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Hard times have decreased most consumption.

Over two-thirds of the population of Utah are of foreign birth or extraction.

The Japanese have a better scientific knowledge of earthquakes than any other nationality.

The gold production of this country for ten years has varied but little from \$32,000,000 annually.

Americans own sixty-four steel or iron steamships, of a gross tonnage of 197,108 tons, sailing under foreign flags.

A Brooklyn public official says that he cannot see why so many widows are moving into that city. The latest census report shows that there are more marriages in Brooklyn in proportion to its population than in any city of the Union.

The ornamental features of the pampas alone are known here, says Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong, in the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times. I discovered that the plumes could not be destroyed in water. Hence, as a product for bank note paper they are valuable.

Reports from United States consuls in Mexico to the State Department warn Americans against emigrating to Mexico, with a view to permanent settlement, with insufficient means, or without informing themselves in a reliable way as to the prospects for earning livelihoods.

A peculiar solution of England's problem in India may evolve before many years, predicts the New York Independent. There is a growing tendency among Indian princes to marry European wives; and the result is likely to be that many of the States now governed by them will in course of time pass into the hands of Eurasian rulers.

Attention was so centered upon the labor troubles that the close of the San Francisco Midwinter Fair on the Fourth of July passed almost unnoticed. Yet the event was worthy of comment.

As an offset to the movement for a general disarmament of Europe there has recently been going on a discussion as to its probable effects on the labor market.

The United States Court of Cheyenne has just rendered a decision of great interest to insurers, as it invalidates the clause found in most policies, that no agent has authority to alter the clauses printed on a policy.

There are 1785 separate railroad companies in the United States.

The German Emperor has advised the universities to establish rowing clubs, after the English model.

The population of Massachusetts is nearly as large as that of all the other New England States combined.

The High Court of the Transvaal Republic in Africa has recently decided that foreigners are liable to military service after two years' residence in the country.

An old gentleman, of Dexter, Me., has been doing a great deal of public good in his town, and the Board of Assessors, as a delicate compliment, reduced his taxes.

Railway construction in the United States for the six months ending June 30 was 525.25 miles, built by fifty-one lines in twenty-five States.

Steel is now cheaper than iron. It seems hardly possible, remarks the Boston Cultivator, but the estimates of cost in a recent bidding for a bridge in Pennsylvania to be made with steel stringers and steel rivets was lower than a like estimate for the same bridge made with iron stringers and iron rivets.

The American Register, of Paris, is authority for the statement that the descendants of Queen Victoria are either now in possession of, or will in the natural course of events come to occupy, seven thrones—those of the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.

This is called the age of electricity. That, in the opinion of the New York Recorder, is a mistake. We haven't crossed the threshold yet. The advance has been wonderful, however.

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A SUMMER LONGING.

I must atone to wooded hills and vales, Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently, And idle barges flap their listless sails— For me the summer sunset glows and pale, And green fields wait for me.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

HERE'S nothing in the paper," said Aurora Clymer, "absolutely nothing!" She threw down the printed sheet as she spoke—a tall girl, with wistful blue eyes and hair drooping in a Psyche over her forehead.

Miriam was a sweet, fresh-faced girl of eighteen. Not, perhaps gifted with Aurora's beauty, but when you looked at Miriam Clymer once, you always wanted to look the second time.

"Where is Polly?" fretfully questioned the elder sister. "It does seem to me as if—"

"I wish I was busy," said she. Miriam helped her younger sister to oatmeal.

"I should be busy too," said Miriam, "if there was anything to do."

"And Miriam knows more about music lessons than anything else; but if one can't get what one wants, one must wait what one can get. And I've earned a dollar this morning already."

"More oatmeal, please," said Polly. "Oh, yes, I've washed and dressed a dear little girl in the flat down stairs, and packed her little doll's toy of a trunk for the train. You see, the nurse got angry and went away, and the mother was so pale and consumptive, she was buried last week, and the father is a sort of me'er-do-well, who plays the cymbals in Jones's Theatre and don't pay any of his bills. And the janitress was at her wits' end what to do, and I stepped into the breach. It made me think of the good old times when I played with a doll almost as big as I was."

"But where on earth is the child going?" asked Miriam.

"To her friends I suppose. I left her asleep in the crib, and the landlady's little girl watching her. I'm to go back after my breakfast. There, Mirry—as she tossed a big silver dollar to the housekeeper-sister—'take that to buy more oatmeal. And look here, Miriam, Doctor Puffitt has got a big order for the Rosebud Balm to go to a watering place somewhere on the Jersey coast, and wants some one to paste on labels and tie up the bottles, without loss of time. There's a chance!'"

"I don't think George Belden would like it," said she. "Oh, George—bether George! He's nothing but a drug clerk himself. It's none of his business one way or the other!" cried Polly.

his assistance, he'll get an apoplectic fit."

"And," suggested Miriam, "since there's nothing in the 'Wanted' today, you might as well be earning a little in some way, Aurora."

Doctor Puffitt was in the front basement of the big flat where the Clymer sisters dwelt, surrounded by gallon jars of "Rosebud Balm" and mountains of bottles. He looked despairingly up from this chaos.

"The order goes out on the three o'clock express," said he, "and that wretch Alphonse, has not been near me to-day. I will discharge Alphonse. I won't put up with his nonsense another hour. My dear young lady, you don't say you will actually help me? Then my business character is saved!"

"The Silver Beach hotels will know of the greatest discovery of the age, and I shall vindicate this great preparation—which is not a cosmetic nor a drug, but a marvel!"

Polly went back to her baby, who was awake now and smiling like a medieval cherub in an altar painting.

"You darling!" said she, with a hug and a kiss. "How any one could go off and leave you, I cannot—Oh! with a sudden stiffening of her rosy features, 'so you are Dolly Temple's father, are you?' For a middle-aged gentleman stood in the doorway, looking questioningly at her.

"I really think that is unnecessary," interrupted a composed voice, "for I am already a strict temperance man. You are mistaken, young woman. I am not Sergius Temple, but Mr. Carthew, the father of the late Mrs. Temple. The telegram was delayed, and I have only just received the summons to come."

"It's a great deal nicer than typewriting," said she, "and twice as profitable. And Miriam will keep house for us. You haven't ventured to ask Mr. Carthew whether he'll be returning to that Madison Avenue palace of his, Polly?"

"No, Polly answered. 'Mr. Carthew has engaged a new nursery governess for Dotty.' Aurora clasped her hands tragically.

"Oh, Polly!" she cried. "And you will lose your place?" Polly lifted the roguish eyes which had been temporarily hidden behind Dotty's yellow curls.

"I am going to be baby's grandmother," said she.

"The Matador's Last Thrust." The art of the matador is not to run up to the bull and stab him, but to have him come to you and fling himself upon the sword, while you direct his movements this way and that with the scarlet cape.

"I know that other woman wasn't good to her," observed the janitress. Polly looked at the baby, the baby held out its little hands, with an indistinct, cooing sound, like a bird in the hedge.

"I'll go," said Polly. "The train leaves in twenty minutes," said Mr. Carthew, looking at his watch.

Polly rushed up stairs for her hat and shawl. She left a scribbled note on the table for her sisters, neither of whom was in the room, and with Mr. Carthew and the baby just caught the train.

"I don't know where we are going," stammered Polly. "How neglectful of me not to have mentioned it," said Mr. Carthew. "To my country seat at Silver Beach."

manded a familiar voice behind the door.

"Goodness me!" cried Polly. "It's George Belden!"

"Yes," said the tall, straight young druggist. "Why didn't you know it? I've bought out this business, and I've telegraphed for Aurora to come down and marry me. We may as well spend our honeymoon by the seaside attending to business. The dear little girl, only to think of her parting on all them labels herself! Puffitt told me about it. Puffitt supplies the capital, you see, on condition of my pushing his specialty. I've taken a cottage, and telegraphed Aurora to bring you and Miriam along, too. Silver Beach is a rising place, and there's plenty to be done here."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, George," said Polly, holding up the baby, "but I'm a nursery governess at present, and can't leave my situation. But I'll call and see you and Mrs. Belden as often as possible."

And she strolled back to the Carthew cottage along the edge of the Atlantic, talking soft, unintelligible nonsense to the baby as she went.

Three months afterward, George Belden shut up the "seaside branch" to return to the New York store which Doctor Puffitt had purchased and decorated in Algerian-Moresque style with more gold-leaf and peacock plumes than would have seemed possible to the uninitiated mind.

"The Rosebud Balm has been a success," cackled Doctor Puffitt. "And I owe it in no small degree to Belden's enterprise. Belden's is a genius."

"It's a great deal nicer than typewriting," said she, "and twice as profitable. And Miriam will keep house for us. You haven't ventured to ask Mr. Carthew whether he'll be returning to that Madison Avenue palace of his, Polly?"

"Oh, I have asked him!" said Polly. "I'm not afraid of Mr. Carthew any longer."

"Notwithstanding his princely ways," for Aurora stood in great awe of the stately gentleman. "And you will be continued on."

"No," Polly answered. "Mr. Carthew has engaged a new nursery governess for Dotty."

Aurora clasped her hands tragically. "Oh, Polly!" she cried. "And you will lose your place?"

Polly lifted the roguish eyes which had been temporarily hidden behind Dotty's yellow curls. "I am going to be baby's grandmother," said she.

A Historic Gun. The London Telegraph chronicles the removal of "Queen Bee's pocket pistol," an enormous piece of brass ordnance which for generation has frowned from the cliffs of Dover, to make way for a battery of modern guns.

"Mrs. Carthew is not at home?" Polly ventured to ask, as the black-silk matron led the way down a long corridor covered with cool, checked matting.

"Bless your heart," said Mrs. Mott. "There ain't any Mrs. Carthew. If she'd been living, my young lady would never have made that foolish, runaway match."

"Nor any Miss Carthews?" nodded Mrs. Mott. Polly took the baby out on the beach for a walk next day. It seemed more like the doll-playing days of her childhood than ever, or else like a pleasant summer dream.

GLACIERS IN THE WEST.

THE VAST ICE FIELDS OF THE SIERRAS.

California Has Some of the Most Remarkable Frozen Rivers in the World—Wells of Blue Water.

AMONG the many attractions which California offers to strangers and her own people, says the San Francisco Call, are the glaciers that lie in the high Sierras that constitute the backbone of the State. The glaciers of Switzerland attract thousands to that region every season, and it would be interesting to know how many of these American glacier seekers are aware that some of the most remarkable glaciers in the world are in America.

The California ice rivers found in the Sierra Nevada are not remarkable for their size, but are, nevertheless, typical glaciers, and, taken with the fine scenery of the mountains, will repay the climbing that is necessary to observe them. If one could ascend in a balloon from the summit of Mount Shasta a most interesting series of glaciers would be observed radiating from the central peak, and even while standing on the cone they may be followed with the eye, one being about four miles in length, with an average width of three to four miles. Imagining ourselves poised above the peak, we see below the sharp summit 14,511 feet high, and on the left Shastina crater.

In old times, geographically speaking, Shasta has been a terrific volcano, and the canons of its flanks are cut into the lava deposits of ages. The greatest glaciers seem to reach to the north and east. Reaching down from the summit to the west, sending a small glacier to the south, encompassing the Red Rocks, near the Sierras trail. From the ridge that reaches down southwest and on the north side are seen six or eight small glaciers. The Whitney turns to the north and after throwing a spur to the west extending in a moraine at about 9150 feet above the sea. The glacier is three-quarters of a mile long and covers an area of about 2000 square yards. It is an interesting fact that in nearly all the old descriptions of Shasta the writers appear to have taken these glaciers as simple deposits of snow that lie in the deep canons and so last. But such is not the case; they are true glaciers, exposed to the sun for three-quarters of the year. The view up Whitney glacier is grand and impressive, showing great fissures and crevasses, deep enough to be extremely dangerous in crossing and requiring no little Alpine climbing to surmount.

Crossing a ridge to the east of Whitney glacier, we see the Polam glacier reaching down from the summit in a northerly direction. At the summit it appears separated by a sinuous ledge of volcanic rock, and below is pierced by numerous jagged peaks. It is particularly noticeable for its terminal moraine—a mass of rocks heaped up, the result of the crushing force of the ice river. There is one extremely deep crevasse at the altitude of 10,000 feet—a magnificent fissure reaching down deep into the heart of the glacier. Below this there is a succession of deep chasms. The entire glacier is about one and a half miles in length, and has an ice area of about 1,800,000 square yards. Its terminal moraine lies about 10,000 feet above the sea. From the slopes of this glacier an idea of the grandeur of Shasta may be derived. To the northwest it stretches away in a majestic slope for sixteen miles. To the southwest the descent is 10,000 feet in eight miles. Passing over a dividing peak, 11,958 feet above the sea to the east, Hotlum glacier is reached, which extends in a northwest direction from the summit. It is wide and fan-shaped, its foot ending in a terminal moraine 10,500 feet above the sea. At night all is still on the glacier, but at noon, when the heat of the summer sun is felt, myriads of streams find their way down, cutting the glacier and making passages often dangerous.

The neve of Hotlum, or the upper portion, has two conspicuous ice streams that flow through it. One in particular is forced between two rocky buttresses and so shattered that the ice assumes the appearance of lofty pinnacles fifty or sixty feet in height. These are typical of glacial ice, assuming rich opalescent blue colors well worth the climb to enjoy. The crevasses here are deep and dangerous, and from them issue strange sounds, caused by the melting and downward motion of the icy monster. Here are the famous glacial wells, filled with blue tinted water. Hotlum is about a mile and a quarter in length, and has an area of 9,000,000 square feet. Following round Hotlum glacier we come to the southeast tongue, which is called Wintuna glacier, and which appears to reach down farther than any of the others, sending a narrow limb into a deep canon. From its lower end rushes a glacial stream, forming Wintuna Falls, about 8000 feet above the level of the sea. Of all the Shasta glaciers Wintuna is perhaps the most remarkable. Here are 6,000,000 square feet of ice—a gigantic flat berg reaching to an unknown depth, three-quarters of a mile wide and nearly two miles in length. Its rate of movement has not been tested, but a glance at the surface shows the terrific power that is forcing the ice on and on.

A humming bird is said to have been stung to death by a bee at Columbia, Wis., recently.

The Queen of England never signs a death warrant.

THE LOW SUN.

O level sun, thy broken rays Lie on the winding meadow ways, And by the stream long shadows fling From willow trees that hedge the spring.

O level sun, thy soft rays tipped As wanders in thy soft circles tipped; Low-flying birds, touched as they pass, Flirt glided wings from grass to grass.

O level sun, these broken rays Straggle another death of days; On meadow ways about, pricked by light Move, merge, and darken into night. —Margaret S. Briscoe, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Knocked into a cocked hat—The crasse.—Iruth.

A young man is a theory; an old man a fact.—Atchison Globe.

A boy's idea of glory is to play baseball in a "suit."—Atchison Globe.

If a woman looks cool on a hot day, she doesn't mind being warm.—Atchison Globe.

As soon as a man announces that he is a reformer, he ought to be arrested.—Atchison Globe.

The baseball player would be all right if he could only play as well as he practices.—Puck.

Man is made of dust; and his name becomes mud through the watering cart of Fate.—Puck.

A man's confidence in his own experience is an inverse proportion to his age.—Ram's Horn.

Hunger is the best sauce, but when you have no other it is fatal to the stomach.—Ram's Horn.

Women never get over the notion that they are entertaining angels unaware.—Atchison Globe.

Be polite to everybody. There's no telling when you may have something to sell.—Atchison Globe.

A growler is a man who would much rather sleep in a cyclone than in an ordinary draft.—Galveston News.

When the last man leaves the room, the women draw their chairs up closer, and whisper.—Atchison Globe.

"Thus we part, wretch, and this is the last letter from your unhappy Anna. P. S.—More to-morrow."—Fliegende Blätter.

Laundry machinery really seems to have reached the stage of perfection. It can destroy a collar in a single wash.—Boston Transcript.

"I fail," said the boarder, frantically sawing at the steak, "to find a weak point in this Armour plate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hiand—"What a nuisance that egotist Spindkins is!" Halket—"Right you are. He's a regular 'I sore.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word.—Boston Transcript.

Clara—"When you refused Freddie, did you tell him to brace up and be a man?" Saddle—"No, I didn't want to be unreasonable."—Detroit Tribune.

It is always discovered, when a man is killed while engaged in some hazardous business, that it was his intention to have retired next year.—Atchison Globe.

Hungry Higgins—"Say, it ain't hot on the road, here, nor nutthin'." Weary Watkins—"You said 'er. Don't you want me in some nice, cool jail?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Carson—"I hear it was a runaway match." Mrs. Vokes—"Yes. The bride and her father caught up to him with a preacher when he was trying to escape."—New York Herald.

Doctor—"Let's see, did I prescribe for you the last time you were here? Patient—"Let me see—oh, yes! I remember now, for I was deadly sick all the next day."—Boston Transcript.

Beggar—"Kind sir, pray give me a shilling for my six hungry children." Passerby—"Awfully sorry; but I'm not buying hungry children just now; I've got mine at home already."—London Moonshine.

Baigle—"Natura has been very kind to Mrs. Bluncheon. See the roses on her cheeks?" Miss B.'s rival—"Yes, indeed. One must have a natural gift to paint like that."—Arkansas Traveler.

"Did Mrs. Fyffe receive many proposals while at the ashore?" "Many? Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she couldn't even hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden!'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Dun—"But, my dear fellow, this account has been running seven years." Scientific Debtor—"That's right, old man. But you know every atom of a man's system changes in seven years. I am not the man who bought the goods."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The good, kind old gentleman looked down benignantly on the small urchin blacking his shoes. "Now, my boy," he said, after he had finished blacking his shoes, "what would you think if I gave you a nice new \$1 bill?" The boy, down on all fours, cocked his head up at his prospective benefactor. "I guess I'd think you wanted twenty-five cents change," he replied, and the subsequent proceedings proved his guess to be correct.—Detroit Free Press.

The export from Sweden to the United States in 1893 is calculated to have had a value of \$3,100,000. The principal part of this export, or more than \$2,200,000, consisted of iron goods.

The best straw in the world is grown in China and Japan, and is made into braid in England and Belgium.