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Eight million acres of forest land are cleared every year. The returns of the capital invested in English railways are steadily decreasing. Some of the direst calamities that have befallen the Old World are traced by the New York Advertiser to the destruction of forests.

A publication issued by a big Eastern thread company says that over 7,000,000 miles of thread are annually used in the United States. Observes the Louisville Courier Journal: Countess Wachtmeister says the future man will have a sixth sense. It is to be hoped it will be common sense.

London Engineering says that the new magazine gun adopted for the United States Army possesses "all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine gun."

Considerable attention has been drawn to the statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, that during the past six years it was frequently the Czar's personal influence that maintained peace; that frequently there were warlike threats which he never answered.

The Japanese scheme of dividing China into three independent kingdoms, each to be ruled by a native prince, is, in the estimation of the Philadelphia Ledger, an ingenious one. The attempts of the three princes to do each other up would probably relieve Japan of any further subjugatory efforts in China.

The cotton seed oil mills of England import their cotton seed almost exclusively from Egypt. The oil is used in soap factories, and a considerable quantity of it is shipped to the Mediterranean near where, without doubt, observes the New York Independent, it is transformed into "pure olive oil," much of which is sent to the United States and purchased by our people in preference to the really pure oil made in California.

Says the New York Independent: Our dailies show a great lack of reverence in describing the weather. The Tribune speaks of the expected cyclone from the Gulf as coming north at an "easy jog"; the Times said it "seems to have bumped against a Nova Scotia 'high' (area of high pressure); the Herald characterized it as "a very slow cyclone," and said it "must put on more steam"; the World told its readers that the great storm is on its way, but "is taking things easier than the weather sharps thought." Thus do our great papers exhibit their genius in making the oldest and commonest of topics interesting.

A good many people appear to think that resistance to a blow is a test of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man in this city, relates the New York Sun, to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer, or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem first with a file and after with fragments of stone of differing hardness. If it yields to the file it is glass, or something no more durable than that.

That glorious theme of song and story, the old frigate Constitution, apostrophizes the New York Press, is to devote the rest of her days to the training of youth; and that those days may be long is the wish of every true American who remembers her services to her country. She is to be turned over to the Massachusetts naval militia for use as a training ship, and will leave her present refuge at Portsmouth at once. No more fitting career could be imagined for the Constitution than that of an educator, and the youthful Massachusetts sailors are fortunate. There is a history in every plank of the old warrior, a story in every spar. She tells of battles fought and won in such an atmosphere of devotion to country, patriots will be as well as sailors.

WE WON'T GIVE IN.

Storms may howl from East to West—Sun bids out by day; Cotton worms do their best—Country short on hay; Still, we ain't a-going to give in While the world owes all a livin'!

SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.



SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

H. Selindy, I wish you could go! Little Miss Kitzredge elevated her seamy forehead in a way that she had when she was worried, until her eyebrows reached almost to her "widow's peak." Selinda gave the finishing touch to the pink waist she was ironing and set the iron down hard.

"Poor little Selinda-da! It does seem too bad," she murmured. "If Enoch would only pay me, as he said he would, for keepin' house for him and nursin' him through that rheumatism fever, more'n a year ago, I can't bear to say anything—monget relations, so—and Enoch is terrible nigh. And if I do speak it'll only make him see a slur upon Amasa, his own brother that's dead and gone, because he hadn't more faculty and didn't leave us better off. But then! Selindy does feel so bad now that the Pritchard girls and Naomi Jenks are going to the World's Fair. And it does seem kind of providential that Enoch will be goin' by here home from market this afternoon."

The little woman arose, slowly, but with resolution, and took her mending out to the porch. But the mending was neglected, and she peered anxiously through the fluttering hospine, down the long, dusty road. She actually trembled when a tall, gaunt figure, upon the seat of an open farm wagon, came suddenly into view.

called to Selinda, who was still prostrate and tearful, and told her just what a hope Uncle Enoch had held out. Selinda was sanguine also. She dried her eyes, and ripped the skirt of the "changeable" silk that had been her mother's wedding dress, to make a "stylish" waist to wear with her old black cashmere skirt. And then she couldn't resist the temptation to run across the field to Naomi Jenks's to tell her of the joyous prospect. And she was really angry with Rufe because he shook his head so dubiously, going right on eating his huckleberry pie, when she told him of Uncle Enoch's promise.

When the day came she ran out as soon as she had wiped the dinner dishes to watch for Uncle Enoch. He was late and in a hurry. He handed her out a rather large-sized pasteboard box. "There, I ain't one to be small when I make up my mind to go a-shoppin'; if you take good care of that 'twill last you till the next World's Fair comes round," with a grim chuckle. "You tell your mother it's her own doin' lettin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'! I've got other uses for my money."

Selinda had a temper. I wish that she had had it as fully under control as all but the very bad girls in stories do; but alas! she flung the pretty satchel with all strength, box and all, up into the high cupboard beside the mantelpiece. The box came tumbling down, and the cover followed it, and Rufe carried them off, saying he had been wanting some pasteboard to make a fan for his winnowing machine. (Rufe spent his leisure experimenting upon miniature machinery.) The bag stayed up in the closet, and Selinda stalked and cried, with intervals of trying to be good and make the best of things, and her mother took the egg money, with which she was to have bought herself a pair of gloves, and bought a gilt belt for Selinda, and she made a great many cream pies in anxious, silent sympathy, and opened the strawberry preserves, of which Selinda was very fond.

Sometimes when Selinda was away, Mrs. Kitzredge opened the cupboard door and looked at the satchel, and said regretfully. "It's a real pretty satchel." At last on one of her visits after the satchel had been flung up there she said it in Selinda's hearing. "You think so much of pretty things," said Selinda, a little contemptuously. "You wanted some pink cases like those the minister's wife had, and a watch and chain like Mrs. Deacon Palmer had, and a spray of lilac in your bonnet like Aunt Jimima! You always liked pretty things and—" Selinda looked up, suddenly, as if struck by a new thought—"you never had any!"

Mexico has an abundance of iron ore. It is the iron in clay that gives the ordinary brick its red color. Among the crustaceans various shades of red are the prevailing colors. Astronomers claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone. Fruit wrapped in heavy brown paper will stand fifteen degrees more cold than if not wrapped.

The coloring of the deep sea jelly fishes is said to be unusually deep violet or yellowish red. Of the steam engines now working in the world four-fifths have been constructed the past twenty-five years. Six years ago the price for a complete equipment of a trolley car was \$4500; now it is between \$1000 and \$1200. A Boston naturalist, with a tuning fork, has discovered that crickets chirp in unison, and that their note is E natural.

Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the solid and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin. Many springs are intermittent, probably because the channels leading from the reservoirs to the surface are crooked and constitute natural siphons. A scientific Frenchman has discovered that potatoes planted near an electric wire grow to be very large, and tomatoes in contact with the same object ripen eight days earlier than usual.

The most rapidly moving star known in space does not move along with one-thousandth part of the speed imparted to the light which it radiates, and by which alone we become aware of its existence. Green wood hisses and splutters when burning because of the large amount of water contained in its fibers, which is changed into steam by the heat and bursts off tiny splinters in making its escape.

The great waves, caused by the Karkotoa earthquake in 1883, which destroyed 40,000 lives traveled at the rate of 350 miles an hour. These waves were felt more than 7000 miles away from the place of their origin. Dr. Kingzett, the chemist, recognizing that ozone, the natural purifier of the air, is produced in nature by balsam trees—the pine, fir, larch and eucalyptus—urges that such trees be planted and cherished on farms, and in towns and villages.

Electric melting of metals, notably cast iron and steel, as produced by a new German process, is said to have some very great advantages. In crucible steel the new process shows an economy of fuel of more than half, which, for metal so difficult of fusion, is a favorable result. The photographers of the Paris Observatory have just finished for the Academy of Science the clearest view ever secured of the moon. They have photographed her surface in sections, which fit, making a great image five feet in diameter. The work is so perfect that towns, forests and rivers would be perceptible if they existed.

A Pocrastinating Professor. They are telling a pretty fair story on "Uncle Phil" Armour, just home from his European trip. The story is in two chapters, with a period of thirty years elapsing between the two. Thirty years or more ago P. D. Armour was a young man attending an academy near Syracuse, N. Y. There was a lad in his seminary near by, and one beautiful moonlight night Phillip slipped away from his dormitory and took a pretty seminary girl out for a long buggy ride.

One day an old man with a pair of white side whiskers and a professional beaming smile was ushered into Mr. Armour's private office. "You remember the — Academy, Mr. Armour?" his visitor began. "I should say I did. It was expelled from that institution for taking Susie — out buggy riding." "Well, then, perhaps you remember me. I am Professor —. I was a member of the faculty then, as I am now. And I want to say, Mr. Armour, that I always protested against your expulsion as being unjust and unwarranted by the facts. By the way, Mr. Armour, the academy is in a financial strait just now and I came to see if you would give us some assistance."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

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HOW WHALES ARE CAUGHT.

MODERN METHODS SUBVERTING OLD CUSTOMS IN WHALING. The Harpoon Has Given Way to the Whale Gun—Stripping a Dead Whale—In Winter Quarters. "WHALING is not what it used to be," said a grizzled old salt as he sat on the edge of his greasy bunk in the forecastle. "The ships that go after 'lowheads' nowadays are much better arranged for the comfort of the men than they were a dozen years ago, but it ain't no picnic yet, you can bet on that; my son, you can bet on that."

About all that remains of the old customs of the whalers is the lookout at the masthead, who brings every man out of his warm bunk with the call, "Ya-ar! She blows!" and with a wave of his hand points out the direction for the wheelman to steer. The crew jump into their boats and away they go. The old harpoon is obsolete. Instead of a whole gun is used, and as the boat approaches the spouting monster a bomb, filled with an explosive equal to about ten pounds of giant powder, is fired into his huge body near the head. The deadly missile explodes as it buries itself into the flesh, and a great hole is blown almost into the vitals of the monster. Death is in most cases instantaneous. A small steam or naphtha launch takes the carcass in tow and it is hauled alongside the vessel, where the bone and blubber are taken from it.

Sometimes, if the bomb from the gun fails to cause instant death or give a mortal wound, a harpoon with a dynamite attachment is thrown the same as the old whale-catching weapons were; and as the needle point of the spear sinks into the flesh it explodes the bomb. The second wound will in almost every case cause death, but if not the harpoon clings to the whale, and with the line attached the whalers wait calmly in their boat for the steamer to rise for another shot at it from the gun, which is by that time reloading and waiting for it. There is none of that wild excitement of being towed at racehorse speed through the water behind a wounded and infuriated whale while your comrades come gallantly to the rescue to pick you up in case the boat be smashed to atoms by the beast's tail or crushed in the monstrous jaws of the maddened leviathan. All that is gone. The ship's boats surround the whale as he spouts. Little chance is left for it to escape, and a bomb from a gun or the auxiliary harpoon is sufficient to end the battle.

Then comes the process of taking the bone and blubber from the body. The dead whale is brought alongside the vessel. A stage is rigged over the side and just over the floating carcass. Work is commenced at the head. A cut is made through the deep layer of fat, beginning at the nose and running clear back to the tail, if all the blubber is to be taken. Cross incisions are made every four or five feet and strips of fat encircling the whale are marked out. Tackles is fastened to one end of these strips and men on the stage with long chisel-like tools cut the strip of blubber clear of the body as it is being hoisted on board. Every strip taken off rolls the whale around in the water. The head is cut off as soon as the blubber is taken off it to get at the valuable bone. That is the most difficult task. Axes are used and it takes quite a lot of chopping to get through the mountain of flesh. As soon as it is severed it is hoisted on deck. Then the work goes on of taking off the rest of the fat from the body.

Some of the vessels save only the bone, and when the head is chopped off the rest of the body is cast adrift. The whalers that take only the blubber are usually small ones and are not fitted with the necessary apparatus of trying out the oil. After the blubber is stripped from the carcass it is cut up into small pieces, and for several days afterwards the crew is busy trying out the oil and stowing it away in the hold in casks. Smoke and smell are the principal characteristics of the operation, and only an old whaler will go leeward of the great pots when the process is going on.

During the hunt for whales there is very little to break the monotony of the whaler's life. It is the same thing day after day, with an occasional gale and a trip in the ice, but the vessels are now built to stand such weather. A winter in the Arctic has not the terrors it had a few years ago. Quarters for the crew are built on land in some sheltered spot, and before the winter sets in all the vessels rendezvous there. The 'twain decks of the vessels are cleared and stoves set up. Banks are arranged along the middle of the ships, away from the sides, so that the intense cold will not so quickly reach the men through the vessel's timbers, and as soon as the ice forms around the vessels high banks of snow are piled up around them to brake the force of the piercing winds. A roof is built over the ships, and on that snow is piled several feet thick, and it will not drift with the fiercest of gales that sweep across the frozen bosom of the ocean when the long night of winter sets in.—San Francisco Examiner.

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What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring— Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring? Is there a love to learn; is there a truth to be told? Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old? Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day, What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say? Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease Till toll and life and the day are the night and death and peace. —John Hall Ingham, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Money talks; poverty also has a way of telling. Character is what we are in the dark.—Ram's Horn. This is the next year you expected so much of last year.—Acheson Globe. "He—'What do you think is the way to win a woman?' She—'Hers.' —Pack. Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar.—Ram's Horn. No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.—Acheson Globe. "Thou hast cured my heart of aching, dear." "I'm a doctor of divinity." "Quoth he." —Pack.

A Chicago astronomer thinks he has discovered green on the moon. But perhaps it's all in his eye.—Philadelphia Press. Some men would have better views if they didn't grow so much whenever they give them a little money.—Ram's Horn. Clergyman—"Do you take this woman to be your wife?" Politician (absently)—"I authorize the use of my name." —Pack. Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymore—"No; you don't know my wife."—New York Herald.

Clara—"I'm so fond of music! I want to play the piano awfully." Laura—"Well, you do play it awfully." —New York Herald. "What I tell my wife, goes to 'In-deed?'" "Yes; she takes it to her mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere." —Pack. "What do you want to be, Fredie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think 't would be awful nice to be an orphan." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Baneroff seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's wrong?" "Yes; he caught the train without running for it."—Inter-Ocean. These be the days that bring to me A melancholy shock; The frost is on the pumpkin; My overcoat on Philadelphia Record. Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it.—Kato Field's Washington. The importance of doing one thing at a time is illustrated by the fact that no steamship has ever broken the record and her shaft on the same trip.—Philadelphia Ledger.

And now the man of family Shows worry in his locks, For John and Tom and Sue and Bob Must all have new school books. —Kansas City Journal. Grant Allen has written an article on the decline in well-to-do. The title is an absurdity. If she declines there is no well-to-do. And when there is well-to-do she hasn't declined.—Brooklyn Eagle. An Irishman asked a Scotoman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "It has her it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."—Parson's Weekly.

The soul of the impetuous man Is filled with a dose of the blues, For he's trying to figure out how they will look When he blackens his tan-colored shoes. —Brooklyn Eagle. Robbie—"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up." Charlie—"I'm going to be a train-robbin' like Jesse James." Johnnie—"Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake." —Truth.

At the railway ticket office: "How much for my little girl?" "She is free if under four." "But she will occupy a seat all the same." "Makes no difference." "In that case how much discount you give me on my ticket if I leave her at home?" —Fliegende Blaetter. "It must be pretty hard work pounding the pavement with that great rammer," said the idler. "Shure," said Mr. Grogan, "it is not th' droppin' av th' thing on th' stones that is th' har-rud' worrk at all. It is the liftin' av it up." —Indianaopoli Journal. Ethel—"Here is the loveliest house I coast that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit." Clara—"I can tell you how to make him value it above everything." Ethel—"Oh, how!" Clara—"Tell him that you've given it away to some poor man." —Boston Post.

The Earth Man is Made Of. What is man but a miniature earth, with many diguises in the way of manners, possessions, dissemblances, etc? Yet through all—their all the work of his hands and all the thoughts of his mind—how surely the ground quality of him, the fundamental base, whether it be his or that, makes itself felt and is also important.—John Burroughs.