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One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people.

The year 1893 began on a Sunday and will finish on a Sunday, so that it will contain fifty-three Sundays.

Indiana has more Germans than any other State. They constitute fifty-five per cent. of the population.

Ex-Secretary of War Elkins inclines to the abolition of both the sword and the saber, on the ground that they are no longer of the slightest practical use in actual warfare.

One of the most striking features in connection with this age of electricity, remarks the New York Independent, is the wonderfully large and rapid growth of books and pamphlets bearing upon the subject.

An electrical journal recently assured its readers that within a comparatively short time many trolley roads will be constructed in country districts for the express purpose of carrying farm products to market.

The New England Farmer is authority for the statement that "the condition of the average farmer in New England, all things considered, is much better than that of the average farmer in most other sections of the country."

**SONG.**

Where wind-flowers to the kissing wind  
Do bend their dusky loaves,  
And glow of cheery color  
Doth mock the Anger above—  
Where blue bells, elfin marriage-bells,  
Ring out their tiny chimes—  
There will I haste me in the Spring,  
To fashion fragrant rhymes.  
There will I haste me in the Spring,  
My lovely lady's charon to sing.

Oh! Lady mine, what wind-blown flower  
Hath half thy way-way grace?  
What blossomed gold was 'ere so bright  
As that which crowns thy face?  
What blue bells, but thine eyes would shame  
And make with envy pale?  
Thou art more fair than gracious Spring  
E'er drest a Winter vale.

Then haste thee, haste thee, pretty  
Spring,  
That I may prove the truth I sing.  
—Annie Rives Chanler, in Ocea's Week.

**AT LONE MOUND STATION.**

BY TOM F. MORGAN.

"Ood-by, Hal!" the conductor called from his perch in the turret of the yellow caboose of freight train No. 43.

"Ood-by, Abe!" Keasley answered, as he trudged along beside the long train toward the small depot, beyond the brown water tank. The engine soon alighted its thirst at the tank and got under way again. A moment later the caboose passed Keasley, and, with ever increasing speed, swayed onward toward the curve at the Lone Mound.

As Keasley neared the little depot, the strains of a violin floated toward him. Soft and sweet came the tune, like the tinkle of musical glasses, and there was in it a pathetic, wailing undertone, as if the player was striving to tell in music of a heart ache and trials bravely borne. Keasley could hardly repress an ejaculation of surprise as he entered the little office and beheld the wretched of the magic bow, a pale-faced boy, almost a child. As the lad faced the violin in the open box at his side, and slowly rose, Keasley saw that the little fellow was a cripple. One leg, distorted and shriveled, swung, a useless member. Resting on his crutches, the boy raised his hat.

"You're the new agent, I s'pose," he said.

"Yes," Keasley answered, "I am the new agent. And who are you?" he continued, kindly.

"The 'ex-agent'?"

"No, only his son," the boy replied.

"And where is your father?"

"Over there, on the slope."

The boy's chin quivered as he spoke. Keasley looked from the window. On the slope of the Lone Mound was a tiny grave yard. One oblong black blotch in its midst marked a new made grave. The agent was there.

"Pardoa me," Keasley said; "I did not know. My instructions simply told me to take charge of the station. I supposed the agent had been promoted or discharged."

"He was promoted," the boy said gravely.

"And what will you do now?" Keasley asked, presently.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "I've been thinking and thinking, but it's no use. I don't know what to do. P'raps the superintendent will give me a place in an office. I can write a fair hand and were pretty well, but I ain't much on heavy work."

This last with a rueful glance at his crutches.

Then Keasley led, and deliberately, too. He had no need of an assistant, but a lightning resolve flashed through his brain, and he said to the cripple:

"You are just the chap I am looking for. I need a boy to help me."

"What for?" asked the lad.

"To—to—why, to write and look out for things generally," Keasley answered, half desperately. "I'll feel safer to gad about when I have an assistant whom I know I can trust. Then, too, I might be sick, you know."

The boy looked doubtfully at him.

"If you are in earnest, I'll jump at the chance to stay," he said.

"In earnest?" Keasley cried, in pretended pique at the lad's doubt. "Of course, I am. Do you think I don't know my own mind, young man?"

The boy said nothing. And so it was settled, and crippled Ben became Keasley's assistant, although there was no work enough to occupy half of one person's time.

As the days went by the breeze brought from the slope the perfume of the wild verbena were succeeded by those when the snow came with a rush and his Agnes to the little depot. Keasley grew more than fond of the little cripple. To be sure, to board and clothe the lad and to pay him an occasional dollar made quite a gap in each month's salary, but Keasley never grudging a penny of it. It was pay enough to witness the boy's gratitude, and to see the lad's great eyes following him with their glances of positive benediction.

Often and often the violin sang its sweet songs, but now they seldom had the piteous, wailing undertone.

The lad's father had planned to do justice to his talents by having him taught by a master of the violin. Now Keasley and little Ben planned in a happy, visionary way. They were to save what money they could, and thus little Ben was to have the coveted musical instruction. But, at best, the accumulation of funds went on slowly.

The plans of the two went further than this. Keasley had, "once upon a time," been foolish enough to fall in love with old Senator Hicks's daughter, and she returned his love. The old senator, when he found how matters stood, pro-

ceeded to squelch the whole affair. He even forgot the time when he had been as much of a pauper as the young fellow he sent packing from his presence.

The girl, with her tear-wet face upturned to him, promised Keasley to wait for him till he succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keasley must possess before he could aspire to winning her. Then, when orders had sent Keasley to the west, he had gone with the determination strong within him to very soon gain the money and the girl.

But he speedily grew despondent. The fates seemed against him. He struck no bonanza or highway to speedy wealth, and finally half gave up the struggle. The money that would flow to little Ben as the substantial reward of his genius was to be invested by Keasley, who, in this manner, would soon obtain the coveted \$10,000. Then when prosperity smiled upon the senator's newly-found son-in-law, little Ben's wealth was to be returned to him. The two plotters placed great faith in "this plan, chimerical as it was.

Then, came the great storm, and, with it, one of the "oldest inhabitants," popularly supposed to know everything, declared was the largest and heaviest rainfall since '31. The creeks seemed to have wholly forgotten their boundaries, and, later, the work begun by the rain was completed by the cloud burst, over in the next county, near the head of Hackberry Creek. It was nearly 10 o'clock when the senator's newly-found son-in-law, little Ben, was arriving at the station, when he was met by the operator at Giddings presently clicked back the answer:

"Bridge 381 is out. K. Water high but not dangerous."

The cloud burst had not yet occurred. Meanwhile Keasley's teeth grew more painful, till his victim did little but walk the floor and anatomize the offending molar.

"If it don't ease up soon," he said, presently, "I'll tramp over to the settlement and have it out, storm or no storm."

Soon, the pain not abating, he donned his rubber coat and boots and started away in the darkness and storm.

With his violin for company little Ben scarcely felt lonely. He wondered presently if it were not time for Keasley's return. Suddenly the sender began to click furiously: "H. I. H."—the Hamilton call.

Then came the message:

"Bridge 381 is down. For God's sake, hold the special!"

The cloud burst had done its work. Ben glanced quickly at the clock. The bands indicated a fraction of a minute less than 12:30. The special was on time, and, even as Ben turned, there came the flash of the headlight through the storm that drowned the noise of the engine's approach. No time even to take the red lantern from the cuddy and light it.

Little Ben remembered afterward how, even in the intense excitement of the moment, it had flashed through his mind how useless the effort of the frightened operator at Giddings had been in telegraphing to Hamilton, when he might have known that the special had passed there half an hour before.

The engine gave no call for brakes, and Ben knew that no stop would be made there and that the train would rush on to destruction at the wrecked bridge at Hackberry Creek. The headlight seemed ahead of him as he flung open the door, and, with a mighty spring on his crutches, threw himself out on the platform of the little depot. There was no use or time to stand, and there seemed nothing to do but to let the train rush on to wreck. Then, like a flash, the little cripple raised his right crutch, and, with the rapidity almost of lightning, hurled it, lance-fashion, at the window of the engine cab, just as it dashed past him. Then he slipped and fell headlong on the wet platform.

Passing just above the back of the fireman, as he bent to open the furnace door, the crutch struck the engineer's shoulder with a force that made him cry out. His quick preception took in the situation, and he knew that something serious had caused the train to be signaled in that manner. Soon the train came to a standstill. Then it backed up to the little depot, and the engineer, cretch in hand, descended hurriedly from the cab. He found the owner of the crutch crawling to his feet with a face much paler than usual. The story was soon told, and then it was retold in the parlor car, where the conductor speedily carried little Ben.

In the cab, the engineer said to the grimy fireman: "Bill, it almost makes me ashamed of myself to have my life saved by such a weak, pale little fellow, as a cripple at that." Though not numerous, the passengers in the parlor car were generous, and the sum of money that they dropped into the hat, passed by a white-haired man whom they called "Senator," was a goodly one. Then, when little Ben had bashfully expressed his gratitude, he asked, timidly, if any one present could tell him where to go to obtain the coveted musical education. The story of his hopes had to be told, and when he was done, the white-haired man cleared his throat in a manner that sounded suspiciously as if he was choking back a sob. Then he took Ben into the little depot, and the two talked earnestly together.

When Keasley returned, muddied and wet but minus the aching tooth, he was astonished to see the special standing in

**UNCLE SAM'S GREAT SEAL.**

ITS TRUE HISTORY AS PREPARED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

It is Contained in a Massive Mahogany Box and is Carefully Guarded by the Clerks.

THE great seal of the United States, which is contained in a massive mahogany box in the State Department and carefully guarded by the clerks, whose duties are to see that its impress is properly affixed to State papers, is of much interest to visitors to the department, but its true history was never written until a few months ago, when, under orders from the Cabinet, an account of it was prepared by one of the historians of the department and printed at the Government's expense for distribution among State libraries and prominent persons. The pamphlet was prepared with all the care that its importance carried, bound in rich covering, with the stamp of the seal imprinted upon the outside. It tells that the final attempt to perfect a seal was made by order of the Continental Congress, which appointed a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, who were told to go ahead and prepare a device for the National seal and coat of arms. After several months' labor the committee suggested a design most elaborate in execution, but which did not meet with very general approval. This device represented Pharaoh sitting in an open chariot, with a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, passing through the waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites. Rays from a pillar of fire in a cloud, expressive of the Divine presence and command, beamed upon Moses, who stood on the shore and extended a hand over the sea, which caused it to overwhelm Pharaoh. Underneath was the motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Later on another attempt was made to arrange a device by a second committee, which resulted in one not quite so elaborate and pretentious. This design contained a constellation of thirteen stars, with the same number of alternate stripes. This, too, met with disapproval, and the matter was left alone for some years.

Then, after some experiments, a device was adopted, which was adopted on June 30, 1782. The first seal was cut out of brass, and was first used upon the commission granting full power and authority to Washington to arrange with the British for an exchange of prisoners. This device was in use for fifty years, and varies little from the present seal except in detail of execution.

The second seal was cut in Philadelphia in 1841, and, by some mistake, seven of the thirteen arrows which it should have had were left out. The present seal was made by Tiffany in 1885 by order of Secretary Freylinghausen after the design had been passed upon by a committee of historical scholars and authorities on heraldry. It is not true, as generally supposed, that the seal is affixed to all appointments made by the President, as its impress is put only upon commissions of Cabinet officers, ceremonial communications from the President to heads of foreign Governments, conventions, treaties, and formal agreements of the President with foreign powers, pardons, or commutations of sentence, warrants and miscellaneous commissions of civil officers, whose appointments are not now specially directed to be signed under a different seal. All treaties to which the seal is affixed have the impression made also with a wax water, with a red, white and blue cord running through it. The treaties are then packed in boxes of highly-polished and expensive woods, to be sent to the country negotiating them with us. The treaties of some foreign Governments have been sent in boxes of gold and silver, richly ornamented, in some instances, with valuable stones. These boxes are carefully stored in the archives of the department.—New York Sun.

**SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.**

THE WATCHING HOUR.

Professor Hermann has photographed the sound of vowels.

Tanning extract is used to treat railway ties to preserve them from decay.

Bacteria grow most rapidly in the warm, sultry conditions which usually precede a thunderstorm.

Among some recently observed interesting results of application of cold, M. Ilacouli Pietet has found that at 150 degrees all chemical reaction is suppressed.

A Brussels dispatch says a new pharmaceutical bottle has recently been invented which indicates the hour at which the medicine is to be taken. A Belgian establishment has secured the sole right to manufacture these bottles.

A considerable freight business is being carried on by an electric railroad in Maryland operating eighteen miles of track in a good farming country which is not reached by steam roads. The cars used have a capacity of five tons.

Sugar is nothing but charcoal and water, combined in certain proportions. This is proved by weighing resalts into which sugar resolves. If weight were less, something lost; if more, something gained. But weight of resolved charcoal always equals weight of sugar.

The operation of the electric underground road to South London has not only demoralized the telephone service of the entire vicinity, but has rendered futile observations on the earth's potential. At Greenwich Observatory, some miles distant, it has been found necessary to abandon the tests.

A Frenchman has recently conducted a series of experiments which will go far towards correcting a popular impression regarding the effects of electricity on vegetable growth. He has demonstrated that currents of electricity passed through the roots of vegetables tends to injure them, but that static electricity might be considered slightly beneficial.

A wide awake New York real estate agent proposes to remodel antique office buildings on the electrical plan. He has a large steam plant lying idle in the basement of one of his buildings, and he is utilizing this plant for the generation of electric power to be distributed to manufacturing concerns in the same block with the office building, besides installing in the building itself electric elevators, electric lights, electric fans and electric heaters.

An effective method of warning line-men who may be at various working points of a city, of the approach of the electric current, has been provided in the "screecher" whistle. One of these whistles has been attached to the boiler at the electric-light station in Clathman, and will be blown each day five minutes before starting the dynamos. There can be no mistake as to the fitness of this instrument for the purpose to which it has been applied, as it is guaranteed to be heard at a distance of fifteen miles.

A startling proof of the value of the fire-proof wire was given by its inventor, who was taking a number of pieces of various insulated wires and joining them together, had a current of 150 amperes passed through the circuit. The current destroyed the pieces on the outside of either hand, but the section of wire held between the hands remained in spite of the risk he would have run with an ordinary wire, was the calmest and least concerned member of the party.

**BEST WAY TO GET RID OF RATS.**

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them, it only makes them deathly sick. If you put your ear to their holes you can hear them trying to vomit; sometimes they will crawl out and walk about like a sea-sick man, as if that they do not seem to care what becomes of them. But it disgusts them with the whole vicinity, and as soon as they are able to travel they march off and you see them no more.—New York News.

**A CHANGE OF AIR IN A SICK ROOM.**

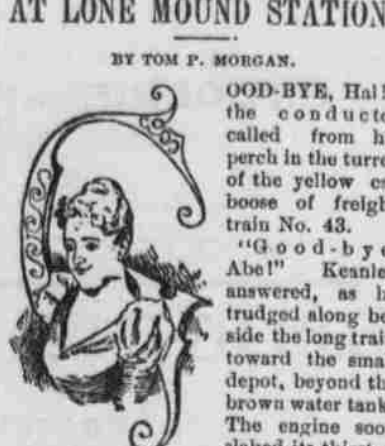
A clever doctor has just completed a wonderful invention, whereby a change of air desirable for any patient may be brought direct to the sick room. Bottled ozone, condensed Alpine air, or filtered tropical sunners; these are the possibilities the discovery appears to open up. The poor patient whose means do not reach the sum necessary for the physician's prescribed change of air will, perhaps, before long, take half an hour's inhalation four times a day before meals, or the overworked business man, unable to leave town for a holiday, may take his fresh air into the city with him every day. However, the invention does not go so far just at present. What can be accomplished is the impregnation of a sick room with the fragrance of pine forests, the health restoring perfumage which delicate persons are sent to Switzerland to breathe.—New York Times.

**A QUAIN EPIGRAPH.**

A collector of curious epigrams—and there seem to be as many such as there are collectors of coins and stamps and insects and ferns—claims, according to Harper's Young People, to have found this singular inscription upon a grave-stone in a New Hampshire burying ground:

To all my friends I bid adieu,  
A more sudden death you never knew  
As I was leading the old mare to drink  
She kicked, and killed me quicker 'a wink.

Two car-loads of Boston girls have gone to Texas to supply the demand there for wives, which leads the Detroit Free Press to exclaim that "the man who seeks to escape from woman recklessly tackles the impossible."



As Keasley neared the little depot, the strains of a violin floated toward him.

Fresh Government clerks in Washington are tempted by offers of credit on all sides. This, explains the Atlanta Constitution, is because persons employed by the Government must pay the debts contracted while in office or suffer dismissal. When a clerk is tardy in settlement the creditor can have the amount of the debt deducted from the debtor's salary.

During the year 1892 England published 4915 new books and 1339 new editions, or a total of 6254. Last year the figures were 5706. The increase has been especially in the department of novels, namely 1147 as compared with 896 in 1891. Theology reports 538, philosophy 579, medicine 137 new publications, while law has only twenty-six, altho poetry has 188, history 293, and geography 250.

Chief Justice Fuller, having gone to his doctor's house in Washington recently in preference to sending for the physician, found that gentleman absent and was invited into the library to await his return. The attendant who ushered the visitor in was ignorant of the latter's station, but recognized him as a man of culture and kind impulses. This was evident from the surprising request that the Chief Justice should improve the time by writing a love letter for the man who let him in. Pens, ink, paper and envelop were proffered, and without hesitation the favor was granted, the missive being completed before the physician's return.

It is said that when a native of Hawaii wishes to give evidence of his sorrow at the loss of a kinsman he goes to some secluded spot and endeavors to knock out one of his front teeth. In case it is his maiden effort at mourning, relates the Atlanta Constitution, the bereaved not infrequently bungles the job, and on looking over the debris often finds that he has knocked out a couple or more. If the grief-stricken party, however, lacks the nerve or distrusts his prowess to accomplish the tooth's displacement, a dear and obliging friend is always at hand to offer his assistance. As a result of this custom a man of middle age is often short so many teeth that gastronomers are embarrassed in eating their food. American dentists will do a land office business in Hawaii if the United States annexes the islands.

The New York Tribune maintains that there has been no revolution in the production of cotton since Whitney invented the gin and took the "seedling" of it out of the hands of the old women and children. Now, however, there is a prospect of another great change. Over 600 machines have been invented in the last twenty years for picking the cotton from the boll, and all have failed to give satisfaction. But still another is to be tested, and cotton men believe it will be successful. It will pick, it is said, 10,000 pounds a day. An ordinary field hand can pick of the short staple about 150 pounds a day, and of the long staple about 350, so that the new machine will do the work of about forty men. Fifty cents a hundred pounds is considered fair wages in the cotton belt. The machine, therefore, will earn \$50 a day.

Mongolian pheasants are being introduced into Europe. If the Mongolian pheasant at all resembles in gaily spirit the European affinity it is more fitted for a barnyard fowl than a sportsman's trophy. Probably it is just as easy of domestication. It is a common thing to hatch out pheasants under ordinary fowls, and they readily come at the call for food. The less of the game quality they have the better are they fitted for the spit. It is amusing to learn that as the Mongolian pheasants are greedy grain feeders they should be boarded out on the farmers of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

**How to Run Fast.**

In the mountainous villages of Germany the letter carriers are the hardest worked people in the country. They carry all the mail and are compelled to do at the rate of about five miles an hour. You know that in running even a short distance you quickly get "out of breath," as you say. The German letter carriers, to avoid this shortness of breath, carry a quill in the mouth so that the air cannot be so rapidly expelled from the lungs. If boys who want to become "sprinters," or very fast runners, will practice carrying something in the mouth when running, they will find that they can soon run a long time without losing breath. They must be very careful, though, not to swallow what they are carrying in the mouth. And they must not fall. Very young sprinters would do well to wait awhile before trying to become champions.—New York Ledger.

**Frozen in a Hospital.**

It seems to be a tacitly understood principle in England that one who is not robust enough to resist the effects of cold is fit to survive, and any attempt to keep public places reasonably warm in the winter is seldom made. A public hospital is the last place in the world, one would think, that could do without heat, but it is reported that a child was actually frozen to death the other day in the waiting room of Guy's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions of London. The child was sick with teething, and the mother took it to the hospital to see the doctor. She had to wait five hours in the cold till her turn came, and when the doctor finally did see the baby, he found it in the last stages of freezing to death. An inquest was held, and there has been much talk about cold waiting rooms, but so far as heard from no store has been put up in that one.—New Orleans Picayune.

**Mongolian Pheasants.**

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**Switzerland as a Graveyard.**

A collector of curious epigrams—and there seem to be as many such as there are collectors of coins and stamps and insects and ferns—claims, according to Harper's Young People, to have found this singular inscription upon a grave-stone in a New Hampshire burying ground:

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A more sudden death you never knew  
As I was leading the old mare to drink  
She kicked, and killed me quicker 'a wink.

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