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The Connecticut Legislature passed at its late session a law requiring the use of such inks only on public records as are approved by the Secretary of State.

Counterfeiting has got to such a pitch in the City of Mexico that the government has determined to institute reforms in the coinage of silver.

Paris is a law unto itself in fads as well as in other directions. For instance, the fashionable ink there, at present, is violet color.

The Epworth League of the North ern Methodist Church is a little more than seven years old, but in that short time it has grown from a feeble organization into a mighty army.

The idea that a country has only one National flag is almost universal, but generally wrong. For example, Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies, have 118.

Mr. John Usher, of Norton, who has given \$40,000 toward the foundation of a Chair of Public Health in Edinburgh University, once provoked Mr. Gladstone into exclaiming: "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in this skull of mine, but I am not responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in that skull of yours."

The State of Alabama lacks a picture of Governor Israel Pickens to complete its collection of portraits of those who have filled the executive chair.

London Invention says that President Wilde, of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, has offered to the French Academy of Science a sum of \$27,500, with a view of founding an annual prize to be awarded to the author of a discovery or of a deserving book on astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology or mechanics.

According to an act of the House of Lords some six years ago, a man has a right to bring his old family pew into the newly built church of his parish, that he may sit in the seat of his fathers.

Harvard College raised money by a lottery as late as 1806. In that year it offered for sale 20,000 tickets at \$5 each, the prizes ranging from \$15,000 down to \$7.



TRIFLES. What will it matter in a little while That for a day We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile Upon the way?

AUNT SHEBA'S BEAUTIFIER.

MILDRED doesn't change a bit," said Patty, carefully polishing off the glass bowl she was wiping.

"I'm so glad you think so, but talking of beauty, what a delicious place this is!" It was Aunt Sheba's turn to laugh.

"What a kitchen! I like it because it's home, I guess, but I never thought there was anything very edifyin' about it."

"Oh, I don't mean the kitchen particularly, though it's nice and homey, but just look out," and Patty put down her dish-towel and stepped to the door to feast her eyes on what lay before.

"It's a perfect picture," she exclaimed. "Milly must come here on her wedding trip, but it won't look the same in the fall, will it, Auntie?"

"Not exactly; I always thought myself them peach blows was a sight worth seein'," admitted Aunt Sheba, but without a certain satisfaction that her surroundings should find favor in the eyes of her city-bred niece on this her first visit to the farm.

Patty had come to the country for a stay of several months preparatory to settling down as homemaker in Mildred's place when the latter should be married.

Yes, Aunt Sheba was lonely at times, and Patty's coming had infused a new brightness into all her life. How heartily she echoed her husband's wish that they might keep her! but she knew it was impossible; all she could hope for was to win the girl's affection as to make a yearly visit possible.

"Well, I guess this'll do; if it don't suit," she can try the other. Any time she comes down I'll be happy to show her anything I've got, and he deftly wrapped up the Beautifier, at the same time wondering what was the matter with Mrs. Hawley that she should be so unlike herself.

"What a difference it does make, to be sure!" thought Aunt Sheba, contemplating the unfamiliar face. "I wish it didn't look so striking, though; makes me appear sorter ghastly, but I guess I ain't used to it, that's all—my skin is so dreadful dark."

"What have you been doin' to yourself, Sheba? You're the color of the fence Job's been whitewashin', and I declare, I believe that's just what you've been a-doin'—whitewashin'!"

"Well, well, Patty, we are gettin' gay since you've been here. I thought I'd be ridin' up considerable, puttin' on a necktie every day, but your aunt beats me," and Uncle Eph went off in peal after peal of laughter in which the girl could not but join.

"What is the matter, mother? I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's; 'twas only my jokin'; you never minded it before."

"What do you mean, Aunt Sheba?" exclaimed Patty anxiously as soon as Uncle Eph's stout figure had disappeared. "I'm sure I never thought you were 'ugly,' but the dearest and best auntie in the world."

would have sat thus, had not Aunt Sheba, just at this touching moment, suddenly raised to view a face that was too much for Patty even in her contrite mood.

"Patty's answer must have pleased her aunt wonderfully, for she brightened up at once, and was soon at work with soap and water trying to remove all trace of the cosmetic that had had such a different effect from what she had expected.

"On a farm in the Cherokee strip I sit a sad and lonely bachelor, thinking sadly over my fate and would love to come off the nest and join my life with that of some comely young lady of not too many summers' growth."

"Dear Mr. Williams: From the quiet precincts of my boudoir I write these. I am lonely, too, and have often longed to quit city life and go West, where the tall wild grass sways in the wind as if listening to the songs of church-bugs."

The first manufactory of friction matches was located in the centre of the Connecticut Valley, in the historic community known as Chicopee Street.

A terrific storm swept over the Arkansas valley in southwestern Kansas the other day. The wind blew at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Aunt Sheba struggled to speak, but her words came brokenly. "No daughter—wanted Patty to care for me—so ugly."

Announcement of deaths among the Parsees, according to immemorial custom, are made in Parsee streets by Parsee criers, who are specially engaged for the purpose.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Clever Lad—Literal—No Scope—Had Been There—Non-Suited—His Seventeenth Question—A Tramp—The Citizen (crustily)—"Yes; buy a bicycle, and try to keep it clean!"

A MESSAGE ON AN EGG. It Resulted in an Oklahoma Farmer's Marrying a Chicago Girl.

Hotel Rates. Hewitt—"I had a nightmare the last time I was at that hotel."

Suspicious Advantage. "The rooms are rather small," said the prospective boarder.

Not Lost. Traveler to the driver on fording the river—"Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?"

Better Than He Expected. "The question is," said the Turkish Minister, "how much indemnity Greece will pay."

Flowers and Perfumes. There is a century plant at the White House which is known to be seventy years old.

How colorless the sky and dreary! Which wore by day a smile so bright! The clouds, as if of tears aware, Like leopards make sweep through the night!

THEIR LITTLE HEADS THE FLOWERS HANG SLEEPING; Not a one left moves on the tree; Only the waves, to my feet creeping, Exchange soft kisses dreamily.

UPON THE MOSE IN WORSHIP BIVENSAL I kneel; my tears like dewdrops fall, Oh, holy night, calm, starry, peaceful, How fervently I love ye all!

"I can't buy the bicycle. It's too heavy." "Well, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Standard.

"There's one consolation about insomnia," remarked the sufferer. "What is that?" "While I lie awake I don't have nightmare."—Judge.

"I bought little Tommy a trumpet because he was so lonely, but he did not seem pleased." "Well, no; you see his old grandmother is stone deaf."—Pick-Me-Up.

"What is the matter with the India-rubber man? He is using dreadful language," said the fat lady. "It's raining hard, and he can't find his goshes," said the skeleton dude.—Harper's Bazar.

"Do you think the race is degenerating?" Shikspur—"Well, when I look back to my young days —" Bakon—"Oh, I didn't mean anything personal! I referred to the race generally."

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"Why are all the boys dodging?" "Because the teacher is about to throw the ruler at bad Tommy." "Then why doesn't Tommy dodge?" "Because the teacher is going to throw at Tommy."—Truth.

"Hello! old man, how are you?" "Wretched! wretched! I've had an attack of the grippe, and it's left me so weak I can hardly crawl." "What do you want to crawl for? Why don't you walk?"—Puck.

"I'm afraid I can't do much for you. They seem to have conclusive evidence that you committed the burglary." Client—"Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?"—London Tid-Bits.