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Quarter Column, one year.	80.00
Half Column, one year.	150.00
One Column, one year.	300.00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Edison says that gold is not as valuable nor as necessary as iron or lead.

The District of Columbia has the largest death rate from consumption of any part of the United States.

A Montana man has just completed and applied for a patent on an automatic machine that bids fair to revolutionize the cutting of precious stones. This machine can do the work of at least twelve men.

The Chicago Herald has discovered that every crowned head of Europe, with the exception of that of Turkey, is descended from one or two sisters, the daughters of Duke Ludwig Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, who lived about one hundred and fifty years ago.

The Chinese doctor's lot is not wholly a happy one, the Courier-Journal is convinced. Four members of the Imperial College of Physicians at Peking failed recently to make a proper diagnosis of the Emperor's indisposition, and were punished by being fined a year's salary.

We have an idea that the United States is a great place, with its 60,000,000 people, observes the Detroit Free Press, but there are 800,000,000 people in Asia, and more than 200,000,000 in Africa. The scientific estimate is that there are 1,450,000,000 people on the earth, of whom not more than 500,000,000 wear clothing from neck to sole.

One of Boston's pleasantest small charities is the furnishing of street car tickets in summer to poor invalids for rides in the suburbs of that city, but it is now asserted by the conductors that very many of these tickets are misused, being tendered to them by persons who not only are not ill, but are, from their dress and appearance, abundantly able to pay their own fares.

M. Francis Sarcy, the French dramatic critic, announces himself as a convert to vegetarianism. He has written a letter to a Paris paper describing his experiences, in which he says that he is only a "moderate" vegetarian—that is, he eats only meat and admits eggs, butter and cheese, milk and fish to his regimen. He finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition than before. The first week, he says, is rather hard to bear, but the benefit is soon felt thereafter.

Since the advent of Leo XIII. to the pontifical throne he has created ninety-two cardinals, that number having died in the course of his pontificate. The College of Cardinals, since the nominations at the last consistory, numbers sixty-three, of whom thirty-four are Italians and twenty-nine foreigners. The foreigners are divided as follows, according to their nationality: Seven French, five Austro-Hungarian, five German, four Spanish, two Portuguese, two American, one English, one Irish, one Belgian and one Australian.

A great English firm of hatters send their wares all over the world, and in doing so have a good chance to study the distinctive features of the heads of the various nationalities. A synopsis of their studies is given below: German heads short and round, average head measures twenty-two inches; English, well shaped, rather long, average hat, 7 1/2, which means a head measuring 22.77 inches; Scotch, long and thin; Canadian exceptionally large; average United States head and hat same as English. South Americans and Australians have very small heads, seldom measuring over twenty inches.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "After sixty years of restricted suffrage, Belgium, under her new constitution, is about to try a startling experiment. The new law gives a vote to every male citizen who has reached the age of twenty-five. A married man who pays taxes, or a tax-paying bachelor of thirty-five, is entitled to an extra vote. A third vote is given to a citizen of independent means, possessing a certificate of high education, or who holds or has held a public office of a certain rank. It is believed that every husband will place his extra vote at the disposal of his wife, thus indirectly giving her the elective franchise. Under the new constitution the number of votes in Belgium will leap from 150,000 to 1,200,000. A well-equipped Belgian will now be able to cast a vote on election day just after breakfast, and if he feels greatly interested in the campaign he can stick in another vote at dinner time, and still another on his way home to supper."

GIVE THANKS.

For leaf and bud and bloom
That came with dawn of spring,
For baby lilies breezes,
For tuneful birds a-wing,
Give thanks.
For sun and moon and stars
That heat and light and cheer,
And mark the flight of time,
With day and month and year,
Give thanks.
For mellowed fruit and grain
In bounteous harvest stored;
For earth's full generous wealth
Into our garners poured—
Give thanks.
For love and hope and faith
In friends both old and new,
With willing, helpful hands,
And trust in hearts, and true—
Give thanks.
For life and all its gains
From earth, and sea, and air;
For all the great outpour
Of blessings that we share—
Give thanks.
—H. T. Hollands, in Detroit Free Press.

A Thanksgiving Party.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.
H, yes, it was such a mistake," said Christine Collingwood, dreamily.
"What was amiss?" said old Peggy.
"Our coming to live in a dreary country place like this," said Christine.
"Where nobody ever visits, and one sees no one but the most man and the tin peddler. It's no better than being buried alive. I don't see why mamma ever left New York."
Christine sat in the deep window seat, whither she had climbed, with a pair of shears to cut away the clustering ivy vines that darkened the kitchen window with their green tendrils. In one hand she held a bunch of ivy trails; from the other she shears dangled.
Her profile, sharply outlined against the ruddy carmine of the sunset, was exquisitely pure and delicate; her blue eyes were full of dreamy fire.
"Old Peggy," from her position in front of the kitchen table, looked sharply up.
"Well," said she, briskly setting aside the pan of baked apples that she had taken from the oven for tea, "I can tell you why, Miss Chrissy. It was because you hadn't money enough to keep on living in the city since the Barbazon Bank failed, and because this old stone house that belonged to your dead-and-gone grand-uncle was standing empty. House rent is house rent, and there's a lot of nice fruit and vegetables in the garden, though I won't say but it's been sadly neglected, and the air can't be beat. Of course it's a bit dull for you young ladies; but buggers can't be choosers, you know, and Miss Rosamond amuses herself with the chickens and the ducks, bless her heart!"
The sudden flush rose angrily to Christine's satin-soft cheek.
"We are not buggers yet," said she.
"And as for Rosamond, she never had a soul above a scullery maid."
"What's that you're saying about Rosamond?" cried a gray young voice, as a tall, brown-haired girl came in, with sparkling hazel eyes, cheeks reddened with exercise, and an apron full of nuts. "See what I picked up on the hill beyond the stone wall, and a nice light I had with the squirrels and little Tom Evans, for 'em. The squirrels chattered at me from every tree in the copse, and Tommy sat on the wall and sulked. But the trees are on our land, and I was determined to have our share of the nut harvest. Only look, Chris! Aren't they beautiful?"
"Nuts!" scornfully uttered Christine, vouchsafing only a single glance at the treasures, and turning away her face toward the red sunset glow.
"What on earth are you going to do with them?"
"Do with 'em?" echoed Rosamond.
"Why, crack 'em, to-be-sure! And then pick 'em out, and then I shall make some nut cookies!"
Christine shrugged her shoulders.
"I beg leave to amend my verdict," said she. "I should have said that Rosamond had the soul of a cook!"
Rosamond glanced toward the cellar steps, down which old Peggy had disappeared.

A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

You can hear Thanksgiving 'comin' with the jolliest kind of sound;
You can hear Thanksgiving 'comin' with a rush an with a roar,
An' he knows that he is in it, as he has been in the past,
An' he thinks that every minute is jes' sure to be his last!
—Atlanta Constitution.

gain, and—pink is my color, you know, so I bought a dress."
Rosamond's eyes were still fixed on Christine's face.
"And how did you pay for it?" asked she.
"I took the money from the India cabinet drawer. There was enough."
"My chicken money!" exclaimed Rosamond, reproachfully.
"Oh, I knew you wouldn't mind!" said Christine, nonchalantly. "I can easily pay you back when my picture is sold, and I did want to go to Bramblethorpe so much, and how could I go without a decent dress?"
"Did you ever consider how I was to buy my dress?" slowly uttered Rosamond.
"Oh, you're the younger sister, you know, and you can wear anything. Besides, if only one of us is to go, on account of the gown, I am the eldest, and it's my right. Everybody knows that."
Rosamond said nothing, but worked diligently away. Her lifelong experience of Christine's varying moods had taught her that it was best to swallow her discontent and make the best of things; but she could have burst out into a child's passionate weeping as she thought of all the little comforts for her mother, the many conveniences for the house, that that seven dollars of "chicken money" had been destined to procure.
"I wish you wouldn't go on crack—crack—cracking in that sort of way!" querulously spoke Christine, springing down from her aerial perch in the high window seat. "It makes me so nervous!"
"Perhaps then," said Rosamond, curtly, "you had better go up stairs, inasmuch as this work has to be done, nerves or no nerves."
"I never saw such a girl as you!" said Christine. "You are always losing your temper!"
And she flounced away up stairs, while a single crystal-bright tear fell like a diamond spark among the heap of nutshells at Rosamond's feet.
"I'm a goose!" thought the girl. "And with all my grand ideas of heroism and self-control, too!"
And she compressed her lips and worked harder than ever.
"Nut cookies!" said old Mrs. Edgely, Colonel Bramble's aunt, as she hobbled into Peggy's kitchen, leaning on a gold-headed cane, like the fairy godmother in a story. "Well, I declare! How nice they look!"
"Yes'm—nut cookies," complacently affirmed Peggy, moving forward the pan with modest pride. "Have one,

AS IN THE LONG AGO.

As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago—
I wander o'er the dear old place,
Each object there recalls thy face,
Each fragrant zephyr breathes a sigh,
For tender joys in days gone by:
Now falls the evening glow,
And calls the thrush so soft and low,
As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago—
As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago—
We wander slowly, hand in hand,
In young love's dreary wonderland,
Again the light of evening skies
Shines in mine own from thy dear eyes.
Again the distant chiming so low,
Peal forth the hour in measures slow,
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As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago—
—Emile Pickhardt, in Boston Globe.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A rattapatté.—The policeman's club.
Bound to please—Gilt-edged holiday books.—Truth.
Club-footed—Bills paid by the organization.—Puck.
The popular pianist finds little difficulty on his notes of hands.—Buffalo Courier.
It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.—New York Journal.
The sculptor is generally fishing for fame when he makes a cast.—Glens Falls Republican.
"That beats me," the drum said confidentially, referring to the rosewood stick.—Somerville Journal.
No man is as good as he demands the young man shall be who asks for his daughter.—Acheson Globe.
It is rather too much to expect a man on his uppers to be a whole-souled fellow.—Buffalo Courier.
Love is said to be blind, but it usually gets there ahead of the old man just the same.—Galveston News.
A trunk differs from a man in that it can be completely strapped without becoming broke.—Buffalo Courier.
Everyone said he was color blind. Though it did not seem quite clear, that because his clothes were loud he selected them by ear.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
When there are no hard times to complain of some men find their occupation completely gone.—Washington Star.
Pessimist—"Don't you wish you'd never been born?" Book Agent—"No; I let other people do that for me."
—New York Journal.
By the way, why doesn't the conductor punch the train robber? He might at least give him a check.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Is the boss at home?" Housemaid—"No, Tuesday is bargain day, and she never gets home until real late in the afternoon."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
Little stacks of water.
If mixed with proper sand,
And floated on the market,
Stiff rates of off-hand.
—Rate Field of Washington.
Mendicant—"Can't you give a poor blind man a few cents?" Banker—"No! The outlook is so bad that you are to be congratulated."
—New York Journal.
Watts—"How did you come out in your little wrestle with the Chicago wheat market?" Potts—"I went after wool and got worsted."
—Indianapolis Journal.
Anxious Husband—I am afraid, doctor, that my wife is a very sick woman. She hasn't spoken a word all day.
Doctor—"Then you don't need me. You want an undertaker."
—Judge.
"What makes the man love Mary so?"
The jealous maidens cry.
"Oh, Mary doesn't sing, you know, and she doesn't try."
—Kansas City Journal.
"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" asked the editor. "Sir," replied the haughty man, who stood by his desk, "I am a poet; not a chirographist."
—Washington Star.
"I am really at a loss," said the young minister. "Do you know why you did not like my sermon? Did you not consider my arguments sound?"
"Yes," she replied, "exclusively."
—Washington Star.
So many ships are making knots
All through the ocean wide,
Of course the sea gets tied up lots—
And that's what makes the tide.
—Boston Courier.

APACHES IN THE ARMY.

THE NEW SYSTEM TRIED IN ARIZONA TERRITORY.
The Indian Has Not Proved a Very Good Soldier—Lured into Service by the Charm of Brass Buttons.
"COMPANY, attention!"
The long line of copper-colored soldiers presents a unique and picturesque appearance. The straight-cut regular army jacket, trousers that are a compromise between the native garment and the "garments of the line," met at the knee by buckskin leggings; on the head a cloth of red muslin or calico in a band and tied tightly behind, leaving the crown of raven hair completely exposed. This is the Apache soldier of the United States regular army on duty, says an Arizona correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle.
The Indian troops of the Department of Arizona are recruited solely from the various tribes of the Apache Nation, and are in no wise similar to the Indian police force of the Sioux or other Indian tribes. They are regularly enlisted for the full period of service, receive full pay, and are held strictly amenable to military discipline. Their uniforms vary slightly from those of the other troops, resembling a sort of Zouave equipment, a concession which the department found it necessary to make in order to satisfy some whims of the aboriginal mind. The Indian is essentially narrow-minded and superstitious. Matters of dress which may be exceedingly trivial in importance have to him sometimes an immense significance.
The Apache problem has been a thorn in the side to the commanders of the Department of Arizona. There are ten large tribes in the Territory, making an aggregate of some 40,000 persons. Of all these, the Apaches alone have given the Government any trouble within the past quarter of a century. They occupy a reservation in the heart of the Territory larger than the combined States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware; and their whole tribal population numbers less than 5,000. There has not been a year since the white occupation that some Apache renegade was not off the reservation, making life interesting for some one, and a very few years have passed in which the Government has not been called upon to quell a general outbreak.
With the end of the Geronimo campaign the authorities adopted a new policy toward these implacable and the formation of the Indian auxiliaries is a part of the new programme. Gradually the more lawless chiefs have been vanquished until now there is hardly a corporal's guard of the old warriors to be found in all the tribes which comprise the Apache Nation. Then supplementary proceedings were begun by enlisting all the able-bodied young bucks between the ages of sixteen and thirty into regular companies. Under these conditions—with all the old men dependent and all the young stars under the eyes of the regular soldiers—it is hoped that the solution of the Apache trouble is not far distant.
While the question seems in a fair way to be settled with regard to the Indian, the new deal does not give universal satisfaction in army circles. The soldiers do not take kindly to the change. At Fort Huachuca an incipient mutiny was raised on the arrival of the red-skinned troopers. Regulars who have been for years fighting the wily Apache from behind rocks cannot readily accustom themselves to the idea of messing and sharing quarters with their hereditary foe. The officers, as a rule, are not very enthusiastic over the innovation either. Their general opinion is that the novelty will soon wear off with the recruits, and that eventually they will either desert, singly or en masse, or else at best, when their term of service expires they will refuse re-enlistment and return home with their newly acquired knowledge and discipline to become more troublesome than ever.
As to the merits of the Apache as a soldier he doesn't seem to have many. He can withstand an incredible amount of fatigue. A body of Apache infantry will make a forced march in better time and can arrive in better fighting trim than the average regular cavalry. When the line of battle is drawn up Mr. Apache is not shy. From time immemorial the Apache warrior has fought only from ambush, and no amount of military discipline can compel him to face a fire in which he has to better chance than his enemy.
The one thing which lures the Indian from the reservation into the army is his love of the uniform. He cares more for bright colors and gilt trappings than for his wife—even more than he does for eating. The glittering epaulettes and shining buttons irresistibly charm the savage eye. An Apache sergeant in full regimental uniform is an object of the profoundest reverence to every male in his tribe and to the squaws he is a thing to be adored. Then they like the evolutions and military manoeuvres. They enjoy the music, especially lively and spirited martial airs.
The number of Indians now serving in the department is in the neighborhood of five hundred. They are organized into companies of fifty each, with white officers, though there have been some few promotions to junior grades. The companies are not all full, however, by reason of occasional desertions and natural causes. A well-known officer, in speaking of the situation, says that while the experiment has not proved so successful as its originators prophesied, the new companies will not be mustered out, but enlistments will be constantly encouraged.

THE INDIAN HAS NOT PROVED A VERY GOOD SOLDIER—LURED INTO SERVICE BY THE CHARM OF BRASS BUTTONS.

As in the long ago, my love,
As in the long ago—
I wander o'er the dear old place,
Each object there recalls thy face,
Each fragrant zephyr breathes a sigh,
For tender joys in days gone by:
Now falls the evening glow,
And calls the thrush so soft and low,
As in the long ago, my love,
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