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In Paris they arrest and punish any one who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk.

It is understood that it will cost \$300,000 to render the old Treasury vaults at Washington secure.

More than two thousand farmers have applied to the Agricultural Department at Washington for seeds of the sugar beet.

The United States Patent Office is more than self-sustaining. On the books of the Treasury it has its credit something like \$3,000,000.

A postal convenience in Mexico is an immense insurance company which guarantees the senders of valuable letters and packages against loss in the mails.

It is an open secret, avers the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the German Army has not that affection for the Kaiser that existed between Paul and Virginia.

The pet names for four baby States are as follows: North Dakota is the "Flick-ertail State," South Dakota is the "Swing Cat State," Washington is the "Chinook State," and Montana is the "Stubbed-Toe State."

Now that Canada has been scratched off the list of safe resorts for American rogues, remarks the New York Telegram, Australia looms up as a non-extraditable paradise. The length of the journey involved may prove a handicap in rascality.

Mr. Foster, of Buckfield, Me., the largest manufacturer of toothpicks in the world, says of his make alone there are now enough in stock to supply the United States for two years. When running, his mills will produce in twelve months more than the total American consumption for twice that time.

Poverty has driven many persons to suicide, observes the New York Herald, but the story from Moscow of the widow of an army officer and her five daughters locking themselves in a room, turning on the gas and dying from suffocation on account of dire want excels in horror most cases of the kind.

French scientific men and engineers are discussing the feasibility of a railroad across the desert of Sahara. It is claimed that such an enterprise is necessary to confirm the hold of France upon her possessions on the west coast of Africa and to develop the north African provinces that she holds.

The unmarried women of Massachusetts, according to the reports of its savings banks and other institutions, have \$29,000,000 in deposit. Perhaps this will explain, hazards the New York News, why the women of Massachusetts have the reputation of being so independent, as nothing contributes to the feeling of independence like a good bank account.

The irony of fate is seen in the sad fate of Captain Couch, the Oklahoma boomer. After devoting his time and energies for several years to organizing raids into that forbidden region, and thus doing much to force its opening to settlement, he was so beaten in the race for land when the day of jubilee came that he was compelled to jump another man's claim, and was shot in the leg and killed in consequence.

"The Southern States," says Dixie, "should make a grand display at the World's Fair. Each State should have an exhibit which would show the world just what her resources are, and what the capitalist and immigrant can expect to find, when they seek her borders. The Southern expositions held in Louisville, New Orleans and Atlanta have been of incalculable benefit to the South, having brought millions of dollars to our mines, quarries, cities and manufacturers. The outside world must see what we have, and the World's Fair will be the place to advertise our resources."

Those who spent the year 1889 in New York will not be surprised, says the Observer, to learn from Sergeant Dunn, Chief of the New York Signal Service Bureau, that the year 1889 was the wettest on record. The total rainfall for that year was 58.68 inches. Sergeant Dunn describes it not only as the wettest, but the warmest and wettest. A singular incident about the weather of the past winter is that the coldest and warmest days of the winter were each found in the month of March. On March 7 the thermometer dropped to six degrees. On March 12 it reached seventy-one degrees, the maximum and minimum thus occurring within five days of each other. Last year gave us the warmest Christmas day we ever had so far as records show, the thermometer reaching sixty-five degrees in the afternoon. Sergeant Dunn argues that the conditions of the weather have been such as to make it tolerably safe to expect a cool summer.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives, Often we should find it better. Purer than we judge we should; We should love each other better If we only understood. Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin. Could we know the powers working To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity. If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the effort all in vain, And the bitter disappointment— Understood the loss and gain— Would the grim external roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same? Should we help where now we hinder? Should we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action In less turbid air its source. Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good; Oh! we'd love each other better If we only understood.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOOD.

HARRIET F. CROCKER. They had parted coldly. Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment. Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes. She was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood. She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's bookkeeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried. They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village. Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer. They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidly which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than she could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu. Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest oper.

THE FREQUENCY OF OLD PEOPLE.

Michael Solis, who lives in San Salvador in the Republic of El Salvador, is said to be 185 years of age, and is apparently in the full vigor of all his powers. He has never taken any unusual precaution with his health, is not a vegetarian or teetotaler, and has always been a hard worker. Peter Barlow died in Danverscotta about three years ago at the age of 135. He served under George Washington in the revolutionary war. There is a colored man living in Lynn, Mass., who has recently been on public exhibition, who claims to be over 130 years of age. People over 120 years of age, in the very general diffusion of news which is now possible, are frequently heard of in various portions of the world. Centenarians are by no means the curiosities they were a few generations ago. Seth Perkins, who recently died in Norwich, Conn., was a President of a railroad at 100. Chevrel, the French scholar, recently died over 100 years of age. Probably every State in the Union contains its centenarians, and some of them perhaps several. People over ninety years of age are by no means a curiosity. The late Emperor William, of Germany, was nearly ninety-two at the time of his death. Simon Cameron was over ninety, and so was the late Dr. Dollinger, the theologian. Our historian Bancroft is over ninety, and so is Cardinal Newman and Marshal Von Moltke. If so many eminent men can be found who have lived to an advanced age, it is reasonable to infer that there are a large number among the more obscure classes. An English writer on longevity maintains that genius is inimical to old age; but this hardly seems borne out by the facts. Carlyle died at eighty-four; Bryant at eighty-three; Professor Sir Richard Owen is still alive at eighty-six; John G. Whittier at eighty-two; Robert C. Winthrop at eighty-one; William E. Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alfred Tennyson at eighty. The throes and frenzy of genius do not, it seems, always prove destructive to longevity. All classes and conditions of men are liable to attain to old age, though there can be no doubt that some occupations are more destructive of health and, hence of long life, than others.—Yankee Blade.

NOVEL METHOD OF REMOVING RATS.

Texas farmers have been almost ruined by the depredations of rats. To get rid of them a novel expedient has come into use. The farmer finds a burrow in which from fifty to a hundred rats reside. Every exit save one is carefully stopped. At this one is placed a common iron tea kettle. Opposite the spout is bored a hole in which is inserted a piece of gas pipe about one foot long. Over the spout is placed another piece of pipe, which is run into the opening leading to the burrow. A fire is then built in the kettle and a couple of handfuls of sulphur thrown on the coals. The top being closed, the fumes are driven into the burrow by a hand bellows, the nozzle of which is inserted in the top pipe. Some of these burrows are fifty yards in length; and in five minutes every young and old rodent is dead.

CURIOUS BURIAL CUSTOMS.

ODD BURIAL METHODS OF THE CHINESE AND OTHER RACES. Chinese Mourners Dress in White—Bodies Sometimes Kept in the House for Years. Exceedingly different are the modes of burying the dead among various people. Among some the dead are buried lying, among others sitting—as is the case with several of the Indian tribes, among whom, it is related, warriors or leaders in the nations have been buried upon their favorite war-horses. There is a remarkable general agreement of custom, however, in the practice of placing the body to lie east or west. It is held by some writers that this custom is due to solar symbolism, and the head is placed to the east or west, according as the dead are thought of in connection with the sunrise, the reputed home of the Deity, or the sunset, the reputed home of the dead. There are, however, some tribes that bury their dead north and south, and others bury men with the face to the north and women with the face to the south. The burial customs of the Chinese are peculiar. Immediately upon the decease of a person in China a priest is called, whose prayers are supposed to free the departed spirit from the necessity of going to hades and to secure his admittance to Paradise. The body is arrayed in the most costly garments that the family can afford. In one hand is placed a fan and in the other a prayer written on a piece of paper, which is a letter of recommendation to the gates of heaven. The coffin is a very solid, substantial case. The corpse, when put into it, is laid in a bed of lime or cotton, or is covered with quicklime, and the edges of the lid are closed with mortar in the groove so that no odor can escape. The nature of the site for burial is regarded as having an important influence upon the prosperity of the living, the people fearing ill-luck, disease and accident if the dead are not satisfied with the site of their graves. The selection of propitious sites is made by geomancers, a class of quacks who pretend to supernatural wisdom. When the day of burial arrives, which is a satisfactory place for the tomb has been found—the nearest lucky day to the third seventh day after death, the friends assemble at the house, and an offering of cooked provisions is laid out near the coffin. This is intended to occupy the attention of the spirit of the dead, which is supposed to linger near the body, or any other vagrant spirits that may be hovering around, to keep them from doing any mischief or harm to the living. All the mourners are dressed entirely in white, and they assemble about the coffin and in turn prostrate themselves before it, a band of music playing meanwhile. The procession is then formed, the coffin going first, borne on an unwieldy bier carried by a large number of men. A man goes before the procession and scatters paper money, to buy the good will of any stray, tricky spirits that may be prowling about. Immediately after the coffin, in a separate sedan, is borne the ancestral tablet of the deceased with the offering of food. Different figures, banners and tablets are also carried, according to the means and rank of the family. When the grave is reached the coffin is let down, and lime is abundantly mixed with the earth thrown in upon it. Crackers are then fired, libations are poured out, prayers are recited and finally paper molds of houses, clothes, horses, money and everything that the dead man can possibly want in the land of shadows are burned. The origin of this latter custom is unquestionably the idea that everything that had been enjoyed or used in this life would be desired in the other. The ancient custom was to burn a man's household belongings, to kill upon his grave his favorite horse, hound or bird, and sometimes his chosen servant, that their shadows might go with him into the life beyond. After the funeral the elaborate dishes that have been borne to the grave are carried back, and the mourners feast upon them. Bodies are in some instances kept in or about the house for many years, and incense is burned before them morning and evening. They are kept on tables in the entrance hall, or sometimes in a chamber set apart. This occurs when the family cannot afford funeral expenses—which are considerable—or when a lucky place of burial cannot be found. From the earliest times the manner of expressing grief at death has differed in different countries. The Hebrew period of mourning was usually seven days, but in some instances, as at the death of Moses and Aaron, it was extended to thirty days. The mourners tore their clothing, cut off their hair and beard, strewn ashes on their heads and cast themselves on the ground, weeping and smiting their breasts. The Greeks mourned thirty days, except in Sparta—where the mourning period was limited to ten days—and wore coarse black garments, cut off their hair and secluded themselves from the public gaze. In the event of the death of a great General the soldiers of the whole army cut off their hair and also the manes of their horses. The Roman mourning period lasted only a few days, but if the death was that of some great ruler or General, all business was stopped and the forum and the schools were closed. Among the Fiji Islanders the women are required to burn their bodies on the death of a Chief, and in the Sandwich Islands the people go into mourning by knocking out their front teeth and by painting the lower part of the face black.—New York Star.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A NOVEL WAY OF BAKING APPLES. Peel a lemon, cut it in slices and take out the seeds; lay in a shallow tin pan and on each slice a pared and corred apple; fill the pan half full of water and bake until the apples are tender. Lift the apples into a dish and place the pan with the lemon and water on the stove, add half a pound of sugar to every half a pint of water; boil for half an hour until it jells; place a slice of lemon on each apple, pour the syrup over them and let them get very cold before serving.—Washington Star. FOR MAKING GOOD COFFEE. Most connoisseurs prefer a half-and-half mixture of Mocha and Java. To make for a family of four, wash one egg and break into a bowl, shell and all; beat with a fork until it is frothy, then beat in a pint of cold water, a little at a time. Add a generous half pint of coffee, mix thoroughly and pour into the pot. Set on the back of the range where it will heat slowly half an hour, keeping the spout closed to prevent the escape of the aroma. Then add about a pint and a half of boiling water and bring to a boil, stirring down once or twice as the grounds gather at the top. Serve with plain or whipped cream or with condensed milk as preferred. CITRON PRESERVER. Cut the citron in pieces about two inches square, and boil it in soda water until it is so tender that a straw will pierce it easily, then skim it and let it lie in weak salt water for three hours, and after that in cold water for one hour. Make a syrup of one quart of water and four pounds of sugar for every four pounds of citron. Boil this syrup, removing all scum, until it is clear, then put in the citron and let it remain, cooking slowly, until the sugar has penetrated it thoroughly, when it must be dipped out of the syrup and packed into jars. Boil the syrup until it becomes rosy, pour it with lemon or stick cinnamon or extract of ginger, then pour it over the citron, sealing the jars as soon as they are filled.—Yankee Blade. HAM FAT. Housekeepers are often puzzled to devise a way to make the hard parts of a ham palatable. But after the better portion has been sliced off, the remainder can be converted into a very tempting dish. Cut all the meat from the bone and chop it fine, boil six eggs hard and chop them also. Put in the bottom of a small, deep pudding dish a layer of the chopped meat, then a layer of egg. Moisten with cream sauce, add a second layer of ham, another layer of eggs, moisten again with bread-crumbs, dotted with bits of butter. Bake about half an hour or until the top is brown. The cream sauce consists of one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of flour, and a cupful of milk. Melt the butter and flour and stir in the milk.—Ladies' Home Journal. TO BAKE DRY FISH. Make a sauce of one and a half ounces of chopped fat bacon fried in the bottom of a saucepan with one ounce of beef suet and two ounces of carrots, onions and tomatoes. When these are done are brown, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, which should also be brown; add a quart of hot water and season with salt and pepper. Let this boil gently one hour, skimming it clear. When the vegetables are soft, rub the sauce through a sieve and add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Clean the fish if it is a whole one, and lay it or the cut fish in the dripping-pan on a few vegetables, sliced. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over it a half pint of stock or hot water. Bake half an hour. Pour a little of the sauce on a dish; lay the fish in, with boiled potatoes around it. Serve the remainder of the sauce in a boat.—New York Witness. HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Buttermilk will take out mildew stains. Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals. A dampened cloth is better than a dry one for dusting furniture. If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed. To remove rust from steel, rub with kerosene, and soak for a day, polishing with emery dust and kerosene. If a cucumber is cut into strips and the pieces put into places where ants are found, it will surely drive them away. A cloth saturated in kerosene oil and dipped into whiting, for cleaning tinware, is much better than anything else used. If new calicoes are allowed to lie in strong salt water an hour before the first washing, the colors are less likely to fade. Table linen should be hummed by hand. Not only does it look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered as with machine sewing. There should be a small table about the height of the range or stove for use as a resting-place for utensils when omelets, griddle cakes, etc., are made. It should be covered with zinc. In bottling catchup or pickles, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles, and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks. If the material is washable at all, black dye can practically be rendered a fast color by the help of the salt water bath before the general washing is commenced upon. After such a treatment faded black caused by washing will never occur. Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pintful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors. GROWING YOUNGER. Haribake—"Miss Withers seems to grow younger every day." Snearigh—"Yes, she will soon have reached her second childhood."

AN ECONOMICAL MAN.

He lived on thirteen cents a day.— Ten cents for milk and cracker, One cent for disipation gay, And two cents for tobacco. And if he wished an extra dish, He'd take his pole and catch a fish. And if his stomach railed a war, 'Gainst his parsimonious habit, He'd go and kill a woodcock, or Assassinate a rabbit; And thus he'd live in sweet content On food that never cost a cent. And, that he might lay in bank The proceeds of his labor, He'd happen round at meals, the crank! And dine upon his neighbor! And then he'd eat enough to last Until another day had passed. He bought no pantaloons nor vest, Nor rich, expensive jacket; He had one suit—the pa's request— He thought would "stand the racket." He patched his thirty years, 'tis true, And then declared 'twas good as new. He owned but one suit to his back, And minus cuffs and collar, He died, and left his nephew Jack Nine hundred thousand dollars! And Jack he run this fortune through And only took a year or two. —S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Momentary bliss—Second love. A well-wisher—The traveler on the desert. "Pa, what's the deal of night?" "Ghosts, I reckon."—Pack. The man who never smiles is a centre of gravity.—Becherer Post-Express. A good-sized sinking fund will help to keep a corporation afloat.—New York Press. Does a man-of-war go on a whaling voyage when it starts out to whip somebody? Much charity that begins at home is too weak to get out of doors.—Tobias Sittling. The man who is employed in a feather store is apt to get down on his knees pretty often. Groom—"Shall I rub his legs off, sir?" Equestrian—"No, you had better leave them on." Here's to the bootblack. He improves the shining hours by shining ours.—Danville Breeze. "How did Robinson happen to get swamped?" "He got into the swim too deep."—Munsey's. Hawkins—"What kind of jokes does young Tompkins write?" Jwkins—"Alleged, I believe." "Your opinion reminds me of a hundred-dollar bill." "Ah! valuable, I suppose." "No; subject to change." Foot, try your hand at prose. If you weigh your thought sublime; If in English plain it glows, You may put the thing in rhyme. "Well, I got there!" exclaimed Jay-smith, announcing a recent success. "Yes; with all four feet," replied Cum-so.—Judge. A philosophical friend remarks that if there is anything that will encourage rising ability it is sitting on a bent pin.—Munsey's. Young Johnnie has a sister small, He loves with all his heart; For, when he does not get it all, He goes and takes her part. —Pack. A scientific man has discovered that the reason why a hen lays an egg is because she can not stand it up on end.—Washington Critic. Old Sol will soon, in cloudless skies, Shine like a fiery ball, And there will then be lots of flies Upon us all. —Boston Courier. VOICES OF THE YEAR. Bark to the fleashtly yell, Bark to the amper's yell, "All ready, now, play ball!" That Man's Out! —New York Herald. Most rubber goods have been adulterated so that they don't begin to be as good as they used to be. Not so with Truth, however. The rubber of which that is made seems to be of a better quality than ever, for the truth never was stretched half so much as at present. There seems to be absolutely no limit to its elasticity. —Danville Breeze. His pen was but half-fathered, like the chicken of the spring, His way through life, spring-chicken-like, was rough. And the smile goes further—he was as weak of wing. And as that same poor chicken, he was tough. —Judge. AN EMPERO'S MANIA FOR UNIFORMS. Emperor William has developed a mania for new uniforms and costumes which is worthy of George IV. He has established a new body-guard for the Empress, which is to do sentry duty before her apartments at the palace, and is to serve as her escort at reviews and State functions. For palace duty the uniform consists of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings, and huge shoulder-knots in black, white and silver; white waistcoat; coming down low, white trousers and "jack" boots. There is also a black velvet, three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather in the Prussian colors. The scout uniform is much the same, except that the hat is replaced by a helmet of polished steel, crested with a golden eagle.—Times, Illustrated. What the Band Was Playing. First Steamboat Passenger—"There's a brass band playing on deck." Second Steamboat Passenger—"I don't hear it." F. S. P.—"Probably not; a dozen drummers can play a game of draw without being heard all over the ship."