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Now that so many brewers have been elevated the House of Lords, English wits are beginning to term that august body the "Beerage."

Recent attempts to introduce professional foot ball into Mexico have ended in failure. These unsophisticated foreigners will have nothing less refined than a bull fight.

A codfish four feet long has been caught on the New England coast. This does not, however, settle the mooted question whether codfish salt the ocean or the ocean salts the codfish.

More than 40,000 of the soldiers whom Spain has sent to Cuba are now in the hospital, and of the 192,000 sent to the island during Weyler's leadership only 89,000 are fit for duty. These are mere fragments from the history of the gloomiest military tragedy of the century.

A novel mountain railway has been built in Germany, the track of which consists of a single T-shaped rail, on which a car runs which is drawn up the incline by a captive balloon. The tests of this railway on a small scale have been successful, and now a larger railroad is being built to run up the Hochstauffen, near Bad Reichenhall, Bavaria.

A company of workmen in England lately listened to a speaker who called himself a fellow-workman. In his time, he said, he had experienced many privations. He had known what it was to be cold because he could not afford a fire. He had worn patched cloths and shoes. He had lived upon poor fare. When he was young he learned to plow as straight a furrow as any man in the parish, and no one could thrash better than he. The speaker was a man who in the table of precedence comes next after the princes of royal blood—the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Greater New York has a population almost as great as that of the whole United States at the time George Washington was first elected President. It has a population equal to that of the combined population of the following twelve States: California, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, with the District of Columbia thrown in. Its population is nearly as great as that of swarming Holland, one-third greater than that of all Norway, twice as great as that of Cuba, equal to that of Chile, and greater than that of Switzerland, Greece, Denmark or Venezuela. It equals the combined population of half a dozen of the minor countries of Central and South America.

Among the strange contributions made by modern Syria to ecclesiastical penance in other lands the following deserves mention, thinks the Independent: In a certain church in Scotland the controversy over the use of fermented or unfermented wine at the communion service, reached a point where it was necessary to provide two tables and two sets of elements in order that the church might partake at the same time. The sight and practice was a grief to all, and a scandal to people outside. A committee was appointed to solve the difficult problem: Some one suggested that the church send to Syria and procure "the common wine of the country." This met with unanimous approval. And now for several years the undivided church celebrates each communion service, using a wine made about three miles away from Zahleh, in Mt. Lebanon.

Uncle Sam, as a tenant, pays millions each year in rentals. There hardly is a town in the United States that does not receive something from the Government for the rent of buildings. The Postoffice Department, of course, is the heaviest rent payer, and after that comes the Federal judiciary. Where the United States owns a post-office building, and that is only in a few large cities, the courts also occupy a part of the structure; but in the majority of cases quarters have to be rented for the accommodation of post-offices and courts. The customs service and the War Department also rent quarters, while in the West the Land Bureau of the Interior Department is a tenant. At the national capital, where it might be supposed the Government would have adequate quarters for its bureaus, something like \$200,000 a year is paid for rent. The point is often raised in Congress that the Government should build in Washington structures for the accommodation of its servants, but with such a pressure for public buildings in the local towns of members of Congress it has been impossible to get appropriations.

A NATURE PRAYER.

Oh, birds that sing such thankful psalms, Oh, oaks that stand in forest ranks, Oh, strong, erect and slightly, Your branches arched in golden grass, Your leaves laughing lightly; Teach us to have firm and quiet strength, Teach us to have firm and quiet strength, Your secrets of extraction From slimy darkness in the soil The grace of life and action; For they are rich who understand The secret of combining The good deep hidden in the earth With that whose suns are shining.

LINKS OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

By EVELYN RAYMOND.

AM going to that auction. "Barbara!" "I never did visit a 'vendue,' and the grocer urged me." "You never will, I hope." "He was quite enthusiastic in his sympathy over the poor little woman who's to be sold out." "You're wasting yours. People needn't have 'vendues' unless they wish." "Mistake. These unfortunate neighbors are not indulging in this luxury from choice. Think of it. If all our household stuff had to be set out for the inquisitive to criticize and haggle over. It would about kill one." "If you go there, Bab, you'll do some foolish thing. We have no money to waste on second-hand furniture. Besides, this cottage is full now." "Oh, I'll not buy an article! I think. But I'm curious to see how such affairs are conducted. Good-bye." Barbara left the room with decision, and Mrs. Betts sighed as she rose from the lunch table. Kathryn laughed. "Why protest, mother? When my sister sets out to make a fool of herself she generally succeeds." "Humph! She could not make a fool of herself, child. I'd like to know what would become of us but for her emergency character." "Ah, well!" Kathryn pushed back, lazily, managing to get her chair into admirable focus for reflecting her pretty self in the mirror opposite, and fell to reading a novel. An hour later, a tap on the window aroused her. "For goodness sake! Barbara Betts!" "Yes, defiantly." "What in the world?" "Where's mother?" She was at the door, instantly, despite her lameness. "Why, Barbara, my daughter! what are you doing with that creature?" "Leading it. It isn't a creature. It's a stool." "Whose?" "Mine." "You're! Have you—bought—a horse?" "It belongs to that race, the 'vendue' folks called it the goat." "And you went to that auction to buy—a horse!" "No. I went for fun. This represents fun and sympathy combined in one beautiful form. Isn't it sweet?" "It's hideous. You're jesting. It can't be yours." "It is. My very own. I love it already; the first living thing which ever belonged to me." "Well! Where will you get the money to pay for it?" "It's paid for, and the halter was thrown in. That cost nothing." "How could you pay for it?" "Easily." "The price?" "Eighteen dollars." "You bought a horse for eighteen dollars?" "Yes. If you've looked at her all you wish I'll put her in the stable." Mrs. Betts sank into a chair, gasping. Kathryn arose and closed the door. "We should never have taken this horse, mother. There it wouldn't have happened." "I should like to learn the connection between this horse and that horse." "There's a stable in this cottage, you know. Bab has been tormented with schemes for utilizing it. She says it's the first stable she ever paid rent for and its emptiness reproached her. Let us be thankful it wasn't a cow—to be milked." "H'm. It's such a horrible-looking thing; and she has nothing to make it comfortable." "I suppose they nicknamed it 'goat' on account of its size. It isn't much bigger than Bab." "It looks very old." "About her age, too. Thirty, if a day." "Here she comes. She looks perfectly happy, yet I—eighteen dollars—disgrace—Well, Barbara, what next?"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

How He Met Her—His Complaint—Taken Literally—Looks Like It—The Cheerful Idiot—A Case of Must—The Scotch—Securing a Substitute—His Reason, Etc. She was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across. But how to make apologies I really am at loss. I struck her coasting down a hill. My wheel the maid did toss— She was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across. —Melancthon Wilson. Taken Literally. Governess (reading)—"Every morning her anxious eyes swept the horizon." Listener—"What long eyelashes that princess must have had!" Looks Like It. "Does that girl of yours use cold cream for her complexion, Chumpleigh?" "I guess so. I know that I've bought her enough ice cream to fill a box car." —Detroit Free Press. Her Complaint. Little Millie—"What is your papa's business?" Little Clarence—"My papa is a poet." Little Millie—"That ain't a business—it is a disease." —Illustrated Bits. That May Be Why. Mrs. Birmingham—"Mrs. Manchester's favorite exclamation is, 'The idea!'" Mrs. Northside—"Yes, and I don't think she would recognize an idea if she met one." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The Scotch. "Serpent," she cried, "I'll scotch thee!" The villain trembled. "Mercy!" he implored, as she drew a book of dialect selections from her bosom and turned the leaves rapidly. —Detroit Journal. A Footlight Meteor. Manager—"Have you ever played a leading part?" Applicant—"Yes." Manager—"What was it?" Applicant—"I led the mule in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company for two seasons." —Chicago News. Securing a Substitute. Mattie—"I'm so sorry, dear, to learn that death has robbed you of your favorite poodle. How can you ever console yourself for his loss?" Helen (sighing)—"I don't know; but I suppose I'll have to get un-married." —Chicago News. A Good Excuse. "Come up to-night," wrote an Atchison girl to a young man this morning. "I am going to have an evening." "I should like to come," he wrote back, "but unfortunately I have just had a night." —Atchison Globe. Twin Made One. "The Rev. Dr. Thirdly is a great condenser, isn't he?" "A condenser? How so?" "You know he has a record of 2400 marriages and must, therefore, have condensed 4800 people into just half that number." —Chicago News. The Cheerful Idiot. "Is it possible," asked the youngest boarder, "for a newspaper man to be an upright man?" "Of course it is possible," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Being a write-up man does not hinder him from being an upright man." —Indianapolis Journal. A Case of Must. "Is a man ever justified in breaking a matrimonial engagement?" he asked anxiously. The query editor leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtful. "It is not so much a question of justification," he said at last, "as it is of the kind of cinch the girl has on you for breach of promise." —Chicago Post. Ante-Diluvian. Johnny (who is just learning about electricity)—"Pa, I thought electric lights were the result of recent discoveries." Fond Parent—"So they are, Johnny; what makes you ask that?" Johnny—"Cause Willis Jones said to-day that they must be an old thing, and when I asked him why, he said, 'Well, Noah must have used an ark light.'" —Philadelphia Inquirer. Sweet Revenge. "I'd like to know," exclaimed the enraged client, "why ought to feel jubilant over the outcome of this case?" "Didn't we obtain a verdict for \$10,000?" the lawyer asked. "Yes, but you got about all of it. What good does it do me?" "My dear sir, the other fellow feels just as bad as if every cent of it were going into your pocket!" —Chicago News. His Reason. "I understand you have been evading a tax on bachelors," said Singleton. "I have," replied Benedict. "Upon what grounds do you justify it?" "Upon the general theory that a man should be made to pay for the enjoyment of a luxury." This he considered very clever until his wife heard of it, when it seemed to lose much of its brilliancy. —Chicago Post. In India when a native sees a bicycle he reverently prostrates himself. He does not wait to be run over.

EITHER WAY.

I saw the new moon yesterday; O'er my right shoulder fell its light; But she, my love, she felt bereft Because the moonbeams crossed her left. I tried to put her gloom to flight—"Some say the left and some the right," But still she shook her pretty head—"I wish it was the right," she said. Then fortune prompted me to say, "Let a word and catch it either way." —Cleveland Plain Dealer. HUMOR OF THE DAY. "I see that Timmins is getting out another novel." "Historical or hysterical?" —Indianapolis Journal. Whoever sits down to wait for trade to come his way will need a thick cushion on his seat.—Profitable Advertising. Chumpleigh—"Does your father object to my coming here?" Miss Phipps—"No, only to your staying." —Standard. "My wife has a mania for bargains." "Yes?" "But when she asks me for a dollar she won't take ninety cents." —Chicago Record. Friend—"This seems to be a comfortable flat." Harlamite—"It does. It makes that impression on everybody who don't live in it." —Puck. "People are not alike, and what suits one may not suit another." "I guess that's right. What is one man's bicycle is another man's juggernaut." —Puck. "Does Miss Dallington play and sing much when you call on her?" "No; I am beginning to believe that she really loves me." —Cleveland Leader. Mistress—"Bridget, are there any letters for this morning?" Bridget—"Only two postal cards, but there's nothing of importance in them." —Flegende Blaetter. Tom—"Why do you always call your mother 'the mater'?" Dick—"Any woman who could succeed in marrying off of my four sisters deserves the title." —Tit-Bits. Little Bob—"Aw! I could walk the rope just as well as the circus man, if it wasn't for one thing!" Little Willy—"What is that?" Little Bob—"I'd fall off." —Harper's Bazar. "Miss Fastidious is very dainty in her manners, isn't she?" "I should say so. Why, she can even eat corn off the ear without looking as if she had both hoofs in the trough." —Puck. Woggings—"Jiggins, can you loan me \$20? I'll return it to-morrow sure." Jiggins—"Can't possibly do it, Woggings; I've got to use the money a week from next Tuesday." —Roxbury Gazette. Good Friend—"I have reason to suspect that your husband is flirting with other women. You ought to follow him wherever he goes." "Great Scott! My husband is a postman." —Flegende Blaetter. "Our public school system is doomed; that's what it is." "Somebody's new gun wrong, Werry?" "Yes. They're talkin' of puttin' shower baths into the school houses." —Cleveland Plain Dealer. Harriet—"And so Fred Dullwich has asked you to marry him, has he?" Margaret (sighing and blushing)—"Yes—night before last!" Harriet—"What a stickler he is for formalities." —Cleveland Leader. "Of course," said one old farmer to the other, "your boy is learnin' Latin and Greek at college, but he is gettin' anything practical?" "Oh, yes. In the last letter he writ he tells me he is takin' lessons in fencein'." —Detroit Free Press. "Now," said the attorney for the defence, "here is a skull. Can you tell us to what species it belongs?" "It's the skull of a lawyer," replied the expert witness. "How can you tell?" "By the cheek bones." —Philadelphia North American. "When we reached the station," said the young bride recently returned from the wedding tour, "the men picked my husband up and carried him to the house on their shoulders." "Yes," said a neighbor, "but it wasn't the first time they'd carried him home."

HABITS AND HEARTS.

According to a local paper an organization has just been formed at Chicago whose members propose to substitute a phrenologist for Cupid. The working plan of this association, which is said to have a rapidly increasing membership, is to hold what are called matrimonial picnics every few weeks, at which all the candidates of both sexes for the marriage state submit their heads to the examination of the qualified officials for the recording of characteristic bumps. After due comparisons and consultations, a list of men and women whose traits are found to supplement each other's are told off, and all possible encouragements offered to induce their speedy marriage. At a recent matrimonial picnic sixty men and forty women had their cranial bumps felt by the professors, and a number of marriages of "affinities" are expected to take place shortly. A great deal of scientific interest is taken, it is said, in the experiment, and careful records will be kept of each union. The society has a comprehensive programme, including a scheme for providing suitable starts in life for such of its members as need assistance. The development of the children of these scientific marriages is expected to afford data which will be of great benefit to humanity. —The Ledger. A Queer Dentist of Berlin. Among the queer dentizens of Berlin was for many years a retired municipal official named Max Duester. This man has just died at a ripe old age, leaving a goodly fortune behind him. He had been in the finance department and had become so thoroughly imbued with his work that even after his retirement he used to do all his money transactions in the old-fashioned way. Before he could be prevailed upon to pay anything he would draw up a formal written request on himself to pay the sum in question, urging the necessity of the case and the nature of the expenditure. Then he would properly endorse this petition, tie it with a ribbon and deposit it in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk, labeling it "department of finances—requests." Whereupon he would draw up another report, likewise addressed to himself, in which, with the usual preamble, would allow the expenditure, and this document he would put in another compartment labeled "department of finances—expenditure." In this way he spent the better part of his leisure, until death came and wiped out all scores. —Chicago Record. Her Grace. An Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, was very apt to forget to pay her bills. A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl for the money, which was so much needed. "Be sure and say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child, gravely prone to remember, was ushered into the presence of her grace, the little girl dropped her hands and closing her eyes, said softly: "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that person turned very red and without delay made out a check for the amount due her milliner. A Scientist's Practical Suggestion. W. L. Watts, the field assistant of the Mining Bureau, who has been investigating the oil formations of Southern California, receives all sorts of extraordinary requests from parties who seem to think that the State Mining Bureau has been created for their especial benefit. A local paper states that he received the other day the following: "Mr. Watts, dear sir: There is a well on my lot the water in which smells bad. What do you think it is?" Mr. Watts is a very hardworking and conscientious scientist, but this was a little too much for him, so he replied briefly: "Dear Sir: Perhaps it is a dead cat. Yours very truly, W. L. Watts."