Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their capers. By referring to this they can tell at a clance how they stand on the books in this

glance how they according to the confice. For instance:
Grover is paid up to June 28, 1865, Keep the figures in advance of the present date, Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrearages must be paid when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

tends college; in Scotland one in 650; in Germany one in 213; in the United States one in 2,000,

Exhaustive experiments in the cultivation of tea are soon to be made in Russia. The czar is personally interested in the plan, and experts are arranging for the cultivation of the plant in the western limits of the Caucasus, where the temperature is much the same as that in which the plant grows in China.

France does not seem to be in much danger of becoming overstocked with population. For the past three years there have been more deaths than births in that country. There were 20,000 more last year. There have

some the Decomport dockyard have degreed a contrivance which works satisfactority and insures the simultaneous closing of all compartments when the water rises to a height of six index. With such machinery the danger from Imming will be reduced to a minimum.

Baffour is so little given to exaggeration that what he says about the strong probability of a European war in the near future will make a strong impression on Englishmen, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. He existently believes that the cause of war will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria, and that France sull before that what he says about the ways about the strong probability of a European war in the near future will make a strong impression on Englishmen, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. He existently believes that the cause of war will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria, and that France sull be found in rival claims for territy of Maria, and that France sull be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and that France and the work of the strong probability of a European war will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France of the work of the strong probability of a European war will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria and the France will be found in rival claims for territy of Maria

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Under the caves is the haunt I love!

I can live a whole life through
In a transient hour, and my dreamings bring
Delight that is ever new,
And the cries without of the weather wild
Seem all for my sole behoof;
And it makes my heart the heart of a child,
The rain on the roof.

The rain on the roo'.

-Richard Burton, in the Independent.

JUST IN TIME.

ELL, mother, "said
Mr. Barton, as he
walked excitedly
into the pleasant
sitting room where
his wife sat placidly knitting, "Tve
got a chance to sell
the place for cash,
and at pretty fair
figures, too, itseems
to me."

"Ob, father! but
you won't do it?"

there have been more deaths 'than births in that country. There were 20,000 more last year. There have been a great many more marriages, however, in the last year or two than for seventeen years.

A San Quentin, Cal., convict refused to accept pardon because he believed that he could do the other convicts good by remaining among them. The ways of Providence—it has been stated before—are inscrutable, muses the San Francisco Examiper. No soon thad the convict reached his peculiar and self-sacrificing determination than he died.

One of the extraordinary things in this world is the prosaic end of most of the great explorers and adventures. After escaping death in a hundred forms Speke, Burton and Baker died the one one the victim of a hunding accident and the other quietly in bed. Now Commander Cameron, who had rossed Africa several times, is killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting field.

The statistician is a very trying person, but he is often interesting swell. For instance he has discovered that only fifty-five per cent of blonde marry, while seventy-nine per cent. of their brunette sisters engage in matrimony. Some one tries to explain this by asserting that fair-haired people are more susceptible to the unsanitary conditions of large towns, and saccoumb to death's darts before they are smitten by those of Cupid.

If a perfectly practicable method of automatically closing the doors between water-tight compartments on war vessels has been discovered many of the terrorsoffighting agreat armored battle-ship will disappear. A dispatch from England says that two workman at the Devonport dockyard have devised a contrivance which works satisfactorily and insures the simultanous closing of all compartments when the water rises to a height of six incher. With such machinery the danger from the water rises to a height of six incher. With such machinery the danger from the water rises to a height of six incher. With such machinery the danger from the first and the control of the debts together, we owe over \$20.9

vows of constancy and promises of frequent letters.

Mr. Barton was pleased with the farm and promised his wife that she should have a fine new house in a year or so. He went energetically to work, preparing a portion of the land for the precious grain; and aside from the discomforts which could not helped, all went well with him; for he had sufficient money to buy the necessary machinery, a serviceable pair of horses and a few cows, besides laying aside a small sum for a rainy day.

was ppend in buffalo robes, speeding away behind two powerful horses.

Mr. Lincoln was talkative, and Will soon found that Lizzie was Lizzie son found that Lizzie was Lizz

But all was not well with Lizzic. As soon as they were settled and she and her mother ha.l, with womanly ingenuity, given a pleasant and homelike appearance to the interior of the rude cabin, she had written a long letter to Will, and intrusting it to her others over worshed blimbely in the father's over worshed blimbely in the father's over worshed blimbely in the father's over worshed blimbely in the set of the set o

letter to Will, and intrusting it to her father's care, watched him drive off to the little town of Melton, a dozen miles distant, where was located the nearest postoflice. She hoped for a letter in return, but was disappointed.

'I shall be sure to receive one next week," she thought, and sang about her work, as she helped her mother inside the house, or planted the flower seeds and roots brought from the old home, which, later, made beautiful the outside of the homely cabin.

Another disappointment awaited her, but she thought, "Perhaps my letter did not reach Will. He may not have our correct address; I will write again."

The next time her father went to

her. but she thought, "Perhaps my letter did not reach Will. He may not have our correct address; I will write again."

The next time her father went to Melton she walked to meet him on his return; her heart bounded with joy as he handed her a thick white envelope, but sank like lead when she looked at the superscription. It was from a girl friend, a very dear one, but Lizzie felt no desire to read it then.

"Oh, father! Is that all? You must surely have another one!"

"Only some papers, puss."

His voice was a little husky, and he did not look at her.

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself, when the first keenness of the disappointment was over. "A dozen things might have happened to delay the letter. How I wish we could go to the postoflice every day."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Lizzie waited week after week, but no letter came from Will.

"Will write just once more," she said, "only a few lines, that I may be sure that I am not the one to blame."

She gave up all hope when, in early autumn, a letter from a girl friend contained the information that "Will Chester was flirting awfully with a contained the information that "Will Chester was flirting awfully with a some thought it would be a match."

Lizzie was too prond and also too sensible to let this disappointment spoil her life. She hid her grief from her watchful father and mother, and if her pillow was wet during many a wakeful night, she was busy and cheerful each day.

Summer and autumn passed. The harvest was gathered, necessarily small, for only a little land had been prepared. "It would be very different next summer," said Mr. Barton. Then came the Dakota winter. Oh, that terrible first winter to the Barton family! Not having any idea of how severe the cold would really be, they did not make suitable preparation for it, and endured many hardships.

Winter came, and Lizzie was again installed as teacher in the small school-house, her father driving her there in the morning and coming for her at night.

One cold afternoon in January he

her at night.

One cold afternoon in January he was not there as usual when the school was dismissed, and Lizzie, wondering what bad happened to detain him, hurried her little flock home, as it was beginning to storm. She waited for half an hour, hoping her father would come, for she had felt ill all day, and was scarcely able to walk a long mile in the face of the storm.

Mr. Barton was in the grip of his old enemy, inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost unable to move. Mrs. Barton was not alarmed on her daughter's account, thinking she could easily walk home when tired of waiting.

"I must go," thought Lizzie.
"Father would be here by this time if something had not happened to detain him."

It was quite tans
the schoolhouse.
"I'll have to let you out here," said
Lincoln. "I'm sorry, for it's storming pretty bad, but you see there's
nobody at home to do the chores,

will interrupted him by declaring that he thought nothing of the walk, and was very grateful for the favor re-

that he thought nothing of the walk, and was very grateful for the favor received.

"Thar's their light straight ahead, stranger, and if you keep your eye on that you can't miss it."

With an interchange of "good an ights," the two men went their separate ways. Will plodded on through the deepening snow for perhaps half the distance, when he stambled against something nearly buried in a drift. He stopped to see what it was. A woman—and perhaps frozen to death! A sudden fear chilled his heart. He felt for his matches and lit one. He caught only a glimpse of the white face before the blaze was gone, but that was enough.

"Oh, God," he cried, "help me, and grant that she is not dead!"
He raised the senseless girl in his strong arms, his valise lying unheaded where it fell, and pressed on. Could he reach that light in time? Every thought was a prayer for help in this his time of great need. He struggled on, now and again stumbling to his knees, for Lizzie was a dead weight on his arms.

"Had it been any one else," he said

on, now and again stumbling to his knees, for Lizzie was a dead weight on his arms.

"Had it been any one else," he said afterward, "It think my strength must have failed."

Mrs. Barton, now thoroughly alarmed about her daughter, had started out with a lantern to look for her; she met. Will a few rods from the door, and together they bore the unconscious Lizzie into the warm room. How they be worked to save her precious life! And when their efforts were at last successful, and she opened her eyes to see. Will bending over her—Ah, it's of no use for me to try to describe that seens!

The next morning, when all had been told, and the mystery of the lost letters wondered over, Mr. Barton hobbled to his desk, and unlocking a drawer took therefrom a small package. Giving it to Lizzie, he said:

"There, child, I wont have that on my mind any longer. I suppose you'll always hate your old father, but I thought I was doing it for your good."

"Why, father! My letters—and—and—Will's! Oh, how could? How could you?"

"Hus, Lizzie!" said Will. "It's

could you?"
"Husb, Lizzie!" said Will. "It's

hard feelings. Will you give her to me now, sir?"
"Well," broke in Mrs. Barton, "I

me now, sir?"
"Well," broke in Mrs. Barton, "I
think she belongs to you if she does to
anybody, for you have saved her life
twice, first from fire and now from
freesing."

Mr. Barton could not speak. He held out his hand, which Will grasped heartily, while Lizzie threw her arms around his neck.—New York Journal.

Perils of Deep Sea Fish,

Perils of Deep Sea Fish.

An extraordinary danger to which the deep sea fish are liable is pointed out in a very vivid manner, according to Knowledge, in a new book by Dr. Hickson. At the great depths at which these animals live the pressure is enormous—about two and a half tons on the square inch at a depth of 2500 fathoms. It sometimes happens that in the excitement of chasing a prospective meal the unwary fish rises too high above his usual sphere of life, when the gases in the swimming bladder expand, and he is driven by his increasing buoyancy rapidly to the surface. If he has not gone too far when consciousness of his danger grows greater than his cagerness for prey, the muscles of the body may be able to counteract this, but above this limit he will continue to float upwards, the swimming bladder getting more and more inflated as the unfortunate creature rises. Death by internal rupture results during this upward fall, and thus it happens that deep sea fish are at times found dead and floating on the occean surface, having tumbled up from the abys.

THE TOOTHSOME PEANUT.

OUR ANNUAL CROP IS ESTIMATED AT 4,000,000 BUSHELS.

Norfolk, Va., is the Peanut Market of the World—Cleaning, Grading and Branding the Nuts.

ROM 1866 to the present day increased, until now the gross amount produced and put they the peanut supply has steadily increased, until now the gross amount produced and put they the peanut supply has steadily increased, until now the gross amount produced and put they the peanut supply has steadily increased, until now the gross some of all the peanut sign with leaves much resembling a small four-leaved clover. The small, yellow in the second picking, is strong current of air blew the empty shells at once into the central division. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is the tight bag.

The soil in which it is cultivated must be light and sandy; after the flower is all, aways, the flower-stalk elongates and becomes rigid, curving in such a way as to push the forming pod well below the surface of the earth; if by accident this is not done the nut never matures.

They are planted in rows about three

way as to push the forming pod well below the surface of the earth; if by accident this is not done the nut never matures.

They are planted in rows about three feet apart, and the vines spread until the ground is covered by them. Harvesting is done after the first frost, and the yield is often 100 bushels to the acre, making this a more profitable crop than wheat or cotton. The vines, with the nuts clinging to them, are torn up with pronged hoes, and allowed at odry in the sun for a day or two, and then stacked to cure. In about a fortnight the nuts are picked off, the empty ones, which are techically called "pops," being rejected. This picking is done by hand, and is slow work, as an expert laborer can pick only three bushels a day. They come into market in a rough, dirly state, unassorted, and with vine tendrils clinging to the pods.

Norfolk, Va., is called the "peanut market of the world." This may be somewhat exaggerated, for Africa supplies the demand of Europe, but it is, certainly the peanut market of the United States. From the surrounding countries come by sloop, by steamer, by freight train, by wagon, by ox-cart, into the hands of the farmer.

All this, though the history of the

farmer.

All this, though the history of the peanut is interesting enough, would hardly have entitled it to be described among our "American industries."

But in 1876 what is now (mis) called a "peanut factory," for the cleaning, grading and branding of peanuts, was established in Norfolk. The value of this praduct, was at once inversely.

"Peanut factory," for the cleaning, grading and branding of peanuts, was established in Norfolk. The value of this product was at once immensely increased, and there are now in Norfolk and its immediate vicinity fourteen of these factories—several of them large, five-story brick buildings, filled with powerful and expensive machinery, and each employing from 100 to 200 persons, both male and female, for all the picking over is done entirely by manual labor.

But though he did not fift on exactly the right name for his new establishment, Mr. Elliot, the founder, not only proved a blessing to the farmers, by increasing the worth of their crop, but made his own fortune, and, standing now at the head of the trade, is known all over the United States as "Peanut Elliot," or the "Peanut King." He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with a bright, genial face and manner, and has a cordial welcome for visitors. He conducted a party of us, the other day, over his establishment, and after explaining all the various operations to us in a charming, clear and concise manner, he sent us away bearing each a large bag of "first quality" peanuts, and the most pleasant recollections of our host and visit.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an encless chain to the fifth floor of the factory. Here they are weighed and enpytied into large buiss. From

the sin a charming, clear and concise manner, he sent us away bearing each alrage bag of "first quality" peanuts, and the most pleasant recollections of our host and visit.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earthstained, and of all sizes and qualities, imbled together. The bags are first at taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth floor of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story, into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by fiction the nuts are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips as also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. Each of these sections is floored with moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly-moving canvas bands, a bout a foot wide, are called "picking aprons." Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of colored girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their honds some at this call throw maine business man, "I well-known Maine business man, "I ing lad not happen.

left the schoolhouse and logan ang wilk. Presently the steps and is a real times to a sternal range and wilk. Treastly the steps and is a real time to a sternal range and a real time to the state of the same and into the little town of Made at the same and into the little town of Made at the same and into the little town of Made at the same and into the little town of Made at the same and into the little town of Made at the same and large and logan and a same as well will made large and the same and the same and logan and a same as well will made and the same and

the best music.

In the arithmetic of heaven nothing counts but love.

Praise and doubt cannot both live in the same heart.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit.

There is as much kill in a selfish heart as there is in a musket.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

There can be no permanent or abid-

There can be no permanent or abid-ing good in unconsecrated wealth.

Benevelence without love has no more heart in it than a grindstone.

A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put

Perseverance can accomplish won-ders, but it cannot make a bad egg hatch. Build a fence anywhere, and the first by who comes along will want to

boy who comes along will want to climb it.

It takes more than philosophy to make a man smile when he has the toothache.

One reason why some men swear, is because it does not take any courage or manliness to do it.

Many a man will open the front door for discontent who tries his best to keep burglars out of his house.—

Ram's Horn.

How Indians Raise Hair.

Just when the mutilation of the



Plaids are coming in again. Fine little checks, with green, yellow, and black combined, are the favorite mixtures in taffeta silk.

Miss Kate Sanborn, the author, is busy moving into the house she has bought recently at Metcalf, Mass., in which she will spend a large part of

the summer.

Miss Ilona Eibenschutz, the young pianist, now in London, is only twen-ty-two years of age. She was born in Budapest and made her debut in Vienna before she was six.

Mrs. Minerva Rhines, who died re-cently in Chicago, became a resident of that city when it contained 900 in-habitants. She was eighty-four years of age at the time of her death.

Miss Nellie Temple, a Vassar graduate of the class of '82, has recently been engaged in assisting Professor Ratzel, of the University of Leipsie, in a revision of his treatise on the United

The Colorado Legislature has passed the bill for a house-to-house registra-tion of voters and twenty-seven wo-men have been appointed on the list of canvassers for registering the wo-men voters. men voters.

Mrs. Yates, the first 'lady Mayor' in the British Empire, has just taken her seat as Mayor of Onehungo, New Zealand. She wore a blue-and-white print gown, with a white front and puffed sleeves.

puffed sleeves.

A new material called "bure" is being used in Paris. It is coursely woven, like canvas or nun's veiling, with heavy threads, and has a faung surface which gives it the appearance of heine heavy.

surface which gives it the appearance of being heavy.

A silk scason is predicted for summer, especially of the very light silks that are made in this country, the taffeta, demi-taffeta, lutestring, foulard, or the so-called China silke, and the useful surahs.

Of 166 women who have attended the Medical College at Geneva, Switzerland, and qualified as physicians, nine have died, 129 are known to be in practice, and twenty-eight have

erland, and qualified as physicians, nine have died, 129 are known to be in practice, and twenty-eight have given up their profession.

Ducks and heavy linens are to be in great vogue this year, also the old-fashioned pique. Tailor styles are liked for these substantial linens, and for the white and ecru duck, so popular last year for outing suits.

White glace kid gloves are the accepted ones for all of the more formal afternoon affairs. They are stitched in either black or white, have four buttons—either white pearl or black bone—and at the convenient "sales" may be picked up quite reasonable.

Mrs. Munnington Caffyn, the author of "Yellow Aster," is the wife of an Australian physician. Her father refused to give her an education: but she got it somehow, and at the age of sixteen years she was translating German poems and following the hounds.

man poems and following the hounds.
Soft gray effects are charming in the
new silks, and will rival the clearlydefined white and black silks that
came into favor last summer. These
grays are very effective in bengaline
strips of satin and moire pointille with
yellow or rose color, or else with the
gay pompadour blossoms strewn upon
them.

A curious fashion in hat and scari A curious fashion in hat and searf pins consists in having as the pin head a large pearl, either pink, gray, whito or black, with a tiny diamond snake curled slantingly around it; the lilli-putian serpent may be replaced by a dy resting on a minuscule sprig of flowers; a turquoise may be used in-stead of a pearl.

stead of a pearl.

The "bow bonnet" is said to be the latest style for evening wear. Wide moire ribbon that has been wired forms this simple affair, which has no frame or band for a foundation. It must be set high on the head, with drooping ends, or an Alsatian effect, as best becomes the wearer, and be pinned on with jeweled pins.

The society editor of a Montana paper—a woman—became ill, and her