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NO. 10.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - \$1.00
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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The temperance people will be glad to learn that M. Chevrul, the great French savant and centenarian, has never tasted a drop of wine.

Country people can make their own barometers if they have no other use for their wells. In the Swiss village of Meyringen some disused wells have been hermetically sealed to serve as barometers.

Tricycles in England are being used for many purposes. Traders use them for delivery of small packages, and postmen depend on them in country districts.

Some of the members of the Tennessee Legislature are chosen after a novel fashion. There are in the State what are known as "fictitious districts."

In spite of all life-saving appliances there is still death in the mine to a frightful extent. Civilization gets its supply of coal and iron at a costly expense of human life.

The towns along the great lakes are proud of their shipping trade, although a father along their coast may swallow a mouthful of water without noticing.

Russia is peculiarly rich in surprising sects and associations, but the most astounding is one lately brought to light bearing the ominous title of "The Red Death."

A Song of Rest. O weary hand that, all the day, Were set to labor hard and long; Now softly fall the shadows gray.

The Widows Pumpkins. It was a brilliant October morning, the grass all sparkling with hoar frost, the trees waving their red-jeweled arms to the sunshine.

He found the tea-kettle cold, the Graham gems uncooked, the table unspread and his wife crying piteously.

Mr. Ellis was almost disposed now, to regret that he had paid out that dollar for the Widow Heppy's pumpkins.

"Pumpkins!" screamed Mrs. Ellis, when her husband drove in to the door at noon. "Pumpkins! Why, Eliakim Ellis, what on earth are you bringing pumpkins here for! Ain't we got the bars-chambers full, and the lots full, and the very cattle won't eat 'em! Be you clean gone crazy?"

"They're just a few—" he began. "A few!" shrilly echoed his wife. "The waggin is heaped full! And we a-thrown 'em away every day! That's just a man's calculation!"

ad for Mrs. Hall. There ain't much market up that-a-way, you know, Lopsy.

Miss Ellis gave a prodigious sniff. "Don't you fetch that there truck inside of the door-yard, 'Eliakim!" said she.

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"Just a few," said Eliakim, hitching desperately on the first section of his speech, "that I've bring down here to

SILENT SCHOLARS.

Teaching Deaf Mutes to Talk in a New York School.

A Method which Requires Great Patience and Perseverance.

Up in Fifth street, not far from Fifth avenue, in one of those brown stone fronts that look like the twin of every other brown stone front on the block, a queer class of pupils meets every day.

In this silent house deaf mutes are taught to speak. Two private classes, with seven pupils in each, meet there every day after day, and from 9 in the morning till late in the afternoon struggle with these simple sounds that most of us learn unconsciously in our babyhood.

For eleven years she has worked among deaf mutes and given to voiceless tongues the music of our speech. In this country and in Europe she has learned all that the best schools can offer.

Two boys about seven, another of ten, a girl of sixteen and two smaller girls about eleven years old were sitting quietly around a little table.

The little pupil had hard work getting the letter "m." The only way he could feel this sound was by placing his hands one on each side of the jaw of the teacher.

It may, perhaps, be adduced as one of the most remarkable of the many curious and often inexplicable habits common to the lower animals of widely different classes, the practice of forming themselves into balls or clusters, as is the case with bees, starfish, some kinds of bats, and at least two species of birds.

The lawyers complain of slack business, the miners of slack water, the merchants of slack trade and the saloon men of slack drink; in fact, there is a general slackness visible all around.

The United States has 6,000,000 miles of fence, which cost the farmers and stockmen about \$1,900,000,000, and have to be renewed every fifteen years.

it from Spain, and have been improving ever since. Now nearly all the big cities of the civilized world have deaf mute schools.

An instance out of my own experience will go to show how fear does not reason. About ten years ago when I was in Boston near the Park Forest, I was in the habit of walking alone in the evening till late in the night.

One-half of the earth's solid surface is buried in the abyssal regions of the ocean, and exists at undulating plains beneath a watery covering from two to five miles thick.

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bed rooms, says a writer about the beds of our ancestors in the Cosmopolitan.

It is claimed that by a new process white wood can be made so tough as to require a cold-chisel to split it. This result is obtained by steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure, technically "upsetting" it, thus compressing the cells and fibers into one compact mass.

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Voting by Electricity.

At the mechanical exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris, there is exhibited a machine for registering votes, which will, it is said, be shortly installed in the French Chamber of Deputies.

In front of each seat three contact makers are placed, the knobby being marked "Yes," "No," and "Abstention." Only one of the pulses can be depressed at one time, and neither of them can be used more than once, until they have been released by the action of another part of the apparatus, which is under the control of the president.

Nothing shows more the marvellous strength possessed by the tiger than the way in which he carries his victim away. I remember the first time I was shown where a tiger had dragged a full grown bullock.

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Delay.

Always to-morrow and never to-day. So the wint' wears till the bloom of May— Yet what is a month more or less? You say, but, as May goes over the purdling bill, You had before and I follow still 'Till the end of the month, until dy' possion wars with the autumn weather, For, never apart, yet never together,

A last farewell—A shoemaker giving up his business. Yoked garments are much worn—By even. They are gone. A tribe union—A marriage between business rivals to promote trade. Schopenhauer to little J. says: "Where is the North pole?" "At the top of the nose man!"

The tailors and dressmakers are the individuals who dwell most on the eternal fitness of things. "Never found" is advertised. This is the kind of food the man eats who wants to occupy two seats in a crowded railroad car.

A little girl calling with her mother to see how where the walls were not yet papered, exclaimed: "What could be the house, mamma?" Some western papers look with horror at the use of the word "woman" in respectable society. One of them recently gloried in the finding of a "sally's kakemon."

"Hev' you," harked a customer at a restaurant to the waiter: "can't you see that I don't wear lace shoes?" "Yes, sir," "Well, then, what do you mean by hanging me this show-string in my soup? Take this back just as quick as you can and bring me a plate of soup with a button look in it."

The method of treatment for congealing rubber milk in the Para district is as follows: Small cups are attached to the trees, and, when filled with juice, are emptied into tin pails of a certain size, having holes in the caps, being again attached to the trees. After getting the round of the tree, the contents of this cup are emptied into another size larger than the first, and the covered pail of largest size filled and ready to be strapped on to the saddle of a mule for removal.

A gentleman who spends his winter in Florida told the writer the following story on himself: "Coming down to the bank of the bayou one afternoon I saw an alligator sunning its ugly carcass in my way and sent a bullet into the vulnerable spot under its shoulder. The reptile started badly and slid off into the water. Amazed at the slight effect, I followed it until it was almost out of sight, and then I discovered the same alligator in the same spot on the bank and directly in front of it a wild turkey, I examined the fowl for my supper and I basked to think the alligator had eaten me. Posing my rifle I hesitated no instant between the demands of pride and appetite, and, deciding to kill the gator, banged away. The turkey flew off with a scream and the gator never judged. By this time I was 'maider hama butter' and paddled up to 'stir up his business, when a reckless poke revealed that I had been shooting a fat carcass. The shot of the day before had got in its work and the alligator had crawled out (as is their habit) to die in the sun. Then I wished I had shot at the turkey!" Detroit Free Press.

"No, I wasn't cleaned out in Wall Street," he replied, as he choked back a heavy sigh. "Wall Street was too slow for me. I got my \$7000 on a Monday, on Tuesday I invested in a short-horn bull, on Wednesday morning I got up and found that he had been kicked to a \$40 horse."

"Did you have anything left?" "Only about \$15, and I paid that to a fellow to kill the old horse and haul both poles to the woods."—Wall Street News.