

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month	8 00
One Square, one inch, three months	22 00
One Square, one inch, one year	80 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
One Column, one year	45 00
Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	

Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

The farmlands of this country are estimated to be worth \$13,279,252, - 619.

A prominent Guatemalan official said that though war between Guatemala and Mexico might be delayed for a year, it was sure to come.

The Peoria Herald says it is almost impossible for the average American mind to comprehend how Casimir Perier, with a salary, as President of the French Republic, of \$300,000 a year, could make up his mind to resign.

According to the figures of Chief Engineer Parsons, of the New York City Rapid Transit Commission, the cost of the proposed electric railway under Broadway will be \$36,000,000, exclusive of expenses for right of way, damages to buildings, etc.

The proposition to build a memorial bridge across the Potomac River, connecting Washington City proper with the great Arlington estate and National Cemetery, is again before Congress. It is hoped by the Inventive Age this matter will be given the serious consideration its importance merits. Such a structure is needed, and that it should be a magnificent piece of engineering—a monument to the genius of the present day—goes without argument.

The cigarette youth merits almost any treatment that will squelch his fatal habit, believes The Pathfinder. The latest method, that of denying him admission to the public schools unless he gives up smoking has been employed in a Missouri town. This sort of ostracism may bring pretty effective influence to bear through the parents. But may it not cause some stubborn youngsters to go the other way into deperate paths?

We have in this country many churches with a very large membership, some of them numbering over 2000. But in Europe the churches boast of many more members than this—2000 being a rule but a fair-sized congregation. There is one church in St. Petersburg, Russia, numbering nearly six thousand souls. The largest membership, perhaps, in the world is that of a church in Eltorfield, in Rhenish Prussia, which has over six thousand. The congregation has six pastors and two churches, while a third church is in course of erection. Several members of the famous Krummacher family of preachers have been pastors at that church.

A remarkable trial has just ended at Bucharest, Hungary. Two boys, one six years and the other fourteen, were charged upon their own confession with attempting to drown a child two years old. Their defense was that the long drought had to be terminated, and that the crime for which they were on trial was the only successful method known to accomplish the end. An explanation of this curious defense is that the children of the villages in times of great drought are made to throw the clay figure of a child into the water. The boys threw in the child merely because they had no clay figure. The elder was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the younger returned to his mother for chastisement.

In his speech in the United States Senate, at the acceptance of the Webster statue, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, spoke of the fashionable garb worn by "Black Dan" when he dined with him in Washington in 1852. "Mr. Webster," said the Senator, "appeared in his blue coat with gilt buttons, light buff vest, low shoes and white silk half-boots, and led the conversation most happily, whether grave or gay." This was the custom of the great American statesman a little more than forty years ago, a period which can be recalled by hundreds of thousands of our living citizens. What would be thought of any man, even a Webster, who should appear thus dressed in our time? Would he not be an object of ridicule? asks the San Francisco Argonaut. The clothes of the American people have been getting plainer and duller right straight along for over a hundred years. Look at the costumes of Washington, Adams and the other great men after peace had been won through the Revolution. Look at the rich and gay dress which was worn by men who could afford it when our own immediate sires trod the land. Then look at the black and white dress of fashion in the banquet hall in this unpicturesque and blistering age. It is lovely woman alone who dares to make a display of colors, frills, flowers, fringes, spangles, jewelry and ornaments at this dismal time.

THE UNSEEN.

When eyes are bright with hope, the skies are blue,
The seas are mother-o'-pearl, the world is fair;
Sunshine falls sweet on drops of diamond dew,
And fancies dwell in flower bells everywhere.
When eyes are dim with tears, the skies are gray,
The seas are foaming floods, the world is cold;
Sad mists creep down and shadow all the way,
And every face we meet seems strangely old,
But when the eyes are closed to outward sights
In sleep's deep dreamland, glories meet their gaze,
Visions of hope-filled noons and love-filled nights,
Of light eye radiant, made of rainbow rays.
Then, when they look within, the realms of thought
Lie all untroubled—what has been, what shall be,
Mountains and plains into right focus brought,
"The Unseen," say you? Nay! what we best see!
The inward sight is true, and clear and dim;
Age dims it not; no blindness comes with years.
For time is short, eternity is long,
And souls are made for aeons, not for years.
—Chamber's Journal.

AN OLD DICTIONARY.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAY.

"ES, I know," said Aunt Nabby, in a voice about as cheerful as the croak of a consumptive raven. "The family is all broke up, and everything is scattered. And the furniture was sold at auction. Such a thing never would have happened if I'd been at home!"

"I dare say not," said Mr. Wellwood, tapping the feathery tip of his cigar against the Japanese ash-receiver, and thinking secretly what a fortunate thing it was for the amicable settlement of the Wellwood estate that Aunt Nabby—"Abigail Maria" her name was written in the family record—had not been at home.

For she was a veritable thorn in the side of her relations—this querulous, ill-tempered, domineering old lady. "Not that I care for the old chairs, and tables, and bed-quilts," went on Aunt Nabby, knitting energetically away at the silk mitten which never seemed to grow any larger. "Samuel's wife was a dreadful poor housekeeper, and things was 'most used up, anyhow. But there's one thing I'm determined to have!"

"What is that?" said Mr. Wellwood, more in compliment to Aunt Nabby's sudden stop than out of any active curiosity on the subject.

"The old dictionary," said Aunt Nabby. "What! that old thing?" said Mr. Wellwood.

"Why, it's the edition of 1840, and all battered to pieces—'one cover gone, and half the leaves out!" "No matter," said Aunt Nabby, rescuing her ball of silk from the paws of the irreverent kitten; "I want it. And I mean to have it. And I want you to help me get hold of it, Matthew." "I don't think it will be possible for you to find it," said Mr. Wellwood, thoughtfully.

"It was in that old dictionary!" cried Mrs. Wellwood, dropping her knitting needle. "And Aunt Nabby knows it!" Mr. Wellwood nodded his head, and smoked harder than ever as he stared into the fire, as if seeking from the red embers counsel and advice.

"Where is that dictionary," said he. "Goodness only knows!" despairingly sighed Mrs. Wellwood.

"Try and think!" eagerly urged her husband. "Perhaps Mrs. Grubb would know," said Mrs. Wellwood. "She packed all the things that were left, and looked up the house."

"Write to her," said Mr. Wellwood, eagerly. "Oh, no—that would only be needlessly arousing suspicion! Go there yourself, Sarah. Ask her to come here and make a visit."

"What! Mrs. Grubb!" "Yes, Mrs. Grubb." "But, Matthew, she is such a dreadful old bore!" pleaded Mrs. Wellwood. "Never mind that," said Wellwood, impatiently, flinging his cigar stump into the red-hot coals. "Only think of the fortune that may possibly reward our efforts! Sarah, we must get hold of that dictionary."

So Mrs. Wellwood went to Mrs. Grubb, and courteously inquired that lady to make her a visit. Mrs. Grubb accepted promptly. She had always wanted to visit the city, and here at last was a golden opportunity. She brought her little nephew and her two tall girls with her.

"I know you didn't specially invite 'em, Sarah Ann," said she, "but the dears will so enjoy the museums and the park and the Brooklyn Bridge, and all that sort of thing; and they won't be no more trouble than three kittens. There never were such good children!"

The three young Grubbs were something worse than a pestilence. Mrs. Grubb was nearly as bad. And at the end of a week, Mrs. Wellwood felt herself fully qualified to enter a lunatic asylum.

But on the last day, while George was smearing himself with bread and butter and honey in the kitchen, and the two Misses Grubb were pounding desperately away on the piano, in imitation of the hand-organ man outside, Mrs. Wellwood ventured to put the fateful question which had so long trembled on her lips.

"The old dictionary!" said Mrs. Grubb, who was not over particular regarding her pronunciation. "La, ma! What would any one want of that trash?" "Well, nothing much," hesitated Mrs. Wellwood. "But Mr. Wellwood is rather a bibliophile."

"A which?" said Mrs. Grubb, with one hand back of her ear. "A collector of old books," explained her hostess.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Grubb, scratching her head with a knitting needle. "If I was going to have books at all, I'd far and away rather have new ones."

"Tastes differ," said Mrs. Wellwood, with a pang, as one of the piano chords snapped resoundingly and Master George's voice was heard below in loud altercation with the cook. "But where's the old dictionary?" "Lesbia Field has got it," said Mrs. Grubb. "Mrs. Walker's grandniece—don't you know?—Leopold Field's girl. She's a factory hand, up to Poke Hollow—a dreadful likely girl! Soon to be married to Zeke Hamersley."

"Are you sure of it?" said Mrs. Wellwood. "About a widdin'! Oh, yes! Zeke's folks, they set a deal of store by Lesbia."

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Wellwood, "about the dictionary." "Sartin sure," said Mrs. Grubb. "I see Lesbia pick it off the floor herself, when I was a-packin' the woolen blankets that Mrs. Seeder bought at auction. Says she, 'I ain't goin' to hev the ditionery that Aunt Hanner thought such a deal of sold for old paper,' says she. 'I'll keep it myself, jus' to put me in mind of Aunt Hanner and Uncle Samuel.' And she wrapped it in a bit of old calico—I remember the very palm-leaf pattern on it—and took it away, under her arm. What is it, George, darling? The hired girl won't give you no more honey? Never mind! Mrs. Wellwood'll give you some damson preserves, I know."

As soon as Mrs. Grubb departed—a period of time which Mrs. Wellwood began to fear would never arrive—she packed a little traveling satchel to go to "Poke Hollow" and see Lesbia Field, a relation with whom she had hitherto very little acquaintance.

Lesbia was at home—a blooming lass, with cheeks as pink as roses, and sparkling black eyes—and she was evidently much puzzled to account for this unexpected notice on the part of her city relation.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Storm warnings were first given early in the last century. A Washington doctor is now advertising to cure falling memories.

It is said that men working in lively stables are exempt from cholera. Aromatic trees and shrubs of many varieties are said to destroy malaria.

Sulphur baths for horses are being arranged at a cost of \$10,000 in Baden, Austria.

It is estimated that the atmosphere of Mars is one quarter as extensive as that of the earth. A scientist has calculated that a single pair of rabbits, if all the young were kept alive, would in four years multiply into 1,274,810 rabbits.

A man in Bremen has invented a kind of "oil bomb" for calming the waves, which can be fired a short distance. There are small holes in them, allowing the oil to run out in about an hour.

The earth's attraction-of-gravity—is stronger in oceanic islands than in the interior of continents, a result, it is supposed, of the great cooling of the crust under the seas, the average density being thus made greater than on land, notwithstanding the lightness of the water.

A Connecticut physician who has examined 4000 pairs of eyes reports that sixty-five per cent. of them required glasses. That, however, is more a matter of opinion than of science. Thousands of young people are now wearing glasses who might have done better without them.

Compressed air is used in Paris for all purposes, from running clocks to operating dynamos for electric lights. The central station furnishes air at a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. It is sent around the city under the streets in pipes, and is sold to customers by meter, just as gas is.

Some time ago the city of Lawrence, Mass., discovered that its death rate from typhoid fever was higher than that of any other town in New England. After an investigation of the cause the water supply of the place was filtered through sand, and the mortality from the disease has fallen from forty-three to eight in six months.

Coffee has been found by a German investigator to possess marked germicidal properties. Pure coffee of the ordinary strength in which it is utilized as a beverage killed cholera bacilli in twenty-four hours and typhus bacilli in twenty-four hours. The anti-bacterial substances seem to be developed in the coffee bean by the roasting process.

THE "SWEATING SYSTEM."

MANUFACTURING READY-MADE CLOTHING IN TENEMENTS.

The Garments Worn by the Majority of Americans Made Under Conditions Revolting to Humanity.

The "sweating system" is practically the process by which ready-made clothing is manufactured in tenement houses.

The materials are cut and "bunched" for each garment by the manufacturer. They are then distributed in large lots to special jobbers, known as "contractors," each a specialist in his line. For example, one makes coats, another cloaks, another pantaloons, while some make special grades or sizes. With this distribution the wholesaler washes his hands of the business, his ignorance of how and where his goods are actually made up being as ideal as that of the contractor.

Not far from one-half of the goods thus distributed are made up in the contractors' factories. As to the other half, the contractor sublets the work to a "sweater," whose shop is generally one of the two larger rooms of a tenement flat, accommodating from six to fifteen or twenty "sweating" employes—men, women and children.

In the other large room of the flat are his living, sleeping and cooking arrangements, overlooking into the workroom. Employes whom he boards, who eat at their work and who sleep on the goods, frequently complete the intimate connection of home and shop. One fourth of our ready-made and somewhat of our custom-made clothing are thus put together.

The people engaged are those whose families are most profligate, whose sense of cleanliness is least developed, who comprehend no distinction between living and work rooms, whose premises are dirty to the point of filth, and who are found in the most densely populated portions of the city.

But this is not the worst. Single families, inhabiting one or more rooms, generally having a family as subtenants, or a number of lodgers or boarders, subcontract work from the tenement "sweaters." Thus by tenement "home-workers" are made another one-fourth of our ready-made clothing and a much larger proportion of our children's clothing. The homes of these home-workers include many of the most wretched in which human beings exist among us.

The conditions of equal and filthy frequent such as to make even inspection impossible, except by one hardened to the work, while the quarters in which this work is centered are those into which tend the most helpless of our population.

As to wages in this "tenement home-work" there is nothing which can properly be so called. The work is secured by underbidding of tenement sweat shops, and is generally piece-work, one process of which may be attended to by the head of the family, and the rest by its other members according to their capacity. Those engaged are so generally compelled to accept rather than to choose their work that it is taken without reference to the possibility of gaining a livelihood therefrom, the miserable workers earning what they can, begging to supplement it, and dying or being supported as paupers when they fail.

PAIN AND SHINE.

Can't have sunshine all the time—Got to come a rain:
The dry land—it gifts thirsty,
An' the mountain an' the plain,
They cry out for a drop to drink,
An' all the wilts' flowers
Is glad to see the rain fall free,
An' freshen with the showers.

Can't have sunshine all the time
Glad for rain to fall;
Fills the wells an' makes the dells
Look fresh an' sparkin'—all.
The raindrop makes the roses grow,
An' if the rivers rise,
They water all the land, an' go
Just singin' 'neath the skies!

Can't have sunshine all the time
I like a rainy day;
For that's the time for readin' books
Or makin' dillies play.
To home, or to the grocery store,
I'm happy when it rains.
For they need it on the mountains,
An' it's welcome on the plains!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hot and heavy—A cannon ball.—Boston Courier.
Sooner or later pride is sure to slip on dynamite.—Rau's Horn.
The mistakes of the past are the signboards of the future.—Pack.

"Our engagement is quite a secret, you know." "So everybody tells me." —Fall Mail Budget.
Content is the feeling we experience the first week after our salary has been increased.—Pack.
Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.—Dallas News.

Japan has found in China what might be termed a lousy pudding.—New York Mail and Express.
My friend's conceit usually consists in his inability to recognize the higher order of intelligence.—Pack.
Misfortune seldom gathers friends; and when it does they all stand around and say, "I told you so!"—Pack.

Do not keep a good movement on hand when it should be put on foot without delay.—Galveston News.
Would you keep a woman's love
When you earn it,
Here's a way I'll tell you of—
Don't return it!

Scientists believe it impossible for a man to have a double. If this is so how can a man be beside himself?—Life.
A girl is a good deal like a problem in mathematics—You don't always understand her when you get her.—Pack.

He who wrote, "All the world loves a lover," failed to note an exception and:
"The that the lover is but seldom loved
By his dear loved one's dad."
—Buffalo Courier.
New Boarder.—"What's the row upstairs?" "Laudably—'It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening." —The Bits.

A barber is the easiest person in the world at meeting people. Go into his shop almost any time and you will find him scraping an acquaintance.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.
Benevolent Old Man.—"Here's a quarter. So you were sent to Yale when quite young?" "Ragson Ditters." "Did I say that? I meant jail; I can't pronounce do 'j'!"—Philadelphia Record.

Old Mr. Goodfellow—"Little boy, can you tell me the way to the ferry?" "Gomin—'Yassin; jus' follow the street along where you hear the teamsters usin' the wust language."—Harper's Bazar.

There were 190 lynchings in this country last year, but they didn't get around to the man who beats time to the music by tapping on the rounds of your chair with his foot.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.
First Footballer.—"Did Halfback go around and wallow that editor who wrote about 'The Brutality of Football'?" "Second Footballer."—"No." "Why not?" "Halfback is in the hospital."—Good News.

Bobby—"Our dog's name is Cicerio, but since my brother has been to college he calls it Kickero." Johnny—"I s'pose that's the way they pronounce it at college. They're all crazy on football."—Good News.
"Yes, young ladies," said the professor, "Pallas Athena, the Grecian goddess of wisdom, was unmarried." And from that day the goose wandered who those girls would not study. It was a bad break.—New York Recorder.

A German scientist says that 5000 years hence there will be one man to every 220 women. This is a less gloomy outlook than if there were to be 220 women after every man—a condition that already exists at the summer resorts.—Norrictown Herald.

As the train drew up at a country station on the Southeastern Railway a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform and inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it's 'Caterham,'" replied the guard.—Wander.

Aged Tortoises.

Tortoises live to a great age. In the library at Lambeth Palace there is the shell of one of these animals which was brought to that place in the year 1635 by Archbishop Laud, and lived till the year 1753 when it was killed by the cold weather, a laborer in the garden having dug it up from its winter retreat and neglected to replace it. Another was placed in the Bishop of London's garden at Fulham in 1625. This died a natural death in 1754. The ages of the tortoises when first placed in these gardens were not known.—New York Observer.