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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, 15 00 Half Column, one year, 25 00 One Column, one year, 40 00 Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All other yearly advertisements subject to quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

A Massachusetts court has recently laid down the doctrine that high social position and advantages aggravate rather than palliate a crime.

Seven different dialects were spoken in the Austrian Reichsrath, which lately adjourned, and a majority of the members violated parliamentary rules in all of them.

One of a gang of bank robbers lately arrested in Indiana said that in attempting to escape after one of their burglaries they rubbed onions on their shoes, and thus were able to throw the bloodhounds sent after them off the scent.

The game law of Wisconsin provides that each sportsman may kill two deer in the open season, and gives each one two coupons to attach to the carcasses, but no provision is made for the cancellation of the coupons, and it is asserted that they are being used over and over again.

Postal savings banks are recommended by the Postmaster General, who also favors rural free delivery. Gradually but surely, remarks the American Agriculturist, the claims of agriculture are being heard, and surely the country districts are entitled to attention as well as the cities and towns.

A Parisian who suspects that the food or drink which he has purchased is adulterated, can have the article analyzed free of cost at the municipal laboratory. If impurities are found, the city undertakes the prosecution of the tradesman, and after conviction the offender is not only liable to fine and imprisonment, but may be obliged to display in his window a sign reading, "Convicted of Adulteration."

A striking feature of modern science, notes the Trenton (N. J.) American, is the rapidity with which the possibilities offered by any new discovery are followed up. The Roentgen rays have been known but a year and a half, yet they have taken a permanent place in the hospitals of the world, vast improvements have been made in apparatus for producing them, and it is impossible to say that they will not soon become a necessity of our daily life. In England a Roentgen Society has been formed, with Professor S. P. Thompson as President. Some of the members will study the sources of the rays, others the applications, some the induction coils, others the tubes and other apparatus. These systematic efforts can hardly fail to result in a speedy increase of the efficiency and applications of this epoch-making discovery.

If the United States has made such rapid industrial strides in recent years as to be able at the present time to furnish locomotive engines to Russia, Great Britain, Japan, Brazil and Canada, what is to prevent this country from asserting its superiority in other industrial lines? asks the Atlanta Constitution. For example, in view of the almost unlimited resources which this country possesses for shipbuilding, what is to hinder the United States, in the course of time, from successfully coping with Great Britain? In response to this query, the New York Journal of Commerce says: "When the development of our own country and the exploitation of those sources of wealth which Providence has placed us in possession of demand the construction of ships on a scale beyond that of any other country we shall build the best ships for the money that can be found anywhere. With our vast domain the one mechanical appliance which more than another we needed was the locomotive, and we have developed that machine till for most purposes our locomotives are the best in the world. We have more railroad mileage than all Europe, and we have probably built more locomotives than all the rest of the world. It has not been a matter of vital importance to us to develop shipbuilding, and upon the sea we could not avoid encountering the competition of men willing to accept lower profits and wages than we were willing to accept. Therefore, we have not attained that pre-eminence in shipbuilding that we have attained in steam and electric railroad building and locomotive and sleeping car building. We have developed along the line marked out for us by our surroundings, our political needs and the best opportunities for profit. We may be on the point of adding shipbuilding for the world to our other accomplishments." In view of the enormous wealth which nature has lavished upon this country, there is no reason why the United States should not enjoy the same prestige in shipbuilding which she enjoys to-day in other lines of industry.

THE DYING CENTURY.

Old century, tottering to thy rest, All vately dost thou beat thy breast; A new dawn glids the mountain crest. The glory of thy wondrous day, With all its glitter and display, In twilight shadow dies away. Almost the poet, in whose rhyme Thy praise is sung in verse sublime, Begins his lay "Once on a time." Strange fancies fill thy time-worn brain; Thou dreamst in art youth again, With battle ere on land and main. And a dread turmoil of unrest Embroils the Orient and the West, Alarms sound at thy breast. Even Israel's children, in thy throes, Imagine o'er again their woes; And many a hope toward Zion goes.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. The Great Fool Question—Jonah's Discovery—Very Likely—How Sweet!—No Exemptions—They Like the Risk—It Gained in Color—At Vassar, Etc., Etc. "I'll tell you the course I'm pursuing To save my digestion from ruin; I'll mention a few Of the things I eschew (Eschew! involunt'ly leguminous): I never touch notakin leguminous, Nitrogenous, starchy, albuminous, Sour, bitter or sweet, Fish, fluids or meat; My dinner card isn't voluminous." —Pick-Me-Up. How Sweet! Moneybags—"Would you marry an old man?" Miss Bell—"The older the better." Jonah's Discovery. First Mate—"What was the greatest ocean race ever heard of?" Captain—"Whales." —Chicago News. Very Likely. "I wonder why she refuses to go riding on a tandem with me?" "Perhaps her back hair is not real." —Brooklyn Life. At Vassar. Teacher—"What is meant by 'the red badge of courage?'" Pupil—"Wearing a red shirt-waist in the presence of a bull." —Up-to-Date. Unsnuff. First Nurse—"I'm afraid I can't come with you to-morrow." Second Nurse—"Why not?" "Well, I don't like to leave the baby with its mother." —Brooklyn Life. They Like the Risk. Fred—"All the articles about the danger of contagion from kissing are very alarming. Don't you think?" Dora—"If yes—but we women greatly admire courage in a man." —Tit-Bits. Where Microscopes Are Needed. Mrs. Harlow—"It says the detective made a microscopic investigation of the apartment." Mr. Harlow—"Why, I didn't know the tragedy took place in a flat." —New York Journal. Decision. "I am very sorry, Captain Brown, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say 'No.'" "May I ask what the circumstances are?" "Yours." —Pick-Me-Up. It Gained in Color. "Your story," remarked the editor, "lacks local color." "It seems to be gaining in that respect," rejoined the author, observing how soiled his manuscript had become. —Modern Society. Crusty Thing. Young Wife—"I wonder why the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw bits of cake I made, and—" Bachelor Brother-in-law—"That accounts for it." —Boxbury Gazette. One Change. "Time brings its changes," remarked the philosophical border. "Yes, it does," assented the flippant one. "We speak about carrying ice to Klondike now instead of carrying coals to Newcastle." —New York Journal. A Disappointment. "My wife couldn't go to the concert last night because the baby threatened to have a croup." "That was too bad." "Yes; and now she is hopping mad because the baby didn't have croup after all." —Chicago Record. And She Just Jumped at the Chance. Miss Youngly—"So you've only known him a month? Don't you think you're taking a great many chances in marrying him?" Miss Oldwaite (caudly)—"Dear me, no. It's the only chance I've had in ten years." —Judge. Dissimilar Somewhat. Bacon—"I suppose running for office is a good deal like running for a railway car—some get there and some miss." Egbert—"Yes; but remember that in case of an car, if a man doesn't get there he doesn't have to pay." Ambition. Aunt Gertrude—"And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?" Tommy—"I'm going to grow a beard." Aunt Gertrude—"Why?" Tommy—"Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash." —Pick-Me-Up. Bones and Holes. Grocer—"You butchers have a soft snap. You weigh the bones with the meat and charge most prices." Butcher—"I don't see as you have any call to talk. When you sell Swiss cheese, don't you weigh the holes and charge those prices for them?" —Boston Transcript. Skeptical About This One This. "Women are naturally incredulous," remarked the whist player. "That's contrary to the common expression." "I don't care; it's true. You never can make one believe you the first time you tell her what are trumps." —Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The white rhinoceros is nearly extinct. London has two stuffed specimens and another is in the Cape Town Museum. Heavy trucks are being fitted with ball bearings now. The principle is that of bicycle bearings used on a large scale. Saville Kent, a naturalist, has an owl, or "moreport," as he calls it, which plays possum, stiffening itself out until it appears as part of the branch of a tree in the naturalist's yard. Frozen butterflies are often found on the snow by mountain climbers, and the insects are so brittle that they break unless carefully handled. When taken to a warmer climate they recover and fly away. A little electric railway connects the dining room, kitchen and cellar of the residence of Dr. Siemens, the famous Berlin electrician. By pressing a button, articles in one apartment are quickly conveyed to any of the others. Experiments upon a substratum of swampy soil on the Myrtle Grove farm, in Queen Anne County, Maryland, have developed a new fertilizing material and a new stock for a brown and durable paint. The mud, when subjected to an evaporating process, hardens into crusty blocks. This substance, when crushed, has been found available for fertilizing, or as the body of a paint, if the usual mixing fluids be added. It is said that a young man, whose name is not given, has not yet fully understood a recent paper by Mr. D. H. Dierhold mentions that the microscope quickly disproves the old theory that flies stick to smooth surfaces by means of suckers, and that Hooke's idea that flies stick to glass by a viscous secretion was shown a dozen years ago to be only partly sound. Dr. Rombout has established the fact that the flies hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attraction between the solid and liquid bodies. It is true the foot hairs are very minute, but as each fly is said to have 10,000 or 20,000, we need not be surprised at what they can do. It appears that the curious remedies of a century or two ago are still retained in some parts of the earth. A Russian journal mentions that the inhabitants of a malarial locality in the government of Kharkov have in recent years used powdered crabs with great success in fevers, and that this powder has been adopted in preference to quinine. A teaspoonful is generally sufficient to cure the intermittent fever, a second dose being required only in obstinate cases. The powder is prepared by pouring ordinary whiskey on live crabs until they are put to sleep, when they are put on a bread pan in a hot oven, thoroughly dried, pulverized and passed through a sieve.

A GAME SHE KNOWS.

When Bertha gets the checkers out And lays them for a social game, She'll improvise, beyond a doubt, Some rules to regulate the same. For Bertha cannot bear to lose, Yet cannot hope to always win, Save by a system that parades A plan bewildering as sin. Fail well, indeed, this game she plays, And many players fall before her; Some conquered by her skillful ways, And some because—'they half adore her. If chance she makes a hapless move, She'll "take it back" to dodge disaster, And lift appealing eyes to prove That in such winning ways she's master. Then, when the final move draws near, And dire defeat she can surmise, Her hands will shield the board in fear, And she will vanquish with her sighs, Thus Bertha plays the game of draughts Nor needs the science of the wise; In this, as in some sweeter crafts, She conquers by her wits—and eyes! —Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Friend—"How do you get along with the cooking?" The Bride—"Admirably! I blame it on the range." —Puck. "Pounder has had to go out of the band." "What was the trouble?" "He has got too fat to balance the bass-drum." —Chicago Record. Yeast—"I've just invested in one of those salt-and-pepper suits." Crumbs—"Well, that sounds as if it would be good for at least two seasons." "They have discovered a lake up in Alaska that is teeming with fish." "Eh? I thought they did all their tanning with dogs." —Cleveland Plain Dealer. He—"I suppose if your father found me here he would kick me out of the door?" She—"Oh, I don't know; papa's punting is wretched." —Detroit Journal. Hall—"What are you doing now?" Gall—"Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to ascertain why people don't want to buy a new patent clothes-wringer." —Chicago News. "The horse has another point of superiority over the wheel." "What is it?" "When a horse is getting ready to shy at anything, you can tell it by his ears." —Chicago Record. Hungry Higgins—"As far eight hours being enough for a day's work." Weary Watkins—"It ain't. Any man who'll do a day's work order git six months." —Indianapolis Journal. "Darling," he cried, "I can not live without you." "But," she replied, "my father is bankrupt." "In that case," he despondently replied, "I guess I'll go and shoot myself." —Chicago News. Teacher—"Don't any of you know how to find mountains on the map? Now, look at this map of Alaska. What is that row or chain of dark, round spots?" Class (in chorus)—"Nuggets!" —Puck. "Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be You-moires rather than Memoirs." —Puck. She—"But surely you believe that the sins of the father are visited on the children?" He—"Rather. My governor promised to let me have a fiver this morning; but he lost it at poker last night, so I didn't get it." —Punch. Miss Youngly—"So you've only known him a month? Don't you think you're taking a great many chances in marrying him?" Miss Oldwaite (candidly)—"Dear me, no. It's the only chance I've had in ten years." —Judge. "I'm afraid," said the candidate gloomily, "the other side has no beaten, and they know it." "Why do you think so?" asked his friend. "Well, there are very few campaign lies being circulated about me." —Puck. She—"If you could have one wish, what would it be?" He—"It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!" She—"Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?" —Chicago News. Suburbs—"I guess we'd better give up keeping chickens. We don't seem to have any luck." Mrs. Suburbs—"How can you expect to have any luck, my dear? When you set a hen you invariably put thirteen eggs under her." —Judge. "Seems to me it costs you a good deal to study," said the father, as he handed his son money to buy books with. "I know it," replied the youth, pocketing gratefully a ten-dollar bill, "and I don't study very hard either." —Harvard Lampoon. Miss Quikstep—"What part of town are we driving through, Mr. Fiddle?" Freddy—"I haven't the least idea." Miss Quikstep—"I was aware of that. Still, I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through." —Chicago Tribune. He—"They say that George Hartley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately." She—"I'd like to know what he's been saying." He—"Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his taudern." Then she drew a long sigh of relief. —Cleveland Leader. Miss Ancient Waitman (suddenly awakened)—"I see you have my pocket-book; but there's very little money in that compared with what I have in bank." Burglar (gruffly)—"Well, there ain't no way to git that!" Miss Ancient Waitman—"H'm! Are you a single man?" —Puck. "Boris, in your last novel you spoil the story by raising an insurmountable barrier between the hero and heroine, who certainly ought to have married each other." "I couldn't help it, Nagus. My wife insisted that I was the hero of the story myself, and she got jealous of the heroine." —Chicago Tribune.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORD.



THE day Silas Ryan, the proprietor and manager of Ryan's Ranch, set his employees at work, fencing in a large body of the best Government land in Southern Kansas, he stirred up a good sized hornet's nest, and brought the insects buzzing angrily about his head. He had no shadow of right to the land, and naturally the settlers and home-seekers resented his cool appropriation of it to his own use. There were men who wanted it for homes, and who were entitled to it under the laws, and these men looked upon Ryan's conduct as a base infringement on their rights and were not sparing in their denunciation of him and his order.

Near Ryan's Ranch there was a little town known as Prairie City. It was an insignificant place, with less than two hundred population, but it gave promise of great things in the future. Its inhabitants, such as the settlers on the prairie about it, believed that in time Prairie City would become one of the leading towns of Kansas. Unfortunately, however, the hopes of those people were never to be realized. A railroad was soon after built through that part of the country and it missed Prairie City by just two miles. The result was a new town on the railroad and the death of the old one. Prairie City went the way of hundreds of other Kansas towns. Its population took up their possessions, including their houses, and moved across the prairie to the railroad.

In Prairie City's halcyon days, however, it boasted of a newspaper, the Prairie City Eagle. It was not much of a paper, being small and poorly printed, but it was quite as good as its patronage justified. Its subscription list was extremely limited, and its advertising business was dwarfed to one column of display matter and a few lines of pay locals. The Eagle, as a matter of course, stood by the town people and the settlers, and when Ryan set his men to fencing in the public lands for grazing purposes, it came out with a strong editorial denouncing him in the severest terms. It pronounced his action dishonest, as he was stealing the people's rights. It went further and said that it was the lowest and most contemptible species of dishonesty, since by it he was stealing the homes from poor, struggling men and their wives and children, thereby robbing them of a chance to earn an honest living.

"It is the duty of the home-seekers," it went on, "to protect themselves against the encroachments of this greedy cornucopist, who, for the sake of adding to his ill-gotten wealth, would starve even the innocent, unconscious, helpless babe in its mother's arms. It is the duty of the settlers to band themselves together, and take the law in their own hands, and out the wire that shuts them out of their own. Tear down the fence, drive off or kill the usurper's cattle and give him to understand that if the Government won't protect you, you can and will protect yourselves." A copy of the paper containing this editorial fell into Ryan's hands. He read it and boiled over with wrath and indignation. He was forced to admit that there was much truth in the article, but it was none the more palatable to him for that. He swore vengeance against the Eagle and its editor, and vowed that not another issue of the paper should be published.

At dinner time he read the article to his employees as they sat at the table. They were six in number, recently emigrated from a ranch down in Texas, and had a reputation for being the hardest and most reckless dare-devils that ever rode the range. When Ryan had finished reading he said: "What do you think of that?" "I think it's blamed big crowing from a mighty little rooster," one of the cowboys replied. "If the settlers want to take that editor's advice and try it on about sitting the wires," another said, "just let them. They'll find before they get through with it that they've got into the hottest and most unhealthy job they ever tackled." "Then you boys will stand by me?" "Of course we will," one of them answered. "We're paid to work for you, and we've not got any love for settlers. We'll see that your fence is not out and that your cattle are not bothered."

"That's all right," Ryan said, "but there is something else I want you to do." "What is it?" "I want this paper squelched." "We'll squelch it." "I want you to ride over to Prairie City to-night and clean the thing out root and branch. Burn the office, smash up the old press and chase the editor out of the country." "We'll do it." Just after supper that night the cowboys loaded their pistols carefully and buckled them about their waists. Then they brought out their horses, saddled and mounted them, and rode away in the direction of Prairie City at a mad gallop. Just before they reached the town they came to a halt. One of them said: "Now, boys, we don't want to take any reckless chances in this business, so we had better be a little cautious. I guess that editor is a spindle-shanked, goggle-eyed old rooster from the East, who'd drop dead at the sight of a pistol, but still he may be a raiment of a different color. For all we know he may turn loose and go to pumping lead into us at the rate of about sixty a minute. It will be safest to kind of slip up on him and take him unawares."

The others agreed to this proposition, and accordingly they rode quietly into town, dismounted and tied their horses, and noiselessly approached the Eagle office. A light was shining through a window of the little one-story box building, and by one common impulse the cowboys stole cautiously forward to this window with a view to peeping into the room to see how the land lay. On one side of the room they saw a rickety old typewriter containing a half dozen cases of type. On the other side stood an old army press, while in the center there was a zinc-covered goods box which answered in the place of an imposing stone. Up at the end of the room was a small table at which was seated a woman. The woman's elbows rested on the table and her face lay between her hands. She was sitting directly in front of the window, apparently looking straight at it, so the cowboys had a good, square view of her features. They saw that she was young and pretty, not much more than a child, and very sad. There was a deeply troubled expression on her face, and once they saw her brush tears from her eyes. "The editor's wife or daughter, I reckon," one of the cowboys whispered. "Guess so," one of the others replied; "and like as not the old whelp's been abusing her." "I'm going in and talk to her," the first speaker announced. "You chaps wait outside till I come back." "A good idea," another agreed. "We'll just see a little more into this business before we do anything rash." The cowboy walked around to the door and entered the office. He passed across the floor and stopped just before the little table at which the woman was sitting. He took off his hat, made an awkward bow, and said: "Good evening, lady. I hope I find you well." A shade of fear passed over the woman's face and a startled look came to her eyes when she saw the man's huge pistols and noted his cowboy attire. Still, she answered calmly and bravely enough: "I am quite well, thank you. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Why, I don't know. I reckon maybe I'd like to see the editor of this paper."

looked on a moment, then paced rapidly two or three times across the room. Finally he said: "You wait here for me. I'll be back in a few minutes." He hurried out to his companions who were waiting at the door. He drew them to a safe distance from the office and then told them all he had discovered. They heard him to the end. "So that woman," one of them said, "wrote that piece about Ryan." "She did." "Then, if we kick up a fuss with anybody, it's got to be with her?" "It has." "In that case I guess we won't kick up any fuss. I've got money enough to tide it over a few weeks, and—" "I've got enough to tide it over a few more weeks," another said, and he was promptly followed by the others with like propositions. The upshot of it all was that a minute later a roll of money was put into the girl's hands, and before she had recovered from her astonishment the cowboys were on their way back to the ranch.

"Wonder what Ryan will think?" one of them remarked as they rode along. "Don't matter what he thinks," another replied. "We didn't hire to him to make war on women." Thanks to the aid given by the cowboys, the Eagle lived; and when Prairie City moved to the new town the Eagle went with it, and there it grew and prospered and in time became a prominent paper. But its editor never knew the true object of the night's visit that was paid her by the cowboys of Ryan's Ranch. Whether she would have thought any the less of them if she had known is a matter of doubt. Naturally, Ryan was displeased with the action of his employees, the more especially since the Eagle kept up its fight on him. But there was nothing he could do save submit, since he had contracted with his employees for a year, and he could not discharge them for refusing to do an unlawful act. He was entirely helpless and when the settlers cut his fence and took up claims on his range he had to quietly give way to them and seek grazing lands elsewhere. —Detroit Free Press.

Handy Helms at Mt. Vernon. On the posts of one of the old beds in the mansion at Mount Vernon are small glass knobs with sockets drilled into them, which fit little spikes, but do not fasten on. It is perfectly natural for visitors to place their hands upon the knobs, and those who do immediately perceive that they can be taken off. The next step is to sly them quietly into the pocket and carry them away as relics of the sacred place. Although an attendant is employed to watch the room there are so many visitors that it is impossible for him to prevent such pilfering, and the glass knobs have to be replaced two or three times a week during the busy season, but that costs very little trouble and expense. A factory near Pittsburgh turns them out for thirty cents a gross, and Mr. Dodge is in the habit of ordering a barrel of them every spring. There are several thousand of these glass knobs scattered over the world, in museums and private collections of mementoes and historical relics. Many more are doubtless concealed for reasons of conscience and fear of discovery, but the guilty persons need have no concern. The original knobs that belonged to the bed are safely laid away in a vault, and if they need more of the same kind they can order them from the factory at Pittsburgh.—William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record.

The Office He Held. A man who for some years has been engaged in the service of a large telephone corporation in Greater New York was recently asked by an acquaintance to name the title of his position. The telephone man replied somewhat as follows: "I hardly know myself. Whenever there is any little task requiring some tact, or when an unruly customer has to be pacified, or when a situation requiring a little diplomacy arises, or when any kind of work that no one else wants to do comes along, your humble servant is called upon. I have asked several times to have my position defined. The nearest I have to it is that I am a special agent. I have about decided to take a title for myself, and I think it will be 'First Aid to the Injured.'" —Electrical Review.

A Mortgaged Cat. There are very few articles that cannot be mortgaged, but when the clerks in the County Clerk's office took a chattel mortgage to file, and, looking over the list of articles, they found a cat, they were perfectly dumfounded. They say that they have seen many a strange thing mortgaged, but never before saw a cat. The mortgage was given by Charles Arnold to J. Claus, and it is hard to say what would be done if the cat ran away.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Short Service Well Pensioned. Frank Mark, of St. Louis, is the only pensioner in Missouri who is awarded \$100 a month, yet he was in the army only sixteen days and did not fight a battle. He lost both arms in cannon practice.

False Teeth Facts. According to statistics about 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually in this country, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of \$100,000, are used in filling teeth.