

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 10.00; Two Squares, one year, 15.00; Quarter Column, one year, 30.00; Half Column, one year, 50.00; One Column, one year, 100.00.

The Postoffice Department has decided in favor of Pittsburg without the "h."

It is calculated that since the beginning of time the world has had sixty-six quadrillions of inhabitants.

The miners of the world produce twenty-five tons of gold every week, but the precious metal remains as rare as ever.

A London journal estimates that a dentist who is busy six hours a day can make \$5000 a year by extracting teeth at twenty-five cents each and filling them for \$1 each.

When evils are to be remedied nowadays, the New York Advertiser notes, it is done through the instrumentality of societies. The latest in London has for its object the protection of witnesses against insult by counsel.

President Elliot, of Harvard University, says that "the immigrants who come to our shores from abroad will be found to have received a better common school training than the average rural population in this country."

A bicycle insurance company, to insure bicycles against accidental breakage, has been started in New York. When a broken wheel cannot be satisfactorily repaired by the company's mechanics the policy holder is given a new machine.

The boy King of Spain, known as Alfonso No. 13, who is just six years old, is said to be very obstinate, and if he wants a thing and cannot get it he gets into a rage which his mother alone can appease. He has a great desire to be a man, and above all is anxious to have a moustache. All of which goes to show, muses the Boston Transcript, that the divinity that hedges a king does not prevent the weaknesses of human nature from invading the royal mind.

Cheap laborers, the San Francisco Examiner declares, are pouring into Atlantic ports in a veritable flood. Some of them impoverished, some actually vicious, and nearly all anxious to work at any wage, their employment and ultimate assimilation present a problem of the utmost gravity. It would be folly to allow the condition to become more complicated by admitting another flood of cheap laborers, under contract, through Pacific ports. Happily, the attempts to bring in Japanese unlawfully have failed. The Japanese are coming fast enough without great corporations bringing them in herds, as they have shown a desire to do. The efforts in this direction have simply been sufficient to arouse a proper degree of caution.

In Wall street, according to the Atlanta Constitution, no cash passes. Checks take the place of money. The rich men of New York do not carry money. The highwayman who "held up" Jay Gould or any of the millionaires would profit little. Only a few dollars would be secured. If \$100 lasts Mr. Gould three months, as it does, the robber must have a pretty accurate knowledge of his affairs to know when to confront him with the hope of getting over ten or twenty dollars. The leading millionaires are men, without exception, of plain ways and few requirements. They do not use intoxicants or tobacco, and there are few things they need money for. The average man who works for his daily bread has more money in his pocket than the average millionaire. The millionaires, too, are as methodical in their personal as in their business affairs. They keep strict account of what they draw for their expenses and what they pay out. Mr. Gould carries his cash in an old-fashioned wallet in an inside pocket. Days at a time pass without his opening the wallet.

Horse flesh for food has increased wonderfully in popularity in France, states the Boston Transcript. At Paris, the first horse butchery was opened on July 9, 1866, and in that year 902 horses were slaughtered. Through seventeen years the business steadily increased, and the count shows that 293,537 souls were consumed in the city. On January 1, 1889, the horse butcheries numbered 132. In other cities of France the output of the horse butcheries is enormous. Hippophagy is also in great favor at Rotterdam. Horse meat is used there as a human food to an extent that is unknown in Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as in parts of Italy. It is scorned in Milan, while it is scorned in Turin. In the latter city only fifty-five horses were slaughtered in 1888, and the flesh was used exclusively for feeding the animals of a menagerie. A Spanish writer regrets that hippophagy is not adopted in Spain, where it would benefit numerous poor laborers, to whom ordinary meat is an article of luxury on account of its high price. In Paris, the price of horse meat is about half that of beef for corresponding cuts.

KATY DID.

I sent a note to Katy, and was waiting her reply; But the carrier went his several rounds and always passed me by. The shadows were gathering thicker, and the sun hung very low, I was lying in the hammock and was swinging to and fro; And I asked myself the question, "Did she answer me or no?" And in the leafy maple a little insect hid, And declared as though he knew it, "Katy did."

And she did, I finally received it, and I grasped it with a start. Did it contain an arrow or dagger to my heart? I hastened to my chamber, very nervous, I confess; I tore the letter open and beheld the fond address. But I burned to know the answer. Did she tell me "Yes?" And in the leafy maple a little insect hid, And declared as though he knew it, "Katy did."

TOM'S BARGAIN.

It is very, very nice, and I am extremely proud of it, but— And here little Maggie Denton hesitated. It was very nice, from the neat little drawing room, simply but elegantly furnished, right away to the kitchen, where everything shone again. And Tom had got everything together in eighteen months, too, when the luck had changed and his writing all at once got to be appreciated. But, as Maggie put it, there was one trifling drawback, consisting of an alcove in the drawing room which would never—no, never look complete without a piano.

"And a piano you shall have," Tom said, looking so brightly from the breakfast table. "I had a good slice of luck last week which I never expected. You remember that long love story I wrote three years ago, and which I have sent to pretty well every magazine in London. Well, Ned Hartley advised me to send it to The Woman's Companion, where it was accepted. They paid me \$35 for it, not quite a half-a-crown a page, but it's better than nothing. Don't you think I could get a decent instrument for the money?" Maggie smiled pleasantly. She was extremely fond of music, and, being a managing little soul, essayed a fond bargain. It would be far better, she said, sapiently, for Tom to keep his eyes open than to go direct to a maker, by which he might save at least £10 of his hard-earned money.

"There are lots of them advertised every day," she observed. "Give me the paper and I will show you what I mean. Now listen to this one." FOR SALE—A bargain; magnificent piano, by a well known maker; upright grand, double check action, Sott pedal, steel frame, full compass, trichord throughout; the property of a lady going abroad; cost \$75. Apply "Beethoven," 194 Gunnersbury road, Gunnersbury Park, Hampstead, or personally any day this week.

Tom nodded approvingly. An instrument costing but a few months ago upward of "three-quarters of a century" to be disposed of for a third of the amount struck him as the very thing he desired. It was a little strange, though, an outsider would have decided, that so valuable a property should have gone so long begging, or that the lady going abroad did not get to see the folly of advertising regularly at the rate of £1 per week.

"I tell you what it is," said Tom, "as Gunnersbury road is close I'll just walk over there after dinner and interview Mrs. Beethoven personally. If I like the look of the instrument you can come over afterwards and try it." So it was arranged, and Tom retired to his writing den, where for three solid hours the anticipated purchase was forgotten. There was plenty of work now for the young writer and journalist, who for the last five years had found it a terrible struggle to keep himself, and find Maggie, who had until recently been out as a governess, with those trifling luxuries which even the princely salary of a governess does not afford. But the tide had turned now, and although Tom would never be a great novelist or brilliant essayist, he earned a comfortable income, which by the end of the year promised to touch close upon four figures. It seems a lot of money, but I know more than one of the quiet ones of whom the general public have never heard who are doing quite as well. It is so easy to get a living in literature if you have the ability and know how to set about it, especially know how to set about it, which, perhaps, in the long run is better than ability. But this secret is only learnt by much grief and pain and bitter disappointment. So Tom finished his morning's work, and, after dining comfortably, walked over to Gunnersbury road, a pleasant, semi-georgian street, with little houses, all bearing a strong family likeness to each other and all striving to look as if they were semi-detached residences and not the occupants of a common terrace. No. 195 was, perhaps, a little cleaner next door than its neighbors; the door had been painted within recent memory, there were extremely white curtains in the windows, and a neat little maid took Tom's card after she had ushered him into a tiny drawing-room, the furniture of which struck him as being new and cheap. But tawdry as his surroundings were, Tom speedily forgot them as the door opened and a lady entered holding his card in her hand.

ever seen in his life. She was young—not more than twenty-two or three, tall, with an elegant figure; she had a wonderful mass of red gold hair piled up in some bewildering, fascinating fashion; her features were wonderfully sweet and regular, and her sorrowful blue eyes, half bold, wholly shy, went straight to Tom's heart and ensnared him on the spot. He was a very sensitive, feeling kind of fellow, and when he noted the black dress and tiny white cap perched upon the golden, wavy hair, Tom felt that he could do anything for her, or die happy in the attempt. "It is of no consequence," he stammered, unconsciously paraphrasing Mr. Toots. "I did come over to see the instrument, which I thought of purchasing if it—that is—"

"If it is satisfactory," the lady said, with a smile, and concluding her speech with Tom deemed it his duty to utter. "It is there, as you see. You are, no doubt, a good judge, and in that case the piano speaks for itself." It did, and pretty loudly, too, as any connoisseur of the popular form of harmonic torture would have readily testified. It was suspiciously new, the varnish was bright and obtrusive. There was also some little difficulty in raising the lid, and when Tom did clumsily run his hand over the keys, even he—ignorant of music as he was—felt startled at the metallic demon he had aroused.

"It is a great bargain," the lady remarked, "and, as you see, almost new." Tom did see, and hastened eagerly to pay a fitting tribute to its youth, which apparently was the only virtue it possessed. And yet the soft hearted fellow, with those pathetic blue eyes turned upon him, could not steel himself to pronounce the fiat which his common sense dictated. "I will not decide now," he hesitated, man-like. "You see, I am not buying for myself, but for a lady—my sister—and I should like her to see it first. If there is no objection I will call again tomorrow afternoon."

"My—my husband chose that instrument, and he was a well known musician," the lady said, almost timidly; "indeed, did not circumstances compel me, I would not part with it now; but I am not so well off as—"

"I am very sorry—Mrs. Kerr, I think you said—but I cannot decide now," he said, almost humbly. "I will bring my sister to-morrow."

Maggie listened with interest to the story of the interview, but, sister like, she by no means liked Tom's encomium concerning the widowed possessor of the instrument chosen by a well known musician. "I declare you are quite in love with her," she said, half jealously. "It would be a romance if you went to buy a piano and found a wife instead."

"Natural enough, too," Tom returned. "Why shouldn't I marry? I should not be in the way then when Ned Hartley comes of an evening."

"I was Maggie's turn to look confused now. Ned Hartley, a friend, a great chum of Tom's, and a dashing young journalist of some repute, certainly spent a deal of time in Maggie's company, to Tom's secret gratification, for Ned was a good fellow, and well able to afford the luxury of a wife.

"We will go and see the lady," she said. "Can't trust you alone again." Tom assented, although not without certain misgivings. Being, like most of the craft, of a sentimental, emotional nature he did not care to bring his divinity under the cold, practical eye of another's sister, and as she sat awaiting the arrival of the disconsolate widow, and coolly criticizing the unfortunate piano, Tom began to scent something like trouble in the future.

"My dear, the thing is a regular take-in," she said, decidedly. "Any one but you would have known that half those advertisements were mere dodges." "Not forgetting that you advised the dodge to be tried," Tom retorted.

AN INTERESTING ISLAND.

THE PEOPLE OF COZUMEL OFF THE YUCATAN COAST.

They Were Highly Civilized, and Subdued a Race of Pygmies, Also Advanced in Civilization and Arts. GOLDTHWAITE'S Magazine contains an article, by Eugene M. Aaron, describing the people on the island of Cozumel, east of Yucatan, who had attained a marked advancement in civilization, and whose records were preserved in voluminous documents and with great care. Most of these records were destroyed by the Spaniards, but copies still remain and are being deciphered. Stranger still is the fact that these people, who were a race of pygmies, not more than three feet high, these pygmies were also advanced in civilization, and have left their traces in houses and temples in Cozumel, which are still to be seen, most of them being too small for men of present stature to occupy. Such a race would accord with a theory that the earliest men were of small stature, not exceeding two or three feet in height, and that man has developed physically as well as mentally in successive ages.

The population which the Spaniards found on Cozumel belonged to the Maya race, which was the predecessor of the Aztecs in Mexico, and probably of the Incas of Peru. They were once the masters of all Central America. They lived in Cozumel in great simplicity, but with indications of much wealth. They made a paper from roots and bark, and applied a varnish to it that gave it a white finish as lustrous as fine stone. This paper they used to inscribe their records. The material was almost indestructible, and it was preserved in rolls of twenty feet or more, which folded like a fan. On these rolls their priests wrote, and the Spanish priests say that these Mayas had their volumes of medicine, chronology and theology, besides histories of their own people, and their predecessors, with accounts of other nations known to them. The Spaniards concluded there was nothing but divinity in these books, and burned them, much to the distress of the natives. Four of these volumes were preserved, sent to Spain with a copy of the alphabet, which is now the key to decipher these records.

These histories would probably throw some light on the pygmy race which they overcame, and whose traces are scattered all over the island. At one point near San Miguel, the principal village, are ruins that suggest an old temple, surrounded for several hundred feet by a stone pavement still to be traced, and which indicated that a paved thoroughfare once extended to the sea a mild distance. There are few inscriptions on these ruins, but the interest and curiosity is aroused by their size. A house, whose exterior was only nine feet high, fourteen feet long, and twelve feet deep, with doorway 1 1/2 feet wide, and three feet high, would afford cramped accommodations to the average man of to-day. The monuments, a kind of triumphal arch, are only from eight to ten feet in height. It has been argued that these were simply tombs or burial places, which accounts for their small size, but the monuments do not accord with known burial customs. In addition to this, there are numerous indications of the survival of individuals of the race to within a recent period, and their probable existence at the present time. Besides other interesting ethnological questions, the investigation on this subject alone might throw light upon a most important problem.

Sunflowers in Russia. United States Consul General J. M. Crawford, of St. Petersburg, has been investigating the culture of the sunflower in Russia, and reports that there are over 700,000 acres of land devoted to the sunflower culture in the Empire, although the first effort to grow this plant for mercantile purposes dates back no further than 1842.

The chief product is the seed, the average yield of which has been about 1350 pounds to the acre, this yielding in Russia at an average price of one and one-half cents a pound. The yield to the farmer growing sunflowers is about \$29 an acre, against the usual return of about \$10 per acre of ordinary products, and the soil in which the sunflower is grown becomes very porous and better prepared for the rotation crops. The seeds of some species of sunflower is used in making oil which, in consequence of superior color, flavor, and taste and its low price, has largely taken the place in Russia of the French table oil. In another species of sunflower the seeds are sold to be eaten somewhat as peanuts are in this country. After the oil has been pressed out of the seed it is sold in a cake form as food for cattle, the exports of this from Russia to Germany, Denmark and Great Britain aggregating of late years nearly 100,000,000 pounds a year.

The sunflower stalks are gathered from the fields and dried in piles, and have very largely taken the place of firewood in the country districts. In fact, these stalks are preferred even to pine wood, producing a quick and hot flame fire. As about a ton of such firewood is gathered from an acre of land, this is looked upon as a decided advantage in those districts where wood is scarce. The ashes of the sunflower contain a high percentage of potassium, and are largely used as a fertilizer. Under the system of cultivation adopted, the stalks of the sunflower are often three inches in diameter and about eight feet long, sometimes forming many joints, some of which are more than a foot in diameter and containing about 2000 seeds. In order to grow the plant profitably, it is necessary to have a fertile soil, which at the same time must be sufficiently deep and compact to sustain the stalk with its roots.—American Farmer.

Getting Into "a Scrape." The origin of the expression above quoted is as follows: In Scotland they play a game called golf, the favorite grounds for such sport being the "dows" or "links." The rabbits frequent these "links," and the hole made by them is called "a scrape." Golf is played with a hard ball of wood or other substance, which is driven from point to point with a mallet usually made of wood, but sometimes of iron. The game itself is a cross between our croquet and "hobby"; thus it will be seen that when the ball gets into "a scrape" it is very difficult to get out, and the player is in a correspondingly bad fix generally. Such incidents occur so frequently that the books on "golfing" have laid down rules as to what may be done in the time of such an emergency, "getting into a scrape" being the golfer's greatest drawback. From this has arisen the term now in such common use among us, meaning in a bad fix.—St. Louis Republic.

No Need of Dying Young. Bismarck declares that he owes his rugged old age to the practice of bathing regularly and freely in cold water. Gladstone ascribes his longevity to the simplicity and regularity of his habits. Tompkins believes that his having celebrated his eighty-first birthday is due to his not having worried or fretted over the small affairs of life. Von Moltke thought his ripe old age was owing to temperance in all the affairs of life, and plenty of exercise in the open air. De Lesseps thinks he owes his advanced age to like causes. Taking all these life-giving agencies together, and considering how easy they are of attainment, there doesn't seem to be any good and sufficient reason why we should die young.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A steel rail lasts, with average wear, about eighteen years. The rise in the price of camphor gum is due to its extensive use in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

A German has invented an incandescent lamp apparatus for showing the interior of boilers while under steam. Waterproof cellulose paper of one and two colors is being introduced by a German firm for lanterns, bookbacks, temporary covers for roofs, etc.

A new electric bell alarm consists in the employment of a column of mercury, which by its expansion above a certain point completes the circuit and rings an alarm.

A novelty in the way of metal car roofing is made of corrugated iron or steel. This gives great stiffness between the car lines. The roof is perfectly water-tight, easily repaired and cheap and strong.

A patent has been issued in Germany for a process of manufacture of a substance to take the place of gum-arabic. Wheat bran is the substance treated chemically, resulting in a strongly adhesive mastic.

The Belt Line Tunnel in Baltimore, Md., will soon be equipped with three electric locomotives, capable of developing 1200 horse power each. About two hundred freight and passenger trains will be moved through the tunnel a day.

A machine for the manufacture of steel and iron pipes is the invention of a Pennsylvania mechanic. A bar of steel at white heat is fed to the machine and comes out a perfect piece of pipe. The size and thickness can be made as desired.

The vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury in San Francisco, California, are being fitted with wires for protection from thieves. The wires are to be between every two rows of bricks, and any attempt to interfere with the cement or bricks will disturb an electric current and sound a warning.

To mark steel tools: Warm them slightly and rub the steel with wax or hard tallow until a film gathers. Then scratch your name on the wax, cutting through to the steel. A little nitric acid poured on the marking will quickly eat out the letters. Wipe acid and wax off with a hot, soft rag, and the letters will be securely etched.

A simple mode of purifying water is to sprinkle a tablespoonful of powdered alum into a hogheadful of water, stirring the water at the same time. This will precipitate all the impurities to the bottom after being allowed a few hours to settle, and will so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful containing four gallons may be purified in this manner by using no more than a teaspoonful of the alum.

A Wonderful Lighthouse.

One of the most wonderful lighthouses in the world is that at Minot's Ledge, near Boston. Its history has been one of romance. The greater part of its foundation is under water at low tide. In 1817 a skeleton lighthouse of iron was erected there on iron piles, placed in holes drilled into the rock. A furious hurricane burst upon the coast in April, 1851, and anxious watchers from the Cohasset shore thought that the structure had been carried away. But as the sun sank, out shone the light across the storm-tossed waters. At 10 p. m., the light was seen for the last time. At one hour after midnight the fog bell was heard above the roaring of the breakers. At day-break the ocean was a blank; the lighthouse was gone. Knowing that no help could reach them, the keepers and lighted their lamp as a warning to others, and their lives had gone out with it. Now a granite tower occupies the spot. So difficult was it to lay the foundation in the surf that only thirty hours' work could be done during the first year, but the tower stands to-day as enduring as the ledge itself—an isolated pile of stone amid the waves, by the force of which it is swayed like a tree in wind. During the long winter months all communication with the land is shut off. In summer the occasional visitor is hoisted into the lighthouse from his boat by means of a chair, and from time to time a skiff is lowered by pulleys to convey one or another of the five keepers to the shore. The life tells on them mightily. Several of them have been removed because they have gone insane, and more than one of them has attempted suicide.—Boston Transcript.

Pygmies of Honduras.

In the early days of the American discovery trade in the interior of the mainland a party of woodcutters on the Molo River, British Honduras, claimed to have discovered and captured a strange little being which suddenly emerged from the forests, and was too startled by the sight of the whites to make its escape. It was a dark skinned girl, about eighteen years old, and not quite three feet high. She had no covering except her luxuriant black hair until one of the men gave her his redannel shirt, which on her reached to the ground. Though very wild she was by no means stupid, as was proved to her really content to pilot the party to the settlement of her people, who she told them in the Maya tongue, were an agricultural people living in a secluded valley. Having guided them for some distance into the forest she suddenly stopped to listen, when her captors plainly heard a hubbub of voices. Telling the woodcutters to remain quiet while she went to prepare her people for their appearance, which to the little girls would be so strange, she darted off into the woods, and that red shirt and its contents have never since been seen by Anglo-Saxon eyes. Whatever may be the present peculiarities of the inhabitants of those unexplored wilds, certain it seems that within historic times a pygmy race has occupied this land of the Mayas.—New York Sun.

THE USELESS.

Feet should not reason, Let them sing; Argument is treason, Bulls should ring.

But the poet duly fills his part When the songs burst truly From his heart.

As the leaf grows upward Song must flow; As the stream flows onward Song must flow.

Unloam eye—for measure, Roses die, But their breath gives pleasure, God knows why! —John Boyle O'Reilly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Our national bird—The foul. "A sea of troubles"—Bering. Has his ups and downs—The balloonist.

The hare may be timid, but he dies game. The best business college—The school of experience. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The autopsy.

All things come to those who are waiting for something else. Twirling cotton is hardly the way to "turn an honest penny."

The grain elevator is a sort of magazine of cerealists.—Puck. When we say that a man is a brick, we do not mean that he is made of common clay.

A "signal triumph"—The weatherman's prediction which happens to come true. Even when a ship parts with her anchor, she still keeps her hold.—Texas Sittings.

A poem that is always sure of a market—The lay of the hen.—Lowell Courier. When the office seeks the man, it is not requested to "call around next week."

Is the fellow that "paints the town red" guilty of a cardinal sin?—Atlanta Journal. When a French editor gets mad he always dips his pen in Gaul.—Boston Transcript.

No matter what foolish things you try to do, people won't laugh at you if you succeed. A man must go back to his ancestors when they do not come forward to him.—Texas Sittings.

If any boat can shoot the rapids successfully we should think it would be the gunboat.—Texas Sittings. There are some people so morally constituted that they would use a 110-ton gun of reproach to kill a sparrow of wickedness.

"This is highway robbery," said Worcester Essex, as the heavy rains washed the road away from in front of his place.—Puck. What nation in fragility With Scotland can compare? We know it for reality Some Scotsmen live on Ayre.—Judge.

"Trotter seems to be a very happy man. He never has any bills to pay." "How's that?" "No one will ever trust him."—Judge. Nearly 2000 musical instruments were burned up in a Chicago fire the other night, because the firemen could not play any of them.—Statesman.

Mrs. J. Brown Stone—"After all, the plumber who was working for us is a very satisfactory man." Mr. Stone—"Yes; he fills the bill."—Puck. "The Countess de Rigen," I heard, "American—born Western town—The reigning belle I looked and knew My old school-mate, Samantha Brown."—Puck.

Wynch—"So poor Stagers has shuffled off the mortal coil." Lynch—"No. As I understand it, he tried to, but the boys had the rope too firmly coiled around his neck." Wife—"Charles I want some money." Husband—"I can't let you have it. I gave you a check yesterday." Wife—"Well, that's no sign you should want to give me a check to-day."—Detroit Free Press.

The papers are mentioning as an item of news that the typewriter girls are forming a union—just as though the typewriter girls hadn't been busily forming unions ever since they became an institution.—Kansas City Journal.

The teachers in the public schools are telling a good story on a little Newark boy. It is said that the teacher asked the class to compare the word "sick." The boy held up his hand, indicating that he was ready to answer, and said: "Sick, sicker, dead!"—Columbus School Journal.

Begin to Save Souls Early.

A recent session equalled for bravery was accomplished by theological students at the wreck of the steamer Calumet on Lake Michigan, November 28, 1889. They were assisting themselves in a course of study at Evanston, Ill., by accepting employment as surfmen attached to the life-saving station there. The disaster occurred near Fort Sheridan, fifteen miles away, and the crew of gallant young fellows was summoned to the scene by telegraph. Five of them reached the scene at 5 a. m., in one of the most severe storms of recent years. The thermometer was only ten degrees above zero, and the sleet and rain were blinding. After dragging their boats and apparatus through woods and over steep hills, they found themselves on a bluff opposite the vessel, which lay half a mile from shore, too far to be reached by a shot-line. Nevertheless, they launched the boat with ropes into the sea, hauled her against desperate chances, made three trips and saved all of the eighteen persons on board.—Washington Star.