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My Baby. A cunning mite, in robes of white, All face embroidered o'er; With tiny feet, so dainty sweet, That never press the floor...

THREE AGAINST MANY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Since I have been ranching on the Little Missouri, two men have been killed by bears in the neighborhood of my range; and in the early years of my residence there, several men living or traveling in the country were slain by small war-parties of young braves...

My friend Tazewell Woody was among the chief actors in one of the most noteworthy adventures of this kind. He was a very quiet man, and it was exceedingly difficult to get him to talk over any of his past experiences...

It was in the spring of 1875, and Woody and two friends were tramping on the Yellowstone. The Sioux were very bad at the time, and had killed many prospectors, hunters, cowboys, and settlers...

And, sure enough," said Woody, meditatively, "they were in camp next morning." By dawn one of the men went down the river to look at some of the traps, while Woody started out to where the horses were...

any movement where the advantage gained must be offset by considerable loss of life. The three men thought they were surely doomed; but being veteran frontiersmen, and long inured to every kind of hardship and danger...

In a very short while the Indians began closing in on them, taking every advantage of cover, and then, both from their side of the river and from the opposite bank, opened a perfect fusillade, wasting their cartridges with the recklessness which Indians are so apt to show when excited...

Natural Protection of Seeds. We usually find seeds in a seed vessel of some sort, the whole affair constituting the "fruit." Common to all immature fruits is their necessity for protection, and this is met in various ways...

THE BATTERSEA DOG'S HOME. Most people, in London at least, have heard of the interesting establishment lying immediately on the north side of the Battersea Park Station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway...

A Book for a Husband. An amusing story of how a confirmed old bachelor, who combined with his bachelorhood the qualities of the bibliomane, came finally to marry, is told by an English newspaper...

It appears that the lonely old book-worm employed an old servant to take care of his rooms. Upon her fell the task of arranging and dusting the library, and she soon came to be smitten with a taste for reading...

"Fifteen pence? Why, this work is worth a thousand pounds," cried the collector. He reddened, when too late, how stupid he had been to speak, and in vain tried to recall his words...

"Sir, you have just told me it was worth a thousand pounds!" The old creature was not to be cheated, and the book-worm at last offered one hundred pounds. It was a first edition, extremely rare, of Montaigne. He was a good buyer, but his servant would not take a franc or less than one thousand pounds which sum was more than he could afford...

So he went to her the following day and "popped the question." She accepted him, and they were married. The clever old dame brought him the book as a dowry.—[Harper's Bazar.

Everybody in large cities is familiar with the sight of a mass of military schools, uniformed, marching through the streets; and in last October's Columbian Celebration in New York, they were combined in regiments, drilled thoroughly, and their marching and wheeling formed a most attractive feature of the splendid exhibition of those days...

THE CITY OF A CHINESE BABY. Few Americans have ever seen a Chinese baby cry. It is a sight equally as intense to the eye as to the ear. They do cry, though, as history records the fact, and their manner of emotional ebullition is as different from the Anglo-Saxon variety of infantile protest and clamor as a full-blown volcano is from a ten-cent sky-rocket...

Down on the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair there is a Chinese baby who gave an exhibition in this line day before yesterday. He can just toddle, and he had wandered some twenty feet away from his abode. He was viewing the strange buildings around him casually. Presently a one-legged man hobbled by on crutches. The Chinese baby gave one look, and then he unravelled a corrugated whoop that peeled the mind from the Irish castle...

A Brilliant Retort. After-dinner speaking is an art, and, like many other arts, its excellence has much to do with the mood of the artist. Some of the best of our after-dinner speakers sometimes fail, but it is not often that failure results in the enrichment of the world's store of epigrams...

When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fish-mongers' Company of London, he made an after-dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return he said to a friend: "I spoke ill today, and stammered and hesitated in the opening..."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

NAUGHTY PATTY. Little Patty Poppin Never'd stay in bed; Mother'd hear her footies Pk-pat overhead. Last night naughty Patty Caught her little toes, Down she fell and out she'd Bumped her little nose...

STEAM. What is called a cloud of steam, coming out of an escape pipe, is not steam at all—it is a condensation of steam. Steam cannot be seen. Look at the spout of a teakettle, in which the water is boiling, and between the outer end of the spout and the vapory cloud that comes from it you will find a clear space...

BOY-SOLDIERS.

Everybody in large cities is familiar with the sight of a mass of military schools, uniformed, marching through the streets; and in last October's Columbian Celebration in New York, they were combined in regiments, drilled thoroughly, and their marching and wheeling formed a most attractive feature of the splendid exhibition of those days...

THE WELL-KNOWN explorer, J. Thomson, who rarely becomes enthusiastic over anything, thus writes of Scott: "About the Rev. D. C. Scott, the head of the Bantyre Mission, I can only speak in superlatives at the risk of appearing to exaggerate. The less advertised of missionaries, he understands head and shoulders above every man I know of in the African mission field..."

When Archdeacon Maples of the Universities Mission visited Bantyre last year he wrote: "Mr. Scott's wonderful brick church is above all prices as an example of what the negro can do, and it will endure as a monument worthy of his genius and his skill. The new mission buildings are built around a great square which is flanked with flower gardens through which run shady walks..."

All through this region the natives invariably greet the white man with a pleasant "Good day, sir." The laborers and craftsmen at Bantyre and the surrounding mission stations are paid for their work in cotton cloth. The day school at Bantyre numbers 200 scholars. There is a boarding school to which boys and girls have been sent from a hundred miles around...

Almost a Hint. "Bring me a cup of coffee and some thing to read," said a New York man, who is remarkably frugal. "How would the bill of fare do?" replied the waiter, handing over the menu.—[Texas Sittings.

BUILT BY NATIVES.

A Beautiful Church in a Central African Village.

Erected Entirely by the People of That Region.

Who would suppose that this handsome church adorns a village in the lake region of Central Africa or that it was built, from the making of the bricks to the driving of the last nail, by natives who a few years ago had never seen a white man in their lives? Such is the case, however, and there is many a town in England and America that cannot show so fine a church edifice as this, which is the wonder and the admiration of all white men who visit Bantyre, in the Nyasa highlands. J. Scott Kelle, in his new book on "The Partition of Africa," says: "A church has quite recently been erected in the heart of what is still savage Africa; a creditable and even handsome church it is, with many graceful points of architecture, an apse, a double-towered front, a dome, and a variety of tasteful adornments..."

The church was completed on May 10, 1891. It is in the form of a Latin cross, with a short choir and an apse half circular in form. Its length is 106 feet, it is 30 feet wide, and from the ground to the eaves is 35 feet high. Seven years ago the missionaries began to teach the natives to make bricks, and in 1890 the foundations of the church were laid. By this time other natives had become skilled as carpenters, masons, and plasterers, and other blacks made lumber from the fine timber around Bantyre, using a portable sawmill...

This conspicuous achievement in Central Africa, wrought by trained native craftsmen, is due to the genius of one man, a Scottish missionary named Scott, who is one of the most remarkable men that missionary societies have ever sent to Africa. He has unflinching tact in dealing with the natives. He is able to inspire them with his zeal and enthusiasm. Under his guidance these natives work as though they love labor and had been trained all their lives to industrious habits...

He returned to Selima at the close of war, a young and very attractive fellow of a strongly social disposition, and promptly fell in love with one of the belles of a town that is noted in the Southland for its beautiful women. The affection was mutual, but Backwell, like so many other youngsters in the ranks, had acquired a thirst which he proceeded to sate whenever the humor seized him. The lady of his heart finally told him that she would marry him but upon one condition only...

Where Our White Pine Comes From. The white pine supply of this country stands in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; the pine forests of Maine, Northern New York, and Pennsylvania having been long since substantially swept away. This timber reserve is fast diminishing, the output, for the last lumbering season, amounting to but one hundred feet, or nearly one half the lumber cut of the entire country. To produce this requires an army of 150,000 men, or about fifteen men to each million feet. With the product of these States for a single year, a plank sidewalk three feet wide and two inches thick, resting on the ordinary stringers, could be built from the earth to the moon, 240,000 miles.—[Scribner.

A Mis-understanding. "Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweller is!" "How so?" inquired his friend. "Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved in the engagement ring the letters 'From A to Z—from Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"—[Harper's Bozar.

their work. Besides reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic, the boys are taught trades and farm labor, and the girls learn to do cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, and so on. At the laundry opened at the school the girls last year earned about \$200.—[New York News.

The Chinaman in the Household. As servants the Chinese are very capable in many respects, and very undesirable in others. The never-gossip about the affairs of the family that employs them. They learn whatever it is desired they should know, acquiring skill with apparent ease by means of their wonderful power of imitation. They are perfectly willing to do every sort of household work, and the average servant will act as cook, chambermaid, laundress, and waiter all at once for one salary. They cannot bear to be ordered about by women. They will take any amount of scolding or fault-finding from a man, and none from a woman. In two cases of which I heard the Chinese servants classed their mistresses out of their houses with axes. A very vexatious thing is that they never give warning when they are going to leave a place. They suddenly announce, "We want to go," and the utmost questioning is not likely to elicit any more than "We want to go; we tired."

One lady in Victoria told me that she moved from one house to another, and employed a new servant. He said an hour? The next one said an afternoon, the next one said a day. Puzzled and worried, she persuaded one who was about to leave her to tell her why he was dissatisfied. He took her to the sink in the kitchen, and showed her a peculiar mark in chalk under the sink. It was a notification by one servant to all the others that the head of the house was not kind or honest in his dealings with his servants. She explained that she had but just moved into the house, and the servant took off his street apparel and remained with her. But he told her that whenever a Chinaman came to work in a new place he always looked through the pots and pans and kettles and cupboard for some piece of paper or mark of some kind left by preceding servants, and explaining the character of house.—[Harper's Weekly.

Kept His Promise. Mr. Samuel Backwell of Alabama, the newly appointed third auditor of the treasury, is an instance what a genuine man can do in the way of curbing his appetite or shaking of a dangerous habit when he makes up his mind for a long, running fight. He returned to Selma at the close of war, a young and very attractive fellow of a strongly social disposition, and promptly fell in love with one of the belles of a town that is noted in the Southland for its beautiful women. The affection was mutual, but Backwell, like so many other youngsters in the ranks, had acquired a thirst which he proceeded to sate whenever the humor seized him. The lady of his heart finally told him that she would marry him but upon one condition only...

A Lion Tamer Killed. The great danger of it is the chief a true lion that draws people to watch the performances of lion-tamers. Every day feels sure that sooner or later the daring performer will pay the penalty of his temerity with his life, and it generally turns out so. Maximin, the famous French lion tamer, who usually exhibits at the Paris circus, has given his last show. Recently he went, with five of his performing lions, to exhibit at Lisbon. A few days ago, as he was stepping out of the cage, after a performance before a great crowd, one of the lions pounced down and nearly tore him to pieces. For ten minutes he struggled with the enraged brute, twice seizing her by the tongue, but she would have killed him outright if one of the clowns had not shot her. Another lion-tamer held the rest of the beasts in check until Maximin was rescued from the cage in a dying condition. The effort caused a panic in the circus, and brought the performance to a premature conclusion, but the next day it went on as usual, lion caged and all.—[New Orleans Picayune.

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