

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertisement (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (e.g., 10 cents).

Chicago has become the third manufacturing city in this country.

Professor John Fiske declares that there is not a competent scientific man in the world to-day who is not an evolutionist.

With the reduction of the hours of labor in England during the last sixteen years crime has been reduced forty-seven per cent.

A trustworthy statistician has ascertained that the gross amount raised by taxation in France is greater than that of any country in which authentic figures are forthcoming.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on fresh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds forty-two people, under other crops eighty-eight people, and under the plantation or bread fruit tree over 6000 people.

The mortality from measles in England is said to exceed anything that can thus far be attributed to the influenza. There are 13,000 deaths from measles annually in England and Wales, and the mortality has increased greatly during the last decade.

The official census analysis of the Cape Colony of South Africa discloses the fact that out of a total white population of 376,987, only 236,213 are able to read and write. The number, however, includes 13,237 persons under nine years of age.

John Maloy, after staying twenty years in the West Virginia Penitentiary for the murder of his wife, will soon be released, proof of his entire innocence having come to light. Now, in what way, asks the Atlanta Constitution, can Maloy be compensated for this mistake of justice.

The riches of India cannot be estimated and scarcely imagined. The wealth of decoration lavished upon tombs, temples, etc., testifies to the fact that for hundreds of years the accumulation of treasure has been going on until at the present it is stated that the gold and other ornaments now lying idle in that country are estimated to be worth \$1,250,000,000.

Dr. Krug, a German scientist, claims that he has discovered how to make an eatable and nutritious cake out of wood. His method consists in transforming the cellulose into grape sugar, a substance assimilable by the animal organism. The biscuit is made by adding to this about forty per cent of meal of wheat, oats or rye. Phosphates and all the basic elements may also be introduced. This bread of wood glucose is intended to be fed to cattle, for which it will take the place of oil cakes and other feeds composed of industrial wastes.

Says the San Francisco Chronicle: That the German Emperor has a tender heart under all his martial sternness is shown by the pardon he granted to a deserter from the German army who was captured on his return to the Fatherland. The application that touched him came from the little daughter of the prisoner, who appealed to him on her father's birthday. For an autocrat who has retained his warm sympathies there is always hope. Napoleon or the great Frederick would have tossed this little girl's letter into the waste basket.

Many Eastern drug stores have adopted the precautionary measure of having two persons attend the preparation of any prescription containing poisonous drugs. The Medical Record calls attention to the Harris murder trial in New York City as an illustration of the importance of this check, because "if a single clerk received the prescription, prepared the capsules and delivered them it might readily have been claimed by the defense that a mistake had been made by the druggist. As it was, the druggist was able to go on the stand and testify that an assistant had also read the prescription and seen the amount of morphine which it called for properly weighed and dispensed."

The little island of Navassa, which lies in the Caribbean Sea, about thirty miles from Haiti, is of small account in itself and geographically considered; which is probably the reason why its acquisition as part of the United States territory by the mere act of Presidential recognition, as very briefly announced in one of President Hayes's messages, attracted little public attention at the time. Latterly the island has been chiefly notable as the scene of a riotous outbreak by laborers in 1889. Commercially its only value is in its rich phosphate deposit. In a diplomatic sense, however, its acquisition may easily prove to have been an event of utmost importance, since it has given the United States a foothold in the West Indies—a most desirable section of the globe, at times, in order to have a stopping place.

THE LADY OF TEARS.

Through valley and hamlet and city, Wherever humanity dwells, With a heart too full of infinite pity, A breast that with sympathy swells, She walks in her beauty immortal, East household grows as she nears, But she crosses at length every portal, The mystical Lady of Tears. If never this vision of sorrow Has shadowed your life in the past, You will meet her, I know, some tomorrow— She visits all heartbreakers at last, To hotel, and cottage, and palace, To servant and king she appears, And offers the gift of her challenge— The unwelcome Lady of Tears. To the eyes that have smiled but in gladness To the souls that have basked in the sun, She seems in her garments of sadness A creature to dread and to shun. And lips that have drunk but of pleasure Grow pallid and tremble with fears, As she portions the gall from her measure, The merciless Lady of Tears. But in midnight, lone hearts that are break in light, With the agonized numbness of grief, Are saved from the torture of breaking, By her bitter sweet draught of relief. Oh, then do all graces unfold her; Like a goddess she looks and appears, And the eyes overflow that behold her— The beautiful Lady of Tears. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DELIVERED FROM EVIL.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAYES.

"Supper ready, Naomi!" "No, it ain't!" David Pole had brought with him a breath of the cold outside air into the room where his sister was ironing. The young people were alike—tall, well-shaped, swarthy-complexioned, with regular features, and large, gipsy-black eyes, where the jetty lights seemed to swim at every breath.

A very old woman, cowering over the stove, had the same strange eyes, although her hair, under its close-frilled cap, was bleached snow white, and her skin was the color of old parchment. "What ye got?" the crone demanded, as young Pole flung a bunch of birds on the table. "Something for breakfast, granny," said he. "I've been hunting in Callet Woods. Not much luck, the igh. I say, Naomi, I wish you'd hurry up supper."

"What for? It ain't supper time yet, and I've got all the towels to do yet." "Oh, bother the towels! I want to go over to Skene's Corners to-night and see Miss Stuart's new piano!" "Humph!" Naomi ironed away with redoubled zeal. "Miss Stuart's new piano, indeed! I wish Miss Stuart was further, and her new piano, too! But you're like all the rest, Dave—a new-fangled turns your head. Hattie Holt and her poor little parlor organ ain't much account now."

"Eh! What ye talkin' 'bout. Who's Miss Stuart? Is Hattie Holt's organ out o' tune ag'in?" crooned out the old woman by the fire. "Granny don't know," said Naomi. "I guess she's the only one that don't. Miss Stuart, granny? Why, she's the latest fashion at Skene's Corners. She's the new schoolma'am. Ask our Dave if you want to know all about her. Ask any of the young fellers!" "Ask John Classon!" added David, angrily. "Naomi's jealous—that's what ails Naomi."

Naomi compressed her full red lips and ironed resolutely on. The old grandmother fell into a sort of doze and nodded over the stove. David Pole took the lantern down from its nail against the chimney-piece. "If I can't get my supper here," said he, "I'll get it over to Classon's. I'll look after the cattle first." "You'll get it here if you wait till supper time!" sharply spoke Naomi. "I don't choose to wait." "Then don't." David Pole bit his lip. "An' I'll take care to let John Classon know what a sweet tempered sister I've got," said he. "John Classon nothing to me," retorted Naomi. "And never will be, I guess."

Naomi uttered a vexed exclamation—her over-heated iron had left its triangular impress on a fringed, red-bordered towel. "Somethin's burnin'!" squeaked granny, starting from her doze. "And in a moment David was gone. "He can do as he pleases," thought Naomi, vindictively. "There's nothing but cold pork and pickled beets for supper, anyhow. Perhaps they'll have something better at Classon's. Mirandy's a good cook." She put the tea steeping in a little earthenware pot; she took the irons off the stove, put away the clothes horse, and began, in a spiritless way, to set the table for the evening meal. The clock had just struck six, and granny was stirring the homely brown sugar into her first cup of tea, when a gentle knock sounded on the warped panel of the outside door. Naomi rose to answer the summons. A beautiful young woman, with reddish-gold hair, large light-blue eyes and a complexion as delicate as a roseleaf, stood there, wrapped in a scarlet and black plaid shawl. "Miss Pole?" she said, hesitatingly. Naomi inclined her head stiffly. "Yes," said she, "that is my name."

"I've started out to visit a sick pup—Louisa Ledyard—and I'm afraid I've lost my way. I hadn't any idea it would grow dark so soon, and I must be back by seven o'clock, for I expect some friends to try a new piano that I have had sent me from Boston. Your brother has half promised to come, Miss Pole. Won't you accompany him?" "David ain't at home," said Naomi, with a sideways glance at the road down which her brother had strode some ago. "And I don't care nothin' about pianos." Miss Stuart colored, and shrunk back. She felt as if this hard, handsome brunette had slapped her in the face. "Perhaps, then," said she, "you can tell me the nearest way home. It's quite dark, you see, and," brushing some white, needle-like particles out of her face, "it's beginning to snow."

"Keep right along the path till you come to the old stone tavern," said Naomi, indifferently. "Then turn to the right, and it ain't more'n half a mile, or maybe three-quarters!" The bright-tressed girl still lingered on the doorstep. "I am not very well acquainted with the roads around here," said she. "If you could send a boy to show me?" "We don't keep no boy," said Naomi. "And we've no one to send." Agniss Naomi recoiled. "Good-evening!" she said, gently. "Good-evening!" And Naomi banged the door shut. As she sat eating her supper, and helping granny to fresh supplies of home-made bread and butter, a sudden thought darted into her mind.

In giving Miss Stuart the directions for finding her way back to Skene's Corners, she had forgotten the young stranger's total ignorance of the neighborhood characteristics. It was true that the regular road branched off to the right of the ruined pile which had once been an old stone tavern; but there were also a disused thoroughfare which led through a dismal swamp, toward a long abandoned stone quarry, across a rotten corduroy road, which had nearly sunk into one of these frightful, quaking bogs which sometimes appear in dense and swampy woods.

To one unaccustomed to the local topography, it might be perilously easy to stray off into the weed-grown and deserted track, especially when everything was whitened with fast falling snow. Naomi sprang up and went to the door. She looked out, with one hand held above her eyes. "Am I losing my wits?" she thought. "Of course I cannot see half a dozen rods down the road; it's dark as pitch, and snowing into the bargain. Let her go her own gait! I ain't responsible!" A sudden light blazed in her eyes, as if Satan's self had flashed a herald's shell across her soul. John Classon, her own "steady company," had been dazed—at least so spoke the tongue of popular rumor—by the glitter of Eda Stuart's sea-blue eyes. She, the late belle of Skene's Corners, was quite out of fashion now!

Eda had danced every dance at Squire Marbury's corn-husking, and Naomi had sat by among the wall-flowers, her heart swelling with secret anger. Though Naomi hated the beautiful blonde, she rose up again and reached down the lantern that David had reposed on its hook by the kitchen chimney. "Granny," said she to the dozing old woman, "I'm going out a few minutes." "Eh! What?" shrilly questioned granny. "Be you a-goin' to see the new forte-piano? B you bewitched arter the new schoolma'am, too?" Naomi made no reply. She lighted the lantern, bunched a shawl around her head, and rushed out into the frozen darkness.

It was snowing hard now; the wind rattled the pine trees with a mournful sound, and had nearly blown out the faint beacon of Naomi's lantern until she sheltered it with her shawl. She gained some distance by climbing nimbly over a stone wall and traversing a stubby meadow, instead of following the windings of the road, and presently arrived, panting for breath, at the ruined stone tavern. She held the lantern high above her head and looked around. Nobody was visible. She called aloud, "Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!" No answer came. For one second she hesitated; then, changing the lantern from one hand to the other, she started on a run down the disused track until she came to the spot where here and there a partially submerged log betokened the former traces of the corduroy road. Was that something white that moved against the dazzling whiteness of the storm?

Once more Naomi called: "Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!" "Oh, is that you? Do come here and help me!" a terrified voice answered. "I stepped on a broken log, and I think the ground must be swampy here; the log seems to be sinking in. But I've got tight hold of a young larch tree." Naomi sprang to the rescue. Eda had already set her feet upon the doomed spot. In another moment the rescue would have been too late! With a strength at which she herself afterward marveled, Naomi seized Eda around the waist and lifted her out of the morass. "Do you know," she gasped, "that you have been standing face to face with death? Do you know that you have wandered out of the road into the Shaking Bogs?" Eda's face, in the glimmer of the lamp-light, was very white. "And you have saved me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I ever find words to thank you?" "Never mind that now," said Naomi, in the old, brusque way. "Let us make haste back to Skene's Corners. It's snowing faster every moment, and your feet are wet in that awful morass. Look. Here's where you missed the right road. Of course you couldn't be expected to know that this old track was closed up long ago, and I didn't remember to tell you. There are the lights of Skene's

Corners now. Can you see them glistening through the snow flurries?" "But you are coming with me?" "No, I must hurry back to granny. But"—she hesitated and flushed deeply—"you will kiss me just once to—show—that we are friends?" By way of answer, Eda flung both her arms around Naomi Pole's neck and showered a score of fragrant kisses on her cheeks, lips and brow. "Friends," she cried, passionately, "forever!" "It's high time you were here, Naomi," petulantly uttered old Granny Pole, as she saw John Classon bus a settin' half an hour before the fire, waitin' for you to come back!" John Classon colored a little as he held out his broad, unbrowned hand to Naomi. "You see," said he, "Dave came over to our house to see my Cousin Hattie, and I thought it would be a good chance to tell you what I've wanted to tell you so long. Can't you guess what it is, Naomi?"

It was late when Dave came home. Grandpa Pole had long been abed and asleep, but Naomi sat before the dying fire, thinking. "Hullo, Naomi! you up?" "Dave's off-hand greeting. 'I've got news for you. I've engaged myself to Hattie Holt, and if the crops turn out good next year, my wife shall have as good a piano as Miss Edith Stuart!" Naomi held out her hand; the limpid blue deeps sparkled in her eyes. "I'm awful glad, Dave," said she. "I'm sorry I was so cross with you to-night; but my heart was so sore. I thought Miss Stuart had charmed John Classon's total ignorance of the neighborhood characteristics."

"He has never thought twice of her, Dave," spoke up the exultant girl. "He cared for me, and me only, and to-night he asked me to be his wife." The brother and sister talked late and lovingly together, while the clock ticked behind its screen of asparagus, and the snow built up feathery barricades against the outside of the window panes; and when Naomi laid her head on the pillow her last thought was that of gratitude that she had listened to the trumpet call of conscience and hastened to Eda Stuart's rescue. "For after all," pondered Naomi, "she was no rival of mine, and—and I think it's likely I shall be married before she is."

And as she repeated her prayers, one phrase lingered sweetly in her drifting dreams: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"—Saturday Night.

For Patty and Polly.

When Washington returned to Philadelphia after his trip to the East, in 1789, he stopped at Uxbridge, Mass., and was entertained at the home of Samuel Taft. The old homestead, with the great oak before the door, remains yet in possession of the family, preserved in commemoration of the distinguished visitor. Washington was so well pleased with his reception and entertainment at Uxbridge that he wrote the following letter to Mr. Taft, which is carefully preserved in the family.

"HARTFORD, Nov. 8, 1790. "Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family name, I send you, in token of my very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other way more agreeable to herself. "I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even of its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the child, and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who, I dare say, is equal to it, write me a line, informing me thereof, directed to the President of the United States, at New York. I wish you and your family well, and am, your humble servant, G. WASHINGTON."

Something About Cocoa.

All over the civilized world people drink cocoa, and yet few, I venture to say, writes Faunie B. Ward, know how it is made. On a scraggly bush that looks like underbrush the long bean-like green pods grow that contain the "nuts" from which cocoa is made. These kernels resemble in size and general appearance the kernel of an almond. They are first spread out in the sun to dry, where they are raked over and over by barefooted colored girls that walk over them with utter disregard to their future use as a beverage on an English or American breakfast table. After it is well sun-dried it is put up by the bushel in coffee bags and shipped all over the world. The after process of making it palatable consists merely in searching it brown in an oven, grinding it and mixing it with some substance that will allow it to be worked into a milk. 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