

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5.00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	12.00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	40.00
Two Squares, one year.....	75.00
Quarter Column, one year.....	25.00
Half Column, one year.....	50.00
One Column, one year.....	100.00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

There is much talk in Europe of a "general disarmament."

It is no exaggeration to say, says the *Chicago Herald*, that forty per cent. of the cases of insanity are preventable.

Judge says: Don Pedro is a good enough man to lose a kingdom while he lives and reach the kingdom when he dies.

Explorer Stanley says the slave trade in Africa cannot be suppressed unless the European Powers join together and break up the ivory trade.

The sum of \$55,000 in gold coin was sent from San Bernardino, Cal., to San Francisco by mail a few days ago as second-class matter at one cent an ounce. An insurance company took a risk on the coin and the bank saved \$150 by using the mail.

The London *Financial News* says that "existing conditions are distinctly favorable to cheap money, and if we are not quite on the eve of a three per cent. standard, we are, at all events, within measurable distance of a reduction of at least one-half per cent. of the present minimum."

A floating American exposition is the scheme proposed by George S. Bowen, of New York, for the edification of South America. He wants merchants and manufacturers to fit out a ship with a varied collection of American products and send an expedition to South American ports to display and introduce these goods.

The *Prairie Farmer* believes that farmers are most interested in having the census figures of agriculture as near the truth as possible. Speculators and others make the most when they can keep farmers and others in the dark about the yield of crops. The truth never yet suffered from the light; evildoers always seek darkness.

One good word for the grip is surely in order, remarks the *New York World*, after all the evil that has been deservedly said about the hateful thing. The Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, at Westboro, Mass., says that seven of his lunatic patients have had their intellects righted by a severe attack of the grip. It was a blessing in disguise for them.

Says the *Washington Star*: Kentucky is still progressing. A railroad is expected to reach Big Sandy Gap one of these days, and the *Herald* of that town announces that Peter Kidd will give \$500 for the privilege of putting a tent over the first locomotive and train of cars for twenty-four hours and charging the raw mountaineers twenty-five cents each to come in and see it.

Says the *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*: It will not be long before the horse car will have become a thing of the past, save in very sleepy communities. Electricity, as a motive power for street transit, seems to be carrying the day everywhere. In St. Louis alone they are now equipping seven electric street car lines with ninety-two miles of track at a cost of \$3,500,000. It is believed that by the end of the present year the last horse car will have disappeared from that city.

D. Lowber Smith, ex-Commissioner of Public Works, recently gave some startling testimony before the General Gas Committee in regard to escaping gas in New York city. In many places, he said, the prevalence of gas was such, that by simply forcing a crowbar into the earth, between the paving stones, the gas which escaped was so strong that it could be lighted with a match. "Some great disaster is likely to result from this condition" is the comment of the *New York News*.

In the good old Bible times the cutting off of Samson's hair brought great tribulation to the dwellers in Gath and in the land of Askelon, but down in Kentucky it seems, states the *Philadelphia Press*, the bloody Howard-Turner feud originated in the burning off of the snaky locks of one of the mountaineer's during a night of joviality. As a tonsorial accessory fire is not quite the thing, and the Kentucky backwoodsmen evidently believe the best hair cut is to be obtained by using a tin basin and sheep shears.

The population of the United States in the year 1880 was 50,000,000 and about one-seventh. It is estimated that the population in 1890 will be nearly 64,500,000. The exact figures put down by the enumerators are 64,442,897. They, however, reckon that three of the divisions of the country which they have estimated are too small; they put down Oregon at about 262,000, Washington at 225,000 and Wyoming at 36,000, and say that they are all too small. The probability therefore are, says Gath in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, that the American census, if correctly surmised, may be something like 64,700,000 people.

IN GOOD TIME.

Offtimes, in sunny morning hours,
The cheeriest season ever,
We say: "This day must not pass by
Without some grand endeavor."
And this we mean from honest hearts
To make, and not to stum it;
But when the evening curtain falls,
Alas! we have not done it.
But we, perhaps, take up instead
Some little grievance glacially,
And magnify its puny form
And grieve upon it sadly,
When, maybe, that faint, tiny spark
That we are hourly fanning
Is but a part of some good work
That God for us is planning.
"There is a wheel within a wheel,"
Albeit we little heed them,
And some machines need sharpened blades
And needle points, to feel them.
And so it is in this strange life,
Through which we journey blindly,
But when the needful knife probes deep
We do not take it kindly.
The time will come, for those who bear
Their ills as God's anointed,
When they shall read earth's mysteries
A time by heaven appointed.
Then let us calmly wait and wait
With trusting spirits ever,
Still carrying out from day to day
Some good and grand endeavor.
—Mrs. M. A. Kistler, in the *Ledger*.

THAT WHITE CAT.

On Monday morning I left Waterloo, and in a couple of hours was seated in Lady Pownceby's dog cart. My hostess met me at the door, and insisted on my going at once to my room, where I found a luncheon laid.
"Dorothy is out," she said. "She is busy with her poor women this morning. She is very useful in the village; indeed, our vicar, Mr. Haig, calls her his assistant-curate."
"Dorothy is your niece?"
"Yes, my poor sister, Mrs. Braithwaite's daughter. She is an orphan. You will meet her at dinner, and I'm sure I hope you will be great friends."
I hoped so too. I never was a lady's maid. Of women friends I had not one, and of acquaintances but a few. What would two months be at Berkington if Dorothy and I were not friends? I was anxious to meet her. Her name sounded prim, I thought; and her aunt's mention of parochial work had raised a foreboding within me. She was a tall, angular, old-young lady, I felt sure, who spoke always with polish and precision, and whose conversation savored of the mother's meeting. I was angry with myself for coming to this place.
Even then no relief came. As the bell rang, Lady Pownceby sailed into the drawing-room. "Dorothy hasn't come in yet, Mr. Oswald Jones. We will not wait dinner for her; one never knows when she will return; will you give me your arm?"
I felt that I was a man with a grievance. I, Oswald Jones, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, one of the rising men, the papers said, had condemned myself to spend my vacation in an obscure country house, and Dorothy Braithwaite (but a rather pretty name I thought), spinster, showed herself so unimpressed as to absent herself from the house the whole day. But with the fish came Dorothy.
"I am sorry I am so late, aunt," she said. "Mrs. Wade's Tommy has the measles, and I had to mind her other olive-branches while she fetched the doctor. This is Mr. Oswald Jones."
She looked at me with a frank smile as we shook hands.
She set down and began to eat with a healthy appetite. I watched her. My foreboding was utterly stultified. Tall and stately, with a complexion of red and brown, fair hair, and a pair of eyes large, blue, dark-fringed, expressive, I felt my visit was not in vain. I would have gone twice as far to make the acquaintance of the owner of such eyes. She was perfectly self-possessed. She seldom spoke. Occasionally she would look up at me, and I was charmed with her delightful eyes. When the ladies left me, I hastened after them. Lady Pownceby was settling herself for her post-prandial nap; Dorothy was sitting at the window, leaning back in her chair and looking out.
"Come and sit here," she said.
"You must make yourself at home, Mr. Oswald Jones," said a sleepy voice from the other end of the room.
"I am rather surprised to find myself here," I said to Dorothy.
"Are you? Aunt often speaks of you. She thinks a great deal of you. She read the *Times*, and whenever she sees your name in the law reports, she reads them with ten-fold interest. Here's Mr. Oswald Jones's name again," she will say; "I really must know more of that young man."
"Why does she always call me by my full name? Why not Mr. Jones, simply?"
"Oh, there are so many Joneses, you know. Our curate's name is Jones, and no doubt she calls you Oswald Jones to distinguish you from him."
Perhaps Dorothy was to be assistant curate in a more particular sense. Strange to say, I felt jealous. But I was prevented from asking any questions by a sudden introduction to another inmate of the house. Something stirred behind the curtain at my side, and out sprang a large white cat, which dug its claws into the carpet and arched its back and then leaped in Dorothy's lap. Dorothy began stroking its head, putting her head against it, and performing those many little tricks which ladies and cats enjoy. Now I abominated the whole feline race. And this cat, especially, was my detestation. Its fur was spotlessly white, and the fact that I could find no fault with it made me hate it the more. Dorothy spoke to it and kissed the animal. I loathed it.
"I hate cats!" I cried.
"Poppy hates men," Dorothy serenely replied. "Mr. Arthur Jones, our curate, you know, is the only man she will allow to touch her."

RIGHTS ON OTHER MEN'S LANDS.

A paper by Mr. Hyde Clarke, on "The Rights of Property in Trees" on the land of another, relates to a curious custom of primeval times which still survives in some lands. The author first met it as a land judge in Asia Minor in 1862, when he was called upon to grant compensation for olive-trees belonging to one or more persons on the lands of others, and for honey-trees or hords of wild honey in State or communal forests. Papers read by the Rev. Dr. Codrington gave information of the existence of a like system in Malanisia. It likewise prevails, according to Mr. Crocker, of the British North Borneo Company, in Borneo, in respect to the katapang, or honey-tree, and also in the case of caves containing edible birds' nests. Sir Spencer St. John also observes that in Borneo the land nominally belongs to the State or tribe, but the ownership is not a private property in land in our sense of the word. He had observed that certain of the tapang, on which the bees construct their nests, often belonged to special families, and were not touched by their neighbors.
Sir Thomas Wade has found a similar right in China, where, when hill farms or gardens are leased, the tenant will pay the proprietor a yearly rent. All the trees or bushes on the ground before it is let belong to the proprietors, and the tenant is not free to appropriate them. If there were no such trees on the ground when it was let, and such trees were subsequently planted by the tenant, they would be at his disposal. Separate property in trees is also traceable in India, particularly in Chota Nagpore, where Mr. J. P. Hewitt has frequently found that fruit-trees growing on land are owned by persons other than the owners or cultivators of the soil. The mohna-trees, which are exceedingly valuable, are frequently divided among the inhabitants of the villages near which they grow. The individual property in trees is not in Turkey confined to Asia Minor, but prevails as a general law in the empire. Miss Pauline Inby found it in Bosnia, and bought an instance of the kind in a certain estate. It seems also to have anciently existed in the British Islands, and is recognized in the Breton records of Ireland. But there, and in most European countries, the vestiges of the separate rights have ceased to exist.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE WONDROUS POWER OF SONG.

Congressman John Allen, of Mississippi, in addition to being one of the wits of the House, is also something of a "plunger" in society. He was present at a musicale given at the Shoreham by Mrs. Jeaneette Thurber a few evenings ago, and talked music with a fluency that astonished some of those who heard him. During the evening Mrs. Thurber engaged the Mississippi Congressman in conversation for a few minutes, and incidentally inquired if he was familiar with the study of music.
"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Allen, promptly.
"I am sewing and playing music," he said. "In fact I am so fond of music that I introduce it into my every-day life with very beneficial effect. I control my wife and family and govern my entire household by the power of my music."
"I don't quite comprehend you," answered Mrs. Thurber, smiling.
"Well," said Mr. Allen, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it is just like this: When I request my wife or any member of my family to do anything, and they refuse, I threaten to sing. They immediately relent and do my bidding rather than hear me."
—*Baltimore Sun*.

A NATURAL GAS FIELD.

In a narrow rocky gorge only a mile from Northhoff is burning a steady, inextinguishable flame, which would in most places be the cause of much excitement in financial circles. Large cities and immense manufacturing enterprises have been built up on such resources as are here wasting themselves in nature's wilds. Down the steep rocks flows a tiny stream, covered with oil wherever a pool is formed, and its rugged bed is covered with asphaltum. A rough trail leads a half mile up the canyon to a barren ridge, where, amid the calcined rocks and crumbling shale the gas oozes out of innumerable crevices and burns with a steady flow that shows a large supply behind somewhere. It has now been burning some two weeks or more and all efforts to extinguish it have been failures. We are glad to say that prospects are good for a development and utilization of this discovery. The working of a valuable gypsum deposit on the Ryerson ranch is also under consideration, and other enterprises which, if carried out, will bring about material progress in the valley.—*Northhoff (Cal.) Voice*.

TORTOISE SHELL.

This beautiful material is the shell or outside covering of the hawks-bill turtle, and is stronger, thicker, and clearer than that of any other of the tortoise tribe. A large turtle affords about eight pounds of tortoise shell, which lies in scales, hinging over each other like the tiles of a roof. The animal is a native of the Asiatic and American seas, and is sometimes found in the Mediterranean. Tortoise shell is semi-transparent, variegated with various spots of whitish yellow and reddish brown, and constitutes, when properly prepared, one of the most elegant articles for ornamental purposes.—*Day Goods Chronicle*.

SIAM'S FLOATING CAPITAL.

PICTURESQUE BANGKOK, THE VENICE OF THE ORIENT.

A Populous and Magnificent City Built Upon Piling, Above the Water—Floating Houses.
A floating city of half a million souls with an environment of Oriental splendor, with the temples of Buddha and the palaces and gardens of the King must be a place picturesque beyond description; but it is the capital of a country where the brutal system of slavery for debt continues to curse the poor, and where the women are drudges for the men, who are themselves the property of the King.
Frank Carpenter, the veteran journalist, gives in the *Cosmopolitan* the following description of Bangkok, the floating city, with a few introductory words about Siam:
"Siam is the Holland of the Orient. During a part of the year the best of its lands lie under water and the people move from one village to another in boats. The rivers and canals are the highways of the kingdom, and the city of Bangkok, the royal capital, has more houses built upon piles than have the piled cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and its canal streets surpass in number the liquid avenues through which the Venetian gondola glides. Bangkok is even more the daughter of the waters than is the famed queen city of the Adriatic. Venice rises from the sea, and its foundations reach down into its sand. Bangkok floats upon the bosom of the mighty Menam River, and its hundred thousand dwellings rise and fall with the tide. The Menam is called the mother of waters and Bangkok, its most beautiful daughter, is soothed during the day and lulled to sleep at night upon the bosom of this mighty mother."
Bangkok has few things in common with its sister city of Italy, and it differs from Venice as the savage maiden of the tropics laden with barbaric gold differs from the fashionable girl of our modern civilization, clad in her latest Parisian dress. Imagine a low, flat country filled with the most luxuriant of tropical vegetation. The wind sighs through the palm trees. Birds of the gayest plumage fill the air with their tropical songs. In the jungle is heard the chatter of the monkey, and along the flat streams black the alligator. A low, clear blue sky, in which the sun of the tropics shines its hottest, hangs over it, and at night the moon and stars shine with an untold brightness. Sailing up this river, from the Gulf of Siam, at about thirty miles from its mouth, you note in the distance, the spires of temples and palaces. As you go on from out the palm trees on each side shine little one-story houses, their roofs thatched with palm leaves, and their foundations apparently rising from the water itself. None of these houses are large. The average house is not more than fifty feet square, and the roofs sharp ridged and belying inward, are not more than twelve feet from the floor. They have neither windows nor doors, and their fronts open in verandas directly on the water. Coming nearer you see that they float, and that their foundation is a raft of bamboo poles, each about three inches thick, and piled crosswise, one on top of the other, like the corn cobs of a country urchin.
There are no cellars in Bangkok, and each house has a hole in the floor through which the sweepings are thrown. At two or more corners of each of these dwellings a pole has been driven down into the mud, and the house is anchored to these. Its owner pays a ground rent to the person owning the land on the banks in front of which the house rests. But in case of dispute the moorings are cut, and the house, family and all float away to another location. There are fifteen miles of these floating houses. They line both banks of the river and the canals back into the jungle. It is not uncommon for the owner of a floating dwelling to anchor his house in the middle of one of the narrowest of the water avenues, and boats passing by must get through as they can. The native houses of the land are built high up on piles, so that one could almost walk under their floors. Some of them have picturesquely pointed roofs, but like the floating houses, they are as a rule small, and their interior arrangements are the same.
It is estimated that five hundred thousand out of the seven hundred thousand people of Bangkok live thus upon the water. There are thousands of children here who have never had a playground bigger than the fifteen-foot veranda in front of their homes, and whole families live through generations in one of these three-roomed floating houses without having spent a night upon the land. The people go from one place to another in boats, and the streets and highways of this floating city are filled with all sorts of craft, from the ocean steamer, which carries passengers and freight to Hong Kong and Singapore, to the little canoe, ten feet long and two feet wide, which is sculled by a Siamese urchin. It was the itinerant peddler, with his goods piled on the boat in front of him, paddling his way from house to house and crying out his wares. Here are women by the hundreds standing up and rowing or sitting down sculling boat loads of merchandise from one part of the city to the other, and through them all move the steam launches of the Siamese noblemen, and now and then the great barge of the King, with its white elephant flag floating in the breeze."
The Siamese King, says Mr. Carpenter, is immensely wealthy, owning a private fortune of fifty millions, with an annual income of ten millions! He has abolished the custom which required the Siamese to come into the King's presence on all fours, and shakes hands with Americans in the American fashion. Before traveling abroad he was instructed by an English governess, and has used his immense fortune to develop the country, bringing telegraphs to the capital, and putting out surveys for railroads. Notwithstanding this he remains in the Buddhist faith, and there are 10,000 priests of Buddha in Bangkok.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A KITCHEN OILCLOTH.

A cheap oilcloth for the kitchen may be made of cheap, heavy towcloth or burlap fitted to the room. Nail it on the side of an outside building and cover the cloth with a thick paste made of rye flour. When this is dry, paint it a good, cheap, brown. In two weeks more give it another coat. Let it remain till well seasoned, which will be in two or three months, then varnish and nail down. This oilcloth, it is said, will last for many years.—*New York Tribune*.

CLEANING SILVER WORK.

The *Jewelers Weekly* gives the following directions for cleaning bright silver work:
Solution No. 1. Dissolve a piece of soap three times as large as an English walnut in one quart of water; add a wineglassful of ammonia and use boiling-hot.
Solution No. 2. Dissolve a piece of cyanide of potassium twice as large as an English walnut in one quart of water, and use warm.
Directions: First wash the article and brush with solution No. 1, then rinse in boiling water, after which dip the solution No. 2. The article should then be rinsed in boiling water, and this should be followed by washing and brushing with solution No. 1; then rinse with boiling water and dry the piece in hot sawdust or wipe it dry. This method must not be used to clean oxidized work. (The cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison, and must be handled carefully.)

CANNING FRUIT.

Pare all fruit with a silver knife, and as it darkens by exposure to the air, drop each piece as pared into cold water and prepare only the quantity needed to fill two cans.
Fruit looks and is better when whole, the juices are clearer and the flavor is more fully retained. It is difficult to cook a large quantity evenly without injuring the shape. For this reason it is better to cook only enough to fill a few jars at a time. In canning a crate of berries it is well to select the finest looking quarts and can expressly for simple desserts at table. Such particular canning will not be necessary for cooking purposes.
Cook fruit in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. If tin is used it should be new.
Cook evenly for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil.
There is no necessity for using sugar in canning fruit, but one tablespoonful to a quart of fruit is sometimes added.
When ready to can, have all articles needed close at hand. Set the can on two thicknesses of warm, wet flannel. Dip out the boiling fruit with a long-handled ladle, and fill the jar to overflowing. Run a knitting-needle three times down to the bottom of the filled can, and liberate the air bubbles. Then, with a quick movement, break the bubbles lying on top, and seal without the loss of a second. In ten minutes tighten the tops again with your wrench, and when the cans are cool wrap in paper, and keep in a cool, dry, dark place. Be sure there are no seeds or sediment on the rubber ring before sealing. A funnel comes, which is a great convenience in filling the jars. Do not store your cans of fruit on a swing-shelf, unless you are certain it will bear the weight. In canning berries, dip out most of the surplus juice, and seal, when boiling hot, in pint cans for the children.—*Eastern Argus*.

FISH SALAD.

Crab Salad—Prepare a pint of crab meat; put it in a salad bowl, arrange around in spiced oysters, and add a little chopped celery; pour over rimoulade sauce.
Herring Salad—Put into a salad bowl the crisp leaves of a head of lettuce; remove the skin and bone from two smoked herrings; shred them fine and add to the lettuce; pour over the salad a plain dressing and garnish with hard boiled eggs.
Shrimp Salad—Take one can of shrimps, open, and put in cold water, drain and dry. Put four or five tomatoes in boiling water, and skin, slice and drain; arrange them on a dish, lay the shrimps on top, and pour over all mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with lettuce.
Crayfish Salad—Wash two dozen crayfish, and boil them in salt water for fifteen minutes; pick them out of their shells; remove the entrail in the centre of the tail. Put two heads of lettuce in a salad bowl, add the crayfish, pour over mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with hard boiled eggs.
Salmon Salad—Take a pound of fresh salmon (or canned) and boil; break in flakes; put in a salad bowl, with salt, pepper and vinegar, and a very little oil; let stand one hour; put crisp lettuce in a large bowl, and the salmon, pour over mayonnaise dressing; garnish with hard boiled eggs and celery.
Cottish Salad—Cut a quarter of a pound of salt codfish in pieces, three inches square; split them, and put to soak over night; next day them, broil and baste with butter. Take up, let cool, tear the pieces apart, lay on a dish, over crisp lettuce leaves, and pour over plain salad dressing. Garnish with hard boiled eggs and sliced lemon.
Lobster Salad—Plunge two lobsters in boiling water and let cook half an hour; take the centre of six heads of lettuce and three hard boiled eggs; break off the shells of the lobsters, take out the flesh and cut in small pieces; put salad in a bowl and season with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar; wash the lettuce, tear in pieces, mix with the lobster and cover with mayonnaise dressing.
Fresh Fish Salad—Take two pounds of cold boiled or baked fish, take off the skin, pick out the bones and mince; slice six potatoes, cut fine a pint of cabbage, add the potatoes, then the fish; chop one small onion and two small cucumber pickles; mix all together and pour over mayonnaise dressing.—*Water Journal*.

I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS.

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other
spheres—
Dread planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of
men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I
of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years forgotten, O soul, was all my
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not
them!
—Thomas B. Aldrich, in *The Century*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always on hand—Palmyra.
A pound of flesh—Pugilism.
The plane dealer—The carpenter.
The end of women's prayer—Men.
Open to conviction—The prisoner at the bar.—*Judge*.
The burglar's method for getting into a safe is an open secret.
A little often sells a book as easily as it buys an heirless.—*Puck*.
Now comes to naught a slumber sweet
The friskiness fly with luxury fast.
—*Washington Post*.
It is the man who is losing ground
by inches who becomes disatisfied with his lot.
Astronomers predict numerous sun spots this year—among the freckled.—*Herald World*.
The work of the sewing woman is in some respects a gory business.—*Binghanton Republican*.
"There was not a dissenting vote."
"Yes, I heard it was carried anonymously."
—*Herald's Base*.
Inquisitive Patient—"What is the scientific name for spring fever?" Doctor—"Laxiness."—*Chicago Times*.
A Western humorist writes in his shirt sleeves. Well, that's all right. That's where his "funny bone" is located.—*Statenman*.
The idiom, "His name is mud," was first applied to Henry Clay when he got into the soup for the Presidency.—*Harvard Lampoon*.
It is best always to choose a tall man for State Treasurer, so that he may not be found short when he goes out of office.—*Pittsburg*.
"I seem very popular with your father's dog," said Herbert to Mabel, "Indeed!" "Yes, the last time I tried to take my leave, he did his best to detain me."
Nurse (showing new baby to proud father)—"How like his pa, Herr Baron! Your very image!" Baron—"You think so?" Nurse—"No, but you just look the picture of you."—*Gerrard's Joke*.
Artist—"Oh! so you think the back-ground's 'heavily,' do you? Perhaps the cattle are 'heavily,' too, though I flatter myself—"
Friendly Critic—"Oh, no, my dear fellow; that's just what they are not."—*The Jester*.
Woman (to tramp)—"Want something to eat, eh? Well, here's some cold hash." Tramp—"But I haven't got anything to eat with it." Woman—"Just keep on a little further and you'll find a fork in the road."
Small Boy—"Papa, which way does the Chicago River run?" Papa (who is always glad to shake the youthful thirst for knowledge)—"It doesn't run at all, my child. It is so thick it can hardly walk."—*Washington Star*.
"Your son is traveling at a pretty rapid pace," said one Senator to another.
"Yes, I'm afraid he's going 'most too lively.'"
"Does he play poker?" "No; he doesn't play. He just sits down and loses his money."—*Washington Post*.
"What is it, little girl?" said a Dearborn street grocer to a five-year-old miss, as he leaned over the counter.
Little Girl—"Mamma sent me for a lamp-chimney, and she says she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us."—*Chicago Type*.
"This dust nuisance must damage you a great deal," he said to the grocer, as he nudged into the door to let a great cloud roll by. "Oh, no, sir. Anything applied to maps, sugar, prunes, evaporated apples, etc., is paid for by the public at so much per pound. I am not doing any kicking."—*Detroit Free Press*.
The two sons of an Eastern merchant started for India. Some months afterward the father received this telegram: "Jim's dead." In reply he cabled, "Ship corpse." In due time a large box arrived, which was found to contain the body of an enormous Bengal tiger. The parent again cabled: "Mistake made; tiger in box." To which his surviving son replied: "All right. Jim inside tiger."—*Judge*.

A Coal Oil Magnate's Millions.

John Rockefeller was once a newspaper reporter, and less than two decades ago was a business man of only moderate means in Cleveland, Ohio. His attention was attracted to the opportunities for making money in the handling and refining of the product of the Pennsylvania oil fields. He started a comparatively small refinery, and from that grew the most powerful monopoly on earth—the Standard Oil Trust. How rapidly the Standard has grown is shown by the fact that in 1880 its capital was only \$3,000,000, whereas it is now \$30,000,000. The par value of the stock is \$100.00 per share, but it is quoted at \$170. It pays dividends amounting to ten per cent. per annum. Rockefeller owns more than a majority of the stock, so that something like \$100,000,000 of his fortune is represented in the trust. He also has extensive natural gas interests in Ohio, and in addition is a large owner of Government bonds and the securities of railroads and other corporations.—*Chicago Herald*.