

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$1.00
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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	
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The Louisville Times is authority for the statement that nine out of ten criminals are bow-legged.

The Judge-Advocate-General, of New York, has decided that the militiamen cannot be compelled to attend divine service.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat asserts, that of the 988 colleges, with their 150,000 students, registered at Washington, two-thirds now open their doors to women.

The Chicago Sun reports, that San Antonio, Texas, is the objective point of a good many capitalists, who see in the immense water-power near it, immense capabilities for cheap manufacturing. In addition to this, natural gas has been found in paying quantities, and will be piped to the city.

The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, recently gave most extraordinary evidence in the Chamber of Deputies of his superstition regarding the evil eye. Signor Imbriani, having alluded to Signor Crispi's life as necessarily terminable, the latter fumbled in his pocket, drew out one of the horn-shaped pieces of coral used in Naples as a counter spell against the "jettatura," and openly pointed it at the speaker.

England proposes to follow American example by establishing a criminal court of appeals, more especially for capital cases, and popular disapproval of recent decisions of the Home Office, to which the only appeal now lies, gives much force," remarks the Chicago Post, "to the argument in favor of the reform. There is a general public impression that capital cases are dealt with too hastily and often unjustly."

The London Statist, a recognized statistical authority, places the present annual production of silver in the world at 130,000,000 ounces, and presents the following estimate of the average annual consumption:

Used in the arts.....	20,000,000 oz.
Used for European and other taken coinage.....	20,000,000 oz.
Taken for India.....	30,000,000 oz.
Taken for China, Japan and the East.....	10,000,000 oz.
Purchased by United States Government.....	30,000,000 oz.
Total.....	110,000,000 oz.

The fact that many of the natives of Nice are dying of consumption proves very clearly, observes the New York News, the deleterious effect of the residence of pulmonary patients in any place. It is only within the last few years that science has demonstrated the deadly character of the expectorator and the breath of consumptives. Many have flouted this, but the remarkable number of deaths on the Riviera, which has always been noted for its healthfulness, goes far to bear out the theory of the experts. As Nice, Mentone, San Remo and other places on the Riviera depend almost wholly upon tourists for their support it will be impossible for them to bar the class which brings them in so much coin. It is a literal case of life and death for them.

Few people are aware of the enormous expense incurred in taking the census. The population of the United States in 1790 amounted to 3,929,214, and the cost of the census was \$14,377. This represents a cost per capita of 1.12 cents. In 1880 the population amounted to 50,155,782, and the cost of the census was \$5,862,732, showing a cost per capita of 11.75 cents, more than ten times the cost per capita of the census of 1790. The amount appropriated for the census of 1890 is \$6,000,000, exclusive of printing, engraving and binding, to be expended in gathering so much varied information. Hence the eleventh census must be considerably more expensive than the tenth census. The number of volumes in the census of 1880 were twenty-four, as compared with one volume in the census of 1790.

Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock Lighthouse, who has saved the lives of so many persons, receives from the Government a salary of \$750 a year and two tons of coal. When her father became paralytic she was made custodian of the light for life. In appreciation of her heroic efforts in saving lives she has a gold medal from the United States Treasury Department, the silver medals from the State of Rhode Island, one from the Humane Society of Massachusetts and another from the New York Life-Saving Association. It was in 1869 that General Grant presented her the splendid life-boat Rescue, which she now has. James Fisk, Jr., built a boat-house for it and also sent the heroine a silk flag made by Mrs. McFarland, of New York. Miss Lewis is a member of Sorosis, and was presented a gold brooch by that organization. She also has a number of valuable articles from private individuals, and a token that she much appreciates was a keg of maple sugar and a box of oatmeal from a poor man in the West.

SYCAMORES IN BLOOM.

Like flame-wing'd harps the seed blooms lie Amid the shadowy sycamores.
The music of each leaflet's sigh Thrills me continually,
The small harps of the sycamores.
Small birds innumerable find rest And shelter 'midst the sycamores.
Their songs of love in a warm soft nest Are faintly echoed east and west
By the red harps of the sycamores.
The dewfall and the starshine make Amid the shadowy sycamores Sweet delicate strains; the gold beams shake The leaves at morn, and swift awake The small harps of the sycamores.
O sweet Earth's music everywhere,
Though faint as in the sycamores;
Sweet when buds burst, birds pair:
Sweet when as thus there wave in the air The red harps of the sycamores.
—William Sharp, in Harper.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

"There she comes now," cried Kitty Coram, standing on tiptoe to peep over the great gate in front of the old brick house.
And Georgie, her elder sister, came flying up the snowy path, with cheeks like roses, brown eyes that sparkled merrily, and a huge, flat parcel under her arm.
"Do I look like the town carrier?" she demanded, jocosely. "Oh, I have run so fast from the train, to get into the wood-park before the grand sleigh from Ormiston Hall overtook me. I can't bear Mrs. Ormiston to put up her eye-glasses at me and draw out, 'How do you do, ma dear! How's your dear aunt?'"
"Well, Georgie, what luck?"
"Oh, splendid!" the new arrival breathlessly responded. "Seven yards of three-inch deep embroidery on white merino. And we're to get a dollar a yard, if it suits."
"Seven dollars!" repeated Kitty. "A deal of money, isn't it? But how we shall have to work for it!"
"It's a world of work," responded the elder girl, clapping her cold hands to restore the circulation and making haste to unfasten the collar of her black cloth coat. "How nice the fire looks. Just like a picture. What a blessing it is that our wood doesn't cost us anything!"
"Oh, by-the-way," said Kitty, "old Giles wanted to chop down the big, black oak tree next."
"What! The big one on the edge of the swamp? To cut it down! Is he a Goth, or a Vandal?"
"Just what I said. It's the only tree in the neighborhood that has mistletoe growing all over it. I wouldn't lose that beautiful old tree for a hundred dollars!"
"Neither would I," said Georgie, drily.
"Especially as I don't know of anybody who would offer us a hundred dollars for it."
Just at that moment, by one of those strange coincidences which are more common in this world than people have any idea of, old Jane, the rheumatic servant, came hobbling to the door.
"Does Aunt Anne want us, Janet?" cried eager Georgie. "I'm going to her directly."
"Tain't your aunt, miss," said Jane.
"It's Mr. Miles, the footman, from Ormiston Hall."
Georgie turned, with glittering eyes, to her sister.
"I told you so," she whispered.
"We're going to be invited, after all, to the party."
"And he says," droned on Jane, "his missus wants to know what you'll take for all the dark-green shiny leaves—mistletoe, you calls 'em, doesn't you—on the big swamp oak." They wait it for decorations.

A sudden change passed over Georgie's face, such as comes across a landscape when the sun retires behind a cloud. Kitty froze visibly also.
"Tell Mr. Miles, from Ormiston Hall," said Georgie, "to give my compliments—Miss Coram—to his mistress, and say that the mistletoe is not for sale."
Old Jane withdrew. Georgie and Kitty stood looking at each other.
"Oh, Georgie," said the younger, "did you want so much to go? But I told you how it would be; they never had the least idea of inviting us. We don't belong to the enchanted circle."
"Yet they brought Colonel Hay here in wildstrawberry time to spend the day down by the Moss Rocks," said Georgie, in a slightly tremulous voice. "And they always bring picnic parties here in summer to go over the old house and row on our lake."
"We are not on Miss Ormiston's regular visiting list."
"But I did think that Colonel Hay would have called, after all he said that day," softly murmured Georgie.
"And so he would, you may be very sure," said Kitty. "If Dorinda Ormiston would have let him. She's a deal too politic Georgie dear, to let him contrast her thirty-year-old complexion and pale-blue eyes with your roses and sparkles."
"Well, it doesn't matter much now," said Georgie, mournfully. "I dare say he has forgotten us—there's no earthly reason why he shouldn't. Now I must go up to Aunt Anne's and tell her all my adventures in New York."

For old Miss Coram sat up in her room, neatly embroidering fannel for an order from the South. A lady born and bred, yet she saw no degradation in these bread-earning tasks.
"It's hard on the girls," said she.
"For their sakes, I could wish that the Corams had retained somewhat of their old prosperity. But for an old woman like me, it doesn't matter."
Meanwhile, at Ormiston Hall, Miss Dorinda was superintending the decorations of the great saloon parlor, which was to be made a dancing-room of, on the occasion of the impending ball.
"Spruce boughs and hemlocks are all very well in their way," said she, "but how I do wish I'd thought, when I was in New York this morning, to get some of that lovely, shadowy mistletoe the vendors were selling on Fourteenth street!"
"It comes horridly dear!" said Mrs. Ormiston, with the offending lognette held up to her eyes.
"But the effect is so lovely!"
"Mistletoe!" repeated Colonel Hay, who was half-way up a stepladder, draping a United States flag over the doorway. "Why, I saw a whole tree full as we drove from the station. I could easily get it for you."
"Could you?" Miss Ormiston's pale eyes glistened. "But we couldn't think of troubling you!"
"It wouldn't be the least trouble in the world," said the gallant cavalier. "I'm a regular cat for climbing."
"Yes, but—" Mrs. Ormiston began, when she was checked by a glance from her daughter, who afterward explained her policy.
"Let him get it, mamma," said fair Dorinda, "it will keep him from flirting with the fairies, and give him something to do. And he isn't supposed to comprehend how disobliging the Corams are. For all he knows, the tree is in our woods; and the mistletoe will produce such an effect against the pink-guy walls!"
So Colonel Hay went foraging, with blithe step and careless whistle, little knowing what he did.
"I wonder," he mused to himself, as he strode along, "whereabouts those pretty Miss Corams live? It was somewhere in this direction that Miss Dorinda took me that summer day. I should like to call on them while I'm down at the Hall. That tallest Miss Coram had a face like the Sistine Madonna. I've always secretly wished to see it again. I do hope they'll be at Dorinda's party. Hallo! here's my old mistletoe tree, and the ladder lying under it, too. Well, I should do discredit to my school-boy training if I couldn't climb any tree going under such conditions as this!"
Like a squirrel he sprang up the ladder and made his way into the upper boughs of the tree, clipping bunch after bunch of the lovely green parasite from the hoary-gray trunk and flinging them down on the frozen surface of the snow below.
It was a most fascinating business, for even as he climbed, some still more tempting cluster gleamed higher up. The sun, red and round as an orange, poised itself for a second on the serrated edge of the woods, and then dipped down, leaving a warm glow here, but now, the level light had streamed—and, almost in an instant, as it were, the whole landscape seemed steeped in a sober purple.
"It's growing dark," said Colonel Hay, to himself. "I believe I'd better come down."
At the same moment a clear, fresh young voice—a mezzo-soprano of the most approved type—called scornfully out:
"I've caught you, have I? A thief! I wonder Miss Ormiston could countenance such a contemptible action as this! Why, do you know I could put you in jail for this? Stealing my mistletoe in broad daylight! But I won't have you arrested. I'll simply teach you a lesson. You may stay up in that tree and consider it, at your leisure, until I get ready to let you come down."
And, balancing the ladder lightly on her strong, young shoulder, Georgie Coram walked off with the ease and composure of a nineteenth century Amazon, leaving the gallant colonel transfixed with dismay.
"It's the Madonna!" he said to himself. "I'd know that face anywhere—and the sweet, full voice! What does she mean! I can't be trespassing, or Miss Ormiston would have warned me. Is it a joke? or does she really mean to leave me up here to freeze to death? It's too far to jump, and I don't dare to risk a slide down the trunk. Well, there's no help for it—I must just wait here until assistance arrives on the scene. A pretty predicament! Whew! how the west wind shrieks across the frozen lake! Going to teach me a lesson is she! Well, I'm learning it!"
"Oh, Georgie, how could you?" cried the more pacific Kitty, when she heard her sister's tale of triumph. "Why the poor man will freeze!"
"He needed heroic treatment," said Georgie, her brown eyes shining mirthfully. "The idea of his daring to steal our beloved mistletoe!"
"But I dare say he only obeyed Miss Ormiston's orders!" pleaded Kitty.
"Then he must take the consequences," retorted Georgie. "But it is growing awfully awfully cold since sunset, and if you'll go with me, Kitty, I'll take the ladder back and let him come down. See how bright the moon is shining. It will be a regular adventure!"
"Poor Miles!" said Kitty, laughing.
"He'll have the worst kind of a rheumatism to-morrow."
"I didn't think of that," said penitent Georgie.
And, standing under the tree, she called out in her sweet soprano voice:
"Miles! Miles! here's the ladder! You may come down now. I trust that this little incident may make an impression on you in the future!"
Slowly the culprit descended.
"And, Miles," added Georgie, as his foot touched the top round of the ladder, "my sister and I have brought you a pair of hot coffee to drink, so that you won't take cold. I wish you no harm, as I presume you only obeyed your mistress's orders, but it's time you learned to discriminate between our grounds and those of Ormiston Hall."
"Thanks, awfully!" said a deep voice, as the Colonel drank long and deep of the fragrant fluid; "only I haven't any mistress, and I don't obey any one's orders, and I hadn't any idea I was beyond the limits of the Ormiston property. All the same, I'm sure I beg pardon if I've been trespassing."
"It's—Colonel—Hay!" shrieked Georgie.
"Yes, that's my name," said the gallant officer.
Georgie would have fled promptly from the scene, but more self-possessed Kitty detained her by main force.
"My sister is under a misapprehen-

Water in the Orient.

The question of water in the far East is an important one, and the water-carriers form one of the largest castes of India. Both here and in Egypt they carry their water in skins upon their backs, and they sell it by the cup and by the skinful. These skin bags are made of hog skins or goat skins, and the ordinary skin will hold ten gallons. Water is worth about a cent a skin, and the streets of Calcutta are watered by these men, who sprinkle the water from the skin upon the dust. The street water works of Korea consist of a set of men who go around with buckets of water on their backs, and in Japan the streets are kept cool by a man who carries two buckets of water fastened to a pole over his shoulders, and lets the water out through little holes in their bottoms. Both in Korea and in Japan the water used for this purpose is taken from the gutters, which form to a large extent the sewers of the city, and the cooling of the air is by no means a purification of it.—Chicago Herald.

Antiquity of the Spanish Merino.

The Romans were nothing but woolen goods. They had no cotton; they had a little linen, which was worn as a material of luxury; they had no silk. They cultivated the sheep with great care, and some of their richest possessions were in sheep. But there was one breed of sheep which they cultivated with great care, and by that system of selection which Darwin speaks of as the source of a perfected form of our domestic animals. It was called Tarentine sheep, from Tarentum, a city of Greek origin, situated at the head of the Tarentum Gulf. The fleece of this sheep was of exceeding fineness, it was of great delicacy, and the price paid for it was enormous. The sheep were clothed in cold weather to keep them warm; and the result was that they were tender, and their wool was very fine. They were a product of Greek civilization transmitted down to the Romans. Columella, the great Roman agriculturist, says that his uncle, residing in Spain, crossed some of the fine Tarentine sheep with some rams that had been imported from Africa, and the consequence was that these animals had the whiteness of fleece of the father with the fineness of fleece of the mother, and that race was perpetuated. Here we see an improvement of the stock, an increase of strength and productiveness given to the fine wool sheep of Spain. At that time the sheep of Spain was of immense value; for Strabo says that sheep from Spain, in the time of Tiberius, was carried to Rome, and sold for the price of a talent (\$1000) a head. In the time of our Saviour, \$1000 was given in Rome for Spanish sheep. When the barbarians inundated Italy, these fine-wool sheep were all swept away; but they remained in Spain. They were cultivated by the Moors in the mountains of Spain, which were almost inaccessible, and not reached by the hordes of Huns and other northern barbarians, which had laid waste the greater portion of the Roman possessions. They continued to be nourished there by the Moors, who very much advanced in arts, and further on were found there as the Spanish Merino. So that the Spanish Merino, which we now have, if not the only, is at all events by far the most important relic that we have to-day which has come down to us from Greek and Roman civilization. We have here a direct inheritance from the material wealth of the Old World civilization.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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My sister is under a misapprehen-

tion, explained she. "She supposed you were Miss Ormiston's footman; and the tree is really ours, and we have declined to let Miss Ormiston gather the mistletoe."

"And oh, I'm so sorry!" faltered Georgie. "What must you think of me?"

"That you've done exactly right," said Colonel Hay, melting visibly under the troubled light of the lovely hazel eyes. "Of course I was the trespasser, and I deserved all I got—and—and—"

"But you are shivering," cried Georgie. "Oh, what have I done!"

"Perhaps," suggested the artful Colonel, "if you would allow me to walk home with you and get a little warm—"

"Oh!" muttered Georgie, her color varying enchantingly in the moonlight, "if you only would!" Then I should know that you had forgiven me.

Colonel Hay went back to the old brick house with the two girls and sat in the orange glow of the great hickory logs and was introduced to Aunt Anne, and drank more coffee and enjoyed himself thoroughly. And when he returned to Ormiston Hall he carried all the clusters of mistletoe with him, as a present to Miss Dorinda.

"But you'll never, never tell her how dreadfully I behaved!" pleaded Georgie.

"Never!" asserted the Colonel.

"You promise?" urged Georgie.

"I promise," reiterated the Colonel.

Miss Dorinda thought his prolonged absence very strange. She thought it still stranger when the colonel strolled over to the Coram place the next day, and the next, and still the next.

"I do—believe—he's falling in love with that insignificant little country girl!" said she, with a black cloud on her forehead.

As for Georgie, she could scarcely understand what it all meant.

"After my leaving him to perish with cold that night," said she, with carmine cheeks and sparkling eyes, "I should think he'd hate me!"

"I shouldn't," said smiling Kitty.

Russian Military Discipline.

It is a curious fact in connection with the Russian army—that while it had often met defeat, it was never routed; though beaten and driven from the field, it never became a panic-stricken mob. This coherence during defeat was due to its splendid discipline and rigid obedience to orders, which were paramount to all other considerations. A Russian force was moving to the attack of a position impregnable. A superior officer asked the commander where he was going. "To attack the position in front," he answered. "But it is folly—madness." "I know it, but I have my orders." "Oh, you have orders; move on, then!" the officer coolly said. This incident takes a good deal of what has always been regarded as exaggeration out of the story that is told of a Russian army surgeon on his professional round.

On entering a ward, the officer in charge gives the command, "Attention!" when each inmate at once takes the position of a soldier. "Tongues out!" is the next order, followed by the instant projection of that member. The surgeon, accompanied by an attendant, then proceeds along the line, examining each tongue and giving directions as to treatment. When the inspection is over and the medical officer takes his departure, the command "Tongues in!" releases the line from its unpleasant and ludicrous position, and "In place rest!" allows the men to resume their coats. And yet military writers admit that the soldier who thinks always gets away with the human machine in battle.—Cincinnati Commercial.

An Operation to Help Piano Players.

A public experiment was made recently at Steek Hall, in East Fourteenth street, New York city, in the "liberation of the ring finger." This is an operation which consists of cutting the accessory slips of the ring finger, and the purpose is to give it greater flexibility and freedom of movement, and additional strength for playing the piano. The operation was performed on a little girl. A portion of the hand is numbed by a spray of ether, cocaine is injected and the slips are cut with a lancet. A diagram of the child's hand was made before the operation and another after it, and they showed that the hand, when extended as far as possible, was able to reach about an inch farther than before, while the ring finger could be lifted half an inch or more higher. The child said that it did not hurt her, and a few hours later the only external signs of the operation were two tiny wounds, as of a needle, on each hand, when the bandages were taken off.

Another child, Carrie Bowes, age twelve, was also present. She had her fingers liberated in this way four years ago and gave illustrations, to show that the gain in strength and flexibility was permanent. This was shown by playing the piano, by the grasp of the hand on mechanical instruments and by raising the finger, even when held down by a spring.—Once-a-Week.

Owing to the limited range of pasturage, sheep-raising on the large scale practised in the wider parks and plains is impracticable, and in places like Mr. Harvey's sheep and goats are usually kept only in sufficient number to serve as a source of food supply for the ranch; the moist, sweet, tender grass gives the flesh of these animals a peculiarly fine quality, comparable to that of English sheep on their native soil. The grass is good at all seasons, but becomes accessible only as the heavy snows of winter recede on the mountain sides with the approach of summer. In these sylvan ranches against the ravages of wild beasts. Colts, calves and lambs are liable always to fall the victims of a prowling mountain lion or a hungry bear; and when a predatory animal so formidable has once acquired the habit of depending upon flocks and herds for his food supply, the only way to save the loss of much young stock is to take the aggressive, hunt him down and kill him.—Harper's Weekly.

While the learned professor was writing his great work he was so absorbed that for eight days he sat at his desk and never knew it.—Foghorn Blatter.

Charles—"Were you embarrassed when you proposed to Miss Manly's?" Frederick—"No, but I confess I was put out when her father came in a few minutes later."—Binghamton Republican.

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