

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Three-fourths of the total population of Russia are farmers.

Britain brags that the guns now used by her army will send a bullet through four ranks of men at a distance of 450 yards.

The Attorney-General of New Hampshire has decided that the appointment of women as notaries public in that State is unconstitutional.

The horseless vehicle has taken root in France and Germany. The steam carriage brought out by M. Serpollet between 1892 and 1895 is running in all parts of France.

By the law of Scotland the bushes or shrubs planted in the garden belong to the landlord, and the tenant cannot remove them at the end of his tenancy. The English law is the same on this point.

The trouble with the magazine poets, the Chicago Times-Herald concludes, is that they are writing from copies. Good copies—but copies. "One genuine, original singer, like Frank Stanton gets nearer to the people than the whole raft load of sonnetiers."

Buddhism of late is gaining quite a number of adherents among the intellectual leaders in Germany, writes Wolf von Schierbrand, such as George Ebers, Gabriel Max, Julius Stinde, F. Hartmann, and they have just begun to issue a monthly at Brunswick under the title "Sphinx."

The Referee, one of the most influential sporting papers in England, declares that the game of football there is being ruined by professionalism. Jerome J. Jerome's weekly paper indorses this opinion, editorially, and says "football as played in England now is simply a trade. The sooner it ceases to call itself sport the better."

Potatoes were selling for two cents a sack in San Francisco a week or so ago, and sold slowly even at that price. The potato crop all over the country last season was enormous, and most growers lost money on a considerable part of their crop. In some regions the potatoes were not taken out of the ground, the price got down so low.

The Board of Education of Wilmington, Del., had a knotty problem to solve the other day, that they were equal to the situation, records the Trenton (N. J.) American. It appears that a Hindoo boy had been brought to one of the public schools and was admitted under protest. Afterwards the parents of some of the other children raised objections, claiming that the Hindoo lad came under the law in relation to colored schools. The Board decided that the boy was not a negro, and had as much right to attend a white school as an Italian or any other foreigner.

An Omaha letter to the New York Post says there is little doubt that there has been a heavy emigration from Nebraska, South Dakota, and Kansas during the past two or three years as a result of the three years of dry weather. This is especially true as regards Nebraska. Even a fair approximation of the statistics of this movement is possible. Most of these people are farmers and most of them have gone South. The past year was a disappointing one for the Nebraska farmers. The crops were neither a failure as in 1894 nor a big success as in 1892. They made a small yield over the whole State, and the prices which have obtained have precluded any idea of profit. With the record of three years in succession starving the people in the face, it is not at all wonderful that they should have become discouraged.

Steel wagon roads, as advocated by Martin Dodge, State Road Commissioner of Ohio, are likely to have a thorough trial in several States this year, predicts the American Agriculturist. These roads consist of two rails made of steel the thickness of boiler plate, each formed in the shape of a gutter five inches wide, with a square perpendicular shoulder half an inch high, then an angle of one inch outward slightly raised. The gutter forms a conduit for the water, and makes it easy for the wheels to enter or leave the track. Such a double track steel road, 16 feet wide, filled in between with broken stone, macadam size, would cost about \$6000 as against \$7000 per mile for a macadam road of the same width, but the cost of a rural one-track steel road would be only about \$2000 a mile. It is claimed that such a road would last much longer than stone and that one horse will draw on a steel track twenty times as much as on a dirt road, and five times as much as on an ordinary

IN ABSENCE.

When shadows dim the meadow-gold, and sunbeams and music Perfume through every scented fold the garments of the dusk, When all the heavens are yearning to the first faint silver star, My spirit leans across to you, beloved, from afar.

A CHILD OF SILENCE.

RIGHT at the end of the street stood the little white house Jack Ward was pleased to call his own. Five years he had lived there, he and Dorothy. How happy they had been! But things seemed to have gone wrong some way, since—the baby died in the spring. A sob came into Jack's throat, for the little face had haunted him all day.

Never a sound had the baby lips uttered, and the loudest noises had not disturbed his rest. It had seemed almost too much to bear, but they had loved him more, if that were possible, because he was not as other children were. Jack had never been reconciled, but Dorothy found a world of consolation in the closing paragraph of a magazine article on the subject. "And yet we cannot believe these Children of Silence to be unhappy. Mrs. Browning says that 'closed eyes see more truly than ever open do,' and may there not be another world of music for those to whom our own is soundless? In a certain sense they are utterly beyond the pain that life always brings, for never can they hear the cruel words beside which physical hurts sink into insignificance. So pity them not, but believe that He knoweth best, and that what seems wrong and bitter is often His truest kindness to His children."

Dorothy read it over and over until she knew it by heart. There was a certain comfort in the thought that he need not suffer—that he need never find a wealth of bitterness lies in that little word—life. And when the hard day came she tried to be thankful, for she knew that he was safer still; tried to see the kindness that had taken him back into the Unknown Silence of which he was the Child.

Jack went up the steps this mild winter evening, whistling softly to himself, and opened the door with his latch key. "Where are you, girl?" "Up stairs, dear; I'll be down in a minute," and even as she spoke Dorothy came into the room. In spite of her black gown and the hollows under her eyes she was a very pretty woman. She knew it, and Jack did, too. That is, he had known, but he had forgotten.

"Here's the evening paper," he tossed it into her lap as she sat down by the window. "Thank you." She wondered vaguely why Jack didn't kiss her as he used to, and then dismissed the thought. She was growing accustomed to that sort of thing. "Here's nice of you to come by the early train! I didn't expect you till later." "There wasn't much going on in town, so I left the office early. Any mail? No? Guess I'll take Jip out for a stroll." The fox terrier at his feet wagged his tail approvingly. "Want to go, Jip?" Jip answered decidedly in the affirmative. "All right, come on," and Dorothy watched the two go down the street with an undefined feeling of pain.

She lit the prettily shaded lamp and tried to read the paper, but the political news, eloquents, murders, and suicides lacked interest. She wondered what had come between her and Jack. Something had; there was no question of that, but—well, it would come straight some time. Perhaps she was morbid and unjust. She couldn't ask him what was the matter without making him angry, and she had tried so hard to make him happy. Jip announced his arrival at the front door with a series of sharp barks and an unmistakable scratch. She opened it as Jack snatched slowly up the walk, and passed her with the remark, "Dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Into the cozy dining room they went, Jip first, then Jack, and then Dorothy. The daintily served meal satisfied the inner man, and he did not notice that she ate but little. She honestly tried to be entertaining, and thought she succeeded fairly well. After dinner he retired into the depths of the evening paper, and Dorothy stibbed away at her embroidery. Suddenly Jack looked at his watch. "Well, it's half-past seven, and I've got to go over to Mrs. Brown's to practice a duet with her for to-morrow."

When shadows dim the meadow-gold, and sunbeams and music Perfume through every scented fold the garments of the dusk, When all the heavens are yearning to the first faint silver star, My spirit leans across to you, beloved, from afar.

When our winds begin to ride the high-ways of the dawn, And up the orient hills, in pride, the car of day is drawn, Even as the bridegroom, Sol, appears, and Earth's dawns are done, O love from out the dark and tears, arise and be my sun!

Her. An obliging neighbor who had called that afternoon had remarked maliciously that Mr. Ward and Mrs. Brown seemed to be very good friends. Dorothy smiled with white lips, and tried to say pleasantly, "Yes, Mrs. Brown is charming, don't you think so? I am sure that if I were a man I should fall in love with her."

The neighbor rose to go, and by way of a parting shot replied, "That seems to be Mr. Ward's idea. Lovely day, isn't it? Come over when you can."

Dorothy was too stunned to reply. She thought seriously of telling Jack, but wisely decided not to. These suburban towns were always gossipy. Jack would think she didn't trust him. And now he was at Mrs. Brown's again!

The pain was almost blinding. She went to the window and looked out. The rising moon shone fitfully upon the white signs of sorrow in the little churchyard far to the left. She threw a shawl over her head and went out. In feverish haste she walked over to the little "God's Acre," where the Child of Silence was buried. She found the spot and sat down. A thought of Mrs. Browning's ran through her mind: "Thank God, bless God, all you who suffer not More grief than you can bear for—then some way the tears came; a blessed rush of relief.

"Oh, baby dear," she sobbed, pressing her lips to the cold turf above him, "I wish I was down there beside you, as still and as dreamless as you. You don't know what it means—a you never would have known. I'd rather be a stone than a woman with a heart. Do you think if I could buy death that I wouldn't take it and come down there beside you? It hurt me to lose you, but it loved me. Oh, my Child of Silence! Come back, come back!" How long she stared there she never knew, but the heart pain grew easier after a while.

She pressed her lips to the turf again. "Good night, baby dear. Good night. I'll come again. You haven't lost your mother, even if she has lost you!" Fred Bennett passed by the unfrequented spot, returning from an errand to that part of town, and he heard the last words. He drew back into the shadow. The slight black figure appeared on the sidewalk a few feet ahead of him, and puzzled him a little. He followed cautiously and finally decided to overtake her. As she heard his step behind her she looked around timidly. "Mrs. Ward!" His tone betrayed surprise, and he saw that her eyes were wet and her white, drawn face was stained. She shuddered. A new trouble faced her. How long had he been following her?

"It's this way, Jack. She's in trouble." "Jack, you know I'm a friend of yours; I have been ever since I've known you. If you don't take what I'm going to say as I mean it, you're not the man I think you are."

"Go on, Fred, I understand you. I was only thinking." "Perhaps you don't know it, but the town is agog with what it is pleased to term your infatuation for Mrs. Brown." Jack smothered a profane exclamation, and Bennett continued: "Dorothy is eating her heart out over the baby. She was in the cemetery to-night sobbing over his grave, and talking to him like a mad woman. I came up the back street, and after a little I overtook her and walked home with her. That's how I happen to know. And don't think for a moment that she hasn't heard the gossip. She has, only she's too proud to speak of it. And, Jack, old man, I don't believe you've neglected her intentionally, but begin again and show how much you care for her. Good night."

Bennett left him abruptly, for the old love of Dorothy was strong to-night; not the stifi, flaming passion of his boyhood, but the deeper, tenderer love of his whole life. Jack was strangely affected. Dear little Dorothy! He had neglected her. "I don't deserve her," he said to himself, "but I will." He passed a florist's shop, and a tender thought struck him. He would buy Dorothy some roses. He went in and ordered a box of American Beauties. A stiff silk rustled beside him, and he lifted his hat courteously.

"Going home, Mr. Ward? It's early, isn't it? But," with scarcely a perceptible emphasis, "it's—none—too soon!" Then, as her eager eye caught a glimpse of the roses, "Ah, but you men are sly! For Mrs. Brown?"

Jack took his package and responded, "No. For Mrs. Ward." "Cat!" he muttered under his breath as he went out. And that little word in the mouth of a man means a great deal. He entered the house, and was not surprised to find that Dorothy had retired. She never waited for him now. He took the roses from the box and went upstairs.

"Hello, Dorothy!" as the pale face rose from the pillow in surprise. "I've brought you some roses!" Dorothy actually blushed. Jack hadn't brought her a rose for three years; not since the day the baby was born. He put them in water, and came and sat down beside her. "Dear little girl, your head aches, doesn't it? He drew her up beside him and put his cool fingers on the throbbing temples. Her heart beat quickly and happy tears filled her eyes as Jack bent down and kissed her tenderly. "My sweetheart! I'm so sorry for the pain!"

It was the old lover-like tone, and Dorothy looked up. "Jack," she said, "you do love me, don't you?" His arms tightened about her. "My darling, I love you better than anything in the world. You are the dearest little woman I ever saw. It isn't much of a heart, dear, but you've got it all. Crying? Why, what is it, sweetheart?" "The baby," she answered brokenly, and his eyes overflowed, too. "Dorothy, dearest, you know that was best. He wasn't like—"

Jack could not say the hard words, but Dorothy understood and drew his face down to hers again. Then she closed her eyes, and Jack held her till she slept. The dawn found his arms still around her, and when the early church bells awoke her from a happy dream she found the reality sweet and beautiful, and the headache a thing of the past.—Munsey's Magazine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

A Remedy Heroic—Parent and Offspring—The Worm Turns—A Reflection—A Sure Sign, Etc.

Mamma—"What are you playing with, Essie?" "Essie—"A caterpillar an' two little kittenpillars."—Judge.

Mrs. Scraggleigh (during the fight)—"Now, have I made myself plain?" Mr. Scraggleigh—"No; you were born that way?"—Pack.

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

"Yes, my boy, it's over a hundred years old, and goes for eight day without winding." "And how long does it go when you wind it?"—Judy.

Two blind men were in a train. Suddenly loud snarls were heard in the compartment.

"That's the fourth tunnel we are passing through."—Pick-Me-Up.

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Nunnon?" "First rate. She can play with both hands now. Says she will be able to play with her ear in six months."—Household Words.

"I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good." "Tams—"Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk?"

"That's not exercise; that's work."—Truth.

"You should not be so angry at Cholly for proposing to you. His love is a compliment to your beauty."

"Yes, but his asking me to be his wife is an insult to my intelligence."—Truth.

"Why do you pay the newspapers at advertising rates to exaggerate the success of our party, Helen? It was a colorless affair, and some of our guests seemed really miserable."

"So many sweet regrets and stayed away, dear; I want to make them feel miserable, too."—Truth.

"Really," she said, "I do believe I have a mustache coming."

"That's just like you, never satisfied. Why, another man just came in and complained that the cars went so fast he couldn't get on."—Life.

"That's just like you fellows—never satisfied. Why, another man just came in and complained that the cars went so fast he couldn't get on."—Life.

"But," said the lad, "he called my sister names."

"Why, you haven't any sister, and never had one," exclaimed the uncle, in astonishment.

"I know it," replied the boy, doggedly, "but he thought I had, and said she was squint-eyed, and I thrashed him."—Weekly Telegraph.

"Guard, open this window; I shall smother to death."

"Guard, open this window, or I'll freeze to death."

"Guard, will you raise—"

"Guard, open that window and freeze one of these old women to death; then shut it and smother the other one."

"I shall not run for office on a platform this time."

"I shall make my race this time on a pneumatic tire and endeavor to capture the bicycle vote."—Chicago Post.

Two sections of the great Russian railway across Siberia are now in operation. The aggregate of the two is 761 miles. The total length of the road is to be 4000 miles.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Silk thread may be gilded by the electro-plating process, retaining almost its full flexibility and softness.

As speaking tubes are found not to work on the English warships owing to the rattling of the machinery, the admiralty has determined to try telephones.

About 500 names are included in the "Kew Bulletin's" list of the new garden plants of 1894. The list embraces hybrids as well as species and botanical varieties.

Twenty-five sarcophagi have been discovered near Angouleme, several of the skeletons in them measuring six feet seven inches in length. They are believed to have been Gauls.

The Indiana Gas Inspector says that the pressure has diminished throughout the gas fields about one-third, and that the exhaustion of the supply is a matter of no very long time.

The small waists of French women are believed by some scientists to be the result of heredity. Ages of tight lacing, they say, have produced a physical peculiarity in the Nation.

In the Etruscan tombs of Northern Italy, gold rings have been found made in the shape of a cord, a large knot of intricate pattern forming the principal part of the ornament.

A German Antarctic expedition has been decided upon and \$240,000 allotted to it. It will consist of two vessels, will last three years, and will start south from Kerguelen Island.

It is said on semi-official authority that the Pennsylvania Railroad will utilize electricity on the Springfield branch, known as the "Little Miami," extending for a distance of twenty-two miles.

The Peruvian Indians have as a measure of distance the coada, which means the ground a cargo-bearing can walk under the stimulus of one quid of this leaf—the impulse lasts from thirty to forty minutes, and a man can pass over three kilometers.

An Australian has invented a novel method of lawn sprinkling. He has made the top rail of the fence around his lawn of iron water pipes, joined together so as to permit of a continuous flow of water, and perforated on the inner side with small holes. He connects the fence and the hose, and the water is evenly spread over every part of the lawn.

The famous kola nut contains 2.35 grams per cent. of caffeine and 0.25 grams per cent. of theobroma. Experiments have demonstrated that the white caffeine produces stimulation of but short duration, and causes the muscular tissue to wear itself out more rapidly than in the normal condition, the kola both increases and prolongs the muscular contraction.

Orange and the Holy Land. The orange and the lemon are staple products of Palestine. The orange of the Holy Land is golden in color, and its taste is superior to that of any other fruit of its kind. Eight years ago the export of oranges from Palestine was limited to Turkey and Egypt; but now it has been extended to the Parisian market and America also, and its good reputation has placed it above even the Italian orange.

The Hebrew agricultural school in Jopps Mikvei Israel (hops of Israel) sends large quantities of the gold-skinned fruit from its plantations to France. An ambitious Hebrew, writes W. E. Curtis, told me six years ago: "In twenty years from hence we will compete in wine with Oporto, in figs with Smyrna, and our oranges will even capture the American market."

His prophecy seems to have been fulfilled before its time. The wine is handled by the Rothschilds. They pay the colonist 3 francs (60 cents) for ten liters (about three-quarters), and the ambitious natives are now girdling their loins to invade the American market also. It is possible that if they come into competition with California they will be able to undersell our farmers, because of their cheap home labor and cheap transportation.

In Palestine the laborer on the orange plantation is paid 1 franc, which is worth about 20 cents of American money, for a day's work, which lasts from sunrise to sunset. It will, however, take some little time before the Palestinians are able to supply the large quantities demanded by the home markets.—Chicago Record.

M. Flammarion, in the course of experiments on the radiation of spectrum colors, has made some interesting observations on sensitive plants. Four plants sown the same day and of the same size were placed under glass, extending respectively all but the red, green, and blue rays, the fourth plant being under ordinary white glass. At the end of six weeks the "red" plant was twice as high as any of the others, the "green" came next, then the "white," while the "blue" had not grown the fraction of a centimeter. The red plant was healthy, but abnormally nervous, curling up at a breath. The plant kept under white glass, exposed to the ordinary sun rays, though third in the order of growth, was vigorous and stout.

The Colored Man a Curiosity There. There is only one colored man in all of Deer Isle, Me., which has a population of about 5000 persons, including the fishermen who called the Defender last fall. The colored citizen is Oliver Van Meter. He is seventy-seven years, and is distinguished himself last week by getting married. Colored folk are rare in many parts of Maine. Many towns and villages have not one colored resident, and the children regard any colored man who may stray into their neighborhood as a great curiosity, and will follow him about open-mouthed.—New York Sun.

The Czarina's Carriage Clock. The carriage clock presented to the Empress of Russia on her marriage by the English ladies residing in St. Petersburg was made of tortoise shell, mounted in pure gold. The handle was studded with diamonds, and above the dial was the imperial crown, with the initial "A" beneath it, both entirely composed of diamonds.—New York Mail and Express.

(THE FISHER-MAIDEN'S SONG.

O! oh! the herring is coming! The brooms are humming! Aloft flies the sail! The sea-gulls are treating, And lighting and screaming, Afloat on the gale!

O! oh! the west wind is veering, The fishing fleet steering Through whirlwinds of spray! O! oh! lads, how merry To spend the frail wherry O'er the billowy way!

O! oh! my heart leaps toward her; My friend is aboard her, My true love, my king! He feasts upon danger, The daring sea-ranger! When hurricanes sing!

O! oh! now down the black hollow, O'er deeps, and o'er shallows, A glorious ride! May good luck bestride him, And cheer him, and guide him Safe home to his bride!

—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Don't you think, mamma," asked Edith, pointing to the baby, "that he's a little out of tune to-day?"—Pack.

Alfred Austin was much more successful in laying his pipes than he has been in piping his lays.—New York World.

He called his verse a "holier." But he grew incensed at me Because I put it in the flames To brew a pot of tea.

Some people get a great reputation for philanthropy by inducing other people to let them give away their money.—Somerville Journal.

All men would have of wealth a snare And no one need his lot deplore, It would be good as hard as men, Who have so much they need no more.—Pack.

Brown (of the firm of Brown & Jones)—"Why did you countermand your order for those fountain pens?" Jones—"The agent took down my order with a lead pencil."—Pack.

His wedding trip was very short. For he was seen to follow— He took it on her bridal train, Descending from the altar.

—New York Herald.

"The Boss—"Where's the cashier?" The Smallest Junior—"He's gone home, sir; his wife sent a telegram to say the twins were asleep, an' he's gone home to see what it's like."—Ally Sloper.

Little Girl—"Your papa has got only one leg, hasn't he?" Veteran's Little Girl—"Yes." Little Girl—"Where's his other one?" Veteran's Little Girl—"Hush, dear; it's in heaven."—Scraps.

Hiland—"Your friend Brushton is a very remarkable man in our respect." Halket—"In what respect do you mean?" Hiland—"He tells me he can sleep in a sleeping car."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—"I declare, I have three bottoms off my vest." Mistress of the House—"You will probably find them in the dining room, sir."—Town and Country Journal.

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for quite a quarter of an hour, and at last observed: "There are some things in this world that go without saying." "Yes," said the editor, "and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going."—Tit-Bits.

Perry Paletic—"I've done some good in my time, anyhow. Once I saved a baby from a burning building." Wayworn Watson—"That's good as far as it goes, but one time I waded right out into cold water up to my neck almost and saved a kid from gittin' drowned."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Simmons—"What is the matter with you? You look as if some one had made you angry." Timmins—"Someone has. I asked the editor of the Bugle what he really thought of my poetry, and he told me if there were such a place as the laureateship in this country, I would be sure to get it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mountains of Sulphur. A Goodie, the Esenada banker, has recently returned home after a trip, by way of Yuma, to the great sulphur deposits in the southern Cocopah range of mountains on the eastern side of Lower California. He was accompanied by Judge Masterson, of Yuma; Mr. Fay and a party of Cocopah Indian guides. They went in an open boat down to the mouth of Hardy's Colorado, thence up that river to the neighborhood of the sulphur mines.

Goodie describes these deposits as being little less than mountains of sulphur, which is eighty-seven per cent. pure. All that is necessary to do is to shovel the sulphur into sacks and ship it away to the market for ordinary use, especially for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. At one point the deposit rises as a bluff fifteen feet high and fully 150 feet wide, all of pure sulphur. At the foot of this a shaft has been sunk into pure sulphur sixty feet deep. He declines to estimate the total quantity of sulphur, but simply says there is "plenty." His plans are to put the product on the market immediately.—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

The Czarina's Carriage Clock. The carriage clock presented to the Empress of Russia on her marriage by the English ladies residing in St. Petersburg was made of tortoise shell, mounted in pure gold. The handle was studded with diamonds, and above the dial was the imperial crown, with the initial "A" beneath it, both entirely composed of diamonds.—New York Mail and Express.