

RATES OF ADVERTISING
One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month... 5 00
One Square, one inch, three months... 10 00
One Square, one inch, one year... 30 00

According to the last census there are 23,163 lawyers in the United States.

Improved roads furnish one of the most direct aids to agricultural development.

New York City has not furnished a United States Senator in more than fifty years. Nathan Sanford, elected in 1831, was the last.

A student in a Western college proposes to deliver a lecture on commencement day on "The Relation of the Wheelbarrow to American Elections."

The Indiana courts have a curious problem, relates the Washington Star. A man who was fined for profanity appealed on the ground that he was on his own premises when he spoke, and had a right to use any kind of language that he pleased.

Reports still come in, states the New York World, of the electrical impostor who appears in various localities with inventions greater than the Bell telephone or the Edison light, sells a little stock and then disappears. England is now infected with him, together with other and older electric frauds heretofore well known in this country.

Mrs. M. A. Dorchester, special agent for the Indian School Service, in her annual report refers to improvements in the school buildings in reference to comfort, safety, healthfulness and general respectability.

The use of rubber tires on private carriages has become quite common in New York City, says the Scientific American.

One of the late Jay Gould's sons has ordered from a press-clipping bureau "all the comments and accounts about" his father which have appeared, or will appear, in "all the newspapers of the world."

Says the San Francisco Examiner: The microscope recently revealed to a Rhode Island expert that certain blood-stains were of human origin, and certain hairs found in conjunction with the stains were from the blood whisks of a man. Detectives scurried hither and thither. They traced all clues faithfully, and ascertained that they centered in the limp carcass of a yellow dog, slain with a brick. The strides of science are often marvelous, none the less so perhaps because not always in the right direction.

The Japanese, if they believe in omens, will reject any more applications from French builders of war vessels, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: "It has long been admitted that the business of the postoffice is a good test of the country's progress. Measured by this standard, the South is in the lead. According to the report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, there has been a net increase of 2799 postoffices in the United States over the year ending June 30, 1891. This showing surpasses all former records, and the most interesting feature is the fact that more than one-fourth of the new offices were established in the six States of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Mississippi and Texas, an unmistakable proof of our growing population, swelling volume of business and general advancement.

Whether we take the assessed value of property, the number of new enterprises, the increase of population, the per capita increase in wealth, or these postal figures as a test, the fact looms up that the new South is forging ahead more satisfactorily than any other section of the country."

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, My Darling,
Separate, solemn, slow,
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,

A QUAKER IDYL.

It was a white painted
farm-house standing back
from the road. The well-kept gravel
walk led from the
gates between rows of
prim hollyhocks to the
door-steps—these latter scrubbed
as clean and white
as the kitchen floors
of the neighboring
domiciles. Cleanliness
was Sister
Hephzibah's greatest fault—for cleanliness
can be carried to that extent. Even
solemn voiced, methodical Stephen
Carew was at times vaguely conscious of
this falling on his wife's part.

had always felt a soft spot in his boyish heart for pretty Ruth. As they grew older it was Darius who carried her books to and from the village school and in winter dragged her over the frozen snow drifts on his sled.

When Ruth was fourteen she was sent to the Friends school in a neighboring city, from which Benjamin had already graduated, and where Marion was then finishing her education. The Harleys were well to do people, and the school was of the best, though conducted with extreme strictness; so when Darius expressed a desire to attend it, his wish was granted. I am afraid he caused the teachers no end of trouble, and gained but little knowledge himself; but he was near Ruth, and that seemed to satisfy both of them.

Darius went home in a daze. Could that be Ruth Carew, that pale, quiet girl, whose mouth had such a sorrowful droop when in repose? Why, she had been the life of all their school days merry-making! He thought some very bitter thoughts of Stephen Carew, and I am afraid the old man deserved them all.

It was not long before the young man's only consolation was to go to the Friends' meeting on Sabbath days and sit with eyes steadily fixed on a certain gray gowned and bonneted figure far down on the other side of the house. After a few weeks this inclination became maddening, and Darius acquired a habit of taking early morning walks past the Carew homestead in the hope of seeing Ruth.

It was an eternal shame! he burst forth. "What if I am of a different religion? What if I am of a different race? I do not care! I love you, you know I do, and I know that you love me, I want to, firmly; and if that's so, no unjust opposition shall make us unhappy for life."

"Father thinks he is right, Darius," whispered Ruth, softly, clinging to the strong arm of her lover. "That makes it all the harder—for us," responded Darius. "I've been waiting to see you, dear, before I go away, for I wanted to hear from you own lips that you loved me and that you would wait until I could earn a home for you."

Stephen Carew heard of young Harley's departure with a feeling of relief. With the cause removed, he thought, with the blindness of his masculine mind, that Ruth would soon become her old self again. Sister Hephzibah might have been Stephen's way to ask advice from that quarter, nor did his wife expect to give any. She lived in a little world by herself—a world of cooking, cleaning, and mending—and her great disappointments had always been that neither of her girls had shown the same love for baking and brewing that made her a kitchen drudge through all her married life.

With aching heart she saw Ruth's slowly waning health and her great interest in the events of their every day life. Stephen, too, could not help noticing the change which had come over his daughter; yet neither thought of beheading their will a hair's breadth to Ruth's wish. Their duty demanded that their children should be joined to none but those of their own sect, not to the world's people. Still the girl's silent suffering caused lines of care to show more deeply on Hephzibah's face, and Stephen's grizzled hair grew whiter day by day.

fresh interest in life, but after the first few weeks Ruth seemed much the same as ever. The only time when she appeared brighter was when she received a letter from Darius. He wrote regularly, and although Ruth's promise prevented her from answering his letters, Marion failed not to keep the young man fully informed as to her sister's health and their life in the country town where they were teaching.

Once a month the sisters went home to spend the Sabbath, and more plainly than ever did Stephen Carew and his wife see the change that had come over Ruth. But their supposed duty was still master, and a hard one it proved. They blamed themselves now for ever letting their children mingle at all with the world's people.

Several days after returning to her school Ruth received a letter addressed in a handwriting she knew at once. She waited until she was alone in her room with Marion before opening the missive. She had hardly glanced at its contents, however, when Marion was startled by hearing her sister shriek, and turned to see her gazing, pale and horrified, at the open letter.

"What is it!" demanded the practical Marion, grasping the bottle of smelling salts and hurrying to her sister's side. "Oh, read that!" cried Ruth, beginning to weep. "What has he done! That is a letter to father, Darius must have written to both father and me, and inclosed the letters in the wrong envelopes. What will happen to us now?"

Marion took the letter from her sister's unresisting hand and read it. She fully realized what an effect it would have upon her father if Darius had made the blunder Ruth suggested. Stephen Carew had been totally ignorant of the one-sided correspondence the young man had kept up, and if Darius had written to Ruth in a usual manner, on all probability the father would be furiously angry upon reading the letter. Marion read the letter intended for her father in surprise, though not without satisfaction. It was as follows:

"I have never had an opportunity to tell you of my attachment for your daughter Ruth, but you have known it, and also cannot fail to know that she in turn loves me. I have hoped that you would see how necessary it is to her happiness, as well as my own, that we be allowed to become engaged, but you appear to be as greatly opposed to me now as ever. However, I can stand this no longer. I love Ruth, and even if you cannot see it, I realize the truth: there is a change coming, where her life will be greatly shortened. You may, perhaps, be able to stand calmly by and see her die by inches, but I cannot, nor do I propose to. I am able to support her, and in a few weeks she will be legally of age. If you still withhold your consent I shall use every argument and all the influence in my power to gain her consent to a marriage without your sanction."

"What shall we do? I never shall dare to go home again," cried Ruth, hysterically, when Marion had finished reading the letter. "Then go and marry Darius and stay away for good," exclaimed Marion, desperately. Then she threw her arms around her younger sister, and together the two girls had a "good cry" in all the feminine meaning of the term.

Before the week was over Ruth was fairly ill with apprehension, and it was only because of Marion's stronger will power that she decided to go home on Saturday. The older girl plainly saw that the best way would be to have it over at once. Nothing less than a terrible severe lecture, and a stern refusal to listen for a moment to Darius Harley's pious, was what both expected on Stephen Carew's part. But, strange to relate, nothing of the kind occurred. Stephen had received the letter intended for Ruth, as they had supposed, and had had ample time to think over the whole matter. In the letter Darius had written very much as he had in the other epistle. The old Quaker could not help seeing the sincerity of the young man's attachment. Something beside duty to his religious belief softened his heart toward Ruth, and his greeting to her was very different from the one which he had fearfully expected.

both mind and body!" he asked more tenderly. "Yes, father." Old Stephen was silent a moment or two. "This must not be married away from my home, Ruth. These can tell the young man that I say so," he said finally.—Munsey's Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A BIG FORTUNE IN BONE.

Whales' Teeth Guarded Like Diamonds—Surrounded by Stone Walls and Watched Constantly. A LATILE brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay contains a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored and guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty-dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company and came off the whaling barks Beluga, Mary D. Hume, Agenor and America, lately in from the Arctic.

The animalation on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a \$1,000,000 stock. The season just closing was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

The report of a commission appointed at the instance of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission for the determination of the best form of fender for use on electric cars contains a recommendation of the invention of a master mechanic of the Boston West End Railway. Two hundred and eleven fenders were submitted to the Commission.

Mourish Slavery.

It would, I think, be good for the world to see the well-fed, lazy slave of Wazan lounging in the sun, his lips in mouth, and scarcely doing a stroke of work from week's end to week's end. The most ordinary English kitchenmaid would accomplish a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a week. All are free to come and go as they please, but none avail themselves of this freedom. The reason is not far to seek. In Wazan they are fed and clothed by the sheriffs, and on holidays and fast days receive presents of money.

The Potomato.

"Potomato" is the name given a curious manufactured vegetable which owes its origin to Dr. B. C. Culver, of Athens, Kan. For more than twenty years the Doctor has been experimenting with a view of crossing the potato and tomato vines. It is claimed that this has at last been accomplished and that a species of vine has been thus literally manufactured, and that it will produce both potatoes and tomatoes, both of which grow in their natural elements.—St. Louis Republic.

COURSHIP UP TO DATE.

They were sitting close together
In a pleasant, shady nook;
They looked at one another
With a loving, longing look;
The faint blush on the cheek,
And with smiling mouth,
As he softly, softly whispered,
"Angeline, can you cook?"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A curling iron—The corkscrew.
Plain sailing—The route of the prairie schooner.—Puck.
The man rowing a boat is always backward in coming forward.
Kissing goes by favor, but it often comes by stealth.—Puck.

The man who fails in attaining other perfections can easily make a perfect fool of himself.—Puck.
The man who didn't fulfill the promise of his youth claimed that the notes of minors were not binding.

The making of a joke is a good deal like the making of a salad. We think we have struck a good thing, although it may only agree with our own personal taste.—Puck.

Friend—"I suppose your wife often burns the midnight oil?" "Yes, I guess she does now and then; but you must remember that she hasn't had much experience in cooking yet."—Inter-Ocean.

Friend—"I suppose you think of me often?" "Yes, I suppose you do; but I don't think I shall ever see you again."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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HAIR SNAKES OR WORMS.

There is nothing very mysterious about the common hair-snake or worm to those who know something of its history and habits. They are not transformed hairs, but true nematode worms, and are hatched from eggs, and the minute grubs attach themselves, whenever an opportunity presents, to the larger insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers and ground beetles, and through openings at the joints crawl into their bodies and remain there feeding until fully grown, then escape, crawling into shallow ponds and water troughs, where they are often found in great numbers, hence the idea that they are transformed horse hairs. Entomologists, when collecting insects late in summer, often find specimens containing these hair worms, which will try to escape when the insects are thrown into alcohol or other liquids. Of course it is rather difficult to convince those who know nothing of the lower orders of animals that hairs cannot be transformed into worms, and all is mystery until the facts are known, then mystery gives place to simple knowledge.—New York Sun.