

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One square, one inch, one month... 10 00 One square, one inch, three months... 25 00 One square, one inch, one year... 100 00 Two squares, one year... 150 00 Quarter Column, one year... 50 00 Half Column, one year... 100 00 One Column, one year... 200 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Emperor William wants to nationalize the German railways. He would like to see the change made before next year.

Of fifth of the ten million families in France, have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven children the number is only 230,000.

During 1890 there were built in the United States 8500 churches; ministers to the number of 4900 were ordained, and a membership, in all denominations, of 1,090,000 added.

There is a vast amount of private wealth in Chile, and the aristocrats are lavish in their expenditures. Many of the private residences in Santiago are veritable palaces and are magnificently furnished.

The arid lands capable of cultivation are estimated at 100,000,000 acres by Major Powell, of the United States Geological Survey. They can be cultivated only through irrigation. At present the sites for reservoirs and irrigating ditches are withheld by Congress from settlement or sale.

It must be a sharp surprise, surprises the St. Louis Star-Sayings, for villages that have nestled at the base of a mountain for years to be suddenly engulfed in hot lava which pours from the mountain's top. That is what happened in Armenia the other day. Inhabitants and real estate in that neighborhood have both suffered from the mountain's debut as a volcano.

In spite of the lack of faith in certain jurists in New Orleans, observes the Chicago Herald, the people there keep up a custom which is indicative of the deepest respect for the courts. Visitors to the city are apt to encounter chains stretched across important streets and traffic suspended thereon. Inquiry brings the answer that the streets are closed because they lead by the courts and the courts are in session. When courts adjourn the chains are tossed aside and traffic goes on again.

The doctors are fond of telling patients, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, that any particular symptoms which they describe are the work of their imagination, but a recent case has shown they are liable to error. A woman who has just died in Bridgeport, Conn., wanted the hospital physician two years ago to recover a set of false teeth which she declared she had swallowed. An operation showed the stomach to be empty, but the doctors told her the teeth had been found. A post-mortem examination showed she had lived two years with the false teeth in her gullet.

Only about twenty-five United States ships, exclusive of the revenue cutters and the training squadron, are now in commission, but it is estimated that five years hence there will be forty-nine ships available for active service, and that of these only three or four will be of the antiquated types that now make up the bulk of the navy. Before that time arrives, however, there will be a vast change in the make up of various squadrons. The Asiatic squadron in particular will have got itself a new outfit. Several of the vessels on that station have been kept there for years past chiefly because they were unfit for the voyage home across the Pacific.

The rage for high buildings in Chicago is increasing rather than abating in intensity. More tall structures pierce the sky than are to be seen in any other city, but they are few in comparison with the others that will rise in a comparatively short time at the present rate of construction. Every office building nowadays must run from fifteen to twenty stories high, and new ones are being projected almost daily. Where this rage will stop no one can tell. The man who puts up a twenty-two story building will be beaten by the next one, and so on, until we may yet have buildings which tower above the clouds, with occupants enjoying sunshine and fair weather while the rest of us are slushing around in the rain and fog below.

The grasshopper plague is apparently to have a successor in a caterpillar plague, notes the Chicago Herald. Reports from British Columbia state that swarms of these pests are appearing along the railroad lines, covering the tracks and giving evidence of phenomenal numbers that bode no good to the season's agriculture. The cable reports a like phenomenon in Bavaria, where men, women and children are engaged fighting caterpillars. Like grapple, it may be that this newest terror is to seize Europe and America simultaneously. Science offers no means of efficient resistance. The ravages of the locust are still visible in Kansas and other Western States. The American farmer will have a sorry year if a visitation of caterpillars is to be added to grasshoppers.

THE STARRY HOST.

The countless stars which to our human eye reveal and steadfast, cast in proper places, Forever bound to changeless points in space, Rush with our sun and planets through the sky, And like a flock of birds still onward fly: Returning never whence began their race, They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face, As though God bade them win Infinity. Ah, whether, whether is their forward flight Through endless time and limitless expanse? What power with unimaginable might First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance? What beauty lures them on through primal night, So that, for them, to be is to advance? —Bishop Studding, in the Century.

OLD HUNDRED, B. C., AND THE BICYCLE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS. Old Hundred's real name was P. T. Simmons. "Just P. T.," he always insisted. "They don't stand for anything. Father and mother ran out of names when they came to me, and gave me initials." So the village wag dubbed him Old Hundred, for short, and the name adhered.

For Old Hundred was one of those dried up little men who might be considered twenty if some inconvenient old ladies did not remember holding them in their arms just forty years ago. He wore a dainty juvenile moustache, walked with a snarling swing, although one might notice that his heels came down rather stiffly, and played games among the most frivolous at the church social.

He was a tailor, an excellent one, by the way, and his apprentices had by this time ceased to grin and chuckle when their master sprang down from his cross-legged position on the table every morning precisely at ten, as B. C. passed on her way to the postoffice, after the mail. He would jump down, snatch up his hat in an absent minded, blushing way, and remark that the mail must be distributed by this time. If the apprentices had ceased to smile at this sort of thing, you may be sure that it had become an old story.

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courting B. C. for a long, long time. And that was too bad, because B. C. deserved a better fate, a more vigorous lover. No one could tell when Susy Bennett was first called B. C. If one could have told that, you see, it would have given some clue to her age. Susy was a dear old girl, however, with kind, laughing eyes, and a shrewd little brain of her own. It wasn't her fault if she was getting up startingly near a very dramatic forty without netting Old Hundred.

For when a man has gone through forty years with a suacking desire for matrimony tilting his heart all the while, without the grit and manliness to say so when given opportunity by the proper person once, twice, daily, Cupid despises of him more than of the most rabid misogynist in Bachelordom. There is such a thing, you know, as a heart which is too soft for those dainty little darts, which merely nurses them as a feather pillow would.

One day the ancient twain were strolling back from the postoffice at 10:30 A. M.; with the incipient courtship air which had been petrified so long ago. She was smiling at him, bravely and hopefully, and talking bright nothings, while his leather-pillow of a heart fluttered drowsily. Suddenly there flashed around the corner and bore straight down upon them Will Davis and Lucy his young wife, on their bicycles, off for a day's holiday together, if one might judge from their bundles. Upright they were, noiseless, swift, graceful and full of life in every movement and in every fluttering garment, glittering eyes, with handsome, healthful faces.

This particular night seemed to repeat the experiences of old, Old Hundred's toilet was accomplished with blundering slowness. And why does the odor of liniments follow the fiery lover from his room? And why does he groan as he bends to reach the gas-latch? And what has become of his bright, avenging gait up the board walk? And why does not B. C. receive him, smiling, at the door? Why does she remain in that thick-padded arm-chair, and stretch her hand out to him so slowly? And what is the use of using cologne where arnica has been?

"Miss Bennett," said Old Hundred, after a few wandering remarks—the alarums Missed her, "didn't I notice a bicycle standing in the hall-way?" "Why, Mr. Simmons! Didn't you know that I could ride?" asked B. C. with a radiant smile. "Is it possible? Why, we must have a ride together!" cried the astonished tailor.

"Together, Mr. Simmons! Can you ride, too?" inquired B. C., with real amazement. "Of course I can! That is—un-er—in fact, I'm learning. And I'm getting on well, excellently well. Mr. Spoketire says, for a man of my—er—I should say, excellently well. But how did you learn so soon?" Old Hundred asked, admiringly.

"Well, I can't say that I am through with my apprenticeship yet," confessed B. C., with a charming blush, "but Mr. Spoketire says he hardly has to hold the machine at all, and he thinks I'm doing better than most of the fellows who are many years younger than I am. I am doing very well. I need to be helped into the saddle."

"So do I," admitted the tailor, honestly. "But once in, I have absolutely no trouble, provided the road is smooth and level, and Mr. Spoketire just keeps his hands on the machine, to kind of steady me, you know."

"I will find it a rather difficult task to dismount—without letting the wheel fall, that is, Miss Bennett."

"Why, do you? The last time Mr. Spoketire helped me out he said I was as graceful as a young girl. Mr. Spoketire is so nice."

"My wheel is broken," said she, pointing to a handle-bar bent back some forty degrees. "And mine, too," said the smiling tailor, showing the disaffected pedal. "Isn't it too bad! I'm afraid we'll have to go home."

With some toil they hoisted their bicycles to the road again, and set out for the town, trundling them happily. And then it was that the tailor spoke the words which were to be remembered.

"Susy," said he, and Miss Bennett's brave old heart knew what was approaching. "Susy, you see how very unsteady these bicycles are, separate?" "Very," said B. C., tremblingly. "But suppose, Susy, one were to take two bicycles, like yours and mine, and put a couple of axles across, and a box on top, with two seats and a cover, what would that be, Susy?"

"A family carriage," said B. C., looking down with a smile. "Yes, Susy, and it wouldn't tip over, but would run smoothly and safely, and wouldn't it be nice, Susy?" and Old Hundred tried to trundle with one hand, that he might use the right arm for another purpose, but it wouldn't work.

"Wouldn't it be much nicer, Susy?" Yes, Susy thought it would. And so B. C. and Old Hundred walked happily back to town along that Middleton Road henceforth blessed to them both, trundling the fateful bicycles, which alone had been equal to the ending of that long courtship.

Near town, Spoketire whirled smartly up, and dismounted at sight of them. "Had accidents, I see. Too bad. However, I can soon straighten that out."

"We have decided, Susy and I, Mr. Spoketire," said the bold tailor proudly, "to sell our wheels, and we want you to act as agent. We'll leave them at your shop. You see, Mr. Spoketire, we have decided, Susy and I, to set up a family carriage." —Yankee Blade.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

THE FATE OF A YOUNG OFFICER IN MEXICO.

Shot to Death for Drawing a Pistol Upon His Superior Officer—"Shoot Straight at My Heart."

The following particulars of the recent execution of Lieutenant Esteperron, a young Mexican officer, are given by a Times-Democrat correspondent: Monterey and the State of Nuevo Leon has been the theatre of many military tragedies, but the shooting of Salvador Esteperron, second lieutenant of the Mexican Cavalry, was the saddest that has ever darkened the annals of the State. A brief history of the event which led to this morning's execution is necessary to a proper understanding of the case.

Last December a company of the Thirteenth Regular Cavalry was ordered to do special duty at Cadereyta, a small town on the Gulf road. The company was in command of a first lieutenant and the deceased. A dispute arose between the officers, and Lieutenant Esteperron, fearing, as his friends say, that his life was in danger, drew his pistol, but did not shoot at his superior. It is claimed that he snatched the pistol, but it missed fire. For the offense he was placed under arrest and tried by a general court-martial and sentenced to death.

There were extenuating circumstances admitted, and the case was carried to the highest Federal courts. Pending a decision the first officer of the company was shot dead in the portals at Monterey by one of the soldiers, and the soldier, while yet the smoke was curling from his weapon, was shot down by the captain of the company. Whether these deaths affected the pardoning power or not will never be known, but the finding of the court was approved, and powerful personal appeals by persons intimately associated with President Diaz were unavailing. The death warrant was signed and carried into execution. That the officer was admired by the people and dearly loved in his regiment was well known by the authorities, as the precautions taken by the commandant of the department were ample proof.

The time of the shooting was kept a profound secret until the night before the execution. The cathedral clock chimed four. There was a sharp bugle call, a hurrying of mustering feet, quick commands and rapid evolutions and in a few moments the garrison fell into line. The gate in the rear of the barracks was opened, and the Thirteenth Cavalry in full marching order on foot, issued forth, followed by their band with muffled instruments. The Fifth Cavalry followed, and then the Fifth Infantry. They formed a square, three sides of which consisted of the representative regiments. The fourth was the wall of the barracks. The general commanding the department and staff took up a position in the centre. When the troops halted the commanding officer called, "Attention!" "Fix bayonets!" He then announced the sentence, and added:

"If any man moves in the ranks or gives any expression of sympathy with the prisoner or fault with the sentence he shall be committed to prison from one to five years, depending on the gravity of the offense."

The silence as of death fell upon the soldiers and the few spectators who were allowed to be present. Afar off the church bell tolled the knell for the dying. The early sun just gilded the mountain peaks that rise like giant sentinels around the historic city, and one's thoughts went back to the dull gray morning long ago, when an American soldier knelt upon his coffin and met a bloody death almost on the same spot. Great white wreaths circled the higher hills. It is now 4:45. From out of the gate issued a company of the Thirteenth, at its head a prisoner, and by his side a priest. With a firm tread and a proudly lifted head he marched, never faltering or halting, but with a bright smile upon his face, he looked the least concerned of the party. He halted at a small marked elevation twenty feet from the barracks wall. His company filed past and formed in front, four lines deep. Two lines advanced, halted, and one still advanced. There were six men in each line. The firing party thus consisted of six men in the front line within ten feet of the prisoner, and the second line within fifteen feet. The other two lines formed a reserve. The death knell tolled and the clock struck 5. The officer advanced to discharge the eyes of the prisoner, but the latter waived the officer aside and said:

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paris has electric cabs. Aluminium is \$1 a pound. Electric boats are being made.

Sanguinite, a new mineral, contains silver, arsenic and sulphur. A waterproof paper has lately been invented that will even stand boiling.

Metals are found to corrode much faster when in galvanic connection than otherwise. The metal in a five cent nickel piece is worth about half a cent, and fifteen cents will purchase copper enough to make \$2 worth of cents.

The Frankfort (Germany) Electrical Exhibition will be furnished with lights, and its machinery will be operated from a distance of 107 miles. The first known weather record was kept by Walter Meule for the years 1337 to 1344. A few photographic copies of the original Latin manuscript—now in the Bodleian Library—have just been made.

Among the anomalies reported concerning the past winter is that the weather in Iceland was the mildest remembered. There was not, we are told, a flake of snow, nor a single hour of frost. A new spool factory in the town of Alpena, Mich., turns out 80,000 spools daily. Last year the twenty-three mills in the town put out 202,000,000 feet of lumber, 52,000,000 laths and 33,000,000 shingles.

There was recently exhibited in Dublin, Ireland, a new burner for lighthouse use, possessing twice the illuminating power of the largest burners now employed. It is calculated that this new burner, in connection with a specially devised system of lenses, will transmit a light equal to about eight millions of candles, which far exceeds the most powerful light at present used.

Iron pipe is now welded by electricity at the Columbus (Ga.) iron works. Columbus is the first city in the South in which this new system has been employed. The managers of the iron works expect to effect a considerable saving over the old method, each weld taking about seven seconds. From the time of finishing one weld until the completion of the next takes about one minute. This includes clamping the two pipes, adjusting the position of the machine, welding and taking out the pipes.

An ingenious machine is used in England for preparing telegraph post arms. These arms are usually made from the best selected English oak and vary in length from two feet to four feet. They are in the first case planned on the four sides by means of a special planing machine, and then sawn to the exact length required by means of a double cross-cut sawing machine made specially for the purpose. The arms are then passed on to the shaping machine, which rapidly and effectively does its work. The machine is quite self-contained and has the driving shaft placed overhead and supported upon standards fixed to the main beam. The arrangements for dealing with the various lengths of arms have been carefully worked out. At the official test of the machine the wooden arms were finished at the rate of three per minute.

IN CAMP.

Skyward Pina, that saw it all, Whisper never what thou knowest! Many, many things befall When the coaxing moon is tall Through the tender shade thou throwest.

Blame not me, O Pina, too soon! I—ye all bugled me to fool! Had it not been night and June, With the pine-breath and the moon, I had never been bold to do it.

Ah, her forehead was so white Where that soft ray came and kissed her; When the happy heaven's light Lingered with her as of right— As of sister with a sister!

All our little camp asleep; Only I at midnight waking— Waking to the moon—do creep, Kiss her silent brow—and keep Lips aye bolder for that slaking.

She, O Pina, will never know— Never blush amid her laughter. She is nothing poorer so, I so rich—as who shall go Dreaming it forever after! —By Charles F. Loomis, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A mile is the centipede of distance; it has 5280 feet.—Washington Star. There's millions in it.—The United States Treasury.—Washington Star. The rolling stone gathers no moss; but it manages to keep on top, for all that.

The xylophone player is the fellow who makes the "woods ring."—Statesman. A man can call his body an earthly tenement, and yet object to being called a flat.—Pack. It was a mean artist who suggestively painted a dairy in water-colors.—Richmond Recorder.

The honey bee deserves recognition as kind nature's sweet restorer.—Elinora (N. Y.) Gazette. Though some women have golden hair, others have but plaited hair.—Jeweller's Circular. It is probable that many jolly dogs will have bars on the sea this summer.—New York Herald.

A manufacturing dentist often shows his teeth without smiling or opening his mouth.—New York Journal. Iron is good for the blood, but so man likes to have it administered in the form of carpet-tacks.—Pack. A man never realizes until he has made a fool of himself what a laughter-loving world this is.—Athens Globe.

He—"Miss Sharpe has a very fine voice." She—"No wonder. She grinds it so much."—Detroit Free Press. Don't under-rate modest ability. The needle has only one good point; but we couldn't get along without it.—Pack. The good artist is known by his work, but the poor artist is obliged to grow his hair long to be identified.—Statesman.

"Is there anything brilliant about Proser's writings?"—"Yes—the start between the paragraphs."—Chicago Herald. Frank—"Stella's life is her fortune!" Tom—"Yes, but she's given too many certified checks to time."—New York Herald. "Blitters began life as a school teacher."—"Really?" "What a precocious little baby he must have been."—New York Sun.

There's nothing like sticking to a thing when you apply yourself to it, as the fly said when it alighted on the fly-paper.—Tears Sittings. Little Kitty (who is doing the honors and wishes to be very pompous)—"Will you have chicking or mutting, Mr. Brown?"—Harvard Lampoon. No, Ethel, you are mistaken. The phrase, "a literary treat," has no reference to the setting up of books by the printer.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Toates differ," said Mogley. "Good thing they do," put in Bottelton. "If they didn't squirts and strawberries would taste the same."—New York Sun. Jack Witherspoon—"Why do you sing all the time." Jim Westhall—"To kill time." Jack Witherspoon—"You have a good weapon."—Pinceton Tiger. Some people are born musicians, others are made and others live next door to the man who hopes to play the cornet in the village band.—Elinora (N. Y.) Gazette.

Young Wife—"We are told to 'cast our bread upon the waters.'" The Brute—"But don't you do it. A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."—New York Herald. Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns)—"Nora, how does this dress fit?" Nora (without looking up)—"Not very well, mem. I found it a little tight under the arms."—Chicago Tribune. "I'm going to turn out this gas," said the old man, coming into his room where sat his daughter and her young man. "Thanks," said the unabashed young man, "I was just going to do it myself."—Boston Herald. "Don't you think," said one of the doctors, "that it would be a good idea to have the study of medicine carried on under the supervision of the Government?" "I suppose," replied the other doctor, thoughtfully, "that it might be turned over to the interior department."—New York Post. Timmins—"I—er—you know, I was talking to—I called on Miss Laura last night." Mr. Figg—"Yes, I know you did—the fourth time in one week, I believe. Why don't you come and live with us, and be done with it?" Timmins—"That's just what I wanted to see you about."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Moravian Mission in Greenland consists of six stations in two groups, and of nine missionaries. Under their charge are 1608 persons. The rest of the Greenlanders are cared for by Lutheran brethren of the Church of Denmark.

The persecution of Hebrews on the island of Corfu is said to have been planned by Russia.