

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, APRIL 26, 1890.

NO. 4

### THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c. The Kansas News Co., also publishes the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies. Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breckers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

The starch works at Topeka have been bought by the National Starch company for \$250,000.

Jewell county republicans elected delegates to the congressional convention instructed for Hanback.

Arrin Buchanan, who was arrested at Abilene on a charge of mail robbery, was released for lack of evidence.

Samuel Martin of Hutchinson, has been given three years in the penitentiary by the United States court at Topeka for counterfeiting.

John N. Reynolds has bought a sixty day option on the Atchison Champion. The price of the paper is understood to be \$50,000.

Nathan Harvey of Topeka has a suit of clothes made fifty-eight years ago which shows the handiwork of Oliver P. Morton, Schuyler Coffax, Gen. Burnside and ex-Congressman Shryock.

Another vein of coal, about ten feet below the first vein, has been struck in the deep cut north of the plaza at Fort Scott. The coal is of a bright black color and of an excellent quality.

The democratic flambeau club at Topeka celebrated the 147th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson with speeches by Judge John Martin, Mayor Coffran and others.

The total area in gardens in Texas, as reported in last year's report, is 34,081 acres, an increase of 8,798 acres in one year. The acreage in orchards, 74,810, an increase of 21,550 for the year.

The governor of Kansas has offered \$300 reward for the apprehension and conviction of Charles Carroll, who murdered George Dockhorn, at Elwood Sunday afternoon. The county has also offered a reward.

Within the past month 500 lodges of the Farmers' alliance have been organized in the state with an average membership of thirty. The new lodges have for the most part been organized in the western part of the state.

At Council Grove Jordan Hathorne colored, charged with murdering his illegitimate child, which he had become tired of supporting, has confessed. There is strong talk of lynching him.

Atchison Globe: Atchison stands in danger of becoming so musical that a girl will no longer belong to the best society until she has had a church concert postponed because she was too sick to take part.

M. P. Parker, postal clerk on the 'Frisco between Monett, Mo., and Burston, Kan., arrested on charge of robbing the mails and taken to Topeka. A large amount of the plunder was found in his room.

Nine prominent citizens of Grant county, including three county officials, have been arrested for defrauding the county by presenting the same wolf scalps several times and securing the bounty thereon. Over \$16,000 has been paid in bounties since the 1st of January, and it is thought that nearly all of it has been fraudulently disbursed.

### PERRY.

Mrs Ingle was down from Grantville one day this week.

The late showers are making good pastures.

J W Fauble's new house presents quite an improved appearance.

Dr E D Flagg will, and is continually making some new improvements.

Lecompton's ball club came over last Saturday and did the Perry braves up in a nut shell.

Jack Frost came near catching the young beans.

The city marshal is on the watch for violators of the 9 o'clock bed time rule.

J B McCall has moved into the Farrell house.

Frank Stark reports trade as unusually good.

Geo Austin is building an addition to his house.

Call at Spangler's drug store for pure paints and oils.

Watch the News next week for notice of an important business change.

Smith says that Tom Payne can give a genuine Cherokee war whoop since he came home from the Indian territory.

Walter Kunkel has a felon on one of his hands, which makes him feel rather sober.

C L Thompson, of Thompsonville, has not sold his mill of that place, as has been reported.

Whitley and Goeppert received two cars of cattle from Kansas City last week, to which they will feed Kaw Valley corn.

Everybody should hear the address of J G Wood, of Topeka, on "Odd Fellowship," at the Baptist church Saturday evening.

Mrs R P Haynes has fairly recovered from her short spell of sickness of last week.

In the account of the special school meeting last week, we wrote R P Haynes when it should have been A D Haynes.

Thos Lee has sold forty-five listers this spring and expects to sell twenty more.

The Baptist Sunday school gave an ice cream social at the church Saturday evening of last week, which was enjoyed very much by those present.

Max Donderville sold some very fine fat cattle a few days ago.

Always buy hand-made tinware instead of pressed factory work. Call on Fauble and examine the two, and see the difference.

We learn that Miss Lizzie Gibbs intends to spend the summer in Utah, visiting an uncle and other relatives.—Oskaloosa Independent.

Hoffman put down a new sidewalk this week for R P Haynes, around the corner store building. It very much improves the looks of things on the corner.

The Ladies' Missionary society held its annual meeting last Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church. The attendance was good. At the close of the meeting they took up a collection which amounted to about five dollars.

The sermon at the M E church Sunday evening, by Rev. J G Henderson, especially addressed to the young ladies, held the closest attention of a large audience. On Sunday evening, May 4, Mr Henderson's subject will be "The Relation of the Middle-aged and Older People to the Sunday School."

At the special school meeting last week several persons got muddled and voted to postpone the matter of building another school room when they intended to vote against postponement. This shows the necessity of people becoming better acquainted with parliamentary practice in public meeting. Two or three good parliamentarians can go into almost any miscellaneous meeting and run the whole thing.

We have received from Dan Kieffer the following note, and we congratulate him on finally capturing the girl he had so long left behind him, and hope that jointly, they may never be left behind:

Daniel Kieffer, of Perry, Jefferson county, Kan., formerly of Preston, Randolph county, Ill., will be married to Miss J M Mayer, of Evansville, Randolph county, Ill., in the Catholic church of Evansville, this 15th day of April, 1890, to that true little girl he, for eight long years, had left behind him.

DANIEL KIEFFER.

The Odd, 120 East 6th street, Topeka, offers some fine bargains in suits, overalls and boys' clothing. Give them a call and see what they have.

### LECOMPTON.

Dr Mace is in town this week.

Jennie and Hattie Lowe came up from Lawrence Saturday to visit their parents.

Searle Taylor spent a number of days with his grandpa, W Garrett, last week.

Mrs Chas Lehon, Maud Edmonds and Belle Carpenter were in Lawrence on Monday.

J L Lee returned on Tuesday from a trip to Franklin and Osage counties, in the interest of the college.

Remember the old soldiers' reunion at Dr Ward's next Saturday.

A F Page is repairing his residence.

A V Louderback spent Tuesday afternoon in Lawrence.

Dr Boles and son, of Bond, came up to spend Sunday in the city.

Peter Ebehardt and wife, of Big Springs, were guests of A B Iliff Sunday.

The entertainment of the Missionary society last Thursday, proved quite a success.

Let the new council show their grit by a strict enforcement of the ordinance against the discharge of firearms in the corporation.

MARRIED—On the 8th, Miss Mattie Davidson to Grant Glenn. We wish them success.

A number of friends of F C Baughman gave him a farewell party on Wednesday, before his departure for Illinois, where he will join his father.

Mrs and Miss Connell went to Topeka Sunday for a visit. While there Miss Connell will testify in the case of the U. S. vs. Frank Woodruff, last money order clerk at Lawrence.

The pupils of the district school will give an exhibition next Friday night.

A traveling circus actor stopped here on Tuesday and gave a free performance in the evening, which was very good.

He said he was going to Topeka to join a show and was without money, thereupon passed around among the crowd and received quite a sum.

Dr J H Rosenberg arrived on Monday from a trip to Nebraska and Iowa, and will spend a few days with his nephew and niece Mr and Miss Packer.

Wm Leamer is having his store repainted.

Kunkel keeps a number of men busy getting out sand to fill his contracts.

Patent medicine men are becoming very thick of late.

Our boys played quite an interesting game of base ball with the Perry boys last Saturday afternoon, which resulted in a victory for Lecompton, the score being 12 to 18. Smith and Treadwell acted as battery for our boys, while Ye Local Editor acted as umpire.

While some of the base ball players were crossing the river from Perry Saturday evening, as they neared the south bank one of the boys jumped out and upset the boat. The boys soon reached the shore safely, but after a close examination it was discovered that Stummer had lost a shoe and Rosler his pocket-book. The boys both have our sympathies in their bereavement.

Read over Tuttle and Tapp's Price List of groceries on this page of the News and see how much you can get for a little money. Good goods at low prices is what you get from them, and a chance in their Gift distribution with every dollar's worth.

If you have quince trees, take care of them. The way the average quince tree is treated would be called brutal if the object of the treatment had animal feeling.

John R. Mulvane and Geo. W. Crane are the heaviest insurers in Topeka; each carries \$150,000 on his life. Theo Curran had at one time something like \$80,000, but some of it was on the endowment plan. Geo. R. Peck, J. K. Hudson, and one or two others carry \$50,000 each. The largest amount in the world is carried by John Wanamaker, who has \$1,500,000, being the limit of all American companies. John B. Stetson and George Pullman have \$500,000 each. The largest in Kansas is \$225,000 held by James D. Husted, of Kansas City, Kansas.

### MERIDEN.

Mr Wood and wife visited Topeka this week.

Rev. Otto attended the Epworth League convention this week at Burlingame.

Mrs Crull was called to Indiana by telegram—her sister is very sick.

The Home Missionary society of the M E church, will meet at the Rev. Otto's Tuesday, at 3 p m.

Mrs D L Hollingsworth spent Tuesday in Topeka.

M W Madison's new house is under way of erection.

The cellar wall of that new building of N J Stark is finished, and soon the frame will be placed on the wall.

Who was it that said fruit was all killed? That person was sadly mistaken.

One coal bank is leased to eastern capitalists and the other is being worked by an old miner, with success.

Beautiful weather and farmers very busy seeding; grain looks splendid and fruit trees are loaded with blossoms.

The large cribs of corn of A and J W Mosier are being sold this week. They made a nice thing on their corn.

The American Hotel laid a new sidewalk this week. They are having a good trade and set up as good a meal as can be found anywhere.

Our merchants are receiving large stocks of goods and everything looks encouraging for Meriden this year. With our tool factory and other industries, we are having a boom.

The Meriden Garden Tool company was organized last week and expect to commence erecting shops at once, which will employ a number of men. The shops are to be built upon Park addition to Meriden.

The most fashionable flower for hat garniture this season is the rose, after that lilacs are the favorite. In fact this is a flower season. Mrs. Elder, at 610 Kans. Ave., Topeka, announces a specially attractive "Flower Sale" for the coming week. You will find there a great variety of wreaths, buds, foliage sprays, &c., at marvelously low prices.

HACKETT, ARKANSAS, Aug. 20, 1887. Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I wish you to send me a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria, which I see advertised in the Methodist Advocate, Chattanooga, Tenn., and which I cannot get here. Fifteen years ago my mother had third day chills, and after trying the doctors and other medicines without relief, a friend recommended your Antidote; she tried it, and one dose effected a permanent cure.

Truly yours, J. S. EDWARDS, Pastor M. E. Church.

No woman could fail to be interested in The Ladies' Home Journal for May. It covers every conceivable part of woman's life, and tells her precisely what she wants to know. Mrs. Frank Leslie points the way to success for "Women in Business Life." Augusta Prescott tells "How To Take Care of Kid Gloves;" Ellen Le Garde urges "Women's Need of Exercise;" Helen Jay gives hints on "How to Take Care of Clothing;" Mrs. John W. Bishop tells women what will be the hats and gowns worn this summer; amateur photographers will revel in a helpful article by A. Bugardus; Dr. Talmage writes humorously and practically on "May-Day Moving;" Mary J. Holmes gives "Domestic Life in Egypt;" Dr. Wurde-man, "How To Choose Eye-glasses;" Mrs. Whitney, Maud Howe and Mrs. Lewis have novels and stories, and there are still more than twenty five articles which we cannot mention for want of space. Surely, a magazine which gives twelve such numbers as this is cheap to any woman for One Dollar a year. The Journal is published at 435-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. C. LINDSEY. F. L. WOLFF.

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One Gents' Gold Watch, Elgin Movement

One Ladies' Gold Watch, Elgin Movement.

One Antique Oak Sideboard.

One Domestic Sewing Machine.

And Nine other useful articles.

With every ONE DOLLAR's worth of goods purchased at one time a numbered ticket will be given, and the distribution will be determined by a drawing under the control of the ticket holders.

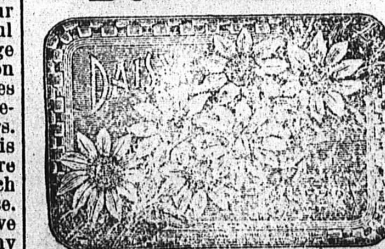
|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| 14 lbs. Fine Granulated Sugar.....   | \$1.00 |
| 50 lbs. Best High Patent Flour.....  | 1.25   |
| 50 lbs. Good Flour.....              | 90     |
| 4 cans Good Corn.....                | 25     |
| 5 cans Sardines.....                 | 25     |
| Can Salmon.....                      | 10     |
| 1 gallon Best Gasoline.....          | 15     |
| Headlight Oil, per gal.....          | 15     |
| Best Crackers by the box.....        | 6      |
| 3 Packages Oat Flakes.....           | 25     |
| Bottle Vanilla or Lemon Extract..... | 5      |
| 2 Fancy Bottles Catsup.....          | 25     |
| Bottle Mustard.....                  | 5      |
| 1 Good Broom.....                    | 15     |
| 3 Sacks of Salt.....                 | 10     |
| 2 Papers of Best Carpet Tacks.....   | 5      |
| 1 lb. Gun Powder Tea.....            | 30     |
| 1 lb. Ground Coffee.....             | 20     |
| 3 lbs Raisins.....                   | 25     |
| 6 Bars of Ivory Soap.....            | 25     |
| 6 Packages Pearlina or Soapine.....  | 25     |
| Sack of Graham Flour.....            | 25     |
| 20 lbs. Bucket Jelly.....            | 90     |
| Can Pine Apple.....                  | 10     |
| Can Gooseberries.....                | 10     |
| Can Pears.....                       | 10     |
| 4 cans Blackberries.....             | 25     |
| Plug Tobacco, per pound.....         | 25     |
| Sweet Chocolate Cake.....            | 5      |
| 3 Bottles Bluing.....                | 10     |
| 5 cakes Toilet Soap in Box.....      | 10     |
| 1 lb. can Royal Baking Powder.....   | 40     |
| 1 lb. can Price's Baking Powder..... | 40     |

A coffee mill given away with a can of baking powder.

Gilt Edge Butter always on hand.

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## AARON PENNEL'S RUSE.

"If in all our lives you need me—if there should ever be anything that I can do for you—I swear to do it," said Julian Hicks. "You can ask me nothing which, at any personal sacrifice, I will not endeavor to accomplish. I mean that when I say it. I beg of you to remember it. You are rich—I am poor. You are somebody—I am nobody. But the time may come when the promise is worth something, and, on the honor of a gentleman, I will keep it."

An hour before this speech was made, Aaron Pennel had saved Julian Hicks' sister from a watery grave and brought her safe in his strong arms to the very spot upon the beach of Northtown where the two men now stood together. And Ada Hicks was in very truth a pearl of great price to her brother Julian—the only one of his near kin still living, younger than himself by ten good years, and from her birth a pet and plaything. So he made this vow to the man beside him, hitherto a mere acquaintance, in the fulness of his gratitude to one who had done all that one could do for another.

There were never two men so utterly unlike as Julian Hicks and Aaron Pennel. The first, a hard-working professional man, who had struggled for such little success as Fate had meted out to him, unaided save by his own hands and brain; not handsome, not showy; his greatest charm a certain gentle sweetness, peculiarly manifested to women. The other, a man who had had Fortune to his friend from his birth; who neither toiled nor spun; who was very handsome, very elegant, very charming, a man of society, and one with whom fine women might easily fall in love.

But from that day they were friends, not only as the world goes, but in very truth. And so it came to pass that walking one day, arm in arm (after their return from the seaside to town) they met Amy Atkins, that Aaron introduced her to Julian, and that, a few evenings afterwards, Aaron took Julian to call upon her.

She was an heiress. She was beautiful, or had the name of being so. Her eyes were black and velvety; her hair, nature's own bright gold. All the enamel in the chemists' shops could not make a complexion like hers. But that tells you nothing about the woman—the frank sweet, sparkling, womanly woman with whom Julian fell in love before he had known her a month, though it seemed to him that he must in some mysterious way have known her ever since he began to guess what love was, since she did not seem so much like a new friend as like one long loved and hoped for.

Wrought up in his profession as an architect, engrossed by struggles for bread and butter, which, while they seldom prevent a man from doing great things, always unfit him for society, Julian had known few women of Miss Atkins' position. He had no experience by which to guide himself, or by which to measure his own feelings. For a while he did not suspect he was in love, and so was drawn nearer and nearer to the whirlpool, until, when the truth at last dawned upon him, there was no retreat. He whose means were insufficient for any thought of matrimony, had lost his heart to the heiress. He who, in his adoration of human beauty, had sometimes almost hated himself for being so very plain, loved and worshipped the loveliest woman the sun shone on!

It was out of the question that she should like him. It was impossible for him now to cease to love her—to be happy without her—to leave her and see her no more! As the moth, which fluttered about a flame until its wings are singed, is still tempted to its doom, so he felt he must linger near the woman who had his heart in her keeping. That she could care for him never entered his mind; that she did, would have been an absurdity too preposterous to dream of. But it was true, nevertheless, Amy Atkins, though too bright not to keep the fact a secret, had grown fonder of Julian Hicks than she had thought that she could be of any man.

So now the play began in earnest—a drama often acted than most people guess. Two hearts afire, while one would think, from look and speech and manner, that they were ice to each other—love guarding itself with a shield of calm good breeding!

Amy said, "If he care ever so little for me I will make very sure that he does not perceive I care one whit for him."

Julian said, "She shall never laugh at me, though she does not love me. She shall respect me and never guess her power, whatever pain I may have to bear."

And so they met and parted, day after day, and no one fancied that anything troubled the heiress but Aaron Pennel; and only two—the same Aaron Pennel and Julian's sister—saw how pale Julian grew—how sad his sweet mouth came to be—how at times a hopeless look was in his eyes. Poor Ada! who in her terror asked Aaron Pennel one day if he thought that her brother Julian was ill.

"He is so unlike himself," she said, with tears in her blue eyes. "He paces the floor of his room at night; he sighs bitterly; he works as hard as ever, but he does not care to play at all. I am frightened, Mr. Pennel."

And Aaron had said: "I think that your brother can not be very ill, Miss Ada; and if anything troubles him, that the time must come very soon when that trouble will pass away and be changed for happiness."

"But do you know of anything that can trouble Julian?" asked Ada.

And Aaron answered: "Perhaps I guess at something, Miss Ada, but I am not certain of it. Time will take care of it, I am very sure."

They were together a good deal now, Aaron and Ada. It had entered Julian's head at times that this splendid fellow liked his pet sister very well; of late, that it was possible that he loved her. But Ada, at 17, seemed a child to him, and he thought of this only as something the future might develop.

As she had said, he worked very hard; but toil could not banish the "haunted thought" of his life. It grew stronger instead of fading, as he had thought it might. His nights were sleepless hours of sad unrest. He feared for health and reason. At last he resolved to try what charm there might be in absence; to leave London, in which he could not dwell; forbidding himself to meet the woman he so hopelessly adored, and availing himself of an offer which promised to be a stepping stone to his professional success, but a barrier of miles of land and water between himself and Amy Atkins.

"It's a good offer," he said. "I shall make money and get on."

"You are doing well here," said Aaron doubtfully.

"In one sense, yes," said Julian; "in another, no. A man must not peril his health or his reason. If danger threatens them from any quarter, he must shun it."

Aaron asked no explanation. He looked grave, and he held Julian's hand longer than usual when they parted—that was all.

The days flew by. Julian was ready for his departure. Aaron Pennel one morning sat in Julian's room, and talked as people do when their minds are on some subject which they hesitate to mention.

At last he asked, "Have you bidden good-bye to Amy Atkins?"

Julian flushed and shook his head.

"It does not matter," he said, in a somewhat melancholy tone. "We shall not probably meet again; nor will she care."

"I think she would," said Aaron.

"You will hurt her by going off in such a manner. I feel certain of that."

Julian shook his head again.

"I know she will not care," he said.

"Why should she?"

"Because you do not care for her?"

asked Aaron. "You are the only man I know who feels in that way towards Amy Atkins."

"I am not a ladies' man," said Julian; but he turned his head away to say the words.

In a moment more Aaron spoke again: "Julian, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but every man becomes one or both under some circumstances. I have a favor to ask of you. You remember your promise to refuse me nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do," said Julian, simply, giving his friend his hand. Aaron took it tenderly.

"I want you to see Miss Atkins," he said.

"I want you to tell her something which I have not the courage to tell her for myself—I have admitted cowardice, as you know, Julian—to tell her a love story, in fact, and see what she says to it. I could ask this of no one else. Will you do it?"

Julian stood dismayed. He—he, of all men, to undertake such a task as this!—he who loved Amy Atkins so madly! He stood bewildered. So Aaron, the handsome, brilliant, splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, position and appearance, loved the girl also. If so, she could not fail to love him in return. They were made for each other. That fancy that Aaron admired Ada was a mere dream, too. The little woman's heart, sweet little Ada, was thus unharmed. Aaron and Amy—Aaron and Amy! Yet it was all right; he had no doubt about it. It was natural; but why choose him for a go-between?

"I do not refuse, Aaron," he faltered, mindful of his promise, but white with despair: "but you need not fear. She will love you. You are not one to sue in vain."

"I am a coward," said Aaron; "in such a case as this I am a coward. You are a good fellow, Julian, and you will do it."

"But how?" asked Julian. "I know nothing of such things. I have never told any woman of my own love. I shall harm yours in telling. I will do it; but you must give me the words—the how—the when. It will be—terrible!"

He was deadly white now—not only pale; but Julian went on unheeding:

"Tell her a story—this! You know a man who has loved her long, but who has never dared to say so. He feels that his own deserts are too small to entitle him to hope; but, on the eve of parting, he can restrain himself no longer; he must tell her that life is nothing without her; that her love is the only thing worth striving for; he must ask her in this strange way, because he has not courage enough to do otherwise; to bid him hope or despair. Then she will ask who this lover is, and you may tell her; but not until then, mind you—no; until all the story of the love is told. And you will bring me the answer."

Julian turned a ghastly face toward him, and replied, "If I live!"

"And you will tell the tale just so—just as I have told you?" asked Aaron.

Again Julian answered, "If I live!"

Then he left Aaron and sought Miss Atkins.

She held out her hand, but he only bowed and seated himself beside her. In a moment more he said, "I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Atkins. I am commissioned to tell you a story."

"That of some poor person?" she asked. "You have only to say that you know him to be in need and worthy."

"It is the story of one who asks a gift," he said, "but not a gift of alms—a gift more precious than gold could be; and here, as he spoke the thoughts of his own soul in another's service, his voice trembled—"a gift that you can only give—you, of all the world."

Ada looked at him shyly now. In a moment more her eyes dropped and her fingers began to tingle with her ringer, and the lace above her bosom to flutter softly.

"I know a man who has loved you for a long time," he went on, taking now a sort of fierce and bitter pleasure in this cruel usage of himself, framing from his own knowledge of his own love the tale of Aaron Pennel. "For months he has thought of you by day and by night, until there is but one woman in the world to him—the woman who is called Amy Atkins. Of all the objects that there are upon the horizon of the future, he only sees your face. He could do anything for your sake; without you he will be nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard it in your voice; yet he would have you hear his story, and know his fate. His name

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He paused for an instant. In that instant Amy turned towards him, and put her hand in his.

"My love is not worth so much," she said tearfully. "But since you value it so highly, it is yours. It always has been since I first knew you."

And tears came faster, and woman's hysterical sobs. And what could he do but take in his arms the woman he adored, and who had just admitted her love for him under the impression that he had proposed to her, and hold her with a lover's tenderness against his breast.

He was almost mad; he was quite distraught, indeed. The suddenness of his happiness was in itself enough. And then there was the awful remorse, the consciousness of a terrible breach of trust, when he thought of Aaron Pennel. His utter joy and his woful shame mingled themselves in his soul, as, having bid Amy adieu, he found Aaron Pennel waiting for him not far from her house.

Aaron looked at him. Julian turned away his head, for he could not return the gaze of the man whom he had so wronged.

"What have you been doing?" asked Aaron. "Why do you look so?"

"How can I ever make you believe that I have not played you false?" faltered Julian; and then Aaron burst into a laugh.

"You have proposed to her," he said, "and she has accepted you?"

Julian could not answer.

"You have the right to take my life," he said, "but I—"

"Do you think I wanted to marry Amy Atkins?" said Aaron; "or that I dreamed she would accept me? I read your hearts too well. I know your love and your pride. I saw two who were made for each other tearing themselves asunder, and I took advantage of your foolish promise to place you in a position in which it was impossible for you to conceal your true feelings. Somehow, I felt sure you would understand each other; and at the worst, I should only have a refusal, and the reputation of being a rejected lover. My happiness, as I think you must guess, is only dependent on what Ada will answer me some day; and I think I shall have courage to do without your aid in this case."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Julian.

"Undoubtedly."

"And I am not dreaming?"

"No; perfectly wide awake."

And so the end of the story is, that there was soon a double wedding; and, since Amy and Ada were the names of the two brides, it is easy to guess who were the bridegrooms.—*N. Y. Evening World.*

## Duck-Legged Dudes.

A couple of duck-legged dudes got into a Brook street car the other day and broke the rules of the company and insulted ladies in the car by filling it with the filthy fumes of cigarette smoke. An old negro woman carrying a bundle got into the car at Second street and was about to take her seat, when she looked around and, eyeing the dudes for a minute, fanned the smoke away from in front of her face with her open hand and said: "Say, little boys, ef you'll fro' dem ar weeds away yer suckin' I'll gin yer er dime ter buy seegars wid; dey makes me feel sicker at de stummick, an' I'd rudder ride than walk. The 'little boys' didn't take the dime, but they took the hint, pulled the strap, stopped the car and got out. "Sum white folks chil'en don't know nuffin," said the old woman, as she lowered the window, and the car moved on.—*Louisville Times.*

## Whom to Fee.

Sleeping-car Porter—"Had a pleasant trip, sah?"

Passenger (getting into his overcoat)—"Delightful!"

Porter—"Nothin' happened to mar youah pleasure, sah?"

Passenger—"Nothing whatever. Came through safe and sound."

Porter (insinuatingly)—"Sometimes gem'men likes to give a small fee, sah, to—"

Passenger—"Good idea. I'll hand something to the engineer."—*N. Y. World.*

## USES OF THE HAIRPIN.

The Various Ways a Woman Can Make Use of the Bent Wire.

The hairpin is an indispensable article to a woman's toilet. She could not get along without one. A woman may spend one hour in dressing, and half the hour is usually occupied in arranging her hair, which she skillfully twists into coils becoming to her face, and to keep in place she will use about one dozen hairpins.

A woman finds a hairpin useful in many ways and if she be about to begin that important operation of disarranging everything—called house-cleaning—it is safe to say she will put one extra pin in her hair and will need it before going far in her work; many a crack, crevice and corner is poked into with its aid.

It is a woman's most useful ally, and with her skill in using it becomes a kind of combination tool that can be used in many ways. Sometimes the key of a trunk is lost and the inevitable hairpin is used to push back the spring and the lid is raised. While scrubbing it is used in every corner to poke out the dirt. In fixing up her rooms she may want to hang clean curtains and finds the running strings broken; she will take a hairpin, stick it through the end of tape and with much patience work that hairpin through the hem; the points may catch in the goods twenty times, but she will persevere, and eventually get it through and go merrily on with her work, as the hairpin has saved her the trouble of going downstairs for a bodkin.

Many little things she wishes to hang up and often has no tacks handy; she will break off a piece of hairpin and make it answer for a tack, and when bent into the shape of the letter S it will suspend fancy articles from gas fixtures, and by twisting the hook it can be made to hang just as desired.

Some one gives a great pull at the door bell and breaks the wire; rather than have callers knock or kick on the door a woman will hunt that break, find it, and take a hairpin and splice the wire and the bell is in order again. Sometimes the wire that binds the ribs of an umbrella to the stick breaks; this can easily be mended with a hairpin by stringing the wires on it and moving the cap down and twisting the hairpin close, and it is done. A woman, with the aid of a pair of pliers, can easily do this herself. The hairpin often serves both as a shoe and glove buttoner. House plants can be kept in a healthy condition all winter by using a hairpin once a week to loosen the soil in the pots.

It is said that corns should never be cut with a knife, but whoever read that corns should not be picked with a hairpin? In this operation ladies prefer a hairpin to a knife. Corks in small bottles can be drawn by inserting the points of a hairpin in the cork at the proper angle and giving a little pull. Lamp wicks should never be trimmed with a knife or scissors. The better plan is to smooth off the charred portion with a hairpin. It will insure a better light and the wick will last twice as long. The hairpin can be bent into a frame for artificial cobwebs, which is quite a novelty.

If the steak or fish broiler or bread toaster comes apart, a hairpin is all that is necessary to make it serviceable again. There is scarcely a lady but carries a little hairpin in her pocket-book. It is a woman's little friend and constant companion, and is ever ready in case of an emergency when other tools are not conveniently at hand.

## Cutting Off Money for Use.

A tall, black-whiskered man was leaning over the desk at the Continental Hotel last night conversing with several friends. Pulling a plethoric wallet from his breast pocket he took therefrom a long sheet of five-dollar bills, just as they came from the Treasury Department. His friend inquired what they were. "Only advertisements," was the reply. "They're given away now with tea instead of the usual chromos." By this time there was quite a crowd around the black-whiskered man, eagerly examining the bills. Some thought they were genuine bills, while others, who had never seen bills in this shape before, as there was nearly a yard of them, really thought they were advertisements, and would not have bought the whole lot for five cents.

"You're all just like the fellow out in St. Louis. He was a clerk in a store, and, when I had made a purchase, I asked him for a pair of shears, and proceeded to cut off a bill. You should have seen the man's eyes. They stood out so that you could have knocked them off with a stick. The outcome of the matter was that he refused to take them. Just at that minute the proprietor came from the office, and seeing the status of the case, discharged the man, but, after I had explained the case, we all had a good laugh."

"Why do I carry them in that way? I guess—well—I suppose to have a little fun; that's all. I have a friend, a cashier in a bank, and he lets me have them. Let's adjourn and have a B. and S. and see what the barkeeper has to say."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

## Mortgaged Russian Estates.

Two or three years ago the Russian government established credit banks for the purpose of assisting the owners of large estates who happened to be pressed for money. The effect has been that the number of mortgaged estates is much greater than ever, and to be sold this year for nonpayment of the interest on loans.

## JEFF DAVIS' ANCESTRY.

Two Queer Stories Told by a Pennsylvania Relative.

This town, says a Phillipsburg (Pa.) correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, has as a citizen a representative of the family of the late Jefferson Davis in the person of Mr. John M. Davis, and a staunch Republican.

Mr. Davis, who is a well-preserved old gentleman about 70 years of age, gave the following account of the family:

"My father's ancestors came originally from Wales. The founder of the Davis family to which I belong and of which Jefferson Davis was a member was so unfortunate as to lose his wife, she having been stolen by Indians shortly after settling in Maine, of which he was one of the first settlers. After waiting a respectable length of time he married again, and began to rear a second family of children. One day he heard that a band of Indians had some women for sale somewhere upon the Canadian border. He attended the sale, when he was surprised to see among them his former wife. He bought her, took her home and from that time until his death lived happily with both his wives in the same household."

"A grandson of his, a great uncle to myself," continued Mr. Davis, "attended, one day, an animal show at Newfield, Me. While passing one of the elephants, it playfully reached into his coat pocket, taking therefrom a plug of tobacco. When it had tasted the tobacco it became enraged at Davis, and seizing him threw him across the tent, to the great amusement of the spectators. Mr. Davis became angry, and to obtain revenge waylaid the menagerie and shot the beast. For this he was compelled to leave the place, and all trace of him was for many years lost by the family."

"My sister, Mrs. Smiley, who, with her husband, settled at Haverhill, Mass., was enabled by the assistance of other members of the family, about the time of the Centennial, to find that the descendants of the hero of the elephant escapade had settled in Massachusetts, and that from them had sprung the ex-President."

## THE RICHEST OF ALL PLANTS.

It Is Ramie, and Was Formerly Used for Shrouding Mummies.

What is ramie?

It was formerly placed by the botanists in the class of Urtica, but it is now called Boehmeria, or sparrow-nettle.

I will call it by no scientific name, I will simply name it the richest of all plants, for it possesses wealth of growth, wealth of development, and wealth of fiber, says Jules Juvenet. In ordinary light ground, with a little watering now and then by rain or irrigation, no plant will grow so rapidly, no root will multiply more quickly and produce more stalks; no vegetable fiber is handsomer, richer, or more silky than ramie.

It is a perennial plant, and when once it is put in the ground it grows for over twenty years without replanting; giving, according to climate, two and three crops a year; it is easy of cultivation, requiring only a soil clean and loose; it is planted in straight rows three feet apart, in a small up-hill form; the plants must be kept very close, in order to shoot forth straight stalks, without any branches; it grows about like willow, an average of fifteen to twenty switches, from six to eight and ten feet high, covered on the upper part with large green leaves, white underneath.

Through its leaves ramie takes its nourishment from the ozone of the air. This developed part of nourishment of the plant, added to the large extensive propensity of the mother root, from which runs horizontally and down a lot of rhizomes and smaller roots, explain the extraordinary vitality of the plant and its three and four crops a year in some countries.

The Chinese alone have for 1,000 years past extensively cultivated the ramie plant; before them the Egyptians were shrouding their dead in magnificent winding sheets of ramie, which to this day are found in the bandages of their mummies.

Hitting the Bull's-Eye at Random.

Three years ago a prominent citizen of this city, and the owner of a block of buildings on Main street, lost a crowbar, and up to this day never had any trace of it. He accidentally stepped into a business place, and overhearing a conversation about a crowbar, it reminded him of his lost treasure; for fun he suddenly said to the proprietor: "Uncle—, I wish you would send home my crowbar. Isn't three years about long enough?" "Upon my word and honor," said the proprietor, "I have put out that crowbar no less than twenty times to take it home, and have forgotten it each time. Here, John, you go up to my house and bring Mr. F's crowbar home, and don't let the grass grow under your feet." "No one has sufficient vivid imagination to picture to himself the surprise of the owner of the bar. He thinks it was the biggest hit he ever made in his life."—*Danbury News.*

## Snuff-Taking.

The notion that snuff-taking is one of the vices that are dying out in this country is pretty thoroughly disposed of by the report of the internal revenue bureau, which tells of a material increase in the amount of taxes derived from the snuff the last year.

Prince Kuananaka, of the Hawaiian royal family, is traveling in Europe. He is accompanied by Prince Kechion.



## FOR THE GRANGE ARTIST.

A Variety of Thoughts Applicable to the Farm and Home.

A Tribute to Corn, with Essentials in Its Cultivation—Giving Shape to Feet—Wholesome Notes, and Mints—Seasonable Recipes for the Farm and Town Larder.

### Level the Corn Field.

The harrow is a valuable instrument to use after the corn is planted. Our Western farmers are learning this every year, and the implement is coming into more general use for this purpose than ever before. The roller should follow close after the planter, and the harrow should not be far behind the roller. After these two implements have done their work the ground is fined and compacted over the seed, the danger of baking is reduced to a minimum, and no danger may be expected from showers. If the check-row system has been adopted the open rows will soon be turned into deep channels for the running waters, and considerable damage may be done in this way. The roller and harrow, however, prevent running waters from collecting in any such furrows. It levels the ground more than anything else can, and a great deal of good is accomplished by having the field free from holes, furrows and marks. It is the earliest cultivation that does the most good, and the policy of stopping in the middle of planting one field to go and roll and harrow another field already planted may be recommended in many cases. A great deal of the success depends upon keeping the top soil in proper condition to resist the effects of drought and sudden rains.

### Giving Shape to Feet.

Every one, but especially children, should wear properly fitting shoes, no matter how common their material. They should be neither too large nor too small, and should have low, flat heels that must be promptly "righted" as soon as they begin to wear to one side. If the toes of the foot show a tendency to overlap they should be rubbed with the hands once or twice each day; and if this care be given when the curving commences, it will, as a rule, prove sufficient to correct any irregularities of this nature. If a nail is wayward in its growth, trim it only lightly at the ailing corner, but fully at the opposite corner. If both corners grow too deeply into the flesh, clip them carefully and lightly, and then scrape the centre of the nail from the tip to near the root until it is thin and flexible. This process seldom fails to correct refractory nails—provided, of course, they are not neglected too long.

### An Eulogy on Corn.

Practical farmers smile at those who talk about corn being deficient in protein and phosphates, for it is the grandest crop in the world, says the Practical Farmer. Next to the potato crop the corn crop is the most expensive one that the farmer can grow. Heavy manuring and high culture are demanded; but all of this extra labor is sure to return profitable results. Properly cultivated corn should not be injured much by dry weather. On good land, kept clean by the frequent use of the cultivator, corn will stand drought better than any other crop. One should look to the stores of water in the soil, and see that no weeds suck up this moisture and rob the corn plants.

### Sterilized Milk.

The Dahl process of sterilizing milk has recently been introduced into London. Fresh milk is placed in cans which are hermetically sealed, then heated and cooled alternately until the germs are destroyed. The milk can then be kept for years without losing its freshness, or failing to yield cream or butter. It has been found useful in steamers; but it is likely to find its way into the nursery, and the kitchen, too, if, as it is claimed, all danger of infection is avoided by its use.—Cassell's Magazine.

### Solid Floors for Stables.

Manure is now of so much more importance than formerly that the saving by use of stable floors with wide cracks, through which the manure leaches, is not to be compared with the resulting loss. The very best floor is one of cement, and if under a barn, where it can be protected against frost, it will last indefinitely. Many old barns have under them the leachings of years, and this, if cleared out, will pay a considerable part of the expense for putting a wall under the frame and a cement floor on the bottom.

### To Put Up Eggs for Keeping.

To fresh lime, as much as the water will take up, add one-half its quantity of salt and stir into three gallons of water. Put the eggs into open-mouthed pitchers or pans in layers, small end downwards. Cover each layer as it proceeds with the mixture, taking care that there is plenty of brine on the top, so that there may be no exposure to air.

### Shoeing Horses.

Joseph Swift, Madison county, Ohio: If the movable calks are designed to save re-setting the shoe, have nothing to do with them. Horse-shoes should never be worn more than three or four weeks without re-setting. The hoof is constantly growing, like your own finger and toe nails. If the shoe is allowed to remain on too long the

foot grows out of shape. As a general thing, the lighter the shoe the better, provided it is heavy enough for the work required. A great, ponderous, two-pound shoe, with taps into which calks are to be screwed, with a view of leaving the shoe on the foot for months, is unfit for any horse.

### Give Them Water.

Any animal giving milk requires frequent watering. While many cows in winter will only drink once or twice a day, they will in summer require water three times—morning, noon and night—and drink heartily each time. The water, even in summer, is best for standing where it will be nearly blood warm.

### Black Ants.

To exterminate black ants from the pantry: Place tansy leaves on the shelves. If that does not grow near by, put air-slacked lime in all the corners and crevices through which the ants must pass to reach the food. The lime must be in a finely powdered condition.

### Wholesome Items.

Oil cloth may be brightened by rubbing with kerosene.

Without cleanliness in the dairy all efforts to produce the best butter or cheese will be vain.

Begin fighting the black rot in grapes as early as possible. First, scatter lime liberally over the ground.

Cut out all of the old wood from currants and gooseberries and put a good shovelful of manure around the roots of each bush.

All soiled spots found around door-knobs, on light-painted doors, may be removed by kerosene on flannel cloth, with no injury to the paint.

Quantity of food eaten does not indicate that an animal must necessarily thrive and fatten by reason of the bulk consumed. The quality of the food is more important.

Lemon juice before meals will be very advantageous as a preventive to heartburn. Acids, as a rule, decrease the acid secretion of the body and increase the alkaline.

Recent tests indicate that London purple may be more dangerous to foliage when used in spraying than Paris green, because it sometimes contains more soluble arsenic.

All linings should be carefully basted on goods before the pieces of skirts or waists are put together. Long stitches in basting skirts—or any part except the waist—give better satisfaction than short ones.

A bruise may be hindered from discoloration either by the instant application of hot water, or by using a little dry starch or arrowroot merely moistened with cold water, and placed on the injured part.

A dark flannel skirt should be worn every day for winter, and a moreen one of some neutral tint for summer, so that white skirts need not be washed and ironed every week, or worn out by frequent laundering.

Every cow on the farm should be carefully tested and her value for milk ascertained, as it is easily possible where a number of cows are kept to have part of them making up the profit that the others should make.

Although poultry-breeding is ranked among the small beginnings in commercial circles, still, like other pursuits, it requires common sense and good management, and to be kept within the limits of the ability and facilities of him who embarks in it.

### Seasonable Recipes.

DELICIOUS Ice-cream is a new caramel, made with the confectionery known as "burnt almonds." This makes a new and delicious flavoring.

CORN BREAD.—One cup of flour, two cups of Indian meal, butter the size of an egg; sweeten and salt to taste; one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—2 cupfuls corn meal, 1 cupful rye, 2 cupfuls sour milk, 1 cupful molasses, 1 teaspoonful soda and one of salt; steam three hours and bake one hour.

TEA BREAD.—Three eggs, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 coffee-cup of flour, 2 coffee-cups of Indian meal, 2 1/2 cups of buttermilk, 1 tablespoonful of soda and 1 tablespoonful of lard.

WHEAT GEMS.—Two cups sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt to taste and flour to thicken. We use the same formula for Graham or white flour.

POUND CAKE.—One and one-half cups of flour, 1 cup of butter (scant), 1 cup of eggs, 1 1/2 cups of sugar. Beat butter and flour to a cream, beat eggs and sugar very light, put all together, stir until smooth, flavor to taste. Will keep a long time.

BOILED RICE.—The addition of lemon juice to the water will increase the whiteness and help the grains to separate; and if lemon juice or white vinegar be put into the water for boiling fish the scum is thrown up and the color of the fish greatly improved.

MILK SOUP.—Take one quart of milk, add a pinch of salt; beat one egg well, stir in flour to thicken that has one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder mixed through it. Mix the eggs and flour so it will form lumps; when the milk boils stir them in and cook two or three minutes, and you will have a nice soup.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 pt. canned tomatoes or four large raw ones cut up fine, add 1 qt. boiling water and let them boil awhile, then add 1 teaspoonful of soda, when they will foam. Immediately add 1 pt. sweet milk with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. When this boils add 3 small or 2 large crackers rolled fine and serve.

## A LITTLE GAME OF BLUFF.

How a Millionaire Purposely Wrecked a Railway Trade.

"See that man over there?" said a prominent Detroit lawyer to me the other night as we were standing in the rotunda of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pointing as he spoke to a tall, smooth-shaven, powerful-faced man who had just entered. "He doesn't look much like a man who would deliberately wreck a train, does he? But he did, all the same, less than ten years ago, to my personal knowledge."

"Who is he? Well, that's Michigan's newest millionaire, James M. Ashley Jr.—'Jim' Ashley, as they call him out there—the grand mogul of the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad system. He started out twelve years ago without a dollar, and in that time has built and equipped 400 miles of railroad, and, without freezing out a stockholder or cheating any one out of a penny, now controls it, and is worth \$2,000,000 if he's worth a nickel. How did he do it? Simply by a combination of brains, grit, and 'gall.' For, while his tongue stutters like sin, I don't believe that his brain has missed a cog since the day he was born."

"Speaking to me not long ago of how he came to go into railroad building, he said: 'When I c-c-came out of c-c-college and s-s-saw the power that m-m-money gave to those who had it, I m-m-made up m-my mind that I w-w-wanted some of it, and I g-g-guess I've g-g-got it.' And he has."

"But I started to tell you about his wrecking that train. It was about six years ago, and Jim was in a tight spot, financially, and he couldn't get any more town bonds until he had got his road running forty miles ahead of the terminus at that time. You see, he had received upwards of \$150,000 in bonds from towns ahead, which he had already hypothecated, but they all contained a provision that they were to become utterly worthless unless he ran a train into the towns that issued them by a certain prescribed date. If they were thus defaulted, of course those who held them would swoop down upon him and drive him into bankruptcy; and every cent he had made so far he had put into the road, for he was playing for a big stake or none at all. Well, one fine morning, while Jim was moving heaven and earth to get through on time, and just as his graders were preparing to put his tracks across that of another road that intersected it, Jim was served with an injunction restraining him from crossing the other road. Of course the whole thing was a bluff, the management of the rival road well knowing that it would be dissolved at the hearing, but they knew how badly Jim was pinched, and they fondly hoped that the loss of that \$150,000 would ruin him, so that they could gobble up his line for a song. Jim read the injunction through, sat down on a stump, scratched his head, and looked at the high embankment of the other road. Suddenly an idea struck him, and as soon as the sheriff disappeared he proceeded to put it into execution. The next day the trainman of the rival road reported to the management that Ashley was tunneling under their track, after shoring it up so that it was perfectly safe for their trains. Down went the sheriff and ordered Jim to desist, only to be coolly informed by him that:

"The injunction only r-r-restrained from c-crossing the other track, and g-g-going under w-w-wasn't c-crossing by a d-d-damned sight."

"The sheriff didn't dare to interfere with him, with the 400 navvies at his back, and so went back to the county seat and telegraphed to the Governor for troops to uphold the dignity of the law. The governor ordered two companies of troops to the seat of war, and so telegraphed the sheriff, all unconscious that Jim had tapped the telegraph wires and was getting ready to receive them. In order to get to the tunnel, their nearest route was to come by rail and strike Jim's road about twenty miles from it, and then run down his line to the field of battle. When they reached the junction the train stopped, and the Major in command got out to see what was the matter. He found an engine in the ditch and a pile of broken flat cars thirty feet high on the track, while Jim sat on the top rail of an adjacent fence, serenely smoking a corn-cob pipe and calmly surveying the wreck. You see, he had deliberately taken his oldest engine, hitched thirty dilapidated flat cars to it taken up two rails at that spot, and then, after telling the trainmen to get out of the way of splinters, had run the train back up the track a mile, pulled the throttle wide open, jumped off and sauntered leisurely down the track to look at the ruins and witness the discomfiture of his enemies."

"What's the matter here, Mr. Ashley?" asked the Major, as, in company with the conductor of the militia train, he approached the silent Sphinx on the fence.

"H-h-had a w-w-wreck," said Jim. "When will you get it cleared off?" asked the Major.

"Well," said Jim, "my m-m-men are pretty busy up the track, and I r-reckon it'll be about t-t-three days. B-but it's only twenty miles to the end of my t-t-track, and you c-can walk it in a day if you're in a h-h-hurry."

"Of course the soldiers didn't care to hoof it that far, and when, after a long detour that took them at least twelve hours, they arrived at the seat of war they found the track laid through and two of Jim's engines tooting defiance at them from the other side, so they turned around and went home again, and Jim's bonds were saved."

"Doesn't look like a man who had

ever deliberately wrecked a train in time of peace, does he? But he has though."—N. Y. Star.

## Mr. Wanamaker's Fountain.

The Postmaster General tells this story concerning himself:

When Bethany Sunday-school was being built a few years ago, the trustees found that they needed more money than they had at first supposed. The building was going up in good shape, but at one of their meetings they discovered that they had made no provision for the ventilation for the main room. All the people who had given were discussed, and it was decided that they could not be called upon again. There was only one man, a wealthy marble dealer, who had refused aid, and no one had the courage to attack him, as he was not only miserly but violent. At last Mr. Wanamaker, who was one of the trustees, offered to go in person to the marble dealer and present a picture of children suffocating in a Sunday school for need of air. He went to the old gentleman's office, which was in his marble yard, and as he passed in he noticed a twelve-foot iron basin, which in former days had been a fine fountain, but the running of which the marble dealer had stopped when he had bought the place, as the water supply drew too heavily on his purse. Mr. Wanamaker presented the case.

"Not a cent, sir, not a cent for such frivolities," said the marble dealer.

Mr. Wanamaker was daunted, but as he rose to go his eye caught the shafts of marble outside.

"If you do not wish to give money," he began, with a wicked intent of arousing the old gentleman's ire again. "You might send over a block of marble. It could be sold or might be used some way in the building."

The marble dealer was furious. He saw that his visitor was making game of him, and was about to make some violent answer, when he happened to see the iron basin without.

"Hm," he chuckled, "there's that old fountain out there. I've tried several times to give it to draymen to sell for old iron if they would cart it away. You can have that for your Sunday-school."

"Very well, I will have the men come around for it to-morrow. It can be put to better use than either money or marble." And Mr. Wanamaker left the office before his surprised host had time to expostulate. The old basin was cleaned and newly painted before the marble dealer's eyes and was then taken to the Sunday-school, where it was set up in the middle of the big room and a grove with trailing plants arranged in the center. Pipes were put in connecting it with the water-tank, and a month after the marble dealer's gift of what he considered old iron was one of the most beautiful fountains in the city. Mr. Wanamaker, in telling the story, says he outgeneraled the old gentleman at every point, for the tall fountain spray proved to be the most perfect method of ventilation ever devised.

## The Brass Mule Cure.

A traveler recently returned from Peking, tells us, says the North China Medical Journal, that he saw a method of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside one of the city gates is to be found a brass mule of life size, supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows: "Suppose you suffer from sciatica, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you must rub the animal a certain number of times and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes."

The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and afterward your own, and voila! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then with well regulated pressure rub repeatedly the afflicted eye.

The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away, as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand, awaiting the day when his colleague, having fallen to pieces in the temple, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefiting posterity.

## Embalming.

Our present methods of embalming are so superior to those of the ancient Egyptians that a modern embalmer might leave a human body so perfect that after 3,000 years, says the Lancet, "not a lineament need be wanting for identification that would not satisfy even the contemporary of the dead person." The mummies unrolled nowadays are dried up out of recognition. But the embalming process is liable to go out of use before the advancing practice of cremation.

## An Irrevocable Decision.

He (rejected).—"Would you marry me if I had \$100,000?" She—"No, George, not even for that sum."—Times.

## SOMETHING ABOUT CHEESE.

Conclusions That Were Reached at a Recent Impressive Tasting-Match.

One of the gustatory surprises which awaits the daring epicure is Limburger cheese, says the New York Herald. Not the rank, ill-smelling imported cheese known by that name, but a very fine quality, which the writer discovered is made in the northern part of this state and also in Ohio.

At a recent cheese-tasting this cheese was served and compared with a number of other fancy cheeses. It was pronounced decidedly excellent. This decision is surprising, from the fact that two of the party were well-known German gastronomers. They found it difficult to believe that our American cheese-makers were so far advanced as to be able to make a better and more palatable Limburger than the imported article. Another discovery was made. This was that beer was the only beverage to drink with Limburger. This decision was rendered after sampling the cheese with Rhine wine, claret, and champagne.

One of the strange cheeses introduced was called fromage Raffine. It hails from Canada, and the sooner it recrosses the border the better. It would make the loudest aromatic cheese on earth green with envy. Oh, what a compound! One of the gentlemen who was present said to the waiter:

"For goodness sake, take it away and give the Limburger a chance."

After several experiments the committee decided that either Rhine wine, Moselle, or—on a pinch—Burgundy might be drunk with Swiss cheese. The general impression is that beer is the proper drink with this cheese.

Another discovery made was that champagne tasted most appropriate with Roquefort and Camembert cheeses.

A so-called American Camembert cheese was tried, but it was simply a cream cheese made in the shape of the genuine article. We have not as yet made a Camembert cheese, although Americans succeed in imitating nearly all the other imported cheeses.

The genuine Camembert was voted the prince of cheeses. It resembled liquid velvet, it was so soft. This particular cheese came from Normandy, where the Camembert is made in all its unsurpassed excellence.

The method of manufacture is a simple process, provided the milk used is rich and contains a large proportion of casein, otherwise the cheese will be hard and tasteless.

After the testing of the cows' milk it is warmed in a water bath until it reaches about 90 degrees Fahrenheit, the rennet is then added and gently but thoroughly mixed with milk. It is allowed to stand nearly an hour until the curd is quite soft and smooth, then it is transferred to the molds. The preparation of the curd is a matter of the utmost importance.

When the curd is sufficiently dry the molds are placed in a draining-room. Air is admitted through numerous small windows, which are opened or closed from time to time, according to the direction of the wind or the change of temperature. In winter this room is heated to the proper temperature.

When the cheeses are dry enough they are removed to the ripening-room, or cave, where they receive still greater attention. The fermentation, which perfects the cheese, must progress regularly to insure success.

The cheese expert of the party informed us that the delicious Roquefort cheese was made of sheeps' milk. The average diner believed it was made of goats' milk.

The green, fungoid growth in Roquefort, and for that matter in Gorgonzola, is formed by first mixing flour and vinegar together and allowing it to become moldy, then adding a sprinkling of the mold to the curd.

## A Women's Club.

It is amusing, says the Detroit Tribune, to observe the manner in which officers are elected in a certain club of this city which does good work, but whose members belong to the opposite sex.

"Miss L. is elected treasurer," announced the teller.

"Really, ladies," said Miss L., rising, "you must excuse me, I am too busy. I am already treasurer of the X. Y. Z. association and the D. G. F. Z. association and the D. G. F. club on foreign missions. Really, I have too much to do, and besides I might get the money mixed up."

Miss L. is excused and after various attempts Mrs. Y. is persuaded to act.

"Mrs. M. is elected secretary," says the teller.

"I am sorry to decline," remarked Mrs. M., rising, "but I have a sick child at home. You must excuse me, ladies," with a winning smile.

Same procedure as in the case of Miss L.

"Mrs. R. is elected financial secretary," continues the treasurer.

Mrs. R. leaves her seat and has a persuasive expression on her face as she addresses the meeting.

"I feel the honor deeply, ladies," she says. "Nothing would give me more pleasure."

"Then you will act?" interrupts the president, with an equally engaging facial expression.

"I am afraid I can not. My husband expressly forbade my accepting any office this afternoon. He says it would interfere with my preparing his dinners and—"

Mrs. R. is excused after the ladies have indulged in several witticisms, and Mrs. Q. is finally persuaded.

In Montana there are 16,000 Indians and 170,000 white people.



F. GWIN, Depot Agent.  
R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas







**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

A SLEEPING palace car costs about \$15,000. The vestibule attachment is worth about \$2,000.

The widow of the poet and essayist, N. P. Willis, is still living at an advanced age at Pomfret, Conn.

A LONDON genius has invented a hot water apparatus to warm piano keys, so that dainty fingers may not be chilled.

DR. RANKIN, a surgeon at Muncy, England, is said to be using hypnotism successfully as a substitute for chloroform in his practice.

The United States labor commission has decided that the collection of statistics relating to building associations does not come within the scope of the census law.

A MAN with a head full of confused and muddled ideas uses big words. The man whose brain is full of clear ideas can get along very well with little words.

AFTER so many years government business is getting into the proper channels at Washington. The weather bureau has gone over to the agricultural department and the pension branch will be transferred to the war department.

The New Century club of Philadelphia is said to be the largest women's club in the country. It is devoted to the interests of self-supporting women, and its representation embraces every industry in which women are engaged.

The body of Lucy Zarate, the Mexican dwarf, who died recently on a railroad train in the West, was shipped by rail to Mexico, but it was held at El Paso, Texas, until the Mexican custom house was paid an import tax of \$650.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER seems to have made a decided sensation in Paris. Not only has an artist committed suicide for love of her, but several other young Frenchmen seem inclined to do the same thing. Well, let the good work go on.

LORD ACTON is considered the most learned man in England. He is a Roman catholic, and in addition to his barony has a baronetcy. His library contains no less than 100,000 volumes, all of which are carefully selected, and number among them some very rare books.

BARNEY MCGUIRE, aged eighty-five, who has been in prison thirty-five years of his life, pleaded guilty in Rochester to larceny, saying he had no home nor friends and wanted to go to prison for life. The judge gave the old man a fourteen months' sentence to Auburn.

W. H. SMITH, the leader of the British house of commons, has recently built a new church at Portsea at a cost of more than \$110,000. He has no interest in the place whatever, but happening to visit it for a day on government business he noticed that it greatly needed a new church.

THE records of Castle Garden extend back to May 5, 1847, the date of the organization of the board of commissioners of emigration, and since that time nearly 10,000,000 immigrants—the exact number to January 1, 1890, is 9,639,635, or about one-sixth of the entire population of the United States—have been landed there.

ACCORDING to official accounts the average senator of the United States uses up two and one-half cuspidors annually during the time spent in the senate chamber and is allowed only 12 cents' worth of "Pond Lilly" perfume per year, and yet he complains that it is the newspapers that have brought the senate "into bad odor."

NEW YORK is in danger of going dry. According to the report of the Excise board there were in that city in 1889 8,885 places licensed for the sale of liquor, including 5,874 liquor saloons, 194 ale and beer saloons, 1,266 ale, beer and wine saloons, 152 restaurants, 262 hotels, 56 steamboats and 1,098 groceries, drug and wholesale liquor stores.

LAWs relating to the administration of the estates of deceased persons seem to have been enacted for the express purpose of enriching the pockets of probate-court lawyers. Samuel Woods, a New York millionaire, died some twelve years ago and to-day the litigation over his property continues, although there is but a tithe of the fortune left.

## FOR THE LADIES.

### THE PEARLS OF A PRINCESS REFUSED BY A PEASANT WOMAN.

And Pleasing Paragraphs About the Unsearchable Ways of Lovely Woman in this Wilderness World.

A Spanish Grandee Weds a Polish Peasant.

A very interesting wedding, which cannot be aptly described as a marriage, a la mode, or a love match, or even a mere mesalliance, but partakes of the nature of all three, has lately taken place in an obscure Polish village, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, the bridegroom being no less a personage than a Spanish grandee, the governor of the Philippine Islands, and the bride a charming, artless Polish peasant girl. The match was brought about in this way: A year ago the Spanish dignitary obtained leave of absence, and paid a visit to Paris for the sole purpose of seeking for a suitable life partner in that international matrimonial mart. The qualifications required in the bride were few, but important; she should profess the Roman Catholic faith, and should have something more valuable than her face for her fortune. His vigilant eyes soon fell upon a beautiful Polish maiden, who, though a peasant, could boast of great worldly wealth, and was blessed with good looks, which were over and above the conditions. The Spaniard cultivated the acquaintance of this Slavonic maiden, talked with her father, proposed, and was accepted. Shortly before the marriage a Polish prince, the owner of the village of Sandomir, was induced to confer by adoption upon the young lady the title of princess. After this the governor of the Philippine Islands journeyed to Russian Poland, to the government of Kelets, where, a few days ago, he was united in wedlock to the lady of his heart. The marriage ceremony was performed by the bishop of Sandomir in the rural church of an obscure village, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. The little chapel was filled with peasants of every age, among whom were many of the former playmates of the blushing bride.

A Peasant Woman Refuses Pearls.

A few days ago, while strolling through the Pincio, a public garden in Rome, the keeper of a cafe found a row of pearls lying upon the ground. They were strung upon a broken string. "Aha," thought he, "I shall please my wife with these." So home he trudged with them, and to his spouse he quoth: "I should like to give you something handsome, but these will have to do." "And what did you pay for them?" she asked. "Five francs," said he. "You paid enough, surely," said she, "for they are wretched imitations." Then she poor fellow confessed that he had found, not bought them. "Faugh!" cried the wife, "I'll wear nothing which has been cast off," and she threw it behind her trunk.

By the merest chance the husband read in one of the public prints next morning that the Princess Olimpia Doria d'Avella had lost a row of pearls belonging to a famous antique necklace. For the return of the treasure a reward of one thousand francs (\$200) would be paid. Then the restaurateur (his name was Peppe) extorted the string of pearls from the rubbish behind his wife's trunk and took the bundle to the Palazzo Colonna, where the Princess lived. The Princess identified the pearls as her lost treasures, and she promptly and joyfully paid Signor Peppe one thousand francs, who took a splendid delight in taunting his wife with the circumstances that she had spurned a necklace which any queen might envy.

The complete necklace, composed of four rows of pearls, each row fastened with a separate diamond clasp, was the finest pearl necklace in Italy. Aside from its intrinsic value of \$20,000, it was treasured by the Princess as an heirloom, having been in the family many generations.

What Is Good Society?

Good society is that where toadyism is frowned down upon and scandal-mongers are not admitted.

Good society is that where one earns one's title to gentleman not only by birth, but by good manners.

Good society is that where men are respectful, where off-color stories are not told, and where the women do not smoke cigarettes.

Good society is that where to understand Greek is of less importance than to understand courtesy in all its laws.

Good society is that which is not personal in its talk, but which finds sufficient topic of interest to discuss without dilating on the sins of its neighbors.

Good society is that where the art of welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest is graciously practiced.

Good society is that where women are not hastily judged, but once they are believed to be untruthful, deceitful and ill-bred they are ostracized.

Good society is that which can give a dinner without sending a notice of it to the newspapers, can introduce a daughter without having her frock made the subject of a paragraph and which believes that the family and its happiness is of more importance than the booming of a beauty or the being counted among the Four Hundred.

Good society is that which, while it recognizes the value of all the conventional rules, is yet sufficiently strong to be guided occasionally by hearts and not of necessity to follow a leader, as sheep do.

Good society is that which is formed when two or three are met together in pleasant converse. You can, if you will, though yours be only a room in a boarding house, make the best society in the world there.

BAB.

"Is That You, Hubby?"

A curious story is told at the Capitol

at the expense of a member of Congress, who, while of no small calibre intellectually, has not been blessed with an abundance of avoirdupois. He has a wife who is much taller than he, and who is also well-known to her children as a strict disciplinarian. One evening, so the story goes, she heard a noise in the nursery after bedtime. She promptly seized her slipper and started for the scene of the uproar. Just as she reached the door the children extinguished the light. Stretching out her hand she captured one of the boys, and, to judge from the outcries he uttered, the spanking was thoroughly effective. But the mother was somewhat surprised at the conduct of the second sufferer. Instead of sobbing, he yelled protestations in a strong voice, and at last swore roundly. The mother, astonished, jumped up, and letting him fall from her knee to the floor, exclaimed tenderly:

"Is that you, hubby?"

Overwhelmed with confusion he admitted that it was her "hubby" she had been spanking. After they had retired, amid the muffled laughter of the children, who were trying to restrain it by stuffing pillows into their mouths, explanations followed. He, too, had heard the noise, and, with the same object in view as his wife, had gone to the nursery, where he had been caught by his spouse.

Hereafter he vows that he will allow his wife to discipline the children unaided.—*New York Tribune.*

Before They Knew It.

Joseph Thomas, a lawyer of Kennebunk, Me., at the beginning of this century, was a man of considerable reputation as a wag. A couple were anxious to be married, and as there was no minister at hand, they waited upon Mr. Thomas, who, as a Magistrate, was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony.

He was busy writing as they entered, but paused to inquire what they wanted. Addressing himself to the man, he asked if he wished to take that woman for a wife, and turning to the woman, he inquired whether she wished to take that man for her husband. Then he went on with his writing.

The parties sat still and waited until their patience was exhausted. Finally the man ventured to interrupt Mr. Thomas, and tell him they were in a great hurry.

"Why don't you go along, then?" answered the Judge.

"But we want to be married first," "Married! You have been married more than half an hour."

He explained the requirements of the law, and the couple withdrew, not without some misgivings, it is to be feared, as to the validity of the ceremony so unceremoniously performed. They had certainly been married in haste, but there is no record that they repented at leisure.—*Youth's Companion.*

Japanese Women.

Concerning the Japanese women themselves there is a great variety of opinion. The following is the native idea of a Japanese beauty, given by a young Japanese gentleman at the International Congress of Orientalists held in Paris in 1873: "I will commence, gentlemen, with the head, which is neither too large nor too small. Figure to yourself large black eyes, surmounted by eyebrows of strict arch, bordered by black lashes; a face oval, white, very slightly rose colored on the cheeks, a straight, high nose, a small, regular, fresh mouth, whose thin lips disclose from time to time teeth ranged regularly; a narrow forehead, bordered by long, black hair, arched with perfect regularity. Join this head by a round neck to a body large, but not fat, with slender loins, hands and feet small, but not thin, a breast whose swell is not exaggerated. Add to these the following attributes: A gentle manner, a voice like the nightingale, which makes one divine its artlessness; a look at once lovely, sweet, gracious and always charming; witty words pronounced distinctly, accompanied by charming smiles; an air sometimes calm, gay, sometimes thoughtful, and always majestic; sometimes noble, simple, a little proud, but without ever incurring the accusation of presumption."—*New York Sun.*

Took Undue Advantage.

They were sitting in a dimly lighted corner under the balcony in the hall where the church fair was being held.

"Is your eyesight good, Mr. Follibud?" she asked. What does it say on that sign over the table across the hall?

"It says 'T-a-k-e O-n-e,' Miss Flyrte," said Mr. Follibud, slowly spelling out the letters.

How sharp-sighted you are," said she admiringly. And then he took the hint, but instead of taking one kiss the horrid thing took twenty-three.

How He Sold Them.

Lady of the house—I don't need any of your burglar alarms.

Agent—That's just what the lady next door said.

Lady of the house (on the alert)—said what?

Agent—That it was no use of me calling here, as you wouldn't need any because you had nothing to steal, but I thought—

Lady of the house (gritting her teeth)—Give me three.

New Application of the Golden Rule.

"Why, old fellow, what's the matter? You look as if you hadn't been getting any sleep."

"Well, I haven't, in a way. My wife has always made it a rule to go through my pockets, so last night I thought I'd go through hers to see how she liked it. I started searching for it as soon as she was asleep, spent almost all night looking for it, and could not find it after all."

## THE CITY OF GEMS.

How the Treasures of Ceylon are Unearthed and Find Their Way to London.

Ratnapura, the city of gems, is the center of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel six feet to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being worked now, others being abandoned. The natives work there in companies of six or eight, and pay a rupee per man per month for the privilege of working a certain allotment, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet.

After removing about three feet of soil the sounding rod, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet long, is used to sound for the gravel. If successful the digging is begun in earnest till about four feet deep. On the second day gravel is taken out by baskets and handed from one man to another till all within the square is excavated. Should the miners find the soil fairly firm at the bottom of the pit they tunnel all around for about two feet, drawing out the gravel and sending it up also to be heaped with the rest, which usually completes the work of the second day, a watchman remains near it all night.

On the third day it is all washed in a wicker basket by a circular jerking motion, which throws out all the surplus light stone and rubbish, till a good quantity of heavy gravel is left in the bottom, which is carefully examined. There is hardly a basketful that does not contain some gems of inferior value, which are usually sold by the pound for about nine rupees. Should no valuable stones be found another pit is sunk, and so on until one or two or perhaps three really valuable gems are unearthed, when the work is stopped and the whole party goes off to Ratnapura with the prize.

If these are worth say a few thousand rupees, they are kept secret and only shown to one or two men of money, who make the owners an advance and look after the custody of the precious stones. Then they gamble and drink for some time till another advance becomes necessary, and so on until half the value is obtained. Then the party, with the mortgagee, proceeds to Colombo, or Italutara, where rich Moorish traders are summoned to purchase, and the gems soon find their way to London. The general public know nothing about these transactions, and valuable gems are never heard of in Ceylon, and scarcely see the light of day till they reach Bond street.

The natives have a great fear of exposing their finds till they are sold, and they have most extraordinary superstitious ideas about showing them. This system has been in vogue for centuries past. It is only occasionally one hears of any native having enterprise enough to dig a few feet below the first gravel to see if, by sounding, a second bed of gravel is within reach, for they fear the expense of bailing out water, which increases as the greater depth is attained, although the second gravel is well known to be much richer than the first.

Mrs. Tracy's Charity.

The sad death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy and the unselfishness of her last hour call to mind an incident which came to my knowledge two years ago through a woman whom she aided, says the *N. Y. Epoch*. Mrs. Tracy was known to be most conscientiously charitable, but she concealed from her left hand that which her right hand did, and it pained her to hear some one commenting on the lack of real charity displayed by the rich—their deeds of charity costing them nothing, inasmuch as no personal sacrifice was involved. The words clung to Mrs. Tracy's mind, and she decided that her next act of charity would cost her some trouble. The woman to whom I have above referred was one of Mrs. Tracy's humblest pensioners, and at the time she was greatly in need of careful nursing, for her disease was cancer and of a most painful character. Day after day Mrs. Tracy went on foot to the poor creature's home, cared for her in every way, swept and cleaned her room, and saw that she was comfortable, returning to her home with some trifling excuse to account for her absence. Her protegee would never have known the cause of so much unselfish kindness had she not one day remonstrated with her for what seemed needless waste of time and labor. To relieve her mind, Mrs. Tracy told her that it was her only way of really paying her debt to God. Mrs. Tracy's last act of self-sacrificing kindness to her husband, when in the midst of smoke and flame, attests the sincerity of those words.

Quinine in Photography.

Sulphate of quinine has been found to possess the power of depriving white light of its actinic properties. A plate of white ground glass dipped in a strong solution of the alkaloid and allowed to dry may be used instead of ruby glass to cover the lamp in a photographer's dark room, and pictures developed under the non-actinic white rays have proved as clear and free from fogging as those brought out in the presence of the usual red light.

Ex-Minister Foster says that the foreign debt of Mexico now aggregates \$120,000,000. He estimates the amount of American capital invested in Mexican railways, mining, and other enterprises at \$100,000,000.

## SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

A jeweler of Rockford, Wash., recently presented the public school with a clock. This was followed by a more expensive one by a rival jeweler, and by the time the enthusiasm had subsided every room in the school had a clock.

General Sherman is an enthusiastic spectator of theatrical performances. He has the entree to every theater in New York city. He likes a seat well down in front, for his eyesight and hearing are not as good as they were.

The grave of Nathaniel Harrison, the ancestor of President Harrison, was desecrated by relic hunters several days ago. It is located on the north side of the James River road, near Sunken Meadow, in Surrey County, Virginia.

The students of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., have a life-saving crew which has become famous. Lately the crew have won new glory by saving eighteen lives from the wreck of the Calumet on Lake Michigan.

The results of recent experiments in the Mediterranean showing how far daylight will penetrate the water were found with gelatine-bromide plates. The greatest depth was 1,518 feet, or 327 feet short of the limit assigned some years ago.

By the will of the late President Dodge, Madison University, the income of his estate goes to Mrs. Dodge during her life, and at her death one-half of the estate is left to the university to which the president gave the last and best years of his life.

Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years. It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that he wrote his election address announcing the dissolution of Parliament in 1874 in bed.

The young Ladies of Bath, England, now give a German and invite no gentlemen. Part of them take the gentlemen's place, being dressed in black with white shirt front, high collar and white necktie. Odds are offered that there will be very few given.

Emile Zola's next book will be called "Money" and will deal with the Paris exchange and the many wild speculations which have a world-wide celebrity. "The Break-Down," descriptive of the fall of the Second Empire and the Franco-German war.

M. Rouvier, the French minister of finance, is about to contract a marriage with his niece, Mlle. Cadot of Dieppe. M. Rouvier lost his first wife about a year ago. She was well-known in the literary world as a novelist under the name of Claude Vignon.

James Jackson, who died recently in Boston, left a portion of his estate to William I. Bowditch Wendell Phillips, and Mrs. Lucy Stone, to be used for the promotion of woman's rights, temperance, and the best interest of the working girls of Boston.

Mrs. J. C. Groly (Jenny June), founder of the New York Sorosis, has presented each member of the latter with a photograph of the members of the Sorosis club of Bombay, most of whom are native Indian women, in the costume of their country.

A Belgian has lately invented a musical shirt, on the cuffs of which fragments of a score are printed, so that if the instrumentalist be a flutist, harpist or cornetist, he has his entire part under his eyes, and need not carry any further music about with him.

The supervisors of San Francisco have passed an ordinance for the removal of Chinatown from the heart of the city. It provides that after sixty days it shall be unlawful for Chinese to reside or do business in the locality where they now have their quarters.

A Philadelphia chemist says of the rise in champagne: "Not long ago it could be bought at 45 cents per pound by the barrel, now it is selling at 65 cents. The cause of the increased price, is owing to the fact that camphor is being used for making smokeless powder."

The rood of a "Zoo" hippopotamus is estimated to be about two hundred pounds a day in weight, and consists chiefly in hay, grass and roots. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about fifty pounds. The lions and tigers obtain about eight or nine pounds of meat a day.

For nearly a century there has existed in New York City a society for the relief of poor widows with small children. It was formed by some of the foremost people of the city, and for three generations the daughters have taken the place of the mothers in its management.

The possible annexation of Lower California is still taken very seriously by the people of the southern section of California. The press demands it, the politicians see in it a great future. The peninsula at present has only 30,000 population, a large proportion of which is Indian.

There is a perch fish in a well at William Ayer's near Nashville, Ga., known to be thirty-five years old. When the well is being cleaned "perche" is taken out, placed in a bucket of fresh water, and kept until the work is completed. The fish keeps the water clear of all insects.

The Ladies' Holywood Memorial association of Richmond, Va., will petition the city council to have the house occupied by Jefferson Davis during the war preserved from destruction and turned over to the association, to be used as a museum of Confederate relics and memorial hall.

An autograph letter of Richard III. was sold in England recently for about \$5.25 per inch of surface. It was written at Bernard Castle, in Durham, Aug. 4, 1480, or about three years before the crook-backed duke of Gloucester, then constable and admiral of England came to the throne.

While a boy was cutting bananas from a bunch hanging in front of a Burlington, Vt., grocery store a large tarantula sprang at him, striking him on the side of the neck. From the boy's neck the insect leaped into a barrel full of crackers. No one caring to meddle with such an ugly customer, at the suggestion of a policeman the barrel was doctored with kerosene, and then carried into the street and set on fire.



## JOHNNY FULTON'S WAYS.

**A Queer Character Who Had a Peculiar Way of Helping Himself and Entertaining His Friends.**

The oil town of Petrolia, which has recently been burned, had in its flush days a character in Johnny Fulton. He was a young man from Kittanning, Pa., who pretended to practice law, but he was so very busy having fun that he had no time to waste in any other pursuit. Fulton never missed an opportunity to make some one the victim of a sell of some kind. He was a wonderfully plausible liar, and it was a favorite amusement of his to take a seat in a lunch-room along-side of a stranger, and while holding him spellbound with some amazing story of life in the oil regions, steal the food off the stranger's plate and eat it. He had acquired great expertness with the fork in this business, but his success lay in his skill in weaving a romance that riveted the listener's attention to a degree which made the pilfering of a potato or a spoonful of beans from his plate an easy matter.

One day he bamboozled a farmer out of an entire barrel of cider with the same facility that he would have harpooned a biscuit out of his plate.

At this time the mud was hardly less than two feet deep on the streets of the town. The farmer made his appearance with a barrel of cider on his wagon seeking a purchaser for it. Fulton hailed him and began negotiations for the cider, which, he said, was of much more importance to him than the price. The price, in fact, was no object. He said he was about to open a new store and he intended to treat his friends to the cider as a card for custom, "a sort of free blow to everybody."

After being assured by the farmer that the cider was the best that could be made he accepted the terms and volunteered to pay \$2 extra if the farmer delivered the cider in the store tapped and on a box ready for business. The farmer wrestled with the barrel for nearly an hour before he got it through the mud to the sidewalk. Fulton required him to carry water from the creek and wash the mud off the barrel before rolling it into the vacant room where he said he intended to open a large stock of goods.

The farmer finally got a faucet into the barrel, rolled it on a box, and then Fulton began to call in his friends. Everybody who passed along the street was urged to come in and partake.

"You won't mind drawing off the cider for the boys," he remarked in his glib and oily way, "and then I will have the pleasure of introducing you to a few of my friends."

As the crowd filed in Fulton would receive them with a flourish, and say: "Mr. Jones, this is Farmer Wayback. Farmer Wayback, shake hands with Mr. Smith." In this way he introduced Tom, Dick and Harry until the demand for the farmer's services at the faucet became too great to waste any time on mere civilities. It was all "Farmer Wayback" could do to twist the faucet and keep the empty cups filled.

Fulton drank deeply himself and enlivened the occasion with piquant remarks, to the effect that the expense could go hang when it came to opening a new store and doing the square thing by the boys. He told the farmer the cider was a great success and he could bring in a barrel on the same terms every day for a week and two on Sunday if it was as good as the present article. He was going to pour a libation to every man, woman and child that came along if it took all the cider in Butler county.

It never occurred to the farmer to ask such a liberal, whole-souled young man for a settlement, and Fulton continued to shower his bounty upon the crowd of loafers until the cider began to get low in the barrel. This was the signal for him to quietly retire from the festive scene and seek seclusion elsewhere.

The farmer ladled out the cider as long as it lasted, and when the last dipperful had been yielded up the crowd also forsook him and left him holding the empty barrel on the box and vainly waiting for Fulton's return. After waiting until dark, and the young man came not, he rolled the barrel into the wagon and, taking a seat astride of it, drove away with the remark:

"If that darned cuss gits this barrel he'll be smarter than I am, b'gosh!"—*N. Y. World.*

## A Geographical Delusion.

It has been known for some time, says the *N. Y. Sun*, that Capt. Binger in his remarkable journey across the unexplored Mandingo county in west Africa was unable to find the great Kong mountains, which for many years have been the most conspicuous feature in the maps of that region. They were represented as extending for hundreds of miles east and west, parallel with the northern shores of the Gulf of Guinea, and were supposed to be the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the gulf and those which flow north to the Niger. It was not until Binger's return to Europe, however, that his conclusive proofs of the mythical character of those famous mountains were submitted to the geographers. The Kong mountains now remain only as a conspicuous instance of a great geographical delusion, innocently introduced upon the maps by an illustrious explorer and perpetuated for generations.

Long before Binger, on his southward journey from the Niger, arrived at the city of Kong, which he was the first European to visit, he was con-

vinced that the mighty Kong range was a myth. He had reached the head waters of the Baule, the largest southern affluent of the Niger, and near them he found a stream flowing south, which proved to be the Lahu river, emptying into the Gulf of Guinea. Then he found the head stream of the Akba and other south-flowing rivers. He then passed from the Niger basin, and had found that the water-parting between it and the many streams that flow to the Gold and Ivory coasts is almost imperceptible. The traditional Kong mountains would have to be sponged from the map, for in his long journey Binger saw only isolated summits here and there and not an extended mountain chain such as the Kong mountains have been supposed to be.

Mungo Park is chiefly responsible for the important place the Kong mountains have occupied on the maps. From two points on the Upper Niger he saw, far to the south, the hazy outlines of some mountains which the natives told him formed part of a great range. This information was combined later with that collected by Bowdich farther east; and thus geographers evolved the hypothesis that a mighty mountain wall separated the hydrographic basins of the Niger and the coast rivers.

A few years ago the explorer Bonnat, by his journey far inland on the Volta river, shattered so much of this theory as depended upon reports sent home by Bowdich, and now Binger has leveled the western part of the great Kong range. The last editions of some of the best African maps show the Kong mountains in all their wonted blackness, but with the addition of a skeptical interrogation point. The next editions will see them wiped from the maps entirely.

## Advice to Dyspeptics.

All dyspeptics should avoid anything which they (not others) can not digest, says the *N. Y. Ledger*. There are so many causes for and forms of dyspepsia that it is impossible to prescribe one and the same diet for all. Nothing is more disagreeable or useless than to be cautioned against eating this or that, because your neighbor "So-and-so" can not eat such things.

If we would all study the nature and digestion of food and remember that air and exercise are as essential as food in promoting good health, we could easily decide upon the diet best suited to our individual needs. The diabetic should abstain from sugar and anything which is converted into sugar in digestion, such as all starchy foods, sweet omelets, custards, jellies, sweet sauces, starchy nuts, wine and liquors.

The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole wheat, milk, vegetables, fruits, and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness, while an excess of acids, sweets, spices, and shortening keeps the system in an unhealthy condition. Those who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar, and fats become loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous.

Thin people with a weak digestion should also avoid food; for thin people are often "eaten thin" by the same food which makes others fat. If they can not digest the starch, butter, and fine flour, the system is kept in a feverish, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for no other reason than that the life is burned out by a diet which only feeds the fire and does not renew the tissues.

Men dig their graves with their teeth; not by drinking whisky and using tobacco, but by eating food loaded down with inflammatory materials.

## Where Women Do the Woofing.

Ukraine, Russia, is the real paradise for the spinster, says the *Detroit Free Press*. And if in this country a prototype of the Russian province could be founded it would be populated in less time than one imagines. In Ukraine—think of it, ye spinsters and celibates—all the courting is done by the women. The man has nothing to do with the affair. Like Marianna in the moated grange, he merely sits and waits.

If the young lady feels stealing o'er her a fancy for a particular young man, she does not pine away in "a green and yellow melancholy." But she buckles on the armor of her affections and sallies out like a conquering hero. To drop smiles and come down to matter-of-fact language, the young woman, when she falls in love with some young man, without delay discloses to him the true condition of her feelings. Does he love her? Then the marriage ceremony is arranged without delay. Does he not love her? Then the love-sick damsel plants herself in his residence and announces that she will stay there until a revolution shall come in his feelings. The young man is helpless, because the friends of the young woman will avenge any affront that the young man shall offer to her.

But he is not compelled by either law or custom to endure her presence for ever. When he becomes tired of the attentions of the lovelorn lass he can pick up his lures and penates and move out. When the affair reaches this climax it is equivalent to an announcement that the young man positively will not wed.

## Before They Quarreled.

"Why, darling, what can be the matter with these onions?" he ejaculated, as he pushed back his plate.

The young wife burst into tears. "There, I told the grocer they smelt awful! And I soaked them in that nice cologne you bought me since yesterday morning, too!"—*American Grocer.*

## THE MUSTACHE CRAZE.

**A Curious Fad Practiced by the Belles of San Jose, Cal.**

The latest fad. Have you heard about it? asks the *San Francisco Examiner*. No? Well, then, here it is. It is the gathering of mustache souvenirs by the young ladies.

It has struck San Jose, and the persistency with which those who have the craze go after "just one little hair from your upper lip," if kept up any great length of time, will make some of the San Jose young men's upper lip resembles a plucked fowl.

The reporter was permitted to look upon one of these collections last evening, and to say that they are unique would hardly express it.

The one shown was a small, white silk banner with gold fringe. The hairs, in some cases there were five, in others only one each of the young man friend, were artistically arranged on the banner, being fastened on with small, red wafers upon which were the initials of the donors. The hirsute adornments of the young men's upper lips were in all colors and shades, from the deep Italian black like unto that of the "Black Prince" to that of the delicate blonde of the clerk in the shoe store on South First street, and the shapes into which they were woven showed the remarkable skill of the fortunate possessor of these sweet remembrances.

The lady above referred to said it took her just thirty-five years to collect the fifty-three tokens of her gentlemen friends' regard, and "I was nearly one week engaged in arranging them in the presentable manner in which you see them," said she.

The young lady also confided to the reporter the information that there was great rivalry between the young ladies in the matter of their collections, and great secrecy was indulged in until the collection was finally arranged and placed where friends could view it.

"One young acquaintance of mine has a collection of seventy-five; just think of it!" said the informant, "and she has arranged them on a satin banner in the form of a heart, with a dagger through the center. Oh, it is just lovely! The wafers used to fasten the choice morsels to the banner are also in various delicate shades, and form a most enchanting picture."

The reporter took up his informant's collection and noted the initials. Then another mystery which he had in vain attempted to solve before was quickly made plain to him.

The young men of San Jose have for the last three months been shaving off their mustaches, and now this "initial mustache craze" has solved the matter as to why they did so.

Here were the initials of some of the young men, who, if they had acceded to the wishes of one-tenth of their lady friends and given one little memento from their upper lip to each, would not have a base-ball representation left; while there were others, again, whose initials adorned this pretty banner who had once claimed "a lady killer," but had left it with the tonsorial artist.

Why? Because the young ladies persisted in selecting the memento themselves, and paid no attention as to whether the preceding twenty-four solicitors for like favors had gathered their crop from one side of the lip or not. She wanted her choice from that side also.

And here again was another strange feature of the craze, one which has a more demoralizing effect on the mustaches than the influenza has on our best citizens.

The young ladies select only from the left upper lip. And why? Well, because there is supposed to be more of an affinity attached to them than to those on the right side, on account of their being on the same side as the heart.

"There is still another peculiarity in the collection of these mementoes of our gentleman friends," said the young lady. "There are some of my friends who will have only the brunet type, while others ask alone for the blonde relic. Now, for instance, I have a blonde friend, and she is securing collections only from her brunet friends, while another friend who is of the brunet persuasion seeks the opposite—blonde."

In addition to the satin and silk banners, plain white cards are used, the cards being edged or bound with ribbon and a light colored wafer used to fasten the relic on. These are more common than the banners, but are made very attractive with ribbon and the arrangement of the gift.

In regard to the manner of securing the trophy, the reporter was permitted to gaze upon a pair of oxidized silver tweezers which are used to uproot the particular and desired buona mano. It was a delicate affair, and was fastened to a small chain, which apparently did service as a fob chain. Those young ladies who are most zealous in their search for treasures from the lips of their young men acquaintances are provided with similar "instruments of torture," and handle them dexterously, says the young lady informant, who continues as follows:

"Of course, we don't ask all our acquaintances for a sample of their upper-lip covering, for the fact that some of the young men could not well spare even a few hairs without making a breach which would be readily observed; but occasionally, after having been rebuffed by some of the gentlemen, we get desperate, and then the modest mustache has to suffer, and generally the next time the young man calls he comes clean-shaven."

"Here are some samples left by a friend of mine for me to arrange."

The reporter examined the collection, which numbered thirty-two, and found among the initials on the wafers some of San Jose's best-known society men.

## Proud and Foolish.

The wife of Gen. Henry Knox was a brilliant woman in society, much admired and deferred to by Gen. and Mrs. Washington, but a person of a very haughty and worldly temper, says the *Youth's Companion*. When her husband resigned his office as secretary of war under Washington he removed to Thomaston, Me., where he had acquired an extensive property, and where he now proceeded to build a mansion at a cost of \$50,000.

The general himself was of a social disposition and not above mingling with the poorest of his worthy neighbors; but his wife made no visits and exchanged no civilities. As the historian says, she used to ride out in her coach, the only one in the neighborhood, but always returned home without alighting, "like Noah's dove."

Gen. Knox habitually went to church, and one day invited the preacher—an "exchange"—home to dine with him. As they entered the dining-room they found Mrs. Knox seated at the table.

"Rise, my dear," said Gen. Knox, "and the parson will ask a blessing." She took no notice, but remained seated.

He repeated his request in a more emphatic manner. Still she did not move. Then, with something of that stentorian voice which at the battle of Trenton had risen above the tempest, he said once more:

"Rise, my dear! the parson is going to ask a blessing!"

But this time, too, the lady sat unmoved in all her stateliness, and the blessing was asked and dinner proceeded with, as if nothing had happened.

The ill-assorted couple had one son, whom the mother petted and spoiled. At one time she was visiting at a house in Massachusetts, and the little boy amused himself by disarranging everything in the room, especially the books. His mother, in answer to a look of remonstrance from the mistress of the house, simply remarked:

"Oh, Henry mustn't be restrained; we never think of crossing him in anything."

"But I can not have my books spoiled," said the lady, "as my husband is not a book-binder."

This reference to the early occupation of Gen. Knox was so distasteful to Mrs. Knox that she took an immediate and unceremonious leave.

It is little to be wondered at that this boy became a worthless character, a grief and disgrace to his parents. Shortly before he died he came under the influence of religion, and was so ashamed of his misdeeds that he begged not to be buried in the family inclosure, among those whom he had disgraced, but in some out-of-the-way corner with no stone to mark the spot.

## The Women Who are Wanted.

Men often admire women for their intellectual culture, their skill in music, or their taste in matters of dress; but they do not love women because they possess these distinguishing qualities.

Brainy women so called have a great many admirers, but they are not in demand in the matrimonial market; at least they are not fought over to any great extent.

Business-men want wives who are competent to manage the domestic end of their business, and not such as have to be managed, or who want to manage all or nothing. The latter usually wreck the business of the firm, or keep the man in such a state of worry that he only gets along tolerably well.

A sensible, sensible business-man doesn't want a wife who poses as the head of the domestic concern; who carries the purse and the night key, and practically wears the trousers. There are some men who like such wives, but they are exceptions to the rule.

The best husbands in the land want wives who are intelligent, practical, and affectionate; who take pride in their homes, feel an interest in the success of their husbands, and are ready to share either fortune or misfortune. Such a woman is brave, generous, and independent, and will command the respect of any honest, courteous man in the land. It will not be asked of her whether she speaks French or plays high-class music on the piano.

A man wants a wife of whom he is proud, either at home or abroad. He wants her to be neat, tidy, and well-mannered. It is not really necessary that she be pretty, but she must be agreeable, of kindly disposition, loving, and affectionate.

The woman who is fitting herself for the position of wife should be careful not to bank very heavily on either her pretty face or good shape, nor even on her boarding-school accomplishments. These are good enough to secure passing admiration, but they are not just the points a sensible man looks for when he starts out to select a wife. He prefers good, everyday common-sense, gentleness of disposition, and soulful affection.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

## Keeping Out the Germans.

It is announced that the Russian Government is about to issue a decree prohibiting further German colonization in South Russia. The Germans have acquired millions of acres of rich agricultural land in that part of the country within a few years.

## STOVES FOR YOUR POCKETS.

**You Can Scatter Them All Over Your Vital Parts, if You Like.**

"Why, how warm your hand is!" explained young Noodles, upon clasping hands with his friend Timpkins on a street one day during the recent cold snap, says the *Washington Star*.

Timpkins grinned. "You haven't your gloves on, either, and yet, while my gloved hands are like icicles, yours are as warm as toast. Do you carry around stoves in your overcoat pockets?"

"That is precisely what I do," replied Timpkins, laughing. "Your random guess struck the fact squarely. I carry a stove in each side pocket of my top coat in this sort of weather and I find them very comfortable. I assure you, though there hasn't been occasion to use them before during this winter. Here is one of them."

With this Timpkins drew forth and exhibited to view a curious little tin box about six inches long, by four in width, and one inch in thickness. It was slightly curved in shape, and appeared to be covered with some stuff like glazed calico. When the top was slid off the inside was seen to be made of tin perforated with a great many holes. It contained nothing but a round stick of some queer looking substance, which was burning at the end with a bright redness, but without any flame or particle of smoke.

"What do you call it?" demanded Noodles wonderingly.

"It is a Japanese stove—a device that has been used in Japan very commonly for many centuries. You see, it is simply a tin box with holes in, covered on the outside with the calico stuff to help retain the heat. It is really quite hot, you observe, and it will remain so for five hours with the burning of a single fire stick. You can't imagine how agreeable it is to have a couple of such stoves in your pockets to keep your hands warm. No frozen fingers for me, when I can carry my fire around with me. They are so small and so flat that they don't even make one's pockets bulge."

"But why is the contrivance made with a curve?"

"Because it accommodates itself more readily to the hand, for one thing. The chief reason, however, is that it is better adapted in this shape to other uses. Warming the hands is but one of the services the Japanese stove is made to perform. It is applied also to any other part of the body that needs heating. I know a man who wears always in cold weather two of the stoves on his chest beneath his shirt. They fit admirably, and keep him warm and comfortable for many hours at a stretch. He told me that he wouldn't be without them for anything. I have understood that in Japan they are put over the kidneys or the stomach or on any other part where heat is desirable. Rheumatic sufferers find their use most beneficial."

"I should think they would be good for grip."

"I have no doubt. Indeed, for any sort of colds once contracted or as a preventive against them Japanese stoves ought to be excellent. I should think that delicate persons would find great comfort in cold weather in half a dozen or so scattered over the vital parts of the body. There is no reason why ladies should not carry them in their muff; the equivalent is done in Japan."

"Are these stoves very expensive?"

"Very. They cost 35 cents apiece, and with each one are thrown in two packages of the fuel sticks for burning in them. The fuel sticks are made just the length of the little tin box and they come in packages put up very much like firecrackers. They are made of very finely powdered charcoal, and curiously enough, the burning doesn't give off any perceptible smoke. If you want a great deal of heat you light both ends of a stick—only one end is used at a time—and you get double the warmth for two hours and a half. An extra amount of caloric could, of course, be obtained by putting in two or three sticks at once lighted, but that would make the stove too hot for ordinary purposes. It is easy enough to carry three or four sticks in your pocket if you are going to be out all day in the cold, and as soon as one is used up to light another and renew the supply of fuel. You can get as many fuel sticks as you want at the Chinese and Japanese shops where they sell the stoves."

## Neat Trick of the Dear Girls.

The collection was just beginning. An old gentleman who sat two or three pews back from the front of the church handed each of the two girls in his pew a \$10 bill. The girls crumpled the bills up in their hands, and when their father handed the plate along two crumpled bills dropped into it. But they were not \$10 bills; they were only ones.

"They make \$9 off the heathen every Sunday in that way," said the sexton afterward. In one hand they hold the crumpled \$10 bill, in the other hand they have ready a \$1 bill, and that goes into the box. The trick is an old one; I've seen it ever since I've been sexton here, and it's a little strange to me that the fathers never seem to find it out."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Bridging the Bosphorus.

The Bosphorus is to be bridged very soon by a French engineering company. The bridge will be 873 yards long, thrown lightly across the historic and picturesque channel which flows between Europe and Asia and unites the Euxine with the sea of Maimora. The expense will be very great, but the capital is already provided.



Secretary Rusk attributes the present state of affairs in part to carelessness in culture and says that in the days of world wide competition, a successful farmer must be well trained and careful in business as the storekeeper, and his equal in intelligence and general education. The secretary also thinks that the farmer does not study the market reports as carefully as he should, and recommends that he avail himself of the information supplied by the agricultural department. He thinks that farmers should not acquire more land than they can profitably cultivate. After touching the question of farm mortgages, transportation, middlemen, gambling in farm products, and combinations to control the market, the secretary makes a long argument in favor of high duties on farm products. He thinks that the problem can be solved by the imposition of high rates of duty on agricultural products.

Prof. S. W. Williston, who was elected to the chair of geology and paleontology at a recent meeting of the board of regents, will be unable to come to the university until September. He is a Riley county man, his parents living near Manhattan. He attended the agricultural college, and after graduating went to Yale as assistant to Prof. Marsh. Yale's splendid collection of vertebrate fossils is largely the result of Prof. Williston's individual efforts. He is an excellent anatomist, and now occupies the position of professor of anatomy in the Yale medical college. He is also chief sanitary officer of the Connecticut board of health, and has had charge of the investigations that have been made of the river waters of that state. He is now engaged on the preparation of a report of a microscopic examination of these waters, and for this reason will not be able to take the position on July 1. Prof. Williston is a man of 35 years, full of energy, and his election will bring to the university an enthusiastic devotee of science.

Tom Babcock, the colored waiter of the Rock Island dining car, who is under arrest at Topeka for robbing Mrs. W. S. Johnson on Friday last on the train, was turned over to the state authorities to answer to the charge of grand larceny.

Sunday night at Wichita burglars entered the house of Mrs. Mary Ogburn, a fortune teller, and made way with \$400. James Hollenbeck, a student in a business college, Thomas Bonner and H. Luckey, a colored man, have been arrested on suspicion of being the burglars.

To be a good pie-maker, says the "Housekeeper's New Cook Book," can only be accomplished by practice. The secret of good pie-crust is to use as little water as possible to get the dough into shape. Put a cupful of lard to a quart of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. This should make four crusts; two pies with covers or four without. Work the lard in the flour with the fingers until it is thoroughly mixed before adding the water, then only a little, and press the dough together hard, turn out on a well floured board and roll only one way. The under crust should be a little thicker. If it is a fruit pie, dust a little flour on the bottom before putting your fruit in, and in making pies of fresh, juicy fruits, sprinkle the bottom with flour and melted sugar, brushing the two together with the hand; during the baking the flour and sugar adhere together and keep the juice from coming in contact with the paste.

No woman could fail to be interested in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for May. It covers every conceivable part of woman's life, and tells her precisely what she wants to know. Mrs. Frank Leslie points the way to success for "Women in Business Life;" Augusta Prescott tells "How To Take Care of Kid Gloves;" Ellen Le Garde urges "Women's Need of Exercise;" Helen Jay gives hints on "How To Take Care of Clothing;" Mrs. John W. Bishop tells women what will be the hats and gowns worn this summer; amateur photographers will revel in a helpful article by A. Bogardus; Dr. Talmage writes humorously and practically on "May-Day Moving;" Mary J. Holmes gives "Domestic Life in Egypt;" Dr. Wardman, "How To Choose Eye-glasses;" Mrs. Whitney, Maud Howe and Mrs. Lewis have novels and stories, and there are still more than twenty five articles which we cannot mention for want of space. Surely, a magazine which gives twelve such numbers as this is cheap to any woman for One Dollar a year. The Journal is published at 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To Serve Cold Roast Beef.—Chop the beef up finely and put a layer of the beef and a layer of stewed tomatoes, then a layer of cracker dust, and put in alternate layers of each until all is in: season with salt and a bit of butter, and then put a layer of cracker dust over the top; add a little water and bake a nice brown on top.

It seems to be the general opinion that lime in the soil has a tendency to prevent club root in cabbage.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to be ill and nearly friendless, and unable to secure her claim against the government.

Never slight the work of preparing the garden. Vegetable seeds and clods never get along well together.

Paris green or London purple are dead shots to insects that eat the foliage. Where these preparations can be used without danger, it is better to use them.

If you have quince trees, take care of them. The way the average quince tree is treated would be called brutal if the object of the treatment had animal feeling.

It is possible to lose money by sowing seed too plentifully; the ground will not afford sustenance to so many plants and the result is all are half starved.

Two million European workmen will quit work the first of May in the larger cities of Europe. The day will be devoted to a demonstration in favor of an eight-hour day.

When a barn burns down in Topeka, it is wonderful to note the ignorance concerning its origin, among the little boys who were puffing cigarettes in the vicinity a few minutes before.

The moth of the codling worm deposits its eggs at the blossom end of the apple soon after the apple is formed. Sprinkle with Paris green, not too strong. Perhaps it may be necessary to sprinkle in two weeks from the first sprinkling again.

Dangerous bulls are often made so by teasing. Persons enjoy seeing him hook, and think it fun, well knowing their position to be safe, with a strong oak partition between, but forget they are sowing the seeds of danger and trouble for somebody in the future.

Dressed Lettuce.—Take two large heads of lettuce, remove the outside leaves, and wash in cold water; pull apart, but in a dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour over half-a-cup of melted butter, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir lightly until mixed. Garnish with cloves.

The Bartlett pear, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, if allowed to bear all it will when young, soon becomes ill-shaped and sprawling. The weight of fruit on long limbs during the season of growth, bends them down permanently. The Bartlett should be pruned early, with a view to make its limbs stocky, and when it bears abundantly, the fruit should be thinned out. There are always poor specimens that can be spared to advantage.

Cattle do not like moldy hay any more than human beings like moldy bread. If you give cattle good, nice bright hay they will eat it up clean and look as contented and happy as can be, but if you give them moldy hay they will smell of it, then look up at you as if to say, "Can you not give us something better?" Or they will give it a throw with their noses as if to say, "I don't want your old moldy stuff." Animals can't talk, but they know what is good to eat just as well as human beings.

Dr. Beyerninck, investigating the origin of masses of gum on the limbs of trees, especially plum, apricot and other bearing stone fruits, finds that the exudation is due to a disease produced by the presence of parasitic fungi; when healthy trees are inoculated with this gum they contract the disorder, which is highly contagious. The disease is disseminated by the drying of the gum by oxidation, and its circulation in the wind, which wafts the germs for rods, so that one diseased tree may infect a whole plantation.

Bags are all the fashion, and the young ladies will go over them. Almost any material may be used, muslin, silk, velvet, plush, chambray, bed-ticking, crash linen, canvas, toweling, ribbon, cretonnes, silesias, cambric. Nothing comes amiss; scraps and remnants work in and work in beautifully, for the last odds and ends are together in crazy-quilt fashion, and some royally rich bags result. As for the ornamentation, there are beads, gimps, tassels, cords, bows of ribbon, braid, ruching, fringes, flosses and chenilles, rope silks, and linens, Shetland wools, everything that is pretty.

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**Too Much Hurry.**

The average American prides him self on his hustling qualities and points with pride to the number of hours he puts in at his work; but these selfsame methods are bringing about an alarming degree of insanity—an evil which is constantly increasing in this country, the conditions are well calculated to produce such a result. Our entire population is under a ruinous mental strain. Part of our people are piling up money at the cost of needed rest and proper living. Food is bolted, home is partially abandoned, wife and children are pretty nearly strangers to husband and father, because men are chasing dollars. The millionaire works like a slave to get more money when he already has more than he knows what to do with; rich men strain every nerve to devise means for robbing somebody else; the living of those who have plenty is simply a destructive excitement. No wonder that the intellect gives way.

A terrible plague of mice is sweeping over southern Russia in such numbers as to be irresistible. They are moving northward, ruining fields, killing small stock and hundreds of dogs. It is not to be wondered at that the Czar is nervous and the Czarina nearly insane with the plagues of Pharaoh's coming upon them.

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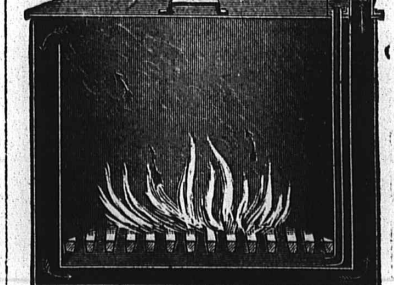
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