ireland, upon the representation that they would receive land and houses free. Instead, however, they have met nothing but misery, want and starvation.

The Austrian troops are being armed with what is known as the Manlicher rifle. The deadly nature of this weapon may be inferred from the fact that during target practice recently a soldier accidentally received a fatal wound from a bullet fired at a distance of two and a half miles.

It is just three hundred and fifty-one years since Don Alonzo Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, the pioneer white man, first entered what is now known as the Territory of Arizona, and yet, as far I can see, writes a correspondent to the New York Observer, the great Eastern public has very little more real knowledge of it now than then.

The military forces of England, all told, amount to about 617,000 armed men. Of this number rather more than a third belong to the regular army, which is supported by a first-class army reserve of \$2,000; the volunteers have reached a strength of 226,000, but the militia has fallen to 118,000, and only 11,000 Yeomen mustered for training last year.

There are in the civilized world an average of one deaf mute to every 1500 of the population; in other words, there are at least 1,000,000 of this afflicted class. In the United States there are 38,000, in Great Britain, 20,000; in Germany, 25,000; in France, 30,000; in Sweden, 20,000; in Norway, 11,000; and in Switzerland (the country above all others where deafness is prevalent), 10,000.

Until 1886 Maryland was the only Southern State, according to the New York Post, which had a bank that was exclusively a savings institution. In 1887 North Carolina was added to the list, and the next year South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, these four States reporting over 23,000 depositors and nearly \$6,000,000 in deposits. "Both as a sign of the development of thrift, and as a promoter of the habit," adds the Post "the rise of the savings bank system in the South is heartily welcomed."

Yale College may take to herself the credit of having, at this year's commencement, produced a novelty, states the Washington Star. The roll of honor of the graduating class is said to be made up, to a very large extent, of the names of young men conspicuous for their skill and devotion to athletic sports. The youth who in these days are winning the triumphs of the game, and who are the heroes of the press, had as certainly the making of them in the gymnasium.

CONEMAUGH.

"Fly to the mountain! Fly!" Terribly rang the cry. The electric soul of the wire quivered in the instant fire. The soul of the woman who stood face to face with the flood answered to the shock like the eternal rock. For she stayed with her hand on the wire, Unafraid, Flashing the wild word down into the lower town, Is there a lover yet and another? Into the valley she and none other Can hurl the warning cry: "Fly to the mountain! Fly!" The water from Conemaugh Has opened its awful jaw, The dam is wide On the mountain side? "Fly for your life, oh, fly!" She said, She lifted her noble head: "I can stay at my post, and die."

Face to face with duty and death, Dear is the drawing of human breath. "Steady my hand! Hold fast To the trust upon these east, Steady, my wife! Go, say That death is on the way, Steady, strong wife! Go, say! Grand is the power, you have!"

THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side of the bed to look at her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my Henrietta cloth. She lives in town"—Mrs. Ford's charming home was a little out—and my brother Jim has gone for her with the dog-cart. Stowe is her name; I haven't even seen her. I sent Bob's nurse girl to engage her." "Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it," said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's tall blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her so they say. She's pretty, you know, in that showy sort of way—red hair and pink cheeks—and I guess she knows it. Mrs. Ritter had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, severely—"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's because he's so superior to all girls. Oh, yes, of course, I should feel dreadfully! I feel that Jim is on my responsibility while he's with me, and I should be broken-hearted. But there isn't the least danger with Jim."

The dog-cart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Bob at her heels. "Jim—all and blonde, and handsome like his mother, was driving slowly to the horse-block. He was turned squarely toward the dressmaker, and his gaily-enthusiastic tones were audible to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked absorbedly on. Mrs. Ford was thankful that Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing. "Jim!" she said. And Jim jumped out, lifted the dressmaker down, presented her to his sister, walked with her up to the porch steps and pulled forth a chair. He was brisk and smiling. Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay window hid them from Mrs. Sayles. "We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim, eagerly. "Those woods over there, with the break where the sky—" "I have everything ready for you, I think, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, distinctly, and took Miss Stowe indoors.

AT A JACK-RABBIT DRIVE.

HOW THE LONG-EARED ANIMALS ARE ROUND-UP. A Picturesque Description of a Successful Hunt in California—The Chase With Greyhounds. "So you want to hear something about our famous jack-rabbit drives, do you?" queried a gentleman just returned from California. "Well, in sections of California the native rabbit has become almost as terrible a pest as the English rabbit has in Australia, and ranchmen are compelled to protect their crops and orchards with rabbit-tight wire fences. In all likelihood the animals will continue to multiply and compel the State to do something for their extermination. Meanwhile the ranchmen are using the most effective means for abatement within their reach, namely, the now celebrated rabbit drive. I was at several of them while at Bakersfield, and at each of these thousands of the little pests were killed. "The thing is managed much as an Indiana fox drive, with this addition, that the round-up is in a tight corral into which the rabbits are driven, and where they are slain without chance of escape. When one of these drives is gotten up word is sent out through the surrounding country, a captain and lieutenants are appointed to see to the proper arrangements, and on the morning of the event several hundred people, mostly mounted, are on the ground. No guns are permitted except to a few men, who are to hand the lines, to shoot what rabbits may break through. "The participants are deployed in long lines, forming a square, open at one end, where the corral is situated. As much as four or five sections of land are thus enclosed with a human fence, if it may so be called.

A Ditch That Cost \$6,000,000.

A party of engineers were discussing the Spring Valley water problem on one of the late boats, says the San Francisco Examiner, and their talk fell upon the engineering feat of bringing the waters of Alameda Creek from Sinol across the bay to the metropolis. "By the way," said one, "did you ever notice that old stone-walled ditch and flume which ran from a point up the canyon down to the old flouring mill at Niles, and the grade of which the Spring Valley pipes now follow when first the water is taken from the creek?" "The others asserted that they knew of the ditch, and the speaker continued: "Well, that flume and ditch cost \$6,000,000." "What!" ejaculated the others, with a suspicious inflection. "Yes, sir—\$6,000,000," repeated the story-teller. "You know old Vallejo, a brother of General Vallejo, who is still living, built that mill way back in the early days. He owned all the surrounding country and had docks and herds no end, but no ready money. When he came to build his ditch to bring the water to his mill he wanted some \$25,000, and mortgaged his estate to get it. You know how the money-lenders used to gouge the old Spanish settlers in those early days? Well, they piled up the interest on Vallejo, compounding it not only whenever they pleased. The mill didn't pay, the interest kept accumulating, and finally it ate up all Vallejo's belongings, and he lost his mind. That property is now worth easily enough \$6,000,000. That's the cost of that ditch."

Connecticut's Extinct Volcano.

Professor Davis, of Harvard University, was telling a couple of friends in the Brunswick Cafe the other evening of an extinct volcano he discovered not long ago near Meriden, Conn. While out with Dr. Chapin, of Meriden, investigating the mountains and valleys of the Nutmeg State he came across what has since been a matter of great scientific interest. The ash bed of an extinct volcano was discovered between Meriden and the little town of Berlin. The ash bed is an overhanging cliff about twenty-five feet high and fifty feet long and of a greenish tinge. In describing it, he said: "On the face of the cliff are occasional pockets of quartz crystals, some of which shade to smoky and some to rose. Another feature of the cliff is the prevalence of roundish stones, varying from one to four feet in diameter. These were the bombs in geological parlance, and were portions of the trap rock which were ejected from the active volcano. Another exceedingly interesting object was a small portion of the sandstone bed twisted and contorted by the action of heat and pressure." Many scientists have visited the scene of his discovery and they unite in saying that there was nothing else of its nature this side of the Rocky Mountains. The volcano which produced the phenomenon must have been extinct thousands of years ago.—New York Star.

How Slate Pencils are Manufactured.

One of the most peculiar branches of industry in this country is the manufacture of slate pencils. There is only one slate-pencil factory in the United States. It is located at Castleton, Vt., and employs twenty-five hands, who turn out 30,000 slate pencils every day. The method of manufacture is a good deal in advance of the primitive means employed some years back. Not long since the blocks of soft slate from which they are cut were sawed in lengths and distributed among the neighboring laborer families to be whittled down to pencil shape. Those working at them could earn about fifty cents per thousand. By the present system the blocks, which are as wide as a pencil is long are put into the mouth of a machine called the crocodile. This contains six rows of revolving curved knives. As the slab passes between these knives parallel grooves are cut in the slabs, then they are turned and cut through. The square pencils are then rounded and polished by holding them against the emery belt. One man can cut out and finish about 8000 pencils per day.—New York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING A COW'S HOOF. The inside of the horn must first be cleaned and the pith taken out by steaming or immersing in hot water and using hot water and soap. While in a soft condition rasp off the rings and roughness at the base and scrape with pieces of glass, smooth the surface with fine sandpaper and remove any scratches or file marks that may remain with finely pulverized pumice stone, moistened with water; wash this off and polish with prepared chalk, applied moist on a piece of chamois leather, then rub briskly with the hands. —New York World.

TO KEEP EGGS.

Four two gallons of hot water over one pint of lime and half a pint of salt. When cold put your eggs in a jar and pour it over them. Be sure there are no cracks on them and that they are kept covered. Another, and perhaps better way, if you wish to keep them for a long time is to pack them, small ends down, in salt in small boxes, and at least once a week turn over the boxes. The reason for this is that by turning the eggs over the yolk is kept about the middle of the albumen; if still, the yolk will after a while find its way through the white to the shell; then the egg will spoil. —Washington Star.

PREPARATION OF CALCEINE.

Calceine is prepared by mixing one pound of pulverized glue dissolved in hot water with twenty pounds of Paris white, using enough water to make the liquid of the consistency of cream. For colors use the following: Lilac, two parts of Prussian blue and one part of vermilion brown, burnt umber; gray, raw umber and a dash of lampblack; rose, three parts vermilion and one of red lead in very small quantity; straw yellow, chrome yellow and a dash of Spanish brown; buff, two parts of Indian yellow and one of burnt sienna; azure blue, very little Prussian blue. To mix the colors, first make a small quantity strong and then stir in the calceine until the right shade is made. —New York Times.

HOW TO PAPER THE PARLOR.

The parlor, of course, is the best room in the house usually and should have the best paper and the majority of people will be more particular with this than any other room. A good plan is to go by the woodwork, as, for instance: Maple wood, use yellow, wavy colored paper with a ceiling paper of bluish tint and a little gilt. Cherry, natural or colored, use old gold paper or "metals" for side wall, and blue or white ceiling. Mahogany, a light terra cotta pink for side wall, and a paper for ceiling with a light silver green metal in it. These suggestions are the best for the parlor, as in this room especially the colors should harmonize. One very important thing in this room is a frieze, as it bears the same relation to a side wall as a cornice does to a house. It should give dignity to a room, and should be wide enough to admit of ornament that will not seem cramped or insignificant when seen from the floor. If the ceiling is 9 feet high, use a frieze of 8 or 9 inches wide; if 10 1/2 or 11 feet, you can use a frieze of 15 or 18 inches in width. Do not use a conventional design above a wall paper whose pattern is flowered or vice versa. —Carpenter and Builder.

RECIPIES.

Huckleberry Griddle Cakes—Mix in an ordinary yellow bowl having a lip one pint of flour, a tablespoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one pint of cold boiled milk. Mix thoroughly and add one egg well beaten. Pick over half a pint of berries, roll them in flour, and add them to the batter. Bake on a hot, well greased griddle. A soapstone griddle is decidedly the best for cooking griddle cakes, as it cooks evenly and requires no greasing.

Purce of Green Peas—Boil a quart of fresh green peas in a pint of boiling water, slightly salted. Rub the peas through a sieve and pour the water in which they were boiled on the skins; add a pint of clear soup to the pulp and return to the range. Gently melt an ounce of butter; add it to a teaspoonful of flour, a pint of warm milk, salt, pepper and a square of sugar. Whisk this into the soup. When quite hot serve with bits of toasted bread.

Potatoes with Cream—The mistake usually made in preparing this excellent dish is that many economical housewives use cold boiled potatoes left from the preceding day. True economy would have been in boiling just enough for each meal; but for potatoes with cream, see to it that they are boiled and afterward cut up with warm water and seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil half a pint of cream, add to it a walnut of butter, and add the potatoes to it. If milk is used, it may be thickened a little with flour.

Mixed Lamb, with Poached Egg—The cold lamb left from the preceding dinner may be converted into a very appetizing breakfast dish as follows: Cut the meat into thin slices and cut these very fine. Melt an ounce of butter in a frying-pan. Cut up a slice of onion and fry it in the butter; then remove it; add the meat, a little salt and pepper, and soup or water to moisten it; when thoroughly warmed through put spoonfuls of it neatly on toast; on top of the meat place a poached egg.

Stuffed Okra—Select a dozen good-sized but tender okra pods, cut off the pointed ends and remove the seeds. Beat the yolks of two eggs, season with salt and white pepper, add a tablespoonful of chopped boiled ham, and break and crumble enough to thicken the egg. Add the seeds also. Fill the pods with this mixture, stand them upright in a pan; add a little water or gravy; cover the tops with a layer of bread crumbs and add a layer of grated Parmesan cheese. Divide two ounces of butter in little balls, place them on top and bake to a delicate brown.

The skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India is to be exhibited and sent to the museum at Madras. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height.

A DERVISH.

Like Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows A rainbow blending of his countless hues; The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes.

His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes. Few are the hours his weary limbs repose. Few are the drops that wet his earthen crust;

The path is long, the sharp flints cut and bruise, And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows. His visions are of calm celestial days— Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies;

Forever shine before his ardent eyes The fountained heavenly courts through golden haze; He deems the more he bears on mortal ways The greater his reward in Paradise.

—(Clinton Scott, in Lippincott's.) HUMOR OF THE DAY. The Courier-Journal advocates noiseless powder for fire-crackers. Who was Luke's mother?—A Mama- Luke, of course.—Siftings. The rudder is a stern necessity to a ship.—Merchant Traveler. Children cry for the moon. Men want the earth.—Boston Courier. The woman who lives in vanity lives in vain.—Merchant Traveler. People who get lonesome realize what poor company they are.—Merchant Traveler. A dime museum has a cow with three tails. There are no flies on that beast.—New York News. The lion is the king of the forest, but the cow is the boss of the barn-yard.—Munsey's Weekly. New York has seen many noble pageants lately; but Boston is the real place for spectacles.—Pack. Somebody says a man can get roaring drunk on water. Well, so he can on land.—Rochester Post-Express. Wiggins, the weather prophet, says the seas are drying up. They set him a good example.—Pittsburg Chronicle. "I love you well," the stamp exclaimed, "Dear envelope so true! In fact is true to all. That I am stuck on you!" —Minneapolis Tribune. Drinking is said to be an indication of good feeling. But it isn't the following morning that the good feeling appears.—Stations. In commercial circles they have what are called cast iron notes. It seems as though it would be hard to forge them.—Burlington Republican. The smart young man said he had not been in the drug store very long, but he had been at the soda fountain long enough to be a fixician.—Washington Critic. They were talking about penmanship. "I like your hand," said he. "Don't you want it, George?" she asked, sweetly. No cards.—Laurence Daily American. With a tightening grasp she seized his arm— Like one with sorrow dumb, he turned. Gurgled and moaned, then wildly shrieked, "Oh, George, I've lost my gum!" —Times Siftings. "No, Claribel, the fisherman down around Sandy Hook do not keep their money in the Fishing Banks. They take it out of that place whenever they get the chance."—Stations. A writer who, when young was very green, in time grew blue as years passed over his head. You ask what caused this transformation? The man grew blue because he was not red.—Life. "I'm afraid this bill is counterfeit," said the merchant, handing back a hard-looking liver. "I don't see how that can be," replied the man. "I got it not ten minutes ago from an Italian. If it was a bad bill you may depend on it he'd want to keep it and cheat somebody with it."—Rochester Post-Express. Johnny Dumpey—"Oh, ma! I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day. Mrs. Dumpey (much gratified)—"Why, darling? Johnny Dumpey—"Because the scholars all laughed at me so to-day that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully thrue fishing with Bill Peck."—Burlington Free Press. On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check." Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said freizingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!" —Richard Ditch. Four Men Could Lift the Eiffel Tower. The whole Eiffel tower in Paris could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humorous; the thing is perfectly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the counter-lever principle, and its bulk of 9400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in an armchair on the floor. Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile-looking elegance of an obelisk, not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark linked meshes. And at any rate, in the eyes of its admirers, it plays the part of mountain tops in the clouds, producing new atmospheric effects in our views of Paris. Tinted vapors hang round its summit; the gray shading of clouds, the pale pink of dawn, the lurid hues of sunset, furnish striking backgrounds for the iron framework. The Eiffel tower never claimed to be a work of art. It was never intended to stand in the category of architectural masterpieces with Notre Dame or the Sainte Chapelle. It must be taken for what it is, and criticized from its own standpoint, neither more nor less. It was planned with the idea that it might fill the disputed place of the eighth wonder of the world. The original version were not works of art. They were vast masses of material intended to establish the gaping crowd—for the crowd is perennially gaping.—Paris Theatre.