

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months...

TIME AND CHANGE.

Time and Change, they range and range From smiling youth to thund'ring And they glance and go as the great winds blow...

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not enough to go around—A semi-circle—Life. You cannot hatch ideas by sitting on goose eggs.—Dallas News.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Bad salt meat is said to have caused cholera on a British vessel. It is rumored that Dr. Pasteur has discovered a cure for epilepsy.

WASHING BY MACHINERY.

WORK IN THE BIGGEST LAUNDRY IN THIS COUNTRY. Quick Work With an Ocean Liner's Wash-Steam Power Used Altogether—Pay of Employees.

How Chinese Catch Shrimp.

There are some very curious fisheries carried on by the Chinese on the Pacific coast, said an officer of the United States Fish Commission in Washington recently.

A Great Tree For the Fair.

The tree selected by the Tulare Board of Trade for exhibition at the World's Fair stands on the land of Mrs. M. C. K. Shuey, one-half mile southeast of Sumnerhouse.

The Trade in Old Shoes.

There is a large and growing demand in New York for second-hand shoes. An interesting account is given of the dealers who make a specialty of old shoes.

Wonderful Work of Bees.

Bees must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this the 62,000 flowers must be visited by an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees.

His Load Buried Up.

A tannery in Boston, Mass., had quite a surprise the other day. He was hauling a load of furniture through the yard...

An English paper says that "shortened honeymooners appears to be in vogue."

A writer in Orchard and Garden says that "the apples from the Blue Ridge region from Virginia to Georgia will lead the whole United States in respect to fine quality."

Ninety-five per cent. of all the money transactions in the associated banks of New York are accomplished by means of checks and drafts, leaving five per cent. of the total business to be represented by coin or paper money.

This tot ought to live long and prosper, exclaims Once A Week. At the age of two years Charles Lee Burdon, of Providence, fell into a cistern and floated around in seven feet of water until his grandfather hauled him a pole, to which he "caught on."

Perhaps, muses the New York Commercial Advertiser, science will some day teach us how to use petroleum in military operations, when we will have an agency by which our harbors may be converted into Infernos to consume the navies of the world.

There are just 1157 millionaires in New York City, according to the Tribune's final reckoning. The Vanderbilts count six, the Goulds four, the Astors three, the Goetschs four, and the Rhinelanders five, while the omnipresent Smith family lead all the rest with eight.

"The Bering Sea offers less attractions to Canadian poachers this year than last," argues the San Francisco Chronicle. "Very few of them feel inclined to take any risks, so we may safely conclude that the close season under existing arrangements will prove a complete success."

A company has been incorporated in New Jersey for the manufacture of membranoid, a fancy leather made from tripe—nothing else than tanned tripe. The patent-office authorities insisted that tripe was tripe, no matter through what chemical process it might have been put, and some time elapsed and there was much parleying before a compromise was effected on the name of the product now called membranoid.

Miss Angelina Brooks, who is a recognized authority on all questions of kindergarten methods, has recently devoted her time to a careful investigation of the curstionate children in this city, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She has ascertained that there are 140,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six who spend their lives in the streets and never once see the inside of a school.

It is asserted that after this year the United States will not only be able to stop importing fruit, but will begin to be a factor in supplying the markets of the world. The estimate is that New York will have 20,000,000 pounds of fruit from California alone this summer. Fast fruit trains now cross the continent in seven days, and enable the growers to harvest a ripper product than heretofore.

Frank Leslie's Weekly states that the State of Pennsylvania shows the largest percentage of foreign born adult males who are aliens, the percentage in that State being 35.13 of the total number, representing 139,522 persons. In the State of New York, 198,614 foreign-born adult males, or 23.13 per cent., are aliens, and in New Jersey, 41,877 or 28.87 per cent. are aliens. New York shows the greatest number of naturalized foreign-born adult males, there being in that State 419,363, or 60.74 per cent. of the total number of foreign-born adult males returned.

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A SUMMERS DAY.

Black bees on the clover-heads drowsily clinging. Where tall, feathered grasses and buttercups sway; And all through the fields a white-pinkie of daisies Open-eyed at the setting of day.

LOVE AND LUCK.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Under a spreading chestnut tree, The village smithy stands—"

RETTY little Elma Elwood was whispering the words softly to herself as she leaned both elbows on the window-sill, and gazed out across the glowing landscape.

"No. Come here, Perky," said the audacious girl, "and I'll show you the corner of that picturesque old blacksmith's shop I told you of—the one I'm going to sketch this afternoon."

"Right there, over the top of those mountain pines, Perky," composedly continued Elma, extending her slim forefinger in a due northerly direction along the valley of the river, "you can just see the odd little three-cornered gable peeping out through the trees—"

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young man. She rather liked him, although it was awkward for him to mistake the butternut stump for a little dog, and she made up her mind to say something pleasant to him when he came back to the spring.

"Oh, I haven't worked all the time, Perky!" impatiently spoke the girl. "Besides, one can't hurry art."

"Wait for a moment, Perky!" cried the girl, rushing away through the bushes. "I've forgotten something."

"There's good luck for Louis Dalzell!" she cried, as she sprang lightly backward. "Take care!" said a voice behind her.

How Chinese Catch Shrimp.

There are some very curious fisheries carried on by the Chinese on the Pacific coast, said an officer of the United States Fish Commission in Washington recently.

Just a year afterward old Major Elwood died, leaving his affairs hopelessly entangled; and when the lawyers had squabbled long enough over the business, it was formally announced that there was nothing left for the child to live on.

"What am I to do, Perky?" said Elma, with big, blue eyes of apprehension and dismay.

"All these things happened years ago, and Denver was not the big city it is now when Mrs. Perkins and her adopted daughter decided to cast their lot in the shadow of the Black Hills.

"Nonsense, my dear!" cried Mrs. Perkins. "You know what I mean perfectly well. He's made his fortune in the iron business—railways, and that sort of thing. And I'm going to call there this very afternoon, to bespeak his recommendations and good offices."

"Oh, Perky, must I go?" "Of course you must go, child!" Elma Elwood sat trembling in the great entrance hall of the Morque mansion, on the south shore of the Plaza River.

"He will be with us presently," said she. "Really, my dear, he's quite a young man—not at all the bald-pate I railroad king I expected to see. And he is most kind and gracious, and has promised to recommend us everywhere."

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Louis—it's Louis Dalzell!" He held out both his hands. "I can't have changed so very much then," said he.

"I'm always saying the wrong thing," said he, in a sort of desperation. Elma hoped she had not offended the

young friend to remain here as my guests for the present. I have a large house, and I am a lonely man."

"Oh!" said Miss Perkins, her eyes becoming larger than the lenses of her spectacle glasses. "You're not married then?"

"No," said Mr. Dalzell. "Before I left the East, I fell in love. I shall never marry until I can marry that first love of mine."

"Wait for a moment, Perky!" cried the girl, rushing away through the bushes. "I've forgotten something."

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