

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Two Squares, one inch, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged.

A Chicago University teacher will be known as "Mr." not "Prof."

Our Animal Friends has collected statistics which show that 102 cases of lockjaw resulted in the year 1891 from docking horses' tails.

Among the new postoffices established in Washington State, noted by the Chicago Record, are Pyah, Quit-laguette, Usaladly and Klokikat.

It is said in the New York Recorder that until the year 1895, no colored man ever served on a jury in Maine. W. A. Johnson, of Bangor, is the pioneer.

The Atlanta Journal remarks that while illiteracy decreased greatly in the South from 1880 to 1890, it increased in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Michigan, Montana, Nevada and Wisconsin.

The Sioux Indians propose to raise by popular subscription a fund for the erection of a monument to their Chief, Iron Nation, who died recently on the reservation near Chamberlain, South Dakota. Iron Nation had been a prominent figure in Sioux affairs for sixty years.

Queerer suit at law was never brought than that of H. Magill against the Oage Council. Magill was going through the reservation when the Indians caught and tied him, cut his hair and held a war dance round him. He sues for \$10,000, and the Council offers \$500 to settle.

Scotch banks will at an early date reduce the interest on deposits to one per cent., the lowest ever paid. The managers state that they are compelled to take this course because the English banks are only paying one-half per cent. They also say that they never experienced such difficulty in reinvesting money.

A new language has just been added to the Bible Society's list, bringing up the total number to over 320. This time, as in some other recent instances, the new version is for Africa. It is a translation of the gospel of St. Matthew into Kinkuma, the language of the Batakuma people, whose country lies immediately south of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The New York Mail and Express observes: The Mikado, having conferred the Grand Order of the Imperial Chrysanthemum upon the German Kaiser, the latter has returned the compliment by sending the collar of the Black Eagle to the first gentleman of Japan. As the regalia of these distinguished Orders are only lent to the recipients, it doesn't cost much for monarchs to be civil to each other.

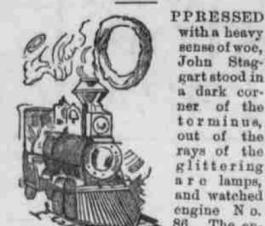
The vaunted protection of the seals in Alaskan water is a myth, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Express. Secretary Carlisle reports that 121,143 were killed by pelagic sealers last year. This statement has caused a suggestion to be made in Congress that the Government undertake the slaughter of the remaining seals, estimated to number 450,000, and sell the skins, which would be valued at \$10,000,000 if properly cured. It is strange that the two greatest Governments in the world cannot protect the seals. Possibly there is some reason not apparent on the surface why this is so.

Dr. Channey M. Dewey in a recent interview in predicting 1895's progress in railroading, very pertinently stated: "Take, for instance, the New York Central Railroad. Our trains might almost be termed flashes of lightning, but their rate is not a circumstance to the speed we are now aiming at. Then there is the matter of safety. I need not assure you that the safety of passengers is the most important thing a railroad man has to do with. This coming year we expect to attain what some people may consider a chimera—namely, perfect freedom from risk in the transportation of human beings by rail. We have, we believe, solved the problem, and that, I should say, will make 1895 an unequalled year in railroading. In the far as in the near future, romantic things are done, or are being projected. A tunnel to the summit of the Jungfrau is one of the things possible. The Trans-Siberian Railway and the South African line to Mashonaland are two projects on the edge of the future—the former already under way—and the poetry of railroading will be experienced in the new rush of railroad building certain to ensue in Japan when the Chinese war indemnity is paid—which will certainly happen in 1895."

THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by! There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by! If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue; Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by! There's no time for idle sorrowing, While the days are going by; Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by! Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise, While the days are going by! All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by! But the needs of good we sow, Both in shade and sun will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by! Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by! —Rosa B. Holt, in Philadelphia American.

OLD EIGHTY-SIX.



PPRESSED with a heavy sense of weariness, John Staggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering arc lamps, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was as cool as a cucumber, as he opened the turntable door and showed in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cabin against the darkness beyond. As the engineer, with his oil can, went carefully around engine No. 86, John Staggart drew his sleeves across his eyes, and a gulp came up in his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine, and he knew every inch of the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines in the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since 86 left the foundry. Staggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had spent on the footboard of old 86, and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the very chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he has thoroughly understood and knows as thoroughly as his daily companion for years. In danger and out of it, No. 86 and John had been in many a close pinch together, and at this moment Staggart seemed to have forgotten that often the pinch was caused by the pure easiness of 86 herself, and he remembered only that she had bravely done her part several times when the situation was exceedingly serious. The cry of "All aboard!" rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminus, and John, with a sigh, turned from his contemplation of the engine and went to take his place on the train. It was a long train, with many sleeping cars at the end of it, for the heavy holiday traffic was on, and people were getting out of town by the hundred. The engineer had put away his oil can and had taken his place on the engine, standing ready to begin the long journey the moment the signal was given. John Staggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats and he sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine. He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then more quickly the red, green and white lights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the train had not yet gone to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the dark, and Staggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at the throttle. He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on his shoulder and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

in many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company and seven on old 86, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it." "Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the President of the road is with us to-night. His private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you're afraid to tackle him I'll put in a word for you in a minute and tell him your side of the story."

John Staggart shook his head. "It wouldn't do," he said. "He wouldn't overrule what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose he thinks by bouncing one of the oldest engineers on the road he'll scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between ourselves," said the conductor. "What do you think he has done to-night? He's put a new man on 86—a man from one of the branch lines, who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it's an anxious time for me, with all the holiday traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John, gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion to balk. I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Staggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed her. "Well," said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead on this train than the smoke. I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Staggart. "I couldn't sleep anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out of the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Staggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—the up-grades and the down-grades and the levels. He knew it even better in the darkest night than in the clearest day. Occasionally the black bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment against the less black sky, and Staggart would say to himself: "Now he should shut off an inch of steam!" or, "Now he should throw her wide open."

Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage car, climbed on the express car and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint, wavering star, the headlight of No. 6. Looking down in the cab he took in the situation at a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. John leaped down to the floor of the cab. "Stand aside," he shouted, and there was such a ring of confident command in his voice that both men instantly obeyed.

Saggart grasped the lever, and, instead of trying to shut off the steam, flung it wide open. No. 86 gave a quiver and a jump forward. "You old fend," muttered John between his clenched teeth. Then he pushed the lever home, and it slid into place as if there never had been any impediment. The steam washed off, but the light of Pointville flashed past them, with the empty side track on the left, and they were now flying along the single line of rails, with the headlight of No. 6, growing brighter and brighter in front of them.

"Reverse her! Reverse her!" cried the other engineer, with a tremor of fear in his voice. "Reverse nothing," said Saggart. "She'll slide ten miles if you do. Jump if you are afraid."

The man from the branch line jumped promptly. "Save yourself," said Saggart to the fireman. "There's bound to be a smash."

"I'll stick by you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled. The airbrake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with the frost and the train was still going very fast. At the right moment John reversed the engine, and the sparks flew from her great drivers like a Catherine wheel.

"No. 6 is backing up," said Saggart. "Next instant the crash came. Two headlights and two cowcatchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood there with horns locked, but with no great damage done except a shaking up for a lot of a panic-stricken passenger."

The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths. "What do you mean, running on our time like this? Hello, is that you, Saggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night. I didn't expect this from you."

"It's all right, Billy. It wasn't the new man's fault. He's back in the ditch with a broken leg, I should say, from the way he jumped. Old 86 is to blame. She got on the rampage—took advantage of the greenhorn."

The conductor came running up. "How is it?" he cried. "It's all right. No. 86 got her nose broke, and served her right, that's all. Tell the passengers there's no danger and get 'em on board. We're going to back up to Pointville. Better send the brakeman to pick up the other engineer. The ground's hard to-night, and he may be hurt."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Revised Version—The Fatalities—A Definition—A Complete Stock—Another Brute, Etc., Etc. They used to sing some time ago a rather plaintive song. "Man wants little here below, Nor wants that little long." But nowadays the song is set with music to the rhyme: "Man wants as much as he can get, And wants it all the time." —Philadelphia Record.

A DEFINITION. "What is kleptomaniac?" "Stealing something you don't need." —Puck.

THE FATALITIES. First Cable Gripman—"Have any lock on your last trip?" Second Cable Gripman—"One dog." —Life.

ANOTHER BRUTE. Wife—"Ever so many women are becoming artists." Husband—"Yes, it is a business in which they can talk while they work." —New York Weekly.

A COMPLETE STOCK. Old Lady (to clerk)—"Have you any gentlemen's gloves?" Clerk (glancing at the old lady's hands)—"Yes, ma'am, but I think we have ladies' gloves large enough for you." —Philadelphia Life.

REFUSED IN ADVANCE. A young lady had given a rapid young man her photograph. He was enamored with it, and made the remark: "Some day, with your permission, I shall plead for the possession of the lovely original." He did not expect this: "Then I shall give you the negative." —Tit-Bits.

WOMAN'S WINDOW. Sister—"If you are so dreadfully in love with her, why don't you propose to her?" Brother—"She gives me no encouragement."

Sister—"Nonsense! Only yesterday I heard her advise you to let your mustache grow, because shaving it so much would make it stiff." —New York Weekly.

A HINT. Teacher—"In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?" Pupil—"I don't know."

Teacher—"It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half their number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply by a hundred. That's eighteen hundred. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add to what you've got. That's 1815. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you only will adopt my system." —Judy.

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT. "Speaking of narrow escapes," observed Mr. Chugwater, reaching for his second cup of coffee, "did I tell you I was on a train the other day that came within three feet of being run into by another train going at full speed?"

"For mercy's sake, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Chugwater. "How did it happen?" "The train that came so near running into ours," he rejoined, buttering a biscuit, "was on the other track, and going the other way."

It was several minutes before Mrs. Chugwater broke loose, but when she did she made up for lost time. —Chicago Tribune.

THE FAULT THAT FAILED. When the tall man slipped down on the ice in front of the drug store, and lay there apparently in a faint, a crowd quickly gathered.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paper pulp doors are new. Girls stammer much less frequently than boys.

St. Louis, Mo., has an ambulance trolley service. Some sailors can distinguish colors at sea but not on land.

A method has been devised by which aluminum may be substituted for platinum for leading wires in incandescent lamps. A new artesian well near Chamberlain, South Dakota, throws a six-inch stream of water thirty-eight inches above its top.

There were two total eclipses of the sun in the year 1712 and two in 1889. This rare phenomenon will not happen again until the year 2057.

Victor Horsley, the eminent English pathologist, says a bullet in the brain stimulates heart action, but stops respiration. One dies for want of breath.

Through the use of anti-toxins in Trieste, the death rate in cases of diphtheria has fallen from fifty to sixteen per cent.; in Bukovina, from eighty-three to sixteen per cent.

As a result of the examination of 4000 eyes, Dr. Miles, of Bridgeport, Conn., found that sixty-five per cent. required glasses. The women and girls far exceed the men and boys.

Sirius, the dog star, the brightest star in the heavens, moves through space at a velocity of thirty-three miles a second. Its distance from the earth exceeds about a million times the distance of the sun.

It has been said that of every barrel of flour which is made into bread, one-seventh is consumed by the yeast plant; it was this curious circumstance, which furnished Pasteur with the key to his discoveries in bacteriology.

The bicycle used on Russian railroads is modelled on the old style ordinary—a high wheel in front with a smaller guiding wheel behind. This runs on one rail of the track, and is steered by a very small wheel on the other.

Sir Robert Ball says that the tendency of modern research is to confirm the theory that other planets of our solar system can support life, but he thinks that no animal we are acquainted with could live under conditions which prevail in the other planets.

People who wonder how cold gets into their houses in spite of all their precautions against it will be interested in learning from an article in Machinery that a candle can be blown out by concentrating the leakage of air which comes through the joints of the bricks in a few feet of ordinary wall exposed to the wind.

It has been known that in many early blooming trees the stamens can be excited to growth by a much lower temperature than will excite the pistil. A few warm winter days will so often advance the stamens in plum flowers that the pollen disappears before the pistil is receptive. Plum crops often partially fail for lack of the necessary fertilization. Practical men have long since discovered that a south aspect is not as good for fruit trees as any of the others, without knowing the real reason.

The Source of Colors. The cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet, purple and magenta. The cattle fish gives sepia. It is the inkly fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked. Indian yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black. The exquisite prussian blue is made from fusing horse hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stock. Lampblack is the soot from certain resinous substances. Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan. The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge. Raw Sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is an earth found near Umbria and burned. Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago. Bister is the soot of wood ashes. Very little real ultra-marine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white zinc, scarlet is iodine of mercury, and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar. —Boston Cultivator.

The Czar's Liberality. It appears that in a list of officers recommended for promotion recently presented to him, mention was made of the age and religion of the nominees. The Emperor struck out the column about religion, saying that there was no concern of his. This spirit of tolerance has been generally credited to him since he was a youth, and is said to be due to no indifference to Greek, but possibly to the influence of Tolstoy's writings, with which we believe His Majesty is familiar, or maybe to the teachings of his English tutor, Mr. Heath, who still retains His Majesty's friendship in the capacity of tutor. —The Young Grand Duke Michael. —London Chronicle.

OVER THE SNOW.

Sweet Millicent put on her furs, No cares how hard the north wind blows— No many hearts would capture hers, She has no lack of anxious lovers. Now jingle, jingle go the bells, Past burned fields, past wood and shore— With joyous hope her bosom swells, And all the world is fair before.

One summer day she chanced to meet Her escort, near the ocean's tide— But now he comes with comrades fleet And asks her to a winter's ride. Jingle, jingle go the bells, As off the happy couple starts— But only Cupid's revel tells The reason there of hands and hearts.

So, let the north winds roughly blow, Nothing shall cool their deep desire— For love can melt the cold and snow, And needs no outward flame or fire. Jingle, jingle go the bells, Until the merry trip is done; The frosty road no secret tells Of two fond hearts that beat as one. —Joel Benton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advertising is the root of all money. A game leg—The quarter of venison. One man in a thousand—The Col. onel. A resolution is easier to pass than to keep. An "invention of the century" is never patented.—Statesman.

Selfishness often shows a very bad social taste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Figg is always setting a trap for his wife." "Jealousy, is it?" "Nope! Jealousy, Inter-Ocean. "History repeats itself," but that is because it is getting old and voluminous.—Puck. Love shows itself by deeds; but it is often cowardly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.—Fad.

Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married.—Athens Globe. "Dr. White is a specialist, is he not? What is his specialty?" "He has two—consultations and fees." —Vogue. A man has been known to stand in a corner all day, wondering at the world's idleness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Diner—"Waiter, why didn't you keep your thumb out of the soup?" The Waiter—"Oh, it isn't hot." —Detroit Free Press. Microbes in the kiss, you say? Right you are, my boy. Little germs of pure bliss, Bechil of joy! —Harper's Bazar.

One of the lessons of life which many people never learn is that it is not necessary to make an ass of oneself merely because one has a magnificent opportunity. "Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady. "Oh, not that bad, mum!" answered Mr. Everett Wreast. "Just merely waitin' fer it." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Hairdresser—"Madam, what color do you wish your hair dyed?" Miss Oldgirl—"Oh! I am not particular; any color so you keep it dark." —Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly. "Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between a vest and a waistcoat?" Mr. Figg—"The vest is the most likely to have a big roll of bills in its pocket." —Indianapolis Journal.

Billy—"That man ahead of us is an inventor out of luck." Fing—"How do you know?" Billy—"Why even the ends of his trousers' legs are infringing." —Philadelphia Inquirer. Embarrassment and shyness frequently differ from each other. When a young man is embarrassed for money, his shyness doesn't stop him from trying to borrow some.—Philadelphia Life.

A young lady singer asked a gentleman which of the two he would prefer, to be blind or deaf. He answered—"Deaf, miss, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing." —Wisconsin Star Journal. "I see," observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper, "they're making another effort to put a tax on bachelors." "Is that the single tax I've heard so much about?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.—Chicago Tribune.

What a contradictory thing is man. When we are a boy and love molasses on our bread we can only have a little of it, but when we grow up and can have all the molasses in the world we do not care for it at all.—Portland (Me.) Tribune. "You ought to know better than to put small colts into your mouth," said the old gentleman to the boy who had just backed his boots. Whereupon three richly apparelled ladies who were hurrying past to catch a street car paused a moment and looked indignantly at the speaker.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis. I saw Mrs. Jefferson Davis the other day, says the New York correspondent of the Chicago Herald. She's a bright, whole-souled old lady with snow white hair drawn smoothly back from her forehead. She dresses in the deepest mourning, knows everything and everybody, is genial, humorous and gets off a bonnet now and then which confuses her hearers. Mrs. Davis and her daughter live in handsome apartments in the Gerard. Miss Winnie is tall, refined, a semi-brunette with great repose of manner, a student of music, a fine conversationalist and very popular in society. She dresses in great taste, a gown she wore at a recent reception, of gold-headed silk, costly white lace and garnished with clusters of violets, being declared one of the most successful costumes seen this winter.