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The annual taxes of the world aggregate the enormous sum of \$4,350,000,000.

According to statistics, women today are two inches taller, on an average, than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

The plague raging in China is said to be identical with that which devastated London in 1664, when there were 68,596 deaths in a population of 460,000.

Forty-five pounds of corn are said to be worth only a cent and a half in Russia today, and many farmers are sending their cattle into the fields, as the cost of harvesting would exceed the price of the corn.

Some one, who has evidently considerable time on his hands, estimates that of 1000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 570 marry women of the same age and eighty-nine marry older women.

About \$7,000,000 in cold cash has been expended thus far on Chicago's big ditch—the drainage canal. Published estimates, according to the latest authorized revision, put the cost of the work at \$21,000,000.

The American eagle must spread his wings over a misanthropic domain altogether, the New York Mail and Express concludes, if the quinine consumed by Americans is any indication. Uncle Sam's subjects swallow just one-half of all the quinine produced in the world.

A school census of Chicago, just completed, puts the population of that city at 1,567,727, which is less than the total claimed on the basis of the names in the directory. Of this number 558,360 are under twenty-one years of age. The number of pupils attending private schools is 43,546. The same census places the foreign-born population of Chicago at 618,565.

The twelfth report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics says of some of the contracts made by coal mine operators with the miners: "The tendency of these contracts is to cause the signers to be considered more in the light of chattels than free men. By the terms certain rights are waived that are common to all men, while the provisions seem to be in violation of the laws of the State and are apparently imposed on the miner to circumvent all laws that may be passed for his protection."

Little shops ape the ways of the big ones sometimes with absurd results, muses the Chicago Herald. One sees now and then a tiny ten by twelve shop feigning hidden beneath hysterical declarations that a great stock must be sacrificed. Sometimes a shop that could by no possibility hold more than a few hundred dollars' worth of goods, announces a great clearance sale, when a half-hour's rush such as the big shops occasionally have, would leave the place as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

It begins to look to the New Orleans Piesyane as though one outcome of the late strike would be compulsory military service for the whole Nation. General Curtis, of New York, who is a military enthusiast, has prepared a bill which has received the sanction of the House Militia Committee. The National Guard is subject to be called by the President into active service, for a time not exceeding nine months, to repel the invasion of foreign foes, to suppress rebellions, or to put down Indian uprisings. While in active service it is to be subject to the same regulations as the regular troops of the United States, and to be entitled to the same pay and allowances. Such a plan as this would turn the whole Nation into a vast military encampment and make a soldier of every citizen.

A Maine lumberman says the wild lands of his State would make thirteen States as large as Rhode Island, two as large as New Hampshire and Vermont, and one twice as large as Massachusetts. These lands are located in the following counties: Aroostook, 2,881,518 acres; Franklin, 589,654 acres; Hancock, 352,893 acres; Oxford, 533,654 acres; Penobscot, 827,601 acres; Piscataquis, 2,000,444 acres; Somerset, 1,735,835 acres; Washington, 241,123 acres. The spruce timber lands of Maine are worth more today than the pine lands fifty years ago. This statement, observes the New York Sun, is based on the opinion of lumbermen who have been engaged in the business for forty years. The value of these spruce lands has been greatly enhanced by the immense demand for pulp wood.

Land forces have most influenced the destinies of mankind through warfare.

"There ought to be a law compelling every man to read a petition before signing it," thinks the Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

It is said that the world uses 19,500,000,000 bushels of wheat and 25,000,000,000 bushels of Indian corn annually. Of the latter about 7,500,000,000 bushels are used by man, the rest being fed to animals.

It is said that a set of harness is on exhibition in London, England, which automatically slips off a horse when it falls down, leaving the animal perfectly free. If safe, remarks the New York World, this harness will meet a long-felt want, especially in cities with asphalt pavements.

The engineer who is installing the electric power plant of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway in Chicago figures that the use of electricity will save that company \$300,000 a year in operating expenses, compared with the cost of running trains by anthracite-burning locomotives.

Shocking casualties resulting from balloon ascensions have lately been so frequent that it seems to the New York News high time for legal interposition. Several women have lost their lives during the summer by mishaps in essaying the parachute act. It speaks ill for the civilization of the time when great throngs of people will congregate to see a poor woman, in the effort to earn a living, take the horrid chance of plunging through space to an appalling death.

Bran, the refuse of wheat, and which at one time was considered so worthless as to be spouted into the river at Minneapolis, now sells within a fraction of the wheat itself, announces the American Cultivator. And oats, hulls and all, bring nearly as much as the finished product. The following comparison of wholesale bulk values per ton will show how matters stand: Bran, per ton, \$16.25; corn, \$19.25; wheat, \$18.50; oats, \$24.50; flour (best St. Louis), \$26.

American interest naturally attaches to the Japanese Navy from the fact that her first armed ship of modern design was an American vessel, and her first admiral was an American officer. The vessel was the ram Stone-wall, which was captured from the Confederates while at Havana, and in 1868 was sold to Japan and taken to Yokohama by way of the Straits of Magellan, in charge of Captain George Brown, United States Navy. The first Japanese Admiral was Walter Grinnell, who was appointed to that office while an ensign in the United States Navy stationed at Hiogo.

Says the Buffalo News: The frequent references to the "Midway" in the newspapers, periodicals and the everyday speech of the people proves that the unique thoroughfare on the World's Fair grounds took a wonderful hold upon the imagination of those who visited that most peculiar feature of the fair. The "Midway" as found entrance to church exhibitions, to society festivals and public amusements of various kinds, and "Midway" seems to be a word that lingers longer upon the lips of the people than any other term connected with the great Columbian festival of last year.

E. T. Simecox in his "Primitive Civilization" says the two occupations in China are learning and agriculture. The standard of comfort for the laboring masses is fixed by that of the smallest cultivators, who form the largest section of the population. Poverty never involves actual starvation, except in times of famine. It means having to eat plain rice. The average man in China probably gets enough to eat, such as it is, in ordinary times. The farms are small, from half an acre to four and a half acres; the estimate is that one acre will support twelve persons in abundance. Wages are very low. A recent Chinese writer states that the average earnings of workmen are twenty cents a day, and that half of this is enough to support a family of five, after Chinese fashion. The new Penal Code fixes the value of labor impressed into the public service at fourteen cents a day. But these are minimum rates. In cities carpenters and masons get thirty cents a day without food; servants, \$6 a month without food; farmhands, \$17.50 a year without food. A soldier's pay is \$2 a month with board, but half of this is paid in rice. In some of the cities common laborers will work for six cents a day.

**"FAILED."**

Failed of the goal which once had been my aim,  
 The distant port which I once had sailed,  
 I think the graven words above my name  
 Must be "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,  
 The self-forgetting and self-sacrificing;  
 Failed to attain the heritage of rest  
 Beyond all price.

Failed to retain the bitterness, having sold  
 For passing pleasure and for favor of  
 pain;  
 Paying the wages of God's eternal gold  
 For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,  
 The faith that nourishes with daily bread;  
 Failed of the hand that reaches through the night  
 To guide our tread.

Failed, having laid his hand upon the plow,  
 So soon to falter and so soon to tire;  
 Failed, though the God of life may even  
 now save us by fire.

However bright life's after-glow may flame,  
 If storms retreat that have so long assailed,  
 I think the graven word is above my name  
 Must be "He failed."  
 —Arthur L. Salmon, in The Academy.

**THE POINT OF VIEW.**

BY EMMA A. OTTER.

**JUST** hate it!" said Julia Ives, not violently, but plaintively.

"What?" her mother questioned, in anxiety.

And her father looked up in startled apprehension.

Not that they were astonished at Julia's having found something new to despise. She was their only child, and perhaps a little spoiled and capricious.

"Oh, Pelham Heights and everything in it!" said Julia. She had on her gray riding-habit, with a rosebud on her lapel. "I'm sick of Pelham Heights! Let's move! Isn't two years of it enough for you? Such a place—such restrictions! You can't build a house under four thousand dollars; you can't keep a cow; you can't," said Julia, satirically, "wear a silk hat with a sack coat, or eat your salad without oil. I want to move out in the woods and live in a shanty and keep pigs!"

"Julia!" her mother gasped. And she added with as much severity as she was able to master, "You to be tired of Pelham Heights! When you have had such a magnificent time here, so much attention from all the gentlemen—and—"

"The gentlemen!" Julia murmured, pulling on her gauntlets. "It is the gentlemen that I want to get away from. You meet one Pelham Heights man, and you know all the rest. They're precisely alike. They're just like the piece itself—perfectly correct, and polite, and well, and monotonous and tame, and—wearing! I'm dead, deathly tired of them! If I could meet a— a farmer or something," said Julia, "that didn't know anything about clothes or the opera, or the books that you have to read if you're proper, and that wore a slouch hat and tucked his trousers in his boots, and said, 'ain't' and 'in tell'—if I could meet him I'd marry him!" Miss Ives informed her staring parents.

And then she went out and mounted her horse, changed her mind about having the groom accompany her, and rode off alone.

"I don't know what to make of her," said her mother, despairingly. "She isn't like my family. She's an Orcutt. She has your Aunt Felicia Orcutt's nose, and she's like her. I hope she won't do anything peculiar. I couldn't live through it. If she only would take a liking to some nice fellow here in town and settle near us! But how she talks!"

"Let her alone," Julia's father responded, with a coolness which was exasperating. "She's a little romantic just now, but she'll come out just as she ought to go. She's a level-headed girl. I'm not worrying about her."

"Do you ever worry about anything?" said his harassed wife. "I'm sure she looks like Horace Upham or Spencer Prescott—both eligible. But she won't."

"She'll like somebody just as good," Julia's trustful father retorted.

Miss Ives chirruped to her horse till he struck into a halting trot. People bowed and smiled from hammocks and porches; hats flew off at her approach.

She saw Spencer Prescott on his bicycle and Mr. Upham in his road cart, and she smiled in weariness. Perhaps her father and mother had considered it nonsense, but she was tired of Pelham Heights. She did pine for something new and interesting.

She did abominate the Pelham Heights society men, and she did feel a gloomy despair of ever knowing anybody any better, or stronger-minded, or livelier. It was all perfectly true.

It was a beautiful day, and she wanted to get as far away from town as she could.

Bingo enjoyed the outing as keenly as his mistress. He trotted smoothly and swiftly. At turning of a new road, Julia reined him in, but, hesitatingly, then sent him on.

The road looked smooth. It was inviting, at any rate; there was a shady thicket on either side.

Miss Ives threw back her graceful head and drank in the woody fragrance. Bingo bounded along with positive enthusiasm. But Bingo was

rather young and sometimes heedless without a strong guiding hand, and Julia had forgotten everything but her triumphant enjoyment of being five miles away from Pelham Heights.

At an unlooked-for unevenness in the newly-made road, Bingo stumbled, could not recover himself and came down on his knees, with a frightened whinney, and his mistress was thrown to the ground.

She was on her feet the next instant. Had anybody seen her—her, that was rated the best horse woman in the region? She felt a dreadful, creeping certainty that somebody had; and she was right.

Out from the tangle of young trees on the left came stalking a young man with a gun and a dog.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I'm just in time. Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least," said Julia.

Her nose—the nose which partook of the qualities of her father's Aunt Felicia's—went up a haughty three inches. Bingo got on his feet and looked crestfallen.

"Well, your habit is torn a little," the young man observed, eyeing the tear with a twinkling expression. Julia could have boxed his ears.

"I presume I should have discovered it," she retorted, stroking Bingo's nose.

"No doubt. And your pony came off," said the stranger, picking up the fallen rosetub. "A Jack, isn't it?"

Julia fixed him with a severe look; but that look revealed to her some interesting facts—interesting and amusing.

He was a tall fellow, blonde-haired and blue-eyed and darkly sunburned; his eyes were really fine, and he wore a faded coat and disreputable looking old soft hat. He looked a good deal like a tramp, but there were the gun and dog.

"An American Beauty, since you are particular about knowing," said Julia, rigidly.

"I am particular about everything; it's my nature," said the young man, in a tone of mild apology. "And you'll excuse me, but it disturbs me to see your hat on one side—fearfully on one side."

Julia's frowning eyes met his. She could not hold out against his mischievous, gay impudence. She laughed.

"I did look absurd, I suppose, and Bingo, too. We never made such a break before, did we, Bingo? Is my hat straight now, please?"

"Perfectly, geometrically. Seriously, I was frightened when I saw you go over. Are you certain you're not hurt?"

"Not a bit."

She blushed a little under his look of concern.

"But you are shaken up a little bit. Let me tell you," he said, almost shyly, his strong, brown hand on Bingo's shoulder. "There is a farmhouse only a quarter of a mile up the road, and I know the people well. If you will ride up there with me, I will get you some milk, or buttermilk, whichever you like best. I happen to know the quality of it. I've had many a meal there."

"Is buttermilk the best thing to take when you're fallen off your horse?" said Julia.

"Always. You know those little books about first aid to the injured? Buttermilk is always recommended in a case like this."

"You are ridiculous," Julia said, laughing.

"Isn't buttermilk alone, you know. Mrs. McIntyre makes splendid ginger-bread, and she's been baking to-day. It melts in your mouth."

The buttons were off his coat—most of them. He was pecuniarily graceful; every movement was easy. What was he? who was he?

"I don't know," Julia murmured.

"Is it too unconventional?" said her new acquaintance. "Don't say so. You don't know Mrs. McIntyre's ginger-cake—you don't, indeed!"

"Unconventional?" Miss Ives echoed. "I hate conventional!"

The young man cast a look at her faultless attire.

"So do I," he responded, quite solemnly. "Do come, then. I can smell that ginger-cake 'way here."

"You are an incorrigible joker," said Julia, biting her lips as she laughed. "I will go," she added, with a pretty graciousness quite her own; and he helped her to mount.

She rode back past the scene of the accident seventeen short minutes later. She looked at the spot where he had stood and laughed at her, and felt such a sharp regret that she should see him no more, that she would not admit it even to herself.

She had left him at Mrs. McIntyre's; she looked back impulsively; but the house was out of sight. She had not the faintest notion as to who he was. For all she knew he was a farm-hand. But he was a strangely clever and well-bred and handsome farm-hand, and— and fascinating.

And she was going back to Pelham Heights—back to Spencer Prescott and Horace Upham. Her head drooped; her eyes dwelt on the dusty road somberly.

"Bingo," she said, "I'm sorry we came out this way. Yes, I am."

There was a hop at Pelham Heights club house, a week later. It was small, because the club was exclusively and early.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives and their handsome daughter came into the ballroom at nine o'clock, and were hemmed in directly by a small crowd of men—Mr. Upham and Mr. Prescott, and half a dozen others.

And Miss Ives's maid was almost full, when old Judge Lambert reached over the head of the shortest man in the surrounding throng, and touched her arm.

"Have a dance for Jack Harcourt, Herald."

**A GRUESOME EXHIBITION.**

**COLLECTION OF VALUABLE BONES AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.**

Great Ank's Skeleton—Human Bones Less Costly Than Those of Animals—Used as Fertilizers.

**HUNK ISLAND**—that is, a part of it—has been reproduced for exhibition at the National Museum, says the Washington Star. It was on that lonely rock, thirty-two miles off the coast of Newfoundland, that the now-extinct great auk had its principal roost. Fifty years ago the last individual of the species perished. It is represented now by a skeleton, worth \$300, standing by a heap of bird remains such as chiefly compose the surface soil of Funk Island, while alongside is an egg of the fowl, valued at \$1500, together with the inner skin of another egg. The National Museum possesses nearly all of the great auk bones in existence; they are the most costly bones in the world. The finest collection of skeletons in the world is stored at the National Museum. They are arranged in a series, so as to run upward from the lowest fishes through the reptiles and birds, to man. Human bones are much cheaper than those of many other animals. One can buy a nicely-articulated skeleton of a man for \$40, or of a woman for \$50—sex makes some difference in the price—whereas the skeleton of a gorilla costs \$300, of a whale \$150, of an elephant \$400, of a lion \$75, of a horse \$70, of a cat \$12, and of a python \$75.

The bones of a human being are nearly one-quarter water during the life of the individual. They are chiefly composed of phosphate of lime, but contain a good deal of animal matter and other elements. In the skeleton of a man are nearly four pounds of the metal calcium, which is many times more valuable than gold, being worth \$300 an ounce. Thus in the osseous framework of the average tramp may be found material with a market value of about \$18,000, but the trouble is to separate it from the substances with which it is combined. That is what makes calcium costly. It is only in bones that phosphate of lime is found in anything like a pure state. Everybody knows the value of that material as a fertilizer, but it is only recently that human skeletons have been imported into this country to grow crops with. Not long ago a shipment was made from Mexico to the United States of ten cartloads of human bones, said to have been obtained from ancient mounds in Southern Mexico, but more probably gathered from various old and abandoned cemeteries. As these remains were fragments of unsorted skeletons, it was estimated that 50,000 individuals were represented in the lot.

This would not be considered a novelty in Europe. Years ago English farmers used human bones to some extent to fertilize their land. The battlefield of Waterloo was for a time the base of supplies, and this was supplemented by mummies from Egypt, ground to a fine powder. The mummies were fetched for this purpose by the cargo, and the preserved corpses of people dead for thousands of years doubtless formed part of the consignments, but the bulk of the material consisted of mummies of cats and other small animals. The Egyptians of old used to mummify the cat, ibis and other creatures, which they regarded as sacred. In ancient Egyptian tombs are found great numbers of copper boxes, opening at one end by a slide, which contain mummies of cats, hawks, ibises and now and then snakes and small crocodiles. Mummies are a recognized commercial article in that country to-day. For a long time locomotives were run between Cairo and Suez with no other fuel than corpses of royal persons, 3000 years old and upward, fetch high prices. The processes adopted for their preservation began with the removal of the intestines. Then the brain was taken out through the nostrils and the body, after being soaked in preservative substances, was wrapped round and round with bandages. The bundle thus made was placed inside of a papier mache case formed of a pulp composed of linen and writing, and this was inclosed in a series of wooden coffins.

Less than a year ago the Austrian bark Vila was deserted by her crew. Later she was picked up as a derelict off Cape Hatteras and towed into the port of New York. Her cargo was found to consist in large part of bones of horses and cattle. In one corner of her hold was a great heap of human skulls. Nobody knows to this day why the crew deserted the vessel in mid-ocean. She was worth \$40,000, including her freight. The gruesome character of the latter was added to by frightful odors and the presence of swarms of blue flies. Information obtained respecting the bark from Alexandria, in Egypt, showed that the bones had been collected in deserts and cemeteries of that country and were shipped to the United States for use as fertilizer. The preparation of human skeletons for market is quite an important industry. The chief centres for this branch of commercial activity is Paris, where three concerns are engaged in the business on a considerable scale. They obtain the requisite supplies of raw material in the shape of bodies from public institutions, most of them being those of paupers and criminals, who have died in the asylums and prisons. The French Government considers it a good plan to turn to a useful account in this way after death the thieves and murderers who have been enemies of society during their lifetime.

Not until the close of the last century was torture of criminals generally abolished in Europe.

**A LITTLE WHILE.**

Yet a little while to be  
 Here, where few have love for me!  
 Yet another eve to bear—  
 Journeying through the darkness here!  
 Day by day are nearing home!  
 Aching heart and feet that roam,  
 Yet a little while to be  
 Where the dark night shadows me!  
 Yet another song to sing—  
 Yet another broken string—  
 Then, the rest in roses given,  
 And the sleep that wakes in heaven!  
 —Atlanta Constitution.

**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**

Only two people attend a real picnic—Atchison Globe.

It takes hard times to make some people thankful.—Ram's Horn.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs off.—Atchison Globe.

It is human to err, and human nature to say, "I told you so."—Ram's Horn.

Did anyone ever get all the reward that was offered for a thing?—Atchison Globe.

Miss Brooks—"Do you get around in Brooklyn?" Bridges—"Awfully."—New York World.

A busy man usually prefers telling a lie to answering a lot of questions.—Atchison Globe.

There is as little mercy in stabbing with a word as there is in doing it with a knife.—Ram's Horn.

A woman thinks nothing of buying a fifteen dollar hat, and then eating a seventeen cent luncheon.—Truth.

We should always treat fortune in such a way as not to cause her smile to turn into a horse-laugh.—Puck.

And what is a pneumatic tire?  
 You asked me once before.  
 It is the same that, without blame,  
 They now give to a bore.—Judge.

They say that money talks. Probably that is the reason a doctor first asks to see the patient's tongue.—Puck.

She—"What colored eyes do you admire; brown or blue?" He—"I can't see well enough in this light."—Buffalo Express.

"Is Fraulein Susmich at home?" "No, sir." "Please tell her that I called." "I will tell her at once."—Lustige Blaetter.

The person who can sing and won't is bad enough; but surely there is no forgiveness for those who can't sing and will.—Elmira Gazette.

"In olden time did walk on air  
 You winner of ye maiden fair;  
 But now"—and here the joker grinned—"He mounts his wheel and rides on wind."—Buffalo Courier.

People think it is tough when they have to pay thirty-five or forty cents per pound for steak, but it is a great deal tougher when they pay only fifteen.—Boston Courier.

"Why don't you try to paddle your own canoe," growled Brown as Jones struck him for tea. "I can't," said Jones, "but I am trying to float a loan."—Washington Times.

Billboard—"The world owes me a good livin' an' that's all they be to it." Tom Wiser—"Yes, ol' boy; but you see they is so many of 'em fellers that she can't pay her bills."—Boston Courier.

"Now," said the young man, "take the average woman." "But there is no average woman," interrupted the elder. "You just naturally have to consider each woman by herself."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Tonix—"My friend Soarer's business frequently puts his life in danger, but I've never yet known him to desert his post." Todd—"What's his business?" Tonix—"He's an aeronaut."—South Boston News.

Banks (from his berth, feebly)—"I say, steward, do you think it's all up with me?" Steward (cheerfully)—"Hercy thing for the present, sir; but your appetite will be a-comin' by an' by."—New York Herald.

"Little boy blue, come blow up your horn,  
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!  
 He came when the cattle had long gotten through,  
 A nice supper eat this little boy blue."—Puck.

"I was astounded when I heard that Mr. Brown, who married Miss Schmidt last week, had given up his position. Does he think that love will support him?" "Oh, no; but he hopes that his father-in-law will."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Miss von Aster—"Did you tell Mr. Clumpleigh I was not at home, Eugene?" Eugene—"Out mam'selle; and he say his self not Francis, and I to him say just mitaldy will comes down her own self and tell him in ze Anglaise."—The King's Denter.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Your little boy climbed over the fence and ran all over my flower beds." Mrs. Suburb—"Hercy!" "They had just been watered, hadn't they?" "Yes, a." "Oh, well, never mind; the exercise won't hurt him if he don't get his feet wet."—Good News.

Sauld Young Woman—"Do you mean to tell me that you have loved yet not the woman whose presence and touch thrilled your whole being in an utterly indescribable manner?" Weary Young Man—"Only once. It was when I was in the hands of a woman dentist."—Indianapolis Journal.

When she talked she talked; and when she talked nobody else much talked—at least not in that immediate vicinity. Nor was her husband entirely oblivious to the fact. "Your wife," remarked a friend to him one day, "has a remarkable command of language." "Well, yes," he replied thoughtfully, "I presume she has; but there are truces when I almost think it gets away with her."—Detroit Free Press.