

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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| One Square, one inch, one insertion | 100 |
| One Square, one inch, one month | 250 |
| One Square, one inch, three months | 350 |
| One Square, one inch, one year | 1200 |
| Two Squares, one year | 2400 |
| Quarter Column, one year | 3000 |
| Half Column, one year | 6000 |
| One Column, one year | 12000 |

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.

General Miles disapproves of the plan to consolidate State militia with the regular army.

Adobe residences are becoming popular in Southern California, from the fact that they are cooler in summer and warmer in winter than ordinary residences.

Contrary to time immemorial custom the German Emperor has resolved that his eldest son, while a minor, is not to accept the patronage or presidency of any social or philanthropic association whatever.

When American farmers do business with Europe, brags the Philadelphia Record, they do it on a large scale. It will take \$100,000,000 to pay for the wheat which France will this year be compelled to secure from this country.

Now Russia, following the example of England, Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, has adopted a magazine gun for the army. The United States has yet to fall in line, comments the New York Mail and Express.

The Treasury officers at San Francisco have rejected papers presented at that port by Chinamen seeking admission to the country, as certificates of identification issued by the Chinese Government, in compliance with Section six of the Restriction Act adopted nine years ago. This section provided that all Chinese, other than laborers, to be permitted to enter the country, should show a Government certificate properly identifying them. Chinamen have not attempted to avail themselves of this provision until within the last few months. The port officers suspected that the papers offered were forgeries, and have since ascertained that such documents, forged and bearing an imitation of the imperial seal of China, have been sold to Chinamen coming to this country for \$250 to \$300.

The rapid, the startling growth of the debt of Canada, states the New England Magazine, which has increased from \$78,209,742 in 1870, to \$238,000,000 in 1890, with a population almost at a standstill and a stagnant trade, has struck calm, impartial observers with the idea that there has been something wrong in the government of a peaceful young State of enormous extent and great natural resources. Of course, a large portion of this debt was incurred for the construction of railways, improvement of canals, and similar political and commercial works; but the results or returns do not compensate for the vastness of the debt, with its oppressive load of interest. They freely comment upon the fact that while the United States have reduced their debt from \$59 to \$16.50 per head in twenty years Canada has run up her's from \$21 to \$47.

A young student at the Nichols Latin School at Lewiston, Me., who goes under the name of Lewis P. Clinton, is really Somayou, King of the Bassa tribe in the southwestern part of Africa. The tribe occupies a territory running back over the Kong Mountains, 600 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth, with an outlet to the sea. In his boyhood Somayou had a strong desire to learn the English language, so that he might trade for his people. With this determination he ran away from his tribe and finally found his way to this country under the care of a missionary. He is not only a good English scholar, but has shown average ability in mastering Latin, Greek, mathematics, and other studies. He contemplates a course in Bates College, after which his plan is to go back to his people, not as a ruler, but for the purpose of establishing a civilized colony and devoting his life and energy to the interests of his people, educationally and religiously. Somayou defrays his expenses at school by lecturing.

The French earned long ago an honorable distinction by their success in the readjustment of the blind, and the figures Societ at the recent annual meeting of La Paris de l'Assistance pour les Aveugles in this respect sustains their reputation in this respect. The two principal institutions of the city are the Clinique Ophthalmologique and the Ecole Braille. Quize Viings and the preservative, the former devoted to sight, and the latter to the restoration of the hopelessly blinder to the instruction of in 1880 the Clinique. Since its creation treatment 108,728 paupers has had under portion of cures has effected, and the prodigious figures of ninety-five percent of the expenses incurred in par cent, while not exceeded seventy francs each case has \$18. The Ecole Braille has, or less than creditable account to give of an equally blind boys and girls are educated. The breadwinners, not only for their own relatives. While at the school they and only care enough to pay for their maintenance, but are able to contribute to a savings bank fund which is used to star a them in business.

"IF WE MIGHT."

If we might, oh if we might
Turn back the wheels of time, my friend,
to-night;
If to the vale of childhood we would go
And climb again from those warm depths
below
To this steep hillside; live from day to day,
The past just as we lived it once, oh say
Would you be glad to tread the pathway
to-night?

The same old steps again, no less, no more!
If we might, yes, if we might
Turn back the whirling wheels, my friends,
to-night;
And slowly wind from youth to middle age,
The tangled road, if every blotted page
Would omit and let the good remain;
In life's book skip all the grief and pain;
Would you be willing then to live them o'er,
The backward years that can return no
more?

"If I might, oh, if I might,
Perhaps I would, perhaps I should to-night;
I am not wise. Old friendships were so true,
Old loves so sweet, and, even if I knew,
I must have all the sorrow, all the pain.
For love's dear sake I might go back again,
The thorny pathway to my willing feet
Would not be hard, I think it would be
sweet."

But, if the spring, ah! if the spring
Lead on to summer; if the autumn bring
The winter snowflakes, if the joyous chime
Of wintry bells ring in the blossom time,
Why would you live again the same old year,
Knowing another spring will soon be here?
The dead may visit rather should you kiss
And say, "Next year they will be sweet as
this."

And if the life, ah, if the life
We live on earth, so full of restless strife,
So full of joyful love, or blessed peace
Is beautiful, why should you wish to cease
The onward journey? Do not wish again
To live life o'er, even without the pain.
For oh, my friend, when life's last sun is set
The bright next day is Heaven, do not
forget.

—Julia H. May, in Boston Journal.

"NONA."

Count Raymond de Villemere awoke from his lethargy and recognized his physician who was looking at him sadly.

"Saved again!" said the patient, smiling as he turned his head on the pillow.

"My poor fellow," sighed the doctor, and as his heavy-lidded eyes wide in wonder he opened:

"You are a brave man, and it is my duty to tell you the truth."
"Well!"
"You have all the symptoms of Nona."

"What's that?" asked Raymond.
"A fatal malady," replied the medical man; "you have recovered from the lethargy, and will be conscious for three hours, but, at the end of that time, death will come suddenly, instantaneously."
"Both?" said the Count.

"Be brave, my friend, arrange your affairs, you have just time. Now I will leave you. Good-by."
Ten minutes later, Count de Villemere, clad in a flannel dressing gown was calmly making his toilet. When he had polished his finger-nails, and given the last touch to his moustache, he lighted a cigar, and casting a heart-broken glance at the box, the contents of which he should never finish, he threw himself upon a couch and reflected. He was far too brave to fear death, and yet he found his situation an unpleasant one. The day before he had been seized with a violent illness and believing that his last hour was come, had sent for a notary and a priest, and had burned his letters. Then he had fallen into a heavy sleep from which he had not expected to awake. Now he felt like a condemned man, who, after having hopes of pardon, suddenly finds himself on the scaffold.

Outside his window was heard the ceaseless rattle of vehicles in the Champs Elysees, and every one seemed full of joy and health in the bright June sunlight. He himself felt vigorous and energetic, and he could hardly believe that to-morrow there could be a lugubrious procession, a heavy jolting hearse leading the way, then prayers and droning hymns around his grave. Yet, it was true, in a few hours, his joys, sorrows and affections, his whole life would be forgotten. Stretched comfortably upon the sofa, he finished his cigar, and in imagination lived his life again. Long-forgotten events of his childhood were recalled, then his various love affairs from the age of fifteen to twenty-five years, and more distinctly than all, the first few months after his marriage. He remembered every detail of those honeymooned moons. Ah, how happy he and Odette had been! He had loved her madly and with a fierce jealousy which made them both laugh.

And it had ended in a quarrel, a rupture caused by his mistake, and an act of rash folly on the part of the beautiful young countess. So they separated by mutual consent, but they continued to love each other in secret, and although they affected indifference and passed each other with cold bows on the Boulevard or at balls, they did not deceive their mutual friends.

The thought of dying without seeing his beloved once again was more than Raymond could bear, and the studied coldness so long persisted in seemed unnecessary now that he was about to be separated from her by death. What harm would one step towards reconciliation do him, even if she made no movement in response?

He seated himself at his desk, hurriedly wrote a brief message, rang the bell, and sent his valet to the telegraph office. Then he looked at his watch, he had two hours more to live.

"She will have just time to come," he said, but then he wondered whether she would come or not. Would that fond farewell touch her heart, or would the dignity of an offended woman be inexorable even to the last? The agony of suspense was now added to the anxiety with which Raymond de Villemere, in

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There is no way to bend wood better or cheaper than by steaming.

Recent experiments show that with proper appliances ordinary gaslight can be used in making photographs.

Fahrenheit at first used alcohol in making his thermometers. He was led to use mercury after experimenting with boiling water.

By a recent appliance to kitchen ranges the refuse from the kitchen is thoroughly dried, converted into charcoal, and used as fuel.

At the naval exhibition in London there is a colossal electric lamp, constructed by the Admiralty, which gives a light equal to 5,000,000 candles.

Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus is 550,000 times larger than the sun.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

A scientific observer publishes a pamphlet to show that the European jaw is narrowing through the lesser severity of its labors that accompanies civilized food. The lower jaws of the later English are smaller than those of ancient Britons or even of Australians.

To the inhabitants of the moon, if there be any such beings, the earth appears sixteen times larger than the sun and of a blue color. That the aurora borealis is the tail to the earth like the tail to comets, and as seen from the moon streams out behind our globe in a bright and beautiful trail.

The rate of growth of corals is difficult to estimate. At the meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Professor Heliopis exhibited a specimen of Florida astracoid, which had been taken from an anchor cast in the autumn of 1885. He estimated that the annual amount of increase was scarcely one-twentieth of an inch.

The latest plan to improve the draft of the furnaces of ocean steamers is to increase the height of the smoke pipes. The new steamer Scot, of the Cape Mail Line, is provided with smoke pipes 120 feet high above the grates, being the loftiest pipes ever put into a steamer. A draft of three-quarter-inch water pressure is thus obtained, all the steam needed is easily secured, and the use of fans is dispensed with. Her speed is nineteen knots.

Bombay has the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. For years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine. A consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the Government, with the result that a large dam was determined on to inclose the water shed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay.

At Sophia experiments have been made in the last few weeks to ascertain the accuracy of the rapid firing cannon recently received from the Russian Works in Magdeburg. At a distance of 5600 feet a target representing two field cannon and ten men was almost completely demolished by twenty-five shots. A line of thirty wooden soldiers, lying six feet apart, so that only the heads were in sight of the marksmen, received twenty-six loads of chain shot and nine of shrapnel. Twenty of the chain shot and forty-one pieces of shrapnel struck fourteen wooden soldiers.

Wonderful Growth of Electric Travel. Only twelve years have elapsed since the first crude suggestion of the practical working of an electric railway was made, and four years ago a list of a dozen would comprise every such road in the world in even passably successful operation, whatever the method of application. The first large commercial electric railway was, after many difficulties and discouragements, opened in the early part of 1888 at Richmond, Va.; and since that demonstration was made, the industry has grown until there are now in operation or under contract, on the general lines laid down at Richmond, not less than 350 roads in the United States, Europe, Australia, and Japan, requiring more than 4000 cars and 7000 motors, with more than 2000 miles of track, a daily mileage of nearly 500,000 miles, and carrying nearly a billion passengers annually. Fully 10,000 people are employed on these roads, and there has never been an authenticated report of death on account of the electrical pressure used. Over \$50,000,000 are invested in this industry in this country alone.—The Forum.

A Moss Horn Grafted Into a Tree. Something of a curiosity is an exhibition in a show window at D. J. Hennessy's. It consists of a very large moss horn grafted into the base of a tree. It has been in that position for years, as the tree has grown around it so as to get such a grip on it that cutting the wood away is the only means of separating the two. It was found near the Kitty O'Brien mine on the Highlands, south of the town, by Tom Gordon. It is evident that at some remote period a hantuman was chasing the monarch of the woods, who, in running away, was caught in a tree, and in trying to extricate himself the horn was broken off.—Little Inter-Mountain.

For the King's Pleasure. In ancient records we find mention of four-wheeled carriages drawn by mules, to convey in vessels set apart the water of a noted river, for the use of a king then engaged in battle; for none other would the royal gentleman accept as a beverage, and even that not only until it had been boiled in silver vessels. In such princely manner pleased the water-wart wherever it might please his Highness to travel.—Harper's Weekly.

"FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD"

A CURIOUS CELEBRATION OF THE JAPANESE.

Decorating Shrines in Honor of the Departed—Food Offerings—Sending Back the Ghostly Visitors.

Lafcelio Hearn, in a paper in the Atlantic, called "At the Market of the Dead," thus describes the festival, to supply the needs of which the market is held:

From the 13th to the 15th day of July is held the Festival of the Dead—the Bonnatsumi or Bonku—by some Europeans called the Feast of Lanterns. But in many places there are two such festivals annually; for those who still follow the ancient reckoning of time by moons hold that the Bonnatsumi should fall on the 13th, 14 and 15th days of the seventh month of the antique calendar, which corresponds to a later period of the year.

Early on the morning of the 13th, new mats of purest rice straw, woven expressly for the festival, are spread upon all Buddhist altars and with each mat, suma or butsuda—the little shrine before which the morning and evening prayers are offered up in every believing home. Shrines and altars are likewise decorated with beautiful embellishments of colored paper, and with flowers and sprigs of certain hallowed plants—always real lotus flowers when obtainable, otherwise lotus flowers of paper, and fresh branches of sakiki (anis) and of misohagi (desmodium). Then, tiny lacquered table—a zen—such as Japanese meals are usually served upon, is placed upon the altar, and the food offerings are laid on it. But in the smaller shrines of Japanese homes the offerings are more often simply laid upon the rice matting, wrapped in fresh lotus leaves.

These offerings consist of the foods called soma, resembling our vermicelli, gozen, which is boiled rice, dango, a sort of tiny dumpling, eggplant, and fruits according to season—frequently uru and sakwa, slices of melon and watermelon, and plums and peaches. Often sweet cakes and dainties are added. Sometimes the offering is only O-sho-ji-gu (honorable uncooked food); more usually it is O-ri-ogu (honorable boiled food); but it never includes, of course, fish, meats, or wine. Clear water is given to the shadowy guests, and is sprinkled from time to time upon the altar or within the shrine with a branch of mistletoe; tea is poured out every hour for the viewless visitors, and everything is daintily served up in little plates and cups and bowls, as for living guests, with hashi (chopsticks) laid beside the offering. So for three days the dead are feasted.

At sunset, pine torches, fixed in the ground before each home, are kindled to guide the spirit-visitors. Sometimes, also, on the first evening of the Bonnatsumi, welcome fires (kankabaki) are lighted along the shore of the sea or lake or river by which the village or city is situated—neither more nor less than one hundred and eight fires; this number having some mystic significance in the philosophy of Buddhism. And charming lanterns are suspended each night at the entrances of homes—the lanterns of the Festival of the Dead—lanterns of special forms and colors, beautifully painted with suggestions of landscape and shapes of flowers, and always decorated with a peculiar fringe of paper streamers.

Also, on the same night, those who have dead friends go to the cemeteries and make offerings there, and pray, and burn incense, and pour out water for the ghosts. Flowers are placed there in the bamboo vases set beside each haka, and lanterns are lighted and hung up before the tombs, but these lanterns have no designs upon them.

At sunset on the evening of the 15th only the offerings called Segaki are made in the temples. There are fed the ghosts of the Circle of Penance, called Gakko, the place of hungry spirits; and then also are fed by the priests these ghouls having no other friends among the living to care for them. Very, very small these offerings are—like the offerings to the gods.

Upon the third and last night there is a splendidly beautiful ceremony, more touching than that of the Segaki, stranger than the Bon-odori—the ceremony of farewell. All that the living may do to please the dead has been done; the time allotted by the powers of the unseen worlds unto the ghostly visitors is well-nigh past, and their friends must send them all back again.

Everything has been prepared for them. In each home small boats made of barley straw closely woven have been freighted with supplies of dainty food, with tiny lanterns, and written messages of faith and love. Seldom more than a foot in length are these boats; but the dead require little room. And the frail craft are launched on canal, lake, sea, or river—such with a miniature lantern glowing at the prow, and incense burning at the stern. And if the night be fair, they voyage long. Down all the creeks and rivers and canals these phantom fleets go glimmering to the sea; and all the sea sparkles to the horizon with the lights of the dead, and the sea wind is fragrant with incense.

But alas! it is now forbidden in the great seaports to launch the shoryobune, "the boat of the blessed ghosts."

Pearls Take Tours for Their Health. Although turquoises are the most sensible stones, pearls are thought to be the most human, since like their owners they get sick and require a complete change of air and climate. Not long ago a lady went into a local jewelry house with a magnificent set of pearls that were losing their lustre and beginning to look dead. "These pearls are sick," said the jeweler, upon examining them, "and unless you take or send them to a decidedly different climate at once, they will become worthless." They were sent off, and within a month were as bright and pretty as they had ever been.—New York World.

WISE WORDS.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

The anticipation of evil is the death of happiness.

The goal of yesterday will be the starting point of to-day.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

Who ever heard of a pure thought or noble deed originating in a saloon?

Love is a blessed woad which wins the waters from the hardness of the heart.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

We seldom condemn mankind till they have injured us, and when they have, we seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business, but nimbleness is a full, fair wind blowing it with speed to the haven.

Let any man once show the world that he feels afraid of his bark, and 'twill fly at his heels; let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone, but 'twill tawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

A New Locomotive. The St. Paul Railroad is building two engines which promise a revolution in locomotive building. These engines will consume their own smoke and will have no smokestack. They will be fitted up with an electrical headlight, placed immediately in front of the boiler, thus giving the engineer an unobstructed view of the track ahead. The driving-wheels will be larger than on ordinary locomotives, and are intended for greater speed.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of the discovery of a smokeless locomotive, if the plan shall prove a success. To think of riding in a car without being exposed to a rain of soot and cinders when the window is opened, or being choked half to death with smoke when going through a tunnel or a snowshed, is something almost too good for even the imagination. Railroad traveling would be a positive pleasure under such circumstances.

Nor is this all. The smokeless and cinderless locomotive does away with the danger of burning up wheat fields—a thing which occurs many times every year with the present style of engines. Spark arresters have been invented, but they do not do their work perfectly, and every summer the railroad companies have to pay for fires caused by sparks from their engines.

Again, where railroads run into cities the vicinity of the road is continually smeared and grimed up by the smoke and soot from the passing and repassing locomotives, and the housewife who hangs out her week's washing often has occasion to do anything but bless the present style of engines. This evil will be cured by the adoption of smokeless locomotives.

Every railroad in the United States ought to adopt these engines if they prove a success, and if they seem unwilling to make the change the law should lend them the necessary stimulus. The comfort and convenience of the people should be considered before the extra cost to the railroad companies.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THY BEST DELIGHT.

When thou who lovest wilt thy kind Despairing ones shall chance to find, Be their relief thy best delight, And lead them forth from doubt's dark night,

Beyond the misanthropic breath Coursing along doubt's vale of death, To sunny hills where roses bloom And faith's clear light dispels the gloom

Where they shall hear the churring Of all the sweetest birds that sing, And sweetest brooks that ever sung, Since brooks, and birds, and time were young

Shall purr and sparkle in the light Succeeding unto sorrow's night! Then ever shall a voice for thee Sing hope-inspiring minstrelsy

Far sweeter than the singing heard From any brook or any bird In happest glen of all the world, And like the brooks that joyous purr In Eden, when the earth was young And all the stars together sung!

And dost thou doubt, and point to men Who bless and are not blessed again, But live in grief, and grieving die Of much bestowing charity?

Perhaps not here, yet in some clime, Perhaps not now, yet some good time Of God's sun years, shall greet the eye That motions here with sympathy. Scenes bright as those the spear of old Entranced on Patmos lies beheld,

When thou the radiant glories shone From gates, and temple, and the Throne! —Aelia Greene, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In chains—Links. A prolate court—Flirtation. Down with high prices—Elder. Worse than suspense—Electrocution. —Life.

The great literary trust—The hope that it will be accepted. "Love is blind," but jealousy sees more than really exists. To err is human, to forgive, divine; But justice says: "We can't remit the fine." —Puck.

An abandoned barn is not half so bad as an abandoned farmer.—Lowell Courier. "This is a very wet country. What do you raise here chiefly?" "Umbrellas!" —Washington Post.

"I am feeling my ground," said the man who slipped up in his own doorway.—Washington Post. Post (in newspaper office)—"Have you an efficient staff?" Editor—"Perhaps not; but I have a very effective club." —Puck.

George—"Maude, do you love me for myself alone?" Maude—"Of course I do; but how many of you are there, any how?" —Philadelphia Times.

The fact that brevity is the soul of wit may explain why some of our brightest people are so unremittently short.—Washington Star. Maud—"I wonder why they call it the angry sea?" Webb—"Perhaps because so many people persist in crossing it." —Boston Post.

Blanche—"Did you part owing to a misunderstanding?" Rosalie—"Goodness, no, no! We understood each other too well." —Judge. "Sir, how dare you disagree with me?" said the cannibal, indignantly, to the missionary whom he had just swallowed.—Washington Star.

How is it that the same weather which makes your collar shrink from public gaze brings you battered cuffs down over the knuckles of your hands?—Puck. The man who feels around a man's Long after he's forlorn— Although he may not know it all, Will know more than he did. —Philadelphia Times.

Merritt—"She doesn't seem to get much good out of her money." Corn—"No; she spends it in getting things which she says are too good to wear." —Judge.

The difference between the amusements of an I. radian shepherd and a modern politician is, after all, only the difference between piping lays and laying pipes.—Our Society Journal. He forgets not to boast what he does for his brother.

Procuring him victuals as I puff, Though it's not half so hard to beg for another, As to beg for himself. —Judge.

First Hen—"There comes the woman to drive us 't of her pickin'." Second Hen—"Yes; and she's picking up stones, too. Let's fly out quick." First Hen—"No, no; stay here." Second Hen—"But she's aiming right for us." First Hen—"Yes; and if we move we might get hit." —Liverpool Postscript.

In a battle, a soldier was wounded in the head by a javelin. The surgeon examined the wound and told the man that, as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was every prospect of his recovery. "Had I possessed any brain," said the soldier, "I should not have been in the battle." —Argonaut.

"Oh, yes; he's quite a remarkable man. Able to concentrate his mind on one particular subject, no matter how great the crowd and confusion around him. His power of abstraction is simply wonderful." "What is this special branch of science?" "Kleptomaniia. I believe they call it." —Washington Post.

Things one would have said differently. A young lady was calling for the first time upon acquaintances, whose friendship she was exceedingly glad to cultivate, and before whom she wished to appear as advantageously as possible. But as she withdrew gracefully from the parlor, she exclaimed, cordially, while shaking the hand of her hostess: "Dear Miss G.—do come and see me soon, and don't stay so long as I have done!" —Argonaut Edition.