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The finest draught horses in the world are seen in the streets of English cities.

An estimate of the size of Texas may be obtained by considering that it is fifty-four times as large as Connecticut.

The owner of some once busy shipyards in Waldboro, Me., has been plowing them up for conversion into grass fields.

An evidence of the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean it is stated that the steamer City of Peking on a recent trip sailed 1240 miles without meeting a single vessel.

Homestead farmers in this country earn eight per cent. of the total earnings of the Nation, and their farms and stock represent seven per cent. of the National wealth.

It is reported that the Ghezirah palace, situated on the banks of the Nile, is to be converted into a hotel; that a line of steam ferries is to ply across from Cairo, and that the Nile is to be tunneled.

The United States produce 2220 pounds of grain to each inhabitant; Denmark, 2225; Canada, 1500; Russia, 1200; Roumania, 1150; Spain, 1100; France, 990; Sweden, 980; Argentine Republic, 850; Australia, 760; Germany, 700; Belgium, 600; Portugal, 550; Ireland, 500; Scotland, 490; England, 360.

Henrik Ibsen, the Swedish dramatist, is desirous of visiting England, principally, as he declares, to see the old men. "In all other countries," he says, "the best work is done by men between forty and fifty years of age; in England a man of seventy or eighty is still in his prime. I should like to see such men as Gladstone, Salisbury and Herbert Spencer."

The Japanese Government is said to have demanded that the Hawaiian Government extend the voting franchise to Japanese on the islands, the same as to Europeans and Americans. In the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle "the demand has no legal backing, for every Nation has an absolute right to regulate the elective franchise for itself, but if Japan shall insist Hawaii will be powerless to resist, unless she be backed up by some strong Nation."

Says the Century Magazine: The United States sells its forest lands at \$2.50 an acre, lumber companies indirectly acquiring a square mile of land for little over \$1600, while the timber on it is often worth \$20,000. The French Government forests return an average profit of \$2.50 an acre annually from timber sales, or two and a half per cent. interest on the value of the land. The United States now owns only enough forest land to provide a continual timber supply to its present population, if forests are managed and used as in Germany. The United States is exactly in the position of a man making large drafts on and using up an immense idle capital, which, if properly invested, would return an interest sufficient for his expenditures. In 1885 the Government of Bavaria sent an expert forester to study the timbers of the United States, who stated: "In fifty years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably have a preference for American kinds, we shall now begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

The Boston Advertiser reports an increased demand at the office of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for its descriptive catalogue of abandoned farms. This fact taken alone would furnish no indication that purchases were contemplated, but, as the Advertiser points out, there was also during the hard times of 1873 a noticeable increase in the demand for farm lands, and reasoning from this analogy it says: "If by any unfortunate possibility the stringency of the past few weeks were to be continued it is very likely that the 'abandoned farms' would be bought up very largely. A not inconsiderable class of mill operatives have saved up money, and if there were any very real prospect that the 'shutdown' of some of the Massachusetts mills was to be long continued, these operatives would go to farming as a better thing than remaining idle in a large city. A number of those who have made good wages as mill operatives are well acquainted with farming methods, and can make at least a living on a farm, while at the same time they would have no rent to pay. The low prices at which the abandoned farms are offered are tempting to many operatives who desire to own a farm of their own."

It is estimated that 119,000,000 copper pennies have been lost to circulation in the century since the United States began to coin money.

It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6100 murderers arrested in the United States in 1890 were blind men.

A queer new law in Chihuahua, Mexico, permits any one to shoot at sight a person caught stealing cattle. Such a law seems like a dangerous invitation to the holders of private grudges.

The American mosquito has crossed the Atlantic, is entertaining itself to its heart's content on the blue blood of England, and, according to the New York Ledger, is getting in its fine work most effectively.

The religious census of Australia, just completed, shows 1,485,966 members of the Church of England, 84,118 Catholics, 493,929 Presbyterians and 394,964 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology and allied sciences makes a startling assertion that mastaches are becoming commoner among women in the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople among the unveiled women one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip.

Kerosene oil is rapidly growing in favor as a cheap illuminant in China. The consumption, which was 8,256,000 gallons in 1882, had risen to 49,348,000 gallons in 1891. Of this amount eighty per cent. was imported from America and twenty per cent. from Russia. The illuminant before kerosene was introduced was bean or tea oil. The Chinese have discovered, however, that kerosene is cheaper and gives a much better light. It is called fire oil by them.

It is mentioned as an instance of what the fashionable world has come to that a recent private concert given in London cost the hostess \$12,500. According to this figure entertaining one's guests will soon be impossible, and society must inaugurate some new method of keeping its end up in that line. First-class artists over there ask sums ranging from \$1000 to \$2500 for three or four songs, but, fortunately, the number of these artists is limited, and those who employ them are the painfully rich.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons would feel lost if he had to exercise similar functions in one of our American legislatures—say in Kansas or even Illinois, declares the Chicago Herald. He is too easily upset. Mr. Erskine—for that is the gentleman's name—is described as going about during the recent frays "beseeching infuriated legislators who were engaged in the fray to desist, and begging others who were marching around with their hats on, to remove the offending headgear." Imagine an American Sergeant-at-Arms begging and beseeching. He would use a club.

The series of official reports setting forth the material and educational progress of the country, recently issued by the Mexican Government, though not marking so great an advance as expected, is still very encouraging. During the past twenty years, the period covered by the comparisons, the railway mileage has increased twentyfold, and the telegraph mileage eightfold, followed in each case by a proportionate increase of business. Exports and imports have largely increased, as have also manufactures and agriculture, and the appropriations of the Federal and State Governments and municipalities for educational purposes has advanced from \$1,900,000 to \$3,500,000. Peace and prosperity have been secured, especially during the Presidency of General Diaz, who holds the reins of Government with a firm hand, and who is not afraid to suppress the tendency to revolutionary movement by the prompt application of military force. The country still suffers, however, from the lack of esteem for productive industry on the part of the upper classes, whose chief ambition is to hold public offices, imitating in this respect the Argentines, and the absence of trained habits of industry on the part of the Indian and mixed races, which constitute four-fifths of the population. What is most needed is industrious immigrants to develop the vast natural resources of the Republic, a fact clearly perceived by the Government, which has already permitted the establishment of Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora, and bid for immigration from northern Europe.

SONG OF A HEART.

Dear heart—I love you I all the day I wonder If skies are rich with blue, Or bending black with tempest and with thunder, Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!

OLD ROSES ROMANCE.

T was a barren country, and Wadgerly was generally shrieved with heat, but he always had roses in his garden, on his window-sill or in his button-hole. Growing flowers under difficulties was his recreation.

was called Old Roses. It was not otherwise inapt, for there was something antique about him, though he wasn't old; a flavor, an old-fashioned repose and self-possession. He was inspector of tanks from this God-forsaken country.

Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the screened face to that of the Governor. His Excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee and though it struck them as out-of-the-way, it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so ineluctable as they were chiselled out by the speaker's voice.

Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a Governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aides-de-camp were nervous, the Chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease.

Then he dropped the paper from before his face, and his eyes met those of the Governor, and stayed. Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very much like innumerable relief. During the rest of the speech—delivered in a fine tempered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet his eyes intently upon the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read.

When the two had gone Old Roses sat in his room, a handful of letters, a photograph, and a couple of decorations spread out before him; his fingers resting on them, and his look engaged with a very far horizon.

The Governor came. He was not outside the township by the citizens and escorted in—a dusty and numerous cavalcade. They passed the inspection house. The garden was blooming, and on the roof a flag was flying. Struck by the singular character of the place Lord Malice asked for a moment to make the acquaintance of its owner, adding, with some slight sarcasm, that if the officers of the Government were too busy to pay their respects to their Governor, their Governor must pay his respects to them.

But Old Roses was not in the garden in the house, and they left with-

out seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at the Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the Governor in the evening. And as he read his face had a wintry and inhospitable look.

The night came. Old Roses entered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the Governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner, where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tweed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his button-hole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much interested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the Governor and his suite made them selves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably.

After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the Chairman arose. Then, after a chorus of "hear, hear," there was general silence. The doorknobs of the rooms were filled by the women servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested in him and his success than in Lord Malice and suite. Her admiration of him was great. He had always treated her as a lady, and it had done her good. He had looked earnestly and kindly into her brown eyes, and—

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his Excellency, Lord Malice." In his modest corner, Old Roses stretched to his feet. The Governor glanced over carelessly. He only saw a figure in gray, with a rose at button-hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency that afternoon. His Excellency looked a little closer, but saw only a rim of iron gray hair above the paper held before Old Roses' face.

Then a voice came from behind the paper: "Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen— At the first words the Governor started, and his eyes flashed searchingly, curiously at the paper that waited the face and at the iron gray hair. The voice was distinct and clear, with modulated emphasis. It had a peculiarly penetrating quality. A few in the room—and particularly Vic—were struck by something in the voice that resembled another. She soon found the trail. Her eyes also fastened on the paper. Then she moved and went to another door.

Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the screened face to that of the Governor. His Excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee and though it struck them as out-of-the-way, it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so ineluctable as they were chiselled out by the speaker's voice. Dickey Merritt afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated by Old Roses at the moment.

The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, to certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the authority of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bore the earldom of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his Excellency's antecedents, and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's eldest brother in Burmah, but he did it strangely.

Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a Governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aides-de-camp were nervous, the Chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease. But the Governor now was perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, rather pinched and old-looking. His eyes never wandered from that paper nor the gray hair.

Presently the voice of the speaker changed. "But," said he, "in Lord Malice we have—the perfect Governor; a man of blameless and enviable life, and possessed abundantly of discretion, judgment, administrative ability and power; the absolute type of English nobility and British character!" Then he dropped the paper from before his face, and his eyes met those of the Governor, and stayed. Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very much like innumerable relief. During the rest of the speech—delivered in a fine tempered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet his eyes intently upon the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read. He thrilled all by the pleasant resonance of his tones, and sent the blood aching delightfully through Vic Dowling's veins.

This reception and the address just delivered, so am I indebted to Mr.— Adam Sherwood for his admirable language and the unusual sincerity of his speaking; and to both you and him for most notable kindness." Immediately after the Governor's speech Old Roses stole out, but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch, he grasped it eagerly for an instant, as though he was glad of the friendliness in her eyes.

It was just before dawn of the morning that the Governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billabong. The door opened at once, and he entered without a word. He and Old Roses stood face to face. His face was drawn and worn, the other's cold and calm.

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we thought you were dead—" "That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burmah—you were only half a mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen—you waited till my death was reported, and assured, and then came on to England; for two things, to take the title just made vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew, I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have gone; you yet no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife shall die, or you should have a child, I shall return."

The Governor lifted his head wearily from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice, "I was always something of a scoundrel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afraid you were going to speak to-night—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spare me for the sake—" "For the sake of our name," the other interjected, stonily. "For the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment, taken it in thankfulness, because you are alive."

"Taken it like a man, your Excellency," was the low rejoinder. "You will not wipe the thing out, Tom?" said the other anxiously. Tom Hallwood dried the perspiration from his forehead.

"It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen a man. I only believe in the very common people now—those who are not put upon their honor. One doesn't expect it of them, and unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?" "I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously. "You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have had a child, as I said."

The Governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying?" he asked, in a voice far from regal or vice-regal, only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen. "A barmaid." The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over, opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "Good day, my lord!"

The Governor passed out from the pale light of the lamp into the gray and moist morning. He turned at a point where the house would be lost to view, and saw the other still standing there. The voice of Old Roses kept ringing in his ears sardonically. He knew that his punishment must go on and on. And it did. Old Roses married Victoria Dowling from the Jumping Sandhills, and there was comely issue, and that issue is now at Etou; for Esau came into the birthright, as he hinted he would, at his own time. But he and his wife have a way of being indifferent to the gay, astonished world. And, uncommon as it may seem, he has not tired of her.—London Speaker.

RATS, MICE AND ROACHES.

THEY SWARM AT THE DEPARTMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

Vermin Are Destroying Many Valuable Papers—Records Cleaned Out of the White House.

VERMIN make much trouble for the Government at Washington. Until recently the White House has been infested by myriads of rats. They were cleaned out at the beginning of the Harrison administration by an expert with ferrets. The wooden floors in the basement of the Executive Mansion were taken up and concrete was laid down instead. This was done mainly for the purpose of keeping out such four-footed foes in the future. The mice in the building are few, by reason of the efficiency of a black and white cat that strayed in and settled down in the kitchen four years ago. When Grant became President for the first time the rats were so aggressive that Mrs. Grant demanded the removal of the stable, which then adjoined the building on the east. But the destruction of the stable did not remove the rodent pests. In fact, they were so bold that one of them tripped up the fat colored cook as she walked across the kitchen, and she killed it by sitting down upon it. The animals made a network of tunnels under the brick pavements and in the walls. They were not content with ordinary food, but preferred the remnants of state dinners. Crump, steward of the White House under Hayes, swore that a banquet committee of the older rats used to examine his books each night for the purpose of finding out what would be served for dinner the next day.

The Pension Office is the chosen haunt of rats. Swarms of them adopted the building as their home while it was as yet in process of construction. At present the walls are alive with them, and the floors are full of their droppings. They feed on the remnants of 2000 daily lunches eaten in the building. Such scraps commonly find their way to the waste paper room, which serves the rodents as a breeding place. In the same building sparrows are almost as great a nuisance as the predatory quadrupeds described. They make their nests by hundreds among the timbers beneath the lofty roof. In summer pigeons fly in through the open windows and raise families on the premises. Some of these are "homers" lost on journeys with messages.

Rats used to do a great deal of damage at the Postoffice Department. They ate quantities of money orders and postal notes, as well as blank books. Much damage was done by them to "dead" packages in the storeroom for such goods. So, two years ago, a rat catcher was employed. He brought ferrets and cleared out the building. Incidentally he astonished the officials by crawling all around the structure, a distance of four blocks, making his way beneath the flooring of the sub-basement, where there was no space to wriggle through save such as had been left in putting down the sewer and gas pipes. This ferret-like proceeding is very destructive to health, on account of the bad air and mephitic gases encountered. Three hundred and odd cats are regularly kept on the rolls of the Postoffice Department to prevent rats from eating the contents of mail bags. Formerly rats were very bad at the Patent Office, but they were driven out with ferrets. They used to chew up a great many valuable papers, making their nests among the stacks of patent records, covering half a million inventions, which occupy many thousand cubic feet in the basement. The few rodents which still remain are kept down in numbers by nearly a score of cats.

The Treasury has not been able to get rid of the rats which infest its building. Ferrets were tried a year ago with only partial success. Some of the floors were torn up and what appeared to be the principal breeding place was discovered in the waste paper room. A good many nests were destroyed. Fortunately, the pests cannot get at the paper money to gnaw it, because it is shut up in safes. At the Senate end of the Capitol there are very few rats. This seems odd, inasmuch as there are a great many in the sub-basement of the House wing. Only a year ago they caused a fire in the folding-room by nibbling matches. They are fond of eating the paste of the wrappers of public documents also. The Government Printing Office, which was badly troubled with rats a few years ago, has been wholly deserted by them for some time past.

Another nuisance that afflicts the Government departments is roaches. The Pension Office swarms with them. At night the watchmen catch big fat ones and keep them until morning in pasteboard boxes. Then they feed them to the goldfishes in the fountain in the middle of the great court. The latter gobble them greedily, which fact suggests that possible such vermin might be made use of by anglers for bait. The scientific library of the Patent Office is visited once in two years by an expert who destroys all the roaches by contract. The War, State and Navy Building used to be overrun with roaches, but they have been nearly cleaned out. The document room of the House of Representatives is bothered a good deal with roaches. There are not a few of them also in the White House, so that the clerks there are obliged to put their postage stamps in tin boxes to keep the creatures from eating the muckage of the backs. Most of the roaches referred to are of the kind known as water bugs or Craton bugs. They were originally imported from Germany.—Washington Star.

In 1873 the whole number of failures in this country was only 3188.

THE WIND'S STORY.

I am sure that the wind is speaking, For each flower is nodding its head, And the limbs of the trees are creaking— I wish that I knew what it said. Some story, perhaps, it is telling, A story of some distant land. But to me it is like the swelling Of breakers upon the white sand.

The leaves wait a moment to listen, Then shake with a perfect delight. All the flowers like diamonds glisten And nod first to left, then to right. The wind passes on in its measure, And long ere the story is through The forest is dancing with pleasure— I wish I could understand, too. —Flavel Scott Mims, in Frank Leslie's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The general run of men—After the last street car.—Philadelphia Record. The man who falls in love very often dislocates his common sense.—Puck. To make bills lightning; to pay them these days—is divine.—Pittsburg Bulletin. Forged notes can always be properly classed among the gilt-edged paper on a bank.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. The most popular bird of passage arriving at the port of New York this month is the gold eagle.—Baltimore American.

"That," said the man who smote a calamity broker, "is one of the best financial strokes I ever made."—Washington Star. The photograph of a boy never looks like him, because no one ever saw a boy as clean as he is in a photograph.—Athenian Globe. The clerk who attempts to live beyond his means will soon be obliged to live beyond the reach of his friends.—New Orleans Picayune.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah!" "And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—Sketcher. Occasionally you will meet a man who seems to think just as you do. What clever ideas he has, and what a pity he is so scarce.—Blizzard. Jack the Clipper has been arrested in New York. The girls whose trousers he cut will be present at his trial to upbraid him.—Galveston News. Customer—"Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?" Photographer—"I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir."—Vogue. Unmixed evils rarely occur. The fact that money has been tight is said to have resulted in a good deal of sober thought.—Baltimore American.

It is not true that "every man has his price," as they say—I know of one, an honest man, who gives himself away.—Vogue. A man never looks so helpless and insignificant as when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading.—Lowell Courier. It is very hard to explain the attractions of country life to a city man who has just investigated the voltage of a black-faced bumble-bee.—Baltimore American.

"And you are poor?" "Yes, but you are happy." "Happy in your poverty?" "Yes, for every one around us is poorer than ourselves.—New York Press. Miss Antiquie—"How mean these newspapers are! Here is a column headed 'Proposals,' and it is all about public improvements and such nonsense."—The Club. Mrs. Skidmore (reading)—"Pill-ippa Fawcett, who won such great distinction as senior wrangler at Oxford, is still unmarried." Mr. Skidmore—"No wonder."—Detroit Free Press. Watts—"I can't see what reason you have for comparing old ma Gotrox to a sausage." Potts—"Because his stuff is all that makes him of any consequence."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gaswell—"I'm disgusted with young Mr. Van Braam." Dukane—"Why?" "He does nothing but flirt with the girls." "Then you don't like to see a man's efforts all misdirected."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Can't you settle this bill to-day, sir?" asked the tailor of the delinquent M. P. "No, Sir, it wouldn't be parliamentary. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."—Tid-Bits. He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"—Tid-Bits.

"So you only have a week's vacation instead of two, this year?" "Yes; they told me I must either give up half my vacation or lose this situation; and I concluded that half a loaf was much better than no bread."—Brooklyn Life. "Men are not to be trusted," she remarked to her younger and more successful friend. "Oh, my dear," said her friend, sweetly, "has it taken all these years to teach you that?" The silence that followed couldn't be broken with a sledgehammer.—Detroit Free Press. A young lawyer talked four hours to a Indiana jury who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend, who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—Christian at Work.

There are now seventy lines of ocean mail steamers. In 1888 there were 107,137 steam vessels on the high seas.