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Societies. I. O. O. F., 1215 N. 1st Street, No. 1, meets the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. A. J. KELLY, Sec'y.

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Churches. M. E. CHURCH, Services at the church, Broadway, near the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. W. S. FITCH, A. M., Pastor.

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A ROSE GARDEN FOR \$1. 12 FINE ROSE PLANTS. Your selection from 100 Standard Varieties, post-paid. Out Catalogue of Plants and Floral Novelties for '93 is now ready, also booklet telling how to be successful with garden and House Plants. THIS BOOKLET TELLS HOW TO RAISE BIG GARDENSTUMMERS. SOUTH DENVER FLORAL CO. 49,000 Sq. Ft. Glass. P. O. BOX 261, SOUTH DENVER, COLO.

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The Cost of Newspapers. Philadelphia Press. The great public that reads its newspapers every morning at the breakfast table has only a vague idea of the proportions to which the business of publishing these journals has grown. Some facts and figures given in an address by Mr. James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, before the World's Press, Congress, will help to a better understanding of the subject. Mr. Scott is president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, an organization of 150 newspapers claiming to represent about 50 per cent of the daily newspaper circulation in the United States and 85 per cent of the advertising. The capital represented by these 150 newspapers, Mr. Scott asserted, exceeds \$200,000,000 and the sum they pay for labor is \$100,000 a day or \$36,500,000 a year. The other expenses of these newspapers, he said, would bring their outlay to at least \$75,000,000 and perhaps \$80,000,000. There are newspapers whose annual business reaches \$5,000,000, while nearly every large city in the country has one or more newspapers whose annual business reaches \$1,000,000. As Mr. Scott remarked: "This may strike you as startling, but it only shows the enormous growth of the newspapers of America in the last fifteen or twenty years."

In fact, there is no business today better organized and demanding a higher class of talent and greater sagacity and energy than the publication of newspapers. In no business has a keener and closer watch to be kept of the signs of the times, and nowhere else must there be a greater willingness to assume responsibilities and sacrifice the present to the future. Fifteen years ago a New York newspaper in getting a new outfit of printing presses congratulated itself that the acme of perfection had been reached and that no change would be needed until the presses were worn out. But in less than five years every one of those presses was in the junk shop, although they were doing better work than when at first set up, and from \$15,000 to \$25,000 had to be sacrificed on every one of them. They were not worn out, but new inventions had put them behind the times.

The day when a Greeley, a Bennett or a Raymond can start a newspaper on a capital of brains and courage is past. The expense of establishing a newspaper is too great, the competition too strong, and both these factors are becoming more important every day. As Mr. Scott said in his address: "There is not a newspaper in a large city America which does not on each succeeding year run at a greater expense than it did the year before, not only in its editorial department and news department, but in every department of that paper." The public, however, gets the full benefit of this better organization, greater outlay and growing financial independence of newspapers. Editorial expressions become more independent and informatory, their tone is more impartial and less treacherous to men and parties, and the range of news is constantly fuller and more accurate.

A petition has been presented to the county school commissioner praying for a division of this school district. The division will leave Lordsburg and Shakespeare in one precinct and put all the rest of Precinct 9 in another. A petition is being circulated at Shakespeare asking the county commissioners to put Shakespeare in precinct 20 so that the school district and precinct lines shall be the same. This petition will be presented at the next meeting of the commissioners—Western Liberal.

Speaker Crisp approves of the extra session. He expects the Sherman act will be repealed; also the ten per cent tax on state banks, and that a committee will be appointed to revise the tariff, ready for the winter session to act upon it.

A male adult has half an ounce of sugar in his blood. Last year there were 1,800,000 sheep shorn in Montana, an increase of 33 per cent. over the previous year.

The name of "Milliner" really means "Milaner," the first hat trimmers in England having been ladies from Milan, Italy.

One hundred years ago grave robbers got more for the teeth of a cadaver than they did for the "subject" itself. They were disposed of to dentists, who used them as "artificial."

One species of beetle is known as the sexton or grave-digger, because it buries or attempts to bury all dead animals with which they come in contact.

Briggs—What a pity it is that women won't have any sense. My wife waits up for me till I get home, if it isn't until daylight. Briggs—You are in luck, I think. Mine always gets a good nap, and then when I want to go to sleep she insists on talking for three or four hours.

An enterprising individual who lives in Downing street, back of the residence of Mr. Gladstone, says that it is the joy of his life to see Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at tea together. He avers that they are as sociable as two lovers, but he asserts in unqualified terms that Mr. Gladstone appears to be the home ruler.

Abraham's Ark. Abraham Martin, an old colored man living in Atchison, Kan., believes that there is going to be another flood. He claims to have had a revelation in a dream, in which he was instructed to prepare an ark like Noah's of old. The size of the ark was designated in the dream, and although the quarters are too small for the elephants and giraffes the old man has confidence that the Lord will squeeze them inside in some way.

Martin has figured it out by the Bible that the flood will come next August. He expects the menagerie, however, to begin arriving in June, when animals, fowls, etc., will present themselves at the ark in pairs. The old colored man believes implicitly in the "revelations" he has had and has moved his family into the ark.

"The Lord wants the earth populated entirely with black men," he said recently, "and no white people will be taken on the boat. Only a few very black negroes will be admitted."

The ark is built of old pieces of boards picked up about town. Martin has been over a year building the craft.—Cor. St. Louis Chronicle.

Wealthy and Lavish Mr. Crow. About one coming marriage there is a flavor of romance. A bridesmaid had been bespoken for a wedding. She was taken ill before the time set, and at the last moment was replaced by Miss Louise Deolger, a pretty girl, but unknown in society. At the ceremony she met Mrs. Moses Rockwell Crow, a gentleman whose name would not reveal the fact that he is the possessor of \$8,000,000 and a sort of Monte Cristo in his way. It was a case of love at first sight. Moses was captured by the fair Louise, and she, after a suitable period spent in meditation and prayer, consented to become Mrs. Crow. No one could resist so lavish an adorer.

Mr. Crow lives among the swells of Great Barrington, Mass., and gives of supplying watches set with diamonds as favors to the gossamer. He took his fiancée out to ride the other day in the finest brougham which money could buy, drawn by a pair of priceless horses. When she admired them at the end of the drive, he told her they were Argos.—New York Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Combs' Ironclads for the British. Preparations have been commenced at Chatham dockyard for the construction of another first class armored battleship of the Hood class at a cost of some \$270,000. The new vessel will have a displacement of 14,000 tons and will be fitted with engines of 18,000 horsepower, giving a speed of 19 knots. Her principal armament will consist of four 67-ton guns mounted in barbets. Altogether three new battleships, two first class cruisers, to be faster than any cruiser afloat, and six 87-knot torpedo boat destroyers, with the prospect of another 14 should the first prove satisfactory, are included in the programme of the admiralty for the coming year.—Westminster Gazette.

Distress in One House. A house at the north end might well have had the flag of distress floating over its roof for the past few weeks. The house is rented by three tenants, one occupying the L and one each the lower and upper tenements. In the L a few weeks since occurred the death of a beautiful mother and her oldest daughter from diphtheria, while a younger daughter was very ill with the disease. Since that time one of the other tenants had the misfortune to fall on an icy walk, another to break her arm, while a third is seriously ill with pneumonia. Two of the families are now moving out to find more auspicious quarters.—Springfield Mass. Home.

Spring Cleaning. Yes, clean your house a clean year shed. An clean your barn in every part. But brush the cobwebs from your head. Sweep the snowbank from your heart. Jew's eye spring cleaner comes around. Bring forth this disaster as the broom. But rake your feet motions down. An sweep your dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep the floor out with the dust. An dress your soul in newer style. Scrape from your soul its worstest crust. An dump it in the rubbish pile. Sweep out the hatred that burn a smart. Bring in new loves serene and pure. Around the hearthstone of the heart. Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out your floor cubby holes. Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum. An in the front porch let the spring breeze. Get up an dust! The spring has come! Clean out the corners of the brain; Beat down with scrubbing brush an soap. An dump of Fear into the rain. An dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole. Soak every cranny great an small. An in the front porch let the spring breeze. Hang picture pictures on the wall. Scrub up the windows of the mind. Clean up an let the spring begin! Swing open wide the dusty blind. An let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard. Set out new shade an blossom trees. An let the soul come from an hard Frost crookedness of new ideas. Yes, clean your house an clean your shed. An clean your barn in every part. But brush the cobwebs from your head. An sweep the snowbank from your heart.—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

Brutality to Engineers. Speaking of the responsibility for the death of Henry Myer, the engineer killed at Harvey's Station, on the Panhandle road, Mr. Spain, his attorney, said: "Myer was worked to his death. When he arrived at Bradford Junction, the foreman told him he would have to go out in an hour again. 'But,' he protested, 'I can't go out. I have been on duty 48 hours. I have not eaten anything for 12 hours.' 'Well,' said the foreman, 'it means 30 days if you don't go.' The prospect of a 30 days' layoff induced Myer to obey the cruel order. He ate a few crackers and a turkey leg and returned to his engine, his fireman being with him. At Harvey's Station, just as soon as the engine stopped on the side track, both Myer and the fireman fell asleep. They were aroused by the passing of one section of a train, and in their half asleep condition pulled out on the main track. Still there is under our present law no liability upon the part of the railroad company. Our laws are very defective in this regard."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pardon Outfitted by Death. One day's delay in a pardon cost the life of John Young, a mulatto 25 years old, under seven years' sentence for stealing a hog. He had strenuously protested his innocence for three years, and when Governor Holt went out of office in January without granting the pardon Young gave up all hope, and Monday he made a dash for liberty and was shot down by the guard, receiving a mortal wound.

Almost the next mail brought a pardon for him. The captain of the guard went to the poor fellow's cot and showing him the paper said, "John, here is your pardon that Governor Carr has sent you."

John took the pardon, looked at the great gilt seal of the state and murmuring: "Why didn't it come yesterday? It is too late now," gasped and died.—Carthage (N. C.) Cor. Philadelphia Record.

The Right to Lie About Circulation. The right of every newspaper to show that its circulation is larger than every other newspaper is not to be abridged with the expectation of no more results than those of an international monetary conference. There are times when, according to the universal code of morals, lies, if not accepted as virtues, are acquiesced in as necessities. There are occasions when to "perjure one's self like a gentleman" is regarded as a matter of course. Hitherto it has been considered equally a matter of course that a newspaper may lie when speaking of its circulation. Now that this right has been taken away in California it is natural that some lie is expected to happen.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wild Bulls at Large. Three hundred American bulls were recently landed in Barcelona, Spain, and made quite a sensation in that ancient city. During the unloading process a rope that bound a whole herd together suddenly broke and between 90 and 100 bulls escaped. The animals stampeded across the quay and finally dispersed in different streets. The inhabitants were panic stricken. Soon a formidable battle was waged against the infuriated animals, but it was not till evening that the populace had succeeded in partly killing and partly capturing the greater number of the beasts. Two persons were killed, nine persons injured, four fatally, and the damage done was considerable.—New York Telegram.

A Boy Who Liked Panache. A careless mother at the food show the other day left her small son at a counter where samples of pineapples baked with a patent flour were given away with a lavish hand. As fast and as long as they were passed across the counter to him, the young man seemed to consider himself bound to devour them. He finally lay black in the face and had to be rolled upon the counter by a returning and alarmed mother and the too generous white capped cook.—New York Times.

No Congressional Syncretism. The idea of the congressmen from a state forming themselves into a patronage board and taking charge of all the offices, and especially the filling of them, is one that "does not wash." The Missouri congressmen tried it on, and got to wrangling as soon as they got their little board into operation. Senator Vest, who has been designated president of the board, soon wearied of it and sent in a formal resignation, and said that he would not be held responsible for anything the board might do. He proposed that the congressmen should go it alone, each on his duty suggested. It is pretty clear these are to be no congressional syncretisms for the distribution of patronage.—Pittsburg Post.

Royal Baking Powder. Absolutely Pure. A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report. Royal Baking Powder Co., 103 Wall St., N. Y.

A Young Man's Awful Death. Mr. Alexander Bellivan of Lower Town has received information from Michigan that his son was eaten by wolves a few days ago. The unfortunate young man was foreman of a gang working on the construction of a railway in the northern part of the state. He and a friend while out hunting were attacked by a band of wolves, and although they discharged their rifles into the pack the wolves overpowered them. Bellivan's companion climbed a tree to escape them, and from there he saw his companion torn to pieces by wolves at the foot of the tree on which he was perched. For several hours the wolves kept around the tree and did not leave until a number of men from the camp came and drove them away.—Cor. Toronto Mail.

Professor Robinson of the chemical department of Bowdoin college has announced that Mr. Edward F. Sears has promised to erect the finest and best equipped building for the study of science that this country has yet seen.

In order to allow the poor people of Boston an opportunity to enjoy works of art a number of art collectors of that city have united to make a free exhibition of pictures, photographs and casts from their collections.

Potatoes Being Big Money. Houlton farmers received nearly \$35,000 for the 43 carloads of potatoes that were shipped west from the town last week. They must have money to let around those Aroostook farms.—Bangor Commercial.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifteen new books and 1,289 new editions, a total of 6,254, were published in England last year. This is an increase of more than 500 over the production in 1891.

J. Sterling Morton enjoys the distinction of being Nebraska's first representative in a president's cabinet.

Old Hoopskirts. The query lately suggested as to what has become of the old and indestructible hoopskirts that flourished 25 years ago is partially answered by a woman writing from a little Massachusetts village: "I can vouch for the disposition of 33," she says, "which were gathered from about the neighborhood, where they had lain in unsightly rubbish after fulfilling their mission as dress distenders, and buried in a grave specially dug for the purpose."

Old Hoopskirts are worse than stones on a farm. They tangle in the plow and get caught in the rake. Sons do not fade them, mowers do not freeze them, time does not absorb them, and these 33 steel skeletons had at last to be formally tucked and specially disposed of. Women should indeed pause and reflect before they call up again to life and being spirits so difficult to exorcise.—New York Times.

Pecuniary Result of the Papal Jubilee. The pecuniary result of the papal jubilee is a gain to the coffers of the Vatican of upward of \$250,000, as well as jewels, plate and other valuable articles which are estimated to be worth nearly \$200,000. The Duke of Norfolk heads the list of donors with an offering of \$50,000, and next comes the Emperor Francis Joseph with \$8,000. The archbishop of Prague and primate of Hungary give \$4,000 each, as they can afford very well to do, considering that each prelate has a revenue of over \$50,000 a year. The Bohemian territorial magnates sent \$12,000, while the nobility of Rome and the convents and monasteries made up \$20,000, and \$16,000 came from South America.—New York Tribune.

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Wild Bulls at Large. Three hundred American bulls were recently landed in Barcelona, Spain, and made quite a sensation in that ancient city. During the unloading process a rope that bound a whole herd together suddenly broke and between 90 and 100 bulls escaped. The animals stampeded across the quay and finally dispersed in different streets. The inhabitants were panic stricken. Soon a formidable battle was waged against the infuriated animals, but it was not till evening that the populace had succeeded in partly killing and partly capturing the greater number of the beasts. Two persons were killed, nine persons injured, four fatally, and the damage done was considerable.—New York Telegram.

A Boy Who Liked Panache. A careless mother at the food show the other day left her small son at a counter where samples of pineapples baked with a patent flour were given away with a lavish hand. As fast and as long as they were passed across the counter to him, the young man seemed to consider himself bound to devour them. He finally lay black in the face and had to be rolled upon the counter by a returning and alarmed mother and the too generous white capped cook.—New York Times.