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Korea is becoming almost as erratic and turbulent as a South American Republic.

The great exodus from Canada to the United States has become a party issue in the Dominion.

Building ground comes high in London. Lately a plot of fifty-seven square yards in Lombard street sold at \$6500 per square yard.

The Director of the United States Mint estimates, and believes his estimate to be within the mark, that the world's production of gold for 1895 will amount to \$200,000,000.

The great decrease in the percentage of diphtheria mortality in New York City for 1895, as shown by the Board of Health statistics, is a strong argument in favor of the anti-toxine remedy.

The failure of several water-power electric plants from dry weather suggests to the Atlanta Constitution the necessity of a small steam power in reserve in case of works using nearly all their available water power in ordinary dry seasons.

Chinese rainmakers dress a dog in comic attire and carry it through the streets, in the belief that the laughter excited will cause a pleasant frame of mind among the gods and induce them to end a drought.

A French scientist has recently discovered a means of increasing the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas about fifteen times.

The young King of Spain saw his first bull fight the other day, announces the New York Tribune. His mother, who has a horror of the brutal sport, postponed the event as long as possible; but even she was unable to override the ancient court precedent that prescribes attendance on bull fights as part of the education of a Christian monarch.

Spain now has in Cuba an army of 80,000 men. This is a force greater by 10,000 than the whole British army in India.

The Major has hardly made himself comfortable before he is asked to tell one of his stories, and after a while yields to the entreaties of the crowd and begins:

"There is not an army post in the country, or in the world, which has not some little romance interwoven in its history. But one which I especially remember is one in which the faithfulness of woman, as I will call it, played such an important part as to fix the story in my mind forever.

The New York Independent publishes one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in American history. It is nothing less than the oldest document in existence of the period of the Dutch settlement of New York.

IN THE FIELDS.

The reapers—they are singing in the fields of golden grain, And a merry song arises on the mountain and the plain; And it's ho! for life and living, for no blessing heaven denied, And a song of glad thanksgiving goes in music to the skies!

EFFECT OF A STORY.

PERHAPS it was partly her fault, or may be it was all his fault. Anyway, they had just had a quarrel, one of those unpleasant little affairs in which neither one nor the other will give in or acknowledge being in the wrong.

He gets his hat and coat and is about to open the door to step out when she half repents and asks him not to go, but to stay at home with her, "at least one evening in the week."

"Major Hunt, one of the best capital story tellers we have had for some time," answers one of his friends, in reply to a laughing query from Langdon.

"Major, this is my friend Langdon." The Major has hardly made himself comfortable before he is asked to tell one of his stories, and after a while yields to the entreaties of the crowd and begins:

"It was about five years ago, at a Western fort, that this incident happened. We had there a young private who came, I believe, from the somewhere. I never did find out exactly where he came from, and I have even forgotten his name now.

"The storm had again commenced with seemingly added fury, and we realized that a dangerous undertaking it would be for anyone to set out with the intention of finding the poor fellow's body. We retired to our quarters after hearing no end of narrow escape stories from some of the privates, to await orders from the commandant as to the next move.

"The mother is an expert bicyclist and is very fond of riding. It was remembered that before the birth of the child she had an almost irresistible desire to take a spin on her wheel, and it was thought likely that the child had been marked in this respect.

path and that the man should be got in readiness to leave at almost any moment to hunt down a band of roving bucks, who were thought to be in our neighborhood, before they had much chance of robbing and killing the settlers. One morning the command came, and a troop of cavalry was detailed to go out, and, if possible, bring them in. The matter had now taken quite a serious turn, for the few bucks who had started the depredations on a small scale had been joined by the others, until several hundred of them had gone on the war-path in dead earnest.

"We in the fort had many anxious hours that day and night, wondering how the expedition would turn out, though we little thought that there would be any serious results. They would probably return, we thought, with the whole band of redbreasts as prisoners. We had no idea that the red imp would dare defy them or much less fire on them.

"During the night a terrible snow-storm set in, however, and we kept anxious watch to see if they would give up the chase on this account and return to the fort. But no. The night passed away and dawn still saw no trace of the men. The storm seemed to become more furious with the advent of day, and the blinding flakes made it impossible to see many feet outside the fort.

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might have become of that brave girl in the snow. It surprised me a little perhaps, to see her so happy after such a dangerous undertaking. But that was, of course, natural then, as I did not know what had passed between them on that ride.

"During the absence of the young fellow one of his comrades had checked enough to examine his effects—to find out who he was and notify his relatives of his death, so he said, but as I believe, to see what the duce it was that kept him so busy during the evenings. But the big stories the man expected to tell of what he found are still untold, for he found 'only a lot of books, principally law books, newspaper clippings of testimony in trials and a lot of other noddish trash,' as he expressed himself.

"The Indians were rounded up afterward and subdued. They were scared, I guess, by what they had done, and—

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Over seven thousand varieties of microscopic sea shells have been enumerated by naturalists.

The perfume of the nutmeg flower is said by some naturalists to have an intoxicating effect on small birds.

A Canadian experimenter preserves wood from the boring beetle by soaking it two or three months in a saturated solution of lime.

One legal ohm equals 1.0112 British Association units; hence, to transform resistances expressed in British Association units to legal ohms, the numerical values have to be reduced by about one-tenth per cent.

Among the latest foreign rivals to cordite is "normal powder," which is manufactured in Sweden, and which, its owners say, is more reliable than cordite.

A well-known auctioneer, interviewed in London recently, tells this story:

A New York man bought his own despised horse back at an auction sale not many moons ago, and now a tale to match it comes from London.

An enormous steamer. The Westmoreland, a new freight steamer recently launched at Wallsend, England, is a wonder in ship architecture.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Fashionable Altimeter—One More Victim—knew His Dangers—A Sufficient Explanation, Etc., Etc.

"One view these things," said Brer Fox, "According as his light is, I do not doubt those grapes are sweet, but I fear appendicitis."

ONE MORE VICTIM. "Anything new on hand, Ethel?" "Yes; another engagement ring." —Detroit Free Press.

KNOW IT'S DANIELS. Lady of the House—"Are you familiar with all kinds of work?" Weary Willy—"Yes, mmm; I'm onto it." —Puck.

THINK OF THE BUTTERFLIES! "We had some lovely grape butter in the country." "Do you know now they made it?" "Oh, churned the juice, I suppose!" —Chicago Record.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION. He—"I don't see why you need blubber so, even if Charley has gone away." She—"Don't you see I'm quite un-manned?" —Farper's Weekly.

A LIVELY MORNING. Teacher—"What excuse have you for being late?" "Truthful James—"Me watch was stole by a highwayman; an' it took me half an hour ter kill him an' git it back!" —Puck.

GOING HIM ONE BETTER. "I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter, merrily. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

NO DISGUISE. Husband (admirably)—"There's no use trying to disguise the fact, you are smarter than I am, my dear." Wife (complacently)—"The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us."

TOO SUGGESTIVE. "I don't eat any more at Snagg's restaurant." "Why not?" "I complained of the steak yesterday, and he told me to bridle my appetite." —Detroit Free Press.

FINE DELICACY. She—"He is a man of the finest delicacy of feeling, I don't care what you say about him." He—"That's so. He only touched me for a quarter when he might have made it a dollar." —Detroit Free Press.

OF THE WORLD. Higgins—"Do you think the earth is round?" Wiggins—"Blessed if I know. Judging from my experience with the people who live on it, I'm pretty sure that it isn't square." —Detroit Free Press.

HIS BELIEFS FASCIATED. "Banking is worth millions," remarked one of the clerks in the tax office. "And yet I'd bet anything he will be on the delinquent list as usual."

A GREAT RENUNCIATION. Sally Gay—"Miss Oldgal had a terrible battle between pride and inclination last night." Dolly Swift—"To be was that, love?" Sally Gay—"Why, it was her thirty-first birthday, and old Jack Gillyblooy wanted to kiss her once for each year, but she took only twenty." —New York World.

A GOOD TURN. Drummer—"I've done a big day's work to-day; have taken orders for over \$5000 worth of goods." Bill Collector—"Who are the parties?" Drummer—"All to Skinner & Slow-pay."

BILL COLLECTOR—"That means steady employment for me for ten months. Thanks; don't know what I should do if it weren't for you." —Boston Transcript.

HIS SUBJECTION. "Mabel," said her father, after Mr. Stalate had left, just in time to catch the last car, "that young man owns stock in the gas company, does he not?" "Yes."

"And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?" "I believe so." "Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at 10 p. m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested." —Washington Star.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. Her Father (appearing suddenly over the wall)—"Ah! young man; it's you, eh? Did my daughter promise to meet you here?"

The Young Man (coared into telling the truth)—"Y-e-s, sir. She promised to meet me here a quarter of an hour ago; but—but I haven't seen anything—of—her." Her Father (angrily)—"That is just like a woman, for all the world! They have no respect for an engagement, whatever. You just stand here, and I'll go back to the house and find her." —Puck.

THE BEST WORLD STILL.

It's a sad old world where folks don't shine, But there ain't no use repintin'; There's a bright, sweet spot, where the roses shine, An' love when the sun ain't shinin'.

An' the winds may blow, An' the frosts may chill; It's the best old world In the country still!

It's a cold, cold world when the silver's gone, But there ain't no use bewailin'; The seas run high, but the ships sail on An' the sailors sing with the sailin'.

An' the winds may blow, An' the lights may fail; It's the best old world In the country still! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A minister of war—The army chaplain—Puck. "I will take some of this material—but will it wear well?" "Oh! it is indestructible—unwearable—overlasting—it will wear till you pay for it!"

Sometimes when you think your neighbor is enjoying himself because he annoys you, he really annoys you because he is enjoying himself.—Puck.

Bellefield—"The Fayses comet is said to be very faint." Bloomfield—"You would be faint, too, if you had traveled as far." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"This is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied she; "one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice." —Washington Star.

"I'm wedded to art; that, alone, is my heart In the passage that always survives. 'It's a pity,' she sighed, 'but it can't be denied.' That some husbands are bad to their wives." —Washington Star.

"And so you have started in to establish a magazine?" "Yes," replied Mr. Bullious. "Do you write for it?" "You bet I do. I write about seven-tenths pages a week for it; in my check book."

Customer—"Waiter, just look at this spoon; it's dirty. Somebody has been drinking chocolate with it, and it hasn't been washed." Waiter (with emphasis)—"That, sir, is not chocolate; it's verdigris." —Puck-Me-Up.

Blobs—"What nonsense it is in the newspapers, in their accounts of weddings, to describe the bride being led to the altar." Slobs—"How so?" Blobs—"Well, most girls would find their way in the dark." —Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Sloppy—"This bill is outrageous. You charge for ten visits and you attended me only five times during my illness." Dr. Slossum—"Yes; but you forgot my five visits in attempting to collect my bill." —Philadelphia Record.

Brown (after visiting a sick friend)—"Poor fellow! Did you notice that he was slightly delirious?" Jones—"No; I didn't. He seemed to me to be quite rational." Brown—"Oh, no! Didn't you hear him say he knew just how he got the cold?" —Puck.

The Editor of the Little B-y—"Pop says there was a donation of fifty up at your house last night; what's that?" The Minister of the Little B-y—"Why, that's when folks come to your house and bring pie and cake, and eat it all up, and then go home again!" —Puck.

She—"I understand Mr. Kinks is quite literary." He—"Not that I ever heard of." She—"Why, some one told me he wrote for the magazines regularly." He—"Of course he does. He's our newsdealer and supplies the trade." —Detroit Free Press.

"I'm going to give up my place at this restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust on his face. "Why?" "Why? Why, because they insist on my eating washrooms before the customers to show them they're not loafers!" —Toledo Bee.

"I have half a notion to end my existence," said the dejected youth. "I leave nothing on earth to live for." "Better wait a while," said the Cincinnatian Enquirer. "After you get to be a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ruben," inquired Mr. Upjohn, sharply, "if the gate had been closed all night, as you say it was, how do you suppose that pig got into the stable yard? It could not have climbed through the fence." "I guess it must have crept through a crack, sir," answered Kenben, the coachman, with dignity. —Chicago Tribune.

Teacher—"Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and killed three, how many would be left?" Polly (ages six)—"Three, please." Teacher—"No; two would be left." Polly—"No, there wouldn't. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away." —Philadelphia American.

"How is business, John?" asked Uncle Allen Sparks, as the Chinese laundryman handed him his washing. "Not verry good," answered the Chinaman. "By the way, John," mused Uncle Allen, feeling in his pocket for the change wherewith to pay the celestial, "what is your name?" "Name Chin Chin." "Drop laundrying and try the auctioneer business, John." —Chicago Tribune.