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RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00...

As the uncontrolled master of the Russian Treasury, the Czar is the richest man on earth.

The creditors of the man who claims that advertising doesn't pay are apt to find that he doesn't, either, remarks Truth.

New York City, according to a religious journal of the town, spends about \$21,000 daily for milk and \$140,000 for other beverages.

Mr. Stamp, Commissioner of Immigration, in his annual report, doubts if there has been any increase in the foreign-born population of this country since 1893.

A writer in the Windsor Magazine says that "even Mr. Gladstone, that greatest of all sticklers for official reticence, held that a Cabinet Minister might impart secrets to his wife and his private secretary."

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, says: "If the railroads would cut off their free passes, do away with their lobbyists in the Legislature, discharge their high-priced attorneys, discard their 1000-mile tickets and permit all persons to ride at the rate of two cents a mile, they would earn more money and be in better favor with the public, from which they derive their support."

An interesting suggestion is made by a correspondent of the New York Herald, who says that in England, when one has a large number of letters or circulars to mail at one time, he need not be at the trouble of affixing a stamp on each one of them, but may carry them to the postoffice, pay the postage due on the whole and pass them in. No postage stamps are affixed, explains Harper's Weekly, but the office simply stamps them "Paid" and they are forwarded. The Herald's correspondent thinks this British usage is worth imitating, and Postmaster Dayton agrees with him, considering that it would be a convenience to business men, though it could not be adopted without action by Congress.

In N. S. Shaler's "American Highways," published by the Century Company, the author says that the people of the United States have been a very patient people, or little conscious of the "sore tax" inflicted on them by bad roads. It is we are getting to be now impatient, the author warns the public not to act hastily as to means of ordinary communication until we understand how roads are to be made and built. "Those who have the betterment of our American highways at heart should do all in their power to guide, direct, and even restrain the present movement toward their improvement, so that enthusiasm may be guided by a business sense to the end that we may attain a system of ways properly related to the needs of the country." No road ought to be built without study, and topographical, geological and climatic conditions must be considered. "Practical considerations would not, of course, permit a road to be built where there was no use for it, but a desirable highway might be constructed through a country which would cost too much to build or to keep in repair."

Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Association, has recently compiled some interesting statistics with regard to women's progress the world over. She chronicles, among other things, the fact that women have about succeeded in gaining admission to the General Methodist Episcopal Conference, and that they have been successful in preaching the Gospel in all but the Episcopal and Roman Catholic sects. With respect to education, Miss Willard says: "Out of 451 colleges and universities in the United States only forty-one are closed to women. All the others are now coeducational, and, besides, women have 148 schools of the higher educational standard, with 30,000 students. One-fourth of the fellowships of the University of Chicago are held by women, eleven States and fourteen colleges or universities being represented. Three women fellows have given instructions in the university this year. Of 400,000 teachers in the United States, forty-three per cent. are women; in England the proportion is even greater. There are 123,055 women teachers in England. In Russia there were 500 applications for the 150 vacancies in the entering class for the higher courses for women at the university of St. Petersburg at the recent examinations. Politically, the progress of women is even more marked. Twenty-five States have given the educational ballot to women; one, Kansas, the municipal, and Wyoming, Colorado and Utah have made them full citizens."

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL

Thou half-unfolded flower With fragrant-laden heart, What is the secret power That doth thy petals part? What gave thee most thy hue—The sunshine, or the dew?

HIS LAST CALL

BY R. SHELTON

LARGE winter party in a rambling old house on the Thames is no doubt a delightful thing in the abstract, but if the party is not carefully selected ones, or there happen to be wheels within wheels, the consequences may be extremely disagreeable.

Perhaps Miss Grace Furnival's feelings may be imagined when she discovered that her brother had invited to Walworth Court not only the rich man to whom she had just publicly pledged her troth, but the poor man to whom for nearly a year she had been secretly engaged.

"You don't mean to say you've asked Luke Maitland?" gasped Grace, on hearing the unwelcome tidings. "And why shouldn't I?" growled Tom, aggressively. "He's as good a sort as any fellow I know; there are only three things against him—his poor, he's high-shouldered, and he is much too fond of you."

"Indeed! and how do you know that last?" "Because I met him yesterday and told him about your engagement to old Smithson—you should have seen him, Grace—I thought the poor chap was going to faint! What fools men are!"

"What brutes brothers are!" reflected Grace; then, with a careless tone she seldom wasted on Tom, "if you really think poor Luke is fond of me, won't you put off his visit, dear? It can hardly be agreeable to him to be here at the same time as dear Edward."

"Dear Edward be blowed!" was Tom's vigorous remark. "Luke is my friend, and I'm not going to interfere with him; if he doesn't mind coming it's not my concern—it's his lookout." Grace sighed with an injured martyr expression and resigned herself to the inevitable. The inevitable was disagreeable—it usually is, but she could see a way out of it. She would herself get rid of the inconvenient Luke.

Grace looked at her handsome features in the glass, and a certain wise old proverb presented itself obtrusively to her mind. "It is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," sighed the young lady; then, apostrophizing the mirror: "What a fool I've been to get myself into this mess! I've been very weak not to break with poor Luke before."

Luke leaned against the mantelpiece and looked down at her, at her glorious pile of chestnut hair, at her finely cut features and pretty white hands. His lips trembled—he could not trust himself to speak. "Well," said Grace, glancing up at him, "what do you want to say to me? I can't stay here long."

"I want to know the truth—I want to know if you are still the woman I have worshipped or if you are something else, a different being to what I have ever imagined you."

"Would you mind descending to my level and common prose, and telling me exactly what you want to know in plain English?" said Grace mockingly. "In plain English, are you engaged to Edward Smithson as well as to me? In plain English, are you a heartless jilt?"

"I answer 'yes' to both those questions. I deserve them. There was silence for some moments. A wintry moon was shining fitfully upon the thick snow outside; the wind had risen and was growling round the house like an angry dog. Luke drew a handkerchief from his pocket and passed it across his wet forehead. It was a white silk handkerchief with a blue border, the initials 'L. M.' conspicuously embroidered in each corner. Grace's eyes rested on it for a moment, and a little flush of color came into her pale cheeks. Luke saw it and smiled.

"Ah, you recognize it—the handkerchief you embroidered for me only a year ago! It has lasted longer than your love." He put it carefully back into his pocket. "Grace," he said, fixing his dark eyes on hers with a wistful look that touched her cold heart, "I suppose you think I am taking this very easy; the blow has paralyzed me—my brain seems stunned—but if it will be any consolation to your vanity to know that you have broken my heart and ruined my life, that consolation may be thoroughly your own."

The young man's words were a trifle melodramatic; they reminded Grace of speeches out of his own novels, and she gave a little light laugh. "I hope you will enjoy your honeymoon," he went on; "you needn't be afraid of my creating disturbances and opening Mr. Smithson's eyes—I shall start to-night on a long journey—on a long journey," he repeated, fixing his eyes on Grace's with a singular expression, "but don't be afraid, you will see me quite soon enough—I shall often return and call on your husband; yes, I shall make a point of returning," said Luke, with a laugh. The laugh was such an unbecoming one and the look on the young man's face so very strange and creepy that Grace lost all sense of dignity as she seized her hat and fairly took to her heels.

She did not feel safe until she had reached the furthest wing of the rambling house and encased herself in the drawing room near to her brother, who was playing a game of cards with the guests. Suddenly she asked: "Anybody seen Luke Maitland? Do you know where he is, Grace?" "No."

"Perhaps he's in his room. I'll go and see." Tom returned in a few minutes. "No, he's not there. Where can the fellow be? He can't have gone for a walk this freezing night. I'll hunt him out though—the more the merrier. He may be in the library, now I think of it—Luke's a regular bookworm." And off went the energetic youth. This time he returned almost immediately, and as he burst into the room all rose in alarm, for it was plain to see that something had happened. Tom's face was white—horridly, his hair was standing erect on his head, his mouth hung open, his whole frame shook. "What is it?" cried Grace, "Oh, what is it?"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

Plaint of the Housewife—Impossible—A Friend in Need—Had Given All—A Cruel World, Etc., Etc. Well-meaning man has seldom said: 'The thing precisely that he ought.' He sighs for his daily home-made bread and unweary flatters what she bought. —Detroit Free Press.

A FRIEND IN NEED. Brown—"I haven't a friend in the world." Jones—"You can make one; I need five."—Puck.

IMPOSSIBLE. Barker—"Differently ought to go and soak his head." Gruff—"Humph! He couldn't get anything on it."—Truth.

HIS WAY. Bambury—"I hear that Stimpson is dead. Did he leave his wife much?" Mispah—"I suppose so. He always left her as much as he could while he was alive."—Boston Transcript.

THE VILLAGE HUMORIST. Tomkins—"The royal baby has not lived long, has it, Simkins?" Simkins—"No, but it has not lived long. Good morning."—Sketch.

HAD GIVEN ALL. Lawyer (investigating client's story)—"Now, you must keep nothing from me." Client—"I haven't. I paid you every cent I had in the world for your fee."—Tit-Bits.

IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE. Quilldriver—"The high salaries of the new journalism make me think of New York's tall buildings." Wilson—"Tall buildings?" "Yes, there are so many stories about them."—Truth.

A FINANCIER. Soiled Hooks—"If I live a few years longer I expect 't' die a rich man." Seldun Fidd—"How yer goin' 't' work it?" Soiled Hooks—"W'y, look at de money I'm avvin' 'not buyin' soap."—Judge.

AN EXPLANATION. Daughter—"Oh! papa, what a shocking thing! I read that a young girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss." Father—"What did the fool go crazy for?" Daughter—"What for? Why, for more, I suppose."

THE GENESIS OF A NAME. "Why," asked the daughter with the dreamy eyes, "why do they call it the honeymoon, mamma?" "Because," answered the mother with the drawn lines about her mouth, "because it is a sort of sweet lunacy, I suppose."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THAT'S DIFFERENT. "Who's making all that racket out there? I want some chance to read and think." "It's me as is singing," snapped the autoer of the kitchen; "and what of it?" "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought it was my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

A CRUEL WORLD. Weary Willie—"Yes, poor Sloby lost heart completely an' committed suicide. He couldn't stan' dis cruel, heartless world no longer." Flowery Fields—"Everybody against him, I suppose?" Weary Willie—"Yes; everywher he went folks wuz offerin' him jobs."—Judge.

THE WINDY REP. "I wish you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a disreputable profession. How did you begin?" "Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the descent was easy."—Life.

A LUCKY ESCAPE. "It's strange how some men are always fortunate," remarked Mr. Snuggs. "Now here is that man Jones. He is so uniformly fortunate that he is called 'Lucky Jones.' He was sued for breach of promise and the jury awarded the girl \$75,000." "I don't see how he was lucky in that case," interrupted Mrs. Snuggs. "You don't, eh? Why he escaped marrying her."—Texas Sifter.

REPARATION. John Butts, Sr.—"I want to leave my property to my two sons—one tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey De Peyster Butts." Family Lawyer—"H'm!—do you think that's quite fair?" John Butts, Sr.—"Yes—I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a name."—Puck.

NO ROOM FOR HIM. "Thank heaven!" muttered the poor girl who was serving as the heroine of a paper novel. And yet she had apparently little for which to be thankful as she crawled into her pallet of straw on the floor in the corner of the room. She was very, very poor. And yet she was thankful. "The advantage of a bed on the floor," she murmured, as she lapsed into a sweet slumber, "lies in the feeling of security it brings. A man can't possibly get under it."—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Hamburg has a house of paper. All true internal parasites are blind, being very safe and without necessity for eyes.

A street railroad operated by gas engines is being experimented with in London. Harber, the great authority on fish, says that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 finny creatures.

Incandescent electric light globes cannot be stolen from a new lamp socket recently patented. A key locks the globe in the socket. An analysis of the California olive-oil made at the experiment station at Berkeley proves it to contain as much nutriment as roast beef, pound for pound.

M. Henri Moissan, in the course of his lecture the other day before the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, illustrated his teaching by making a diamond. By using the electric light during the daytime Professor Bailey produced lilies fully two weeks before the plants grown under the natural conditions flowered.

An authority on deaf mutes says that the ratio of deaf mutes to hearing is one to each 1600, according to which there are about 40,000 such persons in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world's entire population. What is claimed to be the most powerful locomotive in the world has just been completed at Liege. At a trial trip a speed of forty-six miles an hour was attained with a load of 100 trucks, each containing a dead weight of twelve tons.

Fish in aquaria turn on their side, or in other ways at times indicate a diseased condition. If they are taken out and placed in a vessel of salt water—they will usually recover. They should remain in the salty water about twenty-four hours. A New Jersey man has invented a new trolley pole which does away with one trolley wire on a double-track road, the connection being made with the side of wire, instead of the under surface, thus allowing two cars to pass each other without the interference of the trolleys.

The project of building a power nursery at Niagara has been revived, and it is proposed to form the Electric Nursery Plant Company, with a capital stock of \$10,000. A two-story brick structure 300x60 feet is to be erected in the northern part of the city, and space and power leased to small concerns who do not care to build a factory of their own.

Treatment of Chiblainis. The medical expert of the European edition of the New York Herald discusses the treatment of chiblainis proposed by M. Montmolin, a Swiss physician. This treatment is very simple, consisting in washing the hands four times a day from fifteen to thirty minutes in a tepid solution of tannin in water, 1 to 100, and twice in soap water for fifteen minutes. He claims that the chiblainis can thus be cured in two weeks. But, simple as this treatment is, few people who suffer from chiblainis can afford to spend two to three hours a day for a fortnight in the manner prescribed by Dr. Montmolin. Our foreign medical correspondent proposes a more expeditious and apparently an equally efficacious remedy. He says: "For a long time now I have had good results from prescribing a mixture of almond paste, mustard powder and tannin, for washing the hands, and a saturated solution of picric acid in water to be applied twice a day to the swollen and even ulcerated skin. With the first mentioned compound the sensitiveness to cold is awakened, and consequently greater care is taken in protecting the extremities against changes of temperature, while with the latter the chiblainis becomes less painful.

"This treatment, which is really efficacious, is very simple and extremely easy to carry out." Dunces Sometimes "Turn Out Well." "The school life of men does not usually indicate what they will become," said H. Q. Davies, of Indianapolis, at the Diggers. "It is said that Indiana's favorite statesman, Oliver P. Morton, was a very dull boy at school. But what called the subject to my mind was that a certain candidate for a State office, who I see was elected, was a schoolmate of mine. He was the butt of ridicule then, slovenly, uncouth, lazy and stupid. He went into the practice of law, has achieved distinction as a lawyer, and prominence as a politician. I have just heard of the brightest boy in the school I attended, and he has developed into an all-round loafer and dead beat. It set me to thinking, and taking the averages of my classmates the half below the average have succeeded far better than those above."—Washington Star.

Private Swimming Tanks. Swimming tanks are now being placed in the basements of many mansions on Fifth avenue, New York City. Big houses that possess these luxurious bathing annexes frequently hold merry swimming parties, which are said to be fashionable. The fact is especially popular among the ladies, and "bathing boys" will probably be added to the pleasures of society before the end of the winter season. The unfinished mansion of C. P. Huntington, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, contains a gorgeously constructed Russo-Bath, and, larger by far than any other private bath in the city, perhaps in the world. It occupies almost the entire basement floor. The most magnificent bath in the world are said to be in the homes of rich Gothamites.

It Cuts Diamonds. It has always been supposed that all the substance that would prove of sufficient hardness to be used in carving diamonds had been discovered, but a French scientist, M. Moissan, has found a new compound which is infinitely more hard than the diamond, than anything which has previously been heard of. The new discovery is called boron carbide. It is jet black and resembles graphite to a considerable extent. It is not found anywhere, and nature does not make this combination unaided. It is brought about by heating boric acid and carbon in an electric furnace. Its cheapness has caused it to find favor already among the jewelers of Europe, and one or two specimens of the new compound have reached New York.

OPEN THY HEART!

Admit life to thy silent heart! The stars of but one third, And instantly thy soul will join In jubiliant accord.

The perfume of single flower! Inhale life breath of God! And in the garden of thy heart A thousand buds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse Direct thy spirit's flight, And thou wilt have in the wide world My child, enough light. —Johanna Ambrosio

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What a funny feeling it must give a widow the first time she laughs after her husband's death. —Atchison Globe. The reason the woodman didn't "spare that tree" was because he wasn't that kind of a feller. —Texas Sifter. "Wool is crawling up again," as the farmer said when he pulled down his flannel shirt and tucked it in. —Texas Sifter.

"I understand why the Japanese consider it artistic to put just one flower in a vase." "Well, why is it?" "It sells more vases." —Boston Journal. "You are weak," said a widow to her son, when he remonstrated against her marrying again. "I am so weak that I cannot 'step-father.'" —Texas Sifter. A Texas editor says: "We never could understand why so much shot should be wasted in killing birds while so many young men part their hair in the middle." —Texas Sifter.

He—"Noodles tells me that when walking with him last night you were fishing for compliments." She—"Poor Noodles; I'm too old a hand to fish in shallow waters." —Detroit Free Press. Father—"Well, May, how would you like to have a little brother?" May—"If it's just the same to you, papa, I'd sooner have a little white rabbit with pink eyes." —Collier's Weekly.

The Irish Lecturer—"The superiority of the old architecture over the new is beyond question, for where will you find any modern buildings that have lasted as long as the ancient ones." —Tit-Bits. Lanks—"What kind of a chicken is this, Mrs. Hungerford?" Landlady—"A Plymouth Rock. I was told at the market." Lanks—"H'm! What is the difference, if any, between this and the common flint variety?" —Puck.

"I am writing a play which cannot fail to be a great success," said Foyer. "What is its chief feature?" "In the last act the comedian who has perpetrated all the chiblainis dies a miserable death." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself." "Come, now; don't be too hard on a fellow. You would perhaps be in debt, too, if you were in my place." "What place?" "Able to get credit." —Odds and Ends.

Blagdon—"You ought to stay at home and take care of that cold." Graymore—"I suppose ought, but I can't spare the time." Blagdon—"If you don't you may get laid up." Graymore—"Oh, in that case I'd find time to attend to it." —Roxbury Gazette. Edith—"Is it true that one has to kiss the Bible when one takes an oath in court?" Aunt Mary—"In some States, I believe." Edith—"Then that's what Harry Prince must have meant when he said he knew me like book. He wanted to kiss me." —Boston Transcript.

"Take my word for it," said one gentleman to another, "the new woman only comes from one county." "Which is that?" asked the other. "Middlesex." "Ah! why so?" "Because she has not yet become a gentleman, and is certainly not a lady." —London Spare Moments.

The Oyster Still Plentiful. "There may be an end to the oyster business some time," remarked an old oysterman, "but it won't come for many years yet. The oyster beds of Chesapeake Bay alone are 3000 square miles in extent, and while the oysters there are probably not as plentiful as they were some years ago, there is still a good supply, notwithstanding the number dredged yearly. Of late years the supply has been very considerably increased, owing to the millions of small oysters dredged off the coast of the Carolinas, and planted in the Chesapeake Bay to grow. When the ocean oyster is first dredged it is too salt to eat. In several years, however, it loses its bery heavy salt taste and soon increases in size. Though oysters are plentiful all along Long Island Sound, and good, too, yet the great supply is taken from Chesapeake Bay, the annual yield of which is over 30,000,000 bushels." —Washington Star.