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RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00...

The Uganda Railway has now advanced seventy miles into the interior of Africa. A missionary writes that bicycles are seen every day in the streets of Uganda...

Mrs. Mabel Brierly, of Matamoras, Penn., big and brawny, is the leader in a new sphere of usefulness for women. She has just been appointed a substitute "motorman" on the cars of the Middletown (N. Y.) trolley company...

The Maine hunters who have shot at men under the impression that they were deer have proved excellent marksmen this season. Though none of the human targets was nearer than 200 yards, and some fully 1000 yards away...

Perhaps the smallest mail in the world is that which is despatched yearly to Tristan d'Aconcua from St. Helena. The last annual mail carried ten letters, three newspapers and two packages of books...

Professor Gates, of the Smithsonian Institution, claims that human viciousness is caused by poisons in the cells of the brain, and that it can be eradicated by medical treatment. Since the removal of a human stomach, without harm to its owner, we are prepared to believe anything, but viciousness is so superabundant throughout the world that we cannot think the medical fraternity will ever be equal to its extermination...

Professor Schooling, in a paper before the statistical society, of London, gives for the eight principal causes of insanity, the following percentage of every one hundred inmates: Drink, thirty-three and six one-hundredths; domestic troubles, sixteen and one one-hundredth; mental anxiety, thirteen and one one-hundredth; old age, thirteen and two one-hundredths; adverse circumstances, thirteen; accidents, six and five one-hundredths; religious excitement, four one-hundredths; love affairs, one and two one-hundredths.

With respect to the number of fatalities charged to suicide during the year 1897, the Chicago Tribune finds that not less than 6900 persons killed themselves during that period of time. As is usually the case, quite a large percentage of these victims were physicians; but the list also includes lawyers, actors, editors, business men and clergymen. The various causes assigned by investigating authorities for these suicides are given in the following table: Despondency, 2889; insanity, 467; liquor, 270; ill health, 856; domestic infelicity, 301; disappointed love, 271; business losses, 124, and unknown, 1922. Of the total number of suicides above indicated, 2284 were brought about by taking poison, 2138 by gun or pistol shots, 870 by throat cutting. As to the remaining cases there can be no classification made. Some of the parties met death in front of locomotives, others by hurling themselves from high altitudes and others by blowing themselves up with dynamite.

According to a recent London estimate only about 25,000 American tourists visited the English capital in the course of the past season, and this is regarded as a very poor catch. The jubilee was a great disappointment as an attraction for cousins from over the water. It was expected to bring them over in flocks, all eager to spend money, but it seems to have had a deterrent effect, on the whole, and shop keepers and hotel keepers suffered rather than profited by the festivities. Still, even 25,000 Americans are very much better than none, and the calculations as to how much better are decidedly interesting. The average tourist from "the States," we are told, scatters about \$1000 while making a three months' trip in Europe. This, multiplied by 25,000, makes \$25,000,000, and of that amount, it is believed, London received at least two-fifths. Paris gets more American money than London does, not because more Americans go there, but because the French capital was the trade of all the women, and this is both larger and more profitable than that of the men, to whose needs and tastes the London shops more especially cater.

A SNOW DREAM. All the valleys were dim with snowing. Dear, I knew. Over the hills the wind was blowing. Yet in my dream my heart was going. Ever to find where flowers were growing. Dear, for you.

The "High-Top Sweeting" Tree. By SOPHIE SWIFT.

HEY all cried—every one of the Bells, from Peggy, who was sixteen, down to Rufus (who was four and despised a cry-baby), when old Mr. Pigeon moved away. He was such a trial and crusty friend, and if he was sixty, such a congenial companion. He was always ready to go fishing or coasting with the boys, or to take the girls to drive; although he was a bachelor and lived alone, he had a double carriage and the largest sleigh on Pippin Hill—because he had as large a heart, Peggy said. He knew so much about the wild things in the woods as "The Hunter's Own Book," and on a rainy day or when one had the mumps or measles he would tell stories by the dozen—stories that were worth telling, too, for he had been "round the world and home again," and knew all there was to know about cannibals and buccaners and wild men, and all such distinguished and interesting people.

It happened that the only houses on the tip-top of Pippin Hill were the Belfry (I suppose the Bells' house may have received that name because Papa Bell always spoke of his children as his "small fry," anyway, that is what every one in Bloomsboro' called it) and the Pigeon house, which had belonged to Mr. Pigeon's grandfather. The houses looked up to each other, and there was a mutual backyard fence, so, of course, it was very desirable that the neighbors should be friendly and congenial; more than this there was a mutual apple tree, The gnarled, old "high-top sweeting" was directly on the boundary line between the two estates, and the mutual fence had been cut in two to make space for it. Its branches were low and spreading, in spite of its high top, and they spread very impartially over the Bells' smooth lawn and over Mr. Pigeon's orchard, and dropped their delicious fruit—early, the first sweet apples that there were—almost as evenly as if they were measured on each of their owner's land. The only difference was that the August sunshine lay longer upon Mr. Pigeon's side, so the first red and yellow, mellow and juicy apples dropped upon his orchard grass—and he tossed them up to Christine in her seat in the low crotch of the tree, the seat that he had made for her.

It was Christine who thought the most of Mr. Pigeon and he of her, because they both had a twist, Christine said. She could always speak of her trouble cheerfully, even jokingly. You would scarcely have thought that she minded it at all; it was a spinal weakness which had bowed her shoulders and twisted her head to one side. The others didn't mind much when Christine was left out of things; they were a rough, merry set, but Mr. Pigeon had always remembered her. His twist was in one of his legs; his head had to wear an uncomfortable iron boot, and walked with a queer, side-ways motion.

When Becky, who was eleven and was called the Bloomsboro' Budget because she carried all the news, came home with the dreadful intelligence that Mr. Pigeon was going to move away, no one would believe it. "In the first place it's too dreadful to be true, and in the next place, he would have told us," said Peggy. But it really proved to be true. Mr. Pigeon's sister—his own sister!—had gone to law to obtain a share of her grandfather's estate, which he had failed to bequeath to her because she had gone contrary to his wishes in some way, and the only share she would have was that old estate on Pippin Hill. Perhaps the law might force her to take something else as her share since he had held possession there so long; but she was Hitty, and he should give it up to her. That was what Mr. Pigeon said in answer to the indignant remonstrances of the Bells. She was Hitty; that was all he would say; perhaps it wasn't much of a reason, but the Bells understood. We all know what it is to give up things to people just because they are Rocky or Polly or John.

There were no flowers by hill or river, Sweet to shine. But down where shadowy willows shiver I heard a Hope in the branches quiver. And I sent it home to your heart forever, My Valentine. —Mabel Kerrle, in Harper's Bazar.

The "High-Top Sweeting" Tree. By SOPHIE SWIFT.

And now she had found in that old desk (material for the very queerest valentine she had ever made; and although she liked to share the fun of making her valentines with the others, she was a little secretive about that. What should the paper be but leaf from one of the old diaries, one side all written over in an unformed, boyish hand; and this was what was written on it, the ink faded by time: "I can't bare to rite boozie lity has the Peever and I cant bare knot to rite boozie it seems like telling somebody, she had all had tite when she did knot now anybody last nite and did knot let them send me to bed the fater say it she dose di I hav other sisters but they are knot lity the fellers do not understand wen anybody said she will ever have to like our agratin hity sats the Tom Tinker verse and the meens me as is rote on the 1st leaf of this Dery mame is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has got to have a good Mye People and she is Good way thide and she is lity and she and I will alye lity together but I cant bare to rite any more for I want to now what she say they say a feller must be a Man but wen it is lity I cant bare—"

Here the words became illegible on the old yellow paper; there were blots and smudges as of tears. Though valentines are supposed to be dainty, Christine didn't try to clean it a bit! And on the unwritten side, instead of painting with her pretty flowers or drawing hearts or cupids, she only wrote "the Tom Tinker verse" which Hitty had lovingly quoted to her brother: "Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear. I'll gang along w' him his budget to bear." It certainly was a very queer valentine. Christine thought it would probably be returned, even more scornfully than the Christmas wreath—If Miss Pigeon should know who sent it—and she would be likely to guess that it came from the Belfry; for she knew that her brother had given them many of his belongings. She sent it with fear and trembling, and she told none of the others, for the older ones seemed, in their hearts, to share the feeling of Tom and little Rufus, that the only proper form of approach to Miss Pigeon was bean-slinger in hand.

The valentine wasn't returned; but nothing seemed to come of it. The Bells' Jane heard from Miss Pigeon's Jane that her mistress had neuralgia. One day after March had come, and a bloodred had been seen to align upon the high-top sweeting tree, as Christine came along the garden path there came a shrill, imperative voice through the knothole in the fence. "If you have any more of those leaves, stuff them through the key-hole; if you have the whole diary throw it over the fence." Of course Christine wasn't going to do that with the diary that seemed so precious; but she did send it around to Miss Pigeon's door by old Jeremy, the gardener, for none of the boys would go.

It was about a week after that a man made, under Miss Pigeon's direction, a new seat in the crotch of the apple tree—a seat that was delightfully comfortable for a back that wasn't straight. Miss Pigeon seemed to know just how. When it was finished she went up and examined it and tried it. Then she called to Christine, who was sitting on the porch. "I'm a cantankerous old woman. I was born cantankerous," she said. "But there's your seat!" No one at the Belfry knew what that seat of Miss Pigeon; it was little Rufus' opinion that a good fairy had tapped her with her wand and turned into something else, and he was much disappointed to find, on peeping through the knothole, that she looked just the same. "It's delightful," Christine said, slowly. "But it isn't exactly what I meant by the valentine," she added, to herself. But a few days after, what Christine had meant by the valentine really did happen! Sometimes things that seem too good to be true do come to pass in this world. Miss Pigeon mounted the high buggy in which she drove herself and went down to Piquanet when she came back Mr. Pigeon was with her! Tommy discovered it first as they drove into the yard and raised a shout. All the young Bells rushed pell-mell into the apple tree and dropped from its branches into Miss Pigeon's orchard—even Peggy who was sixteen—shouting and laughing and crying all together. They quite forgot Miss Pigeon until her harsh voice broke into the whirlwind of greetings; with all its harshness there was a queer little quaver in it! "He's come back, and he's going to stay," she said. "It is he that brought home and not I. If you're born with a cross-grained disposition you've got to get over it when you're young or you'll have to have more of a ten-foot fence between you and other people! I'm going back to nursing people in a hospital—yes, I can, though you wouldn't think it; and they like me! There's a doctor I know who has invented a new contrivance for—her voice broke straight—her voice really broke now, but she recovered herself instantly; "they're easier to straighten than crooked dispositions! I'm going to send one here, an I want you to try it. She nodded toward Christine, and then she turned away suddenly. Little Rufus ran after her—prudently keeping his hand on the bean-slinger in his pocket. (They had discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance that if Miss Pigeon had a weakness it was a terror of the bean-slingers.) "Are you really just the same? Didn't a good fairy turn you into something else?" he demanded, breathlessly. Miss Pigeon turned and looked down upon him, her strong features working. "Yes, she did!" she answered, gruffly. "Did she tap you with her wand?" pursued little Rufus eagerly, delighted with this confirmation of be-

liefs that were scored in his home circle. "She didn't tap me with a wand," said Miss Pigeon; "she sent me a valentine!"—The Independent.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Perfect weather in India permitted the securing of valuable scientific results of the solar eclipse. A naturalist of eminence finds that land birds make their journeys in the day time and water birds at night. In a new bicycle saddle a fluid-tight cushion is filled with glycerine or similar syrup and enclosed by a leather covering to make a flexible seat. Very satisfactory trials have been recently made of a life boat made of pumice stone, which it was found would remain afloat with a load, even when full of water. The experiments in progress for several weeks on the Air Line Division of the New Haven Railway, in the use of crude petroleum for laying the dust, have proved that material to be well adapted for the purpose. A new process of manufacturing artificial stone has been patented in England. The stone is found in solid blocks, which can be adjusted to any size, shape or design for which the finished stone made is required, and solid blocks weighing several hundred pounds have been easily produced. The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific Ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000. The Revere de l'Electricite states that the construction of the first electric railway in France is to be commenced immediately by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Company. The line will connect Fayet and Chamouilly. The carriages will be auto-motor, and the current will be taken from a lateral rail by means of metallic brushes. The line will have a length of over eleven miles, and will cross the River Aveyron five times. A company to be known as the St. Petersburg Company for the Transmission of Power from Waterfalls has recently been organized at St. Petersburg, Russia, to put down plants for the utilization of the Narova, Imatra and Wozzen waterfalls in the generation of electrical power, and to transmit and distribute the same in St. Petersburg and surrounding districts for electric lighting and power purposes. The capital of the company is said to be \$2,000,000. It has been discovered by Dr. Bruce that the tsetse fly, so fatal in Africa to cattle, is viviparous, not laying eggs, but bringing forth living, fully grown maggots. These larvae shortly after being born transform into pupae, the external larval skin hardening and assuming an oval shape, with ears at one end. This discovery has been authenticated, says Nature, by Perin-guey, who has bred from puparia sent by the Governor of Natal, which is undoubtedly this fly.

Another curious profession among the Bedouins is that of the "thief-trackers." Being without padlocks or stables, and their animals always being born at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of "trackers," and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's live stock. I have heard of one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia was, after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Sudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability, and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's foot-print, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse's or camel's trail is never picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.—Century Magazine.

The perfection to which micrometric mechanisms and the results of their industrial application are now brought is illustrated in a remarkable degree in the production of certain descriptions of woven wire gauze and cloth, some of these being made with meshes so infinitesimal as to number 40,000 of the latter to a single square inch. The more delicate classes of wire—those which stand related to scientific instruments—are of such fineness as to render their measurement a matter of difficulty; this task, however, has been made practicable, and platinum wire has been drawn 1-7000 of an inch and to even greater fineness. Aluminum wire, too, has been drawn as fine to be measured practically by any gauge or instrument. Iron has also been so attenuated that over two and one-half miles in length weighed only one ounce, but a still more remarkable instance of this class of mechanical manipulation is the drawing of twenty-four grains of gold on a silver wire to 120 miles.

A South Sea Islander greets a friend by flinging a jar of water over his head. In Russia it is correct for gentlemen to press the foreheads of ladies whom they know intimately with their lips, and in Germany and other Continental nations kissing between men is by no means uncommon. Novel Japanese Customs. One of the novel ideas of decorative effect in Japan is to catch fireflies, keep them in a cage or box of wire until you have company and then release them in the garden for the guests to admire and talk about.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Modern Novel—Museum Diversions—A Humane Explanation—Worse Yet—Discipline—Saw His Error—After the Boom—Might Have Been Washed, Etc.

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SNOW SONG.

Does the snow fall at sea? Yes, when the north winds blow, When the wild clouds fly low, Out from each gloomy wing, Hissing and murmuring, Into the hungry sea, Falseth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea? On all its tossing plains Never a flake remains; But never resteth there; Vanishing everywhere, Into the hungry sea, Falseth the snow. What means the snow at sea? Whirled in the veering blast, Thickly the flakes drive past; Each never resteth there; Wavers, and then is lost, Type of life's mystery, In the forgetful sea, Underth the snow. —Henry Van Dyke.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Virtue, like dieting, is not always pleasant, but it pays.—Athenian Globe. Cholly (quoting) "If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." Mabel—"Oh, Mr. Lighthead, this is so sudden!"—Standard. He—"You look sweet enough to kiss, in that dress." She—"My dressmaker told me she didn't think I'd be disappointed in it."—Puck. No, do not borrow trouble. "This folly without end; Why should you sorrow double, When you have your Chicago Record." "Aunt Emeline, what is being well balanced?" "Well balanced? Well, it is having sense enough to make more friends than enemies."—Detroit Free Press. Mistress—"Mary, didn't you hear the door bell ring?" Maid—"Yes'm; but it's probably somebody wants to see you. My company always calls at the back door."—Boston Transcript. The Lady—"Can you match this piece of ribbon?" The Gent—"No, lady. You may remember that it was one of the matchless bargains we ran last Monday."—Indianapolis Journal. Nurse Girl—"I lost sight of the child, mum, and—" Mother—"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse Girl—"I was speaking to wun all the time, mum."—Tit-Bits. "Alas," sighed the oyster, as he felt himself being conveyed from the plate on the end of the table knife, "alas! this is an end to all my hopes of getting into good society."—Indianapolis Journal. Mr. Wiggles—"The true facts of the case were that—Mrs. Wiggles (interrupting) "Joshua, did you ever know any facts that weren't true?" And she never heard the rest of that story.—Somerville Journal. "You ought to have your ears boxed," said Miss Sharpleigh to a young freshman, who had just stolen a kiss. "Well," he asked, "why don't you do it?" "I would," she replied, "if I had a box large enough."—Chicago News. "I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife. "Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one, and laid it on top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas bill."—Standard. Mrs. Skinner—"Oh, but I wish I was a man." Mr. Skinner—"Why, so, my dear?" Mrs. Skinner—"I was just thinking to-day if I was only a man, how happy I could make my wife by giving her a diamond necklace for a birthday present."—Chicago News. Brokeleigh—"I don't like that fellow Keene. He's too shrewd." Stakes—"What makes you think so?" Brokeleigh—"Well, I went to his house last night to borrow \$10, and he offered to lend me a dollar before I had a chance to ask him for the ten."—Brooklyn Life. She (gushing)—"There are days when we seem more in union with Nature than at other times, when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you ever noticed it?" He—"Indeed I have. It is always that way with me on pay-day."—Tit-Bits. "You here again?" said the man of the house. "There's no excuse for such fellows as you. This is a year of prosperity." "Yes, sir," humbly responded Tuffold Knott, drawing the back of his hand across his nose, "but I'm one o' these fellows that can't stand prosperity."—Chicago Tribune. "I would go with you to the end of the earth," he asserted passionately. "Not with me, you wouldn't," she replied, coldly. "For two reasons," he answered. "One is that I'm not going, and the other is that there isn't any." When one meets the prosaic new woman one has to be careful what he says.—Chicago Post. EMBLE ON OF EGYPT. In Egypt and the Soudan, in India and all through the East as enormous trade is carried on in vegetable oils, which take the place of our butter and margarine products. One of the principal edible oils is obtained from the ground nut, known in France as "arachide oil." Over 1,000,000 hundred weight of these nuts are annually imported into that country for its production. Belgium also takes vast quantities. Arachide oil is an excellent soap maker, besides being an edible oil, and when cotton oil is high in price will compete well with it in this branch of industry. In France alone there is already a very large consumption of it, to be counted in tens of thousands of tons.

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SNOW SONG.

Does the snow fall at sea? Yes, when the north winds blow, When the wild clouds fly low, Out from each gloomy wing, Hissing and murmuring, Into the hungry sea, Falseth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea? On all its tossing plains Never a flake remains; But never resteth there; Vanishing everywhere, Into the hungry sea, Falseth the snow. What means the snow at sea? Whirled in the veering blast, Thickly the flakes drive past; Each never resteth there; Wavers, and then is lost, Type of life's mystery, In the forgetful sea, Underth the snow. —Henry Van Dyke.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Virtue, like dieting, is not always pleasant, but it pays.—Athenian Globe. Cholly (quoting) "If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." Mabel—"Oh, Mr. Lighthead, this is so sudden!"—Standard. He—"You look sweet enough to kiss, in that dress." She—"My dressmaker told me she didn't think I'd be disappointed in it."—Puck. No, do not borrow trouble. "This folly without end; Why should you sorrow double, When you have your Chicago Record." "Aunt Emeline, what is being well balanced?" "Well balanced? Well, it is having sense enough to make more friends than enemies."—Detroit Free Press. Mistress—"Mary, didn't you hear the door bell ring?" Maid—"Yes'm; but it's probably somebody wants to see you. My company always calls at the back door."—Boston Transcript. The Lady—"Can you match this piece of ribbon?" The Gent—"No, lady. You may remember that it was one of the matchless bargains we ran last Monday."—Indianapolis Journal. Nurse Girl—"I lost sight of the child, mum, and—" Mother—"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse Girl—"I was speaking to wun all the time, mum."—Tit-Bits. "Alas," sighed the oyster, as he felt himself being conveyed from the plate on the end of the table knife, "alas! this is an end to all my hopes of getting into good society."—Indianapolis Journal. Mr. Wiggles—"The true facts of the case were that—Mrs. Wiggles (interrupting) "Joshua, did you ever know any facts that weren't true?" And she never heard the rest of that story.—Somerville Journal. "You ought to have your ears boxed," said Miss Sharpleigh to a young freshman, who had just stolen a kiss. "Well," he asked, "why don't you do it?" "I would," she replied, "if I had a box large enough."—Chicago News. "I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife. "Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one, and laid it on top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas bill."—Standard. Mrs. Skinner—"Oh, but I wish I was a man." Mr. Skinner—"Why, so, my dear?" Mrs. Skinner—"I was just thinking to-day if I was only a man, how happy I could make my wife by giving her a diamond necklace for a birthday present."—Chicago News. Brokeleigh—"I don't like that fellow Keene. He's too shrewd." Stakes—"What makes you think so?" Brokeleigh—"Well, I went to his house last night to borrow \$10, and he offered to lend me a dollar before I had a chance to ask him for the ten."—Brooklyn Life. She (gushing)—"There are days when we seem more in union with Nature than at other times, when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you ever noticed it?" He—"Indeed I have. It is always that way with me on pay-day."—Tit-Bits. "You here again?" said the man of the house. "There's no excuse for such fellows as you. This is a year of prosperity." "Yes, sir," humbly responded Tuffold Knott, drawing the back of his hand across his nose, "but I'm one o' these fellows that can't stand prosperity."—Chicago Tribune. "I would go with you to the end of the earth," he asserted passionately. "Not with me, you wouldn't," she replied, coldly. "For two reasons," he answered. "One is that I'm not going, and the other is that there isn't any." When one meets the prosaic new woman one has to be careful what he says.—Chicago Post. EMBLE ON OF EGYPT. In Egypt and the Soudan, in India and all through the East as enormous trade is carried on in vegetable oils, which take the place of our butter and margarine products. One of the principal edible oils is obtained from the ground nut, known in France as "arachide oil." Over 1,000,000 hundred weight of these nuts are annually imported into that country for its production. Belgium also takes vast quantities. Arachide oil is an excellent soap maker, besides being an edible oil, and when cotton oil is high in price will compete well with it in this branch of industry. In France alone there is already a very large consumption of it, to be counted in tens of thousands of tons.