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In Australia there are 1,300,000 people of Irish birth.

The Chinese are now claiming that they knew all about the X rays ages ago.

The London Engineer notes the growing favor in which the American-made files and rasps are held in England.

Professor Crocker, of Columbia College, says that the talk of electrical science being in its "infancy" is all boosh.

"The worst kind of bicycle face is the long face your oldest daughter puts on when she has asked for a wheel and you have told her that you can't afford to buy her one."

John Swinton, of the New York Sun, recently declared that over every American writer hangs the fear of the editorial blue pencil.

Dr. Brown, of St. Louis, was walking home late one night when he was accosted by a footpad.

Richard Atkinson, the last of the "potwallopers," has just died at Pontefract, England.

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William D. Howells presided at a dinner given in New York City to Stephen Crane, the young author whose reputation has become international in a few months.

Says the Baltimore Herald: A novel experiment is about to be tried in Chicago.

To provide himself with tickets or pay cash, as may be desired. The first mile from the downtown terminus costs one cent, and one cent extra is charged for each additional mile or fraction thereof.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed, We reach the grandest height; One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light.

One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read; One stone at a time, and the palace rears Aloft its stately head.

One blow at a time, the tree's cleft through, And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before.

One foot at a time, and he subdues, And a conflict will be won; One grain at a time, and the sands of life Will slowly all be run.

One minute, another, the hours fly by One day at a time, our lives speed by Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored, Another, and more on them; And as time rolls on, your mind will shine With wisdom, and wisdom. And this will tell "One thing at a time, and that well done," Is wisdom's golden rule.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WINNIE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

WINNIE, a hundred miles of my town there lives a girl. Her age is somewhere between thirteen and nineteen years.

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In case a passenger boards a car at a distance from the terminus, and alights before it reaches its destination, he is charged one cent a mile for the space over which he rides.

As Winnie came out of the store she caught sight of a little ragged boy sitting on the curbstone.

from her home, Winnie usually rode in the cars one way, and so she had just five cents with her.

The storekeeper, too, who had been scolding his chore-boy in a frightful manner when Winnie opened the door, now looked as mild as any lamb, quite benevolent, in fact, and the chore-boy was whistling softly to himself as he wiped the dust from a shelf.

Winnie walked briskly along, for it was getting near school time. A good many of the people she met glanced at her as they passed, and the cheeks seemed somehow to have a cheerful effect upon them.

When quite near the schoolhouse, Winnie overtook one of her classmates. There was a cloud on his face, but the instant she spoke to him it disappeared.

"Have you done those two problems in algebra?" she asked. "No," laughed Winnie, "have you?"

"I sat up half the night trying, and I don't believe they can be done," said the boy, bitterly.

"Oh, yes," answered Winnie. "Will Bailey told me last night that he had done one of them, and I mean to go to them in good earnest as soon as I get the history lesson of my mind. I think we can do them."

"Perhaps we can," said the boy, more hopefully; and by the time they reached the schoolhouse steps he was not only convinced that he could, but resolved that he would do them, and was quite cheerful in consequence.

Winnie and the boy were two seconds late, and Miss Miller frowned as she heard their footsteps in the hall, but when she saw Winnie her frown faded out.

Nothing of particular moment happened during the forenoon, unless it was the falling out of Nellie Paterson and Julia Davis at recess.

Now, it happened that astronomy had always been a favorite study with young Mr. Alden, and he not only answered Winnie's question gladly, but stood for several minutes after they had reached her gate, telling her about the different constellations.

There were seven scholars who lived so far away that they always brought their dinners, excepting when they forgot it, as did Annie and Frank Carroll on this particular day.

Winnie spied them standing apart from the others, staring disconsolately out of a window, and immediately divined the trouble.

After she had a little talk with her mother and gone to look adorningly at the baby sleeping in his crib, Winnie lit a lamp and went upstairs to her room to bed.

So ended the day for Winnie Smith, and she felt lonely, never suspecting that she had a gift, or dreaming that she was otherwise than a most ordinary common-place kind of a girl.

A Lighted Gun.

The shades of night are no longer a protection to game from the powers of the sportsman.

Winnie hastened her steps, and laying her hand on the policeman's sleeve, asked him very earnestly if he wouldn't please let her go, just long enough to help pick up the fruit, which was rolling about the sidewalk and out into the street.

In an incredibly short time, if you had been there, you would have seen the policeman walking serenely down the street, a strange gentleman right in the front stand, Winnie and the two boys picking up apples, bananas and peapants, as if for a wager.

Then Mrs. Alden spoke quickly enough. "Yes," she said, "my sister is ill, and I ought to go to her on the very next car, but I let my girl go away for the afternoon and evening, and father isn't feeling well, and I don't dare leave him alone."

"Why, I will come in and stay with him," said Winnie, heartily. "I'd just as lief as not—I'd like to."

"Would you?" said Mrs. Alden, the troubled look vanishing. "I should be so much obliged."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Valuable Fashions—None Too Cordial—Able-Bodied—Sarcastic—The Long and the Short of Love, Etc.

"Is Miss Angler an athletic girl?" "Oh, yes; she has thrown herself at the head of every marriageable man in her neighborhood."

"Love me little, love me long," she warbled. "Yes," said he. "But will you love me when I am short?"

"What a man Gowdy is! Nobody can get along with him." "Daddy—I believe you. Even his food don't agree with him."

"Lady Customer (in china shop)—"Do you break these sets?" Dealer—"No, madam; the purchasers' servants usually attend to that."

"Am I the first girl you ever proposed to, darling?" He (sincerely)—"No, but you are the only girl who ever accepted me."

"I suppose there is no use in asking you to stay to dinner?" The Caller—"Not in that way."

"Hattie Scorchor run on a tack yesterday." Miss Wiel—"Well, from what I know of her temper, I suppose she kicked her wheel, then, didn't she?"

"Bentonby is rather gay for a fellow learning to ride a bicycle." Dunsap—"Well, he feels that his fortune is made. He's invented a pneumatic tire that will hold arnica for beginners."

"Did you tell Fibs of our engagement?" He—"Yes." She (aggrieved)—"You promised that you would say nothing about it."

"Don't you think that Spelding talks too much? I called at his house last evening, and for two mortal hours he talked, without my being able to get in a word."

"Sometimes," said the merchant, "I feel like the poet who wanted a lodge in some vast wilderness. I yearn for solitude and silence."

"That's just what the matter. The first thing you know the public will be able to understand a time-table as well as we. See if you can't complicate it a bit."

"Dear me," said the lovely lady, petulantly. "Those are beautiful verses you have written about me, but it happens that my hair is dark brown, instead of golden."

"How! By Jove! So it is," said the petted society poet. "Well, there is only one thing to do. You must have your hair bleached."

"It's too bad," remarked the agent for the circus, "that they put that wooden expense away up there on the roof of the new postoffice."

"It struck me as a waste of material. If they had put it away up there where nobody can see it, it would have been a splendid place to post show bills."

"Your muscles seem to be flabby and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything?" Athlete—"Not a drop."

"Then you must be smoking too much." Athlete—"No; don't smoke at all." Coach—"Steady!" Athlete—"Er—yes—a little."

"You've got to stop that. Do you want to lose the game?" University Courier.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Photographs have been taken of the sea 500 feet below the surface.

It is said that the March of 1896 was the coldest March in the history of the weather bureau.

There are in the German Empire to-day about 183 electric factories, distributed in 168 localities.

Electric power is so cheap at Great Falls, Montana, that nearly all the machinery there is moved by it.

The largest spider known to entomologists makes its home in the most hilly section of Ceylon.

The frog deposits its eggs in shallow water, where the warmth of the sun promotes speedy hatching.

The common earth worm is cut in two to the tail there grows a head and to the head there grows a tail, and two animals are formed.

Dr. P. M. Johns, a San Francisco scientist, who has been conducting a series of experiments with the X rays, declares that they are not orthodox rays, as has been held, but emanate from the anode.

Mme. Cavaignac, wife of the French War Minister, had a bit of a broken needle in her hand which the surgeons could not find.

An editor in Graz, Austria, had his skull photographed by Professor Roentgen's process, but absolutely refused to have the picture reproduced or shown to any but men of science.

The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting in Berlin.

Spain stands at the head of the list, having on the average 3000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2300 hours, Germany 1700 hours and England 1400 hours.

It is old-established fact that oil spread on the surface of water will calm the waves, and often save a ship; but it will be a new idea to many that soap-suds will have the same effect.

An English steamer was caught in a heavy storm on the Atlantic, and being without oil to use for this purpose, the captain conceived the idea of utilizing a quantity of soap which he found among his stores.

The soap was dissolved in water, making a compound the consistency of gruel. This was flung over the bows of the boat, and with startling results.

A similar experiment was tried on a French steamer which was struck by a squall. The oiler dissolved three kilograms of soap in seventy liters of water.

This solution was allowed to trickle over the bow of the boat, and it so smoothed the water that for a space of about ten meters wide the waves gave them no disturbance.

As an alternative this discovery is an exceedingly valuable one. Soap can be compressed into small space and a sufficient amount might be carried to insure comparative safety to any vessel without occupying any appreciable space.

Algeron Sartoris, the grandson of General Grant and the eldest child of Nellie Grant Sartoris, is being educated at Oxford.

He came to America last summer to spend his vacation with his mother. At Narragansett Pier he was nearly his own age.

When he graduated from this department he passes under the control of the second cook, who reveals to him the mysteries of sauces and soups.

The interest of this functionary in his pupil it is necessary to accelerate with liberal and frequent tips.

This student is then put in charge of the pastry cook, to whom he serves a long apprenticeship in all that pertains to the concoction of sweets, pastries, loaves and the like.

A SPRING SONG.

The meadow dreams of violets—a bird is on the wing, And the sunlight's streamer, dreamer where the honeybees swim.

This vine is looking brighter on the old porch there at home, An' the cattle bells are ringin' an' waltz the daisies' foam.

No frost-fakes in the furrows, the turf is warm an' sweet— Listen—listen, listen! you'll hear the world's heart beat!

With soft, caressin' fingers in winter's looks o' gray, The spring has coaxed him to a smile an' kissed his gloom away!

Humor of the Day. All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are counting railroad ties.

The easiest way to prove that you can't play the violin, is to play it.—Pack.

Your platonic friend is apt to get real mad if you propose to any one else.—Pack.

Nobody ever saw a woman use a hammer to drive a tack when a flat-iron was near.—Texas Sifter.

Never tell your best friend anything that wouldn't look well in big-sized type in a newspaper.—Athens Globe.

Ho—"If there is anything a woman enjoys it is being a martyr." She—"And how willing some men are to help her enjoy herself that way!"

When a man says that his wife should have consulted him before certain steps he means she should have given him a chance to object.—Athens Globe.

Miss Smanlison—"I don't care for men; in fact, I've already said 'No' to seven of them." Miss Comely—"Indeed! What were they selling?"

"My family," said Miss Antique, "came over with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower." "Did they really?" exclaimed Hicks. "How very interesting! And were you seasick?"

Penderson—"You say that man is a dead mule and that he has an impediment in his speech. Pray, how can that be?" Fogg—"Very easily. A few months ago he lost two fingers by a buzz saw."

Teacher—"This wicked King Henry VIII, then had his unfortunate Queen's head cut off." Johnnie—"I guess I know why he cut her head off, teacher."

"Why, Johnnie?" "Cause she wore a high hat!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crematorium Official—"We have both the Italian and French systems in vogue here; which would you prefer for the late lamented?" Widow—"The French, oh, decidedly the French, as my poor husband (who) could never tolerate Italian cooking."

Mr. De Style—"Why, my dear, I'm glad to see you so composed. When I left this morning you were weeping and wailing and tearing your hair because Fido was sick."

"Well, y'oa see, just after you left Mrs. Tipton came in and told me that dogs of Fido's breed were going out of fashion."—New York Weekly.

Educating a Chef. The making of a man cook in France is a lengthy and tedious process.

According to a celebrated French chef, a young man when he decides to pursue a culinary career, selects his nominal instructor, to whom he pays a sum equivalent to \$75.

The aspirant is then assigned to the vegetable cook, who teaches him how to prepare the raw materials.

When he has mastered this he is initiated into the mystery of cooking them. This thoroughly learned, he studies the way of cutting up raw meats, of preparing fish and how to stuff, dress, truss and lard game and poultry.

NEWLANDS TO EXPLORE.

Sir W. Martin Conway, of London, who reminds the world that the interior of the main island of Spitzbergen, off Norway, has never been explored, hopes to take a party next summer to put an end to this state of things.

Mr. Trevor-Batye and five other explorers will probably start with him. The island is penetrated by fjords, and no part is more than twenty-five miles from the sea.

The explorers will therefore cross from fjord to fjord with a light load of provisions on Iceland ponies, reëntering at each fjord from a steamer which must follow them by sea.

A State's Odd Advantages. The Hancock statue will have one advantage over the other equestrian statues in this city.

It is not regarded as artistic, and the birds will be horrified, as it were, by this statue.

Bar to Athletic Supremacy. Coach (to college athlete)—"Your muscles seem to be flabby and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything?"

Athlete—"Not a drop." Coach—"Then you must be smoking too much."

Athlete—"No; don't smoke at all." Coach—"Steady!" Athlete—"Er—yes—a little."

Coach (indignantly)—"You've got to stop that. Do you want to lose the game?" University Courier.

There are some things that the patent office does, and there are some things that we are too highly educated to touch.

"A few days ago the office received a letter from a leading clergyman in Cincinnati, in which he said: 'I am anxious to buy a bicycle for my daughter, but cannot decide which of the many machines now on the market is the best.'"

To answer the letter would have caused a bigger sensation than a proclamation by the President declaring war with Cuba, and so we simply said in reply that he could ascertain for himself by reading the advertisements of the various machines in the newspapers.

Yesterday came a further letter from the writer, in which he said: 'I have read so much on the bicycle question that I am nearly driven to despair, but up to this writing I have not been able to decide.'"

Would Cause a Sensation. A great deal of lung trouble, consumption and throat difficulties are chargeable directly to the habit of laughing and talking on going out from heated audience rooms.

People sit for hours in warm rooms, then go out suddenly into the cold air. They are in high spirits and naturally inclined to chatter and laugh, often keeping this up for a long time.

The sudden refining of the temperature of the lungs by the enormous inhalation of very cold air is productive of congestion and chills innumerable.

It is declared by a physician who has made a study of this subject that if people could be induced to keep their mouths shut on going out of heated rooms into a cold atmosphere there would be fewer pulmonary and throat troubles and fewer colds and coughs.

People should gradually accustom their lungs to the cold, rarely speaking for the first few minutes of their out-of-door trip.

To the thoughtless this looks like a small matter, but on it may depend health, happiness and long life.

Catching Cold. A great deal of lung trouble, consumption and throat difficulties are chargeable directly to the habit of laughing and talking on going out from heated audience rooms.

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