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OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.

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

Don't fool with a wasp because you think he looks weak and tired; you will find out he's all right in the end.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser than he was yesterday.

SOCIETY is often more concerned about the way a man enters and leaves a room than about his fitness to enter the room at all.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the lookout. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

SOFT words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

THE young men in Ohio and other States who offered their services to Japan are probably victims of the dime novel and cigarette habits.

He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

THE Mark Lane Express, in commenting on the British harvest, says that the yield of wheat was 16 per cent. better than in 1893 and the best crop gathered in several years.

Real estate business in London can be estimated from the record of a week's doings at Tokenhouse Yard. Of fifty-two auctioneers who conducted sales twenty-two had to retire without selling a single "lot," and only five sold all they had on hand.

THE warfare of the future is destined to be done at longrange. At a recent trial at Indian Head of the Carpenter projectile it went through forty inches of oak, and several yards of earth without injury to itself.

The estimated average yield of wheat in the Moosomin district, according to the Canadian Journal of Commerce, was 15 bushels; for the districts along the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway, 20 to 25 bushels; Prince Albert, 20 bushels.

The production of copper throughout the world in 1893 has been given at 17,250 tons for Germany, 160 tons for the Argentine Republic, 1,425 for Austria-Hungary, 7,500 for Australia, 2,500 for Bolivia, 4,000 for Canada, 6,000 for Cape Colony, 54,270 for Spain and Portugal, 147,210 for the United States, 21,350 for Chili, 400 for England, 2,040 for Newfoundland, 2,500 for Italy, 18,000 for Japan, 8,480 for Mexico, 460 for Peru, 5,000 for Russia, 750 for Sweden, and 2,850 for Venezuela. This makes a total of 303,975 tons, against 310,845 in 1892, 279,491 in 1891, and 269,630 in 1890. The average price per ton was 1,093 francs in 1893, 1,150 in 1892, 1,277 in 1891, and 1,135 in 1890.

A BUSHEL box is coming into use with market men, and by reason of being square is very economical in the way of packing. It is made in three styles, one all slatted, another with a slatted bottom and sides, with solid ends, and the third with solid ends and close bottom and sides, bound with galvanized iron; in fact, it is a galvanized bound box. These boxes are very convenient for handling potatoes, the vegetables being picked up into the boxes in the field and left in them until sold. Of course, other crops can be handled in this way, as cucumbers, tomatoes and apples. The measure of these boxes is 144 by 124, that being a bushel without piling.

LADIES OF THE CABINET.



Mrs. Olney, Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Bissell, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Carlisle.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Wishing. "I'll wish to be a princess and to have a horse to ride."



And have some footmen, brags and tall, To walk close by my side.

To be a princess, really, true, With long, long golden hair, With forty maids, all dressed in white, To stand around my chair.

And have a park a mile around, With trees and paths and flowers, And birds' nests full of eggs and things, And castles and some towers.

And I will live forever there Until a prince will come, With long black hair, and look quite fierce, And take me to his home.

A Good Reason. "Why did you tumble down, my boy?" the kindly teacher cried.



"Because I couldn't tumble up!" the weeping youth replied.

Old Bronze. "It's the strangest thing," said Jessie, with wide-open eyes. "And my flowers will never grow," said Ruth, shaking her head ruefully.

It was strange. Out in a corner of the garden was a rockery. On the rockery was an iron basket made to hold flowers. Ruth had planted in the middle of it a white lily bulb. All around the edges she had put morning glory seeds. She wanted the vines to droop over the sides of the basket and run down the stones.

Every day the children visited it and found that something was doing mischief. It was very plain that the seeds and bulb were trying to do their duty, for many and many a tiny shoot came peeping above ground. But the earth about them was scratched and the tender green stalks broke down and withered.

And it kept on day after day. "It must be rats," said Jack. "But nothing else in the garden was ever touched."

"Couldn't be frost, could it?" asked little Nan.

They all laughed, for the geranium and pansies were smiling up in the sunshine. One day the children came home early from school. Out into the garden they ran, and then there was a shout: "If it isn't old Bronze!"

Old Bronze was the largest cat they had. Jack had named him long ago, not because he was bronze colored, but because Jack knew that bronze was some kind of a color, and thought it sounded well.

There lay old Bronze on the basket. It was just the time when the afternoon sun shone on it. He probably found the warm earth a very comfortable bed.

They all laughed, and Jack said: "I'll fix him!"

He got the watering hose and aimed at old Bronze, while Harry ran to turn on the water. "Oh, don't," cried Ruth. "Poor old fellow! He did not know any better."

"But he must be taught a lesson," said Jack, very firmly. "Now scoot!" The cold water came with a dash, and old Bronze "scooted." With one long, dreadful m-aw-w-w-w! he sprang off the basket, flew over the flower-beds, and did not stop until he was in the top of the tallest tree.

"Poor old Bronze!" The little girls patted and coaxed and fondled him when he came down. He had learned his lesson well, for he never so much as looked at the basket again. And the lily grew, and was soon looking around her like a queen. The morning glories crept down and wandered



softly over the stones until, before summer was gone, the rockery looked like a bank of flowers.—Chicago Ledger.

The Game of Kangaroo. In this odd game of chance a toy kangaroo operates the balls and is responsible for the winning and losing.

The kangaroo is a mechanical toy so constructed that with three jumps it knocks against the balls on the inclined cover of the game box, and sends them spinning down into the box, where they skid round until they fall into a cavity. All the cavities are provided with numbers, and the highest total number covered by the balls of a player wins the game.



Bamboo Culture in Florida. "Successful experiments have been made in raising bamboo in Florida," said Abe Walthen, at the Grand. "There are several patches near Fort Myers, and the plants are all growing rapidly, sometimes as much as a foot in a single night. The importance of this new industry cannot be overestimated. For the building of light summer houses, or for certain kinds of furniture, bamboo cannot be surpassed. Road vehicles can be made out of it, and many other things too numerous to mention. Clothing can be made from its fiber, as can paper, and a portion of it is most excellent as food. It is the only plant known that furnishes shelter, clothing and sustenance to mankind, and its introduction here will be of great public benefit."

A "Surprise" Wedding. The new idea in society is the "surprise" wedding. Invitations are sent out for a dinner party, and when the dinner is over the parson is introduced in "a few well chosen words." The bridegroom takes his guests into his confidence, the bride blushing takes her place and the marriage is solemnized without further ceremony.—New York Dispatch.

WISE WORDS.

It is always safe to be right. Foreboding is always an enemy of rest.

What a little god some big people lose their money. Doubts are like bats; they can only live in the dark.

Men are often gainers when they lose their money. It costs less to be contented than it does to be unhappy.

Too many people would rather have glory than goodness. The man who seeks happiness must learn to take short steps.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched. Fortune never changes men. It only brings out what is already in them.

"Is the young man safe?" Not while his father is taking crooked steps.

The man who is the least willing to practice is sure to find the most fault with the preaching.

People who are always telling their troubles are never at a loss for something to talk about.

Self-denial is about the last thing some people undertake when they start out to be religious.

No man is truly brave who hasn't the courage to do right.—Ran's Horn.

Trees as Historians.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, but J. Keuchler, of Texas, has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than 130 years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that out of the 134 years covered by the life of the trees sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry and six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall, running back as far as 1840, were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which had effected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than 100 years of nature's history, a history which we might completely decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Great Salt Lake's Weight.

"During a trip through Utah a few months ago," said A. C. Levering, of Kansas City, at the Laclede last night, "I witnessed a most convincing proof of the weight of the salt-laden waters of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake and driving its surface into low, white-capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like flat banks of snow. If as strong a wind had passed across a lake of fresh water of equal extent it would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of its surface that navigation in small boats would have been difficult, if not highly perilous. The waves there showed a curious resistance to the wind and rose only to a slight elevation. Yet there was an immense momentum stirred up in those low, heavy, slow-moving waves. I ventured into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed three feet, and found that it was impossible to stand against them, as their sheer weight swept me resistlessly along. I was told that it was impossible to dive through an oncoming wave after the manner practiced by bathers along the Atlantic coast."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Paper Fire Engine.

The Fire Department at Berlin has a fire engine, the carriage of which is constructed entirely out of papier mache. All the different parts, the body, wheels, pole, etc., are finished in the best possible manner. While the durability and powers of resistance possessed by this material are fully as great as those of wood, the weight is of course much less. The lightness of a fire engine is, of course, a great advantage, and it seems not unlikely that wooden carriages will in short time pass out of use altogether.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A "Surprise" Wedding.

The new idea in society is the "surprise" wedding. Invitations are sent out for a dinner party, and when the dinner is over the parson is introduced in "a few well chosen words." The bridegroom takes his guests into his confidence, the bride blushing takes her place and the marriage is solemnized without further ceremony.—New York Dispatch.

THE GLACIAL MILESTONES.

ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THESE ERRATIC BOWLDERS.

The Soil Has Been Slowly Forming Over Them Since the Great Ice Age—Stony Aliens.

THE following is an extract from "Some Records of the Ice Age About New York," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine: Many of the glacial traces about New York are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found imbedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shoveled into the carts and rolled away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them carried off on one side, out of the way, on the bare rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they, too, are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others sank—in theory—the earth's crust thereabouts for many feet, and—in theory still—let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rock shell which somehow came to grief and left its shattered remnants down broadcast. Others, still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record, graven on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders—these erratics, wails and aliens—are, as well-known to-day, the torn-off and transported fragments of rock masses which the great ice mantle brought down here during the cold weather so long ago and incontinently dropped when the climate changed and the sun swept its borders back toward Greenland and the pole. Many of these erratics still bear bruises and scratches testifying to their fierce encounters with the old bed rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered in by soil later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees, until at last another alien, Italian or Celt mayhap, breaks upon their seclusion with pick and shovel and rolls them ignominiously away. Then, at the scathed rock surfaces, the steam-drill pecks viciously, puny successors to the gigantic sculptor of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

How He Saved the Baby.

Elijah Davis, a motorman on car 121 on the Lake Breeze line of the Salt Lake City Railway, some days ago saved the life of a babe which had crawled upon the track between Ninth and Tenth West on Second South.

As the car turned on to the clear stretch in the vicinity of the Fisher Brewing Company's works Davis gave it all the current possible, and the motor was doing its best. The motorman had his eyes fixed ahead, and to his horror saw a little child not over eighteen months old moving in the grass and weeds in the middle of the track. He threw off the current, set his brakes and rang the bell. The track was slippery, and the wheels continued to move. The car was rapidly approaching the babe, and it seemed as though no power could save it.

The continued ringing of the gong and the shouts of the motorman attracted the attention of the child, and it crawled out of the weeds and directly upon the rail. Here its position was even more dangerous than the other, for the cruel wheels were sure to grind the little body into small pieces. Seeing that he could not control his car, Davis left his post, jumped to the step, and, clinging to the outside hand rail, reached out ahead of the car. The baby was still on the track, and as the car rushed down upon it the plucky motorman grasped its dress and drew the child out of harm's way.—Salt Lake (Utah) Herald.

THE OLDER BOSTON.

The English Town After Which Our Modern City Is Named.

Few of the thousands of people who look upon Boston, in Massachusetts, as one of the finest cities on the continent (and therefore as one of the finest in the world) are aware of the existence of a much older town of the same name from which our modern city took its name. It is over in England and, though now but a sleepy town, was at one time one of the foremost cities of England. It was founded in 657 by St. Botolph, a Saxon priest, and was named St. Botolph's town, which was subsequently corrupted into Boston. In the thirteenth century it paid more taxes than any other town in England, with one exception, and it continued to prosper until Queen Bess's time, when the mouth of the river Witham, which flows through the town, dried up and as a consequence its commerce was destroyed.



JOHN COTTON.

The oldest edifice in town is St. Botolph's Church which was built early in the 12th century. At the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, this church was presided over by Rev. John Cotton, an ecclesiast of great learning and much loved by the people. Believing that the new country offered him a better field for work Cotton sailed hither with several other good Englishmen and landed in Massachusetts bay. Here they founded a new town and named it Boston, out of respect for John Cotton, the first pastor of the first church to have an existence in the Boston of the new world. Mr. Cotton lived to a good age, dying in 1622, honored by the whole colony. His old church in Boston, Eng., still stands and is an object of much interest to travelers. In 1855 the people of the American Boston restored the old church to a good condition and placed in it a tablet commemorating the virtues and services of John Cotton.



THE OLD BOSTON CHURCH.

A Variety of Hats. Wonderful is the variety of headgear worn in the streets and parks of Paris. In most instances the station of a person is defined by the manner in which his head is covered. Maids and nurses are in white caps, often decorated with gay ribbons; peasant women, fresh from the country, appear in bonnets whose queer shapes differ according to the province whence the wearer has come; and market women wear colored handkerchiefs twisted around the head in a style they term marmotte. Workmen, tradesmen and those in the service of special companies wear on their heads the insignia of their occupations. Civil employes, police, postmen and firemen are uniformed; the drivers of omnibuses, tramways and carriages have their distinctive hats, and to a stranger it appears as if all business were under military rule. Pastry cooks' apprentices appear in caps of immaculate white linen. The drivers of private carriages have hats decorated with various bands of gold and silver, as well as cockades of different colors. Well-bred Paris poodles are shaved once a month. Men who make their living by shaving them bear the announcement of their trade around their hats. They are high black, varnished ones, probably originally belonging to coachmen, on which are painted half-clipped poodles and half-opened shears.

Promising Pupil. The "Life of General Sir Hope Grant" contains an amusing account of the teaching carried on, perhaps fifty years ago, in the dame school of an English village. A little fellow was brought forward as a show pupil when some ladies were visiting the school, and responded thus to questioning: "What's the first letter of the alphabet?" asked the dame. "Ah don't know." "We must give him a commencement, ma'am," said the teacher, aside. "A is the first letter. What's the second?" "Ah don't know." "What is it that buzzes about the garden?" "Flies." "Thou art a stupid boy. Bees buzz about the garden. B's the second letter. What's the third?" "Ah don't know." "What do I do when I look at thee?" "Thou squintest." "Oh, thou stupid boy! Do I not see thee? C is the third letter. Now what do two and two make?" This time the boy answered with triumphant readiness: "Five!" "See, ma'am," said the old dame, exultingly, "how nigh he is to it!"

MY SWEETHEART.

'Twas a quaint rhyme scrawled in a spelling-book, And nauded to me with a bashful look, By my blue-eyed sweetheart so fondly true, In the dear old school days long years ago— "If you love me as I love you No knife can cut our love in two."

That "Sanders' Speller," so tattered and torn, Has always a halo of romance worn, And never a poet with honeyed pen Has written so precious a rhyme since then— "If you love me as I love you, Ah, dear, you know I did—I do."

I've kept it safely for many a year— This dog's-eared, shabby old spelling-book, dear, And now, as I hold it within my hand, Again in the school-room I seem to stand— Reading once more with rapture now— "If you love me as I love you."

How some foolish saying from the past Like a rose branch is over the pathway cast, And the time of flowers, we still remember, Till minds blow cold in the bleak December. God grant it always may be true— "That you love me as I love you." —Carolyn L. Bacon, in Buffalo Express.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Doing time.—The lady who grows younger every year.—Puck. It is usually a great big man who insults you.—Acheson Globe. The politician's favorite novel—"Put Yourself in His Place."—Puck. Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades.—Chicago Herald.

Order of the Bath.—Come right out of that water this minute!—Boston Transcript. No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.—Acheson Globe. Some people are of such happy dispositions that they never amount to much.—Acheson Globe. A great deal of the piety of to-day is a thing of great beauty because it is only skin deep.—Puck. Never put any confidence in the answers of a man who is afraid to say "I don't know," occasionally. Don't think that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.—Puck. Butter is prime while it's fresh; but a man has long lost his freshness when he reaches his prime.—Puck. "Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?"—New York Press.

The lawyer who worked like a horse was engaged in drawing a conveyance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin. May—"Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of?" Ethel—"Myself, if he's nice."—Brooklyn Life. One of the dampers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness has to be worn as a shroud too often.—Puck. One's own capacity is a poor standard of measurement; the stars shine, though my near-sighted neighbor deny it.—Puck. When a man does not want to do a thing he says "I cannot," when he cannot do it he says "I don't want to."—Fliegende Blätter.

The average dwarf is at a very serious disadvantage. No matter how large his income he is always sure to be short.—Buffalo Courier. When a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—Acheson Globe. As the express dashes through the station—"O, porter, doesn't that train stop here?" Porter—"No, ma'am; it don't even hesitate."—Tit-Bits. To his mate the caterpillar said: In a tone of caution, soft and low, As they clung to the branch just overhead, Get onto the twig in the hammock below. —Washington Star.

A man regards his newspaper much as he does his wife—something to find fault with when he feels cross and something he never approves of.—Acheson Globe. "I love to listen to the patter of the rain on the roof," said the miserly poet. "I suppose you do," said his wife. "It's a cheap amusement."—Harper's Bazar. Dora—"Don't you think my gowns fit better than they used to?" Cora—"Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry."—Harlem Life. Mr. Oldstyle—"I don't think that a college education amounts to much." Mr. Spareroad—"Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."—New York World. No woman is such a slouch at mathematics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would save in the course of a year if he shaved himself.—Acheson Globe. One of the unexplained mysteries of life is how difficult it is sometimes to get into a comfortable position when you go to bed, and how unusual to find one that isn't comfortable when you have to get up.—Puck. Jinks (on the rail)—"I was talking with an eminent physician in the smoker." Mrs. Jinks—"What is his name?" "He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask." "Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?" "I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."—Puck. Cabman (at library)—"Say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" Librarian—"Yes; that's the one." Cabman—"Well, you can take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em when he got out flung his purse to the driver." Now when I want that sort of literature, I'll go to Jules Verne and get it pure."—Chicago Record.