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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 Blanc, 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.

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, 605 officers and 110,701 men.

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 troubles at Kucheng 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.

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.

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.

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 "Merrie England," nor any of the books of the day that hold the record.

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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.

HIS REWARD.

It 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 shutting cash-bills and despatching them on their journeys.

For, of course, he did love her. In less than two months he had begun to watch for her, and once he had had the great good fortune to find and return a handkerchief she had dropped. Such a pretty, ridiculous atom of merriment 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 worthy 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 a friendly packing case and beaten a retreat to his desk aloft fortnight ago.

It had been a very busy morning when 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 box, with the notch upon it that his penknife had made, rolled down its lane, and he opened it, as he had opened it twenty times that morning; but this time it bore his fate.

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cry, quietly and miserably, till the boy was almost beside himself. At last, between the shelves, learned her a 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 cut out daily for fortunate customers.

"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—I 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 clerk, seeing that it was a worse fix than he had imagined, but longing to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears. "And then that horrid Mr. Groves, 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 especially his smile, obtruded 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 dressing in her neck the violet 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 ahen 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 name would only be to have two of them brought to trial and perhaps to jail. The little duchess in jail! That hair catching the prison-yard sunshine! That slender form clad in the garments of shame! The boy drew a deep breath, waved one very wishful 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 money," his voice trembled in its eagerness, the deep-set eyes glistened and the white lips worked.

"Your purpose, Walters?" "The manager looked hard, disbelieving. "Direct need. Oh, believe me, sir, I have served you three years honestly as man can serve—yesterday I borrowed this money and brought it back this morning—don't ruin my whole life for this one act."

"Your pressing need yesterday?" John drew a deep breath again. "I—can't tell you." "Then the heads of the firm came in indignant at their misused trust, and they scorned his story. The defalcation amounted to almost \$200 in all, and he had confessed to \$5, which had been found upon him. Of course, he and no other was the offender, and they must teach their employes a lesson. So John walked down that long shop by the side of the official, his head very erect, his face pale and his knees shaking; all his life he would remember the glances of pity, curiosity and disdain that he met on every side. As he passed the silk counter the little duchess was measuring a great piece of rose-red, sheeny satin, that gleamed warm and beautiful beneath her hands. She was very white, and in her eyes was a look of abject horror and entreaty; his eyes reassured her, and passed on and out of the door. Yes, all his life he would remember that the rose-red satin and its brilliant, glancing light.

After the trial everyone thought him fortunate to get only two years, and the little duchess, who had grown thin and ancient-looking, breathed freely as she read the account in the papers, and saw that her name was not even mentioned in connection with the matter. She wrote to her 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 out of 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 got out to-day, Nellie—come down to the Gardens in the launch time."

She hesitated when the time came; but, 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.

She was in black of course, but fresh and dainty-looking, with a bunch of white chiffon at her throat, with her little tan shoes, and her hair showing golden against the black of her lace hat.

For him, his face had hardened, the once thick, curly hair was horribly shorter, his hands were rough and unskillful, his clothes hung awkwardly upon him and his linen was doubtful.

"The little duchess!" he said, dully; then he put out his hand, took her small gloved one and looked at it enviously. "I am 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.

Then she spoke. "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.

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—"I will not ask for two." With sweet surprise she murmured: "All the other fellows do!"

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."

ALMOST A FIXTURE. "You say you came up from Florida by boat and rail without change. How is that possible?"

LIGHT-HEADED. Willie Gibbs—"It's awfully strange, but when I go into the watah, I never can hold my head undah faw a moment."

AFTER A LION. "Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party.

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."

THEY MET BY CHANCE. Two real estate men, both partial to bicycles, met in the club house not many moons ago.

TRACING THE LOSS. The two dollar bill was missing; that was one sure thing. Mr. Hankinson had given it to Mrs. Hankinson to pay the ironman, and Mrs. Hankinson had it on the mantel. Now it was gone.

WALK A THOUSANT MILES TO WORSHIP. The history of Canada, especially its earlier history, preserves the story of many a deed of heroism and devotion on the part of Christian missionaries who worked and perished among the Indians, but there are few stories which reflect so much credit on Indian piety as that published from Quebec.

THEY NEVER SPEAK NOW—LIGHT-HEADED—AN EASY BOSS—QUITE READY—ALMOST A FIXTURE, ETC.

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 protide 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.

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.

The Paris-Lyonnes-Mediterranean Railway Company has recently put clocks on the outside of its locomotives on the side toward the station platforms, 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 cases died of diphtheria and that beyond doubt the dread disease had, in a number of cases, been communicated by pets to human beings.

Lightning and Rubbers. It is not agreeable to be struck by lightning. Nor is it at all necessary. There is a sure preventive—as sure as it is simple, inexpensive and always accessible—a pair of rubbers.

A New Filter for Ships. A new filter for ships is made of a two-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.

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 in interior is provided with rubber boots and trousers, into which the user thrusts his legs, bringing the boat up round his waist.

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 account of whom he committed the crime.

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. The most usually accepted calculation gives it a half inch per annum.

WITHOUT US. We struggle and strive for a wonderful place In the wonderful world about us, And then we die, and the wonderful world Gosses merrily on without us.

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