...own News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. ..OT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

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According to the Philadelphia *Record*, colonial furniture is turned out by the ton in that city.

The Boston *Herald* opines that "the newspaper of the future will have a Congressman or two upon its staff."

It has been decided to establish a university in British Columbia; and the necessary act has been passed by the provisional legislature.

The Chicago *Herald* emits a growl over the discovery that of the books taken out of the public library by public school teachers for themselves and their pupils, nearly one hundred per cent. consist of the trashiest and most rancid sort of fiction.

The number of men in the field in the late South American war would not have made a small army corps, and the losses were scarcely more than the killed in a lively skirmish during the Civil War. They had one great advantage, however, remarks the Detroit *Free Press*. They had one general for every forty soldiers.

According to the Detroit *Free Press*, a New York chemist is out with the good news that beef at eight cents a pound is just as nutritious as beef at twenty cents. It is harder to masticate, and there is more danger of being choked to death, but after it is once in the stomach it is all right and begins to put fat on the ribs.

At a recent pharmaceutical conference in England it was stated that the patent medicines have paid to the British Government, so far, in 1890, the enormous sum of $1,110,000 in the shape of duties, and it is estimated that before the end of the year $7,500,000 will have been expended by the owners of the nostrums. "And yet," comments the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Englishmen jeer at Americans for their use of patent medi-

THOT, MY GOOD STEED, THOT.

Where my true love abideth
I make my way to-night—
Lo, waiting, she
Espieth me
And calleth in delight:
"I see his steed a-near
Come trotting with my dear—
Oh, die not, good steed, but trot
Trot thou my lover here!"

Aloose I cast the bridle
And ply the whip and spur,
And gayly I
Speed this reply
While faring on to her;
"Oh, true love, fear thou not—
I seek our trysting spot—
And double feed be yours, my steed,
If you more swiftly trot!"

I vault from out the saddle
And make my good steed fast;
Then to my breast
My love is pressed—
At last, true heart! at last!
The garden drowsing lies,
The stars fold down their eyes—
In this dear spot, my steed, neigh not,
Nor stamp in restless wise!

Oh, passing sweet communion
Of young hearts, warm and true.
To thee belongs
The old, old songs
Love finds forever new!
We sing those songs, and then
Cometh the moment when
It's "Good steed, trot from this dear spot—
Trot, trot me home again!"
—*Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.*

THE BIG CHEESE.

BY ESTHER SEELE KENNETH.

The Saltons were as poor as people could be and live comfortably and respectably. Mrs. Salton said it was owing to her husband's industry and energy that they got along at all—wages were so low, and market prices so high; while Mr. Salton declared that their coziness was entirely the result of his wife's good management. They were very united in their affections, and they had three good children.

But, to Mrs. Salton's regret, they were all boys. She would have liked a daughter to grow up in the house, and assist her. So pressed was she sometimes for a little maid to sew up a seam, or wash the dishes, that she told Joe Sheppard, the overseer of the poorhouse, that he might send her an orphan girl, if he had a mild and docile one, and she would ... and perhaps keep her till she ... ton; I reckon I'm ... what you ... by

... any kind of good luck," said Nathan, "and will go a long way toward paying off the mortgage."

All the family stood around and admired it—it was so big, and promised so much. Sophy led the baby, who was learning to walk, around it several times. The two boys wanted it cut; but their mother told them nothing would be so nice as to sell it, and to pay for their house, so that nobody could take their home away. They went to bed then, and one and all dreamed of the big cheese.

The next morning the children's father said:

"I am going to town."

And his wife said: "I will go with you, and get a little stuff to make jackets for the boys."

"Will you take the baby?"

"No, I will leave him with Sophy. He is a very good with her."

They were delayed a little by two old farmers coming in to look at the big cheese, but at length they got off. Lizzy started off with an unusual sense of comfort and security.

"Sophy is a very good girl," she said. "I only wish she were brighter and better favored. I don't like a girl to be so plain and quiet."

"Oh, handsome is as handsome does," replied Nathan.

Yes, Sophy seemed a little dull, and, with her pale hair, pale eyes, and her pale cheeks, was not at all pretty; but she washed the dishes, and coaxed the baby into being contented, and made hasty pudding for the boys' dinner very faithfully. She was as sober and steady as a little old woman. But she smiled on the baby, and nursed the ailing chicks, and always looked out that the cat was fed. She seemed to have a fellow feeling for all dependent creatures; so one could see her quietness was not moroseness.

Nothing went wrong in the little house until afternoon. Then a shaky old wagon drove into the yard, and two dark, ill-kempt men got out. Sophy went to the door, and they begged for something to eat. While she hesitated, listening to the whisper of little Hiram behind her, "them's gypsies, Sophy," one of the men thrust his elbow against the door.

"Let's see what you have in here," he said.

Both of the men pushed in, and the children were forced to yield.

The former looked about them. The kitchen was neat and cool. One began looking from the various windows; the other went into the buttery, where he found a dried apple pie, which he commenced to eat. Then the man at the windows looked at the children, and they looked gravely back at him.

"I say," said he; and his listeners certainly gave him all needed attention.

"Where's th' big cheese?"

"Hold on a minute, Jim," called the ... fellow in the buttery. "Sure ..."

"... here's nothing in sight."

"... hurry, then. I'm hun-

"...in'!" returned the ... into the but-

For an in-
...ding wide-
kitchen

"Arthurson's ... the other. "He'd ... by him."

"Too much of a job. Th' young one 'll yell so!"

"Gag him. My woman 'll keep him all safe till we get the swag."

Poor little Sophy turned white. The spool dropped from her nerveless hand. She cast a glance at the window. The blind was tightly closed.

"All right," she heard one say. "Go out and turn th' horse and bring in my ole coat. I'll sag th' baby in' that."

As the other obeyed, the remaining wretch picked up the spool, and approached the child, apparently with the intention of thrusting it into his mouth. Sophy stood up.

The next instant she had snatched the shoe from her foot, struck the man a blow in the face with the heel that made him reel, and clutching the child by the belt of its dress, sprang to the door.

"Help! help! help!" she screamed, piercingly.

Two burly, resolute men ran into the yard followed by little Hiram,—Arthurson's men; and before the evil fellow in the house could escape, they were on him. During the tussle of securing him, the other escaped on foot, leaving his team.

Meanwhile, poor frenzied Sophy ran down the road with baby, head downwards, but tightly held—until, at the turnpike's end, she ran straight into the arms of Mr. Salton and his wife, and then fainted dead away.

They brought her back. The poor, weak, overwrought child had swooning spells at night; but Mrs. Salton held her in her arms, and could not be kind enough to the lovely, faithful young thing—who was never lonely again. The good couple took her into their hearts with a warmth and completeness which left nothing to be desired. They made her a daughter in every sense of the word.

The law disposed of the villain Jim, so that he, nor his mate, never were seen by the Saltons again. The horse, which was a good one, fell to their lot. The price of the big cheese, exhibited at a large fair, brought the sum of its worth several times over—the money being returned to the happy maker. This, added to a good amount for which the horse was finally disposed of, paid off the mortgage on the cottage; and the Saltons are now prosperous and happy.—*Yankee Blade.*

Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

England is the country where ... mackintoshes and silk ... manufactured. Those ... countries are all imp... don and Manche... samers were ma... in the early ... were ... patent, and ... charged for ... bought for $1... article is al... the patent has ... goods sold here ... of the finer m... clothing is not ... the result of ... rubber manu... United Sta... portion ...

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

History Repeats Itself—On the Shelf—What We Wanted to Do—Like the Wild Waves, Etc., Etc.

I stood by an ancient burial place
In a city park, afar
From the hurry and strife of the living race,
Where the hum of the distant car

Seemed to float on the air like a sound
brought down
From the ages long since past,
Of the busy lives of a vanished town,
That are silent here at last.

Each of you, too, had his grief, I sighed,
And perhaps this particular sorrow,—
As I slipped around the corner to hide
From a friend who wanted to borrow.
—*Puck.*

WHAT HE WANTED TO DO.

Jolliboy—"I wish I had $100,000."
Mrs. Jolliboy—"What would you do?"
Jolliboy—"Nothing."—*Harper's Bazar.*

LIKE THE WILD WAVES.

Gaggs—"Why do you liken Swellite to a receding wave?"
Waggs—"Because he's always just broke."

ETIQUETTE.

"How do you address the Duchess?"
"Your Grace."
"And the Duke?"
"Your Disgrace."

ON THE SHELF.

Miss De Muir—"Papa always gives me a book as a birthday gift."
Miss De Meanor—"What a fine library you must have!"—*Puck.*

A THRUST.

Numsa—"Every man is a fool occasionally, you know."
Broncott—"I suppose you noticed ... during one of your lucid intervals."

WHEN ALL THINGS ...

Wiggins—"Your ...
pretty rusty, Ja...
Borrowit—"... luck has ...

"... stuff," returned the boarder with asperity.

"Sharp decline in coffee this morning," put in the Market Reporter, laying down his paper, and only his wife laughed.

HE LOVED HER STILL.

Peckley—"My wife wants to have a portrait in oil of her mother, but the old lady is dead, and we have no likeness of her except this photograph. Could you make a portrait from that?"

Daubley—"Oh, yes; I will promise to give you a speaking likeness."

Peckley—"That won't do. I don't want that kind."—*Epoch.*

HER HEART'S DICTATES.

Emeline—"Mamma, I think young Mr. Percy is coming to-night to ask me to marry him."

Mamma—"Well, my child, Mr. Percy seems to be a very nice young man, and I hope you will act solely as your heart dictates."

Emeline—"You may be assured of that. I'm bound that that detestable Jenkins girl shall not catch him."—*Ledger.*

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

First Successful Business Man—"I had only a common school education, but I found it sufficient. You, I believe, were a college graduate."

Second Successful Business Man—"Yes; graduated with high honors, too."

First S. B. M.—"Now tell me truly. Did you ever find any practical ... what you learned at college?"

Second S. B. M.—"Um ... night, when burglars got ... I scared them off with ...—*New York Weekly.*

COUNTRY LIFE IN CHILI.

PRIMITIVE WAYS OF LIVING NEAR THE ANDES.

Plain Food and Clothing of the Natives—A Profusion of Watermelons—The Imitative "Peones."

Agricultural Chili is a pleasant and interesting country to visit. The scenery, suggesting memories alternately of California, Switzerland and Northern Italy, is both grand and charming. Nothing can be seen more majestic and impressive than the main ridge of the And... the volcanic peaks whi... while occasionally ... crater shoots up ... lavs, as Villa Ri... that I was at Traig... more charming th... the Rio Bio-Bio, wi... the railway follows l... and Concepcion. In ... longest and broadest in... having a course of 222 m... one of the Loire, except t... continuously between sloping ... wooded hills. Like the Loi... of shifting sand banks, w... yellow sand, others of ... sand; and these, as the ... depth, give to the surface ... let and yellow ... the popula... along t...