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One Square, one inch, one month... 1.00
One Square, one inch, one year... 10.00
Two Squares, one year... 15.00
Quarter Column, one year... 8.00
Half Column, one year... 10.00
Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Alaska may be known in future as Uncle Sam's Yellow Kid.

Great Britain's yearly expenses are now about \$500,000,000, but the surplus is \$20,000,000.

The tax department records of New York City bear the titles of over 162,000 pieces of real estate, held by about 60,000 owners.

An eighteenth century plow was dug up in an Eastern State the other day. The farmers stood around it in wonder and agreed that the world is growing smarter if not better.

Robert P. Porter estimates that by the year 2000 the population of this country will amount to 385,860,000. Those who think the country is already overpopulated with 75,000,000 may derive some comfort from the reflection that they will all be dead by that time.

It is a fine thing, no doubt, to be able to dig \$50 a day out of the ground, as it is said to be possible to do at Klondike. But there are some disadvantages when this opportunity is accomplished by the necessity of eating dog meat at \$5 a pound.

The Hartford Times says that a number of Yale undergraduates who are "working their way" through college have remained in New Haven since commencement. Seven of them have found places on the electric car lines, either as motormen or conductors. They have comparatively easy and regular employment, satisfactory pay, and the places are, so far as the hot weather is concerned, as comfortable as any other employment that could be found.

A most extraordinary question is asked of Bishop Potter, by the Hoisting Engineers' Union, states the New York Independent. It is whether, if a church or cathedral be built by non-union men, it should be attended by union worshippers? The point of the question is in the fact that non-union workmen are employed in building the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in New York City.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times remarks: So long as the retail price of the bicycle remained at a figure which made it possible for any mechanic with a bench and a bag of tools to buy the different parts of a machine, put them together, and sell the finished product at a good profit, the multiplication of small bicycle factories was bound to continue. Now the time has come for them to quit. The bicycle business is likely to follow the same course as the sewing machine business.

According to the Springfield Republican circulars have been sent out by some bureau of statistics to the Nebraska farmers asking "Does farming pay?" As well ask "Is life worth living?" The actress Janussek once opened her season in Rochester, N. Y., and an interviewer asked her why she had thus complimented Rochester rather than some other city. "Mein Gott!" answered Janussek, "I haf to begin somewhere." So men have to live, and the farmers have to farm whether it pays or not. In that as in all other undertakings it all depends on the individual and his methods.

A new scheme looking to the adoption of an international language comes from Russia. The inventor of "esperanto," a manufactured speech, analogous to "velupak," L. Sauehenof, of Grodno, invites all who have ideas on the subject to send him an article embodying them. He will have these printed and copies sent to each of the writers. The latter must read all the articles and then write another very brief essay embodying his final judgment. The scheme would be a practical demonstration of the necessity of an international language, but we doubt whether it will settle the question of the choice of such a common speech.

The discovery of gold in Alaska opens up a rich field for the swindlers and already signs are at hand, notes the Washington Star, that the confidence men of all stripes are at work utilizing this latest inspiration to the acquisitiveness of the human race. It is going to be a hard experience for the miners themselves, if but half the warnings that have been given of dangers in the Yukon region are well founded, but unless the stay-at-homes keep a pretty sharp eye on the main chance and refrain from long-distance speculation in the gold fields except upon first-class authority there will be equivalent distress at this distance from the cold and the hunger of the Alaskan wastes.

"JUST MAKE YER CRUEL THINNER"
In these "see times it takes a lot to satisfy a fellow—Philosophy to harden him, some poetry to mellow. Without encouragement and such he cannot be contented. If living in his own good house or just in one that's rented. If honesty requires less grub, why, make the grub bill shorter; An' all yer own and socialism's jest is one—well, gone strikin'. An' so it's well to call to mind what Franklin said at dinner. When pressed for higher board one day—"Just make yer grub thinner!"

PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

WHY they called it "The Tower" would have puzzled an archaeologist. For it was not a tower, never had been a tower, and in all probability never had been intended for a tower. It was a cottage, one-story, straggling and comfortable, with a semi-circular parlor in the front, which, topped off with a conical imitation of wooden battlements, was half covered with waving sprays of woodbine and clinging sheets of ivy.

"Rebecca," said Miss Ives, "hold your tongue and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself." And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed.

At 11 o'clock, "The Merry Side of Life" was being read. The preparation from human beings, if injected into rabbits or dogs, causes death. A machine for registering the strokes made by the oarsmen in a rowboat was recently exhibited in London.

"What, in your opinion, is the most pleasing decoration for a wheel?" "A pretty woman,"—Judge.

It was a wonderful case of endurance. A fellow sat in the rigging of a wrecked vessel three days and didn't seem to mind it.

"Where have you been?" "Down town, looking over some bonnets." "Looking over some bonnets, did you say?"

"He was partial to birds, and entered, at once, into the most friendly of alliances with the parrot and the macaw. He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her, and showed her a new way to train her plants."

It is expected to erect a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland from the Mull of Cantire to Tor Point, in County Antrim, a distance of only thirteen miles. A tunnel between these two points will cost about \$30,000,000, with an additional \$5,000,000 for the gradings.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Anticipation—College Confidence—His Choice—The "Gilt Star" Faculty—He Understood It—Reasonable Preference—Too Inflammable—A Precaution.

As He Understood It. The Count—"I have been invited to a tin wedding."

A Precaution. "I know why the proprietor of this hotel makes our board-bills so high."

A Fair Specimen. Friend—"Does your town boast of a baseball team?"

Reasonable Preference. "I am told your wife would rather cook than eat."

Easy to Cure. "Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?"

To the Living memory of his deceased friend Captain John Smith's Epitaph. In St. Stephen's Church, opposite Newgate Prison, London, is the burial place of Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, and his epitaph, which was written by Dryden, sounds like the tramp of a marching army.

Art Work on the Bow of Our Ships. On all the new vessels of the navy the American shield has displaced as a figurehead the figure of the Minerva on the older vessels.

Extraordinary Career of a Bell Ringer. Thomas Hussey, bell ringer at the Leigh Parish Church, Lancashire, England, has completed an extraordinary career as a ringer. He was born in 1812, became a ringer when fifteen years of age, and rang the mourning peal for the burial of George IV.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs are bad when folks commence A-Boddy's fault with Providence. And harkin' 'cause the cart don't shake. At every prancin' stop yer take. No man is great till he can see. How low the hill he wades in. If striped to self, and stark and bare, He hangs his sign out anywhere.

Humor of the Day. Ho—"How would you like to be a light-house keeper?"

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in the South of London Board School.

Young Lady (hurriedly)—"I want a novel—something popular." Book Clerk (briskly)—"Yes, Miss. What sort—wicked or rapid?"

"I don't mind Jack's slang," said one of the girls. "He is so clever in the use of it."

"George, do you know that you came home at three o'clock this morning and acted dreadfully silly?"

Phyllis accidentally discovered a doll that her mother had concealed in a trunk in readiness for the little lady's birthday.

Commercial Traveler (to boy who has answered the bell)—"I want the books. You don't get the books, strictly?"

Awoke During Her Funeral. Clara Parkling, a handsome young woman of Detroit, Pa., awoke during a trance while her funeral service was in progress.

It's a Winning Game. The London stock brokers are said to wear out the floor of the Stock Exchange every five years.