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Illinois farmers are emigrating to northern Iowa and southern Minnesota.

The discovery is made that the Alaska soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to hop-raising.

The Swiss have done the least fighting this century, and their only important outbreaks have been more of a civil than a military character.

In the event of war Russia could show an army of 1,800,000 men, besides Cossacks; France, on a war footing, an army of 2,800,000; Germany, an army of 2,301,000 under twelve years' service.

Ross Winans, the Maryland millionaire, whose deer forests in Scotland already extend from sea to sea, has just bought more property there. The British press complains about the "land grabbing" propensities of Americans.

It is believed that fully twenty-five per cent. of the population of the Argentine Republic at the present time consists of European settlers, most of whom—now that the undesirable ones have been compelled to leave—are well established and have all their interests identical with the country.

A military map has been published in Vienna, Austria, showing the relative strength of Russia and England and Asia. Russia is represented as having 200,000 infantry and 38,000 cavalry with which to threaten northern India. To this force England is able to oppose, at most, 100,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry.

The prospects of the Chinese tea trade continue to grow more gloomy, says London Figaro. At a general meeting of tea men recently held in one of the Foochow districts, it was stated that during the last five years, the hundred and eighty houses engaged in the business lost over \$2,000,000. More than half of these decided not to go on risking their capital, and are therefore retiring. It is believed that the foreign merchants will benefit by the reduced competition.

Mr. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," in Scribner's Magazine asserts that the lack of small parks and playgrounds in the tenement-house district of New York, and the consequent perpetual tussles between the children, at harmless play in the street, and the police, are the chief forces in the development of the "tough." The germ of the gangs, he says, that terrorize whole sections of the city at intervals, and feed our courts and jails, may, without much difficulty, be discovered in these early and rather grotesque struggles of the boys with the police.

It seems that sculptors of the rank of Anne Whitney and Harriet Hosmer decline to show their works in the Woman Building of the World's Fair, but will exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building. Their idea is, of course, explains the New York Sun, that there is no sex in art, and that competition in their profession has not been with woman, but as members of the commonwealth of art—past and present. This view of the subject is one that the women commissioners will have some trouble to counteract in order to preserve the women's department from taking on the aspect of an colossal county fair.

One of the features of that World's Fair at Chicago will be a Religious Congress in which not only all branches of the Christian Church are to come together—Catholics from everywhere, Protestants of all denominations, Holy Orthodox Greeks from Constantinople and Alexandria and Moscow, Copts and Armenians and members of the other Oriental churches—but also Jewish rabbis, representatives of Buddhism from India and Japan, Confucian teachers from China, and Mohammedan doctors from Cairo. According to the Review of Reviews, the Congress is to seek for the things that are common in the faith and philosophy of all the great cults of the civilized world, and to promote harmony and good understanding.

One of the curiosities of French legislation was brought to public notice by a recent incident in the Riviera. An Englishman, who rented a cottage there on the seashore, directed his servant the other day to bring him a pailful or two of sea water for his bath. The servant informed him that it was against the law, and if done without the special permission of the civil authorities would subject him to various pains and penalties. He investigated the matter, and found that the permission was not easy to obtain, and was only granted on his making affidavit that the water was to be used for no culinary purposes, and was not to be boiled down for the salt. Nobody can have salt in France, even from the sea, without paying the Government for it.

COLUMBUS

Columbus was, they tell us now, a man of flaw and fleck—A man who steered a pirate prow, And trod a slaver's deck; In narrow, bigot blindness curbed, Cruel and vain was he—To such was given to lift a word From out the darkened sea.

AT SKELETON GRANGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

HE driver stood at the door of the coach, a leather memorandum book in one hand, a stumpy lead pencil in the other.

"The Abbey Arms—little boy to be left at Doctor Stokum's school—and you, miss" (with a nod at me), "for Skeleton Grange!"

"Skeleton Grange!" I cried, with a start that knocked the camphor bottle from the hand of my neighbor and seriously incommoded the fat gentleman in the opposite corner.

"For, you see, I was only eighteen, and I was going to my first situation, as reader and companion to Mrs. Pinkney, of the Grange, near Port Kent, on Lake Champlain."

It was necessary for some of us to earn our own bread, as my mother's little school had not proved a success, and both Elaine and Emily were younger and more timid than I was.

The preliminary arrangements had all been transacted through a mutual accommodation bureau in New York. I had been given to understand by the lady in charge that my position would be very desirable, if I could be sufficiently fortunate to suit the fancy of Mrs. Pinkney, who was an elderly lady of excellent means and some eccentricity.

Well, here I was at last, on route for the Grange, my railway novel read to the last page, the contents of my lunch basket all eaten, and a crimson stain flooding the beautiful surface of Lake Champlain with the loveliest of glows, and just as I was admiring the red-tiled roofs of a long, low house, embowered in elms and beeches, the stage came to a stop, and the driver bawled out:

"Passengers for Skeleton Grange—my insignificant little trunk was lifted down, a bell in the stone gate-post was violently rung, and I stood knee-deep in tall, flowering grasses, looking forlornly after the disappearing coach, as the eyes of a shipwrecked mariner might follow the vanishing masts of some retreating vessel which bears heart and hope away with it.

"Is this the Grange? Is Mrs. Pinkney at home? I am Miss Carrick, the companion, from New York, please!"

I faltered out the words in a sort of terror, induced by the sudden and startling appearance of a little old woman, in a black silk quilted hood and cloak, who had hobbled out of the house by the aid of a knotted stick and unlocked the gate with a shining brass key.

She nodded her head to my interrogatories and favored me with a long stare in answer to my last statement.

Then, stooping to lift one end of my trunk, she said, briskly:

"Can ee lift 'other end yourself? Ee ain't no menfolk about place an' I ain't overly strong myself."

I obeyed with alacrity, being young and vigorous, and the trunk not especially heavy, and thus I made my appearance before a tall, spare woman of sixty, with a dress of lustreless black silk, glittering gold eye-glasses, and a fine Roman profile, who stood on an Eastern rug before a blazing wood fire.

The walls were covered with old ancestral portraits, whose steady stare added to my confusion; every nook and corner was crowded full of Chinese drapery, Chippendale cabinets, old china on brackets, and grotesquely-embroidered screens.

selves warm, while Mrs. Pinkney related to me in apologetic whispers the history of her grandfather, Squire Skellington, william of Wales, who had built this venerable mansion, apparently without the slightest reference to the modern fashions of drainage and ventilation.

"He was a man of unusually strong mind," said Mrs. Pinkney, "and to show his scorn of popular opinion he built the house on the site of a former graveyard, which partly accounts for the way people have of calling it 'Skeleton Grange,' instead of using the proper appellation. I hope, Miss Carrick," with a sudden pause in the stream of words, "that you are not superstitious?"

"Oh, not at all!" said I, with chattering teeth and ashy-white face.

"You old goose," said Mrs. Pinkney, with a superior smile. "All the bodies were taken away years before my grandfather built the house, and re-interred beside Saint Sulpician's Church, three miles down the lake."

"The composition of a really popular song, one that catches the fancy of the masses, is a feat that is governed more by luck than knowledge," recently remarked a well-known music publisher.

"From a literary point of view the majority of successes in this line are atrocious, while their sentiment—if they are of the sentimental order—is generally inclined to be both insipid and mawkish."

"The well-written piece of verse, containing an unconventional sentimental idea, would have about one chance in a thousand to succeed. The quality of the entire composition must be moderately bad, viewed from a high-class standpoint, but exactly how bad only the fates can decide."

"In comic songs that catch on original ideas are absolutely necessary, though any humorous ballad in which the characters are knocked down and dragged out with great frequency appeals strongly to the popular fancy."

"Down West McGinty" and "Throw Him Down, McCloskey" are beautiful examples of this type.

"Some song writers make a great deal of money from their compositions. The author of 'In the Gloaming' raked in about \$15,000 from it, but the greater number do not realize much from their work."

"But it is like gambling in a way, and the knowledge that some day they may stumble on a song that will bring them fortune if not fame—for nobody ever remembers the author of a popular song—keeps them at it. And it's almost a certainty that they'll never be able to repeat their first success."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Ramrod Through the Brain. An Australian journal gives the following case, which is nearly as remarkable as the crowbar accident to Mr. Phineas Gage: "Robert Campbell, a young man connected with the Postal Department, was admitted to the Melbourne Hospital with a pistol ramrod through his brain."

The story of the accident is that Campbell was out shooting with a muzzle-loading pistol. While he was ramming home the charge the weapon exploded, and the ramrod, which was composed of fencing wire, with a lead plug at the end, made by the victim, was sent through his cheek across the eye and came out at the top of his head.

Dr. Harris stated that when the man was admitted to the hospital it was found that the ramrod had passed through his cheek, on the left side of the nose, into the infraorbital plate of the superior maxilla, right through the eye, going in its course through the superior orbital plate of the frontal bone, the brain, and coming out at the top of the skull, about the middle of the internal portion of the parietal bone. The wire portion of the ramrod was sticking out of the skull about six inches.

Dr. Charles Ryan, assisted by Dr. Harris, trephined the skull, having first cut out the wire. When the bone was removed the leaden ball came with it, and the eye, which had been completely destroyed, was taken out. Antiseptic lotion was then syringed through the eye socket, along the course the ramrod had taken, and in this means the wound was washed. Campbell is now convalescent.—Medical Record.

What Millstones Are Made Of. All the millstones used in the United States formerly came from France, where they were made of a silicious rock found in great blocks near Paris. The stone is mostly quartz, but has a regular cellular structure, is extremely hard and compact, and of all shades of color, from a whitish gray to a dark blue. A number of years ago, however, an excellent substitute was found in America, in the bluish-stone of Northwest Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. Where millstones are employed at all this is now the favorite rock, and it answers the purpose so well that there is no need of any miller going abroad for his millstones.

A Fashionable Fuel. A fashionable fuel—for what is there now-a-days that has not grades of elegance—is the "spectrum wood" of the drawing room hearth. This is fireplace lengths of the timbers of old whaling vessels which, seasoned by many a voyage and saturated with accumulated drippings of whale oil, offer a beautiful blaze as they burn themselves out on glittering andros.

As the supply is to some extent limited, and as it cannot be manufactured in a day, but must accrue with the years, it is likely to be kept sufficiently rare to retain its exclusive, and consequently choicest and fashionable characteristic.—New York Times.

A Horse Can Eat All Day. A prominent horseman says that a horse can conveniently eat twenty-four hours every day, the reason being that "its stomach is really small in proportion to the size of its body, and, therefore, it requires feeding often, not less than four times a day, two of which should be early in the morning and at night, while hay in its stall should be always within its reach."—Piscayue.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pearls from Ceylon will be scarce this year. Violent storms have washed away all the oysters from the famous banks, so that the annual fishery must be abandoned.

An attempt has lately been made to cultivate oysters in the Baltic. Last summer 50,000 were transplanted from the North Sea, but the experiment has been a failure.

The brain of Schneider, the Austrian assassin, who murdered eight servant girls, was shown by the post mortem examination to be affected with hydrocephalus so that nearly all moral sense was gone.

The volcano of Kiluaea is very active at present. The cavity produced by the last breakdown has not filled up, but there is an active lake two or three hundred feet below the general level of the floor and a quarter of a mile in diameter.

Doctors maintain that no more favorable medium for the culture of micro-organisms can be found than warm sewage. Cases are cited in which hot water and steam introduced into old cesspools have resulted in an epidemic of diphtheria.

The installation of the multiple speed and traction system of platforms which has been in operation at the World's Fair grounds in Chicago for the past six months is now assuming a much more complete form that would seem to be indicative of success.

Dr. B. W. Richardson states that he has occasionally subjected two animals of the same age, breed and condition simultaneously to the same atmosphere of chloroform and common air, and has found one dead and the other alive, and apparently free from danger.

Mr. Yarrow says that the cause of vibration in screw vessels when running in smooth water with their propellers well immersed is mainly due to the forces produced by the unbalanced moving parts of the machinery, such as pistons, piston rods, valves, gear, etc.

The famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral is the only timepiece which marks the old time in Alsace-Lorraine, now that the whole province has adopted the Greenwich meridian. Experts declare that any attempt to alter the routine of the clock would effectually disarrange the elaborate mechanism.

According to Lord Rayleigh, if the heat engines of the future are at all analogous to our present steam engines, either the water, as the substance first heated, will be replaced by a fluid of less inherent volatility, or else the volatility of the water will be restrained by the addition to it of some body held in solution.

In regard to the various processes proposed for the recovery of metallic iron from slag, a writer in London Iron remarks that, though in very many cases the slag as taken from the furnace will be found to contain a large amount of iron in a metallic state; which will repay for any moderate outlay in its recovery, an essential point is that all the work be as nearly as possible automatic.

A machine often wanted is a small, cheap and efficient water motor for driving small dynamos for laboratory or trade purposes. Such a motor is now successfully used and consists of a simple arrangement of force buckets propelled under high pressure, hose or other water supply. Inside the case is a thin drum of considerable diameter, and the circumference of which are small double buckets. The water entering by the supply pipe impinges with force on these buckets and drives the wheel with great rapidity and power.

The Famous "Unter den Linden." It is the widest street of the capital (Berlin). In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared for promenade, bounded on one side by a riding path, and upon the other by a stone-paved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Enclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. Put you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northern Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile influences of a great city, especially from the gas—always fatal to vegetation—and they are now a very shabby, mean and melancholy sight. The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beautifully shaped posts, that are really ornamental. Parallel with the outermost rows of lindens there are two more roadways, asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions—two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles, a bridge-path and a promenade.—Scribner.

The Cause of Trichinosis. The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health said the other day, in response to an inquiry as to what that Board had to state regarding the trichina case, that if people would eat raw pork they would be sick, and that since the middle of February there had been upward of fifty cases of trichinosis in Boston, with five deaths, a larger number than had ever before been reported to the Board in the past fifty years. One tenth of all the pork sold in Boston, he said, was affected. The only safety in the use of pork was in its thorough cooking.—New York Times.

Wonders in the Equine Foot. The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unaccounted pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin, vertical laminae of horn, about 500 in number. Into these are fitted about 500 more thin laminae, which belong to the corium below, both sets being elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminae as mentioned above. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4000. These are distributed in the most secure manner, and in a way that every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of nature's wonder everywhere.—St. Louis Republic.

Improvement of Roads. THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD COUNTRY HIGHWAYS. Making Better Thoroughfares Would be a Great Advantage to Farmers.—A Work of Time.

A WIDESPREAD interest in the improvement of public roads in America is one of the healthiest signs of the time.

We have given so much thought and money to building our great railroads, and bringing the distant lands of the West into direct competition with the farms of the more cultivated regions, that we have overlooked the necessity for improving local transportation facilities. Just in proportion as our rail transportation is extended, the necessity increases for improving our roadways and every avenue leading to the railroad station.

Every community is clamorous for branches to some trunk line. These communities will subscribe money and tax themselves to death in order to bring the railroad a few miles nearer the farm, but they will do absolutely nothing to bring the farm a few miles nearer the railroad.

One gazes in wonderment at the figures telling of the tonnage of our great railroad systems, but we seem never to ask how this great amount of freight reaches the railroad.

It comes in wagons drawn by horses over worn out streets or dirt roads. The cost of this first transportation is something immense, but it is rarely ever gathered into a table of statistics. Far near five miles from the railroad will denounce the extortion of these great corporations, and never stop for a moment to think that they are robbing themselves much more seriously by their neglect of the country roads than it is possible for the railroads to rob them.

It is not possible to construct a system of country roads in a few years. A perfect system is not possible in a poor country, but nothing would so add to the market value of farm lands anywhere as the roads, bringing the farms into easy and direct communication with the railroad systems of the world.

Senator Ingalls, in a recent article on the subject of public roads, says: "Many of the Western roads are very much like the roof of the cabin of the Arkansas Traveler, which did not leak in dry weather, and when it rained could not be repaired. The practice, we are told, is to say, 'are for nine months in the year the best highways in the world, but for the other three months, when the frost is leaving the ground, during the continuous rains of spring or autumn, or while the roads are frozen, nothing worse can be imagined.'"

Such roads as these could be easily made perfect by proper drainage. Concerning the highways of Europe, Mr. Ingalls says:

"The public roads of England and the continent are the growth of a century, and, like those of Rome, were developed before railroads had become the principal avenues of communication. It should be remembered also that the climate and soil are different; the supply of labor there is greater and the rate of wages less; and it is much more valuable and population more dense. It would be a mistake to attempt to construct in this country immediately a system of macadamized highways like those between Oxford and Reading in England, or Bantry Bay and Killarney Lakes in Ireland. The work must be gradual, and the public opinion must be brought by degrees to this high standard."

This is true. The work must be gradual. Public opinion must be brought by degrees to this high standard. The country that has to be improved is marvelous in its proportions, as well as in its resources. It has a system of rail transportation that is the wonder of the world, but it has taken more than fifty years to build it, and ten thousand million dollars. What is needed for the construction of good country roads is co-operation, information and some little taxation.—Courier-Journal.

A Rare Indian Relic. Jonas De Turk recently found a rare Indian relic in the shape of a "poison pot" on the Housatonic farm, near Poplar Neck, in Curtis Township, Penn. The poison pot is a large flat stone with a circular pit in the center an inch deep and two inches in diameter, bearing unmistakable evidence of having been carved out laboriously with a sharp flint instrument. It still shows plain traces of the poisons and acids which were mixed in it and used in the poisoning of arrows.

The poisons extracted from the sacs of copperheads and rattlesnakes and from certain deadly plants were used in concocting the baneful fluids. The poisoned arrows were employed by the Indians in killing their enemies in war and in shooting dangerous wild animals.

Few poison pots of this kind are in existence, even in the most complete museum collections of Indian relics.—New York Times.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life's a fabric of fancier, whims, dreams, alliterations, Interwoven with pleasures and pangs—smiles and sighs!

Love is simply a tissue of tears and regrets, Lost delights, bitter bliss, broken hearts, weeping eyes!

Yet, without, there are passions conceived and confided, Come what may throughout life, whose sweet fragrance may cling—Like the breath of a rose that is kissed and care-dread!

Around hearts, tho' Fate cruel disillusions may bring, Nor does love dream that Destiny oft holds in store Certain bitterness, cleverly hidden from view!

Even so, I still worship, still fondly adore You—my life and my love—and I am loyal to you.

—E. H. Carroll, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The man who dyes his hair has learned the secret of keeping things dark.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," or wants to know what you are grinning at.

An athletic record is the only thing that improves by breaking.—Binghamton Republican.

Don't talk about yourself in company—it can be done much more satisfactorily after you have left.

Life may be a stage, but is more like a courthouse from the fact that it is full of trials.—Elmira Gazette.

Philanthropy now demands the culture of a species of snail that shall be boneless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A man who sells clocks cannot be blamed for being occasionally behind the times.—Washington Star.

"That's an angel of a house!" said she, "Not quite," he replied. "It only has one wing."—Harper's Bazar.

Briggs—"Do you think that Robinson loves her?" Griggs—"He went shopping with her."—Cloak Review.

"I guess that must be a watch-dog," remarked Tommy, "for his tail begins to tick whenever you speak to him."—Judge.

A petrified ham has been found in an Indiana field. This is the first supply of material for World's Fair sandwiches.—Oil City Derrick.

Manager—"I'll engage you for a trial season." Actor—"Before I accept I'll ask you for a trial advance of salary."—Fleegende Blaetter.

"Oh, yes, ours is a hard business," said the dressmaker. "It's snip and tuck with us all the time, you know."—Harvard Lampoon.

It is curious how much faster a street car bumps along when you are running after it than when you are riding on it.—Richmond Recorder.

A Bath truckman, who owns two horses, has named one McGinty and the other Annie Rooney, both being chestnuts.—New York Sun.

A girl of sixteen walks as if she owned the earth, and after she has been married a few years she walks as if she were carrying it on her shoulders.—Athlon Globe.

"So that young heires has promised to marry you?" "Yes, in three years." "Isn't that a long while to wait?" "It may be, but she's worth her wait in gold."—Washington Star.

The old, old story before marriage has three words in it: "I love you." The old, old story after marriage has the same number, to wit: "Wanted—a cook."—New York Mercury.

Wife—"Here's something new and nice—an advertisement of a fading baby carriage." Husband (absently)—"That is a novelty. But I never saw a folding baby."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Prudent Mother—"I trust, my dear, that you do not encourage young men in their attentions." Daughter—"Oh, dear me, no. I threaten to tell you every time any one of them kisses me."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Panacea (wearily)—"It's as true as gospel—woman's work is never done." Mr. Skye Parlor—"Ahem! Judging from the beefsteak, ma'am, I should say that it is sometimes too much done."—Harper's Bazar.

"I observe, James," said the Boston employer, "that you say 'betler' and 'netler.' Are you not aware that such is not our pronunciation of those words?" "It doesn't seem to me," replied the boy from New York, despondently, "that you ought to expect me to say 'eyetler' and 'nytler' on a salary of sixteen dollars a month."—Chicago Tribune.

Question—"Do you call Dr. Raxter a man who, as a preacher, is eminently fitted to his calling?" Jester—"Well, as to that, he reveals elements of fitness and usefulness." Question—"Please explain your meaning." Jester—"Why, as a pulpit orator he is a failure; but judging from the number of people I observe no liding in his church during a discourse I should assume him to be a great composer."—Boston Courier.

Waggle—"Yes, it's all up with me and Miss Sapplegigh. She got miffed about something or other and sent back all my letters." Waggle—"That was bad." Waggle—"I thought so for awhile, but it was a blessing in disguise. I've got another girl now, and when I write I just copy one of my old letters to Miss Sapplegigh. Just as good as a new one, you know, and it is such a saving on the brain tissue."—Boston Transcript.

A clergyman in Minneapolis was lately called upon to officiate at a very fashionable wedding. After the service was performed the happy groom called him to one side and asked "what his charges were." The minister replied that he was not in the habit of making a charge. "Well," replied the groom, "I will call and see you later." The happy groom called the next week and presented the severed gentlemen with a dozen sticks of chewing gum.—Humorist Review.