

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one inch, one insertion; One square, one inch, one month; One square, one inch, three months; One square, one inch, one year; Two squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The Mormons are gaining a foothold in the Canadian Northwest, and it is believed will make trouble for the Government.

The Chicago Sun predicts that the standing armies of Europe will be disbanded before many years, and the public debts wiped out.

During the past fiscal year exports from the United States reached the highest figure ever known, viz., \$858,000,000; value of imports for the same time, \$780,000,000.

Dr. Junkin, who learned in Central Africa to live on roots and various other delicacies of the same nature, says that if white explorers would accustom themselves to native food they would keep in better health and would not mind when their European resources were exhausted.

Conn. Pappenheim, of Germany, has been compelled to choose between his American wife and his title, and has surrendered the latter. It may be said, cynically observes the Detroit Free Press, "that the wife had money and the title did not; but, still, the Count is entitled to credit—a thing he could not obtain before marriage."

An official in the Census Bureau says that there are 134 religious denominations in the United States, that it is estimated that the church membership will reach 25,000,000. The leading denominations will run about as follows: Methodists, 5,000,000; Baptists, 4,000,000; Catholics, 4,000,000; Presbyterians, 3,000,000, and Episcopalians, 2,000,000.

Lawrence County, Tennessee, is planning a monument to Davy Crockett, who began his remarkable career at Lawrenceburg as a Justice of the Peace, and ended it in glory at the Alamo, Texas. He was a famous backwoodsman, an unique border soldier and a politician of a peculiar and striking type. It was he who said, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

If you have ever paid money to see a gorilla go and demand it back at once, is the advice of the New Orleans Picayune, for the most eminent naturalist in the country says that no gorilla—no genuine, straight edged gorilla—has even been captured by man, and that if he had he would never live to make the journey from Africa. They simply have been giving us out grown monkeys.

It would seem, remarks the National Horse Breeder, that all blacksmiths should have a thorough knowledge of a horse's foot, but such is not the case, for there is perhaps no trade in the world, where there are more botch mechanics than among blacksmiths. This should not be, for incompetent and thoughtless smiths do a great amount of damage and cause much suffering to the equine race.

During Senator Jones's recent exhaustive speech on the silver question, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, he referred to fact that in the ancient days of Massachusetts oyster shells were used as money. Mr. Hoar nodded his venerable head and whispered to Senator Gray: "Yes, and very good money it was. If a man in these days wanted to order a dozen on the half-shell, he could do it with perfect safety, knowing that he could pay for them with the shells."

The achievement of the naval ordnance officers at Washington in firing a projectile filled with cuminseed through a two-inch steel plate and exploding it on the other side is something that the Times Democrat thinks will open the eyes of experts all over the world. This feat is regarded as one of the most important developments in the field of high explosives. It is said that no doubt is felt that the explosive can be successfully fired from the new large-caliber rifled mortar which the Ordnance Bureau has under consideration.

The Boston Cultivator says: "The use of air brakes on passenger trains is now general, and it probably soon will be on freight trains as well. It is much safer and quicker than the old-fashioned hand brake, and freight trains are now commonly run at such rates of speed as to make them very unsafe without air brakes. The process of slowing up a heavily loaded train by hand brakes was always too long a job to keep it from running over an obstruction not seen some considerable distance ahead. By adapting air brakes for freight trains, the engineers can do the work, relieving the company of the necessity of employing a large force of brakemen, who as they stood on the steps or platform were always peculiarly exposed to danger. Nobody need feel sorry to have the brakemen go. As many men will be needed in railroad work as ever, and probably more, but it will be in work much pleasanter and much safer to life than that of the brakeman."

WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS.

When twilight falls in splendor dress, His couch the sun seeks in the west, Portend the toiling fisher wends, And from the task the swain unbends, With simple thoughts of home and rest.

THE DONATION PARTY.

By IRVEN E. HENFORD.

"We're great on donations, elder. We jest go in heavy on them things." Deacon Spears made the announcement to the new minister with an air of staking the possession of a great moral virtue peculiar to the people of Scraggsy Corners.

"I have never found donation parties very satisfactory," said the minister. "I would greatly prefer paying a stated salary, and having it paid in cash."

"Well, ye s'pose ye would," said the deacon. "That's what all the ministers say. But, ye see, 'twon't hardly do, here in Scraggsy Corners."

"Why not?" asked the minister. "O, they've got in the habit o' havin' donations, an' they expect 'em, ye see," replied the deacon, "an' they'd feel sort o' offended if a preacher sot his foot down an' said he wouldn't have 'em."

"My experience has been that a great deal of what people bring to a donation party is worthless or useless," said the minister.

"Well, ye s'pose so," assented the deacon. "But 'twouldn't do to kick agin' donations on that account here. Ye'd have the folks down on ye in no time."

"Well, then," said the poor minister, with a sigh of resignation to the inevitable, "I suppose it will have to be." He thought of his last donation party with its dozen loads of dozy, half-rotten stove wood, wood which was worthless to the donors, because it had been cut so long that it was unsalable, and which they would never have thought of using at home.

"A donation party will be held at Elder Spears's next Thursday evening, the Lord willin', an' it's hoped ev'rybody 'll turn out, an' bring uttain' for the 's'port o' the gospel." Deacon Spears announced, one Sabbath, after service.

"The Lord loves a cheerful giver," he added, in a sort of postscript, after which he blew his nose vigorously on a great red and white handanna, in a manner that suggested applause, over the neat way in which the announcement had been made, and then sat down.

Immediately there was a buzz among the female portion of the congregation, and little groups of women put their heads together and began discussing what to carry in the shape of eatables; while the men got together in the vestibule of the church, and consulted with each other on what they were to "donate."

Mr. Wade. He met the minister, who came to the door in answer to his knock, with a two-bushel bag full of something on his shoulder.

"How'd do, elder. Beautiful night fer the donation, ain't it?" was his greeting, as he shook hands with the minister. "I've brought some beans fer ye. Fut-rate beans, too, ye'll find. Beans is healthy livin', elder. I was raised on 'em. Nothin' better fer growin' children."

"You can put them in the wood-shed," said Mr. Spooner. "Just then Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew drove up."

"Hello, elder, good evenin'," called out Mr. Pettigrew. "I've got some beans here fer ye. Wher'll ye hev 'em put?"

"In the woodshed," said the minister, with a smile at his wife. "It's going to be beans this year, my dear," in a whisper.

Then other arrivals followed in rapid succession, and at least three out of every four brought beans.

"I've counted fourteen bushels already," whispered the minister to his wife about eight o'clock, "and still there's more to follow."

"It's old clothes in my part of the house," said Mrs. Spooner. "I do believe there's enough to last the children till they are all grown up, if they'd fit till that time. I can imagine the appearance they'd make in them. No two alike, and probably not one that would fit one of the children. It's too provoking for anything. If it wasn't for making the people mad, I'd sell the whole lot for rags to the first rag peddler that comes along."

"Brothers'n'sisters, n' frien'n's neighbors," announced Deacon Spears, after supper, when the party was about ready to break up. "The proceeds of this 'ere donation amounts to twenty-seven bushel o' beans, three turkeys, a pig, two bushels o' potatoes, an' a large amount o' clothin', an' some other things. In y'half o' the elder an' his folks, I thank ye fer y'r liberality. Y'r kindness is appreciated by him 'n' his'n, I feel certain, an' I'm shure his heart 'n' han's is strengthened by this evidenc' o' fellowship on your part. Truly, as the psalmist says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"I cordially endorse the sentiment from the receiver's standpoint," said Mrs. Spooner, as they looked over the "proceeds" of the donation-party when they were alone. "Just look at the collection of old clothes, Henry. I suggest that you give up preaching and move to the city, and start up in business as a bean broker, and I'll run an old-clothes store. We'd be well stocked up to begin with."

"What will you do with the stuff?" asked the minister, turning over old jackets and aprons, and other articles of clothing with a comical look of dismay on his face at the formidable collection.

"I'll bet she's mad, though," thought Mrs. Wade. "One o' them jackets ain't one o' them trowsies came from her. I dunno, though, 's they look eunny does to that dress o' Almiry's does. I didn't s'pose they'd think o' riggin' the children out in 'em to wear to church. I'll bet Mrs. Spooner's done it a purpose."

Mrs. Spooner had "done it a purpose," as she admitted to her husband, on their way home.

"I don't think you ought to have done it, Susie," he said gravely, but there was a laugh in his eye as he said it, as he looked at the motley group ahead."

"Perhaps not," was his wife's reply, "but I want them to see the striking effect resultin' from their generosity. Of course they can't get angry about it, since they gave the clothes to be worn. I do think it'll have one good effect, and that is, that old clothes won't be one of the important features of the next donation party here."

Mrs. Spooner was right. When the next donation party occurred not one old garment was "donated." Mr. Spooner at last succeeded in disposing of his beans, but he had to do so at a sacrifice, on account of its having been such a "great year for beans in Scraggsy Corners," that they overstocked the market.

Lock Stealing. In years gone by, before the beginning of the present generation, "lock stealing" was very common; in fact almost every dealer in human hair had a "stealer" as they were called, whose duty it was to rob young and old women as well of their hair.

In France, during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as well as in the early part of this century, "lock stealing" was so common that young women used to go about with their hair tied up in wire nets. Then hair was worth from \$75 to \$100 a pound, and it always found a ready market.

Since the beginning of the present century the hair dealers have procured their stock in trade mostly from the nunneries and monasteries of France, Germany and Austria, where barbers are appointed who at certain intervals visit the homes of these holy people and cut from their heads such portions of hair as are of a marketable length.

"There is probably less false hair worn in New York than in any other city in the world," the lady said. "Nevertheless there are thousands of men and women who do wear false hair, and who keep several hundred hair establishments remaining throughout Manhattan Island."

Agriculture in Africa. Although Africa is being partitioned with a fatal facility on the map, the European nations who are so eager to establish colonial empires within its borders will find their task a slow and often disheartening one. The administrator of the British colony of Gambia on the west coast writes in an almost hopeless way of the attempts to introduce higher forms of agriculture and new industries.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them. "No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The sun yields 800,000 times the light of the moon. Rabbitt metal consists of eighty-nine parts of tin, three of copper and eight of antimony.

Athens, Greece, now boasts of possessing the largest electric-light plant in eastern Europe.

Europe and America electricity is now largely employed for the electrolytic deposition of copper. A hundred laying hens produce in egg shells about 137 pounds of chalk or limestone annually.

The corporation of London has made a contract for supplying electric lights to a large portion of the city.

Military men are very highly pleased with the new repeating carbine which has been adopted for the French cavalry.

A Professor Adametz has discovered that a soft cheese, near the periphery, contains from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 microbes.

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light for which is produced by phosphorus of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

Electrically deposited copper is so ductile that it can be drawn down until it resembles the finest hair, and this, too, without annealing.

The application of electricity to the testing and working of metals goes on apace, and nearly every week sees some new development of electrical arts in this direction.

During the last two or three years the process of electric welding has sprung into prominence, and it is now being employed in a variety of ways, such, for instance, as the making of wheel tires, boiler tubes, chain links, shells for large guns, etc.

In the process of photographing colors, lately discovered, the photographs are taken on glass and paper, and the tints range from a deep red, through yellow, to a bright blue, but green is absent in all the positives. Very long exposure is required.

The aeroplane is a new invention from Germany of great importance in textile factories, and is being introduced into the factories of England as well as Germany. It is an apparatus to diffuse molten wax necessary for spinning without injury to health or machinery.

GIANT ABALONE SHELLS.

A MODEST MOLLUSK WITH A MIGHTY GRIP. His Polished Shell Makes Beautiful Ornaments and His Flesh Enriches the Chinaman's Soup.

The Chinese and Italian fishermen who live on the sand-floored bays of the mighty cliffs of the coast from Cape Mendocino southward to Point Conception know the abalone thoroughly, and they never despise the muscular grip of a large one. They carry pointed bars of iron, with which to pry them off the rocks at low tide; they cut them out of the half-shell, for the abalone is a "uni-valve mollusk," to use the phrase of the professor of natural history, and they boil them for dinner, or dry them for market.

But they seldom venture to stoop in a cramped position down the rock-crevices to pluck a giant abalone from his hold, without having the iron handy. Three or four times the body of a drowned fisherman, who tried that once too often, has been swept ashore a day or two later, when the mollusk released its hold. Once, down at Point Sur, a Chinaman was drowned in this way, and the rest of the fishers in the village of black huts under the yellow cliff deserted the place within a week. They said that the ghost of the dead Chinaman had turned into an abalone, and would seek another and another victim until the last of his comrades were dead.

I rode by that day with a friend, and saw them pile the dead Chinaman's clothes and belongings on the beach and burn them. Then they put a sign in Chinese on the top of the cliff, and, as I have heard, no Chinaman has ever since ventured to fish in that cove.

Polished abalone shells, and ornaments made from the "buttons of pearl" which every large shell contains, are very common in California, but one sees little in these days of the old native Californian use of them on saddles and bridles. If a vaquero were too poor to sport points of silver on his bridle and saddle leather, he could at least wear abalone buttons, polished by hand. The shells, too, were carried far inland, and used on hundreds of ranches for such homely purposes as soap-dishes and candle holders.

Up and down the coast, in willow copes, or set in seas of tulle, are the ancient "Kitchen Middens," where, mingled with oyster shells, broken abalone shells often form the greater part of the vast mound of debris. Inland, too, in the valleys where Indians once lived, abalone shells are found, carried there ages ago.

The abalone must have been one of the principal food-resources of the Californian sea-coast Indians, and was probably exchanged by them for the acorns and pine-nuts gathered by the Indians of the interior.

The abalone is fast disappearing. The Chinaman has conquered. The profits of the modest mollusk, when dried and shipped to China for the soup of the rich merchants and high dignitaries of the Empire, are so great that he is pursued summer and winter, and thousands of tons of him have been dried, secked and shipped away. There are but few large abalones left. One can find wave-worn shells on the beach, or in the deep limestone caves, that are larger than any now obtained. You will still find thousands of about the size and shape of a gentleman's watch-crystal, but the shells that are eight inches across only turn up at rare intervals, and are much sought for by collectors, and jewelers who know their beauty when polished.

There are two sorts of abalones on the Californian coast, one black on the outside, the other red. When this outer shell is ground pearly through the effect is either black or red, as the case may be, on a pearly ground. The abalone pins and sleeve-buttons that contain green or blue shades come from the pearl buttons in the black-backed abalones, while those that contain silvery and gray tints, come from the buttons in the red-backed species.—New York Tribune.

Checkers Among the Fire Fighters.

About as hard a customer as one may wish to tackle in a game of checkers is the average fireman. The game is a popular one in all the stations, and the long hours of "waiting for something to turn up" give ample opportunities for indulgence in it. Some wonderfully scientific games are played, and some of the fire laddies have great records. The game of checkers as played by firemen has one distinct drawback. A player may have an elaborate plan of campaign worked out. He is gradually working up to his climax. His adversary is making just the moves he wishes him to. The final moment arrives. The would-be victor is lifting his finger to make the initial move of the series that will bring him his triumph when bang! goes the alarm, and in a jiffy the board and the "men" upon it are jerked seven ways for Sunday as the players fly to their posts. The alarm turns out to be from a distant part of the city, however, and the destruction of the game unnecessary. A new one must be started, of course, and this another triumph is nipped in the bud. The only comfort the sufferer has is in knowing that it's all the same for everybody and that his adversary may be the victim and himself the beneficiary of the interruption next time.—New York Times.

Living on an Unknown Island.

Captain Fairchild, of an English vessel, recently landed on Sunday Island, one of the Kermadec group in the South Sea, and popularly supposed to be uninhabitable. He was surprised to find a countryman, William Bell, living there with his three daughters, four sons and a Scotch ex-schoolmaster. The daughters were grown-up women, but had not seen an unfamiliar face since babyhood. They wore male attire, but through the efforts of the Scotchman were highly educated and, says the Captain, very beautiful. It was some time before they could be induced to remain in the presence of the strangers, but in a day or two their shyness disappeared.—New York Press.

BALLADE OF THE BABY.

Checks that are dimpled and pink, Twin roses bloom on a spray; Red lips fall of love to the brink; Soft glances, that, pensive or gay, A world of sweet meaning convey; Wee fingers that flutter and cling, A mowdrift of crumpled array— This is the Baby, the King!

What though the tips over my ink, And drive my five wits all astray? Shall I grumble indeed do you think, Because, in his innocent way, He wakes me long hours before day And wants me to walk and to stray? Why not, if it pleases him, pray? This is the Baby, the King!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A title will often sell a book and always buy an American girl. The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.—Boston Bulletin.

Fenderson always speaks of his son's allowance as the fresh heir fund.—Boston Post.

That man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also partakes.—Pack.

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.—Baltimore American.

Ice is very high in Switzerland. Some of it on Mount Blanc is over 10,000 feet above the sea level.

"Look out!" cried the pebble to the clam shell; "there's a cold wave coming."—Harper's Bazar.

"Did your father leave a will?" "No, no will; nothing but plain every day bills."—Washington Post.

The dressmaker does her work with mathematical accuracy. She is great on figures.—Washington Post.

Misfortune and poverty bring out the good points of a man—including his elbows.—Burlington Free Press.

The man that can't sing and won't sing deserves the same thanks of a musical community.—Somerville Journal.

Traveling Agent—"Are you the head of the house, sir?" Mr. Cowell—"Hem!—Ah!—I represent her."—Pack.

Man proposes and she then goes home wondering how and then goes to make such a fool of himself over it.—Pack.

If glass was not discovered, so to speak, Until the world had reached a quite old date, What did the fishermen bother that time Use instead of its to hold their bait? —Philadelphia Times.

There never was a woman who didn't long to tell some other woman just how she ought to do up her hair.—Somerville Journal.

In large families it has been found that the olive branch of peace is not equal to the well-matured lickerly yearling.—Dallas News.

"Papa," said Willie, "what is a rara avis?" "A rara avis, my son, is a dude with brains. You hardly ever see one."—New York Sun.

Beggar—"Please, sir, give me a few pennies. My wife is dead." Mr. Henpeck—"Man alive! What more do you want?"—Boston Advertiser.

Uncle Sam is frequently depicted as a slim, cadaverous looking man, but he has a mighty strong constitution just the same.—Commercial Advertiser.

It is not true that the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust nowadays. It falls more upon the just, because the other fellow has stolen his umbrella.

She was only a summer girl, 'tis true, But when he made her his wife In memory for those times she made It hot for him all his life.—Philadelphia Times.

Speaking of maternal instinct, a marine exchange has an article on "Devoled Mother Whales." So does the devoted father, only he lays it on harder.—Philadelphia Press.

If you offer your hand to some fair maid As to wedding, perhaps she'll scoff. But, if you offer it to a buzz saw, The affair's likely to come off.—Philadelphia Times.

Judge—"This gentleman can identify the watch, because his initials are scratched on the inside of the case." Prisoner—"No, he can't; I scratched them off."—Clothiers' and Furnishers' Gazette.

Yeast—"Here's an account in the papers of a man holding his breath for one hour. Do you believe that?" Crimzonhead—"Certainly. Why, Methuselah held his breath for ever nine hundred years."—Statesman.

Woe Wife—"Love you of course I do. You dear, blessed old peach crop. Big Husband (blowing hot luckless)—"Great Scott! Why this new title?" W. W.—"Because you are such a perpetual failure."—Milwaukee News.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE. A swell may seek to cut a dash With flannel suit, silk shirt and cane; But frequently the finest swash Will hide the most distressing pain.—New York Journal.

"What is necessary when you wish to beat a retreat?" asked an old military man at Fort Washington. "I suppose you'd have to retreat faster than the other fellows," was the reply that came after some deliberation.—Washington Post.

Hand to Mouth.—"Snags"—"Hello, Baggie! Haven't you seen you for years. How are you living now?" Baggie—"Hand to mouth." Snags—"You can't say so." By Jove, I wouldn't have thought it." Baggie—"Why not? Can't a man be a dentist and be respectable?" Burlington Free Press.