

Is published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeathugh & Co.'s Building...

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion. 4 100...

Three times as many herrings are consumed as any other kind of fish.

There were but twenty-eight foreigners naturalized in Mexico the last fiscal year.

The people of the United States use on an average 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year...

A fisherman, who lives on the Williams River, below Holbrook Station, Oregon, has solemnly declared that the carp in the river are destroying his meadows by eating the grass and grubbing up the roots.

Postmaster-General Wilson has issued an order forbidding railroad officials or employes from carrying or delivering letters on which Government stamps have not been affixed.

Electric lighting is to be applied to art in Brussels. On the Auspach Memorial St. Michael is represented on horseback slaying the dragon.

The law against undignified competition in trade has cleared the windows of Berlin shopkeepers of the once familiar placards which told of selling off stock below cost...

About a year ago a Wichita (Kan.) man was a juror at the trial of a man accused of counterfeiting.

For a long time past it has been a cause of private complaint—where it was not hailed with delight—that dancing was going out of fashion in London.

M. de Mahy recently brought forward in the French Chamber of Deputies a proposition to the effect that only Frenchmen should be eligible to office in the French colonies.

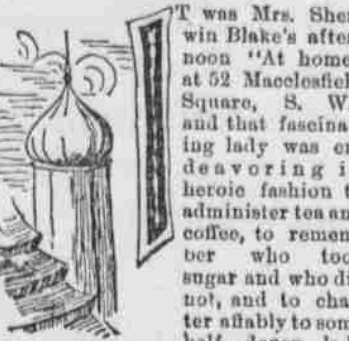
The demand for the short sermon is not quite so universal, says an English paper, as some superficial people imagine.

How many bunches, big bunches, of bananas do you think were imported into this country last year? asks the New York Herald.

Between 1880 and 1890 the number of farms in the United States increased from 4,008,907 to 4,564,841, a gain of over 550,000.

THE BARRED GATE. One lives as prisoners; we can touch the bars—they are so low!

EPISODE IN CLAIRVOYANCE. It was Mrs. Sherwin Blake at home "At home" at 52 Macleodfield Square, S. W.



friends clustered around her, making occasional bolts toward the door to receive new visitors.

"But tell me," Nettie was saying in an awestricken voice, "can this woman you were talking about really see what is going to happen to people, and do her prophecies always come true?"

"As to that," replied her friend, "I have certainly known her foretell the future wonderfully; but she succeeds best in discovering people's characters and lives from merely holding in her hand something belonging to them."

"Now, besides the number of lady visitors to Mrs. Blake's that afternoon there had been one man—Captain Le Strange, leading of the Life Guards.

"I should so much like to see this marvelous thought reader," began Nettie again. "I wonder how I could manage it. Does she live far off?"

"She lives in Philadelphia Road, St. John's Wood," replied the other; "but I should advise you, if you think of going, to ask your mother's leave."

"Oh, no, I don't think I want to go really—at least—I might," stammered the girl, "but I'll ask mother. What number did you say?"

easy matter. She first consulted a policeman, but he only repeated "Phillip Road, miss?" in a querulous tone that implied a certain degree of indignation at the notion of any place presuming to exist without his knowledge.

"Thank you," said Nettie with a sigh, "I'll take a cab," and, bailing a hansom, she left the policeman and drove away, feeling rather depressed.

"I'll try, miss," replied the woman, "but, to tell the truth, I'm not at my best just now. You see, folks begin coming to see me early in the morning, and to-day I've had a great many one after the other, till I'm tired out."

"But can't you tell me anything?" she inquired, beseechingly. "The woman smiled at her eagerness, she said; "but I never invent, as some clairvoyants do."

"Well, the place will be better than nothing," said the girl with a sigh; "and, please, be as quick as you can."

"Overlooking a great park I see a large brick building, with a clock tower in the center, surmounted by a weathercock. Part of the building is low and long; there are iron railings in front and some sentry boxes with tall soldiers in red uniforms on guard."

"The girl listened in amazement; the woman had described the barracks wherein Captain Tassling was quartered, and she waited feverishly the answer to her question."

"What do you see next?" "Outside the railings in front of the building," continued the other, after a brief pause, "I see young women wheeling children in perambulators; they are looking through the bars at the soldiers in the courtyard, and—"

miss, you mustn't ask me any more." She seemed to make a tremendous effort to collect herself, and then resumed: "The house connected in some way with the man's thoughts is a good-sized one, painted a dark red, with croppers round the lower windows and climbing up the balcony."

"Oh!" cried Nettie, with excitement, "that's St. Gregory's, Macleodfield Square! Go on, go on!"

"On the day of the dinner party she was more exuberant than ever; and she was dressed and waiting in the drawing room half an hour before any body else, listening eagerly for the front door to be opened."

"Well," thought the Captain, as he drove back to barracks, "I never made a greater mistake than in thinking the little Blake girl a quiet, broad-and-butt sort of creature."

"Barker, what are you thinking of?" remonstrated Nettie, after the third face brushing. For answer, Barker threw down the brush, and announced with tears of joy in her eyes and a happy giggle in her voice:

"Oh, Miss Nettie, I'm so excited I hardly know what I'm doing! I'm going to be married! And his name's Tommy Green, and he's so good looking, miss—but stop, I'll show you his photo."

"But Nettie did not look at the photograph; her eyes were fixed on the address of the envelope, which was in the handwriting she had so tenderly studied as that of Captain Tassling."

"Thank you, Miss Nettie; I was just going to tell you it was Tommy as answered Mrs. Blake's last note inviting the Captain."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Longfellow Revised—Bald-Headed—The New Art—It Seemed So to Him—Nothing New, Etc., Etc.

"Try not to pass," the baker said. "That's it!" cried Nettie, with excitement. "That's St. Gregory's, Macleodfield Square! Go on, go on!"

"Davie, do you know Mr. Baldley?" "Is he the feller that's troubled with ingrown hair?"—Judge.

He—"Wonderful how some people weave every word they say." She—"More wonderful that they don't break the scales."—Judge.

Tommy—"Paw, what is a designing villain." Mr. Figg—"Oh, the description would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything."

"That was tough on Davie." "What?" "He stepped on a banana peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."—Truth.

Mamma—"I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you?" Papa—"Decidedly. I thought he weighed three pounds more at four o'clock this morning than he did at two."—Truth.

Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipers—"Which is the more admirable, pa, the man who knows it all or the man who has always heard it before?"

Old Oliver (at the library)—"Where did I find that great anthropological work called, 'Man, the Ruler of the World.'" Bluestocking Librarian (serenously)—"Under the head of 'fiction, sir.'"—Truth.

Brookton—"I'm a good deal of a skeptic!" Craik—"Well, skepticism is dead. All a man has to do is refuse to believe whatever he cannot comprehend; and the bigger fool he is, the greater skeptic he becomes."—Puck.

Adoror (nervously)—"Isn't that your father's step on the stairs?" Sweet Girl—"Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after eleven o'clock."—New York Weekly.

He—"Now, darling, you know how strong is my love for you. Do not say you will be a sister to me." She—"No, George; I will not say so. You—" He—"Then you will—" She—"You may be a brother to me, George."—Judge.

Jones—"There is a man with a great deal of faith in human nature." Smith—"I thought that was Kewes, he doctored." Jones—"So it is. He has known people who were accused of all sorts of things, but he never could find anything against them."—Puck.

Business Man—"Yes; I'm sure it is a useful book. I'm rather sorry I didn't get it some time ago." Canvasser—"Then you'll take a copy?" Business Man—"Oh, no! It's too late now! But if I had it before you called it might have saved both of us a great deal of valuable time."

He Urelin—"Say, Mag, did you hear de lady as just went in dere tell de little girl what she was wid her as she could have all she wanted ter eat?" She Urelin—"Yes." He Urelin—"Well, dat was all a bluff. Dere's two pies left in de window, an' dey're botte gettin' up from de table."—Puck.

"Now you know the details of the affair," said the doctor to the lawyer a few days later, "what would you advise me to do about it?" "Go back to your practice," replied the lawyer, promptly. "You have no case. Ten dollars, please."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Over 300,000 species of animals have been described by naturalists up to the present date.

The new British army magazine rifle will throw a bullet to a distance of over 4000 yards.

The law in England now compels every case of lead poisoning to be reported at once to the authorities.

A recently opened guano cave in Georgia was found to be inhabited by great swarms of white flies having yellow legs and pale pink eyes.

The fifty-six largest towns of Austria have an aggregate population of 3,536,000. The death rate in 1895 varied from 1.23 per cent. at Weinberge to 3.07 per cent. at Teschen.

The wearing of corsets has been prohibited in the electrical department of a California High School. The steals were found to have an effect on the instruments, and in consequence delicate experiments were found impossible.

It has been discovered after numerous experiments that a dark hair is much stronger than a light one. One dark hair can carry a weight of 113 grammes, while a light colored hair will break if a weight of 75 grammes is hung from it.

The Proctor Memorial Association contemplate erecting an international observatory on San Miguel Mountain, California, with a telescope constructed on a new principle, with a magnifying power four times greater than the new Yerkes lens recently set up in Chicago.

This inventor may not get a monument in this generation, but in years to come the new women will be called upon to subscribe the money that will in enduring bronze commemorate the virtues of the man who removed from their husbands' lives the great bug-bear of making a fire in the cold range or the chilly or draughty grate, says the New York Journal.

It is a simple mechanical contrivance this "fan," shaped as its name. It fits close to the stove front or the grate. Within its sheet-iron walls is a main spring and clock wheels to work it. It is wound up by turning a handle at the side and set going or stopped by a lever.

When the apparatus is to be used a small quantity of paraffine oil is poured into a cavity in the blow pipe, which is filled with asbestos fiber. When the fiber is thoroughly soaked a light is applied, and the fan set to going, thus forcing from the outlet into the grate an oxidizing flame which quickly spreads through and thoroughly ignites the coal with which the grate has already been filled.

The skill of a Japanese juggler is illustrated by a recent incident at a Japanese dinner, where one of them was employed to entertain the company. A foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the juggler did.

He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, the old juggler played to him entirely. An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the juggler, crawling up, let himself down into it slowly.

The skeptic then sat for half an hour without taking his eyes from the vase, which he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on so trap door.

It is proposed to extend the railway between Jerusalem and Jaffa to Port Said, a distance of about 220 miles from the former city. This would admit of tourists now passing through the Suez Canal visiting the early scenes of the Christian religion without delay.

The number of vessels which entered the ports of Great Britain last year was 318,303, and their total tonnage was over 91,000,000. Of these ships 357,389 were sailing under the British flag, and no less than 217,029 were steamers.

THE MAN FOR HER.

"Some girls ask for men who are wealthy," A maid who was sensible said, "And some want men who are handsome, While others prefer them well-bred."

"There is Kate, wants a man who's an artist, And she sighs for one who can write— Write sonnets concerning her beauty, To fill the world with delight."

"Fair Eunice would marry an actor, An athlete would marry a soldier, An athlete would marry a soldier, The gentle Genevieve avers."

"A statesman for Grace, while Georgiana Upon the militia man dotes— As for me, well, all that I want is A man who has seen his wild oats."—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When the office seeks the man, he seldom compels it to search.—Puck. The man that slips from Fortna's cup May, in himself, be small; His greatness lies in picking up The ideas fools let fall.

An inability to make a long story short detracts much from some people's popularity.—Puck. "How beautifully it pumps!" said the professional interviewer, gazing admiringly at the mosquito.—Judge.

Lord Nocont (proudly)—"I can trace my descent from William the Conqueror." Cynicus—"You have been a long time on the downward path."—Truth.

Cumso—"Well, Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?" Johnny—"Not much. She doesn't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America."—Brooklyn Life.

"Now, Eleanor, you weigh 130 pounds and the weight gauge on the hammock registers 300 pounds. Where did that other 170 pounds come from?" "From—N—new York, I think."—Life.

"I see the Jacksons have put screens up around their piazza." "Yes, and I have my opinion of people who are so stingy that they won't even let flies sit on their porch."—Chicago Record.

Refreshly—"Well, Professor, I suppose you are devoting all your time nowadays experimenting with X-rays." The Professor—"No, my son, I have many outside interests."—Brooklyn Life.

"Oh, would you mind doing me a favor?" "With pleasure. What is it?" "Kindly remove that costly mantle out of your window." "Why, pray?" "I shall be passing your shop with my wife in a few minutes."—Wegweiser.

Young Lightpate—"How long does a man have to study if he wants to be a good lawyer?" Lawyer Sharp—"Why do you ask that question?" "Because I am thinking of studying law myself." "Five hundred years."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Casey—"Harrigan's daughter is turnin' out for a medium. She do hearin' voices in the upper air, they tell me." Casey—"I hear them every day, meself. Sometimes they yell 'mortar,' and sometimes 'brick.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Do not poltice an eye under any circumstances whatever. Binding a wet application over an eye for several hours must damage that eye, the asserctions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding. The failure to aggravate an existing trouble by binding a moist application over an inflamed eye, which application is supposed to remain for an entire night, can only be explained by the supposition that a guardian angel has watched over that misguided case, and has displaced the poltice before it had got in its work. All oculists condemn the poltice absolutely, in every shape and in every form. Tea leaves, bread and milk, raw oysters, scraped beef, scraped raw turp and raw potato, and the moddy of disgusting domestic remedies popularly recommended are, one and all, capable of producing irreparable damage to the integrity of the tissues of the visual organ.