

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$5.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$10.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$30.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$20.00; Half Column, one year, \$30.00; One Column, one year, \$50.00.

California supplies Boston with cod-fish and haddock.

In spite of the large bounties it enjoys the mercantile marine of France continues to dwindle.

For the area, the cost of street cleaning in New York is nearly double that of any other city in the world.

The New York Advertiser maintains that the frying pan is responsible for at least 5000 ailments that flesh is heir to.

It costs \$40,000,000 a year to govern New York City. The total expenditures of the National Government in 1890 were no larger.

The century is old; only six years remain to it. But this is quite sufficient to work mighty changes in the map of Asia, and perhaps in that of Europe, also.

The arrival of 8,748,000 hogs in Chicago during the past year would seem to indicate to the New York Advertiser that that city is getting the fat of the land.

Since the year 1891 more than 11,000 claims, aggregating \$40,000,000, have been made for land taken from the Indians. The sums paid since 1799 under the act passed that year for what are called depretiation claims will amount to more than one hundred billion dollars.

According to the Real Estate Record, office buildings which cost upward of \$1.50 a cubic foot ten years ago can now be erected for from thirty to forty cents a cubic foot. This great saving, due to the increasing use of steam and mechanical devices, must finally result in a marked reduction of rents.

Football playing is not only esteemed an excellent advertisement for a college, but some preparatory schools are said by the New York Sun to have gone to the length of enlisting good players from rival schools by the offer of free tuition. This means a good deal, since tuition in a fashionable preparatory school costs a pretty sum.

The gypsy moth which is taking possession of New England is an immigrant from France. It reached New England in 1870, and has since multiplied in an alarming way. Its caterpillars are very destructive, and New England would like to have a Federal appropriation of \$200,000 to use in preventing it from interfering with interstate commerce.

Deputy Sheriff Hall, of North Carolina, stood in that State and killed an escaping prisoner who was across the line in Tennessee. According to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina he seems likely to escape punishment, as he was not in Tennessee when he committed the crime, and the crime was not committed in North Carolina.

The interior remarks: As a nation, Japan is a child of the nineteenth century. The progress of Christianity in Japan is one of the marvels of modern church history. The first five years of faithful Christian struggle produced one convert. In 1872 was organized the first Evangelical Church of eleven members. Now there are 865 churches with a membership of 35,535.

A little less than 2000 miles of railroad were built in the United States last year. That is almost the low-water mark in railway building, though the years 1865, 1866 and 1875 made likewise a meagre showing. For five years now the additional annual mileage has shown a steady and rapid decline. In 1890, 5670 miles were built; in 1891, 4282, and in the three ensuing years, respectively, 4178, 2635 and 1919, bringing the record down to January 1, 1895. But all signs now indicate that the bottom has been reached, and that the business will again resume its normal volume and activity. It is of great importance to the prosperity of the country at large that this form of industry be not impeded or prostrated by adverse and ill-considered legislation, as it sometimes has been, and it is to be hoped that all artificial obstacles to its resumption will be speedily removed. There are in the United States 179,072 miles of completed road, 54,300 of which has been laid in the last ten years. Between this and the year 1900, with any luck at all, we ought to reach the 300,000-mile line, and are quite likely to do so. It looks now as if steel rails would soon be turned out at \$15 per ton, a fact which in itself will impart a powerful impetus to railway building and all the industries allied with it.

THE LITTLE VALENTINE.

Though 'tis faded now all yellow With the dust of many years, And its verses float before me In the mists of unshed tears, Yet of all the tender treasures That around my heart entwine, There is none I love so fondly As this little valentine.

A VALENTINE ROMANCE.

BY F. L. HARBOUR.

"I just like to know who in the land of the living ever sent me that thing! I just would like to know!"

Lucinda Dyke sat in her big wooden rocking-chair, with her bonnet and shawl still on, although she was one of the most methodical of spinners and made it a rule to put her gloves, bonnet and shawl away, and neatly and carefully, the moment she entered her house. But on this occasion she had sunk hastily into the rocking-chair with even her gloves on.

She had been to the village post-office, and, to her unspeakable amazement, had received a valentine. She had not even remembered that it was St. Valentine's Day until she had passed one of the village shop-windows, hanging full of valentines, and she had said to herself when she saw them:

"Dear me! I thought that silly and ridiculous custom of sending valentines had not died out. Such nonsense as it is! But I guess only children and fools do it."

Five minutes later, Mr. Moses Moss, the village postmaster, handed Miss Dyke a square, highly embossed white envelope through the little postoffice window.

"I guess somebody's sent you a valentine, Miss 'Cindy,'" he said. "I don't think anybody's been so silly," she replied, a little tartly. She was rarely given to joking, and she always resented jokes having even remote reference to affairs of the heart. She acknowledged herself to be "touchy" on this point, and she felt offended when she knew that it was really a valentine that she held in her hands.

She dropped it quickly into the black-cloth bag she carried, her face flushing crimson with indignation. She was so disconcerted by receiving the valentine that she forgot to ask for the postage stamps and envelopes she had come to the office for, and she marched out very primly and stiffly, giving the door of the post-office a sharp little bang behind her.

She felt quite sure that Moses Moss was watching her through the one little front window of the postoffice, and she held her head very high and swung her black alpaca skirts scornfully as she walked away.

"I wish to the land I'd torn the thing into a thousand pieces right before him," she said, as she turned the corner. "He likely knows who sent it, as he's the postmaster and familiar with everybody's writin'." An' Moses is such an old gossip he'd be sure to tell the person who sent it if he'd seen me tear it up. Wish I had."

"Oh, lonely, lonely is my heart, So lonely, love, for thee, I'm happiest when I'm where thou art, Oh, wilt thou come to me? Oh, wilt thou come to me for eyes, And be forever mine, To gladden all the future years? Say 'Yes!' Say 'Yes!' My valentine."

"Moses!" cried Miss Dyke, as she let the valentine fall into her lap, while her arms fell limply to her sides and she almost gasped for breath. Presently she said slowly, nodding her bonneted head to and fro: "I just wonder—who did—send—me—that—silly—thing? Some mischief-maker, likely. But, no; he'd sent me one of them nasty goons with a picture of an old maid on it with a nose a yard long and a sassy verse printed on it. I never saw that writing before, that I know of."

She took up the envelope and scrutinized the address carefully. "No," she said, "I never saw that writing before. Now, if I knew who sent me that thing, I'd send it right back with a note, telling 'em just what I thought of 'em. I vow I would!"

She put the valentine back into the envelope and gave it a spiteful little toss over to a small stand near her. Then she rose briskly, took off her bonnet and shawl, exchanged her black alpaca for a gray mohair house-dress and a crisp white apron with wide-crested lace on it, and sat down by the little stand with a piece of half-finished sewing in her hands.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sewing. She let it lay where it had fallen for several minutes, while she stitched away in silence, drawing the thread through the cloth with quick, short jerks. Suddenly she stooped and picked up the valentine.

"How did that silly verse go?" she said, as she drew the valentine from its envelope. "Such stuff as it is anyhow!"

She read it again and again, heedless of the fact that the cat was snarling up dreadfully the contents of her workbasket.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said, suddenly. "I'm going back to the postoffice and make Moses Moss tell me whose handwritin' that is on the envelope. He'll know, and he'll tell me, too. Moses always was a good-natured fellow, and he'll tell me if he knows. I've just the faintest suspicion that old Jasper Hoyt may have sent me this. They say he's half cracked to marry again, and his first wife sent him six months in her grave. La! I want it flying back to him with as sassy a letter as ever he got, if I find Jasper Hoyt did send it."

"Or it may be that it came from Silas Lawson. Some think he wants to marry 'cause he's painted and fixed up his place so, and got himself some decent duds. He'll never marry me. It may have come from Judson Sparks, and there ain't no one I'd sooner send it flying back to than him. He worried his first wife into her grave, and he'd never get the chance to worry me there, not if he'd get down on his bended knees and begged me to have him. John Gleason may have sent it for—'till I'll just go and find out of the postmaster who did send it. I'm just curious to know."

But there was something more than mere curiosity in Miss Lucinda's lonely heart as she walked back to the postoffice. Not for the world would she have admitted it even to herself, but there was a feeling of pleasure as well as of curiosity in her breast now. She could not dismiss the doggerel lines of that verse from her mind!

THE WORLD'S SEA POWER.

WITH OUR NEW NAVY WE RANK FIFTH.

Modern Shipbuilding a Recent Art in America—The Strength of European Nations.

THE navy now contains thirty-one modern high-class warships in active service, and fourteen more soon to be put in commission, together with thirteen iron and wooden steam vessels manned and armed, eleven steel, iron and wooden steam tugs, thirteen single turret monitors and twenty-five obsolete steam and sailing vessels used for various purposes. The number of sailors in the United States Navy is about 9000. Of the new warships in service, eighteen are steel armored or protected cruisers, seven are steel gunboats, four are steel coast defense monitors and two are steel torpedo-boats. Of the other new warships well advanced in building or almost completed, five are steel battle ships, three are steel cruisers, three are steel gunboats, two are steel coast defense monitors and one is a steel ram. Three more torpedo boats, authorized at the last session of Congress, are soon to be built, raising the total number of vessels of the new navy in sight to forty-eight. Of the ships now finishing, the three sister coast line battle ships Massachusetts, Indiana and Oregon are nearly ready for commission, as well as the lesser battle ship Texas, the cruisers Maine and Olympia, the monitors Puritan and Monadnock and the ram Katabidin. The greatest of all, the mammoth seagoing battle ship Iowa, the cruiser Brooklyn, and gunboats Nos. 7, 8 and 9, now building at Newport News, Va., will not be completed for a considerable time. The others have been delayed chiefly through lack of prompt deliveries of armor plates.

In point of real effectiveness and practical naval power our new navy stands fifth in the list of Nations—Great Britain being first in rank France second, Russia third and Italy fourth, with Germany and Spain behind us. Our great progress since the beginning of the new navy in 1893 has been achieved not so much in the mere number of our ships as by their greater power and efficiency in speed, excellence of design and construction, quality of armor, penetration of guns and variety of types. The first vessels were begun in 1884. They were the cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, and the gunboat Dolphin, now used as a dispatch boat. At that time modern shipbuilding was an unknown art in America. No modern war ship had ever been constructed in the United States, and no armor plant had ever been established, nor had any great naval guns been fabricated. But plants were rapidly reared, and today we have some of the best shipyards, armor plants and gun factories that can be found anywhere. There is not one of our new war ships that will not compare favorably with the best vessels of her type in other countries during the same period. One fact of which Americans can feel especially proud is that every part of our new ships and all the materials that have gone into them are exclusively of home production and manufacture.

The principal Nations of the world are computed to have 2294 war ships, manned by 237,000 men and mounting 8383 guns of heavy caliber. The average cost of maintenance per man in the American Navy is \$1500, in the British Navy it is \$1021.

Great Britain, the foremost naval power, has in commission and in reserve 34 battle ships, 17 coast defense ships, 106 cruisers, and 118 other ships not torpedo boats, or a total of 275. In addition she is now building and completing for sea service 9 battle ships, 19 cruisers and 22 other ships.

France has in commission and reserve 24 battle ships, 8 coast defense ships, 43 cruisers and 112 other ships not torpedo boats, or a total of 187. Then she has in process of building and completion 8 battle ships, 2 coast defense ships, 19 cruisers and 5 other ships.

Germany has in commission and reserve 14 battle ships, 1 coast defense ship, 31 cruisers, and 21 other ships, besides 7 battle ships, 3 cruisers and one other ship in course of construction.

Russia has 120 war ships, principally small ocean and coast defense ships, including torpedo boats, the total number of effective war ships of all classes owned by the principal naval powers of Europe is stated to be: Great Britain, 725; France, 707; Russia, 389; Italy, 353, and Germany, 227.—New York Recorder.

The Man Who Picks Locks. In the lowest spheres of life the force of inventive faculty may be detected. The burglar himself as a mechanical genius may be a rival of nature. An honest genius of an inventive kind invents a lock; a dishonest kind picks that lock. A man, not a burglar, but a professional lockpicker, picked a subtle lock of a bureau for me because I had lost the key. The science the man showed, the resource, the ingenuity, formed a study, and his efforts were soon crowned with success. I was struck by the skill the man displayed, but still more by the philosophy. "They said the man who invented that they say, sir, a gentleman, and they say he's made a tremendous fortune by it; but they give no credit to them as has learned to pick it, not a bit of it! Not they! And some of them as can pick it they call burglars and gives 'em years of hard labor, though they was just as clever as the lucky one who set the thing a-going."—New York Advertiser.

The First Methodist Church. The 125th anniversary of the Methodist Church in America has recently been celebrated. The first Methodist church in this country was organized in a sail loft at 120 William street, New York. When the congregation had outgrown its quarters the edifice in John street was built. In 1818, when the church was erected, there were 400 members; that denomination in America; now there are more than 5,000,000. Some of the old relics owned by the present congregation are the original pulpit chair, the altar railing of the William street church, the subscription book, which contains the names given by the charter members and entered in their own handwriting, and other interesting articles.—New Orleans Piousune.

Dr. Lockwood's Curious Experiments. A curious series of experiments on the hereditary transmission of mutilations has been made by Dr. C. G. Lockwood. By the in-and-in breeding of white mice for ninety-six generations he obtained a larger and finer animal than the original pair. In order to breed their traits off, he selected a pair, and putting them in a cage by themselves and clipping their tails, he got a breed of tailless mice in the seventh generation. Then, by taking one with a tail and one without a tail, and alternating the sexes in each generation, he finally again got a breed of all-tail mice.—New York Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Garbage is cremated in fifty-five English towns.

Chicago's death rate for the year 1894 was only 15.1 per 1000.

Soap bubbles are round because every part of their surface is equally pressed by the atmosphere.

A colony of madnase has been compared to a collection of muslin sun-bonnets floating right side up in the water.

Over one-half of the sand of every shore is composed of minute shells, each of which was once the home of a living creature.

Timbers have been removed from immense swamps, where horses could not penetrate, by building an elevated trolley through the tree tops.

The Pasteur Institute will hereafter obtain its serum for the treatment of diphtheria from horses condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service.

The action of coffee on the body is mainly due to a certain acid and oily properties contained in the berries, and greatly developed in the roasting process.

The Japanese University has the most delicate series of instruments in the world for measuring earthquake shocks—and plenty of material to use them on.

The giant of all the telescopes of the world, the great Yerkes instrument for the University of Chicago, will soon be scanning the heavens with its immense cyclopean eye.

The scintillation of stars, according to a new theory suggested by S. E. Christian, is largely due to the constant passage between the earth and the stars of small meteoric bodies, which are now believed to be drifting in space in the immense numbers necessary to produce this effect.

"Cancer is contagious," declared Dr. Guelliot, of Rheims, to the congress of French surgeons held recently at Lyons, France. "The transmission may be direct from the body, but it is effected more frequently through wearing apparel or table utensils; in two cases it was through a tobacco pipe."

The ling has been found in the Columbia River, which Professor Eigenmann finds to present no specific differences from those of Lake Michigan. The fish is found in all three of the great water basins of the Atlantic Slope—the Saskatchewan, St. Lawrence and Mississippi—and its distribution is now extended to the Pacific Slope.

It is estimated by Professor Dolbeer that a lump of coal weighing a pound has in it energy enough to lift its weight 1000 miles high. He says that this energy is inherent in matter—that every particle of matter is constantly exerting its force on every other particle, and that if not prevented they will come together no matter how far apart they may be.

Some curious balls of hair, rolled up by the action of the waves, have been collected by M. Forel on the beach of the Gulf of Morges, near some great tanneries. In some places they were numerous enough to form a continuous stratum under the ground, and it is suggested that in time they might form very puzzling fossils for future geologists.

Signs of a Wet Year.

P. Y. Baker, of Traver, made a trip to Panoche grade last week, and on his return told of some weather signs pointed out to him by an old Mexican of that section. The Mexican showed him a number of tarantula nests that were built in an unusual manner.

The tarantula digs or appropriates a hole six or eight inches deep and nearly an inch in diameter. He then makes a cement wall from bottom to top of the hole and about a sixteenth of an inch thick. On the top he fits a lid so nicely that when it is closed the nest is impervious to the elements. His spidership raises and lowers the roof of his mansion by means of a fiber hinge, which he has deftly placed on one side.

The walls are always built up half an inch above the ground, but the peculiarity about them this year is that they are built up four or five inches above the surface of the ground on which they are located.

This is one of the many instances that have been observed in which animals have been prompted by instinct to protect themselves against inclement weather, and it is regarded as an unfolding sign of a very wet season.—Selma (Cal.) Irrigator.

A Famous Town Fair.

Lancaster, Penn., is one of the few American towns with the tradition of an annual local fair. It is a long time since the fair was held, but it flourished once so that it was the event of the year. The principal street of the little city was almost hidden in booths and tables, and every sort of merchandise was sold, from gingerbread to rich silks. Country lads saved their pennies the whole year to have money for the fair, and on fair day every lad bought something pretty for his lass. Lancaster was then in many essentials a German village.—New York Sun.

A Street-Car Pulled by a Thread.

A street-car fitted with ball-bearings was drawn a distance of several hundred feet by men pulling on three strands of ordinary sewing thread in a recent experiment in Canada. A carriage manufacturer put another style of ball-bearings on the axles of a coach ordinarily pulled by four horses. A trained dog was hitched to the pole and he drew the coach around the yard with little effort. The combination of pneumatic tires and ball-bearings would relieve much of the strain now put on horses.—American Agriculturist.

HEART-COIN.

One day I gave my heart's best dollar To one whose tears were flowing, My sympathy in that dark hour Her poor, grief-stricken heart was knowing.

To me she gave a rose, to-day, From out her love and sorrow; 'Tis ever thus along life's way, We lend, or else we borrow.

Did we remember 'love or hate' The list to us will render, Maybe, sometime, before too late, Our words would be more tender! —Margaret May, in New York Observer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man who is crooked usually follows his own bent.

You can usually tell an ass by his lack of horse-sense.—Puck.

Miss Elderly—"I fainted last night." Maude—"Who proposed?"—Life.

A man would be surprised if he were what a woman thinks he is.—Detroit Free Press.

She—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" He—"A bachelor."—Fall Mall Budget.

Elsie—"She says she is twenty-two." Ethel—"Then she must have deducted her time allowance."—Puck.

Let a play house be built Which no others may use Than the girls with big noses, And the men with big noses. —Washington Star.

Ho—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She—"Yes, if you are not too far gone."—London Tid-Bits.

Miss Olds—"Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book." Miss Friend—"As plain as that?"—Puck.

The first setback in many a man's life occurred at school when he was set back among the girls.—Rockland (Mo.) Tribune.

"But what earthly use is it to Ci-cio-que the North Pole? I can't see." "It will save future expeditions."—Harper's Bazar.

"How can there be such a thing as a whole day, you know," mused Freddy, "when it breaks every morning?"—Chicago Tribune.

"You'll please look over this small bill." Exclaimed the dux. The doctor took it and then said, with weary smile, "I'd rather overlook it." —Philadelphia Record.

Pertly—"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wind when it whistles." Dullhead—"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popular airs."—Harper's Bazar.

No matter how good the season is, he will always look wise and pleased if anybody suggests that he was a pretty lively young fellow when he was a boy.—Somerville Journal.

"I thought you told me that Miss Brown had spent a great deal of money on her voice?" "Well, so I did." "But she can't sing." "Well, I didn't say that she could, did I?"—Truth.

Little Rich Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red gloves like me?" Little Poor Girl—"Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red hands, like me?"—South Boston News.

Bronson—"Have the detectives found out anything about that burglary yet?" Johnson—"Yes; they're come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money."—Boston Herald.

There is a woman in Georgia weighing 600 pounds who makes moonshine whiskey. Hasn't a woman who weighs 600 pounds got trouble enough of her own without making it for other people?—Rockland (Mo.) Tribune.

She (at the dinner)—"I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw." He—"Yes, but I notice that she made one break early in the evening." She—"She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease."—New York Herald.

Pambling Ragger—"Will you please give me a dime, sir, to get gumthin' to eat?" Citizen—"What can you get for a dime?" R. R.—"I kin get a plate of hush for a nickel, sir." C.—"What do you want with the other five cents?" R. R.—"That, sir, is for a tip for the waiter."—New York Press.

Sir George—"Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?" John—"Boggin' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on etymology which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."—Household Words.

The neighbor who borrows your wheelbarrow and rake and sprinkling hose and lawn-mower and one thing and another in the summer never comes to borrow your snow shovel in the winter. And when he shovels off his own walk it is touching to note with what exactness he works up to the line where your lots divide, without infringing the smallest fraction of an inch upon the snow that lies on your part of the sidewalk.—Rockland (Mo.) Tribune.

The Toad's Queer Way.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the praiseworthy emotion that it should be supposed to look for in the cold-blooded frog. But the Surinam toad—of which no fewer than ten specimens have just arrived at the Zoo—appear to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which, from mutual pressure, gets to be hexagonal, the young toad, the young frogs are finally hatched, and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.—London News.