

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100; One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... 9.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 30.00; Two Squares, one inch, one year... 50.00; Quarter Column, one year... 15.00; Half Column, one year... 30.00; One Column, one year... 60.00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The two-minute bicycle promises to arrive far ahead of the two-minute trotter, observes the New York Recorder.

Some one has figured that there are no many railway lines, steam, elevated, cable and horse cars in New York City that a person may ride for six hours at a total cost of fifty cents.

According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 6,229,120 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,482 in England, 370,276 in Wales, 747,271 in Ireland and 619,091 in Scotland.

F. P. Leonis, formerly United States Consul at St. Etienne, France, says that from an investigation he made he finds about 95,000 Americans visit Europe every year, and that they spend about \$100,000,000 annually abroad.

Cardinal Gibbons has rechristened Chicago with the classic title of "Thaumastopolis," the wonder city. The appellation is deserved, but the New York World thinks it will hardly displace that of "the windy city" in popular parlance.

The name of Gay Head, applied to a famous promontory of the Massachusetts coast, means exactly what it seems to mean, and is peculiarly appropriate. The headland, as seen from the sea, is gray with many colors running in strata, the result of chemical qualities in the earth of the cliff. A like variety of color is presented by many rocky islets and headlands in the Sound opposite Pelham Bay Park.

The Woman's Library at Chicago contains 7000 volumes in sixteen languages and represents twenty-three countries. It is to be placed in the permanent Woman's Memorial Building, which is to be erected in Chicago, and will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as well as, through its catalogue soon to be issued, a complete bibliography of women's writings up to the present time.

There are 22,000,000 soldiers in arms in Europe. If all Long Island were a drill-ground, calculates the New York Recorder, it wouldn't be big enough for their field manoeuvres. If they were to march in a street parade, files of ten abreast, it would take the line of 2000 miles 100 days to pass a given point at fair marching speed. In Indian file they would reach around the world. In a year they would drink the Hudson dry for over a mile of its length.

There has been a remarkable revival of interest in the 'abandoned farms' of New England since so many mills closed their doors. A large number of applications have been made to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for its descriptive catalogue of the abandoned farms of that State. It is believed that some of the men who are out of work think of taking up farming as a means of livelihood. "But will a mechanic be a successful farmer?" queries the New York Tribune.

Now comes the suggestion that the dog power of the United States shall be utilized for draught purposes, as it is in Belgium. A writer estimates that there are 7,000,000 dogs in this country, and then figures out their aggregate pulling capacity. The idea may be new as to dogs, but the New York News recalls that humorist John Phoenix suggested the utilization of cat power more than forty years ago. His plan was to run sewing machines by cat power. The cat was to be placed in harness connected with motive works. A mouse was to be suspended just beyond the cat's reach. The cat's jumping for the mouse would propel the machine.

Says the Boston Cultivator: There is a deficiency of 34,000,000 bushels in the German rye crop this year, and this comes with a deficiency of 18,000,000 bushels of wheat. Rye bread is the staple food of a large part of the German people. They prefer it to wheat bread when they can get both. Owing to the tariff war with Russia importations of rye from that country are cut off. It is Russian rye that has heretofore supplied the deficiencies of what Germany requires. There is sure to be a large demand for all the rye American farmers can produce during the coming twelve months. It is a crop much less exhaustive than is wheat. It can be sown later in the fall, and if fertilized with mineral resources it responds to liberal treatment quite as freely as does wheat. In many places the demand for rye straw makes the crop worth growing for the straw alone.

IT IS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear, There's nothing to regret; We've taught the children many truths On which our hearts were set; And if against our old-time ways They foolishly protest, We need never regret, my dear, That we have done our best.

THE EDITOR'S VISIT.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

THE noon hour had come, and the city editor of the Chronicle was very busy, making out an assignment list, when a queer old-fashioned figure of a man came into the room and stood waiting by the side of the desk. "Well!" said the city editor, looking up sharply, after an instant, "what do you want?" "I wanted to know if you could make use of this," answered the newcomer, timidly holding out a small bundle of manuscript.

"Now look here, John Harmon, once and for all, understand that it's no use bringing such stuff as that in here, and I won't be bothered with looking at it! Why, this is identically the same ancient history you tried to shove off on me the other day." "But I polished it up!" suggested the old man. "Polished up your grandfather!" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't polish that matter so that it would be readable if you worked forever. It's hard luck; but the plain truth is there are too many young men hunting for live news to allow of such back-number trash as that being good for anything but to stop a hole. I haven't got any more time to talk! If you get any news, bring it in and I will look at it! Otherwise, stay away, please!"

The elevator boy was quite deferential to her going down; but she paid no more attention to him than before. When she slipped out of the building she hurried up the street, the letter in her hand. As she turned the corner near home she saw "Gran'pop" just entering the door and ran hard to catch him; but he had gone in before she came up, so she knocked on the door. The same instant it was pulled open hurriedly and the old man, white and trembling, stood in the frame. "Thank God!" he breathed, drawing her up in his arms and burying his face in her curls, "I thought you were lost."

There was a mist before the old man's eyes as he read the last words. "Was he cross, Gran'pop?" queried Polly, seeing the tears. "No, Polly," said the old man, straining her to him; "he has given us lots to do, but it shall not interfere with your playtime, little one."—Kate Field's Washington.

Raising Foxes in Alaska.

For the purpose of perpetuating the fast vanishing fur supply of Alaska certain enterprising persons have gone into the business of breeding blue and black foxes on uninhabited islands along that coast. When the seals have been finally exterminated the world may still look to that region for some of the most valuable and beautiful pelts known.

A Musical Canine Critic.

A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and to have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the French revolution he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuileries palace.

Salutations in Old Marblehead.

The customary morning salutation at all seasons in old Marblehead, Mass., is, "How is the fish?" In the past rainy summer the answer, after a look down the street, has generally been, "Oh, her tail is going round and round." This is the town's way of speaking of the weather vane on the Congregational Church, the infallible oracle which determines whether boats shall put out to sea and leisurely land-men go gadding.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Edison, the electrician, makes rubies that excel the genuine. The surface of a man's lungs is estimated at 150 square feet, ten times the surface of the external body.

In Great Britain the annual sick rate for each inhabitant is ten days to the year; in the United States eight days.

Nests of the termite ants of South Africa are often twelve feet high and grouped together in clusters, the tallest in the center.

Ants are provided with a poison bag, which discharges a fluid having a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to drive away most insect enemies.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are 1-1000th of an inch in diameter. They are bored through sapphires, rubies and diamonds by a machine which makes 22,000 revolutions a minute.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the English specialist, is a believer in the theory that the coming man will be toothless. He declares that over 10,000,000 false teeth are annually fitted into the mouths of Britisheers.

Many larvae of beetles and other insects are used for food; the bee gives honey and wax, the cocoon marna and cochineal, the Spanish fly a blistering drug, the gall insects an astringent and the silk worm an article of dress.

Uranus has four little moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon—which, familiarly enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to southeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites.

Doctor Neisser, of the Hygienic Institute at Berlin, has discovered in the city a new cholera bacillus which he calls vibrio berolinensis. The inoculation of dogs, cats and rabbits with this bacillus has proved that the vibrio is fully as potent as the Asiatic bacillus. The Berliners manifest no alarm over the discovery.

The difference between the atmosphere of the best ventilated houses and the outer air is illustrated by the conduct of cut flowers. Blossoms that retain their freshness but a day or two when standing in water within doors will sometimes live twice as long when dropped in a shady place out of doors, even without the aid of other moisture than they obtained from the earth and air.

Experiments made by the scientists appointed for that purpose by the French Government show that the resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of a high speed train often amounts to half the total resistance which the locomotive must overcome. Two engines, of which the resistance was measured repeatedly and found to be nineteen pounds per ton at thirty-seven miles per hour, were coupled together and again tried. In the second trial the resistance fell to fourteen pounds per ton, the second engine being shielded from atmospheric resistance by the first.

Great attention is now being paid by the German military authorities to the question of facilitating and expediting trenching methods. Among other implements which they are testing is an trenching spade, invented by M. de Luyck. When in use it is fitted to the stock of the rifle, but it is suggested that its proposed place, when not in use, on the breast of the soldier, is likely to cause oppression and to give little or no protection. The whole arrangement adds rather more than three pounds to his impediments.

A Chinese Proverb's Origin.

"He'll steal your shoes" is an expression in Chinese is used to describe an artful knave and pilferer, says ex-Congressman Edward Bedloe, recently returned from Amoy. "The expression is hundreds of years old and is based on an adventure perpetrated through the medium of decorated crockery ware. A wealthy Chinaman, whose gorgeously embroidered shoes were the envy of the community, was, according to the legend, despoiled of his pride in the following manner: A rascal one day rushed up, gave the rich man a hearty blow on the back and seizing the astonished gentleman's hat pitched it upon a high wall. The next moment the fellow seemed to disappear that it was not an old friend he was greeting so enthusiastically and apologized profusely.

"How shall I get my hat?" inquired the man with the beautiful shoes. "Jump on my back and you can reach it," replied the schemer. "The suggestion was carried out, but while the hatless man was reaching for his head covering the rascal slipped off the handsome shoes and made away, leaving the simple minded millionaire clutching the wall."

Moderate Climate Conducive to Age.

Undoubtedly the climate most conducive to longevity is a moderate one, although a cold climate, other things being equal, has a decided advantage over a hot one. For instance, the rate of mortality in southern climes is much greater than in that of such regions as Scandinavia and Russia, while duration of life is longer in Norway than in any country, and of course Norway is decidedly cold. That excessive cold is prejudicial to long life is proved by the low maximum age which is reached by the inhabitants of such places as Iceland and Siberia. The African in the hot, muggy land of his fathers on the Senegal in Africa ages early and does not live long. Transplanted to a comparatively moderate climate in this country, he lives a much longer life, the census for New Jersey, for instance, showing that among colored people, with their easy going life, there is one centenarian for every 1600, but only one white centenarian among 150,000.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHAT THERE IS IN DUST.

IT CONTAINS STARCH GRAINS AND OTHER SUBSTANCES. Difference Between the Dust of Cities and of the Country—Examining a Pinch of Dust.

Oh, this dreadful dust! There is no getting rid of it. It is the bother of my life."

So says the housewife. It never occurs to her to wonder what this ever-accumulating dust of which she complains. Yet there are over so many strange things to be told about it.

Of all the materials of which dust is composed the most interesting is starch. In every pinch of dust there is more or less of this ingredient in the shape of oval and spheroidal grains. The dust found in coffins with old Egyptian mummies contains starch grains just like those which fly about in the air to-day.

A scientist with an inquiring mind once took the trouble to examine under a microscope specimens of dust which had penetrated the skulls of animals embalmed in the days of the Pharaohs. The samples revealed the same kind of grains of starch. Such grains are always in everybody's clothes and on the hands. Press your moistened finger upon a clean piece of glass, and on looking at the latter with a microscope you will discover several starch grains. Wash your hands a dozen times and every repetition of the experiment will produce the same result.

Where does all this starch come from? The answer is: From the food of mankind. Wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, etc., are largely composed of starch. Little grains of it are widely scattered by the winds, and being very light are held in suspension.

For the reason above mentioned much more starch is to be found in the dust of cities than in that of the country, where population is comparatively sparse. Thus it may be said that for every town a cloud of starch always hangs in the air. However, the dust that blows through the streets, which settles upon furniture and makes work for the housewife, contains ever so many other things besides starch. Take a small pinch of it at random and examine it at leisure. Perchance you will discover among it a fiber of wood, a scale of human epidermis, a fragment of the hair of a dog, a piece of an insect's claw, the shell of an animalcule and the spore of a plant awaiting a proper resting place, with the necessary dampness to reproduce its species.

These are all organic substances, animal or vegetable. Dust contains much inorganic matter, particularly small particles of silica. On account of their size and shape such particles were for a long time mistaken for eggs of some kind, but this notion was finally exploded by making chemical analyses of the alleged eggs. The history of a single one of these fragments would be most interesting to know. Ever so long ago perhaps it was part of a rock. The waves were it away from the parent stone and drove it into a heap of sand on the shore. After a while the wind caught it and flung it upon the upland. Rain took it from the ground and hurried it along to a river. The river carried it to the sea. From the sea water it was taken by an oyster to build the latter's shell. The mollusk was caught and eaten, and the shell, being thrown away, was trampled upon, powdered and dispersed by the breezes. Thus the particle whose story is here related was set afloat in the atmosphere, to fall at length upon your library table and to afford a subject for speculation beneath your microscope.

As you walk down the street on one of the breezy autumn days a cloud of dust is blown in your face, almost stifling you. It is a mixture consisting largely of small fragments of sand. But if you take a pinch of it home and subject it to examination, you will find that it contains an extraordinary variety of other things, such as the broken fibers of plants, pollen, fine hairs, fibers of clothing and other fabrics, particles of lime and soot, ashes and clusters of different kinds of microorganisms.

When a ray of sunlight streams into a darkened room it reveals the finer dust particles which always fill the air, though ordinarily invisible to the eye. Doctor Prudden, who has made a study of this subject, says that the particles in question consist mostly of fragments of vegetable and animal fibers, such as cotton and wool, and of an enormous variety of microorganisms, singly or in masses, such as bacteria and the spores of mold plants. Such are the 'moles in the sunbeam,' respecting which so many poetic ideas have been expressed. Not a few of them are germs capable of producing diseases of various sorts if they happen to find lodgment in the human system.—Washington Star.

A Singular Product of Hawaii.

One of the most singular products of Hawaii is a vitreous lava known as "Pele's hair." It is a silky, filamentous substance, olive green or yellowish brown in color, soft to the touch, but very brittle. It is produced by the wind catching the fiery spray thrown up from the great crater Kilaeua (which the Hawaiians long since personified as the fire goddess Pele), but the real cause of the lava forming into such soft, silky fibers is believed to be the gas and steam escaping through the lava. Nearly all of the native birds of Hawaii use it as a nest-building material.—New Orleans Picayune.

Measuring the Elms.

A recent number of the Boston Globe states that Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes has made a practice for some years of taking the girth of the larger elms and other trees which he has seen in his daily drives. He has, however, only found four trees with a girth greater than fifteen feet. The tape has usually been applied at a point about five feet above the soil, the place selected for measuring, as Doctor Holmes states, being the smallest circle of the trunk between the swell of the roots and the swell of the branches.

WEAVING.

I placed my loom the slender threads along— I laughed to see them glisten; Then—idle weaver! sat with careless hands And dreamed eyes looted to listen.

The whirring song crooned vibrantly, the warp Was wondrous fair that day; At eve I rose—I had forgot the web! The threads were all one way.

A useless fabric, with unwoven shreds Across—no binding ties; The warp of aims may glint, but idly runs, In which no purpose lies.

O careless heart! I said, and are you thus An instrument unused? A strain of harmony but half complete, For words you left unfinished.

O listless dreamer! weaving shadows there, To echoes half consent, Across the loom, if you will only look, Love, smiling, holds the web. —Louisa Wadson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ruled off—Ledgers. A tweed garment—A sea coat. "Get off the earth," the cyclone said to the barn.

A nervous affection—A man on the eve of proposal. The crawfish is not very good to eat, but it will do at a pinch.—Truth.

One characteristic of good old Elijah has his ravenous appetite.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. London's constant fog may be caused by the continuous reign.—Dallas News.

The fine wheat will insure the farmer and the English sparrow full crops.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. People who are always scheming generally pay about double for what they get.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man is dressed in a little brief authority, he makes it more conspicuous than a red necktie.—Puck. So far no one has ever made the blunder of painting a Cupid to look as if he had any sense.—Athenian Globe.

"Why does Snagby keep his hair cut so short?" "Because he's getting bald, and he won't have it long."—Philadelphia Record.

"He says he owes you a licking, does he? Well, you'll never get it." "How do you know?" "I'm his tailor."—Chicago Tribune.

"He's a very modest young man, isn't he?" "Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work."—Philadelphia Record.

An enterprising hoosier has announced a new button, which he calls The Old Maid's Wedding. Why? Because it never comes off.—Tit-Bits. The coalman's season may be the winter, the summer the iceman's harvest, so that it's possible the milkmaid finds his greatest profit in the spring.

Shall I from her sweet spell depart, Or take her for better or worse? The choice is—will she break my heart, Or shall she break my purse?—Puck.

Demonstrator in Natural Science. "Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells." Voice (from amphitheatre). "It isn't under any of them."—Detroit Free Press.

Watts—"I wonder how this world will get along when you and I have left it?" Potts—"You'd better be wondering how we'll get along."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pipkin—"Does your wife know anything about cooking?" Potts—"I guess she does; you can't get her into any of your cheap restaurants."—Kate Field's Washington.

"Hello, Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?" "Oh, easy enough; he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Can I get this note shaved?" he timidly asked the money-lender. "Gracious!" ejaculated the broker, as he glanced at the date, "it's old enough to need it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Unless old words can be exchanged for the new ones that are being rapidly coined, English dictionaries will soon have to be taken to a cotton compress to be rendered portable.—Dallas News.

Applicant for Work.—"But the occupation seems to be a dangerous one." Manager.—"Yes; but then in one you are killed the company would send flowers to your funeral."—Booster Transcript.

Richard—"When my wife agreed to share her lot with me I didn't know there was a mortgage on it." Harry.—"A mortgage?" Richard—"Her mother, I found, went with the lot."—Boston Transcript.

A fellow in Smithville who couldn't spare \$2 a year for a newspaper sent fifty two-cent stamps to a down-east Yankee to know how to raise boots. He got an answer. "Take hold of the tops and pull for all you are worth."—Oswego Times.

Oh, the gold is rolling in From beyond the briny sea. Millions rolling in each day, Bringing us financial ease. Millions more are on the way, Rolling onward to this coast, And as we are none too flush, Why, we'll just let her roll! —Kansas City Journal.