

New York claims to be growing healthier. The death rate has decreased six and a half per cent. since 1891.

The Pennsylvania Bankers' Association has voted to organize a chapter of the association, whose purpose shall be the erection in Philadelphia of a bronze statue of Robert Morris, the patriotic financier of the Revolution, and the founder of the first organized banks in the State of Pennsylvania and the United States.

Mr. Peary, the Arctic explorer, speaking of the generous gift of the Windward made to him by Mr. Harmworth, the London publisher, expresses great gratification over this striking exhibition of English good feeling.

It is thought that the influence of the French language, with its unspirited h, is the primary cause of that letter being so much ignored by English people.

According to the Chief of the Pennsylvania State Bureau of Railroads, the bicycle is hurting the business of the railroads. He says: "In cities like Harrisburg and many others it cannot be gained that the bicycle has become a most serious competitor of the railway."

Says the Philadelphia Record: Justice Patterson of New York, in a speech before the Law Club of that city recently, deplored the fact that the law had become so largely a trade instead of a profession; and on the following day Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in an address before an educational body in the same city on "Morality in the Public Schools," made the declaration: "There is danger of the managers of a great machine taking more pride in the machine and its workings than in the results it turns out."

Asent the agitation in the South for more diversified farming as a partial remedy for the alleged over-production of cotton, a correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier directs attention to the fact that many years ago South Carolina had a place in the records as an exporter of wheat flour and of corn. The flour exports began about 1760 and continued into the present century until cotton supplanted wheat.

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, \$8.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$25.00; Two Squares, one year, \$45.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$30.00; Half Column, one year, \$50.00; One Column, one year, \$100.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR. If we be blithe and warm at heart, If we be sad and pure within, No sorrow shall abide with us, Longer than dwells the sin; And as the dropping of the leaf, Though autumn tempests roam, And as the falling of the snow, And as the barren, barren earth, Though summer winds do blow, We keep the sun at home.

THE RIDDLE OF A LOCK. BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



HERE was upon his face an intense, and even a combative look, as he stood in the wind-swept piazza, with his hand upon the bell-pull. He seemed about to ring again, when the door opened and he stepped quickly in, while a graceful form receded timidly before him. A pair of moist, dark eyes and a troubled face were averted from his, and there was a husky tremor in the voice which said to him: "You mustn't come in, Jeff."

But if my heart be void and cold, But if my soul be good and true, But sorrow for the sorrow's sake, And sin because of sin; And as the dropping of the leaf, And as the falling of the snow, And as the barren, barren earth, Though summer winds do blow, We keep the sun at home.

There were carriages at the door. There was no occasion for remark, however, when the mourners came out of the house, in the fact that Madeleine leaned on the arm of Judge Wickham, and entered a carriage with him and his wife, her mother's sister, and with her mother's friend, Mrs. Meredith. If her stepfather and stepmother did not like it, that was not the time for them to say so, or to employ authority.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Out of Place—A Bad Shot—He Was Overlooked—The Precious Innocent—Excited—Judging by the Sound—Didn't Want to Be Hurried—Reforming, Etc.

Merry, though the moon shines pale And the wind-tossed branches wail, Purest crystals float and fall; There they sparkle, mere drops of dew, On the pine and lonely wail.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. It is very seldom that we seriously regret anything we didn't say.—Life. When a woman runs it is a mean man who will use his camera.—Somerville Journal.