

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one insertion; one square, one inch, one month; one square, one inch, three months; one square, one inch, one year; two squares, one year; quarter column, one year; half column, one year; one column, one year.

The vital statistics of Michigan show that in that State, as in Massachusetts and England, the most popular period of the year for marriages is the fourth quarter.

Everybody knows the poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," but who knows the grave of the author? It will be news to most that Samuel Woodworth, the writer of that piece of immortal verse, is buried in San Francisco, Cal., but such is the case.

The Duke of Leinster's country house is said to have passed into the ownership of an Irish farmer who was formerly its tenant, under the operation of the new Irish land laws. This recalls the Brooklyn Citizen, is the building after which the White House at Washington was modeled.

A very interesting fact has recently been instanced in that the education of the blind in France was introduced from America, and from the methods originated and taught by that great philanthropist, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, to his corps of teachers in Perkins Institute, from which, for a long time, the teachers of the blind in France were recruited.

Here are some fresh English statistics compiled by the New York Press: In Great Britain there are 700,000 criminals, 22,000 juvenile thieves. There are 500,000 drunkards. The annual cost of liquors is \$750,000,000. Suicides last year numbered 2297, and 2157 were found dead. Ten thousand children died from violence or neglect. Over 100,000 people are absolutely homeless, and 100,000 are out of work. The work-houses shelter 190,000, and 3,000,000 people outside are so wretchedly poor that they are hardly civilized.

A French journalist has recently given some curious information about the women who are tempted to steal and who fall during their shopping expeditions. He says that in Paris no fewer than four thousand women are caught every year stealing before the counter. The number of titled ladies seized with kleptomaniac while examining the fashions is almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess, and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shop-lifter is known to be rich, the sum exacted rises to as much as ten thousand francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

The Japanese Bureau of Agriculture is to be represented at the World's Fair by the horses of Koyoshian, the pigs of Rinkei, the Oshiki fowls, and many other odd creatures that will add interest to the exhibit. A firm of Tokio florists will send the flowers and dwarf trees of the country in pots. The Yokohama florists at the recent meeting voted to expend a sum of \$15,000 on their display. The tobaccoists of Southern Japan will show samples of cut tobacco in grotesque designs. A Mr. Morinara of Tokio promises to exhibit gold and silver wares and carvings of ivory and lacquer goods of a value of \$50,000. The Japan Government will erect a model of the ancient Palace at a cost of \$34,000 to show up quaint and richly elaborate architecture of the early history of Japan. The Japanese amusement companies will send over acrobats, conjurers, and wrestlers, and young men and women who paint pictures on fans and sell them "while you wait." Altogether, the Japanese Building promises to excite unusual interest among visitors to the Fair.

The New York Post calls attention to the evidence that "not only in western Massachusetts, but even in Maine, the substitution of coal for wood as fuel has gone so far as to make a perceptible difference in the quantity of trees that need to be cut every year. The same story comes from other parts of New England. In New Hampshire an authority upon the subject says that coal is fast taking the place of wood, even in the kitchen of the farmhouse, and that as a consequence cordwood is losing its value. What is still more important, it is claimed that the lumbermen are exercising more judgment in their methods of work. A partner in a New Hampshire company is quoted by the Boston Herald as saying that by the methods now used the timber will reproduce itself faster than it is cut off. Many of the larger companies have adopted a plan of operation that forbids the cutting of trees glirthing less than a specified number of inches, and so the "timber tract" is kept good. One element in the change of system is the fact that the demand for cord-wood is diminishing, so that the railroad companies no longer put a premium on the destruction of forests by buying all the wood they need along their lines.

A WOMAN'S ADIEU.

Our love is done, I would not have it back, I say, I would not have my whole year May, But yet for our dead passion's sake, Kiss me once more and strive to make Our last kiss the supremest one; For love is done, Our love is done! And still my eyes with tears are wet, Our souls are stirred with vague regret; We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak, And firm resolve grows strangely weak, Though hearts are twin that once were one, Since love is done, But love is done! I know it, you it, and that kiss Must set a flint to our bliss, Yet when I felt thy mouth moist mine, My life again seemed half divine, Our vows together run! Can love be done? Who cares if this be mad or wise? Trust not my words, but read my eyes, Thy kiss beside sleeping love awake; Then take me to thy heart, ah! take The life that with thine own is one, Love is not done! - Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Crit.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

People in Maysville always shrugged their shoulders when Mark was mentioned, and usually the expressive gesture was followed by some deprecating remark. "Comes of bad stock," old Judge Lennox would say, in his pompous dictatorial manner. "All the Lamsons were worthless, and Mrs. Lamson was a Hodge, and everybody knows what they are." The house in which Mark was born, and where he scrambled up to manhood, was a large farm house, tumbling to pieces inside, with a roof always being patched against leaking, doors without locks and with shaking hinges, windows that rattled in every wind, ceilings that dropped plaster whenever a heavy foot shook the upper rooms and furniture in the last stage of shabbiness. His father and mother were slatternly in dress, shiftless in household management, and the handsome, bright boy was over-indulged and neglected as their own indulgence suggested. But Mark Lamson inherited none of the leading traits of his parents. Probably in some remote ancestor there was a mixture of energy, resolution and ability of which the Maysville gossips had never heard, and for which they certainly gave Mark no credit. It was in vain that the Principal of the Maysville High School declared that Mark had graduated with the best record he had ever given in the school. It was useless for the lad himself to keep his life free from blame, and earnestly endeavor to do his duty. Maysville could not forget that he was a Lamson, and his mother was a Hodge - "bad stock!" As he passed from boyhood to manhood, Mark began the unequal struggle against fate and circumstances, that was dictated only by his own energy. His father had been able to get bread from the farm by a lazy tillage that gave the bare necessities for the table; his mother had a very small income that gave the three clothing of the poorest description, and both were in open-mouthed wonder that Mark was not content, as they had been, to dawdle through life and "make out" with what they had. And Mark, struggling to attain better things, with only a vague, undisciplined longing for improvement, met no encouragement at home or abroad. He tried to obtain a situation, but employers were shy about giving work to a Lamson; he met but a cool reception at the Maysville social gatherings, having no knowledge of how to repair his own worn or keep his poor clothing even tidy. Boy-like, he imagined a new suit and gay necktie were all-sufficient for a party, and did not heed the frayed cuffs and broken collars at which the Maysville belles turned up their noses. But, in spite of his father's lazy comments, his mother's fretful remonstrances, Mark Lamson, finding no employment outside, determined to see if the farm would not find him in work. "Oh, yes; do as you please," his father said. "But there is no money for new-fangled fixings, and the land is about worn out. Plenty of it, to be sure, but 'tain't worth shucks." [So, single-handed, Mark undertook the work of bringing up the old farm. Early and late he toiled, repairing fences, weeding, picking stones, rooting out dead stumps, preparing his land, without one hand stretched out to help him, one voice to wish him success. Thomas, the only man his father employed, gave a surly refusal to aid, upon the ground that his regular routine of shiftless farming took all his time, and Mark patiently submitted. He was twenty-one years old, when into his dull, monotonous life came a new stimulus—a hope, bright as a vision and almost as baseless. He fell in love! He did not walk carelessly, counting his steps and weighing his chances, but he fell in plump, suddenly, hopelessly. There had been a warm discussion at the Judge's about inviting Mark to the party that was to celebrate Essie's eighteenth birthday and her dual return from boarding-school. But the pet of the house had a will of her own and a lively recollection of Mark's handsome face and boyish gallantries, and insisted upon his being invited. Mark, carrying in his memory only a pretty little girl, found himself confronted by an undeniable beauty; a face in vogue in far more pretentious circles than Maysville boasted, and a gentle grace of manner none of the girls of his acquaintance had ever extended to him. The touch of the soft little hand offered to greet him riveted the chain. Essie's face had cast about Mark's heart, and made him her slave then and there. He had stared at his "mistress" with his longing heart with content. She remembered all his boyish aspirations; she entered into all his hopes and ambitions. The party was the beginning of an intercourse that stimulated every good resolution, gave a new vigor to every hope of Mark's life. The village was essentially democratic, and the fact that Essie was the only child and heiress of the richest, most influential man in the place did not prevent her from visiting Mrs. Lamson upon terms of perfect equality. She was fond of the weak, amiable woman, strongly as she censured, in her youthful strength, the easy-going indolence that made her home such a scene of confusion and discomfort; and, in her gentle, pleasant way, she endeavored to brighten that home for Mark by suggestions and offers of help that fell to the ground. It was like lighting a feather bed to try to rouse Mrs. Lamson to an active improvement, and rebuffed there, Essie could only help Mark by words of sympathy that were like wine of life to his love. An hour with Essie sent him back to his uphill work full of new hope, every energy stimulated, every hope brightened. He had not dared to set before him in plain words the hope of one day winning her heart to his own, for there was all the humility of true passion in that young, ardent heart, but he realized a new force, a new spur to ambition. Essie never sneered at him as the neighbors had become accustomed to doing; Essie never threw cold water over his plans for improving the land; Essie was never sarcastic over the clashing of his poverty and his ambitions. As he saw her more frequently, he ventured to tell her of wider, wilder hopes, of some day escaping from the drudgery before him, and making his way to a city, where his education might give him a start in more congenial occupation. "Father and mother seem to need me, now," he told Essie, one day; "they are old, and they have no other child. I think it is my plain duty to stay." "I think it is," was the quick reply; "your mother could scarcely bear a separation." "And while I am here, I must do the work that lies under my hand," he said, "hard as it is! But Essie, and his face brightened, "do you know that already I have made the farm pay double what it has ever done. Next spring I can hire help out of money I saved from the sale of last year's crops!" Essie, all eager interest, entered into discussion of the capabilities of such a lot for turnips, such a patch for wheat, the possibilities of a dairy, the best culture for fowls, as if she had never studied music or filled her head with French and German verbs. But the horror and wrath of Judge Lennox, when, after two years of mild courtship, Mark took his fate in his hands and asked permission to marry Essie, cannot be described. "A Lamson!" he cried, when having dismissed Mark he returned to the bosom of his family. "A Lamson for Essie's husband! The fellow wants my money to spend after all his father and his grandfather have squandered." "Do you really and truly think Mark is a spendthrift, papa?" Essie asked quietly. "Does he ever lounge about the stores or taverns, as Harry Carter and James Bayburn do?" "—Well, no, I never saw him," was the reluctant answer. "Did you ever hear that he drank or gambled, or even smoked?" "No—I never did." "Is he not regular at church?" "Yes." "But, oh, Essie!" struck in Mrs. Lennox. "What shabby, half-washed shirts he wears, and his fingers all out of his gloves, and half the buttons of his coat gone!" "Poor Mark!" said Essie, gently. "He needs a wife." "Well, he need not look here for one," growled the Judge. "I heard Mr. Thompson say, last week," said Essie, quietly, "that there is not a better farm in Greene County than Lamson's." "Such a palace of a house!" the Judge sneered. "Mark is hoping to put a new house on the place, next year. He has had builders order from B—, but they say the old house is beyond repair, and it would cost less to have a new one." "And where is the money to come from?" "Where the improved farm came from," said Essie; "from Mark's industry, perseverance and energy, in the face of the hardest discouragements ever a young man had to fight." "Oh!" said the Judge. "What!" "See what he has done," said Essie, still in an even, quiet tone that carried conviction far more than an excited one. "Eight years ago, when he was but a boy, he put his shoulder to the wheel and took his playtime between school hours to weed and clear away stones. Nobody helped him. He was ridiculed, sneered at, discouraged on all sides. He had the poorest farm in the place, and he has made it one of the best. He has put every spare dollar into books on agriculture, improved machines, good stock. He has now four men at work for him, good horses, good cattle, good poultry, and he will have a good house. Papa, do you not think it will be a pity to have the new house in the care of Mrs. Lamson, to ruin as she has the old one? Out-does the management is all left to Mark, and see what he has done. But a man cannot make a home comfortable alone; he needs a wife." "Well," said the Judge, "let him have one, but not my child." "Still he loves me," said Essie, "and I love him!" "Pshaw!" said the Judge, and marched out of the house. But prompt as he was, he was just, and he loved Essie. He had let prejudice influence him against Mark all his life; now he took pains to find out how much of his dislike was well founded. He was so wronged, so wronged, that he was only too glad to give up his prejudice.

ingly acknowledge it had been wrong in its estimate, and shouldered upon Mark all the faults of his ancestors. But the facts were strong, and Judge Lennox found himself confronted by them. Slowly, for he was not easily convinced, he took respect into the place of contempt, and, after a month of patient investigation, sent for Mark. The interview was a frank, manly one, the old gentleman not being given to half-hearted measures of any kind. He admitted his former prejudices, and heartily commended the young man who had struggled so nobly. "When your new house is finished," he said, "I will let my Essie be your wife. A man who can make his way against wind and tide as you have done, deserves a happy home."

The Judge being a power in Maysville public opinion veered round, as soon as the engagement was announced. The new house being completed, Essie became housekeeper, Mrs. Lamson gladly resigning her feeble reign. And under the new regime it was wonderful to see how even the old people smartened up. They had no chronic objection to cleanliness, if someone else did the necessary work; and with Mark and Essie to govern and direct, the Lamson household so lost its old name, that you could scarcely find to-day in Maysville one who to repeat the old saying that Mark Lamson came of bad stock. —The Ledger.

A Very Queer Satellite. The satellite nearest to the planet Jupiter must be a singular place of residence, if there be any possibility of residents at all resembling human beings. In the first place, though it is bigger than our moon, the substance of which it is composed is less than half as light as cork, so that it is not a very solid place of residence. In the next place, though the sun appears very dim from it as compared with what it appears from the earth, it has a moon—namely, Jupiter itself—whose surface appears many hundreds of times larger than our moon. In the third place, the recent observations made of this satellite by Mr. Barnard, in the great Lick Observatory, make it not improbable that this satellite is really cut in two, and that therefore there may be two separate little worlds, probably not separated by any very great distance (for the total diameter of the two together, if there be two divisions of the satellite which was always supposed till quite recently to be single, is not above 2300 miles across), revolving together through space, some even of the details of one of which worlds must be visible from the other. If there be anything like telescopes on either half.

If the satellite is not cut in two Mr. Barnard holds that there must be a light belt round it, very like the light belt on Jupiter itself, and that this light belt produces the impression of division under certain circumstances of the orbit. We may hope that the Lick Observatory will at length solve the problem. Perhaps the residents of the two halves of the planet, if it be in halves, can really telegraph to each other. —London Spectator.

Right Kind of Scissors. One needs many pairs of scissors, and true economy consists in having a pair for each sort of work. The cutting of paper is very trying to sharpened steel, and a pair might be kept for that purpose. Long slender shears are handy for general use; buttonhole scissors could find a place in every work basket; a pair of scissors for trimming hair in the kitchen is necessary where there is no gas; grape scissors for the table are not altogether new; scissors to cut flowers in the country are a convenience. Few people carry pocket scissors of the folding sort. Those that do never part with them. Convenient for maintenance, to cut a clipping from a paper at a moment's notice, a string, etc., they answer almost every purpose of the pocket knife and are much more convenient to handle. Give a person accustomed to their use a knife and the pocket scissors and he will part with the former first. No cutting blade should be put in the fire, as it will then lose its temper which is denoted by its turning blue. Such a knife or blade will never keep its edge. —Hardware.

Highest Railway in the Alps. The new Alpine railway, the Brienz Rothornbahn, is the highest railway in the Alps and commands magnificent views. It is 2351 metres (7836 feet) high at the summit level, and ascends 1825 metres (5989 feet) or sixty-seven metres (223 feet) higher than the Pilatus Railway. The journey occupies one hour and a half. The gauge is 0.8 metre. The line is a pure rack-and-pinion railway on the Abt system, and is similar in construction to the Monte Generoso Railway. The steepest gradient is one in four—that is, less than the maximum Pilatus ascent. The railway has been built in a remarkably short space of time. It was begun so recently as the 1st of October, 1890. No fewer than ten tunnels were bored; numerous streamlets were bridged and heavy stone dams had to be erected. —Boston Transcript.

Russian Leather. I lately came across a singular tradition about the earliest known manufacture of Russian leather. It seems it was first made in Persia; and there has never since been any which equaled the soft texture, the elegance and flexibility, and the deep, rich, un fading maroon color of some of the covers of ancient Persian manuscripts. There was some secret about the tanning, some process which is among the lost arts. The tradition is that the hides were carried to the tops of mountains, and left there to be struck by lightning! That was the secret! Of course we are to understand from this that exposure to a high atmosphere had something to do with it, and that the curing required a long time; for what could be the chance of their being so good.

Ice Made by Natural Gas. An inventor in Buffalo has devised a process for making ice by utilizing the intense cold created by the expansion of natural gas when liberated from its high pressure at which it issues from the wells. In the experimental plant the gas is used at its initial pressure of from 150 to 200 pounds to drive a small engine. After use in the engine the gas exhausts into a closed box, and the expansion generates sufficient cold to form slabs of ice three inches thick to the amount of three-quarters of a ton in a day. It is claimed that the principle can be applied economically.

SEVENTY LIVES FOR ONE. A WHITE MAN'S TERRIBLE REVENGE UPON INDIANS. They Kill His Wife and Child—In Turn He Slays at Least 140 Comanches—A Merciless War. There has just died in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, a man who for ten years waged a most merciless war on the Comanche Indians of this region. His career is over, but it was one of the most remarkable ever known outside of a dime novel. In 1873 James Sanderson and his wife and one child were crossing the country near the Arizona line with a wagon and outfit. A band of Comanches came down upon them and killed the child and also the woman. Sanderson was tied to a post and compelled to witness the fearful scenes. After this the Indians began a series of tortures, and his life was only saved by the timely arrival of a detachment of soldiers, who drove off the savages, but not until they had used fire too such an extent that the man's face was seamed and scarred in a horrible manner. Sanderson said little about his terrible affliction, but returned to the fort with the soldiers, and remained there until he recovered his health. Then he took a solemn oath to be revenged in a manner that would make his name a terror to the Indians. He supplied himself with a rifle, revolver and ammunition and left the fort. It was a month before he was heard of and the affair had almost passed from the minds of the officers and men, when one day Sanderson walked in and threw down a bundle containing twenty-nine scalps. He had followed the Indians and hung on their trail, killing every one that left the camp, until his presence became a veritable terror to the band. He made no distinction between men, women and children, but killed any that he could get near to. He seemed endowed with a charmed life, for the Indians could not get near enough to him to do him harm, and he became known as the "White Spirit." The Indians were frightened, and those who were left made haste back to the home of the tribe, carrying with them the terrible tale of the Nemesis on their track. Sanderson followed them to the mountains, and went where white men had never been before. Before his presence became known in the neighborhood he had killed a boy, a squaw and two warriors. Every time a band was sent out after him they would be sure to return after losing several members, and the Indians became afraid to go about the country alone. Within a year he had thirty-nine scalps, and said he had killed twelve others whose scalp he was unable to get. At the end of that year he raised the number to seventy-nine scalps, and said he would not return to the fort until he had 100. In July, 1884, a cloudburst occurred about the village of a bad band of Comanches and the people fled into a narrow gorge for safety. The water came so suddenly that they were compelled to fly with what they could gather and run for their lives. Sanderson came upon them as they were huddled in the gorge and began firing at them from above and rolling stones down upon them. He killed twelve and wounded a great number before they could get away. By July, 1885, he had over 100 scalps and had killed at least 140 Indians and seventy ponies. He had no idea of abandoning his quest for revenge, but was more determined than ever to wipe out the whole tribe. After the close of the Civil War, when the Government turned its attention to the Indians, a treaty was made with the Comanches, and it was stipulated by the Indians that Sanderson be called away from the country. He heard of it, and for many months he kept out of the way of the soldiers and continued his work of destruction, but at last was found and told that he must give up the work. He complied, but with great reluctance, and has taken advantage of every Indian outbreak since then to go out to kill the savages.

LEFT UNDONE. It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you've left undone, Which gives you a bit of headache At the setting of the sun; The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night. The stone you might have lifted Out of a brother's way, The bit of heartsome counsel You were hurried too much to say, The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone, That you had no time or thought for, With troubles enough of your own. The little act of kindness, So easily out of mind, So chances to be angry, Which every mortal finds— They come in night and silence— Each chill, reproachful wraith— When hope is faint and flagging, And a blight has dropped on faith. For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great, To suffer our slow compassion That tarries until too late, And it's not the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you the bit of headache At the setting of the sun. —Margaret E. Sangster.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An old-timer—The sun-dial. The golden mien—Putting on airs. A blunder buss—Kissing the wrong girl.—Pittsburg Dispatch. A shrinking little thing—Your last dollar when it's changed. When a man makes a dye museum of his head he looks like a freak. The hungriest Wall-streeter never takes lamb without mint sauce.—Puck. Visitors would sometimes like to make a precocious child smart.—Buffalo Truth. The man with an elastic step probably wears Congress gaiters.—Binghamton Republican. The small child is likely to look a gift horse in the mouth, and to put it there, too.—Puck. The initial is the refuge which saves a child from the names which a parent can inflict.—Judge. There is always plenty of room at the top, because we all want to get in on the ground floor.—Puck. The man carried away with enthusiasm is frequently brought back with disgust.—Texas Siftings. "Ah! this is the lap of luxury," purred the old cat, as she stole the rich cream from a pan of milk. The reason why the ocean is so often called treacherous must be because it is full of craft.—Boston Post. A few statistics never fail to soon satisfy an audience if they are thoroughly dry.—Galveston News. "You're a dead loss to yourself!" is the latest sarcastic way of telling a man he is no good.—Philadelphia Record. "Is Fletcher sure his wife's puddle is dead?" "He must be. I see he's offering \$50 reward for it."—Brooklyn Life. Love at first sight does not wear spectacles. That may be why it seldom occurs in Boston.—Binghamton Dispatch. A mother may know it, but she'll never admit that any other woman's child is as smart as her own.—New York Journal. "Do you know it takes fifty leaves of gold to make the thickness of ordinary paper?" "Oh, that's too thin!"—Seaside Circular. There's no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.—Texas Siftings. You will usually find it the case that the man who has the most iron in the fire has a wife who has to furnish the kindling.—Athens Globe. Lady (engaging servant)—"You seem to possess every necessary qualification. Have you got a sweetheart?" Servant—"No, mum; but I can soon get one."—The Comic. "I've got a good idea for this season," said a baseball manager. "What is it?" "I've got a deaf umpire. He can see everything, but he can't hear any kicking."—New York News. "So you are on a star tour," said the Circus Lion to the Dancing Bear; "pray, tell me, is that fellow there with the chain your messenger?" "Yes," replied the Bear, "and also my leading man."—Baltimore American. "I hear that water sold at twenty-five cents a glass in the newly-opened lands of Oklahoma. Is it so?" "Quite likely," replied the returned prospector. "I don't know, though. I didn't have time to wash while I was there."—Buffalo Express. "A fast horse, is he?" "Trails like a streak of greased lightning." "Well, that's fast enough. What do you call him?" "What Ma Says." "What Ma Says! That's a strange name. Why do you call him that?" "Because what ma says goes." Belle—"What do you think of the idea of marrying for love?" Nell—"I shouldn't think it was a good way to get it. I've noticed that married people usually don't seem to have any too much love to waste on one another."—Sourville Journal. Doctor—"Notwithstanding the fact that there are new diseases coming up every day, the old ones seem to hold their own all the same." Tartar—"Yes! Well, that may be, but there's one of the old sort that doesn't seem to affect my out-of-town customers at all." Doctor—"What is that?" Tartar—"The remitting fever."—Boston Journal. Two trains between Berlin and Potsdam had to stop in the woods between the two cities because the German pros were hunting across the track.