

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 5 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 15 00 Two Squares, one year... 30 00 Quarter Column, one year... 10 00 Half Column, one year... 15 00 One Column, one year... 20 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Canada, having secured the little international mug for yachts, may try for the big one—the Defender's cup.

This country exported \$24,000,000 more of breadstuffs during the year ending June 30 than during the same period of last year.

If the votaries of the wheel continue to increase in number, Puck thinks it will simplify matters if the stray pedestrian will ring a bell as he approaches the crossing.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide, as well as in homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who commit suicide.

The story of the fortunes of T. H. Rogers, one of the new Sheriffs of London, reads as if the scene were laid in America. He began to make thirty years ago in a small room in London, where he cut the garments out himself, and now he employs 1800 persons in that business.

An old lady, such as would have delighted the heart of the Emperor Napoleon, has just been discovered at Bodmin, Cornwall, England. She is the mother of seven boys, all of whom are serving in the British army. She has recently been in receipt of a portrait from the Queen and a check for \$50 as an appreciation of her service to the country.

Max O'Rell has no use for the Anglo-Saxon new woman. He declares her to be, "the most ridiculous production of modern times, and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century." He says she wants to retain all the privileges of her sex and secure all those of men besides.

A circular of the Section of Foreign Markets, Department of Agriculture, compares our imports and exports for the past three years. The figures show that we exported agricultural products \$75,000,000 less in 1895 than in 1894 and \$246,000,000 less than in 1892.

The heavy and somewhat ancient ordinance in use in Norway and Sweden are to be replaced very shortly by armaments of more modern manufacture. For this purpose a sum of \$1,000,000 will probably be expended on field and machine guns, and the order will, it is expected, be placed with an English firm.

Harper's Weekly says: It is some months since newspaper readers all over the country began to read of the remarkable effectuality of the elevated railroad pillar opposite No. 5 Fulton street, in Brooklyn, in killing and maiming inoffensive citizens. This pillar, it seems, forms one of the supports of the Fulton street terminal of the Kings County Elevated road.

THE DOORWAY OF THE ROSE.

Over the doorway of the rose Wandered a yellow handed bee. If the lips of noon Were to him a taste, They would hum that drowsy melody, That same low, resonant chant that he sang there in the sweetest flower that blows.

STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

BY VICTOR L. WILHELMURCH.

T the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had engaged myself to get the work in question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other occupation for the time being.

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too, the words: "End of Volume Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night; so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm, and the request: "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef waiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

PENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER.

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph. "The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Featherst—now is everybody's word, still persists in his plea of innocence."

that is an individual who travels with him as far as P—and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Featherst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Lover's Tale—A Spell-Binder—His Views—A Sad Case—Protection From Harm, Etc., Etc. She heard my suit, And then in coyish blush, And in a whisper hushed, Acknowledged that my passion grand Had caused her dear heart to expand, And bid me ask her father for her hand.

He heard my suit, And then in fury tore About the room, and swore That my presumption was immense, Though backed by little common sense, An bid me, ere he throw me out, go hence.

People seem to pay a great deal of attention to Filker's opinions on politics. "Yes; he has such a deep, bass voice."—Chicago Record.

PROOF AGAINST TEMPTATION. Mrs. Brown—"Mrs. Smith is a woman of remarkable strength of mind." Mrs. Jones—"Is she?" "Yes. She never buys anything she doesn't want."—Life.

THE REWARD OF EXPERIENCE. Young Lawyer—"Why do you take that case when there's nothing in it?" Old Lawyer—"Nothing in it? Blunt paid me a big retainer and I'm charging him \$50 a day during the trial."

PROTECTION FROM HARM. "Weren't you awfully frightened, Gladys, when the cyclone struck so near?" "Oh, no, dear; George had his arm round me the whole time."—Detroit Free Press.

A SAD CASE. Little Mendicant—"Please, sir, give me a nickel." Benevolent Clergyman—"Have you no parents?" Little Mendicant—"No, sir; I am an orphan by birth."—Texas Sifter.

ONE LONG HONEYMOON. She—"It seems rather hard, dear, that you can't afford to take me on a wedding trip." "But, darling, you will never know the difference. In the little flat I have engaged it will be just like living in a Pullman car."—Life.

ONE OF THE OLD MAN. Mr. Chadwick—"Johnnie, your mother complains that you are disobedient. That's got to stop. You must obey your mother." Johnnie—"Not much. It's you who have to obey her. It isn't me that's married to her."—Texas Sifter.

DECLINED. "For your birthday, Johnnie, I'll make you a present of the licking you have earned by your bad conduct during the past week." "Well, pa, if I have earned that, licking it belongs to me, anyhow. There is not much of a present about that."—Texas Sifter.

PROBABLY. Jones (just introduced)—"I suppose you don't remember me, but I was once a witness against your side in a certain trial, and I remember that you cross-examined me with the greatest courtesy." The Lawyer—"Is that so? Perhaps your testimony was not material."—Puck.

NOT A CASE OF "ROOM FOR ONE MORE." Aunt True—"If you tell lies, Dicky, you will go to the bad place." Dicky—"Does everybody who tells lies?" Aunt True—"Yes, Dicky, they all go there." Dicky—"Then I guess I ain't afraid much. It must be overcrowded now."—Truth.

WHOM TO CONSULT. Doctor (to patient)—"What ails you?" Patient—"Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer." "What kind of life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog, and I sleep like a horse." "In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."—Texas Sifter.

ENCOURAGING LITTLE BOBBY. Little Bobby's Mother—"Bobby broke one of those pretty vases of mine to-day, Philander." Little Bobby's Father—"Therascal! And of course you—" "No. He came right to me and told me the truth about it. "To encourage him in doing right I told him he might have two pieces of pie at dinner." "You took the proper course, Mr. Philander." "I am glad you approve of it, Philander." "Yes, Bobby will come and tell you the truth again to-morrow." "I am sure he will!" "Yes. To-morrow he will come and tell you he has broken the other vase."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Experiments made at Paris by Dr. Bertillon have proved that kleptomania is easily cured by hypnotic suggestion.

A prize of \$20 is hereafter to be offered semi-annually to the surgical interns of the Boston City Hospital "who administer ether in the most skillful and humane manner."

Various nostrums are proposed for the extermination of the army worm, but the majority of them seem to have the knack of destroying the plants themselves, root and branch.

Superintendent D. W. Crafts, of the Gas Company of Northampton, Mass., has found by experiment that a refuse from the gas works known as "spent lime" is very effective in exterminating the army worm and similar pests.

According to a Singapore paper sixty per cent. of the cholera patients taken to the pauper hospital have been cured by hypodermic injections of strychnine, while fifty per cent. were saved in the general hospital by other treatment.

The newest thing in the way of aeronauts is the proposal of Professor W. W. McEwan, of Jackson, Md., to ascend to a height of two miles by means of a rocket. This is not a suicide scheme, as the professor will provide a parachute to assist his descent.

Egyptologists are engaged in considering a scheme, presumably emanating from the Egyptian Government, for the preparation of a comprehensive and descriptive catalogue of antiquities of Egypt in the possession of all the public museums and private collections throughout the world.

A case of complete and immediate relief from the effects of ivy poisoning is reported in the Medical World by Dr. W. L. Shanks. His patient was swollen from head to foot, but in an hour after bathing in a solution of sodium hyposulphite was attending to business as if nothing had happened.

It is said that an Ohio driver has an ingenious electric contrivance for shooting speed in a tired horse. It is claimed that this battery was used for the first time in turf history at the recent Akron (Ohio) meeting. There has been some talk about it and some protests against its use on the ground of cruelty.

The Evolution of a Tornado. Usually it is in the afternoon, between the hours of two and five, after a warm and moist day, that the ominous tornado clouds begin to form. For two hours before the breaking of the storm the sky may have the peculiar scalloped appearance given it by the ball like masses of vapor, or there may be a warning of only half an hour before the clouds become suddenly stirred to violent agitation.

First Wheelman—"I always get rattled when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me." Second Wheelman—"So do I. They have so many things in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is always sure to puncture a tire."—New York Mercury.

"No," said Dismal Dawson, in answer to the benefactor's question, "hard times is not the best for our business. Nor yet good times. The times that suits me best is about medium—when the work ain't too plenty, nor money too scarce."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fuddy—"Snapshot was showing me a lot of photographs he has taken. They are only passable, but to hear Snapshot talk you would think them marvels of the photographic art." Daddy—"Yes, Snapshot isn't much of an artist, but then his views are better than his opinions."—Boston Transcript.

Malagasy Cookery. Cooking being an art, every race has a style of its own. The Malagasy, like the gentle Hindoo, knows how to prepare his mess of rice. It is not boiled to a mash, as in England, or as our potatoes are sometimes pulped, but covered with a proper sufficiency of water, it is carefully treated until the grains are swollen fit to burst, and yet remain firm, intact, soft and rather mealy.

There is a horse in Philadelphia whose business is to draw a collection wagon over a postoffice route in the middle of the city which knows the location of letter boxes as well as its driver, the postman. There are a number of these boxes near together on Broad street, just below Chestnut—too near together for the postman to bother about driving from one to the other. He is saved all trouble of leading his horse, however, by the intelligence of that animal, which as soon as the postman alights at the first box walks off to the second and patiently waits there for his master.

THE LINNET'S SONG.

One day a sorrow opened wide my door, And while its shadow lengthened on the floor Its sad habilitations of sombre gray Drove all the rosy flame of hope away.

Just then a linnnet from the choir of June Poured through the window his sweetest tune, As if to make me welcome gospel plain That joy shall triumph over grief and pain.

I turned to find my spectral guest had gone; A fresher glory flamed the fields and lawn; December's gloom hid in the almanac, And nevermore came that sad caller back.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The wasp has one strong point, but it is not in his favor. A man without enemies may not be much of a man, but he has a soft time of it.

Man wants but little here below, As someone said before, But when he gets it, don't you know, He wants a little more.

He is the brightest lawyer who, when confronted by a cloud of witnesses, can further beloud them.—Truth.

Muggins—"Is your son in business?" Baggins—"He's a contractor." Muggins—"What line?" Baggins—"Debris."—Philadelphia Record.

Homekeep—"Ever drink any of those substitutes for coffee?" Day-board—"I haven't drank anything else for seven years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Summer is a rough season on us parents." "Why so?" "Our daughters, who have been graduated, try to make us talk grammatically."—Chicago Record.

"I went to take a quinine capsule this morning, and the blame thing, just as I got it in my mouth, came apart—" "Ab, that was a bitter parting, indeed."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I am going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." She—"This is so sudden." He—"I knew it—can you lend me a dollar until to-morrow?"—New York World.

Wiggles—"There's one good thing about Hicks. He is always willing to admit it when he is in the wrong." Waggles—"I don't think it is a good thing. It doesn't seem to trouble him a bit."—Somerville Journal.

"It seems to me, Mr. Stillson, that your new house is lacking in a judicious use of framework." "Well, my wife will fill that deficiency just as soon as she gets her eye on those measly closets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"And how is your papa, Eddie?" "Papa is feeling ever so much better to-day." "I suppose it's the change in the weather?" "No, ma'am, 'taint the weather. Mamma has decided to start for the seaside to-morrow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Wheelman—"I always get rattled when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me." Second Wheelman—"So do I. They have so many things in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is always sure to puncture a tire."—New York Mercury.

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