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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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England has 200 men each worth over \$5,000,000.

Two thousand patents have been taken out in this country on the manufacture of paper alone.

Greater New York, with 317 square miles of territory, would be three times as big as London an twelve times the area of Paris.

In the past seven years the German production of beet sugar has doubled, while the home consumption has only increased one-third during the same period.

A few years ago the Chinese cabinet advised the conquest of Japan to stop the spread of western civilization. It seems the plan was put off a little too long.

The New York World observes: The courts in Brooklyn are trying the efficacy of \$25,000 verdicts for damage when a trolley car kills a person. We predict that the death rate from this cause will be greatly reduced.

Good apples are said to be dearer than eggs in the New York market. The reason is that most of the good ones have been exported to England, where the demand for American apples has been unprecedented during the past season.

Chitral, in the region of Upper India, the inhabitants of which the British are now attempting to punish and, perhaps subjugate, was, until the entrance of the British Army, entirely without commerce and without money. The people accepted the rupees given them by the British officers for the performance of petty services, esteeming them highly as ornaments; but they made serious objections to receiving too many of them as their use of ornaments was limited.

A shaft into the earth is proposed by M. Paschal Grasset as the sensation for the Paris Exposition of 1900. His plan is an inversion of the idea of the Eiffel tower. Elevators will carry the public down the shaft; at intervals there will be restaurants and concert rooms, decorated so as to harmonize with the temperature, which will increase with the depth, as far as 2100 feet below the surface. Beyond that point, as the heat will be too great for comfort, a narrower shaft is to be driven for scientific purposes only to a depth greater than has ever yet been obtained, possibly 5000 feet.

It is a question whether the Seminole war is over yet or not. The Secretary of the Interior has asked the Secretary of War to tell him, as it involves a question of the Seminole lands. Most of the people who fought in the war are dead long ago. Secretary Lamont replying to the communication from Secretary Smith informed him that the first Seminole war in Florida, from 1836 to 1842, was officially announced as closed August 14, 1842, and that the second Florida Seminole war began December 29, 1835, and was officially declared closed on May 8, 1868.

When the great Salt Pond of Block Island has been connected with the ocean by the ship channel that is now being dug, it will become an important roadstead for the largest ships. It is perfectly land-locked, and covers 1200 acres, of which 800 are navigable, the depth ranging from fifteen to sixty feet. The New York Tribune thinks the value of such a refuge, situated as it is so near Gardiner's Bay, Long Island Sound and New York City, must be of considerable consequence from a naval point of view; it would surely be worth holding by an enemy preying on our coasts, especially by a fleet of warships operating against New York City. The possibilities are interesting.

Max Nordau, a German investigator, has published a work entitled "Degeneration," which is startling Europe. He seeks to demonstrate that the brain of man has been put under a suicidal strain by the enormous increase of activity in the last fifty years, and that it has produced in the upper 10,000 of every great city a race of "degenerates" that is, men who, though perhaps brilliant mentally, are physically and hereditarily on the downward grade, and who are bound in a generation or two to perish through partial insanity and sterility. In discussing this overpressure he cites the immense increase of mail matter and declares that "a cook receives an average of more letters nowadays than a university professor did formerly." The increase of suicides throughout Europe helps Herr Nordau's deductions. St. Petersburg, for instance, reporting 85 successful suicides in the past twelve months.

THE ANOELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty. There are husbands who are witty. There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the moon. There are husbands who are healthy. There are famous ones and wealthy. But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born. Some for strength of love are noted. Who are really so devoted. That whenever their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn. And while now and then you'll find one Who's a really good and kind one, Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born. So the woman who is mated To a man who may be rated As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day. For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature, He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say. —T. B. Aldrich, in Boston Budget.

"ONE GOOD TURN."

FROM the tiny village of Dewhurst to Bersea, a small town on the English Channel, is eight miles by road and nine by river. The train takes twenty minutes between the two places, good going indeed "for one of those Southern lines."

One dull, heavy, October Sunday night, George Langley would gladly have sat a whole hour in the most unpainted, unpadded, draughty and jolly carriage of any "one of those Southern lines" if he might get from the village to the town. He had been paying a stolen visit to Kate—lovely Kate Bassett, of Dewhurst. He had said good-by to her at the bottom of her father's garden, and ran all the way to the railway station, only to find the last train gone. Eleven had struck and the one street of Dewhurst was as empty of people as the churchyard.

Langley sat down on a hand-truck which he found chained to a post. He lit his pipe and proceeded to consider his position. Hardly had he begun the reflection that he had walked many miles that day, and was glad of his rest on the hand-truck, when flashed into his mind the picture of a girl, with curls in her hair, seen moored below the bridge to-day. Then he felt a flush of pleasure when he brought to mind that it must now be about eight o'clock. In a light pant, and on the back of a six-knot tide, he should fly along the nine miles of water to Bersea in less than half the time it would take him to reach the half-way house on his weary feet.

At the bridge he had to proceed carefully for he did not know the ground well; there was no regular landing place, and hardly a glimmer of light trickled through the lowering clouds. With a feeling of profound relief he found the skiff with skiffs lying on the bank. Casting off the painter he stepped aboard with a chuckle of remorse when he fancied the owner's arrival later to find the boat gone.

Rowing alone through the damp darkness of that autumn night was not inspiring; but he realized with delight the great piece from the light swiftness with which the skulls came to him through the water, and from the ponderous, silent sliding by of the black banks.

His course lay nearly due south. There was something about the manner of the ghostly banks, and in the hurried whispering of the water at his bow, which told him he should not reach home before the storm broke.

In a few minutes the gale will break," said Langley to himself. "This is a nice sort of oogle-shall to be abroad in the dark if the water gets sloopy. It would be no easy job to land here. I suppose if the storm comes down particularly heavy I must take it as a judgment sent as punishment for stealing the boat." All at once the trees on the bank set up a shrill whistle of alarm, and the woods on the hills took up the alarm and burst into a roar. The channel of the river was filled with a barrier of wind and rain, through which, in spite of Langley's utmost efforts, he could not press the skiff. Water flashed in spray from the bows, and slopped aboard at the counter. He tried the salt water on his mustache. He bent his head under the rain falling upon his neck, and felt it run down his back. The banks were steep and almost indiscernible. If the punt were swamped it would go hard with him. He was strong and healthy; only twenty-seven; full of life and hope; he was just beginning to see a road towards competency. Then there was Kate—there was Kate?—there was his Kate! No, no; it would never do to drown here. But the boat was half full, the banks high and dim, the storm tremendous. It looked as if he were to perish after all!

That was the old deserted boathouse with the slip!

Thank God! If he could only reach the slip and jump ashore, scramble ashore, swim ashore, all would be well. Think of it—all would be well! He should again see the sunlight in the fields, and the sails on the shining sea, and Kate in her white gown! He should again move back the straying tresses of golden hair from the forehead, he should move back her straying tresses with this same palm which he was now grinding against the harsh wood of the car, in a desperate endeavor to tear his life from the trough of the water.

At last firm earth held his limbs and body up! He no longer rocked and swayed in all his body. Drenched and sodden, he scrambled up the slip. He made no effort to save the punt. The moment he stepped ashore she had been swept away.

"Don't! Don't, Sam! Let the straw alone. It heats you! He has come to it up on the straw water. I mean the straw than you. I can hear him breathing."

"Hold your prate, or I'll put a charge into you. To-night he set fire to the straw and was burned to white. What do you think of that, my white-livered Jim?" cried Sam, exultantly.

"I—I—I think it might do if he was in the river or the sea. But he's here. He's lying on the straw, listening to us, and whatever you do or say; he'll hear us. I can feel the straw stirring against me now. For God's sake strike a light! My hands are shaking so I can't."

"I'll strike a light fast enough." The action followed the words, and Sam thrust the flaming match into the straw. A cone of fire shot up. Langley, pale and resolute, determined to make one desperate plunge for the door, leaped from the blazing straw and, shaking the smoke from his eyes, staggered, paused motionless and stood staring with distended and open mouth at the door.

"It's Black Billy himself!" shrieked Jim, cowering against the wall and pointing to the ghastly face of Langley. Quick as lightning Sam covered Langley. "If you move you are a dead man. Who are you?"

"It's Black Billy himself," whimpred Jim. "Black Billy himself, come out of the river to hang us."

"He's the makings of another murderer. It's a spy. His hair is light, not dark, you fool!" Langley did not move. He glanced from the muzzle of the gun to the doorway. He spoke: "I am not Black Billy. There would be no good in my saying I did not hear your conversation."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Sign of Spring.—Lovers' Lunacy.—Her Own Limited.—Conditional.—"There Are Tricks," Etc., Etc. We know that spring time has come round, For as we walk the street, We see a shining, brand-new tie On every man we meet." —Hartford Journal.

LOVERS' LUNACY. She—"What effect does the full moon have upon the tide?" He—"None, but it has considerable upon the un-tied." —Life.

CONDITIONAL. "Will you love me when I'm gone?" asked Mr. Linger of his sweetheart. "If you'll go soon," replied the faithful girl with a yawn.—Judge.

IN THE GLOAMING. She (pointing at a star)—"Ah, there is Orion!" He (from the darkness)—"Yes are mistakes, mum, it's O'Reilly." —Life.

HER OWN. "The duke seems to be completely blinded to Miss de Millon's true character." "Yes; she threw dust in his eyes." —Puck.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH. A.—"What! You called me a swindler?" B.—"No; but I am prepared to give ten dollars to any one who proves to me the contrary." —Puck.

LIMITED. Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—"Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances." Dr. Knifer—"No. After this you'll have to confine yourself to hops." —New York World.

HIS PREFERENCE. A Milyan Hair.—"My daughter returns from Europe to-day, sir. Make arrangements for a stunner reception to her. I give you carte blanche."

"His Secretary—"I would be perfectly satisfied, sir, if you would only give me Blanche." —Truth.

"THERE ARE TRICKS." Visitor—"Are all these ladies waiting for change?" Merchant Prince—"Oh, dear, no! They stimulate trade by struggling with customers who try to approach the bargain counter." —Puck.

A FASHION WITH HIM. She—"And tell me now, are you much interested in science?" He—"Interested in science? I should say so. Why, I know the history of all the champions of the ring, and there isn't anything about any of the big fights that have taken place in the last forty years, that I can't tell you. Science? The manly art is just food, drink and lodging for me." —Boston Transcript.

THE LONELYWOOD HOSE COMPANY. City—"I see you wear a badge of the Lonelywood Hose Company. Isn't it pretty tough to have to respond to an alarm on a cold, rainy night, when you've worked hard in the city all day?"

Commutter (lightly)—"Pooh, pooh, man! Why, you can stay at home and pay a dollar fine. That's what everybody does except the man whose house is afire." —Judge.

SIGHTED. "What is this?" exclaimed the prima donna, as she crumpled the printed sheet, threw it upon the floor and stamped upon it.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked her husband. "A brand of piano has been placed on the market without my knowledge, and I have not written a testimonial saying it is the finest instrument I have ever used. This is the first time such a thing happened and it is an insult." —Washington Star.

JUSTIFIED SUSPICION. "Yes," said the landlord, who was showing a prospective tenant through the house, "the flat is fitted with all modern improvements, good sanitation, ample heat and light arrangements, a fine kitchen, elevator service all night, and the rent is only \$25."

"Say no more," interrupted the datt-hunter, sadly. "I must refuse the inviting offer. There can be only one inference from your low rent—there is a young lady pianist in the flat above." —Chicago Record.

SUFFICIENTLY REWARDED. The latest joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the society, and declares the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded the claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the immense discomfort of the President.

"But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The President reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded." —New York Post.

THE BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK. Butchers' chopping blocks made in sections are now sometimes used instead of the old-time block made from a section of a single large tree. Perhaps the scarcity of timber has something to do with the introduction of the new sort of block. It is made of maple in long parallelipipedons about one and a half inches square. It is said that such a block may be made of uniform hardness throughout, a thing not usually found in the solid block. —New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Only one-half of children born reach the age of seventeen years. Coal tar is the latest Parisian remedy for all the ills. It is taken in the rough.

On a summer day the average healthy adult perspires about twenty-eight ounces. W. C. Eagan has given a collection of 10,000 rare fossils to the Chicago Academy of Sciences.

Twenty-seven knots per hour is the guaranteed speed of the new British torpedo boat destroyer Jona, just launched. A number of physicians declared that nuclei, the recently discovered fluid, will create a revolution in medical science.

An English inventor has devised an automatic air brake, in which the weight of the train supplies the power to set the brakes. Sea anemones have been known to live for three or four years without any nourishment save what they extract from the water.

Experiments are being made with two ambulance wagons, the one equipped with solid rubber and the other with pneumatic tires. The sound of a bell can be heard through the water at a distance of 45,200 feet. Through the air it can be heard at a distance of only 450 feet.

Freight cars in England are only seventeen feet long, carry but ten tons, and forty-five of them make a train for one of their funny little engines. Women nowadays are generally acknowledged to be an inch or two taller, and two or three inches greater in chest development than their grandmothers were.

The people of tropical countries almost invariably use some form of capaicum with maize as a stimulant to the stomach, maize being more difficult of digestion than some other grains. A well known electrician, S. A. Varley, has expressed his opinion that a lightning discharge may occasionally kill a bird flying in the air, but simply from their being accidentally in the line of the path of discharge or in close vicinity to the path.

It is now a well recognized fact, states a medical journal, that the structures of the eye, especially the cornea and conjunctiva, are subject to malarial affections, periodical in character, differing from the usual affections of these parts, but involving actual tissue change, and amenable to quinine or other antimalarial treatment. One of the latest English torpedo-boat destroyers recently made a successful trial, attaining a mean speed on six miles at 27.97 knots, and for the three hours running 27.6 knots, being more than half a knot in excess of the contract speed. Exhaustive trials of steering, both ahead and astern, at full speed were also carried out with satisfactory results.

A Convict's Prophetic Vision. Ira Cooper, received at the Penitentiary December 8, 1893, from Ashland County, to serve a three-year sentence for burglary and larceny, in his left arm wrenched from his socket and torn completely off by being caught in the shifting.

A remarkable incident in conjunction with the affair is related. At three separate times, as stated by Cooper to a friend who stood by the side of his cot after he had become somewhat calm after the accident, he had dreamed of being one-armed. Some three months ago he had the dream and saw himself with one arm gone; which one he did not remember. Shortly after he had the same sort of a dream and remembered in his waking hours that it was the left arm that was missing. On Wednesday night, so he stated to his friends, he had the most vivid dream of the series in which the scene of the actual occurrence of yesterday was lived over in almost the exact details. He stated his dream to his cellmate the following morning, and also stated to him that he had a similar dream twice before. He gloomily predicted that something would happen that day, and seemed to be thoughtful and depressed all day—usually so. When night came Thursday he was a little more cheerful and seemed glad the day had passed off without the occurrence he had foreseen. Yesterday morning he rose somewhat gloomy, yet hopeful, but the vividness of the dream could not be shaken off, and it was the first thing he thought of and spoke of after he had recovered somewhat from the first shock of the affair. —Ohio State Journal.

Soap Mites. The natural soap mites at Owen's Lake, California, are accounted for by a scientist who advances this theory, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer: The water in the lake contains, he says, a strong solution of both borax and soda. In the water a curious specimen of grub broods by millions. These grubs go through their various transformations and finally emerge as short-winged, heavy-bodied flies, very fat and oily. They live but a few days, dying and falling into the lake in such numbers as to be frequently washed ashore in layers more than a foot thick. The only substance of the dead flies blends with the alkali of the borax and soda and the result is a layer of pure soap, corresponding in thickness to the drift strata of the dead flies, a foot deep of flies making a layer of soap nearly an inch thick. These strata, repeated year after year, have formed the celebrated Soap Banks of Owen's Lake, where for a number of years past a large body of men have been regularly at work.

WANE O' THE MOON.

The ley moon hath had her day. The moon that brought the frost to stay 'Tis time that she were gone away To stay away forever.

Her hands that led the frost-flowers fall The white and cold frost-flowers fall, No more have any power at all To set the world to shiver.

Bare trophy horns of frozen birds Stabbed to the death with icy sword, And pitsaws frozen floes and herds Amid the ice-fields lying.

Of pitiless human folk that grow Clustered about a coal hearthstone, And unborn flowers of cold and loam, And unborn blossoms dying.

Come, mild spring moon, that sweetly strays O'er gold and purple meadow ways, Down like our land in rich May days, With cowslip bells and clover;

With willow buds and mother of a girl, Thy lifted gown of mother-of pearl! Whereto the dear spring blooms unfurl! Come, make the world thy lover! —Pall Mall Budget.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Many people can do worse than read spring poetry. They might write it. —Philadelphia Times.

Strawber—"Was her father willing to help you out?" Singery—"That's the way he acted." —Brooklyn Life.

"Tom, whom did you say our friend Lawley married?" "Well, he married \$40,000. I forgot her other name." —Tit-Bits.

"Do you think the new boarder is permanent?" "Yes, indeed! He threatens continually to leave." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

He—"I'm awfully in love with her, but I wouldn't have her know it for the world." She—"So she told me." —Pall Mall Gazette.

"Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." "Thank you; but I'm not; I'm off duty, you know." —Brooklyn Life.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. —, how glad I am to see you. It is four years since we met, and you recognized me immediately?" "Oh, yes; I recognized the hat." —Tommy Asker.

"Now, if you was to get to be a artist, what would you like to draw?" Andy—"Quick!—A check on the bank." —Philadelphia Inquirer.

First Boarder—"What's the star boarder making all that hubbub about over that berry pie?" Second Boarder—"I guess he found the berry." —Syracuse Post.

Squidg—"He's a great criminal lawyer, isn't he?" McSwilligen—"Well, I believe he always stops short of actual criminality." —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"Say, Jack, what is the capital of Switzerland?" Jack (who has just returned from abroad)—"Why, the money they get from travelers, of course." —Boston Bulletin.

Figgs—"My! but isn't that a picture?" Fogg—"Quite stylish. But what is it? Looks rather large for a piano lamp, and rather too small for a woman." —Boston Transcript.

She—"So the count's relatives consider it a messianic?" He—"Don't mind it. The girl has only a quarter of a million, and the count owes three times as much as that." —Judge.

Professor (to his wife)—"Eliso, I have promised to deliver an address to-morrow evening on the rational exercises of the memory. Don't let me forget about it." —Fleegenda Blatter.

Gansy—"Why do you so persistently wear the hair of another woman on your head?" Bestic—"For the same reason that you wear the skin of another calf on your feet." —The Great Divide.

Goutran burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Gaston. "Will you be my witness?" "Going to fight?" "No, to get married." Gaston (after a pause)—"Can't you apologize?" —Los Angeles Herald.

Hor—"John, I do believe the baby has swallowed your collar button." Him—"It won't take long to find out. If he has he will be trying to crawl under the bureau in a few minutes." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Wife (to unhappy husband)—"I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband—"Borrow trouble? Great Caesar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I've got it to lend." —Colorado Sun.

Stern Parent—"You tell me that you love my daughter and wish to marry her. But how do you expect to live on \$900 a year?" Loving Swain—"Oh, come, now, your income must be more than that!" —Boston Transcript.

Nell—"Do you know, I was all alone in the conservatory for ten minutes last that fascinating Charles Furlerton last evening, and I was so afraid." Belle—"So afraid of what? Afraid he was going to propose to you?" Nell—"No; afraid he wasn't." —Somerville Journal.

Mr. Shandy (potentially from his pillow)—"Ethel, I know I heard a noise. I'm sure there's a woman in the house. I won't sleep a wink unless you go down and see." Mrs. Shandy (with revolver)—"Blame it all, Willie, if you bother me like that again, I'll send you back to your father." —New York Herald.

New York City has lost one of its typical characters in the death of Nathan Sanders, who for years supplied street vendors with their wares, and thereby earned the title of the "King of the Fakirs." The number of divorce cases in France is steadily on the increase, sixty per cent. of the suits being brought by women.