

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, 1 cent; One Square, one inch, one month, 10 cents; One Square, one inch, three months, 25 cents; One Square, one inch, one year, 1.00; Two Squares, one year, 1.75; Quarter Column, one year, 1.00; Half Column, one year, 1.50; One Column, one year, 2.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

According to the Mail and Express the United States now leads the world in the production of pig iron.

Ohio oleomargarine men want natural butter inspected, claiming that three-fourths of it isn't as good as oleomargarine.

A significant educational tendency of the day, thinks the Chicago Post, is the increased interest in the study of history and politics at Johns Hopkins University.

"It will not be long at the present rate of progress," believes the Washington Star, until the oyster will have joined the buffalo in the happy hunting grounds.

In the death of Baron Haussmann, Paris loses the architect who, with the assistance of Napoleon III, made her so beautiful. It cost a great deal of money, remarks the Cincinnati Enquirer, but in the long run it paid.

Within the past thirty years, estimates the Atlanta Constitution, the population of our cities and towns has increased 281 per cent., from 5,000,000 to 13,000,000, while the rural population has increased less than one-third as rapidly, or about seventy per cent.

At the recent convention of street-car men in St. Louis, Mo., it was shown by statistics, avers the New York World, that after fifteen years have been rung up on an ordinary horse car all the remainder of the money taken in for that trip is profit for the company.

There are 8000 Indians still living on reservations in New York. They are civilized, well educated and never give anybody any trouble. The same is true of the Cherokees in the Indian Territory. The Indians of the Northwest and far Southwest give us more trouble than all of the others.

The New York Mail and Express alleges that one of the great railroad corporations paid \$300,000 last year for towing car floats around the harbor. The amount paid by the five great trunk lines would equal the interest on \$30,000,000—enough to construct two or three bridges and tunnels.

The United States opened this year with 107,355 miles of railway in operation—enough, boasts the Cincinnati Enquirer, to go around the globe seven times, and enough to reach more than two thirds of the way to the moon. If it were all in a continuous line, and in absolutely perfect condition, it would take our fastest express train six months to run over it.

With regard to Germany, who can wonder, asks the St. Louis Republic, at the increase there of socialism in view of facts like these: In Saxony 73.51 per cent. of the population have an income of less than \$200 a year; and of this number 45.49 per cent. are wretchedly poor, having an income of less than \$125 per annum. The middle class embraces 23.47. Even there have less than \$20 a year. Only 0.60 possess over \$2400 per annum.

America is credited with many labor-saving devices, but there are some of origin, acknowledges the Boston Post, that throw our best into the shade of these—for the benefit of it is described in an English column. There are persons, it says, with no faculty of writing, who sum are prepared to contrive involutions and evolutions of a full complement of heroes, ers, heavy fathers, scheming all the rest of it."

M. Johnson, now a practicing lawyer, Kendall, Kan., tells an incident in which Custer was and Colonel Myers, command, were riding on the prairie. They saw a squaw prone on ground dead, and before five or six years crying her to arise. Taking up the Colonel ordered her to dismount and see if she was dead. He did so, and the Colonel nonchalantly said: "What shall I do with her?"

When the Duke of Schwernin wanted Prince Frederick of Prussia to succeed to the throne, he was sufficient to prompt him to abandon a pleasure trip to the coast. The news that Bavaria decidedly object to their army by the German Emperor, and that the Emperor of Germany signs a treaty with the St. Louis Star for the Bismarckian fabric of the States under Imperial rule was it was on a certain day, when its founder p down and out.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

He stopped at the wayside well, Where the water was cold and deep; There were feathery ferns 'twixt the mossy stones, And gay was the old well sweep. He left his carriage alone; Nor could coachman or footman tell Why the master stopped in the dusty road To drink at the wayside well. He swayed with his gloved hands, The well sweep, creaking and slow, While from seam and seam in the bucket's side The water plashed back below. He lifted it to the curb, And bent down to the bucket's brim; No furrow of time or care had marked The face that looked back at him. He saw but a farmer's boy As he stopped o'er the brink to drink, And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face That met his own o'er the brink. The eyes were sunny and clear, And the brow undimmed by care, While from under the brim of the old straw hat Strayed curls of chestnut hair. He turned away with a sigh; Nor could coachman or footman tell Why the master stopped in his ride that day To drink at the wayside well. —Walter Larned.

BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an apple that lay withered during a long winter, such was the good man, Farmer Landry. Indeed, he was one of those close-fisted old peasants of whom it is graphically said that they can shave something from an egg shell. Since the death of his wife he had retired from agriculture and lived alone in a little house at the end of the village. And yet, not entirely alone, for he had with him his old servant Brigitte. But the poor woman counted for so little in the household, a little above the dog, but not so much as the donkey, that cost a hundred and twenty francs. She entered his family at the age of twelve to guard the cows, and had been there ever since. She knew no other family life than this one, and the exceeding parsimony of the master seemed to her entirely natural. She was now a tall, hale woman of fifty, red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet and hands that might have been the pride of a pugilistic trainer. While exacting very little in the way of compensation, she drudged like a pack horse; for indeed, she could not do otherwise in Farmer Landry's house. Besides, in her simple mind existed a canine attachment and real admiration for her master, who was not ashamed to take advantage of her good nature. Of course, in the service of this miser Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But the honest creature was amply satisfied when the old peasant, in a patronizing tone, praised her zeal: "What a good, simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you not?" Then the good woman's mouth would open into a loud laugh. "He! he! he! master! You have always your little manner of joking; he! he!" One day while Farmer Landry was himself replastering his garden wall, so as not to pay the mason, he made a false step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. He splashed wildly about for a few moments, calling vainly for help with all the power of his lungs. At last, worn out by his efforts, he was about to sink from sight, when Brigitte at last heard him. The devoted creature courageously jumped into the water, at the risk of drowning herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and with rubbing and remedies recalled him to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy. "Ah, good master, how glad I am that you are not drowned and buried in that hole!" The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret—the loss of his towel, which fell into the water at the same time with himself. However, he had the decency not to express this wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that also. Indeed, in the first impulse of gratitude, he said to his servant with a touch of emotion: "It is you who pulled me out of the hole; I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present." "Oh, master, indeed there is no need of that!" "But I tell you I will give you something; don't doubt it!" And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a silver piece of twenty cents. Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin. For the service rendered it was not unbridled generosity on the part of the giver, and the former had some dim intimation of the fact, for he added (as if to enhance its value): "It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one, my girl, and you may win twenty thousand dollars." It was the first time in his life that the poor man allowed himself to be liberal, so he thought of it haunted him for a long time; he constantly wondered about the fate of his bright silver piece. He often asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket. "Not yet, master," was her unvarying answer. But at length she decided to end this constant questioning by pacifying him. So one day she replied: "Yes, master, I have bought one." "Indeed! What number?" "Oh, the number is 34."

THE INDIAN WITCH DANCE.

The Indian witch, or medicine dance, is very different from the performances before described. It is really a weird affair, and almost as difficult to witness as the celebrations that New England witches were said to indulge in the olden time. It must have some religious meaning, although the writer was never able to get exactly at what the meaning was. The medicine men of the Sioux do not seek publicity in their incantations, and it was entirely by chance that I came across three Indians going through some peculiar operations, at a point remote from their camp. A stick about three feet in height was stuck in the ground, and from it hung out in the breeze a long-haired scalp. The hair was dark, and looking on from a short distance I could not tell whether the scalp was that of a white woman or an Indian. It might have been either. The three Indians were leaping and gesturing at intervals mumbling something, not a song apparently, but disconnected words. Occasionally they would point toward the scalp. Then they would mumble again and jump about. They were not painted, and their attire was different from that of the ordinary braves. They noticed me, and, while they made no demonstration of hostility, their expression made plainly that they would rather be left alone. The shades of evening were falling on prairie and hill and river. The Missouri stretched like a mighty serpent below, its yellow waters tinted with a ruddy stain by the first gleam of the setting sun, and here on this hill, away from the painted tents and the silent cottonwood, these children of nature were enacting their strange enchantment to move in some way that supernatural power which seemed to have deserted the Indian race. With eerie feelings I withdrew, leaving them to their superstition, and conscious that perhaps its parallel might be found among more enlightened nations.—Chicago Herald.

THE RAVENS OF ALASKA.

FEATHERED SCAVENGERS OF OUR ARCTIC TERRITORY. Their Movements and Habits—Holding a Conclave—Their Peculiar Bill—Why Natives Venerate Them. The raven is a bird deserving of respectful attention. He is a bird of very ancient lineage, dating back to the Deluge, if not to Eden, and appearing in the history of England as the prominent devastator. In Europe and the Mediterranean there is a widespread dislike to ravens; in fact they are regarded as birds of ill omen and carrion feeders. But quite the reverse is thought of the bird in Southeastern Alaska, where the natives regard it as a very unfortunate event should one be killed. One of the officers of the United States revenue cutter Service, who has paid several visits to the southeastern and other portions of the Territory of Alaska, mentioned the following facts about the ravens of our Arctic province. "My first experience with ravens in Alaska was at Oonak. There the birds fly around the beach and village in large numbers. On the hill top surrounding the harbor they breed unmolested, and were it not for their scavenger work the fish offal that lays around the shore and house would soon engender disease. The Alaska raven is a fine looking bird, as large as a turkey, and upon closer acquaintance a real handsome fellow. His coat is indeed black, but of a black glossier and more rich than silk and softer than velvet, while in a semi-shade the feathers are tinged with that peculiar color so often seen on well-preserved blue-black bronze. It is very funny to see these birds' holding, as it were, a conclave. Ten or a dozen alight on the ground and walk to the meeting place with a stately, erect step, their every movement gracefully and deliberately. An old bird steps gravely into the middle and the meeting begins with a series of guttural and harsh croaks, which gradually swell in volume until the entire lot of birds have joined in the debate. Along come a dog and for him they scatter, resuming their positions when he passes, until the meeting again terminates, and they fly off to the beach and hills. These birds are very seldom killed unless it be by some sailor in pure wantonness. If you examine the bills of these ravens the peculiar construction is remarkable. They are a combination of a chisel, scissors, dagger and gimlet. The bill forms an important factor in the raven's existence, for he has to dig on the beach for clams, bore the hard shell by repeated chipping, and again in pure mischief he will tear and break anything that his bright and unerring eye lights upon. "Just as soon as the bright sunlight appears the ravines leave their roosting places on the hillsides for the beach line, and over the village and shores of the bay they fly and wander until sundown invites them to rest. The raven is a fine flyer. On the wing his movements are well under command; with strong, decided beats he winnows the air fast or slow, never seeming in a hurry. But if occasion requires the raven can travel at express speed, and when he sees another bird fastening on some delicate morsel of offal down he comes from mid-air, with his disconcerting caw, ready to share or steal the prize. "The same characteristics are visible all along the Southern coast of Alaska to St. Michaels. The natives from Yakutat Bay through the network of islands as far as British Columbia have an ancient legend that the raven was the bird that brought light from darkness when the world was created. On this account they venerate it, and the totem of a raven is regarded as denoting the most illustrious descended family. "The raven does not appear to migrate, as the residents all over that portion of Alaska where the birds are found state they remain throughout the winter." Speed of Insects. The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail at about twenty-five miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the car window. They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; each so indeed, that their flight seemed almost mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a kind of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this notion was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of thirty or forty feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window. To account for this, look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended surface. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about twenty-five feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be obtained, making 175 feet per second, so that, under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse, an insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon ball.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity has been put to driving drills. It costs sixty-four cents to run a train a mile in England. Wooden-iron making is an extensive industry in Russia, about 30,000,000,000 being the annual product. Electricity has just been applied to the reeling, weighing and making up into balls of silk and similar woven fabrics. Iron bolts exposed to water in the bridges over the Thames in England, have in twenty-five years been eaten away one-half. Silk from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about two-thirds as strong. Japan is about to enter the field as a producer of indigo. The soil and climate of parts of the island are stated to be favorable to the cultivation of the shrub. An Austrian has invented an instrument resembling a piano in appearance, which contains six violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, and is manipulated by a keyboard. A machine, said to be a marvel of lightness and ingenuity, has recently been built in Australia for experiments in flying through the air. It is propelled by an engine fed with compressed air. The group of bodies termed by chemists the carbo-hydrates—because they are composed of carbon united with oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion in which those two elements combine to form water—contain the well known series of sugars, gums and starches. A 9.2-inch armor-piercing shell, manufactured by the British firm of Thomas Firth & Sons, was recently subjected to being fired at a fourteen-inch compound plate. The projectile passed clean through the plate. Further tests with this shell will soon be made. At a test of steel manufactured at Reading, Penn., the other day, a one-inch bar broke at a strain of 23,533 pounds, being about 20,000 pounds in excess of the highest record authoritatively known. The test was made under the supervision of Government officers. At the Pechiney Works, at Salindres, France, caustic soda is now prepared for the market in leaves or flakes. This is effected by allowing the hot super-saturated liquor to flow from a funnel between hollow rollers, which latter are kept cool down to a low point by the circulation of cold water within them. Clay which is pure white, and has been washed to bring it to a uniform shade of color, is used by the manufacturers of paper hangings to give the smooth satin surface to the finished paper. It is used by mixing it up with a thin size, applying it to the surface of the pieces of paper, and then polishing it by means of brushes driven by machinery. Recent investigations by Professor Gooides, of Edinburgh, Scotland, have led him to reject the commonly accepted views of the origin of thorns. He has found that there is a more or less developed general contrast in vegetative habit between thornless and thorny varieties. The thorny varieties or species show a more diminishing vegetativeness than their thornless congeners; in fact, they frequently develop their thorns by the actual death of their germ points. The cutting of veneers is now done by electricity. The veneering machine, instead of cutting or shaving around the entire circumference of the log, as usual, takes a thin slice from the flat side of it. The logs are of any diameter, and are cut into lengths of ten feet. The veneering cutting knife is fixed between two parallel shafts, and the log is carried up and down in front of it with a circular motion by revolving cranks, and is fed against the knife by a retchet and pawl, to the ordinary manner. Race Changes. Professor George Harbour, in his work on the resources of Florida, describes to a strange race of bipeds which isolation and abnormal climatic influences have developed on the border of the tropics, in the next neighborhood of enterprising Yankee-like communities. But it is not possible that those communities, too, will by and by experience the influence of a winterless climate! Thus far their energy has been sustained by a constant influx of Northern immigrants, but that influx will cease after the population of the North and South has reached the equilibrium of its distribution, and the "cracker" of the hummocks will then come to form the type of a new race. Strange metamorphoses have happened in Southern Europe, and only the incontrovertible testimony of historical records can persuade an ethnologist to recognize the present inhabitants of Sicily as the direct descendants of athletic Grecian colonists and of the heroic Normans who followed Robert Guiscard across the Strait of Messina.—New York Voice.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

"Auntie, will you tell a story?" said my little niece of three. As the early winter twilight fell around us silently, So I answered to her pleading: "Once, when I was very small, With my papa and my mamma I went out to mallow call; And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a large bouquet, Which I carried homeward proudly, smiling all along the way. "Soon I met two other children, clad in rage and sad of face, Who grew strangely, wildly joyous as I neared their standing place. "Twas so good to see the flowers! 'Give us one—oh, one!' they cried. But I passed them without speaking; left them with their wish denied. Yet the memory of their asking haunted me by night and day. 'Give us one!' I heard them saying, even in my mortal slay. "Still I mourn, because in childhood I refused to give a flower; Did not make those others happy when I had it in my power? Suddenly I ceased my story. Tears were in my niece's eyes— Tears of tenderness and pity—while she planned a sweet surprise: 'I will send a flower to-morrow to those little children dear.' Could I tell her that their childhood had been gone this many a year? —Mary J. Porter, Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A peck of trouble—Henpeck. Can't be cured—The stage ham. Brevity is often a sign of the poverty of wit. The gilded youth is simply fashion-plated. Losing caste—An operation for strabismus. Sunshine is molasses on the bread of nature.—Washington Star. We hate to see girls throw kisses. The average girl is such a bad shot.—Mercure. Take love and taxes out of life, and not much is left.—Indianapolis Journal. The man who can't sing and has a baby if usually made to sing.—Elmira Gazette. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wields the slipper a few years later.—Life. People who live in glass houses should raise early vegetables for the New York markets.—Life. The New Theory: "Do you believe in a single tax?" "Not a single tax!"—Lancet Citizen. You cannot tell from the number of its feet how long a run a poem will have.—Norristown Herald. Funny, when a man starts out on a business career the more checks he receives the sooner he gets there.—Binghamton Leader. It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—Texas Siftings. "It seems that I am not in it," said the boy to the shark. "No," replied the shark, picking its teeth, "you're out of sight."—Chicago News. What is more pathetic than to see the simple faith with which a bald-headed man will buy an infallible hair restorative from a "bald-headed barber"? Canine Person—"I am extremely sorry my dog has bitten your wife, sir." Affable Old Gent—"Don't mention it, I pray, sir; I like a dog to be a dog."—Judge. The kiss I stole from Enid. With my choicest poem ranks. Because, to tell you truly, It was,—Returned with thanks.—Judge. Barker—"She didn't return your bow, did she?" Parker—"No. The next time I meet her I will explain to her the reason I was with you."—Munsey's Weekly. "That Salie Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand." "Isn't she? I understand she's going to marry a widower."—New York Sun. A lady who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air and asked where the lighthouse was situated. Mrs. Homemaker—"These apartments are charming and the price is certainly reasonable. Are you sure there are no nuisances connected with the building?" Honest Agent—"Well, mum, it has a junker." How She Impressed It on His Mind. Have our readers ever tried to remind themselves to attend to something of importance by tying a knot in their handkerchiefs and then when they came to take it out, racked their brains in vain to recollect what the knot was intended to recall to them? The housewife in the subjoined anecdote was evidently determined to take no chances in the matter. A wife recently gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he reached his place of business. When he did so he read: "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that I was coming, but kept it to myself until today, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not construe me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you." By this time cold perspiration stood on the husband's forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, his hair slowly rising, and read: "The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." He didn't.