

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. One square, one insertion - 11.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.50.

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Out of 110,000,000 souls comprising the Russian Empire, fully 80,000,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

A French company is now building a street car line in Tashkent, the Capital of Russian Turkestan, where, not very many years ago, any white man who had visited the place would have lost his head.

New York contains an average of 37,675 inhabitants to the square mile, or fifty-eight to the acre. The population varies from three to the acre in Ward Twenty-four to 471 in New Ten. This last, which is at the rate of 393,350 to the square mile, is the densest in the world.

Since 1885 the course of the River Volga, in Russia, has rapidly been changing, until the city of Saratoy, once called the "Golden Port of the Volga," is left three miles away from its banks. Saratoy is a well-built city of about 125,000 inhabitants. Its trade, which was very large, depended mainly on the river.

There were published last year in this country 4663 books, according to figures just compiled. In this total, which has been surpassed in the last six years only by the number credited to the year 1886, are included new editions of American books and reprints and translations of foreign books, as well as original works.

In his "Race Prussienne" Quatre-fages maintains that the Prussians are not Germans. Ethnographically they are a different race, he says, but they have acquired the Teutonic tongue, just as the Highlanders have received English. According to him, the German is the vassal of the Prussian now, as he was of the Roman in the past.

A magazine writer has lately demonstrated by an elaborate array of facts and figures that it is impossible for a locomotive to pull a passenger train at a faster rate than about seventy miles an hour. In a short time, therefore, exclaims the Chicago Tribune, if some unscientific blunderer comes along with a locomotive that actually pulls a train 100 miles an hour let him be suppressed. The voice of science has spoken.

Doctor Sargent, the Director of the Harvard College Gymnasium, and an authority on physical training, has for years been making a careful study of the human form. As a result of his investigations he has determined upon what would be considered the ideally perfect man from a physical point of view. W. C. Noble, the sculptor, is to prepare a bronze cast based upon these measurements which will be exhibited at the Columbian Exposition.

Loyalty to the best cause has had in England, confesses the San Francisco Chronicle. The death of Mary, Queen of Scots, is still commemorated, and those who hold the estates in veneration pray for her soul upon the tomb of this loyalist, and most unfortunate of her race. There is something touching in this reverence, and in this country we could have more of it with profit, for the number of heroes that we hold in grateful remembrance is painfully small.

A curious movement of population is noted by the New Orleans Picayune in Illinois. Sixty-nine cars recently left Peoria for Central Iowa loaded with farmers, their families and household effects. The emigrants are mostly from McLean County, Ill. There were in all 112 adults and eighty-two children. They said that they were moving because their Illinois lands had grown so valuable that they could not farm them with profit, so they sold out and bought lands equally good but much cheaper in Iowa.

The Christian population of the world is ascertained to be about five hundred millions, constituting a third of the inhabitants of the earth. It is an interesting fact, remarks the Atlanta Constitution, that the increase within a century and a half has reached this number from only 200,000,000. A year ago the progressive nation of Japan revolutionized the Government and adopted a more popular form. At the first election for members of their Parliament it was found that several Japanese believers in Christianity had been chosen by popular suffrage. There are now thirteen Christian Japanese in the present Parliament and many offices of note are held by Japanese of the Christian faith. In fact, this beautiful country must soon take rank among the Christian nations, and when we consider how clear it may be made to us commercially by the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, as well as by rapid transit across the American continent, we may expect our people of the twentieth century to become nearly as familiar with Japanese as they are with Europeans.

IN THE BATTLE.

If a trouble finds you, break it; Life is often what we make it; Good or ill—and so we take it; Let not disappointment fret you, If a seeming ill be sent you, Cast it off, and be joyful yet you On your way— As you make it, so you take it, In the battle every day. If your genius slumber, wake it; For our life is what we make it; As we shape it, so we take it, If we hunt for ease or sorrow, We shall only always borrow Trouble from a better morrow Every day— As we make it, so we take it— So the life will run away. If the heart is thirsty, slake it; If a blessing offers, take it. For our life is what we make it; Joy abounds in happy faces; Pleasure lives in rosy cheeks; Let us court the godly graces By the way; And we'll take it as we make it In the battle every day.

Dig the garden, smooth it, rake it; For the earth is what we make it; As you work it, so you take it; Sit not idly hoping, dreaming— Wrap in fancy's futile toaming; Victory does not come by scheming— Strike and stay! As you make it, so you take it, If you faint not by the way. —M. V. Moore, in Detroit Free Press.

HER LITTLE JOKE.

MISS JOCELYN is looking out of the window. It is a dreary day, and there is nothing to be seen but the garden, with its heavy heated roses drooping under the down-pour, and the village street beyond, now fast becoming a rapid water-course.

"I call this the dullest place in existence," said Miss Jocelyn, half aloud—"the very dullest."

"She does not finish her sentence, but turns to the massive pier glass to look at the reflection of herself—a handsome girl in a smart frock. After one glance she turns back to the window with a sigh.

"What's the use? One might as well wear sackcloth trimmed with ashes in this place, for all the people there are to see one's gowns. It was much more fun at school, after all."

"Who?" suddenly enquiring forward—"of that isn't that frumpy little Miss Blake with Mr. Stanford, and he is holding his umbrella over her? She got his arm, too? I wonder how he likes it? Poor man—a wonder if he ever notices whether a woman is old and plain or young and pretty?"

"No, he goes splash into a puddle, and she is actually looking up at him and laughing and laughing. Oh, what a joke. Fanny has a smashing! Why she must be forty if she's a day—quite forty. And those blue curls bobbing about as she goes."

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"Parish matters, of course," she says to herself. "Perhaps it's about the school treat."

She opens the envelope, unfolds the note within and is reading it slowly, when suddenly she utters a low cry, her breath comes fast and the familiar world about her grows in a moment strange and unreal.

For it is a love letter, she is thirty-three, and this is her very first. And from such a man—the man whom she has looked up to and revered and followed so humbly and modestly ever since she first saw him! She goes down to breakfast with a flushed face, quivering lips and radiant eyes.

"Miss Cornelia's just on the ramp this morning, aye," says the little maid warningly, as she meets Ruth in the narrow passage that does duty for a hall.

Miss Ruth nods and smiles as if this were the pleasantest intelligence possible. Cornelia's distributives this morning fall upon her less ears.

Ruth answers at intervals, "Yes, dear, and 'No, dear," and "I will see to it, sister," as in duty bound, but her heart and soul are filled with one thought—after wonderful letter.

After breakfast, Miss Cornelia goes out to visit her district. Then Miss Ruth takes up her pen and writes tremblingly out of the fulness of her heart:

DEAR MR. STANFORD—Your letter has surprised me very much. I scarcely knew what to say, except that I am most grateful to you. It is so good of you to write me as you say you do, and to have always come such a beautiful thing to me, though I never thought that it was likely to come to either my sister or me. I am very sorry, very glad to have had your letter, and will always be so, even if you change your mind for or against. I am not worthy of all the good things you say of me, still, whether happens, I shall always feel happy to know that you once thought as you have written. And I beg you will think the matter over well, though it seems important of me to do so, you yet I think only of your good. And I am always your faithful friend.

RUTH BLAKE.

She reads the letter over several times, and then shakes her head.

"How poorly I have said it!" she thinks. "But he is so kind, he will understand that I mean well."

The curate, when he receives the gentle, humble epistle, is filled with dismay. He paces with it up and down his small sitting room.

"Somebody has played a cruel, heartless trick upon that poor little woman, and I have to face her and tell her so. I would rather be shot."

He drinks his scalding tea in great gulps, and is glad of the pain it causes him.

"But what am I to do? Go and tell a woman—a kind, gentle, little lady—coarsely and brutally to her face, that she has been played with and insulted; that I never dreamed of loving her; that it is impossible for me to do so? Oh, cruel and cowardly! How can I strike a gentleman, or indeed any woman, such a blow as that?"

He rests his head upon his hands and groans.

"But I am not worthy of you. You should marry some one else, ever so much better and younger and prettier than I. Do you know," hiding her ashamed face and confessing it as she would have confessed a sin, "I am thirty-three."

"And I am thirty-four," he answers. "I have not a hair on my head."

When Miss Jocelyn leaves the news, she goes away suddenly on a visit to some friends.

Three years have passed, and Laura Jocelyn is older, sadder, wiser. She has loved and suffered, and learned to sympathize with others. But she has never seen Mr. Stanford or his old maid wife again.

When she returned home the marriage was over, and they were gone to his new living.

"This was the worst thing I ever did," she says sadly to herself. "I will go and confess, and tell him how sorry I am. What a horrible thing to have ruined two lives!"

So she goes on her penitent errand to the small town forty miles away. On getting out of the train she takes the way to the village, and walks there slowly.

A child's laugh started her from her letter, and she looks up and enters the sweetest little hedge that is in bloom at her side, for it is July again.

She sees but dimly an old-fashioned garden, a quaint, rambling house, for that is Mr. Stanford himself standing close to her that she could almost touch him.

And who is that lady, the pretty little woman in the dusty gray gown, her fair, wavy hair parted to her head, and her eyes shining with happiness?

With a gasp Miss Jocelyn recognizes her. That is—not—that was Ruth Blake.

"Now let him come to me," the little woman cries gaily. "Happy, you are spoiling the child. Let him come to his mother."

Ruth stoops down and holds out her arms, and a tiny figure in white rushes wildly for a little distance toward her, and then tumbles unceremoniously, and finally sits down plump upon the grass, the performance being aided with a shout of laughter from the father, school-teacher by birth.

Under cover of their mirth, Miss Jocelyn steals away. She has received her divorce, and she has the same thing to do as to apply to either of the two happy, blessed people, would be an impertinence.—Boston Globe.

Frogs' Legs Are Dainty.

It is not a hundred years since Dr. Kitchener, in his quaint old book, "A Cook's Oracle," gave among culinary curiosities, with "roasted horse" and "hazards in hot broth," "fried frogs."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Her First Cake Her Revenge—For Her Work Alone—The Duke's Mark, Etc.

She measured out the latter with a very solemn air. The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care.

To count the eggs carefully, and to add a little bit of baking powder, which you know, happens all the time.

But she never quite forgave herself for having put out the flour.

CAUSE OF SADNESS.

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?"

"Two front teeth pulled."—Life.

THE WOMAN'S WAY.

Friend—"Do you permit your wife to have her own way?"

Husband (positively)—"No, sir. She has it without my permission."—Detroit Free Press.

HER REVENGE.

He—"My wife never got the better of me but once."

She—"Lucky man—when?"

He (sighing)—"When she married me."—Life.

EXPLAINED.

Jones—"What has made the telephone so successful, do you imagine?"

him now. He's been figuring for a full hour by the clock."

Friend—"I see. What problem are you working at, my little man?"

Statisticians Bay—"I'm figuring how many days it is to vacation."—Grand News.

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HER REVENGE.

THE NATIVES OF ALGERIA.

THEY CONSIST MOSTLY OF ARABS AND KABYLES.

Tall and comely-looking—tough-shinned—Moorish—Mahometan Progenitors—Enormous Earnings.

ALGERIA'S native population, the Kabyles, consists, generally speaking, of Arabs and Kabyles.

When at home the latter live in the mountains, are nearly always on foot, and own horses. The former, however, lives only on the plains, is an incomparable horseman, and reads under text.

These Arabs who live in cities bear the name of Moors, and among these, the chief element, are numerous other tribes and races, so that, not counting Europeans, the inhabitants represent many peoples.

The Moors have long been clear-headed, and have far surpassed the Kabyles in the matter of education.

The Moors are distinguished by their striped black and white woollen tunics and trousers, their leather shoes and their hair, which is often shaved.

They are the industrious fellows, and they are willing to do any and all kinds of work. Their wages vary about with those of the Moors, and therefore they are not Mahometans.

The Moors have been called "Mahometan Protestants," because they do not go to any mosque or place of worship, and use no form of prayer.

They are honest and truthful, and if I am to believe half what I hear, such persons are scarce in Algeria.

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