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The price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent., owing to its increased use for electrical purposes.

The cheapest railway fare in the world will be that on the Central London Railroad, on which there will be three workmen's trains daily, the fare for six miles being but two cents.

It appears that the Wyoming Legislature, which recently imposed a tax of \$2 on bachelors, was elected by woman's suffrage. "This is significant," observes the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army, announces the New York Commercial Advertiser. Fifty young men have been requested to volunteer to travel for three years on wheels.

The tunnel that will connect Butler Valley, Penn., with the bottom of the mammoth Eberleva vein will be, thinks the New York Times, one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It will open an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and will serve as a drain for all the colliers in that vicinity.

A good illustration of the expansion of the world's trade during the last thirty years is afforded by the production of petroleum in the United States. In 1859, 84,000 gallons were produced in the Pennsylvania and New York oil fields, and in 1890, 689,029,966 gallons were exported from the various States which now produce the oil.

If the Swiss keep on making railroads everywhere, exclaims the New York Independent, the diligence will soon be a thing of the past. Their latest achievement is the construction of a railway from Viegto to Zermatt, through Stalden and St. Nicholas. The next step will be to make one up the Riffelberg, and then there will be no excuse for any traveler who fails to look upon the precipices of the Matterhorn.

A new kind of stamps will soon be introduced in the postal telegraph service of Russia with a view to securing the inviolability of the privacy of letters. The new stamp is printed on very thin paper, and cannot be used again if it is once put upon a letter. When used wet and taken off the envelope it leaves an indelible impression upon the spot where it was attached, so that if a new stamp is put upon the same spot the impression of the first stamp can be seen through it.

So great is the demand for silver dimes, that they are turned out now at the rate of 100,000 a day. No less than \$3,176,477 in silver dimes have been struck off in the past three years. For this purpose, states the Detroit Free Press, all the uncurrent silver coin is being reworked, notably the silver half-dollar, which is a clumsy pocket-piece and very unpopular. The novelty banks which the dime savings institutions are sending out is supposed to be answerable for the sudden demand. The three mints of Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco are kept busy supplying the wants of the people in this line.

There is no doubt, states the Detroit Free Press, that the world's fair will be somewhat influenced by European politics. With Germany and England in close friendship and Russia allied with France to offset the power of the dread-bund, there is very sensitive and jealous feeling in all quarters, and our commissioners will need to use infinite tact in order to bring all these countries to the point of making generous exhibitions at Chicago. Of England we are certain, and probably of Germany; but France seems coy, and it is not unlikely that Russia will need a degree of persuasion to induce her to do justice either to herself or to the fair.

John Lickenheim, of Riley County, Kansas, who was a scout and fighter in Kansas as early as 1855, and built the first log cabin in Riley County when in Kansas City, Mo., a few years ago, gave in his reminiscences, some idea of the rapidity with which that city has replaced nature. "I never thought," he said, "such things could be possible on the ground I used to camp on. When I was here last, some twenty-five years ago, this was all unbroken sod about here. Why, I used to camp a few years before that down in the hollow in the center of the city, and I have watered my horse lots of times at a spring on Troost avenue. Dozens of times I have fought the Indians or the forces of General Price along Kansas City's river front. On one occasion Price with his 40,000 men threatened to drive us blue-coats into the Missouri and the Kaw at this point, but we were reinforced and he had to beat a retreat. In 1880 the old Missouri had its arms spread all over the ground where the Union Depot now stands, and I used to look down there."

DO RIGHT. Do right! And let the fools laugh on. Today they're here—tomorrow gone; While you with folded arms survey, Tread thy path and clear the way, Be brave; though long and dark the night, Morn' always brings the glorious light; Look up, and fair emotions flame; Shall light you on to wealth and fame. Fight on; the world shall know your name. Do right! And bear proud folly's scorn, Their heads crown you, such as they Will feel the touch of cold decay. When grateful thousands bless They'll feel cold want and sore distress So battle bravely; fight to win! Fear not the strife; heed not the din; Bear well the cross the crown to win; Do right! —B. J. McDermott, in New York News.

A CHIP. Jo Tallafarro's father was poor, his father had been poor before him, and his grandfather back of him again. It was in his great-grandfather's days, and through his great-grandfather's hands, that the money had slipped away from the family. Since then no one had had the energy to replace it. "It was too much trouble," said the Tallafarro, who pronounced their name "Tollfeyre."

Jo's father did make a half-hearted effort. He wandered from his home in Alabama up North somehow, and ran away with old Snyder B. Simes's daughter and only child. Snyder B. Simes, lumber merchant, was a Maine man who had made his pile himself and meant to keep it. He burned his daughter's letters unopened and made a new will. "If my money's to be spent in riotous living, I mean to spend it myself," he said, buttoning up his pockets.

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"When I sell that ground, sir, I sell them. So you will not mention it again, if you please, sir." "After that," the superintendent, who expected a pistol in every Alabama pocket, did not care to open the subject again. "Ain't you ever goin' to sell, Colonel Jay?" asked Jo. He had paddled across the creek which separated the glass works from the old man's house, and was sitting on his porch with him in the twilight.

"No, sir. Nor I ain't ever going to accommodate Agair, neither. I told those Dices they might bury their little baby there, and what did they do? Laid it right on great-granddaddy Liza. I went and told them they'd got to take that baby off. But it wasn't pleasant. I won't accommodate Agair."

"And you ain't ever goin' to sell, Colonel Jay?" "Look here, Jo," said the colonel, testily, "how old are you? Eighteen years. Well, I guess you remember me as soon as you remember anything. Did you ever know me to change my mind? That ground ain't ever to be disturbed!"

Joe turned his full blue eyes on the colonel. "How about when you die, Colonel Jay?" he asked in his most deliberate speech. The colonel was staggered and showed it. "If I were you," Jo went on, now looking over the water, "I'd fix that while I was able. There's a whole acre there, and there ain't but one end of it in graves. I'd sell it all under a deed that would make the man who bought it keep the grave and nice and clean, and the grass cut—and perhaps flowers."

Colonel Jay rose from his chair. "Boy," he cried, "you're right! Why didn't I think of that?" Then his face fell suddenly. "But who'd be fool enough to buy?" "I would," answered Jo, stolidly; and if I don't pay you a hundred dollars for it in a year's time, you can take the ground back and all the improvements on it."

What the improvement meant, the whole works soon knew. "Jo Tolly's store" was the talk of the place. It was little more than a shanty, but the laborers soon learned that the shanty had goods of better quality and lower prices on its shelves than the company's handsome storehouse had on theirs. "It ain't very pretty outside, but I tried to have it good in," said Jo, modestly, looking at the well-stocked walls. "I spent all my money there."

rights of the company in whose service he was. The boy looked so puzzled that he felt somewhat. "You don't understand me." "No, sir," said Jo. "I thought I owed the land."

"So you do," said the superintendent, reassuringly, feeling now on sure ground; "but not for all purposes." "I thought I could put a saloon on it if I wanted to," said Jo, in a depressed voice. The superintendent's hair almost stood on end.

A grog-shop in the midst of his works! He could hardly conceal his dismay. "Tolly," he said sternly, "you must choose between the office and your shop. No man can serve two masters."

"Yes, sir. You are very kind, sir," said Jo, looking gratefully at him. "I was thinking my clerk wasn't doing as well as he might if I had my eye more on him."

"And I assure you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, reporting to the board of directors, "when that boy left my office I did not whether it was as a fool or as having made a fool of me."

"Call the lad in," suggested one of the directors. "Let us see if we can make anything of him." Jo came in at once on being summoned. He did not even tarry to take off the apron which he wore in his shop, or to brush the flour from his coat.

PIGS FOUND THE WEALTH. HOW A CELEBRATED COPPER MINE WAS DISCOVERED.

A Michigan Boarding-House Keeper Found the Animals Rooting and Squealing in Fine Ore. "How was the Calumet and Hecla discovered? you ask. Here, Captain Duncan, you tell this man what he wants to know."

The superintendent appealed to the broad-shouldered, smiling faced man whose spirit pervades the great copper mine, stepped up to the little grog waiting for dinner in the hotel at Calumet. "It was pigs," he said. "Pigs!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Pigs, and no mistake," returned the captain. Back in 1883 an exploring party came here to try to find copper.

"They built a shanty to live in, and of course, they brought some pigs. One night the pigs were lost. The boarding-house keeper started out to find them. After a long search he heard the pigs rooting and squealing, but he could not see them. The noises seemed to come from down in the earth. Next morning a party of men went back to the place whence the noises came, and after a search they found a pit ten or fifteen feet deep. The mouth was covered with bushes, and the growth of the trees about the sides gave every evidence that it had not been used for centuries. There the pigs were contentedly rooting among broken pieces of rock."

"A rude stone hammer and some charred sticks give evidence of earlier explorers who had evidently gone away unsuccessful. The hammer was of the same kind as the other implements, which had been traced back to the days of the predecessors of the Indians whom the French found in possession of the lands—the Indians who built the mounds and who overran the whole country from Mexico to Lake Superior, where they dug copper for their implements and utensils. The mound-builders, like the explorers who had discovered the ancient pits, looked for copper only in masses, as it had been deposited in fissure veins and in the lava flows. The huge chunks of virgin copper weighing many tons and the smaller masses hanging in the rocks like metal icicles were the only kind known to the ancients, and the moderns had been assured by the learned geologists that copper could be found only in rocks formed from lava."

"But the pigs had turned over pieces of rock formed by the action of the water—aqueous rocks—and in these conglomerates there certain was copper. This seemed a find indeed. But when the matter was reported science scoffed at the explorers, saying that the copper conglomerates found were simply a freak of nature and that money would be wasted if an attempt should be made to work them. So Mr. Hulbur, who owned the lands, continued to give his attention to the Huron mine, which was working the lava flows. For the money he borrowed for the Huron he gave to Quincy Shaw, of Boston, the lands on which the conglomerates were found. Mr. Shaw soon began to work these rocks, and from these beginnings the richest, the most staple and the best promising copper mine in the world has been built up."

The Calumet and Hecla is a mysterious corporation. Owing the greatest mining plant in the world and spending money lavishly in experiments, improvements and elaborate machinery, the company allows none but its own employees under ground and guards the details of all its affairs with a jealousy that puzzles curiosity. The company owns thousands of acres of land from which it takes the wood—considerably over one hundred cords a day—which in summer feeds its extensive battery of boilers, coal being used only in winter. As the residual wood cracks in the fierce heat it gives off a pungent odor. No lands are sold, but the employees of the company lease the surface right of their lots and can sell out to the company at a fair valuation for improvements and lease.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Troy (N. Y.) electric car cost \$10,000. Water power runs the Dover (N. H.) electric plant. Harvard College is having constructed the largest and finest photographic telescope in the world.

The electric light plant at the palace of Vienna is to be extended so as to make a total of 4000 incandescent lamps. A resident of Ewart, Mich., has invented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomotive will operate every brake on the train.

A new Swedish glass is claimed to have important advantages for microscopes and other fine lenses, giving greatly increased power. A chair propelled by electricity from a storage battery placed beneath the seat is the latest luxury for the invalid. One charging will last for fifty miles of travel.

The telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it is proposed to connect Brussels and London. For that purpose a cable will be laid between Ostend and Dover. A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing so that it is practicable to transmit 150 words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is typewritten.

Artificial grindstones, which outwear by years any natural stone known, are made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, powdered flint, powdered emery or corundum and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent. Owing to the rapid destruction of the pianos, the running of armatures at 1000 or more revolutions per minute is being done away with. Slow speed motors, with a normal speed of 400, are now considered the best practice.

The longest shaft in the world in one piece, or in any number of pieces, is in the Washington Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. It is 34 inches square, 460 feet long, and transmits power to traveling cranes. It runs at 160 revolutions per minute. It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about thirty pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about \$12 per ton, and there being 10,000,000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,333 tons of sulphate of the money value of \$1,607,148, are produced.

The question why a piece of solid iron floats on molten iron has been satisfactorily answered by Dr. Anderson and Mr. Wrightson. The cold metal is really heavier than the molten, and when first placed in the latter it sinks by virtue of its weight; but growing warmer it expands, and thereby becoming specifically lighter it rises to the surface. After a time, however, it again shrinks and melts into the fluid mass around it.

Some of the most prominent iron founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

History of Lighthouses. The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. It is even said that the colossus of Rhodes, erected 300 years before the birth of Christ, showed from his uplifted hand a signal light. But the famous Pharos of Alexandria, built 285 B. C., is the first light of undoubted record. Other lights were shown from towers at Ostia, Ravenna, Apamea, but the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest sea town. This was built in the reign of Trojan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers built by their Roman conquerors, which were used as light-houses, and they are to-day marvels in the art of masonry.—Chicago Herald.

Preserving Iron From Rust. The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished, on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance. A clever Frenchman, who was an expert in metal work, showed us such a simple and effective way of preserving it from rust, that it is worth remembering. The only material required is a cow's horn (the toy trumpets sold in the shops will answer the purpose). Heat the iron and rub the edge of the horn over it—that is all. If the horn smokes a little as you rub it on you will know that the iron is hot enough. This will cause the horn to melt, and an imperceptible coating will be left upon the iron that will afford complete protection from the damp for a year or more on outdoor work. On outdoor ironwork it will last indefinitely.—New York Tribune.

A Foot-Measuring Machine. A Baltimore man has recently taken out patents for a machine that takes the measure of a foot just as the familiar apparatus used by the hat-makers and draws a diagram of a man's head. This principle of the machine is the same as a series of movable pins conforming to the outline of the foot and registering the shape thus indicated. It is rather a coincidence to note in this connection that the diagram made by a hat-measuring machine invariably resembles an old shoe.—New York Journal.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest! Paed locked with a golden key; And a gold rust rare in a woman's hair! And gold in the sands at sea; There's a tawny gold on the wheat's little length Where it's brown-tinted billows nod, But never a gold so full and free, Ah, me— None, none like the golden-rod.

There's gold in the maple's branch That gleams on an autumn leaf, And a golden crown when the sun dies down While the shadows turn and flow; There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves Where the willow strokes the soil, But no such feathery flag, Ah, me— None, none like the golden-rod. —Ernest McDuffey, in Artemus Traveller.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A work of art—Selling a picture.—Puck. The demonstration of canine joy begins at the end.—Boston Courier. An ice bill may be cool, but it is not always collected.—Washington Star.

No man can be a hero to his valise; Heros have no use for such attendants.—Puck. An ardent swain goes to court prepared to plead his own cause.—Detroit Free Press.

If life really were a poem, it is doubtful if any one would be averse to it.—Detroit Free Press. Belle—"This mirror is simply perfect." Bea—"Ah, I see. It flatters you."—Yankee Blade.

The spoon craze pervades the watering places. It takes only two to make a full set.—Boston Herald. When a firm winds up its business it is only reasonable to suppose that it has been running down.—Detroit Tribune.

Querulous—"What is Mrs. Moneybags's position in society?" Cynicus—"Why, it's capital."—Washington Star. She—"Why do you shudder and shut your eyes when you see a hammock?" He—"Because I've been there."—Morning Journal.

Ever since Rebecca went to the well watering-places have been great resorts for ladies with matrimonial aspirations.—Chicago News. There is no affliction without its compensating benefit. The deaf mute is a stranger to the trials of the telephone.—Boston Transcript.

A distinctive feature of this season's hats for the ladies is an exceptionally low crown. Not so the price. It is as high as ever.—Detroit Free Press. Theatre Manager (to departing spectator)—"Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts." "Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going."—Philadelphia Blast.

"The Eastern sage believes that there is a sign on each man's forehead that the angels may read," he whispered softly. "What is yours?" she answered. "To let!"—New York Herald. Philanthropist—"You say your brother treated you with marked disrespect! In what way?" "Trump (wiping his eyes)—"Went to work in my presence."—New York Herald.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicier." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—Indianapolis Journal. "You couldn't get steaks as rare as you liked them at your late boarding house," he said the old boarder to the new. "Well, I'll be rare enough you'll get them here, let me tell you!"—Detroit Free Press.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American Continent with a point lace cloth. "Did any one ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"—Life. One occasionally reads of the discovery of the petrified remains of human beings. Is this to be taken as indicating that there may have been those in days of yore who succeeded in making themselves solid!—Detroit Free Press.

A Jefferson avenue young man who has money enough to do the summer resorts and conscience enough to flirt with every girl he meets, went into a Wood ward jewelry store last week where he knew one of the clerks. "I want three rings, lady's size," he said. "Ah," smiled the clerk, cunningly, "going to have a circus, are you?"—Detroit Free Press.

"How are you getting on with the piano?" asked Alphonsus of his best beloved Matilda. "Oh, very well; I can see the great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next people stayed a month, the next ten weeks and the family there now have remained near by six months."—Yankee Blade.