

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The Italian riots seem definitely suppressed and the monarchy and the dreibund saved. But the Continent has had a warning of the effect of cutting off Western wheat supply.

It is no wonder, remarks the New York Herald, that Joseph Chamberlain should desire an alliance between Great Britain and the United States.

The earliest records of illustrated comic literature have been discovered by Brugsch Bey in a papyrus of the twenty-second dynasty, recently found at Tonnah.

Colorado Springs is said to be the quietest town in the country. No church bells are rung there, and no whistles are blown.

Says the Atchison Globe: Women all over the country are organizing a boycott on French millinery because of the unfriendly attitude of France.

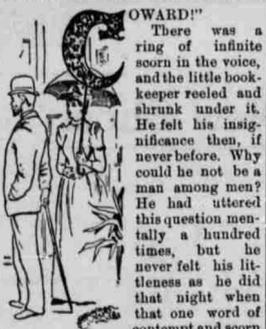
A contemporary complains of "Rear Admiral" as an inept title for a man so eminently qualified for keeping in front as is the conqueror of Manila.

The object lesson which Germany presents to us in the manufacture of beet sugar is worthy of some consideration on our part.

THE PORTRAIT. When lonely, late, and far from love, I restless through my chamber move...

Dear eyes, so tender, frank, and sweet, Aye smiling when our glances meet...

THE BOOK-KEEPER. A stalwart form, in red shirt and overalls, loomed up before the book-keeper in the moonlight.



There was a ring of infinite scorn in the voice, and the little book-keeper reeled and shrunk under it.

It was at a dance in a log house near Maple Top that Mark Farnham received the rebuke described.

What would she have him do? Too well the pale little book-keeper knew the backwoods code.

"Oh, the idea!" exclaimed Janet. "I think the next time I go out in company it will be with a man."

"I wonder if Janet would be better satisfied if I should offer myself a sacrifice on the altar of her offended dignity.

But the little book-keeper was not permitted the privilege of receiving a thrashing for Janet Lyon's sake.

"Where is the fellow now?" questioned Wellington. "Never mind. I do not care to see him again. Let it drop."

Against that world, it lent like a knife, and the pallid little book-keeper never before felt his utter insignificance as he did this night.

Go ashore, boys, and get a launch; the greatest danger is past; Wellington and I will hold the fort until you return.

It was Mr. Lyon who spoke. He had gone to the center of the river with the coolness of an old log-driver.

Scarcely had the last man reached the shore, when a wild cry rose above the roar of the foaming water.

"Good heaven! They are lost!" This cry went up, as all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lyon and his foreman, now the only occupants of the jam.

Both men felt the awful danger, almost certain death, that stared them in the face.

Janet would have rushed to the rescue herself had not strong arms held her back. Weak, moaning, almost fainting, the girl pleaded in vain.

But Mark Farnham heeded not the comments of the crowd. He seemed to realize that time was precious, and at once pushed the light ash canoe into the river.

The winter passed. Late in March the ice in the river began to move. Soon a tremendous roaring filled the ears of the citizens of Orxow.

On with irresistible fury swept the mighty mass, hurled with tremendous fury by the rapidly rising waters which the warm spring rains had augmented to a mighty flood.

The female portion of Orxow was out watching the movements of the red-shirts. Right in the center of the river, not far from where the water boiled and seethed over the dam, was Dick Wellington, giving orders in a stentorian voice.

From below the dam the little book-keeper had been dragged from the river, bleeding and insensible. He lay at the feet of Janet Lyon, who bent with streaming eyes above the dripping body.

into the face of the kneeling girl. A smile touched the purple lips. "I saved him—Dick Wellington? I knew you loved him; it was for your sake, Janet. I know you will forgive me for being a coward now."

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

The electric heater of M. Fernand Le Roy is similar in principle to the incandescent lamp.

A paving brick, said to be the equal to granite, while having the advantage of regular shape, is now being made in Eisleben, Thuringia, from copper slag.

There is no reason in the world why the industries in this country that use brimstone should worry about their ability to obtain all they want.

There are at a disadvantage in being some twenty miles away from the railroad. But the supply is there, and if the price should advance so as to warrant shipping it, it would very soon be shipped.

"They tell us," said Mr. Guzzleton, "that 'every man is the architect of his own fortune,' and this is doubtless true, but it is equally true that every man if he would have a fortune, must also actually build it himself, and how few of us ever get beyond drawing the plans!"

A food most soothing to a stomach not on good terms with itself is beef tea, prepared from beef jelly. It is much more nourishing than that sold by chemists.

He was endeavoring to cross a boulevard. "I should infer," he began, and then he found it necessary to jump about four feet and dodge.

He saved himself this time by jumping backward. "That bicyclists are not patriotic," he said in conclusion.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Soldier's Farewell—The Worst-It's Trouble—A Case in Point—Stuck Up—The Baseball Version—A Running Fighter—True of Both, Etc., Etc.

Waggles—"The doctors say you must not worry after a meal." Baggles—"Well, how will I get the next one?"

Albert—"Did you know that it is impossible to run at an elevation of 17,000 feet above sea level?"

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HO. FOR THE HEN AND THE COW. Sing ho for the South Dakota cow, Sing hi for the little brown hen;

Why isn't the bookkeeper's lunch the bite of an adder? Dividend—What the stockholders get after the directors divide.

There are some women who enjoy making a martyr of themselves so much that they fairly dissipate in it.

Dorothy (eating a seedless orange)—"Oh, mamma, what do you think! Here's an orange born without any bones in it."

Miss Cordelia Summers (upon presentation of some flowers by young pupils)—"Yes, children, this is my birthday. You see I am getting old—very, very old!"

"I should think some of the detectives would make good North Pole explorers." "Why?" "They are used to looking for what they can't find."

Mrs. Call—"It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so." Ethel (aged five, tearfully)—"Oh, well, Mrs. Call, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame."

"My daughter painted this beautiful picture?" Mrs. Upstart—"My daughter painted it? No, indeed! Her teacher did the work. Considering what we pay him for lessons, it was the least he could do!"

Little Boy—"How soon are you and Sis going to be married?" Accepted Suitor—"Sis has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements." Little Boy—"She doesn't, I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short."

Jack (tenderly, to little brother of adored one)—"Would you like to know a secret, Tommy?" Tommy—"Should I think I would." Jack—"Well, I'm in love with your sister." Tommy—"Oh, love with your sister? The family has talked about it every day since Aunt Emma promised Nell she'd bring about an introduction."—Standard.