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The average of human life has increased five per cent. in the past twenty-five years.

About two per cent., or one penny in fifty, which reaches the United States Sub-Treasuries is thrown out as a bad coin, being either damaged or a counterfeit.

Think of the money lying idle in Europe when the Russian loan of \$75,000,000 was subscribed for forty times over, in twelve hours, exclaims the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The farmers of the gas belt in Indiana have organized to protect themselves against bold thieving of live stock and grain. It is estimated that there will be 15,000 members.

Cottage homes, in which to house pauper children and preserve them from the work-house taint, have been provided by the Sheffield (England) Board of Guardians at a cost of \$150,000.

The Queen of Sweden, who has always taken an interest in Swedish hospitals and the nursing of the sick, had the first experiments made in Sweden with the new cure for diphtheria.

Russia is advancing rapidly in military civilization. For an instance, the St. Louis Star-Sayings relates, that the lance shafts of her Cossacks are now fitted to be used as punt poles or as the handles of scythes with which to cut hay on the march.

From returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number of noncommissioned officers and men entitled to the Queen's medal for long and meritorious service, running from twenty to thirty-four years in many cases, is over 30,000.

The New York Advertiser is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciations seems to have grown decidedly tame in these latter years.

The surrender by the Mosquito Indians of their rights under the treaty of Managua leaves Nicaragua in complete sovereignty over the Mosquito reserve, and puts an end to Great Britain's pretensions to the right of protectorate over the reservation. The New York Mail and Express states that no fear remains of British interference with the Nicaragua Canal Company's right of transit across the isthmus.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kibbreth, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Tontonic and Westerland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving passengers unnecessary inconvenience.

An ostrich farmer in Southern California says in the New York Sun that the ostrich farming experiment is not an entire success, although not a complete failure. He was one of the first to engage in the business of raising the big birds for their feathers, and expected to realize a big fortune quickly. He says that, while much money has been derived from the sale of feathers, the birds do not increase as rapidly as was expected. Then, very many are so vicious that it is impossible to remove the feathers without killing them. He still hopes that, as the farmers gain more experience in the management of the ostriches, the business may become as big a success as was at first expected.

A damage suit, in which the jury found for the plaintiff, has been closed in the St. Louis County Court, at Clayton, Mo., which, it is believed, has no precedent in the courts of the United States or England. The case was one, relates the Atlanta Constitution, in which a father claimed and got a verdict for \$5000 for the death of his son, who was killed by a railroad train. It was proved that the boy was standing alongside the track when the train rushed by at a high rate of speed and that he was hurled to the ground and forced under the cars by the current of air made by the swift motion of the train. Deep interest has been manifested in the peculiar and new feature in the case, the outcome of which in the higher courts is likely to open up a new field of action for damage against railroads.

THE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

Dark hemlocks, seventy and seven, High on the hill-side sigh in dream, With plummy heads in heaven; They sliver the anemone.

One broken body of a tree, Stabbed through and slashed by lightning keen, Unsouled and grim to see, Hangs o'er the hushed ravine.

A hundred nests, a hundred more, Crowd close against the sunset fires. Their late adventures o'er, They mingle with the spires.

But one is lying prone, alone, Where gleaming gulls to seaward sweep, White sand of burial blown, In sheets about its sleep.

When lightning's leashed and sea is still, Ye sacrificial mysteries dread, Soopest of shores and hill, Your riddle may be read.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.

BY M. RABINGTON BAYLEY.

SHE was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly.

She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before.

She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament; the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illuminated by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the profligate streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, frolicsome young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy, and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by her cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inculcated so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he snatched into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

"She lifted her eyes from her needle. 'Not to-night.'"

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said. "Not very, thank you," she replied. "Are you?" "I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off. "No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

"Your heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured. Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were imprisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house. Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing. "My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

A Useful Python. Once, while passing through a Dutch farm, writes the author of "Three Years With Lo Bengula," in Africa, I went up to the house to buy some eggs, standing in front of the door was a large barrel, and while passing I carelessly tilted it up to see what was inside, but promptly let it down again, as there was a big python underneath. The Dutchman told me he had shot at the snake some months previously, and a few grains entering the head, the reptile appeared to become stupefied and unable to move quickly. He then dragged it home, and extracted the fangs, and it gradually became tame. The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, never attempting to get away or do any damage; in fact, they found it useful for killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel. The children fed the snake, and played with it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out, and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs, which it swallowed. When they teased the python, it made a hissing noise and reared up on its tail; and would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

Usefulness of Diamonds. Diamond powder and chips, and even the finest dust, are of great value in the mechanical arts. Brazilian diamonds are now put to a novel and interesting use. A thin disk of steel, seven feet in diameter, has spaces at intervals of about one and one-half inches. These spaces are filled with pieces of steel that exactly fit, and into these are set the diamonds fixed in counter-sunk screw-heads. They are so placed that they do not follow one exactly after the other in the cut, but each line takes its own course. This circular saw is used for cutting up blocks of stone, and so efficient is it that in less than two and one-half years it has cut out four hundred and twenty thousand square feet of stone, at a cost of a trifle less than two cents a square foot. In this time it has been necessary to renew twenty of the teeth, the average cost of which has been about two dollars per tooth. —The Ledger.

Rules for Gum Chewing. The visible working of the jaws in chewing gum is not a pleasant sight, and that it exasperates sensitive people beyond measure is not unnatural. A Buffalo coachman lost a good position the other day because he would persist in chewing gum on the box while driving. The worst criticism leveled at certain regiments of the Massachusetts National Guard at a recent inspection was that many privates and some officers chewed gum on parade. The only persons who really ought to be allowed to chew gum are policemen, on night service only, and members of football teams in actual conflict. —Buffalo Commercial.

An Eye to Business. A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected in public thoroughfares for the reception of orange-peel and matches, recalls the story told of a young gentleman of excellent principles walking with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house, the lad kicked away a piece of orange-peel that lay on the pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are you about?" and replaced it exactly opposite his own door. —Argosaut.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Asked Them Well Grown—Onto Jack—Save It Again—An All-Sufficient Reason, Etc., Etc. The Mama—"At what age do you consider children most interesting?" The Bachelor Friend—"Any time after the three." —Judge.

SAVED AGAIN. Teacher—"Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map." John—"Please, ma'am, it ain't polite to point." —Truth.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF IT. "You haven't read Brown's last ode, have you?" "I think I have. It seems to me he last owed me \$18." —Detroit Tribune.

THE BEST TIME. Nodd—"My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him." Todd—"When shall I call?" Nodd—"Anytime during the day." —Life.

RESENTED THE IMITATION. Caller—"Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?" Little Boy—"Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married." —Boston Transcript.

OF PRACTICAL BENEFIT. "What has become of Brown? The last time I saw him he had water on the brain." "He's the head of a reservoir company now." —Judge.

ONTO JACK. Dolly Swift—"The price-mark on Jack's birthday gift is quite plain—\$17.50." Sally Gay—"H'm! I wonder what it really cost?" —Pack.

HIS WIFE COOKED. "Doctor says a little hard work would be just the thing for me now." Mr. Neecock—"Come round and take a few meals with me, old fellow." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HAD REASON. "There goes a man that really and truly loves the game of football." "Is he the Captain of the—" "Great Scott, no! he's a druggist." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON. Fond Parent—"Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?" Bobby (conclusively)—"Because I can't pick 'em out." —Truth.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. Bob's Widow—"Do you dare to sit there and tell me you consider yourself a better man than poor, dear Bob?" Her Brother—"Of course I do, for he's dead." —Judge.

REASON. Johnny—"I don't see how that young chicken can be so comfortable." Hired Man—"Why not?" Johnny—"Why, because it is sitting on its pin-feathers." —Pack.

INCREDIBLE. Mr. Home-man—"Did you read that article about a football player getting shot the other day?" Mrs. Home-man—"No, John; but, goodness me, you don't mean to say the game has come to that?" —Boston News.

SHE COUNTERS. He—"I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother?" She—"By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear." —Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

BASHFUL BACHELOR AND HELPFUL MAID. Bashful Bachelor, nervous and fidgety, trying to remember a speech he had been rehearsing for an hour previously. Helpful Maid, anxious and expectant. B. B.—"My dear, I—I have long wished to tell you that I am full—I mean my heart is full—my palpitating heart—I—I mean your smiles—dearest, would shed—would shed—" H. M.—"Perhaps, dear, we could live in a flat at first, and then we should not need a woodshed." (The all important date was fixed within five minutes.) —Truth.

SHEER FORCE OF HABIT. "Does the razor hurt you?" "No reply." "Is the draught too strong?" "No reply." "Shall I shut the door?" "No reply." "Aren't you late for school?" "No reply." "Shave you pretty close?" "No reply." "Getting very chilly now?" "No reply." "That was a very heavy thunder-storm last night?" "No reply." "Shampoo?" "No reply." "Trim your hair up a little?" "No reply." "Brilliant on the mousetraps?" "No reply." "Joy ride?" "No reply." Then the barber, who was alone in his shop, sat down greatly relieved. He had been shaving himself.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dews are less abundant on islands and on ships in midocean. Darwin declared that insanity is not peculiar to human beings. He asserted that animals often become insane.

The earliest known attempt at an explanation of the rainbow was made by Aristotle. It was along the line of modern scientific investigation. Many physiologists believe that insanity is a return to the habits of the wholly undeveloped man. Professor Freeman writes that at different periods of insanity the action of the unfortunate patient becomes "horribly monkey-like."

Milk should be kept at a distance from every volatile substance, and milk which has stood in sick chambers should never be drunk. The power of milk to disguise the taste of drugs—such as potassium, iodide, opium, salicylate, etc.—is well known.

The depths to which the sun's rays penetrate water has recently been determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 553 feet the darkness was to all intents and purposes the same as that on a clear but moonless night.

The Canadian authorities have decided to test all cattle imported into the Dominion with the Koch tuberculosis lymph. "If any animal is found to be affected with tuberculosis the owner will have the alternative of taking it back to the place whence it came, or having it slaughtered without compensation."

As far as is known swallows' migratory flights are always carried on by day. The fact that, though warblers and other migrants are constantly found dead around lighthouses, having dashed themselves against the windows of the lanterns, swallows have never been known to meet their fate in this way, furnishes strong presumptive evidence of this peculiarity of the swallow tribe.

The habit of feigning death when attacked is widespread among animals, and Angus Glines has found it in the microscopic insect which produces the itch. When he touched an itch insect with the point of a needle it feigned death, remaining perfectly still for some time. This it did repeatedly. The same habit of "posing" has been found to characterize several varieties of snakes.

A medical paper reports cases from Philadelphia hospitals where men who have recovered from electric shocks of upward of a thousand volts "felt no pain whatever." As in the reports of several of these cases it is said that the subjects moaned and writhed before recovering consciousness, it would seem to be more accurate to say that they did not recall their sufferings at the time they made the statement to their physician.

The Last of Her Tribe. The last survivor of the Delaware Indians, who formerly owned all of the lands in this section of New Jersey, died a day or two ago in her humble cottage in Southampton township, N. J., and was buried from the little Methodist chapel at Telfernacker. Her name was Ann Roberts, and she was the widow of John Roberts, a miller, who died a number of years ago. They had several children, some of whom are still living. A picturesque figure she was as she stood erect in front of her cabin with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and the neighbors all had a wholesome respect for her. She was nearly six feet in height, very muscular, and despite her years—she was past ninety—could do a day's chopping in the woods with almost any of the men in the neighborhood. The house she lived in was bought with some pension money she had secured on account of the death of one of her sons in the war. Somehow she managed to pick up a living for herself until her last illness, when the neighbors kindly supplied her wants until the end came, when they gave her a Christian burial.

"Indian Ann," as she was called, was the last survivor of the Edgipillock Indians, a branch of the Delawares. They were assigned to a reservation in Shamong township in 1857, where they remained for a long time prosperous and happy. Then they were removed to their tract of land in Oneida County, New York. Indian Ann's parents accompanied them, but soon became weary and returned to Burlington County, where they lived in a cabin on the Woolman farm, near Mount Holly, until their death, which occurred some time in the fifties. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Wanton Destruction of Game. Our attention has recently been arrested by a recent invention which is a menace to wild water game, and an outrage on the sentiment and practice of all true sportsmen. A recently devised pneumatic boat has for its upper portion simply a circular rubber boat, arranged into water-tight compartments, easily inflated with air. Attached to this on the under side is a pair of rubber wading boots. The operation is very easy. The boatman thrusts his legs into the wading boots, inflates his boot with air, propels himself with his feet; his body being concealed in his boat, which is covered with loose sea weed, he can easily approach and mingle with the unsuspecting water fowl to his profit and their destruction. We do not know when we have heard of a more piratical machine for the extermination of our wild game. Some gunners will undoubtedly use it, but the true sportsman never will. It might be well to make a target of this pirate boat and its vandal occupant whenever it makes its appearance on the water. —Atlanta Constitution.

He Dotes on Dog. The Cleveland papers report the curious case of Mrs. Charles Unlan, of that city, who had her husband arrested for alleged assault and battery. It came out in court that the cause of the domestic unpleasantness was her refusal to cook dog for Charles on the family stove. Her energetic remonstrances against his efforts to convert the children to his own views as to the toothsome-ness of that viand provoked him to violence. Charles promised the justice to keep the peace in the family, and was let go with a caution from the bench. Subsequently he told a reporter that he had been eating dog flesh for seven years past and prefers it to chicken. —Atlanta Constitution.

Profits in the Drug Business. "Speculating in profits in the drug business," said a Broadway druggist, "my luse is for seven years, and has four years yet to run. If I don't retire with \$100,000 clear from this store my flaring powers are very faulty." —New York Sun.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

Old Winter is a sorry soul, Gaunt, haggard, grim and gray; His trumpet blast sweeps from the knoll All that is green and gay. But isn't he a poet still, Of sweet and gentle air, Who feeds a kind and gentle thrill Of sunshine in his hair. When he depicts in dreams wind-tot The flowers of summer's train, In arabesques of sparkling frost Upon the window-pane? —L. K. Mankttick, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tell us not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream. When we've had mince pie and doughnuts, Turkey, oaks and real ice-cream. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

McSwatters—"I hear Hogg, the humorist, has broken his back." McSwitters—"Well, that's a funny snap!" —Sydney Post.

The centre-board of a yacht is most important in a race, but on a pleasure-trip the side-board is most thought of. —New Orleans Picayune.

She—"These horrid photographs don't do me justice at all." He—"My love, it's not justice you stand in need of, it's mercy." —New York Ledger.

A rose by any other name Might be as fragrant still, We'd rather have it in our hands When setting up the bill. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty per cent. of the Chicago women who registered did not vote at the late election. It is evident that Tuesday is bargain-day in Chicago. —Rochester Herald.

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza what is meant by the line 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Clever Scholar—"The people were pulling down the blinds." —Tit-Bits.

Some of these days the tide will turn. Though the river looks long and dim; But while you're waiting you'd better learn To swim, my boy, to swim! —Atlanta Constitution.

Intimate Friend—"Has your husband's love grown cool?" Sarcastical Wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago." —Somerville Journal.

"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?" —Indianapolis Journal.

"Answer by return mail," was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footit received from Mr. Sullenroth. "I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post." —Indianapolis Journal.

In a suburban Boston pulpit last Sunday morning this notice was read: "The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening, and the choir has arranged a special praise service for the occasion." —Philadelphia Ledger.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, But man is mightier than the pen; To get that little typewriter Is ever so much more killing. —Pack.

Traveler (to train-boy)—"Got any funny books—Mark Twain or any of the humorists?" Train-Boy—"No, sir; but I've got a couple of London papers containing comments on the American elections." —Chicago Record.

Minnie—"Did you hear about Molly's fiancée falling off the trolley car and breaking his arm?" Mamie—"Yes, I wonder if he will sue the company for damages?" Minnie—"I guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she goes though." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Father (to son who is just going out in the world)—"And remember one thing—never marry a gal as is richer than yourself. When I married your mother I had five dollars and she had twelve and a half, and she never ceased to throw it up in my face yet." —Judge.

Diamonds Are Hard. After perfect rubies and emeralds, and perhaps after great pearls, comes the diamond in value. This, too, has a range of colors, the most prized being red, blue, green and water white, while brown or gray tinges are not quite so highly esteemed. The Koh-i-Noor, of 102 carats, ranks low in point of size with some of the world's great stones—for instance with the Great Mogul, 279 carats in weight. Diamond is the hardest mineral known, brittle though it be; acids do not affect it, and it is also the only combustible gem. It has high refractive and dispersive powers ("fire"), and some specimens become phosphorescent by the action of light. It usually occurs as an eight-sided crystal. —New York Times.