

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with subscription rates: One Year \$1.00, Six Months .75, Four Months .50, Two Months .25

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.

Our Animal Friends has collected statistics which show that 102 cases of lockjaw resulted in the year 1891 from docking horses' tails.

Among the new postoffices established in Washington State, noted by the Chicago Record, are Pysht, Quilagnette, Utsaladdy and Klikikait.

It is said in the New York Recorder that until the year 1895, no colored man ever served on a jury in Maine. W. A. Johnson, of Bangor, is the pioneer.

The Sioux Indians propose to raise by popular subscription a fund for the erection of a monument to their Chief, Iron Nation, who died recently on the reservation near Chamberlain, South Dakota. Iron Nation had been a prominent figure in Sioux affairs for sixty years.

Queerer suit at law was never brought than that of H. Magill against the Osage Council. Magill was going through the reservation when the Indians caught and tied him, cut his hair and held a war dance round him. He sues for \$10,000, and the Council offers \$500 to settle.

Scotch banks will at an early date reduce the interest on deposits to one per cent., the lowest ever paid. The managers state that they are compelled to take this course because the English banks are only paying one-half per cent. They also say that they never experienced such difficulty in reinvesting money.

A new language has just been added to the Bible Society's list, bringing up the total number to over 320. This time, as in some other recent instances, the new version is for Africa. It is a translation of the gospel of St. Matthew into Kiskuma, the language of the Basukuma people, whose country lies immediately south of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The vaunted protection of the seals in Alaskan water is a myth, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Express. Secretary Carlisle reports that 121,143 were killed by pelagic sealers last year. This statement has caused a suggestion to be made in Congress that the Government undertake the slaughter of the remaining seals, estimated to number 450,000, and sell the skins, which would be valued at \$10,000,000 if properly cured. It is strange that the two greatest Governments in the world cannot protect the seals. Possibly there is some reason not apparent on the surface why this is so.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew in a recent interview in predicting 1895's progress in railroading, very pertinently stated: "Take, for instance, the New York Central Railroad. Our trains might almost be termed fleeces of lightning, but their rate is not a circumstance to the speed we are now aiming at. Then there is the matter of safety. I need not assure you that the safety of passengers is the most important thing a railroad man has to do with. This coming year we expect to attain what some people may consider a chimera—namely, perfect freedom from risk in the transportation of human beings by rail. We have, we believe, solved the problem, and that, I should say, will make 1895 an unequalled year in railroading. In the far as in the near future, romantic things are done, or are being projected. A tunnel to the summit of the Jungfrau is one of the things possible. The Trans-Siberian Railway and the South African line to Mashonaland are two projects on the edge of the future—the former already under way—and the poetry of railroading will be experienced in the new rush of railroad building certain to ensue in Japan when the Chinese war indemnity is paid—which will certainly happen in 1895."

Do not waste an your wind calling for help.—Galveston News.

THE ROUNDLEAY OF THE YEAR.

Dying winter cowers By the smouldering fire. What cares he for flowers That bud for the spring's desire, While ever his end draws nigher? Welladay For Yesterday Is the season's roundleay In her nest of leaves— Over thick for breath— The spent springtime grieves At the doom the south wind saith, The summer wind of her death. Welladay For Yesterday Is the season's roundleay For her lost delight Summer maketh moan. Autumn scales the height With her scarlet flag outblown— Farewell to the swallow floral Welladay For Yesterday Is the season's roundleay Autumn's trembling hold Lets his gray cloak fall, As over him weak and old Drops the winter's icy pall And this is the end of all. Welladay For Yesterday Is the season's roundleay Nay, the season dies But to live anew! Next year's swallow flies Where the last year's swallow flew, Far up in the sunny blue! Soize To-day That flees away Is the season's roundleay! —Mrs. Osgood, in Youth's Companion.

A WOMAN'S KISS.

MRS. MAINE was thinking, as seriously as she could ever think at all, of marrying again. She was a young and pretty widow, and when she first appeared in the conventional world that so pointedly indicated the presence of grief for a departed husband, London went quite mad about her. Fair women whose spouses were still hale and hearty took to going out in black crape ball dresses, and for a time colors became almost unfashionable. But when the appointed year of mourning had run its course, Mrs. Maine let off wearing black with a light heart. She was passionately fond of bright things, of gay music, of the frivolities that are supposed to make life endurable. She put away her sombre gowns, and in a short time had almost forgotten that she had ever been married. Her husband had possessed a fortune and an inherited weakness of the lungs. He died of the latter, and bequeathed to her the former. Now, when she chanced to think of him, she not unnaturally blessed his memory. Her freedom was absolutely complete. She could go into a nunnery or dance the can-can, whichever she chose. She did neither, precisely, but visited the playhouses; was often to be seen with lively little parties sipping at the Savoy, drove down very frequently to Hurlingham or Ranelagh, and spent her days and nights in society, desiring nothing better, perfectly satisfied and perfectly successful. "Everybody called her a dear little woman, and the only luxury that she could not command was an enemy. This sort of thing went on until she was twenty-eight. Life was certainly real to her, but it was never earnest. It was a jingle of music, a ring-o'-bells, a masked ball without a midnight of unmasking, a battle in which the only weapons were flowers. She enjoyed it all immensely until she was twenty-eight, and then a certain weariness began to creep over her and to frighten her. She was forced to realize, with a strong reluctance, that among her many possessions she numbered the bizarre capacity for tiring of accustomed things, which has wrecked so many lives and wrinkled so many faces. Her frivolous friends bored her. She was passing into another period—was tending to listen to fresh voices. A love of fame, and of those who possessed it, woke slowly in her heart. She had never been a social Diana, never a huntress tracking down lions. When she had met great men, or men reputed great, she had liked them to worship her; she had never dreamed of worshipping them. But one season in her set it became the fashion to admire effort and sit at the feet of accomplishment rather than of beauty or of money; and when her set got up Mrs. Maine remained in the posture of worship. Henceforth she loved only to be with those who had done something, or were in course of doing something. She gave up going to balls and began to search about in her mind for talents. Could not she do something too—write a story, paint a picture, cause a world to weep or laugh or gape at some deed of hers? She was tired of being known as a beauty. Compliments paid to her features fatigued her. She wanted people to adore her mind; that they found it difficult to do so was a source of annoyance to her. Only when she had made an effort in literature and failed did she become less egotistical. Her vanity evaporated like a little gray mist, and, unable to be a successful writer herself, she was at last content to live in the work of others. She was resolved to have a salon and to inspire talent to mighty deeds. Rising men attracted her greatly, and she surrounded herself with them, impregnating their atmosphere of expectation with the less exciting and calmer atmosphere of power and dignity that emanates from the fully risen.

Men, both rising and risen, admired and appreciated her for her beauty and her sympathy, but there was one who learned to feel far more than admiration, and he was the immediate cause of Mrs. Maine's serious mood-to-day. His name was Roger Slade, and he was an artist, very celebrated and very picturesque. He was also intensely ambitious, and not disinclined to add a successful marriage to the weapons with which he intended to fight, and completely conquer, the world. Mrs. Maine sat alone now in her delicate drawing-room—a white drawing room, with an ivory carpet, snowy rugs and quantities of white Dresden—thinking how very celebrated and how very picturesque he was. The day was foggy and cold. Pedestrians slipped on the pavements, lost their tempers and their way. Battalions of filthy torchbearers screamed husky offers of assistance. Omnibus horses tumbled down and refused tumultuously to get up. The cries of skaters came faintly from the ornamental water in St. James's Park. And Mrs. Maine sat by her fire, very warm and snug, but very grave. She was considering a weighty matter. "I wonder what I had better do?" she thought, glancing down at a note that she held in her hand. "I wonder what I really want to do?" And she read the note again for quite the sixth time. It was very short and very plain spoken: "Saville Club, Piccadilly, Jan. 11, 189— "My Dear Mrs. Maine: Will you be surprised at this letter? I hardly think so. You must have divined long ago the state of my feelings towards you, and, indeed, you have encouraged me to believe that I could make your life happier and more complete than it has been since you were left comparatively alone among your troops of friends. I ask you to marry me, since I love you dearly. Can you give yourself to me? To-morrow, at 5 o'clock, I will call to receive your answer. If you instruct your servant to say, 'Not at home,' I shall understand that I am refused. But see me, dear friend, and tell me that you will be to me in the future something dearer still—my inspirer, my wife. Yours always, ROGER SLADE."

The note was like the man, Mrs. Maine thought—grave, restrained, but very sincere, very straightforward. As she read it she recalled the near past in which the artist had loomed so large a figure. Yes, it was true, she had given him every reason to hope. She had singled him out from the crowd who surrounded her and led him on to loving her. Did she love him? She thought so. "What shall I do?" She murmured. "He is coming for his answer at 5"—she looked at the clock—"in a quarter of an hour. If I say 'Not at home' he will take it as a refusal. Shall I be refused?" She smiled softly at the fire. "I think I will." Just at that moment there came a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Maine started up. "He is more than punctual," she thought as she cast a hasty glance into the mirror in order to know that she was looking her best. There were steps outside, and the butler opened the door; but it was not the artist who followed him. A thin woman, with a light fringe worn very low on her forehead, gray eyes, and an unsmiling expression, entered slowly. Mrs. Maine tried to hide the disappointment that she felt. "How good of you to come through the fog to see me, Belle!" she said. "Sit here by the fire and I will give you some tea." Her friend sat down dreamily, and remarked: "Whom were you expecting, dear?" "How could I expect anybody upon such a day?" "And it was a man: I know that by your look into the glass." "Really, Belle, you are too observant. And suppose it was? What then?" Belle de Rinski looked at Mrs. Maine critically, and continued: "Why, you are actually blushing! Surely you are not expecting a lover to come to you through the fog?" The young widow laughed a little uneasily. "What if I said a future husband?" "At 5 o'clock." "In ten minutes. So you are positively thinking of marrying again! How extraordinary!" "I scarcely say 'I.' Do you intend always to remain a widow—the richest, the most independent widow in London, as I heard you called only yesterday?" The other waived the question with a quiet deliberation that was characteristic of her, and put another: "May I not hear his name?" Mrs. Maine hesitated for a moment. Then she answered: "Well, you are great friend, and you probably have guessed it already. Why should I not tell you? It is your old friend, Roger Slade." The Comtesse de Rinski put her tea cup down with a sudden movement that caused a clatter of china. "Yes, a little more tea, please," she said. "And I like it strong. Roger Slade—that is a curious choice. So he has proposed to you?" "Only by letter. He is coming to-day for his answer, at 5 o'clock. If I say 'Not at home,' he will take it for a refusal." "Really. And you will say—'At home,' I think." The Comtesse looked at the clock thoughtfully and sipped her strong tea. "And so in five minutes you mean to make up your mind to relinquish your liberty," she said in even tones. "Well, why not? We women are the strangest creatures, certainly. There will be an eruption of pictures presently upon the walls of the exhibitions; Mrs. Slade as Venus, as Ariadne, as Psyche; portrait of the artist's wife, by R. Slade, A. R. A. You will be a pretty model. Yes. It is much the same thing. I suppose his earnestness will never bore you. He is a good fellow, but he is terribly in earnest."

"I like that. There is a depth in his gravities, not dullness. Yes, I know I like that." "But severe earnestness at breakfast, at afternoon tea, in one's opera box—might not that prove trying?" Mrs. Maine considered. "I don't know. I have hardly thought about it. He only wrote to me this morning." "And you will say 'yes' without a moment's consideration? After all, if you love him you are quite right." "I think I do," Mrs. Maine said, a little doubtfully. "I think I shall." The Comtesse de Rinski took a tiny roll of bread and butter and remarked: "They say his prices are going down." Mrs. Maine frowned slightly. "Impossible," she said. "Why, he is at the very height of fame." "Yes, he is very celebrated. In the old days it used to be once a celebrity always a celebrity; but now people can rise and fall while you can stay one. At Lamb's gallery in Old Bond street they declare that his popularity is on the wane. If that be true, no wonder he stretches out his hands for consolation. Love is often an excellent crutch for hobbling ambition." "But—but—" "You would rather share his glory than soothe his dark hour. Ah, Kitty, that is so like you." "No, Belle, you are wrong. But a waning celebrity is not to be irritable." "One can always calm irritation with affection. And he is quite good looking. Kitty, dear, I congratulate you." Mrs. Maine got up from her sofa restlessly and walked about the room, putting one or two of the white ornaments that rested on the white velvet over-mantel straight, fidgeting with the silk cushion, stirring the fire that already blazed brightly enough. "Perhaps your congratulations are premature," she said. "Why? I thought from your manner that you had quite decided." "I mean to decide by to-night." "But that is rather hard upon him, isn't it? If you let him in this afternoon of course he will believe that you intend to accept him." "And if I don't?" "He will think he is refused." "I can write and explain to-night one way or the other." "But meanwhile he will be in misery." Mrs. Maine did not look ill-pleased at the idea. "Yes, poor fellow," she said. "But if I accept him after all, his eventual joy will be the greater. Besides, Belle, you are right. I must have a little time for consideration. Men always are in such a hurry." "That is true," said the comtesse, putting her white teacup down carefully. Just then the clock chimed five, and almost simultaneously there was a ring at the hall door bell. "There he is," said the comtesse. "Will you see him? Because if so I will go at once." She stood up, with her gray eyes fixed upon her friend. "But the latter opened the drawing-room door, and called softly to the footman: "Somers, say, 'Not at home.'" "Yes, ma'am." "And let me know at once who called." "Yes, ma'am." The hall door opened and shut, and a moment later the man entered with a card. It bore the name of Roger Slade, and in the corner was scribbled in pencil, "P. P. C."

Mrs. Maine took the card thoughtfully. "Poor fellow!" she said. "But perhaps I may make him happy to-night. Oh, you are not going, Belle?" "Yes, dear, I must run away, after all. I have just remembered another call I meant to pay close by." "You will pass him in your carriage, perhaps. Do peep and tell me if he is looking sad. Write this evening and tell me." "I will. Good-by, darling." And she kissed Mrs. Maine and went out across the hall to her carriage. As soon as Belle had gone, Mrs. Maine went upstairs, ordered her carriage, to the dismay of her coachman, and wrapped herself in furs. "Drive to Lamb's Gallery, in Bond street," she said, as she got into the brougham. With some difficulty the coachman found his way there, and Mrs. Maine entered the gallery, and under the pretext of choosing some etchings, entered into conversation with one of the attendants, a polite young man, whose one desire in life seemed to be to afford his employer's customers exclusive information on all matters connected with art. "You haven't any pictures by Roger Slade for sale at present, I suppose?" she asked eventually, with an affectation of careless indifference that she was far from feeling. "No, they had none just then, she was told." "I hear his prices are going up," Mrs. Maine continued warmly. To her surprise and delight the young man acquiesced. Mr. Slade's fame was increasing rather than diminishing in the art world, he declared. There was a tremendous run on all his work, and dealers were quite prepared to pay very large sums for the smallest outcome of his talent. This was all that Mrs. Maine desired to know, and she drove home well pleased, but a trifle puzzled. "I wonder how Belle came to make such a mistake!" she thought. "There is evidently nothing of the waning celebrity about his lover." She picked up his card again in the drawing room, and smiled as she

SHARP GIRL DETECTIVES.

THEY CAN SPOT A SHOPLIFTER AT A GLANCE.

People Who Pilfer by Wholesale—Tricks of the Professionals—Lesson to First Offenders. WE have to resort to all sorts of disguises to get even with the shoplifters," a girl detective said to a New York Sun reporter. "They get so that they know us, and are careful to be on their good behavior when we're around, so we change our dresses, hats and coats, and the way we fix our hair, in order to fool them. Often we stand right close to them in the crowd and they don't recognize us." "We are always dressed as if we had just come in from the street," said her companion, "and no one ever takes us to be connected with the store at all. I fixed myself up as an old woman once, with spectacles, grizzly hair, a scoop bonnet, and an old shawl, and hobbled along for several squares behind two women whom we suspected of taking things, but whom we had no real evidence against. Sure enough they took the things to a certain fence in Ludlow street, which some time after the police raided. Several articles belonging to the store here were found among the stolen goods that they hadn't been able to sell." "We're instructed to be very particular about making arrests," she went on. "The Superintendent says says he would rather have a hundred guilty people go unpunished than have one innocent person accused; besides, if falsely accused, the parties could sue the house for heavy damages. We never accuse any one, no matter how much we may suspect, until we actually see something stolen. I've been detective in this store nearly ten years, and I've got so that I can tell a shoplifter almost at first glance. I judge from the uneasy way they roll their eyes around, from the motion of their fingers, and the way they move their hands. They assume various disguises. Nearly all the professionals that we arrest have pawn tickets somewhere about them, and they try to get rid of them in all sorts of ways so that we don't get hold of them. One girl chewed up a pawn ticket and swallowed it, and was chewing up another when we found out what she was up to. Another girl had two rings in her mouth which she had taken from the jewelry counter." "There are lots of people who take things without so good an excuse—women and men who want to dress up to the mark and haven't got the money to reach it. Two girls were caught here not long ago just loaded up with ribbons and lace, fancy pins, buckles, gloves, and such things. The way in which they had stowed away stuff in their stockings was a caution. Among the odd articles found in the stocking of one girl was a bottle of whisky. It was crammed in and then tied tight to keep it from slipping. A bottle of cologne was fixed in the same way. These girls said they had stolen ribbon before, and promised that if we would let them off they would tell us of companions of theirs who they knew did the same thing. They said that they belonged to respectable people. I went to the address they gave, a few days later, and found that the family was respectable, and, after keeping them in suspense awhile, we agreed not to make a case against them." "Did you ever see a shoplifter's skirt?" asked the male detective, and then she showed the reporter a singular-looking garment which had been taken off a shoplifter, and which was kept by the firm to be produced in court. "The woman who had this skirt—this kick, as they call it—on had forty-eight different articles in her possession, stolen from this store. She was walking in the street about two blocks away when we overtook her. Here is a list of the things she had managed to secrete: Nine pairs of kid gloves, six pocketbooks, five pairs of mitts, six pairs of stockings, pins, one pulley for a wash line, a lock, three knife rests, two plates, four bells, two pairs of scissors, one can opener, one glass pitcher, earrings, one small basket, one small clock, one mouse trap, and two oil burners; \$16 worth in all." The skirt was simply a black calico walking skirt, with a double lining fastened firmly to the outside at the bottom and secured at the waist with two strong belts. There were capacious openings at convenient points, and the skirt was worn beneath an outside skirt, which had a long slit in the full pleats to correspond with the opening in the garment beneath. "What do men select to steal?" asked the reporter. "Usually gloves, perfumery, neckties, rings, silk handkerchiefs, hosiery. We found a fine-looking man one day getting away with \$15 worth of pocketbooks, gloves, and bottles of cologne. Men have so many inside and outside pockets that they can tuck away a great deal. A singular case is that of an old man who proved to be in the employ of a railroad company in New Jersey. He frequently buys goods here, and yet he seems unable to resist cabbaging things occasionally. He takes such articles as pills, corn cures, potato troches, bottles of phosphate and tonics. A favorite trick of the woman professional is to bring a baby with her. Under the baby's skirts no end of things can be concealed." "A baby's clothes can hide more than a shawl," said one of the girl detectives. "A woman got away with a good-sized looking glass, a basket, three blocks of ribbon, and ever so many pairs of gloves—\$10.50 worth of things tucked away between her and

WISE WORDS.

A man's heart has many entrances. Generosity thrives best in poor soil. A rolling snowball gathers as it goes. Suspicion is usually a good investment. Money is a slim diet for a hungry heart. Credit is a nice thing until the bills are due. The silent man is often worth listening to. It is a long-suffering worm that has no turning. Some men are always having a "terrible time." Molasses may catch flies, but it won't catch spiders. Everybody's turn to be neglected comes some day. Every man pays too much attention to his stubbornness. No night was ever so dark that morning did not come. Mothers can do more to help save the world than preachers. A lazy man is always talking about how hard he has to work. When beauty looks out of the window, love comes in at the door. It isn't taking medicine that hurts; it is making up your mind to it. You can tell by the flavor of the honey where the bees have been. Fully ninety per cent. of the people will impose upon you if they can. Don't buy eggs for hatching until you have counted your setting hens. People take medicine for languor when the real medicine needed is work. Nine troubles out of ten will run when you look them squarely in the face. The best thing that can happen to a man is to have a wife who is also his chum. Some people act ridiculously and then become indignant because people tell it. The man who permits himself to be blackmailed is worse than the blackmailer.—The South-West. Japan's Learned Soldiers. It appears that notebooks are quite common in the Japanese Army among both soldiers and coolies; they keep regular diaries, and take copious notes of everything they see. "It is surprising," writes a war correspondent to the China Mail, "what a lot they know about the Great West. Several of them talk intelligently of Spartans and Persians, Napoleon and his march to Moscow; and even compare the abolition of feudalism in England and Japan. They fully understand all that is implied in the contrast between old-fashioned hand-to-hand warfare and modern long-range manoeuvres; and they speak scornfully of the Chinese tactics at Ping-Yang, in trying cavalry charges against massed bodies of riflemen without first using their machine guns, as the French at Waterloo did their field pieces, to throw the ranks in disorder. All this from the Japanese must be surprising to Europeans, because we do not know them. Their progress is greater and more real than foreigners imagine."—London News. The Hop Drammer's Reception. A story comes from Germany to the effect that a traveler in hops when passing his first visit to a famous brewery in South Germany, was about to enter the office, when he noticed a plate with the inscription: "Hop travelers up stairs." Concluding therefrom that a special room was set apart for interviewing travelers he took the hint, and on reaching the top of the stairs he found himself in a long passage, the walls of which were adorned at intervals with the image of a hand pointing in one direction. At the end of the corridor another hand pointed to a second flight of steps leading downwards. At the bottom of the steps a hand pointed to a door, which he opened and found himself—in the street.—New Orleans Picayune. Hot Stuff. The latest fad in the North is cups made with small thermometers to tell the temperature of the beverage, so that the man in a hurry need not scald his "innards." This is probably the invention of some victim of hot coffee at a railway station with "ten minutes" for lunch; or, may be, it is to satisfy the imbibor who shouts for red-hot stuff, and is liable to shoot the mixer if he does not get it.—New Orleans Picayune.