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Experiments made in tobacco cultivation throughout Europe have not given much promise of success.

The Harpers, the great New York publishers, are said to have on hand more than \$50,000 worth of accepted manuscripts.

Welsh newboys have a picnic in the opinion of the Chicago Herald. Imagine yelling "Ere a yer waxtry Gold-oids, Gwylliedyds, Genells and Ser-cynoyrns! All 'bout der tur'ble ac-cident."

There are yet a million acres of Government land in Kansas open to settlement, not a little of which was tramped over by "settlers" in order to take chances on getting land in the Cherokee Strip that is no better, and in many cases is worse, which they had to travel further to reach, and which is very uncertain property to its possessor.

Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and one of the arbitrators of the recent Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration, stated in a private conversation at St. James's Hall, London, at a Sunday mission meeting, that he personally believed that on the occasion of a future difference between England and the United States the intervention of strangers would not be invoked, but an equal number of the judges of the highest courts of both countries would be appointed to settle the difference.

A keeper at the London Zoological Gardens was employed on account of his supposed fondness for animals. He was soon found to be disliked by the animals, who exhibited their aversion in many ways. It was suspected that while outwardly treating them with kindness he must secretly hurt or annoy them. He denied having done anything of the sort, and his general manner seemed to bear out his protestations. A watch was set upon him, with a curious result. It appeared that he never spoke to the animals, and for that reason alone his presence was intolerable.

A Mexican paper predicts an immense invasion of that country by American tourists this winter, and says that the railroads are already preparing to handle the expected throng. It thinks that the prevalence of cholera in Europe is sure to thin out the ranks of tourists thither, and that they must have somewhere to go to escape the winter's cold. "The prediction," adds the New Orleans Picayune, "seems to be founded on reason, and the same causes will doubtless contribute to swell the number who will seek the delightful climate of our own State and of the Mississippi coast. We may prepare for a specially large invasion this winter."

Since the loss of lives on the coast of New Jersey at the time of the recent great storm there has been an agitation in the seaport towns and summer resorts along that coast in favor of an extension of the time of employment of the men in the United States Life-Saving Service. Four seamen of the wrecked schooner Mary F. Kelly were drowned at Asbury Park, for instance, within thirty feet of the shore, while hundreds of people stood on the beach unable to help them. Twenty-four seamen were drowned off the New Jersey coast in a range of ten miles, where there were then four unoccupied life-saving stations. The life-saving crews are discharged on May 1, and do not get employment again until September 1. It is argued that violent storms occur in August, and that the life-saving crews at least should be employed from the beginning of that month.

An electric funeral-car is a California innovation. About nine miles distant from San Francisco are four large cemeteries and a crematory, and it was to bring them near the city that an electric railroad company introduced the new hearse. Its first patron was a benevolent organization, one of whose members had died. At the time appointed for the mourners to leave the city the electric funeral-car, appropriately draped in black, was in readiness. The body was lifted by the pallbearers from an undertaker's wagon to the car, and the bearers took their seats in a section reserved for them. The conductor rang the bell twice, the motorman clanged his gong to clear the track of a mob of interested spectators, and the funeral procession started, the mourners in electric cars following the hearse. The run from the starting point to the cemetery was made in an hour. The car was switched off on a track inside the cemetery gates and the pallbearers lifted out the coffin. Then the funeral procession was reformed and moved slowly off towards its chapel.

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

I thank you for all good things; For every blithesome bird that sings; I thank you for May and June When most my life with life's in tune; I thank you for strawberries, And every glad of cherry trees; Of apple blossom and the fruit; Of mellow nut and pungent root.

HER ROMANCE.

THOUGHT that you loved me, Elaine. "I do love you, Carol." "You know that I do." "Then why are you so unwilling to have me ask your father's consent to our marriage?"

style, and apparently very much in earnest. His companion was a young girl with dark, wistful eyes and a pensive frown of a pretty mouth.

"I must tell you the truth, Carol. I do love you, and can never care for any one else; but I think I should love you more if—if you were poor."

"An artist! Why, darling, I have never touched a brush or palette except to paint scenes for our amateur theatre."

"But you did that so nicely, which shows that you have talent and some knowledge of the art. And I like to think of you as an artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind," he interjected. "But she went on, breathlessly: 'And set up a plain little studio, and paint landscapes and portraits—'"

"I've done that already." "And ask papa for my hand, which he will be sure to refuse, so then we will have stolen interviews, and finally run away and get married. Everybody will be talking about us, and papa will be out on a dreadful row, and only think how delighted it will all be, especially when we come back and let them know that instead of a poor artist, I have married a rich man!"

which had been a barber's shop, and daubed away upon canvas from morning till night.

People came in and looked dubiously at these productions, but he had only to direct their attention to several "completed" pictures (purchased at an art store) to impress them with an idea what these sketches would be "when finished."

And, meanwhile, it was observed that he appeared immensely struck with Miss Fitzsimmons, and never took his eyes off her at church, and that finally he secured an introduction and became a daily visitor at the big house on the hill. And then people who knew Mr. Fitzsimmons began to predict trouble.

Carol Northrop became weary of his artist life, and impatient for the happy ending promised by Elaine, and the consequence was that she found herself to give her consent sooner than she had intended to his proposing to her father for her hand.

When he preferred this modest request Mr. Fitzsimmons, who had made his fortune in the tannery business, looked him over from head to foot with a suspicious air.

"You are a poor artist, I understand." "Yes, sir," he answered truthfully. "And you want to marry my daughter?" "I love your daughter, sir!" he replied, with fever.

"I have no desire to remain, sir, where a gentleman is subject to such treatment. But I love your daughter, and—"

"Get out, sir!" shouted the irate father. And he took the young man by the arm, and leading him to the front door, thrust him out into the rain, and flung his hat and umbrella after him, to the unspeakable delight of a lot of urchins on the opposite pavement.

Elaine, who had witnessed it all from the landing, ran to a window and dropped a rose at her lover's feet as he stooped to pick up his hat.

"Such ignominious treatment was more than either of them had anticipated, and the young man, in great disgust, ventured a remonstrance with his beloved."

"I have arranged about that," she answered, with great animation. "My dearest bosom-friend, Josephine Waymack, has promised to help us all she can; and she is to go to your studio every day at a certain hour, accompanied by her grandmother, to have her portrait taken."

"Oh, well—in about two weeks, I suppose! Only think what a row papa will make when he finds us gone! And how people will talk, and how astonished they will all be to find out at last that I have married a rich man instead of a poor artist. Why, it will be just lovely!"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust; it is the bed rock of the world.

The biggest fresh water fish, the "Arapaima" of the Amazon, in South America, grows to six feet in length. Nausea is said to be promptly relieved by a mixture of four drops of crocote in two ounces of lime-water. Dose: A teaspoonful every fifteen minutes.

M. de L'Isle discovered an animal-cula that could run six inches in a second, and calculated that it must move its legs no less than 1200 times in that brief period.

When irritated the sea cucumber, a species of holothuria, can eject all its teeth, its stomach and digestive apparatus, and reduce itself to a simple membranous sac.

It has been ascertained by Professor Kernot, of the Melbourne University, Australia, that the usually assumed weight of eighty to 100 pounds per square foot, produced by a dense crowd of persons, may be largely exceeded.

The most curious thing about the butterfly is the size of the case from which the insect proceeds compared with the size of the insect's body. The case is rarely more than one inch in thickness; the butterfly covers a surface nearly four inches square.

In support of the modern theory that sound does not consist of a given number of countable wavebeats, a well-known writer adduces the fact that a plate of iron, even an inch thick, when used as the diaphragm of a telephone, will respond to and transmit perfectly the sound vibrations of the human voice, a result which is almost inconceivable to suppose could be effected by mere mass vibration.

Another most valuable series of investigations in regard to the metal best adapted for the construction of bridges has been made by the Austrian Society of Engineers. Some 216 mechanical tests were made by the committee having the matter in hand, to determine the quality of wrought iron, of basic, Bessemer and basic open-earth steel, the conclusion being that the latter excels all the others in resistance to mechanical attack and distortion.

A remarkable illustration of the progress of electrical appliances is electrotypic painting. Hitherto, if copper or other metal were to be deposited electrically, a bath of solution was needed. Now this is changed, and a technical journal says a ship's hull can be plated as easily as a spoon or teapot. Instead of a bath, insoluble salts, ground to a fine powder and mixed with water, are used.

During a residence in Tansia, M. Verontre made a study of the tattoo marks which the natives cover their limbs and face. He discovered that the most complete designs represent a human figure—a kind of doll, seen in front, with extended arms. In this figure, for which no explanation had been offered before, he perceives nothing else than a representation, rigidly exact and preserved by tradition without perceptible alteration, of the manikin on the monument of Phoenicia and Carthage, which archeologists have named the "Symbol of the Punic Trinity"—which is found, for example, on the Phoenician and Punic stele, and on the neo-Punic lamps of Carthage.

As to the healthfulness of going without shoes and stockings, there can, says the London Hospital, be no question. Some of the healthiest children of the world are to be found in the Scottish Highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than twelve or thirteen. The African and coolie laborers, who work bare-footed, are usually in robust health. Brown, in the "History of Man," tells of an African monarch who suffered from what appeared to have been a cold in his head, besides other ailments, while his people were always as well as possible.

The richest peasants in Europe are found in a province in Schleswig-Holstein. These Vierlander raise early vegetables for the great cities of northern Europe. They supply flowers to the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin. Their costumes are one of the sacred traditions of the country and not to be modified, come what may.

The leaves of common laurel or "lambkill" are so poisonous to sheep that some farmers believe that even the grass beneath the shrubs is rendered noxious by the drippings from its leaves. This may be a mistake, but the leaves are certainly rank poison, not only to sheep, but also to cattle. And yet, so careful are the cultivators of the soil in this respect that in almost every field in the Northeast may be found specimens of this baleful plant.

HARVESTING THE APPLE.

HOW THE WINTER FRUIT IS GROWN AND GATHERED.

Apple Raising in Western New York Does Not Reward its Grower as it Formerly Did.

BARRELS and barrels and barrels and barrels. Barrels piled on barrels. Barrels in big loads and barrels in little loads—not great clumsy painted barrels for the reception of oil or whisky or pork or lard, but light, graceful barrels shortly to be filled with what is, all things considered, the most delicious fruit in the world.

The passage of loads of apple barrels along the highways and byways of an apple producing region indicates that the time for picking is at hand. "One of the liveliest, drivingest times they is in the hull year," as an apple grower, who is proud of his success as such, described the apple harvest the other day. Apples grow in most parts of the United States north of a certain line, but there are some regions where they are a staple crop, and there you may see such rows of trim, well-kept apple trees, such wide extending orchards, as, if you are a new comer, will make you open your eyes for pure wonder.

I shall never forget the first time I saw the orchards that lie between the famous ridge road and Lake Ontario in level Western New York. Orchards were not an unfamiliar sight to me, but such orchards I had never dreamed of. It was in June. The air was heavy with perfume and vibrant with the notes of song birds, for it was before the ugly English sparrow had come to America and driven the native feathered musicians from their own.

At the time of which I write the raising of apples was at its best as a profitable business. Two, three and even four dollars a barrel was obtained for the fruit every fall, and every year the acreage of the orchards was largely increased. Fortunes as money was then and there counted, were being made by apple raisers, and year by year the crop was greater in quantity and finer in quality. Peaches, which had before this time been one of the standbys, were being abandoned as the peach orchards passed beyond the limit of full bearing age and the trees were uprooted to make way for the victorious apple.

Here and there throughout the region were long, low sheds, under which men worked from early spring until near the end of the harvest making barrels for the crop, and where coopers' choruses, more genuine than that in the opera "Boonaroo," were to be heard every day. The apple buyer was a factor, and a most important one, in every community, and his trips of investigation among the orchards at various periods of the season were subjects of animated discussion at the informal and incidental evening meetings of the farmers at the stores and postoffices.

In September and October the harvesting of the apples went forward, and the weeks given up thereto made up a period of strenuous exertion, which is another way of repeating my former friend's assertion that apple picking is the "drivingest time in the hull year."

To be a good apple picker a man had to know just how to put up long ladders quickly and securely. He had to know just how and where to place his ladder so that he could clear a tree without having to take time to move oftener than was absolutely necessary. If he could tell almost instinctively what apples were marketable and what were not, so as to leave the latter to be shaken off for elder making later, he was just as much more valuable to his employer, for the time of the picker was valuable, and the fewer apples he had to throw out in putting them into the barrel the more he could put up in a day.

I have used the past tense in what I have had to say about apples and apple picking, but the orchards are still there and so are the apples and the barrels, and doubtless plenty of pretty girls help in barreling the apples these later years the same as they used to. But the big prices and large profits of apple raising are no more, and unfortunately for the farmers, this hard year, the crop is a light one in many sections. —New York Advertiser.

Trenching Tool Attached to Rifle. The "rifle-trenching tool" of M. de L'Isle, which was recently tried at the Army House, Barade Ground, Fribourg, and is expected "to one day revolutionize the warfare of the future," consists essentially of an arrangement by which a spade or such like tool can be fixed to the butt of a rifle without preventing the weapon from being ready for use either with shot or bayonet. To this end there is a receptacle in the butt, and the spade fits into it with a spring catch. Of course, the stock and barrel of the rifle become the handle of the spade.

It is claimed for this appliance that it will enable every infantry soldier to be his own sapper and rifle-pit maker, and that the soldier will become unnecessary. Moreover, if there is no time to fix the bayonet the spade itself will be a makeshift, and when not in use it can be carried in a leather case, slung across the chest of the soldier, thus balancing the weight of his haversack and forming a breastplate against sword, bayonet, or lance, and possibly with silver buttons, a long jacket and a quite ordinary looking cap. —Chicago Herald.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the daylight fades in the evening shades, And the blue tents in the gray, We pitch our tent in the firmaments To guard the milky way.

And we gather the broken sunbeams up That the day has left in its path. To kindle and build the glow, and gild What our sparkling campfires hath.

With fond caresses we jewel the tresses Of the moon as she mounts the skies; And the heavens we sprinkle with many a twinkling That leaps from our sparkling eyes. But when the storm and rolls his car In thunder across the west, And the lightning dashes in dital flashes, We hide, till the storm goes by.

The son is our master, and no disaster Can come to his night of rest; For with constant eyes on the dim horizon We guard the east and the west. We sometimes find when the comet bites, And we frighten him out of his lid, Till he speeds through the night, like a fox in his flight.

To his home in the great nowhere, We sometimes pause in our journey because We ourselves live in the glass. Of the silent lakes or the sea that takes Our pictures as we pass. But when the daylight quivers and breaks, And the gray mists into the blue, The tears we shed o'er our fallen dead Are found in the morning dew.

—Alfred Ellison, in New York Advertiser.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A ten strike—Borrowing one. Silver spoons—Colorado lovers. The train robber must hold up.—Picyayune. Fits like the paper on the wall—Kalsomine.—Puck.

The earth seems to gather lots of moss, and it is rolling all the time. When lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration. — Burlington Free Press. In order to forge a chain of evidence a detective should have a lynx-eye.—Judge.

The golden rule is an arrangement for drawing a line of conduct for other people.—Puck. The coming man sometimes turns out to be going the other way.—Dallas News.

Beauty is only skin deep, the proverb says; but, after all, that serves.—Somerville Journal. A miser is the stowaway of the world. He never pays fair rates for life's voyage.—Puck.

One feature of a cyclone is worthy of general imitation; it always does its level best.—Lowell Courier. One important point that many people forget is that culture never needs any paint.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A woman may not be able to throw a stone over a church, but she can throw a man over.—Elmira Gazette. The happy hours I spend on my wheel Have only one fear to mar 'em; That possibly I may contract Kyphosis Bystrostrum.—Puck.

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