

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 30.00; Two Squares, one inch, one year, 50.00; Quarter Column, one year, 30.00; Half Column, one year, 50.00; One Column, one year, 100.00; Legal advertisements, one cent per line each insertion; Marriages and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

Germany charges Great Britain with trying to disturb the peace of Europe.

Australia had last year 9760 miles of railway open. The capital expended on them has been \$537,000,000; the net revenue over working expenses is \$6 per cent.

Belgium, like Italy, has adopted the twenty-four day method of marking time for railway, post and telegraph; and the old distinction of a. m. and p. m. is to be abolished.

Japan has a practically inexhaustible supply of coal, but it is not liked, because its combustion produces dense volumes of smoke and makes it disagreeable in factories and on steamers.

Of the criminal population of the New York State prisons 2001 are now serving their first term, 648 are serving their second term, 325 have served more than one previous term, while 147 are of confirmed and decided criminal tendencies.

A scholarship of American history has been founded by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The sum of \$250 per annum is to be devoted to the purpose, and the student passing highest in a competitive examination will be entitled to pursue, for two years, the highest course in American history taught by Barnard or Columbia College.

Since 1820, when immigration statistics first began to be kept, there have come into the United States to live 17,544,692 foreigners, or almost exactly the present entire population of Spain and half a million more than the entire population of England in 1851, and over four times the present population of Scotland. It might also be remarked that this is 1,000,000 more people than there are in all Asia, Turkey, and about eight and one-half times the present population of Greece.

A new idea in finishing railroad cars has just been introduced by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, notes the Pathfinder. It consists in covering the outside of the car with a thin sheathing of copper, instead of paint and varnish. The new finish is put on more quickly and is more durable than paint and varnish. The copper may be oxidized before it is put on or left to the natural oxidizing influence of the air, which soon develops a handsome color. About 1000 pounds of the sheet copper are required to finish one car.

It is strange, marvels the New York Tribune, that American business men persist in packing goods carelessly and unintelligently for export to Mexico and South American countries, inasmuch as they are constantly told that they are thereby hurting their market. The United States Consuls in Mexico have again called attention to this matter, but their warnings will probably be unheeded. If the American merchants don't want the market of the Western Hemisphere, very well. But if they do, then it is surely worth their while to pay attention to the idiosyncrasies of the people whose trade they seek.

The latest thing out is the music cure, which is being exploited in Munich. A harp is attached to a rocking chair in such a way that when the patient rocks the harp twangs, and there you are. This may be all very well in its way; but what is really wanted is a cure for the misguided people who think they can play on pianos, harps, flutes and things, though they really can't. The New York Tribune maintains that if the Munich music cure, by the way, should be attached to the rockers of the American summer resort hotel, the summer holiday to Europe would be greater than ever, though we don't believe that Munich would reap much advantage from it.

A correspondent of a London paper laments the "swaggering nomenclature of the British Navy." Another correspondent suggests that such names as Bouncer and Insolent, which have crept into the list, should be replaced by something in a different tone—the Ritualist, for instance, or the Thoughtful Radical. Some years ago a classical poet in England likened the Ironclad to a rhinoceros, and it is rather a wonder that the Admiralty have not before this adopted the name of that powerful and self-asserting animal. These are his lines:

O Concentration of brute force, Rhinoceros of the deep! O ugly Deity, on whose shores No soft Latin shies! Beant room in thee for birth or love Mid Monster's furnace born, The iron-throated gnat above, Below the rigging horns.

A SONG OF RIGHT.

Faint fatalists will shiver, Bobbed their coward creeds, When like a mighty river The new-born phalanx speeds, All hearts on fire with one desire— To win by noble deeds. For where the earth was sodden With many bitter tears, From those whom Might had trodden With iron heels for years, A spirit bright, the prince of Right, A temple fair uprears. And in its precincts holy None shall have hardness To claim above the lowly A place for birth and blood, For none shall rise at any price, Except by doing good.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

Ever a spoiled baby grew to a spoiled child, and so to a spoiled man, that baby, boy and man, arrived at the last mentioned stage about the time Clarence Parker reached his twenty-fifth year. His father left this scene of earthly change when Clarence was a growing youngster of two years, and his mother, the sweetest tempered little woman to be found, immediately commended a system of indulgence admirably calculated to make a milkop of her only son and the heir to his father's large estate.

That he did not grow up vicious was probably due to the fact that he fairly idolized his mother, and would not have given her for any amount of self gratification. Also, it must be confessed, because he was too indolent to care to seek pleasure that did fall directly across his path.

He had been educated by a private tutor, till he entered college, had graduated there and traveled through Europe with his mother.

Mrs. Parker was a little woman, a mere mite beside her tall, stalwart son, who called her by a thousand pet diminutive names, in half a dozen languages. She was blue eyed, fair haired and daintily pretty, neat to the extreme of nicely, gentle, low voiced and exquisitely feminine, yet withal with a well stored mind and an intellect that made her a charming companion, even for her college-fledged son. Many a suitor had tried to win her from her own devotion, but in vain.

All her love that was not her son's was buried in his father's grave, and she never put off the soft grays, purples and neutral tints of second mourning.

When you are married, Claire, I will buy one pink rose in honor of the occasion," she would say. But at twenty-five, Clarence had never given her occasion to think of the pink rose. I have said he was spoiled, and in a certain sense he was. Without any vicious tendencies, he lacked the attributes of a true, manly nature. Tall, strong, in perfect health, handsome as a young Apollo, he was content to dawdle through life, spending his ample income upon dress, jewelry, opera tickets, a well-appointed equipage, and the means of a lazy, useless existence. And his mother, proud of his beauty, his polished courtesy of manner, his devotion to herself, asked no more.

But she was a truly loving woman, and when Clarence was twenty-five, was willing to concede her throne in his affections to a younger, stronger love, the love that would brighten her son's life with home happiness when her seer was in the coffin. And half proudly, half regretfully, she recognized the fact that the ideal of womanhood he had founded upon her example made him far too fastidious in his intercourse with the girls of modern society. A loud voice annoyed him. A brusque manner disgusted him.

"When I find a young lady as gentle, refined and lovely as yourself," he would say, "I will move heaven and earth to win her. Until then, let me enjoy my liberty."

very handsome, in a dark, Southern style, dressed in ill-fitting gray linen, with a plaid shawl on her arm, walked past him to the dressing-room, with a free, graceful step and poise of her glorious head eminently suggestive of country life in the West.

"She is a perfect queen," Clarence thought, slowly following her to the ladies' room. The next moment, gracefully bowing, he asked: "Have I the pleasure of greeting Miss Myra Delano, my cousin?" "Ah, you are Clarence!" she said, showing two dazzling rows of teeth in a smile of frank pleasure. "Is Cousin Clara here?"

"My mother is at Chestnut Hill, but I have my carriage here to drive you out of town. Shall I take the checks for your luggage?" "I am desperately hungry," she answered, "could we get something to eat while the trunks are being carried out?"

"Here? I could drive you to a quieter restaurant—" "No, no; here! I could eat fried nothing, I am so starved. I have had nothing but gingerbread and apples since yesterday noon."

There was no resisting such an appeal, and Clarence led the way to the depot restaurant and offered his cousin the bill of fare. It being one of his great points in feminine perfection that the appetite should be delicate and needing coaxing, he was absolutely shocked to see Myra Delano eat. Such an indiscriminate jumble of provisions would have made his mother ill for a month; but Myra heartily enjoyed steak, eggs, coffee, pie, rolls, cakes, oysters, anything and everything, as the waiter put it before her.

She was not rude, did not eat with her knife or her fingers; but she had not one of the little dainty tricks of manner that made Mrs. Parker's table etiquette so charming; and Clarence, tridling with his own luncheon, wondered if in six meals he could eat as much as this "queen" eat in one. In his own mind he christened her "squaw," though he was far too courteous ever to speak so of her, even to his mother.

All through the long drive home, she chatted, frankly as a child, of her journey, her home, her anticipations of pleasure in her visit, and while her voice was clear, ringing and musical, her language was well chosen, giving no jar to Clarence's fastidious taste, though he wished her tone more subdued. But her dowdy hat, her cotton gloves, her stout leather boots, her untidy hair were all an offense.

In his first hour alone with his mother, he implored her to buy some dresses for her great that were not two sizes too big and seven sizes too short. And Mrs. Parker, utterly overwhelmed by the tall, handsome girl thrown upon her care, found her life suddenly burdened with unwonted responsibility. First, there was a daily fight to settle between Lucille, her own French maid, and Myra.

or the numberless accomplishments that made Mrs. Parker so fascinating. And yet she had an instinctive avoidance of any unsmooth or rude speech or act. As Clarence once told his mother, she was thoroughly gentlemanly. She told Mrs. Parker once, in a sudden fit of shamefacedness for her ignorance of womanly duties, that she never knew a lady. Her father was not willing to have her associate with the neighbors' wives or their daughters, and their only servant was an old sailor, who cooked for them. All sewing was done in town, and sent out to them, and when the garments needed mending, they were sent to the orphan asylum.

"Am I very dreadfully?" she asked, in perfect sincerity. "You are not at all dreadful! But I think it would please your father if you learned some womanly accomplishment."

"I could make him more comfortable! I never knew what a dreadfully rude home we have till I came here. Our piano is in the kitchen, and papa's books are everywhere. I don't suppose young ladies here have a rifle, revolver, riding-habit and hat, whip and fishing-rod in their own rooms, but I have all of these. As for work-boxes and crochets and needles, I never owned either one or the other. But if you will teach me, Cousin Clara, I will learn to sew and cook, and make home pleasant."

And Cousin Clara, won from the first by the bright, beautiful girl, willingly taught her all she wished to learn. It was only in brief snatches she could learn. Sewing worried her; cooking bothered her; housekeeping accounts bothered her. Yet gradually she was taming down.

Only the spirit of mischief possessed her when Clarence was near. Knowing all his fastidious tastes, all his indolent, dilettante ways, she delighted to jar upon the one, and shake him out of the other. She roused a new ambition in his mind by keenly pointed sarcasms at his effeminate practices. She challenged him to races, shooting matches, pedestrian trips, and fairly drove him about by the laughing lash of her witty tongue.

She was curious to note how they came by degrees to a level, the one shaking off unmanly indolence, the other softening masculine traits, while the little winged god of love hid, laughing, unsuspected by either.

Mrs. Parker found him out first. Loving Clarence above all else on earth, her mother instinct taught her quickly the reason of the change in him, the influence that was giving him an erect carriage, a new light of energy in his great dark eyes, an added interest in the affairs of his own fortune, seeking for channels where it might flow to benefit others as well as himself. And reading the secret Clarence as yet did not himself suspect, Mrs. Parker exulted in her heart to see how Myra was just as surely bowing her free, frank nature to the yoke of love, softening her manner, taming down her joyous ringing voice, training her hands to womanly work.

Autumn winds were scattering the crimson leaves when John Delano came to New York for the first time in two years, and was the guest of Mrs. Parker in her city home, to which the family had just returned. He came for Myra, thinking of her happiness to come back to her free life, and she grew pale at his loving caress.

"What ails the child?" he asked, turning to his cousin as Myra left the room. "She was never so quiet as that in her life before."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Warning—Her Last Resort—Equal to the Occasion—Knows His Place All Right—Pierce Fighting, Etc. When your dear girl gazes at you, With a glance to melt you through, Don't imagine, like a stupid, That her thoughts are all of you.

Teacher—"James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard, James—" "I don't know exactly, but I suppose it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."—Boston Traveller.

Teacher—"Why did Miss Oldy take to the violin?" She—"Because there's a bow goes with it."—Detroit Free Press.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Salicylic acid, boric acid, borax and formaldehyde are some of the chemicals added to prevent milk from souring. The sanitary condition of Madrid, Spain, leaves much to be desired. During the week from January 3 to 9 the births were 302, the deaths 437.

Eagles do not have different mates every season as do birds generally; they pair for life, and sometimes occupy the same nest for many years. Most British geologists are now prepared to admit that the earth has passed through several glacial periods, instead of only one, as is commonly supposed.

In the mountains of Sweden, Norway and Lapland all vegetation would be destroyed by the Norway rats were it not for the white foxes, that make special game of the rodents. When we look at the sun we see him, not where he actually is, but where he was about eight minutes and eighteen seconds ago; his true place is then always in advance of his apparent place.

The Frankfurter Zeitung claims that an important medical discovery has been made in Frankfurt, namely, a method of communicating to the human system the effects of iodine, bromine, mercury, morphium, iron, etc., by means of electrolysis, instead of via the stomach. It thinks it will lead to a new science and practice of therapy.

A long series of organic, inorganic and vegetable pigments have been experimentally used to determine their relative permanency on cotton fiber. The universal pigments were found to be the more enduring, remaining unchanged by sunlight and moisture after 366 days. Anthracene pigments rank next. Then come aniline black, while roseline is least stable. Vegetable dyes are almost equal to anthracene, but depend on a mordant for their fastness.

Power for the Jannefau Electric Rail Road will be supplied with two waterfalls producing 4500 horsepower. The steepest grades will be 1 in 4, and the minimum radius of curves 328 feet. The conductors will be overhead. Three trains, holding 200 passengers, will be kept moving at the same time. The length of the line is 7.6 miles, and the total rise is 6555 feet. The speed is limited to 5.3 miles an hour, the trip taking 96 minutes. The cost is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Clerks Celebrate Their Promotions. "I do not know when it was started," observed an old War Department clerk, "but for the past forty years I know it has been the custom for every clerk to celebrate his promotions in salary by hauling around cigars to his fellow-clerks in the same division. It was a simple enough matter when I first entered the War Department, but now, when some divisions have hundreds of clerks, it is rather a serious affair. We go to the clerk who hands around a poor cigar on such an occasion. The cigars must be of the best. The proper thing of late years is to let a messenger hand the cigars around, with the compliments of the donor, though in olden times the promoted clerk always handed them about personally. The box must go with the cigars, so that every one can see exactly what kind of a cigar is being dealt out. The saw, 'a man is known by the company he keeps,' has been for such occasions turned into 'a man is known by the cigars he hands around.' The same or a similar custom may exist in some of the other departments, though I have never heard of it. The cases do not celebrate. Now and then clerks give dinners and suppers to the clerks in their own room on occasions of this kind, but the cigars have to go around to the entire division to have the celebration perfectly regular."—Washington Star.

Says He is Able to Make Gold. Benjamin Brazelle, of St. Louis, Mo., scientist and inventor, claims to have solved not only the problem of the transmutation of metal, but of the transmutation of clay into gold, silver, iron and other metals. More than this he claims to have discovered the true source of electricity, and says that by it he is enabled to work the marvels he has in store for the future. All the known laws of chemistry are to be revolutionized and the dreams of alchemists are to become practical realities. By actual test, Mr. Brazelle asserts, he has changed silver into gold and gold into silver. The transmutation of metals he considers the most important part of the discovery he has made—a feat nothing in comparison with the feat of changing clay into gold, silver, iron, calcium, aluminum, glucinum and fifteen other metals not known to science, whose qualities have not yet been determined by the discoverer.

Mr. Brazelle advances the theory that metals are endowed with life and grow the same as any plant when placed under the proper conditions. A company backed by strong capital has begun the erection of a plant at Fairview, St. Louis, to test Mr. Brazelle's discoveries.—Chicago Record.

THAT'S WHO!

Who hypnotized me with her ways Until my heart was all ablaze With love, and every nerve appeared To be, like lightning, double-gaussed? Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest pleas, And warmed toward me by degrees Until she called me Sam, and said I'd sort 'o' turned her little head? My sweetheart.

Who let the altar at my side, Dressed in the trappings of a bride, And sat again and yet again I was the king of all the men? My wife.

And now who often calls me down, Upon her face a vicious frown, And if to answer her I dare Eatwater her fingers in my hair? Same girl. —Denver Post.

Orator—"My friends, what is the price of liberty?" Bithare—"Three to ten dollars, according to the judge."—Judge.

Deacon Black—"How did you like it down at Bloomtown?" Rev. White—"I tell you they're wide awake down there!" "Oh, then you didn't preach for them?" "If you're a cyclist, sir, you know it makes a difference where you go. For there are regions of retreat. Where rubber tires won't stand the heat."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Shorthair—"What changes have taken place in the world?" Professor Longhair—"Yes, indeed, my dear. In the days of Methuselah it was the man who used to lie about their age."—Judge.

How to Rest. To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily; the former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Lazing may not be resting. Sleeping is not always resting. Sitting down for days with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties, and to turn the life into a channel. The man who works hard, needs his best rest in playing hard. The man who is burdened with care finds relief in the erection of more than thirty public school buildings, in which 18,000 children are at present enrolled.

A Great Benefaction. The school children of New Orleans are raising a fund of \$5000 to erect a monument to John McDonough, who bequeathed more than \$1,000,000 to New Orleans for educational purposes. The gift has resulted in the erection of more than thirty public school buildings, in which 18,000 children are at present enrolled.