

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 50.00; Two Squares, one year, 100.00; Quarter Column, one year, 25.00; Half Column, one year, 50.00; One Column, one year, 100.00. Local advertisements ten cents 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.

Japan's two principal articles of export—silk and tea—are produced chiefly by women.

England's heart is with Greece, according to London advice, but her guns and fleets are with Turkey.

The fearful possibility of having to thrive by internal industry instead of living off tribute seems to have reduced Spain to the border of nervous prostration.

The city of Liverpool, England, is about to copy Glasgow, Scotland, and take over the whole of the street railroads. The price to be paid is about \$2,800,500.

The country editor picked up one of his metropolitan exchanges and read: "The charming little sourette, Eva Hollis-Whopper, has just purchased a new bull dog. "It is blame funny," said he to himself and the cat, "that city papers publish that sort of stuff and that make fun of me for mentioning that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn."

What is probably the lowest rate made by any railroad in the world is credited to the Boston and Maine system. Between Boston and Sherbrooke, Quebec, a distance of 290 miles, commuters can get non-transferable tickets for \$90 for 158 rides, or fifty-seven cents a single ride. That is a rate of 1.9 mills per mile. The regular fare between these points is \$7.55.

The magnitude of the great feat of modern engineering which is contemplated in the proposed Chicago sewage canal may be more fully appreciated by a glance at the latest published estimates of the work required. The canal is to be twenty-eight miles long, and so designed as to allow the waters of Lake Michigan to flow through it at the rate of 10,000 cubic feet a second. This velocity of current is expected to dilute the sewage so thoroughly as to purify the canal stream before it shall reach the cities on the banks of the Illinois river. The width of the alluvial bottom of the canal will be 202 feet, and much of the excavation must be through solid rock. Of this it is estimated to be 12,000,000 cubic yards; of wet soil, 4,500,000 cubic yards, and of alluvial and hard soil, 23,000,000 cubic yards—a grand total of 40,000,000 cubic yards for removal.

The geographical position of Greece is both its peril and its promise. If Greece is a storm-center, it is also to be considered that at the very entrance of the tornado is sometimes found perfect peace. Though surrounded by enemies, none of whom wish it good, Greece may find consolation in the fact of the undoubted, if unacknowledged, equality of its foes one toward another. The condition of this little realm is similar to that of a bone thrown among a group of hungry dogs. The bone knows that despite anything that itself may do any one of these dogs has power to snatch it. But the bone also finds strength in the consciousness that as soon as any one dog starts to appropriate it another canine will spring angrily forward to try conclusions with that dog. It is a kind of a negative satisfaction, this confidence that the bone has, but it has an element of comfort.

Scientific inquiry diligently pursued has discovered a hitherto unsuspected source of peril to the pupils of the public schools, observes the New York Mail and Express. In seeking the causes of recurrent indigestion, colic, dyspepsia, drowsiness and nervous irritability among the children attending those institutions, it has been ascertained that the burden of responsibility is chargeable to pie and the devastating effects of the pie habit. The Board of Education has therefore been called upon to abolish pie from the school curriculum and from the lunch baskets of school children. It is seriously represented that pie is an obstruction to the progress of education, and that until it is totally eliminated the schools can never fully perform the important work for which they are designed. This revolutionary movement involves no reflection upon the moral integrity of the modern pie. "It concerns itself entirely with the baneful effects of the pie habit upon the physical and mental condition of those of its juvenile victims who go to school. It is proposed to rescue these innocents from the withering embrace of the great pie spectre, to banish indigestion and doubt from their fair young lives, and to make sure that all their ways may be free from sorrow and biliousness—all of which, it is profanely believed, can be most directly accomplished by a formal rule forbidding them to indulge in pie during school hours.

THE BEST FOR THE COUNTRY.

Let's hope for the best for the country, whatever the powers may be; The birds still will sing in the blossoms—the rivers dash on to the sea; The storm feel the flush of the rainbow, however the thunder may fall; The same sun is shining in splendor—the same God is over us all!

Let's hope for the best for the country; there is joy for the night and the day; The ringing of bells in the cities and bells—sweet-sounding our sorrows away; There are stars for the gloom of the midnight, however the shadows may fall; The same skies are bending above us—the same God is over us all!

Let's hope for the best for the country; here's spring with her banners unfurled— The breath of the showering blossoms that are blown by the winds 'o'er the world; The seed that climbs high to the harvest, and merrily voices that call; The world's in the light of the glory of the God that is over us all!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. GRANTLEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

MRS. GRANTLEY was holding a long, confidential conversation with her intimate friend, Mrs. Dinsmore, and the two faces looking into each other were full of chagrin. "You remember what a beautiful child Amy was?" Mrs. Grantley said, "the prettiest of all we saw, and we were—how long, making a selection?" "Dear me! I cannot recollect," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "I visited every orphan asylum and 'home' we heard of, I know. Yes, Amy was a perfect little beauty."

"And I was so careful in my direction at every school where I have placed her that she should be watched and prevented from getting freckled or spoiling her complexion in any way. She has been most faithfully cared for, and now, my dear, when I come home, expecting to find a lovely girl to introduce to society, I am fairly stunned! Amy is positively ugly!" "It is too dreadful!" said Mrs. Dinsmore, with a sympathetic shudder. "Of course, I must do my duty by her," continued Mrs. Grantley, plaintively, "after giving her the best education money could procure and all the tastes and accomplishments of a lady. I cannot turn the child away for what is really no fault of her own. Of course she would be a beauty if she could! But it is a bitter disappointment!"

And it was, Mrs. Grantley was a woman of society, bonded up in the requirements of fashion. Her manager for a dozen or so of popular charities, patroness for many benevolent schemes, keeping open house for balls, parties, private theatricals and festivities of all kinds all winter, and leading society in a great measure at Saratoga, Newport and some other resort of fashion all summer. A childless widow, with a large income, very handsome, highly educated and refined, she was a very queen in her own circle for many years. Then, feeling that her own beauty was waning, she resolved to give a new charm to her home, a new interest to her life, by adopting a child.

The first, the most essential, requisite in her eyes was beauty; the next intellect, and with these she also required a child who was absolutely friendless—one who would have no unpleasant relations claiming acquaintance at some future date, however remote. It was not easy to meet all these conditions, but the child was found at last; she was very fair, with a bloom like a peach blossom upon each delicate cheek; she had fair, soft hair that curled naturally, blue eyes full of sweetness and delicate features; her feet and hands were of aristocratic proportions, and her figure slender and graceful. A street wisp, she knew of no home beyond the asylum where Mrs. Grantley found her, and had no relative of whom she had ever heard. There was no difficulty about the matter, and Mrs. Grantley adopted the child, calling her Amy Grantley, and delighting to exhibit her in the varieties of costumes to her admiring friends.

When Amy was twelve years old, having proved herself an apt scholar with a good nursery governess, Mrs. Grantley decided to go to Europe. She left her adopted child in a good school, and corresponded with her regularly, seeing with delight that the child's mind and heart expanded and showed cultivation and sweet, maidenly beauty as her education advanced. For seven years Amy remained at school, a conscientious student, delighting in music, and showing always a gentle, lovable disposition.

In her heart there was one shrine where, next her God, was one object of absolute worship—Mrs. Grantley. She had never been deceived regarding her own position, knowing that to her adopted mother she owed every pleasure and every advantage she enjoyed. Every action of her life was influenced by her gratitude. Loving strategy for its own sake, she threw fresh energy into every accomplishment to please her friend, her kind adopted mother; she made music an absorbing pursuit, because Mrs. Grantley loved music, and her teachers assured her her strong, pure voice must give pleasure to any true lover of singing. "My darling!"

No lover ever gave his beloved a moment of purer, more rapturous delight than Amy experienced in that hour. For two years after life flowed on in a pleasant stream. Society became secondary to home. "Dear mamma" became a familiar title upon Amy's lips, and no mother was ever more fondly loved than Mrs. Grantley by her "darling."

Then sorrow came in ghastly shape. Mrs. Grantley was attacked by a cerebral affection that, despite skill and care, became an incurable ailment, loathsome to the sufferer and to the nurse. No hired care could ever have been as tender as that given by Amy's love; no wild nurse could have so fought fatigue or disgust. All day, all night, the most watchful care enveloped the patient. Every amusement her state could bear—music, reading, chatting, were given with such love approved them an offering from the heart, and when the suffering was too great to bear any recreation, Amy was devoted to nursing and soothing the sufferer. Her touch, firm and yet gentle, never added to the pain, and while she was slender, she had the strength of perfect health. Mrs. Grantley insisted upon having a trained nurse to assist Amy, but it was to her adopted daughter she looked for the many attentions that alleviate suffering.

It was Amy who read previous words of comfort from the Holy Writ, too long neglected in a life of frivolity and fashion. It was Amy who lifted her voice in simple childlike words of prayer and daily night. Not many hours before the last struggle of perfect health, Mrs. Grantley was with Mrs. Dinsmore, and lifting her hand feebly to meet Amy's, she whispered: "How little I knew the treasure I was taking to my home and heart when I tried to find a pretty child to introduce to society! God had been very good to me in giving me such love and care in my hours of pain." And Amy knew then that she was no longer in Mrs. Grantley's eyes what she had often heard herself called—"Mrs. Grantley's great disappointment."

It was not until two years after the death of her benefactress that once more Leonard Gresham asked her to be his wife, and she gladly consented. "I loved you," she told him, frankly, "when I sent you from me, but I had given my life to my adopted mother, and it was my one aim and duty to repay her for what she had given me, even although I knew that my loss of beauty was one of the bitterest disappointments of her heart."

"It is not always beauty that wins love," Leonard said, tenderly. "No, for without it I have won her heart and yours."—New York Ledger.

Dog That Can Test Metals. No bank teller, crook or expert in Iowa has a truer inflexible rod, genuine cart-wheel silver dollars than has a Rock Rapids dog called Silver Tip. Silver Tip is ten colored and weighs about ten pounds. All of his two years of life he has been the property of Landlord Barber, of the Lyon Hotel, at Rock Rapids, but it is only within the last year that his power of immediate insight into the nature of metals has become known to his owner, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

The way Tip manifests his power, as his owner puts it, is as follows: If one takes a pile of coins the size of an American dollar—say, a trade dollar, a Mexican dollar, a five-franc piece and some counterfeit dollars—and put one genuine dollar piece in the centre of the pile. Tip will rummage around among them for an instant and then snatch the good coin and proceed to take care of it in approved dog fashion to an accompaniment of growls and bites. Or if one rolls a coin along the floor Tip can tell every time whether it is good stuff to be chased. Tip never makes a mistake, and there isn't a bit of doubt about his powers. He has been tested by Chicago business men and by committees of Iowa scientists. He gets no human help in his work. The good coin is not marked in any peculiar way for his benefit, nor is it scented. Any one can see his own coin in the experiment. Nor does Tip's powers depend on signs from his master. The latter leaves the room without detracting from the dog's ability in the least.

Mr. Barber has refused all offers for the purchase of Tip. It is said that lead working disfigures the human body more than any other kind of work. In this industry it is inevitable that, sooner or later, the workers must succumb to lead-poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect. The complexion takes on a ghastly, corpse-like pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unhealable sore.

Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions, and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semi-paralyzed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted. —New York Journal.

The Irony of Fate. Edward Whymper, the noted mountain climber, who is well known on this coast, has carried the alpenstock for more than thirty years, and has scaled the Chimborazo and the Matterhorn, besides hundreds of lesser peaks, and although he has had numberless thrilling adventures, including a fall of 600 feet, he never fractured a limb or sustained any serious injury. He did, however, tumble down a flight of stairs in England recently and fractured his collar bone. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Oldest University. The oldest university in the world is El Azhar, meaning "the splendid," situated at Cairo. It is the greatest Mohammedan school, and has clear records dating 975.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Toast—Assurance—In a Barber Shop—An Offensive Request—A Woman's Reason, Etc. Distressed Groom! Here's health to you, Who dares the Turk to brave, While greater Powers to keep the peace Would leave poor Crete a slave. Let lose the dogs of war, and when The battle's din shall cease, Here's hoping Europe's map will show A larger spot of Greece. —Charles S. Carter.

A WOMAN'S REASON. "Why does Mrs. Van Meter hate Mrs. Mcasters so cordially?" "Somebody told her they looked enough alike to be sisters."—Chicago Journal.

AN OFFENSIVE REQUEST. "What was the nature of the trouble you had with your last nurse girl?" "She didn't like it because I asked her to stay at home with the children."—Judge.

IN A BARBER SHOP. Barber (putting on finishing touches)—"What'll you have on your head?" Customer—"A little more hair, please."—Judge.

ASSURANCE. He—"Will you come to my wedding?" She—"Whom are you going to marry?" He—"You."—Tit-Bits.

CYNICAL. The Happy Man—"I tell you, old fellow, a man doesn't know what real happiness is until he's married." Cynical Friend—"Then he finds that it consists in being single."—Brooklyn Life.

A CHRONIC WEAKNESS. Mr. Backpedal (tenderly, to Miss Breaker, as they wheel down the Boulevard)—"Are you tired, Miss Breaker?" Miss Breaker—"No; but my wheel is."—Judge.

CONFESION. Mrs. Talkerly—"So you are going to marry Colonel Landly, my dear. And I hear you love the ground he walks on?" Miss Sharpleigh—"Yes; it belongs to him."—Tit-Bits.

HOW HE FOUND OUT. Con Vivial—"Doctor, my wife suffers greatly from insomnia." Physician—"Insomnia? How do you know?" Con Vivial—"Why, every time I come home at two or three o'clock in the morning I always find her wide-awake!"—Puck.

SAVING TROUBLE. "I guess I'll propose to Horrietta," said the young man, thoughtfully. "I had supposed you admired Matilda more."

"Oh, I do admire her ever so much. But I've got some poetry addressed to 'Marietta'—a young woman who married last month, and I'm afraid it would be a good deal of work to go through it and make it rhyme with Matilda."—Washington Star.

MATRIMONIAL PIGNONICATIONS. "So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter a serious consideration?" "Oh, I have, sir," was the reply. "I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a look of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a medium, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."—Household Words.

FEMININE FINANCE. Mrs. Blockley—"John, do you know that Royal Worcester vase I bought yesterday for twenty dollars? Well, they reduced them to ten dollars this morning." Mr. Blockley—"Then you are ten dollars out by not waiting until this morning." Mrs. Blockley—"No; only five. I went down to-day and bought another one for ten, making two of them averaging fifteen dollars each."—Puck.

HE KNEW THE KEY. A young man leaned up against the counter of a branch telegraphic office where two pretty young ladies are employed as telegraphers. He had been chatting with them for about an hour, but had forgotten to say that at one period of his life he himself had been an operator. During a lull in the conversation one of the young ladies "opened" her key and said to the other: "What do you think of his nibs at the counter?" "Don't think much of him," was the reply.

"Why?" "Oh, he makes me tired—he talks like a parrot." "He makes me tired, too—wish he would speak." The young man broke in at this juncture and said: "Ladies, I thank you for the compliments you have bestowed upon me, and as you are tired of my company, I'll speak."

The numerous colors of the rainbow would not be sufficient to describe the changes that took place in the young ladies' faces. There is a moral attached to this tale and young ladies in branch offices and elsewhere would do well to take heed.

To Clean Books. Grease may be taken out by laying the page between two sheets of blotting paper, and passing a hot iron gently over it. To remove grease from the covers, scrape pipe-clay or French chalk over the spot and iron with a warm iron (not a hot one). Yellow covers may often be cleaned by means of soap and water, but if much soiled should be washed with a weak solution of salts of lemon. To take out ink stains, place the leaves for two minutes in a solution of oxalic acid, then in clean cold water for a few hours. To restore the consistency of the paper afterwards, use a bath of "size" and water.—The Housewife.

UNFINISHED. So small a life—so short a life, And yet so much to do! Brief days with rolling sorrows rife, Brief years to struggle through!

Strong men cry out for time, for time, Only the time to build, To see their structures grow sublime, To see their dreams fulfilled;

With passionate hearts, with willing hands They strive in sin and rain, Till threads are spun into strands, Till wall and girder strain;

But death is faster far than they, Far faster than desire, The turrets that should greet the day Shall never brave its fire, George E. Montgomery, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door." "I suppose you read it to him?"—Tit-Bits.

"What was the name of Hawkin's yacht?" "The Waterfearer." "Oh! I thought it was the Mal de Mer."—Harper's Bazar.

Gobang—"Contentment is better than wealth, my boy. My boy—"ought to be. It is a mighty sight harder to get."—Truth.

One Little Girl—"My father belongs to one of the first families." The Other Little Girl—"My paw always sees the first bluebird every spring."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lady Shopper—"I want to get something suitable for a boy of ten years." Salesman—"Slipper counter down the second aisle, turn to your right?"—Boston Transcript.

As Reported by the Papers—"Is that a good hen, Uncle Josh?" "A good hen?" said Uncle Josh. "Why, that 'a hen lays eggs as big as hail-stones.'"—Detroit Free Press.

"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by the way of showing that I know somebody here." "With pleasure, sir, as I am in precisely the same boat as yourself."—Clips.

The Professor—"As a matter of fact, there are different dialects in different parts of Scotland." Friend "Great Scott! Are there more countries to boast from?"—Truth.

"I noticed you at the opera last night, Mrs. Budd. Wasn't that a delightful aria by Du Mond?" "So sorry I missed that, but I was just giving Mrs. Upton my famous receipt for hard sauce."—Harper's Bazar.

"What's a fishing rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your Uncle Bill catches fish with."—Chicago Record.

He—"Do you believe in palmistry—that you can tell anything by the hand?" She—"Certainly; now, for example, if I had a certain kind of ring on a certain finger of my left hand, people would know that I was engaged."—Truth.

Author—"Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling—I'm not an author, but a born chemist." Author's Wife—"What makes you think that, Horace?" Author—"Well every book I write becomes a drug on the market."—Tit-Bits.

"I must have money, Plunger," said Dunley. "Can't you let me have that fifty dollars you owe me?" "No, I can't," replied Plunger; "but I'll tell you what to do. My credit is not exhausted. You go to Cashly and borrow a hundred dollars for me and I'll pay you the amount."—Philadelphia North American.

Giants Not So Big After All.

It may be a surprise to some to be told that even Buffon's minimum figure of nine feet is not now regarded by the best authorities as a possibility. Quetlet, a learned writer on the subject, believes that the largest man who ever lived was Frederick, the Great's Scottish giant, who was a trifle short of 8 feet 3 inches. Probably this opinion cuts down the possibilities a little too far. Pliny says that an Arabian named Gabbaras was 9 feet 5 inches tall, while Posio and Secundillus were each six inches taller. Pliny is no longer believed when he speaks of such things. As another example of old-time exaggeration, it may be remarked in passing that certain voyagers—a class of persons always anxious to make impressions on their friends at home—declared that the height of the Patagonians is really 5 feet 11 inches.—New York Tribune.

The Art of Yawning.

Children used to be taught that yawning was a breach of good behavior, but now if certain medical testimony upon parents to see that the youthful members of their flock not only yawn when nature so disposes them, but even practice what may be called the art of yawning. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. There is no objection, however, to placing the hand over the mouth "to keep the devil out" during the operation.

To Be Dedicated to Labor.

A party of nine capitalists, led by John Meehan, is planning to erect a large building in New York to be used exclusively by labor organizations and to be known as the headquarters for trades unions. The building is to cost \$125,000, or more if necessary.

Mr. Meehan says that all of the men concerned are friendly to organized labor, and they will consult the various bodies to learn what would be necessary in a building devoted to such a purpose. There will be a ballroom, a large meeting hall, with a stage, and a number of smaller meeting-rooms to be used by various lodges.