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The Attorney-General of Colorado has decided that no law in that State requires a woman upon marriage to assume her husband's name; indeed, he thinks that, in view of the advent of women as office-holders, it is preferable, under certain circumstances, for a married woman to hold on to her maiden name.

Travel on the Baitway Railroad is exciting. The Shaahi River recently rose four feet above the bridge tracks, so that engines could not cross. A train was made up as long as the width of the river, pushed across by one engine, and taken up on the other side by another. Soon after the bridge was washed away.

The salaries of Governors of Territories are not regulated by the importance of the latter in respect to population or the public revenues. The Governor of Arizona receives \$3500 a year. The population of that Territory was 59,000 by the last Federal census. The Governor of New Mexico, the population of which was in excess of 150,000, gets \$3600. The Governor of Alaska receives \$3000. The Governor of Indian Territory gets \$1500, while the Governor of Oklahoma (which was taken from the Indian Territory), gets \$2600.

A woman in Paris has conferred a boon on humanity in the discovery of a new science called "Linguistology." This is nothing more than the delineation of character from the shape of the tongue. A big tongue indicates frankness, a long tongue, generous feelings; a short one, dissimulation; a narrow tongue, concentration of ideas. Long and broad tongues indicate fondness for talk; short and broad ones, equal capacity to talk but not to speak the truth; while those that are short and narrow show an unmistakable tendency to Machiavellian lying.

Young women who assume the title of bachelor are considered especially modern. Yet the term was applied customarily to them in the time of "rare Ben Jonson." The poet himself so used it in his plays. Bachelor is derived from the Welsh word bach, which means small, little, young. The kindred Welsh word bachens means a pretty little woman. Therefore the brisk bachelor maids of today do not ape their brothers, but go daintily tripping down the centuries in the footsteps of those fair bachelors who coquetted with the gallants of the Elizabethan court.

Georgia has gone successfully into stock-raising, and the industry has increased rapidly. During the last eight months the farmers of the southwestern part of the State have shipped 65,000 head to Texas and the Indian Territory, getting from \$10 to \$12 a head for them, which is considered a remunerative price in comparison with that of other farm products. The Atlanta Constitution says that efforts are now being made to obtain direct communication with the markets of the North and East, thus saving to the Georgia farmers the profit now gained on their shipments by the Western cattleman. It is said that cattle can be fattened about as cheaply in Georgia as in the Indian Territory.

The consolidation of New York made no radical difference in the ratio naturalized voters bear to the native born, says the Sun. Relatively, it is true, there are fewer naturalized voters in Kings County than in New York, and fewer in Richmond County than in that part of Queens which includes Long Island City, and which was consolidated with New York on the 1st of January, but the differences are not great. A clear majority of the male inhabitants of voting age of New York are foreign born, as the last national census showed: New York, native white male 170,997, foreign white male 266,747; Kings, native white male 115,192, foreign white male 117,476; Richmond, native white male 8275, foreign white male 6802; Queens (whole county), native white male 19,818, foreign white male 16,999. One curious result of the consolidation of the three cities is that the present city administration is, more largely perhaps than any of its predecessors in recent years, under the direction of native-born citizens, while the representatives of "cosmopolitan New York" are few and far between. Mayor Van Wyck is a New York boy, born and reared in this city, and dating back his local ancestry to 1650. Comptroller Coler is a native of Champaign, Ill. Borough President Peters, the District Attorney of New York County, Colonel Gardner, Borough President Grout of Brooklyn, and the executive heads of departments generally are also native-born.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The dead who fell when war was rife Arose and passed, a mighty legion, Into the mystic ether life, The neighboring space bound spirit regions. No inaccessible it seems, But those who dwell in that fair "yonder" Build lovely shrines of our dreams, And back to earth at midnight wander.

Full oft they speak to us through space, Life is so rude we do not hear them, We think them in a faroff place, Nor know we live and labor near them. But when the year grows sweet and gay With singing birds and floral beauties The dead men take a holiday And leave their heavenly homes and duties.

They call in voices memory knows: "Come, drop awhile your sordid labors, Forget the earth and all its woes And live with us, your spirit neighbors. Taste the one pleasure that endures— Serenity—and cease from worry. Let thoughts of other realms than yours Arrest you in your aimless hurry."

"What use is all this stress and strain For lofty place or heaping measures? Let go your thoughts of power and gain And think on death and all its pleasures. The path you tread is for a night, The road we go leads on forever. To battle boldly for the right Should be the whole of man's endeavor."

"And think how soon you will be dust, So brief the human life of longest. Be calm, be faithful and be just. The patient soul is always strongest. And flowers of fragrant thoughts and deeds To suffering follow mortals proffer. The living, not the dead, man needs. The choicest gifts your heart can offer."

"Let every blossom on a tomb But typify some kindly action Which brightens up a life of gloom And lends your own soul satisfaction." 'Tis thus on Decoration day, When love and memory go walking Along the blooming fields of May, I seem to hear the dead men talking. —Etha Wheeler Wilcox.

"The living, not the dead, man needs. The choicest gifts your heart can offer."

Then it was hot for Kensal Green—that quiet old world, "God's Acre," so different from all of the American burial places with which Bessie was acquainted. There was some difficulty at first in finding the grave of Randolph Carroll, but Bessie's pretty face smoothed matters wonderfully, and the location was soon determined. Mr. Malcolm being tired, remained in the sexton's lodge; while that dignified old person escorted Bessie and her wreaths to the tomb. Randolph Carroll's grave was surmounted by a very plain piece of black marble, upon which was the inscription: "Here lies the body of Captain Randolph Lee Carroll, soldier and gentleman, a credit to his native country, the United States of America."

THE SACRED THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY.

When Columbia Chants the Praises and Decorates the Graves of Her Dead Heroes



HER DECORATION DAY.

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A great wave of enthusiasm surged through the impressionable being of this little New England maid, as one by one she took her commemorative flowers from the sexton and laid them around the tomb. Then she laid her gloveless hand caressingly upon the exiled soldier's name—looking as though she would have liked to kiss it—and silently turned away. The taciturn sexton said naught; and the two passed slowly down the path. Suddenly, however, Bessie remembered that the best of all her memorials, the little "Stars and Stripes," brought all the way from New York, still remained in her hand. Bidding the sexton wait for her, she quickly retraced her steps to Captain Carroll's grave.

But another person had reached the flower-bedecked marble before her, and now stood regarding the wealth of decorations with evident astonishment. This was a young man good enough to look upon, and possessed of that attractive likeness which told Bessie instantly that she was not looking at a Brien, but at one of her own countrymen. He, too, carried a wreath; but it was, though a charming wreath, a very simple and unpretentious one. "Dear me!" said Bessie, regretfully, starting the young man, who had not heard her coming. "Dear me! I'm afraid that I haven't left you an inch of space for your flowers."

"You must be quite a near relation." Just then the worthy sexton of Kensal Green came stumping down the path, bent on discovering what had happened to delay Bessie. Behind him came the anxious chaperon, Mrs. Malcolm, who started guiltily on perceiving her charge in close converse with a stranger of the opposite sex. "My dear Bessie—" she began, severely; but Bessie interrupted in her usual quick fashion. "Oh, Mrs. Malcolm, what do you think? I've found a cousin—a real, simon-pure cousin. Let me present Mr. Alan Carroll. His father and mine were on opposite sides during the Civil War, but they were both brave soldiers, as Mr. Carroll has pointed out to me, so that I think the feud ought to be buried."

Mrs. Malcolm, in fear, looked a trifle suspicious at first over this very extraordinary meeting of cousins in a cemetery. As for the sexton of Kensal Green, when he retired to his lodge after seeing the party out (the newly found relative had been asked to lunch) he varied the monotony of counting an unusually fat fee by winking expressively and muttering: "Consins! Ho, yes! Ho, consins!"

As for General Downes in far-off Roxbury, when his daughter wrote him an account of her singular adventure, he replied: "You acted quite rightly, my dear. If Alan Carroll takes after his father, he must be a sterling fine fellow, and if there is an occasion upon which the differences of North and South ought to be laid aside it is on Decoration Day." And there are sly hints regarding "A Coming Reunion of Blue and Gray" in the Boston newspapers.

The Memorial Day procession has come to be regarded as an annual event equal in importance to Independence Day. It is the only day of the year in the civil calendar in which United States troops regularly join with the citizen soldiers, the Grand Army and others, in a celebration that is purely that of the civilian, for the militiaman is looked upon in the same light as the civilian, according to the ethics of the regular army. Each year these processions show more clearly than all else the fact that the ties which bind the north and the south together as one country are steadily growing stronger and stronger. Ten years ago, to see a man wearing the Confederate gray marching in the Memorial Day procession, would have been considered almost sacrilegious. To-day it is not only not unusual but a welcome event to the Grand Army posts, composed of the very men who fought so long against an enemy thus clothed.

Another and another wreath— We deck new graves each spring, And smaller grows the gray-haired band Whose hands the garlands bring. Grave veterans, we follow slow The dull beat of the drum; There's one brief march before us now, And, comrades! we shall come One sleep to share, and o'er each grave The starry flag we loved shall wave!

Boats are to be painted by machine hereafter at a West Superior (Wis.) shipyard. Pneumatic power is to be utilized, a pair of paint being attached to the machine, which deposits the paint in a fine spray on the ship, the operator merely working a sort of nozzle, much as though he were sprinkling a flower garden with a watering pot.

Unknown.

There's a grave on the far-off hillside, A lonely, sunken grave, Where grow the tall rank grasses Above the fallen brave. Where summer's sun shines warmly, Where winter's snow lies deep, Where, o'er the unknown dreafter, Unbidden voices weep.

There's a grave on the hill, O west wind, Pass by with plaintive moan, Bend low the grass above it, And sigh "Unknown, unknown!" Stoop down, O heavy rain-cloud, And drop a pitying tear, If thou dost mourn earth's chosen, Oh, spend thy sorrow here.

There's a grave on the hill, O Union; Pass not that mound o'ergrown. For thee this martyr soldier weeps, Give life and name, "Unknown!" Pass not, O wife, O woman; Stoop low, O brother, son; Forget not, He who sleepeth Thy homes, thy freedom, won.

There's a grave on the hill, O Father, Thy searching voice shall yet Rouse up the sleeping soldier, For Thou dost not forget. There's a lonely grave on the hillside, But oh, before Thy throne, The humble shall be honored, The Unknown shall be known! —Hattie Horner Louthan.

HONORS FOR BRAVE MEN.

Memorial Day and Its Beautiful Significance. In thirty-five out of forty-five States of the Union May 30 is legally recognized as Memorial Day. Everywhere the day is practically considered a legal holiday, but only in the number of States mentioned is it so by law. Most persons consider it what is known as a national holiday. Surprising as the fact may seem, there is no such thing as a national holiday. There is no provision in the constitution of the United States that permits such a thing. Congress has from time to time recognized certain special days for business purposes, but not even the President's proclamation of Thanksgiving Day makes it a legal holiday in any State unless the legislature of that State has so signified by legal action.

It needs no President's proclamation, no legislative action to make the United States observe Memorial Day. The descendants of the 2,778,304 soldiers who constituted the federal armies who fought from '61 to '65, need no reminder to perform what they consider a sacred duty. The 340,610 members of the Grand Army of the Republic who followed the fate of the Stars and Stripes—some of them from Fort Sumpter to Appomattox—do not require admonition to honor their comrades whose wounds or disease have taken from among them. Thus it is that at least from Mason and Dixon's line to the boundaries of the Queen's dominions, every cemetery where a soldier lies witnesses the advent of flowers on the appointed day.

The Memory of the Dead. There are few influences so hallowed to the living as the memory of the dead. They make good men better; sometimes they make bad men good. It is a grateful and beneficent custom which has been established of devoting one day in the year especially to the commemoration of the virtues of the dead. Their memory comes to us, hidden or unhidden. It comes with the morning light; it comes with the evening shades; it comes in the stillness of the night. Whenever it comes it is always welcome and precious. Indeed, one of our chief companionships, which we cultivate and enjoy more almost than any other, is the recollection of those we have loved and lost. In the formal appropriation of Memorial Day, however, to the decoration of graves, there is a manifest, outward sign of respect which is seemingly and in keeping with our ever-present feeling of affection for those who have gone before us. Many improve it by carrying flowers to the spot where their loved ones lie; all improve it by recalling in more vivid fancy the forms and qualities of the sleepers we sigh in vain for the power to awaken.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, Quere are souls that are pure and true! Then give to the world the best you have And the best will come back to you. Give love, and love to your life will flow A strength in your utmost need; Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed. Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind, And honor will honor meet; And a smile that is sweet will surely find A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn; You will gather, in flowers again, The scattered seeds from your thought outborne, Though the sowing seemed but vain. For life is the mirror of king and slave, 'Tis just what we are, all do; Then give to the world the best you have And the best will come back to you. —Madeline S. Bridges.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

We may amplify a little; but, after all, Solomon said about all there was to be said.—Puck. "She makes no secret of her ignorance." "Why should she? She couldn't keep it."—Puck.

She is a mighty worthless girl who does not improve a man by marrying him.—Washington Democrat. Quiz—"How'd you tear your trousers?" Sprocket [just returned from a country ride]—"Chainless dog."—Detroit Journal.

"Is your wife honest? I mean, do you ever find her short in her accounts?" "Well, I should say not! You ought to hear her!" "Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in the natural history class, "what is a panther?" "A man that makth panth," lisped Bobbie.—Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Bilkins—"The new girl broke four plates to-day." Mr. Bilkins—"Did she assign any reason for not breaking the entire set?"—Ohio State Journal. Mrs. Flint (skeptically)—"H'm! What kind of a job do you want?" Seldum Fedd (with surprising candor)—"Any kind of a job dat I can't git, num."—Puck.

Mr. Newtied (wrestling with bread)—"I thought you had a cooking-school diploma." Mrs. Newtied (tearfully)—"That is for cake. I never took the bread course."—Puck. Hoax—"If the driver of an ice wagon weighs 200 pounds, what does the man on the back of the wagon weigh?" Joax—"All right; I give it up." Hoax—"Ice."—Philadelphia Record.

"I have a doctor's certificate here that I cannot sing to-night," said the prima donna. "What!" roared the manager. "I'll give you a certificate that you never could sing."—Detroit Free Press. C.—"Nothing will age so quickly as poetry." Y.—"Indeed!" C.—"Oh, yes; I've known a young fellow to write tender lines to his girl, and when they were received they were pronounced tough."

A.—"What is Mayer doing now?" B.—"I saw him a little while ago with his head in a noose, a knife at his throat and foaming at the mouth." A.—"Horrible! Where? Where?" B.—"At the barber's."—Standard. Full of Grand Marches and Quick-steps.—Oletemer—"Is your married life one grand sweet song?" Newlywed—"Well, since I got a baby it's more like a grand opera, with loud calls for the author every night."—Puck.

Blind Beggar—"This dime you've given me seems to be off color." Old Lady—"Impostor! What do you mean by wearing that sign and misusing my name?" Blind Beggar—"Sign doesn't say I'm color-blind, does it?"—Philadelphia Record. "Thackeray a master of style!" repeated Chollie to the earnest person. "My dear fellow, you passively don't know what you are saying. I've seen dozens of pitchblends of the old Johnny, and not one of them showed a coat that had the least approach to fit."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning, the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, 'seldom strikes twice in the same place.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer. "Dear me!" exclaimed the girl with pensive, brown eyes and ink on her fingers, "I wish I had entered school a year sooner." "What is the matter, dear?" "Things are in such an unsettled state that I scarcely know what advice to give the country in my graduation essay."—Washington Star.

Little Tommy—"Papa, did you ever see a cyclone that blowed everything up in the air; cows and horses, and houses and things, upside down?" Papa—"Well, no, Tommy, although I've heard of it often." Little Tommy—"Well, I think it'd be rather tiresome to live so long and never see anything."—Harlem Life. Now the gravelledgers had become aware of what they deemed those elderly jests. "Sad dog, he," one of them consequently took it upon himself to remark, indicating Hamlet. "Great Dane," replied the other, boldly. This fable teaches how easily uncounted persons my jump from the frying-pan into the fire.—Detroit Journal.

"Marie," he cried passionately, as he threw himself at the feet of the rich widow, "will you be my wife?" "Yes, John," she murmured. "It means the sacrifice of my fortune, for my income from my late husband's estate ceases at my second marriage; but my love for you is such—" "Marie, I cannot accept the sacrifice! It is too much! I will be a brother to you!"—London Tit-Bits.