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Railway traveling in Norway is cheaper than in any European country.

According to English census reports, the number of occupations of women in 1881 was five, while now it is more than 150.

In several districts in Sicily the lands of the old communal fiefs are being distributed to peasants, despite the opposition of the clerical officials.

During the past year \$500,000,000 worth of stock in the African gold mines has been sold in England and France. "Marketing boats mining badly," exclaims the New Orleans Picayune.

Pauperism assumes prodigious proportions in London. Official relief of one kind or another was afforded to 67,909 paupers during the month of July. This is supposed to mean 150,000 paupers in midwinter.

The citizens of Sheffield, England, have asked the Duke of Norfolk to be their mayor next year, and it is understood that he will accept, thus devoting his spare time and energy to municipal duties, and giving him a chance for usefulness that the New York Observer thinks any duke might envy.

Russia is stimulating emigration from the congested districts at home to Eastern Siberia, and selecting her material, too. Fine grants of land are given, cattle and seed are furnished, and religious toleration exists to a degree unknown in European Russia.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly who has been studying the habits of bluejays finds that they make war on and get the better of the English sparrow. The sparrows, however, join other small birds in common cause against them, and it is not uncommon to see a jay in screaming flight with a score or more of small birds pursuing him.

H. M. Stanley's maiden speech in the British House of Commons is described as delivered with easy confidence and as evidently unprepared; his smile was pleasant, the tinge of Americanism in his accent threw his individuality into a sort of relief, while his quietly assured self-confidence interested the members.

Harper's Weekly observes: A contemporary newspaper is greatly shocked by the remark of Dr. Bach, of the Medico-Legal Society, that physicians sometimes administer drugs to end the agony of a patient. It wonders what reply a trustworthy, honorable and law-abiding physician would make to Dr. Bach's statement.

Professor Runnebaum, of Berlin, sent by the German Government to examine the timber resources of our Pacific coast, expresses amazement at the waste he witnessed there. He says the end of American forests is near at hand unless they are protected by law against reckless cutting and conflagration.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and still standing in deep shadow, said, with grave dignity: "I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her majesty to ask a favor of Mrs. la Contesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

He drops the bars down, one by one, and lets the cows pass through. Then follows them along the lane as one he used to do. And memory whippers as he climbs the grassy meadow slope. Of happy days when, long ago, a boy so full of hope.

THE LOST EARRINGS.

A TALE OF THE SKILLFUL THIEVES OF PARIS.

It was in the palmiest days of the Second Empire. It was an evening in mid-winter. The Paris season was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Francaise to witness the performance of Jules Sandeau's delightful play, "Mlle. de la Seigliere."

The empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much, yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so little.

In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, Countess Ivanoff, concealing, whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.

The curtain fell after the first act. The emperor and empress withdrew during the entr'acte. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in no wise disturbed by the fact that the golden youth in the stalls were bringing a small battery of operaglasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife.

The countess leaned back in her luxurious fauteuil, fanning herself, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain-shaded box, the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad of starry brilliant gleams followed the masses of her gold-brown hair; and two priceless stones flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell-tinted ears.

"But I tell you, mon ami, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superiors vouching for the truth of his statement." "Nevertheless, mon ami, he has been here, and has taken my earrings. See! it is gone." "Effectively," agreed the count, with a grim smile; "but Dumont has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief, made up as Dumont."

concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess Woronzoff. The empress begs that you will intrust one of your penitents to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of her vexed question. I will myself return it the instant her majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the countess, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it without misgiving in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger. The countess bestowed a smile and gracious bow of dismissal upon her majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit.

Shortly afterward Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to Dumont," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, Dumont. I am not surprised at the emperor's partiality for him; he must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is Dumont?" inquired the countess, with languid interest. "That is rather a difficult question," replied the count, smiling; "there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. Look, he has just entered the emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Impossible!" cried the countess, in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was the veritable M. Dumont I see opposite who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. I will go and inquire of Dumont, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the empress having sent him roaming about the theatre, borrowing a lady's jewels, I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisian thieves! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."

With this the count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned. In the meantime, the countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box.

"I was right," whispered the count, re-entering and bending over his wife's chair; "Dumont knows nothing of your earrings, and, needless to say, the empress never sent him or anyone else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day. Early in the afternoon the countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sleigh, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frozen air, stood waiting in the court yard while the countess donned her furs.

An officer entering announced that an officer of the police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Mrs. la Contesse concerning the lost diamond. "Certainly," said madame, graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been sojeered into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove, as directed, to the Bureau of Police at which the count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay, the count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his handsome bearded face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away over the frozen snow; "your second earring has been netted by another member of the light fingered fraternity, and, upon my honor, I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this, the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond earrings knew her pretty ears no more.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Death in Awful Form. A crowd of nearly a thousand people watched a man drown in Los Angeles to-day and was powerless to help him. His name was Thomas Reynolds, and he was a laborer for a sewer building on Los Angeles street, near Boyd.

At about 3 o'clock Reynolds was working in a new sewer that is building directly underneath an old brick one. The ground is soft there and Reynolds was caught by a small cave-in. His legs were pinioned by the falling earth, but no one thought his situation serious. A rope was made fast to him and an attempt was made to pull him out, but his shovel had fallen across his feet, and it was soon seen that he would have to be dug out.

The work was at once begun. Suddenly, to the horror of the great crowd that had assembled, the old brick sewer cracked over the watchman's head burst and a large stream of water flowed into the excavation, gradually driving the rescuers out. A fire engine was sent for, and attempted to pump the inflow of water out, but it proved of no avail.

The man was doomed and nothing could be done for him. He was upright in the hole and the water soon reached his waist. For the first time he realized that he would die. Inch by inch the fluid rose, and the poor fellow lost his nerve and commenced to utter the most heart-rending shrieks and appeals for help. The streets became blocked with people, and as the news spread of what was going on in that hole the crowd became frantic with a desire to save the man. But absolutely nothing could be done to succor him. The water reached the throat, then the chin, then a ripple struck his lips. The watchers at the brink of the hole turned their faces away and groaned as a last despairing shriek came from the victim. His arms beat the water back frantically and then were still.—San Francisco Examiner.

Unique Suit for Damages. A ruined playground is the basis of a damage suit for \$10,000 in the district court, Duluth, Minn. The plaintiffs are Anand and Amathalla Olson and the defendant is the contracting firm of Fredin & Wilson, who recently built a block near the Olson home in the East End.

The Bavarian minister at Bern is likely to feel a good deal of natural resentment against the Swiss police force for some little time to come. He went to Winterthur, the Swiss Biele, where the National rifle festival was being held, and was enjoying himself in a quietly Teutonic fashion when suddenly he was seized by detectives and handed off to the nearest lockup. His demand for an explanation was met by the confident assertion that he was no other than a notorious criminal, who had been "wanted" for many months. The detectives were so sure they had the right man that it was not until a high Government official had identified the unfortunate diplomat that they consented to his release. They had a portrait of the malefactor which closely resembled the features of the minister.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Sad Dilemma—The Contrariness of Things—A Reservation—By the Audience—The Cynic's View. "O dearest heart, be mine," he said, "When suing for a wife, I cannot live without you, love, You are my very life."

"Alas! I cannot tell you, Sir, To take me," she replied, "For if you take your life, of course, You'll be a suicide."—Richmond Dispatch.

A RESERVATION. "You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife."—Life.

THE CONTRARIETY OF THINGS. He—"That little trip of ours to Boulogne never came off, after all!" She—"Nothing ever does come off—except buttons!"—Punch.

HE MANAGES TO COLLECT IT. Gummey—"Young Harkins says his rich wife is all the world to him." Glanders—"I know. He also says the world owes him a living."

BY THE AUDIENCE. "Hut!" whispered the villain, creeping stealthily away. "I expected you would be," rejoined the stage manager, with curling lip.—Puck.

THE CYNIC'S VIEW. "What," said the emancipator, "has the bicycle done for woman?" "It has enabled her," said the cynic on the back seat, "to take her place in the middle of the road, along with horses."—Buffalo Express.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. Mrs. Fairview—"Doctor, do you think my husband fully realizes his condition?" "The Doctor—"I do. He asked me to-day if I was a married man."—Life.

PROBABLY TRUE. "You know, George," she was explaining, "I was brought up without any care."

THE NEED WAS SUPPLIED. Creditor—"Now, I want that money. When you came to me six months ago you said you were in need of a temporary loan."

AN ARISTOCRATIC PATIENT. Doctor—"Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough."

WHY HE WORRIED. "I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said the friend of the family. "He's not a poker player."

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE. A—"Is dyeing the hair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?" B—"Certainly, you may take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine dyed his hair, and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children."—Plebeian Blast.

NO MORE EXPERIMENTING. Mr. Sumpurse—"Are you sure you can be contented with love in a cottage?" Adored One—"Yes, so long as the love lasts."

IT IS THE USUAL THING. The Chairman of the Meeting—"Gentlemen, you see only ruin around you. The lord flames have wiped us out. Our town is gone. It is in ashes. We were not very well insured, but we must try to build up again with what little money we have. Now, the Chairman would like to receive suggestions as to the wisest thing to do. What shall be the first step?"

Leading Citizen—"I move, Mr. Chairman, that we club in and buy a fire engine."—Judge.

MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS. "Glorious sport!" cried the man by the roadside as the searchers went by. "I can't see it," returned the man who was watering his horse. "That must be because you are prejudiced," said the man who had first spoken. "It has everything in its favor. I even find it an excellent thing for business."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Welding by electricity is spreading. A pound of cork will sustain in the water a man weighing 151 pounds.

Forty to fifty miles a day is about the maximum distance attained by ordinary riders on a tricycle. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company will use crude petroleum from the Los Angeles oil fields as fuel for a number of their locomotives.

A folding bicycle has been devised. By a simple and ingenious arrangement the connecting rods of the frame may be folded until the machine is reduced to the size of one wheel.

Russian philanthropists propose that fresh blood from the abattoirs be used in the preparation of bread, crackers, sausages, etc. Fresh blood contains much bitumen and can be obtained at nominal cost.

The recent Geographical Congress at London declared in favor of the universal use of the meridian of Greenwich. It also declared in favor of the metre as the geographical standard of measurement.

A vein of natural gas extends along the eastern and southern shore of Lake Ontario in the counties of Jefferson and Oswego, and wells have been sunk at different points, gas being found in sufficient quantities for commercial and illuminating purposes for several villages.

Professor Stoddard writes that while "argon" is undoubtedly a new substance, the evidence does not warrant the positive assertion that it is an element rather than a mixture of elements. Having discovered its existence, the scientists are now busy attempting to imagine a use for it.

It appears that certain fungi may be disseminated by snails and toads. An Italian naturalist, Voglino, has found in the digestive canal of these animals an abundance of the spores of species of Bussula, Tricholoma, Lactarius and other kinds of toadstools. But the power of germination of these spores had not been destroyed by passing through the body of the animals in question.

The completion a few years ago of the object glass of the Lick refractor, with a diameter of thirty-six inches, was rightly considered an important event in astronomy. But the Yerkes lens now ready at Cambridge, Mass., is forty-one and a half inches in diameter, and is without an equal in size. When it is mounted at the Lake Geneva (Wis.) observatory, the attention of astronomers throughout the world will be turned in that direction as the most probable point of new discoveries.

Employed in Odd Ways. Here are a few instances of the many extraordinary ways in which people find employment nowadays: An aged commissionaire, to whom the faces of all "men about town" were familiar, recently obtained employment on the opening of a new West End club, his duties being to simply stand at the door and touch his hat to all the notabilities who passed, in order to attract attention to the new venture.

Giving evidence as a witness in a running down case, a shabbily dressed individual recently declared that for years he had picked up a living by roaming about the streets and patching up broken harness with a few pieces of stout leather, needle and wadded thread that he carried in his pocket, and affirmed that on Derby days, ball holidays and such like special occasions he had sometimes made as much as fifteen shillings.

There is an old and artful fisherman who regularly, in the season, infests the salmon rivers of the North and sells the results of his own illicit angling to London sportsmen desirous of returning to their friends with handsome evidences of their skill with rod and line, and in this way he used to declare he made sufficient every season to keep him during the winter.—Pearson's Weekly.

New Potatoes. This is the way new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be obtained, are purchased by the raffoleurs de pommes de terre, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satiny appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the Marchands de Comestibles for five francs apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the raffoleurs make no secret of their trade, and may daily be seen at work near the Pont Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hotel-de-Ville.—Boston Commonwealth.

Rather Suggestive. A humorous incident occurred at a wedding conducted in a Melbourne church not very long ago. The officiating clergyman had just reached that part of the service when the question is put to the bridegroom: "Will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and in firm tones he replied, "I will," when a fishmonger chanced to be passing the church, and cried out in stentorian tones: "Eyes fresh fishheads!" There was an audible smile, and the bridegroom, at the subsequent breakfast, remarked that he was so disconcerted at the time that he felt as if he could have done for the fellow.—London Telegraph.

WHEN POLLY SMILES.

When Polly smiles the arroyos skies Take on a heavenly blue; And O how bright is Polly's eye— How bright it is! How true— And from his perch, on her sedate Young shoulders, you can see Love show his arrows swift and straight, When Polly smiles at me.

But O, my soul, when Polly frowns, How black and frown the skies! And, oftentimes, a raindrop drows— The light in Polly's eye. But when I kiss her all the rain And storm clouds quickly flee And happy skies are blue again, For—Polly smiles at me! —New York Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Time is money in the sense that it cannot be held.—Puck. Policeman—"Is there anything un-touched?" Proprietor—"Yes; the burglar alarm."

"All things come to him who waits"; but all things are not worth waiting for.—Puck. We all hate a flatterer—that's why we like to stand by and scold him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A woman always means what she says at the exact moment of her saying it.—Detroit Free Press. "I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."—Tit-Bits.

Bacon—"Mrs. Lipton says her baby has begun to crawl, boldly." Eggbert—"He must be a born pugilist."—Harper's Round Table. A—"I hear that your friend X. has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice?" B—"No; his lawyer's."—Tit-Bits.

"Mamma, where do eggs come from?" "Chickens, my dear." "Well, that's funny. Papa says that chickens come from eggs."—Harper's Round Table. Jaspur—"I consider Vokes the greatest actor in the world." Jump-uppe—"Why?" Jaspur—"So is to philosophical to bother about philosophy."—Puck.

"Were you at the fete of the fencers?" "Yes, and I was knocked senseless. One man pelleted me with roses, forgetting to remove them from the flower pots." "It depends on the way a man weighs with a penny-in-the-slot machine whether he determines his weight, or waits to find the blamed thing won't work.

Auxiliary Inquirer (to crusty old gentleman)—"When do you suppose this rain is going to stop?" C. O. G.—"When it gets to the ground."—South Boston News.

Physician—"And you have felt this way for several days?" "Not last night, your tongue." Patient—"It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer."—Boston Transcript. "I dreamed last night that I met that scoundrel Riggs." "What did you do?" "Nothing, that's the worst of it." "Well, if ever I catch him out in a dream I'll knock him down."

A Holy Fair at Allahabad. At Allahabad, in the northwest provinces of India, a religious fair is held periodically on the dry part of the bed of the Ganges, to which natives of all castes and from all parts of India travel in order, by bathing in the sacred river, to obtain release from sins or to cure disease. Thousands upon thousands of Hindus make this long and weary pilgrimage, and during the height of this gathering the city teems with natives of all conditions. Some make a vow to measure the whole journey of their pilgrimage, hundreds of miles, perhaps, by the length of their bodies. This they effect by lying flat upon the ground, making a mark where their head comes, rising and toeing this mark, and then lying down again, and so on until they arrive at their destination.

Others carry weights, others gall their flesh with chains. Indeed, the means adopted for self-mortification are countless. The bathing is conducted on remarkable lines. The sacred river itself is by no means inviting. Within a few yards of the devotees who are drinking of the holy stream or bathing in it valleys may be seen preying on human corpses that float down. At this worst state is taken away by men in various vessels suspended from long poles decorated with tiny flags, and sold far away up country at many anas, and even rupees, for a single drop, so deep and strong is the Hindu's faith in the water of the sacred river.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Jurymen's Logic. A well known lawyer on circuit in the North of England, curious to know how a certain jurymen arrived at his verdict, mentioning him one day, ventured to ask: "Well," replied he, "I'm a plain man, and I like to be fair to every one. I don't go by what the witnesses say, I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judges say; but I look at the man in the dock, and I say, 'He must have done something or he wouldn't be here, so I bring them all in guilty.'"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Naval Problem. During the recent maneuvers the British fleet successfully accomplished a tactical problem. Two fleets were placed in the Atlantic, separated by a distance of 100 miles, and in positions unknown to each other. They were instructed to find each other and effect a junction. They found each other in six hours and effected the junction in twelve.