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Of every 1000 Europeans 262 are Russians, 130 Germans, 116 Austrians, 107 French, 100 English, 84 Italians, 48 Spanish, 17 Belgians, etc.

The investment in good roads made by States in general will pay for itself many times over in a very few years, predicts the New York Sun.

Li Hung Chang is said to have been greatly impressed by his interview with Bismarck, particularly with the ex-Chancellor's suggestion that the best way to reform and up-build China would be upon the basis of an army, even if it comprised no more than 50,000 men.

This shows up well for American liberality. Dr. Wolf, of the University of Heidelberg, tried in vain to raise sufficient funds to buy a new photographic telescope for the institution.

If Schopenhauer were living he would be delighted to find that while Hegel, the supreme object of his contempt, is falling into oblivion in Germany, his idol, Kant, is coming more and more to the front.

Speaking at a meeting in London in support of the unity of the English-speaking world, Sir Walter Besant, the well-known novelist, declared that he did not believe that Canada, Australia, and the other great colonies would continue the fiction of dependence upon Great Britain for any great length of time.

The public school children have adopted the following "State flowers" for their respective commonwealths: Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon, the golden rod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringa; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cyripodium or mossassin flower; Montana, the bitter root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Utah, the lego lily, and Vermont, the red clover.

The gross blunders about the United States and its people, once so common in even the best informed English newspapers, are rarely met with nowadays. Once in awhile we hear something about the "State of Albany," and occasionally that the Indian savages threaten Chicago, but as a rule English editors avoid serious errors, though they sometimes make laughable ones.

It certainly ought to have a startling effect wherever it is read: "One of the most curious colonies that have ever been established on the American Continent is, we learn from the London American, about to settle in North Dakota. It is a colony of drunks. Twenty-one drunks and their families are about to move from Indiana to take up their abode upon the virgin soil of North Dakota. They say they will establish a 'model drunkard colony.' Already they have purchased 2000 acres of land, and each family will receive an allotment of about fifty acres. The colony will be watched with much interest. It begins operations this month. Very likely all the colonists will want to start saloons, and the question arises, who will be ready to till the soil?"

A SONG OF LOVE.

The earth below, and the heaven above; Let us live, my dear, let us live and love; We know not all that the blue skies mean, But the beautiful lilies tell and lean; And here is the sunshine, and meadows of green, And rivers with silvery ripples between— The earth below, and the heaven above; Let us live, my dear, let us live and love! We know not the meaning of stars and skies— We only see heaven in Love's glad eyes: We give him our sorrow—our songs and our sighs, And a red rose is born for each red rose that dies! Oh, the earth below, and the heaven above! Let us live, my dear, let us live and love!

THE TRAMP.

LL health, combined with faded countenance, placed William and Mary Charlton upon the hands of charity. Now charity in some places is not by a good deal what it is in others. So William, who had seen "better days," who had cultivated a manly degree of independence, for the love of it, would have died—and he did see his lovely Mary die, and he followed her the same day—rather than petition his proud and wealthy neighbors, when he knew that they were aware of his helplessness, yet kept back their alms, waiting, not an opportunity, but a solicitation, to do good.

Henry, their only son, aged twelve, brought up as he had been, accustomed to little and expectant of less, how did he know "papa" and "mama" were dying?

He had always been accustomed to that pinched, cadaverous look; he had often held his mother's thin hand between his eyes and the fire, and seen her thin, bony fingers turned to threads of jelly, and her hands were always cold.

But he had never seen such wild expressions upon his parents' faces as that evening when he came home from fishing, with his bass "for man," which his mother would never need.

One was before the fireplace on the floor, the other on what passed for a bed; their eyes were staring blankly, cold and clammy; their lips were apart, and when Henry spoke they did not answer.

He knew nothing of death, save that he had seen poor Leo, the dog, hanged to save even what the poor dog ate; and now they looked like Leo did.

Poor boy! his heart knew no grief; he knew nothing but poverty, misery, hunger and toil. Born to his condition, irresponsible for his existence, never yet awakened to the responsibilities of entity—oh, what experience, bitter to the dregs of bitterness, awaited this child of misfortune!

"I'll tell Squire Johnson; I b'lieve they are swung like Leo was," he said to himself, as he started toward their two-mile-off, though nearest neighbor.

He, as children oftentimes do, had substituted the cause for the effect. Knowing that poor Leo had been hanged, and now seeing them stiff, cold and silent, he reasoned as he did.

"Squire, they are swung—papa is, and— "Now, boy, none of your simpering impudence! If you want anything, tell that, or go on home!" "I say, squire, they are swung like Leo was, and I can't make 'em talk, or waken 'em up; they are cold, and their eyes are open, and— "They are dead, then," said little Thomas Johnson.

form of a young man just in the first blush of blooming manhood, so far as age was concerned; but the wan cheek, pallid brow and cadaverous look, bespoke that all the elements of manhood were wanting in that hollow frame.

Had his past life, from early boyhood, been such as to have given nature but half a chance, the vigor of both body and mind would have challenged the admiration and won respect of his fellow-beings.

But Henry Charlton had enjoyed none of these favorable circumstances conducive to a vigorous growth either of body or mind.

He had "hunted work," and faithfully, too, ever since Squire Johnson had started him out tramp.

After his few days' stay at the gardener's, that worthy informed him that he must "hunt some employment."

Whether was he to go? His weak looks and attenuated form were a barrier to his being employed.

"You can't stand it to work," they said. So it was, day after day, the poor boy had trudged along, traveling miles and miles, kicked and buffed, receiving harsh words and scornful looks everywhere.

He stepped out from the haystack, looked toward the town in an undecided way, for he had begged at every house on the previous evening, receiving only a few cold buckwheat cakes, from an old colored woman.

As if involuntarily, he started toward the house of the farmer, by whose stack he had passed the night.

"I can chop wood, or husk enough corn," he thought, "to pay for breakfast."

"What is it?" said Farmer Midlman. "Want to chop wood, eh? Well, yes, some of your strips asked to do that same thing, one morning last week, and when I went into my breakfast, he ran off with my axe."

"Oh, let a starving man do something for his food!" said Henry.

Farmer Midlman was moved by the sad, pathetic pleading, and being thus moved, turned the stream of Henry's life into smoother channels forever.

"John, bring this man a basin of water, soap and towel. Come into the porch, I will try you. I will give you something to eat, and plenty to do."

There was a knock at the door, and a familiar, and she looked so pretty, withal, that he instantly warmed toward them, resolving not to take them to the asylum, but to his own house—at least for a time.

"Do you wish to sell your baskets?" he said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, sir, if we only could sell one! Poor Uncle Jonas has had nothing to eat since yesterday evening, and I am so tired of being ordered away from people's doors!"

"Uncle Jonas!" thought Henry. "It must be Delia."

Fellow experiences, as well as fellow feelings, make us wondrous kind, though Henry was kind by nature.

"I'll buy all of your willow," he said. "Come, get in here, you and your uncle. I'll feed you, and you need never wander any more."

Half dizzy with joy, the dull, heavy eyes of the maiden sparkled with delight as she whispered a few hasty words to the old man, who nodded assent.

Two years later, Henry Charlton made his way, one bright, frosty morning, down to the milkyard, when Delia Lester, now a symmetrical beauty, was superintending the milking.

"Delia, I am the little Henry who used to play with you and your brother Tom in Squire Johnson's hill orchard, away down in Virginia. You have never suspected that I was that Henry, but Uncle Jonas and I have talked the matter over. I even knew you were my own Delia two years ago, when I brought you here."

She blushed when he said "my Delia," but was too confused to speak.

"You know Tom used to play preacher, and marry us beggar children. Delia, will you act your part over again in real earnest?"

That was a year ago. Now little Jacob Midlman Charlton sits in a nice basket crib, and is watched and rocked by good old Uncle Jonas, and never is a tramp turned away from that house united.

Mrs. Delia Charlton pays frequent visits to the Midlman Asylum, and all the inmates seem to know her cheerful step, while they are always better for her coming.—Saturday Night.

"Barisal Guns." Travelers in passing through the delta of the Ganges, India, have occasionally heard dull, subdued sounds, not unlike the reverberation of distant artillery. As these sounds have been heard when it was positively known that no artillery practice was being carried out, this mysterious phenomenon, which is known as the "Barisal guns," has given rise to much curiosity and speculation.

A FIFTY-TWO MILE SLIDE.

A CALIFORNIA WATER TOBOGGAN THAT BEATS THE WORLD.

Passengers in a V-Shaped Boat Make the Trip on a Trestle in About Four Hours.

FRESNO (Cal.) letter to the Chicago Tribune says: What would the people in the Northern States, who find deluge light in coating hills a quarter mile long, or who go into ecstasy at shooting down a toboggan slide, say to a ride a la toboggan down a slide fifty miles long? There are several places in California where such an experience may be had.

The ride is not only an uninterrupted constant slide for forty or fifty miles from start to finish, but it is as thrilling, risky and rapid as any one might wish. Think of riding in small craft in a great trough from thirty to 100 feet in the air from a lofty mountain crest down through forests, across canyons, around precipices and crags, over cattle ranches, orchards and vineyards, and amid very picturesque scenery!

Consider the fascination of traveling in four hours down a watery toboggan slide from the snow-clad and icy peaks of the tallest Sierras to a valley as balmy as a May morning, and amid vegetation as fresh and luxuriant as in midsummer. Nowhere in the broad world may such an experience be duplicated.

Flumes by which cut lumber or logs may be floated from the forests primeval and the sawmills on the spur of the Sierra Nevada range down to the valley below are common on this coast from San Diego to Vancouver. They are built upon huge trestles and vary in height from ten to 100 feet, depending upon the level of the country traversed.

All the flumes are V-shaped, and the water flowing through is a yard deep at the deepest part. When in operation the flume is gorged for a week at a time with lumber, which is fished out at the valley terminus of the flume and sorted and piled ready for use.

The longest flume in Northern California. It is sixty-four miles long, and cost \$430,000 where lumber is cheap. A new lumber flume was recently finished in Fresno County. It leads from the immense pine forests on the mountains, 7000 feet above sea level, down to the San Joaquin Valley, at the little town of Colusa, near Fresno.

In other words, the flume starts at the perpetual snows and ice of the Sierra and terminates amid raisin vineyards and apricot orchards of the semitropic San Joaquin. Stephenson Creek, in the mountains, supplies the flume with water.

The flume boats in which the rapid journeys are made down the flumes are simple. They are made the shape of the V-boxes of the flumes. The upper ends of the boats are closed by a board nailed across, but left open to let out the water when it splashes over the sides of the boat.

Short boards are laid across for seats, depending upon how many persons are to make the journey. A carpenter can make one of these boats in half an hour. None is ever hauled back for another voyage.

Half a dollar will buy enough lumber for the boat, and a man is a poor carpenter indeed who cannot make his own vessel. The trip is made with little danger—at least in this Fresno County flume. The principal trouble is that when once started there are comparatively few places where one can stop.

The current is generally so rapid that it makes landing impossible, and the voyager can only sit still and let the boat run.

Fastidious Pike. An Englishman in straits because the young ducks are all being caught and eaten in a loch at Pitgey, Elgin. He writes to the London Field: "I am just broken-hearted because the pike are eating all my young ducks. We shoot them, catch them, and kill them all the year around by fair means and foul, three or four every day, and some have young ducks in them. In one was a young black headed gull, a young duck, and the toes and skull of another; in another were two small ducks and two small coots. There are thousands of young coots on the loch, but the brutes of pike prefer the ducks."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Lost in the Shuffle.—In a Bicycle Shop—His Exact State of Health.—The Instalment Plan, Etc., Etc.

Up from the cradle came a wail, At first a pensive ooo, Into a wail, vociferous wail Of mournfulness it grew. His sorrow, in a vein prolific, He struggled to reveal, "My father's talking politics; And mother rides a wheel. They say I'm cross, I'm simply sad At being slighted so. I wish the baby-marriage had Could somehow get a show. How can you blame me on my fix For setting up a squeal? My father's talking politics, And mother rides a wheel."—Washington Star.

IN A BICYCLE SHOP. "Where's your repair department?" "What's the matter with your wheel?" "Wheel's all right. Matter's with me."

HIS EXACT STATE OF HEALTH. "Mamma—'Don't you feel well enough to go to school?'" "Bobbie—'No, mamma; I just feel well enough to ride my bicycle.'"—Harper's Bazar.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN. "Now, I'm engaged at last; it took Mr. Carrington three nights to propose." "Is he so bashful?" "Not at all; he stutters."—Chicago Record.

OVERSTOCKED. "Is there much poetry sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office boy. "Poetry?" replied the intelligent young man. "The editor has poetry to burn."—Omaha Bee.

FITTY HIM. Great drops of perspiration stood on the young man's brow. "I have it!" he exclaimed suddenly, as a way out of his perplexity seemed to open before him. "But no!" he added despairingly a moment later. "That will not do, either!"

He rose and walked to the window. The gay, thoughtless multitude passing and repassing outside, intent upon its own pleasures and oblivious of the suffering, the headache and the desolation that blight so many human lives, seemed merely to mock his misery and deepen the gloom that pervaded the apartment.

He turned away from the window with a groan, threw himself into a chair, leaned wearily on the little table in front of him, and buried his face in his hands. "I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" he murmured in a broken voice. "I give it up!"

He was a campaign poet, trying to find a rhyme for "McKinley and Hobart."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW HE KNEW THE TIME. Patrick was lying in bed in a hospital. He had been brought in a few days before after a severe fall from the top story of a building on which he had been working. With all his suffering he never lost his cheerful spirits, and lived up many of the other patients with his bright remarks and short stories. The doctor happened along, and asked him how he felt.

"Fairly well, doctor; this right leg of mine is a very ungrateful spalpeen considerin' that it was only broke in one place when it might have been smashed in a dozen."

"How did you fall, Patrick?" I asked. "Did you lose your head?" "Faith, no; sure it was me footin' of it." "What time did it happen?" "Well, or wuzn't so sure before I fell, but I was thinkin' comin' down that it wuz near dinner hour, an' I wuz convinced of that same as of the second story, fer I saw the people in there stin' dinner."—Harper's Round Table.

CAWKE SONG.

Past laughing brook and pebbled stream, That leap from mead and maple crest— Upon the wave's maternal breast Where shadow-children lie and dream, My paddy wates, under the lake's Calm face, the phantom of a smile That ripples back upon the track My bark hath followed for a mile.

The paddle keeps a rhythmic sweep Where water-lilies lie asleep, And reds are bent with merriment Upon the zephyr's faint intent. By maple hollow, lane and wood, And June's doll-tower waterhood.

The sun has set, and moon hath met The twilight's kisses manifold; And in the West the day doth rest On purple pillows fringed with gold. Past tapering firs, whose stars seem swung Like ghosts of fairy lanterns hung.—Charles Gordon Rogers, in Outing.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. He—"Miss Edgerton reminds me of a delicate piece of china." She—"Hand-painted?"—Detroit Free Press. Ella—"Did Fred propose last night?" Stella—"I really don't know; I fell asleep about 1 o'clock."—Town Topics.

"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, no; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."—Chicago Post. "What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on!" "Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. When the government runs the railroad lines.

And woman too affairs of state, The trains that wait at 5 o'clock She'll mark down to 4.68. "Half a loaf is better than none," remarked the clerk, when he learned he was to get only one week's vacation instead of the two he had counted upon.

Bacon—"What's that terrible noise overhead?" Egbert—"That's the man in the flat upstairs trying to keep the baby quiet so his wife can get a little sleep." She—"Is it not a love match. Both are wealthy and their families have arranged the marriage." He—"I see; a golden wedding fifty years ahead of time."

She—"Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it?" He—"I do." "What, for instance?" "Asking for it without taking it." Lucy—"Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?" Mamma—"Why do you want to go over there, dear?" Lucy—"Oh, just to gargle my feet in the brook."

She—"Did you hear if it was any improvement to Jennie See's health since she began to ride a wheel?" He—"I learn that she is falling off rapidly."—Buffalo Times. It is not the proper thing to say that a man will make a good husband. It is the wife who makes the good husband. The bad ones are the self-made article.—Boston Transcript.

"We cannot find a place to go this summer." "What's the trouble?" "We want a summer resort from which we won't have to write home that we sleep under blankets."—Chicago Record. Hoax—"I stood on one foot all the way home in a crowded car last night." Joak—"What was the matter with your other foot?" Hoax—"Another man was standing on that."—Philadelphia Record.

Patric—"The other night, when we were out with our bicycles, Henry said he would kiss me when we reached a lonely spot." Patience—"What did you do—scream?" "No, I screamed."—Whim-Whams. Country Resident (to peddler)—"Get away out of here now, or if you don't I'll whistle for the dog." Peddler—"All right, sir; but first, won't you allow me to sell you a good whistle?"—Tit-Bits.

Professor in English (to young man)—"How would you punctuate the following: 'The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street.'" Student—"I think, professor, I would make a dash after that beautiful girl."—Woodscock Reporter.

Mamma—"I don't like the idea of that young Harris hanging around Jenny so much. He hasn't a cent except his little salary." Papa—"You needn't worry. They are both too busy talking about bicycles to have any time for love making."—Indianapolis Journal. A gentleman was assisting at a bazaar by reciting now and again during the evening. He had recited once, or twice, and the people were sitting about chaffing, when he heard one of the committee go up to the chairman and whisper: "Haden't Mr.—better give us another recitation now?" Whereupon the chairman replied: "No, not yet; let them enjoy themselves a bit longer."—Tit-Bits.

An Indian Present to Royalty. The Indian present to the Duke and Duchess of York, in commemoration of their marriage, has at last arrived in London. It consists of a magnificent casket mounted upon and upheld by four miniature elephants. The casket, which is of solid silver, is thirty-two inches long and about twenty-two inches wide and three feet in height. It is exquisitely embossed and bears arms, views and figures emblematical of India. Upon the lid is engraved the following inscription: "Presented to their royal and imperial highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York by the Europeans and native communities in Calcutta and the province of Bengal, in commemoration of their auspicious marriage on the 6th of July, 1895." The casket is of great weight, and is regarded as a superb specimen of Indian silver work.