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In the high schools of Japan the study of English is compulsory.

Chicago has only twenty per cent. of its population of native birth, the rest being foreigners or their children.

The sheep raisers of Terra del Fuogo are making plenty of money. It is said that a man who starts in with a good outfit and 1000 ewes should in ten years have an income of \$10,000 a year.

Wheat is now carried from Duluth, Minn., to Buffalo, N. Y., a distance of over 1000 miles, for two cents or even less per bushel, while it still costs from three to five cents a bushel to carry it from Buffalo to New York City, only 405 miles.

At Rome, Cavalry Lieutenant Blane, who maltreated a private so that death ensued, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay an indemnity of \$5000 to the parents of the victim. The case dragged through two years and the defense cost the doughty Lieutenant \$16,000.

Twenty-five years ago the great battles of the Franco-German war were fought. That war of only 180 days cost Germany, in dead and maimed, 6055 officers and 110,701 men. It appears almost incredible now that within a few months 21,508 French officers and 702,048 French soldiers were made prisoners or compelled to disarm.

A church in Washington now has a drum corps, announces the Pathfinder. "Things have gone on until a church is often no longer a church simply; it is a kitchen and dining-room and a room for sociables, etc., with, incidentally, a place to hold religious meetings. The church should be made attractive, of course, but should it be made a club-house?"

The troubles at Kuching and Tarsus remind the Philadelphia Record of the interesting fact that China and Turkey are now the only considerable parts of the world not under Caucasian Government or protectorate. Africa has been apportioned out in the last twenty years as China is likely to be in the next twenty. "How much longer the Unspeaking Turk is likely to last is a question, but only a question of time."

The Norwegians have adopted a very practical and business-like way of making King Oscar comply with their demands. It is simply to cut down his royal allowance if he refuses. It is a new plan, says the Baltimore American, for a dissatisfied Nation to fine a monarch, but it will probably accomplish more than the more spectacular and heroic style of fighting to the death for their liberty. A King can afford better to lose his subjects than his allowance, and the shrewd Norwegians have made able use of a practical fact.

People who have tried to learn other languages than their own will wish success to that young German philologist, who says he has invented another system by which it is possible to learn a language in three months. As the result of a challenge, he has promised to submit his system to a practical test. He has undertaken to learn twelve languages in three years, namely French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Czech and Hungarian. He started on the task on July 15, and will, therefore, have finished his work on July 15, 1898, when he will undergo an examination by a committee appointed for the purpose. This man certainly has confidence in his invention.

The person who was asked to point out the most popular book of last year based on the circulation of copies would hardly be likely to hit upon the right answer. It is not "Trilby," the graceful, nor the brave "Gentleman of France," nor the "Prisoner of Zenda," nor "Coin's Financial School," nor "Morrie England," nor any of the books of the day that hold the record. All these, with their 25,000 and 50,000 and 100,000 of circulation, are far in the rear. The leader in books last year, as for all the years, was the Bible. The report of the American Bible Society for 1894 shows that this single organization printed and procured in the twelve months 1,958,674 copies of the book, and of these 815,905 were circulated in America and the rest in foreign lands. The San Francisco Examiner believes that "a work that sells at the rate of over 800,000 a year in the United States after some centuries of circulation is not exactly to be considered as laid on the shelf."

LAUGH ALONG.

If the world present a sorrow— Laugh at it, Chaff at it, Is there threat of woe to-morrow— Chaff at it, Laugh at it; The joy will come as surely If you face the world demurely, Or the grief will fall as certain If you strive to rend the curtain— From the coming day to borrow All its store of joy or sorrow, So let the world keep drifting— Laugh at it, Chaff at it, The deeds of mortals sifting— Laugh at it, Laugh at it! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HIS REWARD.

HE was the clerk of the cash in a large drapery establishment, and when the rolling balls gave him a moment's leisure, used to look down from his high perch at the big shop beneath his feet, and, in his slow, quiet style, study the numberless assistants whose life-books thus opened to him so many of their pages.

Lately there had come to the place a slight, gray-eyed girl, who wore her black dress with such grace and held her small head with such dignity that he whimsically had named her to himself "The Little Duchess." He liked to look down and catch a glint of her hair's sunshine when his brain was dulled with calculating change and his fingers ached with cutting cash-bills and despatching them on their journeys. And he used to wonder greatly how any customer could hesitate to buy silks and satins when their lustre and sheen were displayed by her slim little fingers and the quality discerned on with so persuasive a smile. There were handsomer girls in the shop, girls with finer figures and better features; but to the boy in his mid-air cage there were none with the nameless charms that made the little duchess so lovable.

For, of course, he did love her. In less than two months he had begun to watch for her cash-bill with a trembling eagerness, to smooth out and stroke gently the bill her fingers had written and to wrap it and its change up again with a careful tenderness that, I may assure you, no one else's change and bill received. He had spoken to her half a dozen times in all; twice at the door on leaving—weather remarks, to which she had responded graciously; once or twice about bills that she had come to signify at the desk, and once he had had the great good fortune to find and return a handkerchief she had dropped. Such a pretty, ridiculous atom of mirth it was, with a fanciful "Nellie" taking up one-quarter, and some delicate scent lending a subtle fascination that had made it a real wrench for the lad to take it from his vest pocket and proffer it to her.

So great a wrench, indeed, that he proffered his love, too, humbly, but fervently, and received a very wonderful look from the gray eyes, a badly concealed smile, a "Thank you," for the handkerchief, and a "No, thank you," for the love.

He had kissed her, though, and that was some consolation afterward to his sore spirit—kissed her right upon the sweet, scarlet lips which had said "No," so decidedly, and then, bold no longer, had fled to the shelter of the friendly packing cases and bent on a retreat to his desk aloft.

That was nearly a fortnight ago; not once since had she spoken to him, and to-day he was feeling desperate. It had been a very busy morning and he had found hardly a second to raise his eyes from his work; the once that he had looked down she had been busy with a customer, a girl prettily dressed and golden-haired like herself. That had been at about ten o'clock; before twelve her cash book, with the note upon it that his penknife had made, rolled down its line, and he opened it, as he had opened it twenty times that morning; but this time it bore his fate. Besides the bill there was a little twisted note with "John Walters, private," written upon it, and the boy's very heart leaped at the sight. Down below customers wealthy waited for change and anxiously vatched for their own particular bill while the dewy eye machine read again and again, with eager eyes, "Please will you meet me at luncheon on the Strand? Do, if you can. I am in trouble. You said you loved me." Then, as he began mechanically to scribble, he said, putting a great constraint upon himself; then, when at last they were within the gates, "God bless you for this, Nellie!" "What?" said the girl, with uncertainty, but not looking at the dark, rugged face that was all aglow with love for her. "For telling me about the worry—asking me to come. Oh, God bless you, Nellie, now tell me."

ery, quietly and miserably, till the boy was almost beside himself. At last, between the sobs, he learned her trouble, which was grave, indeed. She and her sister had very much wanted to go to a certain ball, and more than that, to have new dresses for it, of soft, white Liberty silk, such as she sent out daily for fashionable customers. But her purse was empty, so in their emergency the sisters had hit upon a plan, questionable, indeed, but not dishonestly meant. The sister came to the silk counter and purchased thirty yards of silk, paying 15s. for it instead of £3 15s.

"That was on account; I was only taking a little credit like other customers," said the little duchess, with a haughty movement of the head. "On Saturday I was going to make out a bill for an imaginary customer and send £3 up to you. Don't imagine I would really wrong the firm by a half-penny."

"Oh, no," cried the boy, eagerly; "it's all right." "That's not all." The girl began to cry again, hopelessly, miserably. "I had no money to get the dresses made, and the next customer paid £2 10s., and—and—only sent 10s. up to you—I wanted to make it just £5 I had borrowed. I thought I might borrow enough, as I was borrowing—don't forget, I would rather have died than have stolen the £5, Mr. Walters."

"Of course, of course," I understand," said the cash clerk, seeing that was a worse fit than he had imagined, but longing to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears. "And then that horrid Mr. Graves, who signed first in a hurry, asked for my book and took it for something, and then sent it up to the desk, and the figures are all confused, and the check left isn't the same as I sent it to you. I hadn't time to make it right, and when the books are compared to-night it will be noticed, that I shall get into trouble, and, oh, I am so miserable!" The little duchess was sobbing pitifully.

He kissed her this time in earnest, on the lips, the cheeks, the hair, the tear-wet eyes. I think he would be kissing her still, only a gardener's form, and specially his smile, intruded itself upon their notice, and they sat apart, looking foolish, till the two o'clock bells made them hurry back to the shop.

"I'll put everything right—don't you worry," he said, and she smiled relievedly and went to the counter. That afternoon he did what all the other years of his life he had deemed impossible for him to do. He made a neat alteration in his books, so that the £5 in question would not be missed. To-morrow, he resolved, he would take £5 of his own, and would pay it into the account of the firm. The little duchess would be his debtor, and run no more risks. But, alas for the morrow!

Ere he had fairly taken his seat in the morning, before Nellie had finished fastening in her neck the violets he had brought her, some words were said at his elbow, and he slowly became aware that he—surely it was a dream!—was being arrested for defalcations in his accounts. He learned that for some time past the firm had been aware of considerable discrepancies in the books, and had placed a detective accountant in the office. Last night, for the first time, the man had discovered, as he thought, a clue, and had convinced the firm that in Walters he had found the offender.

The lad was ashamed, pale, horror-stricken, as he realized how these things must go against him. He could not drag in the name of the little duchess; even if he did it would not avail him much; he certainly had altered his book, and to mention the girl's share would only be to have two of them brought to trial and perhaps to jail. The little duchess in jail! That hair curling the prison-yard sunshine! That slender form clad in the garments of shame! The boy drew a deep breath, waved one very wistful glance at the silk counter, and then walked straight to the manager's room followed by the policeman. "I took the £5 yesterday and brought it back to-day. On my oath, before God, sir, I have never misappropriated a farthing of my moneys," his voice trembled in its eagerness, the deepest eyes gleamed and the white lips worked.

papers, and saw that her name was not even mentioned in connection with the matter. He wrote to her a loving, boyish letter, and told her she must be true to him till he came out and they would be married and go away where this could never be heard of.

It was no small thing he had done for her, he knew, and as he was not more than human he expected his reward. And the little duchess had cried quietly over the letter, and for several days cut off silk and satin with a pensive, unhappy look that quite touched her customers—those few among them who realized that it was human flesh and blood at the other side of the yard measure.

Twenty months after the little duchess was at the same counter measuring silk and satin for the stock-taking, when a note was brought to her in a writing she remembered too well. "I've got out to-day, Nellie—come down to the Gardens in the lunch time."

She hesitated when the time came; for you see, he might come to the shop, and that would never do. So she put on her hat thoughtfully and set out for the Domain.

He was awaiting her on the seat where nearly two years ago the gardener had smiled at them. He stood up as she came slowly towards him, and for a minute they gazed at each other without speaking.

"I'm glad you're out," she said, carefully looking away from him. "Yes—we must be married now, Nellie; that's all I've had to think about all this awful time." His face flushed a little under its tan, and his eyes lightened.

"It's good not to see the walls," he added, looking round at the spring's brave show, then away to the blue sparkle in the bay and the glancing sails. "We mustn't talk of that time, though ever, oh, Nellie!" "No," she said, regarding her brown shoes intently.

His eye noted the smooth roundness of her cheek, the delicate pink that came and went, the turn of the white neck. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Nellie?" he said slowly; and he drew her a little strangely and awkwardly to him.

"I knew it wouldn't be any use, and you'd never have any money or get a place after this. We couldn't be married on nothing, and it would only drag you down to have me, too. I'm not worthy of you." "Well, little duchess," he said softly as she stopped and faltered; a slow smile crept over his face, and his deep-set eyes lighted up with tenderness. Not worthy, his little duchess! Then the crimson rushed into her face, and she flung up her head defiantly. "I married the new shop-walker four months ago!"—Hartford Times.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

They Never Speak Now—Light-Headed—An Easy Boss—Quite Ready—Almost a Fixture, Etc. He asked the maid for a kiss—He loved her could not smother. She said (in fun): "Should you take one? You'd surely want another."

He shook his head and firmly said: "I will not ask for two!" With sweet surprise she murmured: "All the other fellows do!" —International Ticket Agent.

QUITE READY. He—"I'd like a flower in my coat when I go." She—"I'll put it in now."—Life.

AN EASY BOSS. Clerk—"Our new boss is a good one. Started his administration by giving each of us a Derby hat." Wigwag—"Making his presents felt, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

ALMOST A FIXTURE. "You say you came up from Florida by boat and rail without change. How is that possible?" "Easy enough. I came by boat, but more than half the time I was on the rail."—Life.

LIGHT-HEADED. Willie Gibbs—"It's awfully strange, but when I go into the water, I never can hold my head under a few moments." She—"It would be very surprising if you could."—Truth.

THE AMINO HONORABLE. Indignant Citizen—"See here, sir! You reported in your paper that I was going around with a black eye. It's abominably false, sir. I am suffering from granulars, and have to wear a patch to keep the light out."

EDITOR—"I don't like to make corrections, my friend, but I'll fix it all right in the paper to-morrow. I'll announce that your antagonist is in bed with two black eyes."—New York Weekly.

AFTER A LONK. "Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party. "I should so like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam, the dean has done something which has shut him out of society." "Dear me, you don't say so? What a dreadful thing!" said the lady in a breath. "And what was it?" she added.

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."—Tit-Bits.

CALLING HISTORY TO HIS AID. The deacon shook his head. "I can't do it," he cried impatiently. "I've put money in your schemes until my patience is exhausted—and what good does it do? Next month you are back for more."

"But, father," protested the young man, "this is the last time I shall have to call upon you—till me over only one day and I'm saved. Remember what Joshua did!" "There you go," interrupted the deacon, raising an impatient hand; "always quoting the Bible on me. But I fail to see how you can find a parallel between this case and Joshua's."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pneumatic tube is to be placed on Brooklyn Bridge to expedite mail communication between the two cities. It is claimed that prooxide of hydrogen in combination with the electric current will bleach discolored teeth in a few minutes.

According to a recent lecture of Professor Shuster, of London, the safest course for a human being in a thunder storm is to get thoroughly wet. Diamond dust was supposed to be poisonous by the early chemists; but it has been settled that there is no poisonous matter in the diamond.

David H. Wyckoff recently wrote that a million horse power could not produce the effect that a single flash of lightning has been known to accomplish. The Weather Bureau proposes to establish a system of rocket firing along the Atlantic coast to notify vessels passing at sea of the approach of storms.

It is reported from Paris that the aeronaut Capazza, dropping from an elevation of 4000 feet, has succeeded in guiding his parachute exactly to the spot previously designated by him. It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about fifty per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

According to the French professor, the rabbit is able to bear the greatest cold. He shut a rabbit up all night in a block of ice and the next morning the animal seemed to be very comfortable and not to know that anything unusual had been going on.

The Paris-Lyonne-Mediterranean Railway Company has recently put clocks on the outside of its locomotives on the side toward the station platform, for the benefit of both passengers and station agents who wish to note the instant of arrival and departure.

The British Medical Journal calls attention to the fact that diphtheria is often spread by cats. During the last epidemic at Brighton, England, it was found that several cats died of diphtheria and that beyond doubt the dread disease had, in a number of cases, been communicated by pets to human beings.

The fourteenth annual bulletin of the French Cremation Society states that in Paris alone more than 20,000 bodies have been burned since the beginning of the movement. The process of converting the corpse of an adult into ashes occupies slightly less than an hour. The society counts among its members a large proportion of women.

Lightning and Rubbers. It is not agreeable to be struck by lightning. Nor is it at all necessary. There is a sure preventative—as sure as it is simple, inexpensive and always accessible—a pair of rubbers. If a woman will simply put on a pair of rubbers when the lightning begins to flash and the thunder to roar, and will stand on the floor so that she touches nothing else, she will be as safe as if she were sealed in a glass cage.

Rubber is a non-conductor of electricity, and if the lightning has to go through a sheet of rubber to get at you, it will leave you alone, and take something else. In other words, when you have on a pair of rubbers, and not in contact with anything, you are perfectly insulated.

This is not a theory merely; it is a fact proven by innumerable experiences. A pair of rubbers has saved many a life in a thunderstorm. Only a little while ago Horace W. Folger, of Cambridgeport, Mass., was on a pilot boat in Boston Harbor, when a thunderstorm came up. He was on deck wearing rubber boots, but skulking himself with one hand by a wire cable from the main topmast. Lightning struck the topmast, shivering it into splinters. Down the cable went the current. Folger was knocked unconscious. When he recovered he was full of aches and pains, but he pulled through. If it had not been for the rubber boots, the current would have passed entirely through him. As it was the current could not get through his boots, so it passed down the cable.

It might be well to add that a pair of rubbers is to be effective against lightning must be sound and whole. Do not put on an old pair with a crack in the toe, because electricity will get out of a very small hole when it is cornered, and a pair of defective rubbers will do you no good.—New York Press.

A Pneumatic Boat. The pneumatic boat of the International Pneumatic Boat Company, New York, will be useful to sportsmen and travelers. It resembles a horse collar made of India rubber cloth, but the interior is provided with rubber boots and trousers, into which the user thrusts his legs, bringing the boat up round his waist. He then walks into the water and inflates the collar, which buoys him up. Of course he can propel the boat by breaking the water or by rigging up a sail, and he remains quite dry. The "boat" is easily carried about.

A Convict's Romance. A man in a jealous passion killed a rival in Indiana, and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. The sentence having just expired, the convict—now a white-haired man—has been married to the woman on whom he was convicted. He then walks into the water and inflates the collar, which buoys him up. Of course he can propel the boat by breaking the water or by rigging up a sail, and he remains quite dry. The "boat" is easily carried about.

WITHOUT US.

We struggle and strive for a wonderful place In the wonderful world about us, And then we die, and the wonderful world Goes merry on without us. —Carrie Blake Morgan, in Overland.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The man who keeps step with conscience rarely gets his heels trampled. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Do not tell secrets to people on an ocean voyage. They can never keep anything to themselves.—Life.

Some hearts never learn the difference between an earnest longing and a hoggish greed. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spinner—"After all, it is easy to make the time fly." Bicyclist—"Yes, only the other day I made a century run."—Life.

Housekeeper—"Your milk is as thin as water to-day." Milkman—"Well, it was very foggy this morning when we milked."

Before marriage, a girl complains of her kin to her lover, and after marriage he complains of them to her. —Acheson Globe.

Doctor—"Are you troubled by dreams?" Patient—"Very much! I have in my pocket now the third bill for my daughter's latest."—Puck.

When you find a man of whom it is often said that he has his heart in the right place, there is apt to be something wrong with his head. —Acheson Globe.

Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence," said one friend. "Yes; and right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment." —Detroit Free Press.

Extract from the casualty column of a Western newspaper: "He fell on his neck, but he didn't weep, for he fell a long distance and the neck was his own."—West Union Gazette.

Possibly the highest proof of the shrewdness of doctors and lawyers is the fact that they seldom rely on their own judgment in their own cases. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Johnny Snuggs—"Papa, what is the difference between a boom and a boomstick?" Mr. Snuggs—"A boomstick is a movement in favor of a candidate we don't want, my boy."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Vultures and a Dead Tiger. The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed there, above one, and always bearing the least, miscalculated glances, whose only apparent strength is their own menacing jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh, until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean-picked skeleton.—Thirty Years of Shikar.

A New Filter for Ships. A new filter for ships is made of a tree-trunk. The water is pumped up into a reservoir and then forced, under heavy pressure, into the filter formed by the trunk of the tree. In a few minutes the water is seen oozing out of the lower portion of the trunk, and is entirely freed from salt and the objectionable taste of sea-water; in fact, it is drinkable, and may be used for all domestic purposes. This is a discovery of the utmost importance, as heretofore chemicals have been the only means of purifying the sea-water, and this sometimes brought about unpleasant results, on account of developing new elements by the mixture of the purifiers with the salt water.—New York Ledger.

Rapidity of Hair-Growth. Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. It is most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches; while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.