

Office in Benezraugh & Co's Building N. E. WENK. N. E. WENK.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$1.00

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged. A Chicago University teacher will be known as "Mr." not "Prof."

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.

Queerer suit at law was never brought than that of H. Magill against the Oange Council. Magill was going through the reservation when the Indians caught and tied him, cut his hair and held a war dance round him.

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.

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.

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.

Dr. Chaucey 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.

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!

OLD EIGHTY-SIX.

PPRESSED with a heavy sense of weariness, John Staggart stood in a dark corner of the terminal, out of the rays of the glowing lamp, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was a well-to-do man, 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.

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."

"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, and 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 stop at night, and she's a devil if she starts to run without the 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."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all 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 Saggart would say to himself: "Now he should shut off an inch of steam!" or, "Now he should throw her wide open."

The train made few stops, but he knew them by heart. Not much time—86 was making a very likely, though the engine turned his mind to his own fate. No man was of very much use in the world, after all, for the moment he steps down another is ready to stand in his place. The wise men in the city who had listened to his defense knew so well that an engine was merely a combination of iron, steel and brass, and that a given number of pounds of steam would get it over a given number of miles in a given number of hours, and that an engine had her tantrums, and that sometimes she had to be addled, and like any other female, and that even when a man did his best there were occasions when nothing he could do would mollify her, and then there was to be trouble, although John had added, in his desire to be fair, that she was always sorry for it afterward, which remark, to his confusion, had turned the smile into a laugh.

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 fellow," 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 whistled off, but the light of the Pointevis 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."

"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."

111 Days Without Sleep. William Jones, a wealthy farmer, residing north of Anderson, Ind., passed the 111th day without sleep the other evening, one of the most noted cases of insomnia ever recorded. His sleeplessness began on September 23, but really dates back to the 17th of that month, as the only time that he has slept in that period was about half an hour on the morning of the 23d. He has gone without food a part of the time, and, notwithstanding that he has been awake continually, he does not suffer any particular inconvenience, and is able to be up and around his farm. He lays down often and gets rest in this manner. He thinks that the sleeplessness is brought on by the use of tobacco. Three years ago he went ninety days without sleep. He says he does not think sleep will come to him for some months yet, but that it will finally be forced on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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."

THE FATALITIES. First Cable Gripman—"Have any luck on your last trip?" Second Cable Gripman—"O dog dog dog."

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

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."

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."

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."

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

"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."

"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, banging 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. Everybody with advice on hand took it out and proffered it. Then a man ran hastily into the drug store, and as he hurried with a glass in his hand and kneeled down by the fallen stranger.

"What is it?" whispered the stranger, feebly lifting his head. "Water," said the man with the glass. The fallen stranger rose to his feet and stalked indignantly away.

"This is a one-horse town, anyway," he hissed between his set teeth. Between his two sets of teeth, in fact.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

THE OCEAN. On State street's pave a million feet are pacing, restless, to and fro; some haste as messengers of joy, and some on mournful errands go; and in this great and surging throng men tug and jostle as they wend; and a hand is clasped in hand and greetings pass from friend to friend.

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-toxine in Trieste, the death rate in cases of diphtheria has fallen from fifty to sixteen per cent; in Bukovina, from sixty-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 modeled 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 steadied 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 purple lakes. The carmine 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 is zinc, scarlet is iodine of mercury, and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.—Boston Cultivator.

OVER THE SNOW.

Sweet Millett put on her fur, No eases 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 barren 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 combers fleet And asks her to a winter's ride.

Jingle, jingle go the bells, As off the happy couple starts— But only Cupid's record tells The union 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.

Joe Stanton.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advertising is the root of all money. A game leg—The quarter of venison. One man in a thousand—The Colonel.

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," "Is jealousy, is it?" "Nope! Miscegenation."—Egan.

"History repeats itself," but that is because it is getting old and voluminous.—Puck. Love shows itself by deeds; but it is often concealedly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.—Egan.

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? Bright eyes are my bliss, Little curls of pure bliss, Bead 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, mamma," answered Mr. Everett West. "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.