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Wyoming is richer in minerals than any other State in the country.

It is asserted by the New York Witness that eighty per cent. of the earnings of railroads go to the payment of wages for labor.

Statistics show that during the last ten years the value of assessed property in the District of Columbia has increased from \$93,491,891 to \$191,417,804.

Russia is said to have 137,000,000 more acres of land under cultivation than the United States, but these statistics are supposed, by the New York World, to be misleading, if not wholly false.

Baltimore is the fourth maritime city in the country, being exceeded by New York, Boston and New Orleans, and nearly 3000 foreign vessels arrive and depart every year. The exports exceed \$50,000,000 a year.

Large irrigation works costing \$2,000,000 and irrigating 400,000 acres of land are to be built in the Rio Verde Valley of Arizona. The work is to be completed in eighteen months. It includes about 110 miles of canal, and a reservoir of immense capacity.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country of the world, there being only 1007 women to 1000 men. In Switzerland there are 1000 men to 1000 women, and in Greece only 933. The conditions in Hong Kong, China, according to this authority, are appalling, there being only 366 women to 1000 men.

A man whose business it is to solicit subscribers for several medical periodicals complains that doctors are feeling the hard times, remarks the Chicago Herald. Many decline to subscribe, and more who subscribe delay payment. The fact is that many sick folks are making shift to get along without the doctor, while some are seeking advice at the hands of less expensive men than they have usually employed.

Professor G. Hall says: "Some years ago, by careful individual study, I found that sixty per cent. of the six-year-old children entering Boston schools had never seen a robin, eighteen per cent. had never seen a cow, some thinking it as big as their thumb or the picture, thus making mere verbal cram of all instruction about milk, cheese, butter, leather, and so on. Over sixty per cent. had never seen growing corn, blackberries or potatoes; seventy-one per cent. did not know beans."

The struggle for supremacy between gas and electric light has been a determined one. Electric light has made wonderful progress in point of cheapness since 1877, but the gas men are also advancing. Formerly gas was made wholly from coal. Later on coal and petroleum combined (known as water gas) came to the front and reduced the cost materially, and now another big step has been taken—the production of gas wholly from petroleum. A plant of that description for making both fuel and illuminating gas is building at Haverstraw, N. Y. Gas at fifty cents a thousand is bound to come, maintains the New York Recorder.

The old Liberty Bell now rest in a handsome new case in the east room of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The case is made of selected quartered white oak, is five feet ten inches square and ten feet high. On each of the four sides is a large plate glass over four feet wide and seven feet high in the center. At each corner is a bronzed pillar surmounted by neat carved work, while over each of the glass sides is an arch with the names of thirteen original States carved, that of Pennsylvania being on the keystone. Facing the doorway leading down from the top, is a carved model of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle, the wings measuring fifty-four inches from tip to tip. Beneath, on the top of the case, is the inscription copied from the bell, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the world to all the inhabitants thereof." On each corner of the top is a polished bronze torch. The bell is suspended within the case from the marred old yoke on which it hung when it made its historic peal. The yoke itself was made from a tree just back of the bell. This is supported by columns of bronze and its columns rest on a track, which fits snugly inside the case, and appears to be simply a floor. Beneath are four rubber tired wheels, which will permit a quick removal in case of fire. The new case, complete, cost \$1500.

A gas well at Montpelier, Ind., has changed its tune, and oil flows freely from its mouth.

Within a district having an area of thirty square miles, in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, there are more centenarians than in any of the United States.

France is reported to be taking an increased interest in swine raising, and it is thought that this will enhance the attention given to the production of corn.

Sky-scraping buildings are becoming so common, that after awhile, Peck predicts, cities will be known as much by their altitude as by their length and breadth.

The Northwestern Lumberman, which a few years ago took the ground that the supply of white pine in the Northwestern States was inexhaustible, now shows by what it believes to be authentic figures that the shortage in one district alone for the current year will be 700,000,000 feet, and information points to a general shortage in all the Northwestern pine territory, running into billions of feet.

A business man remarks that it is wonderful what effect the speed of elevators has on the manners of men in transacting business. Go into an office building where the elevators rush up and down like a flash, you will find the effect reproduced on the men who do business there. It is quick, sharp, nervous work. Where the elevators are slow there is more deliberation and conservatism.

The royalties of Europe patronize the bicycle with as much energy as the boys of America. The King of the Belgians exercises upon one daily, little Queen Wilhelmina rides one when she is at her castle of Het Loo, and the Czarowitz, Princess Waldemar and Carl, of Denmark, and Princes George and Nicholas, of Greece, are all cyclists. The bicycle of the Khedive of Egypt is a gorgeous machine, almost entirely covered with silver plating.

Brooklyn appears to be rapidly losing its character as a residence suburb of New York City, observes the New Orleans Picayune. It is no longer to any great extent the "bedroom of New York," and is becoming in an eminent degree a manufacturing town. According to the last census no fewer than 109,292 persons are employed on the average in the 10,583 manufactories in Brooklyn. Their combined capital is over \$250,000,000 and \$85,000,000 is annually paid out in wages. If each person employed in a factory can be held to represent four others dependent upon his or her labors, fully one-half of the population is supported by home manufactures. There are 264 industries represented in the list, the first, numerically, being shoe shops, but the leading one in point of value of product is the sugar-refining interest. More men are employed in making clothes than in anything else, and in foundry and machine shops come next. In no less than fifty-two different industries the value of the product annually exceeds \$1,000,000.

The direct and indirect losses caused by the recent strike will perhaps exceed \$100,000,000. The President of one of the largest railway corporations in the country is reported as saying: "The earnings of the railroad companies of the Western roads fell off in two weeks an average of at least twenty-five per cent. The pay rolls that were stopped will represent a loss to employees of, let us say, at least six times as much as that suffered by the companies. Hundreds of factories were obliged to close from lack of coal or coke. The wages lost in these were five times the amount lost by the manufacturers. The beef companies lost hundreds of thousands and California and other fruit crops were either temporary or total losses. The following is not an unfair recapitulation of losses, I think:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Total: \$1,000,000.00

WHERE THE CATTLE COME TO DRINK.

At evening, where the cattle come to drink, Cool are the long marsh-grasses, dewy cool The slder thickets and the shallow pool, And the brown clay about the trodden brink, The penative afterthought of sundown sink Over the patient acres given to peace; The homely cries and farmstead noises cease, And the worn day relaxes, link by link.

ON THE BRINK.

BY AMELIA H. BARR.



There was a grand brick house standing in the midst of a sweet old garden on one of the pleasant sites of Richmond Hill. It had once been the residence of a noble family, but it was at that time only a celebrated school for young ladies. The house itself was a plain, substantial brick one, and there were plenty in its vicinity that in every point excelled it; but nowhere was there a garden of greater loveliness than that its high brick walls shut in.

This was especially so in the mornings and evenings, when the pleached alleys and the hazel walks and the woodbine arbors were full of groups of beautiful young English girls—girls with flowing brown hair and eyes as blue and clear as heaven, and faces innocent and fresh as if each face had been made out of roses. But even where all are beautiful, some one will be found loveliest of all, and Laura Falconer was the acknowledged belle of the upper class.

She was nineteen years of age, but she still lingered at Madame More's school, partly because it had been her only home for five years and partly because her guardian considered it to be the best place for her until she was twenty-one, when she would receive her fortune and become her own mistress. So Laura remained at madame's, studying a little, but still having a much larger amount of liberty than that granted to the other pupils. This liberty permitted her to accompany with a proper escort and also to pay frequent visits to acquaintances resident in Richmond and London.

On one of these excursions she had met Mr. Ernest Trelawny, and it is of this gentleman she is so confidentially talking to her chief friend, as they walk in the loneliest part of the garden together. "I am so glad, Clara, that we met him this afternoon; I wanted you so much to see Ernest. Is he not handsome?"

"I never saw such eyes, Laura! And his figure! And his stylish dress! Oh, I think he is so grand and so—well, so mysterious-looking, as if he was a poet or something."

"And then his conversation, Clara! He talks as if I never heard any one else talk—so romantic, dear!" "Oh, I think you must be a very happy girl, Laura! I often wish I had some one to love me as Ernest loves you."

Laura sighed and looked up sentimentally: "You have a father and mother, Clara. I am quite alone. Ernest says that is one reason he is first felt as if he must love me."

woman, and putting the light down, said: "Laura, I have had a dream, dear girl—a dreadful dream—and I am afraid. Let me stay here with you."

"So she says and again in a low, trembling voice to talk of Laura's dead mother; of her pure, lofty womanhood, and of her love for her child. Laura scarcely heard her; the time was going fast; it was close upon midnight; she must make an effort at once. So during a moment's pause, she said: "Will madame try to sleep now?"

"Yes, I will put out the light, and we will both try." "First, will madame permit me to go to Clara's room? I have left my things there. I shall not disturb any one."

In a moment madame's attitude changed; her eyes scintillated with light; all the caressing tenderness and sorrow of her voice and manner were gone. She was like an accusing spirit. "Down on your knees, false girl, whom no memory of mother's love could soften! Down on your knees, and let your prayers strengthen the hands of those good angels who are fighting your evil genius this very moment! Pray as those should pray whose very life and salvation hang upon a villain's word!"

And, drawing the girl down beside her, she watched out with her those dangerous midnight hours. At two o'clock Laura was left to weep out alone her shame and her disappointment. Madame had kissed and forgiven and comforted her with such comfort as was possible; but youth takes hardly the breaking of its idols, and it was bitter and humiliating to hear that this handsome Ernest was better known to the police courts than to the noble houses he talked about, and yet she had chosen his society and had been willing to become his wife. Madame had not spared her; she had spoken very plainly of a gambler's wife and of a thief's home—of shame and horrors Laura trembled to recall—adding: "I had willingly kept you ignorant of such things, for the knowledge of them takes the first bloom of purity from a good girl's heart; but, alas, Laura, if you will go forbidden roads, you must at least be warned of the sin and the sorrows that haunt them."

Laura was ill many days afterward. Madame had indeed forgiven her, but it was hard to forgive herself; and for a long time even a passing memory of her first lover brought a tingling blush of shame to her cheeks and a sickening sense of disgrace and fright to her heart.

It was ten years after this event, and Laura, with her two daughters, was driving slowly across Cannon Chase. The pretty children sat on either side of her, and she drove the ponies slowly, often stopping to let the little girls alight and pull a blue-bell or a handful of buttercups. During one of these stoppages, as she sat, with a smile on her handsome face, watching the happy little ones, some one, coming from behind, touched her rudely on the arm. She turned and saw a man in grimy leather clothing, with an evil, cruel face, at her side.

"Supposing him to be one of the men employed in her husband's iron works, who had been discharged or who wanted help, she said: "Where is Danbury?" "Here is, measter." "What mine was under this?" "Dimmitt's, measter, worked out." "Is it deep?" "Six hundred feet." "Dry or wet?" "Deep water."

The master looked blankly at the black abyss. "It's the third 'crowning in,' my time. 'Tis set over to Cavill's mine. Six decent families went down at midnight; they were dashed to bits on 'r rocks at the bottom."

"Do you know who lived in these cottages?" "One were empty, thank God. Four strange last that worked 't Sackett's mine had 't other; they nobout work-ed there a week, they wor glad to get slut on them at end of it." "I know, measter," said Michael Raine, the publican, "for they owe me for a week's beer and 'bacca—the score is set ag'in' John Todd, Tim Black and Bill Yates."

"Bill Yates? are you sure?" "Sure to certain of that name, measter, for he said he wor come special to get upsid's wi' you." The ironmaster turned thoughtfully home, and as he kissed his wife, said: "Bill Yates is dead, Laura. My vengeance has been taken from me by Him to whom vengeance belongs. You may rest safely now, darling."

"But oh, Henry, what a destiny might have been mine!" "Don't say 'destiny,' Laura. Our choices are our destiny. Nothing is ours that our choices have not made ours."

hoped that by ignoring the change it would disappear.

Alas! Things got worse and worse, and one day, after ten miserable months, he was sent for from the works. Laura was raving and shrieking in the wildest paroxysm of brain-fever: "Where are the children? Save them from that man! Henry, please take him five pounds—no, he wants ten pounds now, and I can't get it!"

In such piteous, moaning ejaculations she revealed the secret terror that was killing her. But perfect love casts out fear and jealousy, and Laura's husband did her no injustice. Tenderly he nursed the poor, shattered wife and mother back to life again, though it was an almost hopeless task with that nameless horror ever beside her. One night, when she was a little stronger, he led her on to talk of the past, and he was so loving and so pitiful that in a flood of life-giving tears she poured out to him the whole miserable story. Then the burden fell from her life, and she dropped happily into the first sweet, healthy sleep she had had for nearly a year. She never asked again for her tormentor; she only knew that he had disappeared from South Staffordshire, and joy and peace came back to her heart and home.

But one day, after the lapse of four years, she received a dirty, anonymous letter full of threats and insolent demands for money. This time she went at once to her husband with the trouble. "Don't be frightened, Laura," he answered. "I know the fellow. He is one of a gang of four who have just come to Sackett Village. He will be in jail before to-morrow night. This time he shall not escape my vengeance."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a couple of men ran up to the house, crying: "Measter! Measter! Here be Dimmitt's height slivered away and there's 'a crowning in'!"

The ironmaster leaped to his feet and was soon following the evil messengers to the village. He knew that Sackett was all undermined with pits and workings, and it was possible the whole village was in danger. The disaster was right in the center of it, and he was not long in reaching the great yawning chasm, where the earth had given way and down which two cottages, with their inhabitants, had gone.

As soon as the master appeared, the pitmen and ironmen gathered round him, though all knew that snecor or help was perfectly hopeless. "Where is Danbury?" "Here is, measter." "What mine was under this?" "Dimmitt's, measter, worked out." "Is it deep?" "Six hundred feet." "Dry or wet?" "Deep water."

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"Testing a Horse's Wind. While talking about horses the other day an old farmer said: "Wal, I'm a pretty good judge of horses and can always tell whether a horse is short-winded or not."

SAVED BY AN INCUBATOR.

NATURE'S SUBSTITUTE DOING WONDERS FOR INFANTS.

How the Lives of Many Babies Have Been Saved in New York Hospitals—A Clever Device.

"ME was incubated," the proud mother of some great man of the future will say of her son. For the baby incubator is a success and has come to stay. The doctors declare that incubators have already been the means of saving the lives of 100 infants in New York, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In fact, the new born baby, who, under the old-fashioned method, has no chance of living, now, if put in an incubator, stands about an even chance of becoming a healthy, crowing youngster. Baby incubators are now in use in two hospitals in the city, the Post Graduate Hospital and the Maternity Hospital of the Women's Medical College.

A bright young woman, with a sweet face and modest ways, is in charge of the babies at the Maternity Hospital. There is a room in the third story there, a room with a great window which lets in plenty of light and overlooks the tops of the trees in Stuyvesant Park. Around the walls are four cribs of from ten to twelve feet in length. In two of these there were three little lumps.

You discover that these lumps are alive and breathing. They are very small and delicate, and dainty and pink. They are babies sure enough—any man could tell that, but nobody would ever think they are incubator raised. The incubator is used only for the prematurely born babies and for babies which are so weak that the wise young women doctors are pretty sure that they will die if left in the open air. Strangely enough, the incubator is shaped something like a coffin, while its particular aim is to keep babies out of coffins. There are two kinds of baby incubators and they differ somewhat in construction.

The moment a baby for the incubator arrives at the Maternity Hospital the white capped nurses and the doctors gather about the little wooden box, which rests upon a stand some three or four feet high. Baby is swathed very carefully in warm clothes, and is then weighed, clothes and all, before he is laid inside, and the glass cover is placed over him.

Underneath the board upon which the little mite rests are three bottles that are kept constantly full of hot water. The air passing in from below flows over these and through an opening in the board into the chamber where the infant is. A thermometer keeps the attendant continually informed as to the temperature, and a little aluminum anemometer in the small chimney through which the air escapes and which furnishes the draught that keeps the baby supplied with fresh air, always indicates whether or not the circulation of air is good.

The weight is a very important matter. Our baby in the incubator is weighed every day. A healthy baby should show a slight diurnal increase in weight, and if the doctors find that the diminutive patient is not growing heavier, they seek remedies for his indisposition. The incubator which will be in the babies' ward of the new building of the Post Graduate Hospital is a great improvement on that at the Maternity Hospital, although it lacks the sentimental surroundings of the one in charge of the young women doctors. In this improved affair the patient will not have to be once lifted from his snug nest from the time he is placed inside until he becomes strong enough to be removed with safety.

The incubator is set upon bicycle wheels, so it may be moved about whenever desired. The fresh air is heated by passing between two stratas of hot water, rises up both at the head and the feet of the mattress, and is kept in motion by an aluminum fan run by clockwork, thus preventing the possibility of the little patient's suffering for want of air. There is also a tube for the supply of oxygen, liberal quantities of which are good for babies who are hanging on to life by the merest thread, and it is believed this improvement will save a great many lives that would have been lost in the old incubator.

By means of a clever mechanical device, the weight of the body is always registered, so that the physician may discover the slightest variation at any time. Of course the incubator must be opened to feed the baby its artificial food, but by means of a deft sliding of the covers the entrance of any cold air from the outside is prevented. The temperature of the inside of the incubator is kept at near ninety-eight degrees as possible.

Oil vs. Coal. A careful test was made at Chicago the other day with a couple of powerful sea-going tugs of the relative expense and merit of oil and coal as fuel. The two tugs made run from Chicago to Waukegan and back, one fired with coal and the other with oil. The coal-burning tug made her run in three hours, and consumed \$15.72 worth of fuel. The oil-burning one, which is a much slower vessel under similar conditions, made the run in 74 minutes slower time, a speed which she had never made before, and consumed but \$1.62 worth of oil. Besides, she made no smoke. She is to be put to work in the river, and submitted to all sorts of practical tests. —New Orleans Picayune.

The earliest snow ever known in England was on October 7, 1829.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Love is not wise," they say— Those sage advisers that have lived and died, And in their sterner moments put aside The arch intruder from their way: "Love is not wise," they say.

They seek to frighten those— Thou who art far from their old, stupid world, And on the airy wings of youth art whirled Above all practicality; They seek to frighten thee, Decline their wisdom now; And seek that only that our hearts perceive, Only that great, great bliss which I believe Comes from our spirits' secret vow— Decline their wisdom now! —Edmond Picton, in Times-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks—in all languages.—Truth. A receiving teller—The scandal-bearer.—Truth. Fanny is surely a bubble; for plenty of "sooty" will make it.—Puck. There is a little wolf and a little rabbit in every man.—Athenion Globe. In the grammar of femininity two negatives make two affirmatives.—Puck. Most men and their stomachs don't understand each other.—Athenion Globe. Let us be frank, and admit that we are all somewhat gossipy.—Athenion Globe. The fat man is an example of those who have greatness thrust upon them.—Truth. The difficulty in chasing men lies in getting them started to run.—Athenion Globe. Tolerance is the admission of the right of other people to hold wrong views.—Puck. There is no success so sweet as the success achieved by acting against the advice of our friends.—Puck. "And do you think Binks can fill the requirements of the place?" "M—m, well—if it requires Binks, he can."—Puck. No man will ever amount to much who labors under the impression that somebody else is always in his way.—Dallas News. "Does your wife put up all her can stuff herself?" "Certainly. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."—Boston Transcript. Priscilla—"I want to get a gown to match my complexion." Perdita—"Why don't you get a hand-painted one?"—Brooklyn Life. He who thinks that imagination is solely an attribute of youth should chat a while with one of our "oldest inhabitants."—Truth. Caller—"Your son graduated from college this year, did he not?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes; he was valedictorian of his class."—Puck. There are times when the man who thinks he fills the public eye merely occupies the position of a speck of dust.—Milwaukee Journal. Training will do much for a man; but it will not teach him never to neglect to look for the towel before he fills his eyes full of soap.—Puck. According to Kipling, the elephant is a gentleman. Nonsense! Who ever heard of a gentleman carrying his trunk himself?—Boston Transcript. The world no doubt owns a great many people a living; but the records do not show that it ever has assigned for the benefit of its creations.—Puck. Though woman, lovely woman, sometimes fails to have her way, You can not get your bottom dollar. That she'll always have her say. —Innocent's Journal. A ten-cent box of blacking, properly applied, will command more respect than a hundred dollar diamond and costly outdoorn on a man who is seeking work.—Washington Star. "There is more pleasure in giving than receiving," was the proverb that a mother was trying to instill into a youthful mind. "That's true about sator oil, mother," was the answer she got.—New York Advertiser. It has been said that there is something not unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our friends. While most likely this is true, yet pleasure, at the misfortunes of our enemies, is still doing business at the old stand.—Puck. Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?" Postoffice Assistant (very politely)—"Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."—Newark Ledger. He—"I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Lousie. I was about to give you a kiss, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine." She—"And was there no bridge or no boat?"—Fliegende Blätter. "How many feet ought I to have to the line for this poem?" asked the young man, as he sauntered carelessly into the editor's office. "I hardly know," wearily replied the gloomy man of hours, "but if I had a thousand I would gladly give them to you."—Atlanta Constitution. The Telegraph in China. A Chinese engineer, educated in New Haven, Conn., has nearly completed a telegraph line, 3000 miles long, across the Gobi desert, from Peking to Kashgar, Chinese Turkestan. It has been three years under construction, and poles in places were hauled 600 miles. French lines connect it with the Russian system.—Literary Digest. Only eight per cent. of the population of St. Louis, Mo., live in tenements.