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The new Shah of Persia is anxious to open the country to international commerce, and favors the introduction of electricity and steam.

The new wide-tire law which went into effect in Connecticut on July 1, 1896, is not enforced. "Good law, but reforms are slow," comments the New York Recorder.

Cycling is slowly but surely changing the fashions in England. The silk hat is actually going out of vogue, killed by the bicycle. At least hat-makers report that there is scarcely any demand for the fall trade. Causes and walking sticks is another branch of business that has been nearly ruined.

An old law of Georgia permitted the medical colleges to claim the bodies of paupers for the purpose of dissection, and for years those were found adequate. A few years ago the law was repealed by the Legislature, and as a result the medical colleges now find that they will be compelled to disinter their classless means are found to provide subjects.

The machete about which we read so much in the Cuban dispatches is the tool with which the Cuban works when he is not fighting. It is used in the sugar fields to cut the cane and in a combination of a knife and a hatchet. It inflicts a severe and mutilating wound. Every one in Cuba owns a machete, which is as necessary to the Cuban as an ax to the New Englander.

No Nation can beat the French at arranging a funeral or a reception. They are a spectacular people, with a keen sense of the picturesque. Then, too, they have the sense to employ the right people. The best tragic actor recited for the Russian Czar. The best poet read an ode, and so on. The account of the Russian Imperial visit to Paris reads like a page out of romance.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier asks: Is it any wonder that our game birds are becoming extinct when wholesale butchery is not only permitted, but regarded as sportsman-like and worthy of a gentleman? It is a strictly National question in its scope and application, and by no means only a question of sentiment. The evidence multiplies yearly that in destroying the birds so wantonly we are destroying what has well been called "our insect police."

The use of motor carriages at the rate of fourteen miles an hour is now legal on English roads, and shrewd men in the cycle business believe that this new development in locomotion will be even more remarkable than cycling in its general effects on the country. The great manufacturing firms of Leeds, Preston and Bedford have already made big preparations for the new industry, but apparently the bulk of it will be centered at Coventry, the town which first had the intelligence to grasp the possibilities of the bicycle trade.

The lines of some of the poets do not fall in pleasant places in this rough world, muses F. L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution. Some years ago an editor gave Samuel Minturn Peck \$5 for a few verses. They were published in due time and seized upon by a composer, who set them to music. The minstrel men and opera troupes took to singing them, and, as a song, the verses realized a fortune to the music house and the composer of the notes. Peck asked for a royalty: "We don't know you in this business," they said: "We never heard of you before!" And thus the world wags.

In view of the 150th anniversary of Princeton University, the remarkable part played by the graduates of that institution in the Revolution and Constitution-making period deserves commemoration, the New York Sun thinks. Of the four hundred and sixty-nine graduates belonging to that period, one hundred and fourteen were clergymen, thirteen of whom became Presidents of colleges; of the remaining three hundred and fifty-five, one, James Madison, was for eight years President of the United States; one was Vice-President; six were members of the Continental Congress; twenty became Senators of the United States; twenty-three entered the House of Representatives; thirteen were Governors of States; three were Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and some twenty served as officers in the Revolutionary army. These facts which Professor Hibben has collected demonstrate that Witherspoon's administration gave Princeton an illustrious name, and placed the college on a high ground of esteem whose continuous progress was assured.

WE CAN DO WITH SO LITTLE.

A little work, a little play To keep us going—and so good-day! A little warmth, a little light St love's bestowing—and so good-night! A little fun to match the sorrow Of each day's growing—and so good-morrow!

A WOMAN'S WIT.

BY JAMES M. ADAMS. NDEED, Miss McLaughlin, it is not only possible, but easy of a accomplishment. "I think not. The attempt would be hazardous. No one should endanger his life in such a way."

The afternoon sun shone warmly on Bridgewater Cliff. The soft murmur of the sea fell faintly on the ear. There was peace in the air and upon the sea.

Mark Hilton's usual clear-headed judgment was somewhat disturbed this afternoon; for was not Kitty McLaughlin with him? It was not every day that he had her all to himself three miles from human habitation. However he might strive to conceal it, his elation would show itself in face and speech. Nature was in opposition with his mood.

This was no ordinary pair. Mark Hilton was twenty-four, handsome—not a pretty man. He was tall and straight, possessing a face of peculiarly intellectual cast. His manner, and at times his speech, exhibited the slight awkwardness often seen in those who are given to habits of seclusion. He did not much affect general society; he was a man with an object in life, and that object was not mere personal popularity. Mark Hilton was, in the highest sense, a gentleman.

Miss Kate McLaughlin was nineteen years of age; tall and well formed. She had a pleasant and intelligent face. People did not consider her beautiful, Mark Hilton to the contrary, notwithstanding. What most distinguished her was her remarkable gracefulness of speech and manner. She was finely educated, and, like Hilton, possessed of a marked individuality. The young men who sought her society were well treated, but, with the exception of Hilton, made small progress in their efforts to acquire her confidence and to become more intimate. There was a line they could not cross. They could never see the reason why. She did. She knew that even the alchemy of love could not unite gold and lead without debasing the former.

The subject which Mark Hilton and Kitty McLaughlin were discussing so earnestly was the possibility of safely reaching a certain tiny blue flower which grew out on the rugged face of the cliff. Kitty had discovered it in its isolated position a few moments before, and, remarking that it was unlike any they had seen that day, wondered what it could be. The distance was so great she could not decide, although she was a good botanist. Mark, with more enthusiasm than judiciousness, volunteered to get it for her—a proposal she would not listen to.

"Nonsense!" returned Mark. "There is no danger worth mentioning. Don't you see there is a line of shelving rock jutting out from behind the cliff which leads directly to it."

"But you might slip or become dizzy. It must be a hundred feet to the bottom," she said, with a shudder. "Slipping is impossible with these shoes," said Mark, calling attention to the rubber-soled lawn tennis shoes which he wore; "and my head was always a steady one."

"But you shall not imperil your life in such a foolhardy attempt," said Kitty, decidedly. "I don't know what a determined fellow I am when I get started," answered Mark with a laugh; and in a second he was several feet out on the face of the crag. The shelving rock along which he undertook to make his way was barely four inches in width. A difficult pathway. There was nothing to cling to except occasional sharp points which jutted out from the mass of rock.

Slowly and carefully he advanced. Kitty watches him intently, pale and breathless with suspense. A few steps more and he will reach it. Ah! he has it, and holds it up triumphantly to her view. She waves her handkerchief, not daring to speak for fear of startling him.

Now for the return. He starts back along the precarious pathway. He suddenly stops and hesitates. Why so long; is it to rest? No; he is testing a portion of the rock with his foot. Has he become suspicious of his highway? Yes; and with good reason. A large portion of the rock is loose! He hears on it it harder, with a sudden roar, followed by a terrible crash, reverberates from cliff to cliff.

A deep silence follows. What has happened. Has Mark Hilton passed forever from human eyes? No; there he is on his narrow pathway clinging closely to the ledge. A huge piece of rock constituting part of his perilous road has sailed off, leaving the cliff nearly as smooth as glass for six or eight feet in front. His return is out off. The sun has become obscured by heavy, dark clouds. A wind has arisen. The sea no longer murmurs softly, but sends forth a sullen, ominous roar. How suddenly everything has changed! Mark Hilton realizes his situation.

He cannot go forward; he cannot go back, except a few feet. Above him the perpendicular rock rises to the height of ten feet before the top of the cliff is gained. It is smooth except a few slight projections here and there. No mortal could climb it. Mark knows this, and yet he feels he must try. He cannot long remain in his present position.

Was this beautiful day and his life to end together? Had he brought this girl—whom he intended soon to ask to be his wife—to this lonely, isolated spot only to witness his exit from the world?—the world in which he had hoped to accomplish so much. The thought of death, when in close proximity to it, is a dreadful thing, especially to a young person.

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It Never Needs Unpacking. There are many useful improvements to chronicle in the way of luggage, and among them a trunk that does not need to be unpacked, but answers the purpose of a wardrobe and a chest of drawers. It can be set, on arrival at the journey's end, against the wall. The lid will remain open when thus placed, and discovers separate trays for millinery, handkerchiefs, gloves, linen, lace, and boots and shoes, lined with washable waterproof, so that, if thrown in muddy, dirt can be washed off; some having one long receptacle across for umbrellas, parasols and sticks; the latter would have taken to in the country much of late. Below this upper tray the box is divided into a series of drawers holding a few dresses each—a wonderful convenience. One of the best inventions in traveling bags has all the fittings removable as a whole and fitted on the outside—toilet requisites, writing, etc., combined; this leaves the interior of the bag free. The best have square mouths; and a new kind has all the fittings above the sides of the square, which, opening automatically, adjust themselves on the top and can easily be slipped off and stowed on the dressing table ready for use. For the better preservation of check books they can now be fitted into a long, narrow, leather looking case, with an accompanying blotting pad. Indeed, every want is foreseen; all that is needed is to discover the purveyors of such innumerable aids to comfort in traveling.—St. James Gazette.

Why a Cat Licks Its Feet. An experimenter recently undertook to discover why a cat invariably fell on its feet. He finds that a cat always falls on its feet providing it has a distance of a yard to fall in and enable it to make a half turn in the air, so as to get its feet underneath. It holds its paws vertically and manages to preserve this position during the rest of its fall, in spite of the initial movement of rotation taken by its body. The mechanical explanation is simply that the animal, by thrusting forward its left limb, shifts the center of gravity of the whole body so as to make it revolve upon the axis of the spine until the feet reach the ground. Moreover, a cat does not hurt itself by a fall from a height, not because it invariably falls on its feet, but because the structure of a cat's back and spine is extremely flexible. The muscles of its legs are extraordinary strong and numerous, and, further, it has elastic pads or cushions consisting of a mass of fibrous tissue and fat on all its feet, seven in each forepaw and five in each hind paw.—Chicago News.

Notes Upon Cheese. Nine-tenths of the cheese produced in this country is made in the States of New York, Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Vermont, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Michigan, ranking in the order named. The New York product alone is almost one-half the total, and this State and Wisconsin together make over two-thirds of all. It requires the milk of about 1,000,000 cows to make the cheese annually produced in the United States. The value of the annual cheese product of this country varies from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. About 9,000,000 pounds of cheese are imported annually into the United States.

The rate of consumption of cheese in America is about three pounds per capita per annum, and is apparently somewhat decreasing. Good cheese is approximately composed of one-third water, one-third milk fat and one-third casein, with some sugar and ash.—H. E. Alvord, Chief United States Dairy Division.

Colors in Candy-Making. The French Government, whose paternal car extends over even the candy-making and candy-eating of its citizens, prescribes what substances may or may not be used in the manufacture of candy. According to the French law, the materials that may be employed are as follows: For blue, indigo, Prussian blue and ultramarine; for red, cochineal, carmine and carmine lake; for yellow, saffron, French berries, Persian tumeric and fustic; for green, a mixture of one of the yellows and one of the blues.

World's Most Striking Monument. The most striking monument in the world is said to be that erected on the shores of Lake Issyk-Kul, in Central Asia, in honor of the Russian General Prjevalski, a famous explorer of that region. The tomb is hollowed out in the summit of a jutting cliff on the eastern margin of the lake, and the monument consists of an enormous rough-hewn block of gray granite, twenty-five feet high, over which is thrown a chart of Central Asia.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Reasonable Doubt—Helping Them Out—Would Fill Him Up—A Strong Resemblance, Etc., Etc. A weight lies heavy on my soul. No gleam of hope or cheer is nigh. Oh, tell me, ye who things control, Am I in love, or is it pity!

HELPING THEM OUT. "Is Nora really going to leave?" "Yes, but she said she would give us a certificate of good character."

A GENERAL SMILE. "So you went wheeling yesterday. Did you break the record?" "No; but I broke nearly everything else."—Detroit Free Press.

MAKING IT CLEAR. "Papa, why do they call language the 'mother tongue'?" "Because the father so seldom gets chance to use it."—Chicago Record.

WOULD FILL HIM UP. The Poet—"She invited me to her house to dinner." The Friend—"She told me she didn't think there was much in you."—Town Topics.

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE. Visitor—"How much the baby resembles its mother?" Father—"Yes, it talked when it was only six months old."—Harlem Life.

HIS MASTERLY METHOD. "Uncle Simon, what is a campaign orator?" "He is a fellow who doesn't let thinking interfere with his talking."—Chicago Record.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. Johnnie—"I feel sure our dog bit that tramp." Papa—"Did the tramp say so?" Johnnie—"No, but the dog looks sick."—Harlem Life.

TRAPPED. Canny—"Is Miss Wilbur at home?" Norah—"No, sir." Canny—"Well, go up stairs and ask her when she will be at home." Norah (going)—"Yes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

HARD TO TELL. Little May—"Why do they consider marriage such an important step in life?" Agatha—"Because it's so hard to tell whether it's a step up or down."—Pick-Me-Up.

ARITHMETICAL. "Nearly all married men are good accountants; they can carry enormous sums in their heads." "How do you account for that?" "Because they wouldn't dare carry such sums in their pockets."

HORTICULTURAL. "That man in the next flat calls his lively wife Blossom." "Great Scott; how inappropriate." "What makes you say so?" "Blossoms shut up when the sun goes down."—Chicago Record.

THAT IS IT. "When it rains, Bryan simply hoists an umbrella and goes on with his speech," remarked the snake editor. "I see," replied the horse editor. "He'd rather put up than shut up."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HIS TIME WAS VALUABLE. Teacher (severely)—"Tommy Smith, come here. Why haven't you learned your geography lesson?" Tommy—"Cause the papers say there's going to be a change in the map of Europe."—Chicago Dispatch.

THE DOLEFUL BACHELOR. "Why," asked the Sweet Young Thing, "why do they say that love is of the heart?" "To show," said the Doleful Bachelor, "to show that the brains have nothing to do with it."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT FOR "HEIRS." "What do they mean by 'salting' a mine, popper," asked the small boy. "Is it anything like salting meat?" "No, indeed!" answered Mr. Bittwanz. "When a man salts meat it is because he wants to keep it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE TIP. "Whose immense funeral procession is that?" "It was one of the richest hotel men in the country." "Of what hotel was he proprietor?" "He wasn't any proprietor. He was the head waiter."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THE PROPER MOOD. "What an idiot love makes of a man! Here Timmins has been writing poetry to his sweetheart's 'gentle eyes.'" "Well, what of it?" "What of it? How can she be gentle-eyed when she is cross-eyed?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A LOGICIAN. Corporal (to soldier)—"Why is the blade of the sabre curved instead of straight?" Private—"It is curved in order to give more force to the blow." Corporal—"Humbug! It is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—Philadelphia Blade.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Thirty-five million human beings die every year. A Pastour Institute has been established at Athens, Greece. The juice of a pineapple cures the members from a throat of a diphtheria patient when nothing else will.

Astronomers say that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere. Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

Motor carriages which can travel sixteen miles an hour on an ordinary road, at a cost of a half-penny a mile, have been exhibiting in Wembley Park, London. An "electric restaurant," serving dinners automatically without waiters, will be a feature of next year's international exhibition of hotel arrangements at Amsterdam.

A new lead for deep sea sounding carries a cartridge which explodes on touching the bottom. A submerged microphone receives the sound, and the depth is estimated from the time occupied by the lead in sinking. Pine and fur have long fibers, exceedingly well adapted to the use of the paper maker, but the resinous substances contained in these woods form so large a percentage of the composition, and are so difficult of removal that the paper makers are compelled to use other varieties.

An experimenter with Roentgen rays states that, besides the now well-known sunburn effect, exposure for two or three hours to these rays may cause the joints to become nearly transparent, the nails to die, and the hair to fall out, although both nails and hair will grow out again. The effects seem to be due to electrical action. A Bullet Made a Hailstone. Colonel Clark R. Westcott, of London, England, who has been spending a couple of months in Chicago and the West in the interest of a syndicate which owns considerable mining property in this country, is responsible for the following account of a singular natural phenomenon. His story is as follows: "One hot day a couple of weeks since I was riding along a mountain road in Colorado on my way to a mine in which I am interested, when I noticed high above soaring in majestic circle an eagle. I had a 45-90 Winchester slung across my back, and it was but the work of a moment to unslung the gun and fire at the bird, which appeared to be directly above me. As I fired I noticed that the bird was directly between myself and a dense black cloud which hung above me. The shot was a clear miss, and, not caring to waste any more cartridges, I was about to ride on, when I was startled to hear what I took to be the dull 'clung' of a stone thrown by an unseen hand, which fell into a little gully partly filled with leaves, within twenty feet of me. I looked carefully about me in all directions, but could see no sign of a human being, and then remounted, and, scraping back the leaves, was astonished to find a piece of ice as large as a goose egg and about the same shape. Upon close examination I was further astonished to discover my rifle ball firmly imbedded in its centre. I have speculated a deal over this phenomenon since that time, and the only solution I can see is that the ball in passing through the cloud gathered the moisture and held it by its whirling motion, so that it was frozen at a higher altitude and fell to the earth as I have described."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Chinese do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens these functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of the hand of the one whom they would greet. Venues are launched sideways and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with the dessert and end up with soup and fish. In shaving the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hair.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The New England Apple. Other fruits may do their best in milder regions; but the apple of New England remains supreme. There are several thousand varieties, but of these not more than a couple of hundred are actually grown for profit, and probably not more than twenty have any wide reputations. And there is reason for this. With all the experimenting of horticulturists, there remain to be found any better varieties than the old familiar ones, the Baldwins, Rhode Island Greenings, Hubbardston, Porters, Russets, and the like.—Providence Journal.

The Little Finger. Adept in palmistry assert that the length of the fourth or little finger is the most important sign in the hand. There is no man, they say, who rises to importance in any line of life without a long and straight little finger.

WHEN POLLY SMILES.

When Polly smiles the grayest skies Take on a heavenly hue; And O, the light in Polly's eyes— How bright it is! How true! And from his perch, on her sedate Young shoulder, you can see Love about his brows writ and straight. When Polly smiles at me.

But, O, my soul! when Polly frowns, How black and fierce the skies! And, oftentimes, a raindrop drowns The light in Polly's eyes. But when I kiss her all the rain And storm clouds quickly flee, And happy stars are blue again, For—Polly smiles at me. —Anna Tzsch.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When in the brassy skies above No hope nor help I see, I gladly seek the girl I love— She's always good to me. —Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Little Elsie—"Ain't those cows small, ma?" Ma—"Yes, dear." Little Elsie—"I guess them's the kind they gets condensed milk from, ain't they?"—Philadelphia Record.

Canny—"Is Miss Wilbur at home?" Norah—"No, sir." Canny—"Well go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home." Norah (going)—"Yes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

The orator the air makes blue, While getting in his talk; And as the days grow cooler—what! How hot grows politics! —Boston Courier.

"What in thunder are you speakin' to the school children for?" asked the roofer. "Just keep quiet," replied the candidate; "it'll be all be old enough to vote before I'm elected."—Atlanta Constitution.

"How did you dare tell father that you had a prospect of a hundred thousand dollars a year?" she asked. "Why," he answered, in righteous indignation, "I have, if I marry you."—Washington Star.

It is talk wasted for an unmarried woman to boast of her economy to an unmarried man. A man never appreciates economy in a woman until after he has married a woman who doesn't practice it.—Athenion Globe.

Hendriks—"Say, if we can't get this crowd in front of us out of the way, we are going to miss our train. What shall we do?" Carr—"I have it. Let's start a discussion on the coinage question."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He talks in long and tedious prose About the drama's death; Yet he says and goes To see the shows And he laughs his money's worth. —Washington Star.

Mr. Frankstown (admiringly)—"How fresh you look this morning, Miss Homewood!" Miss Homewood (who detects the young man)—"How fresh you talk this morning, Mr. Frankstown."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What did the crowd gather at the corner for a few minutes ago?" "A woman's wheel collapsed." "I suppose they wanted to see how badly she was hurt." "No, they were trying to find out the name of the wheel."—Judge.

"I want you to understand," roared Beely, "that the sun never sets on the British Empire." "That's right," quietly remarked Yank E. Doodle, "but Uncle Sam has found it necessary to set on her once in a while."—Detroit Free Press.

Coroner—"Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?" Witness (who had been told by the company to be careful in his statements)—"No, sir. His leg was gone intirely. He was a partial stranger."—Texas Sitings.

Mr. Spooner—"What, after having lived with you for ten years! Never!" Mrs. Spooner says she would give something handsome if she only knew what he meant by that.—Boston Transcript.

Fixing His Identity: Attorney—"Well, now, say you saw the man who did the stabbing?" Witness—"Yes, Attorney."—"And would you know the culprit again if you saw him?" Witness—"He wasn't no culprit, sir; he was a Eyclavian."—Cleveland Leader.

BEES STOP RAILWAY WORK.

Bees recently stopped the construction of the Butler (Penn.) and Pittsburg Railroad, Andrew Carnegie's new freight line from Pittsburg to the great lakes. Near Butler the road passes through a two-acre field where bees are kept by the owner, George Reiber. Mr. Reiber refused to give the railway company the right of way through the bee field. Mr. Reiber refused to move the bees, but offered to sell them to the railroad company. The company declined to buy them, and ordered the workmen to remove them.

When this was attempted the bees resisted the invasion of their homes so violently that the invaders were compelled to flee. The bees are there yet, and the workmen on the road will not touch them.—New York Press.

A Deadly Venom.

The question has been asked which is the most powerful poison. So far as is known, snake poison consists of a peptone which produces local irritation, an unknown virulent substance, which causes inflammation of blood when injected into the tissues, and an albumen which is not apparently poisonous. When snake venom is concentrated by removing the third substance and retaining the other two, what is left constitutes the most powerful poison known to toxicology. It is forty times more powerful than the original snake venom. It has been reckoned that a single thimbleful of it suitably applied would be enough to kill 25,000 people.—New York Journal.