

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 10.00; Two Squares, one year, 15.00; Quarter Column, one year, 7.00; Half Column, one year, 3.00; One Column, one year, 100.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

One hundred and twenty-eight ministers of the Presbyterian Church died last year. The average age was sixty-six years.

All reports from sections of the country where peanuts grow indicate that the crop will be short and the quality inferior this year on account of the drought.

The horses of German cavalry regiments are to be entirely shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

A German paper calls attention to the extraordinary fact that at Aachen alone 800 tons of steel wire are used annually in the manufacture of needles—4,500,000,000 in number, valued at \$1,500,000.

A pretty New York deaf and dumb girl has sued a deaf and dumb man for \$50,000 for breach of promise. The young man's father is a millionaire. The chief witness is also deaf and dumb, but money talks.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The Treasury Department estimates that the population of the United States is increasing 2,000,000 a year. That is fast enough without admitting great numbers of illiterates from countries with which we have nothing in common."

The fact that the Japanese are a live people, if somewhat concealed over the amount of belated progress they have realized, is shown by the fact that the Japanese Government now issues every day three weather charts, which include observations in China and the Liu-Kiu Islands.

Massachusetts has expended \$700,000 fighting the gipsy-moth, and it will require \$100,000 annually for several years more to exterminate this destructive insect. If the work is successful, as it now promises to be, the money will be well invested, for the gipsy-moth devours everything green that grows, and is capable of doing incalculable damage.

United States Consul Charles Denby, at Peking, gives the substance of a representation recently made by Mr. Brennan, British Consul on Trade in China. Brennan states that the currency of China is copper much more than silver, and that the relative value of gold and copper is an important factor in the consideration of trade problems.

The recent loss of three lives by the drifting of a disabled sailboat over the falls of Niagara has led to the suggestion that a safety cable be stretched across the Niagara River at a point just above the head of Goat Island. The scheme seems to be a wholly humane and practicable one, and as the co-operation of the Governments of the United States and Canada will have to be secured to lay the life-guard, it is probable that it will not play the part marked out for it for some time to come.

The marvelous success of the English in keeping 300,000 East Indians in subjection with a handful of men is explained, believes the San Francisco Chronicle, by the fact that the example set by the French has been consistently followed. When Frenchmen were operating in India they speedily discovered that there was no such thing as national feeling, and they took advantage of the discovery to hire natives to subjugate other natives.

It appears, however, that this policy has not been so successful in the hill country, where the natives are now in open rebellion. But Sir William Lockhart has been given a free hand since the outbreak, and we are informed that as he is not to be bound by red-tape regulations he will probably bring the recalcitrants to terms in a short time. Just what this means it would be hard to tell, but if Sir William Lockhart follows the example of some of his predecessors in India, who were also unrestrained by red tape, the concluding years of the century may be marked by brutalities which the jubilee writers told us were things of the past.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head. This was Doctor Smart—"Your liver's a total wreck," he said. "You must take more exercise! You must eat sweets, you must eat meats, you must walk and leap, you must also run; you must sit down in the dull old way; Get out with the boys and have some fun—And take three doses of this a day!"

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE WORLD.

By E. C. KITTON.

"I am so glad you are here!" said George again. Poor Anna! her tale was told in few words, but those few words contained a volume of sorrow. Her outward voyage had been prosperous and exceedingly pleasant. She was leaving the poverty behind, and was about to meet the man to whom her whole heart was given, and who had, as she knew, made a comfortable living for himself; she was strong and well and light-hearted, and all on board the vessel conspired to court and flatter her. She might have chosen a husband from amongst half a dozen men, but it was Jamie she wanted and Jamie to whom she pictured his delight when he should rush on board the Petrel to welcome her, but the Petrel arrived and there was no Jamie. Nor the next day, nor the next day; she settled herself in a hotel, wrote to him and waited.

After three days' waiting a lady was ushered into her room—a lady most distinctly of the strong-minded genus. Not a bad-looking woman, Anna thought to herself as the two stood wistfully regarding one another; not bad-looking, nor vulgar, nor quite a lady, nor just at this moment quite at her ease. "You are Miss Edgar, aren't you?" she said, after that pause of inspection. "It is rather awkward for you, I see. I am Mrs. Barrington—you won't take it kindly, I am afraid—but I am not my own name. He would send me. Now what can we do to put things as right as they can be?"

So the delay was explained. The delighted bridegroom had not rushed to meet his bride because he was already husband to another woman. It went hard with Anna, but she was a proud woman and compelled herself to be a cold attention to the explanations that Mrs. Barrington forced upon her. As if, being betrayed, it mattered to her how the thing was done! A rescue from danger on the one side, a nursing through an illness on the other. What did it matter to the woman they had cheated? Mrs. Barrington's offers of assistance were haughtily declined, and the first steamer that left Melbourne carried Anna Edgar with it.

"Did you foresee this, George, when you gave me the exact passage money in that purse 'towards the home-coming'?" "Don't ask home questions, darling," answered George with kisses. "It is still and get well as quickly as you can." For Anna had been exceedingly ill upon the return voyage, and was still terribly weak and shaken. The sympathy of all the place was with her, for seeing the impossibility of keeping the disaster secret, the Edgars had decided to speak of it openly at once, and friendly gifts of all kinds came in to show the kindly feelings of the neighbors. The little house overflowed like a cornucopia with fruit and flowers.

On a day in August, Anna Edgar was taking decided holiday. George and her babes had just left after one of their frequent gleeful visits, and she was resting in preparation for the next event. Her music was open on the piano, and her blotting-book on the writing-table; but her attention was wholly taken up with certain patterns of laces and silks and velvets that were spread before her. She was evidently choosing a dress or dresses for some important occasion, and she fingered one pattern after another with lingering care. Anna had always been handsome, but she was handsomer now than ten years back, and to-day, with an expression of gentle contentment upon her face, she looked particularly well. She was so entirely engrossed in the train of thought with which the silks and laces were associated that she did not notice the sound of footsteps coming through the garden, and started when they ushered into the room "a gentleman in a dark suit, Miss Anna." With a flash of surprise on her beautiful face, she turned to encounter her old lover James Barrington.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said, drawing herself back haughtily after the first shock of astonishment had passed. "You can scarcely have wished to see me." "There is no mistake," answered James. "I have come across the world for that purpose. They tell me you are still Miss Edgar." "This is perfectly correct, but I fail to see what concern it is of yours—now," she cried with emphasis. "I have come across the world, as I said, to seek you out, and ask if you have forgiven me for what happened ten years ago, Anna? This is my only child," he said, pointing to a little girl in a mourning frock, who hung shyly behind him.

Anna looked curiously at the child of the woman who had supplanted her. She bore a softened resemblance to her mother, but in her face was a strange expression indicative of Anna knew not what. "Indeed," said Anna, and paused inquiringly. "I have brought her with me," resumed James; "she is all I have. It is almost two years since she lost her mother." "And you probably wish her to be educated in England. I am sorry to hear of your loss; it is a great charge to be left with so young a child to train."

Anna was aware that she spoke stiffly and indifferently, but she was still in the dark as to the meaning of the present interview, and she resented what she looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion. "I brought her with me because I could not do without the only creature I have belonging to me, and, besides, I want to show her to an English doctor, Anna, you do know what my loneliness is, and how ill I can bear to be alone. I never could bear to be by myself. It was that that brought about what you must look on as my treachery toward you. You know how I urged you to come out to me, and how you would still wait till I could come to fetch you. I was so lonely, and then I met with Jessie. She told you all about it; she was good to me and I married her. Then you came out, two months too late, and it broke my heart, Anna, for it was you always that I loved."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, aghast, as he ended with an appeal in his voice. "This is scarcely fit talk before your wife's daughter." "Do you not know," he said bitterly, "the child is stone deaf? The same calamity that deprived me of her mother took away her hearing. We may say what we choose before her; she only knows what we say on our fingers." "Poor little soul!" said Anna, suddenly relenting toward the mute little figure, and taking her into her friendly arms. She understood now the strange expression that she had noticed on the child's face. "It is a heavy trial to her and to me, and she has no mother. Anna, I have come to see if you can be won to forgive me the past and take the place now that you have always had in my heart. I am a rich man now in every thing but happiness; I can give you all the luxuries you were born to, and if you do not choose to go to Australia I will sell my property there and purchase an estate where you please in England."

Anna had released the child, and now stood proudly confronting its father. "I am exceedingly glad to hear of your prosperity; it must surpass even your expectations, and I trust that you may long enjoy it. But, as I said at the beginning, you have made a mistake; your presence here is uncalled for." "I know," said James earnestly, "that you must even yet feel sore and angry when you think of my treatment of you; but you do not realize how much I too have undergone. Jessie was a good woman, a good wife, but she was not the woman that I loved." "More shame for you," interrupted Anna.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

A Little Quakeress—Spicy—The Point of View—The Shock—Works Both Ways—Head of the Class—Culture's Conductor—Expert Testimony, Etc., Etc. A Little Quakeress, so quaint, so modest and so sweet, she looked a veritable angel. While walking down the street.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cholly Chapleigh—"Oh, I'm awfully glad you're not a man!" Penelope—"And I'm just as sorry you're not."

Culture's Conductor. "What an air of well-bred repose young Newrich has." "Yes, but he was naturally lazy to begin with."—Chicago Record.

Works Both Ways. She—"If it wasn't for the old bachelors there would be no girls." He—"If it wasn't for the girls there would be no old bachelors."—Chicago News.

Head of the Class. Teacher—"Willie, can you tell me what a kleptomaniac is?" Willie—"Yesum; one of them things 'y' look through."—Roxbury Gazette.

Spicy. "Any spicy features in the new play?" "Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves."—Kansas City Journal.

Expert Testimony. The Attorney—"You say you could not believe this person on oath?" The Witness—"No, sir; I never heard the lady swear in no life, sir."—The Yellow Book.

The Shock. Miss Boston—"How rough this sport of football is! What shocks of irresistible bodies!" Daisy York—"Humph! What shocks of irresistible bodies!"

An Inconsistent Woman. "Well, for a man-hater I think you're just too inconsistent for anything." "Why, what do you mean?" "Well, every time you laugh you say 'He-he!'"

Woes Compared. Perry Pattie—"Well, what luck?" Wayworn Watson—"Worse in the world. He gimme a meal ticket." "Oh, it might 'o' been worse. I struck a guy yesterday that gimme a order on a bath house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Same Excuse. Blinks—"The paper says the Czar is a very illiterate man." Winks—"Not up in the classics, eh?" Blinks—"Worse. They say his letters are full of errors in orthography." Winks—"But, my dear sir, just think! He has to spell in Russian."—New York Weekly.

More Decit. Mrs. Gaddington—"I don't like her at all, dear. She is a deceitful woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you." Mrs. Bubbington—"She did? How?" Mrs. Gaddington—"Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you."—Puck.

FORECAST.

Take back, take back the harsh word now; Consider it unspoken; Break, break, though late, the angry vow That better far were broken.

The stream of death will bear away The object of the passion; Oh, then, obliterate to-day The thought of his transgression. Forget the little ill, revealed As though by fate's intention; Remember all the good concealed As though by love's invention.

The hour may come when thou wilt stand Unsheltered, and unshriven; Forgiveness' price is thy hand, To-day let it be given.

With hatred in the heart at last 'Tis better than the error; Whose alienated gaze were cast On love's eternal mirror.

Thou might'st endure the sight of we— The scolding—the derision— But where thou dost expect to go How couldst thou find the vision?—Edw. N. Pomeroy, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Hewitt—"I'm working ten hours now." Jewitt—"How many can you work in that time?"—Truth.

What a scandal it would cause if an undertaker gave way to cheerfulness, and whistled at his work!—Atchison Globe.

She—"Who was it that said that a woman's best friend was her dressmaker?" He—"Probably the dressmaker."—Tit-Bits.

Too frequently matrimony begins by the man handling a ring to the woman, and ends by the woman wringing her own hands.—Boston Transcript.

"Louise, two-thirds of every healthy infant's life should be spent in sleep." "Well, don't tell me about it; go talk to baby."—London Household Words.

"It was brutal in Nero to fiddle while Rome was burning." "I don't know about that; suppose he had played an accordion."—Chicago Record.

"That horse has a first-class pedigree," observed his friend. "Yes," said the man who was not getting a run for his money; "but he's going to be the last of his race."—Puck.

Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?" Mr. Palette—"About as difficult to understand, wadum, as it is to sell."—Detroit Free Press.