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In the race for the possession of Africa, remarks the Boston Cultivator, the Germans seem to be decidedly ahead.

Taxes in Turkey are forty per cent, higher than in any other country on the face of the earth, and it is estimated that the average population lives fifty per cent poorer.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that "the mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

From careful estimates received from farmers themselves in every county in Kansas, the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in an average crop in that State—fifteen bushels to the acre—is believed to be forty-nine cents.

Nineteenth century realism has attained its culminating point in the cathedral at Manchester, England, where the late General Gordon, of Khartoum fame, is portrayed on the stained-glass memorial window in the chancel, arrayed in a shooting-jacket and knickerbockers.

The Philadelphia Press says: "Ice has not risen in Baltimore and to the South. It is in Philadelphia and the North. Coal is really at the foundation of cheap ice. Before long it will be cheaper to use coal to make ice than to use it in carrying ice. Many people think this is true now."

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times inquired into the nationality of the 358 members of the Chamber of Commerce of that prosperous and go-ahead city. The result of the investigation showed that 175 of the 358 were born in the Southern States, while 147 were born North and thirty-six in foreign countries.

Within a year the Atlantic Ocean has washed away a thousand acres of land on the New England coast, and 500 acres have been given to the New Jersey coast and as much to Virginia and North Carolina.

Among the supplies recently purchased by the United States for distribution among the Indians is a lot of soap amounting to 295,425 pounds. Times have indeed changed, comments the Detroit Free Press, when the noble red man has so far given way to the influence of an effete civilization as to consent to the use of such an article.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past know that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000. The ordinary express train represents from \$83,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car \$1000; the postal car \$2000; the smoking car \$5000; two ordinary passenger cars \$10,000 each; three palace cars \$15,000 each—total \$83,900.

According to the Boston Cultivator the sealskin buffalo made by crossing polled Aberdeen cattle on the wild stock, have a fine, glossy fur, as beautiful as that of the seal, and much thicker. The hump on the buffalo almost entirely disappears on this cross, and with it the shaggy mane for which buffaloes have always been noted.

The Chicago Herald narrates that an employee of the Louisville & Texas Railroad at Hawesville, Ky., dreamed that a switch was misplaced, and that a fast train was due. He awoke so deeply impressed with the vision that he went out to the switch at once to see if all were safe. He found it misplaced, as he had dreamed. A fast train was nearly due, which, with the switch as he found it, would have crashed into a train on the sidetrack in which sixty men were asleep.

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TO-MORROW.

Mad for joy in the sunny sky, The larks were singing sweet and loud; Silent the white clouds glistened on high, And the sea gleamed far away like a cloud. Brown bees were humming amongst the brown And ruby wallflowers; straight and tall The lily lifted its silver crown; The tulips laughed by the mossy wall. True lovers—a girl and a boy—were strayed Down the alleys green, with Love for third, While dreamily mournful the fountain played, Singing a song that we never heard—"Be ye as hopeful and blithe as ye may; To-morrow keeps never the bloom of to-day!"

JANE.

Her name was Jane. Though history has thrown a halo around the name, and the lyric muse has embalmed it in that sweetest of songs, "My Pretty Jane," we are apt to think of the girl called Jane as a plain homely, useful but not ornamental. Her sisters, the Eleanors, Maudes and Rosamonds, generally look to her to keep the house in order, and see to it that their comfort is not disturbed, and she is equal to the responsibility. She does her duty, and more than her duty, if one can do that, without complaint, indeed, cheerfully. But complainant though she be, Jane usually has a will of her own, and, when circumstances require her to do so, makes it known.

Such a girl was Jane Lewis. She had put the house in order—that is, she had done all those little things which the best of servants will slight, and which go so far in making up the sum of those home comforts dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart—and was seated in her own tidy chamber, sewing. While she was thus engaged her two sisters came in. They had been making a round of calls and were very elegantly dressed—Jane, in her plain calico, looking almost like a servant by contrast.

"Are you making those things for your trowsers?" asked Edith, the eldest, eyeing contemptuously several garments lying on the table at her sister's elbows.

"Yes," said Jane, with gentle sweetness. "Are they not nice?"

"Oh, they are nicely made, I dare say," said Edith—"you always sew nicely—but if I were going to be married, I wouldn't put a stitch in for myself, and I wouldn't have a garment that wasn't trimmed with the finest lace."

"I, too, Ethel," said Julia, who was the youngest of the three sisters. "When I am married I shall have my trowsers from Paris."

"But where would be the use of my having anything so fine?" said Jane, "as I know I would have to come back to plain clothes when the wedding things are worn out. A costly wardrobe would not suit the circumstances in which I shall find myself when I am married, and I don't like incongruities."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said Edith; "but I will never marry a man who cannot support me in the style to which I have become accustomed."

"Perhaps you will not have the choice," said Jane, looking lovingly up into her beautiful sister's face.

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply. "You are not in the habit of saying ill-natured things, Jane, and if you determination to marry a poor man—and—and one far beneath you—in spite of the objections of your family—"

"Don't say any more, dear," said Jane, quietly. "I didn't intend to be ill-natured at all. I only meant that your heart will have something to say when the time comes, and you do not know what that something will be. When you speak, Edith, as it will in time, I fancy it will astonish yourself more than any one else."

"I heard somebody tell Edith she has no heart," said Julia, laughing.

"I should consider it an unpardonable offense were any one to tell me that," said Jane.

"Oh, it was only some nonsense," said Edith, her face turning red.

remarkable for its beauty and the comfortable arrangement of its interior. It was a model residence, designed and erected by the young architect himself, who was already a man well-to-do in the world. They had three children, and were as happy as people can reasonably expect to be.

The only cause they had for any unhappiness was the unhappiness of another—Julia. She had married a man supposed to be very wealthy, had sent to Paris for her trousseau, and there had been a grand wedding. But her husband had turned out to be a scamp, and after getting all he could out of his father-in-law, beside forging his name to a note for a large amount of money, had disappeared.

Edith had fulfilled Jane's prophecy and married a poor man for love—a man of good family, but feeble character, whom her father had given a place in his mercantile establishment, though he was ill-fitted for it.

While Jane had lived in a modest cottage, neither her sister nor mother had thought it incumbent on them to keep up those intimate relations with her and her family which the natural ties of close kinship would have seemed to demand.

But she, having regard to her filial duty, had not let that influence her own conduct, visiting her old home as frequently as circumstances permitted, though she could not help feeling that she was not as welcome as she should have been. Her marriage—low marriage her sisters chose to consider it—had not only shut her out of the charmed circle of fashion, but seemed to have affected her standing in the family circle as well.

Her mother had treated her with a sort of condescending affection, but her father's manner to her had never changed. The quiet, unobtrusive old man had seemed to look upon her frequent appearances among them as a matter of course, often remarking with a teasing air and her husband, and staying sometimes until quite late talking with them, so that Jane was wont to wonder if he ever really did disapprove of her marriage with John Ward.

The coolness—if it may be so called—on the part of the female members of her family had, in a measure, disappeared as Ward's worldly circumstances had improved, though neither Jane's mother nor sisters could entirely get over the fact that his father had been a brick mason. When the two girls were married they affected to look upon him as the inferior of their own husbands, though one was a worthless scamp and the other a poor, characterless fellow, who had spent the greater portion of his life thus far in lounging about and looking handsome, and fond of foolish display, she had loved her husband—how dearly she had never known until he had passed out of her life.

Edith and Julia had been all the morning in their own rooms, crying and sobbing intermittently, and looking over the fashion plates for the styles in which they should have their mourning made, leaving their mother alone with her grief; and when Jane came she clung to her as to a stay of comfort.

Much of Jane's time was now devoted to her mother, who could not bear to have her away from her for any great length of time.

"Jane, my dear," she said one day, "little do we think when we are wasting time on the follies of the world, how very short life is, and how soon we may have to part with those we love. Never, my child, let anything win you away from the side of your husband; for if you do, the time will come when you will wish with regret of the many, many hours lost to you and him, for the sake of things that give no real happiness."

"You need have no fear of that, mamma," said Jane; "there is nothing the world can offer that would induce me to spend an hour away from John that could be spent with him."

When Mr. Lewis's affairs were wound up, it was found that there was little of his once considerable wealth left for the widow and children. The house in which they lived was heavily mortgaged and had to be sold; but the old man had purchased the cottage he had inquired about, the night of his last visit to Jane, probably with the expectation of soon having to give up the more expensive establishment, and this, under the supervision of John Ward, and at his expense, was put in habitable condition.

There Mrs. Lewis—who had not been ignorant of her husband's embarrassments, but had paid little heed to his words when he confided in her—took up her abode, with Edith and Julia and Edith's husband; their interests and welfare looked after by the once despised brickmason's son.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bologna Sausages. Bologna sausages of the best kind are composed of haccod and pork, chiefly flavored with garlic and cloves. And when the bacon is old, but sound, such sausages are both highly nutritious and wholesome and possessed of excellent keeping qualities, well adapted to their most extensive use by laborers, travelers, soldiers in camp and others who have not the means of cooking at hand. They are rarely sold, but being partaken of without cooking, there is some danger of trichina—the more if the hogs from which the bacon was made were fed on garbage and the bacon was not well cured before it was used.—Samaritan.

China Clay. The porcelain clays of China differ from those of Europe in containing a large percentage of white mica, or, as it is called, "moscovite." According to a recent analysis of M. Georges Vogt, the "speukou" clay, a fusible sort, used for glazes, consists of 52.9 parts of quartz, 31.3 parts of moscovite, 13.4 of soda felspar, 2 of carbonate of lime and 1 of hydrated silica. Petun-tee clay contains no less than 49.6 per cent of moscovite, which indeed is a common ingredient of the soil in the Flowery Land. Its presence in porcelain clays evidently helps to account for their translucency.—Coswell.

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

A POLITICAL PRISONER'S FOURTEEN LONG YEARS OF MISERY.

Count Langowski Tells How He Walked 3000 Miles With Heavy Chains on His Ankles.

Count Langowski, as he would be entitled to be called in Poland, though preferring plain Frank Langowski, resides in Detroit with his wife and two children. He is very short of stature, very thick set, very white-haired, though only fifty-four years old, and very cheerful in disposition, notwithstanding his sufferings entitle him to be known as a man of many sorrows. He speaks eight languages, in one of which he detailed to a representative of the Free Press the thrilling story of his life, how for fourteen years he was a political prisoner in the wilds of Siberia—bated, despised, beaten with stripes, starved and frozen.

"It was in 1863 that the Poles rebelled against Russia," said he in very fair English. "I was then twenty-seven years old, single, and lived with my father, Count Langowski, on a large farm near Warsaw. My father's estate was large, and he was one of the leading noblemen of the State. The rebel general, Taczanowski, billeted 500 of his troops upon us, and although our family had in nowise participated in the revolt, to refuse the levy meant extermination. Therefore my father acquiesced. Against these 500 troops Russia sent 3700 men and five cannon. The battle was short and decisive, resulting in the killing and capturing of the whole 500. Six horses from our stables that had been pressed into the service were killed and two of our men who were driving. The third man was whipped nearly to death after the capture and then bayoneted. I was taken prisoner and soon set out with hundreds of others on our way to Siberia. Think of a journey of over 3000 miles on foot, requiring thirteen months, with heavy chains on each ankle and chained by the wrist to another in a gang of one hundred. That is the way we made the trip, most of the time the weather being bitterly cold with the meekest kind of clothing, and only allowed seven coppers, less than five cents, a day for food. At night we slept in stapes, long, low logs or stone sheds erected every ten miles along the way, more often without fire than with it, always hungry, always cold, and always in pain from the galling chains. At last, after thirteen months of misery, we arrived at the end of our journey to encounter worse misery still. I was set to work in the quicksilver mines. Three months as long as any human being can stand it to work in those mines. Many die in the mines and many soon after leaving them. The fumes of the mercury rot the bones, loosen the teeth and leave the man a total wreck. When I had partly regained my health after this experience, I, with others, was set to digging holes in the ground. The holes were not designed for any use whatever, but were dug just to keep us at work, and it was while thus engaged that I received my first whipping. I was too weak to smooth the side of the hole as the officer wanted it, and simply told him so. For that I was taken to the whipping bench, laid on my face and flogged down by three things, one of which was passed over the neck, one over the body and one over the legs, so arranged that a man cannot make the least movement. I received eighty blows with the knout, and was two months and a half in the hospital before I could leave my bed."

"How are these knouts constructed?" he was asked.

"They are stout leather, the points of the lashes heavily loaded with lead, and a blow from them in the hands of a strong man is as bad as a stroke from a policeman's club. I have seen men killed at the third stroke. After my first whipping I received another of 125 lashes for calling a soldier a dog who had bayoneted a prisoner in cold blood. I was almost killed and it was nearly a year before I could resume work. The scenes of brutality to be witnessed on all sides were simply frightful. The killing of prisoners by the soldiers was terrible. They were under no restraint whatever, and the poor prisoners were even killed for uttering the slightest word in protest against the most horrible murders. Out of the 90,000 prisoners sent to Siberia by the Russian Government at the end of the rebellion I don't believe 5000 ever got back alive. And not one of them guilty of a crime, but simply prisoners of war. But if the fate of the men was hard, that of the women was infinitely more so. They were whipped with stout gads instead of the knout—that is the only difference I was ever able to observe."

"How are prisoners fed?"

"They are divided into squads of 100, with two soldiers, two cooks and a baker to each squad. One day's rations for the whole 100 consists of ten pounds of meat, ten pounds of barley and ten pounds of bran and two pounds of black bread per man. The meat, barley and bran are all cooked in a mess, and while the soldiers, cooks and baker live well, all that is left for the 100 is dishwater."

"How long were you sentenced for?"

"Six years as a prisoner in chains, and six years as a prisoner under surveillance. At the end of six years I was obliged to support myself, but was required to report myself daily to a certain officer. I supported myself by making cigarettes, and then, after thirteen years, was given a passport back to Poland. A man cannot travel half a mile in Russia without a passport. I begged my way from town to town, and when about half way back received some money from my sister. On reaching home I found an order from the Czar, requiring me to quit Poland within twenty-four hours on pain of death. I had just time to marry the girl I was betrothed to and hurried away to Cracow, thence to Antwerp, where a Polish friend assisted me to America. I have been here ten years, and although I am very poor, nothing on earth would induce me to leave American soil."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees, For every flower I had a name— My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—

Oh, I was very learned then, But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill Where checkerberries could be found, I knew the rushes near the mill Where the pickerel lay that weighed a pound!

I knew the wood—the very tree Where lived the possum, saucy crew, And all the woods and crews knew me— But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth, I tread the old familiar spot Only to learn this solemn truth: I have forgotten, am forgot.

Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know; To think I once was wise as he— But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain Of whatso'er the fates decree, Yet, were not wishes all in vain, I tell you what my wish should be: I'd wish to be a boy again, Back with the friends I used to know, For I was, oh, so happy then— But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A health resort—Quinine. A summer complaint—It's too hot. An angler fishes with baited breath.

The saddest words of tongue or pen, Are these sad words: "Say, lend me ten." Receipt for dropping eggs—Let go of them.

A supreme court decision—Getting married.—Washington Star. Little Bertie—"Does the sun tan you?" Little Reginald—"No, the father."

"I always had an idea you were his friend!" I used to be—but I loaned him \$50 once."

"Who wrote the 'Story of a Hansom Cab?'" "I don't know." "Some hack" writer, I imagine."

It is probably because love makes the world go round that it makes so many people giddy.—Puck.

It is said there are more ways than one to kill a cat, but the majority of them are failures.—Pennyance.

Corn is an emblem of peace, but it is never appreciated until it gets on its ear.—Blighhton Republic.

The mercury goes climbing up. The sunshine slippers down. And every soul with cash in hand, Prepares to jump the town.—Washington Star.

Most creatures are entirely harmless when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking a nap.—Puck.

In a school-examination on mineralogy—"Where are diamonds found in the greatest abundance?" "At the pawn-broker's."—Judge.

We don't suppose there ever was a man who did not envy the freedom with which a barefooted boy gets around on a rainy day.—Athens Globe.

"Here's piles of money in our lamp chimneys." "Why, they break as soon as you light the lamp." "That's where the profit comes in."—Bazar.

"I see that a noted thief out west swallowed a valuable shirt stud to escape detection." "Sort of diamond in the rough, eh?"—American Gleaner.

He dealt in horses and cattle and food, And he'd he'd I wanted a "muley." So he wrote: "If a first-class mule you need, Please don't forget yours truly."—Light.

"He is a very original boy, that son of yours. I think he is bound to rise in the world." "I don't know. It's a hard thing to get him to rise in the morning."—Bazar.

A railroad across the desert of Sahara is projected. As it does not strike an oasis throughout the whole distance it will not be easy to water the stock.—Boston Globe.

Wife—"What makes you so pale?" Husband—"I just dodged Hardup. If he had seen me he would have hit me hard." "Hit you? What for?" "Ten dollars."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Jason—"I saw something to-day that would make man's hair stand on end." Mr. Jason—"Gracious! What was it?" Mr. Jason—"A bottle of maulage."—Terre Haute Express.

To "kiss not to tell," though in theory good, is in practice a failure, my brothers. A kiss is like gossip—it's bound to be passed. From one person's lips to another's.—Kate Field's Washington.

Mamma—"I am tired of your chatter, Johnny; you had better go to bed." Johnny—"Are you very tired, mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, very tired! Johnny?" "Then, why don't you go to bed?"—Boston Herald.

Because a man who hawks eggs through the street hawks hawks' eggs too, it does not necessarily follow that a man who hawks hawks, hawks eggs too, nor that a man who hawks hawks, hawks hawks' eggs too.—Elsner Gazette.

Origin of the Term "Masher." The word masher is sometimes said to be a corruption of the French ma chérie. But this is one of the many instances of an ingenious etymology whose surface plausibility imposes on the unscholarly. Far more likely is the derivation from the Gypsy word mashava, to fascinate by the eye. Charles G. Leland, in "The Gypsies," credits this etymology. "And thus it was," he says (page 108), "that these black-eyed beauties, by mashing men for many generations, with shafts shot sideways and most wantonly, at last sealed their souls into the corner of their eyes, as you have heard before." And in a foot-note, he explains: "Mashing, a word of Gypsy origin (mashava), meaning fascination by the eye, or taking in."—Chicago Post.

Fish Carried in a Tornado. At Swayzee the other day the residents were catching fish out of the pools and puddles made by a night's terrific rain. Later, when the water sunk into the ground, sunfish and shiners by the thousands strewn the ground. There is no stream within four miles of Swayzee, and the theory is that these fish were caught up by a small tornado and deposited where they were found.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.