

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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Cuba has the right to dispose of 2.75 per cent. of its revenues. Spain attends to the other 97.25 per cent.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in a recent magazine article, expresses a doubt as to the existence of the "ideal husband."

The London Economist figures that the Cuban war is costing Spain \$5,000,000 a month, and says that it has depressed the Cuban securities twenty per cent.

Max Norden, the expert in "Degeneracy," has written a highly laudatory estimate of Alfred Austin, the poet laureate of England. He says he considers Mr. Austin to be the most perfect embodiment of Anglo-Saxony in the literature of our time.

A curious Presidential coincidence is found by Walter Wellman in the fact that two Presidents—Jackson and J. Q. Adams—were born in the year 1767, and two—Grant and Hayes—in 1822. Jackson succeeded Adams and Hayes followed Grant.

There is a religious sect at Orissa, in the Bengal (India) Presidency, which worships Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. It has been discovered, also, that she is an object of worship in the temple of the Podong Llana, at Tooloolong, in Thibet.

Chief Fernow, of the Forestry Division, Agricultural Department, strongly advises the cultivation of the cork tree in the South. The United States pays more than \$2,000,000 a year for imported cork. He also says that bamboo would do well in the South, and would be a source of profit.

The United States is the only Nation with a changeable flag. Utah's admission has compelled it to once more revise the starry corner of its ensign, and if Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma come in there will have to be still other alterations. "After that time," exclaims the New York Mail and Express, "the bustling manufacturers will be in hard luck, unless an annexation policy should set in."

Give the South the same amount of energy and capital that has been heaped upon the West, and we will make a garden filled with cities such as the world never knew, maintains Looking Southward. Such conditions and advantages do not exist in any other quarter of the globe. The South is the perfection of all that could be desired for the upbuilding of a great and wealthy country. It embraces all the requisite qualifications for agriculture and manufacturing, and the healthfulness to make it a most desirable home.

Fourteen years ago, recalls the New York Press, the Khedive sent a force of 10,000 Egyptians and Nubians against the Mahdi. The hostile forces met at El Obeid, on the White Nile, and had a short and savage encounter. The appalling result was that Hicks Pasha and his force were almost to a man destroyed on the field of battle by the enraged legions of the prophet. All Europe and the East shuddered at this frightful disaster, which weakened the rule of the Khedive, shook the Sultan's throne and carried dismay to the holy places of Mecca. The army of the Mahdi at El Obeid numbered 200,000 men, dervishes, Bedonias, mullahs and some regular troops supplied with firearms. King Menelik has destroyed 10,000 Italians with an army of 100,000 Abyssinians, and again the whole world shudders.

Menelik II. is reported to be on the march to Axum for the purpose of obtaining his consecration and coronation as Emperor of Ethiopia, says the St. James Gazette. The ceremonial on such occasions is described as being highly picturesque and impressive. Clothed in purple, mounted on a superbly caparisoned horse, holding in one hand a gilt cross, and surrounded by a crowd of brilliantly dressed vassals, the claimant to the throne rides up to the porch of the ancient church. Here a bevy of girls clad in white bar his progress with a strip of pink ribbon. "Who are you?" they chant, "who wish to enter?" "I am your Emperor," is the reply; "the Negus-Negesti of Ethiopia." "No," cries the choir, "you are not our Emperor," and the silken barrier is drawn tight across the doorway. Three times is this performance repeated, and then the postulant, drawing his sword, severs the ribbon and marches in amidst loud cheering. Taking his stand upon a stone which no foot save that of the Negus ever touches, and his only once, he receives the sacred unction and the crown, swearing to defend the religion of Christ and the faith of Mark, to exterminate heretics, and to rule in the name of God.

THE ROUND YEAR.

The secret of the beauty of December snow; the tender tunc That April breathes, I love, I love The green upon the crest of June...

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

HEN that is your last word, Edna? "Yes, Dr. Lester." "And will nothing I can say alter your decision?"

He drew in his upper lip between his teeth, and his forehead wrinkled as he still lingered. "Well," he said, "I am immensely sorry, I don't want to bother you; besides, I suppose it would not do a scrap of good."

"Raising his right hand, he pushed back his hair. "It seems a little difficult to realize just yet. I counted on a different answer."

"That was hardly my fault," she said, lowering her eyes. They were dark blue eyes, remarkably dark considering the fairness of her hair and skin.

"No," he returned. "Men don't die of that sort of thing. But life will be wretched, Edna."

He took his hat and went away, Edna standing by the window watching him as he dejectedly crossed the garden and passed through the gateway and disappeared.

"Well?" Gertrude stopped just within the door. "Oh, don't look as if you didn't know all about it!" cried Edna impatiently.

"You don't mean to look me in the face and tell me you have refused him?" "I told you this morning."

"What a girl says beforehand goes for nothing. Edna, what a fool you are! You know Alfred will be just wild about it."

"Alfred did not think it necessary to consult me," was the answer. "Of course," Edna added, drawing near and placing an arm about Gertrude's waist, "of course it would be all the same if he had, darling."

"Still, it does seem a pity," Gertrude persisted. "Though he has only been a year in Uppercombe, everybody has a good word for him—or nearly everybody. He has increased old Dr. Andrew's practice enormously."

"Dr. Lester is a man a good many girls would—" "Jump at!" I know. That is exactly what I feel about him. He is too eligible—isn't that the word?—too eminently desirable."

"You have always seemed to like him." "I do like him, Gertrude." "Then, why in the name of goodness don't you marry him and have done with it?"

Edna slightly shrugged her shoulders as she turned toward the window again. "Honestly, I don't quite know. I don't see why I should dissect myself for your edification. He is very nice—a little too nice. I tried to persuade myself—that, you see, I'm nothing if not candid. Only—I don't know what it is; somehow, the spirit didn't move me."

When Edna was following Gertrude from the dining room that evening Alfred Sinclair called her back. "Permit me to remind you that you are twenty-two," he said. "Be accurate, Alf. Twenty-two and two months."

Edna, he was short, but carried himself as if at full height; like his sister, again, he was fair, and appeared more youthful than his years. He wore a moustache which looked too heavy for his pink and white face.

"Sir Edward Strangeways is dead," he said, pulling his light colored tie down to his waist. "remarked Gertrude, 'the operation was not successful.'"

"Now, if it had been, don't you imagine Strangeways would be alive, Gertrude?" he said, testily. "A bad day's work for Lester."

"Why?" demanded Edna. "Dr. Lester cannot be expected to work miracles. He cannot cure all his patients."

"Said amongst the prophets!" exclaimed Alfred. "One doesn't look for Lester's apologist over there, Edna. He went the wrong way to cure this one. I was talking to Blenkinsopp about the case only yesterday. Blenkinsopp would have had a surgeon down from London. Money was no object. The plain fact is, Lester is overconfident."

"I dare say Dr. Lester is quite as skillful as any surgeon in London," Edna returned. "Do you think it will damage his practice?" inquired Gertrude.

"I don't know. Of course it will. Lester is too young. People don't care to be practiced on—carved about. I shouldn't be surprised if it ruined him."

One morning, about four months later, Gertrude's elder girl awoke feverish. "Alfred," she said, as her husband rose from the table after breakfast, "you won't forget to call at Dr. Blenkinsopp's."

"Dr. Blenkinsopp?" asked Edna, when he had closed the door. "Yes, dear. I think Winnie ought to have some medicine."

"But why Dr. Blenkinsopp? Why not Dr. Lester, as usual? You have had Dr. Lester ever since Dr. Andrews went away."

"I shouldn't ever forgive myself if Winnie died like poor Sir Edward." "What utter nonsense!" cried Edna.

"I may be very foolish," said Gertrude rather plaintively, "though I don't see why you should tell me so if Alfred does. I never pretended to be wise. But I have lost confidence in Dr. Lester. So has everybody else. Dr. Blenkinsopp has got over so many of his patients."

"It is mean!" Edna retorted. "It is like kicking a man while he is down." "I can't help it, dear. Don't look so fierce. I am hardly to be expected to let Dr. Lester experiment on Winnie if I don't believe in him. How can anyone believe in him in the face of what is being said about poor Sir Edward?"

"Oh," cried Edna, "it makes me so wild!" "A little later she set forth into the town, to walk off her ill-humor with things in general, and Dr. Blenkinsopp in particular. She had not gone far before she met Lester himself. Though he would have passed her by with a bow, she stopped, holding out her hand.

"It is unusual to see you walking," she said. "Yes—yes. The fact is, one gets so little exercise that I—I have sold my carriage."

"Well," she faltered, "it's—it's a lovely morning for a walk. You don't come to see us now." "Perhaps you remember the last—" "Oh," she cried brusquely, "I never remember unpleasant things. I think my sister would be very pleased, whenever you have time to spare."

"Time to spare!" he said bitterly. "There is little difficulty about that. Of course, you know what all the town knows, my practice has fallen away from me as if it were a garment."

"But," she returned, trying to speak cheerfully, "it will come back again! It is only a matter of time."

"The population of Uppercombe is 35,000; mostly wise persons!" exclaimed Edna contemptuously. "One night, about a month later, Alfred arrived home earlier than usual. 'Lester is going away,' he said. 'Has he sold his practice?' asked Gertrude."

"He would hardly go without. Not that there is much to sell. Edna sat quite silent. Her face was pale and her eyes were moist. It was all she could do to prevent the tears from falling till she reached her own room. At dinner she scarcely spoke. The following morning she happened to be passing Lester's house at 11 o'clock, and, seeing no sign of him, turned and repressed the door ten minutes later. He was just coming down the steps."

"Don't let me hinder you," she said, when he stopped. "I am merely going to the post-office," he answered. "I—I am going that way, too," said Edna, and they walked together. "Is it true you are leaving Uppercombe?" she asked, presently. "Perfectly true."

"Then you have sold your practice?" "Well, it was principally a question of getting the house and so forth off my hands; but I have every reason to believe the matter will be settled this afternoon."

"Dr. Lester!" Edna exclaimed as he halted at the post-office, "if I were you I would not run away from it; but, perhaps, you have some enticing place to fly to."

"No," he answered; "I am fortunate enough to have the wide world to choose from—except this one spot, and," he added, "this is the best and the worst on the face of the earth. My practice is ruined."

"But if you could only stay your practice would come back. People are very foolish. It isn't every doctor who can buy a practice, yet they manage. How do they do it?"

"He held open a gate for her to pass through into a meadow as she spoke. The sun shone brightly and the hedges were fragrant with wild rose and honeysuckle."

"Oh, there are various ways," he explained. "Some take parish work, but I am too unpopular to attempt to get that, even if there were an opening at the moment. Others receive resident patients—lunatics, hypochondriacs and so forth."

"Then couldn't you take patients? Would not that enable you to—to stay at Uppercombe?" "Oh, yes; only first I should have to take a wife, Miss Sinclair."

"He turned to look at her face, and at the same moment Edna leaned across the ditch to pluck a spray of honeysuckle. No sooner had she recovered her balance than she began to pull the blossom to pieces."

"Well, Dr. Lester?" she said, looking up suddenly. "Ah! that sort of a thing is over as far as I am concerned," he answered. "I—I don't see why, if it would—if it would really help you."

"He leaned forward eagerly. She bent her neck to smell the honey-suckle. "Edna," he muttered, "you are trifling with me!" She shook her head slowly. "But you—you said—"

"It is generous to remind one of a mistake," she retorted. "I am not in a position. Things are at a very low ebb."

"The tide will flow again," she said, "and—and I have three hundred a year of my own."

"What will your brother say?" "Oh," she cried, "I am not a child. I am a woman, and have a right to please myself; though to be sure," she added, "you may not think I have played a very womanly part this morning."

She looked very demure, very pretty, as she stood dissecting the honeysuckle, and perhaps he would have been more than human to have resisted. "We will face it together," he said. "You will be my comrade as well as my wife—my best beloved you know you have been since the first week I saw you."

Presently she hinted at the desirability of returning. "Ah, yes," he answered, "I ought to lose no time in seeing Sinclair."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

He Was Coy—Revenge Is Sweet—An Intellectual Ogre—A Happy Couple—Willing to Oblige, Etc.

REVENGE IS SWEET. Benjamin—"A woman who talks as you do about people need never hope to become popular."

AN INTELLECTUAL OGRE. "What do you do with these children of your imagination?" inquired his friend.

WILLING TO OBLIGE. Mistress—"I can't say that you were always respectful, Bridget; still, I will put it in the recommendation."

HIS CALCULATION. Inspector—"You don't carry enough life-preservers."

A HAPPY COUPLE. Mrs. Fussy—"And your husband has never referred to his mother's cooking?"

WHAT HE MIGHT DO. "I don't feel able to do any work on my story to-day," said a writer to his wife.

WHAT AILED GOBLIN. Trivet—"Goblin is quite sick." Dicer—"What ails him? It can't be overwork."

NOVEL STOCK BAROMETER. "Old man Bull's" lurch is a sure indication of the condition of the stock market," said a broker, seated in a Broad street restaurant.

MUSICAL ITEM. The minister was at dinner with the Chadfield family. Johnnie spoke up and said:

"Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask, Johnnie?" asked the clergyman, kindly.

"Because pa owes twelve dollars back pew rent, and he says he is going to let the church whistle."

After the clergyman had taken his departure there was a vocal solo by Johnnie.—Texas Sifter.

A TOUCH OF A LEAP-YEAR HAND. At 9 o'clock last Saturday evening Algernoon stood at the front door of the home of the girl he loved, but to whom he dared not say the word.

For a long time he had been sparing for points, but to the bashful these things do not appear in a clear light, even though they clearly exist.

He had rung the bell once, twice, and three, but there had been no answer. Nervously he stretched forth his hand to ring again when the door was opened by the one being in all the world who made his life worth living.

"Why, Algernoon," she exclaimed, "if I had thought it was you I wouldn't have kept you standing out in the cold so long."

He thought of how long he had been standing out in the cold and wondered when the courage would come to him to go in out of it.

"You know," she continued as she drew him inside and closed the door, "that the servants are out to-night, and some of the family have to answer the front door bell."

"No, Algernoon," she said, blushing, "I do not. But don't you think it is almost time that I did?"—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

German scientists report that milk may be sterilized by electricity.

Dr. Peters, the African explorer, is about to undertake a new exploration of Somaliland in the interests of a number of wealthy Americans.

Edison has got the X rays down to making a photograph in one minute exposure. It has taken before from a quarter of an hour to three hours.

New York has the largest absolute mortality from consumption of all the States, and Boston the largest relative death-rate: 161 in 1000 of all deaths.

Edison says that the X rays have a peculiarly irritating effect upon the eyes, which makes him think that they will prove deadly to disease germs in the body.

Chicago architects, in making a war on skyscraper buildings, at a recent meeting they resolved that no building not absolutely fireproof should exceed eighty feet in height.

Russia and Japan will have the total eclipse of the sun on August 9 entirely to themselves, as the line of totality passes through Nova Zembla, Siberia, and the Island of Jesso only.

Mrs. Esther Hermann's contribution of \$10,000 to the endowment of the New York botanical garden makes the total amount \$250,000 in addition to plants valued at \$5000 given by J. A. Pitchee.

Austria has decided to combine with Germany in an expedition to the South Pole and Julius von Payer, the explorer of Franz Josef Land, has been asked to give up his expedition to northeast Greenland in order to take the command of it.

A Kansas man has invented a brick made of straw and wood pulp, which is said to be better than a clay brick, and to cost only one-third as much.

Professor Raoult, of Grenoble, has received the biennial prize of \$4000 from the Academie des Sciences for his discovery of the numerical ratio between the molecular weight of a substance and the difference produced on the freezing point of the liquid that dissolves it, as well as on the expansion of the vapors of the liquid.

A large collection of 17,000 stuffed birds and many series of bird skeletons has been bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Henry Seebohm, the naturalist. It is the most valuable gift made to the natural history section of the museum in a quarter of a century. Its ornithological collection is now the largest in the world, consisting of 300,000 specimens.

A Floating Hermit. Hermits who make their homes in the caves and forests of California are plentiful, but a hermit who makes his home on the water is not so common.

The first one that has ever been seen in the bay of San Francisco is now living in a small scow, or ark, in the cove near Black Point. There he spends his days, and with the exception of an occasional drifting cruise along the front in a small skiff he never leaves the home he has made on the old, battered craft, which is named "Southern Pacific."

Every morning, rain or shine, he is up before sunrise. Climbing a ladder raised against an impromptu mast he reaches a small platform. On this he kneels and begins his morning orisons. First he sings a hymn. Sometimes his voice can be heard, chanting the melody at Black Point, and at other times he can barely be heard by the fishermen who are waiting the turn of tide in Black Point Cove. Then he will read a chapter from the Bible, and after that he prays that the kingdom of the Messiah may come, and that heaven be established on earth. If it is a fine morning the sun by this time is well up in the heavens and the sunrise gun has been fired half an hour previously. The hermit descends from his lofty perch and pumps out his frail craft, in order to keep her afloat for another twenty-four hours.—San Francisco Call.

The Per Capita Circulation.

In the United States there is a per capita circulation of \$8.78 in gold, \$8.59 in silver and \$5.92 in paper—altogether \$23.29 per head. Our per capita circulation is only exceeded in four countries—France, \$35.78; Belgium, \$27.82; Netherlands, \$25.66; and Australia, \$25.96. Only three countries have a larger per capita circulation of silver than the United States—France, \$12.74; Spain, \$9.49; and Netherlands, \$12.10. In France there is a very small use of paper money—only 86 cents per head—silver occupying the position of a subsidiary currency, the relative proportion being per head: Gold, \$22.19; silver, \$12.74; paper, 85 cents. The usefulness of notes redeemable in gold and silver is shown by the comparative activity of note circulation in the transaction of business in this country, where only one-fourth of the currency is paper.

In India and China the total of silver circulation is less than \$3.50 per head.—Philadelphia Record.

An Alarm Sent Over 200 Miles.

To-day a resident of Catskill told me the following remarkable incident which cannot be of interest to all interested in fire alarm systems. The engineer of a passing freight train saw the fire last Sunday morning that destroyed the store of Ed. Hallenbeck, only a few feet from the Central station.

On reaching Germantown he told the night operator, who telegraphed the fact to New York. New York telegraphed it to Hudson and Hudson telegraphed the alarm to Catskill. Is there anything on record to beat this—an alarm of fire sent over 225 miles.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

OLD FASHIONED LOVE.

We are "as out of date," they say, Ned and I: We love in an old fashioned way, Love almost as they do.

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