

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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The "scramble for Africa" goes steadily on among the European Powers.

Arizona is looming up as a honey-producing Territory. The shipments this season will, it is estimated, be not less than 125 tons.

The remarkable growth of business is steadily illustrated by the activity of the railroads, especially in the South, West and Southwest sections.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, said the other day in the course of an interview: "If we want to live in a green old age we should stay in harness. The dry rot of aimlessness eats out existence."

France reports 213 centenarians, all except sixty-six being women. They are generally ahead in the tables of longevity, a fact sometimes explained, the New York Tribune states, by the superior tranquility of their lives, but this does not hold good in the case of the women of France.

By act of the Legislature of the State of Ohio a clay-workers' school has been established in the Ohio State University, where the chemistry, mechanism and manual work of everything connected with clay industries is taught. Professor Orton is the director of this school.

Two more slabs of stone inscribed with words and music have been found in the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphia by the French. By using some of the fragments previously discovered, a second Hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans. The Greeks seem to have used twenty-one notes in their musical notation, where modern musicians use only twelve.

A congregation in Kansas seems to have found a new way of raising funds for their church work, relates the New York Independent. They have agreed to sow 100 acres of land with wheat, and, after deducting a certain sum for rent, devote the rest to paying church expenses. The members furnish teams, plows, laborers and seed, and expect to be able to provide preaching for every Sabbath from the proceeds.

It is claimed that the first trolley line ever operated in America was opened at Richmond, Va., in February, 1888. "Since then," says a writer in the Engineering Magazine, "there have been put in operation in England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States not less than 700 electric railways, covering 7000 miles." This is a good beginning, but it is only a beginning. The capital already invested in such roads is likely to be doubled in the next twelve months, predicts the New York World.

The number of the pioneer missionaries of the early part of this century is fast diminishing, observes the New York Independent. One of the latest to go is the venerable Dr. Dean, who sailed for Siam among the early Baptist missionaries in 1831. He labored for many years at Bangkok and afterward at Hongkong, then again at Bangkok until 1884, when he returned to his native land. Dr. Dean gave much attention to translation both of the Bible and other books, and to the writing of commentaries. Notwithstanding his more than fourscore years, he has been well until within a few weeks, when he suffered an accident at the age of eighty-eight. This was more serious than had been a younger man; and he died at San Diego, Cal.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has, for the last five or six years, been experimenting upon the connection between ticks and the Texas cattle fever. In the blood of cattle affected by this disease there is an infusorian which quickly destroys the red blood-corpuscles, and the same infusorian has also been detected in the body of the tick. It has been repeatedly transferred from diseased animals to healthy ones by means of the tick. The presence of this infusorian is regarded as diagnostic of the disease, and, adds a writer in Nature, the effect of its corpuscle-destroying powers is seen all over the body, as well as in the red-colored urine, giving the name of "red-water" to the disease. The "lumpy-ill" or "tramping," of the north of Britain, has been traced by some directly to the presence of ticks upon the sheep; and the same may be said of a disease called "heart water" at the Cape of Good Hope. It is quite possible that certain other obscure cattle diseases in different parts of the world are caused by ticks.

HCPE.

We sailed and sailed upon the desert sea, Where for whole days we lone seemed to be. As I have seen a thin, vague line arise Between the lonely billows and the skies. That grew and grew until it wore the shape Of some and inlet, promontory and cape; Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields and woods, Steeples and roofs, and village neighborhoods. And then I thought, "Some time I shall embark Upon a sea more desert and more dark Than ever this was, and between the skies And lonely billows I shall see arise Another world out of that waste and lapse, Like wonder land. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps!" —W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

ABBIE COLEMAN'S NEPHEW



ABBIE COLEMAN was strangely desolate of kith or kin. So far as she knew there was only one person in the world whose veins ran red with enough genuine Coleman blood to entitle him to be called a relative of hers, and that was half-uncle of her father's, who had long since passed the allotted age of three score and ten and who was still fighting daily battles with his chronic aches and pains for the sole reason that Providence had never seen fit to let him die. On the morning when she was thirty-two Miss Coleman thought sorrowfully of the unmerited plague that had swept away her kinsfolk, and more than one tear rolled off the end of her nose and plashed in the cup of lukewarm tea that stood on the table before her. She finally swallowed the last drop of the concoction of Oolong and water of Marah, at the same time drying her eyes with the corner of her white linen handkerchief, that she might make sure of the identity of the messenger boy who came slowly up the walk and rapped at the corner of the house to the door of the dining room, which occupied the front portion of the north L. He had a telegram for Miss Abbie. That worthy lady had learned to look upon telegraphic communications as the most potent disturbers of the public peace that were allowed unbridled circulation throughout the land; perhaps she had well grounded reasons for so regarding them when it was taken in consideration that every one who had ever received had notified her of the death of another Coleman. So that day she let the yellow envelope lie on the table where the boy had put it and eyed it suspiciously for several minutes after he had gone. Consoling herself at last, however, with the thought that there was only one more Coleman to die except herself, she opened it and read: "Dear Aunt—Will arrive at 10.30 over the Wabash road. Your loving nephew, —" "TOB COLEMAN."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Strayed—A Veteran—The Mother of Invention—Misunderstood—Possibility of Roosters, Etc., Etc. Mery had a little lamb. It followed her every day, Till Mery put the blossoms on And then it ran away. —Louisiana Times. A VETERAN. Lawyer—"The cross-examination didn't seem to worry you a little bit. Have you had any previous experience?" Client—"Six children."—Brooklyn Life. THE MOTHER OF INVENTION. "What you be pullin' off the pig's tail for, Mandy?" "Well, you see the dinner horn's broke, and my voice ain't strong enough to reach where the hands are, so I hit on this idea."—Harper's Bazar. MISUNDERSTOOD. Boarder (suspiciously)—"There is no foreign substance in this coffee, is there?" Landlady—"Um—er—well, I'm afraid there is, sir. The spoon in it is a souvenir from India, I believe."—Detroit Free Press. POSSIBILITY OF ROOSTERS. At the gardener's: Lady—"What are these little green plants?" Gardener—"Eggplants, marm." Lady—"Well, now, if I should buy some and set them out are you sure they'll lay?"—Chicago Record. HIS DEEP-SEATED TROUBLE. "Doctor, kin yer prescribe for a sick feller for nothin'?" "What's the matter with you?" "Indigestion." "Overeating?" "Naw; nothin' in me stuck to digest!"—Chicago Record. THOSE SENSELESS QUESTIONS. "Whose funeral is that?" "Charley Hoekersmith's." "What! Is Charley dead?" "Oh, no! It is his twin brother who is dead, but as Charley is a bachelor and his brother has a wife and four small children, Charley prevailed upon them to bury him in his brother's stead."—New York World. NOT A BOMBARDMENT. Kismet—"Has her papa ever fired you?" Higgins—"He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade." "How is that?" "When I call to see his daughter, he remains in the parlor during the whole of tea interview."—Detroit Free Press. WOMAN'S PEEBLE. The new woman prisoner looked over the jury of gentlemen in the box. "May it please the court," she said with great hauteur, "I desire to be tried by a jury of my peers." "That is impossible, madam, I am sorry to say," replied the gallant judge. "This court hasn't the power to summons angels to serve on juries."—Detroit Free Press. HE COULD BE TRUSTED. "Do you think, sir," said the girl's mother, "that you have the patience and forbearance to be a kind husband?" "Madam," replied the young man, in earnest tones, "I can put a fourteen and a half stand-up collar on a number fifteen shirt without saying a single strong word." And she consented to the match at once. —Household Words. A WINDOW IN HIS HEAT. Although "every dog has his day," few of the species attain to the distinction and cerity of one which formerly belonged to the late Arthur Durham. The fame of this animal was spread far and wide about five and twenty or thirty years ago, and "Durham's dog" was as well known in scientific circles as the President of the Royal Society. For the better pursuit of his investigations into the state of the brain in sleeping and waking Mr. Durham had removed a large part of the animal's skull and had glazed the orifice with a stout watch glass. The operation had been performed with the assistance of anaesthetics, and the dog was quite unaware that anything of the kind had occurred to him, or that he had a transparent crown to his cranium. But through his watch glass the state of the circulation in his brain in sleeping or waking could be observed with the greatest accuracy and ease, and much useful information was thus supplied by him. I believe that he lived happily for many years afterward and that he suffered no inconvenience from having a glass top. —London World. THE HISSINGS OF DISTANCE. The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation from year to year and age to age. And yet the profoundest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocities they are whirling around invisible centres, and ever shifting their positions in space. They appear to us motionless and changeless because of our own great distance from them. —Atlanta Constitution.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Lead deposits of almost limitless extent are found in Missouri and Kansas. The Rev. Carr, of Tristram, England, has a collection of about 20,000 stuffed birds, which are to be placed in a Liverpool museum. Dr. Luigi Salmone has recently made a collection of Roman surgical instruments which indicate that the Romans had a high degree of operative skill. M. Janssen recently informed the French Academy of Sciences that he had determined the existence of water vapor in the planet Mars by means of the spectroscopic. M. Camille Bonie read a report recently before the French Academy of Sciences on the discovery of some gigantic remains of elephants. One tusk measured no less than 2.85 metres. Paris has established a municipal laboratory for bacteriology in the old Loban barracks, where analyses of suspected cases of diphtheria are made within twenty-four hours after the materials have been handed in. The balloon by means of which M. Andree, the Swedish engineer, will endeavor to reach the North Pole, will, it is said, be capable of carrying three persons, four months' provisions, a sled, and a sailing boat, and will be sufficiently gas-tight to hover in the air for thirty days. It has been found that one volume of water will dissolve only .0075 volume of the gas helium. This is the lowest solubility thus far recorded. Helium is totally insoluble in benzene and absolute alcohol. Its temperature of liquefaction has not yet been determined, but it is thought to be at least as low as that of hydrogen. In calculating the cost of electric cooking, the cost of the lamp is put at about one per cent. per hour. One pint of water can be brought from sixty degrees Fahrenheit to the boiling point at the cost of two sixteen-candle-power lamps for one hour, or, by the use of the equivalent of five lamps, it can be made to boil in twelve minutes; while by the use of the equivalent of sixteen and one-half lamps it can be made to boil in 3.7 minutes. The Origin of the Word Dago. The Times-Herald has recently had several inquiries as to the meaning of the word "dago." It is not an Italian word, nor a legitimate word in any language. It is derived from the Spanish proper name Diego, pronounced Dyago, which is the most common Christian name of men in Spain. St. Diego or St. James being the tutelary saint of that country. All Spanish mothers name one son after the saint, and the result is that Diego is the Christian name one oftener hears among the Spaniards and on the borders of the Mediterranean. From this came the habit of the sailors of all nationalities in the Mediterranean of calling every man employed on vessels whose name was unknown to them Diego or Dago, that being the name they most frequently heard among such employees. Just as mates and captains on our lakes and rivers call the generality of their rowboats "John," that being the name most usually heard among us. From this custom of the sailors the transition was easy in this country to call all foreigners Dagos that came from the Mediterranean shores, and hence the name is applied indiscriminately to Italians, Greeks, Sicilians and Spaniards. It is a mere nickname, but it is so deeply rooted in popular speech that it will always endure. It is like the word yankee, which among foreigners is considered to be the name of the whole American people, though among ourselves we discriminate largely as to its applicability. —Chicago Times-Herald. A Window in His Heat. Although "every dog has his day," few of the species attain to the distinction and cerity of one which formerly belonged to the late Arthur Durham. The fame of this animal was spread far and wide about five and twenty or thirty years ago, and "Durham's dog" was as well known in scientific circles as the President of the Royal Society. For the better pursuit of his investigations into the state of the brain in sleeping and waking Mr. Durham had removed a large part of the animal's skull and had glazed the orifice with a stout watch glass. The operation had been performed with the assistance of anaesthetics, and the dog was quite unaware that anything of the kind had occurred to him, or that he had a transparent crown to his cranium. But through his watch glass the state of the circulation in his brain in sleeping or waking could be observed with the greatest accuracy and ease, and much useful information was thus supplied by him. 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A HAPPY FELLOW.

He was the happiest fellow alive. Don't care how trouble might try him. Lovin' his brothers. An' don't to others. Just like he'd have 'em do by him. Summer or winter—in still was so ten, Don't care how cold was needin'— Wheat tumble over. An' "corners" on clover— Trouble steered clear of his dwellin' Sunshine or cyclone, it still was the same— Never could please him a minute. Take all his money. An' "skies were still sunny. "Providence—Providence in it!" That was his sayin', no matter what came, And when, with the love of a brother, That counts not the loss, Asks no crown for his cross— He laid down his life for another. He smiled—a brave smile—"Here his spirit took flight. To the heaven (he was worthy to visit) Passed under the soil With a simple "Thank God!" Providence—Providence in it!" P. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Love makes the world go round; but it will not make the eligible young men go round. —Punch. If Mahomet went to the Mountain it was doubtless for the purpose of getting his name in the society column. —Boston Transcript. "What is Charley doing for a living now?" "Writing." "I didn't know he was literary." "He isn't. He writes home for remittances." —Tit-Bits. "How do you like my new trolley hat?" "Trolley hat! It's very pretty, but why do you call it that?" "Why, John says it's perfectly killing." —Brooklyn Life. Weston—"Do you think a younger man can safely marry on \$10 a week?" Easton—"Well, they depend a good deal on how much the girl's father is worth." —Somerville Journal. Reporter—"And is everything on your farm nice and fresh?" Farmer—"Nice and fresh! I guess you'd think so if you'd see some of our city boarders." —Boston Traveller. "I must be careful," observed the cyclone, as it careened across the country, "about taking a drop too much. It's all up with me if I once get dissipated." —Detroit Tribune. "What became of that trifling fellow, Tweedles?" "Oh, he went West and opened a store." "Doing well?" "No; doing time. He was caught in the act." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Princely—"Did you see Jabberoo last night, spending money like a prince?" "Like a prince? He blew in about \$1. Do you call that like a prince?" "Sure; the money was his wife's." —Indianapolis Tribune. "How did you feel on your fifteenth birthday?" asked one of Boston's bachelors of another who is beginning to grow old. "Never happier or friskier in my life," said he, "but I had a bad headache next morning." —Boston Herald. "It's hard to tell just what the public wants," said the theater manager, with a sigh. "It hasn't struck me that way," replied the treasurer. "It seems painfully easy to me. In nine cases out of ten it wants its money back." —Washington Star. Stranger—"Do the people do much hunting around here?" Native—"They do, for a fact. Dead loads of it." Stranger—"What do they hunt—deer and quail?" Native—"Nope. Money to meet their notes in bank with." —Florida Times-Union. Miss Coynell—"Jack Sofflelight told me last night that I ought to accept him because he was willing to prove his love for me." Her friend—"What did you say?" "I said I couldn't see it in that light." "Then what did he say?" "Nothing. He just turned the light out." —Philadelphia Record. "I've always said," remarked Mr. Scrambles, "that too much education just amounted to makin' people forget all about common sense." "What's the matter?" "My daughter this mornin' asked me how I felt. I told her I was in pretty bad shape. "Oh, papa," said she, like she was going to faint. "Don't you know that had shape is bad form?" "Es if anybody didn't know that!" —Washington Star. "Do you think," asked the Colonel, as he cocked his revolver, "that you can make room to-morrow for that communication of mine which has lain on your desk for six weeks past?" "Certainly!" gasped the editor, "if we've crowded I can enlarge the paper, or—" "That is satisfactory," interrupted the Colonel, still eyeing his weapon. "I heard that you were crowded for space up here, and I thought if I got you and the foreman out of the way there would be more room." —Atlanta Constitution. A Queer Stone. Did you ever see a goodie, the ugly crossin'-yellow, rounded rock, which, upon being broken open, presents a perfect wilderness of diamond-like crystals? They are oddities of the oddest kind, and are not too plentiful anywhere. The word "goodie," means "earthstone," and is applied to all hollow stones which are filled with crystallized matter. When broken open some are found to be filled with sparkling clear water. Others appear to be full of yellow or broken paint, while a third class are filled with what appears to be a fair quality of tar. No odds what the filling of the cavity may be composed of, the sides are always studded with crystals. Should the filling be yellow, the crystals are likely to be of the same color, but by far the greater portion of them are as clear as ice or diamonds. —San Francisco Call.