

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100 One Square, one inch, one month... 250 One Square, one inch, three months... 600 One Square, one inch, one year... 1000 Two Squares, one year... 1500 Quarter Column, one year... 200 Half Column, one year... 300 One Column, one year... 400 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The American hog is to be excluded from Canada.

The poor men of Philadelphia have \$30,000,000 deposited in the savings banks.

The Missouri Legislature is making an effort to abolish the office of Justice of the Peace.

President Harrison has three Generals in his Cabinet, not counting the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General.

The Ohio man is very numerous in Harrison's administration. Harrison, Windom, Noble and Husk are Ohians born and bred.

A Wisconsin Assemblyman has introduced a humane bill that cows shall be milked twice a day except when milked by calves.

Where can the poor Chinese go? asks the Detroit Free Press with mock pathos. They have even been excluded from the cruel, Chili world.

The New York Post announces that fifty-four Italian rapiers have been found in that city "for disturbing the contents of ash barrels."

New York city has contributed more than \$9000 to the famine sufferers in the land of Confucius, and of this sum only \$8 was donated by Chinamen.

The London Standard says that a distaste for food is a phase of barbarism. There is no doubt of it. Many savage races eat only one meal a day. But civilized nations delight in feasting.

Men killed on the Panama Canal works are buried in coffins which cost the company fifty-six cents each, and their heirs are allowed \$10 as damages. Laborers on the Isthmus are seventy-five per cent. cheaper than mules.

While Thomas A. Edison was experimenting recently a mass of chemicals exploded in his face, singeing his eyebrows and nearly putting out his eyes. In the opinion of the Atlanta Constitution, it would have set the clock of science back half a century.

Australia is apparently in need of minister immigration, and the want might easily be supplied from several different quarters if judicious arrangements were made. It is reported that in the colony of Queensland there are so few unmarried women that their life is made a burden by proposals of marriage.

A man while eating lettuce in a Boston restaurant came upon a piece of gravel so suddenly that it snapped his teeth off. He sued the proprietor of the restaurant for \$200 damages. The judge gave the case to the jury. The latter found out what an entire set of new false teeth would cost, and made that the figure of their reward.

There is only one prisoner in the jail of Houghton County, Dakota, and he would be promptly released, states the Times-Democrat. It was not necessary to keep the insurance good, by having somebody in the jail. He says it is a dog gone shame that no one else will do something to get arrested, as he wants to get ready for his spring plowing.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "Ben Butler is the champion mascot of the nineteenth century. By the admission of the new States the Government will be obliged to purchase eight thousand national flags with forty stars apiece, and Ben, as owner of the United States Bunting Company, will be \$300,000 richer by the transaction. Happy Ben Butler."

The Louisiana Times: "Last year we saw 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, valued at \$200,000,000. Human imagination shrinks from the contemplation of these figures. The value of that single crop is greater than all the wealth Spain expended in the eight years' war, resulting in the independence of the United Netherlands. Verily the victories of peace surpass those of war."

A short time ago attention was called in the New Mexico Legislature to the fact that the Sheriff of Grant County was allowed four horses and charged for ten days an aggregate mileage of 21,000 miles, or more than 500 miles a day for each horse. The account was sworn to and the court approved this same. This is sufficient proof that New Mexico is the place to raise fast horses. Kentucky cannot produce four horses that can average 500 miles a day for ten days.

The two Argentine universities, under the patronage of the Government, are among the best in South America, and according to the Mail and Express, they rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculum and standard of education. The public school system also is under the patronage of the Government under a compulsory education law, and includes all grades from the kindergarten to the normal school. There are thirty colleges and normal schools for the higher education of men and women in the republic, and 2726 public schools.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the woman stopped and her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had long since lost.

Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the children said, as they closer drew, "Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through."

Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the man, as he sat on his hearth below, Said to himself: "It will surely snow, And foot and hand and wagon low, And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; But the poet listened and smiled, for he was man and woman and child, all three, And said: "It is God's own harmony. This wind we hear in the chimney."

—Bret Harte.

THE NEW TEACHER.

"A Yankee school-teacher, eh?" said Johnny Bligh. "You'll see how soon we'll pitch him out of doors! I low Western men is good enough for us!" "John, don't talk so," said his step-mother, a high-shouldered, freckled woman, with watery blue eyes and a chronic drawl.

"I guess likely you behave yourself, Jack," said Gilbert, the big brother, who was mending harness out in the shed, when John began to air his boasts out there. "Or else you'll get a first-class thrashing when you come back."

"We don't want no Yanks foolin' round here," said John, sullenly. "Our folks was Yanks afore they was Westerners," sagely observed Gilbert. "All the same, though, I wish Joe Holley'd got a place instead of this Rhode Island fellow. Joe's a good neighbor, and he's got a right smart 'o' book learnin'."

"Gil," said John, leaning both elbows on the shed window, "why don't you go in for schoolin'?" "Reckon I've got enough to pass in a crowd," said Gilbert, boring a series of holes in a check strap.

"No great, though," retorted John. "You can read—and you can write—and that's about all." "I've always had something else to think of when desickin' school was open," said Gilbert, composedly. "Times has been brisk since father died. But we've pretty nigh squared up the work now, and if this Yank is pretty middlin' smart, I may take a turn at my books some time in the winter. I've always thought I should like to see into what they call geometry. Joe Holley can't teach that!"

"No more can the Yank. I don't reckon," said disaffected John. Nevertheless his theories and those of the new teacher came into active conflict the next day, the first of the school quarter, he came blubbering home at noon. "Teacher took away my books, and won't let me hev' my dinner-basket," said he. "And I'm hun-n-n-gry!"

"The poor creature!" whined Mrs. Bligh, instinctively cutting a gigantic wedge of pumpkin pie, and looking around for the cheese. "Don't stop for that now, mother," said Gilbert, setting his teeth together. "Come with me, John. We'll look into this business."

Never was mile more rapidly traversed than that expanse of dreary pines and ferns grass that lay between the district school house and the Bligh farm. John, running with all his breathless might, could scarcely keep pace with his brother's long, swinging strides. Gilbert's face was stark; his eyes sparkled ominously. John glanced at him now and then with scarcely subdued awe.

"Gilbert's proper mad," he said to himself. "And when Gil's mad it means a-uthin'." Arrived at the little red brick building at the cross roads, Bligh pushed the door open and strode fiercely in. "Now, then," said he, "what's this about bullying little Jack Bligh? I'll know the reason of it, or I'll—"

He stopped abruptly. Instead of the tall, ungainly Yankee whom he had expected to see behind the desk, a trim, pretty young girl, with jet-black hair and a complexion like a ripe peach, rose from the pedagogical chair. "Well," said she, composedly, "what is wanting? Do you know, young man, that it is the custom in civilized countries to knock at the door before you come in? Children," to the little black head, with one accord, had raised their heads, "all this does not in the least concern you. Mind your lessons. John Bligh, take your seat."

Calmly Miss Root returned to the little wooden platform upon which stood her chair and desk.

"Now, Peter Dorsey," said she, "you may give me the boundaries of South Carolina over again." "And business went on just as it had done before. "Tly George!" muttered Gilbert Bligh, outside. "Can't she a plucky little thing? Well, I reckon I may as well go home. I suppose Jack will have to work out his own salvation, for all of me. How those black eyes did snap, though!"

To Gilbert's infinite amazement—something to his discomfort—when he came in at night from a horseback ride to the six-mile distant postoffice, he found Miss Root sitting at the domestic fireside. "Gil," said Mrs. Bligh, unhesitatingly, "here's the school-ma'am—come to board out her week. It was Widow Dunn's week by rights, but they've got the dumb-ager over there, and 'lowed they'd rather she'd come here first. School-ma'am, this is my eldest son—or least ways my husband's son. I never had none o' my own, but I set a deal o' store by Gilbert and John."

Miss Root rose up and dropped a demure little courtesy, like a slim young haw-bird swayed by the wind. "I hope you don't bear malice," said she, half-smiling, while a soft pink flush rose to her cheek. "You see, it is absolutely necessary for me to enforce discipline, and really you were sailing under piratical colors—now, were you not?"

"I was altogether wrong," said Gilbert, reddening also. "I beg your pardon." "Which John has already done," said Miss Root, resuming her seat and her knitting work. "John's not a bad fellow, after all, when once you appeal to his reason and common sense. We shall get along capitally after this."

"He hadn't no business to sass the school-ma'am," said Mrs. Bligh, who was bustling around to get out the best china for tea. "She served him right when she set him up in the pantry where the slates an' the big dictionary was kep'. And he won't do it again; if he does, he'll get a good latherin' to him, that I can tell him!"

"John, who was roasting red apples in the hot ashes, chuckled. He knew well, from long experience, that his step-mother's bark was many degrees worse than her bite. "Me and the school-ma'am are good friends now," said he. "I axed pardon afore all the boys, and she promised to lend me 'Masterman Ready' to read arter my suns at night. And, Gil, she knows geometry and them things like a book. And she says she'll show you without your goin' to school and settin' among the boys that is littler than you be."

Once more Gilbert colored, but Miss Root knitted quietly on. "I shall be glad to be of use," said she. "I wonder where you learned all this?" remarked the young man awkwardly. "I am a graduate of Tassel College, in Rhode Island," said Miss Root. "They lay special stress on mathematics there."

Gilbert sat down, staring moodily at the fire. Here was he, a strong, muscular giant, six feet high, and broad shouldered, and yet he was to be tutored by a woman, yet how much more she knew than he did! "She must despise me," he thought, uneasily tugging at his rich brown mustache. "She can't help it! Such a dumb-head as I must seem to her. Yet her pretty and soft-spoken she is."

"Poor Gilbert! He was very wretched that night, because Miss Root knew geometry and he did not. Yet what a vague happiness it was to be under the same roof with her! If Gilbert had only known it, he was falling in love with Emma Root. The school-ma'am stayed two weeks at the Bligh farm, because the Widow Dunn's 'ager' stubbornly held on, and toward the end of her sojourn, there came out one of those terrific rainstorms that sometimes sweep the Western slopes.

"I'm going to hitch up old Sorrel and go after Miss Root," said Gilbert, at noon. "The Red Bridge foundations are pretty nigh washed away, and I'll have to bring her around by Piney Point." "I low it's a good idee," said Mrs. Bligh, scratching her head with a knitting needle. "I'm glad you thought on it."

But either he had miscalculated old Sorrel's rate of speed over the muddy roads, or else the family clock was wrong; for when he reached the Red Sea shore, it was closed and locked and Miss Root was gone. He drove at railroad rate to overtake her, but just on the edge of the river he saw that she was too late. The flimsy timbers of the bridge had given way beneath the shock, and she was struggling in the black water!

"Gilbert—oh, Gilbert—save me!" Through the rush of the swollen stream, the roaring of the wind, her frenzied cry reached his ears. He flung off his heavy boots, his clinging coat, and jumped into the river. And he was so, an odd fancy caddis across his brain. Geometry was of no use here. Mathematics could be of no avail. It was a man's strength, an expert's skill, a hero's heart that counted now! Yes, he was her equal—more than her equal—at last! "Is she dead?—Emma? For heaven's sake, speak!" "Dead!" rumbled old Abraham Gaylor. "No more a you be. Look at that color comin' back into her lips. But I say, though, it was a narrow squeak of it one time. That current's powerful strong, and the bridge timbers was sweepin' down on ye like a thousand o' bricks. It's a good thing you knowed how to swim like an otter, Gil Bligh. Yes, you're safe at home! I bring ye both back wrapped in all the blankets my ole woman had. That's your own freight you're starvin' at."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Good Cement. The following receipt for making a cement to stick porcelain or glass may be of interest to some of our readers: Take, of common starch, thirty parts; of finely pulverized chalk, fifty parts; and mix with equal parts of water and turpentine, stirring constantly the while that it shall become thoroughly combined.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rejuvenating Old Furniture. Old furniture that has a dull, greasy look should be rubbed with turpentine and then polished with any good polish. The improvement in its appearance will well repay you for the trouble. White spots on furniture can be removed by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and then rubbing the spot hard. It may require several applications of turpentine and considerable patience and strength for the rubbing for some obstinate places, but the worst spot will yield in time. If the white spot was caused by the spilling of an alcoholic substance, it will be easy to efface it, but heat and some other agents makes marks which are more difficult to obliterate.—Housewife.

For Mending Rubber Boots. Procure from a depot of rubber goods, or from a large store where such goods are found a piece of virgin India-rubber. With a wet knife cut from it the thinnest shavings possible; with a pair of sharp shears divide the shavings into bottle caps. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle about one-tenth full of the shavings and the rest with kerosene. The shavings of oil, fill the bottle three-fourths full. The rubber in a moment will perceptibly swell if the benzine is a good article. If frequently shaken the contents of the bottle in a few days will be of the consistency of honey. Should there be clots of undissolved rubber through it add more benzine, if it be thin and watery a little more is needed. The undissolved rubber may sometimes be found at the druggist's. A pint of cement may be made from a piece of solid native rubber the size of a large hickory nut; this quantity will last a family a long time and will be found invaluable. Three coats of it will unite, with great firmness, broken pieces in shoes, refractory patches, and holes on rubbers; will fasten backs on boots, rips in upholstery, and will render itself generally useful to the ingenious housewife as it dries in a few minutes. It forms an admirable air and water-tight cement for bottles, by simply corking them and immersing the stoppers in it.—New York Independent.

Ten Good Things to Know. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics. That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water and render them pliable as new. That salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many other stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for the walls of a log-house. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth, sprinkled with salt.—Co-ran-Journal.

Amphibious Youngsters at Aden. As six sturdy Arab boatmen rowed us ashore, writes Thomas Stevens to the New York World from Aden, Arabia, there came swarming about our larger craft a fleet of tiny cockle-shell boats. These boats are little bigger than the half-shell of the annual prize pumpkin at Topeka or Indianapolis, and each is paddled by a slim young Somali boy, who sits in the bottom. These youngsters are the famous divers of Aden, who gain a livelihood by diving for coins tossed into the sea by steamship passengers curious to witness their performance. Toss a sixpence, carefully into the sea, and as it touches the water "flop, flop, flop" go from three to a dozen of these diminutive divers head foremost after it. Before you can count six they are back into their boats, the lucky one grinning a broad grin as he displays the coin preparatory to stowing it away in his pocket.

These youths seem strangely like human frogs, built chiefly of arms and legs, as they flop into the water and clamber with astonishing ease back into their tiny craft. Everybody wonders why the sharks, which are numerous here, don't gobble up these daring young amphibians. One of them would just about make a good mouthful for a Red Sea shark. Strange to say, they are never molested. A one-legged Somali of forty or so is pointed out to the tourist on the streets as a former diver and a victim of Mr. Shark's voracity, but he is the only case of the kind known to the city. Some say the boys are too quick to give the sharks and eat them as fast as they find them. Others say they have no attention to them. Others assert that, like the crocodiles and the buffaloes of the Indus, the Somali boys and the sharks get along so well together that they actually fraternize at times, and that the former have been known to dive under a shark and eat him as familiarly as one would a buttered fish. This may be, the little black fellows are quite fearless, and accidents from sharks are singularly rare.

Paper Powder. At the Royal Powder Factory, in Belgium, a new gunpowder is being made. They call it powderpaper, or paper powder, and it is said that a charge of two and one-half grammes (thirty-nine grains) gives, in a rifle of small calibre, an initial velocity of 660 yards to the ball. This is equal to, if it does not beat, the Lebel powder. The additional advantages are attributed to it of not smearing the barrel, of producing no smoke and of causing no recoil.

A Chicken Electricity. An Ohio poultry raiser has made a curious discovery. He says that if you go out to feed a flock of chickens and will cause them to wait, they will invariably, as they crowd about you, begin a circuit around you from right to left, in front, and continue this revolution as long as you stand there. No amount of interruption or maneuvering can confuse them or compel them to take the contrary direction at any time.—Chicago Herald.

SPANISH-AMERICAN "FUN."

A BULL FIGHT BEFORE THE PRESIDENT OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Turning an Enraged Animal for the Pleasure of the People—A Matador's Mishap. Arriving at the ring, says a writer in the New York Herald in an account of a bull fight in Santo Domingo, we found the fun had already begun, the sombreros, or fifty cent seats, were filled with soldiers, sailors, artisans—in short, the people; the palace, or boxes, were all occupied by the gentry, foreigners and merchants. In the chief box was President Hereaux, or, as he likes to be called, "Lill."

The first glimpse at the ring was like the first look at a freshly opened raisin box. There they were, the four traditional Spaniards, in pigtails, round caps, knee breeches, braided jackets and crimson shawls, teasing an unfortunate calf. After some pretty narrow escapes from the vicious lunges of the horned brute, these four gave way to two picadors, each armed with a pair of steel shod rolas, not unlike closed Japanese parasols wrapped with ribbons a la barber. The bull went forward to welcome them with lowered horns and tail in air. One handsome young Andalusian stood erect and perfectly motionless, with both darts held high above his head, until the bull's horns were apparently within six inches of his chest. Then, with the rapidity of lightning, he plunged his two parasols into the maddened brute's neck, just abait of his horns, and sprang to one side, where he lighted a cigar and watched with nonchalance the bull chasing his (up to this time) innocent companion around the ring. Before the circuit was made his bullship was still further adorned with two more flaunting barber poles in his neck.

The picadors then retired amid deafening plaudits and the matador, a dapper little chap armed with a thin, short sword and bristling with gold lace, strolled into the ring. By this time the bull was mad clear through, there was no one else in the ring, and one would have thought there was plenty of room for the two, but the bull acted as if he felt crowded, about being left alone with a red silk scarf from his waist and shook it at the bull, who, of course charged him. Falling to puncture the man he did the next best thing—he captured the scarf. In the Spaniard's effort to regain the scarf, his feet slipped and he fell on his knees, with the bull two feet behind him. Everybody except the natives and foreigners who turned their heads away, but the only ripping done was on the Spaniard's breeches. One horn had caught him in these and ripped through to waistband. The man landed full length on his face in the sand, where he lay for a minute with the angry bull standing over him, waiting for another chance to bite his leg, but the banderilleros and the picadors were soon in the ring, and by the use of their red flags and voices drew the bull's attention, and the "killer" arose by far the coolest man in sight.

When he saw his chance he allowed the scarf to gently drop over the bull's head, and stepping one pace to the rear plunged his sword into the tawny hide, and when he had reached a few steps, he saw the effect of his thrust, walked forward to the ring side bowing his acknowledgments of the vociferous applause. Canes, Panama hats, fans, parasols and coins fell at his feet, and one enthusiastic native tried to throw his hat into the ring, and he would have been a little stronger in his arms. All these articles were in their owners' hands, and the matador, which must have footed up a hundred dollars or more. There was at least one gold piece picked up in front of the Executive box. No attention had been paid the bull, but he was there all the time with the sword through his heart. On receiving his death blow, he had recoiled forward a few steps, dropped on his knees and fallen over dead without losing a drop of blood except from the banderillas in his neck. A pair of mules were brought in, the carcass dragged off, the band struck up "La Paloma," and I had seen all the bull fighting necessary for the remainder of this life.

Wealth From Simple Inventions. "One of the best opportunities for a young fellow to make money quickly in these days," said a self-made millionaire of this city to the writer recently, "is to rack his brains until he has invented something useful or that the public wants. A general impression prevails that it takes a skilled engineer or a man of phenomenal inventive ability to develop anything useful to manufacture. But there is a wide field open to shrewd amateurs, so speak, to supply little articles of convenience to housekeepers, shopkeepers, etc., and designers can be had at reasonable rates to execute the idea, once it is conceived. American women are so apt in this age of machinery. What they want is a wide field open to shrewd amateurs, so speak, to supply little articles of convenience to housekeepers, shopkeepers, etc., and designers can be had at reasonable rates to execute the idea, once it is conceived. American women are so apt in this age of machinery. 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