

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Twenty-five of the counties of Georgia were named for men who had been Governors of the State, all of ante-war times.

A suggestion from Tennessee, that the body of General Sam. Houston be removed thither for reinterment, has aroused indignation and vehement protests in Texas.

A calamity has fallen upon Boston, and soon an appeal for pecuniary aid may be expected. The calamity is without precedent in that city, although it is common enough in some other places. There are 3000 children without a school in which to say their lessons, and all because the funds of the School Board have run out and necessary repairs cannot be made on the school buildings.

The wealth of Greater New York is almost beyond belief. Its real estate and personal property are assessed at the enormous, the almost inconceivable sum of \$2,800,000,000. Compare this with the assessed value of all the property in the richest States of the Union, as follows: Massachusetts, \$2,154,000,000; Pennsylvania, \$2,600,000,000; Ohio, \$1,778,000,000, and Illinois, \$810,000,000.

The French War Department has begun a series of experiments with horseless carriages to test their value in time of war. A number of engineers are engaged in testing them in every way, going off the public roads into lanes and by-paths or across plowed fields. Very full notes are taken as to the consumption of oil or essence speed attained, and all the slight incidents of the route.

"Build your own boat!" is the instruction given to Klondike explorers who would cross some of the waters that intervene between them and the gold fields. In one sense every man is obliged in this world not only to "paddle his own canoe," but also to build his own boat. There are some things that each human being must do for himself. Free transportation across life's difficult stretches cannot be expected to be always at hand. Individual enterprise is continually called for.

The Philadelphia Record says in regard to Thomas A. Edison's latest project that it is a discovery in the science of economics. Whether or not his particular operations at Edison, N. J., upon which he has expended a fortune of about \$2,000,000 shall succeed or fail, enough is known of his work to enable us to predict that it will revolutionize future methods of blasting mountains, handling rock, concentrating low grade ore and producing a marketable product by automatic appliances, using nature's forces in the most economical fashion. Never before has a new experiment been undertaken upon such a gigantic scale, and the very nature of the problem compelled its treatment in this wholesale manner.

The Boston Herald thinks it is singular that in the search for a parallel to the death of Henry George the instance of Daniel Webster has not been mentioned. There is no perfect parallel to Mr. George's death. Some of our exchanges have gone so far as that of Horace Greeley to seek it, though Mr. Greeley died after the voting was all over. Daniel Webster died at the height of the campaign of 1852, when there was a ticket of electors in nomination for him in Massachusetts, to which he had assented, if not as a test of his strength, with a view to lessening the vote of the regular Whig candidate for the Presidency. He was not living when the vote was taken, but the ticket was kept in the field, and was supported by those who put it there, after his death.

The New York Tribune thinks it is certainly something of a tribute to American educational institutions and scholars that when, some years ago, a graduate of Harvard went to Oxford and applied for admittance there to make a special study of Shakespeare for a year, he was told: "Go back to Harvard and Professor Child. They can teach you far more there than we can here." It seems, however, that this opinion had been expressed before, even at a time when Harvard and American colleges had not nearly attained their present standard, for the elder Edward Everett, in a letter dated as far back as 1818, said, writing from Oxford: "I have been over two months in England, and am now visiting Oxford, having passed a week in Cambridge. There is more teaching and more learning in our American Cambridge than there is in both the English universities together, though between them they have four times our number of students."

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME.

Oh Christmas chime! O Christmas time! The sweetest and the brightest; When hedges beat high and pulses fly, And children's steps are lightest! When ruddy cheeks are ruddiest, And red lips like a cherry. O Christmas near! O Christmas here! So sparkling and so merry!

The good old man will plot and plan Like any great commander, Or swim deep seas—the young to please— As did the brave Leander. Not only packs of jumping jacks Adorn his ample shoulders, But hats and boots and stylish suits Astonish all beholders.

"And you can't tell us where to find him?" said the gentleman. "My little girl's Christmas won't be a very merry one unless she gets some tidings of her pet."

SMALL PERTATERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

It was about nine o'clock on Christmas Eve. Small Pertaters was standing on one leg, with the other twisted around it, looking into one of the windows of Purcell's large bakery. He could smell the mince pies, that, fresh from the oven a short time before, had just been placed in it.

went on again, carrying it with him, the dog still following. But he had only gone a block farther, when he heard a pitiful meowing come from an ash-barrel that stood before a tenement house, and, peeping in, he saw a black and white kitten sitting on the ashes.

"I'd rather," said Small Pertaters, "have one of them nor any thin' else. They's meat an' vegetables an' candy an' cake all to wunst, they is. An' how brown their kivers is. I never seen such werry brown kivers on a pig afore."

"Come in, ole feller," said he coaxingly. But the dog suddenly turned tail, and was making off, when Small Pertaters sprang out and flourished the bone before his nose. The temptation was too much. Master Dog joined the party in the molasses cask; and, when the supper was served, Small Pertaters gave him the larger part of the meat and gristle, and, spreading the marrow as well as he could—for it was hard and cold—on the biscuit, he fed half of it to the kitten, keeping the other half and the cold potato for himself.

"Her hair was just like shiny gold," he said. "S'pect she has mince pie every day of her life. But it's no use me standin' here. It makes me hunger an' hunger lookin' at them pies. I'll go home an' eat my supper; and I ain't every boy what's got a soubona, with a lot of marrow in it an' a hunk of gristle an' meat a-hangin' to it, an' a fresh biscuit, an' a cole biled pertater, in his coat tail pocket."

"I don't look good enough," stammered Small Pertaters, glancing at his ragged clothes. "But you are good enough, all the same," said Dolly. "Any boy that'll take home a loaf of bread and cat and chicken, when his home's nothing but a big barrel, and give them their supper, when he don't know where he'll get his breakfast next morning, is good enough to go anywhere. And you can bring your company with you."

"No, I did not, I am sorry to say," was the answer. The tears started to the child's eyes. "Don't cry, dear," said her papa. "We haven't half looked for him yet. We'll find the policeman who was no this best at the time we lost him, and very likely he can tell us something about him. If he can't, I'll advertise in all the papers to-morrow."

"Did you see anything of a little white dog, after we left your shop last night?" they both asked, in the same breath. "No, I did not, I am sorry to say," was the answer. The tears started to the child's eyes.

And, as though he understood his new friend perfectly, the dog trotted after him as he went a few blocks down the avenue, and turned, first into Thirteenth street, and then into Gansvoort street. Here the boy strode quickly along, whistling cheerfully, his hands in what was left of his trousers pockets, until he stumbled over something that was lying on the sidewalk. Stooping to see what it was, he found a brown hen, with her legs sticking up straight and stiff.

struggling hen hugged close to his breast. And after they reached the gentleman's house it wasn't long before the unexpected visitor had had a warm bath and a warm breakfast, and only a little longer before he found himself dressed in new clothes from head to foot.

"What a queer home!" said Dolly; and, running across the street, she stooped and looked into the cask. There lay the poor boy, a piece of carpet wrapped around him, fast asleep. On his breast, at the kitten washing her face, and from his side, with a joyful bark, bounded a little white dog to greet his beloved mistress. The bark awoke the sleeping boy. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, opened them, saw a lovely face looking in at him, heard a sweet voice call "Merry Christmas, Small Pertaters," and scrambled, winking and blinking, out into the sunlight.

"The following quaint story is from the history of 'The Nativity of Mary,' a work that has for centuries furnished themes for poets and artists: 'Mary and the child Jesus were resting in a cave with Joseph and a maid and three boys, who were with them on their journey. There came suddenly out of the sides of the cave a great number of dragons, and when Jesus, slipping down from his mother's knee, stood on His feet before them, the dragons fell down and worshipped Him. Then the Divine Child, seeing that Mary and Joseph were filled with terror lest He should be harmed, said to them, 'Do not be afraid and do not consider Me as like the child, for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must be tame before Me.' Many of the old painters have given us the terror-stricken group in the cave, including the girl and the three boys, but minus the monsters who caused them such a fright."

"The Light of the World," which Bonguercau has so exquisitely pictured for us in his "Repose in Egypt." Some travelers crossing the desert saw a brilliant light proceeding apparently from the Sphinx. Knowing that the apex of the sun stood there, they asked of one another in amazement, "Can the people be sacrificing again to the sun?" And when they drew nearer they saw that a little group of wanderers was resting beneath the shadow of the mystery of the desert. A man of middle age, dusky and travel-stained, was feeding a small gray ass, while on the arms of the Sphinx rested a young woman holding an infant to her breast. The radiant light which had dazzled them shone from the face of the young child with a great and exceeding brilliancy. Now the travelers going on their way, were filled with awe and astonishment. Yet they did not know that they had beheld the "Light of the World."

It has been thought that "holly" is only another name for "holly," as the tree was once considered sacred, but it is likely that the name is from the Welsh word for armor on account of the spear-shaped leaves. The holly is a slow growing tree which does not usually attain great size. English holly is not quite hardy here, but may be grown with some protection. The leaves are a brighter green and the berries a deeper red than those of our native holly. Some parts of the tree are good for medicinal purposes.

Besides the red-berried holly there are other varieties bearing white, yellow, and black fruit. One kind without berries bear fragrant flowers. The holly blooms in May bearing pistillate and staminate flowers on different trees. The most curious thing about the holly is that on the lower branches the leaves are notched, as for a protection, but the foliage higher up is smooth. Evelyn, in his famous garden, used holly as a hedge, and a very beautiful hedge it must have been.

Christmas being the period in which gifts are numerous it seems rather curious that it should be thought un lucky to bring shoes or leather articles into the house at this period, but such things are forbidden in an English county. In another it is counted un lucky to bring any holly into the house before Christmas Eve, and in London it must all be burned on Twelfth Day morning.

The Christmas Tree.

A stately fir tree rears its head, With stars and tapers all ablaze; And quivering in the fairy ray, The glittering loaded branches spread.

And childish eyes are sparkling bright, And childish hearts with joy o'erflow.



Two Legends of the Christ-Child. The following quaint story is from the history of "The Nativity of Mary," a work that has for centuries furnished themes for poets and artists: "Mary and the child Jesus were resting in a cave with Joseph and a maid and three boys, who were with them on their journey. There came suddenly out of the sides of the cave a great number of dragons, and when Jesus, slipping down from his mother's knee, stood on His feet before them, the dragons fell down and worshipped Him. Then the Divine Child, seeing that Mary and Joseph were filled with terror lest He should be harmed, said to them, 'Do not be afraid and do not consider Me as like the child, for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must be tame before Me.' Many of the old painters have given us the terror-stricken group in the cave, including the girl and the three boys, but minus the monsters who caused them such a fright."

Britain's bill for eggs and poultry last year came to \$4,608,000, which was a large foreign pocket. On the contrary, France pocketed \$14,000,000 for her eggs and poultry. It is time we had poultry schools on the pattern of the one at Gambais, in the department of the Seine and Oise. The course is three months and the fee \$14, which includes board and lodging. Scholarships are founded to assist those who cannot afford the fee. These are, of course, given only to French learners, but other nationalities are not excluded, and there are three English pupils at the school now. It is to be hoped that they will bring back a few hints with them, for there is no reason why we should not rear poultry as well as the French, and keep the greater part of that four and a half million pounds in the country. They work hard at the Gambais School, and they have needed to do so, for they hatch 30,000 chickens in the season. The hours are from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., and out of this three hours are devoted to theoretical study. Half an hour is given to breakfast and half an hour to supper. There is a recess from 11 till 1, during which comes dinner. The rest of the time is spent in active labor.—Tit-Bits.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice of quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry, brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking-glass. This is an English recipe. Another fruit dressing is for tan shoes, the inside of a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe, thoroughly, wipe off carefully with a soft cloth briskly. Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well, and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must never be donned in cold weather without heating, or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

When little Meyer Lipman, of 315 Blue Hill avenue, Chicago, was eight months old he could talk as well as most children of four or five years. By the time he was a year old he could spell any word in the first reader and could talk and understand both English and German. The extent of the boy's intellect told against his health, his hair turned gray and his face grew pallid. By the advice of a physician, who recommended that the boy be kept from everything that required mental effort, his books were taken away from him and he was talked to only on the most commonplace subjects. The family moved to the country and the little man's hair gradually regained its normal color. His parents are both clever and well educated people.—New York World.

Signor Franchesi, the rag-picker (meeting Santa Claus in the early morning)—"Hello! How's business?"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Wild birds do not sing more than eight or ten weeks in the year.

In a year a horse will eat nine times his own weight, so will a cow, an ox six times and a sheep six times.

The greatest force known to science is that produced by the contraction and expansion of metals, resulting from the action of heat and cold. It is stated that the right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat and cold. Lightning rods may be valuable if large enough, and insulated sufficiently to carry away a bolt of lightning. The common lightning rod is not of much use. In a recent lecture Professor Bergmann, of Berlin, stated that in fifty cases of perforating the skull for epilepsy he knew of only one permanent cure. It has been calculated by Robert Ball that the whole coal supply of our planet would barely suffice to produce heat equal to that which the sun dissipates in one-tenth of a second.

At the beginning of a recent thunder shower after a warm and windless day, M. Maurice Despres, of Cordova, Spain, noticed electrified drops that cracked faintly on touching the ground and emitted sparks. The phenomenon lasted several seconds, ceasing as the air became moistened. The first use of the phonograph in telegraphy seems to have been in Spain, where receiving operators were unable to take down rapidly enough messages received by telephone, and repeated into a phonograph. This repetition, being heard at the sending end, serves also as a control for the correctness of the message. A new laboratory turbine, claiming great steadiness, noiselessness and economy of water, has been designed by a German chemist, and is to be made in Berlin by Koesler and Martini. A circular piece of wire gauze, rotating in a thin cylindrical space, is attached to the axle. The water jet strikes the edge of the gauze at a tangent, escaping by a pipe in the center opposite the axle, and may readily be made to give a speed of 4000 revolutions per minute. Professor Eschenhagen, of Potsdam, has continued his researches on the small variations of the earth's magnetism first announced by him last year. The most important oscillations have a period of about thirty seconds and occur chiefly between 6 a. m. and 6 p. m., but on two days since last October—November 7, 1896, and February 4, 1897—shorter waves, lasting twelve or fifteen seconds, were observed. Groups of waves have been noticed on several occasions. The cause of the phenomenon is uncertain, but it is believed to be atmospheric.

What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it? "It's not cold; it's just fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch. "It must take great nerve to charge a battery." "Oh, not so much," said the ex-umpire. "I've put fines on the pitcher and catcher many a time."—Indianapolis Journal. "What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it?" "It's not cold; it's just fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch. "It must take great nerve to charge a battery." "Oh, not so much," said the ex-umpire. "I've put fines on the pitcher and catcher many a time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Britain's bill for eggs and poultry last year came to \$4,608,000, which was a large foreign pocket. On the contrary, France pocketed \$14,000,000 for her eggs and poultry. It is time we had poultry schools on the pattern of the one at Gambais, in the department of the Seine and Oise. The course is three months and the fee \$14, which includes board and lodging. Scholarships are founded to assist those who cannot afford the fee. These are, of course, given only to French learners, but other nationalities are not excluded, and there are three English pupils at the school now. It is to be hoped that they will bring back a few hints with them, for there is no reason why we should not rear poultry as well as the French, and keep the greater part of that four and a half million pounds in the country. They work hard at the Gambais School, and they have needed to do so, for they hatch 30,000 chickens in the season. The hours are from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., and out of this three hours are devoted to theoretical study. Half an hour is given to breakfast and half an hour to supper. There is a recess from 11 till 1, during which comes dinner. The rest of the time is spent in active labor.—Tit-Bits.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice of quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry, brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking-glass. This is an English recipe. Another fruit dressing is for tan shoes, the inside of a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe, thoroughly, wipe off carefully with a soft cloth briskly. Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well, and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must never be donned in cold weather without heating, or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

When little Meyer Lipman, of 315 Blue Hill avenue, Chicago, was eight months old he could talk as well as most children of four or five years. By the time he was a year old he could spell any word in the first reader and could talk and understand both English and German. The extent of the boy's intellect told against his health, his hair turned gray and his face grew pallid. By the advice of a physician, who recommended that the boy be kept from everything that required mental effort, his books were taken away from him and he was talked to only on the most commonplace subjects. The family moved to the country and the little man's hair gradually regained its normal color. His parents are both clever and well educated people.—New York World.

FOUR THINGS.

Four things a man must learn to do, if he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly, To love his fellow man sincerely, To put himself in other people's shoes, To trust in God and heaven securely.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Willie—"Papa, what's the 'Great Divide'?" Pa—"It comes after an election."—Chicago News. She—"This flat is so cold." He—"Well, how can you expect a fire-proof flat to be warm?"—Truth. Lancelot—"Poets are born, not made." Maud Sharp—"I know. I wasn't blaming you."—Tit-Bits. He—"She asked me what color hair I liked best." She—"That's just like Maud. She is always so anxious to please."—Judy. Little Elmer—"Pa, what does 'requisite in pace' mean?" Prof. Broadhead—"Please stay dead!" is near enough."—Puck. Brown—"It makes me tired to hear people call it the Klondike fever." Yeat—"What would you call it?" "The Klondike chill."

"I'm anxious to meet Mr. Hobbsey, who he talks just like a book." "Yes; he does—just like a blank book!"—Detroit Free Press. "Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?" "Something that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Tit-Bits. He—"I am willing to admit I was wrong." She—"I expect you to do more than that. You must admit that I was right!"—Puck. N. Peck—"My wife hasn't spoken a cross word to me for two weeks." Betterhaws—"When is she coming back?"—Indianapolis Journal. "Dar ain't no wuss victim ob misplaced confidence," said Uncle Eben, "dan de man who gits ter think he knows ev'rything."—Washington Star. Irascible Englishman—"Aw, look here, you needn't poke fun at Punch! Amiable American—"Why not? It's the very thing it lacks."—Brooklyn Life. Teacher—"What is the difference between a fixed star and any other star?" Pupil—"It depends a good deal upon the advance agent."—Boston Transcript. Rags—"Say, do you believe that story of the goose laying a golden egg?" Jags—"Well, it would be just like a goose to do such a foolish thing."—Chicago News. "What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it?" "It's not cold; it's just fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch. "It must take great nerve to charge a battery." "Oh, not so much," said the ex-umpire. "I've put fines on the pitcher and catcher many a time."—Indianapolis Journal. "What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it?" "It's not cold; it's just fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch. "It must take great nerve to charge a battery." "Oh, not so much," said the ex-umpire. "I've put fines on the pitcher and catcher many a time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Britain's bill for eggs and poultry last year came to \$4,608,000, which was a large foreign pocket. On the contrary, France pocketed \$14,000,000 for her eggs and poultry. It is time we had poultry schools on the pattern of the one at Gambais, in the department of the Seine and Oise. The course is three months and the fee \$14, which includes board and lodging. Scholarships are founded to assist those who cannot afford the fee. These are, of course, given only to French learners, but other nationalities are not excluded, and there are three English pupils at the school now. It is to be hoped that they will bring back a few hints with them, for there is no reason why we should not rear poultry as well as the French, and keep the greater part of that four and a half million pounds in the country. They work hard at the Gambais School, and they have needed to do so, for they hatch 30,000 chickens in the season. The hours are from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m., and out of this three hours are devoted to theoretical study. Half an hour is given to breakfast and half an hour to supper. There is a recess from 11 till 1, during which comes dinner. The rest of the time is spent in active labor.—Tit-Bits.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice of quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry, brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking-glass. This is an English recipe. Another fruit dressing is for tan shoes, the inside of a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe, thoroughly, wipe off carefully with a soft cloth briskly. Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well, and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must never be donned in cold weather without heating, or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

When little Meyer Lipman, of 315 Blue Hill avenue, Chicago, was eight months old he could talk as well as most children of four or five years. By the time he was a year old he could spell any word in the first reader and could talk and understand both English and German. The extent of the boy's intellect told against his health, his hair turned gray and his face grew pallid. By the advice of a physician, who recommended that the boy be kept from everything that required mental effort, his books were taken away from him and he was talked to only on the most commonplace subjects. The family moved to the country and the little man's hair gradually regained its normal color. His parents are both clever and well educated people.—New York World.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice of quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry, brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking-glass. This is an English recipe. Another fruit dressing is for tan shoes, the inside of a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe, thoroughly, wipe off carefully with a soft cloth briskly. Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well, and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must never be donned in cold weather without heating, or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

When little Meyer Lipman, of 315 Blue Hill avenue, Chicago, was eight months old he could talk as well as most children of four or five years. By the time he was a year old he could spell any word in the first reader and could talk and understand both English and German. The extent of the boy's intellect told against his health, his hair turned gray and his face grew pallid. By the advice of a physician, who recommended that the boy be kept from everything that required mental effort, his books were taken away from him and he was talked to only on the most commonplace subjects. The family moved to the country and the little man's hair gradually regained its normal color. His parents are both clever and well educated people.—New York World.