

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and local advertisements.

It is said that nations move by cycles. A great many people move bicycles nowadays.

So rapid has been the change in the English language that the English today bears no more resemblance to the English of 1000 years ago than it does to German.

Instead of the old sign, 'Five Dollars fine for riding or driving across this bridge faster than a walk,' will be one, at each end of the new Milan Bridge at Topeka, Kan., reading, 'No restriction.' One of the tests of the bridge was the running of teams across the same at full speed.

For the second time a woman has won a prize debate at Cornell University, the '94 memorial prize being awarded to Miss Abigail Laughlin, '98. Another fair orator was the Woodford medal several years ago.

It does not speak well for the Paris police that fifty-three murders should have been committed along the Seine within three months and yet the first arrests are now made.

General Roy Stone, Acting President of the National League for Good Roads, believes that he has found a way to make postal savings banks and good roads promote each other.

The mineral production of the United States for 1897 is put by the Engineering and Mining Journal at a total valuation of \$762,061,106, of which \$257,451,172 is for metals and \$504,609,934 for non-metallic substances.

Whether on account of improved sanitary conditions or on account of the increased skill which physicians have developed in battling with disease, there is gratifying evidence of a marked decline in the death rates of our leading American cities during the past year.

Per 1,000 Inhabitants: Chicago, 18.3; Philadelphia, 18.7; New York, 18.7; St. Louis, 18.7; Boston, 15.9; Baltimore, 15.9; Cincinnati, 14.2.

While there is quite a decided difference between the death rates of some of the cities mentioned in the foregoing table, the showing which the record in its entirety evinces is unusually gratifying.

THE SONG OF SIGHS.

There sits a maid where the winds of the wilderness fling her hair, And the fair stars mock and steal the lustre and light of her eyes.



LOST: A MILLIONAIRE!

RS. COLLINS-COX is in the waiting room and desires to see you immediately, sir," said one of the men entering the room where I was in conversation with the Chief at Scotland Yard.

"Show her in at once. Wiseman, you remain for a time." A few seconds later Mrs. Collins-Cox came quickly into the office and the door closed after her.

"I can't do much until 8 o'clock, so I am going to try a little experiment." I took from her the specimen of her husband's signature and examined it.

"Now, I said, 'will you be good enough to summon every one in the house, and let them remain in the room until I call them?'" She went away and in a few minutes later returned, saying that every one was in the room awaiting the one in which I sat.

"Do you recognize this finger and ring to be your husband's?" I asked. "The ring, certainly, but I can't be sure of the finger. Men's fingers are so much alike."

"Do you wish me to take up this matter?" I asked, turning to my chief. He nodded, and I turned to Mrs. Cox. "Go to the bank, cash the check, and return home, where you will find me. You must do this, because you are probably being watched. Stop a bit, though, madam! Have you the check?"

"Yes, it's here in my purse." I took it from her, and crossed to the window to examine it. It was made out, payable to Mrs. Cox, on a sheet of ordinary note-paper. The body was written out in one hand with a steel pen, and the signature was in another.

old dress, cloak and hat of yours ready for me, and a room at my disposal, if you please." Then to Chambers I said in the same tone, "Pay particular attention to Mr. Stainer. He interests me." And then I came away.

At about 7.30 the same evening a woman, tall, agile and well but quietly dressed, with a rather thick veil that hid her face, which, for the first time in eighteen months had been denuded of a brown silken beard and moustache, left Mr. Cox's house in Carlton House Terrace, and, walking to Waterloo place, got into a cab.

She gave the driver an address, with instructions for it to be reached by a roundabout route, and placed beside her on the seat of the cab, a black handbag. The cab eventually stopped in Oxford street.

The woman sprang out, paid the driver and hurried eastward. Presently she encountered four or five cabs plying for hire at the curb. With a quick glance around her she sprang into one of these, gave the driver an address through the roof trap, and the cab rolled off at a quick rate.

The street in which she now found herself was narrow, dark and deserted. The light was barely sufficient to enable the woman to see a white cross upon a flagstone in front of No. 17, and upon this she put the handbag she carried.

She was attentively watching the windows of No. 17 for an indication of life, when she heard a strange grinding sound that made her start. No one was to be seen. Everything was exactly as it had been before, except that the bag had gone!

"Oh, are you sure?" I asked, for, of course, the agile female was myself. "Perfectly certain. The house is absolutely empty of everything and every one."

"Ah, then I think I can understand. Get me a cab and take the chap to the station in another."

"Where's Mr. Stainer?" "Your friend has him locked in the pantry. He arrested him by your instructions half an hour ago."

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Cox, turning upon me. "It's a mystery upon mystery! Who is this woman?"

"I don't understand," he said, looking at me as if he fancied I was playing a joke at his expense. "You had a telegram yesterday?" I asked.

chances of getting such a check honored at short call was remote, unless the person offering it could satisfy the bankers it was all right. How to do this set the plotters wondering, until they hit upon the grand scheme of getting your wife to change the check."

And I then recounted to him our adventures and their result. "The kidnapping idea was introduced in order to frighten your wife, and the finger, which was that of some one else adorned with one off-putting ring, which your secretary found in your bedroom, was calculated to further unnerve her."

"Madam," I concluded, turning to Mrs. Cox, with a slight evidence of justifiable pride. "I congratulated you upon coming to Scotland Yard. You have provided me with the only really interesting case I have had for years."

A naturalist recently asserted that man is descended from the angle-worm.

A German chemist has discovered that alcohol is among the by-products which can be obtained from coke-oven gases.

A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut he is reasonably safe from heart strain.

According to a dispatch from Melbourne, in Australia, Professor David states that the results of coral borings in the atoll of Funafuti show the soundness of Darwin's theory of the formation of coral reefs.

Hats and coats can be left on a new hook without danger of theft, a sliding bolt being fitted with a lock and key, by which the garments are clamped tightly, and cannot be released until the owner inserts the key to draw the bolt.

Checks can be indelibly marked to prevent raising, by a new protector which has number dies to mutilate or break the fiber of the paper, which at the same time forces ink into the mutilations so it cannot be erased without destroying the fiber.

The Massillon (Ohio) Bridge Company has received an order for the construction of a cantilever bridge 562 feet long and eighteen feet wide, which is to be built by the New York Dredging Company at Houma, on the Magdalena River, in Colombia, South America.

The Borchardt automatic pistol is cited as an example of rapidity in complicated mechanical movements. An eight shots have been fired in one-third of a second, one-twenty-fourth of a second will suffice for advancing the firing bolt, exploding the charge, extracting the cartridge and reloading and cocking for the next shot.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation.

As for the patriotism of the Chinese, if it ever existed, it is unquestionably a thing of the past. At the time of the war with Japan, China had two squadrons, the main or northern squadron, with headquarters at Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei, and the southern squadron, composed of five Armstrong cruisers, of gunboats and torpedo boats.

One of the New York printing machine builders, says Engineering, has succeeded in producing extremely accurate gear-wheel castings by the simple device of using a machine-cut metal pattern, and baking the mold in a core oven before the pattern is removed. Under these conditions the metal mold expands while the clay tends to shrink, with the result that on cooling, the pattern can be withdrawn, leaving behind it a perfect mold. Wheels cast in this way show, it is stated, the tool marks on the original pattern, and customers have accepted them as machine-cut wheels.

One of the largest domestic manufacturers of incandescent electric lamps has an output of over 6,500,000 a year.

The longest artificial watercourse in the world is the Bengal Canal, 900 miles, the next is the Erie, 363.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Winter Holiday—Obeys the Usual Law—His Cup of Happiness—What It Was—His Distinction—His Experience—Relief—With Variations, Etc., Etc.

Upon the leafless chestnut, Among the flakes of snow, I hear the bluejay singing, With happy dreams aglow.

Amid the whirling whirlwinds That etch the window-rime He sings with winter gladness His song of summer-time.

His blithe June song he's singing Amid the snowflake whirl, For in his heart he's dreaming About his summer girl.

Cutting Ice. "Does he eat any ice in the town?" "Well, I guess yes! He is a coal dealer."—Puck.

Who is that military-looking chap? "That, sir, is the hero of a rumored war."—Puck.

Obeys the Usual Law. Edwin—"Nothing is so costly as sin." Ethel—"No, the demand keeps up the price."—Brooklyn Life.

His Cup of Happiness. She—"So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins. How can you distinguish one from the other?" He—"I don't try to."—Harlem Life.

What It Was. Benevolent Stranger—"How on earth do you manage to live?" Weary Waggle—"I ain't livin', boss. It's only a bluff."—New York Journal.

His Experience. "I believe they claim there is less sea-sickness now than there used to be." "Then I must have had all of it," said the returned voyager.—Chicago Post.

With Variations. Mrs. Peck—"Before we were married you vowed you would die for me." Poor Henry Peck (with surprising spirit)—"Well, this is a living death!"—Puck.

Relief. Ledgerly—"It does seem good to see old Daybuck back at his desk after his long illness." Billie—"You bet it does—I was afraid it was another case of \$2 all round for a floral tribute."—Chicago Journal.

His Error. Mrs. Brown—"And the burglar pointed a pistol at you?" Mrs. Jones—"Yes; and I was paralyzed with fear until he said, 'Don't speak!' That gave me an idea, and I just shouted for help and he ran away."—Puck.

A Distinction. Mamma (to Tommy, who is taking his first lesson in reading)—"What's the difference between a comma and a period?" Tommy—"A comma, mamma, is a dot with a tail hanging to it, while a period is just a plain dot."—Judge.

Weary Bound. Literary Aspirant—"What steps are necessary when you want to get out a book?" Borna (who has had some experience)—"Several thousand steps will be necessary if it takes you as long to find a publisher as it generally takes me."—Chicago Tribune.

A Settlement. Willie, the bill collector, limped painfully into the creditor's office. "I presented your bill to Gledbopper," he murmured, "with the accompanying threats from you."

Looking Forward. "I can't help being a little bit afraid of the dark," remarked the small boy, apologetically. "That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible."

Saw Little of Us. "Pardon the old question," said the tourist on the east-bound Atlantic liner, "but how did the Americans impress you?" "I hardly met enough of them to form an idea," replied the English traveler, in a manner somewhat cold and distant.

The Bear's Rebuke to His Soldiers. An interesting story is being told of the way the Czar recently administered a rebuke to his officers. It seemed there is a great deal of extravagance and luxury among the upper grades of the Russian army, and a young officer who had been guilty of riding in a tramcar for the sake of economy had been asked by his fellow officers to send in his resignation. When the Czar heard this he himself rode down to the barracks in a tramcar and presented himself before his officers with the startling question whether they desired him to send in his resignation.—St. James' Gazette.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

Oh, mothers, worn and weary With cares that never cease, With never time for pleasure, With days that have no peace; With little hands that hinder, And feeble steps to guard, With tasks that he unshields, Even not your lot too hard.

I know a house where playthings Are hid out of sight; No sound of children's footsteps Is heard from morn till night; No tiny hands to hinder, No tiny hands to pity, That pull things all awry; No baby hurts to fix, As the quiet days go by.

And she, the sad-eyed mother— What would she give to-day To feel your cares and burden, To walk your weary way? Ah! happy she, you know, Could she again but see The rooms all strewn with playthings, And the children all at play.—Mrs. M. E. Juba, in Montreal Witness.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Willie—"Say, pa, what's a floating debt?" Pa—"Our yacht, my son."—Chicago News.

"I was in an elevator once that fell fifteen stories to the basement." "Dear me; how did it feel?" "I was never so taken down in my life."—Truth.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "We can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Puck.

"I believe they claim there is less sea-sickness now than there used to be." "Then I must have had all of it," said the returned voyager.—Chicago Evening Post.

Carraban—"Th' forman down at th' new place phere Oh'm wurkin' is purty kind. He towld me tek me ch'ice av any tools 't wurk wid an' Oh' tek me pick."—Judge.

Too High.—Mrs. Poetiens—"Don't you think my new hat is a poem?" Poetiens—"No," Mrs. Poetiens—"Why not?" Poetiens—"Oh, I'm merely judging by its price."—Truth.

Stranger—"Where do the High-minds reside? They are one of the old families of this city, I believe." Mrs. Forundred—"They used to be, but Mr. Highmind failed last year."—New York Weekly.

She—"How would you punctuate the following: 'Bank of England notes of various values were blown along the street by the wind?'" He—"I think I would make a dash after the notes."—Tit-Bits.

Billy Blink (boxing instructor)—"Great Scot! That was an 'outer' you gave me. But what's that in your glove, I say?" Amateur (just learning)—"Oh, that's a horseshoe—I put it there for luck."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Isaac—"I jells you dot coat at a great sacrifice." Customer—"But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?" Mr. Isaac—"Mein friend, I makes a schmal profit on de paper and string."—New York Weekly.

Little Presbyterian, aged three, on his return from the Episcopal Church, where he had been for the first time: "Mamma, the minister came out with a night-dress on, and all the ladies were so 'shamed, they put their heads right down."—Truth.

Literary Aspirant—"What steps are necessary when you want to get out a book?" Borna (who has had some experience)—"Several thousand steps will be necessary if it takes you as long to find a publisher as it generally takes me."—Chicago Tribune.

Chollie—"Mand has to wear glasses; the oculist said she had been using her eyes too much." Charlie—"I should say so! You ought to have seen her at the dance the other night; she was just surrounded by men all the time."—Harper's Bazar.

She—"Ah, Count, you don't know how my love for you distresses my parents." "I heard my father say this morning that he would give \$50,000 if I could never see you again." The Count—"Eer you, fazeine in heer office now, you stink!"—Chicago News.

"You know," said the Chinese Emperor, "possession is nine points of the law." "Yes," replied the European diplomat, "but I must remind you that there are several hundred points in the game we are playing. Nine points represent a mere bugatelle in the score."—Washington Star.

A lady who saw that her servant girl seemed to take a certain interest in the objects of art in her parlor, said to her: "Which one of those figures do you like best, Mary?" "This one, mmm," said Mary, pointing to the aimless Venus of Milo. "And why do you like the Venus best?" "Sure, it's the easiest to doct, mmm," answered the girl.—Harlem Life.

Shell Fish Fear Thunder. Crawfish, crabs and lobsters are peculiarly sensitive to loud noises, and it is a fact that a loud and sudden clap of thunder will cause them to amputate or drop their large claws and "pinners." The impulse which seizes them when suddenly alarmed is to throw off their heavy claws, so that they may quickly scurry off to a place of safety. Crabs and lobsters can in ten days or a fortnight grow new claws as large as the old ones. For several weeks, however, the patient who is growing on a new set of fighting weapons, does not appear among the armed members of his family, because, his claws being soft, he could not "take his own part" and would be eaten by his cannibal brethren.—Golden Days.

A New Supply of Amber. News of another valuable discovery comes from British Columbia. This time it is not gold, but amber. The banks of the Saykuss Creek, flowing into Jervis Inlet, on the eastern shores of the Straits of Georgia, are it is claimed, able to supply the world with amber for at least a century.