

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, one inch, one insertion, 50 cents. Two squares, one inch, one month, \$1.00. One square, one inch, three months, \$2.50. One square, one inch, one year, \$10.00.

Wonderful old man P. T. Barnum is a living illustration of the beneficent influence of incessant activity and personal 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, "He loved and was beloved by all!"

From some rare grace that he possessed From life's beginning to its end, All hearts he won, Nor looked upon A stranger, but to find a friend.

Ah, well it were to live and die, Whatever heights of fame we miss, To win from lips At life's eclipse, So sweet an epitaph as this.

Far better than the graven stone, The sculptured urn, or column tall, To have it said, When we are dead, "He loved and was beloved by all!"

JEAN'S PORTMANTEAU.

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.

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 to which many French refugees had fled.

When the little money which they had brought with them was spent, they scattered. Many of them made their way back to France. Jean Paulet, with his one child, Rose, a girl of twelve, remained.

One day, as usual, old Judge Pope called at Paulet's cabin to smoke a pipe with him. "Mosheer," he said, "I have an idea! Why have you never applied for a pension?"

"They're all right," he said. "Now, mosheer, you must take these to Washington. I will write to our Congressmen to attend to the affair. Rosy shall stay with us. You must start tomorrow."

Monsieur Paulet changed color, and hesitated painfully. "Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I understand! It is a long journey, and you are out of funds just now. You must draw on me. I am often out of funds myself and you will be a rich man when you come back. Then I will draw on you. It is all settled."

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.

It is hard for the people of the present time to understand the traveling of those days. Jean Paulet started in November for Washington on horseback. When he reached the Ohio River where he expected to take a boat, it was frozen over.

Then began a long and perilous journey in an open sled along the banks. It was late in January when he reached Wheeling, W. Va., the terminus of the National Road.

GREAT AMERICAN CITIES.

THEIR LEADING PECULIARITIES PITHELY 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.

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. While he was gone they nursed the old man back to health and strength, handing him about from house to house, and farm to farm, an honored guest.

Sam Nelson returned triumphant, with money enough to make Jean rich. He started at length for home in the very coach, Eclipse, which had brought him. It hurt him sorely to part with his friends. He waved the poor stump of his arm, wiping away the tears with the other hand.

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

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. Splendid teams and change to get acquainted with the looks of big folks. Innumerable statues and hotels.

Chicago—Bustle and stores. Immorality. 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.

San Francisco—Its cable cars and hills. Its pretty women, although they make up too much. The bounce of its young girls. 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.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people. In Paris goats are milked in the street for customers.

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.

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.

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. Marshare 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 eatables for six months."—Bazar.

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.

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."—Frisco Blade.

Jobbins and his wife are putting after a domestic "scene," when their son Bob ruffles the treacherous calms. "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 piece of wedding cake which he brought from 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 first revenge they could think of 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."—Judge.

"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 unaccountable reading. It suggests plainly enough—that what 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 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 overwhelm its opponent by concentrating upon it a tremendously rapid fire from a comparatively small calibre; and to attain this result it may be necessary to discard turrets and barbets, and even to 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 comparatively safe to live in and were not hal under water in a sea way.—St. James's Gazette.

London says over \$12,000,000 annually for Cheddar cheese made of English farms.