

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 9 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 25 00

Two-fifths of the companies started annually in England are said to fail.

It is said that in no three cities in the world have greater advances in sanitation been made during the last twenty years than in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta in India.

If you wish to increase your chances of life, marry, admonishes the New York Journal, for, as a rule, married men live longer than bachelors; yet out of every thousand persons in England more than six hundred are unmarried.

Execution by electricity appears to the San Francisco Chronicle to have been reduced to a science in New York, for two murderers have been put to death in the chair with no evidence of suffering.

British Columbia is divided into two distinct agricultural parts by the mountains which form the coast range. The coast region has a mild equable climate, while the interior has a climate of extremes.

Attention is called by the press to the rapidity of the changes made in the army by the present German Emperor. Since his accession to the throne eleven generals have been retired.

Washington City contains in its streets and squares over seventy thousand trees, although the work of systematic planting was not begun until 1892. There are 330 little parks at the intersections of the streets and avenues.

The Boston Transcript is convinced that the mere possession of money confers little pleasure, except upon mere misers, and they are few. William H. Vanderbilt was worth about 500 tons of solid gold when he died.

In rancid a Louisiana writer sees a plant which, if a machine to deoericate it can be invented, will become the most valuable fibre for manufacturing purposes in the world.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Yesterday's sunshine Was so bright! Yesterday's burdens Were so light! Yesterday's hand-clasps Were so sweet!

BRIER ROSE.

HE Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it, like shining ribbons, lay the railroad tracks.

Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the desolate prairie town.

The telegraph operator, satiated with landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly and collapsed in his chair.

"A telegraph operator is all I'm good for since I got lost." "Seems like the company might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident."

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl holding some little animal high above her head.

"Call off your dog, Jim," she said fiercely to the owner of the largest, whoops leaps sometimes almost reached the quivering little object in her hands.

"What's all this," cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst. "Brier Rose is being held up!"

The crowd yelled with delight. The girl's whole face became white with rage as she single "for the speaker. "You're Ben Miles, as you're paid before," she said.

"Call of those brutes," cried Dave, rapping the nearest dog with his cane. "For shame, to tease a woman!"

"Hold on, Jim," he said; "that there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the number 10 No. 7." "Not the fellow that got hurt savin' the baby?"

"The same." "Sho, stranger!" said the mollified Jim. "You're welcome to interfere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fer nothin'.

an engine with the best of 'em. Bryan's taught her all the tricks, and he thinks the sun rises and sets for her."

"What's just it. That's Brier Rose! She's got more tame pets; she's friendlier with every beast in Weeping Willow than with any of the boys."

"What's Bryan's Run?" "Horseshoe to Powder Creek. She knows every inch of track and siding. And I wish you could see her handle the critter."

"In spite of what he had heard, or perhaps, because of what he has heard, all things even the melancholy town itself, grew rose colored to Dave's sunny eyes."

But that night something extraordinary occurred. The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy little pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly.

"Brier Rose," called out Jim, as she drew rein, "you don't care nothin' about dancin', do you?"

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled-up taunts fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips glowing scarlet.

"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose, do you love Dave?" cried the one furthest from her whip.

Her courage came back at Dave's approach, and the spell of her unwanted silence was broken.

That night Joe fidgeted around, unable to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon.

The position of telegraph operator at Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock. The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station.

The 44, having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine, now stood on the siding, waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express.

She trotted fearfully along the side of the boiler, rubbing the hand rail with a black oil-sodden cloth.

His own machine called his attention from the 44. Then Ross heard him cry out, and, springing down, she rushed into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!" he said hoarsely. "Spite work of a discharged engine. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—single track—Dave's train only going fifteen—the 44 and that one car on the only siding between here and Red Valley."

"There is it!" cried Brier Rose. "It broke away from Horseshoe Gap. Message in from Prairie City. It's already passed Prairie City, headed straight for here. It's bound to catch Dave before his train gets to Red Valley."

Rose turned white to her very lips. She covered her face with her brown hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head and looked Joe full in the face.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight, with Dave on board, and the cruel, senseless runaway engine.

She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurt her to her doom, and still not avert disaster from Dave.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was coming too slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered at the thought.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow at last. The 44 whistled frantically. Rose signaled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the 44 and the runaway flew past the little station platform.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing; then, from sheer nervousness, he squeezed Foxy until he yelped wildly.

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her, and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes and smiled into his face.

An Unshorn Sheep. David L. Hadley, a well-to-do farmer living near Clarksville, Clinton County, Ohio, is the possessor of a seven-year-old wether that is attracting wide-spread attention in that and adjoining counties.

The sheep selected was a three-quarter blooded Saxony and one-fourth Spanish merino, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. For more than seventy-three months this sheep lugged his increasing fleece and now he rewards his owner with an eighteen-inch growth.

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

FLEET-FOOTED GAME NOW ALMOST EXTINCT.

The horns of our prongbuck are apt to vary much with age, the protuberance in front being often wanting in the young, which would argue to some extent the annual shedding of the sheath.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The most costly of the metals is didymium, which sells at \$4500 a pound. A large vein of copper is said to have recently been uncovered near Stratford, Vt.

The electric motor operates through the alternate magnetization and demagnetization of a bar of soft iron. During the influenza epidemic in Germany the proportion of ozone in the air was found to be scarcely ten per cent. of the normal amount.

The first electric light was the invention of Galvani & Volta, in 1786, but scores of men have since made improvements and adapted it to popular use.

A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day.

The famous termites, commonly called "white ants," although they belong to the order of the dragon fly, infest Cayton in countless swarms, devouring everything eatable, and even gutting the timbers of dwelling houses so that the latter are reduced to mere shells.

In observations on "squinting," Dr. Stevens, an English oculist, has taken over 2000 photographs of persons affected. The investigations demonstrate that certain well defined types of facial expression are both associated with and dependent upon certain relative tensions of the muscles of the eyes.

At one time it was held that there was a considerable difference in the height of the European seas so little removed from each other as the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Dr. Suran, however, shows this to be based on errors in leveling; measurements made at thirty-eight stations from the Adriatic to the Baltic proving that in most cases only a few centimetres of difference exist, so that for practical purposes it may be taken that the sea level on all the coasts of Europe is the same.

Killing Fish by Wholesale.

Everybody passing over the Long Island City ferry at Thirty-fourth street must have noticed late the great numbers of apparently dead fish that float about on the surface of the river.

About a minute after the explosion the fish began to come up to the surface of the river. They lay on their backs, apparently dead. They floated about. After awhile some of them began to come around. About half of them came back to life.

Some of the dead fish apparently had their skulls broken by the shock in the water. Others were merely stunned. The fish were good eating. Sometimes they would put the fish in buckets of water until they came back to life again, and that they would fire a torpedo off near the bucket and see the fish dive down into the water and try in other ways to get out of the reach of the noise.

Locusts in Morocco.

The British consul at Mogador, Morocco, mentions in his last report, that while on an excursion inland, about a day's journey from Mogador, he met flights of locusts. He says it was an astonishing and interesting though painful sight, the air being in some parts so thick with them that they formed a dense living brown fog, through which he could hardly find his way.

A good fieldglass is a great help. By noting at long range the direction they are feeding, they may be intercepted by direct chase and a pistol shot, as Washington Irving killed his buffalo, but an unusual horse, of course, is required for this. For the distance of three or four miles, perhaps, no faster animal runs than our pronghorn, but if pushed to its utmost within this limit it soon shows signs of fagging.

The man who laughs best does not always laugh loudest.

A WOMAN'S HATE.

"I hate you, I hate you!" the maiden said, And her eyelids drooped and her face grew red, And she turned from her lover and hung her head.

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair, And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair, As she stole a glance at her lover's face.

And he, them men are so full of guile; His eyes, a-glimmering with mirth the while, Looked calmly on, with a doubting smile.

"I hate you, I hate you!" she said again, And she tapped her toe on the carpet then, As if each tap were a stab to men.

Her lip was aquiver, her eyes in mist, Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods kissed, Were bathed in the essence of amethyst.

And then her love, with a startled look, Grew serious quite, and his face forsook The confident glow which it erstwhile took.

And "Oh, my well," as he rose to go; "And if it pleases you to have it so, Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know."

He took one step, but a sudden turned— Oh, much the sweetest it bliss unlearned— And looked in the tear-wet eyes that yearned.

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined Around his neck. Oh, a woman's mind Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head, And he kissed her cheek, which was still red-red; "You know I hate you!" was all she said.

Sailors prefer a lark on land to a night in gale on the sea.—The Jester. The calendar is a very good reminder that our days are numbered.—Puck.

When the public has faith in a writer's name, it is a faith which must be backed up by good works.—Puck. Extreme of heat and cold produce like effects. When a man is "frozen out" he is apt to get red hot.—Life.

"Well, I've sworn off my worst habit, William." "Which one?" responded William.—Chicago News Record. Why are girls so afraid? When the lightnings are active? 'Tis because each dear maid Is aware she's attractive.—Judge.

He—"No one can undersand 'what the wild waves are saying.'" She—"Of course not. The ocean is so very deep."—New York Herald. A West Philadelphia man wants to sell his parrot, which he advertises as being "suitable for a deaf family."—Philadelphia Record. The coffee palaces of Melbourne, says an exchange, are the finest in the world. The grounds are probably likewise very fine.—Rocheater Post. Our English language is full of eccentricities. We wind up a watch to set it going. But we wind up a business concern to stop it.—Lowell Courier. Brandy she begs for kisses, Boldly makes arch eyes at me; Such a shameless mimic as this is—My daughter, what art thou?—Chicago News Record. From time immemorial men have been held up for examples, and now and then they've been held up for what they had about their clothes.—Binghamton Leader. The fellow that's up with the times, And sees with a glass all things, Gets awfully left in the lurch By the circus that has three rings.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Twynn—"They say that Dingler hadn't a friend in the world." "Triplett—"No wonder. He went about reciting eulogistic soliloquies at prior entertainments."—Detroit Free Press. "I ought to study photography," mused the sensible young man who had proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop many negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."—Washington Star. Hostess—"I've got such a cold to-day. I feel quite stupid." Priza Idiot (calling)—"I've got a bad cold, too; but I don't feel particularly stupid." Hostess—"Ah, I see you're quite yourself."—London Punch. "I will improve my mind," said he; "I can, though I don't look it." And she responded merrily, "First catch your hare, then cook it."—Washington Star. "Dear Father: We are well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Molly."—Texas Siftings. Twillinger—"I hear that Tompkins drank up all his diamonds in the last month." Wife—"I know then that they are not of first water or he would never have tasted them, the horrid old sot."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. The King of the Camels nothing could save He passed from earthly labor; And kind missionaries wrote over his grave "A man who loved his neighbors."—Life. The Mistress—"You really don't want the coffee?" The Trump—"Parson see, madam; but I detect the presence of two lumps of sugar. My invariable habit is to take one lump only. It may be ragged, but I possess the true instincts of the epicure."—Pittsburgh Bulletin. A Waldo County clam-digger, of considerable creative faculty, wanted to say something real bad of a neighbor and delivered himself of this: "The critter ain't got no brains; the inside of his head ain't even lathed, let alone being plastered."—Lewisport (Me.) Journal. "Tell your worthy mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Snively's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are coming, and ma will be glad to see you, too." "How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked Mrs. Snively. "Because I heard her yesterday she would be glad to see somebody who didn't come here to collect a bill."—Texas Siftings.