

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

One Square, one inch, one insertion	1 00
One Square, one inch, one month	8 00
One Square, one inch, three months	22 00
One Square, one inch, one year	75 00
Two Squares, one year	120 00
Center Column, one year	100 00
Half Column, one year	60 00
One Column, one year	100 00

Legal advertisements take extra 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.

The cigarette is an illegal luxury for youth in twenty-nine States.

A census of the Province of Quebec, Canada, compared with the returns of 1881, shows a great exodus of the population.

The University of Geno, Italy, has established an academy for scientific travelers. It proposes to teach students how to observe and investigate all phenomena.

The New York World estimates that "in Western Nebraska from 8000 to 10,000 people are on the verge of starvation, and in New York City about 20,000 families are evicted every year for non-payment of rent. But more corn is produced in this country than 80,000,000 people could consume and the landlords of New York pocket over \$70,000,000 rent per annum."

A spark from a locomotive on the Southern Pacific Railroad in California caused the burning of a wheat crop. The company being sued for damages showed that the fire was caused by a locomotive of the Santa Fe Company, lessee of the road, and the United States Court sustained the position that the lessee was not liable for the acts of the lessee, which the New York Commercial Advertiser holds as an important principle of wide application.

Many women are finding congenial employment in the various libraries which have been established in nearly all the cities and towns throughout the country. The work is eminently suited for them, declares the New York World, and they have been found suited for the work. Mrs. Caroline Le Conte has been appointed State Librarian of South Carolina. She is an accomplished student, a resident of Columbia, and is the first woman to hold such a position in the State.

If there is no law upon the statute books to prevent a same person from being dragged from home, declared insane on the authority of two physicians, and left to the chance of meeting an upright judge to save him from incarceration in a lunatic asylum, it is time, insists the New York News, that one should be passed. How easily a man may be got out of the way in New York has recently been shown in the case of a well-to-do citizen, and the fact is not creditable. The existing statute on the subject evidently requires overhauling.

The United States has now become the greatest iron producing nation of the world, having produced 9,202,703 gross tons of pig iron in 1890, against about 8,000,000 gross tons produced in Great Britain, an excess of about 1,200,000 tons, or fifteen per cent. It has been attained by the most astonishingly rapid development of a vast industry which the world has ever seen, our pig iron product having increased from 4.04 millions in 1885 to 9.20 millions in 1890, an increase of 5.16 millions or 128 per cent., during which period the British product increased only from 7.42 to 8.00 million tons, or about 7.8 per cent.

Says the St. Louis Republic: We think we have some big churches here in America, but few of them have a seating capacity of over 1500 persons. Compared with some of the big churches of Europe ours are but as mole-hills to mountains.

St. Peter's Church, Rome..... 54,650  
Milan Cathedral..... 37,000  
St. Paul's, Rome..... 32,000  
St. Paul's, London..... 35,000  
St. Petronio, Bologna..... 34,400  
Florence Cathedral..... 34,300  
Antwerp Cathedral..... 34,000  
St. Sophia's, Constantinople..... 33,000  
St. John's, Lateran..... 32,900  
Notre Dame, Paris..... 31,000  
Pisa Cathedral..... 18,000  
St. Stephen's, Vienna..... 13,400  
St. Dominic's, Bologna..... 13,000  
St. Peter's, Bologna..... 11,000  
Cathedral of Vienna..... 11,000  
St. Mark's, Venice..... 7,000  
Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London..... 7,000  
Dr. Hall's, the great church at Fifth avenue, New York, but..... 2,000

That the Chilians, who have been dubbed the Yankees of South America because of their business enterprise and stability of character, should have a revolution on their hands has disappointed and even shocked their well-wishers in this country, admits the New York Tribune. But the trouble seems to have sprung not from the lawlessness or avarice of the people, but from the unpatriotic course of a few politicians, especially Senor Balmaceda. The Chilians have advanced too far in the path of civilization to make it either possible or probable that they will revert to the state of chronic insurrection which has characterized so many countries of Latin America. After they have taught some politicians a salutary lesson order will be restored, and the people will again resume the industrial and commercial pursuits in which they have so manly distinguished themselves in the past.

### OUR KIND OF A MAN.

Not an Apollo with snow-white hair,  
A trifle snarled, nor yet too bland;  
But a heart of gold all through and through,  
And tender and sympathetic, too—  
Our kind of a man!

Al, one who, walking the world's broad ways,  
Sees little to blame and much to praise;  
Has cheer and smile for the weary throng  
And bold contempt for the bitter wrong—  
Our kind of a man!

Yes, one who, ignoring base ends,  
Lives for home and the good of friends;  
Whom, self forgotten, broad manhood lies,  
Astar in the glory of the skies—  
Our kind of a man!

Who not for theories but for deeds,  
Christ's own apostle, with love for crowds,  
The world's brave prophet, after God's plan,  
In healing and teaching he leads the van—  
Our kind of a man!

—E. S. L. Thompson, in Frank Leslie's.

### AN EVICTION FIGHT.

BY LUKK SHARP.

This is the story of the house of Maginley, its building and its wreck.

A present moment Maginley himself is in Montana. He made his money in Australia and then came home to Ireland and foolishly built a house on a landlord's estate. It was built where labor and material were cheap. Stones cost next to nothing; in fact, the land around produced little else, and so Maginley spent \$1500 in building a nice two-story house with a slate roof upon it.

Maginley was in America. Times were bad. His boys had not been able to make any money in the Scottish harvest fields. They wanted an abatement of the rent, but that the landlord refused to grant. The money was subscribed and was offered to the evictors by the priest of the parish, the celebrated Fr. MacFadden. It was refused as being offered too late, and the command was given that the eviction must proceed. I arrived on the ground just at the end of these negotiations. The police refused to allow me to pass down the road near the house to be attacked so I struck across the fields, keeping on the outside of the police cordons—threatened every now and then when I approached too near that line—and at last took up a position on the hillside, just outside the line of policemen and facing the end of the house where I could see what was going on on both sides of it.

I will now mention a little incident which, although trivial in itself, goes to account for the hatred with which the police are regarded in Ireland. When I took up my position as near to the outside line as I was permitted, the policeman near where I stood thought it would be the correct thing to stand in front of me so that I could not see what was going on. I moved up the hill a little and he moved up in front of me. I moved down and he again moved down in front of me.

"I don't think you have any right to do that," I said.

"You move on," was his answer.

My own impulse at the moment was to hit the man across the face with my umbrella, but I realized the futility of doing this to a man armed with a rifle, so I called to an officer, who was standing near by, inside the cordon.

"You cannot get inside," said the officer, anticipating the question that was usually asked him.

"I do not want to go inside," I said, "but I want to know if it is any part of this man's duty to obstruct my view of what is going on?"

"Not at all," was the answer of the officer. Then addressing the man he ordered him to keep his place and I had no more trouble with that man. The fact is the police are over-zealous in their duties and get themselves disliked—not to put it too strongly.

Although there were so many people around the line kept by the police the silence was most intense. The house showed no signs of having anybody in it, yet everybody knew that a number of young men were locked inside and were going to defend the place as long as they were able.

Here a certain comic element was introduced. One of the officers of the constabulary looked as if he had just come off the Savoy Theatre stage after playing the part of an officer in the "Fishes of Penzance." He was a fine looking man with a heavy mustache and he had one eyeglass stuck in his eye. This, which didn't look at all bad on Piccadilly, seems rather comical out in the wilds of Donegal. He strode into the open space before the house and with his one eyeglass cast a look up and down the house as if judging the best place to attack. Then he walked a few steps further with that pompous stage air of his and again glanced up and down that house. Finally he walked down to the other corner and gave the same glance. It looked rather ridiculous when you remember that only five boys were in that house and this officer had at least 150 armed policemen at his back. Nevertheless he examined the house as critically as if Napoleon were defending it, and the Old Guard that might die but never surrendered were going to take part in the conflict. When he stood back a man with a crowbar advanced to the corner of the house and drove his crowbar in between the stones. At the same instant appeared the head and shoulders of a man from out one of the second story windows. He had a stone in his hand and he flung it with a viciousness that I have never seen equaled at the man with the crowbar. The stone went wide of its mark. The next came closer. The third, with deadly accuracy, hit the man and keeled him over, while the blood spouted from his cheek where the stone had struck. His comrades pulled him back into line. The head and shoulders disappeared from the second-story window and a cheer went up from the crowd of peasants who saw what had been done.

Maginley's house is situated on the hillside. The main body of policemen were on the side above the house. Af-

### COTTON IN THE ORIENT.

IRRIGATION THE SECRET OF ITS SUCCESSFUL CULTURE.

How the Crop is Raised in the Valley of the Nile—The Story of the Industry.

Surprises have been coming out of Egypt ever since outside barbarians picked up intelligence enough to recognize that which was odd when they saw it. Even down to this day the Nile country has continued to send forth strange things, and every-day things put to unusual uses, and curious things to be used for most prosaic purposes. It was not very long ago that shiploads of what was left of sacred cats and a job lot of run-to-seed mummies arrived in New York en route to the fertilizer factory. That was certainly putting what had once been objects of veneration and affectionate care to strictly utilitarian uses. And now Egypt stands as the source of supply of shipments to this country of what has always been considered a peculiarly American product, at least in its best forms.

A few days ago the Times told of the arrival in this port of a large cargo of Egyptian cotton shipped from Alexandria, to be worked into fabrics in New England mills. It consisted of 2150 bales, was valued at about \$350,000, and was by far the largest importation of the kind ever made into this country. Persons who are interested in the trade say, however, that a good deal of Egyptian cotton has been coming here from Europe in the shape of goods manufactured in English and Continental mills.

An American manufacturer began to experiment with the Egyptian product three years ago. He began buying a lot of fifty bales; now he gets 2500 bales in a lot. About twenty owners of cotton mills in this country are said to be using the imported article. To handle it they have to use combing machines and that fact probably keeps it out of other mills.

In Egypt itself there is no manufacturing of the cotton. The product is exported to be made into cloth and that is the last the producer generally sees of it. Two kinds of cotton are produced—one white, the other brown. The white is the less valuable of the two, as the staple is shorter.

Cultivation on a large scale began in 1821, in the reign of Mahomet Ali. Experiments were made with the seed from plants growing wild, and cotton was produced of a character good enough to warrant a rapid spread of its cultivation throughout Lower Egypt. Very high prices were realized for this early product.

A Frenchman named Jumel, a merchant, brought about the next step in the development. He imported the seed of Sea Island cotton from Florida and devoted much care to its culture. His trouble was well rewarded, for his experiments were highly successful, and the new grade of cotton he secured was a great improvement on that formerly raised. One result of his enterprise was the giving of his name to Egyptian cotton which is called either Jumel or Mako. The latter name is that of a planter who, previous to the Jumel experiments, had raised cotton on an extensive scale.

In the beginning the cultivation was a monopoly, named out by the Government, but later on the felahs secured the right to become planters. There was a boom in the industry when that privilege was granted. Methods employed were rudimentary then, and they are still far behind the time. Primitive tools are used, such as an American planter would regard as beneath contempt. There has all along been one factor in the case, however, which the peasant understood thoroughly. He knew how necessary irrigation was to cotton-growing in his country.

They have two methods of cultivating cotton in Egypt, one known as "Mesgani," the other as "Bali." In the former the fields are regularly irrigated with water pumped from the Nile and carried over the country in canals. In the latter the fields are thoroughly saturated before the planting takes place. After that the plants have to get along without water until the Nile rises. Then pumps are set at work and the fields get their needed supply of moisture. In Upper Egypt the Mesgani system is generally followed.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A gun machine measures 1-1000 of an inch.

London, England, has an underground electric road.

Cold weather increases a locomotive's consumption of coal.

It is thought that telephones tend to bring on deafness when one ear is used to the exclusion of the other.

The great majority of cases of deafness are hereditary, and due to the too close consanguinity of the parents.

The business men of Galveston, Texas, have organized a stock company for the establishment of the ramie industry in that State.

The London (England) General Post-office was saved \$3000 last year in the sick-leave account by the substitution of electricity for other means of lighting its buildings.

Celluloid in solution is now being extensively used as a lacquer for all kinds of fine metal work and as a wood varnish with results that are said to be superior to the old methods.

Add carbon to pure iron and it becomes steel. Add hydro-carbon to iron, and steel itself becomes so extensively modified that its properties are not recognizable. Thus steel may be as soft as pure iron.

The following is recommended as a sure way of finding where a crack in a piece of metal ends: Moisten the surface with petroleum, then wipe it, and then immediately rub it with chalk. The oil that has penetrated into the crack exudes, and thus indicates where the crack ends.

An electric balance has been devised, in which the placing in the pan of the object to be weighed closes an electric circuit, and a motor carries the weight out on the beam until the equilibrium is established, breaking the circuit. With the emptying of the pan the weight returns.

Gum arabic, which was once universally used, has become very scarce and dear, and a substitute for it is being made from starch, which is subjected under pressure and at a high temperature to the action of sulphuric acid. The product, after neutralization, is soluble and extremely adhesive.

A substance having all the essential qualities of silk has been made from wild hemp by Neymura Sakusaburo, of Hiko, Japan. The plant grows on moors and hillsides, and could be cultivated.

The fiber is strong and glossy, and several silk factories are said to have found it to be no way inferior to silk.

In a new machine for making paper boxes the cutting mechanism is so adapted as to be reciprocated directly over the folding die, at each corner of which is a folder to operate its corner section. The gumming apparatus (of which there are two) is carried by the cutting head and gums the blanks after they are in position to be folded in the die, the gum being fed from the reservoir by special devices.

Barnacles on Whales.

Lighthouse Keeper Israel, who was in town yesterday, says that the best exhibition of whales occurred right in front of the lighthouse the other day. Half a dozen whales of from thirty-five to forty feet in length were playing for an hour, or breaching, as whalers call it. This is running out of the water exactly as a fish does and falling back heavily on the ocean, so as to thrash off the barnacles that cover their under side. It is a flat barnacle, rayed in gray and white streaks from a small central hole. This variety of barnacle coming from colder northern waters "gets sick," in nautical phrase, in the warm southern waters when the whales come to breed, and are easily shaken off by a little effort. The Captain said that the right whale never ventured into these waters unless heavily loaded with barnacles, when they would be shaken off by breaching, and the old whaling crew opposite Ballast Point, on North Island, whales have been found so thickly encrusted with barnacles that they had to be skinned on the under side before a knife or spade could safely be used to cut up the blubber.—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

The Queer Costa Rica Dogs.

The Costa Rica Indian dogs are peculiar from the fact that they can't bark naturally. These dogs are big, slouching light-colored beasts and are evidently related to the coyotes, although as puppies these dogs soon learn to imitate the bark of other dogs, which are kept to teach them to bark, the same as one canary bird teaches another to sing, while the coyote domesticated never learns to bark until the third generation.

These Costa Rica dogs would be of little service as watch dogs, even if they were wanted for that purpose, but it would go hard with anyone who intruded on premises where these silent brutes run at large. Without warning he would be pounced upon immediately and torn to pieces. But these dogs are not kept for household protection, for few of their owners have much of a household to protect. They are used chiefly for hunting the puma and jaguar, the two fierce and destructive members of the tiger family, which are so numerous in the mountains and the rocky plains of Central America and especially in the southern province of Costa Rica.—Forest and Stream.

Insects and Cold.

Entomologists have determined that the severity of winters is not destructive to insect life. Larvae may be frozen stiff, and yet they will revive with the return of the warmth. Bumblebees and butterflies are often met with in the arctic regions. Disease microbes are even more tenacious of life. Watchnuth and Verna found that they could be subjected to cold forty degrees below zero, be powdered with a mortar, and yet be capable of transmitting disease.—Chicago Times.

Profits in Wild Animal Breeding.

One of Barnum's big tigers died recently at Bridgeport, Conn. The animal was given its breakfast and in the huge piece of meat which formed a part of its meal was a small bone which got stuck in the animal's throat, and before it could be removed the tiger had choked to death. The carcass of the dead tiger was sent to the Barnum museum at Tufts College. The same night that the tiger died there was quite an addition to the family of animals at the quarters. By the law of compensation a lioness gave birth to four beautiful cubs. They are living and the owners of the show value them at \$15,000. In speaking of the matter Mr. Barnum said to a reporter: "I have offered my partner, Mr. Bailey, \$100,000 for the first baby elephant born in Philadelphia, and it will be worth every dollar of that amount. Our gains by the birth of wild animals among those in the menagerie of our show are annually about \$50,000 greater than our losses by death of animals.—Washington Star.

A Primitive Turkish Bath.

The Alaskans, as a rule, are not particularly fond of bathing, but some of them like occasionally to indulge in a sort of Turkish bath of a primitive character. For this purpose a number of long sticks are driven into the ground in a circle four feet in diameter, being thereupon drawn together and tied at a point six feet from the bottom. A small fire of wood, with stones, is lighted in the middle, and the heat is kept in with the blankets spread over the framework. When only the sides are left and the stones are well heated, the bather takes a seat inside and proceeds to perspire.—Washington Star.

### AN AIR CASTLE.

I built a house in my youthful dreams.

In a sunny and pleasant nook,  
Where I might listen the whole day long  
To the voice of a gurgling brook;

A cottage with wide airy rooms,  
And broad and shining floors—  
A home with the hidden charms of home,  
And the freedom of out-of-doors.

Fair morning-glories climb and bloom  
At will by the eastern eaves,  
And on the doorstep and window sill  
The roses shake their leaves;

And fair old-fashioned lilacs toss  
Their purple plumes high,  
While honeysuckles drop their sweets  
On every passer-by.

Down at the end of a pleasant path  
Is a group of evergreen trees—  
Pines and hemlock, and spruce and fir,  
With their spicy fragrances;

And, sweetest picture of calm content  
That mortal ever saw,  
Under a low-boughed apple tree,  
Is a bee hive made of straw.

I have pictured it all a hundred times—  
I shall do it a hundred more—  
But I never shall own the pleasant home  
With the roses over the door.

Never a dream of mine came true;  
It is Fate's stern denial to me;  
I never shall see the apple tree,  
Nor the bee hive made of straw.

But yet, in the airy realm of dreams  
Where all my riches be,  
I enter into the heritage  
Which is then denied to me;

I have but to close my eyes to find  
My Eden without a flaw—  
The home, the garden, the apple tree,  
And the bee hive made of straw.

—Elizabeth Alvers Allen.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The pickpocket has his business at his fingers' ends.—Epoch.

It takes two to make a bargain; but only one of them gets it.—Puck.

A man never fully realizes the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.—Elmira Gazette.

"It don't pay to be kind to pets," said Johnny. "I filled the goldfish globe up with milk one day, and the fish all died."—Harper's Bazar.

"Are you acquainted with this?" asked Banks, as he displayed an unpaid note to its maker. "No," replied Kytting, "I never met it."—Puck.

Boggs—"Hicks seems to be a well-informed man." Foggs—"Yes, his wife is Secretary of the Home Missionary Society."—New York Herald.

A barking dog cannot bite, but the trouble is that he is likely at any time to stop barking and take a piece out of your leg.—Somerville Journal.

Tomdick—"Do you know to what breed the Dog star belongs to?" McClannay—"No; to what?" Tomdick—"The Skye."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The young man sadly counts his cash, And thinks to his great sorrow,  
His sleigh ride's left him scarce enough To hire a cab to-morrow.

Namby—"She is very rich; do you suppose he had a tender feeling for her?" Hooks—"Of course, of course, a tender feeling."—New York Herald.

Frightened Female—"Leave the house, sir!" Unabashed Burglar—"Oh, I wasn't going to take it—only the silverware and jewelry, mon. Pleasant evening, mon."—Davenport Press.

Hard on the Nerves: He (discussing electrocution)—"I think decapitation is the worst death." "No, I don't think I could meet it calmly." She—"No; you would probably lose your head."—Yale Record.

How oft a vague presentment Of coming ill depresses us,  
When if we'd but look back we'd find 'Tis breakfast that distresses us!—Puck.

"Tommy," said an anxious mother to her boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, un, but s'posen he don't come. What then?"—Texas Siftings.

Harry—"I see it stated, Miss Dora, that London ladies are always in terror of being sun-kissed. That terror does not extend to this country." Dora (shyly)—"Well, it depends on the sun."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Patrolman—"They've just took a floater out of the river with a cross marked on his forehead with a knife." Chief—"Start right out and arrest every man that isn't able to write his name."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you frequently pen this sort of thing?" asked the editor of the poetic contributor. "Oh, yes; very frequently." "Well, why don't you pen them so that they cannot get away and stray around like this?"—Light.

At a Workmen's Congress: Door-keeper (to stranger)—"What are you?" A possibilist, Gaudist, solutionist, Marxist, Eupiat, Blanquist or collectivist? Stranger (taken aback)—"I—I—I'm a machinist."—Chicago News.

Since every dog will have his day, Fry, Fowler, take time your own;  
But be content with that, we pray,  
And leave the night alone.

"I noticed that a tramp left the house as I came over the hill," said the farmer. "Yes," replied his wife, "we left the house, but he managed to get away with about everything else in sight. Maybe he'll come back after the house later on."—Washington Post.

As one by one his kith fell  
And we of horses were left,  
Our grief, of course, we sought to quell  
By thinking there were others left;  
But now the lids of sorrow swell,  
Unchecked, and deep's our woe, and woe,  
There never was a William Tell,  
And Valcour's loss's lesson wholly.

Mild Old Gentleman (goaded to madness by next room lodger)—"Good gracious! What are you pouncing the furniture in that way for?" Mild Old Gentleman (after deep thought)—"Well, I suggest that you also try to derelict the sound."—American Gleaner.