

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeath & Co.'s Building...

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year...

The Connecticut Legislature passed at its late session a law requiring the use of such inks only on public records...

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 Northern 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 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.



Fiction. TRIFLES. What will it matter in a little while that for a day we met and gave a word, a smile upon the way?

AUNT SHEBA'S BEAUTIFIER.

By CLARA ODELL LYON.

MILDRED doesn't change a bit," said Patty, carefully polishing off the glass bowl she was wiping, "only she gets prettier every day. Really, Aunt Sheba, she is lovely, and I'm not the only one who thinks so."

"Who would ever think we are sisters? Here's an inventory of my charms: Item one, pug nose; item two, green-gray eyes; item three, what papa calls my 'peaches-and-cream' complexion; it wouldn't be bad if it were not for the freckles, and I suppose that I shall have more than ever now that I'm out in the country."

"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 her. The hillside with its orchard of bloom, the rough stone wall, the well in the foreground, all appeared to the girl's innate love of the beautiful.

"Be just as much of a little girl as you can," her father had said in parting, and Patty was glad to lay aside her dignity, and forget the weight of her eighteen years. There was a freshness and freedom about the country life that charmed the girl—a lack of conventionality in those whom she met most refreshing to the town-bred maiden.

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.

"I'm glad it ain't hard to fix—any one could do that. Guess I can see well enough without opening the blinds and lettin' the flies in." And soon she was absorbed in her work of covering the objectionable skin with the preparation which, as it dried, formed a coating of white on the dark features.

"What a difference it does make, to be sure," thought Aunt Sheba, contemplating the infant's face. "I wish it didn't look so strikin', though; makes me appear sorter glibly, but I guess I ain't used to it, that's all—my skin is so dreadful dark. Patty's used to fair-complected people; it won't look that way to her."

"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'!" for his keen eyes had caught sight of the dividing line between the face and the neck still brown, which Aunt Sheba, in her ignorance of cosmetics, had not thought to cover.

"Well, well, Patty, we are gettin' gray since you've been here. I thought I was fixin' up considerable, but t'ing on a necktie every day, but you and Aunt Sheba, and Uncle Eph went off in a peal after peal of laughter in which the girl could not but join, until a sound from Aunt Sheba checked them both—a sob which she vainly tried to repress. Her husband's fun, though well meant, was too much for the overwrought nerves of the poor woman.

"What is the matter, mother? I didn't mean to hurt your feelin'; 'twas only my jokin'; you never minded it before." Aunt Sheba struggled to speak, but her words came brokenly. "No daughter—wanted Patty to care for me—so ugly."

"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.

you'd take the Beautifier; you don't have to use so much of it, only two or three times a week, and 'one application will last for several days,'" concluding with a quotation from the wrapper.

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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. Tears had washed away the powder in little streaks from the cheeks, Patty's kisses had taken off another spot from the forehead, and poor Aunt Sheba's face presented a mottled and spotted appearance that was very comical.

"Oh, Aunt Sheba, do come and wash that stuff off; it makes you look so funny," said Patty, laughing in spite of herself. "Well, child, I may's well, and I don't know but what it's done its work well after all, since it helped me to find out what I wanted to know all the time, that your old aunt wasn't so ugly, but what you could learn to like her."

"There, child, I guess it's off now, ain't it?" said Aunt Sheba after a few minutes' vigorous rubbing; and she turned to her niece a face that could never appear homely, for love, the great beautifier, glorified the plain features, and the brown skin was forgotten in the light that shone in the dark eyes, telling of a kind heart and beautiful soul within.—The Housewife.

A MESSAGE ON AN EGG. It Resulted in an Oklahoma Farmer's Marrying a Chicago Girl. "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 thee. 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 chime bugs. I was about to break an egg into a pan when your message met my gaze. It seemed like a dream of a lost, unknown love. Perhaps our fates would trot along together. I am lonely, but not so fair. Age, twenty-three, no money, but plenty of grit. Let us exchange photographs. It may all end in another American union, long to be preserved. Methinks, I know you now. Bessie Carroll, Chicago Ill."

They were married a few weeks ago. Genesis of the Match Industry in America. 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. The great valley, which averages ten miles wide, is in a bed of sand, and passengers who arrived on the trains from that section to-night say people were driven to their homes for protection against a cloud of dust and sand which no human being could face.

Many farmers will have to replant their corn. The storm was so violent that corn planted two inches under ground was blown with the dust and sand for miles, while the irrigation ditches are full. Engineers could not see ten feet ahead of them, and windows and ventilators in the cars were closed to protect the passengers from being smothered.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Clever Last-Literal—No Scope—Had Been There—Non-Suited—His Seventeenth Question—A Drawback—Better Than He Expected—Still Funny, Etc. The boy stood on the burning deck Till all but him had fled, And then he put the fire out, And went and cruised ahead.

The Rescued—"How did your come to fall in?" The Rescued—"I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish."—Harper's Weekly.

His Seventeenth Question. Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipera—"Well, my son?" Little Clarence—"Is postage-stamp collecting a profession or a disease?" Puck.

Has Been There. The Tramp—"Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?" The Citizen (rudely)—"Yes; buy a bicycle, and try to keep it clean!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Non-Suited. Brown—"Did you ever try that tailor I recommended to you?" Green—"Yes. Too expensive. Got two suits from him—one dress suit, one law suit!"—Punch.

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

The Brute. Mrs. Hoon—"Why do you persist in referring to the folding-bed as 'he'?" Why isn't it just as appropriate to call it 'she' as it is a ship?" Old Hoon—"Because it shuts up occasionally."—Judge.

A Drawback. He—"I'd willingly go round the world for your sake." She—"I wouldn't like that." "Why not?" "In that case you'd come back to where you started from."

Hotel Rates. Hewitt—"I had a nightmare the last time I was at that hotel." Jewett—"What of it?" Hewitt—"I foolishly mentioned it to the clerk the next morning and he charged me for the use of one horse."

Suspicious Advantage. "The rooms are rather small," said the prospective boarder. "The advantage of that," said the hotel-keeper complacently, "is that not so much fresh air is required to keep them cool."—Philadelphia North-American.

NIGHT.

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

Their little heads the flowers hang sleeping; Not 'em one leaf moves on the tree; Only the waves, to my feet creeping, Exchange soft kisses dreamily.

Upon the moss in worship blissful I kneel; my tears like dewdrops fall. Oh, holy things, calm, sterner, peaceful, How fervently I love you all. —Johanna Ambrosius.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"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 nightmares."—Judge.

"One gets a certain finish abroad, I fancy." "Yes, one goes over there, and they tell her she can't sing, and that's the end of her."—Detroit Journal.

"It has a tendency to weaken one's faith in human nature when one sees the apothecary shaking hands effusively with one's physician."—Boston Transcript.

"Too bad about Wellington getting killed by a live wire." "Wasn't it, though? Hereditary, however. His father was killed by lightning."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I wouldn't break my heart over the best man in the world." Chaperon—"Certainly not, dear. It is over the worst man that girls break their hearts."—Truth.

"Are you sure you will like married life as well as you do the club?" He—"Oh, yes!" She—"And are you so awfully fond of your club?" He—"Not very."—London Tid-Bits.

"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 gosholies," 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."