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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and legal advertisements.

Pauperism is on the wane in Ireland, but is increasing alarmingly in England.

There were 1600 patents issued by the United States Patent Office for electrical inventions during the year 1894.

The detailed report of the Health Department shows that Brooklyn is healthier than any other of the world's great cities.

The trolleying process goes on, notes the New York Recorder. New York Central is to run its excursion business between Buffalo and Niagara Falls by trolley.

John Schultz, of Lantenburg, West Prussia, has invented a new kind of paper, but the authorities will not allow its manufacture because what- ever is written on it may be washed off easily.

The French idea that France is a good country to live in is illustrated by the fact that the French immigrants to this country in the last fiscal year numbered only 3622 persons—2112 men and 1550 women.

"The advantages of kissing," says Dr. A. E. Bridges in the British Medical Journal, "outweigh its infinitesimal risk; for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." Even the strongest advocate of kissing will admit, opines the New York Tribune, that this is a somewhat gross and unpleasant view of osculation.

There is still money in real estate in New York City, as is shown by a transaction of two young brokers, Flake and Dowling. Last December they bought the old building on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets for \$934,000. They sold out the property recently to a syndicate for \$1,150,000; a profit of \$300,000 in three months is not so bad.

Secretary Morton declares that the plow has been improved than any other agricultural implement, and that it packs down the furrows it turns over, making them impervious to rainfall. He regards this matter of such importance that he has Chancellor Canfield, of the Nebraska State University, to ask the 1000 students of that institution to try to invent a new plow.

About ten years ago Rushton was a little village in Northamptonshire, England. Large shoe factories were established there and the place rapidly grew until now it has 10,000 inhabitants. The introduction of American shoes at prices which English manufacturers cannot meet has given Rushton a severe set-back, and the Chicago Times-Herald predicts that it is likely to go down as rapidly as it sprang up.

A well-known European engineer who has been exploring the Panama Isthmus for many years reports that he has discovered a route along the Toto, Javiera and Tuira Rivers by which the two oceans can be connected by a ship canal at a total cost of not more than \$18,000,000. The most important work on the route would be a tunnel under the Cordillera two miles long, which could be built for \$11,000,000. Only two tidal locks, one on each side of the mountain, would be required.

The London Spectator praises Lord Rosebery for granting a pension of a hundred pounds a year to William Watson, and thinks he might also have conferred the laureateship on him without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering. It regards Swinburne as Watson's only rival, and thinks that not even the richness and melody of Swinburne's early plays could outweigh "the lofty and singularly crystal beauty of Mr. Watson's elegiac and the delicate humor of his more familiar verse."

The recent vote in the British House of Commons on the navy estimates was more than ordinarily significant and impressive, declares the New York Tribune. The estimates, as is well known, are unprecedentedly large. They provide for an increase of naval strength so vast as to startle even those who are most familiar with the "blatant armaments" of Europe. They commit Great Britain definitely and emphatically to the construction and maintenance of a fleet larger and more powerful than the combined fleets of any other two Powers, if not, indeed, of all the European Powers. They are such as would a few years ago have aroused against them the opposition of a formidable party in both House and Nation. Yet on this occasion not one man of serious importance raised his voice against them, and they went through the House with only thirty-two dissenting votes.

ADVICE IS CHEAP.

"Get up, young man," the poet wrote, "And breathe the air so sweet; Put on your light spring overcoat And walk before the east; With lambskins in the early morn, Go sport upon the green; Next day the post all forlorn Across at ten fifteen."

It is an easy job to give advice—we all can teach— But such an awkward thing to live And practice what we preach! Of kindly precept none have looked So far as I have seen; But words by good example backed Are few and far between.

The country stands in need of those, Who do as Enoch did, And while their weary jaws repose Walk right side up amid The mal, discarding emerging throng That trods the pavement blocks— Such men do more to crush out wrong Than one who simply talks.

We have too much of vocal notes, Too great a waste of breath, This life is robbed of half its joys And talked almost to death; If more would bravely do and dare The land of heavenly bliss Would have a few recruits to spare From those who die in this. —Nebraska State Journal.

LOVE AND HONOR.

ARTHUR EDWARDS, ERIC GRAYSON, JR. AND EMOND. Scene: Miss Grayson's drawing room.

ARTHUR (summing up)—And so you must help me, my dear girl. I know you would say it doesn't make no difference between us, I expected that.

Edith (looking down, and playing with her engagement ring)—It's rather hard, after not seeing you for two years, Arthur.

Arthur—It's rather hard on me, being away for two years and looking forward to coming home and everything, and then to come home to this.

Edith—Understand that your father did forge the check, and laid the blame on old Emmond, and now his son has got the letter your father wrote him on his deathbed and proposed to clear his father's memory.

Arthur—Yes, I know. That's why for you to get him to give up this idea of clearing his father's name. The man died twenty years ago, and I do wish, for my poor mother's sake, and the girls', of course, that my father had let sleeping dogs lie, and not written that incriminating letter.

Edith—Yes, I know. That's why for you to get him to give up this idea of clearing his father's name. The man died twenty years ago, and I do wish, for my poor mother's sake, and the girls', of course, that my father had let sleeping dogs lie, and not written that incriminating letter.

Richard—I am serious for the nine long mouths of the school year. But now, when each lamb has gone to its own fold, the shepherd wreaths his crook with garlands.

Edith—And his conversation with flowers of speech. Have you had a good time with the boys this term?

Richard—The lambing season has been excellent. Two of them, almost mutton, as one might say, passed for Sandhurst. The Oxford Local has showed its cultured bay's thick upon us.

Edith—You know that I am going to marry Arthur Edwards? Richard—I have heard that you are engaged.

Edith—He is very unhappy. Richard—Indeed. Edith—Your father— Richard—Oh, that old story! His father forged a check and let my father be blamed for it.

Richard—I am glad you have not asked me; though, on reflection, I don't know why I should be.

Edith—There is nothing more to be said. It can't be helped. You are perfectly right.

Richard—My dear lady, there are some things which are dearer to a man than his honor. My father loved the woman George Edwards married.

Edith—But your father's wasted life! The blight upon you? Your own lonely life? I must not take the letter. You know it and all the other proofs and clear yourself and your poor, poor father.

Richard—And I believe me, an opportunity as falls to the lot of few men. I have been able to tell you what you are to me in the presence of the coward who sets a woman to fight his battles and skulks behind a screen to wait for the fruits of victory.

Edith—Take your letters and go. They are all you will ever have from me. For the rest of my life I shall think more of him than of anything else in the world.

Edith—Oh! but Edith, come. Edith (stamping)—Go, I say. Here, take your ring.

Edith—I shall marry Richard Emmond, if he will stoop so far, but it will be a poor match for him, for he is a prince. (She goes out.)

Edith—Suppose now he will start a school of his own with her money. He always did have the greatest luck. —New York Press.

Hunting the Seal. The Eskimo in his "kaiak" is indeed great, for he faces the roughest seas, dodges the heavy waves, and some of the more expert "kaiak" men receive a heavy roller by capsize and receiving the blow on the bottom.

Richard—Of course not; I beg your pardon. And what is it you want me to do?

Edith (rising and walking about the room)—Oh, it's impossible. I see now that it's quite impossible. Mr. Emmond, you don't know how contemptible I feel. I was going to ask you—yes, I really meant to ask you to destroy that letter and to save Mrs. Edwards and the girls—oh, yes, and him, too, from this disgrace.

Richard—You wished to ask me, in fact, to leave this slur on my dear father's name for the sake of these other people who are nothing to me?

Edith—Yes, I did. I am sorry! I did not ask you, though. I don't ask you.

Richard—I am glad you have not asked me; though, on reflection, I don't know why I should be.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

With Three Men on Bases—A Misunderstanding—Got the "Throw Down"—A Matter of Fact, Etc.

Jack—"I proposed to May last night." Tom—"How did you come out?" Jack—"Head first."—Town Topics.

Barber—"Shall I go over the chin once more, sir?" Customer—"No; I'd heard it all before you told me."—Harper's Weekly.

"I understand that your picture received the highest consideration at the exhibition." "Yes," replied the mournful artist, "it was skid."—Washington Star.

Customer (with a handful of worn currency)—"These greenbacks are tough." Cashier—I beg your pardon, they are legal tender."—Detroit Free Press.

Joseph—"If I should die, would you get another feller, Mary Jane?" Mary Jane—"There hasn't no other feller around here, Joseph; or I wouldn't wait for you to die."—Puck.

Mamma—"O Jack, the baby has swallowed the contents of this ink bottle. What shall I do?" Uncle Jack—"Why make him eat two or three sheets of blotting paper."—Truth.

School Visitor—"Now then, boy number one, who wrote 'Maebeth'?" Boy Number One (trembling violently)—"Please, sir, I didn't." School Visitor—"I know you didn't; but who did?"

Boy Number One (with a spasm of virtue)—"Please, sir, I don't waster be a telltale, but it wuz Bob Buster, over in de corner seat. I seen him a-doin' of it."—Judge.

Mr. Grumps—"Good morning. Do you take pictures by the instantaneous process?"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Argon is still the bone of contention in British scientific circles. The average amount of sickness in human life is ten days per annum.

An electric plow has been invented in Germany and is said to work successfully. The use of telephone bells is about to be discontinued.

A scientist has recently declared that the average speed of the transmission of the shock of an earthquake is 16,000 feet per second.

The hydrophone is a simple electric device which announces to a port or fleet the approach of a torpedo boat, even if the latter is totally submerged and, therefore, invisible.

Electric heat has been applied with success to the thawing out of frozen water pipes in England. A wire is run into the pipe until it meets the obstruction, and then the current is turned on.

A prominent electrician says that the light of the sun is the result of electrical vibrations in the 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from that great luminary.

There is this difference between coal gas and water gas, respectively so called: While the former asphyxiates, the latter poisons. Choking to death by gas inhalation is a slow process, while the toxic influence of water gas comes the increased danger.

At intervals some one discovers some remarkable new property about the figure 9, but other numbers are not usually supposed to have any of these cranky, not to say mysterious qualities about them.

The first six products, you will observe, are composed not only of the same figures, but of the same figures in the same order, though beginning with a different figure each time.

It is now a fashion in the college district to use solar shingles at church socials, musical and literary entertainments, where the programme concludes with refreshments.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"Long lane without a turnin', So, keep the end in sight; Far off the lights are burnin' Like beacons in the night."

An' when the storm is over, The rainbow'll span the sky, An' we'll anchor, we'll anchor, 'We'll anchor by an' by!"

Down on the Rio Grande a horse thief stole a runaway mule that nobody else could catch.—Texas Siftings.

The second baby may weigh three pounds more than the first, without causing half as much excitement.—Puck.

Some men, when they are dressed up, act as if they had been caught stealing chickens.—West Union (Iowa) Gazette.

Literary fame consists in having a great many people know that you have written something which they have not read.—Puck.

When the weather forecaster predicts a cold wave that doesn't come it may be referred to as a signal failure.—Philadelphia Record.

Van Clove—"Who is going to be the best man at your wedding with Teddy Thoughtless?" Miss Vanderhook—"I am."—Town Topics.

Many people who profess to believe in the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, also believe that the greatest number is No. 1.—Puck.

Mary had a little hen; 'Twas feminine and queer; It laid like smoke when eggs were cheap And quit when eggs got dear.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There are educated pigs, but there are none who do not like mud.—Ram's Horn.

In the great race of life everybody wants to hold the watch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No man is ignorant who knows enough to conceal what he doesn't know.—Puck.

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