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The discovery of typhoid serum is announced. One of these days we shall live forever.—Boston Herald. Yes, but where?

Professor Swift, of Rochester, has discovered another new comet, but it has no tail. Times are pretty hard when a self-respecting comet cannot afford at least one tail.

The United States did not receive a large immigration last year, but the statistics show she received 41,000 who could neither read nor write. It is hard to make good American citizens out of such material.

The new czar is setting out benignly, as his father did. It is to be hoped no tragic incident will be precipitated upon his career before he really favors reforms in Russia or not.

The people of Maine fear that the wild game in their forests will be entirely destroyed, and more stringent game laws have been enacted.

The Secretary of the Navy asks that he be allowed to construct twelve torpedo boats of from 100 to 200 tons each, at cost not exceeding an average of \$170,000.

Attention is being called once more in France to the corset question by a petition to the Chamber of Deputies against wearing that garment as injurious to the health of the female part of the population.

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EVENING SONG.

Oh, I am thinking of the current of cool water that is swinging, The blossoms of the lilies in the rill, And the mocking birds a-singing, ever singing, singing, singing, In the basket on the border of the hill.

I am dreaming of my mother's face, the glory of my childhood, And my father dear, so stalwart and so strong, And the little cabin home that he built in the wildwood, In the country of fair weather and sweet song.

Oh, the sky, I feel its wonder, and the sun, I feel its splendor, And nectar-rich the waft down the dell, While the lowing of the cattle sounds so far away and tender, And the bleating of the sheep along the fell.

Long, long the way and weary that I've wandered from my mother, And my father in the lowly cabin home; Now I'm going back to see them, and our lips to one another, Will be better than the honey in the comb.

Oh, mocking birds! flute louder in the fringes of the wildwood, I am coming, fast as dream can flow along, Across the lonely desert to the Eden of my childhood, In the country of fair weather and sweet song.

—Maurice Thompson, in Independent.

friend to me," he said nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke. "Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

"Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

THE RECTOR OF ORLESTONE

THE rector of Orlestone sat in his study gazing into the fire. He was alone; he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many heighed to remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately; so passionately that honor and his plighted word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with a gentle girl he was engaged to marry.

"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me." She laughed a little and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," she said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old any one was if he loved them."

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date and "Honored Madam"—"but master is very bad, and he says 'No doctors.' He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over you might persuade him for his good. Your obedient command, Emma Wellings."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."

Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kind—I can see the growing appreciation of silence. A few months ago, when we escaped for a while from the din of the town to the quiet hamlet where I yearly recruit my noise-shattered nerves, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country: "Isn't it nice to listen to the silence?" The advance of the savage toward civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more savage the tribe the more noise it requires.—North American Review.

ONE TRAIN ROBBER'S WAY.

A PASSENGER'S EXPERIENCE WITH BANDIT COOK.

The Gang Used Dynamite and Robbed the Passengers Before Tackling the Express Car.

JOHN W. SPRINGER, of Dallas, Texas, was one of the passengers on the train that was robbed by the Cook gang at Wyback, Indian Territory. He is one of the proprietors of the Clifton-Holstein cattle ranch, and he tells to a New York Sun representative this story of the way the Cook gang did its work:

"It was a full moonlight night, and all the passengers in the sleeper seemed asleep, when of a sudden there was a shriek from the locomotive. Down brakes was whistled. I looked out and discovered that we had been side-tracked. The suddenness with which the train stopped caused us to bump our heads against our berths. Instantly there was a commotion and fusillade on both sides of the train. Lifting my curtain I looked out, and by the light of the moon I saw standing by a tree, about thirty feet from my window, a typical brigand, with a white slouched hat. He had pistols in his belt, daggers in his boot legs, and a rifle in his hands. As he stood in the shadow of the tree I saw him raise his rifle and fire it several times. The porter began to crawl on the carpet.

"At that moment a dynamite bomb exploded and blew away one end of the platform of the express car. A fusillade followed. The passengers now began to discuss the possibility of resistance, but as the plate-glass windows and mirrors were crashed by bullets, strewn the floor of the sleeper with debris, we decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

"After discharging three dynamite bombs without being able to bring the express messengers to terms, the desperadoes announced that if they could not capture the express car they could clean up the passengers. Accordingly, three knights of the rifle were detailed to rob us. They captured a passenger, a green country boy from Indiana, and invited him to carry the sack. He demurred, saying, 'I'm afraid I'm shot.' He was induced, however, to move on when Bill Cook, the boss bandit, cocked his rifle and put it at his head. As the robbers entered the various coaches and discovered the men, women and children down on the floor, under the seats, and behind the stoves, they invited every one of them to stand up and face the music.

"A general uprising followed, and hands went in the air. Then the boss robber paid his compliments to all alike, beginning with the first seat. After he had gone all through the car he ordered the passengers to turn over all the seats and 'reveal the boodle' they had hidden. In the search that followed two deputy United States marshals who happened to be on board. Bill Cook drew his gun and wanted to know how those revolvers came there. The men solemnly avowed that they never owned revolvers in their lives.

"The female passengers were notified that they had better be at home attending to their babies than cavorting up and down the country. Each woman was invited to contribute to the good of the cause, and all handed over their watches, chains, rings, bracelets, pins and money. Silver seemed to predominate in the two-bushel sack, which was about half full.

"We had no idea in the sleeper that we would be molested, and the porter had taken the precaution to turn out the lights, leaving us in darkness. However, after about an hour's fusillade (the robbers were firing into the train to keep down the spirits of the passengers), Bill Cook rapped in a deferential manner at the door of the sleeper. Again did he rap, and failing to receive an answer he hammered on the door with the butt of his gun, and in a voice which seemed to mean business, yelled that if that porter didn't open up in three seconds he would blow up the car with dynamite. The porter concluded that it was time the door should be opened. Cook entered, holding in his hand a stick of dynamite. He said: 'I'm looking for that little dude conductor. If you don't trot him out in just two seconds I'll kill every mother's son of you in sight.' It is unnecessary to say that there were few, if any, in sight in the sleeper except Bill Cook, the porter, and the Hoosier, who carried the sack. The conductor, however, thought it wise to show himself. 'How much stuff have you got?' Mr. Cook inquired, and the conductor replied: 'About \$40 or \$50.'

DO YOU WANT?

Do you want some real estate, Or a box of paper collars? Do you lack a chicken coop Or a pocketful of dollars? Make an ad—make an ad.

Do you want a billy goat? Would you sell a house and lot? Want to rent a lumber yard Or a tea or coffee pot? Make an ad—make an ad.

Have you got a horse to trade, Or a stovepipe, or a bell, Or a gold mine, or a store, Or a block of stock to sell? Make an ad—make an ad. —Printers' Ink.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Never try to make game of a tame duck. A long head is a great help in preventing a long face. Put a beggar on horseback and he'll run into debt.—Puck. Charity covers a multitude of sins; justice uncovers them. No one has as much money as people imagine.—Aitchison Globe. Of all the sad words to scribble cranks, The saddest are those, 'Declined with thanks.'

A word to the wise is sufficient—especially if they have chips on their shoulders. She—"Do you believe marriage is a mistake?" He—"No; I am a bachelor." Some "jokes" are so utterly bad that they are actually good.—New York Tribune. Gushing is excusable in immature girls and oil wells.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Kitty—"Oh, Mr. Flirtily is so tender, isn't he?" Judith—"Yes—pretender."—Detroit Free Press. "Do you think Elsie will take her millionaire for better or worse?" "No; for more or less."—Puck. Never judge a man by the clothes he wears; form your estimate from the clothes his wife wears.—Puck. The man who has attained a high position must not think himself exempt from the force of gravitation. One of the sweetest things in neckties is a true love knot made by the girl's own hands.—Philadelphia Times. Life is real, life is earnest. And the moments speed away, In a manner far too rapid. When we have a note to pay. —Detroit Free Press. The man with nobody to care for is quite as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.—Galveston News. When a man makes a success of anything, the conceit of other men is so great that they think they can do just as well.—Aitchison Globe. When man begins to climb too fast With all his heart and soul, Invariably he finds at last He's climbed into a hole. If you could condense the wisdom of ages into a single short sentence, you couldn't get a young man to remember it for five minutes after he starts out in the world.—Puck. "This shape doesn't seem to be as becoming as a small hat; do you think so?" Milliner—"Oh, my, yes. You can't see how much of your face it covers up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. I knocked at the door of her gentle heart, Which I had so longed to win, And she came in response to my timid knock, But she never asked me in. —Detroit Free Press. Harry—"Do you enjoy the idea of marrying a man reputed to be as miserly as your fiancé is?" Maud—"Oh, yes! Don't you see that the dear fellow will be saving enough for us both!"—Puck. The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity." "Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Detroit Free Press. Why the Girls Giggled. At a place of worship in North London a funny incident occurred on a recent Sunday. A young man who carried a collecting plate after the service, before starting put his hand in his pocket and placed, as he supposed, a shilling into the plate, and then passed it around among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked on the plate, all seemed astonished and amused, and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that he had put instead of a shilling a conversation lozenge on the plate, with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters staring everybody in the face, while one of the congregation had capped it by a second lozenge, on which was printed, "Name the day."—London Weekly Telegraph. Big Hive Full of Honey. Mrs. John Welsh, of the town of Sumico, Wis., has obtained between 400 and 500 pounds of honey in a singular manner. Her boy, Philip, while in the woods, observed the mark of claws upon a dead tree, and, thinking to find a wildcat, cut it down. It proved to be a bee tree, and fifteen or sixteen feet of its length was filled with honey. The tree was about three feet in diameter, and the shell was only about three inches thick. The comb was not broken, but was in five sections, each the length of fifteen or sixteen feet. The good lady procured a washtub full of chilled bees and several tubs of honey. The boy is still after the animal with claws that was feeding upon the honey.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.

WISE WORDS.

A man's heart has many entrances. Generosity thrives best in poor soil. Money is a slim diet for a hungry heart. Nature christens the flowers with drops of dew. Molasses may catch flies, but it won't catch spiders. A fool is a great man who can raise a tempest in a teapot. No night was ever yet so dark that morning did not come. Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked. The crank's methods are naturally more or less revolutionary. While one is studying he should not forget to do some thinking. Envy is one of the most expensive exercises one can indulge in. A good man finds something painful even in the downfall of his rival. It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off. There is one thing colder than the tomb—a room warmed by a grate fire. The better men and women know each other the less they say about ideals. Nothing seems very terrible to a woman if it is committed in the name of love. The messenger boy goes slow because he is determined not to run out of a job. Honesty has a disposition to swag down in the middle if too much gold is loaded on it. The longest pole won't knock the persimmons unless the right kind of a man has hold of it. The only time a man of experience takes his wife into his confidence is to tell her he is not making money. There was a time when a man who was hard up tried to hide it, but there is no such thing as hiding it now. The women do not rob birds' nests of eggs, but they use the birds after they are hatched to ornament their hats.

The First Postage Stamp. Parisian stamp collectors have been discussing the question whether the English stamp of 1840, called the Rowland Hill stamp, is really the oldest in existence, and the conclusion arrived at is opposed to this view. They claim that the first French stamp dates from nearly two centuries earlier, in 1653. In that year people used to buy at the Palais de Justice, in Paris, "billets de port paye," or carriage-paid tickets, with which the carriage of letters for any place within the capital could be prepaid. One of these tickets is said to be in the possession of M. Fautou de Conches. It was used by Fautou, on a letter addressed by him to Mlle. Soudry, the no less famous romance writer.—London News.

The Sample Was All Right. As Burton, the comedian, was traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it up on his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."—Detroit Free Press.