

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one inch, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

Sixty thousand acres of Florida lands are to be cultivated by Swedes.

The Netherlands are said to be worth \$4,935,000,000 and Belgium \$4,030,000,000.

Australia has just completed the first locomotive ever built on the island continent. It was constructed at Melbourne.

The colored people of Virginia pay taxes on real estate valued at \$9,425,686, and on personal property valued at \$3,342,950.

A Brooklyn (N. Y.) inventor says he can propel a big steamship across the Atlantic in three and a half days with sulphuric acid powered sugar and chlorate of potash.

Although we have the poor allways with us, a two-cent British Gnianna, 1850 issue, postage stamp, was sold at auction in this city the other week, makes the New York Independent, for \$1010.

The New York Sun shows that while in the country at large the proportion of foreign-born inhabitants is about fourteen per cent, it is only 2.60 per cent of the total in the fourteen Southern States.

Spinning wheels are not altogether things of the past. Go into Cornwall or Wales, or to the Scotch Highlands, declares the Chicago Herald, and you will find plenty of cottages where the spinning wheel is as much a piece of household furniture as are the scrubbing brush and the kitchen broom.

The new railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is only fifty-three miles long. Passenger trains make seventeen miles an hour. The rails come from England, the ties from France, the engines from Philadelphia, the cars from France and the heavy work was done by Arabs and Egyptians. The road is not likely to yield a profit for a long time to come.

It is a fanciful but pretty conceit, exclaims the New York News, that of casting a Columbian Liberty Bell weighing 13,000 pounds, composed partly of jewels, silver, rare coins and all sorts of precious contributions from women and children in all parts of the United States. The value of all these contributions will greatly exceed the value of the jewels which Isabella is said to have sacrificed for the outfit of Columbus.

The dedication of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City took place under far different conditions than were ever imagined by those who laid the foundations, soliloquizes the San Francisco Chronicle. Polygamy is now proscribed by rigid laws, and though the spirit of the laws is violated by many Mormons, still the fear of imprisonment has done much to check one of the worst features of the system. The younger men among the Mormons claim that they have discarded polygamy and that it no longer plays an important part in their religion.

Many villages in all parts of the United States have taken the names of the roadside inns about which they have grown up, but it is perhaps only in conservative Southern Virginia, remarks the New York Sun, that the "ordinaries" for entertainment of man and beast have given names to villages. There is Jennings' Ordinary in Nottoway County, Smoky Ordinary in Brunswick County, and doubtless many others in the same region. It is here, too, that local maps immortalize the shopkeepers, the millers and the blacksmiths of an earlier generation. Oddly enough, one looks almost in vain for names growing out of the bloody struggle from '61 to '65.

A sort of mythology has grown up about the American Indian in regions whence he vanished 100 years ago. The popular names of many plants include the adjective Indian. Few persons in America say Indian corn now, but Indian cokes is a term still strongly entrenched south of Mason and Dixon's line, and there is even a plant known to children as Indian tobacco. The brilliant canna is called Indian shot because its seeds are black, bullet-like pellets. Indian traditions are preserved with a sort of reverence in the South. Twenty-five years ago local travelers on a certain road in Worcester County, Maryland, commonly stopped at a point in the remote country, reached under a bush at the roadside, drew forth a stone mortar and pestle used by the Indians 100 years before, showed the relics to any stranger in the company and carefully put them back. A whole neighborhood knew the whereabouts of these instruments, but they seemed as safe as in a museum.

There are said to be 70,000 lawyers in the United States, one-seventh of whom have offices in New York.

"The manufacture of paper from wood pulp is destroying acres and acres of beautiful trees," laments the San Francisco Bulletin.

The 1200 persons in the Census Office will retire on the 31st of December. The Census Division thereafter will consist of a chief and about twenty-three employees, to complete the unfinished work.

The fourth centenary of the discovery of the new world was celebrated by the French Geographical Society on March 4, that being the fourth centenary of the date the news of the discovery reached Europe.

It is said that the new directory of Baltimore, Md., indicates an increase of 36,000 in the population of the city during the past year, due largely to the growth of manufacturing interests in the city and suburbs.

For some years past Greece has been gradually monopolizing the earth-quake of Europe. Several beautiful towns and villages have lately been turned in a few moments into heaps of ruins. Amphissa, Leucadia, Corinth, Egion, Philistra, and lastly the flower of the Lavanit Zante, have all been badly shaken up.

At a meeting of the International Hotel Employes' Association in New York City the other day it came out that the waiters of the metropolis have invented a new name to describe the man who regularly omits to give tips to expectant waiters. It is "Miff." The name is not applied to the man who once in a while fails to find his vest pocket when the waiter hands him his hat and inquires how he was pleased with his dinner, but when that failure becomes chronic his name is handed around from one waiter to another as a Miff, and when he comes into the establishment, it is dollars to doughnuts that he finds them all too busy to have time to attend to his wants.

The German universities are the most cosmopolitan institutions in the world. They draw students literally from every cultured land and climate. Of the 27,518 students matriculated at these high schools during the present term no fewer than 1948 are foreigners. Of these 403 are Russians, 294 Austrians, 247 Swiss, 131 English, 52 Greeks, 51 Bulgarians, 50 Hollanders, 36 Turks, 34 French, 31 Italians, 25 Luxemburgers, 24 Roumanians, 21 Swedes and Norwegians, 18 Servians, 5 Danes, 2 Spaniards. Non-European lands are represented by 414 Americans, the great majority of whom are from the United States, 69 Asiatics, nearly all of whom are Japanese, 14 Africans and 4 Australians.

A prize was recently offered by the Denver (Col.) Sun for the best solution of the problem of how to keep husbands home at night. The prize was awarded to the writer of the following: "A quaker advised his son to keep his eyes wide open when courting; after marriage to keep them half shut. If you did not act on the first part of the advice, try the latter. Study your husband's disposition, and be sure to make a thorough study of your own. Try using a little tact and a good deal of consideration for his wishes and feelings, and see if you cannot teach him to be more considerate of yours. Business is trying. Men like peace at home. If possible, manage not to be worn out. Be cheerful. Don't worry. Don't scold."

Life tables have been compiled from the mortality returns of various periods of time showing that at birth the expectation of life covers more years in the case of the female than in that of the male. These tables also show that at succeeding ages the female lead is maintained. But a tabulation has just been made that will interest others than scientists, statisticians and life insurance agents, and which, though the data are not very extensive, goes to confirm the results reached in the so-called standard life tables. A leading journal has compiled all the cases of notable longevity recorded in its own columns during the year 1892. Of 1151 octogenarians 646 are women and only 505 are men. Above eighty at nearly all ages the returns continue to favor the women; and of six centenarians all but one are women. This does not prove that women are happier than men, but it is a good indication that as a rule they live longer. And though the most reasonable presumption is that this is because they enjoy an easier life than men, the average woman will doubtless continue to wish that she had been born a man.

WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS.

Oh, fair is the land where the world begins, So near to the other shore it lies, (No oar to span the white dove flies) So far away from earth's cares and sins, Around it sheltering waves arise, Built by love that never dies. This land is but one of the many lands Along life's pathway back to the skies; There the dweller toiled not, nor spins, But only watches with mute surprise The wonders passing before his eyes, A smile in his seer, his mandate sighs, And weakness is ever the power that wins In that beautiful land where the world begins. —M. L. Ames.

THE HEIRESS.

BY M. A. WORSWICK.

There is the romance of a middle-aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray-haired and forty, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill, a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes—and I fall into a day-dream and forget that I am old and poor and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill-owner, and as gentle and as good as she is beautiful. I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams. And all these years I have been learning to love her. Surely love is not wholly wasted though it is hopeless. I am a better man that I have loved Nellie Harman. No. I build no air-castles. I am forty and she is eighteen. I am only her father's bookkeeper and she is the heiress of millions.

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Later she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the unconquerable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the Hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, or her—then I find it hard to answer lightly, to smile calmly, and I go away with a heartache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-faced child, motherless since her infancy, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the roughest mill hand has always a civil word for her, and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country folk. Young Harry Desmond is often at the Hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's young dream?" The strike! The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut-rates have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike Big John, the weaver, who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter. To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will. There is talk of firing the mill along the mad-brained ones, but Big John shakes his head.

"That were chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burnt how would that help us to work and wages? Nay; it must be other means."

"Aye, we must live; but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another. They meant mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

The strike is over. The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gay party of young people in the drawing-room; the gleam of torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, hoarse shouts, and a stone crashed

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A fly has 16,000 eyes. Malaria is most dangerous at sunset. There are 240,000 varieties of insects. Dirt and disease travel in pairs. Clean out the dirt and disease has little show.

Southern Pacific locomotives will soon use for fuel bricks made of coal dust and asphaltum. There is a machine at the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, that rolls iron to the thickness of sixteenth-hundredths of an inch—thinner than the thinnest sheet of tissue paper.

The cholera microbe was discovered by Doetor Koch, of Berlin, in 1883. In length, it would require over twelve thousand of them to make an inch, while their breadth is about one-fifth of their length.

The orbit of the planet Neptune, thirty times further from the sun than that of the earth, forms the outer boundary of the solar system. The distance is immense, yet shrinks into insignificance when compared with that which lies beyond.

The study of inoculation for cholera was first taken up by Pasteur, at the instance of a Prince of Siam, in whose country it is indigenous. It is hoped that it may ultimately be stamped out there, and in this way its propagation to other parts of the world prevented.

At Baku, Caucasus, the other day, a petroleum well was being bored. When the depth of about 900 feet had been reached, the fluid rushed up with such force that all the machinery was destroyed, and the windows in the neighboring houses broken. After three days the well was exhausted.

The Arctic explorer Nanssen has a scheme for shutting himself up in the Polar Sea with provisions for five years and seeing where the drift of the Arctic ice carries him. He is advocating it before the Royal Geographical Society and has roused great interest.

As everybody is learning now, boiling kills the microbes in water, and it was only when the authority of a law forbidding the use of the infected river water was put in force in Hamburg last autumn that the cholera was really checked; and it is interesting to learn that Cyrus, who seems to have had good ideas of sanitation, when crossing the river Champs, had all the drinking water for his army boiled—in silver bowls, the legend says.

The following are the lowest barometer readings on record in various parts of the globe: In London, a reading of 27.93 inches on the morning of Christmas day, 1821; over the British islands generally, a reading of 27.33 inches on January 26, 1884; in India, a reading of 27.12 inches at False Point, near the Southern mouths of the Ganges, on September 22, 1885, this being the lowest authentic reading observed in any part of the world.

The Weight of Compact Bodies.

The load which is produced by a dense crowd of persons is generally taken at eighty to 100 pounds per square foot and is considered to be the greatest uniformly distributed load for which a floor need be proportioned. This value may be largely exceeded in an actual crowd was pointed out by Professor W. C. Kernet, of Melbourne University, Australia, in a recent paper before the Victorian Institute of Engineers, copied into Engineer News. In an actual trial, a class of students averaging 153.5 pounds each in weight were crowded in a lobby containing 18.23 square feet, making an average floor load of 134.7 pounds. There was still room to have placed another man, which would have brought up the loading to 143.1 pounds per square foot. Professor Kernet also quoted from Stoney, who placed fifty-eight laborers, averaging 145 pounds each in weight, in an empty ship deck-house measuring fifty-seven square feet floor area. This was a load of 147.4 pounds per square foot. In another test, with seventy-three laborers crowded into a hut nine feet by eight feet eight inches, Stoney produced a load of 142 pounds per square foot and estimated that two or three more men could have been squeezed in.

It appears from these experiments that while the figures ordinarily assumed of eighty to 100 pounds are sufficiently correct for spaces on which there is no cause to induce the collection of great crowds, larger figures, say 140 to 150 pounds per square foot, should be used for railway stations and platforms, entrances and exits to places of public assemblies or office buildings, bridgeside-walks, pavements over vaults and other places where dense crowds are likely to gather.

To Ebonize Wood.

The simplest way to ebonize wood is as follows: Take one-quarter pound of logwood chips and boil them in one pint of water for about an hour; while still hot brush this solution over the carving. When the latter is dry, give another coat of the hot liquid. When this second coat is quite dry, coat with a solution of one-half ounce green copperas dissolved in one pint of hot water. This will give a really good black, and the wood so ebonized can be sixed or polished or oiled as required.—New York Sun.

The Nile.

The total length of the Nile is 3370 miles. It drains a country as extensive as Russia, and for the last 1200 miles of its course receives no surface affluent, large or small. The fall from Assuan to Cairo is from two to three inches in a mile, and throughout the Delta this slight slope diminishes to less than one inch.—Detroit Free Press.

TAPPING A MAPLE TREE.

A GREAT AND DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

The Best Thing for a Big Yield—Curious Things About Sap and Maple Trees.

"If I could make the maple sugar of the country, I wouldn't care who make either its songs or its laws," said a New York commission man. "Last year the maple belt of the United States gave up enough sap to yield 70,000,000 pounds of sugar. This year, from all reports, this distinctively American product will be increased at least 5,000,000 pounds. This will be due in great part to the Government bounty on maple sugar, which in no small degree to the fact that 1893 will be an exceptionally good sap year. The winter was extraordinarily cold, but it was even in temperature. There was much snow in the woods. Spring in its approach kept the golden mean between lingering cold and sudden warmth. This is as it should be for proper sugar weather. Spring weather in January or February starts the sap before its time. Winter weather in March and April checks its flow. There will be more maple sugar made this spring than was ever made before, and of a better quality than has been known for many years. Last year, including the Government bounty, the maple sugar crop netted the farmers ten cents a pound. It will not be less this year. They may confidently calculate on receiving \$7,500,000 for their crop in 1893. Who would not rather make the maple sugar of the country than either its songs or its laws?"

Vermont, for some reason, is generally supposed to be the one great source of the country's maple sugar supply, and yet Vermont makes less than one-fifteenth of the whole. Vermont's reputation for producing the finest quality of sugar is deserved, for the sugar makers of that State were the first to recognize the importance of the commodity as a factor in domestic as well as foreign commerce, and to bring to its manufacture not only scientific helps but the potent aid of observation and study of the maple tree, and the effects upon it of climate, soil, and meteorological conditions.

"It is the popular belief that pure maple sugar is invariably known by its dark, damp-looking appearance. In the old days of maple sugar making the product was necessarily very dark, because the simple processes then in use could not make it light. But it is full of impurities all the same. Not adulterations, but natural impurities. Nowadays it is not the dark maple sugar that should be regarded as the pure article, for it is more apt to be the most impure. The very best maple sugar that comes from Vermont or elsewhere is of a light, clear, dry, glossy brown—so very light, indeed, that it looks like clarified beeswax.

"Many curious things about sap and maple trees have been discovered by observant sugar makers. For the sap to run freely there must be well-mingled conditions of heat, cold and light. In Vermont the sugar maker has found that he gets more and sweeter sap by tapping his trees as near the roots as he conveniently can, while in this State, especially in Western New York, a high tap yields the greater quantity and the better quality of sap. A still, dry, dense atmosphere, with a north-west wind, is the best for steady sap running. When the ground thaws dry, "sap weather" is said to be at its best. A southwest wind, with threats of a storm, will stop the flow of sap. If the storm is a snow storm, though, and a freeze succeeds it, the sugar maker will be happy, for then the sap will start with redoubled freedom when the thaw that must quickly follow comes. Sap runs better when the air is highly oxygenized. A tap on the south side of a tree will produce more sap than a tap on the north side. Sap that runs at night will make more and better sugar than the same quantity of day sap. Sap is also heavier with saccharine matter when caught immediately before or just after a snow storm or a freeze-up. A few trees will produce as much sap as a good many. This apparent anomaly is explained by the curious fact that trees standing close together divide the aggregate flow made possible by the area of soil they cover, which aggregate would be as great if there were half as many trees draining the spot. An acre of good ground should not be called upon to support more than thirty trees to be used in sugar making. More than that on an acre will decrease the supply of sugar—that is, no matter how many trees a farmer might tap on an acre, he would get no more sugar than if he had but thirty trees on the acre. A well-kept sugar bush should yield ten pounds of sugar to the tree, or 300 pounds to the acre. Five gallons of good sap will make one gallon of good syrup. A gallon of syrup will make between six and eight pounds of sugar. It is the hard maple tree that makes the sugar. Windham County, Vt.; Somerset County, Penn.; and Delaware County, N. Y., are the three greatest maple sugar producing counties in the Union, the first leading the list with an annual yield of about 3,000,000 pounds, the second producing 2,500,000 pounds, and the third 2,000,000 pounds. The largest sugar bush is in Windham County. It contains 7000 sap-bearing trees.—New York Sun.

A HAPPY PHILOSOPHER.

Some folks, they're complainin' 'Cause it ain't rainin'! An' some 'cause the weather is dry But I kinder content me With all that is sent me, An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

There's lots o' good fun in The world the Lord's runnin'! Though it's sometimes a song an' a sigh; But when troubles are rillin' I jes' keep a smilin' An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

Jes' hear the birds sing When death-bells are ringin' An' thrillin' the world an' the sky! They'll sing so a while hence When I'm in the silence— But don't go to askin' 'em "why."

If life has one flower— One beautiful hour, One song that comes after a sigh, For me there'll be fun In The world the Lord's runnin'— An' I won't go to askin' 'em "why!" —Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Long may it wave—The ocean.—Truth.—Nothing less than a strike arouses a bass drum to action.—Detroit Free Press.

Let it be understood that there are popular facts as well as popular fallacies.—Truth.—"I'm feeling dead rocky," as the petrified fish remarked to itself.—Harvard Lampoon.

Love is frequently satisfied with quantity; but friendship demands quality.—Puck.—A girl's conversation must appear flowery when she "talks through her hat."—Statesman.

A man may itch for office, but it is the voter's right to do the scratching.—Boston Courier.—"I'm in a pretty pickle," as the fly said when he fell into a jar of red cabbage.—Texas Sittings.

The only bright spot left by the men is the secured place on the chair.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.—Since the introduction of electricity the street car horse has been gradually losing his pull.—Buffalo Courier.

There is something wrong with the man's head who falls down on the same banana skin twice.—Ram's Horn.—They can distinguish and quarantine, and work as hard as a beaver. To make the country sweet and clean, But they can't keep out spring fever.—Kansas City Journal.

In the summer perhaps we can turn the big postage stamps wrong side up and use them for fly paper.—Washington Star.—When a crate of crockery falls through an elevator shaft it's a little the worse for the ware.—Binghamton Leader.

They make the man in charge of a steam fog signal do considerable whistling for his pay before he gets it.—Buffalo Courier.—"It's a wise man's rule," said the man who abdicated a precarious throne, "who knows enough to procure in out of the reign."—Washington Star.

"It's pretty hard on a man of my age to have to depend on his looks," said the astronomer as he put his eye to the telescope.—Washington Star.—"Why did they bury poor Gilder at night?" Archie.—"He had no decent clothes but a dress suit."—The Clothiers' and Haberdashers' Weekly.

She—"So you're fully determined to marry her, John?" He—"Absolutely." She—"H'm. Don't you ever feel sorry for her?"—Detroit Tribune.—"Clara—"Did you know that Mrs. Dangle had gone on a trip to Bermuda?" Maud.—"No. I must call on her before she gets back."—Vogue.

Whenever the piano ceased There was a great failure, And those who understand it least Were lashed to chains.—Kansas City Journal.—Mrs. Goodwin—"You shouldn't est so many pennies, Johnny; you'll be having dyspepsia." Johnny—"Do the policemen have dyspepsia, mamma?" Life.

She—"A poor painter! Why, he says that he is welded to his art." He—"Perhaps that is the reason, then, that he dares treat her so badly."—Truth.—A woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase, but cannot afford to buy. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.—New York Clipper.

About the most discouraging thing that comes to a man in this life is the desire to whip an enemy, coupled with the belief that he can't do it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.—Extract From Love Letter: "Should you fail to reciprocate my affection, then please return this letter, in order that I may use it on another occasion." Fliegende Blaetter.

Customer—"What's the price of your yellow candies?" Dealer—"Five cents apiece; fifty cents a dozen." Customer—"Well, let me have a twelfth of a dozen."

"I don't know which is worst," languidly remarked the European monarch as he read of another attempt on his life, "my people's disloyalty or their marksmanship."—Washington Star.—Miss Elder—"I think it was real mean in you to tell Mr. Nicks I was twenty-eight years old." Miss Foshiek—"Why, you surely didn't want me to tell him how old you really were?"—Vogue.

Little Beth (in the country)—"Grandpa, you must have to keep an awful lot of 'Pecosans' out here." Grandpa—"Why, Beth?" Beth—"Oh, there's such a lot of grass to keep off it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.