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after the kind of man he was. When breakfast was over Susan Ann was not much nearer the desired goal than before, and she was in a bad humor besides, with an addition in the shape of a disappointment in Joram she had been trying for a long time to stave off. At the end of a week he gave her a letter telling her that he could not remember, Susan Ann. "That I ain't a millionaire, if I was, I wouldn't extravagance in a woman. It's an anyway, and if they git me with money they never stop letting it go." Months after this lecture from Joram she got another when the case drove her to him.

pets in their place, and they'll be here in the morning. Now go on and wash your face and hands; supper's ready." Joram obeyed and went to supper; and it was the meanest supper he ever sat down to. That evening he shivered before the fire of alkali and rubbish and that night he had too little covers, but he could hear the money jingling in his pockets. At breakfast he appeared looking as blue as an aque patient and shaking like two. "Susan Ann," he said, "I'm going to town this morning. You haven't sold the horse and buggy yet, have you?" "No, Joram," she answered, "but there's a man coming to look at it today. We don't need it, and it costs a mint of money to keep a carriage anyhow."

IN A FIRE ENGINE HOUSE.

INGENUOUS DEVICES WHICH SAVE TIME WHEN FLAMES THREATEN. Only a Few Seconds Needed After the Alarm is Sounded—Knowing Horses—The Fireman's Quarters. A VISIT to an engine house is full of interest to every observer, and his interest will be so much the more so as he sees on every side the appliances which enable the firemen to respond instantly to an alarm and begin at once their beneficent labors. Attention is first attracted to the harness suspended from the ceiling and hanging just over where the horses are hitched on each side of the tongue or pole of the engine and hose carriage. This harness is light and simple, yet very strong and supplied with every means for immediately fastening it upon the animal's neck by a series of tugs and twists, but, hinged at the top, it fastens at the throat with a strong spring catch, just as the bracelets, which were so extensively worn by the ladies a few years ago, were clasped around the wrist. The bridle is always worn, and, except when feeding, the bit is kept constantly in the animal's mouth; the traces are never unhooked from the whiffletrees, and there are no breechen straps to be fastened; consequently, the process of harnessing is an extremely simple one. It is only necessary to let the harness fall upon the horse's back, snap the collar together, clasp the lines to the bridle and hook the belly strap. Whenever two parts of harness have to be fastened together the use of the time-delaying buckle is carefully avoided, snap hooks and spring clasps being substituted to effect the saving of even a few seconds. The harness is suspended from the ceiling by ropes and weights, much the same as windows are hung in houses. When the horses are in position beside the pole it is arranged by a clever device that when the driver on his seat lifts the reins, which are loosely on the dashboard, the weights are released and the harness falls directly on the horses' backs. In the rear of the apparatus are the stalls, the front end of which is hung on hinges and fastened to a powerful spring so that when the pin in the loop is released this door is immediately thrown open and the sagacious animal of his own accord runs at once to his place in front of the engine. The striking of the large brass gong, which is a prominent feature in every engine house, accomplishes much more than merely calling the men and horses to their stations. The electric current in its circuit to the gong passes through a magnet which is fastened high up on the wall back of the stalls, and thereby releases a weight to which wires are attached leading to the halter ropes, and to the brass pins, which fasten the stall doors. As soon as this weight drops, the pin is jerked out of the loop on the door, which is immediately thrown open by the pin before described; at the same instant, the halter rope is unclasped and the animal has no difficulty in making his way out of his stall. Then ensues the process of hitching up, after which the men take their positions on the engine and reel. But suppose the four large doors to the house are closed; they must be unlocked and opened. Not, however, by the slow process of unbolting each door and swinging it wide separately. A more instantaneous method is adopted. As the driver on his box seat the harness fall upon the horses by the simple act of lifting the reins, so also he has at hand easy means for throwing open the heavy entrance doors. Just beside his seat, to the right, depending from the ceiling, is a rope, one end of which is fastened to the door and releases the heavy weights hung in the wall, which are attached to them, so that the doors swing apart as if of their own volition. The second floor is the home of the men. The front room is the sleeping apartment, where single iron bedssteads are placed in rows alongside of the side walls, leaving a wide aisle in the centre. Near the front and rear of this room two brass poles project from the engine room below, and a hole is cut in the floor of sufficient size to allow plenty of room for a man to slide down one of them to the first floor, for if any of the men are in the upper room they cannot spare time to run down by the stairs at the sounding of the alarm, but adopt the second-saving method of vertical descent. Ordinarily the opening through the floor around each of the poles is closed by two semi-circular doors bolted to the ceiling of the apparatus room, but the same device which loosens the halter ropes and pulls the pins out of the loops of the stall doors also releases the fastenings of these coverings and they fall open of their own weight. Many of the engine houses are fitted up with a gymnasium, library and reading rooms, the furnishings of which are presented by appreciative citizens as testimonials of their interest in the welfare of the brave men who are ever ready to face danger and even risk their lives to protect persons and property in peril. The rooms as well as everything else around are models of neatness—a good order must and does prevail in an engine house. There is a place for everything, and everything can always be found in its accustomed place.—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. It is estimated that the crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year. Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone. South American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat. Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats. It is said that the flesh on the fore-quarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hind-quarters has a fishy taste. A new garbage crematory has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago. Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails. Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart. Professor Weinek, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 225 hours to his drawing of the lunar crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California. Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath. Collar moulds on apples—often unnoticed—consist of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw. Flammarion, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of "a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas." A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geological periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence. It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Revel and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons. Dr. Fochner, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the past seven years, and of the number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of the cats, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease. A Horse's Sense of Locality. About the year 1856, says the Lewiston Journal, a little colt was born on a farm in Arrostook County, in the State of Maine, a colt that was soon sold away from the place, to come shortly after into the possession of a physician in the town of Houlton, who at the opening of the Civil War went "to the front," taking with him for cavalry service the colt, that had now reached maturity. Through all the vicissitudes of a five years' campaign this horse followed the fortunes of his master, being wrecked on the Red River expedition and suffering various other disasters, to return at the close of the war to the State of Maine, across which he carried his master horseback until the town of Houlton was again reached. On the journey through Arrostook County the road traversed lay past the farm where some ten years before this horse was born. Neither his life between the shafts of a doctor's gig nor five years of war campaigning had caused him to lose his bearings, and when he reached the lane that led up to the old farm house he turned up to the house as confidently as though he had been driven away from it but a half hour before. Disinfecting a Room. A writer in the Medical Magazine who has witnessed the Berlin method of disinfecting a room describes the cleansing of an apartment in which a child had died of diphtheria. "Four men were engaged. After everything that could be subjected to steam without detriment had been removed to the disinfecting station, all the things were removed from the walls, and the men began rubbing these with bread. Ordinary German loaves are used, forty-eight hours old. The loaves are cut into substantial chunks about six inches square, the back of each piece consisting of the crust, thus allowing of a good purchase. The walls are systematically attacked with strokes from above downward, and there can be no question as to its efficacy in cleaning them, nor does the operation take as long as one would imagine. The crumps are swept up and burned. After this the walls are thoroughly sprinkled with a five per cent. carbolic acid solution. The floor is washed with a two per cent. carbolic acid solution, and all the polished woodwork and ornaments as well."

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her paddings, and he found fault with her cake. He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make; she didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew. Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do. His mother had six children, but by night her work was done; His wife seemed dragging always, yet she only had the one. His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too, If only she would manage as his mother used to do. Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best. Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest. So when one day he went the same old sign-marcle all through. She turned and loosed his ears, just as his mother used to do. —Robtch Sunday Herald. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A blanket mortgage furnishes but a poor house-warming.—Puck. Alice—"Beauty is but skin deep." Maud (spitefully)—"Who told you?"—Puck. The man that rifles your pockets should be shot-gunned.—Danville (N. Y.) Breeze. A man may be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks.—Puck. The man next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.—Puck. "The Missing Link"—The one the dog stole in the Bologna sausage factory.—Danville (N. Y.) Breeze. The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material couldn't have been very abundant.—Puck. We all believe in letting well enough alone.—Puck. "Oh, no, it is her own." —Pittsburg. And now the busy one. Will find one duty more. When's the cold he'll have done. —Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mrs. Pincid—"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.—"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs."—Philadelphia Record. Friend—"Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?" Successful Merchant—"No; newspaper advertisements are better, and cheaper."—Printers' Ink. A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrible strain when she asks him to button her shoes with a hairpin.—New York Herald. Tailor—"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two suits." Student—"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?"—Flegende Blaetter. "Does your wife wear a high hat when she goes to the play?" "I should say she does," replied the man who always looks weary. "It cost me \$27."—Washington Star. Figg—"Yes, I allow that her singing is something terrible; but I guess we shall live through it." Fogg—"That is the most terrible thing about it."—Boston Transcript. Trivet—"You know Charlie Dummit, didn't you?" "Dear—" "He went West and was lynched." Trivet—"Is that really so? Well, Dummit always was high strung."—Harlem Life. One little girl in the slums—"Wot yer say she died of?" The other one—"Eating a tuppence ice on the top of 'er padden." The first mentioned—"Lor! wot a jolly death."—Tid-Bite. Tough—"Have you got pull enough in Washington to git a patent fer me?" Patent Lawyer—"What is your invention?" Tough—"It's a pneumatic tire fer parlor clubs."—Good News. McSwatters—"Is Clangborn a finished author?" McSwatters—"Yes, you see, he called or Woolly, of the Howler, and called him a liar; and—well, you know Woolly."—Syracuse Post. Old Friend—"Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages." Jimson—"Have to; if I don't she'll leave, and then my wife will have to do the cooking herself."—New York Weekly. Clerk—"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newcash—"Young man, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mrs. Workaday—"Oh, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workaday (straightening)—"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.—"John, the coal hod is empty."—Boston Courier. "You are charged with having voted five times in one day," said the Judge, sternly. "I am charged, am I?" repeated the prisoner. "That's mighty odd. I expected to be paid for it."—New York Sun. Miss De Fashion (a few years hence)—"You are wanted at the telephone." Mrs. De Fashion—"Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. De Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long."—New York Weekly. "He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be interred right away?" She (coolly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave, father alone just yet." He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time." She (troughly)—"Sir!"—Brooklyn Life.