

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100 One Square, one inch, one month... 200 One Square, one inch, one year... 1800

Emperor William, of Germany, expressed himself in a recent speech before the students of the University of Bonn as being in favor of dueling.

Large beds of phosphate have been discovered in Brooks County, Ga., and reports are that there is plenty of it in that section. Preparations are being made to utilize the discovery.

Experiments are being made in European navies with captive balloons as points of observation. From one sent up from a French ironclad, ships and the details of the neighboring coast could be seen in clear weather, for twenty or twenty-five miles.

The German Emperor, who expressed at the conclusion of the recent school conference at Berlin his dissatisfaction with the manner in which Prussian history is taught, has, according to the report of German papers, commissioned Professor Stegler, of the Cadet School, at Litcherfeld, to write a new history of Prussia under the Hohenzollerns.

An institution peculiar to New York, which has been recently established, alleges the Atlanta Constitution, "is a civil marriage contract bureau. If you want to get married very quietly, without even the newspapers finding it out, you go to this bureau with your girl, pay your fee, which is \$25, and a civil marriage contract is prepared for you to sign, and the affair is guaranteed to be kept quiet. No record of these marriages are made, and they are not, strictly speaking, legal, but a lawyer who was consulted, said the courts would not do legalize them, if any legal question ever arose to make it necessary to test their validity in the courts."

The Latin-American department of the World's Columbian Exposition is very anxious to obtain information concerning a copy of a little quarto published in Rome in 1493, containing the important bull of Pope Alexander VI, by which he divided the New World between Portugal and Spain. Only two copies of this pamphlet are in existence, so far as can be ascertained. One is in the Royal Library at Munich. The other was sold in London at auction by Puttick & Simpson, auctioneers, on the 24th of May, 1824, and was bought by Obadiah Rich for four pounds eight shillings, for some private library in the United States which he declined to name. It has certainly disappeared from the knowledge of bibliophiles, and no trace of it can be found. Any person having knowledge of the whereabouts of this historical treasure will be kind enough to notify the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

The Scientific American declares that "the need of fast war vessels was well illustrated by the recent incident in the harbor of San Diego, Cal., when a Chilean cruiser belonging to the insurgents entered the bay, anchored, took on board recruits, supplies of provisions, ammunition, and then sailed away. This ship, under the laws of nations, was in fact a piratical vessel, and as such was seized by the Government authorities at San Diego, and a United States vessel placed on board and in possession. But the Chilean rebels paid no attention to the laws of the United States; they may be said to have captured the place. When they had obtained all the supplies they wanted to assist them in carrying on war against a friendly nation, they upheaved anchor and steamed away, carrying off as a prisoner the official representative of the great republic. This was a small ship called the Itata, carrying four guns. There is nothing to prevent the Chilean rebels from sending in other boats to capture or bombard San Diego or other towns along the coast. Indeed, while the Itata was taking on supplies at San Diego, other vessels of the rebels were hovering outside the harbor. We have no navy worthy of the name, and nearly all our seaports are without proper defenses. Like San Diego, they are at the mercy of any single piratical boat that chooses to enter. This is a very humiliating position for a country like ours to be placed in. All told, we have a pair of small torpedo boats, half a dozen or so of small cruisers, and an equal number of larger vessels. There should be fifty ships where now there are one. Every harbor in the country should be guarded by efficient sentinels consisting of vessels of high speed, ready for instant action, to maintain and enforce the authority of the republic."

O DEAR TO-DAY.

You are mine, all mine, O dear, to-day, From the earliest gleam of your golden dawn. 'Till the twilight takes you forever away, And the hours that you promised me now are gone. Oh, what shall I do with you, dear, to-day— Shall I hold you close, and never share The bliss that comes with your sunny light To my seeing eyes with the blind man there! Oh, what shall I ask of you, dear, to-day— More blessings still for my goodly store— The gift of a hundred happy thoughts, Or the love and the trust of one heart more! Oh, what shall I say to you, dear, to-day, As you glide so swiftly and silently by— That I'm glad, so glad, that you came to me, And sorry, so sorry, to see you die! Oh, what shall I be to you, dear, to-day, When the cold, dark night shall bid you sleep, And the hours of another morning stand Relentless and stern 'twixt you and me? Oh, what shall I make of you, dear, to-day— In the chain of my life another link, That shall guide with other radiant ones My path to the Beautiful River's brink! —Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

UNCLE EBEN'S MINERALS.

BY HELEN FOURRETT GRAVES. "Alex! Alex! where are you?" Alexia Eben stood like some avenging Fate in the middle of the square room at Amescroft Farm. She had pulled up every tack in the well-worn ingrain carpet—the one "store carpet" that the humble establishment afforded—and had flung it bodily out of the window, where it had descended with crushing weight in the fiery blossoms of a monster "burning bush." She had opened every casement wide, so that the yellow light of the glorious May morning streamed in, a flood of crystal glory. She had tied her Auburn hair up in an old towel, and stood on a wooden chair, brushing cobwebs from the ceiling with an ancient broom, like the proverbial "old woman" of the nursery rhyme. At the sound of her sister's voice she stopped abruptly. "I'm here," said she. "What are you doing, Alex?" "I'm trying to civilize things a little." "All alone by yourself, Alex?" "There's no one to help me!" "Can't you wait until Bridget Rein-don comes to-morrow?" Alexia shook her toweling head. "This is one of the cases," said she, "where patience has ceased to be a virtue. No, I can't wait a day longer." Ellen looked anxiously around the room. "Why, what have you done with everything?" said she. "I've cleared them all out. If we are going to have summer boarders, we must get ready for them. Uncle Eben occupies our best bedroom, and is likely to be here for some time; consequently this must be fitted up for boarders." Ellen sighed deeply. "I wish we weren't so poor," said she. "I wish we could live without filling our house every summer with a crowd of noisy strangers." "Why don't you wish for Aladdin's lamp, or the Kohinoor diamond while you are about it?" said Alexia, scornfully. "Alex, why have you grown so bitter of late?" pleaded the groaner of the sisters. "I don't hardly know you!" "Am I bitter?" Alex stood still and hesitated for an instant or so. "Well, perhaps I am. But it is not enough to make any one bitter, this constant current of disappointment!" "I don't know that we have any more to bear than others, Alex." "You do, too!" cried Alex, springing down from her wooden chair, with burning cheeks and eyes alight. "You know you do, Ellen Ames! Here you are engaged to Henry Lucas and can't marry until he can give you a home; here are we weighed to the very earth with poverty and care, and this old uncle of mine, coming back from a lifetime of shifts and changes in New Mexico, to place an additional burden on our shoulders." "He is old and poor, Alex." "Very well, I'm young and poor. Where's the difference? Of the two, I maintain that he is the better off." Ellen looked at her stormy-tempered sister with troubled eyes. "Evidently she thought it best not to continue the subject." "What have you done with the little one of butterfiles and birds' nests?" said she, "and the cabinet of minerals and the paper box of stones?" "I've buried them back of the gooseberry bushes," said Alex. "I can't have the room cluttered with all the trash he brought back in that wooden chest of his." "Couldn't you have stored them away in the old chest itself?" "Nonsense! Such stuff as that! And, besides, it would have been quite impossible for me to have Billy chop the old ark up into kindling wood. He'll never know!" "Oh, Alex!" "I don't care!" flashed out Alex, with a reckless toss of her head. "It's too bad! Everything goes wrong with me, and mother is utterly overworked, and I'm clear discouraged, and—"

WISE WORDS.

The more important an animal is to be the lower is its start. Man, the noblest, is born the lowest. Without seeking, truth cannot be known at all; and seeking it can be discovered by the simplest. Grief is not to be measured by the tears shed, nor does the loudest mourner deserve the largest bequest. Every incomplete work is a monument to human folly. Whatever is worth beginning is worth ending. She was regal, she was haughty, she was highborn and distinguished; and like the rest of us, she was clay. In things pertaining to enthusiasm no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions. It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood red wine; it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies. Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live. Think you that judgement waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets. The nature has fashioned some for ambition and dominion, and it has formed others for obedience and submission. The leopard follows his nature as the lamb. Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory. Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what preserve the heart and secure comfort. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope; causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Nothing can lessen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of usefulness and devotion endures; and none can destroy the altars of this faith for us as long as we feel ourselves still capable of love. Fine Points in Cannibalism. It was formerly supposed that the relish with which certain savage tribes ate their enemies arose from the gratification of the passion of revenge. With-in the last few years, however, it has been clearly shown that some of the barbarian man-eaters are really fond of human flesh for its own sake—that they enjoy it as a civilized epicure enjoys turkey soup or roasted ortolans. Your Fiji Indian shirks the greatest praise he can bestow upon any edible is to say that it is "as tender as a dead man." The Fijians have plenty of provisions, but they consider "long pig"—their pleasant name for human flesh—much finer than pork, beef or mutton. The New Zealanders, on the other hand, do not consider man's flesh as a delicacy, but eat dead heroes and "wise men" (whether they have been friends or enemies makes no difference), with the idea that they imbibe the valor and intellectual qualities of the deceased during the process. The "noble savages" of Terra del Fuego never eats any of his own people, except when other meat is remarkably scarce, although always ready to "take in" the shipwrecked stranger. In severe winters, if we are to believe the story of a British admiral (Pitroy), the Terra-del-Fuegians, "when they can obtain no other food, take the oldest woman of their party, hold her head over a thick smoke, made by burning green wood, and, pinching her throat, choke her," after which she is served up to her friends. The barbarians, on being asked why they did not eat their dogs instead of their old ladies, naively answered that their dogs caught otters, but that their venerable grandmothers and aunts did not. Probably the majority of even the lowest order of savages prefer fish and yams to human flesh, but it is nevertheless true that there are several tribes in Australia, Africa and the South Sea Islands that actually haunter after it. There is some consolation, however, in the assurance given us by travelers that most of these anthropophagous prefer colored persons to Caucasians as table luxuries. This fact is certainly encouraging to the missionary interest.—New York Ledger. Ancient Inks. The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttlefish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a chemical mixture of water, gum and lampblack, and the characters were painted rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed. As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance such as viangar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon, and form an indelible shade. A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterwards used, as from its vitriolic nature it hit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink, containing a good deal of carbon pigment, was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages. With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written, and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together in volumes. Play and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.—Chamber's Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

England has an electrical launch. Wool is made from wood tree fibre. Vermont claims the first electric motor. Detroit undertakers must wear rubber coats when they handle diphtheria corpses. The manufacture of starch from arrow-root is a new and thriving industry in Florida. At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness. The most elaborate dental apparatus known belongs to the sea-urchin, whose jaws are composed of forty pieces, moved by forty separate muscles. Certain peculiarities in the spectrum of the sun are thought to indicate that much of its matter is still in elementary forms owing to its intense heat. The steel works at Hörde, Germany, have introduced a new process for desulphurizing pig iron, and it is said that many of the large works are applying for licenses to use the process. A new mineral has been discovered to which the name Sanguinito has been given. It is brown red in color by reflected light, and upon analysis is found to contain silver, arsenic and sulphur. It has been discovered that platinum at a white heat will consume tobacco smoke and keep the atmosphere of a smoking-room perfectly clear. Lamps with a little ring of platinum over the flame are used for this purpose. Some English manufacturers are bleaching paper, without impairing its strength, by an electrical process. A solution of magnesium chloride is used, which is decomposed by a powerful current, with the evolution of chlorine and oxygen. Inquiry into the subject of explosions in mines being caused by dry coal dust has led to some very valuable experiments and plans for clearing the galleries of foul air. One of these consists in moving open water butts through the affected air, and the air is thereby cleared before the danger limit is reached. A new apparatus for water has appeared in the form of a still, which is described as consisting of "a series of large flat disks of metal, placed upright and kept in position by pipes running horizontally on the top and bottom. Water is boiled in a vessel and the steam is conducted from the same to the dish through a pipe. The steam rises up from the water is condensed in the disks by a current of air and the water is collected in the bottom pipe." The size of still designed for family use has eight disks and is said to distil a gallon of water in an hour. Professor R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., of the Texas Geological Survey, says the finest clays suitable for the manufacture of fire brick, earthenware, and even fine china ware, are to be found abundantly in East Texas. Two companies are now engaged making pottery at Athens in Henderson County. The articles manufactured are fine brick, tiles, sewer pipes, jugs, etc. The clay at this point is of a light gray color, becoming almost white when dry. Equally fine clays abound near Jefferson, in Marion County, and near Rusk, in Cherokee County. It is thought good openings are offered over there for manufacturing the finest of wares. Snakes Attack a Span of Horses. While Frank Oldham, a young farmer living southeast of Pendleton, Ind., was harrowing a piece of new ground he aroused from slumber two ugly and enormous black snakes, measuring about five feet, that immediately showed fight. They first made a rush at the young man and tried to coil themselves around his legs, but he escaped from their slimy embrace and made for the fence at a rapid rate, closely pursued by the serpent. When the snakes saw that Frank was out of their reach on the fence, they returned to the horses, which had been left standing, still attached to the harrow. Soon the horses were noticed to be rearing and kicking and performing acrobatic feats that would surpass Barnum's trained equines. The man, mustering up his courage, armed himself with a fence rail and hastened to the relief of his team. He found one reptile coiled around the foreleg of one horse, and the other snake around one of the hind legs of the other horse. The serpents struck the defenceless animals repeatedly, while the air resounded with a peculiar hissing noise. After a struggle of about thirty minutes the farmer succeeded in beating off the reptiles and releasing the scared team. He then mounted the harrow and a chase commenced, the horses at full speed dragging the harrow and Frank with the snakes in close pursuit. The fleeing team raised a cloud of dust, and when it reached the opposite side of the field the snakes were lost to view. A party with guns and clubs was quickly organized to search for the snakes, but was unable to find them.—Indianapolis Journal. Weighing Machines. Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" 400 shekels of silver, current money, with the merchant to Ephron, the Hittite, as payment for a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence." This is said to be the earliest transfer of land of which any record survives, and that the payment was made in the presence of witnesses. The original form of the weighing scale was probably a bar suspended from the middle, with a board or shell suspended from each end, one to contain the weight, the other to contain the matter to be weighed. The steel scale was probably so called from the material of which it was made, and from its former length. It is also known as the Roman balance, and is of great antiquity.—St. Louis Republic.

DOG FOOD AND MEDICINE.

A UNIQUE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE METROPOLIS. Preparing Food for Aristocratic Canines—Curious Looking Machines—Patent Physic for the Dogs. The manufacturing of food and patent medicines for the aristocratic dog is one of the few industries not as yet overcrowded. The dog's "Delmonico," as it may very appropriately be called, has done business at the same stand for a much longer time than its more dignified prototype. Its glaring sign, more attractive than artistic, covers the front of a four-story brick building in an upper East side street. For nearly a quarter of a century Spratt's factory has had a monopoly of the making of dog food. Everything that is made by the establishment is most amply protected by patents. But so great is the fear that some one will discover the secrets of the establishment, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that an outsider obtains a view of the interior. The business is now conducted by a limited stock company. From twenty-five to fifty men are employed four days in the week. Monday and Tuesday of each week are devoted to sorting the stock on hand. It is really far from being a prepossessing place. An odor, anything but pleasant, greets the nostrils of the visitor entering on the ground floor. This is the receiving room of the materials used in the manufactured products. One is hardly surprised to learn that thousands of pounds of butchers' scraps are brought here in the course of a month. Oatmeal in wholesale quantities and tons of herbs are used. The old-fashioned dog-bone, bonecut, canny and beet root under various scientific names, find a use here either as food or as medicine. The second floor is occupied by four curious-looking machines having great cylinder attachments. After some of the men have carefully sorted the fat and the meat it is ground up separately in these machines into disagreeable masses. After that it is placed into great wooden tubs, where various mixtures are added. The cooks in this establishment are very chary of telling you just what they put in these tubs. The next process seems so much like the ordinary baker's work that one is quite disposed to taste things, and when the round and square cakes taken out a tempting brown, one is really in sympathy with the aristocratic dog. Having been properly cooled the biscuits are taken to the next floor, where several "hands" are employed to do nothing but pack them in neat paste-board boxes. According to size these boxes are labelled for the dogs for gross pounds, for St. Bernards. Then there are specially prepared dishes for cats. The poor animal that has been the subject of so much derision has been specially considered, and sufficient of a specially prepared food to keep her for two days may be obtained for five cents. But it costs a pretty penny to keep a dog. A large dog must have six or eight cakes, besides a quantity of meat. The meat will probably cost ten cents, the cakes four cents apiece. That makes \$3 a week. There is the dog tax, and the dog must have a collar, which will cost anywhere from \$1.50 to \$5.00. There is a crate to send him to the dog show, \$14; a brush and comb, \$4; a waterproof blanket, \$6.50; a necktie-plated slip, \$10; a brass show-chain, \$2.50; a yard chain, \$1. Then the dog must be housed, an amount of about \$100 to begin with, and \$3 and \$4 a week afterward, will keep an ordinary "400" dog in New York. The most important department of all is that of the patent medicines. Away at the very top of the building, a man moved from the various offices, is the office of the company. All day long the secretary keeps the books and sends out circulars to every one who has registered a license for a dog. Right back of the office, unreachably by the prying outsider save through the office, is the medicine department. The mixtures of herbs and chemicals are boiled in great kettles and the liquid brought up to this floor to be put in bottles of various sizes and labelled care-fully. The man, other a liniment for sprains, another to prevent baldness, or rather a stimulant for the hair, which is the same thing. It is quite astonishing to learn that sure cures for seventeen diseases are made. The wonder grows greater when one remembers all the dogs one has known that were never treated for anything. When they were sick they went away and lay down in a cool place, having eaten of some herb known to dogs, and slept the illness off. But then, of course, there were no aristocratic dogs. They may have successfully herded sheep or churned the butter but they never would have taken the prize in the dog show. Not only does this curious establishment make liquid medicines, but pills, and as a recent addition to the business it makes dog collars and dog soap and crates for carrying or shipping dogs in, dog brushes and combs, mackintosh waterproofs, with hoods, for greyhounds, and blankets. For its out-of-town trade it makes food which makes hens lay in full seasons, foods for pigeons and cats; washing the latter.—New York News. Asbestos Deposit. The Industrial Review calls attention to the wonderful deposit of asbestos which has been found near Hamilton, in Hager County, Wash., and has been discovered at a distance of seventy-five feet, and at the cropping is said to eight feet in width. The asbestos is of excellent quality, the fibers, fine as silk, being in some instances as much as eighteen inches in length. The coast line of Alaska exceeds in length by 3020 miles that of all the rest of the United States.

LOVE'S SHADOW.

My lady sighs. Her thought is stirred By something that she deeply feels, But cannot tell. The mating bird In wifery of song reveals A sympathy. She, too, could sing, Did she but fully comprehend The meaning of those notes that ring, And with the joy of living blend. My lady loves. Across her path, Unknown to her, a shadow lies. All life its perfect fulness hath In bird and bud and cloudless skies. Yet, echoing the songster's bliss, She sighs before the song is done. She does not know love's shadow lies Far brighter than the moonday sun. —Flavel Scott Miles, in Harper's Weekly. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Knowledge may be power; but it won't run shafting. The cautious man is a very considerate person.—Washington Post. The single thought that joins two souls must be a sort of mental hyphen.—Puck. It takes stupidity to succeed in the human fly business.—Bliss's Gazette. A Literary Pirate—Something much more romantic than the real one.—Puck. Small favors are thankfully received; but they are often unthankfully remembered. The frog does not wear his suspenders too tight, but he looks like it.—Dallas News. When a woman begins to clean house the first thing to go is her husband.—Statenman. "That lecturer is a host in himself." "Yes. He would make a fine population for a desert island." What a comfort it would be to a housewife to own a hen that could lay a carpet.—Boston Bulletin. The high jumper may practice patiently, but his cherished object is to win success at a bound.—Puck. Greene—"Your wife seems to be fond of dress!" White—"Yes; every day is Decoration Day with her."—New York Herald. The man who invented "the English crease" in trousers is quite well off. Are we to understand that his fortune is increasing.—Statenman. "Do you believe the bad copper always turns up?" "Yes—after the fighting is done and his services are not needed."—Brooklyn Life. Cunniff—"Doctors seem to be getting a good deal of a class." Banks—"Yes, but they can hardly help it. They have to treat people all the time, you know."—Continued. Mrs. Van Million—"But, Mr. Marjold, if you marry my daughter, how do you and the propose to live without money?" Jack Marjold—"Do you mean to say that you would allow your son-in-law to starve?"—Munsey's Weekly. There was a man in our town, Who was so wondrous wise That when his business slumped way down He began to advertise. And when the public saw his spread, With all their might and main They hid their place and straight away sped And set him up again. —New York Herald. Jones—"Why didn't you give Whippleton satisfaction when he challenged you?" Robinson—"According to the code, I could not fight him unless I retracted the insult." Jones—"And what was the result, pray?" Robinson—"I told him he was not my equal."—Kate Field's Washington. May—"Belle Van Leer would have been a martyr in the dark ages." Stella—"What makes you think so?" May—"Why, you know, when she found that George Bond had lost all his money she said: 'If I marry him people will say I am a philanthropist, and I cannot and will not be ostentatious. So I shall give him up, though it break my heart.'"—New York Herald. At a watering place in the Pyrenees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," exclaimed an inhabitant of the Gironne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier, the echo assumes the Spanish accent."—Chambers's Miscellany. Mr. Noeaste (holty)—"It's a shame, an outrage, a menace to American institutions for one man to have a million dollars. Think of the harm he can do with it. Think of the power he wields." Mr. Fortymillion—"That's so. I guess I'll have to change my will. Having no relatives I had concluded to divide my wealth among my friends and acquaintances, and as I left you a million—"

A ROSE QUESTION.

In one of the pretty home gardens at Bay St. Louis, where the roses grow and blow unobscured by fashion and the new-fangled names that fashion invents for them, there is in bloom a rose tree with eccentric flowers. It is a sweet-scented damask rose, next of kin probably to the new, imperious "American Beauty." The tree is covered with large, lovely roses in full bloom, and from the heart of each rose, growing up above the petals on a single stalk, is a cluster of three or four little immaturity formed roses. Every rose on the tree is thus sprouting this most curious freak of nature. The second growth of roses does not come to perfect flowers, but the wizen, weak, ill-formed flowers growing from the heart of the mother rose are singularly sweet in perfume. Can any of our florists explain the eccentric motherhood of this damask rose?—New Orleans Picayune. There were 34,000 cattle bought in Chicago during the month of March for export to Europe.