

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	2 00
One Square, one inch, one month	4 00
One Square, one inch, three months	6 00
One Square, one inch, one year	16 00
Two Squares, one inch, one year	16 00
Quarter Column, one year	30 00
Half Column, one year	50 00
One Column, one year	100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for year advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements made to suit the advertiser.

Job work—cash on delivery.

A reunion of the blue and the gray at the World's Fair is proposed.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics finds that 126,000 acres of Massachusetts farms have been abandoned.

Delaware is said to have more living ex-Governors than any other State in the Union. Five of them—B. T. Biggs, John P. Cochran, James Ponder, John W. Hall and Charles F. Stockley—are still engaged in active business.

A number of manufacturers of Germany have determined to try a novel experiment. In order to procure cheap meat for their employes, they have established a number of breeding places for rabbits. The rabbits will be sold to the men at the lowest possible prices. The experiment is looked upon with favor in Germany.

"There is no annexation sentiment in this country," protests the New York Tribune. "On the contrary, if the question came up in any practical form, there would be a powerful opposition to it. And if Canada begged to be annexed, it is possible that her request would be declined with thanks. Even the million Canadians now in this country are not agitating the question of annexation. Having annexed themselves, they are not at all anxious to let others in."

Senator Higgins, of Delaware, says that the whipping-post and the pillory are still retained in his State, owing to the fact that the State lies in the neighborhood of three great cities, and that it has to adopt unusual means to protect itself from becoming the asylum of criminals from these great centers. He is himself opposed to the preservation of these forms of punishment, states the New York Tribune, although he concedes that their preservation has a tendency to make criminals give the State a wide berth. The whipping of to-day, adds the Tribune, is merely nominal and in no way resembles the brutal punishment of the past when the cat-o-nine-tails as a form of punishment was first established.

There are, according to recent reports, 135 medical colleges in the United States whose diplomas are recognized by all health authorities, entitling their holders to the right to practice medicine. Chicago has eight of these institutions, St. Louis and Cincinnati seven, Louisville five, Atlanta four, and these institutions annually graduate 5000 students. The United States accordingly have one medical school to every 460,000 inhabitants; Germany, with her numerous universities, one for every 2,000,000; Great Britain one for every 3,000,000, and France one for every 6,000,000. "It will be seen from these presents," comments the St. Louis Star-Bulletin, "that American colleges, on the quantitative side of their endeavor, easily distance the institutions of effete Europe."

"It is a significant fact," says the Congressionalist, "that fifteen ministers are employed on the daily press of New York City, writing on religious topics. It does not indicate missionary zeal on the part of the newspapers, but it shows that religion is a matter of growing popular interest, and that the constituency which is most valuable to the secular press demands to know what is going on in the world of religious thought and life. It is encouraging to note that scandals concerning ministers and churches no longer monopolize the columns devoted to religious matters. Another remarkable fact is that the greatest number of books published last year in this country, next to works of fiction, were on religious subjects, which a large proportion of the novels also were written with religious aims. No subject occupies so large a place in current thought as that which concerns man's relations with God and their future destinies, and no other subject is so steadily increasing its hold on attention."

In its career of more than seven centuries, the Corporation of London has had at its head a number of peculiar characters, states the New York Times, but present Lord Mayor, Joseph Savory, seems to be more kinds of an ass than is usual, even among city Aldermen. His exploit in writing a letter to the czar about the Hebrews, which was returned, pronounced, and his attack upon General Garfield in the name of the Corporation, have not helped to settle the feeble intellectual omity succession, but have made it more conspicuous.

In a pause, during which her cousin assists in removing her wrap.

Ethel: "I've been wearing nothing but old duds all winter because I wanted to save my money to buy gowns in Paris."

Harry: "I've already spent my allowance up to July."

Ethel: "Next July? And, really, I have hardly a thing to show for it. You see, papa gave me my Redfern habit, and mamma gave me my bridesmaid's dress that I wore at Mary's wedding. So, actually, all my money was spent on my Josephine gown. But it is perfectly sweet—you haven't seen it yet! Well,

GREATER THAN LOVE.

Why do they rave of love, these poets who tempt heaven's very airs to hear their raves?
There's naught else to praise 'neath heaven's blue,
Naught else to sing above the sounding wave?

Brave men lived long ere Agamemnon died,
What braver theme for aye than brave men's deeds?

Brave women their whole sex have sanctified
By gentle courage 'neath a woman's hood!

Faith toward God and man, and woman, too;
For all who suffer, hope and charity!
These are the heavenliest things beneath the blue,
The noblest themes above the sounding sea!

—The Continent.

A GOTHAM INCIDENT.

CHARACTERS:
ETHEL VAN RENSSALAER.
HARRY SHIPMAN, her cousin.
DR. POTTER, a rising young physician.
ANGELO, a newsboy.
Passengers in a street car, etc.

Scene—A crowded Madison avenue car.

[Enter Miss Van Rensselaer, in an approved London gown of pale gray, and a demure little pook. She sinks into the only remaining seat with a sigh of relief.

Ethel (to herself): There is that good-looking young doctor I met at Mrs. Smythe's last week. I suppose he thought me very frivolous. I wonder if he would know me if I should bow. [Glances with a careless air toward the corner seat, and finds the young man looking at her with a puzzled air, whereupon she bows demurely, and he raises his hat, still looking as if he were not quite sure of her identity.]

Ethel (to herself): I might as well be one of the dummies at the Museum of Art, to judge by the expression on his face. Indeed, I suppose if I were a mummy he would feel more interest. [Turns around and pretends to be deeply interested in a paper-covered volume of Daudet which she carries.]

Dr. Potter (to himself): There is that pretty Miss Van Rensselaer whom I saw somewhere—oh, 'twas at Mrs. Smythe's! I'm afraid she thought me awfully dull because I talked of nothing but the weather. That's always an interesting subject to a doctor, though, especially this winter. Heigho! I'm a fool to imagine that he gave a thought to me after we parted, favorably, or otherwise; probably 'twas otherwise, if anything.

[At this point he is cut short in his reflections by the car stopping at the Park Avenue Hotel, where a number of women enter. As he rises to give his seat to one of them, enters a small newsboy on crutches, with a dark Italian face and pathetic brown eyes. He holds a small bunch of lead pencils, and almost instantly every lady in the car opens her purse. The boy has pulled off his red cap to receive the liberal shower of dimes and nickels, but does not even make a return of giving his papers or pencils in return.]

Dr. Potter (to himself): If Miss Van Rensselaer hasn't offered that boy her seat! Lazy little rascal!

[As he boy reached her seat Miss Van Rensselaer had jumped up impulsively, but the boy rather shamefacedly shook his head, and she sank back, blushing, and feeling that the eyes of the whole car were upon her.]

Ethel (to herself): There! You have made a goose of yourself, and all for the sake of making a good impression on a young man who didn't even remember you until you bowed to him. I'm a badhand of you!

[The car stops, several people get off. Dr. Potter draws Angelo to a seat beside him.]

Dr. Potter (to Angelo): Now, my boy, I am going to buy you pencils, but I shall not give you the money. I shall pay for the pencils, and take them. That's a profitable trade you've just carried on, but it isn't exactly according to business principles, you know—or any other principles for that matter.

[Miss Van Rensselaer rises to leave the car, dropping her book as she does so. While Dr. Potter is recovering it for her and she speaks in a low tone to Angelo, and then, having kept the car waiting a suitable time, she smiles graciously on Dr. Potter and departs.]

Girl in Redfern Gown (to artistie girl by her side): Pretty? Yes—but not half so pretty as Eva. Still, her gowns are always pretty, and that makes such a difference.

Artistie Girl: She is the sort of girl that men always admire. Did you notice how that young doctor never took his eyes off of her? I met him at a dance last month, but he doesn't remember me.

School-girl (looking after Miss Van Rensselaer): How perfectly sweet she is!

It has a diagonal row of green-and-gold beetles edging the folds. Oh, I'm so glad Mrs. A. sings now! Isn't she sweet? The other night, at Amy's musicale, she sang the cutest songs!

[Quiet during the song. As the last chord is played, Ethel coughs.]

Ethel: There! I had to keep from coughing so long I nearly killed me.

Low voice from next row (grimly): Keep from talking, you mean. I should think it would!

[Ethel turns scarlet and looks intently at her programme for a few moments. Then glancing up, she for the first time observes Dr. Potter, in the vicinity.]

Ethel (to herself, in a horrified tone): I am absolutely certain he has heard everything I have said this whole evening. What will he think of a girl who talks about gowns and things all the time! (To Harry, sternly): Did you read Bryce's "Commonwealth?"

Harry (uneasily): No-o. The fact is, a fellow gets behind in his reading when he's training. You see, a senior has so many clubs—and then you girls are always besieging us to go to your teas and dances.

Ethel (still sternly): You don't have to go to dances in Lent.

Harry (assuming the offensive): Well, what do you do in Lent?

Ethel (promptly): Go to the Stoddard readings and the Browning classes; and there are the Below recitals. And then I have somewhere every day and drive in the park afterward. Oh, and ride horseback and go to church. I have the loveliest new prayer book. Harry; ivory-bound with silver corners!

Dr. Potter (to himself): How much interested she is in that insignificant young fellow. Wonder if she's engaged. That is just like a fashionable girl, to go and throw herself away on a boy without any brains.

Ethel (to Harry): Isn't Marie Bashkirtseff charming? She had an awfully hard time, though. There's something really pathetic in her struggles to reach France. Such undying energy resisting circumstances.

Low voice from behind: Nothing like energy! especially when it resists the irrational idea that music should preclude conversation.

Ethel (with dignity): Society is so mixed now. Even at the Berkeley undesirable people will crowd in. Oh, Harry, I haven't told you about my violet luncheon! The other girls have had so many "rose" things that I was tired to death of American beauties, and the rest of them, and so I gave myself a headache studying up something new. I didn't bother about the menu, but let mamma arrange all that and just gave myself up to the violet idea. I messed violets in a centre basket, had wreaths of violets around each plate, and the cloth embroidered with violets, all the sweets were candied violets, the candles were violet-shaded, and the napkins were filled with loose violets. The girls were just enchanted, but I could see they were jealous, too.

Harry: I don't wonder. Come on, Ethel. Stupid concert. Aren't you glad it's over?

Dr. Potter (impatiently to himself): I am thankful this thing is through. I would go and speak to her if she had eyes for any one beside that callow youth. As it is, I don't choose to be snubbed, even by a pretty girl.

Ethel (mourningly): He is going out without even looking this way. I wish I were intellectual and homely. No, I don't, either. Probably he would fancy a "bud" who knows nothing at all more than a girl in her second season.

Scene—On the steps of a small tenement on the East Side.

Dr. Potter: How did you come here?

Ethel: Why?

Dr. Potter: I beg your pardon, but it seems an odd place to find a young lady.

Ethel (flushing): Angelo is my protegee. I have taken him into my mission class.

Dr. Potter: And so you come and visit him, I see. He is improving greatly. I did not know he was receiving such instruction.

Ethel: I believe you are jealous of any one but yourself teaching Angelo!

Dr. Potter (carelessly): Not at all. He is merely an interesting study to me.

Ethel: I am interested in Angelo, not in a certain type of boy at a certain stage of development.

Dr. Potter: Perhaps not, but you are—

Ethel (interrupting): I am not.

Dr. Potter: Not what?

Ethel: Not what you were going to call me.

Dr. Potter: Are you a sorceress who divines the thoughts of men?

Ethel: It only required the divining powers of a nineteenth century young woman to know that you meant something disagreeable.

Dr. Potter: We will waive the question. Are you going up town? Shall we take a car?

Ethel: A Madison avenue car?

Dr. Potter: Yes; it will remind us of our first meeting with Angelo.

Ethel: Angelo has a great deal to answer for.

Dr. Potter: In what way?

Ethel: I never cared so much for appearances before I saw Angelo.

Dr. Potter: What enigmas you are talking. Enlighten my stupidity.

Ethel: What an unusual admission for a man. Such humility deserves encouragement. As for an explanation of my mysterious words to begin with, Angelo brings out newspapers.

Dr. Potter: He brings mine; but is that so remarkable?

Ethel: It is remarkable that a little newsboy should have so excited the interest of a physician who, if his practice is rather small, has certainly enough to do without teaching every newsboy he comes across.

Dr. Potter: You don't understand. Angelo was especially interesting because—well, because I had just seen some one toward the world that you were interested

in humanity in general and Angelo in particular.

Dr. Potter (aside): Angelo in general and Ethel Van Rensselaer in particular. (Aloud.) But you promised to explain your very obscure words.

Ethel: I think better of it, and you know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind.

Dr. Potter: I supposed that nowadays young women did not choose to exercise their old prerogatives, they have so many new ones.

Ethel: They have few enough, taking old and new together. [They have been walking rapidly meanwhile, very much absorbed in each other, and are now nearing Madison avenue.]

Ethel (suddenly): There he is!

[Dr. Potter looks across the street and discovers Harry Shipman sauntering along.]

Dr. Potter (to himself): That fellow! And how much pleasure in her tone.

Ethel (impressively): I must speak to him.

Dr. Potter: I will leave you in his hands. Good-morning.

Ethel (morning): Won't you speak to him, too? Have you quarreled?

Dr. Potter (sternly): Never having had the honor of meeting him, I have hardly had the opportunity of doing so. (Aside.) I should cordially like to.

Ethel (in blank amazement): What are you talking about? You are dreadfully mysterious. (Aside.) He must be so deeply immersed in his own scientific thoughts that he hasn't heard a word I've been saying. (Aloud, sarcastically.) Evidently Angelo and I are equally unworthy of your attention. I am sorry to have forced you to waste so much valuable time.

Dr. Potter (bewildered): Angelo and you! Unworthy of my attention!

Ethel (sharply): It would seem so, since you first decline to speak to him, and then show such a desire to leave my society.

Dr. Potter: Decline to speak to Angelo!

Ethel: Why do you repeat my words? But the poor boy didn't experience your unkindness, and that is fortunate.

[Angelo, who has been hanging around the corner, now boards a car, waving his cap to the slowly advancing Miss Van Rensselaer and Dr. Potter.]

Dr. Potter (seeing Angelo for the first time): Was it Angelo you meant all this time?

Ethel: Of course I meant Angelo. He was right on the corner.

Dr. Potter: Then it wasn't that insignificant little wretch!

Ethel: Little wretch!

Dr. Potter: Now you repeat my words.

Ethel: There goes a car.

Dr. Potter: No; it's a green one. (After a pause.) Oh, Ethel, I wish you liked me a little bit.

Ethel: I do; but not so much as—

Dr. Potter (angrily): You needn't try to tantalize me. I hate coquettes.

Ethel (demurely): As Angelo, I was going to say.

Dr. Potter (laughing): Angelo is our good genius. It was his little venture in pencils that made our fortune—good fortune, I mean.

Ethel: I think it was a Madison avenue car.

Dr. Potter: The two combined—Angelo and the horse car. But, Ethel, you haven't answered my question. [Signals to approaching car.]

Ethel (mischievously, as the car stops, preparing to get out): I didn't know you had asked any.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

Tame Rats.

Five large rats are the peculiar pets of Charles Perkins, who lives on Noble street, says the Philadelphia Press. The golden-evidence great affection for him, following him about the house, like dogs, run up his sleeve and come at the breast, nestle around the rim of his hat and perform a variety of tricks such as leaping through a wire hoop and drawing a coach, four of them acting as horses and one as driver.

Asked how he tamed the rats, Perkins answered:

"It is very easy when you know how."

"Well, what is the how?"

"Simply, I trap a rat in a cage and then examine him carefully to see if he is young and not too vicious. Having selected a proper specimen, I take him to the yard and drop him in a barrel half filled with water. If he tries to clamber up the sides, I throw him back and keep him in the water until he is completely exhausted. When he is just about to go under I take him out, pour a little brandy down his throat with a syringe and take him to the stove where I wrap him in a piece of blanket, cuddle him and nurse him back to life. So grateful is he that he remains my slave forever after, favors me and becomes quite a pet."

Mandrake, or Gallows Plant.

Many singular stories are related concerning the mandrake, or gallows plant. The roots were formerly supposed to bear a strong resemblance to the human form, and are figured as such in the old herbaria, being distinguished as to sex by the respective roots having long hair or long beard. During the Middle Ages mandrake was declared to grow so place except upon the scene of some terrible crime, or where someone had suffered the death of a felon. Some writers said that the plants of it which grew under a gallows were the result of corruption dripping from dead "bodies" left long in the chains. "When dug up," they said, "it would utter a great shriek or a terrible groan." "If a man pull up a mandrake," says an old-time writer, "he will surely die soon thereafter. In common prudence it is best to tie a dog to the plant, and thus escape the evil thereof." The poet says:

Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human form, his human hands;
Or as his shapely form he wears,
Against the frighted ploughman stands.

—St. Louis Republic.

Potatoes were not planted in New England fields until 1715.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

China's one railroad has American engines.

Platinum has advanced to about \$20 per ounce.

It is now proposed to introduce electric power in gold, silver and copper mining.

It is said that by a new discovery the telephone can be made of use in foresting storms.

A speed of twenty-four miles an hour is attained on the electrical underground railway of London, England.

There are about 1600 electric meters in use in London, England, and one-third of them are of American pattern.

Lake Maggiore, in Switzerland, has water of different colors. In its northern branch the color is green, and in the southern a deep blue.

The brownish discoloration of ceilings where gas is used is caused by dust, carried against them by the heated air currents produced by the gas.

An English company is working a silver mine in Bolivia which yields more than 360 ounces to the ton, while specimens of almost pure silver are met with.

An enterprising Iowa farmer who operates a big farm has called in the telephone as a means of direct communication with the various departments thereof.

Any kind of cotton covering, when soaked in a solution of tungsate of soda, is rendered absolutely incombustible. It is therefore useful in central station work.

One of the most exasperating accidents that happen in connection with the trolley system of propelling electric cars, is the killing of horses by the breaking of the trolley wire.

The galvanized telephone wires in London, England, weighing 224 pounds to the mile, have been replaced with silicon bronze wires weighing thirty-six pounds to the mile.

On shipboard pumping, ventilating, lifting or hoisting, may all be performed by the use of electric motors. On the latest French warships all big guns are manipulated electrically. Electric motors are now made which will work with their armatures in the water.

The first applications of traction by electricity having a really practical character were made in Europe at the Berlin (Germany) Exhibition in 1879. An electric tramway was there exhibited constructed by the firm of Siemens & Halke, the action of which left nothing to be desired.

News comes from New Castle, Penn., that Joseph Martin, a glassblower, is engaged in a series of experiments to develop a formula by which glass may be hardened so as to endure great shock. He has devised a method by which a bit of glass was treated and made so hard that a strong blacksmith could not break it on an anvil.

An electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not so far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise rockets, Roman candles, wheels, Niagara Falls and all the modern pyrotechnical effects.

How Knights Are Made.

The ceremony of conferring the order of knighthood at the hands of the Queen of England is not imposing. It is not, in fact, a public ceremonial, and only those are permitted to witness it who, by their official connection with the Queen's household, may attend her. The loyal subject upon whom such distinguished honor may be conferred may not even invite his "best man," nor the members of his personal circle of relatives or friends to be present.

Arranged in whatever uniform he may be entitled to wear, of whatever dress court etiquette and the time of day make proper, if he be a civilian, the subject presents himself before his sovereign and kneels at her royal feet. Seated on the throne chair, the Queen lays the shining blade of a sword across the shoulder of the kneeling but exalted beneficiary, and says, using the title which she is about to give, "Arise, Sir So-and-so."

Plain Mr. Cheltenham (Brown is thus, by a single stroke, of Her Majesty's sword, transformed into Sir Knight, and he is permitted, perchance, to kiss his sovereign's fingertips in grateful acknowledgment of the distinguished honor.

In other cases than this of a plain knight-hood, and when the title carries with a decoration, the gracious Queen, with her own royal hands, pins the glittering and much-coveted badge upon the coat of her elevated subject. This is all the ceremony connected with the conferring of knighthood, but it is a great deal to the recipient.—Tit-Bits.

"The Needle's Eye."

The name "Needle's Eye" is given to a subterranean passage on the coast of Banfillure, 150 yards long from sea to sea, but through which a man can, with difficulty, creep. At the north end of the Needle's Eye there is a cave twenty feet high, thirty broad and 150 long. The whole of this passage and cave is supported by immense columns of rocks, making a grand scene which has a surprising effect on one who has crept through the narrow passage.—St. Louis Republic.

Work of a Prehistoric Race.

Near Cleveland, Tenn., the work of a prehistoric race has been discovered in the shape of a well now underground. It is five feet high and has been traced 100 yards. The top stones have on their inside faces inscriptions in hieroglyphic characters. The rock is of sandstone, mixed with iron. The mason work is well done and the wall evidently antedates the Mound Builders.—New York Tribune.

THE SOLDIERS OF CHILE

THEY HAVE WONDERFUL ENDURANCE AND FEW NEEDS.

ABLE to March Thirty Miles a Day—Points of Interest About a South American Army.

The news that a whole regiment and three battalions of infantry stationed near Pisagua, Chili, have shot their officers and gone over to the insurgents is generally regarded as especially ominous for the Chilean Government, which has fewer troops to lose than usually has been supposed. Even on paper the entire standing army of Chili contains but 5719 men and 397 officers. These troops are included in eight battalions of infantry, one battalion of sappers and miners, three regiments of cavalry, two regiments of field artillery, and one battalion of coast artillery. The force was distributed at the breaking out of the revolution as follows: In the northern provinces, Tacna, Iquique, and Antofagasta, two battalions, one regiment of cavalry, and one regiment of artillery; near the middle of the country, that is between Valparaiso and Santiago, three battalions, two regiments of cavalry, two brigades of artillery, and one brigade of coast artillery; to the south three battalions, a battalion of sappers and miners, and one regiment of cavalry. The effective strength of the Chilean army, however, falls far below these figures. In 1890 it was estimated at only 2305 men; since, during the period between January 1 and November 1, 1158 privates had deserted.

This rather desperate state of affairs is due to several faults of army organization as well as the persistent interference of influential politicians in the technical management of the soldiers. In the first place Chili is the only country in the world that unites a regular volunteer service with an obligatory militia service. All members of the regular army receive liberal pay, after the system prevalent in the United States. Once enlisted, however, the soldier is not held so strictly to the duties of the service as with us. By the personal influence of friends, by petty bribery, and in a hundred other ways he may secure his release without incurring arrest for desertion.

At the head of the Chilean military organization stands a Minister of War. This Minister is known among the foreigners in Chili as the most "nomadic official" in the Chilean Cabinet. It is by no means infrequent that a Chilean Minister falls five or six months after his organization. Often, indeed, Ministers resign four or five weeks after having been named for office. This fickleness of the head administrator, combined with the division of responsibility between him and two Inspectors-Generals, is regarded as one of the most fruitful causes of the demoralization of the regular service. The drill, moreover, is conducted on the most antiquated lines. The cavalry, for instance, follows the Spanish regulations of 1807. The weapons of the troops on the other hand are modern. The artillery has Krupp guns, and the infantry Mannlicher rifles. The arsenals and repair shops are under the supervision of German officers. The Chilean militia has a nominal strength of 48,602 privates and 2119 officers. Last year, however, only 1055 officers and 27,000 men could be found for duty. All the rest had "disappeared," the technical expression in Chili for desertion. A source of weakness of the recruiting service in Chili is that of whoever serves as a volunteer fireman shall be exempt from military obligations. Hence it is that Chili has the largest and most willing force of volunteer firemen of all countries in the world.

Despite all the deficiencies of the organization, and the wide gaps in every division of the army, the Chilean army is far from being as completely inefficient as the armies of most of the neighboring States. The Chilean soldier has two inherent qualities which render him superior to all other South Americans, as well as to many Europeans on the battlefield. He has wonderful endurance and few needs. With a little water and a few bits of bread he is able to preserve his strength throughout forced marches of which the European soldier hardly dreams. During the last war with Peru he showed this quality of endurance to a remarkable degree. Considerable bodies of Chilean infantry marched frequently thirty miles a day. Chilean cavalry, moreover, often covered, marching day and night, sixty miles at a stretch. The explanation of this exceptional physical energy of the cavalry is to be found in the fact that every Chilean is at home on horseback, and that the horses have staying powers when on the gallop (the only gait the cavalry knows) which European horses never attain to. The common conclusion, however, that the Chileans are weak on their feet because strong on horseback is entirely false. Not only is the average Chilean horseman an exceptionally persevering pedestrian, but often the fastest foot courier in the world. The regular military couriers are frequently able to cover between fifty and sixty miles a day, and a Chilean private of only slightly extraordinary running ability has been known to make, often under a load of forty pounds, forty or forty-five miles a day.—New York Sun.

AN OLD SPINNING-WHEEL

A spinning-wheel of the olden day, forgotten now, in the corner stands

The bunch of flies in a dusty tray,
And for years untouched by living hands
From each long spoke have the spiders spun
A filmy web; but they, too, are old,
And the rust of years has long begun
On the hub of brass once bright as gold.

It is hard to turn the old wheel now!
It slowly spins with a shrill shriek;
It seems like a voice—a faint and low—
So long unused it can hardly speak.
But it has a charming tale to tell,
A tale of love and of sunny June,
And the wheel breaks for its long-time
spell
And turns again with a merry tune.

I cannot remember all it told
One summer eve in the attic gloom,
Of a fair young maid, a sunny boy,
A whispered talk in the spinning-room;
Of a tender love that lasted long,
And a secret that the world soon learned—
All this I heard in the gentle song
The great wheel sang as it slowly turned.

Then the perfume of the lilies rare,
And the hidden bird's sweet vespers hymn,
Came on the balmy evening air,
As the whisper of the wheel grew dim;
And the veil of years that time had woven
Was risen auster to reveal
A passing picture of that old love
That was told me by the spinning-wheel.
—Fleet S. Miles, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A self-feeder—Vanity.

A day-laborer—The sun.

Never apart—The wheel.

A bear-trap—Rising stocks.

Generally speaking, woman is seldom silent.

An elevator is a sort of hand-me-down affair.—St. Joseph News.

The copyright law means no right to copy.—Pittsburgh Press.

It always annoys a man to find a new acquaintance as vain as he is himself.

A good motto for the poaching sealers would be—Come early and avoid the "Rush."—Puck.

To a landsman it would seem that a cutter should be at home in a chopping sea.—Boston Courier.

"This is a terrible weight of gilt," mused the little picture with the big frame.—Washington Post.

The sunlight comes for rich and poor alike; the blizzard is mostly for poor folk.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He was so very ugly, this extraordinary man,
That when in battle his faced death,
Death turned away and ran.

—New York Herald.

In old times a strong arm was necessary to the dictator; but just now he finds short-hand far more important.—Puck.

Maud—"Has Clara really traveled so extensively?" Ethel—"No, but she has read the guide books carefully."—Munsey's Weekly.

During the winter the Len may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.—Texas Siftings.

To keep a resolution, base it firmly on good and sufficient grounds, and do not forget either the preamble or the resolution.—Texas Siftings.

"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Well, yes, if I zole and heel them, and put new uppers on them. The strings are still good."—Life.

Professor of History—"What do you know about Louis XIV's time?" Jack Athleticus—"Nothing, sir; I never knew he was a sprinter."—Harvard Lampoon.

I'd rather boast no family
And glory in my might today,
That claim to be descended
From a long line of kings.

—Munsey's Weekly.

An agricultural editor says that the best article he ever saw on milk was cream. "No city people think that it was not very widely copied."—London Courier.

He—"How did you know I was at the door? I didn't put the bell!" She (admiring the circle he has just placed upon her finger)—"I heard the engagement ring."—New York Herald.

Mr. Brezey—"Just on your account, madam, I've been hiding my light under a bushel for years!" Mrs. Brezey—"O, dear! Extravagant as ever! Why didn't you buy a pint cup?"—New York Herald.

"Dear Willow Brown, my love is true."
"Your smoking, sir, against my pleads."
"I'll give up smoking, dear, for you."
"Then I'll give up my woods."—Judge.

"But this girl Egbert is engaged to—isn't she giddy?" She seemed to me a rather thoughtless creature." "Thoughtless!" answered Egbert's mother. "She is absolutely thickish."—Indianapolis Journal.

Intelligence has just reached me," began Mr. Blodger, as he sat down to the dinner table. "Thank heaven if it has, at last," exclaimed Mrs. Blodger, and the food was partaken in silence.

—London Citizen.

"So you want a railroad position," mused the Superintendent. "Do you think you could give an intelligent account of an accident?" "Yes, sir, I'm sure I could." "Then I think we have no place for you."—Blindfold Gazette.

In the Restaurant—"I am sorry, Mr. Senator, to have to ask you not to come to this restaurant any more, but you are as continually asking your head that it might give rise to misapprehensions as to the quality of the dishes. I know, of course, that you are reading the political news, but the other guests don't know it."—Flagpole Blotter.

Weird Aerial Phenomenon.

Two waterpots were observed about six miles out to sea from Redondo beach recently, followed by ten minutes after by a heavy shower of rain. The sea and clouds presented a weird appearance about the time of the phenomenon, and lightning flashes were seen in the western clouds. The scene was altogether a rare one, and attracted considerable attention.

—Redondo (Cal.) Citizen.

Why do they rave of love, these poets who tempt heaven's very airs to hear their raves?
There's naught else to praise 'neath heaven's blue,
Naught else to sing above the sounding wave?
Brave men lived long ere Agamemnon died,
What braver theme for aye than brave men's deeds?
Brave women their whole sex have sanctified
By gentle courage 'neath a woman's hood!

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