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Leading German generals predict a big war in Europe at an early day.

Professor Huxley knows of no a priori reason why snake-bodied reptiles fifty feet long and upward should not disport themselves in our seas as they did in those of the cretaceous epoch.

A National literature on roads is gradually growing up in this country, and the Pittsburgh Dispatch thinks the subject should be given a prominent place in public school education in consonance with its great importance.

It is probable, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle, that the device for dispensing with the services of telegraph operators will be like the machine for setting type. Human ingenuity can go a long way, but it cannot furnish brains, and brains are very essential in telegraphy.

According to the Courier-Journal the great scramble for gold is now regarded in Europe as a sign that European peace is soon to be broken. Gold is not only being looked up in the Imperial Treasury of Russia, but in storehouses of other continental Governments, and the feeling of anxiety on this account is widespread.

A Presidential inauguration costs less than an ordinary Congressional funeral. The total cost of President Harrison's inauguration was \$2520.50. The cost of a funeral varies from \$5000 to anything you please, according to the distance over which the Congressional mourners meander and the greed of local undertakers and livery stable keepers.

This country is now building first-class war ships at lower prices than the war ships of England are now costing. The Boston Cultivator boasts that we 'make ships, too, equal to any that English navy yards turn out. Perhaps our methods of shipbuilding have less red tape and corruption about them. Our Government is in most points run far less expensively than any monarchy in Europe, and in the lighter taxation which the people of this country pay is one of the causes of our greater prosperity.'

Charles Mohr, of the United States Forestry Bureau, has an article in the Engineering Magazine, which demands the attention of Southern legislators. He says stupendous as the timber resources of the South appear, it can but be evident to anyone conversant with the facts that we have entered already upon an era involving their complete extinction, and he vividly points out the threatening calamities that will follow the disappearance of our forests, not only in the extinction of one of the South's important industries, but in the climatic changes that are already, perhaps, beginning to make themselves felt.

Persons who are inclined to take a gloomy view of pauperism and crime in New York, would do well, suggests the News, of that city, to glance at the official reports of the municipality of London. The two years ending January 1, 1891, the date of the last biennial report, the cost of maintaining the paupers of London was £2,340,000, the equivalent of about \$11,700,000. During the two years there were 109,748 criminal convictions. While these figures show that the percentage of crime and pauperism in London greatly exceeds that of New York, the same report indicates a much lower percentage of attendance in the public schools.

A story from the Pall Mall Gazette was recently printed in the New York Tribune, to the effect that the great comparative anatomist, Sir Richard Owen, identified as a pig's thigh-bone an osseous specimen sent him for that purpose by Lord John Russell, who afterward—so it was stated—declared that it came from what purported to be a bear's ham presented by President Buchanan of the United States. The Minneapolis Tribune, ignoring the possibility of a substitution in transit, ask: "Did our autemblem President willfully deceive Lord John, was the eminent comparative anatomist at fault for once, or has the Pall Mall Gazette a talented liar on its staff?"

Within the past two years a number of reefs and islands in the Pacific Ocean, long known to mariners, have disappeared from view, leaving no evidence that they ever existed. No one understands the phenomenon, unless it be that here and there the floor of the ocean has subsided with unusual rapidity, though not with such violence as to be betrayed by the agitation of the sea. The fact is simply known that these stretches of reef or bits of land, some of them rising from the depths, and all marked on the charts, can no longer be found. One or two war ships, with orders to visit some of these places, have cruised around in great bewilderment, unable to find the objects of their quest.

The Sunday-School Magazine, of Philadelphia, says that while San Francisco has a population of 300,000, its churches will seat only 55,000 people.

Oklahoma has just adopted a code of maritime laws. The Atlanta Constitution avers that there is not a body of water in the Territory over a foot deep.

With a population of 215,000, Montreal has a debt of \$19,000,000, or \$88 per head. Little wonder, comments the San Francisco Examiner, that Canadians should be crossing the border. It must be cheaper to move than pay taxes.

The St. Louis Republic takes no stock in the theory of the overproduction of cotton. It says that when the Southern farmers raise all their foodstuff they cannot produce too much cotton. But the trouble is that they will not raise all their foodstuff for a long time to come.

A Denver boarder made disparaging remarks about the cooking set before him, and much to his amusement the landlady sued him for \$30,000. His merriment died away when the jury brought in a verdict for \$750, and he has put in his time since in wondering what there ever was in the episode to strike him as humorous.

Pork is dearer now than it has been in ten years, or since Bismarck began to make war on the American hog. This is doubtless in part due to the opening of European markets to our pork. With better prices for pork beans have also advanced, and the traditional New England dish of pork and beans has now to be paid for by those who would enjoy it.

The London Graphic has a portrait and sketch of Potara, a Maori cannibal, who is eighty-five years old and still has a good set of natural teeth. He has not eaten a white man since 1816. He speaks well of white folks, but for a steady diet prefers a Maori, as the whites, or 'Pakehas,' have 'a salty and bitter flavor.' Potara must have a retentive memory of his tastes.

The statement published by the New York Sun of Consul Roosevelt at Brussels that it has been found profitable to ship cargoes of horse meat from this city to Belgium to supply the tables of the poorer classes may be news to most New Yorkers. A good horse steak is not unpalatable, and though its edibility was discovered rather late in the day, thousands of working people in Europe are now glad to pay a little over six cents a pound for it. Beef is entirely beyond their means, and so is the varied bill of fare that most working people in this favored land enjoy every day.

In the opinion of the Chicago Herald "the criminal art gallery is the worst fruit that has been produced by a gift of civilization or barbarism. It is bad enough to have the portrait of a convicted felon placed on exhibition for all the world to see, even after he shall have expiated his crime by serving his term of imprisonment. If he should desire to return to honest life the ineffaceable lines of his countenance in the pictures of the rogues' gallery are a standing and damning imputation against him. Either there should be no rogues' gallery, or every rogue, whether under police protection or not, should have a piece in the spectacular display of portraits."

Italy expends every year \$96,000,000 for her soldiers, and less than \$4,000,000 for schools. In Spain it costs \$100,000,000 to maintain the army, and only \$1,500,000 to educate the children; but then, it is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the Nations in the Kulturkampf of the world; yet she expends \$185,000,000 on her army, while \$10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of \$151,000,000 and supports her schools with \$21,000,000. The United States expend \$115,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only \$54,000,000.

Every one that has observed the treatment of private soldiers in European armies knows how like cattle they are regarded. Not long ago, relates the Buffalo Courier, a saddle race was arranged between officers of the Austrian and Prussian armies, the course lying from Vienna to Berlin. A number of horses were killed in this trial of endurance. Recently the Austrian Government has been drilling soldiers in the field, with the thermometer at eighteen below zero, in order to test the relative endurance of the Austrians, Hungarians, and Poles in the satisfaction of the Government, 1144 soldiers had their hands or feet badly frozen. These things are not likely to lessen the stream of emigration to America.

MORNING OF THE DISCOVERY.

Immortal Morn, all hail, That saw Columbus sail By faith alone. The skies before him bow'd, Back roll'd the ocean proud. And every lifting cloud With glory shone! Fair Science then was born Of that celestial morn, Faith dars'd the sea, Triumph'd o'er her foes, Thus Truth immortal rose New Heavens to disclose And Earth to free!

"COUSIN FRED."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a stormy twilight in February, the air full of the dreary atmosphere of a newly fallen snow, the huge pine trees of the northern woods writhing themselves about like giants in extremis, and the Maryville stage had just come in with two passengers.

Ladies, both of them; one, apparently thirty years old, the other, scarcely seventeen; and as they sat there warming themselves by the hotel fire, the landlord touched his wife's shoulder, and whispered to her, "Purrsers!"

"For there was something in the cut of their curious fur lined draperies, the shape of their neat craps hats, the very way in which they unconsciously carried themselves, which was as foreign as the Marseillaise itself, although there was no accent in their voices as they questioned whether any conveyance from Barnet Hill had been sent to meet them. And the landlord was right; for Genevieve and Cousin Fred were the daughters of American parentage, born in sunny France. Orphaned and alone, they were coming to America to claim the protection of a relative of their mother's, 'Cousin Fred,' as they had been taught to call him."

"Do you suppose he will be good to us?" Genevieve, the dimpled seventeen-year-old, asked, as she sat with her cheek against Genevieve's shoulder.

"I hope so, darling," said the elder sister. "No one but a brute could be unkind to you."

For little golden haired, rose lipped Genevieve was one of those human sunbeams who take every heart by storm, and in her deep mourning, she looked even sweeter and more attractive than her ordinary wont. And dark eyed Genevieve, thirteen years older than her sister, had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

"I wonder if he is a cross old crab," pondered Genevieve, as she drank the tea brought to her by the landlady, and basked in the welcome warmth of the blazing logs, "or a whimsical old bachelor, full of caprices. Oh, Genevieve! Don't you dread to meet him?"

"Little one," said she, "don't fret. Whatever happens, we shall be together, and—"

But just then, the landlord came bustling in.

"The double sleigh from Barnet Hill, ladies," he said, rubbing his hands. "And Mr. Barnet himself has come."

Close on the landlord's words came Mr. Barnet, of Barnet Hill, a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with bright brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, keen blue eyes and features clear and perfect as those of the Apollo Belvidere.

Captain Allaire. He's a pleasant, amusing fellow, I know; but he's scarcely the person I should select for any girl's husband."

"Yes, Cousin Fred, I will speak to her," said Genevieve, sighing softly as she wondered what spell Genevieve possessed to win all hearts to herself, from stately Cousin Fred to the handsome dashing young captain of artillery.

"I don't care what Fred thinks," interrupted the beauty, with a toss of her head.

"Listen, Genevieve, I have a secret to tell you; I was married to Captain Allaire this afternoon?"

"Married!" echoed Genevieve. "Oh, Genevieve!"

"Look at my wedding ring," said the wild little gypsy, holding up her pretty, taper finger. "Yes, married—really and actually married! I am Mrs. Allaire now," with an amusing assumption of matronly dignity.

"Cousin Fred may help himself if he can," said Genevieve, audaciously. "Perhaps you don't know, Jenny, that Cousin Fred himself means to be married very soon."

Genevieve turned pale. "Genevieve!" cried she. "You can't mean that!"

"Poor little Genevieve!" consoled Genevieve. "But you will not lose your home. You must come and live with me and Charley."

"I could not do that," said Genevieve, giddy and confused with the unexpected succession of startling news. "I— I must look out for a situation in some school or as companion or nursery governess! But oh, Genevieve, are you quite sure about Fred?"

"I heard the old housekeeper talking to the coachman, when I was waiting, down behind the shrubbery, for Captain Allaire to come," said Genevieve, with a nod of her pretty head. "She said he had told her himself and had instructed her what rooms to prepare and what alterations to make in the household arrangements, for his coming marriage."

"I wonder who it can be," said Genevieve, sadly.

"Miss Hilyard, of course," said Genevieve. "But the least thing he could have done was to have confided in us. I think, and that's one reason I decided to elope. And Charley is coming up this evening, and we are to take the train to St. Vincent, and, oh, dear Jenny," with a burst of sparkling tears, "the world is so full of happiness to me!"

And Genevieve could but cross the beautiful, willful young creature who had taken life's helm so recklessly into her hands, and hope, in a choking voice, that she might be very, very happy.

Cousin Fred listened very philosophically to Genevieve's confession, half an hour later.

"Married, are you?" said he. "Well, if you had asked my advice, I should have given a contrary verdict. But, as you didn't consult me, why, I shall have to be like the 'heavy fathers' on the stage and give you my blessing. Allaire is a clever fellow enough, although he has been very gay, and I hope you will steady him down, at last."

So, the newly married pair went away, as thoughtlessly happy as two school-children out for a picnic, and Genevieve was left alone with Fred, to wonder how she could best break to him the resolution at which she could never remain at the Hill when beautiful Mrs. St. Dean or Alicia Hilyard should either of them be the mistress there.

"It would kill me," she thought, clasping her hands. "Yes, it would kill me!"

Mr. Barnet had turned kindly to her, and led her to a seat beside the window.

"You are pale, Genevieve," he said. "Your hands are as cold as ice. Surely, you do not take this mad freak! Never Gypsy's so bitterly to heart! I never fear for her; she's a butterfly who will slip honey from all life's garden ground. Her nature is light and frothy; far different, Genevieve, from yours. Sit down, little cousin; I have much to say to you."

"Now," thought poor Genevieve, with her color changing from scarlet to white—"now it is coming! I shall be politely dismissed from the only home I have!"

solemn little woman, is it possible that you don't comprehend what I mean?"

"You think," with a startled look, "that I can be useful about the house?"

"Must I say it in so many words, Genevieve," he asked. "Shall I go down on my knees, like the heroes of romance, and say: 'Sweetheart, will you be my wife?'"

Genevieve started to her feet in a panic. "Do you really mean me?" cried Genevieve.

"I really mean—you," he said, resolutely, holding her fast, when she would have flown from him. "Little girl, then you never have suspected how dearly I love you!"

And Genevieve, clasping both hands over her eyes, could scarcely persuade herself that all this was not a dream, a beautiful, blissful yet baseless dream.

Mrs. St. Dean was no longer a rival! She had nothing to fear from Alicia Hilyard! Cousin Fred loved her, and her sister Cousin Fred had always loved her!

So they were married; and when Genevieve knew it she cried out, laughing: "Well, there is hope for the oldest of old maids, now that our Jenny is married!"

For this seventeen-year-old beauty could hardly realize that true love exists for anyone over twenty years old!—The Ledger.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To make ice by artificial means requires one ton of coal to produce from five to ten tons of ice.

A large sewing machine, weighing three and one-fourth tons, is in use in Leeds, England. It sews cotton belting.

The average weight of the Chinese brain is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other race.

Hard coal loses eight per cent. in bulk per annum when exposed to the weather. Soft coal loses twelve per cent.

Experiments have shown that a pumpkin will lift two and one-half tons, provided the weight is placed so as not to interfere with the growth and development of the vegetable.

The temperature of the Mediterranean at 200 fathoms is about fifty-six degrees, and no change is found in going to the bottom, which in places reaches a depth of 1500 fathoms.

M. Chappuis's proposed electric railway through the Simplon Pass is estimated to cost \$8,000,000, and it would greatly reduce the distance between Italy and Northern Europe.

The cost of the observatory which is now being built on the top of Mont Blanc, Switzerland, is estimated at \$60,000. Part of the building is to be made available for guides and tourists.

The central Sahara registers a mean of ninety-seven degrees in July. Central Australia boasts of ninety-four degrees in January, a mean which is attained in South Carolina and finer Arabia in midsummer.

A British scientist recently stated that if a man weighing 140 pounds were placed under a hydraulic press and squeezed flat, the result would be 105 pounds of water and thirty-five pounds of dry residue.

A laboratory for this study, under strict scientific conditions, of snake poisons and cures for snake bites is to be established in Calcutta. It is to be founded by a native, and will be the only institution of its kind in the world.

THE FIGHTING DERVISHES.

SONS OF THE DESERT WHO ARE UTTERLY FEARLESS.

Charging Upon Fire-Walled Squares of English Soldiers With Reckless Bravery.

It is easier to turn a hungry tiger aside from his prey than a thoroughly excited Dervish from his swoop on an enemy, writes a correspondent on the London Telegraph. His half brother in fanaticism and creed, the Indian or Afghan Ghazi, is terrible, but the African and Arab Dervish is superlatively awful, with an incurable delirium for his opponent's gore. Howling and whirling Dervishes, such as travelers are 'specially conducted to see when visiting the East,' are a comparatively harmless sort of lunatics compared with those types of the African bigots who, 'converted' to Mahdism, burn to run amuck with the rest of the unbelieving humanity. Once fairly bitten with the tarantula of Moslem sectarian zeal, the proselyte is consumed with the belief that the delights of the seventh or any number of heavens await him if he can only engage in a sturdy, steady butchery with 'infidels,' of his own or any race. It is a matter of indifference to him, in the operation, while he sheathes his sword in his and his Prophet's enemy, the latter is doing the same to him. Quick and happy translation he holds as his sure reward.

The stiff fight the other day between the Egyptian troops south of Wady Halfa and the Mahdists recalls to me many a bygone incident and fierce struggle between British and Egyptian troops and forces largely composed of Dervishes. Ambigol Cataract, where the British took place, is about sixty miles south of Wady Halfa. There is an Egyptian outpost at Gemal, where the great Second Cataract proper begins, and another at Sarras. The one station is fifteen miles and the other thirty-three miles further up stream, and the railroad line and ironclad train still run through to both posts. No doubt when the Dervish raiders, numbering 400 strong, were repulsed from the forts they fell back from the river towards the easier-going tracks inland, along which they must have sped on their camels. The Egyptian cavalry—which, under careful English training, have learned to trust their weapons and their own physical strength in a contest with the Bedouins—probably numbering more than two squadrons, overtook the raiders at the plain of aforesaid camps of Ambigol. There, no doubt, under the palm-trees' grateful shade, hard by the rush and roar of the mighty river, the Egyptian troops at once opened fire upon them. Although the whole of the enemy were unlikely to have been Dervishes—for these gentry never run away, but, when necessary, walk sedately out of a fight, merely to assume a fresh coin of vantage—a sharp engagement seems to have ensued. The Mahdists, nothing loath, swarmed, mounted and foot, up the rocky hills, which their pursuers had, with sound, tactical judgment, crowned, and whence they had opened fire.

I think it was at the battle of El Teb I first made the acquaintance of the Mahdist Dervishes. The Fuzzy-Wuzzy Hadenowal tribesman is the bravest of the brave, but the Dervish is heroism run crazy. These so-called 'holy beggars,' self-sworn to devote themselves to the Prophet's cause, came at General Graham's square of marines, Highlanders, and stout line-men as if we had been children to be frightened by a cry. Clad in their patchwork rags, with shaved heads, many armed with no better weapons than sticks, which they charged full in front of the fire-walled squares. Down they went by scores and hundreds, but others quickly took up the running toward us. I saw them that day—more than one of them—pierced through and through with Martini-Henry bullet wounds, come fiercely on, reeling like drunken men, their teeth gleaming and eyes aflame with hatred. Happy were they if they could but cross weapons with our bayonets. When exhausted nature failed them, their last act was generally to hurl the weapon they carried, stick, lance, or sword, toward our ranks, and shout an Arab imprecation against us. "Nosrani!" (Nazranis!) An old gray-haired soldier actually charged the square reading the Koran aloud, which he held in his hands. Later on, when Sir Herbert (then Colonel) Stewart charged the worsted Arab footmen with his two regiments of cavalry, their mounted Dervishes faced his whole force and boldly charged them in return. Again, at Tamai, when the Arabs broke into General Davis's square, where I was, and having temporarily captured our six machine guns, on which they danced in fiendish glee, the Dervishes were in the forefront of the attack. A big marine, who had bayoneted one of them, found his rifle caught and clutched by the fanatic savage, who strove to wrench his foeman with his sword. It was at the moment we were being driven back, and while the marine tugged and swore to get his weapon free, the reeling Dervish assayed with his parting strength to slay or wound our Tommy Atkins. In the desperate battle at Abu-Klea, similar scenes occurred. I state it as a fact, of which I took personal note at the time, that during the melee in which Colonel Burnaby fell, a Dervish, who had struck that officer, and was promptly bayoneted through the back, trusted about while the steel was protruding, and tried to thrust his lance into the soldier. Even the crippled and wounded Dervishes on the field of battle lay in wait to stab the chance passing enemy. Asked to 'surrender,' and put down their swords and spears, the invariable answer of the sorry strikers Dervish was, "Christian (or infidel) dogs, never!" When I saw them last in the Sudan, a few years ago, there was no abatement in their blood-thirsty ferocity, nor show of hesitation, whether they numbered few or many, of a longing to get to close quarters with their enemy.

THE TWO VISITS.

The Kaiser goes to see the Cear. The work turns out as usual. His return follows from Africa. An' then the Kaiser and the Cear Embrace in solemn glee. An' then saloot an' hug an' kiss. An' both are filled and soaked in bliss.

Wen I go down to Hiram's place 'The work don't seem to cease, I neither kiss his hands or face. I'd make 'em laff at Hiram's place, 'Twould make 'em laff at 'em' face. But Hiram says, 'se'raun' he pokes, 'I'm glad to see ye; how's yer folks?'

I take a look at Hiram's hogs An' hear how much they grow. This somehow Hiram's money jogs. An' he lets out on them a' blow: 'You oughter hear him hog; If you could only hear him sneeze You'd hear some genuine ol' kunoos.

O' Hiram he is slow enough But none too slow to tease. For I'm a party bane of duff, An' fair'd modest enough, An' jee' as slow as he. So we stab ourn' the whole day long Until we hear the supper gong.

The Kaiser goes to see the Cear, And may he sleep to tea. But men like Cears an' Kaisers are, Cooped in the palace of the Cear, Hain't no such times as we. The Cear an' Kaiser know no harm Like koin' round' o' Hiram's farm. —Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is not man's sins that find him out; it's his neighbor.—Aitchison Globe. The great part of a self-willed man's state usually goes to the lawyers.—Troy Press. Every day a man hears a dozen things he ought to do that he can't do.—Aitchison Globe.

"Do you believe in fate, Pat?" "Sure and phwat would we stand on widout 'em?"—Siftings. "Whatever may be said of a sweetheart she can't be too good to be true.—Philadelphia Times. There is no help for the case of the woman who can't get a servant.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—"What is a hero?" Tommy—"The man who marries a heroine."—Indianapolis Journal. The cynic is the man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—The Fun. Women are not cruel to dumb animals. No woman will willfully step on a mouse.—Richmond Recorder.

It appears to be the business of the needy tramp to sound looking for succor.—Binghamton Leader. "Do you think this tooth will stand filling?" Patient—"Well, I'm sure it has plenty of nerve."—Inter Ocean. The man who thaws out dynamite is being heard from. There is generally but one report.—Baltimore American.

The Keg—"Your headpiece is positively ugly." The Barrel (proudly)—"Maybe, but I wear hoops."—Chicago News. Time is generally represented as carrying a scythe. This will probably be kept up till it is no longer.—Philadelphia Times.

"There's another unconscious humorist!" gleefully remarked the footpad as he snubbed the punster.—Washington Star. "There's a time to work and a time to play," but to the hand-organ grinder both times come at once.—Rochester Democrat.

"Say, Chinmie," said the boy who had a white plunk, "de blokie dat named dis flower must be bin color blind."—Washington Star. That the cynic is an extreme type of humanity is indicated by the fact that he is always very old or very young.—Washington Star.

"I feel better about hokin' this postage stamp," said the boy who had been sent to mail a letter. "It's nearer my size."—Washington Star. "Yes," said the man who had just fallen down three flights of stairs, "I've been on quite an extended trip."—Kate Field's Washington.

Dulplaine—"I find it very hard work to collect my thoughts." Maud—"Papa says it's always difficult to recover small amounts."—Inter Ocean. Mulge—"Thompson called me an idiot." Yabsley—"You needn't mind that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less."—Tit-Bits.

What makes the bicycle popular with many, rich or poor, is that, after trying to ride one, they feel that they are better off.—Philadelphia Times. Artist—"How do you like the portrait I made of you?" Cranky Subject—"Well, the coat is too tight under the arms."—New York Journal.

The words of a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart than the voice of a dinner bell tells of the quality of the dinner.—Puck. "When it comes to revenues cutters," said old Bullion, snipping off another coupon, "there's nothing like a good pair of shears."—Chicago Tribune.

A difference between a knife blade losing its temper and a woman is that the former becomes duller and the latter more cutting.—Philadelphia Times. When smiles the glad millennium Upon this mighty nation All offices will be found for each in the whole population.—Washington Star.

At a Party: Sultor—"Mein Fraulein, I love you." Rich Young Lady (pointing with her fan to her father)—"Excuse me, yonder is my business manager."—Wiener Luft. Mr. Horton—"What on earth did you want of this expensive fire screen?" Mrs. Horton—"To keep callers from discovering that we hadn't any fire."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.