

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes 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; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

Twenty-three States now have Bureau of Labor and Statistics.

One of the largest manufacturing concerns in Brazil says that American machinery is superior to anything made in Europe.

Bredford's states that there are in New England half a hundred stock farms, where twenty years ago there were practically none, and in California the breeding of fast horses has become almost a craze.

In 1890 the largest number of Italians arrived in the United States in any one year, being 52,004, of whom nearly eighty per cent. must be classed as unskilled; in fact, 15,235 stated to the inspection officers that they had no special gainful occupation.

The New York News predicts that this will be an exceptional year for immigration. The figures for a recent month indicate a larger influx of foreigners by twelve or fifteen thousand than we had during the same period in 1890. The Italians predominate.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes. He gets \$2 per day for each, and they are always in demand. They are left outside the door the day before turtle soup is served, and create a run the next day for the soup, but they are not in it.

A recent writer suggests that the sciences might receive new names that would be self-explaining. He would give us birdlore in place of ornithology; fishlearning instead of ichthyology; plantlore for botany; stariore for astronomy, etc. Some of these are occasionally used already, and there is no good reason why we should not adopt all of them.

A New Orleans paper reminds the Italian press that twenty-two English and American tourists have been captured by brigands in Italy during the last fifteen years, and of this number nine were murdered because they could pay no ransom. The Italian Government never did England or America make any threats.

Herbert Spencer opposes socialism because he says that it turns back progress and is a foe to personal freedom. Compulsory co-operation, he thinks, would result in a society like that of ancient Peru, where the people in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 were ruled by officers, tied to their districts, superintended in their work and business and made hopeless toilers for the support of the Government.

The British Medical Journal, in an article commenting on a case of hypnotism described in a New York paper, insists that England shall pass laws to prevent the reckless practice of hypnotism in Great Britain. The article expresses regret that reliable information is at hand that several physicians of standing are traveling in England under assumed names and practicing hypnotism upon all applicants, regardless of risk to health and life.

An English engineer of high standing in a recent paper on our navy said that in general workmanship in many details the new ships built in this country were equal to England's best, and that the armament of the battle-ships were more powerful than that of any ships of the same class built in Europe. In concluding his address he declared that the work of the American contractors was worthy of study by all Englishmen interested in the subject.

The German press is not allowed a special rate on its telegraphic correspondence, the Government making no discrimination. In all other countries press dispatches are transmitted at greatly reduced rates, but Dr. Stephen, Director of the German Telegraph, recently declared that he saw no reason whatever for favoring the newspapers thus. As a result of his liberal policy, notes the Chicago Post, the press messages of Germany constitute only 1 1/2 per cent. of the total traffic, and the German newspapers are among the dullest on earth.

A groom's right to wear a moustache has been tried in England, with the court's decision in his favor. When Mrs. Grimshaw's groom was engaged he was smooth-shaven, but after a cold he grew a moustache by his doctor's advice, whereupon Mrs. Grimshaw ordered him to shave or go without notice. The Judge held that the demand was unreasonable. If he had been a house servant, wearing powder and white silk stockings, suggests the Boston Transcript, he might have been required to shave; but a groom was an outlier, and a moustache was a natural protection against the weather. The plaintiff got \$25 damages.

LIGHT.

What does the blind man, blind from infancy, Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream? Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream, What can dreams show him that would love him?

MISS DILLOWAY.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?" "Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in a minute." He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" "Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?" "Oh, yes; twenty-five, if you say so!" "Wal, didn't Ezey's folks move up, Preston way, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?" "Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint every depot that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"Not 'im—'im! Wal—" But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words: "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and walked a little time before she rang the bell.

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more 'an enough in the bank to take care of 'em if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, s' I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!"

"It's surpris' ag how much company just the thour 'at of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, I'd should be a girl. Since then I've 'een kind of getting ready—and—we'd, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wipin' the perspiration from her face. She 'ad talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who 'ad been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my family."

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred.

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face contentedly, and then held out her small arm toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" she said half-impetuously, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't ever them their husbands, their big houses, or their rick-rack, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy their babies. They seem to think 'em, I don't see why old maids 'ud love babies as well's married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?" Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair.

"The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat. "Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Renham were surprised. It seems a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowded, cooed and was unmistakably very fond of his foster parent.

they told me of her death and her husband's, so nigh together. "But I was more taken aback when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's baby, my nevy—or grand-nevy—in an asylum!"

"I traveled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny—and to make some arrangement with you about his—board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clary's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see it belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said this with a half-convulsive air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?" "I—I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land 'o liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well, Ahem! Wh—what do you say to calling him when me—Bobby?" "I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he at first supposed, for he detained him in Renham more than a week. There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clary's baby was getting on."

"I could not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had not been present to interfere, when I gathered horses and highly-colored sugar soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep—until Mr. Russell and ahem!—a small grand-nephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby carriage before him.

He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began: "I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal sicker—sicker to the baby; and ahem!—it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind of belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

"Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer. "She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!" —Tomth's Companion.

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria. "Nature has her own remedy for diphtheria," says a Chicago man. "It is nothing more nor less than pineapple juice. I declare that I have found it to be a specific. It will cure the worst case that ever mortal flesh was afflicted with. I did not discover the remedy. The colored man of the South did that. Two years ago I was engaged in lumbering in Mississippi. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and the question of his death was simply the problem for a few hours to determine. An old colored man, to whom my wife had shown some kindnesses, called at the house, and saying he heard of my little one's illness, urged me to try pineapple juice. The old fellow declared that in Louisiana, where he came from, he had seen it tried a million times, and that in each case it had proved effective. So I secured a pineapple and squeezed out the juice. After a while we got some of it down the boy's throat, and in a short time he was cured. The pineapple should be thoroughly ripe. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheritic mucus. I tell you it is a sure cure."

A Curious Blunder. On most of the maps in use in our schools and offices may be found in the northwest part of the State of Colorado a settlement indicated, called Golden City. Some of the maps even have a road leading to it. This, says Gold-throats' Geographical Magazine, is a curious instance of the blunders that get into maps and stick there. As a matter of fact there is no settlement in the whole region for miles around. It is in the midst of the Colorado Bad Land, an uninhabited wilderness. When this region was first explored some one dubbed this spot Golden City on account of the weird and fantastic shapes of the rocks in that remarkable country. Some careless mapmaker altered the name to Golden City, presuming, possibly, that it was a mining camp, and Golden City it remains to this day.

Manhattan sold for \$25. According to popular tradition the Island of Manhattan was sold in 1624 for the sum of \$25. The conclusion one would naturally jump to would be that in the light of subsequent events the sum was a ridiculously small price. But let us suppose that \$25 had been placed out at seven per cent. interest in the year 1624 and had been allowed to compound up to the year 1884, how much would it then have amounted to? Something in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000,000. Is the Island of Manhattan worth much more than that to-day?—Pharmaceutical Era.

SUB-TREASURY DEFENCES.

SAFEGUARDS SURROUNDING A NATIONAL MONEY CHEST.

The Sub-Treasury in New York City is as impregnable as a Fortress—Its Armament.

The Sub-Treasury has walls of granite, eight feet thick; it has floors of marble and steel, wall-iron and stone, arches and ceiling of solid masonry, window casings sheathed with iron, stairways of the same material, and a roof of granite so well made that cannon balls could do no more than chip it here and there.

Besides, sticking out of the roof at different points are iron turrets, built to withstand a storm of bullets or any kind of an attack, and with little oblong port holes, where rifle muzzles might be stuck out, and bigger holes for the ugly nose of a lightning Gatling gun. The millions of the people are well enough guarded, and if that big building, with its Corinthian architecture, had been built for no other purpose than to hold wealth it could hardly have been made more strong or better calculated to resist an attack.

Once a week, and sometimes oftener, when the weather is damp, a colored man makes a special trip up the granite steps to the third story. He passes through two big doorways, the doors of which clank with echoing sound very much like doors in a prison, and he enters the arsenal room. In the hours he is there he cleans, polishes and oils 100 breech-loading forty-five calibre carbines, 100 forty-five calibre Colt's revolvers, three five-bore and one eight-bore Gatling guns, and sweeps the dust from off 22,000 rounds of ammunition.

On this floor the windows all have recesses two or three feet deep, and the world can be shut out by double iron shutters, made of 1/2-inch boiler iron. The windows are about four feet square, and as he pointed them out Superintendent Bottinger talked in a calm, cold-blooded way of defence.

"Each window," he said, "has, you see, an oblong porthole just big enough for the muzzle of a rifle to rest in and still give one a chance to sight it. No, each window recess will hold two men who are protected and able to pick off whom they like. In every other window there is what we call a swinging bonnet. By detaching a pin this arrangement swings so that it hangs outside the window. Two men can sit inside and either shoot with rifles and revolvers out of the portholes or drop hand grenades from a round hole in the bottom. It's all very simple, you see, but it would prove very effective in case the necessity arose."

On the Nassau street side there are ten portoled windows, and eleven banded windows. But that isn't half, and that is but child's play compared to the other arrangements for defence. In the inside roof of the Pine and Wall street porches there are several holes, as big around almost as a baby's head. Any one can see these holes from the street, and they look as harmless as possible.

But inside the building, and clustered closely around these offices, are boxes and boxes of pear-shaped hand grenades loaded with shot. Superintendent Bottinger went on in his calm way: "These are boxes of hand grenades of two, three and five pounds. There are 1500 of them around here. If a mob were to collect on the stairs down there we would have to do so would be to drop a five-pound hand grenade, and—well, there is no use speculating on the result. That's for defence, and it's complete enough, for what mob could stand against hand grenades?"

Up in the little turrets, where two and three men can stand and work and feel as safe as if they were at home, there are enough portholes to command any point, and up in the big turrets, where ten men can work with rifles and Gatlings, the houses for blocks around can be commanded. Every window is grated, every skylight protected, and you see nothing but stone, iron and steel, and before you get through you unconsciously feel as if you were not in New York, but in some place so remote from civilization in defiance that to live meant to battle constantly against an armed enemy.

The protection which the money vaults have consists of four doors to each vault. The outside doors are time locked. Every door has beside its sixteen steel bolts a special mechanical contrivance which holds them shut when the door is locked. It isn't any kind of an inviting outlook for any thief, for, as Mr. Hale said, "a man or a mob of men might better begin operations at the outside, for I honestly believe that if it came to a question of days, they would get in the vaults sooner than if they attempted the doors."

Down below, the vaults where the heavy gold and silver bars are kept, are reached by a flight of winding iron stairs. That is well protected by steel doors, and besides, a man couldn't carry away a big bar of gold very well without attracting some attention. The simplest way to make an attack on the Treasury would be in broad daylight, when business was at its height. That would involve less labor, but it would probably be as unavailing as any other attempt would be.

In regard to the inside protection—the protection of the money from the men who handle it. There are two keys to each of the upper vaults; two men hold the combinations and each man has a substitute. When it is necessary to put in or take out any money the two men go in together. They do not go in to watch one another it would not be fair to say, for both are men of integrity and to be trusted, but they go to guard against mistakes, to prevent possible errors, and in order that as good care as possible may be taken of the money in their keeping.

There are five watchmen roaming about the Corinthian interior every night, and every hour five "all rights" are sent into the office of the Mercantile Trust Company. If at any time they are missed, they never have been yet—there will be a cordon of police around to find out why.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Metal shingles are here. Copper is melted by electricity. A railroad car registers the condition of the road.

A saw has been designed for cutting iron, mild steel or other metals of fairly large sections. All the bridges over the Erie Canal at Rochester, N. Y., are to be operated hereafter by electricity.

There are now 1034 compound locomotives at work or building, 523 being in England, 330 in Germany and eight in North America.

The steam-hammer used in forging the armor plates of Bethlehem, Penn., has a plunger equal in weight to 125 tons. The anvil that receives this blow weighs 1400 tons.

To prevent the evaporation of water in fire drills it has been suggested that fifteen to twenty drops of oil will form a coating sufficient to obviate the difficulty.

There has been invented a machine for cutting tubes of paper for pill-boxes. The operations are all automatic and the work is said to be rapidly performed.

Proprietors of the Pullman car invention report that paper car wheels have run 400,000 miles under their cars, while the average running power of an iron wheel is but 55,000 miles.

During magnetic storms earth currents on the British lines of telegraph have been known to attain the strength of forty milliamperes. This is stronger than the usual working currents.

American shoe machinery has been introduced into Leicester, England, and has created considerable interest among the manufacturers. A writer in a Manchester paper says that "Americans are miles ahead" in shoe machinery.

Fish are attracted by the electric light the same as insects and birds, and it has been found that the placing of an electric lamp of high power in the sea, even at a part not frequented by fish, causes members of the finny tribe to flock in great numbers.

Lima (Ohio) oil is being used successfully in a number of Pittsburg mills and factories. Rolling mill owners favor it because it does not oxidize the iron, and for that reason it is thought that natural gas will soon be superseded by it. The oil is shipped from the field in tank cars, and a movement is on foot to build a pipe line to that city.

Dr. Armand Jeannotout, a young physician of Paris, is the latest in the field as a consumption cure discoverer. His cure is by inhalation. His apparatus consists of a small tubular brass boiler, connected with a brass pan with a lid. When in operation, from under the lid escape vapors which spread about the room, one of the parts of which is prussic acid.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered a process of recovering the tin contained in the wash waters of silk which have been weighted, and he has accordingly received from the French Society for the Encouragement of Natural Industry the prize allotted for the utilization of residual substances. It is estimated that Lyons alone will effect an annual economy of \$60,000.

Wrestling in Japan. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, amusement in Japan is to go to see the wrestlers. Wrestlers may be found in almost every city, and they travel in companies through the provinces. On their reaching a country town a huge circus-like booth is built of straw mats, sufficient to hold an audience of one or two thousand; criers are sent round the town, and a four or five days' performance is begun. The wrestlers are mostly big men, and the swells among them look as tall as Patagonians and as bulky as Daniel Lambert. In ordinary Japanese wrestling, where a competitor may lose if he is pushed or thrown outside the ring, weight is an important factor. The men are usually matched in pairs, and they are called upon by a usher, who announces their names according to a pre-arranged programme. Two names being called, the men walk up the opposite sides of a circle, about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, make out by a hand of straw. Here they pause, smack their hands, stretch their muscles, put up their hands heavenward as invoking a deity for success, look at each other, turn round and take a drink. The next time they advance they may squat down in front of each other, make a few grimaces, stamp their feet and make a feint or two; but usually it will end by their getting up, turning round and leaving a second drink of water. This stamping, slapping, feinting, grimacing may be repeated half a dozen times, until, one having irritated the other, there is a sudden spring and the two are locked together in the tussle. If a favorite has won half the audience rise, yelling with delight; hats, tobacco pouches, purses, fans, coats, silken sashes and all manner of things go flying through the air toward the victor.—Commercial Advertiser.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

Gods of the desert! Ye are they Who shun from childhood's earliest breath; Our passing joys are but your prey; Ye wait the hours from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep, Under warm trees where love was born, I see your haughty shadows creep, And wait to meet ye there, forlorn.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest, Carven in stone, whose ancient thought Wrapt ye in terrors—shades unblessed, Dreadful, by night of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shores Sleeps the great desert; everywhere Where gladness lived and lives no more, There is a desert of despair.

Strange messengers! Your brows of gloom Haunt every creature born of earth; Ye follow to the darkest room; Ye watch the awful hour of birth.

Ye show the lovely way-side rose, Whose antique grace is born anew, Toys of grief. Grief on ly knows How tender is the sunest hue.

Gods of the desert! By your hand Through the sad waters we've brought Into a high and peaceful land To drink of fountains else unthought.—Annie Fields, in Harper's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A soft snap—The baby's bite. A trunk line—"Handle with care." Bound to fill a drunkard's grave—The sexton.—Puck.

The man who deems his house his castle has the most in his eye. Death is a wonderful mimic. He can take anybody off.—Bing-anton Leader.

One of the greatest of human comforts is the shirt which isn't made at home.—Puck. If you want to flatter a man, tell him he can't be flattered.—Philadelphia Times.

A stroke of misfortune—"The one we have all along been using against Yale."—Harvard Lampoon. The fact that riches have wings may be the reason that they enable a man to "fly high."—Washington Post.

The colleges are not quite gone daft over athletics. They are still in possession of their faculties.—Puck. There is nothing a man enjoys more than complaining of his great responsibilities.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Is your teacher a big man?" "Strap-pin," murmured Johnny, as he unconsciously felt of the sore spot.—Harvard Lampoon. Judge—"What do you do during the week?" "Tramp—" "Nothing." "And on Sunday?" "Then I take a day off."—Texas Sifting.

Teacher—"How would you describe Henry VIII. of England?" Student—"I would describe him as a professional widower."—Harper's Bazar. Before you start out to attain a seat on the highest pinnacle of fame bear in mind that it runs up to a pretty sharp point.—Indianapolis Journal.

The men who do not agree on any possible points of doubt are the ones that seem to find the most pleasure in each other's society.—Washington Post. Along the shore the city girl Will soon be passing trackless, And to the hotel her papa Will take up the shekels.—Cleveland Review.