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The American bicyclist divides the honors abroad with the American trotter.

Colonel John Cookerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

Cornwall, in England, leads all other countries in freedom from crimes against property. Next in comparative honesty come the western counties of Wales.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that if she were Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, she would organize a brigade of neatly dressed women to do the work, and it would be done.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announces that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Ayres. During the financial troubles it was able, according to Ram's Horn, to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanish-speaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fashionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw some very queer conclusions from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are "pretty." If a thing is pretty, that settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hanging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kite is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That, adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific enthusiasts are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled, and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a few hundred miles of the world's great capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four loads of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last revolt. The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were re-mailed at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutsmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schrecklichste of all Nations.

Opposition to crime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Breathitt County) Hunter says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the sentiment of the people of this section of the mountains in regard to punishing criminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight counties since the Fields-Adkins trial at Barbourville, and that the intense feeling against lawlessness was universal. A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the past six weeks told us that there would be no trouble to get a jury in that county to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has been worst this feeling is greatest. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into their graves. Was to the desperadoes of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are doing their work and the petit juries their duty."

THE MORNING BIRD.

One of the most treasured relics I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was a man of sentiment, and he had much literary taste and ability. The poem which he gave me and which I have always treasured, will (if I am not grievously in error) touch a responsive chord in many a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth.—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

"The last straw that breaks the camel's back," said Lucy, bursting into tears. The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pans of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pats stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table for service. Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness. "And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of rust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Angler's Guide—Her Choice Faithless—The imperious Hired Girl—A Humorous, Etc., Etc. "I could do that," said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!" "You can do anything, my dear!" said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly. "And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

ALUMINUM IS BEING USED IN MAKING THE BODIES OF CABS.

In nearly all the arid land regions water can be obtained at a depth of 300 to 600 feet. A Pittsburg company has secured a large foreign contract for aluminum for army purposes. A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as hull, all of steel. The castor oil plant and the tobacco plant are both looked upon by the animal world with almost unanimous disapproval. M. de Montessus de Ballore has calculated that in the known earthquake regions of the world a shock occurs on the average every half hour.

SHADOW SONG.

In twilight's gray—one hour alone

"Time yields, unburdened, all my own— Soft winging thoughts the silence fill With wondrous peace—a love-sweet thrill, Boasting my heart, 'O, gentle grove In twilight's gray." Poor heart, thy key word of stone In this calm hour is gladly thrown Asile with every pain and ill, In twilight's gray. Forgotten all the wrong; the tone Of misery; the visions blown By sinful storms—my heart is still, Obedient to the kindest will, Of gentle courtiers, only known In twilight's gray. —George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter-Ocean

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who always looks before he leaps, never leaps.—Pack

The size of a lunch basket depends altogether on who carries it, the husband or wife.—Los Angeles Express. In angry mood she flirts her fan. Small wonder she's engaged. For every eligible man She finds out is engaged. —Judge. Mrs. Harcourt—"How in the world did your husband get so terribly choked?" Mrs. Snapper—"Estlin's boneless codfish."—Boston Courier. Overheard at the Horse Show: "That horse is full of ginger, and seems well bred." "Yes; he's a sort of ginger-bred horse."—Philadelphia Record. "Oh, well! what do you say, my wife? I'll be the sunshine of your life." "Such talk at ninety is the shame!" —Indianapolis Journal. "There is something about you," remarked Rubberneck Bill, as he gently removed the traveler's money belt, "there is something about you that I like."—Indianapolis Journal. A great deal has been written lately about the three rings of Saturn, but nobody seems to have thought of the field that planet offers for an enterprising circus man.—Buffalo Courier. Once more the summer begins to view This most extraordinary chap. The farther from the sea he gets, The more he wears that racking cap. —Washington Star. Whyte—"I thought you said your wife wrapped up this bundle." Browne—"I did." Whyte—"You must be mistaken. There isn't a pin in the wrapping-paper anywhere."—Somerville Journal. Standing with reluctant feet, When the brook and river meet. Now the sweet girl graduate, Expectant, eager and elate, Devotes her every thought and care To what is just the thing to wear. —Detroit Free Press. "I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."—Cincinnati Tribune. Kansas Farmer—"Yes, sir; that well is seventy-five feet deep. Had to dig down all that distance to get water." Visitor (from Kentucky)—"And you dig seventy feet for it?" Great Scott."—Chicago Tribune. Colonel Clay (of Lexington)—"What's that curious hole in the ground over yonder?" "They're digging a well." "Ah, yes. For water, I suppose. What queer things one sees away from home."—New York Recorder. Lady (in Central Park, to baby in carriage)—"Why, you pretty little thing!" Nurse, proudly—"Yes; it's a good thing." Policeman, approaching—"Well, push it along, then. You're blocking the sidewalk."—New York Herald. Freddy—"I told Mr. Loveman that you said you were going to kiss him next time he came to the house." Maud—"You horrid boy. What did he say?" Freddy—"Said he wouldn't believe it till he had it from your own lips."—Truth. Wylid—"See that woman sitting alone in the corner? That's Miss Antiqua, the lecturer. The women rave about her, but I don't think she thoroughly grasps her subject." Mack—"What is it?" Wylid—"Men."—Brooklyn Life. Scientific Uses of Liquid Air. In a recent lecture on the scientific uses of liquid air Professor Dewar froze a soap bubble by means of the intense cold produced near the surface of liquid air. The same effect, however, was obtained by Mr. Pim by throwing cold in Colorado last winter, when the thermometer stood at forty-seven degrees below zero. Fahrenheit, that is to say at forty-six degrees of frost. Acting on the suggestion of his little boy, who was blowing soap bubbles, he sent one into the cold air outside. It froze instantly, and settled to the ground as a hollow shell of ice. When the thermometer rose to zero the bubbles would not freeze, but whether this was owing to the change of temperature or some other condition of the air Mr. Pim is unable to say.—London Globe. A Hen With Teeth. Nathan Bitzick, a poultry dealer of 123 Suffolk street, has a hen without a beak or bill, but instead a large mouth with lips clearly defined and teeth which can be easily felt. She has a nose, forehead and extraordinarily large eyes, which show intelligence, like those of a dog. The face resembles that of a monkey. The tongue is unlike that of any fowl and she licks her chops like a cat. She bites off a piece of bread crust, holding it with one claw while she eats. When asleep she breathes like a quadruped, with a sound very much like a gentle snore. She weighs between five and six pounds and was brought from the country a few days ago with other fowl.—New York World.