

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENTS

One Square, one inch, one insertion	\$1.00
One Square, one inch, one month	10.00
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One Square, one inch, one year	100.00
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Quarter Column, one year	50.00
Half Column, one year	100.00
One Column, one year	150.00

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.

It is estimated that about 30,000 horses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Home Rule agitator, urges the Imperial Government to loan, at low interest, \$50,000,000 to the Canadian Dominion for the advancement of immigration in the Northwest.

In New York State during 1891 the deaths by consumption were 15,445, as compared with 13,831 in 1890. This is equivalent to 109 deaths in 1000 deaths from all causes, a ratio decidedly lower than was observed during the last quinquennium. The ratio has been known (in 1886) to arise to 137 in a thousand deaths.

A bureau of press clippings in London has received the royal "command" to furnish twenty distinct sets of newspaper cuttings from every periodical in the world, so far as obtainable, referring to the death of Prince Albert Victor. The sets are to be pasted each in a separate album. The section devoted to American clippings should make a very edifying collection, in the opinion of the Chicago Herald, if the bureau is faithful in obeying the command.

Professor McCook, of Hartford, Conn., finds in his investigation of the tramp nuisance that of 1295 cases coming under his notice, fifty-six per cent. were American born, while but about ten per cent. were unable to read or write. Of 1314 tramps, 459, says the professor, claimed to be strictly temperate in their use of alcoholic drinks, while thirty of them boldly declared themselves as total abstainers. It is more likely that the only really temperate ones of the 1300 and odd were the thirty who never touched a drop.

Says the Baltimore Sun: The great increase of insanity in the United States, an increase far in excess of the increase of population, is justly attracting attention. An illustration of this increase is given in the statistical tables of the New York Board of Charities, which has just been reported to the State Legislature. The figures show that the number of insane patients in New York asylums has increased from 9537, in 1850, to 16,617, in 1891. It is further estimated that counting the insane not in the asylums the total number in the State will reach 20,000.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people, remarks the Boston Transcript. For instance, there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing coconut trees; there are more than a quarter of a million olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana plants, 290,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21,000,000 pineapples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly \$21,000,000.

Walnut lumber as a commercial quantity in the lumber trade is almost a thing of the past, said a prominent local dealer to the Man About Town of the St. Louis Republic the other day. "It is not because there is any real scarcity in the supply of timber from which walnut lumber may be made, but from the fact that the craze for walnut furniture has died out entirely or nearly so. Oak, ash and maple have taken its place, principally oak. The craze for all sorts of furniture in the latter timber is causing a wholesale onslaught on the best timbers in the country, and has run the prices of first and second grades way up. A few years more of the craze for oak will exhaust the supply of best grades and then some other wood will become the fashion."

Says the New York Sun: The magnetic needle has been acting in a very erratic manner recently in some parts of France and Scotland, where its declination now is twenty to twenty-five minutes greater than it was a few months ago, though no change has occurred in the adjacent regions. Scientific men do not know how to account for this magnetic anomaly, unless it indicates that metal-bearing rocks in the depths of the earth have been displaced by some profound geological disturbance, which is made apparent at the surface by these unusual vagaries of the needle. The theory was long ago advanced that terrestrial magnetism, if we could read it aright, would explain what is going on in the bowels of the earth; and in the connection that the geologists are disposed to trace between this recent magnetic disturbance and subterranean geology we have another illustration of the sciences, a great truth to which Wallace called attention so vividly when he based conclusions relating to prehistoric geological changes upon the present distribution of faunas in the Malay archipelago.

A SPRINGTIME IDYL.

The bluebirds they are calling,
The robin plumes his wing,
The snow-birds are falling
Upon the feet of spring,
Sing soft, oh Southland,
Over hamlet, farm and town;
Inevitably the Northland,
Surround the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

The wren wags from sleeping,
They're getting out of bed,
And thro' the cold turf peeping
The crows show her head.
Arise, oh Southland,
Blow soft, oh Southland,
Over dingle, dell and down;
Go food the Northland,
Dissolve the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

Go sound the cow-bell loudly;
Wake feather, fur and fin.
My brothers, sing proudly
The splendid spring comes in.
All hail, oh Southland,
Come soon, oh Southland,
And green the hills of brown;
Invade the Northland,
Go waste the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.
—Dundas (Cast side) Banner.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY BELLE MOSES.

ILES around Briar Lodge the snow lay heaped, deeper there than about the other villas, which were built on elevated ground, while Briar Lodge nestled in a hollow. But if the two inmates of this abode were snow-bound, that fact troubled them little. They were all in to each other, this mother and daughter, whose kingdom was their home, so they could afford to laugh at the vagaries of the weather.

They were very companionable; for whether through the influence of Mildred Vicars's beautiful flow of spirits, or the still unquenched fire of the mother's youth, the years had passed lightly over the older woman's head. Her figure still retained its graceful outline, her soft skin was uncrinkled, her glossy black hair scarcely showed a silver thread. A woman, one could see, who had carefully husbanded the best years of her life, so now at the harvest-time there were no disappointing tares among the golden grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and the daughter in that sweet first glow of youth—fair of face and joyous by nature as a girl of nineteen should be.

Briar Lodge was a fitting bower for two such charming women. It was the home of Mrs. Vicars's girlhood, where, as Madeline Hunt, she had made it the most attractive place on the hillside. The Prince came at last, invaded Briar Lodge and took Madeline captive; but he died in the flush of happiness. Little Mildred gave warmth to her mother's life, urging her to cast off the blighting influence of her sorrow; and Madeline's nature blossomed afresh, all the better and stronger for its crucial test. Though many of the old suitors again surrounded her, the beautiful lonely woman only twined her affections more closely about her little daughter.

After a longer stay than usual, the snow was beginning to melt, and one bright afternoon Mildred Vicars armed herself with a light snow shovel, and sallied forth to aid the sun in his work. From beneath her jaunty seal-skin cap her bright face glowed with the stirring exercise, and snatches of song rose to her lips, floating on the clear thin air down among the frozen hollows and out upon the broad stretch of meadowland. Her eyes were often turned in this direction, until a certain dark spot on the horizon took a more definite shape. Then the color deepened in her cheeks, and she beat her voluntary labor as if her daily bread depended upon it. Nearer and nearer came the hurrying figure of a young man, whose steps were bearing directly down upon Briar Lodge. Reaching the prickly hedge he called softly, "Mildred! Mildred!"

The girl dropped her shovel and turned quickly around, meeting a pair of ardent eyes that caused her own to fall in some confusion.

"I—I am glad to see you home, Herbert. When did you arrive? As she spoke she came slowly up to the hedge that divided them, and reached over her little gloved hand in greeting to the newcomer, who caught and kissed it passionately before he released it.

"Didn't you know I was coming to-day?" he asked reproachfully. "I am sure you expected me, Mildred. Answer me truly. I cannot believe that you have forgotten."

"Forgotten! Oh, no!" returned Mildred quickly. "I thought—I imagined—well if you must have it—I did look for you to-day."

Herbert Overton's face grew radiant.

"Have you no warmer welcome for me. May I not come in?" he asked after a vain attempt to repossess himself of her hand, across the intervening barrier.

"Yes," she ventured slowly, "and—mother says you may stay to tea if you like."

There was a tremor in the soft voice; but Mildred shot a roguish look at him from under her long lashes, and the young man waited for no second bidding. Another moment and he was beside her, grasping both hands, and trying to read the pretty downcast face.

"What an I to understand by this, Mildred?" he demanded in a low, eager tone.

She did not withdraw her hands, but with an impulsive movement she nestled closer to his side, and answered almost in a whisper: "What—over you wish, dear Herbert."

Then they lost sight of time and place, and fell to planning their future, as only happy lovers can.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vicars sat alone with her thoughts, marveling at the short afternoon wore on, at the intricate weaving of circumstances which had brought these young people together. She was thankful that it was so, for it partly effaced an act of her own which had cost her many a bitter pang of self-reproach. She had once been engaged to Colonel Overton, Herbert's uncle and guardian; but with the dawn of her love for Ashley Vicars she felt that she could no longer keep her promise. He released her—it was all he could do—for her happiness was his first thought. But from that day he never set foot in Briar Lodge. He spent a good deal of his time abroad, superintending Herbert's education, but when his nephew determined to practice law in the city, he took up his residence once more in the old mansion on the brow of the hill. He had never married, and Madeline met occasionally, but beyond a grave bow on either side there was no further intercourse.

The young people, however, made up for their elders, and Madeline was glad to see the feeling that had grown between them. Not so the Colonel. He listened quietly enough, when his return that evening Herbert asked his consent to a speedy marriage with Mildred Vicars, and an unwanted flush came to his handsome face as he said:

"I am sorry for this, Herbert. Had you confided to me sooner I might have spared you much pain. Such a thing could not be thought of, and let me advise you, my boy, to go back to the city. The only hope for your peace of mind is to root out this unfortunate love."

Herbert looked flushed and indignant. "I do not wish to root it out, uncle, you do not know Mildred. She is truth and sweetness itself."

"The girl is like her mother," answered Colonel Overton; "she loves you now—at least, she thinks she does; but let a handsomer man appeal to her fancy, and her over-tender conscience will blight your happiness. Withdrew before it was too late."

"It is too late now," burst out Herbert vehemently. "I cannot understand your prejudice against Mildred."

"I have no prejudice against the young lady. I do not know her," answered the Colonel. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I am the last person to oppose a true love match, Herbert; besides I should think that opposition only adds fuel to the flame. But this much I ask of you—leave things as they are for awhile. You are both young, and can wait. Go back to the city and your work, and if in the end I find that I can give my full and free consent I will send for you."

"Yes—but," began Herbert.

Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as he laid a hand on his nephew's shoulder. "I know what you would say, Herbert. You are of age and quite your own master, fully capable of controlling your own affairs; but I deserve from you some slight consideration after years of faithful guardianship. The same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses through yours, and I will not have its warmth chilled if I can help it. Can you trust me for awhile?"

There was a short struggle, then Herbert held out his hand.

"I owe you too much, uncle, to refuse such a request," he said, in a trembling voice.

Colonel Overton grasped the proffered hand, then went slowly and thoughtfully from the room.

Just as sunset the following day another figure made its way across the meadow toward Briar Lodge—a taller, stouter figure than Herbert's. It was the Colonel himself. It was over twenty years since he had taken that walk, and he hesitated now—almost afraid to stir the slumbering passion of his youth. He had fought a long, hard battle, and if he had not been victorious, he had at least retreated with flying colors. Why should he jeopardize the little that remained of his future for the sake of Herbert's happiness? The thoughtless boy might be grateful to him for an hour, and then he would live his life alone; for Madeline's daughter should not haunt him always with her presence. That would be too much. At fifty, when the sun of youth is forever set, and the twilight shadows creep on apace, he should have peace, undisturbed by the gnawing of a pain which he thought dead.

But as he strode along, his fine figure alert with graceful, easy motion, and an eager look in his dark eyes, one might almost have fancied that the years which had silvered his hair had done no further damage. And he was himself surprised to find his heart beating with the old impatient throbbing, as he traversed the well remembered path.

The sun had vanished behind the hill, leaving a misty pink trail, when at last Colonel Overton passed up the pretty walk which led to Briar Lodge.

How strangely familiar everything looked without. The garden still preserved the same trim aspect, but as he was admitted he noticed at once the subtle change that pervaded each nook and corner.

A blaring log fire cast grotesque lights over the room into which Colonel Overton was ushered, and he stood on the hearth preparing himself for an interview which would surely be a painful one to both.

How would she meet him? With the same unembarrassed calmness that had so often wounded him? His conjectures came to a sudden halt, for Madeline had entered quietly, and now stood before him with outstretched hand and a faint smile hovering on her lips, which trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"You are welcome, Greville," she said, using unconsciously the familiar name, and as the Colonel took her hand and looked into the sweet, unaltered face, he felt a strange, wild impulse to take her in his arms and forget the intervening years.

Somehow at the sight of him a crowd of tender memories swept over the sleeping heart of Madeline Vicars. A feeling deeper than friendship made the blood mount slowly into her cheek. She withdrew her hand from his grasp, and said in a low, hurried voice, "I—I will

ring for lights. It is very gloomy here."

"Oh, no," answered the Colonel quickly; "I will not detain you long. Surely, after all these years, you cannot deny me a few moments."

"I have never done that."

"True," he interrupted. "It was voluntary banishment. I was afraid to come here, Madeline. I am afraid to be here now, but that necessity forces me."

"You speak of the children?" she questioned.

"I speak of your daughter and my nephew, who have most unfortunately formed an attachment for each other."

"Unfortunately?"

"Yes, I am unfortunately, for you know from experience how it may end. I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted as mine was. He is young, ambitious and clever. I have great hopes of him."

The tears slowly filled Mrs. Vicars's beautiful eyes. "You are hard," she murmured. "I thought—I thought—"

She paused. "Mildred's happiness is even dearer to me. She loves your nephew truly, and perhaps, Greville, their marriage may—may bridge over the gulf between us. We may be friends once more."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her hands, and Colonel Overton saw a few bright tears trembling on her lashes.

"You mean well, Madeline," he answered quietly, "but though we are past the turning point in our lives, the even flow of friendship can never exist between us. As for Mildred—she is young—she has seen nothing of the world. There may be some other who may touch her heart more deeply—I have known such cases—and then Herbert's happiness will be wrecked."

Madeline was weeping bitterly; but Colonel Overton continued: "I do not mean to reproach you. Your course was better than deception; but I will protect Herbert to the best of my ability."

"And Mildred—poor little Mildred—is she to suffer too?"

Madeline rose from her chair, and coming close to him laid a beseeching hand upon his arm. The Colonel seized it, and fixed his passionate, pleading eyes upon her.

"Madeline, Madeline! you try me past my strength. Did you think of my feelings when you told me the cruel truth years ago, and now am I required to make still greater sacrifices? Even if I should turn out happily, do you think that it would cause me no pang to see Mildred—your very image—fitting about the old place which has known no gentle presence since you refused to enter it? Would you force me into exile again? Madeline, I am too old—leave me my solitary hearth, where I may spend a few peaceful twilight hours."

"Mildred could make them much happier for you," pleaded Mildred's mother.

"Never!" he said with sudden fire. "There is but one way of happiness for all. I am mad to dream of such a thing, for when I gave you up, Madeline, I swore I would never approach you again. I shall keep my vow. But if you truly wish to mend the breach between us, then it is your place to seek me—not for Mildred's sake, nor Herbert's, nor even mine, but at the bidding of your own heart and desire."

He gently disengaged her clinging hand, and left her to ponder his words. So while Mildred sang in the joy of her heart, Madeline went about her accustomed duties, dazed and bewildered. When the twilight came that meant so much to her, she could bear it no longer; she left the lovers to their dreams, and secretly giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the meadow, halting at last at the familiar gate. The spirit of the place was dead—the serene old gentleman who had brightened the homestead for her children.

The front door stood ajar, so Madeline slipped in, and guided by the lobby's cushions, found her way to the library. This door was closed; she turned the handle softly, and entered unobserved by the lonely occupant.

The room lay deep in shadow, the glow of the fire was subdued and still, and the sight of the solitary man before him, buried in his own thoughts, unconscious of her presence, touched the tender chords of heart. She heard him sigh once, as he moved slantly toward him in the gathering gloom. She paused behind his chair, and summing up all her courage, laid a timid hand upon his head.

"Greville, I have come," she whispered.

He did not start, nor even turn, but he reached up and drew her gently around in front of him, without a word. She crept into his embrace, and there another sweet and solemn secret was told in the twilight.—Times-Democrat.

The Biggest Kite Ever Made.

The biggest kite in the world was made in Durham, Greene County, N. Y., about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made.

The frame consisted of two main sticks twenty-eight feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks twenty feet long, each weighing seventy-five pounds each; all of these sticks were 2 1/2 inches in dimensions.

Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck, 25x18 feet, and weighing fifty-five pounds; the tail of the kite alone weighed fifty pounds, and contained 150 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of a half-inch rope served as "kite strings."

This plaything cost \$75, and when it mounted into the air, it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1000 feet.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Quickest Yet.

A Texas doctor recently took a six hour drive with a Texas villager, who asked him a great many questions about the remedies used for certain diseases then prevailing in the locality. On the following week he had occasion to visit a neighboring village, where he found his recent companion with his shingle out as a full fledged doctor. He had graduated in that six hour ride.—Texas Sittings.

THE GREAT TULIP MANIA.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRAZE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE.

Fortunes Won and Lost. On the Pretty Flower Bulb Origin of the Spring Beauty of Our Gardens.

THAT gay flower, the tulip, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly uplifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of lowly Persia, growing there in prodigal luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulband, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles. At last in its migratory mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of "two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and even these florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of producing black tulips, but with no better success than their competitors who sought blue roses.

Tulips were introduced into Northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to seize a nation as with an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation.

The rise and fall of the tulipomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is to-day. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed, with no expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the speculation, from noblemen to turfmen. Servants, becoming suddenly rich, left their places to set up establishments for themselves. Men parted with houses, land and even clothes for bulbs. A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bite would have bankrupted the Prince of Orange and his retinue.

Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared—but the tulip had come to stay.

Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stern, joyless rule that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. The old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

But while those bright flowers blush "in gay diversities" at our feet, and make our lawns and parades brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill will allow, they have companions that follow the tulip garden's place and friends. The old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Italy is experimenting with liquid fuel for torpedo boats.

The naval ordnance smokeless powder continues to produce satisfactory results. There is a thermometer at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., which is considered worth \$10,000.

The Hollerith electrical counting apparatus has saved the census bureau \$600,000 in the expense of enumerating the population of the country.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes will turn black.

It has been found that sandstone as an engine foundation is far from perfect. The stone soon becomes saturated with oil, making it soft and easily friable.

Broommakers eye their broomcorn so green that housekeepers are afraid to break off one of the splints to test a cake with, for fear they may be poisoned with Paris-green.

To find the relative distance of the sun and stars, suppose the earth and sun but one inch apart. At the same relative distance the nearest star would be just eleven miles away.

It is said that the latest improved guns are able to give a velocity to their projectiles of 2887 feet per second, which is at the rate of 1965 miles an hour. This is the highest velocity yet recorded.

It has been found by experiments that ordinarily the blood travels from the heart through the arteries at the rate of about twelve inches a second, and through the capillaries at about 3-100 of an inch per second.

The floating fire-engine, propelled by steam, which has been lately built for the service of the prefecture of the port, says the Levant Herald, made a short trial trip in the Marmora recently. It steams twelve to thirteen miles an hour.

A new English pattern of stair tread is made of alternate strips of lead and steel, the lead furnishing foothold and the steel preventing wear. The lead is cast in grooves in a plate of steel, and it is asserted that this form of step has unusual durability, not wearing smooth even under heavy travel.

The microphone is the latest absolute test for death. Recently a St. Petersburg (Russia) woman, who was subject to fits of catalepsy, apparently ceased to breathe, and was looked upon by her friends as dead. Her medical attendant, who knew the history of the case, applied the microphones to the region over the heart, and was thus enabled to hear the faint sounds of its beats. After strenuous exertions the doctor was enabled to restore the woman to consciousness.

A new means has been found for shutting off an electrical current without injury to the dynamo when wires happen to get crossed or there is overheating from any cause. The essential parts of the apparatus are four needles so arranged that when the voltage in the wire is increased above the limit from any cause, one of the needles will emit sparks and so burn through a fine thread. This thread is connected with springs which shut off the current when the tension is broken.

THE PRINCE AND THE COOK.

The following story, which is not new, will bear retelling. During the earlier visits of the Royal family to Baltimore, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brave Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that," asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil', and turpits intil', and carrots intil', and—"

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, who had not learned that "intil'" meant "into it," expressed by the contrary intil'; but what is intil'?" "Why, there's mutton intil', and turpits intil', and carrots intil', and—"

"Yes, I see, but what is intil'?" The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied, "There's mutton intil', and turpits intil', and—"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; but what is intil'—intil'?" "Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling what's intil'?" "There's mutton intil', and—"

Here the latter was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his Royal Highness from being rapped over his head with a big spoon, in search for information from the cook.—Manchester Times.

A Boulder Rodent From the S. Kios.

Frank Newell, a cattleman of Eagle County, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, reports that a large meteor fell on the prairie the other day. It was imbedded at least twenty feet in the earth and protrudes twelve feet in the air. The meteor when seen by Newell appeared in the air like a monster ball of fire. When the earth was struck it fairly trembled, and there was a spluttering and aizzling like unto a piece of hot iron dipped into cold water. The meteoric stone was as hot as a furnace hours after it descended to the earth. Newell estimates the weight at several tons. The meteor fell about eight o'clock on the prairie near a small water course called Prick's Creek. Newell was on horseback about five hundred yards distant. His horse trembled with terror, causing him to dismount. It was not until the following morning that Newell and his neighbors could approach near the meteor, and then only to within a distance of about fifty yards.—Atlanta Constitution.

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

Some fifty years ago a very high English official died in a fortress, at a place that is one of the centers of Brahmic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the Sepoy guard at the main gate, a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindu sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.—Bombay (India) Times.

ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK.

I win the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose—
O lavish joy! O tender pain!
The very June wind blows,
And thrills me with the old refrain
Whose music my heart knows:
I win the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.

Ah, lost is all the summer's gain,
And lost my heart's repose;
And what is tears or was it rain
That wet the season's loss?
The winter suns they coldly wane,
White fall the winter snows;
But Love and Summer come again,
At touch of this dead rose.

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in the Century

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Out on a lark—Feathers.
"Has a settled look"—A receipted bill.
A counter-irritant—The vinegarish sneezing.
Makes little things count—The teacher of the smallest class in arithmetic.
It is sometimes hard to tell where business sagacity leaves off and downright rascality begins.—Texas Sittings.

The mother huts for bargains.
And the father handles books,
But the babies in the cradle,
Are the ones that get the "books."

A woman is never so likely to be mistaken at any other time as she is when she is "perfectly sure."—Somerville Journal.

There are twin brothers in Brixton so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.—Tid Bits.

Gummy—"Now that is what I call a taking picture." Gladders—"Yes; it's a painting of a pickpocket at work."—Detroit Free Press.

Ho (at the dinner table to young wife)
—"My dear wife, I begin to think that there are a few misprints in your cookery book."—La Tribune.

Lady (to her legal friend)—"You won't charge for a question, I hope?" Lawyer—"Oh, no; only for the answer."—Szigende Blaetter.

"I wouldn't marry the best man in creation," said Estelle. "That lets me out," said Chapple. "Farwell forever."—New York Herald.

"Mainly in the toughest paper known, I believe," said Wickwire, incidentally. "Say," queried Madge, "where can I get a copy?"—"Indianapolis Journal."

Ike, Jr.—"What are you smiling about, mother?" Mrs. Partington's Niece—"I'm reading a funny story and have just got to the smilax."—Buffalo Express.

"Sweet, my son; 'tis late," said her. "She did not mean or shiver." But, looking at him smilingly. "Said: 'Better late than never.'"—Chicago Sun.

Teacher—"How many scruples are there in a dram?" Dick Hicks—"Supposed to be three, but most druggists sell 'em without any."—New York Herald.

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Parvett, bidding good night to her guests after the reception, "that the storm kept all our best people away!"—Boston Herald.

Visitor—"Do life prisoners survive very long?" Keeper—"Only those whose sentences were commuted because they had but a short time to live."—New York Sun.

"Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear." "Oh; and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Brooklyn Life.

Jack—"She is not generally considered a belle, and yet I have seen her look killing." Charlie—"Indeed! When was that?" Jack—"At a ball once when I trod upon her train."—Kato Field's Washington.

Editor (of monthly magazine, after reading the manuscript)—"Your poem, sir, has great literary merit." A author of Poem (in a voice of agony)—"Then of course you can't use it!"—Chicago Tribune.

How we do laugh over the pictures we had taken when we were young! By the way, wonder what we would have thought in early life could we have seen the photographs we have had taken since we reached middle life!—Boston Transcript.

A teacher of natural philosophy once asked the bright boy of the class how many kinds of force there were, and was astonished to receive the following reply: "Three, my man. Mental force, physical force and police force."—Pharmaceutical Era.

"What book is that you are reading?" asked Mrs. Bangs of her husband. "It's a book on tree culture, my dear." "You don't want to know anything on that subject, do you?" "Yes; I want to learn how to raise an ambush."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Bank Clerk—"It's a shame, the way some men rob their employers by loading when they're paid to work. There's a bricklayer that now 's building across the street who hasn't done a stroke for an hour—I know it because I've done nothing but watch him."—Kato Field's Washington.

Shamrock and Clover.

There is a prevalent notion that the shamrock is nothing but clover. Indeed, many Irish people will show you clover and tell you that it is the shamrock. But, according to the best authorities, the true shamrock is the oxalis, not the trifolium repens. All the Irish flags which bear the shamrock represent the former plant, which is different from the other in this: Clover leaves spring in a bunch from a common root; shamrock leaves spring in alternating order from either side of a stem which creeps close to the ground. The leaves are smaller than those of the clover plant, more delicate, and the plant is, as compared with clover, very rare.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.