

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00
One Square, one inch, three months, 5.00
One Square, one inch, one year, 10.00
Two Squares, one year, 15.00
Quarter Column, one year, 21.00
Half Column, one year, 27.00
One Column, one year, 33.00
Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The coal-mining industry of Great Britain has seldom had a more unsatisfactory year than 1895 proved to be.

It is said that in the event of war between England and Venezuela, 100,000 Brazilians will join the latter country.

An Indiana Judge, in his address to the local Grand Jury the other day, charged them to hear certain evidence "with an unsparring hand."

Since 1875 the marriage rate in Berlin has decreased from 30.6 to 20.3 per thousand. At that rate there would be no marriages at all forty years hence.

The famous Russian artist Verestchagin advises the people of Moscow to build all their houses on distinctively Russian styles of architecture. He says that it would give the city an original aspect, and attract thousands of tourists, with the accompanying profits.

A heated controversy is now in progress between St. Paul and Minneapolis, as to which eats the most mutton. St. Paul claims that she consumes twice as many sheep as her sister city, and Minneapolis claims that the sheep consumed in St. Paul are very small, and although she may consume a greater number of muttons that they are so small as to cause Minneapolis to lead in pounds of mutton.

The Scottish Farmer says that harness horses are so scarce in that country that they must come to America to have their needs supplied. Not finding what they wish, they take back the best available, which is to their loss and ours. The French are buying their light cab horses from us, which they formerly obtained from Germany. They contend that they can buy their cheap horses cheaper than they can raise them.

A greater number of suicides was committed in New York last year than in any other city in the world. The list of suicides for the year comprises 458 victims, taken from all walks of life, and varying in age from children of less than fifteen years to men and women nearly ninety years old. This list is the largest on record in New York, although the percentage of suicides to the entire population is lower than on some previous years.

During 1895 just closed the Utica (N. Y.) Herald tried to keep a record of all people reported to have died in the United States at the age of 100 years or over. The total reported was curiously enough, says the Herald, just 100. Two-thirds of those were women, all but four being white women. Of the colored centenarians there were thirteen men. The oldest person to die was a colored man, who was 125. A white man died at St. Louis who had claimed to be 140, but there was no proof that he was over 121. Even at that age, however, he was the oldest white man to die during 1895. The oldest white woman was 120. There were fourteen people whose ages ranged from 110 to 125.

The New York Tribune says: Some little time ago a famous firm of London solicitors found it necessary, in a case involving large interests, to have some detective work of a difficult and delicate nature done in this city, and instead of employing the regular agencies put it in the hands of an American woman of good social standing in private life. She undertook the task, and has been so completely successful in the performance of it that the firm employing her has not only thanked her, but sent her a check for a handsome sum. The employment of women of education and position for delicate work has become common in England, but thus far few women have been so employed in this country. If they go into the business, however, it is pretty safe to say that they will succeed in it.

From Vienna comes the news of a wonderful discovery in photographic science. It is no less than a means of photographing the interior of solid, opaque bodies. By the new system the bones of a man's hand were perfectly photographed, the flesh being invisible in the picture. Broken limbs and bullets in human bodies were also successfully revealed, as well as objects placed in a wooden box. Professor Rontgen, of the University of Wurzburg, is the inventor. The light he uses to photograph by is produced what is known as a Crooke's pipe, viz: a vacuum glass tube with an induction electric current passing through it. The result is a light that appears to penetrate organic substances just as ordinary light passes through glass. The inventor throws open a wide field for the deduction of new truths in electricity and optics.

SONG OF SPRING.

The spring time, O the spring time! Who does not know it well? When the little birds begin to build, And the little buds begin to swell. When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek, And the lambs are bucking and bleating, And the color mounts to the maiden's cheek, And the cuckoo scatters greeting, In the spring time, joyous spring time!

WOURALI.

WELL, you fellows can believe it or not as you like," said Mackay, "but I tell you that for a day and a night, I have known what it is to be dead."

"Oh, come, Mac, that's too much. The Major has given us some pretty tall ones, but we can't quite swallow that."

"It happened out in British Guiana. Phil Egerton and I had been knocking about that district in a yacht. Phil was a bit of a scientist; had dabbled in theologies when he was at Oxford, and he found something to interest him in the shallow waters round the coast. The buckets of mud and slimy things he fished up weren't very exciting for me, so I put in a good deal of time hanging round the billiard room at Georgetown."

"I don't think I could mention the place that I've spent more than a month in without contriving to make a fool of myself over some girl. She was a waitress this time, and, by Jove! she was pretty. We called her 'The Queen,' and I never knew her by any other name. What nationality she belonged to I can't tell you. I think she had a dash of most of them in her, but English, Spanish and Indian were perhaps the most prominent."

"During 1895 just closed the Utica (N. Y.) Herald tried to keep a record of all people reported to have died in the United States at the age of 100 years or over. The total reported was curiously enough, says the Herald, just 100. Two-thirds of those were women, all but four being white women. Of the colored centenarians there were thirteen men. The oldest person to die was a colored man, who was 125. A white man died at St. Louis who had claimed to be 140, but there was no proof that he was over 121. Even at that age, however, he was the oldest white man to die during 1895. The oldest white woman was 120. There were fourteen people whose ages ranged from 110 to 125."

"I don't think I could mention the place that I've spent more than a month in without contriving to make a fool of myself over some girl. She was a waitress this time, and, by Jove! she was pretty. We called her 'The Queen,' and I never knew her by any other name. What nationality she belonged to I can't tell you. I think she had a dash of most of them in her, but English, Spanish and Indian were perhaps the most prominent."

"I don't think I could mention the place that I've spent more than a month in without contriving to make a fool of myself over some girl. She was a waitress this time, and, by Jove! she was pretty. We called her 'The Queen,' and I never knew her by any other name. What nationality she belonged to I can't tell you. I think she had a dash of most of them in her, but English, Spanish and Indian were perhaps the most prominent."

"I don't think I could mention the place that I've spent more than a month in without contriving to make a fool of myself over some girl. She was a waitress this time, and, by Jove! she was pretty. We called her 'The Queen,' and I never knew her by any other name. What nationality she belonged to I can't tell you. I think she had a dash of most of them in her, but English, Spanish and Indian were perhaps the most prominent."

"Oh, come, Phil, be reasonable. You couldn't have kept away yourself, if you'd been in my place."

"You had a scene, I suppose?" "Well, slightly. She accused me of wanting to get rid of her, trying to run away, in fact; and as it was perfectly true, I fancy I didn't show up very well in the argument that followed."

"Oh, you great bearded infant; put your hat on and we'll go and see Wilson at once."

"We started next morning. I was feeling a bit lipped, of course, but the others were jolly enough. As I think I told you, Phil had a weakness for pottering about in scientific messes, and he found a kindred spirit in Wilson, whose hobby was birds. It was really to get some specimens that he had originally proposed this expedition."

"By the way, Wilson," said Phil, "have you ever managed to get hold of any curare?"

"Curare?" said Wilson. "I don't know what it is; what is it?"

"Probably it has got some other name out here. We called it curaro in Oxford-Indian arrow poison, you know."

"Oh! you mean 'wourali.' No, I can't say I have, and I don't think I want to, either. It isn't a very safe playing."

"Safe enough," said Phil, "so long as you haven't any cuts or scratches on your hands."

"For heaven's sake, shut up that scientific shop!" I exclaimed. "We've come out here to enjoy ourselves, not to talk like a confounded British Association meeting."

"That was a nice cheerful conversation to overhear, wasn't it? Listeners never hear good of themselves it is said, but I doubt whether the most persistent eavesdropper ever had the pleasure of hearing a man pronounce him dead, without being able to contradict the statement. If I hadn't begun to breathe spontaneously pretty soon after that, I should never have had the opportunity of contradicting it. Phil and Wilson couldn't have gone on much longer. How they kept it up for the length of time they did I have never been able to understand. The power of friendship is very much underrated."

"It must have been about two hours after Wilson had decided that I was dead, that Phil saw my eyelids begin to twitch."

"At last, Wilson!" he cried. "Go and get some water from the river."

"They dashed the cold water over me, and it caused me to gasp slightly. They carried me to the boat, and as soon as they saw the danger was over, they both of them, sat down on the bottom boards and fell fast asleep. In a very few minutes after them, I was asleep too."

"Nearly fifteen hours after that, I woke, feeling rather weak and faint, but otherwise as right as a trivet. The other two were still asleep, and I didn't wake them."

"That is the story, and I don't think I was guilty of an exaggeration when I told you that for a day and a night I had known what death was. A man who remains for twenty-four hours without drawing a breath may fairly claim to be dead, I think."—Chamber's Journal.

The Deadly Grape Seed.

The grape seed, having been relieved of the charge of causing appendicitis, seems to have taken a new tack and is trying to do its mischievous work in another fashion.

An official of a New Jersey county is in a critical condition from the effects, it is said, of a grade seed. He ate some grapes and took great care not to swallow the seeds, but by some accident managed to inhale one, which lodged in the upper portion of his lungs. Himself a physician, he realized the necessity for care and rest, and supposed he had given the seed ample time to become excreted, which however was not the case.

There are a number of cases on record where small articles of various sorts have been drawn into the lungs through the nostrils. In several instances irritation had begun that ended in death. Sometimes, though, the article becomes coated with exudations from the surrounding surface and is gradually covered up, forming a lump that may carry through the remainder of life without serious injury. Post-mortem examinations have disclosed several of these cysts which had nothing to do with the death of the subject.—New York Ledger.

A Great Dog.

"That pointer of mine is a great dog," declared Howard Vernon, as he petted his \$1000 dog Glenbeigh. "I can always depend on him. When he makes a point I know that he has scented a bird and I know that he will not move a muscle while I have a chance at that bird."

"I was hunting quail up at Point Reyes last month when I lost Glenbeigh. I knew he must be pointing in the brush somewhere, but I look everywhere for him and could not find him. The next day I resumed the search, with no better success, but on the third day I found him in a dense thicket, standing perfectly rigid, with his tail sticking straight out behind and one foot up. A quail had run into a hollow tree, and the dog stood at the opening pointing. The quail dared not come out, and the dog, true to his training, wouldn't move. He had been standing in that position, without so much as moving a foot, for sixty-five hours, and when I tried to lead him away he could not walk."—San Francisco Post.

Railway Travel in Africa.

Discontented passengers by the London, Oshana and Dover should try South Africa. A pathetic story comes from the Transvaal of a traveler who, at Kaspanider, asked a railway official to direct him to a train for Barberton. He was shown into the down Delagoa train, and at Hector-spruit was fined \$5 for traveling on his ticket. Next day he went back to Kaspanider, inquired of another official, and found the right train. But his welcome at Barberton was no warmer than that at Hector-spruit. The authorities promptly fined him another \$5 for traveling with a ticket that was going on around me, and I

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

His Career—The Difficulty—A Cruel Fate—By Indirection—An Authority—A Slight Mistake, Etc., Etc. He says he is pursuing Art. With paint he tries to make it; but, here is where the trouble lies. He can not overtake it.

A CRUEL FATE. "Lashington fell into the river the other day."

"Was he drowned?" "No, but he was badly diluted."—Pick-Me-Up.

THE DIFFICULTY. Hazel—"Say, haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?"

Mabel—"Too long. He hasn't got a cent left."—Truth.

BY INDIRECTION. "Why, how fat you have grown in the country!"

"Yes, I have followed the regimen which the doctor prescribed to make one grow thin."—Punch.

CONSOLATION. "Poor Dylkins, made despondent by years of sickness, took his own life last night."

"Poor fellow! But then, you know, he didn't have a great deal to take."

AN AUTHORITY. First Citizen—"I am taking a course of lectures on the Monroe doctrine."

Second Citizen—"Who is delivering them?"

First Citizen—"My barber.—Puck.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE. "I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman.

"Oh, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply.—London Telegraph.

AN EASY REMEDY. "Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Cumso, as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia."

"Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso, as he rolled over and began to snore again.—Judge.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED. "Well, of all the impudence! Asking me to help you because you have three wives to support!"

"They don't belong to me, mister; nothin' of the sort. They belong to me sons-in-law."—Indianapolis Journal.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING. Tommy—"Johnny Jackson says you're a Presidential possibility, and have got your lightning rod up. Are Presidential possibilities afraid of the lightning, pa?"

"Yes, my boy, they're afraid it won't strike 'em."—Truth.

IN BUSINESS. Husband (stirring; they had just returned from their wedding trip)—"If I am not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you won't wait."

Wife (with appalling firmness)—"No, dear; I'll come for you!"

He was home by 9.45 sharp.—Pick-Me-Up.

FOR COMFORT. Mr. McCann—"I am building a house and am only using lumber from the forest of Michigan."

Friend—"Why so?"

Mr. McCann—"Because trees that can stand zero all winter ought to make a warm house, so they ought."—Truth.

A MONOPOLY. Mrs. Jackson—"Ef I'd only bin passively quainted wid Lord Dunraven at the time do yacht-races I could hab got rich."

Mrs. Johnson—"How's dat?"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Microscopists and entomologists say that the flea's mouth is situated exactly between his fore legs.

Folding wooden or wicker crates for bicycle transportation can be purchased in Paris for twenty cents.

Commercial travelers who do not require to carry many samples are using the bicycle out West, as they do not have to wait for trains between towns.

The Grecian Government has issued permits allowing the American School of Archaeology to conduct excavations at Corinth for historical and scientific purposes.

A Frenchman has invented an electric wash, designed for hotels and restaurants. The machine will wash 2000 plates per hour and does its work perfectly.

In the human subject the brain is the one-twenty-eighth part of the whole body's entire weight. In the horse it is not more than one-four-hundredth part.

Chalk slabs are now converted into marble in the workshop by an imitation of nature's processes—coloring with mineral stains, and hardening and crystallizing in a suitable bath.

The new type of passenger locomotives just turned out of the Altoona (Penn.) shops of the Pennsylvania, styled class L, are said to combine the latest improvements both in design and parts.

For his method of photographing colors Professor Lippmann has received the prize of \$2400 awarded by the French Government every six years to the author of the most useful discovery to French industry.

Electrolytically formed seamless copper steam pipes, made by an English firm, have been carefully tested by the marine department of the Board of Trade and declared to be acceptable for steamships under the Board's survey.

Acetylene, the brilliant new gas, can be easily liquefied and stored until needed. When it is to be used the pressure is lessened, and it becomes gaseous again. It gives more than ten times the light of coal gas burned in the best burners.

One noted physician, Dr. Adolf Muller, assistant at the Pathological Institute in Kiel, became a victim of scientific research the other day. While performing an anatomical demonstration he overlooked a slight abrasion. Blood poisoning set in and carried him off.

Lithium, which was recently shown by M. Guantz to absorb nitrogen when heated to below red heat, has been proved by him and M. Deslandes to absorb it also slowly when cold. The action is analogous to the slow absorption of oxygen by phosphorus, and is unique as a reaction of nitrogen.

In two pole dynamos the proportions of ring armatures vary from a length equal to one-half the diameter to a length equal to one and one-half diameters. It is common to make the length equal to the diameter. For drum armatures the length sometimes equals one and one-half diameters and sometimes three diameters. It is common to find the length equal to two diameters.

The Latest in Thieves' Coats. Pickpockets who rob men and women in street cars have adopted a new device to escape arrest—one which at the first trial proved successful. Detective Sam O'Neil of the central station saw a pickpocket at work in a Wentworth avenue electric car last evening, and when the thief had extracted a pocketbook of a woman passenger O'Neil sprang toward the offender.

The car was moving south over the Madison street intersection and was heavily loaded. O'Neil's hand closed on the coat collar of the thief, who dashed toward the rear platform. Like a shell the coat of the offender fell from his shoulders, and the former occupant had no difficulty in reaching the street and getting away from the detective, who, with the empty coat in his hand, stood still and astonished. Attempts to follow the thief were interfered with by the crowd on the car and in the street, and the coat was the only evidence O'Neil could produce when he entered the central station.

An examination of the garment showed it had been slit down the arms and sleeve holes, under the shoulder blades, and in other places, so that the wearer could get out of it without stopping to take it off in the regular manner.—Chicago Tribune.

True Love Wins Even to Russia. A Russian girl had her way at Kharikov recently. Her relatives forbade her to consent to marry a man she disliked. When the wedding party appeared in church, however, and the priest asked her if she would take the man she said "No." She would not yield to remonstrance, so the party returned home and argued with her. First her parents beat her, then the bridegroom's friends beat her. She was taken back to the church weeping and the service was begun again. But she again said "No," and this time the priest saved her from her relatives.

A Policeman's Wonderful Strength. Police Captain Edward Coonan, of Madison, N. J., is twenty-eight years old, and stands six feet two inches in his stockings, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. He never carries a pistol, and seldom a club, depending on his own wonderful strength for every emergency. His great specialty is shaking. It is an every day occurrence for him to lift an ordinary sized drunken man entirely off his feet with one hand and shake him sober.

A Red-Headed Mummy. Among mummy remains from the pit at Mautaloo, Egypt, recently received at Rochester, was a head the hair of which was unmistakably red. It was not supposed that any Egyptians had hair of that color.

PROGRESS. New oceanic trench new duties: Time makes ancient good enough: They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth: Lo, before us gleam her camps! We ourselves must pilgrims be: Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea, Nor attempt the Future's portal, with the Fast's blood-ruined key. —Lowell.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Eastern Question—How much will the Sultan have left when they get through with him?—Puck.

When we come close to a giant, he often turns out to be only a common man on stilts.—Ran's Horn.

Hope is believing that some stranger will saw your wood while you sit in the shade.—Acheson Globe.

"Didn't you tell me that Miss Design was an artist?" "Oh, no; I told you she painted."—Detroit Free Press.

Jasper—"Takes has no relatives." Jump—"Then what a splendid discovery he has to make friends."—Truth.

Shopping—"Aren't those beautiful?" Exquisite—"What are they, buttons or desert plates?"—Chicago Record.

"Which do you prefer, fact or fiction?" "Oh, the former by all means. Fiction nowadays is much too matter of fact."—Judge.

"That new baby of Youngfather's is a remarkably wide-awake child." "So I've heard. We live next door to it."—Detroit Free Press.

Dr. Glade—"Do you know anybody who has a horse for sale?" Drover—"I reckon Hank Bitters has; I sold him one yesterday."—Truth.

"Hobbs, your little boy is getting horribly rough." "Yes; I must stop his going around with his mother on bargain days."—Chicago Record.

Mr. X (who has bowlegs, to the photographer)—"For mercy's sake hurry up. I can't hold my knees together any longer."—Fliegende Blaetter.

He (significantly)—"I am my father's only child, you know, Miss Blood." She—"Well, you can't blame him, Mr. Sappy."—Brooklyn Life.

He—"I'm afraid the coming woman will swear." She—"Oh, no; she intends to run things so well there won't be anything to swear at."—Chicago Record.

Murphy—"Finagans, yez owe me \$2." Finagans—"Oh know it, but O'm'ginn to kape it as security for the fifty cents yez borrowed from me a year ago."—Truth.

The Professor (awakening)—"Is there anybody in this room?" The Burglar—"No sir." The Professor—"Oh, I thought there was." (Falls asleep again).—Life.

Miss Elderly—"I am sorry to say no. I should think you could read my refusal in my face." The Rejected—"I am not very expert at reading between the lines."—Tit-Bits.

Another day that the Imperial Institute was a white elephant, and that the County Council must decline to take it under their wing.—Household Words.

"No," said Mr. Wheeler. "I have my doubts about the bicycle being able to displace the horse. The time I tried it the horse and buggy came out of the collision without a scratch."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"Why do you start so?" He—"Did I understand you to say that your father is falling?" She—"Physically, I mean." He (settling back)—"Oh, all right. I was afraid it was something serious."—Pick-Me-Up.

First Young Lawyer—"I don't see how you happened to lose your case. The law was plainly on your side." Second Young Lawyer—"Yes, I know it was, and that was what I depended on. But I forgot all about the jury."—Somerville Journal.

"That was a very fine speech you made the other night," said one Pittsburger to another. "I didn't make it the other night," replied the latter. "If delivered it the other night, but it took me a month to make it of."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Lady (a widow)—"Do you know my daughter is quite smitten with you, Herr Muller?" Gentleman (feeling flattered)—"Really now?" Lady—"A fact; she was only saying to-day: 'I should like that gentleman for my papa.'"—Deutscher Solistenhort.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Bertha?" "Because her parrot was always saying 'Stop that, George.'" "But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret." "But my name is not George."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Simmons—"What is the matter with you? You look as if some one had made you angry." Timmons—"Some one has. I asked a man to take me to a party, and he really thought of my poetry, and he told me that if there were such a place as the lareship in this country I would be sure to get it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Oldest Medical Recipe. A French medical paper prints what is believed to be the oldest known medical recipe. It is a tonic for the hair, and its date is 4000 B. C. It was prepared for an Egyptian queen, and required dogs' paws and asses' hoofs to be boiled with dates in oil.

A Red-Headed Mummy. Among mummy remains from the pit at Mautaloo, Egypt, recently received at Rochester, was a head the hair of which was unmistakably red. It was not supposed that any Egyptians had hair of that color.