

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month... \$10.00. One Square, one inch, three months... \$25.00. One Square, one inch, one year... \$100.00.

Nihilism in Russia appears to be unscrupulous.

General Boulanger charges his recent defeat to the ambition of local candidates.

In our Territories aliens cannot own more than twenty per cent. of the stock of any corporation.

The tax on oleomargarine is bringing nearly a million dollars a year into the Federal Treasury.

Michigan capitalists within the past few years have invested \$1,000,000 in southern timber lands.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that late statistics show an unfortunate increase in the number of army deserters.

A Boston company is trying to introduce wicker-work coffins. They claim that, from a sanitary point of view, nothing can equal them.

A number of reindeer have been imported from Norway and turned out in a forest in the north of Scotland in the hope that they may become acclimated.

The United States Postoffice has a standing reward of \$200 for the arrest and conviction of every person who robs, in any way interferes with, the United States mails.

The Chinese Amusement Syndicate, Limited, has been formed for the purpose of establishing a switchback railway, a merry-go-round, and providing other amusements of a similar character for the benefit of the public.

The engineer sent to Europe by the New York Department of Public Works to study pavements has returned with a report in favor of asphalt pavements. He says that the only perfect pavement is asphalt.

The number of cotton mills now in the South as compared with 1880 has doubled, while the number of spindles and looms has more than tripled, the tendency being to build mills of greater capacity than formerly.

The effect of the destruction of trees is now perceived forcibly by the farmers of Southern California, who find that their efforts to irrigate their lands are hindered by the insufficiency of water in the rivers. The insufficiency of water, the San Francisco Call states, is caused by the cutting down of the forests on the mountains.

Even the church bells in Germany go into mourning for their sovereigns. The old Dutch chiming in the Garrison church at Potsdam had their airs changed to funeral strains on the death of William I., and they have only just resumed their usual lively notes at the expiration of the year's mourning for Emperor Frederick.

Five million immigrants, men, women and children, have been landed at Castle Garden wharf, with their baggage, bundles and other paraphernalia, since 1873, and not a passenger or piece of baggage has been lost in all that time," was the remark made by Immigration Commissioner Stevenson in the hearing of a New York Star man the other day. Can any other city in the wide world match this simple statement?

A famous newspaper correspondent has been studying the peculiarities of great men in this country and in Europe. He finds that all the greatest men of the world have big noses. Bismarck and Pasteur have tremendous noses, but Gladstone stands without a rival. The great Englishman's proboscis is big all over. For thickness, breadth and solidity it cannot be matched anywhere in the world. Napoleon always selected big-nosed men for his generals. Gladstone would have delighted him.

The amount of human blood spilled in bringing the Paris Exposition to completion is something enormous. The records show that during the erection of the buildings no less than 6350 men were treated for injuries of one kind or another received while at work on them; 3000 were injured as to their legs, 2000 were badly injured in their eyes, 114 were scalded or badly burned, 50 had fingers cut off. The death roll from falls falls up 24, though this is said to be far below the actuality.

The New York World announces that the South Devonshire coast of England is to be erected for the exclusive use of bridal parties. It will fill eight feet high. Heretofore the bride and her bride have been obliged to have their honeymoon in the presence of unsympathetic and perhaps sneering people. It will be a great relief for newly-married persons to realize that somewhere there is a snug harbor for them in which they will be surrounded by hearts throbbing with the same enthusiasm which agitates their own organs of affection.

ALL FOR YOU.

The love in my heart is as strong as the hills, And as deep as the faithless sea, Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills The soul of summer with glees.

All for you! Strong and true, No time the tie can sever, Till the angels doubt, And the stars burn out, I am yours, Sweetheart, forever.

OLD ROCK.

On the eve of their bridal day Jessie Glenn and John Marcus had their first quarrel. It was not a very fierce one, but it proved that such a thing could be between them, and was not pleasant.

"I've got to go to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"Well, you've got to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to go to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to go to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to go to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

burst in a public building, where there was danger of leaving it unrepaired very long, and only one other man was in the place—Sam Williams, his old rival.

"You two must go," said the proprietor, waving his hands about. "I know it is hard, John; but Sam can bring the furnace and tools in, and you can get straight home. You have time, and you shall be paid for overwork, both of you, and I'll send a present to the bride on Monday. This is a necessary job, or I'd let you off."

John did not grumble, though he felt irritated. He hurried off as fast as he could, followed by Williams. The men did not like each other, and Williams was still jealous.

They spoke very little. Old Rock followed at John's heels and crouched outside the building, when he was locked out, as usual.

The men's work took them down into the cellar, and into some great vaults there. They worked without any more talk than was necessary, and at last the job was done.

Williams had tested the leak at his part of the work and was about to call to John, whose light shone at the other end of the dark cellar, when suddenly the light went out. There was a crash, a cry. Williams did not know what had happened, but judged that a great beam that had been lifted out of place had fallen.

"How do I know anything has happened?" John has gone home, banging the door after him. That's all. A fine way to go off and leave a fellow," he said aloud; and gathered up the furnace and bag of tools and went his way locking all the doors behind him, and leaving the keys with the person who had charge of them, saying that his mate had gone off without a good-bye, leaving him alone in the cellar.

"Queer! Sam saw him," said the old man; but Sam did not relent. He took a night train out of town to spend Sunday at his mother's in the country and be out of the way of questions.

And this is how John did not come to his own wedding. He lay in the cellar, hardly conscious, unable to lift the beam from his leg, and in a sort of dream, thinking of his Jessie and seeming to hear Old Rock's voice somewhere.

The poor girl arose wretched, and quite sure that John had jilted her. She never thought of any accident. As she sat at her late breakfast, trying not to show her grief and shame, and wondering how she should go home and face the girls, something pushed at the door.

bit him; and that, Jessie declares, is a proof that Sam knew all about John's being in the cellar, though he swears he did not.—New York Ledger.

Wonderful Egypt.

The Egyptians, writes Frank G. Carpenter, should be the richest instead of the poorest people in the world. What a wonderful country they have! It is a valley of guano in the midst of a desert. The land is as black as your hat and it now teems with crops as green as Kansas in June. It produces from two to three crops every year, and its soil gives out through the ages bounteous crops with no other fertilizer than this water of the Nile.

The whole of the soil of Egypt has been brought down from the mountain of Abyssinia by the Nile. It is nowhere more than fifty feet deep and its average depth is about thirty-five feet. Under this soil is found the sand. The Nile waters it as well as fertilizes it, for there is no rain to speak of in Egypt.

The country is flat. Here at Cairo you can see for miles in every direction, and standing on the great pyramid, the valley of the Nile is spread out below you in a great patchwork of different colors. There are no fences and no palm trees, here and there a grove of tall pines raise their fanlike heads high up in the clear blue atmosphere, and near them you see a village of mud huts made of the same sun-dried sticks that Pharaoh ground out of the children of Israel.

This great plain is cut up by canals, roads run here and there through it, and along these move caravans of camels, and Egyptians in gowns upon donkeys and droves of donkeys laden with grass or grain. There are cattle and sheep by the thousand upon the field and their fat sides glisten under the tropical sun as they munch the sweetest and juiciest of clover.

A Comet Splitting Into Fragments. Professor Edward S. Holden, director of the Lick Observatory at San Francisco, furnishes interesting facts in regard to the comet discovered by Barnard last September. He says the comet has now lost all of its tail, and continued: "The comet was subject to much strain and stress in passing that part of its orbit nearest the sun and it is now showing the effect of these forces in the following way: Its body is evidently becoming divided into fragments as seen to be streaming behind the comet in the form of a tail, directed not from but toward the sun. This mass of matter was measured by Barnard on July 16, and his measures show that its least possible length is 430,000 miles and its least possible diameter is 144,000 miles, so that fragments which have already broken off from this comet amount to at least seventy quadrillion cubic miles. The comet itself, which is 165,000,000 miles from the earth, is still fairly bright, and were it not for the fragments which are seen to follow it would seem to be in perfectly normal condition. As it is, we know it must have lost an immense quantity of original substance. This is an interesting case to astronomers, as it shows the effect of the enormous forces to which every comet is subject at the time of its perihelion passage, while the phenomenon forms an interesting commentary on the text that comets, even the stoniest of them, must be short-lived things."—Washington Star.

Why the Queen Dislikes Gladstone. The Queen Victoria's dislike of Gladstone is explained by a recent writer, who says that when the Grand Old Man used to visit the royal old lady he was wont to talk to her "about the polity of the Hittites or the relations between the Athenian and Homer." The Queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, would seek to make a digression, and would address a remark to a daughter or offer a biscuit to a beagling terrier. Mr. Gladstone would restrain himself with an effort, and the Princess had answered or the dog had sat down, and then would promptly resume—"As I was saying—"

A \$2000 Watch. "Talking about watches," said a jeweler, "the most expensive and complicated time piece in the city is owned by Mr. Peter Gibson. It was made to his order in Switzerland and cost \$1000. He sent an order to the same maker about a year ago for another watch to cost \$2000. This watch shows the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week and month and the year. It registers the phases of the moon, the rising and setting of the sun, names eclipses of the sun and moon and a score of other natural phenomena which can be determined by calculation. Like the other, the watch is his own design."—Cincinnati Engineer.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TRANSFORMING RARE FELTS INTO WEARING APPAREL.

Curious Details of the Furriers' Business—Cheap and Costly Skins—Muffs of Muskrat and Ermine. At least one thousand men and women in New York are busy in making fur garments. There are factories employing many scores of workmen, and there are dingy little shops where a few journeymen work together, with small capital, low rent and moderate profits. In this particular shop there are only four men at work—just the number required to complete a garment under the division of labor usual in the fur business. One man stands at the counter with a pile of muskrat skins at his left hand, and in his right a keen little knife, shaped almost exactly like the outstretched wing of a bird. The skin of the furs has been dampened so that it is pliant. The cutter, as he is called, seizes a skin, turns the fur down and rapidly cuts out defects with his bird's-wing knife. Scarcely one skin in a hundred is perfect. There are shot holes, scars from bites and scratches, tears, and other damage, the result of careless curing. By the time all defects have been cut out it may have been necessary to divide the skin into twenty strips and squares. About twenty per cent. of the fur is lost by the process of cutting; though the smallest pieces, even those not more than an inch square, are carefully saved, so long as they are well covered with hair.

As the knife slips through the leather you notice that the under side of the fur is a rich, golden brown, while the outer surface is a black. The fur has been dyed, but the dye has not penetrated to the skin. The dyeing and curing are done elsewhere at factories which receive the raw skins by the thousand from the West and South. They are turned wrong side out and looking like great Japanese slippers from having been stretched and dried by the trapper on pointed shingles.

From the cutter's table the skins go to the sewer. He sits in a corner and works a strong sewing machine, whose needle is easily driven through the skin. Ordinary stout thread is used, and the sewer manages to piece together the various scraps in such a way that no seam shows on the hairy side. The seams on the under side appear like straight ridges or cords. The skin comes from the sewer a patchwork of leather almost as strongly held together as an uncut pelt. From the sewer the material goes to a muf maker. In this instance it is a muf that they are making. The "block" is in seven pieces that fit together and form an implement that looks almost exactly like a big wheel hub. The skin, which has been sewn end to end so as to form a hollow cylinder, is placed on the block form. It extends a little beyond the block, and a little wooden disk is placed in each end of the latter. To these disks the ends of the skin are nailed, and the whole thing is then placed in the window to dry.

When the skin is partly dried it is removed from the block and turned over to the finisher. He puts in wadding and lining and sews on the cord and tassels, if the muf is to be thus ornamented. Finally the fur is carefully brushed until it is smooth and glossy. Then it is put into a round pasteboard box ready to be shipped to the merchant, through whom it is distributed to the retail dealers here and elsewhere.

Four men working together thus ten hours a day can make three dozen muffs. Cutters earn from \$15 to \$18 a week and blockers and finishers from \$10 to \$12 a week. Women are sometimes employed as finishers about the same wages. The busy season is from June to December, September, October and November are perhaps the most active months of the season. In the spring and winter business is dull, and the few men employed are at work upon inferior material, which cannot be worked profitably in the busy season.

Fashion in furs changes slightly from year to year, and the growing taste for summer furs now has to be taken into account. Coats, capes and muffs are now being made for next winter. The cheapest and most abundant skin is that of the hare; the costliest are those of the beaver, seal, sable, black fox and ermine. The last named is extremely rare. The displaced polecat contributes fur to the complete ornamentation of beauty, and nobody turns up their nose at him. His unpleasant characteristics disappear in the curing. Pretty boas are made of the hare's skin and costly capes of the lynx, sable and beaver fur. Some of the costliest furs are imported but the great mass of fur garments are made from native skins.

Foreigners have been pioneers in the fancy fur business of New York, and there are still many Frenchmen, Germans and Italians employed in the work; but native Americans are taking to the trade more and more. It requires from one to five years to become an expert cutter, but other branches of the trade are more quickly learned. The costliest furs are made up in large factories, because it takes considerable capital to keep a stock of raw material on hand. The business is rather dirty, but it is not specially unwholesome.—New York Star.

THE WOODBIRD.

Oh! wildwood, wildwood, wildwood! It is a weird note so repeated; Lyric startled from its theme; A song by some faint shock defeated, Or perchance the uncompleted Sad forgetting of a dream.

Give sunlight for the lark and robin, Sun, and sky, and meadow and bloom; But give, for this rare throat to throbb in And this lonesome soul to sob in, Wildwoods, with their green and gloom.

Oh! wildwood, wildwood, wildwood! In dim ravines he flits and perches, And he listens in the glen, And like a palmer in old churches, All the solemn shrines he searches For remission and amen.

Within great trees he sits and ponders Melodies his heart receives, Till all in that one thrill he squanders— Echo of the dream that wanders— Through the silent sleep of leaves.

Oh! wildwood, wildwood, wildwood! That strain of his is his despairing Oh how little can he hold; Yet that is more than all the darning, Loud, familiar throats declaring, With their bugle-notes of gold.

All these the mockbird catches feebly; Keen rousade and warbled whim He strings upon his carol sweetly; But my woodbird's cry completely Fleeth and eludeth him.

For this is voicing of such places As the mimic never sees; A rum of old Druidic traces, Chant from all cathedral spaces In a thousand years of trees.

Oh! wildwood, wildwood, wildwood! Were he to you his music bringing, You might fault his monotone; But not for you his little singing Soul of fire its flame is flinging— Sings he for himself alone.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Caught on the fly—A trout. A Stour war-whoop is the most effective scare-crow.—Judge. Salt is the sanitary policeman, it arrests decay.—Washington Critic.

Many a good muf makes a good catch in the matrimonial field.—Judge. Why hasn't the debt of nature been paid, she's got the rocks.—Life.

Richard may have been a cripple, but he was possessed of three good H's.—Light. No wonder the spoon looks so hollow and long-faced. What in the world is oftener in the soup?

Miss Giggles—"There is that insufferable snob, Mr. Piggles, driving his dog-cart." Miss Wiggle—"He ought to be in a pup-cart."

"This," said Mrs. Spriggins, "is the only silk I ever had that didn't wear a bit shabby, and it's just a little shiny."—Harper's Bazar.

Stayer (witnessing the preparations)—"Off for the summer?" Gadsby (struggling with innumerable boxes)—"No; in for it."

When you upon the sands would lie, And under her umbrella hide, Upon your rival keep one eye, But keep the other on the tide.—Life.

"You have no idea what has been spent on my education. Why, every single word of French that I speak has cost my father at least \$20."—Pileggi's Blatier.

Bobby—"Ma, I've pretty near outgrown my slippers, haven't I?" Mamma—"Yes, Bobby." "And say, ma, how long will it be before I outgrow your slippers?"

A sewing-machine agent falling ill was told by his physician that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature. "On the installment plan?" whispered the agent feebly.—Texas Siftings.

Poet—"I have a few verses here, sir, which I should—" Editor—"Certainly. Will you kindly drop them into the waste-basket yourself? I am busy just at present."—Burlington Free Press.

A Pigeon Decides a Law Case.

A novel decision was rendered by Justice Miller, of Youngstown, Ohio, in a suit before him, between John P. Kirby and John Scott, each claiming the ownership to a certain carrier pigeon, which was brought into court in charge of an officer. Justice Miller, in order to settle the ownership beyond question, ordered the pigeon placed in the hands of two disinterested persons, who took it four miles south of the city and released it. After it had started, two chasers were sent by Kirby and Scott followed suit by releasing another pigeon. The pigeon in controversy flew straight to the residence of Justice Miller, and according to the decision of Justice Miller, is now Scott's property.—Cleveland Leader.

FRANCE has her hills, And England her rose, And everybody knows Where the shrike-crow grows; Scotland has her thistle, Flowering on the hill, But the American emblem Is the one-dollar bill.

—Denver News. Nearly \$11,000 has already been expended in removing the telegraph poles and wires from the streets of New York city.

The province of La Plata, in the Argentine Republic, has a population of 785,138 and a debt of \$70,000,000.