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Americans are said to eat more than any other Nation.

The trolley has invaded the land of the Pharaohs. Cairo, Egypt, is to have a system.

Mr. Selous, the celebrated English traveler and hunter, says that the great cause of the British Empire in Africa is drink.

Steam street railways are more common in Italy than in any other country. There are now nearly 2000 miles of such lines.

Captain L. S. Hinde, of the Belgian service in Africa, writes that in spite of their slave trading propensities the Arabs, during their forty years' domination, have brought the Manyema and Malaia country to a state of high prosperity.

One of the proposed two-wheel or "bicycle" railways from New York to Washington promises a speed of 120 miles an hour as a result of the use of electricity and the minimizing of friction.

The whole population of the United States could be concentrated in Texas, estimates the New York Sun, without bringing up the density of her population to that of Massachusetts.

A plea is being made for the observance of a "bird day" in our schools, with the hope that it will create an enthusiasm and love for birds, and a love of nature which now has its beginning and ending in Arbor Day.

A number of prominent New York physicians were recently interviewed in regard to the use of hypnotism in their practice. They all admitted that they resorted to hypnosis when other means failed.

A curious case of dual brain action is described in Brain. An insane patient varied considerably in his mental condition; in one state he was subject to chronic mania, spoke English, was fairly intelligent, and was right handed; in another state he was subject to dementia, was almost unintelligible, but what could be understood was Welsh, and he was then left handed.

DAY BY DAY.

Walking with patience where the way is rough, Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh, Knowing that love Divine is strong enough To bear us up, as weary days go by...

GRANDMA'S HEROINE.

When the new baby went to sleep, Maum Penny turned the other children, Teddy, Tom and Penelope, out of the nursery that he might rest undisturbed.

Penelope thought of grandma, and, with one accord, they sought her room, told their grievance and begged for a story, and, as a fitting compensation for the loss of Maum Penny's society and the freedom of the nursery, Teddy and Tom settled themselves comfortably on a rug at grandma's feet, and Maum Penny nestled in her arms.

Grandma smiled at the different ideas of a heroine, then, when their excitement had somewhat subsided, said quietly: "My dear, I will tell you the story of my heroine, and you shall decide for yourselves what it means to be truly heroic. The baby is to be christened to-morrow, and, as my heroine story has something to do with a christening of long ago, it will perhaps make the one to-morrow doubly interesting to hear it.

"Sometimes when Rose was in attendance upon her mistress, Maum Dinah was permitted to take care of the baby, and the baby soon learned to know and love her."

"Now in those days it was customary to give to a baby a black child to be the playmate of its childhood, and the attendant, maid or body-servant when the child grew up.

"Lillian looked with surprise upon this queer present to her little daughter. Hugh explained to her the custom and advised her to let Maum Dinah take charge of baby with Penny to assist her, but Lillian said categorically not, and Maum Dinah took Penny to the 'quarters' and to keep her there—on no account to allow her to come into the house.

"Lillian's ill-health made her a little bit impatient, and all was so strange to her, so Hugh seldom opposed her in any way, and poor Penny, her smiles gone and her eyes full of tears, was left away without even a glimpse of the baby she had thought and dreamed and talked so much about.

"But Penny's interest in the baby was not to be so easily disposed of. After a long cry over her disappointment, she left the little room in the 'quarters' and set out upon a tour of inspection. She went up to the house and stood under the nursery windows, feeling very lonely and strange; but when Maum Dinah appeared at one of the windows with baby in her arms, the sight brought the grin back to her round, black face.

"One evening while Maum Dinah sat with the baby lying in her lap, watching it lovingly and crooning to it softly, Penny suddenly appeared beside her. "Why, child! Weh yeh come?" she cried under her breath; "how yeh git in heah?"

"Vereh come up no stair' steps," answered Penny with a grin, dropping upon her knees the better to see the baby. "And so it came about that Penny visited the baby every evening and learned to love her, and the baby, who had not inherited the mother's prejudice, laughed and gurgled, kicked her little pink toes and grabbed with her chubby hands at Penny's kinky hair. It had been decided that the baby was to be christened on Easter morning, but it had not been decided what was to be the baby's name. Hugh wished her called for his mother, but Lillian declared that she would never, no never call her baby Penelope!

"Why, Hugh," she exclaimed, "Penelope is the name of that little black monkey your uncle sent here—would you really name baby that?"

"The day before Easter Lillian was far from well, but she looked carefully after the decoration of the little ivy covered stone church. "Back of the chancel and the pulpit the walls were almost hidden in greenery, ferns and palms, ivy and myrtle, and against this rich background the tall, pale lilies leaned their drooping heads. Night found her very tired and weak, and she leaned her fair head against his breast and said coaxingly, 'Let's call our baby Jean, Hugh, please; let's call her for a heroine.' 'Jean, you know children, is the French for Joan,' explained Grandma. 'Hugh sighed, but consented. His girl wife was looking so delicate that his heart misgave him, and he felt her that as soon as he could so arrange his business they would go North and remain till she grew strong. So Lillian went to sleep contented. 'Hugh dropped into an uneasy slumber. The old clock on the stairs tolled out the hour of midnight. Sometimes it seemed to strike louder than usual, and Hugh was awakened by its clangor. While lying half awake, he fancied he heard the sound of crackling flames and a strange roar filled his ears. He sprang from his bed and opened the door into the hall. The hall was filled with smoke, and the lower story seemed to be on fire. Hugh ran first to the nursery and roused Rose. Wrapping the baby well up in blankets and giving her to Rose he bade her follow him. Returning to his room he carefully wrapped his wife in a blanket and, taking her in his arms, fought his way through the smoke and flames down the stairs and out into the open air.

"By that time all the black people from the 'quarters' were huddled, an excited, frightened, frantic mass, in front of the house. The men were confused and helpless, the women and children crying and screaming. Old Maum Dinah came forward, and Hugh gave his half-fainting wife into her keeping, and though his face and hands were blackened and blistered, he started off to see if anything could be done.

"Attend to your mistress and the baby," Maum Dinah, he had said, and with Lillian in her motherly arms, Maum Dinah called for the baby. 'The baby! There was Rose, a frightened, weeping creature, but no baby! 'Lillian suddenly grown strong in her mother-love and anguish, rushed toward her and caught her by the shoulders. 'Where is my baby? Rose, where is my baby?' she cried.

"There, there," cried the girl, pointing wildly toward the nursery windows. 'I was so frightened. O, mon Dieu! I laid her back in ze crib!' 'With a cry of awful agony Lillian rushed toward the burning house, but before she could enter, her husband, knowing nothing of their baby's peril, caught and held her fast. He thought her delirious from excitement when she cried that the baby was burning; but when he saw the horror on the faces around him terror froze his heart and paralyzed his brain.

"Before he recovered Maum Dinah seized his arm and pointing to the tree beneath the nursery window, cried: 'Oh, wait, Maum Hugh! Penny will save the baby! And then they saw a little, black figure, clad only in a short, white gown, showing weirdly in the red light of the flames, creeping carefully along the slender limb beneath the nursery window. 'Breathlessly they watched her. She reached the window, and without a moment's hesitation climbed into the room. The throb below stood with upturned faces, still and silent as though turned to stone; the horrible roaring and crackling of the flames alone broke the silence. The minutes seemed hours before she reappeared with the baby, still wrapped in her blankets in her arms. 'Firmly she held the baby in one arm, and nimbly and with cat-like care she climbed out of the window and settled herself astride the limb, then she slowly 'hitched' herself inch by inch along the limb till she reached the body of the tree. There Hugh Porter's arms received both her and the baby and bore them safely to the ground, and while the old house burned about upon shant of thanksgiving arose to God. Penny, in her little night-gown, did not look much like the ideal heroine of romance, not those real ones made immortal by history; but children, I think she was one of the heroines God knows and will mark for His own.

"Notwithstanding the terrible events of that night, the baby's christening occurred on Easter morning and Penny, proud and happy, carried her into the church and stood near among the tall, white lilies, while the old minister baptized her in her own name, Penelope, and prayed that God might bless both the baby Penelope and her brave little rescuer for whom she was named. 'Hugh moved his wife and baby to Charleston, and Maum Dinah and Penny, who refused to accept their proffered liberty, were given entire charge of the baby and the nursery. 'Dear, faithful Penny! She it was who, more friend than servant, cared for her mistress tenderly all the years of her suffering life, for she never recovered from the effects of the terrible night—she it was who closed the tired blue eyes at last, and some time, when God wills, she will close the eyes of the baby she so bravely saved, for Penny at seventy-two is hale and strong, while my race, as you see, is nearly run.

"Oh! Was it our Maum Penny?" asked Teddy, eagerly. "Yes, dear, and the little baby— 'Was you, Grandma?" chattered the children.—Sunbeams' Young People.

Measuring Cannon-Ball Velocity. The velocity of a cannon-ball is now measured by firing it through two screens, each one of which has an electric apparatus connected with it. As the ball strikes the screen the circuit is broken and the time at which it passed through each screen recorded on a clock connected with it by wire, so that the difference in the time at which it struck each screen is accurately recorded. All that is necessary then to work out the problem is to find how far apart the screens stand from each other.—New York World.

A Peculiar Bismarckian Celebration. A peculiar method of celebrating Bismarck's recent birthday was adopted by the city of Reichsbach. The citizens built an enormous bonfire of 163 logs, each engraved with the name of a member of the Reichstag who voted against congratulating the ex-Chancellor.—Chicago Times Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Latest Idol—Not in Stock—A Star—A Champion Fear—Just Cause—Shorter, Etc., Etc.

Customer (in hardware store)—"Do you sell the Golden Rule?" Clerk—"We don't even keep it."—Philadelphia Record.

Prospective Tenant (to agent)—"You say this house is just a stone's throw from the depot." "Well, all I have to say is I have a great admiration for the man who threw the stone."—Life.

What perfect sympathy there is between Mrs. Plainface and her daughter. "I should think so! How could she help sympathizing with a daughter who looked like her."—Life.

"I never borrow trouble," said Bilton. "Well," replied the man who had once lent him money, "there's never any telling how bad a man's credit will get to be."—Washington Star.

"Don't these Chicago people beat the earth for being stuck on their own town?" Said one: "Well, rather; the papers there would print the story of the end of the world as local news."—Pack.

"My past is a sealed book," she answered with a sigh. "Say, rather," he implored, "say, rather, a sealed brochure." Tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes.—Detroit Tribune.

"Wasn't Brown's wife named Stone before she was married?" She—"Yes; and it was a very suitable name." He—"What do you mean?" She—"Oh, nothing; only she threw herself at his head."—Life.

"I suppose you are looking forward to the baseball season with pleasure?" said Hobbes to his friend, the baseball crank. "I don't know," said the crank, pathetically. "You see, my vocal chords are in wretched condition."—Chicago Record.

"Well, old man, this is the first time I've seen you since your marriage. Allow me to congratulate you." "Thank you, dear fellow, thank you." "Have you and your wife decided who is to be the speaker of the house?" "Well, no; we usually occupy the chair together."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch.

"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money and I didn't have the price of a telegram."—Washington Star.

"Why," thundered the King of Dahomey, lowering his field-glass, "is the left wing of the Amazonian frigate without orders, and breaking into retreat?" "Sir," answered the chief of staff, "a courier announces that a cow has appeared in front of the lines at that point."—Pack.

"The ostrich is a queer bird," said Mr. Hylkins. "There's no excuse for its behaving in the way it does. When it sees an enemy coming it sticks its head into the sand instead of running." "That's its nature," replied his wife. "I know it. But just the same it isn't logical." "How do you do it?" "It's ornithological."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator. The latest Vienna case contains an electric light and storage battery. Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist in the earth.

Among the latest germ theories is the one which avers that color-block pavements spread diphtheria. During the last three years the average number of deaths from malaria in Italy has been forty-five per 100,000 of the inhabitants.

A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown to a man overboard at night he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

A great photographic camera for taking full length life size portraits has been made and used with much success by Werner & Son, Dublin, Ireland. The camera takes a plate seven feet high and five feet wide. The bacillus of diphtheria is one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch long, and when fixed in the human throat it grows into a network with other bacilli produced from it, all operating together to produce a virulent poison, which, when taken into the blood, causes the fatal consequences so apt to follow from the disease.

As a result of a series of scientific experiments in hardening steel in a rotary furnace, the Engineering and Mining Journal concludes that the elementary principle of hardening is very simple, and that the only difficulty to be overcome are concerned with the equal heating and complete transformation of large masses of material.

Those who assert that the ostrich lives on broken glass and iron nails are not quite right; but that it swallows pebbles to assist its digestion, do many other birds on a lesser scale, when in a state of nature, and pieces of wood, metal or what not, when in a state of captivity, for the same purpose, is most undoubted. The strength of the ostrich is quite equal to carrying a man on its back at a rapid rate of progression. The Africans often use it for riding purposes.

Each adult bird produces about half a pound of white and three pounds of black feathers. Those from the male bird are most highly esteemed, and all are in best condition when plucked from the living bird.—Atlanta Constitution.

The champion knife swapper lives in Gainesville, says Taggart's Times. He is a little boy, the son of a preacher, and this is his record, as given by his father: "That boy, not many months since, worried me till I bought him a knife. Like a boy he left it out one night and it got rusty. Then he lost interest in it, and began at once to swap it off. Well, the little rascal has naturally a knack for trading, and, sir, he took that rusty knife and with a little work on it and a good deal of talking he succeeded in exchanging it for two good knives. These knives in turn he traded for three knives, worked considerably on them and got a cheap watch for the three. He kept trading till he had completed forty-seven different bargains, most of them in his favor. At the end of the forty-seven trades he owned a shotgun, a bound puppy, two jack-knives and a sixty-five cents in money, besides other smaller trinkets too numerous to mention. There's nothing like it."—Chicago Tribune.

Weiss, the opera singer, was a very handsome man, but so thin that he wore what on the stage is called a "shape," a complete suit of padding from neck to ankles, worn next the skin. One night he was playing in an opera in which he wore a dozen ruffs, and was able to dispense with it. In the course of the performance an appalling shriek astonished the players, and a coryphaeus rushed into the green room with the information that the basso had hanged himself. She had peeped into his dressing-room and seen the "shape" behind the door.—New Orleans Picayune.

A SONG OF WEATHER.

Never mind the weather—the country moves along, And the mockingbirds are ready for the sweetest kind of song; And the blondest skies are bending in the future, and the light Is beautiful—sneaking, where there's never any night.

Never mind the weather—there are rainbows in the sky And the stars chime all together, and God's heaven's not a high But the wings of Faith can reach it, ere the stormy day is done, And behind the darkest shadows beams the glory of the sun!

Never mind the weather, for the ship will ride the sea— Lo! the sailors sing together, for the lights are shining free; And the heaven bright and tranquil o'er the dawning light gleams; And the stars shine o'er the harbor, where we'll rest in love and dreams!

You can easily fill the public eyes if you only have the dust.—Texas Siftings.

"I guess I know why they call idios foot," said Bobbie. "It's because they sit still all the time and do nothing."—Harper's Bazar.

"Why do you go into society?" "Brown-Jones—'To find a wife. And you?' "Jones—"Brown—'To go away from one.'—Life.

"How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" "Brown—"On crutches, I believe."—Columbus (Ohio) City and Country.

"Was the girl Higbee married?" "Robbins—"I imagine so. She fires up at the least provocation."—Buffalo Life.

"Why do you ask me for information if you consider me such an ignoramus?" Mrs. Higbee—"I merely wish to prove it."—Harlem Life.

"You won't take this dime, boy? That's queer." Street Car Conductor—"Not so bad as that. It's Canadian. Fare, please!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you have the chicken dressed?" asked the poultryer. "No," replied young Mrs. Humintine; "you may send it to me—er—in the alto-gether."—Washington Star.

"The Japanese Warship: First Officer—"There's a cruiser reported a little ahead." Second Officer—"Chinese?" First Officer—"No, sir. She's headed this way."—Singing Sing Courier.

"How many times are you going to pass by me before you bring me that beefsteak?" asked an indignant guest of a passing waiter. "Count them yourself, sir; I'm too busy."—Texas Siftings.