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The average cotton crop yields, as a by-product, 900,000,000 pounds of oil and 2,500,000 tons of meal.

The number of marriage licenses issued in Chicago has been steadily dropping for the past four years, and in 1897 it was nearly twenty per cent. less than it had been in 1893.

Says the Chicago Inter-Ocean: The Shah of Persia is said to own \$75,000,000 worth of jewels and gold ornaments. He doesn't keep up much of a navy, and buys diamonds instead of galling guns and bombshells.

The manufacture of bogus antiques in the Egyptian penitentiaries under English management has reached such proportions as to call forth a petition against the practice from the Royal British Antiquarian and Archaeological societies.

Ex-Senator John B. Henderson has thoroughly studied the problem of the West Indies, and he predicts European flags on the islands will be pulled down one after the other until there will be a powerful republic of the United Islands of America.

The American people have a very sweet tooth. Last year they consumed 2,096,800 tons of sugar—an increase over the consumption of the previous year of 136,177 tons. During 1897 we produced 41,347 tons of beet sugar, 289,000 tons of cane sugar, and enough sugar from maple trees and sorghum to bring the total amount up to 336,656 tons. This is a good deal of sweetness, but it is a mere trifle in comparison with our imports of 1,760,607 tons from foreign countries.

H. C. Russell, a scientific man of New South Wales, announces as a result of a prolonged examination of history from the earliest times, that seasons of drought recur with unvarying regularity at intervals of nineteen years. Of two hundred and eight droughts recorded since the year 900, all but fifteen conform to this theory, which is that there are, every nineteen years, one long period of three years during which the rainfall is somewhat deficient, and a shorter period between each of the long periods when the deficiency is excessive. He even finds a confirmation of the Bible chronology in the fact that the dates of the Egyptian drought in Joseph's time, the drought during King David's reign, that foretold by Elijah, and that predicted by Elisha, all fall into the nineteen-year period.

Poor De Lome's downfall is a cruel blow to the pessimists who are forever moaning about the incompetency of our diplomats, exclaims the New York Commercial Advertiser. We may not have a class of trained diplomatists, and we may send country lawyers to contend with experienced Ministers at European courts, but they do not make spectacles of themselves by insulting the heads of the governments they are accredited to. They may eat with their knives, but they do not get themselves sent home in disgrace. If Sackville-West and De Lome are trained diplomatists, the United States will be satisfied a time longer with its untrained ones. It is worth notice, however, that European diplomats make more of these blunders in the United States than in any other country. Europe must send all its cheap raw material here.

Oom Paul Krueger seems to have a life problem. Mr. Krueger is a wonderful man, and his unexampled success in maintaining the independence of his country in face of a rich, intelligent and violently hostile majority of the actual inhabitants of the country within, and against all the forces of modern civilization without, is a fact to which history furnishes no parallel. He is the incarnation of the spirit of his race, masterful, stubborn, rugged and tenacious of their own. In addition, he has a quality foreign to his people, such sagacity and craft in policy that Bismarck or some similarly competent policy declared him to be the one born diplomat he had met. The history of Krueger and his race reads like a chapter out of Laocædæmonian history. In stern contempt for luxury and progress, hatred of foreigners, grim content with old-fashioned ways, disdain for refinements and comforts, scorn of wealth and all it can bring beyond four meals a day and long range rifles, they are like the people who chose iron for money metal and trained their young to sleep out of doors. There is no place for such a people in modern civilization yet. Its time will come when civilization shall have bred weakness and decay and grown ripe for another conquest by rude strength. The Boers will not last long then. They have come too late or too soon.

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME. A fire mist and a planet, A crystal and a cell; A jellyfish and a snail, And caves where the cave-men dwell; Then a sense of law and beauty And a face turned from the cloud— Some call it Evolution, And others call it God.

CUPID IN SCHOOL.

By STANLEY E. JOHNSON.

"JOVI non placet," wrote the red-headed girl in the back of the wide, oblong school-room. Mr. Harrison Jenkins, the presiding genius of the place, stood scowling behind his desk, struggling with the class in Latin. These young boys and girls, who looked pityingly up to his dark face, were struggling with the verb "sum."

The lesson had been poorly prepared, and the issues of thunderbolts were soon expected to shower from this pedagogical Olympus. At last it came. Mr. Jenkins brought his fist down upon the plain deal board with a thump that awoke every languid mind in the room. "Is this the way you come to school for?" she began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the way you use one of the most precious gifts that God has given to you? Here you are, a whole class of bright boys and girls, with brains enough to do anything you desire in this great world, throwing away the greatest opportunity of your lives. If this was an institution for weak-minded children I would have some compassion for you. But your faces are all bright and your eyes all clear, and yet you will come to me with such a lesson as this!" Mr. Jenkins punctuated every sentence with that echoing thump on the desk which carried conviction and mortification to the minds of each boy and girl before him.

It was then that the red-headed girl on the back seat wrote "Jovi non placet." "It is not pleasing to Jupiter." Geraldine Coffin was Mr. Jenkins' pride. He had no favorites, at least, such never appeared in the little commonwealth, which he held in the hollow of his hand. But in Geraldine he was intensely interested, and he often found in her his greatest irritation. While Mr. Jenkins held the whole of his fifty odd young spirits in the hollow of his hand, the red-headed girl was the one person he was not quite sure of. Geraldine had given him the name of "Jupiter," and it fitted so well that it was at once adopted by all his subjects.

"When he pounis his desk and that great shaggy head shakes so, and his blue eyes flash, all you can think of is Jupiter sending thunderbolts to earth," and in this remark Geraldine had christened him. Many times he had thought he heard the name "Jupiter Jenkins"—but he had never been able to capture one of these erring mortals. Of course, he knew he was called "Jupiter;" he had been told so by admiring parents, who knew he would be pleased, and he was.

But it was with the red-headed girl that this story is chiefly concerned. She was the only human problem that Jupiter Jenkins could not solve. Geraldine Coffin had been an inmate of the schoolroom only a few days when Mr. Jenkins discovered that she possessed an unusual mind. He laid his plans to make the most he could of her. He was accustomed to use the parable of the talents in the schoolroom, and to say that of him to whom much was given much would be required. The getting of lessons was an easy matter to Geraldine Coffin. She not only learned them, but the truths and principles were digested, and sunk into her mind, clearly understood and stored away, until the day which would call them in use. Jupiter Jenkins was accustomed to say that hardly more than one child in twenty really digested knowledge. He had come to complain to Geraldine's mother that her daughter sometimes failed in her lessons, and that it was inexcusable in one who had such a mind. "I have come to tell you this, Mrs. Coffin, when I would not take the trouble to inform another mother, for this reason, and this alone: Geraldine has an unusual mind, and she can make anything she pleases of herself. If she knows you and I are one in this matter, she will not care to trouble us by neglecting to get her lessons."

Like the tides on a crescent sea beach, When the moon is now and then, Into our hearts the high young things Come welling and surging— Come from the mystic ocean Whose rim no foot has trod— Some of us call it mooring, And others call it God.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Brandy contains more alcohol than any other spirits or wine—namely, fifty-four per cent. An elephant is possessed of such a delicate sense of smell, that it can scent a human being at a distance of a thousand yards. In 1000 cases of the morphine habit collected from all parts of the world, the medical profession constitutes forty per cent. of the number.

M. Phisalix, the French authority on the venoms of insects and reptiles, has established that the poison of the hornet in sufficient quantity renders one immune to that of the viper. It has recently been claimed that iron ships fitted with electric plants suffer rapid deterioration of their pipes having direct connection with the sea, due to electrolytic action. Cloth is now being successfully made from wood. Strips of fine-grained wood are boiled and crushed between rollers, and the filaments, having been carded into parallel lines, are spun into threads, from which cloth can be woven in the usual way.

The amount of liquid refreshments taken by a man of seventy years would equal 76,700 pints, and to hold this a pair twelve feet high and more than two thousand five hundred times as large as an ordinary pail would be required. The weight of the liquid would be over forty-two tons. In the Diesel gas engine, which is now attracting much attention in Germany, the mixture of air and gas which moves the piston is not suddenly exploded, when it takes fire, but burns slowly enough to impart a more gradual impulse to the engine. A 1000 horse-power motor of this type is promised for the Paris exposition of 1900.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of Washington, some specimens of chrysoptera, a species of golden-eyed fly, which had been collected in the White Mountains, were exhibited as curiosities, because each one carried on its back one or more minute eucoidiid flies. The opinion was expressed that this was a true case of a smaller species of insect using a larger species for the purpose of locomotion from place to place. It is supposed that a Centauri, one of the brightest stars of the Southern Hemisphere, is the nearest of the fixed stars to the earth. The researches on its parallax by Henderson and Maclear gave, for its distance from the earth, in round numbers, twenty billions of miles. At the inconceivably rapid rate at which light is propagated through space, it would require more than four years to reach the earth from this star.

Sir William Turner, speaking at the meeting in Toronto of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said that the average brain weight in man is from forty-nine to fifty ounces. In woman the weight is from forty-four to forty-five ounces. A few men, including the great naturalist, Cuvier, have had brains exceeding sixty ounces in weight, but equally heavy brains have occasionally been obtained from persons who had shown no sign of intellectual eminence. Among infant children the average brain weight is for girls ten and for boys 11.67 ounces. Vision Tests in Schools. In Philadelphia it has been found that of about 1500 pupils of the two highest grammar grades whose eyes have been tested nearly half of those examined had defective vision. In several cases children who were instructed to wear glasses had shown the benefit of using these in improved proficiency in their studies. In some instances pupils were retarded, not consciously to themselves, by not being able to distinguish anything written upon the blackboard. One boy, whose hesitancy in reading could not be accounted for, was found to be afflicted with a difficulty that made one word appear as two. In special cases a physician's examination has been advised.—School Journal.

TAGS ON THEIR FINS.

LETTING MARKED COD LOOSE TO STUDY THEIR HABITS.

Curious and Interesting Experience at the United States Fish Hatching Station—Each Liberated Fish Swims to the Atlantic With a Metal Tag Attached. According to the Boston Globe an experiment which is being viewed with the keenest interest by the fishermen along the Atlantic coast is now being carried on at the United States fish hatching station at Woods Holl, Mass., under the supervision of Commissioner J. J. Brice.

For years and ever since the establishment of a fish hatching station at Woods Holl continuous observations have been made through the year in reference to the habits, abundance and movements of the important fishes of the New England coast. At this station, as at all others, the product has been from time to time seriously affected by the presence of parasitic animals and diseases peculiar to the finny tribes. Of the food fish, the cod has suffered much from the parasite animals as any food fish propagated at this station. The cases have been given careful study by scientists, and investigations carried on on an extensive scale. The results of the investigations have been most gratifying to all concerned, and it is evidently the intention of the government to make this station the most important one on the Atlantic coast, utilizing the excellent facilities here afforded to the fullest extent.

With a view to securing more definite information regarding some important points concerning the cod the Commission have begun to turn loose in the waters of Vineyard sound several hundred cod, which in weight vary from six to twenty pounds. The fish were procured from the fishermen in the vicinity and stripped of their spawn at this station. Before being released, a numbered tag is fastened to each of the fish. The tag is a small piece of copper or tin, and is securely fastened by copper wire to the dorsal, anal or caudal fins.

Commissioner Brice has issued circulars and sent them to the fishermen and dealers, urgently requesting them that when a cod having such a tag comes into their hands, to remove the tag and forward it to the United States Fish Commission, either at Washington or at Woods Holl. The Commission also request that the following information concerning the fish be sent to them: Date when caught, on what grounds taken, weight before being dressed, total length from end of nose to end of tail, whether male or female, and whether eggs or milt were ripe, large, but not ripe, or immature; also, the position of the tag.

This inquiry will, it is expected, prove of practical interest, by showing, among other things, the rate of growth of the cod, the frequency of its spawning, and the extent to which the individual fish migrate, and the assistance of the general public in fishing towns is asked in order to make the experiment fully successful. Among the fish thus far liberated are several that tipped the scales at over a dozen pounds. As soon as they were tagged they were put into a big tank and taken far out into the sound and released. The process of tagging these fish is quite interesting and requires the services of two skilled operators. A small hole is made through the dorsal, anal or caudal fins, through which a small copper wire is passed. To this wire are attached the tags, which are about one inch in length, one-half inch in width and about the thickness of writing paper. The numbers are stamped in the middle. A record of the fish released is kept in a book especially designed for that purpose.

He Wanted \$33,000. The following letter was recently received by the Commissioner of Pensions: "Cormishner—I hope you wrote take know offense a ganst me no think hard of me (sor). I dont do this sor to insult you, my dear friend. Sor I am know soldier in the water. I never was in eny regiment and all I claime my pension is my gun bote patent (patent) which god handed down in a vishun to me from heven all jitted upp. God didnt doo this for my ingre (injury) nor god never does eny thing wrong. My gun bote patent god burnt when my house burnt when my house burnt. Please send me a check for \$33,000."—Washington Star.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Dream That Failed—The Modern Girl—In Doubt—Philosophy—Double-Edged—Decidedly, Not—Another Chinese Complication—An Explanation. "I dreamed a beautiful dream last night," the beautiful young man said. "And I wonder if you can guess it aright." And he blushed a rosy red. "Dreams are things I never could guess," the beautiful maid did reply. "I dreamed to a question you answered you." He said with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Well, you are aware, no doubt," said she, "that dreams by contrast go; so, should you that question ask of me, My answer will surely be no."—Chicago News. In Doubt. Gladys—"Do you think Charley means business?" May—"I can't tell yet; but I'm afraid he only means poetry."—Puck. Philosophy. First Boarder—"This chicken is not the most tender fowl in the world." Second Boarder—"No; however, the quality reconciles one to the quantity."—Puck. Old Maxim Applied. Van Lushie—"Drunkness is a vice I have the utmost contempt for." Miss Cutting—"Yes, familiarity does breed contempt, doesn't it."—Boston Traveller.

The Modern Girl. "Do you think the modern girl needs a chaperon?" "Not always; but I think the chaperon generally needs a modern girl along."—Kansas City Times. The Revival. Stranger—"Were you to the revival meeting last night?" Uncle Eph—"Yes, sah. De minister done talk so much it took half an hour to revive me."—New York Journal. Another Chinese Complication. Brown (reading the news from China)—"How would you pronounce this name?" Jones—"Liao-Tung? I guess you don't pronounce that—you yodel it."—Puck. The Reason. Elmer—"Pa," why do they call the end of school 'commencement'?" Professor Broadhead—"Because it is the time when the student commences to forget everything he has learned."—New York Journal.

Double-Edged. "What is an 'aggressive policy,' grandpa?" "Well, it is a policy which makes a man so mad that he wants to fight, but which scares him so that he doesn't dare to."—Detroit Free Press. Undoubtedly. Jasper—"What do you think Howells meant when he spoke about one of his characters being a 'hen minded' woman?" Jumpguy—"Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set."—Judge. An Ill-Chosen Time. "When I proposed she could not say a word in reply," said Spynke to his friend Spokes. "Her heart was too full for utterance, I suppose." "No, it was her mouth which was too full. I proposed at the dinner table."—Decidedly Not.

Decidedly Not. "This year's wheel may be chainless," remarked the observant boarder, "but—" "But," added the cross-eyed boarder, before the other man could finish his sentence, "this year's L. A. W. politics is not chainless."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. In Boston. The Fiance—"Forgive me, Minister, I admit that I was wrong." The Fiance—"O, Emerson! I am so happy!" The Fiance—"Yes, darling. I realize that I was very hasty in saying what I did concerning the manners and customs of the early Assyrians."—Puck. An Explanation. "Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisement that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?" "A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that our goods are the best."—Puck. Universal Substance. "Give me the man who sings at his work!" exclaimed the chery citizen. "He is the person whose temperament has my sympathy and approval, every time." "Yes," replied Mr. Bitters, "I don't object to the man who sings at his work, so long as he confines himself to that. What annoys me is to have him come in and insist on singing at my work."—Washington Star.

His Retort. "Here's a queer case," she said looking up from the newspaper. "Is it?" he returned, for he was not feeling in particularly good humor and didn't care who knew it. "Yes, it is," she replied. "It's a case where a bride was given as a german favor." "Rather a stretch of the imagination to call it a favor, I should think," he said. "Of course she got even with him after—they always do; but this is not a continued story."—Chicago Evening Post. Humors of the Day. "How can a man tell when he is really in love?" "Well—a man is really in love when he thinks he doesn't eat or sleep."—Puck. She—"You never think of me while you are staying out so late." He—"My dear, that's one reason I stay out so late."—Indianapolis Journal. "It's hard," said Uncle Eben, "for er man ter excuse a boy fob bein' as foolish at eighteen years of age as he was hisse'f at twenty-five."—Washington Star. "Stickenlooper gets his money's worth whenever he buys a newspaper." "In what way?" "He can read any joke four times before he sees the point."—Spagetti. Count Spagetti—"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I love her." Mr. Commonstock—"But what makes you think I don't?"—Puck. "What's the difference between wages and boodle?" "Well, wages is money a man earns and sometimes doesn't get; but boodle is what a man gets and doesn't earn."—Detroit Free Press. Editor—"I cannot consider your contribution; you have no reputation." Poet—"Ah?" Editor—"Yes; you do impose on two or three lesser editors, and then I'll talk with you."—Detroit Journal. "Fearful destitution up at the Klondike," said Biggs. "Awful!" returned Winbleton. "I'm told that a woolen-legged man up there had to chop his leg up into toothpicks."—Harper's Bazar. "I believes," said Uncle Eben, "dat de human race would be considerable wiser an happier if you could git 'em to fill an argument as easy as you kin git 'em to foller a circus pubeescion."—Washington Star. "One big trouble 'bout runnin' dis here world," said Uncle Eben, "is dat it's de man who honesty realizes de full importance ob a responsibility dat is mos' likely to be a little shy ob acceptin' it."—Washington Star. Friend—"Poetry is a drug on the market, isn't it?" Poet—"I should say not! Friend—"Then I am informed." Poet—"Your informant probably never tried to sell poetry or buy drugs."—Buffalo Commercial.

LOVE AND THE BICYCLE.

"When balmy breezes blow, dear, Across the meadows green, And fragrant flowers grow, dear, Where now the snow is seen, A-though the happy land, dear, We'll happily-hearted go, Two lovers, hand in hand, dear, When balmy breezes blow."—SHE. "When balmy breezes blow, dear, I'll have a chainless bike, And you can hardly go, dear, The rapid road I'll strike; If love you truly fond, dear, You mustn't be so slow; Brave up and get a wheel, dear, When balmy breezes blow."—Boston Traveller.

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First Arctic Explorer—"I have always considered Columbus a somewhat over-estimated man." Second Arctic explorer—"Why?" First Arctic explorer—"He discovered America the first time he went to look for it."—Puck. Usher—"Complaint is being made as to that bonnet in the third box." Manager—"What's the matter with it?" Usher—"Several ladies on the opposite side of the house claim it is so swell they can't see the stage."—Chicago Chronicle. "This coffee, my dear," said Kiekles, "reminds me of what mother used to make." "Does it really?" exclaimed his wife, a pleased look coming into her face. "Yes; and she used to make about the worst coffee I ever drank."—Boston Traveller. Mrs. Green—"What bad-behaved children those are of the Briggs'! It was disgraceful the way they fought over the last piece of cake at the table last evening." Mrs. Brown—"That's queer. My Mrs. Brown never began quarreling till the last piece is gone."—Boston Transcript. "No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find to marry." "Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."—New Orleans Times-Democrat. Great Picture-buyer (to hostess)—"What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on the ceiling so truthfully that the servant went herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?" Hostess (a woman of experience)—"There may have been such an artist, but never was such a servant."—Tit-Bits. Old-Age Pensions. A determined effort has been made in the legislative council of New Zealand, which is the Senate of the Colony, to carry an old-age pension bill, the object of which was to give a small annual grant to the poorest classes of the population who have arrived at the age of seventy without requiring any contributions from them. But the bill was defeated by twenty votes to fifteen, as it was felt that the scheme would consist of contributions by the beneficiaries aided by a Government subsidy for some years before the age limit is reached.—New York Commercial Advertiser. Pay of Actors in China. In China a company of thirty actors can be engaged for \$30 to play as many pieces as may be desired for two days at a stretch.