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Mortality is greater among the Alaskans than among any other citizens of the United States.

In the expenditure of money for educational purposes direct from the Treasury Kentucky is the third State in the Union.

Free baths are advocated in St. Louis as a means of preventing the loss of about forty boys who are annually drowned in the Mississippi at that point.

In his speech at Omaha, Neb., the other day, General Armstrong said that no dead American has a right to lie under a gravestone costing \$150,000 while a live American woman is starving in a garret.

The present Mayor of Huelva, Spain, where Columbus first met Queen Isabella, is of the same name and lineal descent as the man who was Mayor of the place when Columbus sailed to discover the New World.

New Yorkers have formed a society, with branches in Philadelphia and other American cities, for the suppression of the "intolerable annoyance created by the frequent noisy clanging of inharmonious church bells."

It is estimated by a statistician in the American Farmer that this country loses over \$700,000,000 a year by adulterated food. This is more of a burden upon it than several of the great European armies are upon their countries.

It is said just before his last campaign Gladstone hardened himself for exposure bareheaded at outdoor public meetings by habitually sitting at a window from which a strong draft was coming. This was a heroic device for a strong man, but it would be likely to play havoc with a weakling.

The telephone is still, to a very large extent, an American institution. Even in England it is slightly appreciated, and neither in France nor Germany has it yet obtained anything like a financial or commercial foothold. There are far less telephones in use in London and Paris combined than there are in St. Louis.

The election of a woman Attorney-General among the possibilities for the State of Montana, where Ella L. Knowles, the only woman lawyer in the State, has been nominated by the People's party. It was through the influence of Miss Knowles that the bill was passed to admit women to practice law in the State, and she was herself the first candidate for admission under the new law. Her practice is large and lucrative.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, has gone to Holland to study the dyke system of that country and to secure other information that may be utilized in solving the problem as to how to save the New Jersey seashore coast. The ocean's inroads in the coast from Sandy Hook southward to Cape May are many and growing deeper yearly. In some places indentations of a mile or more have been officially noted. The United States Geodetic and Coast Survey is to take the matter up this fall.

London Public Opinion notes that the centenary of the discovery of coal gas has just passed. One hundred years ago William Murdoch, a Cornish miner, studying the coal which he handled daily, filled an iron kettle with it and set it on the fire, connecting an iron pipe with the nozzle; when the gas began to flow from the pipe, he applied a light, and the first gas light sprang into existence. Wide as his useful invention has spread, and great as the blessings that have resulted from it, how many people over heard the name of William Murdoch!

To the London Lancet is due the suggestion that prizes should be offered for the best cup of tea or coffee as much as for the best show of fruit and flowers. Here is an idea for county fairs, cooking school competitions and mission work. There is scarcely a hamlet in Switzerland, France, Austria or Italy where one cannot find a good cup of coffee. In this country it is as rare as in England. Yet there is nothing simpler or easier to make. Perfect coffee can be made with an old oyster can and a clean rag or a horn of druggist's filter paper. It should be unnecessary to plead such a reason, but the nerve-sustaining power of black coffee, particularly for people who lead sedentary lives, should make it at least as accessible as bars and soda fountains.

In fact, as the Lancet says, in urging its use: "To many of the daily increasing number of total abstainers a cup of really good coffee is perhaps more wholesome, as well as more palatable, than a too free use of aerated waters; while many who are moderate drinkers would prefer coffee in the middle of the day, or at any other times when on duty."

"IF I WERE FAIR."

"Then she looked into her mirror." "If I had little hands, and slender feet; If I had cheeks the color rich and sweet Come at a word, and faded as a frown; If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown; If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles, And graceful limbs, and pretty girlish wiles— If I were fair, Love would not turn aside; Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide. If I were fair! Perhaps like other maidens I might hold A true heart's store of tried and tested gold. Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone, It seems to me, for aught might well atone. But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obeys. The mystic witchery of her shy ways. If I were fair, my years would seem so few; Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view. If I were fair! Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy, To clasp my neck would throw away its toy And hide its dimples in my shining hair, Bewildered by the mass of glory there! But now—oh, shadow of a young girl's face, Uncolored lips that Pain's cold fingers trace, You will not blame the child whose wee hands close, Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose So rich and fair. If I were fair, Oh, just a little fair, with some soft touch About my face to glorify it much! If no one slummed my presence or my kiss My heart would almost break beneath its bliss. 'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul. When day's flush merges into sunset's bars And night is here. And then beyond the stars I shall be fair! —E. B. Rutter, in London Spectator.

JIM JENKINS, HIS STORY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

HE moon wuz shinin' away off up yander in the blue front yard uv Heaven ez soft an' yeller ez a ripe custard pie; the apple blossoms wuz pink an' white on the trees, fillin' the air with the smell uv angels; me an' Malviny wuz settin' out on the porch steps; the old folks wuz gone to bed, an' I reckon I'd been holdin' onto her han' fer up'ards uv sever' minutes, tickled 'most to death 'cause she didn't snatch it away. "Malviny!" says I, purty nigh in a whisper. "Yes, Jim!" says she, hitchin' up an inch or two. "Ain't there some fellers you kinder like a little better's some other fellers?" "No, Jim," says she, an' I sorter felt my gizzard drap about two feet an' a half. "Nary one!" says I. "Yes, Jim," says she, "one."

"That hoped me a good deal; that an' the way she said it. "Malviny," says I, takin' a new hold onto her han', "ef I'd throw a rock, about now, could I hit the feller you like the best?" "No, Jim," says she, an' down went that darn gizzard uv mine ag'in. "Why couldn't I, Malviny?" says I, fishin' round fer a hint. "'Cause, Jim," says she, an' her han' E' "Cause what?" says I. "Jis' 'cause," says she, an' she jerked her han' outer mine an' slid over to rds the rattle. "Do you reckon I could hit him with a club?" says I, pickin' up a bit. "I reckon," says she. "Could you, Malviny?" says I. "Yes, I could," says she, kinder quick an' nervous, an' then a heap softer, "but I wouldn't."

"Why wouldn't you?" says I, arggin' her on. "I wouldn't hit a dog with a club," says she. "Ain't no dog," says I, breakin' out in the wrong place. "Who said you wuz?" says she, mighty provokin'. "You did," says I. "I didn't," says she. "Well, you come mighty nigh it," says I. "I wasn't talkin' about you, at all," says she, sulkin'. "Who wuz you talkin' about, then," says I, gittin' ugly myself. "That for me to know, an' you to find out," says she, ez sassy ez a gal with seven beaus. "I seen I wuz gittin' on ticklish ground, an' I begun backin' off."

"What's the use uv quarrelin', Malviny?" says I, mighty forgivin', an' tryin' to git hold on her hand ag'in. "I ain't quarrelin'," says she. "But I wuz tryin' to," says I, mectin' her more'n half way, an' she sorter let her han' slip over to rds mine, that wuz reachin' round in the shadders. "I wuz feelin' purty shore now, an' gittin' a clinch onto her han', I says: "Malviny," says I, "I think I besuv you."

"Jis' keep on thinkin' that away, Jim," says she. "Fer how long?" says I. "That depen's," says she. "Depen's on what?" says I. "How do I know?" says she, sorter peevish. "You women air the besten'est critters," says I, drappin' her han'. "I ain't," says she, fadin' up. "You air all growed on the same stem," says I, fadin' up, too. "Well, I don't keer," says she, ez pecky ez a stubborn calf. "I an what

I am, an' I can't be no more'n I am, kin I?" "How do I know?" says I, comin' back at her on her own tracks, an' a dab uv a cloud came across the face uv the moon an' the wind blowed the smell uv the apple blossoms t'other way. "I wuzn't makin' no headway at all, an' I sat thar without sayin' a word till that cloud went by an' the moon showed bright ag'in. Malviny wuzn't sayin' a word nuther. "Malviny!" says I, utter a bit, but she wouldn't answer. "Malviny," says I, beggin'; "I'll take that back. They ain't no nicer gal than you in the whole country."

"That's what Sam said last night," says she, colder'n shade in Feb'ry. "Sam who?" says I, chokin' up. "Sam Higley," says she, smirkin'. "You didn't think it was Sam White, did you?" "Wuz he here last night, too?" says I, swaggin' down 'till my hopes wuz most draggin' the ground. "No, he wuzn't," said she, provokin' an' thar ever, "but he was the night afore." "I couldn't stan' it no longer, an' I jumped up offen the steps and begun stompin' round like a man with the toothache. "When you git tired, Mr. Jenkins," says she, politer'n a basket uv chips, "you may set down."

"When I git tired," says I, madder'n a wet hen, "I'll go home." "What fer?" says she. "Forever," says I. "That's a powerful long time, ain't it, Jim?" says she, sofenin' some. "Tain't no longer'n you're keepin' me in misery," says I, settin' down ag'in. "How'm I keepin' you in misery?" says she, ez incoherent ez a turtle dove. "You know, well enough," says I. "I don't," says she. "Yes, you do, too," says I, fightin' her off, fer I seen she wuz comin' round. "Well, you aggravated me to it," says she, kinder excusin' herself. "I didn't mean to," says I, feelin' some better. "Didn't you?" says she. "No, I didn't," says I. "Shore, Jim?" says she. "Shore'n shootin', Malviny," says I, an' with that she edged over some an' put her hand in mine ag'in. She didn't say nothin', an' I didn't say nothin', an' we hold on to nothin', only jis' sot thar, holdin' han's, ez ef that was all thar wuz in the world to do, anyhow, while the moon wuz shinin' soft an' the apple blossoms wuz smellin' sweeter'n, sweeter, every minute. "Malviny," says I, in comin' back to the startin' p'int attar while, "'s'posin' a man wuz to kiss you?" "S'posin' what?" says she, lookin' fierce. "S'posin' a man wuz to kiss you?" says I. "What man?" says she, curious, like women is. "Me!" says I, bolder'n a bantam. "You?" says she, jumpin', but not gettin' loose. "Yes, me," says I, holdin' on tight. "Well, 's'posin'," says she, seein' I had her. "Then what?" says I, all the time pullin' her over a kettle clost'er to me, an' she comin', ez if it wuz unbeknownst to her what I wuz doin'. "How do I know, Jim?" says she chirpin' like a bird. "Would you keer very much, Malviny?" says I, changin' han's an' sorter spinnin' t'other one 'round her waist, "an' her not tryin' to git away, nuther. "How keer?" says she. "Keer of I did?" says I. "S'posin' I keered of you didn't, Jim?" says she, turnin' her head away ag'in chuckin' her chin tight down ag'in her purty white neck. "Oh, Malviny," says I, with all the soul I ever hope to git salvation fer in them two words, an' I grabbed her me with both han's, an' she lifted her face till the moon shone right down on it an' put a gold crown on her hair, an' the stars blazed in her eyes, an' the sweet uv the pink an' white apple blossoms blowed round her, an' I bent down an' tetch'd my lips to her's, an' I felt ez ef I had kissed the jasper gates uv Paradise an' wuz wadin' knee deep in glory through the madders uv the Promised Land. "Malviny!" says I, utter 'my feelin's had settled some. "Yes, Jim," says she, nestlin' her head ag'in my chest, an' me with both arms 'round her, holdin' on's ez she might git away ef I didn't. "S'posin' I'd hit somethin' about gittin' married?" says I. "Who gittin' married?" says she. "Me," says I. "Who to?" says she, pullin' off. "You," says I, ketchin' a new hold of her. "Don't do that ag'in, Jim," says she, smookin' up clost'er an' ketchin' her breath. "Do what?" says I. "Skeer me," says she, kinder shivery like. "What skeered you, Malviny?" says I, fairly hankerin' to haul the daylight out onto anything that ud skeer the gal, an' wantin' the worst way to ask her to leave me, but a feared to do it. "You did," says she. "How?" says I. "Ain't sich fool questions," says she. "Ain't you never goin' to git married?" says I, swealerin' hard. "Don't look ez ef I wuz, does it?" says she, laughin'. "How do I know?" says I. "You ought to know!" says she, peeterin' me like everything. "How?" says I. "Guess," says she, laughin' at her, sweet, low, little, gurglin' laugh uv her'n ag'in. "I can't," says I. She looked up at me outen the corner uv her eyes, cuter'n a kitten, an' the summer evenin' breeze spread a smell uv apple blossoms all over them porch

steps, an' a honey suckle fell off the vine an' hit me in the face.

"Malviny," says I, all of a sudden lettin' go my hold an' standin' up straight ez a bean pole, "ef the plumb, biggest, doggone fool in Hick'ry County wuz to ask you to be his wife, what 'up you say?" She was settin' down, but when I stopped talkin', she got up an' comin' over to me, she put both her han's onto my shoulders, an' lookin' me ez straight in the eyes ez ef I wuz the Judgment Day, she says: "Jeez Jenkins," says she, ez slow ez m'lasses in January, "I'd say 'yes, sir,' an' make a sensible man outen him."

"Malviny," says I, resum'in' my first hold, "you've done it right now." "That wuz forty year ago, an' I reckon Malviny must have made a mistake, for somehow the moon ain't no older'n it wuz, ner the stars no dimmer, an' the apple blossoms air jist as sweet ez they wuz that summer night, an' Malviny an' me an' June seems to be movin' along with our arms around each other, an' I'm jist big enough fool to wonder die when Malvina an' June does, an' go with 'em over yander.—Will J. Lamp-ton, in Detroit Free Press.

The Paper Age.

The world has seen its iron age and its brazen age, but this is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs, and sending himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cover on a paper table. He will wipe his lips on a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already) he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing-rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts, with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin, he will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—Paper Record.

Discipline of Chinese Troops.

An English journal describes the maneuvering of Chinese troops at a review that was held at Nanking last month in the presence of the Viceroy and a great throng of spectators. The drill was entirely on European lines, except that at certain points during the movement the bearers of flags leaped out before the main body of troops, uttering terrific yells and brandishing long flagstaffs like spears, concluding by refolding their flags around the staffs by a dexterous movement and leaping backward into the ranks. The drilling was conducted by a company and a platoon of regiments, the various bodies being afterward reformed and put through various movements together. In the opinion of one observer, the men did not keep very evenly in line, but he saw no soldier losing his place either in quick marching or the rapid forming of squares and columns. The bayonet exercise was also gone through smartly, and the firing was well up to the average. The men used their old muzzle-loading muskets.—New Orleans Picayune.

Advantage of Double Windows.

Double windows—that is, windows with double glass—are an advantage in either winter or summer. In the winter season they pay for themselves in a month or two by the diminution of coal bills, since with their assistance not more than half the coal which is usually needed is required to warm a dwelling. They are just as great an advantage in the summer season, for not only do they shut out the dust, but by keeping them closed during the day the temperature of a room may be kept five or ten degrees below that of the air outside.—New York Journal.

A Curiosity of Digestion.

As a rule, people digest most easily what they like best. There is a dyspeptic in this town who suffers the agonies of death if he eats a piece of white bread, or drinks a cup of tea, and yet he will eat a large piece of fat pork and a plate of baked beans swimming in grease, without experiencing the slightest annoyance. He says he likes pork and beans, and nobody can doubt it after seeing him eat them, and he unquestionably furnishes an illustration of the maxim that dyspepsia is an unaccountable malady.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS IN WAR

OBSERVATION CARS USED TO GET A VIEW OF THE ENEMY.

How the Scheme Worked in the Franco-Prussian War—McClellan's Balloon. THE alarm which prevails in Russian army circles over the capture of balloons that have crossed the frontier in mid-air to study the fortifications of the great castrum along its border-line from a strategic standpoint is but a repetition of the surprise with which the captive balloon was hailed during the war of seventy.

The Franco Prussian war and the siege of Paris have amply demonstrated the utility of the balloon for the purpose of investigation and communication, which without it would have been impossible. During that siege of five months, lasting from the 23d of September to the 25th of January, not less than sixty-five balloons with a crew of 155 men, 363 pounds of mail matter, consisting of letters, dispatches and newspapers, were sent from Paris to the provinces. The carrier-pigeons were used for carrying back news from the provinces to the locked-in capital. That the plan worked successfully is proven by the fact that fifty-seven carrier-pigeons returned with more than 100,000 dispatches. When it is borne in mind that this mode of communication was the only one left to a metropolis numbering its populace by the million this modest result assumes enormous importance, and the future besegement of large centres will undoubtedly bring a repetition and improvement of this method.

During the last century the French military engineer employed captive balloons, which were held with ropes by the privates of his corps. From the car attached to the balloon observations could be made of the territory, the battlefield, or the fortress occupied, and a correct idea could thus be formed of the position and movements of the enemy and the fortifications erected by them. As early as 1793 and 1794 balloons ascensions were made for this purpose during the sieges of Valenciennes, Maubeuge and Charleroi, and the battle of Fleurus. General McClellan was unusually fortunate in the employment of his balloon June 1, 1862, during the battle of Richmond. His headquarters were connected by telegraph with the observation car of the balloon and he directed the battle according to the flashes of intelligence received from there.

These and many other examples, demonstrating the superior advantage of a bird's-eye view of the situation, assume still greater range when the trajectory power of our present firearms is considered, together with the introduction of smokeless powder. The battlefields must of necessity expand, the fighting distance become greater, and that side which discovers the enemy first will have a certain degree to shape and outline the developments of the contest. A brief look-out from the car of a balloon 1000 to 1600 feet in the air reveals more plainly the position of the enemy to the eye of the strategists than all the information that can be gathered from reconnoitering parties, outposts and spies. It is a connected picture that is thus presented of all that would otherwise have to be gradually united into a whole from news and reports as they come. What can be seen from an observation-car is a complete chart, not one composed of isolated fragments, no matter how correct they may be.

These facts, bearing so closely upon the tactics of future wars, have resulted in an increased utility of the captive balloon, the first essential of which is that it shall be ready for service at short notice. Napoleon I. abolished Couthelle's corps of aeronauts only because they were unable to keep up with his army. The military corps of aeronauts at Chalais-Meudon, in charge of Renard, succeeded at last in constructing an aeronaut's park, the special arrangement of which is kept as secret as that of the English and German parks of this class. Gabriel von, one of the most noted Parisian engineers, who assisted in the building of the gigantic captive balloons exhibited at the world's fair of Paris and London, has constructed his aeronaut parks after the Renard model and supplied with them Italy, Russia, China and other countries.

Two opposing elements govern the construction of a military balloon, and to harmonize them great care and judgment is required. One is absolute safety for the lives of the aeronauts; the other utmost lightness in weight of the balloon and its outfit. The first demands a construction insuring durability and safety; the second of minimum weight. To effect a compromise between the two only the best material can be used, and careful calculation and many tests are necessary to achieve the desired result. The weight carried by the gas is by no means small, for Yon's Italian balloon weighed, with passengers, etc., complete, a little over 1000 pounds.—Chicago Times.

Liciorie.

The stick liciorie imported from Europe is rarely pure. Most of it comes from Spain, where it is adulterated to an almost incredible degree. The chief adulterant is a common and cheap gum obtained from an acacia, which grows in great abundance in Morocco and along the west coast of the Sahara and is called Barbary gum. But this is not the only substance used, for starch, flour and even sand are employed in such quantities that some of the cheap grades of liciorie have only one-half their weight composed of the material they purport to contain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The mean height of land above the sea level is 2950 feet.

An incandescent lamp without a filament is the next electrical improvement we are promised.

Mutton is more nutritious and digestible than beef, although some physicians hold that broth made from beef is more nutritive than that from mutton.

Electricity as an aid to gun-making is, it is said, in successful use at the gun factory of St. Etienne, France. The particular use to which it is there put is in the tempering of springs.

A scheme, propounded by M. Rago-sine, which provides for the construction of a steel pipe line from the Caspian Sea, through Persia, to the Persian Gulf, for the conveyance of kerosene, is attracting attention in Bakou oil quarters.

The total average efficiency of the Frankfort Lauffen plant which transmitted 150 horse-power of electrical energy a distance of 109 miles is stated in the official reports, just published, to have been about seventy-five per cent.

At three of the large London railway stations—Charing Cross, Cannon street and London Bridge—as many as 32,969 movements for signal and point levers have to be made every twenty-four hours, quite apart from the telegraphic operations.

Two Indian gentlemen have invented an anti-collision apparatus. It is worked by electricity, the principle being that when one train gets on the same pair of rails another train within a certain distance the current so acts as to bring them to a standstill.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on flesh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds forty-two people; under oats, forty-eight people; under potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 178 people, and under the plantain or bread fruit tree, 6000 people.

Globus announces the formation of a new islet in the Caspian, near Bakou, by upheaval. It lies three and a half miles from shore, and measures 175 feet by 100 feet, rising about twenty feet above the water. Its surface is irregular and composed of blackish gray and yellow hardened mud.

Considerable astonishment was recently excited in a zone of Sweden and Russia, comprising the towns of Stockholm, Ellsvald, Pinsk, Kovovo and St. Petersburg, by the appearance in the air and the eventual deposit on the ground of large clouds of a powder of peculiar appearance.

A French paper is authority for the statement that a Parisian laundryman has discovered a way of cleansing fine linen without using soap or other chemicals. Instead of these, he makes potato starch upon the goods, making it as clotted, much-soiled linen, silk and cotton whiter and purer than when washed in the usual way. The truth of the statement may be easily tested in any laundry.

A Unique Exhibition.

The Soldiers' Company of London have been exhibiting in their hall an extremely interesting collection of all kinds of saddles and bridles in use from the earliest times to the present day. From the Tower of London came a knight's tilting saddle of wood, covered with leather, with an arrangement not unlike stocks, into which the knight's legs were thrust, so that he might not topple over when his horse wheeled about suddenly, or a spear point struck with full force against his armor-plated ribs. Of Cavalier and Cromwellian saddles there were several examples. Sir Henry Halford contributed the velvet saddles used by Prince Rupert and Charles I. at the battle of Naseby, and Colonel Somerville the accoutrements of a war-horse which once belonged to Oliver Cromwell. The trappings in which Sir Edward Seymour rode when he met the Prince of Orange on the shores of Torbay and the Duke of Monmouth's gorgeous saddle were seen by. Close beside them was the favorite saddle of the famous Jockey Fred Archer. The Queen sent a marvellous collection of Oriental saddles and trappings, including those of Tipu Sahib. The Empress Eugenie lent, among other relics of the Napoleonic dynasty, a velvet saddle and trappings said to have been used by Napoleon I. in his last campaign. Near them lay the square-canted saddle of old Blucher, "Marshall Vortwartz." There were also many rare specimens from private collections, including those of Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Somerset and others of equal celebrity, while the War Office lent specimens of military saddlery from Central Powers. Modern cavalry saddles, with latest equipments, were well represented.—Boston Transcript.

Fat-Tailed Sheep.

Some interest has been evoked by the announced arrival of a flock of sixteen of the fat-tailed sheep of Persia for our Agricultural Department at Washington. It has been thought that in our wide range of territory there might be found a place for these curious but not very valuable sheep, of which there is most known by the public, except among experts, of these animals, and some mistakes impressions are existing in regard to the enterprise. Sheep generally have a natural facility for laying fat on various parts of the body. Some gather it on their ribs, others on their viscera and others on the tail. This habit is natural to some kinds of the ox tribe, and other animals, as the beaver, which has an exceedingly large and fat tail. One race of sheep found in Asia Minor, southern Asia, eastern Europe, Arabia and in Africa, have this fat tail enormously developed. When kept in houses and highly fed, the tail, fastened to a little cart for protection, reaches the weight of forty pounds. The fat of it is used in place of butter.—American Dairyman.

The largest of turtles is said to be the species known as the loggerhead, which grows to the enormous weight of 1600 pounds. These are found in the sea.

SUMMER.

Oh, sweet and strange what tints gray morning steal.

Over the misty flats, and gently stirr'd Bead-like lines and peacocks' tails.

To brush the dew-bespangled grasses From meadow grasses and beneath black firs,

In limpid streamlets or translucent lakes To bathe amid dim heron-banked brakes!

Oh, sweet and sumptuous at height of noon Languid to lie on scented summer lawns, Fanned by faint breezes of the leafless June;

To watch the timorous and trooping fawns, Dappled like tenderest clouds in early dawn,

Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink And cool little limbs beside the river's brink!

Oh, strange and sad, ere daylight disappears, To hear the croaking of the homeward wain,

Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers, 'Neath noisy rattle hodge and tangled lane;

To breathe faint scent of roses on the wane By cottage doors, and watch the mellowing sky

Fade into saffron hues insensibly!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tailor's goose.—The Duke.

Such a queer figure.—The Chinese idol carver.

The way to nail a lie is to pin the man down to facts.—Union County Standard.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

Did any one ever see a woman who could look intelligent while talking to a baby?—Acheson Globe.

Don't speak lightly of the graduate: he knows a great deal that you have forgotten.—Elmira Gazette.

The badge of the delegate shows you who he is for, but it does not show you what he is after.—Dallas News.

It is altogether useless to try to talk politics to a man who was married only a week ago.—Somerville Journal.

Friend—My, you grind out jokes pretty fast." Humorist—"Fast! You ought to see them come back."—Yankee Blade.

After a woman passes a certain age she would just as soon get married on Friday as on any other day.—Acheson Globe.

Farmer (to tattered tramp)—"Why don't you work for a living?" Tramp—"Because I have a dread of dying rich."—New York Journal.

Patient (who has been in railroad collision, feebly)—"Doctor, can I recover?" Doctor—"What?" Patient—"Damages, of course."—Yankee Blade.

There are in some soils 43,560,000 mosquito larvae to an acre. It is always safe to count a mosquito's eggs before they are hatched.—New York Herald.

When Johnny broke his rocking-horse in angry words his mother spoke; But Johnny's argument had force: "What good's a horse unless it's broke?"—Judge.

Tommy—"Does the High and Low R. R. pay, do you think?" Dandy—"Oh, yes, I understand that the conductors on that road are amassing fortunes."—Yankee Blade.

Cobwigger—"I haven't any change this morning; just chalk it up." Milkman—"That's too much to ask. I can't afford to waste my chalk that way."—Boston Transcript.

Billy the Beau—"Anything new in enforcement rings?" Jeweler—"Yes; our new 'Seaside' plated goods are cheap and are warranted to outwear any summer resort engagement."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Clara—"How well you looked on the street yesterday." Maud (immensely flattered)—"Do you really think so? I am awfully glad." Clara—"Yes, you had on such a becoming veil."—Cloak Review.

Mrs. Van Cruger—"It strikes me, my dear, that flirting has become almost a science. It reminds me much of chess." Edith Theodora—"Yes, mamma, that's so. You can't get along without the men, you know."—Boston Budget.

Employer—"We want a man who is willing to work and knows the city." Raggles the Tramp (sotto voce)—"Well, I guess I ought to fill the bill. I know the city like a book, and I've been working it for the past two weeks."—Yankee Blade.

Magistrate—"You are charged, sir, with hitting the prosecuting witness, McFadden, with a brick. Guilty or not guilty?" Grogan—"Please, yer honor, 'twas a very soft brick. Misher McFadden is a friend of mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Servant (delivering message)—"Mr. Triplet sends his compliments to Mr. Garzani, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood." Garzani—"Give Mr. Gaspard's compliments to Mr. Triplet, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn up her piano."—Harper's Bazar.

Three Kinds of Lightning. According to Arago, the celebrated French physicist, there are three kinds of lightning, which he names lightning of the first, second and third class. Lightning of the first class is known as fork lightning. That of the second class as sheet lightning, which has no definite form, but seems to be a great mass of light. It