

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100 One Square, one inch, three months... 200 One Square, one inch, one year... 300 Two Squares, one year... 500 Quarter Column, one year... 200 Half Column, one year... 100 One Column, one year... 500 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Chicago is to have "the biggest telescope in the world."

Half-dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of those who use it.

The New York Commercial Advertiser is convinced that "poetry pays when it really is poetry, and the Whittier copyrights bring in as much as \$8500 a year."

The New York Board of Health sent Dr. Seibert to Hamburg to investigate the cholera. He reports that America must expect a visitation from the plague next summer unless immigration is stopped.

The National organization just formed in Chicago under the title of the "Country Road Improvement League" has a gigantic programme, covering the half million miles of country roads which need to be improved.

People who have wondered why no woman has ever composed a grand opera or a great symphony will wonder no more. The London Lancet tells all about it. It is because "woman is deficient in the physiological conditions of ideoplastic power."

The number of schoolhouses in the United States is 216,330. The estimated value of all public school property is \$328,865,532. The total revenues of the public schools are from permanent endowments, \$9,825,127; from taxes, State, \$25,177,067; local, \$88,328,385—\$113,905,412; from other sources, \$8,794,431. Total revenue, \$135,125,010.

A curious industry has arisen as the result of the establishment of the Paris-London telephone. Skilled talkers are employed by the news agencies to do all the telephoning for these enterprises because of their rapidity and distinctness of utterance. As telephoning is expensive, these experts talk at the rate of 190 words per minute. French only is employed because of the absence of the hissing sound that render telephone talk in English frequently unintelligible.

An electric railroad to run 100 miles an hour between Chicago and St. Louis is projected. "This sounds big," comments the New York Tribune, "but the range of electrical possibilities has by no means been reached. The successful operation of such a road would doubtless point to important changes in our methods of transportation. A speed of 100 miles an hour, however, will require an almost perfectly straight track, and on the great majority of the railroads of the East it would be entirely out of the question. One most excellent thing about the proposed new road is that it will have no grade crossings."

One good result which the Illustrated American thinks is likely to follow England's seizure of the Gilbert Islands is the stoppage of the "contract labor" business. The supply of labor for the coffee plantations in Mexico is small, dear and unreliable. The planters, therefore, turned to the natives of the South Sea Islands to obtain the workmen needed. Two years ago a cargo of 300 Gilbert Islanders was landed. The natives were under contract to work on the coffee plantations for three years at from \$7 to \$10 a month. At the expiration of that period they were to be returned to their homes. Notwithstanding the contracts the laborers were virtually slaves. How many will ever reach home again remains to be seen.

President D. W. Fisher, of Hanover College, Ind., gives the New York Independent information which throws some light on the possible origin of American races. He says: One of the recent graduates of Hanover College, W. T. Lopp, for the past two years has been in charge of the Mission School for the Eskimos, at Port Clarence, Alaska, on the American side of Bering Strait. A letter under date of August 31st, 1892, to myself, says of last winter: "No thaw during the winter, and ice blocked in the Strait. This has always been doubted by whalers. Eskimos have told them that they sometimes crossed the strait on ice, but they have never believed them. Last February and March our Eskimos had a tobacco famine. Two parties (five men) went with dog sleds to East Cape, on the Siberian coast, and traded some beaver, otter and marten skins for Russian tobacco, and returned safely. It is only during an occasional winter that they can do this. But every summer they make several trips in their big walrus skin boats—forty feet long. These observations may throw some light upon the origin of the Prehistoric Races of America." Mr. Lopp is in every way a reliable man, and it would seem to be a pity not to give to the public the important fact which he has narrated above.

CHRISTMAS.

Oh, the glorious Christmas weather, when all hearts keep time together, And we never have a feeling that is not serene and bright; When the snow is falling, falling, and the sound of coisters calling To their fellows on the hillside echoes clearly through the night. How the sleighbells tinkle, tinkle, while the snow goes crinkling, crinkling, And the furs and robes about us hardly serve to keep us warm; And our feet and fingers tingle to the music and the jingle, As we drive on swiftly homeward through the thick flying storm. How the lights shine out to meet us; how the dogs rush out to greet us, As we draw up at the gateway; and the horses, in a steem, Stand there restless, stamping, stamping in the drifting snow, and clamping At their bits, impatient of us—like the shadows in a dream. How the blazing hickory fire flashes higher, higher, higher, As we pile the wood upon it and draw closer all around; And the crackling and the snapping of the logs, like wood-gnomes rapping For logs from out their prisons, has a weird and wintry sound. Oh, the warmth and love within there! Oh, the coziness that spins there! To the children, of the goblins who live out in all the snow; And at length we leave the fable, and recall the lowly stable Where the King of Love was lying many centuries ago. Till, as we all sat there thinking, little eyes with sleep are blinking, And the old clock in the hallway tells of Christmas come again; And the whole white earth rejoices as we hear the angel voices Sing again the old, old story: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Then to wake up at the dawning of a glorious Christmas morning, To find everybody happy with the warmth of Christmas cheer. Ah, when love is such a feeling, all our better selves revealing, Let us dwell in love forever and have Christmas all the year. —James G. Burnham.

THE CHRISTMAS PIKE.

BY MISS L. V. BELLOCK-WEBSTER.

HERE shall I go for Christmas," was a question that much disturbed my mind last year; for I had a great many invitations, and only a few days to spare. I particularly wanted to be back for the big dance at the Hawthorns, and with open weather, and four good horses in the stable, I grudgingly missed even one day's hunting. Still a bachelor's hunting-box, seven miles from anywhere, was not exactly my idea of the place to Christmas in; so I turned over in my mind the merits and demerits of my various friends' establishments, but could not come to any conclusion as to which I intended to honor with my presence. The evening post settled the matter for me. "The very place," I cried, when just as I had finished dinner the maid brought in a letter from my old chum, Langham Carter, who was home on a six months' furlough from India. He and I had been close friends at school, but we had not met again until one winter when I went out to India for some tiger and big game shooting. We were both staying with Sanderson, at Mysore, and good sport we had. He showed us how to catch elephants, as only he knows how, and put me in the way of bagging my first tiger. "What fun it was! and what a good sort old George Sanderson is—very few like him, worse luck," I mused, as Langham's letter recalled that jolly time which we had spent together. "Dear Frank," his note ran, "I am going down to the Moat for Christmas and I hope you'll come, too. You can have a good mount on any of the day's horses—they are all your sort, well bred and good performers. If you bring a rod you can catch pikes galore and of sizes large in the moat. Father and mother and the girls (you remember Nellie and Nora when they were little) will be delighted to see you once more. Come by the early train on Christmas Eve and I'll be just a minute to see you're coming." So next morning I sent my message, "Thanks, delighted to come," and spent the rest of the day in pleasant anticipation of the fun I was going to have. If there is one thing I like, or love, next to hunting, it is a bit of good fishing, and a big pike is my especial in the fish line; so I packed up my rod and looked out suitable tackle for the mighty monarchs of whom Lang spoke. It was only midday when I reached the Carters' station, for I had got up boated. Two very pretty girls were waiting for me on the platform; and I instantly recognized one as an improved edition of the little Nellie I used to chase and kiss under the mistletoe long ago. She had been my first love, and we made all sorts of vows and promises during the winter holidays that I spent at the Moat as a boy. Her companion was not Nora—I felt sure of that—but I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Medium height, and fair, with curly golden hair under an Astrakhan cap, she looked quite the regular Christmas-story-book picture girl, with the advantage of a merry pair of sparkling gray eyes and a laughing face. In her arms she carried a mite of a toy bull terrier, in a smart red coat. As I pulled my traps out of the train, Miss Carter came up and shook hands.

"Langham was so sorry he couldn't meet you. He won't be back till this evening. Let me introduce Miss Mildred Palgrave, who is staying with us—thought we'd drive to fetch you instead. I am afraid we are a poor substitute for brother Lang, but you must make the best of it and take us on our merits." Looking at them I thought myself lucky, and thanked heaven that Lang could not come, in gratitude and amusement. Miss Palgrave held out a well-gloved hand, saying, "I am so glad to meet you for Langham has told me so many stories about you as a boy that I quite feel I know you already. But they tell me that I must treat you with respect, for you're a mighty Nimrod now, and a slayer of wild beasts." "Not many, I'm afraid. Mere traveler's tales. Some of dear old Langham's yarns," answered I, modestly, but I was secretly gratified at her taking such a friendly interest in me. "You've got to take Mildred and Goliath (the tiny terrier) in front and drive," said Nellie, when my luggage had been stowed in the bottom of my dog cart—and I was expecting to have to sit behind; "I want to have a rest. Old Banjo—we call this cob Banjo because he is so musical—pulls like a demon as soon as his head is turned for home." Nothing loath, I helped the girls into their seats, and we were soon at the Moat, which was only five miles from the station—a very short five miles, and I hated Banjo for making the journey so brief, when I should have liked it to have lasted forever. My companion chattered on as if she had known me all her life, and I felt desperately in love with her and quite forgot my boyhood's sweetheart, who only reminded me of her presence as we drove up the avenue by exclaiming: "This is where you shot your first rabbit that Sunday after—"

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.



Old Christmas comes With frozen thumbs, With frozen white with snow; 'Tis right good cheer His knock to hear, And grief to have him go.

THE CHILDREN DANCE.



The children dance, And the babies prance, For the tiniest toddler knows 'Tis a world of drama, And dolls and jolly, Where the jolly old pilgrim goes.

noon when we were all at church. What a row there was about it! Do you remember? You were both bad boys in those days." On the steps were Nora and the Squire, who welcomed me heartily, and Mrs. Carter met me with a pleasant greeting in the hall. In a moment I felt "at home," and it seemed more like fifteen months than fifteen years since these kindly folks had last seen me. As we sat at lunch Mr. Carter apologized for Langham's unavoidable absence, and asked me if I could console myself with the pike for one afternoon. "They are all on the feed," he said, "and Johnson, the keeper, has got some nice roach. I want you to try and catch the Patriarch. Old Jacob, as we call him, is a huge brute who abides by the island. He is wily, but as no one has fished the place for a year we are hoping he'll give you a show. Last year he broke two of my friends, one of them twice, and they swore he must be fifty pounds at least. He ate a good-sized duck last summer, and we picked up a half dead carp not long ago that weighed over fifteen pounds, and had a big hole in its side like a cavern. No doubt it was old Jacob's work." I almost forgot Mildred in my excitement, and directly lunch was overrigged up my pet old rod, made of a bamboo I had brought from India, where it had killed many a goodly mahoeer in the swift Jookdoka, and put on live bait tackle of abnormal strength and size. Johnson and I were soon in the punt, and began at the foot of the moat where the water was shallow. I mounted a nice roach, fresh and lively, of about two ounces, and under the keeper's instructions tried a bit or water beside a log. My float was scarcely settled when I had a pull, and knew I was into a good fish, and after few minutes a respectable ten-pounder was in the boat. On the way up I caught two more and then came the haunts of the Patriarch, and we grew cautious and slow. "No use trying a small bait for him, sir. Put on the very largest in the well." So, dutifully, I selected one that was fully half a pound weight, and, follow-

ing Johnson's directions, swung it well out into a deep hole at the mouth of a backwater that ran round a little island in front of the house. "That's the place, just where your float is now," cried the squire, who with the girls had come down on the lawn to watch the fun. A charming group they made—that fine old country gentleman, the picture of health and good nature, with three pretty girls standing by him, and Don, his sedate old pointer, at his heels; while gaily frolicking round them all was the irrepressible Goliath, who seemed to insist that the whole party had come out entirely for his gratification and amusement. As my bait touched the water the excitable little dog pricked up his ears, and advanced at the water's edge, surveying it critically as if he fancied it might be some vagrant water rat with whom it was his duty to do battle. "Come to heel, Goliath, come to heel, called Mildred. "You'll tumble in and catch your death of cold." But she called in vain, he heeded not her warning, and I almost forgot my fishing, so taken up was I with watching the comical little beast, as he dodged about the bank in fussy prettiness, his red jacket contrasting prettily with the dry grass and weeds. My bait was so big and lively that it kept the float moving briskly, constantly pulling it under, and as I had no spare cork it was obliged to let it go, hoping that a sensible patriarch would discriminate between a boy roach and a float and prefer the former, in spite of the attractive red top of the latter. However the eccentric varieties of the said red top attracted all Master Goliath's attention, and each time the float bobbed up he gave a little jump and a yap in unison. At length his excitement grew so intense that we all burst out laughing. To him it appeared no laughing matter, but a serious subject which

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Fifty-one metals are now known to exist. The dragonfly can devour its own body and the head still live. The bleaching of one piece of linen requires forty-four distinct operations. Fish are thought to be very cold, yet their normal temperature is seventy-seven degrees. The astronomers say there are at least 18,000,000 suns, each as large and many larger than ours, in the Milky Way. There are seventeen different railroad gauges in this country, varying from two feet to five feet seven inches in width. Hypodermic injections of peroxide is said to be the new cholera remedy which checked the disease in Hamburg, Germany. The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none because the nocturnal habits of the moth require it, the diurnal movements of the butterfly do not. From a Japanese fruit and German chemist has obtained a green coloring matter, trichroanthine, which is interesting as being the first vegetable green differing decidedly from chlorophyll. It can be proven by a simple calculation that the number of people which have existed on the globe during the past 6000 years approximates the grand total of 66,000,000,000,000. It is proposed to construct a railway to the top of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the British Islands, where a meteorological observatory has been maintained for years, connected with the lower world by a telegraph wire. Calculations deduced by a newly invented "electric measuring and flashlight photographic apparatus" prove that cannon balls move through the air at the rate of 1626 feet per second, the average being about three seconds to the mile. Recent astronomical calculations have caused the "star-gazers" to announce that the surface of the moon is about as great as that of Africa and Australia combined, or about equal to the area of North and South America, without the islands. Mars is in opposition about once in two years, but, owing to the eccentricity of its orbit, his distance from the earth varies greatly at different oppositions. The most favorable ones—like those of the past summer and 1877—occur at intervals of about fifteen years. A man in Columbus, Ohio, has patented an electrical device intended to automatically lower and raise railroad gates at grade crossings at the approach and after the passing of trains. The apparatus is expected to entirely supplant the flagmen and gate tenders. Heat-lightning is simply the reflection of the lightning of distant storms, too far away for the noise of the thunder to reach us. These storms often draw nearer and develop into the ordinary type of thunder-showers, or they may pass away in another direction. A steam dynamo is the latest combination sported. In this the steam engine—an upright one—is attached to the dynamo, instead of, as at first, the dynamo being attached to the engine. The floor space required is no larger than if the dynamo had a pulley for belt driving.

HER NAME.

"I'm lost! Could you find me, please?" Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden tresses. The stone had scratched her dimpled knees. I stooped and lifted her with ease, And softly whispered "May be."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Parts of speech—Hyphens.—Truth. Goes through without change.—The shopper.—Puck. The indispensable servant is master of the situation.—Judge. Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.—Elmira Gazette. Fame is a bright robe, but it soon wears out at the elbows.—Rau's Horn. "Early to bed and early to rise" Makes of a man what most people despise.—Judge. When one woman praises another, folks think she is sarcastic.—Rau's Horn. What's done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.—Texas Siftings. Success shows off our good qualities; lack of success shows off our defects.—Texas Siftings. A man has to be pulled up well before he can blow his own horn with proper vigor.—Puck. The sign-painter may make a dollar while the steeple-painter is making an ascent.—Boston Courier. If you want to get ahead in the world, don't lie abed in the morning thinking about it.—Acheson Globe. A great many "gentlemen of the old school" do not seem quite to have finished their education.—Puck. It is noticeable that a little man is always very mild in his testimony against a big man in court.—Acheson Globe. It's a queer thing, but the course of true love runs all the smoother the more it is studded with rocks.—Southon. Had her there? Mistress—"You're the biggest fool I ever knew." Maid—"You forget yourself, ma'am."—Judge. Every man who gets whipped for a sin complains that other people have done more and been whipped less.—Acheson Globe. "I think Charles the First was crazy," said Professor Bungleton. "He certainly lost his head," observed Professor Singleberry.—Southon. It does not follow that all women are pureproof simply because they invariably carry their pocket-books in their hands.—Boston Transcript. Notwithstanding the precautions taken by attendants at a circus tent to swell the treasury, the rain will sometimes beat its way in.—Statesman. North Side Mother—"Oscar, why can't you be a good boy?" Wayward Four-Year Old—"Mamma, it makes me so tired!"—Chicago Tribune. "That is Miss Sharp singing. Her father is having her voice cultivated." "You can easily tell that." "How?" "It's harrowing."—Cape Cod Item. A London woman advocates the use of dynamite in securing "women's rights." This is carrying a disposition to blow the men up to an extreme.—Washington Star. "Nellie—"Mamma, Geordie's swallowed a quarter of his chicken!" "Oh, my child, why did you do that? Now I haven't enough for car fare."—Chicago News. Priscilla—"But don't you think it's a girl's duty to ask the consent of her parents?" Priscilla—"Oh, yes; unless she thinks they won't grant it."—New York Herald. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," they say. "No!" "No." "Well, how do you account for it?" "Must be manipulated by a woman, I suppose."—Chicago Tribune. "Smugglers appear to grow more stupid every day." "Yes. Somebody told him that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and he is trying to forget all he knows."—Washington Star. When the city man on a farm begins to talk at the breakfast table about "speckled beauties" he wants to make it plain at the very start that he doesn't mean the horny-handed farmer's daughters.—Somerville Journal. "Now, wife, you have again given me too much tea. I asked you for a cup half full. Don't you know what half full is?" "Well, John, I ought to. You have endeavored to illustrate many times what it means."—Buffalo Enquirer. "What a sight you are!" "Just as I was leaving the house to come to the club my wife pelted me with flowers." "But that doesn't account for your bruised and battered appearance." "You see, she forgot to take them out of the pot."—Pleasende Blatter. White-Tie Races. Race meetings in India generally include some comic feature, and the latest novelty is a "white-tie race," introduced at Kirtico. The competitors ride a certain distance, dismount, and kneel before a lady while she ties a white tie round their neck in a neat bow, then they remount and start for the winning post. Much depends on the lady's deftness.—Chicago Times.

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