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Local advertisements two cents per line each insertion.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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 cottonarians 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, Paek 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.

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.

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 Welfelmia rides one when she is at her castle of Het Loo.

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.

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 United States Government... \$1,000,000
Loss in earnings of railroads... 3,000,000
Loss in earnings of other railroads... 2,500,000
Loss by destruction of railway property... 2,500,000
Loss to railways employees in wages... 20,000,000
Loss in exports, produce and merchandise... 2,000,000
Loss in fruit crops... 2,500,000
Loss to varied manufacturing companies... 7,500,000
Loss to employees... 35,000,000
Loss to merchants on quick goods... 5,000,000
Total... \$81,000,000

To this must be added loss from what would have been increased summer traffic and manufactured goods for the coming season. The first showing will easily be more than \$100,000,000.

WHERE THE CATTLE COME TO DRINK.

At evening, where the cattle come to drink, Cool are the long marsh-grasses, dewy cool.

The slender thickets and the shallow pool, And the brown clay about the trodden brink, The puny aftermath of sundown slink.

Over the patient acres given to peace; The homely cries and farmstead noises cease, And the worn day relaxes, link by link.

A lesson that the open heart may read, Breathes in this mild benignity of air, These dear familiar savours of the soil— A lesson of the calm of human creed.

The simple dignity of common toll, And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer. —C. G. D. Roberts, in Youth's Companion.

ON THE BRINK.

BY AMELIA E. DARR.

YEARS ago there was a grand brick house standing in the midst of a sweet old garden on one of the pleasantest sites of Richmond Hill.

At two o'clock Laura was left to weep out alone her shame and her disappointment. Madame had hissed and fawned and comforted her with such comfort as was possible; but youth takes hardly the breaking of its idols, and there 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.

This was especially so in the mornings and evenings, when the peached 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 a rose.

She was nineteen years of age, but she still lingered at Madame Mere'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.

It was ten years after this event, and Laura, with her two daughters, was driving slowly across Cannonock 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.

"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."

"What would Madame Mere say?" "Madame must not know for the world, Clara. She would write to my guardian. Oh, Clara, I am going to tell you a great, great secret! Ernest and I have determined to run away to Greece and get married."

"Oh-h-h! Laura, how dare you! Madame will be sure to find it out. She never looks as if she knew things, but she always does. When are you going?"

"To-night, Ernest will be waiting with a carriage at the end of the garden wall. I have bribed cook to leave the kitchen door unlocked, and I shall go through her room and down the back-stairs."

"The two girls talked over and over the same subject and never found it wearisome, and when they bade each other a good-night in the long corridor, it was a very meaning one. They were both greatly impressed with the romance of the situation, and timid little Clara envied and admired her friend, and could not sleep for listening for the roll of a carriage and the parting signal which Laura had agreed to make on her friend's door as she passed it."

Then Laura made her few preparations and set down in the moonlight to wait for the hour. She thought of all her favorite heroines who had enacted a similar part, and tried to feel as they were asserted to have felt.

"Half-past eleven!" She rose and laid her bonnet and mantle ready, but in spite of her romantic situation, she was really chilled and unhappy and conscious of a most unnatural depression of spirits.

Just then the door opened softly, and Madame Mere, with a candle in her hand, entered the room. She was a very small, slight woman, with a grave, lovable face and a pair of wonderful eyes. In their calm, clear light lay the secret of her power over the fifty girls who she ruled absolutely with a glance or a smile. She came gliding in more like a spirit than a 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."

"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."

"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."

"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 slowered away and there's a crowning in!'"

"The iron-master 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."

"As soon as the master appeared, the pitmen and ironmen gathered round him, though all knew that stecco or help was perfectly hopeless."

"Where is Bumby?" "Here he is, measter." "What mise was under this?" "Dimmitt's measter, worked out."

"It's the third 'crowning in,' I'm my time. 'T'ist were in to Cavill's mine. Six decent families went down at midnight; they were dashed to bits on 'r'ocks at the bottom."

"One were empty, thank God. Four strange lads that worked 'i' Sackett's mine had 't' other; they nobbt worked there a week, they wor glad to get shut on them at end of it."

"I know, measter," said Michael Reine, the publican, "for they one me for a week's beer and 'bacca—the score is set ag'n' John Todd, Tim Black and Bill Yates."

"Sure to certain of that name, measter, for he said he wor come special to get upides wi' you."

"Bill Yates is dead, Laura. My vengeance has been taken from me by Him to whom vengeance belongeth. 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."

"This is a true story, and I tell it to many thousands of young girls with just as much earnestness as Laura told it to her daughters, to show them that clandestine love affairs are always highly dangerous; for a passion that is cradled in deceit is pretty sure to end in sin or shame or sorrow."

"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.'"

"Before I buy a horse," he continued, "I just borrow it for about an hour or so and then I get out on some lonely road and see what kind of stuff he is made of."

"I just let him choose his own gait for a couple of mile posts and finally give him plenty of rein, making him go for all he is worth. All the time I just keep my eye on his hanches, and if I see any rotary motion there it's a sign he's thick-winded, and, of course, every one knows that kind ain't much good."

Wonderful Speed of Atlantic Liners. The highest recorded speed on the Atlantic is an average for the whole passage is 21.9 knots per hour, performed by the Guard steamer Lucania. This has now been nearly equaled by her sister ship, the Campania, which has just made the passage from New York to Queenstown in five days, thirteen hours, eight minutes over a total distance of 3905 knots, her average speed having been 21.82 knots per hour.

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 methods, 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 where, 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 wite 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 informs as to the temperature, and a little aluminum anemometer, and a 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 a 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 \$15.75 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.

Only eight per cent. of the population of St. Louis, Mo., live in tenements. The earliest snow ever known in England was on October 7, 1829.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Love is not wise," they say— These 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 thee— 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 can hearts protect, Only that grand, great bliss which I believe Comes from our spirits' secret vow— Decline their wisdom now! —Edmond Pleton, in Times-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks—in all languages.—Truth.

A receiving teller—The scandal-bearer.—Truth.

Fame is smelly a bubble; for plenty of "soap" will make it.—Puck.

There is a little wolf and a little rabbit in every man.—Aitchison Globe. In the grammar of femininity two negatives make two affirmatives.—Puck.

Most men and their stomachs don't understand each other.—Aitchison Globe.

Let us be frank, and admit that we are all somewhat gossipy.—Aitchison 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.—Aitchison 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 own 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 valetudinarian 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 owes a great many people a living; but the records do not show that it ever has assigned for the benefit of its creditors.—Puck.

Though women, lovely woman sometimes fail to have her way, You can bet your bottom dollar That she'll always have her say. —Littanapolis Journal. A ten-cent box of blacking, properly applied, will command more respect than a hundred dollar diamond and rusty footstep 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 castor oil, mother," was the answer she got.—New York Advertiser.

It has been said that there is something not unpleasant in us in the misfortunes of our friends. While most likely this is true, yet pleasure, at the misfortune 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 Louisa. 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 Blaetter.

"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," warmly replied the gloomy man of shears, "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 recently completed a telegraph line, 3000 miles long, across the Gobi desert, from Peking to Kashgar, Chinese Turkistan. 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.

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