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China has to-day twenty-six ports open to foreign commerce.

Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration, there are twenty-two and a half acres for each inhabitant on this planet.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table would keep her from starvation for the rest of her life, if the worst came to the worst. It is valued at \$12,500,000.

The Chicago railroads have decided to elevate their tracks, and will go right at it. "They are tired of paying for the people they kill," explains the New Orleans Picayune.

If Turkey should be wiped out, it would mean the loss to Russia of an annual sum of \$7,500,000, which Turkey pays her by way of indemnity, and will have to pay till 1977.

Rudolph Cronan declares that he has indisputable evidence that the remains of Columbus still rest in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, Hayti. He asserts that the remains transferred to Spain in 1795 were those of the great discoverer's son, Diego.

The Louisville Courier-Journal states that the question of keeping down the cotton acreage for 1896 is attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton exchanges are urging planters to diversify their crops and plant no more than they did in 1895.

The Statemen's Yearbook for 1895, an acknowledged authority on statistics, gives the area of British Guiana as 74,000 square miles, while in the issue of 1895 the same country is credited with an area of 109,000. No treaty is cited to account for this increase of 35,000 square miles. This seems to the Pathfinder a matter for scientific investigation. Of the increase of species there is definite knowledge, but the matter of territorial multiplication is anomalous, in fact without explanation, unless it be due to alluvial deposits along the coast.

The New York Herald says that "the cable despatch of congratulation addressed by the Emperor William to President Krueger, of the Transvaal Republic, which is worded in the customary phraseology of messages from one Chief of State to another, is an historic document of far greater importance than it appears at the first glance. It is the recognition of the absolute independence of the Transvaal Republic and a repudiation of the rights of suzerainty which England claims to exercise over the South African Republic by virtue of the convention of 1884, which provides that the South African Republic shall conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or Nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, unless the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. This passage is the sole foundation for England's claim to suzerainty rights over the Boers, which is now denied in the German Emperor's message, issued after calm deliberation in council with his Imperial Chancellor and with his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of the Navy."

The Atlanta Journal says that "Georgia is to have another immense colony of Northern and Western settlers, if the plans of four gentlemen who are now in this State materialize. The names of the members of the party are: Messrs. W. W. Taggart, of Breckinridge, Minn., who was in the last Legislature; C. H. Fairall, of West Branch, Iowa, and a brother of Judge Fairall, of that State; John J. Gamble, of West Branch, Iowa, and A. E. Sansburn, of Breckinridge, Minn. These gentlemen, who are all well known in their localities as business and professional men of high rank, have been in nearly all of the States of the South prospecting for suitable lands on which to establish the colony which they have in mind. They have about concluded to negotiate for a tract of 80,000 acres in the southern part of this State, having been more impressed with Georgia than with any other State in this section. It is their purpose to secure this land and divide it into lots of farms, which will be sold or rented, at the choice of the settler. The movement which started some time ago and culminated in the great Fitzgerald colony in Irwin County, has caused a deep current of interest in the South to be awakened throughout the Northwest, and in Minnesota especially there is a strong desire on the part of people to come to this section. The winters are so severe in the Northwest that the people are growing tired of the country."

THE "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.

We are "out of date," they say, Ned and I. We love in an old-fashioned way, Long since go o' by. He says I am his helpmate true In everything; And I—well, I will own to you He is my king. We met in no romantic way "Twist 'em round and round," He wooed me on a winter day, And in—a room; Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm, When griefs befall, Love kept our small home corner warm, And all was well. Ned thinks no woman like his wife— But let that pass; Perhaps we view the dual life Through roseate eyes; Even if the prospects be not bright, We hold it true The happiest widens may grow light When shared by two. Upon the gilded scroll of fame, Embellished fair, I cannot hope to read the name I proudly bear; But, happy in their even flow, The years glide by; We are behind the times we know— Ned and I. —E. Matherson, in Chambers' Journal.

THE POOR DUCHESS.

It was really very hard on the poor Duchess especially after all the toil and labor she had not grudgingly expended on her unattractive progeny. Her lot had always been hard enough ever since she had been a Duchess; even before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties, brutal difficulties which required all her strength of mind to face; and now, with a good share of those difficulties were laid to rest with her husband, the late Duke, in the family vault at Longlands; now, when she had just managed to retrieve the shattered dual fortunes by bringing off the engagement of her ugly, dissipated son, the present Duke, to Claudia Patnam, the richest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her anguish was that it had fallen at Longlands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing might be hushed up and hushed into oblivion without any one being any the wiser. She had gone to Longland to recruit after her superfluous expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Claudia Patnam, her son's fiancée, with whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime. But the moment was robbed of all its savor by this horrible catastrophe; this—what else could she call it?—this drivelling idiosyncy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainly daughters. She would have kept the hateful story entirely to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence, besides Claudia had her fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the Duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter-in-law. "I'm afraid, Claudia, dear," she began, "that we are going to have serious trouble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the Duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who wore impossible clothes and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever. "Dear me!" she replied, "I'm sorry to hear it; I hope she's not sick." "Sick!" repeated the Duchess, "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself entangled in a most unbecoming love affair."

"I'm dashed if I can imagine what he sees in Henrietta. She ain't pretty; 't'other way about, rather; she's got no money, and she's years off her life. I'm dashed if I'd marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a sadder's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spongy on her." Miss Patnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spongy on him. She had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost. "He must be an awfully susceptible chap," went on His Grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstinate, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought, perhaps, it was mostly ambition—her title and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my influence in the way of a log-up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Funny thing, ain't it? Now, if it had been a girl like you, Claudia—"

"Duchess," cried Miss Patnam, suddenly interrupting her lover, "I have an inspiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho, or anywhere else, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll manage it." She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact lay of the land. They might leave it all to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Lady Henrietta was packed off to a married cousin in South Wales. The following day, at Lady Henrietta's customary hour, Miss Patnam walked into the village schoolroom. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little boys and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the school mistress, and so did Mr. Gibson, the curate, who was hovering in the school in its church catechism. "Good morning," said Miss Patnam, sweetly. "I am staying at the Towers. I have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know it."

She looked around the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the curate's frank, simple face. "I hope," he began hesitatingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un—unforeseen."

"Guess not," said Miss Patnam. "She isn't ill, she never was better in her life, but the Duchess thinks a change will do her a world of good."

"Her Grace is very cruel," murmured the curate. "I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly. "I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her Ladyship is unable to come this morning, you will be deprived of the interesting object-lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Prudence—In His Dictionary—She May Be Needed—Great Solitude—Her Object, Etc., Etc. With these ballads in a kiss, With caution rare, they say, She kept a spray of mistletoe To shoo the gorms away. —Washington Star.

GREAT SOLITUDE. Wife—"Is that you, George?" Husband—"Yes, dear." Wife—"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till you come."—Pick Me Up.

Blotches—"Miss Oldgirl would make a good soldier." Blotches—"Used to powder, eh?" Blotches—"Yes, and never deserts her colors."—Philadelphia Record.

IN HIS DICTIONARY. "How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'buttrine'?" asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stily replied the grocer's clerk.—Chicago Tribune.

SEVERELY WOUNDED. "Poor Brown must have been terribly injured." "What makes you think so?" "That close-fisted old fellow Jenkins says the wound looked to him to be about the size of a nickel!"—Chicago Record.

Cashier—"Have you heard, sir, that John Jones is a bankrupt?" Banker—"Well, that's good news. We'll now get a little of what he owes us, whereas, if he had remained in business, we'd never have got a cent."—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE DAUGHTER'S PRECEDENCE. Softleigh—"The Widow Passo proposed to me last night." Sappehead—"Really! What did you say?" Softleigh—"Told her I'd be a son to her. You see, her daughter got there first."—Philadelphia Record.

WOULD HEED THE WARNING. Old Quiverful—"And so you want to take our daughter from us; you want to take her from us suddenly without a word of warning!" Young Goslow—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against I'm willing to listen."—Brooklyn Life.

HER OBJECTION. Young Husband—"Why do you object to tobacco?" Young Wife—"Because it's a poison." Young Husband—"But it's a slow poison." Young Wife—"That's my objection."—Lawiston Journal.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS. "Some words," said Mr. Bickerton, "I think that there's nothing too good for their husbands." "Yes," was the answer in the cold accents of satire; "and it usually lasts until their husband get to thinking there is nothing good enough for them."—Washington Star.

PERILS OF A SMALL TOWN. "You don't want to say anything against any one if you go to Havville." "Why not?" "I spent the summer there once and I was licked twice before I discovered that everybody was related to everybody else!"—Chicago Record.

A POOR RELATION. "Who is that new cashier? He doesn't look very trustworthy." "I believe he is a very near relative of the President."

A GOOD ESCAPE. She—"Just think, Edgar, I ordered the dressmaker to make me a dress for the street and she has sent me a traveling costume instead." He—"Well, what are you going to do about it?" She—"All we can do is to take a trip to Nice."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A MAN'S WEAKNESS. Who should know a man's weakness if not his lawful wife? "What in the name of Jupiter have you sewn up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson. "My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."—Pearson's Weekly.

HER REASON. Mrs. Malaprop—"This horseless carriage is bound to be a great success." Mrs. Cobwigger—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Why, just think of the number of persons there are in the world who can't afford to keep a horse!"—Puck.

ENCESSARY. "What were you arguing so violently about with Smithers, Professor?" "He called me a blooming jackass." "You ought to have knocked him down." "Oh, I didn't mind it, personally. It was the unscientific nature of his statement that annoyed me."—Indianapolis Journal.

A RARE COPPER COIN. Fred D. McDonald, a druggist, of Kennet Square, has just sold an old copper coin for \$200. The coin is very rare. It is of the date of 1783, and on one side has the bust of Washington and the words "Washington and Liberty," and on the other "one cent." He took the coin in trade at his store for its face value, one cent.—Philadelphia Record.

Secrecy of Cuban Cedar. There is said to be a security of Cuban cedar for cigar boxes since the outbreak of the revolution in that country. A good substitute, and one often used, however, is lumber wood, which is dyed in the popular color.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The number of known nebulae and star clusters had reached 9369 at the beginning of 1895. Kerosene lamps in the cells in Sing Sing (N. Y.) Prison are to be replaced by wire guarded electric lamps.

An Illinois man professes to have discovered that a very valuable syrup can be squeezed out of corn-cobs. A German scientist says that chewing cloves will kill all the microbes that may happen to get into a man's mouth.

Fishing by means of the electric light has been successfully tried at Newhaven, England. A lamp lowered into the sea brilliantly illuminated the water over a circular area twenty yards in diameter.

An Iowa doctor has invented a cure for diphtheria, which is administered by inhalation. Its effect is to kill the bacteria, and the Chicago Board of Health is experimenting with it, with gratifying results.

It has been figured out that the rainfall of the water shed drained by Lake Superior is not nearly equal to the out flow of the St. Mary's River, hence it is concluded that the lake is fed mainly by subterranean springs.

Some idea of the terrific force with which a bird passes through the air may be gained from the fact that a short time ago a common crow flew right through a piece of plate glass a quarter of an inch thick at Taraberry Lighthouse, Ayrshire.

The wonders of the Mammoth Cave are to be revealed to visitors by electric light. Incandescent lamps are to be located at frequent intervals through the great subterranean cavern, and into the abyss called "the bottomless pit" is to be lowered a powerful light, to reveal the hitherto hidden secrets of that awful depth.

The completion of the longest trolley line in the United States, forty miles, on the Akron, Bedford and Cleveland Railway Company, was celebrated recently by the driving of a silver spike—a ceremony that is probably the precursor of as wonderful a progress as was the driving of the spike to mark the completion of the line that connected the two oceans.

When a man is shot through the brain, the proper treatment, according to Victor Horsley, is artificial respiration, as in case of drowning. Death is not due to failure of the heart's action, but to want of breath occasioned by the explosive effect of the bullet passing through the wet brain substance, and consequent injury to the base of the brain. The heart continues beating and is even stimulated, but respiration stops.

The first meteorological station of a mountain summit was established in 1870 on Mt. Washington, at a height of 6280 feet, and the station afterward in operation on Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 14,134 feet, was for many years the highest in the world. Both have been discontinued. The only summit stations now existing in the United States appear to be the one at low level on Blue Hill, Mass., and that at the Lick Observatory, at about four thousand feet on Mount Hamilton, Cal.

Origin of Some Geographical Names. The Menominee, in Wisconsin, was named from a tribe of the same name. The word means "wild rice." Massachusetts Bay was named from two Indian words, Maia (Tulosee, meaning "this side the hills," the Cattaraugus, in New York, has its name from an Indian expression signifying "bad smelling banks."

The Platte River was originally named the Nebraska, from an Indian word meaning "shallow water." The Housatonic, in Connecticut, was called by the Indians Wassissandus, the "stream beyond the mountains."

The Delaware Bay gave its name to the State. The bay was named from Thomas West, Lord De La Warr. The Chickasaw, in Mississippi, has its designation from an Indian word, Chik-a-maw-hony, "the place of turkeys."

Appalachia Bay, Florida, was variously termed Appalachicola, Abolochie, Apolatel, Palaxy, Palatchy, and so on. The Neversink was not named because its waters do not get low, but from the Indian Na-wa-sink, "ma river."

The Pascagoula, in Mississippi, was named from the Indians called the Pascagoules, or "the bread-making Nation."

Lake Champlain was named in honor of its discoverer. The Indians called it Canaderi-Guarante, "the door of the country."

Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, was originally Charles River, afterward Cape Fear River, corrupted to Cape Fear.

Albemarle Sound was named after George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, one of the members of the original charter company.—Boston Journal.

Presence of Mind. A college president who is a great gardener wears a glass eye. One day this college president—being rushed in from the garden all soiled and splattered, and without his glass eye. His wife was seated with a caller of importance. She perceived the eternal unfitness of her husband's condition and indignantly said to him: "John, go at once to the library and tell your master Mrs. — wishes to see him." He went, and soon reappeared, clothed, eyed and in his right mind.

This college president, it is plain, is himself a man of presence of mind. There are plenty of men, who, contrasted by such a remark of genius as this, would have stared and stammered out, "But, my dear —" and spoiled at all.—Boston Transcript.

AFTER A SLEEP.

Night—and the strong will stilled, Night—and the fancy waned, Night—and the memory beguiled, Night—and the spirit drained.

Like a stream with drifted numbers, O'er a dumb and frozen land, Like a flower that pales in the shadow, A bird that swoons in the hand!

Morn—and the faint will strengthened, Morn—and the fancy glowing, Morn—and the memory rich-laden, Morn—and the spirit flows.

Like a bird with a carol amounting, Like a land in the showers of spring, Like a flower in the sunlight smiling, Like a stream when the floodgates swing. —Edith M. Thomas, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUNOR OF THE DAY.

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.—Truth.

With all his experience the barber had to employ another man to sing his roof.—Boston Transcript.

"Doctor, I work like an ox, eat like a bear, and am as tired as a dog." "Consult a veterinary surgeon."—New York Times.

If it is true that women marry through motives of curiosity, as the men allege, why do so many of them marry the second time?—Acheson Globe.

"What! nothing but veal with green peas on the bill of fare." "Pardon; by looking again you will find also veal without green peas."—Journal Amusant.

"There is nothing like our House of Lords," boasted the Englishman. "Still you can't say that it is without a peer," replied the American.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Tit-Bits.

"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No; we didn't like to do that; but we all resigned except Borely, and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

"Taking one thing with another," mused the burglar, adding the sleeper's watch and jewelry with the stock of miscellaneous plunder already in his capacious pocket, "business in my line is pretty good to-night."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Crusher—"You don't think the young man you are engaged to will be jealous of me, because I am paying you attention, do you?" Miss Daisey (after looking him over deliberately)—"No, I don't think there is any danger that he will."—Somerville Journal.

Willing to Wake Up: "Wake up, little girl," said a Bellefield mamma to her small daughter. The latter opened her eyes slowly, and then replied: "Well, I suppose I might as well. There's nothing very interesting going on in dreamland."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Wife—"I mentioned to dear Kittie, in my letter, about the dear Duchess calling upon us, and how sweet she was!" Husband—"I suppose you did not say that her Grace called for a charity subscription?" Wife—"Well, no. I did not think that sounded interesting."—Fun.

Not a hundred miles from St. Paul's there is suspended over a pile of dusty volumes in a second-hand bookseller's shop a chart showing the human skeleton, and underneath the following: "This is all that remains of the tradesman whose customers only looked."—Household Words.

"I don't think it's fair, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, as the attendants bathed her sprained ankle with soothing lotions and wrapped bandages about it. "You're the one that always carries the accident insurance policies and I'm the one that's always getting hurt!"—Chicago Tribune.

She—"No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased." He (stammering)—"But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie." She—"Yes, I know; that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to."—Somerville Journal.

Arizona Oranges. Yesterday the first Arizona oranges of the new crop went to Chicago. The shipment was from a grove of the Arizona Improvement Company, and comprised several boxes of Washington navel, sweet, juicy, well ripened and nearly fully colored, large in size, plump and without a sign of rust or scale. It was a shipment to be proud of, and back East will without doubt create a sensation among those who heretofore have waited till February to get the first oranges of the new California crop.

Yesterday seemed to be general orange day along the street, and ripe navel were to be seen in a number of offices. It was evident that Sunday had been made the time for an inspection of many orange groves and the result showed that the crop this year is over a week earlier than heretofore known in this valley. The crop will be a heavy one. Of the 1200 acres or more planted in the Salt River Valley several hundred are now in good bearing and the crop, for the first time, will be a matter of commercial importance.—Arizona Republican.

A Great Detective.

Vidocq, the great French detective, had so excellent a memory for names and faces that after having seen a criminal once and learned his name, he never forgot him, but would often identify him under the most subtle disguises.—Le Figaro.