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"Ink suitable for love letters" is advertised by a Paris stationer. It fades in about four weeks.

The Rural New Yorker prints letters seeming to show that the odor of sweet peas is poisonous to common house flies.

The first of a series of memorial tablets was put in position the other day at the public library, Kansas City, Mo. It was in memory of Horace Greeley, but the name was spelled "Greely."

The silver coinage of France contains only forty per cent. of its face value in silver. The Government refuses to accept francs bearing the effigy of Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon the Third without the laurel leaf.

The question of the "stopping" capacity of a bullet, fired from the rifle which is now the standard arm of British infantry, has reached a somewhat acute stage. Wherever the rifle has been used against a savage foe, it has proved comparatively ineffective.

Every political campaign has its peculiar superstitions. These superstitions are often powerful agents in bringing men to the polls and serve to win votes where logic proves ineffectual. When Franklin Pierce entered the Presidential race some forty years ago, relates the Atlanta Constitution, it was discovered that his initials, "F. P.," were identical with those of fourteenth President. In like manner it was also found that the letters composing his full name numbered exactly fourteen. As the President to be elected was the fourteenth in regular succession, this startling discovery had a most potential effect upon the campaign.

If the Japanese are cleaning out the Chinese in the south of Formosa, it is because these people are in league with the savage natives. The policy of Japan in Korea as well as in Formosa, has been fair and merciful. In Korea no slaughter of natives or Chinese was permitted unless bushwacking occurred; then the Japanese were merciless, as they had a right to be. In Formosa they have carried out the same policy, but they have met more savagery. Their losses have been mainly due to ambushes of small forces and stragglers, and to the deadly fevers of the island. The Chinese naturally resent the encroachment of the Japanese, and it is probable that they have adopted the guerilla methods of the head-hunting savages. In this case they will be exterminated, for the conquerors have an Oriental way of wiping out opposition that is barbarous, but very effective.

A vexatious question just now among cyclists and prospective cyclists is the price of a first-class wheel will bring in 1897, remarks the New York Sun. Whether one may be had then for the same price or less than it fetches now, or whether the price will be advanced, no one seems able to tell absolutely. The oldest makers of \$100 wheels say that it would be disastrous to their business to sell machines at the low figure which several younger manufacturers have named, and at the same time furnish each customer with a guarantee. On the other hand, it is said in some quarters that enough money is made by many of the concerns which have cut their prices to warrant their continuing the experiment next year. It is understood also that certain of them have promised to offer even better wheels at a cheaper price next year than now. Experienced wheelmen seem slow to believe that the difference in quality of the component parts of high grade bicycles is so marked as some of the makers of those machines would have the public believe it is. These riders say that skillful workmanship is required in the construction of all durable wheels, and if it is true that some of the high-grade wheel makers employ more skillful workmen than others, the fact is often indiscernible both in their wheels' appearance and use. Whether the wooden bicycles which are promised for next year will materially affect the wheel trade, remains to be seen. Their advocates say that the wheels will have many advantages over those with metal frames. Nobody was surprised when wheels of disputed quality were sold at a low price, but now that those of a standard make can be bought for half price, everybody is set to thinking. When the stock of wheels now selling so cheaply is exhausted, cyclists wonder what move the dealers will make then. Persons who will want wheels next year are probably safe if they wait till then before buying.

THE TRYST.

At night beneath the silver stars, The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars, She waits beside the pasture bars...

ZULEIKA'S WOOING.

AN ENGLISH COLONEL'S STORY.

It is a good few years since one April found me quartered at Peshawar, in India. Out on the frontier, as most of you know, our extreme outposts are Michni, Abzai and Shubkuir, three as dreary spots as a man could ever hope to see.

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the garrison were grown. The Pathans broke down the walls, out the water courses and stole the vegetables. But I started a different system; I was civil to the neighboring Kalnas and sent them baskets of vegetables, and before very long I found my produce grow in plenty, and more, on the fine summer evenings, after the heat of the day, when I went across to the garden and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe, one or other of the Kalnas would drop in for a chat, and in a short time I reckoned many friends among the supposed irreconcilable blackguards who owned the frontier villages.

Among them all there was none with whom I got on better than a grand old fellow named Mahmood Aslim Khan, chief of a village near the fort. He was a thorough gentleman, had served in his younger days under the Sikh generals, and was as proud of his home and his scars as any honorable man need be. Many were the pleasant evenings we spent together, for, as I have said, European society was limited, and a fine old fellow like that a perfect godsend to a lonely man.

Well, for time all went merry as a marriage bell, till one unlucky day a case arose regarding a theft of cattle from old Aslim Khan's village. The thief was caught red-handed and tried by a native magistrate, and condemned chiefly on the Khan's evidence. After the trial, I met the old gentleman casually and exchanged a few sentences with him. Not five minutes later I heard a shot. Alarmed by the cries, I ran in the direction, and to my horror found my old friend weltering in his blood. Inquiry soon showed that the assassin was the thief condemned that day. He had escaped from custody, armed himself somehow, and before finally taking himself off had shot his accuser.

We always kept a portion of the cavalry escort in readiness for emergencies, and in less time than it takes me to tell you, the assassin was being followed by a mounted party. My horse was soon saddled, and I, too, tried to follow, but unsuccessfully, as they were too far ahead, and I had to sit at home and wait for news. It was late in the afternoon when my search party returned, unsuccessful. They had ridden after the murderer, and being slightly better mounted, were rapidly gaining on him, when the way was barred by a broad, broken nullah, beyond which lay a village. The assassin knew the ground, his pursuers did not. The advantage enabled him to get clean across the nullah, while the cavalry were looking for a road for their horses. He rode boldly into the village, from which, unluckily, all the men happened to be absent, and finding an elderly woman munching a chapatti, snatched it from her hand, ate a portion, and proclaimed that he had eaten of their soil, and claimed sanctuary. You know the Pathans. By the time my party got across the nullah he was securely hidden, and while they were haggling, a second search party arrived from Michni under command of a European lieutenant. He rode boldly into the village, from which, unluckily, all the men happened to be absent, and finding an elderly woman munching a chapatti, snatched it from her hand, ate a portion, and proclaimed that he had eaten of their soil, and claimed sanctuary. You know the Pathans.

That was the only excitement while I was commanding. Well, lads, that's my yarn. Make the best of it. If we don't turn in, it will be daylight before we get to bed. Good-night.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A Crack Shot.

"Out our way we are apt to think that an Eastern man cannot shoot a pistol," said H. B. Jenkins, of Choyanac, at the Metropolitan, "but I had one experience at Laramie that convinced me this idea is incorrect. A finely dressed young man stepped into a saloon to get a drink, where a lot of cowboys were having a good time. The sight of the 'tenderfoot' was the signal for some fun, and half-a-dozen pistols were drawn just to scare the man from the States. The stranger wore a silk hat, and the cry went up, 'shoot the tin.' The man turned with his glass at his lips and without a tremor drew a pistol from his coat pocket. By the time the drink was swallowed six pistols lay on the floor; he had shot every one of them out of their owners' hands. They crowded around him, and the tenderfoot was not allowed to pay for anything that night."—Washington Star.

Horned Toads Are Useful.

"The ugliest and yet most useful things in California are horned toads," said A. L. Mason, of Los Angeles, at the Shorcham. "They are by no means pleasant to look at, and the Indians formerly held them in sacred veneration. The people of California do not regard them very highly, and they are killed whenever found by many who imagine that they are venomous, which they are not. The Hawaiian, however, know their value, and President Dole has written to different sections of California to arrange for having several thousand sent to Hawaii for the purpose of destroying certain insects. Careful investigation has shown that they are exceedingly valuable for this purpose, and there is now a good deal of talk about preserving them more carefully in California."—Washington Star.

New Use for Glass.

Somebody has been experimenting, and finds that glass is a substitute for marble and granite in cemetery work. Glass gravestones are inexpensive, extremely durable and almost without serious objection of any kind. They are not porous, therefore will absorb no disease germs or unpleasant odors. The elements have practically no effect on them, and it is said that inscriptions placed on them will be overlastingly enduring, and after a couple of centuries will be as fresh and bright as on the day they were set up. This idea was developed by watching the wear of the glass in the port holes of steamers. This resists the heaviest shocks of the waves, and is more durable than any other known substance that can be used for this purpose.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Woman's Variability—A Bright Woman—The Summer Art School—A Serious One—Proud, Etc. Time works a strange distraction in the object of her zeal; she's forgot to want the baited hook since she learned to ride the wheel. —Washington Star.

MORE GOLDEN THAN SILVER. Jenkins—"Why do you applaud that rot?" Hogz—"Hang it, if you would do the same it would help us not to hear it."—Truth.

HISTORY'S ITERATION. Mand Akbit—"Which one of them did you say you hated?" Grace Carrot—"Sh! they'll hear you; I'll kiss the one I mean on both cheeks."—Pack.

A BRIGHT WOMAN. Miss Gowanus—"I envy the way you can talk to Mr. Caustique; he never sits on any of your remarks." Miss Gotham—"No; I make them too pointed."—Judge.

A WISE PRECAUTION. "Large cars are a sign of generosity," observed the philosopher. "That's true; but then most men with large ears are sensitive about it, and try to conceal them."—Harper's Bazar.

A SERIOUS ONE. Citizen (offering bonds)—"I own a six-story flat house in Harlem." Magistrate—"That's all right. Any neighbors?" Citizen—"Well, there's the janitor."—Pack.

THE SUMMER ART SCHOOL. "This is very good, Miss Bagley, but you want to bring your background out a little more strongly." "I know, Mr. Crane; but don't you think the frame will do that?"—Harper's Bazar.

IMPRESSED WITH THE FACT. "Johnnie" said Mr. Chaffie to that hopeful youth, "I did not know until today that you were whipped at school last week."

"Didn't you know it, pa? I knew it all the time."—Texas Sifter.

PROUD. "I owe no man a cent," said he proudly. They gazed on him with wondering admiration. "No man on earth. The only person I owe are my landlady and my washerwoman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HER. Mabel—"Emily steams her husband's letters open every chance she gets."

Mande—"Oh, well, she isn't mean about it. She seals them up again and never blows him up."—Truth.

PROOF OF ABILITY. "Young Jones is a pretty bright fellow."

"Didn't he deliver the valedictory at his college commencement a couple of weeks ago?"

"Yes; and he's begun to revise his opinions already."

ON THE TRAIN. Rural Passenger—"Young man, I'd like to get your views on the crime of Seventy-three."

Cholly—"Aw—aw—aw—aw—there's so much evil news in the papers—I—aw—didn't notice anything about it, doncherknow!"

NATURALLY. Teacher—"Tommy, when was Rome built?"

Tommy—"In the night."

Teacher—"How come you to make such a mistake?"

Tommy—"You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day."—Brooklyn Life.

SOLDIERS TOO COMMON. Mother—"Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you."

Daughter—"But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."—Texas Sifter.

KNOWING. Blobs—"What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar."

Blobs—"How so?"

Blobs—"Why most of the girls could find their way in the dark."—Pearson's Weekly.

ROUND BUSINESS POLICY. Mrs. Walker—"I don't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it is a loss to the doctors."

Mr. Walker—"I know; but they figure that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week."—Pack.

CONSOLING TO THE PATIENT. "Mourning goods, please," she said to the florist at Sanger's emporium.

"Yes, madame; this way, if you will," and then adding, feelingly, "death is a sad thing, madame."

"It is, indeed!" she responded. "I'll not make any purchases this morning. I only wanted to see the latest things you have in the mourning line; my husband is a very sick man."—Texas Sifter.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

London will soon substitute electricity for steam in its underground railways.

Electric coal mining machinery is being rapidly introduced in Western Pennsylvania.

The non-tidal part of the Thames is 138 miles in length and drains an area of 6000 square miles.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The British admiralty is about to take up the work of training carrier pigeons for conveying messages at sea.

The annual number of births is estimated at 36,792,000—an average number of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and seventy a minute.

The Thames scoops out of its bank about 500,000 tons of matter in a year. The Mississippi is doing similar work, but at the rate of 300,000,000 tons a year.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of sixty.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually—an average of 98,848 a day, 4020 an hour and sixty-seven a minute.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of seventeen.

The Roentgen rays burn the skin like sunlight is the latest information from Berlin about the phenomenon. Professors Grambsack and Dabois Raymond have succeeded in rendering visible some of the softer parts of the body, like the arteries and the diaphragm, by means of improved tubes.

Professor J. E. Todd, State Geologist of South Dakota, who is in charge of a geological surveying expedition party in the Black Hill, discovered an old volcano on Sand Creek, in the Bad Lands, near Formosa. Near the junction of Sand Creek and White River is a hill eighty feet high. This hill vibrates and groans with constancy. Its tremblings have upset wagons and the Indians are much in fear of it.

The Tables Turned. Alphonse Karr, the well-known French humorist, told the following story in a circle of friends, vouching for its truth: He owned an estate in the southern part of France, and one of his neighbors was an elderly Italian Count, whose library was exceedingly well stocked and was considered a sight well worth seeing in that locality. One day the witty author of "Les Guapes," who had not yet met his neighbor, sent a servant with a card to him, requesting the loan of a certain book. The Count replied in a very polite note that he was extremely sorry that he could not oblige Mr. Karr, but that it was with him a matter of principle never to loan any books for use outside of his own library. At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time, and his library would be at Mr. Karr's disposal all day. Karr, who was anxious to obtain certain information, went to the Count's house and made notes from the particular book in the Count's library that he wanted.

A short time afterward the Count needed a sprinkler, and sent to his literary neighbor, asking for the loan of one. Karr, who had not forgotten the way his request for a book had been answered, now sent to the Count an extremely polite note, couched in the following terms: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you by the loan of a sprinkler, but as a matter of principle I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn, I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."—Philadelphia Record.

A Town's Queer Name. "I think the name of my town is one of the most euphonic I ever heard," said A. L. Harding of Vandalla, Ill., at the Regent. "It was formerly the State capital, and Abraham Lincoln was, at one time, a frequent visitor. It has many of the best families in Illinois as residents, but it is a railroad center, and there have been cases of trouble among the railroad men that had given it rather a hard name, which reminds one of how it came to get a name at all. The owner of the land before the place was laid out did not possess much learning, but wanted to appear classical. Hence, when he concluded to start a town he went to a friend and asked him to suggest a name of some famous people or city of ancient times. The friend was a wag, and replied, 'Well, the vandals who helped conquer Rome were a noted people. Name it Vandalla, which means the home of the Vandals.' Hence, Vandalla it became."—Washington Star.

Canaries From Germany. Harper's Round Table, speaking of the trade carried on by Germany in the rearing and exporting of canaries, says that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domain of that Empire, away up among the Harz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding but much smaller nurseries, no fewer than 130,000 birds are despatched every year to the United States and Canada; while in the same time at least 3000 go to Great Britain and about 2000 go to Russia.

ROSE FANCIES.

I know a garden full of roses In a hollow, by the sea; Where the soft west wind reposes And the murmur of the lee.

Lo! one to a dream of sweetness— Full of fancy, vague and free. And the fancy that possesses All my heart, this summer hour, Is this, one fair presence blossoms Every leaf and bud and flower, Giveth life to its somnolence. To this happy hidden tower.

If I seek her, will she vanish As a star that fades at dawn, As a mist—that sunbeams banish— As a dream that dies with morn? Should I wait for my footsteps? Should I wait for my feet? Patient! Love must learn despatch. There's no rose without a thorn! —Fall Mall Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is a pity the weather department can't be arrested for scorching.—Chicago Dispatch.

"That was a bad runaway you had the other night, Mrs. Dash." "Yes, but it was very stylish; we had four horses."—Chicago Record.

The Landlady—"I boarded a car at Fourteenth street an'." Mr. Hungerford—"And I suppose there was lots of room inside."—Judge.

The man who thinks that women have No lively gift of wit, And never asked a girl to wed, And heard her answer "nit." —Indianapolis Journal.

Customer—"I want a book on 'Time and Eternity.'" Clerk (acquainted with titles)—"Sorry, madam, but our terms are strictly cash."—Judge.

Johnny—"Pa, what is the difference between a tonsorial artist and a barber?" Mr. Wiggles—"The tonsorial artist uses longer words."—Somerville Journal.

Blonds—"Here's a rather clever little book: 'Don'ts for Club Men.'" Slobs—"It isn't the don'ts that worry me; it's the dues."—Philadelphia Record.

She—"Yes, they are engaged. I know he refused him twice, but the third time he proposed she accepted him." Her Husband—"Serves him right."—Amusing Journal.

Laura—"Is it a fact that you're engaged with Willie is broken off?" Flora—"Why, no; not broken off, exactly. It sort of tapered off, one might say."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."—The Waterbury.

Waiter (at club restaurant)—"Ready with your order, sah?" City Sportsman (back from a week's fishing)—"Give me some fish; I'm tired to death of other things."—New York Weekly.

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured as he held the dear girl's hand in his. "Oh, Harry," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that how happy we could be!"—Tit-Bits.

"Do you understand," asked the Sabbath-school teacher, "what is meant when we say that time shall be no more?" "Yes'm," answered Tommy. "It means when the clock stops."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well," said the spheromantic boarder, "I see that Wally has lately hired a new pitcher by the name of Wiener." "So," said the Cheerful Idiot. "I suppose we may soon prepare for the worst."—Indianapolis Journal.

Customer—"Why do you always relate those horrid robber stories and other unnamy adventures when you are cutting one's hair?" Hairdresser—"Because they make people's hair stand on end, and it is thus much easier to cut."

First Ancient Maiden—"I have often thought that, suppose when a dentist gives you gas, he should kiss you. Wouldn't it be horrible?" Second Ancient Maiden—"Horrible is no name for it. Why you wouldn't know anything about it!"—Pack.

"You are charged," said the Judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour." "Ten miles?" said the man, whose nose when he had run away with him, "ten miles? I'll bet I was going 300."—Indianapolis Journal.

"This X ray is doing wonders for mankind." "Yes," his wife replied. "It has done lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time to where it will enable woman-kind to see whether her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."—Washington Star.

Fresh Water Pearls. "The business of finding fresh water pearls is not altogether what it has been represented in the newspapers," said J. C. Adams, of Knoxville, Tenn., at the Shorcham. "The existence of pearls along the Clinch and Holston rivers has always been known, but it has only been within the past two or three years that it was supposed they were of any value. The first intimation that they were marketable came in an article describing similar pearls found in the Miami River in Ohio. Then pearl fishing took a sudden boom, and everybody seemed to think they would get rich. For a time pearls were brought into Knoxville in large quantities, but the prices were not so large as was expected. Still the business was profitable enough to induce those without steady employment to devote their time to it. Now, those easily obtained are almost all gone. It would not pay to go to much expense getting, so the pearl boom is rapidly dying out."—Washington Star.