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The New York Times estimates the present population of "Greater New York" at 3,165,000, and its debt \$217,000,000.

Brooklyn became a city in 1834, when its inhabitants numbered 45,000, and it ends its separate history as a municipality with a population of 1,140,000.

Water power seems to have taken an extraordinary development in France. Out of a total of 118,655 separate workshops, fifty-nine per cent. generate their power by water.

It is amusing to notice the awe with which the Japanese newspapers refer to the Czar and his empire.

Says the Philadelphia Record: The population of the United States is now nearly double that of the British Isles, yet notwithstanding the disparity in natural resources the commerce of Great Britain is more than double that of the United States.

It is an interesting fact that the new Chinese Minister at Washington is a Christian man, a member of the Church of England.

Indifference to pain and quick recovery from serious wounds, which have been noted by the war correspondents as characteristic of the Turkish soldiers, are in reality, says the New York Times, clear proof that they belong to a race still in the barbaric stage of development.

The Boston Herald observes: "Time was when it was more or less fashionable for certain well-to-do Bostonians to go out of town on the first day of May, in order to escape taxation here, but we don't hear so much about this sort of thing nowadays.

A certain steamboat line running out of Port Huron, Mich., has a standing rule that clergymen and Indians can travel on its boat for half fare.

Speaking of a State flower for Rhode Island, the Providence Journal suggests that the violet is small enough to be appropriate for the smallest State in the Union, and that the rose might be supposed to have a certain philological claim to attention on account of its Greek name, rhodon, which suggests the name of the State, but it explains that Rhode Island derived its name from Adrian Block, who called it Roodt Eylant, from the red clay along its shores.

Recourse has been had to the courts in Philadelphia by some reputable and public-spirited citizens to prevent the city's incurring an additional debt of \$11,000,000 which has been authorized by the city council for public improvements.

SECRET. They come to me in the shadows That cover the dying day, They take their forms and substance Out of the twilight gray.

The prayer that never was answered, The price that never was won, Beautiful thoughts unspoken, Work that was left undone.

hats, canes and adobe dollars are showered into the arena by the excited admirers of the matador. He bows his thanks. The bull totters, falls to his knees and buries his nose in the sand.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Our Treasurer—Why He Didn't Play—A Great Truth—Too Good for the Place—An Appropriate Tune—Have What She Asked—On His Uppers.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An absolutely fireproof chimney, fifty feet high, has been built of paper at Breslau. It is the only one of the kind. Thirty-two and three-quarters knots an hour is the recent record made by the British torpedo boat Turbinia on her trial trip on the River Tyne.

BULL FIGHTS IN MEXICO.

A Brutal "Sport" Graphically Described.

Every Mexican city has one or two bull rings, and in at least two cities there are double rings where two fights can be seen at the same time for one admission fee, on the plan of the big American circuses.

Bull fights are held on Sundays and feast days. It was the Plaza de Toros bull ring that the writer made his way. This ring is shaped like an amphitheatre, open to the sky.

The fights begin at 3 o'clock and end at 6, but the crowd begins to arrive an hour before the spectacle begins. Mexican peons are poor, but one of them is so poor that he cannot give up money enough to attend every other Sunday to buy a ticket for the bull fight.

The referee no sooner takes his seat than an indescribable yell goes up from the impatient bleachers. The referee nods to his bugler, who blows the signal blast. The band strikes up. The gates opposite the referee's box swing open and the troupe of bull fighters enters the arena, advancing to the referee's stand and bowing low.

The matador bows to the procession. He is the star performer, who finally kills the bull, considered the most exciting and perilous feat performed. He is followed by the capadores, who flaunt gaudily colored capes at the bull to anger him.

The Swiss Government is not throwing away valuable franchises. The account of the conditions under which a franchise was recently granted to the Jungfrau Railway Company is enough to paralyze an American railroad magnate.

It has been written that no man by giving thought into himself can add one cubit to his stature, but the enterprising Jap does not despair, and an ordinance has gone forth exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat.

Greek shoes are nearly always made of red leather. They turn up at the toes and are ornamented with a red and blue pompon of floss silk on the instep and are sometimes embroidered with a gold and silver thread.

Why He Didn't Play. Little Man (golf enthusiast)—"Why don't you play golf?" Big Man (hiss)—"Why, because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture."

Girls and the Men. May—"I wouldn't break my heart over the best man in the world."

A Great Truth. "The average man hasn't half as much sense as a clock." "Why not?" "Because—when a clock is run down it quits."—Detroit Free Press.

On His Uppers. Editor—"This poem that was handed in to-day is signed 'Short.' Do you know the writer?"

A Talented Scheme. "Joe got the inside track of his wife this year."

A Hardened Monster. Mother (angrily)—"The brute. He has dared to scold you?"

Too Good for the Place. Bill—"Did you get that job as office boy, Jimmy?" Jimmy—"No. The gent asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told 'im I was the best whistler in our street, and 'im then 'e wouldn't do. S'pose 'e wanted a professional."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Suspicious Circumstance. "Poor Mrs. Jaysmith" exclaimed Mrs. Gargyle. "Her husband must treat her shamefully."

The Magnet. Brown—"There goes Wheeler, the most popular man in town. The girls are just crazy over him."

Culture a Failure. "Hortensia," said her father, "will you have some taters?"

Mississippi now has a road law which, if properly carried into effect, and if kept in effect for a material length of time, will, in the opinion of the Mobile (Ala.) Register, "probably give the State a system of public roads superior to any that has ever had, and perhaps superior to that of a majority of the Southern States."

The Round Cotton Bale. At first transportation companies and manufacturers were doubtful of the advisability of introducing the new cotton presses which turn out cylindrical bales. They believed they could not be packed readily, and that it would be difficult to remove samples.

The Thread-and-Needle Tree. One of Mexico's most curious is called the thread-and-needle tree, and it bears a close resemblance to overgrown asparagus.

A Heavy Reflection. "The honeycomb," said the solemn boarder, "is treated with levity, when really it is a matter of much gravity."

Old Lady—"I'm afraid your story of your wife's death a fortnight ago and your children's illness is not quite the truth." Tramp—"Not true! Look a 'ere lady, I've been in this unfortunate position for more over five year, and 'ave said the same thing hundreds of times, and you're the first as ever doubted my word afore!"—London Fun.

Humor of the Day. "That is Mr. Pennington. He is a poet." "What does he do for a living?" "Pack."

Mr. Newhub—"What does it mean when a bride promises to obey?" Mrs. Newhub—"Simply that she prefers not to make a scene."—Pack.

"Would you consider it proper to preclude the father of your sweetest down stairs?" "It may be proper, but it ain't always safe."—Yale Record.

Mrs. Fancake—"I can't see why a great big fellow like you should be 'Hungry Hank.' Well, nann, I s'pose me size help to gimme an appetite!"—Truth.

Connoisseur—"How dare you claim that that bureau is 500 years old? It is no more than fifty." Dealer—"Oh, that kind always ages very rapidly."—Flegende Blaetter.

"I saw a man to-day who had no hands play the piano." "That's nothing! We've got a girl down in our flat who has no voice and who sings." Youkers Statesman.

"How did old Coltherstone take the news of his aunt's death?" "Well, he was sorry she had to go—but he was glad she had \$25,000 she didn't take with her."—Pack.

Drusilla—"Do you play 'Home, Sweet Home,' on the piano when it is time for Charlie Peterbe to say good-night?"

Dorothy—"No, I have to play 'In the Morning by the Bright Light.'"

On His Uppers. Editor—"This poem that was handed in to-day is signed 'Short.' Do you know the writer?"

Assistant—"Never saw him before, but I guess the signature is genuine; he looked it."—Commercial Advertiser.

A Joe got the inside track of his wife this year.

"What did he do?" "He read her a whole lot of newspaper stories of men who had dropped dead beating carpets."—Detroit Free Press.

Mother (angrily)—"The brute. He has dared to scold you?" Daughter (sobbing)—"Not so bad as that, mamma. I scolded him from the house five minutes ago, and the unfeeling wretch hasn't come back yet!"—New York World.

Bill—"Did you get that job as office boy, Jimmy?" Jimmy—"No. The gent asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told 'im I was the best whistler in our street, and 'im then 'e wouldn't do. S'pose 'e wanted a professional."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Poor Mrs. Jaysmith" exclaimed Mrs. Gargyle. "Her husband must treat her shamefully."

"What makes you say that?" asked Mrs. Gummy. "She never complains."

"I know it. That is what makes me suspicious."—Life.

"Hortensia," said her father, "will you have some taters?" "If you refer to the farinaceous tubers which pertain to the solanum tuberosum, and which are commonly known as potatoes, replied the sweet girl, "I should be pleased to be helped to a modicum of the same. But taters? Taters I'm quite sure, papa, that they are something of which I never before had the pleasure of hearing."

The old man pounded on the table until the pepper caster laid down for a rest, and then remarked in a voice of icy coldness:

"Hortensia, will you have some of the spuds?" "Yes, dad."

It was a long time since they had seen each other, and naturally enough they had lots of real nice things to say to each other, but her little sister Grace was very much in the way so to speak.

"Run along to mamma, dear," she said to the little one. "I'll give you some candy if you will."

"No, I don't want to."

"Ah, now, please do, like a good little girl."

"But I'd rather stay here."

"I won't take you out driving with me to-morrow, if you don't."

Her pleadings were in vain, and so the little one remained. Presently mamma came in, and the conversation lagged a trifle. Suddenly a thought struck little sister.

"Say, she asked, 'what did you want me to go to mamma for a little while ago?'"—Twinkles.

Augustus Perowe, an eleven-year-old Bath (Me.) boy, has \$48 in his credit in the bank, every cent of which he earned himself with his flock of fifty hens.

The evening primrose—opening about dusk—has a very light linaceous yellow color for the attraction of night-flying moths, by which, almost entirely, it is fertilized, although it remains open during the day to some extent, and may at that time receive some visits from bees, but it is peculiarly adapted to fertilization by night-flying moths. The other species of the primrose family (so called) are fertilized by bees, which, of course, are day flying.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light, as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about one ton to the square inch in every 1000 fathoms, which is 100 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2000 fathoms the pressure is about thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train.

This is a great country but some parts of it are too soft. Material for making a road isn't lacking all at once as is the disposition to get at it.

The man who appreciates the difference between good and bad roads may be said to have "horse sense."

The cyclists in the vicinity of Pottstown, Penn., have been instrumental in securing 600 tons of cracked stone placed on the roads in the vicinity of their town.

A writer in the Des Moines (Iowa) Farmer's Tribune urges the superiority of gravel roads for that State. His reason is principally the trifling cost of the gravel as compared with the cost of stone necessary for a macadam road.

The Worcester (Mass.) Road Improvement Association has a novel plan for awakening the public to the need of better streets in that city. They have offered prizes for collections of photographs of bad streets taken during the spring and summer, which will be put on slides by the association and exhibited in public next fall.

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The Thread-and-Needle Tree. One of Mexico's most curious is called the thread-and-needle tree, and it bears a close resemblance to overgrown asparagus. Along the sides of the leaves, which are thick and fleshy and full of tiny fibres of strength, very sharp "needles" are pushed back into the leaf, and are loose from its tough setting the root may be easily pulled out, a lot of the tough little fibres attached to the root of them coming out with it. When these fibres are twisted together with a strong, smooth thread is the result.

"The honeycomb," said the solemn boarder, "is treated with levity, when really it is a matter of much gravity."

"And the house of Idiot," said a matter of the Cleveland Idiot, "is a matter of much specific gravity."—Indianapolis.