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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with rates for various ad sizes: 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. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements may be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The grip is pronounced by a Vienna physician of high standing to be misanthropic in character.

In the last five years the number of Methodist churches in Chicago, Ill., has been doubled. The membership has also doubled and one million dollars added to the church property.

The New York Commercial Bulletin says perhaps there is no greater test, and no better evidence of the general activity of business throughout the country, than the earnings of the principal railroads.

A county in New York State is considering becoming its own insurer against fire. One argument used is that the county having \$100,000,000 of property is more responsible than most of the insurance companies.

The San Francisco Chronicle opines that the cultivation of a peaceful disposition is not calculated to inspire respect in such countries as Chile. 'Had we been as truculent in our dealings with fifth-rate countries as England,' it believes, 'the Chileans would not be speaking of the Yankees and their navy with contempt.'

The new monitor Miantonomah, with four ten-inch guns and a fine lot of rapid fire weapons, will prove a formidable antagonist to any but the very heaviest foreign ironclads, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. Stationed at the right place she could keep a whole fleet of cruisers from entering and approaching close to New York harbor.

The proposition to have the old ship President, which was captured from the United States by the British in the War of 1812, transferred to Chicago for the Columbian Exhibition, is very generally approved by the officers of the navy so far as its sentiment goes, but the idea is hardly practical, suggests the Boston Transcript. The old ship now lies in the West India Dock near London, and, although she makes an excellent ship for the nominal headquarters of British navy officers who are assigned to duty in London, and an excellent drill ship as well, she is totally unable, because of her advanced age, to cross the Atlantic.

The chief figures of the chief medical officer of the Prefecture of Police show that lunacy has increased in Paris, France, in the last sixteen years some thirty per cent. The increase is due to the prevalence of Lvs morbi types, general paralysis and alcoholic insanity. Alcoholic insanity is twice as prevalent now as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases are due to this disease, and its tendency of it is to become more violent and to show a more marked homicidal character. A dreadful peculiarity of it is that it descends to the children of its victims. The extreme usefulness of many of the candidates for the guillotine must have been observed of late years, and the explanation is probably to be found in alcoholic insanity.

If the Prince of Wales persists in his reported intention of marrying his child into English families, observes the San Francisco Examiner, he will give his house a new lease of popularity that it needs. Albert Victor, the heir presumptive, is to marry Princess Mary of Teck, who is practically an English girl. His brother, Prince George, is said to be engaged to the daughter of an English Duke. The eldest daughter is the wife of the Duke of Fife, and it is reported that the second daughter is to marry an English nobleman. The British nation has shown a good deal of irritation at the marriage of Queen Victoria's children to the little royalty of Germany. In its brave old days when England was made, Englishmen and Englishwomen were good enough for royal blood to mate with, and the English people appear to believe that the policy is a good one today.

At last it has dawned upon the people of Northwestern Ohio, announces the Pittsburg Dispatch, that their supply of natural gas is almost exhausted. So confident have they been in its performance that the nature of the discovery is almost startling. To-day not more than one-tenth of the manufacturing in Northwestern Ohio are supplied with natural gas. At the same time the supply for private consumption has been so decreased that many a family has tossed the gasburner into the back yard and returned to hickory and coal. Many others kept constant supplies of coal on hand ready for emergency at any time. Coal is also burned with the gas when it is low by a majority of the consumers. Since gas was first used for fuel here the pressure has decreased over 350 pounds. This volume, however, is sufficient for all the drains upon it. The trouble is that the pressure is too weak to force the gas to the burners. It lies sluggish and dormant in the mains, or in a state of inertia in the rock and wells.

KISSING THE BOB.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so! What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know! What we've met of stormy pain And of sorrow's driving rain We can better meet again If it blow. We have erred in that dark hour We have known When our tears fell with the shower, All alone— Were not shine and shower blent As the gracious Master meant! Let us temper our content With his own. For, we know, not every morn'g Can be sad; So, forgetting all the sorrow We have had, Let us fold away our fears And put by our foolish tears, And through all the coming years Just be glad. —J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

BY CLYDETON ESTABLE.

UNLIKE Frankenstein, my creator loved the thing she had created. Out of innumerable scraps was created, and built upon a disused skeleton of some old romance. Nevertheless, I was beloved and tenderly nurtured.

When I say that my fair creator was ambitious for me, you will, I trust, not misunderstand her. She craved no jewels or costly raiment for her beloved offspring; she but asked that I might live, and appear in print. My creator, I have since observed with pride, was very beautiful.

The first distinct recollection I have is that my leaves fluttered together on the dainty desk before which sat a sweet girl—woman. In her hand she still held a gold pen, but the ink on its nib was quite dry, and she seemed buried in thought.

I looked up at her responsively, and she took me up gently and read me in a soft voice, which has ever since seemed to me closely related to the sweet odor of lilacs which wafted then, blooming from that moment I lived. As I lay on the desk before her, there was a sudden noise at the lattice; then someone said in a low voice, "Sister!"

My creator started up so suddenly that I knew Sister must be her name; and I always think of her by that name, though I have since heard her called by several others.

Sister went quickly to the window, and said, in a frightened whisper: "Jack, why have you come here, and in broad daylight, too! Uncle will storm so if he finds it out, and I shall never be able to reconcile him to you." By this time a young boy, three or four years younger than Sister, had climbed in at the open window, and I saw how much they looked alike; but his manner, clothing, and voice were quite different. All the people I have met in the world, except Sister, are like Jack—men, I believe, they are called. In the mean time Jack was asking her for money. "I simply must have fifty dollars to-day, Sister; you can easily get it out of Uncle."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

White rat is new. Electric cranes increase. Chess matches by telephone are popular in England. A mechanical letter-stamper worked by electricity is being tested at the post-office in Washington. A German inventor has patented a system of employing the trolley electric system to propel boats on canals or rivers.

The Industrial Society of Mulhouse, England, offers a silver medal for the application, in any form, of electricity to calico printing. Immense bituminous deposits have been discovered in Alsace, Germany, and no less than seven companies have recently been formed to work them.

It is proposed to make the employment of the electric light in the German factories compulsory in places where artificial light is required during working hours. Professor Duvar, an English scientist, found, in making some experiments with liquid oxygen, that it has strong magnetic properties, adhering closely to a magnet until entirely dissipated.

The output of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Penn., last year was 218 locomotives, of which 101 were compounds. The output for 1892 exceeded this number by thirty-five. The iron work of the railway up the Rhig, Switzerland, has been found to suffer less from rust than that of the ordinary surface roads. The ties are wonderfully well preserved, those laid seventeen years ago being still in good condition.

In popular histories of the seven wonders of the world we read that the Pharos, the first light-house, could be seen at a distance of 100 miles. In order for this to have been possible the Pharos must have been a mile and a quarter in height. A new torpedo was recently tried at Portsmouth, England. It is intended for discharge under the water, and with engines developing fifty-two horse-power, it can realize a speed of thirty knots an hour. The maximum diameter of the torpedo is eighteen inches.

Down to the time of Homer, who flourished 207 B. C., as little was known of the surface of the earth as is now known of the interior. Greece was then regarded as the center of the earth, which was then surrounded at the distance of 500 miles by the ocean river. Later the land was extended further and a limited form given to the old continents.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

The favorite sport of the German Emperor. An Imperial Shooting Party—Initiating a New Arrival—A Boar "Drive"—Uniform of the Hunters. While gemsook or chamois stalking appears to be the favorite sport of the rulers of Austro-Hungary and of Saxony, that of Emperor William and the house of Hohenzollern is wild boar hunting. This species of game abounds in the imperial preserves of Koenigs-Wusterhausen, of Letzingen, of Goehrde, and of Springe, the latter quite near to the ancient city of Hameln, celebrated in legendary lore for its "piped piper" and for its rats. The preserves at Goehrde are, however, those most affected by the young monarch, as they were also by his grandfather, the late Emperor William. Princes invited for the first time to these imperial shooting parties have to go through a regular form of initiation, somewhat akin to that practiced in the case of people "crossing the line" for the first time at sea.

As a given signal the hunters are to begin, and when the party are assembled in the smoking and card rooms of the Jagdschloss after dinner, the great oak table in the dining room is cleared and ornamented with several lines of chalk. The Grand Huntsmen von Kotze, or his deputy, Count Falkenstein, thereupon, after receiving the Emperor's final instructions, selects a dozen members of the party and conducts them to the dining-room, where they take their places around the table, each armed with a wooden spoon of different size. As a given signal the hunters are in charge of the imperial pack of bloodhounds, who has been stationed at the entrance leading into the dining-room, sounds the view halloo on his horn, and immediately every one of the wooden spoons is rubbed up and down the oaken table in a manner that produces a sound similar to that of the noise made by a pack in full pursuit. The person about to be initiated is thereupon seized and blindfolded, after which the doors are thrown open and he is carried into the dining-room and laid down on the floor. The Emperor draws his short hunting-knife, and after making several mystic passes with it in the air, strikes the prostrate body of the neophyte a smart blow with the flat of the broad blade. The huntsman forthwith the signal of "dead, dead," which is used to call the pack off the quarry, and the new-fledged "wardman" is permitted to struggle off the table and on to the ground. I may add that the Emperor's brow with the hunting-knife is not the only one which the neophyte receives while stretched on the table, nor does it constitute the sum total of the initiation, but only the conclusion thereof.

Indeed, there is sometimes a good deal of rough horse-play on these occasions, in which the Emperor, who delights therein, takes a prominent part. The boar hunts on the following day partake of the nature of the chamois drives, the only difference being that the drivers, or "treibers," are assisted in their work by a carefully trained pack of boar-hounds, which are accustomed to obey the horn signals of the huntsman in charge, and are of much service in driving the quarry from its lair in the dense brush and underwood. Another difference is that the shooting party instead of firing in the direction of the drivers are under strict orders only to fire away from them. That is, one is practically forced to wait until the wild boar rushed past before one's rifle may be leveled. Of course it sometimes happens that the boar, instead of charging past, charges directly at one in the most fierce and aggressive manner and it is for the sake of being prepared for an assault of this kind that each member of the party is provided with a kind of pike or lance, which goes by the euphonious name of a "soewpen."

The costume worn on these occasions is an exceptionally hideous uniform, specially invented and devised by the present Emperor. It consists of a double-breasted frock-coat of gray cloth, with grass-green lapels and collar, green striped pantaloons, with high boots, and a gray Tyrolese hat with a wide green band. Any person who ventures to assert that the Emperor looks well therein is guilty of a reckless disregard for the truth and of the basest flattery. For the gray coat and hat, and especially the green facings, cuffs, collar, and hat band, only serve to intensify the bilious tint of the Emperor's complexion.—Harper's Weekly.

A Pathetic Scene. It was only a sparrow, but the sight of it, crouching timidly in the judge's sheltering hand, awakened a tender interest. It had such a mild, melting little eye, and regarded those around with such a trusting glance, that I really felt a sympathy for it awakened within me. The judge's daughter took the little creature in her white and jeweled hands, and was softly smoothing down its feathers as she leaned forward to the grate in which a hot bed of coals was smoldering. The bird saw an opening under the grate, and as the caressing hand was raised flew out and lodged itself immediately underneath the bed of red hot coals. The small party of lookers-on stood aghast with as much horror as if it had been a child. Then there was a united effort to save the life of the little sparrow, but it was too late. The draught had drawn it up into the fire, and it had suffered but a moment. A silence fell on the group of observers that was only broken when a shivering tear was brushed from beneath each eye.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Arabia and the Horse. By a great many people Arabia is supposed to be the home of the horse. From ancient Roman, Grecian, and Hebrew history it is readily learned that the horse was unknown in Arabia long after he was a common factor in the life of Southern Europe.—Chicago Times.

ATTAINMENT.

Passing. I saw a woman fair and sweet With lilies at her feet; A flush of triumph on her lifted face As if her soul victorious in its race In Love's ethereal flight unfettered sprang through space. I saw her once again, her mad eyes wet With limitless regret, Pallid with countless wounds that hidden bled; The lilies in her pathway lying dead, Yet, in despair, sublimed her soul still swept 'erhead, Crowned by its own defeat. —Mrs. Whitton-Stone, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A double chin—when two women meet. You can't measure a girl's love by its sighs.—Elmira Gazette. Of two women choose the one that will have you.—Texas Siftings. Spain has increased the tariff on cork, but it is still buoyant.—Boston Herald. Nebraska has an Indian lawyer. Of course he is a Sioux.—Minneapolis Tribune. The dark ages are the ones that elderly spinners refuse to divulge.—St. Joseph News.

It is when the turkey is in the oven that the cook strikes Browning.—Lowell Courier. A literary man becomes a nobleman when he is baron of ideas.—Lowell Courier. A statesman can always get a pull by going to the dentist's office.—Binghamton Republican. There are too many people in the world who use their nest eggs to make cake of.—Acheson Globe. Smiles that crack in the middle with their metallic hardness convey but little cordiality.—Charleston News. When wild young men start out for fun they are going to have it if they have to fight for it.—Dallas News. Of course it is possible for a man to be "fair and square," but we like her better if she is round.—Boston Post.

The debtor may have the consolation of knowing that there is always somebody thinking of him.—Columbus Post. Mrs. Bacon—"What a sour look Dr. Pills has." Little Minnie—"I guess he takes his own medicine, mamma Statesman. Stephen Tebbe has been elected chief of the Cherokee Nation. A wily, shrewd giggle.—Memphis Appeal. A man's character is like a photographic negative. It is black if he has been subjected to the chemistry of circumstances. "Did Ann gain much by going to Vassar?" "Yes. She gained an E on the end of her name. She is Anne now."—Brooklyn Life. "A man can accomplish a great deal," said the Missouri judge, "if he only has time—therefore I give you four years."—Columbus Post.

"This is a bad sign," says Hicks, as the shingle of Hubbard, Bithers & Co. has blown from its place and landed on his high hat.—Harper's Bazar. The man who never puts off till tomorrow what he can do to-day must inevitably eat a great deal more than is good for him.—Somerville Journal. "Let's go into the restaurant and get something to eat." "But I'm not hungry." "That's no matter; you'll before you get anything."—Tit-Bits. "Why do you go to the concert if you don't care for music?" "To amuse myself. You have no idea how happy feel when it's over."—Filingden Bazaar. Patient—"Doctor, I fancy, some I've got a touch of the gout." Doc—"Fancy, my dear sir! If you had wouldn't fancy—you'd know."—He—"I never can understand but I suppose that's natural." "Why?" He—"Well, I suppose possible for a pretty girl to be p New York Press. "I am afraid that George is trifling me." "Why, dear?" "He has been telling me I am too good a woman the wife of such a man as he is."—dianapolis Journal. New Clerk—"What do the job mean by putting 'e. o. d.' on all packages they send us?" Jefferson—guess they think we are a little fishy!—Jeweler's Weekly. Watts—"Every man has his secret sorrow, I guess." Potts—"Indeed. Even the happiest appear man has a skeleton in his midst."—dianapolis Journal. "All is fair in love and war, isn't it, she said. "I don't know," he replied doubtfully. "I've been in love a good many times, but I never was married."—Detroit Free Press. "How are you coming on with your tragedy?" "Better than I expected. I've killed off all the principal characters except two, and they are not on speaking terms."—Texas Siftings. "A cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired." "What did the minister preach about?" asked a lady of her little son, who had attended church. "He preached about two hours' work," said the small hopeful.—Detroit Free Press.

The Smallest Shoe Store. The Boot and Shoe Weekly says the smallest shoe store in the world is a little shop at ... street. It's width ... inches, its ... walls, ... its sole occupant, as he sits against one side, barely room for his work and among his hands touching the opposite side.

ABOUT KID GLOVES.

A town called Grenoble, France, is the place where most kid gloves come from; yet of the twenty thousand or more tourists who pass through the capital of the Isere Department each year not more than ten ever go out of their way to learn something of this great national industry. For it is national, as France holds the chief position in the world in this line of commerce, and wherever you go you are sure to find that the best gloves are of French manufacture. This success is not due to a question of taste only, but to excellence of workmanship also.

There is nothing mechanical about glove making; it is all hand labor; therefore experienced and skillful operatives are necessary to produce good merchandise. But as Frenchmen do not like to leave their homes, it is the Belgians, the Germans and the Italians who go abroad and devote themselves to the production of an inferior kind of goods for toilet purposes in our country.

At Grenoble alone 1,200,000 dozen pairs of gloves are manufactured annually. This represents a value of \$7,000,000 to \$7,200,000, and this gives employment to 25,000 workpeople of both sexes. There are 4000 men and 21,000 women residing in a rayon of thirty-eight miles around Grenoble who live by this work. Glove making, then, is interesting from a social point of view, as it is one of the few callings open to female labor in which they can earn respectable wages without abandoning husband and child.

When I said that out of the \$7,200,000 worth of gloves in that rayon at least \$3,000,000 are distributed in wages among an almost infinite number of families, you can imagine the anxiety with which recent parliamentary deliberations over the proposition to franchise the raw material were awaited by the population. A tax on skins brought into France would have meant ruin to many hard-working people who get a comfortable living out of the industry.—New York Recorder.

A Curious Matiny. There are some curious points in the case of the mutineers on board the French ship Aime, who were recently tried at St. Pierre, Newfoundland. The vessel started from Bordeaux but had not proceeded very far upon its course when the crew deposed the captain and put him in irons. The first mate took command. His purpose was to reach the Azores. But in a few hours it became apparent that he did not know what he was about. Accordingly, the crew sought their ex-captain next day, lashed him to a mast, and commanded him to steer for the Azores. He refused to do so unless he was released. The crew set to work again on their own account—got more muddled than before, and finally accepted his condition. Forthwith he put the ship about, and carried them to St. Pierre, where they were promptly seized, tried and condemned. The extraordinary feature in all this is the fact that the captain was the only man on board having any knowledge of navigation, and the question arises whether this condition of affairs is common on French ships, or in the mercantile marine of any other nation. In all well found ships the first mate, at least, is supposed to carry a master's certificate.—Boston Transcript.

The American Sandwich. "The great American sandwich is now an established National Institution," said Frank P. Drouin at Hurst's Hotel. "I did you ever think that the term originated! A great many people suppose that the popular confection is in some way connected with the Sandwich Islands. This is a mistake, because the civilized world had sandwiches long before it knew it had any Sandwich Islands. Another popular fallacy is that the sandwich was invented by the English Earl of Sandwich, from whom it took its name. The fact is, the name of the man who foisted the sandwich on the world is unknown. It was known, however, in the times of the Roman Empire, and the soldiers of Claudius Caesar included it in their rations. As an article of food the sandwich dates from the time to which the memory of man runneth not back. As an instrument of torture and death it made its advent with the first railroad eating house."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The "Facial Angle." What is called the "facial angle" was invented by Peter Camper, and first described by him in a book published in 1811. Its use is in measuring the elevation of the forehead. One line is drawn from the middle of the ear to the edge of the nostrils, and another thence to the ridge of the frontal bone, and the greater the angle the greater is supposed to be the intelligence of the subject measured. In the inferior primate the facial angle is usually between seventy and seventy-five to eighty degrees. —San Francisco Examiner.