

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, \$8.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$25.00; Two Squares, one year, \$50.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$12.50; Half Column, one year, \$25.00; One Column, one year, \$50.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

There are 7,500,000 young men in the United States.

Chicago has begun a canal to cost \$30,000,000, which will carry large vessels from the lakes to the Mississippi.

It is said, by the New York Mail and Express, that the wealth of the Russian Church is almost incalculable; it could pay the Russian National debt (some \$3,500,000,000), and would then be enormously wealthy.

A Fiji missionary says that ninety per cent of the Fiji Island population, which is 110,000, is found in church on Sunday. That is much better than many civilized Nations can boast, comments the New York Mail and Express.

The average duration of lives in the United States is: 41.8 years for storekeepers; 43.6 years for teamsters; 44.6 years for seamen; 47.3 years for mechanics; 48.4 years for merchants; 52.5 years for lawyers, and 64.2 years for farmers.

The postal telegraph system of Great Britain and Ireland is now the most gigantic and complete organization for the transmission of messages in the world, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. This staff numbers 3453; the annual amount expended in salaries and wages is \$322,963, and the total number of telegrams passing through the office per annum, 32,537,779.

Mexico is now in an era of economies, declares the Boston Transcript, and the first step will be the reduction of the army, and probably there will also be a reduction in the number of officers now on the pension rolls. The all-absorbing topic is the high price of provisions, due to drought, which causes great suffering among the poor, though no actual cases of starvation have occurred in the city. Business continues very dull. The customs receipts have fallen off considerably, as merchants are not importing anything.

One of the most familiar objects in Wall street offices is the stock ticker with its endless convolutions of tape. It has long been supposed that this thin tape was a necessary evil, and that the record of the little type wheels could not be received on any other medium; but American ingenuity, announces the New York Post, has, as usual, grappled with the problem, seeing that there would be a good market for a machine capable of delivering the message upon a sheet of paper rather than upon the objectionable band, which is difficult to read, liable to kink, ready to snap in several places under the slightest strain, and not an easy thing to file. In Europe, dispatches received by printing telegraph are torn into short lengths and pasted clumsily on ordinary delivery blanks, but the labor and delay caused by such an operation offset the advantages of legibility and speed in sending. In a machine recently brought out in this country, the idea of securing a typewritten page, by telegraph, appears to have been carried to practical perfection. The message is received in the form of a printed page, eight inches wide, by an instrument that is automatic in its action and is under the control of the operator at the dispatching end. The practice involved may be said to correspond to that of the every-day typewriting machine. A speed of over forty words a minute on a 200-mile circuit is said to have been reached.

No stronger evidence of the safety of electric lighting installations can be afforded than the fact that a great many explosives factories are now being lit by electricity. It is obvious that the building wherein the preparation of inflammable or highly explosive substances is carried on very special care should be taken in order to avoid even the smallest risk, and powder manufacturers now find that the electric light adds a considerable percentage over gas to the chances of safe operation. While electricity increases the safety of this branch of industry in one way it lessens it in another. There is a great deal of free electricity thrown off in various stages of manufacture, and the disposition of this, so far as it can be removed out of harm's way, is a serious question. The charge of a powder cake press with about plates may practically be considered as an electric pile, and a large amount of friction or electric influence from outside may cause a sufficient electric charge to give off sparks. Several undisputed cases of this kind have been known. Another source of danger from friction occurs during the glazing, rounding and sieving of gunpowder. The powder is subjected to a constant rubbing of its particles against each other, and during the glazing especially there is danger of electricity accumulating. Therefore precautions should be taken in order to convey away any charge that may accumulate in the glazing.

HIGH-TIDE

The high-tide of the year has come at last; From their mysterious depths the waves of white And pink and green are breaking on our sight; The airy cloud-ships, slowly sailing past, Light shadows on the shimmering orchards cast. The fragrant breeze seems to repeat their flight, And on the outspread trees the songsters light, Yet with the wings of music travel fast. Then comes the full, delicious rise and fall Of night and morn; and dreamy twilight lights fill The soul like sweet responses to a call; Where once were roses there are roses still— The earth must pattern after her old ways As late as there are June and summer days. —Mary L. Mason, in Youth's Companion.

HELEN'S GOOD DEED.

Helen, yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have."

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. "Dear, dear," she said; "what a pity! And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds me of Miss Antoine herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses, I believe, and—"

"Yes," said the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed!" said the doctor, fumbling with his watch seals. "Unfortunately—"

"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much perplexed and befuddled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm a few miles further down the shore. She takes boarders for \$3 a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little girl belonged to me."

"An excellent plan," said the doctor, graciously. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make a different person of her."

Helen could hardly believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.

"The seashore!" she cried, her pale face flushed all over; "the real sea! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life! And for a long, bright summer month. Oh, how shall I ever thank you!"

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, touched by the girl's enthusiasm. "And here is a \$10 bill for you," she added, with a smile. "You may need some trifle of dress, or there may be a drive or a picnic or an excursion going in which you will want to participate."

The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money.

"No, you shall not give it back—it is a present from me, and I choose that you keep it."

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farm house, a long, low red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbrageous maple trees guarding it about with shade, and a dooryard full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, white in sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam all along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room left, my dear," she said, "under the eaves of the house. It's small, but it's furnished comfortably and there's a view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies, teachers in the Ixwood Institute came yesterday, and I'm sleeping in the parlor. But we will make you as snug as possible, and the very first good-sized room that is vacant you shall have."

Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the ocean, dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic woman. Farmer Daggett was an honest man who invariably fell asleep of an evening with his chair tipped back against the wall, and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were but three masculine appendages to the household besides its master—an old clergyman whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation, a literary man of large aspirations and small income who had come hither for rest and opportunity to study up his "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Milfin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Milfin was. A bent and bowed little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our Revolutionary forefathers, and blue eyes that glistened from behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals after an apologetic fashion and sat all the bright afternoons under the maples staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to Mrs. Daggett.

"That lady frowned.

"It's old Daddy Milfin," said she. "And I wish it was anybody else."

"Is he a boarder?"

"Well, he is and he isn't," obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking currants for a pudding; while Helen

sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Milfin. We were to give him the northeast chamber and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't every one that would be willing to have an old man like him about. But he's harmless and quiet, and the \$3 a week helped us. But Breezy Point has grown to be a fashionable resort, and things have changed. And what's worse his folks have left off sending the money."

"I wonder why?" said Helen, her large, dreamy eyes fixed sadly on the old man, who sat under the maples wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, 'praps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or 'praps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer, so we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right and they can't expect anything else of us. 'Squire Sodus is to send his covered carryall next Saturday, and I old Daddy Milfin'll suppose he's going for a ride. And so things'll go off smooth and pleasant."

"Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front, the silver hair that glistened in the sunshine and the white, claw like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs. Daggett, "but his sons turned out bad and he lost for Squire Sodus's cousin and lost everything. And here he is in his old age, without a penny! What is it Becky? The oven ready for the pie? Yes, I'm coming."

She bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration entered the girl's heart as she sat there with her briny smell of the ocean filling her senses and the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's \$10 bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carryall which she and the girls from Ixwood Institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and glens all those sweet, misty summer afternoons, of the excursions to Twin Rock by steamer upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress which she had decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances if she indulged in this other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice," she said to herself.

Then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where Daddy Milfin sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked, softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to rouse himself out of a reverie; "it's home. I have lived here for eighty odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasant."

"It may be, my dear; it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't be the same to me."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," said she, "here are \$10 which Mrs. Dardanel gave me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep, old Mr. Milfin here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Daggett; "the ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen; "but he is so old and feeble and friendless, and—and please, Mrs. Daggett, take the money. Perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for over a year she paid \$2 a week steadily, and Mr. Milfin never knew what a danger had menaced him.

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wild, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man with the mien of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been dead a year," he said. "And his papers show us that I have been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned for the first time that there is an arrangement due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not allowed to suffer!"

"Oh, he's all right," said Mrs. Daggett. "We have taken excellent care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, fervently clasping her hand, "and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Daggett, turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at the farm-house, sat by, quietly sewing in the window recess.

That was what Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde, here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since."

"I beg your pardon if I have interfered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and helpless that—"

"God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Milfin, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will require your services no longer," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investment, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter dresses made up she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MRS. DARDANEL: I am sorry

to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Milfin and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And, oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice and I have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately,

"HELEN HYDE."

And all this life's romance had grown out of Helen's month at the seaside.

FARMYARD ODDITIES.

Among the farmyard oddities about Reading, Penn., are a six-legged pig, owned by Elias Seaman, of Nantuxingtown, and a four-legged duckling, treasured for luck by John Smithingor, of Union Township, near Birdsborough.

Jacob Laeb, also of Nantuxingtown, owns a male guinea that has just hatched out a brood of nine young guineas, which he takes care of with the same pride and attention that a well-regulated guinea hen would manifest.

A snow-white crow that had for some time been flying around the neighborhood of Cain, Chester County, Penn., in company with a flock of ordinary black crows, was shot the other day by Farmer H. A. Beale, who had the bird mounted by a taxidermist and now keeps it as a trophy. Its plumage does not include a single feather other than pure white.

John Anderson, of Hanesville, Penn., has a hen that has adopted four young kittens, now two weeks old. The hen had been clucking fruitlessly on a nest which Anderson afterward covered with a board to prevent her further efforts to set, and when the would-be chicken mother found she couldn't raise little chicks she transferred her attention to the litter of little kittens, beating off the parent cat and taking possession of the young mewling family as her own.

A spaniel dog belonging to Mrs. George Taylor, of West Chester, has also adopted a litter of kittens, and now claims them as his own progeny. When the mother cat or any member of Mrs. Taylor's family approaches, the dog flies into a towering passion and asserts his guardianship of the little pussies.

Inkeeper Head, of Turk's Head, West Chester, has a yardward goat that chews tobacco with marked appreciation and relish.—New York Times.

Wolf Vengeance.

During one of my hunting and fishing excursions in Louisiana I was fishing on a lake two or three miles long and from one-quarter to one-half mile wide. On the west side of the lake I saw a deer, leaving about one-quarter mile of the beach, and while there I saw a wolf running at the top of his speed toward the lake, and a moment later a wolf appeared in hot pursuit. Expecting them to plunge into the lake, when I could overtake and kill them both in the water, I kept my place. Just before the deer reached the water it was caught by the wolf, which pulled it down and killed it. Then the wolf stalked around, in a looked about, trotted off some distance and set up a howl, went further and again howled and then into the woods, when I heard more howling.

The wolf being out of sight, I rowed my boat to the place and got the deer and then went to my fish hooks. Shortly there appeared the scene of a pack of ten or twelve wolves. They sniffed and moved all around where the deer had been killed. These movements occupied considerable time. They would huddle together, change about and trot about in all directions, keeping close together. Finally they got into a fight; the whole pack attacked one wolf and killed it. It was literally bit and chewed to pieces. Now, what was the wolf killed for? The probability is, and I am almost positive, that the dead wolf was the one that killed the deer. I have talked to many hunters upon this subject, and have come across but two who had seen anything similar, and they thought the wolf had been killed for lying. If it was done in the case I ever knew a wolf to be killed wrongfully.—Forest and Stream.

White Hair Turning Black.

There is nothing unusual in hair turning white, but a case in which the hair turned black again after being white recently told by a gentleman from Detroit. A lady of that city originally had black eyes and hair, but in the course of time, when she had attained the age of about seventy years, her hair turned pure white. This was expected, but about a year ago her hair began darkening, and is now as black as jet. There is no doubt about the change, nor was any artificial means used to produce it, so that the case is certainly one of the most remarkable recorded in the annals of medical history. The lady was not conscious of any change in diet or in her physical condition that would justify the curious phenomenon, so it is absolutely inexplicable on any known hypothesis.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Glass Rolling-Pin.

The housewife who delights in tender, flaky pastry will find with joy the advent of the glass rolling-pin. It is an ideal adjunct to the pie-making outfit, not even yielding first place to the marble slab, which has been adopted by the housekeeper who keeps abreast of the time, in lieu of the old-fashioned wooden mauling board. By simply unscrewing the handle of the glass rolling pin the revolving cylinder may be kept filled with cracked ice, thereby insuring the reduced temperature necessary for making puff paste or good pie crust of any kind. It may be a consolation also to the heart of the good housewife that the new rolling-pin—so easily kept sweet and clean and so desirable in every way—costs less than half a dollar and may be obtained in the house furnishing department of any of the big stores.—Chicago Herald.

There are 140,000 Chinese in the United States.

FISH REGARDED AS A FOOD.

THERE ARE ONE THOUSAND VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM.

The Myth About Its Being a Brain Strengthening—Less Nutritive Than Flesh—Its Real Value.

THE housekeeper in each family will do well to remember the fact that there are 1000 different species of edible fish in this country. Not that she need expect to be called upon to choose from this bewildering lot each time she goes to the fish market, but only because the mention of possible fish in such large quantities as this makes the mere fact of selection for dinner a more important and awe-inspiring achievement.

Professor Atwater, in the recent report issued by the Fish Commission, has settled the number of edible fish at no less than that, and Professor Atwater's authority is not to be disputed.

The food value of fish is a matter of great interest to anybody who eats fish. It would be worth while to trace back the legend about the value of fish as a brain food and discover, if possible, whether the originator of the idea ate fish in large quantities, for the idea is a brilliant fraud.

In the first place there is no proof of the fact that fish contains phosphorus in larger quantities than any meat does. In fact, the analysis of fish has proved that it does not. And, in the second place, there is no proof that phosphorus is any more of a brain food than any other substance.

The real value of the commoner kinds of fish as food is about as follows: In all fish there is a larger per cent. of water and less per cent. of fat than there is in a like quantity of the flesh of fowl and domestic animals. There is therefore less nutritive material, pound for pound, in fish than in flesh.

In the flesh of the flounder there is sixteen per cent. of nutritive material and eighteen per cent. in the fresh cod. In the latter fish, the herring, the shad, the whitefish, the mackerel and others, the per cent. of nutrition is somewhat higher and near the value of beef, which ranges from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent.

Curiously enough dried and salt fish are more nutritious than the same fish when fresh. Salt codfish contains twenty-eight per cent. of nutrition, salt mackerel forty-seven and desiccated codfish as high as eighty-two per cent. Part of this increase in nutrition per pound is to be accounted for by the fact that the waste materials, the bone, skin and refuse, are more or less removed from dried and salt fish; the removal of the moisture also has considerable influence.

Because of the presence of so much water the juicy shellfish, such as oysters, clams, lobsters and crabs, have a low per cent. of nutrition—the oyster being rated as low as from seven to ten per cent., with the lobster about on a par at eighteen. Nearly all of the oyster—at much as 87.3 per cent.—is water, in a quart of oysters the solid portion weighing but two to five ounces. This, of course, makes oysters a costly food, since, in order to be properly nourished by oysters, one would need not only to buy, but to eat them in extremely large quantities.

The nutritive value of any kind of food is proportioned to the amount a given quantity contains of three things—protein, carb-hydrates and fats. Of these three the protein, containing nitrogen, seems to be the most essential to human well-being.

The American fault in eating is eating too much fat and carb-hydrates—and not enough protein. "This," said Professor Atwater recently, "is a natural result of our agricultural conditions, which have led to the production of large quantities of maize, which is relatively deficient in protein and of excessively fat beef and pork. Our agricultural production is in this sense, one-sided."—New York World.

Mr. Armour and His Clerk.

Philip D. Armour, the millionaire pork packer of Chicago makes it a practice every year to make the clerks in his office the pres of a good business suit of clothes. There is an unwritten law that this suit shall not exceed in cost forty dollars, for which sum, it is rightly considered, a very handsome everyday outfit can be purchased. But one new clerk, upon being told to go to a tailor, make his selection and have the bill sent to Mr. Armour, determined not to be hampered by any forty dollar limit. He accordingly ordered a suit costing eighty-five dollars. In due time the bill was presented to Mr. Armour. He called for the young man who had contracted it, and that worthy appeared, a confident smile overshadowing his face. He had no thought of impending danger.

"You're Mr. So and so?" inquired Mr. Armour, with great apparent affability.

"Yes, sir."

"You had the suit made?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fits you well, eh?" very blandly.

"Exceedingly well, sir," replied the clerk, rather surprised by this line of questioning.

"Well," said Mr. Armour slowly, in that stern, crushing manner of his, "I've seen a great many boys in my day, but you are the biggest one I have ever came across."

And that day the clerk with the eighty-five dollar suit began to hunt a new job.—New York News.

Artificial Pearls.

Artificial pearls are merely small blown-glass balls, lined with the coloring matter obtained from the inside of the scales of a small fish called the "bleak" that is plentiful in Europe. They are filled with wax to make them strong and keep the lining from scaling off.—Washington Star.

London's six principal railway lines carry annually over 200,000,000 people, and the tramways about 160,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A patent has been issued for a lock which can be operated only by a magnetized key.

A Berlin inventor has invented an instrument which measures the 1000th part of a second.

At ordinary temperature mercury in an equal quantity in bulk weighs about two-thirds more than gold.

At an ordinary temperature mercury in an equal quantity in bulk weighs about two-thirds more than gold.

Electric accumulator lamps, weighing four pounds and giving light seven hours, are now used by London policemen.

"Masring" is the name of the new chemical element which has been discovered in the bed of an ancient Egyptian river.

The latest of photography's triumphs is a snap shot of a flying insect. The negative was exposed for only the 125th part of a second.

Sage-brush, hitherto supposed to be useless, and which covers millions of acres of the Western plains, can be converted into a superior grade of coarse paper.

A scheme is now being developed in Scotland by which a high grade of brick is being made from chipped granite and clay. The experiments are said to have been successful.

A "porous plaster" for building purposes is formed, according to a recent patent, by adding bicarbonate of soda alone, or with a limited amount of dilute acid to ordinary plaster of paris.

African travelers tell us that the white rhinoceros frequently dies from eating poisonous plants which have no effect on the black one, probably because the fine scent of the latter tells him it is dangerous.

The famous Khajjah tunnel of India pierces the Kilaia Amran Mountains about sixty miles north of Inetta at an elevation of 6400 feet. It is 12,800 feet long and was constructed broad enough to carry a double line of rails.

It appears that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory regions is essential to perfect smell. In cases where animals are pure white they are usually totally devoid of both smell and taste; and some, the white cat for instance, are almost invariably deaf.

Two English naturalists have recorded a remarkable instance of the decalcification of bones in water. The bones—those of a fallow deer discovered last summer in a Yorkshire peat-bog—are quite pliable and elastic, and of a dark brown color; and the teeth also are so light as to float on water.

A striking reminder of the gaps yet to be filled in our maps of the earth's surface is Dr. O. Baumann's discovery in Eastern Africa of a hitherto unknown lake eighty miles long. This great lake, to be called Eliasi, is between the Manjara Salt Lake and the Victoria Nyanya, and receives the Wambere River, supposed by Stanley to be the southernmost tributary of the Nile.

How De Mores Bought Cattle.

"The way the Marquis de Mores was skinned, buccooed and generally done up out in Dakota was pretty tough," said A. L. Dowler to a Chicago Times reporter.

"I have just returned from Medora, Montana; where the Marquis lived," continued Mr. Dowler, "and I guess the Frenchman doesn't owe the Medora people anything."

"He ran a bank there, and the cashier, bookkeepers, discount clerks, paying teller, and in fact the entire staff of the establishment consisted of De Mores's English valet and a big Newfoundland dog. When this valet was not engaged in his menial duties he attended to the financial affairs of the bank."

"While Curran was there the Marquis bought 10,000 head of cattle from two Englishmen. They were first-class cattle and cost \$40 a head. When these two Britons delivered the cows they worked out of the nearest skin games that I've ever heard of. Medora, you know, sits in a valley, with table lands on each side. Well, the Englishman ran 5000 head of cattle in on the Marquis and collected for 10,000! The way they did it was by running the same 5000 twice around the hill. De Mores never tumbled until he had paid his \$40,000 and the merry cockneys were bound for South America. It was a clear steal of \$200,000, but the Marquis didn't make much bones about it. He had plenty of money and didn't care."

"He was the game of everybody in that section of the country. He paid four prices for everything and was theoretically, if not literally, held up upon every occasion."

A Boon for Poor Sailors.

A method has been devised by Mr. Thornycroft, the English builder of torpedo boats, boilers, etc., for checking the rolling of a vessel at sea, namely, by moving a weight, under strict control from side to side of a vessel, so as to continually balance, or subtract from, the heeling movement of the wave slope. It consists of a large mass of iron in the form of a quadrant of a circle, which is placed horizontally, with the center on the middle line of the vessel, being there connected with a vertical shaft; the latter is turned by a hydraulic engine, which is very ingeniously controlled by an automatic arrangement, and the heavy iron quadrant is swept round from side to side, revolving about its center, to the extent that is required to counteract the heeling movement. This device is claimed to meet a growing need—the tendency at the present day, it is thought, being rather in the direction of increased than diminished rolling, as the steaming motion of sails, which renders the influence easy and agreeable in sailing, is fast disappearing in steamers.—St. Louis Republic.

The slaughter of cattle by electricity is practiced in Scotland.

MY GIFTS.

Give not to me life's splendors—they would blind The eyes that now have light to see the way;

Only a little sunlight for my day, And for my night the shadows soft and kind; And for my wealth the quiet of the mind, Gentle and sweet; and lips that sing or say In kindness, and are answered when they pray,

And for my glory, duty, love defined, And give to me the love of her whose kiss Is recompense for toil; whose smiles await My coming, brightening with expected bliss In some sweet spot where twilight hushes late;

And yet one other blessing crowning this, In little footsteps patter to the gate! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A salt-seller—The vendor of cod-fish. The