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Wonderful old man P. T. Barnum is a living illustration of the beneficent influences of incessant activity and perennial pluck.

Typewriters are regarded as dangerous machines by the Russian police. A German merchant crossing the border the other day had one among his baggage.

Queen Victoria's weak knee, the Prince of Wales's varicose veins, Princess Alexandra's crippled instep and Prince Albert Victor's sprained ankle point, so a contemporary thinks, to the gradual fulfillment of the prophecy so often made by British socialists.

The guns on the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius have been thoroughly tested and have shown themselves sufficiently diabolical to merit the warm approval of this humane government.

The London Times says that in view of the amount of English capital invested in the Sandwich Islands, England could not see them pass into the hands of any foreign power with indifference.

The training of dogs for military purposes is being proceeded with actively in the Russian army, and satisfactory results have been obtained by some regiments garrisoned in Bosnia.

From the British board of trade returns it appears that every few days throughout the year a vessel carrying the British flag leaves port never more to be heard of.

At Canton the Chinese Government lately established outside the east side gate two sets of machinery purchased abroad, one for minting copper cash and the other for minting silver coins.

The history of Connecticut is remarkable for the number of villages that have flourished for a generation or two only to at last fall into decay and finally disappear altogether.

The novelists, reporters and others who write Indian speeches, beginning with the words: "I am the last of my race, the red man is vanishing before the white man as the leaves, etc.," had better look up the facts.

"EVERYBODY LOVED HIM."

Far better than the graven stone. The sculptured urn, the column tall, These words they said Above the dead.

JEAN'S PORTMANTEAU.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My story dates back nearly seventy years, but it is a true story, and its significance is as forcible and fresh as if the incidents had occurred but yesterday.

In 1820 there was living in the northern part of Alabama an old Frenchman whom we shall call Jean Paulet. He was a younger son of a noble family in Avignon, had come, a mere lad, to fight for the cause of freedom in this country under Lafayette, and had borne himself well and bravely until the battle of Brandywine, where he lost his right arm, and was obliged to leave the service.

His father was guillotined during the Reign of Terror of Paris. Jean escaped, returned, with the young wife whom he had married, to this country, and found his way to a village in Alabama which many French refugees had fled.

"Do you mean zat ze Republicke call pay me for ze service I give it?" He drew himself up stiffly. "No, zere! I Jean Paulet offered his body and his life to ze help of ze American people. His body and his life was crippled for dem, but zey will not insult me by paying for dat!"

"Nonsense!" was the judge's irreverent reply to this outbreak of patriotism. "You owe your strength to your child. Having spent it for this country in her need, it is only just that she, in her prosperity, shall help you in your care of Rosy here."

The kindly but peremptory old judge had his way. Rosy was taken out to the plantation and received with delight by Mrs. Pope, the children and a swarm of young negroes with all of whom the French child was a pet.

Monsieur Paulet, in a new suit of clothes, money and ticket in a brown portmanteau, belonging to the judge, was escorted by almost all the population of the village to the inn from which he was to begin his journey, and departed, loaded with prayers and good wishes for good luck.

of ze coach here," he said to a negro waiter.

"Yes, sah. It is one of the big stations on the road. Old Sam'l Boyce lives here. He's superintendent of the stage line. A big owner, too. That is Mr. Boyce, skulking up to the minister's door. Some of his neighbor's met him and turned their heads the other way.

"Here is the portmanteau. I had it safe three days ago," he muttered and turned away.

The people of that village did not do good by halves. They sent Sam Nelson, a promising young lawyer, to Washington, with Jean's papers to substantiate his claims.

"What ails the old man?" demanded one of the coachmen.

"If it were not for my friend, the Judge, I would bring my Rose and live among you," he said.

David Crawford, show window dresser, says in the Chicago Tribune: I have been engaged in dressing shop windows for fifteen years. It is a business without itself.

Window Attractions.

David Crawford, show window dresser, says in the Chicago Tribune: I have been engaged in dressing shop windows for fifteen years. It is a business without itself.

"Oh, monsieur! I haf always leave him in ze coach! Ze American peoples are honest! O monsieur, it is my papers, my money—all!"

"That is all. You don't expect me to pay you for the bag?"

"Notting can pay me for it. It is all I have," Jean sobbed. He stood a moment longer, but Boyce was talking to the men on other affairs and had apparently wholly forgotten him.

The next morning, O'Rourke, one of the drivers, a kind-hearted Irishman, ventured to ask Mr. Boyce, "An' what became of the little Frenchy last night?"

"How do I know?" He went on one of the coaches to Cumberland, I suppose. He'll be writing back for his bag soon enough. Filled with rage, most likely, judging from his clothes."

"The men ran up, curious and laughing. But in a moment O'Rourke came out, quiet and pale."

"A doctor?" he said. "Mr. Boyce, you have killed him—the Frenchman!"

"There seems to be a grand concours

that a stranger had lain among them, starting to death in his despair, for a week, had roused them all.

Late that morning, when Jean had awakened from his deadly lethargy, old Boyce came skulking up to the minister's door. Some of his neighbor's met him and turned their heads the other way.

The doctor carried it in and laid it on the bed. Jean gave a low cry and caught it in his bony hands. "I can get back to my little girl now!" he whispered.

"If it were not for my friend, the Judge, I would bring my Rose and live among you," he said.

How the boys cheered! Even the old man joined in the shout as the red coach went up the hill out of sight, Jean waving his handkerchief out of the window.

"An old beggar," he muttered, "whom they never can make a penny off! I have brought thousands of dollars into the town, but not a man in it will give me a civil word!"

Yet in his secret soul he knew that he and the poor old cripple had been weighed in just scales, and had each received his reward.—Youth's Companion.

Washington—The Capitol. All the poor people growling and half the women in public office. Saturday matinee parades. Magnificent streets, lettered and numbered. Their cleanliness. The distances between residences. Number of green squares. Capitol being turned wrong way. Good singing of colored boys on the streets. Independence of the colored people. Splendid teams and chance to get acquainted with the looks of big folks. Innumerable statues and hotels.

Chicago—Bustle and stores. Immortality. Sunday matinees. The coming city. Bad sidewalks and streets, and distance between curb and cobble. The crowd on State street on Christmas Eve. Number of theaters. Best hotels in the country. Stockyards and big papers. Hog killing and soft coal. Bridges and rowdies. Next to New York.

Baltimore—Its quiet and good oysters. Lovely women. Good society. The splendid complexion of the women. Stoop parades. Good dressing of the women. First-class markets. The Wednesday Club. A city of brick. The terrapin and the way it is cooked. Its bad smells in summer—the American Cologne. Monuments and bad sewerage.

St. Louis—The variety of the people. The crowding together of the rough and the cultured. The extent of the trade on the river. The make-up of the women. Too much whitewash. Wanted—a profane. Shaw's Gardens. The summer heat. Its vanity and envy of Chicago.

Louisville—Whisky and beautiful women. Stock raising and good hotels. Brooklyn—The number and magnificence of its churches. Prospect Park and Coney Island. Absence of business bustle.

Sau Francisco—Its cable cars and hills. Its pretty women. Its cable cars and hills. Its variety of pavements on a single block. Winds, fog and sewer smells. Its late hours. The fascination of its climate, though as it is. Its flower-gardens and parks. The metropolitan character of its papers. The crowds on the streets of an evening. Its determination to have and see the best of everything. The absence of poverty and plague of peddlers. Its Western independence in manners, customs and costumes and judgment. The amount of whisky drunk and the cheapness of its wines. Its romantic past, its prosaic present and its wonderful future.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

In Paris goats are milked in the street for customers.

GREAT AMERICAN CITIES.

THEIR LEADING PECULIARITIES PITHILY DESCRIBED.

Features of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimore, etc.

There were some ten or a dozen drummers in the car. It was bed-making time, and while the porter was engaged in "fixing" the berths for the passengers of retiring habits the drummers crowded into and around the smoking-room. They all knew every corner of the United States, and where trade could penetrate or a customer be found, were acquainted with the peculiarities of every city and could give pointers on all the hotels of the country.

The result, standing as the consensus of opinion concerning the salient singularities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis, Louisville, and San Francisco, is as follows:

New York—Its rush and elevated roads. Magnificence of stores. For meeting every eye you ever knew. Head center of theatricals. Matching for trunks and suitcases in bar-rooms. The best in the world. Dollars, dollars and dollars. Amusements, races and clubs. Its police and hotels. More business per hour than in any other city in the world.

Philadelphia—Long, straight streets. Brick houses and white marble steps. Closing shutters at night time. Few restaurants. Magnificent public buildings. Want of style about the stores. Fine art galleries. Thriftiness of the theatrical managers. Cars running but one way on a street. Home comforts. Distance you can ride for five cents.

Boston—Crooked streets. Mixed architecture. Women with curls. English fashion in men's clothes. Flourishing, condition of art and music stores. Fine stores generally. Parks and graveyards. Commonwealth avenue and Dartmouth street. Gentility of society and stanch friends. Number of country people on the streets. Drives in neighborhood. Pork and beans and east wind. Athens of United States and self-sufficiency of literary men.

Washington—The Capitol. All the poor people growling and half the women in public office. Saturday matinee parades. Magnificent streets, lettered and numbered. Their cleanliness. The distances between residences. Number of green squares. Capitol being turned wrong way. Good singing of colored boys on the streets. Independence of the colored people. Splendid teams and chance to get acquainted with the looks of big folks. Innumerable statues and hotels.

Cincinnati—Amount of brown stone used in buildings. Good drainage but dirty streets. Sunday matinees. The Rhine and never knowing when you reach it. The inclined line to Eden. Donkeys, beer and Germans. Musical talent. Pork. The city of hicks.

New Orleans—Colored people and French. Stepping stones instead of cross-walks. Foreigners from everywhere. Suicides for rain. Rains like the deuce and dry again in a couple of hours. Splendid barbers. Old buildings and pretty young women. French coffee. Water if you dig two feet. A postoffice built on cotton bales for piles. Awnings on Canal street and Shell road. Marriages. Loves and Cotton Exchange.

Chicago—Bustle and stores. Immortality. Sunday matinees. The coming city. Bad sidewalks and streets, and distance between curb and cobble. The crowd on State street on Christmas Eve. Number of theaters. Best hotels in the country. Stockyards and big papers. Hog killing and soft coal. Bridges and rowdies. Next to New York.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING HARDWOOD FLOORS.

To make a good polishing mixture put into a bowl three-quarters of a pound of yellow beeswax, two ounces of powdered rosin and a half pint of turpentine. Stand this bowl in a good-sized basin of hot water and stir the mixture over the fire until thoroughly amalgamated.

Softwood stained floors are best sized and varnished.—Yankee Blade.

THRIFT IN SMALL THINGS.

The value of petty savings cannot be too highly estimated. The conscientious habit of saving everything that can be turned to any account, fitting the object, however small, into its right place, is a habit in itself enough to insure thrift.

Wise providers buy only goods of genuine value which may be used to the last shred. This is true of market-buying, of shopping for everything that may be purchased. There is a good brand of flour and a make-shift brand, a cloth firm and well made of wool, and a cloth to take its place, cheap and flimsy, of cotton wool. In all these cases the genuine cloth is the cheapest in the end; the good brand flour will give the best and most nourishing bread.

The well-made cloth may be washed or cleaned again and again, and be made over until nothing is left of it. A great deal may be saved even in buttons, thread and pins and needles, little minutiae of which we seldom think. It is in the sedulous care that every article shall be used, that every bit of cloth shall be turned and made over till it has passed usefulness, that consists the chance of the average family for an orderly well-kept well-clothed home. Lavishness is the worst of providers. It is the systematic, steady hand, careful of minutiae, that provides a home and table where genuine comfort and good cheer prevail. Simple spending of money cannot accomplish the same result that care can. The children of poor men, brought up to habits of thrift, usually enjoy more actual luxury than the children of a spendthrift, who varies from feast to famine, from rags to velvet with the regularity of a clock pendulum. Extravagance should be looked upon as a sin, a trust to use honestly the goods God has given us, not considered in the light, trivial way it is, as something the individual alone would suffer from.—New York Tribune.

RECIPES.

Lemon Pie—Juice and grated rind of four lemons, four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar; bake with an under crust only.

Wheat Gems—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, one teaspoon of baking powder, twelve teaspoons of salt; bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

Quince Marmalade—Pare and cut in little squares; take equal weight of sugar and quinces, add two pints of water to each pound of fruit. Boil one half hour.

Light Cake—Half-cup of butter, half-cup of sugar, three eggs beaten separately, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through the flour.

Fried Hare—Dress, lay lengthwise on meat board and cut in inch pieces; let stand in slightly salted water over night; rinse well in cold water, roll in cornmeal, and fry slowly till well done.

Boiled Cauliflower—Remove the green leaves, open the flower in little pieces and let stand, head down, in salt water two hours; put into boiling water and boil twenty minutes; take up, drain, put in a dish, season and pour over drawn butter.

Lamb Scallop—One cup of cold lamb chopped fine, one cup of stewed tomatoes, one cup of fine bread crumbs; arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper, put bits of butter on top and bake.

Apple Batter Pudding—Fare and core six ripe apples, place in a dish; make a batter of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pour over the apples; bake half an hour. To be eaten with sauce or sweetened cream.

Ginger Snaps—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, ginger, cloves and baking powder, one-half cup of water; flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll them out in round cakes and bake quickly.

THE NEVER ENDING HARVEST.

I remember when a child that I Would sometimes stand and stare At aged persons passing by, With snowy, silvered hair. An inner voice my reason told, They had not long to stay; I sighed to think that soon the old Would all be laid away.

The snows of sixty winters rest Upon my furrowed brow; The sun, long sinking in the west, Is almost setting now; But yet the mere and yellow leaves Are 'bout me everywhere, And death's still gathering his sheaves Of ripened, silver hair. —Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When real estate gets a boom a sail is naturally agitated. The man who resolves to quit drinking must be in sober earnest.—Plymouth. Carpets are bought by the yard and sold by the foot.—Richmond Recorder. The grub makes the butter fly; the blacksmith makes the fire fly.—Yankee Gazette.

The profession of rat-catching has not been invaded by women.—Burlington Free Press. Would the capture of sealers in the Behring Sea involve the United States in a furri' war?—Grip. A man who is henpecked is well off in one respect; his wife will not allow any other woman to peck him.

The real, true national plant, the sole one that no native American will deny, is the mint.—Baltimore American. "Love levels all things." Perhaps so; but it has been noticed that its tendency is not to make the head level.—Boston Courier. The Toronto Globe tells of a man who has cooked his own beefsteak for fifteen years. He must like it very well done.—Detroit Free Press.

I do detect a man that's close, And furthermore, a day; But if a pretty girl is close I feel the other way. —Grip. Ignorant Maiden—"Mr. Marshale must be a model husband." "Why, so!" He is so attentive to other women, you know, he must be a perfect slave to his wife.—Boston Transcript.

"I must beg the congregation to forego the usual donation party this year," announced the minister. "I have nothing to give. The last crowd cleaned me out of catables for six months."—Draw. It is not generally the girl with the most beaux who gets married first. It is the little, grave, demure girl who sits in the corner with one young man and hangs on to him.—Somerville Journal.

We oft hear mentioned, as we pass through life, The model husband and the model wife; But, sad to say, we very seldom see The two residing in one family. —Boston Courier. "Is that an oil painting?" asked the visitor, looking at a picture on the wall. "An oil painting!" echoed Mrs. New-money, in an injured tone. "No, indeed. That's a genuine chromo. There's not a drop of oil in it."—The Ledger.

"I would advise you to buy a better watch; I cannot guarantee this one." "Oh, it is plenty good enough. I am buying it for my nephew to remember me by, and the worse it goes the more he will have to think of me."—Fayetteville Blotter. Jobkins and his wife are putting after a domestic "scene," when their son Bob ruffles the treacherous calm. "Mamma, which is the king of the beasts?" The poor abused wife casts a withering glance at her spouse and replies: "Man, my dear."—Judge.

Clarissa (on the ferryboat)—"O, Charles has fallen overboard!" "Maud—'He can swim, and the land is close by.'" Clarissa—"Yes, but think! He has a picture of the reception in his pocket."—Lawrence American. Three burglars worked all night on a safe in an office, and when they finally got it open they found six post cards and five postage stamps to reward them. The only revenge they could take was to stick the stamps on the wall and write on one of the cards: "A fellow who keeps a big safe without anything in it is a fraud."

"My hands are awfully cold," said the pretty girl, suggestively, on the last quarter of a starlit sleigh-ride. "Why didn't you bring a muff with you?" asked the practical young man prosaically. "I did!" she snapped, but she wouldn't explain where the muff had gone to, and he has been wondering ever since just what she meant.—Somerville Journal.

Quick Firing Guns.

The long account which the Standard (London) gives of the new quick firing Elswick guns fitted to the Italian cruiser, Piemonte is rather uncomfortable reading. It suggests plainly enough—that we know to be the opinion of many naval experts—that another revolution in naval architecture and naval armaments is in progress. Just as we have brought the art of mounting monster guns in huge floating batteries to within some distance of perfection, we discover that monster guns may after all have to be superseded. Instead of throwing one huge shot and shell every two minutes or so, the warship of the future may strive to overhelm its opponent by concentrating upon it a tremendously rapid fire from weapons of comparatively small calibre, and to attain this result it may be necessary to discard turrets and barbettes, and even, at armor of abnormal thickness. We may have, after all, a reversion to the old type of ironclad frigates, which had at any rate this advantage, that they were coal portable ships to live in and were not haul under water in a sea way.—St. James's Gazette.

London pays over \$12,000,000 annually for Cheddar cheese made on English farms.