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Train robbery is punishable by death in Arizona. The Supreme Court has just upheld the constitutionality of the statute.

When Li Hung Chang was in Glasgow he told the Scotchmen that their bagpipes reminded him of China. They can't make out whether he meant it for a compliment or not.

Li Hung Chang is keeping a diary of his trip around the world. Whether the old diplomat will publish the result of his observations or not will probably be settled by the personage who manufactures the yellow jackets at Pekin.

A New York young man has found it necessary to apply to the courts for protection from a girl who is in love with him and who pursues him with attentions, relates the Washington Star. This incident invests the "new woman" with augmented terrors.

It was once said that there was little or no drunkenness in France, where the people indulged freely in light wines, but such seems to be no longer the case. A man's temperance association has been established recently in Paris, and there is declared to be great need for it.

Says Harper's Weekly: It was recently reported that the post of military attache to the American Embassy in London was vacant, and had been offered to three officers, all of whom have declined it on the ground that their salaries could not support the dignity of the job. It is a very pretty place, and one that has not been used to go begging. It calls for an officer of the rank of major, and gives him little to do except to look handsome and to adorn London society with his presence. He is entitled to wear the most decorative clothes of any one connected with the embassy. When he rides out with the Ambassador he goes on the front seat inside, and not on the box seat with the coachman, as ill-informed persons have erroneously supposed. Opportunities to meet folks that really are folks come to him daily. He dines out nearly every night, and seldom is at loss for a hearty meal of nourishing food. His chief expenses are for lodgings and cab hire, but the hesitation of worthy officers to accept the place indicates that even those expenses may be too considerable. The real trouble must be that the majors in Uncle Sam's army are middle-aged men with families, and a salary that might maintain the attache himself well enough in London will not also maintain his family, either at home in his absence or with him abroad. If lieutenants had rank enough for the place, it would probably be easy to keep it filled with young unmarried officers of the requisite stature and comeliness.

A very curious state of affairs is reported from France, where the population, which has been decreasing for some time, is growing at an alarmingly feeble rate. For some time the decrease among the French has been a cause of comment among European economists, but in most cases it has been ascribed to the tremendous destruction among the men who, during the Prussian war, were just entering upon the middle years of manhood. This excuse can be used no longer, and it is noted with mortification among the French leaders that the present trifling increase in the population is due chiefly to the immigration of people from other nations. The wisest observers of the situation claim to have found the reason for this sudden arrest in National growth, and their explanation is both plausible and an important object lesson for people of other lands. It is pointed out that the increase of taxation in France to keep up the burden of the National debt has been such that people who, some years ago, were perfectly willing to assume the responsibility of supporting a household are now afraid to make the venture. The French peasant is proverbially thrifty, and one of the chief ends of his thrift is to supply his children with enough means upon which to make a respectable start in life. If he cannot support a family and leave it in comparatively easy circumstances he prefers to have no family to support. He would rather forego the attempt to keep up a household if he believes that possibly his attempt may be a failure. This fact is now offered in explanation of the remarkable falling off in the growth of French population, and the Chicago Record maintains "it is a plausible one. There could be no better proof of the intimate relationship which National legislation bears to individual and National prosperity. The laws which oppress the people of a Nation hurt it physically just as surely as they hurt it financially."

LIVING.

We only five once, and death's terrors
With life's bowers and roses entwined,
And our lives would be darkened by errors
Did we even, like cats, possess nine!
They would be, perhaps, all of them wasted,
And recklessly squandered away,
And not half of the joys would be tasted
That one life can embrace in a day.

MY CHUM KATE.

HAT was my portrait, without a doubt of it. Why should Miriam Mowbray have been so absorbed in it? Why should she have been so startled on detecting my presence in the library?

And then a delightful, blissful feeling shot through me. I staggered for a moment like one intoxicated—intoxicated with my own happiness. I said to myself a few minutes since that if I could but detect the portrait on which Miriam's attention had been fixed I would be master of her secret.

Was that so? I had found the portrait. Had it really made me the master of her secret? I paused as I put to myself the question, and drew a deep breath. Then I strove to answer it with other questions. The master of her secret! Was that secret love and was it love for me?

Yes, I felt sure of it. What other answer could there be? She had loved me all along. She had "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek." I was in the seventh heaven of delight. Mine, after all, would be the privilege of breathing that potent word which would start my Galatea into life.

I descended to the drawing room and found that not only had the argument ended, but that irascible old Mowbray had departed—and, of course, Miriam had departed with him.

"The old bear!" I exclaimed. "That's the animal he is, and not an antelope. He would be a libel on the vegetable kingdom! By Jove, Miriam must have a lively time of it, one way or the other. I must change all that by and by."

I was already beginning to regard her as my wife, and was mentally engaged in the prospective duty of clipping my father-in-law's wings, when a hand was softly thrust into my arm, and, waking from my dream, I saw the bright eyes of Kate looking up into mine. They were usually dancing with a mischievous light, but they were serious now.

"Well, Bob," she asked, "how did you get on? Have you said anything to Miriam? You have given me the right to ask you, you know."

"I'll tell you the truth, Kate, I have scarcely spoken two words to her."

"Oh, then I was not guilty when I came upon you in the library of interrupting an avowal. I felt very uncomfortable at that time, for Miriam looked awfully conscious and still more awfully scarlet, and you looked—well, I don't know how you looked, Bob. It was a sort of expression—shall I say?"

Mowbray was so greatly interested. Will you have the kindness to hand me over that slip of paper?"

"I cannot, Bob—I cannot." I caught a distinct tremor in her voice as she said it.

"I promised to give it to you after you had shown me the portrait, but I did not say immediately after. You shall see it some day; I promise you."

"A sheer evasion, Kate, and not like you. However, it is a matter of little consequence, as you say."

"The one important thing is that I have made a great discovery all through that album. You guess what it is, Kate?"

"That—that," she stammered. "That Miriam Mowbray loves me!" I said triumphantly.

"You—your will speak to her to-morrow, will you not?" "Yes, Kate. You are the only one to whom I have whispered my secret; and—and I know you wish me good luck in my wooing."

"In that and in all things, Bob?" The sweet eyes looked straight into mine, as she held out her hand; I held it for a moment; then she withdrew it hastily and escaped from the room.

The next day I visited the Mowbrays. The time was opportune. Mr. Mowbray was out, but Miss Mowbray was in.

"I hurry over that disastrous interview. I urged my suit with what eloquence I could command. My proposal was at first received with chilling silence, and then came the crushing intimation that it was declined."

"I will do her the justice, however, to say that she let down a fellow as gently as the circumstances would permit."

"Indeed, I didn't!" I might have added, that next to seeing Kate, his was the most welcome face I could have seen.

"Come, Bob," he said, taking me by the arm in the old familiar way of our college days, "I have much to say to you."

"We are old chums, Bob," he said, "and I am going to speak to you frankly. I am far from a spiritualist, hypnotist, or anything of that kind; but there must be a community of spirit between us, for I find that, though so far separated from each other, we have been on the same track."

"The same track," I repeated, scarcely knowing what to make of this strange preliminary.

"Yes, on the same track. First, answer me one question—are you still enamored with Miriam Mowbray?"

"I—I understood," I stammered. "My answer to the letter was—'Oh, you needn't say, Guy. I see it all,' slapping him by the hand. 'Your answer to that letter was 'let my old chum go in and win, but I have lost, and you?'"

"I quickly turned over the pages again. I need not have done so except to further convince myself that I was an ass."

"I saw at once the portrait in which Miriam Mowbray was absorbed on that night when I was deceived into believing she loved me. I had put the pencil mark on the page at which the album was open, but I had left entirely out of the question the portrait on the opposite side, which was the portrait of Guy Brand."

"I think that I stammered on something to that effect as I bowed myself from the room, and kept asking myself: 'Who is the mysterious lover? And why was she so absorbed in my portrait in the album?'"

"I was not until a day or two had passed that I began to realize all I had lost in the sweet companionship of Kate. It was not merely her loyalty, her unflinching brightness and sympathy, but not till then did I understand the gap she had filled in the last three years in my life."

"You will say that I was flippant, lacking resolution and a knowledge of my own mind. Well, I am content that that charge should be made against me. My simple reply is that you did not know Kate. She was one of those who, by their very usefulness, are never adequately valued until you miss their voice, their smile, their hand. Most of us pursue our illusions. My illusion was Miriam Mowbray. Slowly I began to see that in the background of that illusion there was a reality—Kate Brand."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new kind of waterproof dress goods is being manufactured in France out of the feathers of geese, ducks and hens, treated in a peculiar manner.

A method of nickelling wood has been devised by the German chemist Langbein, the wood being covered by a thin coating of metal by either a dry or wet process.

A French astronomer is of opinion that the red glow of the planet Mars is caused by crimson vegetation. He thinks that the grass and foliage there are red, not green, as they are on earth.

An English motor car manufacturer is building a two-story steel house to run on wheels, propelled by a motor under it. The top story is collapsible so as to enable the house to pass under bridges.

The air after a heavy snowfall or shower is usually very clear, because the snow or rain in falling brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

A submarine mountain range has been discovered in the southern part of Davis Strait by the Danish steamer Engulf, which has been carrying on deep-sea explorations on the Iceland and Greenland coasts, for the past two years.

President Octave Chanute, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, has offered a prize of \$100 for the best monograph on the kite, giving a full theory of its mechanics and stability, with quantitative computations appended.

The French periodical L'Electricite has an article on some successful experiments of Dr. Dalmas in killing the phylloxera and other organisms dangerous to plants by means of electric currents, after wetting the soil with metallic solutions.

Balloons in France cost from \$400 to \$600 for those holding 500 cubic metres of gas and from \$100 to \$150 for those containing 1500 cubic metres, the largest size usually made. They are let at the rate of \$20 or \$40 a day in addition to the cost of the gas, which is about four cents a cubic metre, so that a balloon excursion costs from \$80 to \$100.

In Germany a new process of coloring leather is being exploited. Electricity is utilized as the active agent. The leather is placed upon a zinc table, which forms the positive pole. The dyeing material is poured over this and the negative pole connected to the leather. Under the action of the current the coloring matter penetrates the leather, and patterns may be designed upon the surface by covering it with a pattern plate connected to the negative pole.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Sear, the Yellow Days—in Philadelphia—Her Country—Club Night—It's a Good Thing, Etc., Etc.

IN PHILADELPHIA. Sha—"I've had to stop drinking coffee for breakfast."

WHERE IT APPEARED HERE. "Has Maud's head been throbed by that fortune she inherited?"

AFTER A LONG ENGAGEMENT. Dimling—"Well, old man, I hope you won't find marriage a failure."

CLUB NIGHT. Wife—"Will you come home early this evening?"

HEAVENLY UNFAVORABLE. He—"Did Westside make a favorable impression when he called the other night?"

LOTS IN THE SAME LINE. "Jinks has the air of a man of considerable importance. What's his particular line?"

A PROFITABLE NUSSANCE. "I don't see how you make a living playing the cornet—you play so atrociously."

THE LUCKY ONE. Sapsmith—"Miss Sally Gay let me a dozen—top-hat!—kisses yesterday afternoon."

LINEAL DESCENDANT OF BOTH. "How old is your baby, ma'am?"

AN AGGRAVATING REMARK. "Sometimes," remarked Metusalem to his favorite great-great-great-great-grandchild; "sometimes I wish I had died young; say in my sixth or seventh century."

MR. BARRETTON. "Mr. Barretton," said the campaign worker, "I called on you to see whether you had received our request for contributions to the fund."

ONE OF THE MOST INGENUOUS METHODS in the world for photographing persons and keeping them in ignorance of the fact is that of the Bank of France. The bank has a hidden studio in a gallery behind the cashier's desk, so that at a signal from one of the bank employees any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS. Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled, Palmyra is buried under desert sands and Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared, but Damascus alone remains as it was in the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel.

WHAT IS LIFE LIKE?

(A Rumanian Folk-Song.) What is Life like? Answer me. Suppose I say a tree, Whose boughs are broad and tall? 'Tis like a tree, Ah me!

HE—"It's reported around that we are engaged." She—"Well, you know it's a mistake." He—"Yes, I called to see if I couldn't rectify it."

HE—"Do you really think Jack is in love with you?" She—"Certainly. I have the most positive proof. He never knows whether my hat is on straight or not."

HE—"How far is it from your home to the city?" She—"It's about as far as it is from your head to your feet."

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