The Celestials buy \$6,000,000 worth from us per year. We reciprocate by bnying \$18,000,000 worth from them. Petroleum is our largest item of export, for every gallon of which we buy \$1 worth of ten.

The city of New York, the population of which is now beyond 2,000,000, must within a very few years, predicts the New York Sun, be the second city in the world. The next census will most likely show its population to be greater than that of Paris. This city is growing more rapidly than any of the other chief cities of the world. There were but 60,000 people here at the opening of the century; there are mow over 2,000,000.

One very novel feature of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising of the working class is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married, or who has attained the age of thirty-five. The theory of this is that in the former case he represents, not merely his own share in the public weal, but that of his family. In the latter he is supposed to have at least a double share of judg-

f A curious exodus has been for some years and is still going on from Canada to the United States. The descendants of Revolutionary Tories and sympathizers with Great Britain in the war of 1812-14 are emigrating to the State of New York and to the Northern New England States in large numbers. They come quietly, and because this country was the home of their fathers they feel it to be their natural home. The New York News asserts that the feeling is hereditary, and of a piece with the desire of the Israelites in Babylon and Egypt to go back to the homes of their

Among the most beautiful charities of New York, remarks the Independent, is an estate of about 184 acres ten miles north of the city, left by the late Robert B. Minturn as the seat of a number of buildings crowded out of the city itself. Several of them have recently been completed and are to be dedicated this week. The main object in view in erecting the buildings has been to provide homes, instruction and worship for the boys and girls gathered from the slums of the city by various organizations, such as the "Sheltering Arms," "Children's Fold." etc. Special attention will be given to industrial training.

The Sultan of Turkey has, it is said, got the notion into his head that he must have a world's fair at Constantinople in 1891. It is to be hoped, observes the New York World, that the civilized Nations of Europe will frown severely upon the scheme. The taxridden people of his dominions are already mulcted of nearly \$10,000,000 annually to support his harem. The Turkish notion of a world's fair will necessitate the invention of a new levy, the appointment of a horde of new taxgathers and the enlargement of the present system of official incompetency and tyranny that makes life in Arabia and Syria little better than slavery.

The inventor of the bullet proof uniform, Herr Dowe, in Mannheim, who only a few months ago refused to fill an American order for a single bullet proof overcost, for which garment the American offered \$250, has had the misfortune of accumulating small debts as fast as newspaper notoriety, and the other day all his personal property, including his furniture and the evening dress suit which he bought to wear at a hoped for audience with the Kaiser, was sold at auction. Thus another one-day wonder has been trampled into the dust. The man who seemed to be destined to bring about a change in modern warfare in the hands of the sheriff! This is, indeed, a queer world.

The following table shows the armies of Europe on a war footing in 1869

		12
and 1892:		
	1869.	1892.
France	,350,000	4,350,000
Germany	,100,000	5,000,000
Russia		4,000,000
Austria	750,000	1,900,000
Italy	570,000	2,286,000
England	450,000	603,000
Spain	450,000	800,000
Furkey	320,000	1,150,000
Switzerland	150,000	489,000
Sweden-Norway	180,000	338,000
Beligium	95,000	258,000
Portugal	70,000	184,000
Denmagk	45,000	91,000
Holland	45,000	185,600
Montenogro	60,000	55,000
Grooms	35,000	180,000
Houminia	25,000	280,600
Servia	25,000	180,000

We see that in 1869 Europe had 6,958,900 soldiers and that now she has 22,248,000, more than triple the aumber in 1869.

"WHERE HELEN SITS." Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep, No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the

No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes. Lightens the shadow of that lonely room. Yet the class whiteness of her radient soul Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments

The levely light of hely innocence Shines like a halo round her bended head, Where Helen etts.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep, No children's laughter comes, no sono

The great world storms along its noisy way, But in this place no sound is ever heard. Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each, Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung, Where Helen sits,

-Laura E. Richards, In the Century. . Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind.

BARBARA'S ESCAPE.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES,



EALLY and tually engaged! It isn't unpleasant.

tering style of beau-ty, and in that elegant room she mond," he muttered to himself with a might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket. Black-eyed and lips. haired, with a creamy skin, fine that, thank goodness. grained as velvet, and straight, delinmon beauty, yet strangely fas-

Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the "Not at all kind. I am a genius man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little tremulous sort of shudder. word implies a great deal. And Harry Milbrook is to be my husband!"

invisible bars of her prisoned exis- whim. tence; captured with her own toils, yet half disposed to break away into the solitude and independence once more.

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of heaven's angels could hardly be more gen-

Mr. Henry Milbrook, however, was erous!

Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never months. When you sing at the opera Weaverville (Cal.) Journal. could endure to work like common I shall be the first to throw bouquets cart-horses. Therefore it follows that at your feet." must have money, and, possessing icle. And although I object to red hair 'time ever come? and a crooked spine, I am quite willing and a crooked spine, I am quite willing The lesson was longer than usual to accept the incumbrance of a beautithat day. Pauline and Miss Esmond

ful girl along with said cash !" That was the decidedly practical and brook contemplated his approaching felicity. He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft poetic whisperings for Barbara's car alone, and she, like

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart; it would "A not have seemed almost like desecration; it come?" but her lover was by no means so deli-

"So you're to be married, Hal!" said Mr. Joseph Piercy, at the club.
"Yes, I'm going to be married; to a
cool hundred thousand, too," answered

Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands, "Who is it?"

"Oh, the lady, you mean?"
"Yes, I mean the lady."
"It's old Esmond's daughter." "What, the star-eyed Barbara?"

"Exactly so." "I congratulate you, old fellow. "Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently pulling his mustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that travels on his good looks alone.'

"I wish she had a sister for me," ob-

at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out.

"I promised she should have my picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the establishment of that

pelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that her set teeth; "the miserable poltoward which he now bent his foot- troon! How could I ever have fancied In England in the reign of Edward ern Apollo of ours.

Signor Fernelli, the artist, was at home, a dark, courteous little Italian, carrying her head high in the air, far, the events that passed in the course of and very glad he was to receive Mr. brook's petty spite. Milbrook's order.

"On ivory, I suppose, sir?" their own way, of course."

knew, Barbara Esmond's face.

"It is the music mistress of Pauline a week, and sings, my word, like a nightingale."

'Who is Pauline Delatour?" "A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses; but one day she will come out on the stage-she will sing at the

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented. "Which size did you say sir?"

"I-I don't think I'll make a selection to-day. I will call to-morrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down stairs, greatly to the surprise of

"The duse!" he ejaculated to him-self as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining him-nots, and he resolved to try his luck, self from tumbling at every other step over the babies who swarmed on the sidewalk, "A music-mistress! Giving is a strange sort of lessons in such a hole as that. feeling, and yet it my word I've come preciously near being taken in and done for! So it's Barbara Esmond all show and empty pretense that stood in the middle wealth of hers, and she was going to of the room, one entrap a husband on the strength of slender hand poised it. My stars! it's enough to make the by its forefinger on hair stand right straight up on a felthe table, the other low's head. What a lucky thing it

holding back the was I saw through the stratagem bejetty treases from fore I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat, and wiped the She was very beauti- chill beads of perspiration from his ful, in a dark, glit- forehead.

> bitter, sarcastic smile wreathing his "I am not quite such a fool as

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly cately chiseled features, hers was an up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially Eighteen years old, and engaged to opened door, and entered a small room be married! It was a new leaf in the in the story above. A pale young book of life for Barbara Esmond; a girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat sensation as novel as it was delightful.

"I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you. "How shall I ever pay you, Miss

"By cultivating the talent heaven Barbara was like a newly-caged has hestowed upon you. Nay, nay, bird, restless, fluttering against the Pauline, I am but following out a pet

troubled with no such vague ideas. He 'Hush, hush, Pauline! Begin your had won the heart of Miss Esmond, lesson. I never thought, when first I the heiress, and what was of rather more consequence to him, he had won the right to share her wealth.

heard you singing at your work and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through "I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. the exercise book in less than six the cravings of the inner man.

Pauline looked with a shy brightnone of my own, I must marry the art- ness at her benefactress. Would that

nearly twilight before Barbara common flies which come from Mexico unromantic manner in which Mr. Mil- emerged from the house, closely darkening streets.

"There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she sat any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, be- down to rest a minute or two in the When he can no longer sleep in his "A note? Let me see it.

> "About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it."

and take these wraps upstairs.' A soft rose tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry floor of his hut, with some dry twigs Milbrook's handwriting. She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its con-

tents; but, as she read, the soft crim-son flush died away into pallor. It was very, very brief, but cruel as fragrant and far-reaching odor.

"Miss Esmond," it read, commen when I engaged myself to you was about to ally myself fo a lady, not them while he goes to sleep again.' to a music mistress in Grove street. It screed Mr. Percy.
"I don't. I can't afford to go halves in the cash."
will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never, under any circumstances, forgive the dewill scarcely be worth while for you to in the cash."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club room

Therefore, I shall take it for granted

yourself and "Yours very respectfully, "Н. Милкоок."

shall not reply to it."

style, he saw through the open door a stress, one Pauline Delatour, because dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, the child has a glorious voice and can't clear profile of a face that he well afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her lady, and how came she here?"

'That young lady, signor, with the brown dress and the long throat, and the head like the goddess Disc. 2"

consisterss. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an beiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toils.

Harry Milbrook had sat down his "It is the music mistress of Pauline chocolate cup, and was staring with Delatour upstairs; she comes twice of glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward. "Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat

shortly.

"N-nothing !" "No. I tell you I'm well enough." Harry had made a mistake—a mistake

that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations. "Why didn't I wait? What the mis chief was I in such a hurry for?" he

demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street toward Barbara's residence. The boy might not have delivered

even in a forlorn hope.
"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he saked of the old housekeeper, who came to Upon the door. "Miss Esmond wished me to say

specially that she was never at home to Mr. Milrbook any more." was the cold reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting.
He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it. And thus Barbara escaped the snares laid for her.-New York

A Thrilling Adventure. -

Ezra Thomas, a prospector of Shasta County (where he is known as the "Mountain Boy"), had an exciting adventure on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Taylor's Flat. leisurely walking along the trail with his pick on his shoulder his attention was suddenly called to the fact that something was running along behind him. On turning around he saw s deer coming on the dead run and within a few feet of him. He stepped aside, and, as the deer reached him, he struck it on the head with his pick, the point of which was embedded deep in the deer's forehead. The deer dropped dead. No sooner had he dispatched the deer than his attention was again directed to the trail over which the deer had come, when, to his utter astonishment and alarm, he saw a huge California lion bounding along after the deer. The "Mountain Boy had barely time to step aside to give the animal the right of way and get his pick in readiness for an attack when the lion came leaping to where he was. He made a lick at the ani mal's head with the pick, but as the lion was going at such velocity missed his mark and struck one of the lion's hind legs, breaking it. The lion with a savage growl and snapping its teeth in rage bounded away on three legs and disappeared. The dead deer was brought to the residence of J. D. Hayward, where it served to satisfy

Dried Flies From Mexico.

"No matter what it may be, if an article brings a fair price I deal in it," said a commission merchant to a writer in the Waverly Magazine. "My were both deeply interested, and it was last venture consists of dried flies, jus-People buy them for their singing veiled, and walked swiftly through the | birds. I sell them retail to the dealers. Flies are plentiful in the tropical val leys and the time of the Mexican In dian is not particularly valuable. reception-room of her own mansion hut on account of the swarms of flies before she laid off her things. attracted by the filth which accumu lates about his front door, he some times is stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet,

and sweeter if there is any money in Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore, it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to ing shortly and sternly, instead of the 'Dearest Barbara" she had casected, apertures from the outside. The twigs apertures from the outside. The twigs 'allow me to claim back the troth I emit an aromatic smoke which kills the have plighted to you. I had supposed flies and they fall to the floor in thouthat I sands. Then the native's wife dries

The First Posts.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers es tablished by Cyrus about 550 B. C., that all relations are ended between who erected posthouses throughout the Kingdom of Persis. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he Barbara dropped the insulting letter was imitated by Charlemagne about with a sparkle in her black eyes, a 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first poor devil of an artist in Grove street. curve to her lip, which were wondrous-I guess I'll go round there." curve to her lip, which were wondrous-ly eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet France, owing to his eagerness for It was hard for so exquisitely gotten she ground it down into the deep purnews, and they were also the first in-up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be comple pile with her contemptuous foot.

steps, but economy was just at present for a single second that I loved him? IV. (1481) riders on posthorses went something of an object with this mod- Reply to this letter? Of course I stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the events that passed in the course of with a wife and seven amali children, far beyond the reach of Harry Mil- the war that had arisen with the Scots. brook's petty spite.

That young man was scated at his breakfast table next morning when breakfast table next morning when breakfast table next morning when there hath been no certain intercourse "Yos, I suppose so. It's dreadfully Rufus Kenward lounged in.

expensive," thought Harry, with a grimace; "but engaged girls must have little item about your lady love, Miss Postmaster of England for foreign heir own way, of course."

Esmond, that is, to my mind, better parts to settle a running post or two As he sat waiting for Signor Fernelli than all her bonds and mortgages. between Edinburgh and London, to go to bring out some specimens of his art. What do you think? She's giving sing-thither and come back again in six to select the most appropriate size and ing lessons to my wife's little seam-days."—Chambers's Journal.

MARKETING FARM PRODUCE

LOADED FARM WAGONS CARRIED TO NEW YORK ON TRAINS.

How the Long Island Farmer Gets His Truck to Town for the Early Morning Trade

ONG ISLAND farmers who bring fresh country produce to town each morning and offer it for sale on the big west side plaza called Gansevoort Mar ket do not, as is generally supposed, drive their teams all the way in from their farms. That used to be the way in the old days, but now the farm wagons are placed upon flat cars and come in by rail.

The only way by which farmers could reach their early morning cus tomers in the city a few years ago was to drive; but this was very inconvenient, for the country roads were usually bad and the distances great. The morning market was an early one, and it was generally necessary to start the evening before and drive all night in order to reach Gansevoort in time.

From 10 to 11 o'clock every night the long and dusty roads reaching out from Long Island City into the great truck farming country along the North Shore were traveled by long lines of big two-horse wagons loaded with fresh country produce and driven by sleepy farm hands. It was an expen-sive matter for the farmer, too, for it was necessary to have two complete outfits of horses and wagons and men. The round trip, including the market, required in most cases nearly all of the twenty-four hours.

Nowadays the North Shore farmer loads his truck wagon the evening be-fore and goes to bed. He gets up before the sky has yet shown signs of dawn, hitches up his horses and drives to the nearest railroad station. He finds there an elevated platform the height of a flat car, built alongside the track. It is approached by a long in-cline of slight pitch, up which his horses have no difficulty in dragging the wagon. Then he rolls over on his seat and goes to sleep, or falls to talking country gossip with his neighbor. Long before the train comes the platform is filled with wagons, and others are waiting below.

The train at length comes puffing and rumbling along and stops beside the platform. It consists of a dozen or two broad flat cars and a caboose or an old and shabby passenger car. The farm wagons are pushed aboard

the flat cars, the wheels rolling in grooves which hold them in position. They are strapped fast so they won't roll off, for the wagons are run cross way on the cars. Each car carries four wagons placed side by side. When the wagon is secured the farmer takes his horses into one of the box cars and puts them in stalls which

are built in the car and plentifully strewn with straw. Finally he betake himself to the caboose or passenger car and smokes black tobacco in a wood pipe all the way to Long Island City while he talks crops and markets to his fellow farmers. The chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he growls the whole distance over the bad season and low prices.

Long Island City is reached and the farmer hitches up his horses again, drives on a ferryboat and finds himself in Thirty-fourth street. He then makes for Gansevoort Market at a round trot so as to get there early and secure a good place; for at Gansevoort Market first come is first served in matter of position.

By this time it is daylight, but the sun is only just out of bed. The big plaza is full of farm wagons from Long Island and Westchester County and New Jersey. In a short time the streets all around are choked with grocers' and butchers' ragons, and a great swarm of retail de lers call upon the farmers and buy the vegetables they require for their day's trade.

If the farmer is lucky he is sold out by the middle of the morning. Then he drives on to Long Island City again, puts his horses and wagon on the train and comes back to New York, if he has time, to enjoy himself after the fashion of farmers when they come to town, until the afternoon hour arrives for the market train to go back into the country.

At home the farmer finds that his

men have gathered a supply of truck for the next day's marketing. This is loaded on the wagon at once, and the farmer goes indoors to his ham and fried potatoes, his pipe and his feather bed.—New York Herald,

Found Hoeing Profitable. As J. M. Cook, formerly of Wood-

land, but who is now farming on the ranch of W. M. McGriff, about one mile below Knights Landing, was engaged in hoeing potatoes, says the Woodland (Cal.) Democrat, he anearthed a half dollar, and after a short while he uncovered another coin of like denomination. Believing that there might be more in the vicinity, he abandoned all thought of potatoes and turned his attention to a search for more coin. By digging to a depth of about two feet, he was rewarded by his hoe striking some metallic substance, and upon seeking the cause he found s veritable gold mine, for h an almost compact body there lay before him four twenty-dollar gold pieces, one ten-dollar piece and \$4.50 in silver, making the total amount of his find \$95.50. Mr. Cook immediately declared the remainder of the day a holiday and came to this city, feeling quite elated over s reporter that the entire ground on which the money was found was less than six feet in extent and that none of the coins were of later date than 1870. He also announced his intention of resuming the search upon his arrival at home. The mystery is, how came the soins there?

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL,

The sea contains a solution of 2,000,-000 tons of salt.

Buckwheat cakes, according to a Berlin physician, will give heartburn. A scientist has discovered that women live longer than men because they

In the northern bemisphere all storms revolve from right to left; in the southern hemisphere they revolve from left to right.

Simultaneous telephoning and telegraphing on the same wire has been successfully tested in Germany on a line 120 miles long. Poison ivy is considered less poison

ous when the sun is shining on it, while at night or in the shadow it is especially dangerous, At Selms, Ala., there is an artesian

well provided with two tubes, one of which spouts pure cold water, the other warm water strongly impregnated A petrified whale, 216 feet long, has

been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3300 feet above the level of the sea. The world's rainfall record has been

broken, with a foot or so to spare, at Crohamburst, a small settlement on the western slope of Mont Blanc, in south east Queensland. The standard gauge at the meteorological office registered 101, 20, 351 and 101 inches, respectively, on four successive days,

Brilliancy of color is obtained by placing complementary colors together and a combination of uncomplementary colors subdues them. Thus, when green and red are placed side by side each becomes brighter, but if yellow be placed beside green it throws a blue shade on the green and the green throws a red shade on the yellow, thus losing some of their brightness.

According to a table prepared recently by a French scientist, the average growth of the human species varies at different ages. During the first year after birth the growth is 7½ inches; from 2 to 3, 4½ inches; from 3 to 4, 1; inches; from 4 to 6, about 2; inches annually; from 7 to 8, 21 inches; from 8 to 12, 2 inches yearly from 12 to 13, 1 and 8-10 inches; from 13 to 14, 21 inches; from 15 to 16, 2 inches; from 16 to 17, nearly 2 inches. After this, although growth continues until sometimes late in the 20's, it rapidly diminishes in quantity.

Professor Wiggins believes that telegraph wires cause drouth, that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture unless it is charged with electricity, and that upon an oblate spheroid like the earth the electricity will inevitably collect at the equator. In this way he explains the frequency of rains at the equator. "If, however," he says, "there be elevated spots on a sphere electricity will collect on them. Should these spots or continents be connected wires it might accumulate on each alternately. This has happened this year, and America has all the electric energy and Europe has lost it; so that our continent is flooded and Europe is burned up with drouth." His conclu sion from all this is that electric wires should be buried.

Curious Growth of Rattan.

- Every one knows the pretty, light and graceful chairs and other articles of furniture made from rattan, but every one does not know that the ex tremely tough and flexible wood called rattan is that of the climbing palm tree. This curious climber, which is more of a vine than a tree, is said by the Phila delphia Times to be one of the singu lar characteristics of forest growth in the Celebes and other Malayan countries. Starting with a trunk a little thicker than a man's arm, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its fold, like some gigantic snake, and then descending, again to the earth and trailing along in snake like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. forest is so thick and jungle-like that it seems impossible to follow the course of any of these serpent climbers, but there is little doubt the at the last the successful aspirant, which stooped and cringed so long below, will be found shooting up like a flag-staff a dozen feet or more above the tree which has helped it to rise. A use of rattan, which is unknown to those who who have not seen it in its pative forest, is an a water carrier. The thristy traveler has at all times a tumbler cool, refreshing water at his command by cutting off six or eight feet of rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth or holding it over a dish to catch the water.

Living Over a Volcano. China is populated so thickly that hundreds of thousands of people live all the year round in house-boats. Japan is not so overcrowded as China, but it is populated so thickly that about twenty thousand persons live in the erater of Aso San, a volcano about thirty miles distant from the city of Kumamoto. "Think," says a writer in the Chleago Times, "of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into school-house windows and sacred shrines, all within the shell of an old time crater, whose walls rise 800 feet all about you. It gives one a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place I saw the brick-red water utilized to turn a rice mill. The inner crater is nearly half a mile in diameter, and a steady column of roaring steam pours out of it. The last serious eruption was in 1884, when immense quantities of black ashes and dust were ejected and carried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was so dark that artificial light had to

One Square, one inch, one insertion. 6
One Square, one inch, one month.
One Square, one inch, three months.
One Square, one inch, one year.
Two Squares, one year.
Quarter Column, one year.
Haif Column, one year.
Une Column, one year.
Legal advertisements ten cents per each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collequarterly. Temporary advertisements of paid in advance.
Job work—each on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

ALWAYS SWEEP UNDER THE MAT,

Who asked for admission to the fold of the As she had experienced a change, When asked by the pastor a reason to give

A story is told of a poor servant girl.

Who once was moody and strange,

For a step so important as that, she answered—"Before, sir, I slighted my But now I sweep under the mat."

There's a world of good sense In this simple reply,

And well worth study and thought To those who are traveling the way that is Not doing the things which they ought.

Be true to yourself; do the best that you CBH.

In business, at law, or the bat. Whatever you do, be faithful and true, And always "sweep under the mat."

—Fitz Nigel, in New York Tribuno.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Many a man is sunstruck trying to make hay while the sun shines.

When a man is generous to a fault, it is never one of his wife's. - Chicago

People speak of the face of a note, when it's really the figure that interests them. - Sparks. A small boy says if time is made of

a circus zebra. - Puck. It is contended that there is nothing in a name, and yet about all one has is in it. - Galveston News.

days and nights, it must be striped like

The man who strikes for shorter hours is always willing to except the one allowed for dinner. - Puck.

Independence is the inclination to mind one's own business, combined with the ability to do so. - Puck. A great deal of repentance nowadaya

is done in broadcloth and nahes of

roses, instead of sackcloth and ashes.

-Texas Siftings. No girl's musical education is considered complete these days until she can sing as if she were having her teeth pulled. - Atchison Globe.

A correspondent wants to know if it is "the correct thing to eat shad with a fork only." It would be safer to eat it with a sieve. - Statesman.

The chappie of to-day is the old-fashioned dude dipped in a little depravity. He has just brains enough to e a nuisance.—Texas Siftings. She—"How do you suppose the apes crack the hard shells of the nuts they

pick." He-"With a monkey wrench, of course,"—American Hebrew. Alas for the story of gloom That chases a chill through the blood; He starts with a wonderful boom And concludes with a sickening thud,

The peck of trouble we hear so much about, if handled properly, could be easily gotten into a quart measure without knocking the bottom out .-

Struckile-"I am beginning to think that one's ancestors are important." Miss McBean-"Yes, they come under the head, 'Important, if

No matter how finely the display window of a store may be fitted up, the pretty young lady clerk will always prove a counter-attraction.—Rochester Democrat. You have all seen the little thimble-

sized after dinner coffee cups, that are so awkward to handle; well. that's the size of most men's cup of joy .- Atchison Globe. Johnny-"Mamms, can't you tell me a new fairy story?" Mrs. Braggs-"I don't know any, Johnny. Maybe your

father will tell me some when he comes in to-night."-Bulletin "Here, mamma, is the clock-key. Vill that do?" "Do for what?" Will that do?" Why, for you. I heard you saying

a while ago that you were all run down."-Rochester Democrat. Little slots for nickels,
Open-mouthed but dumb,
Gives the jawious schoolgirl
Wads of chewing-gum.
Detroit Free Press.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity; but she wouldn't wear a bonnet that was out of fashion to save the Government .-Tit-Bits.

Husband—"Can't 1 help you pack that trunk?" Experienced Wife— "Yes, you can help me immensely by going straight in town to your offic and leaving me to pack it as I see fit." -Somerville Journal. "Is Sir Robert Paulton a very tiny man, mamma?" inquired little Maudi

earnestly. "No, my dear, not very. Why do you ask?" "Because father says he's to sit on your right hand at dinner to-night."—Funny Folks. "Boys," said the teacher, "we must all work in this world. Did any of you ever get something for nothing?

'Yes," replied every boy in the room.

"What?" asked the teacher in surprise. "A lickin'," was the reply. - New York Tribune, "You understand, Betty," said the mistress, "that we are to move out of this house the first of next month?" "Yes'm," answered Betty. "I've been sweepin' all the dirt into the registers

for the past three weeks."-Chicago Tribune. Hicks- 'Look at Gaddings! He has sat listening to Miss Pedalpownder play that piano for over an hour. I thought you told me that Gaddings wasn't fond of music." Wicks—"He isn't. But he's just daft on athletics."—Boston Transcript.

"No, sir," said the milkman, "I am not going to have the sin on my head of injuring any one by giving impure milk. I have had the water in my well analyzed and it is bad. The well wants to be cleaned out, the analyst says, and I'm going to have it cleaned out, and don't you forget it."-Boston