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The United States contain more than 1700 distinct and separate railroads.

It is now held that there were two distinct epidemics of cholera in Europe last year.

Mortality is greater among the Alaskans than among any other citizens of the United States.

The Congress of Columbia at its late session appropriated \$150,000 a year for the encouragement of foreign immigration.

General Harrison is the only surviving ex-President of the United States; Mr. Morton is the only living person who has occupied the office of Vice-President.

The Courier-Journal learns that Professor Wiggins lays the blame for the cold weather, the cholera and the rest of the ills with which the earth has recently been afflicted on the conjunction between Jupiter and Mars.

Travel from the North to Florida has never been greater than during the present season, declares the Chicago Herald, and the large sums of money that have been invested in railroads and hotels to accommodate this travel are paying good dividends.

The latest legislative break in Missouri, recorded by the Detroit Free Press, is a bill requiring all the butterine sold in that market to be colored pink, this mark being evidence to the purchaser that he is not buying the genuine article.

The St. Louis Star Sayings is convinced that a little learning is not so dangerous a thing after all. English insurance statistics show that fifty per cent. of the authors and statesmen, forty-two per cent. of the clergymen, thirty per cent. of the lawyers, twenty-seven per cent. of the teachers and twenty-four per cent. of the doctors reach the age of seventy.

With France still in a ferment, Germany looking for some one to tread on the tail of its coat, Italy financially troubled and the Chair of all the Russias hiding in a bomb-proof cellar it was a great sight, exclusive of the Washington Star, to see President Cleveland bow and smile to half a million representatives of the happiest and most loyal people in the world.

The Chicago Herald alleges that a French syndicate is buying up all the worn out ponies on the frontier for export to Paris, the intention being to convert them into food for the people of the gay metropolis. Hippophagy in France has evidently become a disease, for a healthy steed would hardly crave the flesh of spavined horses in preference to the healthful beef from the Chicago abattoirs.

According to the Baltimore American Mr. Cleveland has a middle-aged Cabinet. Their ages are thus given: Cleveland, fifty-six years; Stevenson, fifty-eight; Gresham, sixty-one; Carlisle, fifty-eight; Bissell, forty-six; Linnott, forty-one; Herbert, fifty; Olney, fifty-eight; Smith, thirty-eight; Morton, sixty. Secretary Herbert's short arm can sympathize with Secretary Gresham's short leg. It was a Federal bullet in the Wilderness that shortened the former and a Confederate bullet near Atlanta that shortened the latter.

Baron Bleichroeder, the millionaire Berlin banker, is dead. He was one of the syndicates which undertook the adjustment of Austria's currency system for the purpose of restoring specie payments. He was the author of that portion of the movement which so directed the currency of foreign exchanges as to draw the flood of gold from the United States, which now has amounted to nearly \$100,000,000 in two years. There is no reason, however, to suppose that gold shipments will cease on account of Bleichroeder's death.

A mathematician, who evidently has abundant leisure, has been figuring, relates the New York News, on the size of the mortgage we should now be carrying if Columbus had pledged this country for the cost of his outfit. Starting with the assumption that the expenditure cost Isabelle \$40,000, he adds interest compounded every six months. At the present time the amount floats up nearly 271 quadrillion dollars. Taking the population of the United States at 65,000,000, the little obligation reaches nearly 417 million dollars for each inhabitant. It is consequently a great relief to know that Columbus never set foot on North America. It would be very embarrassing to have a musty mortgage for that d-d-z-y figure presented, with the customary notice of foreclosure.

EASTER.

Easter, smile o' the year! Bringer of music and flowers! Easter, whose skies are clear With spring days' lengthened hours! What shall we say that is new? What shall we sing that is old? Sermon or sonnet or chant Gilding refined gold.

THE OLD WELL SWEEP.

BY HELEN FORBIST GRAVES.

OU ain't goin' to take that well-sweep away, Jotham—the well sweep that was there when I was a baby! Don't do it, Jotham—don't!"

Squire Sedgwick beckoned to his son to lay down the uplifted axe. Mrs. Sedgwick stood in the doorway, with a fat, old-fashioned tumbler and a glass-towel in her hand.

Ellen, the daughter, paused in the act of tying up an obstreperous young honey-suckle shoot; and old Grandis Sedgwick, leaning on his staff, with his gray hairs blowing in the fresh spring wind, looking not unlike one of the ancient Druids.

"Well, well," soothingly uttered the squire, "if you've any feelin' about it, it shan't be touched! Only, since the pipes have been laid on the spring up on Savin Hill, Eunice, she thought—"

"I don't keer what Eunice thinks!" said Grandis Sedgwick. "The pipes from Savin Spring ain't nothin' to me. I'd rather have a glass o' clear water from the old well than all the springs in creation!"

"So you shall, father—so you shall!" said Mrs. Sedgwick, picking up the knotted cane which the old man had dropped, and tenderly guiding his footsteps back to the cushioned chair on the porch, which he had just left.

"Dora," he repeated—"little Dora! My son Adam's daughter, with the black eyes and the real Sedgwick features! There ain't but a few things that I care for left in this world, and Dora was one o' 'em. What have you done with Adam's orphan gal—eh, Eunice? The gal that had'n't no one but me to look after her!"

"A distressed look crept over Mrs. Sedgwick's kindly face. She hesitated visibly. "It wasn't our fault, father," said she. "Dora was always a restless child, and she somehow couldn't seem to be contented in this quiet place."

"The old man shook his leonine white head. "I dunno nothin' about that," said he. "All I know is I miss little Dora, and I want her. Jotham," turning abruptly to his stalwart son, "where's Dora?"

"I don't know any more than you do, father," said the squire, leaning up against the porch pillar, and saying to wife in a lower tone: "What has set him off thinkin' of Dora just now?"

"Thinkin'! Ain't I always thinkin' of her? I was left to us to take care of; and Adam was always the best of the family! You nagged her, and you worried her, and she was too high-spirited to stand it, and now she's gone, an' you say you don't know nothin' about it. Eh?"—and his voice grew shriller—"that was what Cain said, mind you, when the Lord asked him where his brother was! That's why I set her here on the porch, where I can see half a mile down the road, to get a sight of Adam's gal, Dora, comin' back where she belongs!"

dress of the person who painted the picture. "I purchased yesterday—the 'Old Well Sweep'" asked the voice of Martin Sedgwick.

"The veiled and shawl-wrapped figure turned suddenly around, so that the flickering gaslight shone full on the dark eyes and mobile lips.

"Dora—my Dora! No, you shall not draw away your hand!" he cried. "I've got you now, and I mean to keep you 'yes, always, Dora!"

"Eh!" cried Grandis Sedgwick, rousing himself from one of the frequent slumbers of extreme old age. "Dora, is it? Adam's little black-eyed gal? Well, I knowed she would come back, for the Lord sent out a call for me. Some-thin' told me she would. They've fixed up the old well sweep, Dora, and you're back again! I ain't nothin' left to wish for now."

"And she's promised to be my wife," declared Martin, with his arm passed carelessly around the girl's slim waist.

"And Martin's given up the Western plan," ecstatically cried Mrs. Sedgwick, "and he's going to be content to settle down here for good and all."

"And oh, I'm so glad!" gasped Ellen, while the squire slapped his son's back in an encouraging fashion.

Old Grandis Sedgwick looked from one to the other with a serene smile.

"I ain't nothin' left to wish for," he repeated.—Saturday Night.

Facts About the Skeleton Industry Paris is the head-centre of the skeleton trade. The mode of preparation is a very delicate operation. The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues.

Domestic skeletons are generally the work of amateurs. Janitors in medical colleges rescue bones from the dissecting rooms and cure and articulate them.

The imported article, however, ranges from \$50 to \$400. The very high-priced ones are valued because of the preservation of the nervous and circulatory systems.

The Round City's Name. The city having been named in honor of St. Louis many suppose that the pronunciation should be "St. Loiois."

Aristocratic Indians. There are no people in Maine in whom the aristocratic instinct is stronger or who have more pride of birth than some of those who live in Oldtown Island.

PRESIDENTS AT DINNER.

HOW THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVES HAVE DINED.

Washington and the Shad—Entertainments of Early Days—Later Presidents Careless Eaters.

WHAT did the Presidents eat in not so frivolous a question as the light-minded and unscientific would imagine. Let us try to answer it with gravity and reverence.

Washington had plain tastes. As President he was even inclined to be economical. He used to lecture his steward every week on the evils of extravagance.

Washington had a special fondness for fish. One February an early Delaware shad, caught in advance of the season, was seized from the market by Frauncees and served up triumphantly at the Presidential table.

Washington's immediate successors, Adams and Jefferson, were light eaters in private, but the former gave stately and magnificent banquets, while the latter kept a generous table in the large free-handed Virginia style.

Madison revived the State dinners of Adams' time with a good deal of the attendant ceremonial, which Jefferson had discarded.

Monroe was a great eater. He was present at the dinner, she says, was certainly fine, but still I was rather surprised, as it did not surpass some I have eaten in Carolina.

There is a conductor on the Broad avenue street car line who played a clever trick on a passenger the other morning, which has probably taught him to have his fare ready hereafter when he boards a car.

This occurred four mornings in succession. The fifth morning the same \$10 bill came around, but the conductor was prepared. He drew a heavy bag from beneath the seat and handed it to the passenger with the remark: "Here's your change, sir. It's all right. I've counted it."

A Tree 5000 Years Old. On the island of Tenerife, one of the largest if not the very largest of the Canaries, about half way between the Porto Santo and the summit of the famous Pico de Tyde, the highest point of land on the island, stands the considerable tower of Orotava, famous for its wonderful "Dragon Tree."

Raisin Swans. Swans are not hard to raise; they sell at \$40 and \$75 per pair. A farmer at Biddleford, Me., is making quite a success at swan breeding, and his profits must be quite large each season.

His Secret of Happiness. "Professor" said a gentleman recently to the famous Professor Biekie, of Edinburgh, "may I ask the secret of your happiness?"

THE PATIENT SEASONS. How patiently the seasons bide their time! No murmur from the bud that months ago.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Bright periodicals—Comets. The man with a long head is rarely head-long.—Binglamton Leader.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in thimble. Science announces that cholera bacilli do not live long in the body that has been properly buried.

The University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, is to have a building entirely devoted to chemistry.

It is necessary to use high pressure in order to transmit the electric current economically to long distances.

The Edinburgh Review says that the commonest form of color-blindness is that which thinks green identical with red.

Coal of an excellent quality and in large deposits has been discovered at Djebel-Ebou-Feyaz, in the district of Zer, Asia Minor.

There is a reptile common to the Sacramento Valley, California, known as the blowsnake. A full-grown blowsnake thinks nothing of swallowing a half dozen eggs at a time.

The modern lecturer relies greatly upon the projection of illustrations upon a screen, and the lanterns for this purpose have been so improved that effects and illusions of a most wonderful kind are now obtained in the lecture-room.

M. Van Rysselberghe, who died recently at Antwerp, was the inventor of the meteorograph, an electric weather register, by means of which the conditions prevailing in various localities may be shown at a central station.

Much research and investigation warrant the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl, and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions.

Electricians are now considering the feasibility of using potentials up to hundreds of thousands of volts. With the potential of 100,000 volts the power of Niagara could be transmitted to Chicago, with a loss not exceeding twenty per cent., and it could be sold at that place in competition with steam power, probably to commercial advantage.

A large dirigible balloon, intended to make headway against air currents of twenty-eight miles an hour, is being made in France. It will be similar in form to the La France of 1884-1885, but larger—230 feet in length and forty-three feet in its greatest diameter.

The enameled iron of various colors which has become such a common article of electrical commerce is made, according to a French industrial paper, by dipping the iron plates into an enamel liquid composed of: Borax 24 parts (by weight), soda salts 6, boric acid 15, washed sand 25, feldspar 12.5, siltstone 3.5, four spar 3 parts. The plates are then dried and fired. Coloring is obtained by using metallic oxides.

Change for the Passen'er's \$10. There is a conductor on the Broad avenue street car line who played a clever trick on a passenger the other morning, which has probably taught him to have his fare ready hereafter when he boards a car.

Blunder—"I made a speech to-night at the banquet which will make me immortal." Mrs. B.—"And it was only last month that you got your life insured!"—Boston Transcript.

Charlie, didn't you promise to try and break your way out of the habit of using slang?" Charlie—"Yes, mammy, and you bet I'm gettin' there with both feet, don't you see?"—Litt-Bits.

THE PATIENT SEASONS.

How patiently the seasons bide their time! No murmur from the bud that months ago.

Was ready, where the earth inclined, to blow; The birds are happy in their chosen home. No doubt there are commungals 'neath the snow.

And some bright eyes that never close in sleep, And some sharp ears that listen well and keep Sweet hope alive in little hearts below.

Then let the winter wear itself away, Borne thither on the breast of freighted rills; A dream of spring has touched the constant hills, And made the valleys patient of delay.

—Mary A. Mason, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Bright periodicals—Comets. The man with a long head is rarely head-long.—Binglamton Leader.

It's queer about shops—they're never shut up unless they're shut down.—Elmira Gazette.

There never was so big a fool that he couldn't learn how to count money.—Aitchison Globe.

The figured-out of a college is usually the professor of mathematics.—Pittsburgh Record.

Many a man who "starts off well" spoils everything by coming back.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Few men who go into maple-syrup manufacturing make an unadulterated success of it.—Troy Press.

Some men are like woodpeckers—they can't send in a bill without making a big noise about it.—Truth.

Many a parachute jumper would be living to-day if he had never taken a drop.—Binglamton Leader.

The man who waits for appreciation generally gets it in the shape of an epitaph.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Does she make a good wife?" "Well, it is doubtful. Her husband belongs to four clubs."—New York Press.

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To harrow one's feelings is not the most profitable way of cultivating an acquaintance.—Boston Transcript.

The picket fence was outlined sharp. The moon was clear and pale. Her lover long ago had left, But thereby hangs a tail.

"The pleasantest way to take cod liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeons."—Tit-Bits.

The Professor—"What is happiness?" The Philosopher—"The condition of forgetting that you are unhappy."—Chicago News.

A man whose tongue is his entire capital defies the exigencies of commerce and succumbs to nothing less than a paralytic stroke.