

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XIX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, AUGUST 18, 1888.

NO. 20.

### WEEKLY EDITION.

EIGHT PAGES, FORTY COLUMNS.  
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Special Correspondent North Topeka News:—  
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## The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

MR. WALTER BESANT is a small, animated, black eyed and black haired man, fond of the theater, claret and a pipe.

RIAZ PASHA, the new prime minister of Egypt, is a Mohammedan. His predecessor, Nubar Pasha, was an Armenian Christian.

A LADY of Knoxville, Tenn., was somewhat overcome by being made shirley a grandmother, and all on the same day, by each of her three daughters.

LONGFELLOW, the poet, was once a member of the old "Portland Rifles," and paraded in a brilliant green uniform. But he soon found that his natural vocation was to sing rather than fight.

THE father of Mr. Blackburne, the great chess player, is a professional chronologist, and predicted of his son, when the latter was a child, that he would become exceedingly proficient in chess.

LAST fall a bug flew into the ear of Henry Bolton, of Frederick township, Montgomery county, Pa., rendering him entirely deaf on that side. A few days ago the bug dropped out and his hearing almost immediately returned.

UNCLE ELIAS HARPER, of Blakely, Ga., is 94 years old, but still quite hale and active. He is a veteran of the war of 1812 and preserves as a keepsake a Spanish dollar, minted in 1777, the first money he received for his services.

KING KALAKAUA, the versatile monarch of the Sandwich Islands, has written a learned treatise on the Diametrical Physiognomy of the Earth. The article is based on observations of the volcanic phenomena for which the Hawaiian group is noted.

MAYOR FITLER, of Philadelphia, is a rope-maker, and he sometimes exhibits to his friends a curious rope cable that he keeps in his office. It is made of tangmen's ropes, each strand having been taken from a rope by which some poor criminal's neck was broken.

COUNT MAURICE ESTERHAZY has been put under guardianship to check his mad extravagance. He owns, free and clear of incumbrances, more than 120,000 acres of land in Hungary, and can travel in a straight line more than fifty miles without quitting his estate.

FOR some time past Mr. W. D. Howells has abandoned pen and pencil in his literary compositions, using the type writer instead. Mr. Howells sits back leisurely in his chair, thinks out his train of thought, carefully fashions his sentence and as each is completed transmits it to paper, striking the keys with one hand. Many other authors are following Mr. Howells' example, but for a long time there was a prejudice among literary people against the type writer. They imagined that work done with it was stilted and formal. This opinion has since been abandoned by many writers.

A CURIOUS story about the Japanese emperor's opinion of dancing is told by *The Tokio Dempo*. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his majesty expressed the opinion that the prevalence of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The state minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dismantle the dancing salon in the new building, which was already completed.

MR. W. H. H. MURRAY has started on an exploring and hunting expedition in the most secluded place and east visited regions of the Rockies, north of the Canadian line. He will be gone about six months and intends to cover about 2,600 miles in the saddle, visiting regions as yet unexplored. The Canadian government has granted him the protection and assistance of the mounted police and the Hudson Bay company has given his expedition its support. An experienced artist will go with him for the purpose of procuring illustrations to accompany his letters for the press and his magazine articles. A great part of his explorations will be in the valley of the Peace river, on which even the Canadian government knows almost nothing. This region lies about 6 degs. north of the Canadian line and east of the Selkirk.

## A DREADFUL DEATH.

Hydrophobia Carries Off a Prominent Jerseyman.

After suffering for four days the most dreadful agony, Charles R. Fenimore, a prominent Democrat and ex-Collector of Burlington county, N. J., died at his residence near Delanco of hydrophobia, says a dispatch in the *Cincinnati Times*.

On the night of March 31 Mr. Fenimore was aroused from his slumbers by the sound of dogs fighting in his front yard. He stood the racket as long as he could and then went down stairs to drive the dogs away. One of them, a black Newfoundland, stood his ground and showed fight as Mr. Fenimore approached, but the latter was not in the least alarmed and made a motion to kick the animal. Then with a fierce growl the brute sprang at him and seizing him by the wrist almost tore the flesh from the bone.

The wounded man strove to get away but the dog knocked him down and bit him frightfully all along the fleshy part of the arm and face inflicting no less than seventeen wounds. By a sudden effort Mr. Fenimore broke away and rushed into the house where he fell fainting to the floor. It was at least two weeks before he thoroughly recovered from the effects of his injuries. The dog was afterward shot by a neighbor who noticed that it displayed symptoms of rabies, and was biting and snapping at everything that came in its way. Mr. Fenimore, who was fifty-six years of age, felt a little nervous over the probable consequences of the wounds, and thought it might be advisable for him to take a trip abroad and put himself into Pasteur's hands, but his friends ridiculed the idea.

Many said there was no positive evidence that the dog was suffering with rabies and advised Mr. Fenimore to dismiss the subject from his mind, so he said no more about it. While out in the harvest field on Thursday watching the men at work he got caught in a shower which drenched him to the skin. He went directly home for a change of clothing and was seized with a chill. That night the first symptoms of hydrophobia were manifested when he attempted to drink a glass of ice-water. As soon as the liquid touched his lips he was thrown into a convulsion that lasted several minutes. Upon recovering he realized at once the dreadful character of the malady and remarked to a member of the family: "When I told you I feared that dog was mad you laughed at me, but you can now see that I am dying of hydrophobia."

From that hour he grew steadily worse. His eyes rolled from side to side, the pupils were dilated, and he suffered from intense thirst, but the attempt to swallow water always brought on a terrible convulsion. A current of air, the slamming of a door, or any unusual noise had the same effect. His mouth was filled with a thick saliva that almost choked him, and at times he became so violent that it was impossible to keep him in bed, and the members of his family were afraid to venture near him. The end came last night. An attendant had just handed him a glass of iced tea, but before he could swallow it he was taken with a frightful convulsion, in which he died. Dr. A. W. Taylor, of Beverly, who was in attendance upon the patient, said it was clearly a case of hydrophobia.

## The Old Egyptian Tombs.

Armed, therefore, with a stock of photographic plates, and with the far more essential stock of paper for making molds or squeezers from the stone, I began work on the temples of Thebes. In most cases the sculptured surface has lost all trace of its coloring, and it may then be washed and soaked without any harm. First drenching it with water, a sheet of paper is then laid on it, and worked into the hollows by the fingers; next this is beaten with a brush until it is thoroughly pulped into all the carvings, and even into the very grain itself. Every line and chip and flaw must receive the paper as closely as a coat of paint; then after any broken parts of the sheet have had extra pieces beaten on over them, another sheet is laid on and beaten until the two seem like one layer of pulp. In a couple of hours or so this will be dry, and the sheets, light and unchangeable, except by wet or heavy pressure, may be packed up and carried in parcels without any damage. In many cases the great battle scenes or rows of captives cover whole walls up to twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Here it was needful to hang a rope ladder over the wall from the top, and enjoining my Arab above to stand steady on the end of it, and not to let go on any account whatever, I then seized upon the long brush, with the paper wound round it, between my teeth. Hitching an elbow in over a step to keep myself up, I unrolled the paper, and brushing over the stone with a wet brush, spread the sheet out and beat it on. In other cases a high stack of boxes served for steps and contained my collections afterward. On reaching England the paper impressions were soaked with wax upon a stove plate, and were thus brought into a state for making any number of plaster casts. From a set of casts the photographs were at last taken, far better and more easily than if taken direct from the stone; the lighting can be precisely arranged, so as to give the right extent and direction of shadow, and the scale can be made uniform. This first complete set of casts, after exhibition at the South Kensington

Museum, will be preserved in the British Museum.

Besides the sculptures, there are many painted tombs, which are equally important. In one tomb, that of a governor of the Sudan, are portrayed all the southern races over which he ruled; the several chiefs, with their followers bearing bags of gold dust and precious offerings as tribute; boats with negroes seated on them; herds of cattle decorated with hands—probably of metal—on the end of their horns, and a green queen in a chariot drawn by two piebald bulls (like the modern Abyssinian breed) with the state umbrella over her head. \* \* \* These tomb paintings, when near the entrance, can be sufficiently lighted by successive reflectors of tin plate for good photographs to be taken; but for those deep in rock hewn chambers, hundreds of feet from the outer light, magnesium is needed. The powdered metal is mixed with an equal amount of chlorate of potash; the camera is adjusted; the plate is put in and left exposed, and then, lighting the paper on which the powder lies, a single flash, bright as a sunny day, and a dull, heavy thud that rumbles through the long passages tell that the work is done, and looking around in the blackness a faint patch of yellow shows where the candle flame is. Some of these magnesium light photographs are among the most successful.—*Harper's Magazine*.

## The Fly Screen.

I am the screen,  
Calm and serene  
In every window I am seen;  
Through meshes fair  
The light and air  
I pass, but keep the flies out there.  
And yet,  
You bet  
The flies can get  
Around my shield of firm and net.  
A little bit  
I do not fit,  
And in each crooked place they fit;  
With rain and sun  
I warp like fun  
Before the summer's well begun;  
And now and then,  
By careless men  
I'm shoved aside out to smash again.  
And off the boy with careless lick  
Thrust through my breast the window  
stick.  
But patient woman's faith in me  
By mist, warp, or cavity,  
Can never shaken be.  
With spitting ticks she mends my bars,  
Pastes letter paper on my scars;  
And half the summer time is spent  
In making straight what still stays bent;  
In picking me up from the ground  
Where once or twice a day I'm found,  
In striving hard to make me fit,  
In windows I won't fit a bit,  
Until at last I am in doubt  
If I can't do this thing the best—  
Coax in the flies that yet are out,  
And keep them in with all the rest.  
—Robert J. Burdette.

## Tales of Three Tale-Tellers.

In his latest novel *Rider Haggard* says: "There is no doubt that if through any cause—such, for instance, as the sudden discovery by the great and highly civilized American people that the seventh commandment was probably intended to apply to authors among the rest of the world—the pecuniary rewards of labor," etc. It is suspected that Mr. Haggard got mixed on the numerical features of the Decalogue.

At a literary dinner in Paris one of the guests had set the company in a roar by relating a droll story of an impecunious individual who had contrived to borrow money from a creditor on questionable security. Dumas the younger, who was present, positively screamed with delight. "Are you aware," whispered his neighbor at table, "that the person alluded to is your father?" "My father!" retorted the author of the "Demi-monde." "Impossible! Do you suppose for a moment if he had been the hero of the adventure that he would have missed chronicling it in his 'Memoirs'?"

After the revolution of 1848 Lamartine was overwhelmed with applications for place hunters. One vacancy, however, remained unclaimed; and a fortnight later his Secretary asked him if he could give him any information respecting "Citizen David, appointed French Consul at Bremen." "David?" said Lamartine, "I do not know him. Let me look at the list." And taking out his pocketbook he discovered on one of the pages "David" inscribed in large letters. Suddenly he remembered that a few days before his accession to power he had written it himself to remind him of a particular passage in the Psalms, and amicably reproached his subordinate for having unconsciously transformed the King of Israel into a republican Consul. This singular mistake was rectified as follows in the next morning's *Moniteur*: "Citizen X. is appointed Consul of France at Bremen in lieu of Citizen David, deceased."

## Destruction Wrought by Insects.

The annual loss to productive industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at \$150,000,000. Here is a fair battle between man and another sort of earth occupiers. They are smaller, but if they can whip us, have undoubtedly as good a right to the world as we have. As civilization advances, new insects make their appearance, marching sometimes eastward, but generally westward. There are few, if any, forms of vegetation that have no parasites that devour either foliage or fruit. The loss to the cotton crop is estimated at \$15,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is not much less, and that to the potato crop at least one-half as much. But the estimate is not a fair one until into the loss is counted the time spent in fighting to secure the proportion that is saved.

## THE RIVER HORSE.

A Congo Explorer Says a Good Word for the Hippopotamus.

One of the circus companies now traveling in this country, says the *New York Sun*, is in the habit during the performance of turning its immense hippopotamus out of its cage, and the unwieldy animal follows its master around the hippodrome track with as much docility as a pet dog could exhibit. It is evident that in captivity the hippopotamus is anything but a precocious animal, and the stories that Von Francois, the Congo traveler, tells of him as he splashes about in his native waters or suns himself on the sand banks indicates that the hippopotamus, though not a beautiful beast, still has his lovable traits. Von Francois is the German explorer whose observations for altitudes and for geographical positions in the part of the Congo basin he has visited are regarded as more accurate than any others that have been made. He has conceived considerable affection for the hippopotamus.

"I am not sorry," he says, "that I have not taken part in hippopotamus hunts. It seems a pity, without any good reason, to shoot these harmless beasts as they huddle together on the sand banks. These animals are almost incredibly innocent and unsuspicious and they seldom take the trouble to move when they see a hunting canoe approaching. Though great numbers of them have been shot, the idea that the hunting canoes bring danger never seems to dawn upon them."

"Unless some restriction be soon placed upon the hunting of hippopotami in those waters the great beasts will become so scarce as to be curiosities there. It is to be hoped that the Congo state will soon give its attention to this matter. The evil would not be so great if better use were made of the skin of the animals. Their valuable hides are seldom taken, and their giant bones, which might serve a variety of useful purposes, are left to bleach on the shores. Often, too, the river affords a grave for the unfortunate animals."

The prediction of this explorer seems rapidly to be coming true. Letters from Leopoldville this year say that the hippopotamus hunters now have to travel many miles for their prey, which was formerly found in great numbers within easy reach of the station.

## A Chinese Trick That is Vain.

It was an evil day for China when her tea merchants began to tamper with the quality of the commodity which has long formed her principal article of export to the Western world. The progressive deterioration in Chinese teas has encouraged the production of that article elsewhere to such an extent that India and Ceylon have every year been growing more formidable rivals of the Celestials; and if the consumption of Assam and Ceylonese teas goes on increasing in the future as it has done in late years the tea trade of China will ere long be of secondary importance, so far as foreign tea drinkers are concerned. In addition to the East Indies, a new rival has just appeared in the colony of Natal, in South Africa. It is only some six or seven years ago that an enterprising English settler there planted a few acres with tea. His first crop, produced in 1881, amounted to only about 500 pounds weight. Last year the production had so increased that Natal sent about 100,000 pounds weight of tea to market. The new industry is, in fact, proving so profitable that it is fast spreading in the colony, and ere long we may expect to find Natal teas competing with those of India, Ceylon and China in the London Market. The tea trade of China is, however, far from being yet irretrievably ruined; but unless the native authorities enforce with rigor the recent ordinances against adulteration, the exportation of Chinese leaf to the Anglo-Saxon nations will be inevitably doomed.—*London Standard*.

## Atlanta During the War.

The dudes had no end of trouble in those days. A young man put on his best coat and forgot to take his pass from the pocket of the other one. He carried his sweetheart to a reception, and after a pleasant evening was returning with her, when a soldier brought the butt of his musket down on the pavement with an ominous thud, and said:

"Halt, and show your papers."

An explanation was made, but it was useless.

"I must arrest you," said the soldier.

"But, my dear sir—this young lady—I must see her home."

"All right," was the reply, "I will walk behind you."

"And the stern soldier in gray followed the couple home, and then accompanied the wrathful citizen to his boarding-house, where the required pass was produced.

And this was the experience of hundreds.—*Constitution*.

## A Wife's Little Joke.

She: "I'm so glad you can stay to tea. Such a joke as I'm going to have on my husband. He's always growling about my cooking, and to-day his mother happened to drop in, and I got her to make some biscuit. Won't he feel cheap when he begins to criticize and then find out his mother made 'them herself'?" Half an hour later. He: "My dear, you're becoming an angel of a cook. These biscuits are as fine as my mother makes."—*Omaha World*.

## HERE AND THERE.

Pluk-eye is destroying valuable horses in Cornish, Me.

Saw dust in Sweden is used in bread and found digestible.

There has been a big fall in Panama Canal shares in Paris lately.

The pig iron export from Birmingham, Ala., is steadily increasing.

The order of Knights of Labor is extending into foreign countries.

A huge shark, weighing 400 pounds, of the man-eating species, was caught in a wire off Colulport, Mass., the other afternoon.

Sir Isaac Newton's autograph in the shape of a letter brought \$313 at a recent sale in England. It was bought for Trinity College, Cambridge.

Near Chambersburg, Pa., a five-weeks-old baby was attacked by a rat and so severely bitten on the mouth and gums that it is feared the child will die.

At a recent sale in Paris \$7,600 was paid for a velvet pile Persian carpet. A less fine one went for \$4,000, and tapestry of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries realized extraordinary prices.

At Elm Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Condon, the Chestnut street tailor, as an amateur horticulturist, has succeeded in raising some stupendous strawberries that run forty to a box.

Three statues of Roman art were discovered at Athens on May 23, one of the Emperor Hadrian, another of Antonius, and the third a small one of Bacchus. All three are well preserved and of excellent workmanship.

There is a boat club at Webster, Mass., whose members must always be able to pronounce its name, both after as well as before, and banquets and club meetings. The name is "The Chaubunagumauach Yacht Club."

The gold mines of North Carolina are again being vigorously developed, and exceptional rich yields are reported from most of them.

At the Mann-Arrington, in Nash county, some men who work over the tilling merely are said to make \$24 a day.

The other day, while the great Michigan storm was at its height, the town of Norway was so badly on fire that the engines were powerless to control it, and the downpour heavy enough to extinguish it seemed to the inhabitants a veritable godsend.

A farmer near Walpole, N. H., recently plowed up what is declared to be the skeleton of an Indian who was killed in the famous "Kilburn fight" in 1755. It was at this fight that two men, two women, and two boys defended themselves for six hours against 400 Indians.

Near Covington, La., the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Mabey fell into a forty-foot well with eight feet of water at the bottom, and, upon coming to the surface, caught hold of the lowered bucket, clambered into it and was drawn out only a slight bruise the worse for her fearful experience.

There have been twenty-six suicides from the Clifton Bridge in England in the twenty-four years since it was built. The jump is 250 feet, and death is presumably easy, which accounts for the popularity of the route. The last person who went over it was a young man who was to be married in a week.

The big Nova Scotia timber raft, whose owners are not alarmed at the fate of the Leary raft, will soon be launched and started on its way for New York city. It is made of 3,000 sticks bound together, making a raft 700 feet long, with spars run 25 to 175 feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

Thomas R. Butler, who recently died in England in his ninety-first year, before the time of railroads conducted the bullion wagons between Dover and London. His books show that over twenty millions of specie had been under his care. The last consignment of which he had charge was too and a half tons of silver en route from London to the East Indies.

The first decision of the status of a life insurance policy, where the wife, for whose benefit it was taken out, died before the husband, has just been made by Judge Seddon in St. Louis. He holds that where a man insures his life for the benefit of his wife and then survives her the policy will inure to the benefit of the children independently of the insured's creditors.

Several years ago a valuable calf belonging to E. O. Bancroft, of Warehouse Point, sucked a diamond ring from his finger as he was teaching it to drink milk. The calf grew and became a valuable cow, and the other day died mysteriously. A post-mortem examination showed that the ring had recently become detached from a muscle, where it had hitherto remained harmless, and had been the cause of death.

John Carswell, a deacon of the Scotch National Church at Bloomsbury, England, was recently fined \$5 in a police court for assaulting the wife of Johnson, a village painter, in the church. The evidence was that he struck her with the pedestal of the offertory box and pushed her so that she became ill and had to leave the church. The assault was a part of a row between the church officials and the pastor, Rev. J. Mackie.

The popular idea that a razor needs rest occasionally has a scientific foundation in the case of fine razors. The grain of the best Swedish razors runs in a diagonal direction from the upper end of the outer point toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain sets up and down and steady use draws the grain still farther over.

When it gets into this condition it cannot be kept sharp, but if laid away and left alone for awhile the grain will resume its first position and the razor be as good as new again.

The other day a party of tourists in California asked a tall, thin man, who was digging in Joaquin Miller's garden, near Fruit Vale, to show them over the poet's little ranch. The man dropped his spade and did as they desired, showing them the crematory, the wolf pen, the water works and other sights. But they were much disappointed at not seeing the poet. "Look here, my man," said one, "What sort of a looking fellow is Joaquin Miller anyway?" "He looks a good deal like me," said the man. "Like you? Looks like you?" "Yes; I am Joaquin Miller."







## TOPEKA, KANSAS.

August 18, 1888.

It was a little ludicrous, the having the big parade before Blaine arrived and the substituting of Schaefer to represent him to gratify morbid curiosity that was weary.

No one need find fault because John A. Brooks thanks God that he never was a republican. Gen. Harrison is just as thankful that he never was a democrat, and Brooks is also thankful that he is not one.

It will strike many as a queer thing to hold a deep water convention out in the mountains, when the subject to be considered is down on the gulf.

Some provision ought to be made for Albert Griffin. His salary as letter writer for the anti-saloon republicans will soon play out. Could he not by legal fiction be made a widow and so be given a pension?

The railroads between Kansas City and Chicago will have to put on the fast trains again and a temporary abandonment of the system will only be dropping stitches. No agreement will hold together five or six great rival companies upon such a question as an improvement in public convenience.

If all the newspapers tell the truth it will not be long before all republicans have changed into democrats, and all democrats into republicans and then we will be just where we began the campaign, only the thing will be reversed. Is that the way the democratic party is to be turned inside out?

United States Pension Agent Glick has disbursed in pensions during the year ending June 30, 1888, a total of \$6,534,154.26. The sum was paid to 35,004 pensioners residing in Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, New Mexico and the Indian Territory. Thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty of these pensioners reside in Kansas. This is a splendid way to get rid of the surplus.

Country merchants based such confidence of full crops last year upon the earlier reports that they bought goods early in the season. Later came the drouth and the loss of the corn crop, which now more than cotton, touches the prosperity of the whole country. This year traders have been very cautious, and offered goods sparingly until they could ascertain the condition of crops upon which their trade depends.

The Santa Fe company is transporting a good many cattle from Texas to Montana and Wyoming, some to feed and others to sell. Among the largest shippers are Col. D. V. Becker of the Panhandle, who has 4,500 head yet south of the Arkansas. W. J. White, who has 2,200 head, and Darrow Bros., having 4,500 head. All together there are about 15,000 cattle still south of the Arkansas in the vicinity of Coolidge, which are to be shipped north. Keener and Morrison of Denver are two of the heaviest purchasers of these cattle, which will be sent to Kansas to be corn-fed.

The House bill reorganizing the United States Department of Agriculture and making its chief executive officer a member of the President's Cabinet, was reported favorably from the Senate Committee on Agriculture last Wednesday. The only amendment proposed by the Senate Committee is the striking out of the clause providing for the transfer of the Weather Bureau from the war office to the proposed new Department of Agriculture. The bill will undoubtedly pass.

The recent visit of President Lov of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad to Pueblo, it is stated, was for the purpose of looking up terminal facilities for the great Rock Island route. He was successful in his mission, having selected land just north of the city, and the company is now negotiating for its purchase. The land, it is said, will cost \$100,000. The Rock Island will run from Colorado Springs to Pueblo over the Rio Grande track for the present and will reach that city in three months. It is also intimated by Mr. Low that the line west from Dodge City to Pueblo will be extended to the mountains at a not far distant period.

Sometime before the late Chicago convention Albert Griffin said: "I know well the temperance element in various parties, and do not hesitate to say, that, if artful dodgers should be allowed to frame the next republican platform, and conduct the campaign they would cost the party at least a million votes, and prolonged demoralization, as well as crushing defeat."

Now if any body got in their work in that convention so far as it relates to temperance work, it was the artful dodgers. In fact it has made Albert accept the artful dodger policy.

The fool and his money soon parted. And so it is with those who pay Albert Griffin's salary.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the corn crop of Kansas, taken as a whole, is safe.

Human intelligence owes to dumb beasts all the care and protection possible to bestow, to make their lives easier and pleasanter.

GENERAL HARRISON has made seventy-five speeches since his nomination, during a period of little over a month.

Speaking of the late duel in Paris, the London News says one cannot imagine Mr. Cleveland going out to fight a duel with Mr. Blaine.

Some one says there are too many papers in Kansas and that some of them ought to die. Each one is waiting for another fellow to wink out.

A good deal of the campaign literature that is beginning to be set afloat will be interesting reading if left over until after the election.

There is a strong feeling that the chattel mortgage system should be abolished and no incumbrances of any kind be allowed on what is exempted by law.

Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago, at the age of twenty-nine, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest millionaire in the city. He is unmarried, and is worth \$4,000,000.

The Delphos Carrier says the republican party cannot carry Ottawa county this fall. The Carrier has recently gone back on the republican party because the Chicago convention wouldn't Griffinize.

The reports from the east indicate an improvement in the dry goods and shoe business. The wool market is yet depressed and the woolen trade generally is far from satisfactory. Still, the chances are improving as the season advances.

It is tolerably safe to assume that the backbone of the dry season, as well as of the hot season, is thoroughly broken. The frequent showers have at least checked the heat and cleaned the city, for which interposition providence is to be devoutly thanked.

Major-General John McAllister Schofield, who succeeds General Sheridan, as commander of the army of the United States, was born in Chautauque County, New York, in 1813. He graduated at West Point in 1833 and was then commissioned in the artillery. He was instructor, at one time, of natural philosophy at West Point, also at Washington University, St. Louis. He held the rank of captain at the beginning of the war and was with General Lyon as chief of his staff at Wilson's Creek. In 1861 he was given the command of the Missouri militia. In October 1862 he defeated Hindman at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. In 1865 he was made brigadier-general. A year later he was brevetted major-general and in 1867 had charge of the Virginia district. He was secretary of war in 1868 and 1869 and later was superintendent of the West Point academy and commands the military division of the Missouri.

In 1878 the United States exported to Great Britain 1,745,000 hundred weight of cheese, valued at \$3,306,312. In 1887 the exports had decreased to 756,463 hundred weight, valued at \$1,847,412.

The report of the Connecticut Department of Agriculture indicates that the average amount paid in wages in that state is far less than it was twenty years ago.

The squash bug is busily at work. The old-fashioned farmer goes around daily and kills all he can find with his thumb and finger, and thus makes their extermination sure.

The herd book of the English Sussex Cattle will be published by the society bearing that name.

A few strawberry plants well fertilized and cared for are better than many neglected and run to waste.

A few sheep may be profitably kept by any farmer. The number that he may keep he must decide for himself.

It may be queer, but sheep prefer grass to weeds, and will not eat the latter when the former can be obtained.

Thirty silos capable of containing seventy-five tons each, will be filled this year at Antrim, New Hampshire.

Young fruit trees should be cultivated as carefully as any other crop on the farm, if they are expected to pay as well.

Do not allow your vines to outrun the trellis given them. If the support is out-distanced, increase the length.

M. Leteleir claims that a liquid consisting of sixty-three grains each of American potash, flour of sulphur and soap boiled in one and three-fourths pints of water is an effective insect exterminator. To strengthen the solution increase potash and sulphur, but not soap.

### Sheridan's Battle Wrath.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: Says Major Leroy Walker, of Dayton, Ohio, who served almost three years with Sheridan:

At Chickamauga I first learned how excited a man could become. Sheridan in that battle occupied his old position next to McCook, and when that unfortunate commander was broken by Longstreet the whole attack fell on Sheridan. He was not as fortunate as at Stone River, and his men soon began to give way. I never before or since saw a man so furious. He galloped about at full speed among the fugitives, yelling and cursing, a hole through his slouch hat and a bullet mark across his forehead. He struck men with the flat side of his saber, would rally a squad and lead it forward, twice picked up colors and tried to gather a broken regiment, and altogether looked more like a fiend than like a human being. I saw him for about five minutes and shall never forget it. His face was positively crimson, his forehead and cheek were streaked with blood, and he was hoarse from shouting. When it became evident that nothing could stop the retreat I was told he fairly cried, and that he was so exhausted by shouting that he could not speak above a whisper. After that engagement he had a flag made, which he called his battle flag. It was always carried by his personal orderly, and whenever he saw a line shaking, he would take it from the soldier and ride to the point with it himself. Sheridan's battle flag checked more than one retrograde movement, and shone brightest in his last great fight, that of Five Forks. He was delighted at being transferred to the cavalry, as that arm was much better suited to his genius than infantry. As the latter could not move fast enough to suit him, he would get to swearing and no one liked to approach him. Artillery he utterly despised, and only used it when he had to, his aim always being to make the fight as close as he could. Grant's verdict that a better soldier never fought than Sheridan will be heartily endorsed by all who served under him. Unlike many other famous leaders he cared for nothing except soldiering, and I believe would rather command a regiment than fill the presidential chair.

One thousand pounds of apricots were yielded by a single tree at Orange, California, this year.

Ostriches sell in California for a thousand dollars a pair.

California expects the largest grape crop ever known, this year.

The Northwestern millers are about to organize a flour trust.

For twenty-seven consecutive days it has rained at Queretara, Mexico.

Three million cents were coined by the mint in Philadelphia during July. A scientist asserts that he has discovered a way to petrify the human body after death so it can be used as a statue.

In Arizona and New Mexico all the unpleasantness of the rainy season is now being endured.

Miss Fossa Jones, of Aragonia, Kansas, claims to husk and crib a bushel of corn in ten minutes.

The remains of another large ancient city have been discovered near San Mateo, New Mexico.

A canary bird has just died at Iroquois Washington Territory, at the age of eighteen years and six months.

An artesian well sunk under the salt waters of New York bay, produces an abundance of nice fresh water.

A cast-steel shell has been produced by the Pittsburgh Steel Casting Company. It is the first ever made in the world.

Study the market where you sell your stock. Very large hogs are preferred in some places and medium sized hogs in others. The farmer should sell that which pays him best, in his local market.

Great damage is being done in towns along the upper Penobscot river in Maine by legions of caterpillars.

27,558,157 bushels of corn were exported from this country during the year terminating June 30, 1888. The year before the amount was 40,519,499 bushels.

The corn fields of Kansas cover an area greater than the whole state of New Jersey. The wheat fields contain 400,000 acres more than the state of Delaware, and the pastures more than the state of Pennsylvania.

The time to put away a machine is the instant it is no longer in use. From day to day machines should be put under shelter to prevent injury from sudden showers that fall at night.

A novel idea to most farmers is that of Prof. H. Meiller, who says the best time to prune grape vines is when the fruit is ripening, as the superfluous young shoots draw sugar from the ripening fruit.

Mr. Tweeddale has been confirmed as superintendent of public works and it is to be hoped that the appointment will prove generally satisfactory. Mr. Tweeddale is an experienced builder and a gentleman of unquestioned integrity and probity. That he will faithfully discharge his duties no one has the slightest doubt.

Mr. Davis and family on Quincy street have removed to Kanapolis, Kansas, and will make that their future home.

Captain J. Lee Knight is talked of as a candidate for county commissioner from his district.

Councilman Hale Ritchie has begun the construction of a handsome cottage on lot No. 395 Monroe street, in the Fifth ward.

The cool weather has given a new impetus to the building boom. Twelve permits have been granted during the past four days.

Engineer Neely is fully in charge of his office again, and is projecting new improvements, while the resumption of work on delayed improvements has been commenced.

Fire marshal Widmarth will go east to-morrow, to enjoy a short vacation and to learn something more about fires, and how they are managed in other places.

J. S. Tracy has secured a position with E. B. Guild, and will in the future have charge of his music room on Eighth St. The building permit for the new M. E. church which is being erected in Walnut Grove was issued yesterday. The estimate cost of the edifice is \$5,000.

The executive committee of the new county central committee, effected a permanent organization by electing the following officers: Chairman A. P. Jelmore, secretary, H. C. Safford; treasurer I. S. Curtis.

Hon. Samuel T. Howe went to Marion last evening, where he will spend a few days with his family, and from thence go to New York with them on a visit.

State Superintendent of Insurance, D. W. Wilder writes from Nantucket beach that himself and Mrs. Wilder are enjoying themselves and will remain several weeks.

W. P. Campbell has revived the Kansas Reporter of Wamego. His first number is a very neat paper, the size of the Weekly News. He knows how to make a good paper and will do it.

The two great political parties will this year conduct their campaign from Topeka. Last year, or rather two years ago, the democrats manipulated things from Leavenworth and the results were far from satisfactory. This year they are going to try it from Topeka.

Eugene Quinton has in his possession a corn stock raised two miles southwest of the city, which is two inches in diameter. Mr. Quinton states that the stalk is only a fair sample of the entire field. He estimates that the yield of this patch will be close on to 100 bushels to the acre.

Periodic Headache and Neuralgia; cold hands and feet, and a general derangement of the system, including impaired digestion, with torpor of the liver, &c. are, in certain localities, invariably caused by Malaria in the system in quantum small to produce regular chills. Many persons suffer in this way and take purgatives and other medicines to their injury, when a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria would cure them at once. Sold by Druggists.

Page, Norton & Co. are exporting their mill products in no inconsiderable quantities. During the past two weeks they have shipped twenty-four carloads of flour to Scotland.

Rev. Geo. Bean has been suffering for the past week with a badly inflamed hand. It has been greatly swollen and very painful but is getting much better. Mrs. Bean is in Pennsylvania enjoying the summer with her friends among the foothills of the Alleghenies. When she left, her sister in Missouri was much better.

In June Darius W. Gunn and Mr. H. G. Neally, two rather fine appearing men, came to this city representing themselves to be eastern capitalists; they claimed to have mortgages on eastern farms. Generally the west is not the place where an effort is made to float eastern securities. But these two slick gentlemen succeeded in finding parties who were persuaded to buy. About \$4,000 worth of mortgages was disposed of. Among the parties who purchased was N. G. Holm, 125 Kansas avenue, who keeps a restaurant. He wrote east after he had purchased and was surprised to learn that his mortgages were worthless and fictitious. But he started out to find the parties who victimized him. He found they came from Kansas city and finally located at Kinsley. Holm had himself deputized as an officer and started for Kinsley, he found and arrested them. They were well dressed, and in the real estate business. They submitted quietly and were brought to this city yesterday and incarcerated in the county jail. Mr. Holm is happy because he found that at Kinsley the parties had succeeded in placing \$2,300 worth more of fictitious mortgages; but he wants his 20 acre farm back again.

### Everybody to His Trade.

Nothing is truer than that a man who attempts to be a jack at all trades is successful in none. Equally true is it that life is too short for a man to prepare himself for grappling with all kinds of diseases. We need specialists in medicine, and in large cities it is becoming more and more the custom for physicians to adopt some favorite special line of practice. The names of many such become familiar the world around, as that of Dr. Douglas who attended General Grant, or that of Dr. Foote, of New York, whose original idea of and successful practice in chronic diseases, have become widely known because his entertaining writings and remarkable cures are to be found in almost every county of every state of the Union. His favorite work, "Plain Home Talk," has worked its way around the globe both ways, via London and via San Francisco to Australia and New Zealand, with the result that the doctor, at his office, 120 Lexington Ave., New York, is in receipt of consultation letters and reports from patients in every foreign mail. But this prophet is not without honor in his own country, and it is mainly from his countrymen that Dr. Foote receives the most flattering testimonials, and to whom he offers the benefit of his thirty years experience. His career and success alone prove the advantages of specialization.

Last year the aggregate capital invested in Wyandotte county in manufacturing and establishments (exclusive of the railroad shops) reported to the bureau, amounted to \$6,568,500.00, and this year it will amount to between eight and ten millions, or about 30 per cent. of the entire capital invested in the state in manufacturing, and kindred industries, exclusive of railroad plants in the form of machine shops, round houses, etc.

Another month will bring the state fair and with it thousands of visitors who will see what Topeka is and carry the news to hundreds of thousands more.

The family of Mr. King have moved from the corner of Park and Central to the home formerly occupied by Mr. Spangler. Mr. Spangler is now living on Fairchild street.

Some of the street car conductors have a habit of going on the platform of the Union Pacific depot and soliciting passengers. Yesterday one of them was very busy catching passengers as they alighted from the 3 o'clock train, when he was taken and escorted from the platform in no very gentle manner, with the warning to stay by his car and keep off the platform, and he appeared to think that was the best way for him to do, as he did not come on the platform again, but stood by his car, casting dark glances out of the corners of his eyes at the hackmen, who were quietly proceeding with the duty of their vocation. "Want a hack, sir? Hack to any part of the city."

Labor Commissioner Botton came up on the "Consolidated City" yesterday. He has been engaged there during the week in visiting the various manufacturing establishments, which is made one of the duties of his office. He found that a large number of new industries had been started during the year, and a number more were under way.

The citizens of the North side are very anxious that the sewer committee should report favorably on their petitions sent in for better sewerage in North Topeka, so that work on them can be commenced immediately, before many more people get sick with fever caused by stagnant water. Morris and Park streets are in a filthy condition. This sewer committee should come to their relief at once.

Marshall's Military band has lately received a very encouraging proposition from Omaha to play at a two weeks' entertainment in that city. On account of the California trip the proposition was rejected.

Bertha Sage brings suit for divorce from J. Wilber Sage. She states that they were made one at Paola in 1874, and that she has always demeaned herself in a No. 1 manner, but thinks that J. Wilber Sage, in gross violation of his marriage vows, has been guilty of cruel treatment of plaintiff, have beaten her, etc. Further she avers that he has failed to support her, while making good wages, which he has spent in riotous living and consorting with disreputable characters. There have been four children born in this unholy wedlock, the custody of which the plaintiff asks, along with a legal separation from her husband.

A new time table has gone into effect on the Chicago extension of the Santa Fe system which will reduce the running time between Chicago and Kansas City one hour and fifteen minutes. One or two additional local trains will also be put on at that time. The Santa Fe contemplates shortening the running time to Chicago from time to time until the condition of their new line will justify their making about five hours better time than is made now. That will reduce their running time below that of the Chicago & Alton's limited express.

W. C. Coup learned late Saturday night that a man he had left in charge of his tents, flags and circus paraphernalia which he has at Kansas City, and which he has just purchased d. had attempted to sell the whole outfit to a man by the name of Wise, of Topeka, without authority. Mr. Coup having purchased the same to use on his southern tour this fall and winter. The reason the sale was not made because the Topeka man wanted the goods too cheap. A friend advised Mr. Coup of the pending transaction, and he left for Kansas City to save his property.

Each county is apportioned a certain quota of insane patients entitled to admission to the asylum each year by the board of managers. This year, Shawnee county has already reached its limits, although not justly so. Sheriff Fuller explains that throughout the state when a city or town or township gets an insane pauper he is furnished transportation to Topeka, thinking he will be cared for simply because the asylum is located there. The result is, half of the patients in the asylum accredited to Shawnee county, are non-residents. This is something requiring legislative relief.

"PETERSON" FOR SEPTEMBER is on hand. We always feel that there is a lack in the month till this old favorite reaches us. It invariably keeps up to the mark, year after year; for first-class writers and artists furnish the literary matter and the illustrations. No pains or expense is ever spared in any department; there is only one cheap thing about "Peterson"—that is the price. It never fails to catch hold of any salient point in which people are interested; John Bunyan's bi-centennial is just attracting attention, and "Peterson" opens with a beautifully-illustrated article on the famous man, written in charming style and giving numerous details of his life which will be new to American readers. The whole number is exactly what a September magazine ought to be—breezy, fresh, and altogether delightful. No lady who wants the best stories, newest items in regard to dress and society-doings, as well as ample information in matters connected with the beautifying and elevating of home-life, can afford to do without "Peterson." Scores of thousands have long known the fact, and each year adds to the list of those who find this unique periodical an absolute necessity. Terms: Two Dollars a year. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



# TOPEKA, KANSAS.

August 18, 1888.

Producers and consumers are alike interested in pure food. Adulterations and frauds of all kinds in food rob us of health and money. The manufacture and sale of adulterated food has grown rapidly of late years and is one of the evils that must be checked. The Grange, after years of earnest and combined effort, secured the Oleomargarine law that has already added millions of dollars to the dairy interest of the country. Largely prevented by this law from longer using adulterations, often vile and injurious in their character in butter, interested parties turn their attention to adulterating lard. A pure lard bill, known as the Wilson bill, has been the cause of a prolonged and bitter fight in this session of Congress. The Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives agreed to postpone its further consideration until next December, but Patrons on guard brought about a reconsideration of this action, and it is now for farmers to at once ask the passage of either this Pure lard bill, or the general Pure food bill.

That the foreign trade is being seriously affected by this adulteration is shown by the prohibitions against our food products by the European nations. We are forced to face the fact that the Governments of Europe are, one by one, closing the doors of their markets in our faces and refusing to admit the product of our agriculture. Interested parties on the other side are ready to promote this prohibition, and to do all they can to let it be known that America sells impure lard and other adulterated products. With such knowledge, and the facts which have been presented before committees of Congress, it becomes the imperative duty of the people of this country to demand of Congress remedial legislation.

It is a question a certain "free" paper sheet is on one side of the fence or the other, or whether there be a fence for them to be on. In the column generally assigned by newspapers to editorials was recently an article headed, Blaine! Blaine! Blaine! In the course of the article this typical republican was referred to as this "lorn exotic," "this political sophist and shoddy statesman," and an allusion made to the invasion of the soil of the "land of steady habits." The land of steady habits could certainly not have referred to the steady habit of drinking whiskey while writing prohibition articles, or sleeping in the back yard because of an inability to find and get into the house. A republican who would attempt to belittle any republican candidate, past, present or future, should be drummed out of the camp and put where he belongs.

The Blair Educational bill, since its passage by the Senate, has rested quietly in the pigeonhole of the House Committee on Education. It is not expected that the bill will pass this season. A majority of the members of the House Committee are opposed to the bill on the ground that it is unconstitutional. Senator Blair says that if necessary he will fight the bill through the Senate again, as he has already done twice.

Mr. John E. Rastall, a third party prohibitionist, announces that hereafter his paper, the Argentine Advocate, will be conducted in the interests of the republican party. This leaves not over one third of a dozen of the leading third party men of the state of three years ago now left to support the state prohibition ticket. The Spirit of Kansas, the late official organ of the party, was the first to see the folly of the movement. The Wichita Republic followed.

A third party meeting was held at city park Tuesday afternoon, attended by about fifty persons, mostly democrats and curious stragglers. Elder Botkin was not there. The folly of this whole movement becomes daily more apparent.

H. H. H. That means Harrison, Hovey and Hoosierdom, and it is a combination that will sicken the Democrats irrevocably.

Judge Pepper has issued a Tariff Manual which is highly commended as a compilation of facts relating to an important subject.

Americans should control American affairs is the doctrine of a convention now in session in Washington.

Gen. Schofield has been promoted to the command of the army, with headquarters at Washington.

A young man in Millersburg, Kentucky, sometimes smoked a hundred cigarettes a day. Consequently he is now insane.

It is believed that Secretary Whitney is considering the reorganization of several of the more important bureaus of the Navy Department.

## A Few Words Concerning the North Topeka, Silver Lake, and Rossville Rapid Transit Company.

The North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit Company is a corporation organized under the laws of the state of Kansas for the purpose of building a line of railroad in Shawnee County, Kansas, from the city of Topeka through the Townships of Soldier, Menoken, Silver Lake and Rossville, to the city of Rossville. The line, as located, passes through the towns of Menoken, Silver Lake, Kingsville and Rossville all of which are stations upon the Union Pacific Railroad and from which the Union Pacific has heretofore gotten considerable freight and passenger business. The length of the contemplated line is about 17 miles: the distances from Topeka being as follows: to Menoken 6 miles; to Silver Lake 12 miles; to Kingsville 14 miles; to Rossville 17 miles. The road at this time is in operation from the heart of North Topeka to the west line of Soldier Township a distance of about 6 miles. The company intend to have and build a first class road bed in all respects with a grade, tied and ironed equal to the road bed of any standard railroad in this western country, over which, if necessary can be operated the heaviest trains of the standard railroad. The company will operate the line as a motor line, using motors in place of locomotives and using for passenger coaches, the coaches usually used upon elevator and motor lines: thus ensuring to passengers easy and luxurious means of transportation. Trains will leave over the line every two hours and fares will be so cheap as to bring to the road its patronage of all people living upon the line. The trains will stop at any and all points, thus giving the road an immense advantage over competitors, who only stop at stations. The company also propose to do freight business and will not only provide its own cars for the doing of freight work, but will also deliver the cars of other roads, at any point on its line for loading and unloading. The country tributary to its line depends at this time, entirely upon the Union Pacific railroad, but with the completion of the rapid transit line, direct communication will be had at Topeka with the A. T. & S. F. R. R. the Rock Island R. R. and the Mo. Pacific R. R. and through these roads direct communication with Chicago and St. Louis. The road runs through the heart of the valley of the Kaw, one of the richest tracts of land in the state of Kansas. The valley is filled up with fine farms and orchards, and the valley is fertile beyond description and even in seasons of drought, good crops are raised. The people residing in the valley are well to do intelligent and prosperous and more than that, public spirited. We here give a few official statistics taken from the state Board of Agriculture and the county clerk:

	Topeka	Silver Lake	Menoken	Soldier
Population, .....	1788	1269	1086	4186
Acres in farm, .....	32997	37900	36420	37622
Assessed value, .....	\$ 92866	\$122220	\$157700	\$116810
Acres in potatoes, .....	199	205	224	437
Acres in wheat, .....	938	494	1068	452
Acres in corn, .....	11625	7772	9157	8240
Acres in oats, .....	2605	1106	1583	2662
Live stock and cattle, .....	4602	2517	3587	3769
Swine, .....	2354	1926	2958	2542
No. pounds butter, .....	21790	29635	43470	49628
Value fat stock, .....	\$ 68997	\$56790	\$49761	\$30887
Value implements, .....	\$ 10730	\$6850	\$9957	\$9470

Corn average per acre, 50 bushels.  
Wheat average per acre, 25 bushels.  
Oats average per acre, 25 bushels.  
Potatoes average per acre, 100 bushels.

The feeling of the people of these various townships toward this road is the very best as is shown by the fact that all of these townships have voted aid to the road and each and every

one seem willing and glad to assist and aid the company in its work.

This road is the result of a demand upon the part of the people. For a long time the residents of the county west of Topeka have been obliged to either submit to the exactions of the Union Pacific railroad or else haul their produce for many miles to the city of Topeka. With the advent of this rapid transit line all this will be changed and the people look upon this road as a great benefactor to them. The company has switch connection with the Rock Island by means of which cars can be readily transferred from one system to the other. The company has granted to it the rights to use the streets of the city of Topeka and when beyond the city limits it owns a right of way, in all cases at least 25 feet in width and worth at a rough estimate \$45,000. Already along the line of the road farms are being divided into small tracts and sold to persons doing business in Topeka but who wish to live in the country where they can have pure air and plenty of room, and this at a minimum of cost, and these people depend upon the company for transportation between their business and their homes.

In anticipation of this line an immense fruit canning establishment and a sugar mill are in contemplation for the near future, and these industries look to the Rapid Transit for their transportation. A valuable coal mine in Northern Menoken Township awaits a spur of the Rapid Transit before extensive developments are made.

The prospects of the road are indeed bright. If completed to Rossville this year it will have 2000 cars of grain, and 500 cars of stock to haul, besides the natural passenger traffic that would come to the road. It must be borne in mind that as this is a motor line the expenses of operating are much less than the expenses of operating a standard railroad and therefore the company can afford to do its work, and still make money, at prices which would not pay the operating expenses of a standard railroad. The company also own a beautiful grove of 40 acres near the town of Silver Lake, and bordering upon a beautiful little lake of that name. This grove has long been a place of resort for pleasure seekers, and has attained a wide reputation as a place to while away the heated summer months. It is the intention of the company to improve and beautify this grove, add to it all known facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, picnicking, etc., and thus make it the summer resort for Topeka. Accommodations will be furnished the public on such terms as will be within the reach of all and from the grove and travel thereto the company hope to be able to derive a handsome revenue during the summer months.

Topeka, the headquarters of the road, is a beautiful city of 60,000 inhabitants. Its elegantly paved streets, electric lights, splendid water system, numerous street car lines and its various seats of learning and churches make it one of the most desirable residence cities in the west, while its numerous manufacturing and industries give employment to thousands of head and hand workers. Topeka is the recognized western financial center and its rapid growth is a surprise to all, and the Rapid Transit Company believe that the growth of the city will correspondingly increase the value of the line.

The Company believe it has the right to say that its prospects are the most flattering, and they propose to build up a business by fair dealing and consideration of the wants of their patrons that will put money into the pockets of the stockholders, and make the road the best short line west of the Mississippi River.

### The Deep Water Convention.

The purpose of the deep water convention to be held in Denver on the 28th inst. is to interest all that country west of the Mississippi in the establishment of a deep water port or ports on the Texas coast that shall give the commerce of this great territory an outlet to the markets of the world by the shortest, most direct and cheapest route.

Cheap transportation from and to all eastern markets, as well as direct communication with the markets of Europe and Central and South America, is demanded by our growing population and increasing products of the farm, shop and mine.

The only difficulty at present is the fact that while the sea—the great economic pathway of commerce that the west wants to reach—is so near, yet deep-draught vessels cannot get close enough in shore to take away the products that the country wants to ship. The object, then, of this interstate deep harbor convention is to interest and unite the people of the west in the effort to secure a deep-water port that shall admit our imports and take away our products at the lowest possible cost. With a deep harbor on the Texas coast, fully 30 per cent in freightage will be saved, amounting to millions of dollars annually on the products of the soil, the output of mines, and our incoming merchandise.

Pay attention always to a horse's mouth. It may be cruelty to put a bit into it. Examine the teeth and thus understand why your horse fails to obey you or grow thin regardless of his food.

The Australian exhibition at Melbourne was formally opened last week with great display. After it had been declared open by the Governor the national hymns of England, America, France, Germany and Austria were sung by a chorus of 800 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 100 pieces.

In 1878 the United States exported to Great Britain 1,745,000 hundred weight of cheese, valued at \$3,306,312. In 1887 the exports had decreased to 756,463 hundred weight, valued at \$1,847,412.

### Jesse Harper.

Garrulous old Jesse Harper, who turns up in Kansas every year, making the same old speech, is now announced as the "Union Labor" orator and the statement is made that he was Abraham Lincoln's law partner. When the old fellow was a greenback orator, it was always announced that he was the man who nominated Abraham Lincoln. The Champion punctured this falsehood a year or so ago. Jesse did not nominate Lincoln. The statement that he was Mr. Lincoln's law partner is also a falsehood. The old man may have heard Mr. Lincoln speak once or twice; may even shake hands with him. But this is about the extent of his acquaintance or connection with Mr. Lincoln. Old man Harper is a garrulous old humbug, who has picked up a living, for a dozen years past, by perambulating around working his jaw and taking up collections. He is prosy, wordy, incoherent, and can work figures into an epileptic fit in ten minutes. But this thing of parading the old fellow as intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln is a very stupid fraud.—ARCHISON CHAMPION.

We do not altogether like the tone of the above, although it contains many truths. We have known Jesse Harper well for twenty-five years and have been his business partner. He was a very partisan republican until about fifteen years ago. He is in some respects a remarkable man. He did not nominate Lincoln but Norman B. Judd did. He was not Lincoln's partner but lived in Indiana. He is not entitled to be called "Colonel."

Never hang the harness near the horse's stall. It will not last half as long as if properly cared for and kept in a room or closet apart from the main room.

The report of the Connecticut Department of Agriculture indicates that the average amount paid in wages in that state is far less than it was twenty years ago.

An effort to have December 5 set apart for the consideration of the Copyright bill has been defeated. This does not dispose of the bill, however.

George Hackney, superintendent of machinery of the Santa Fe road, and his family are preparing to remove to Chicago, where Mr. Hackney has had his headquarters for several months past. General Superintendent Geo. L. Sands and family will occupy Mr. Hackney's beautiful residence on Monroe street, between Ninth and Tenth.

The list of books recommended by the Shawnee County Teachers' association as suitable for school district libraries will be printed this week. A copy will be sent to every district clerk in the county, and when the schools begin, a copy will be given to each teacher. Brothers and sisters, the fields are now white for the harvest. Let the school year opening before us be a memorable one in the history of our county. A library of good books in every district; a lover of English literature in charge of each school; are not these objective points worthy of our noblest efforts and energies?

County Attorney Curtis has submitted to the city chemist Church for analysis a number of samples of "spiked" cider. The parties from whom the samples were seized will be vigorously prosecuted if said samples are found to contain more than three per cent of alcohol.

The Shawnee County Teachers association will meet in the high school room on Saturday, September 15 at 1:30 p. m. Officers will be elected and a committee on programme appointed. All teachers, whether in county or city schools, are requested to be present.

The western lines have put into effect the new rules relative to weighing live stock shipments. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific, and in fact all the important roads now bill out live stock actual weight.

Since the Stevens county war broke out and the militia were ordered to the scene of the trouble there has been very little transpiring at the state house. So many of the officials are absent that the rest, together with all the clerks and employees are kept busy at hard routine work, which furnishes little news and less excitement.

The sheriff of Riley county came down on the Union Pacific yesterday morning from Manhattan with a crazy man, whom he took to the asylum. The man was almost devoid of clothing, and had only one shoe. The sheriff said he was a bad man, and that it took five men to handcuff him.

Every Kansan should put his shoulder to the wheel and assist in making our coming State fair the best one in the west.

### Can't see the Poetry.

A severe critic in the N. Y. Observer has the temerity to assert to assert that Thomas Brower Peacock is not a poet, that he could not by any amount of study or effort ever write a single line of poetry. This, too, in the face of the endorsement of the Kansas bard by such eminent critics as Matthew Arnold, M. Victor Hugo, The London Saturday Review, the New York Nation and our own venerable Quaker poet, John G. Whittier.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? We always wondered how those burning and shining lights in the literary world found the poetry in his rhymes, but gave up the conundrum, thinking that some sort of Free-masonry among the authors enabled them to recognize as the divine spark that which ordinary people might take for a vagrant lightning-bug.

Dr. Detlor, proprietor of the Topeka Veterinary Infirmary, near the corner of Fifth and Jackson, through gross carelessness, lost one of his hands, and possibly the other one, and perhaps his life. While mixing some alternative powders this morning in a mortar, about half past nine, he, forgetful of the unstable qualities of the compound, picked up the iron pestle and proceeded to grind,—but one grind was enough, and the result is that the left hand and forearm were blown completely off and into bits, and the thumb, third and fourth fingers of his right hand had disappeared. The office window was blown out, the table wrecked, and a piece of glass was blown into the arm of Mr. Chevalier, a young man who was studying with the doctor. The physicians say later that if there are no internal injuries Dr. Detlor may pull through, but it seems almost a miracle that he should have escaped instantaneous death, for the heavy iron mortar was blown into bits no larger than a five cent piece.

The funeral of Col. D. R. Anthony's little daughter Annette, who died in Michigan last Friday, took place at Leavenworth yesterday morning and was one of the largest ever witnessed in that city.

William Vetter who has been employed as a hod carrier on the work at the State house, fell from the second story of the incomplete structure, to the basement, a distance of about forty feet. The worst injury he sustained is a badly sprained arm and wrist. He caught on the iron joist in his descent, but could not save himself. His fellow workmen hurried to his relief, but he met them as he climbed up the ladder, saying he was not much hurt.

Some splendid specimens of this year's corn, raised in Shawnee county, have been left at the rooms of the state board of agriculture by Hon. C. P. Bolmar, of the North side. The ears are perfect, fully matured and as yellow as though they had laid in a granary for the last twelve months. This corn can't be beaten anywhere in the United States.

The C. K. & N. R. R. are pushing the construction of the Colorado Branch and expect to have it completed to Colorado Springs by the first of November. The grading is finished and track laying is progressing at the rate of three miles per day.

Travel is not so heavy on the railroads now as it was a month ago. The bulk of the tourists have gone their way and it is not yet time to be getting home.

E. G. Moon, efficient secretary of the State Fair association, reports a great deal of progress in the last week. He says that the indications are that Kansas will hold the best fair this year that she ever held. Orders for space and stall room are coming in very rapidly.

The civil service occasionally takes a teacher out of Shawnee county. Elmer Forbes of North Topeka recently received orders to report for duty at the war department, Washington. There are now three Shawnee county teachers in Washington—Will Leshar in the pension office, J. R. Fagan and E. Forbes in the war office.

The state democratic committee met in secret yesterday afternoon and evening. Animated discussions were held, but it was resolved to roll up our sleeves, and up and at 'em.

The action commenced by the Santa Fe to enjoin the collection of the occupation tax from their agents in this city, will not settle the legality of this ordinance as against merchants and professional men. The suit is based on the direct conflict of the ordinance with the interstate commerce law. It is the object to test the legality of the measure not merely to avoid the payment of \$25 for two or three agents here, but prevent the annoyance of being called on to pay it for agents in hundred other cities which will follow Topeka's example if the tax is decided to be legal.

Mrs. Charles Sparks and little daughter left yesterday for Terre Haute, Indiana. They will return to the North side sometime next month, where they will reside in the future.

William G. Wyman, of 403 Crane street and who works in a blacksmith shop of the Santa Fe shops, suffered from a sunstroke yesterday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock.

The closing up of the accounts in the matter of the estate of the late D. W. Stormont, shows that the personal property of the deceased represented the handsome sum of \$93,000.

F. H. Armstrong, the well known veterinary surgeon, is confined to his bed by an attack of malarial fever. His hope that he will be out and able to attend to business in the course of ten days.

Charles F. Scott has formally taken charge of the Lawrence Tribune, and he will probably find that he has cast his lot in pleasant places.

Auditor McCarthy registered \$30,000 in Leavenworth improvement bonds yesterday and from the same office \$1,450 was paid out to twenty counties for expenses incurred in holding normal institutes.

The man Clauvery who committed suicide Sunday evening has a wife living at Del Norte, California.

Bishop Nind and Rev. J. D. Knox go to Colorado to-day to remain some time.



## A VAIN QUEST.

We started one morn, my love and I,  
On a journey brave and bold;  
'Twas to find the end of a rainbow,  
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,  
And the radiant bow grew dim,  
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,  
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain  
Pinned with the evening star,  
And we saw in the shining heavens  
The new moon's golden car.  
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,  
"What though we found no gold?  
Our love is a richer treasure  
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,  
Have passed since we lost the way  
To the beautiful buried treasure  
At the end of the rainbow's ray;  
But love has been true and tender,  
And life has been rich and sweet,  
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy  
That made our day complete.  
—D. M. Jordan, in Century.

## Tula Velasquez.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

Leo Gordon was a handsome young southerner, whose home was on the balmy banks of the Pearl River. He had served in the Confederacy with all the enthusiasm and confidence that characterized the most intrepid warriors of gray. It was not so much the discomfort he felt at the termination of the civil struggle, as it was the spirit of adventure, which had led Leo to abandon his southern home and seek that land of thrilling romance, Mexico. Leo found Mexico then in a belligerent state. Immediately on his landing, he joined the army of Juarez, who was fighting against Maximilian.

Many were the brave deeds of Leo Gordon, which won the respect and admiration of his comrades, and of the great chief himself. But it is not of his services in that struggle that we intend to write; but of a certain adventure, deeply rose-hued with romance, in which Leo played an active part.

With several of his friends, who had followed him from the United States, Leo went one night to the luxurious hacienda of a very wealthy Mexican ranchero, and asked the savage-browed master to grant them permission to pass the night there.

With a few crusty words in a surly voice, the ranchero refused the request. But the Americans persuaded, and on their saying, at last, that they were determined to stay any way, he gruffly and sullenly acquiesced to their lodging beneath his roof.

The hacienda had a somewhat rambling, partially furnished wing that was used by the ranchero's family, but had long ago been abandoned to the bats and spiders. This wing was assigned to the accommodation of the half-dozen adventurous Americans, who had insisted on passing the night at the hacienda. Here they would be wholly to themselves, save the stealthy grinning that broke the silence of those unused rooms, and suggested a multitude of rals.

The moon was up and was filtering her silvery beams over the breast of the warm, delicious night. Leo was leaning out of one of the long, narrow windows of the wing, looking with sincere admiration at the ample and beautiful flower gardens of his host.

The flowers, in the moon's wealth of pallid splendor, with their rich perfumes tossed to him ever and anon by the bland, south winds, carried the young southerner's mind back to his home on the Pearl, with its flower-bedded walks and balmy nooks.

So lost was he in the memories which the scene before him evoked, that, at first, he did not observe a beautiful Mexican girl approaching the window from which he leaned.

As she drew nearer, the young soldier became aware of her presence. She was very handsome. Her form, which was plump, was richly clad. Her eyes were dark and intelligent. She looked searchingly at Leo, and as if satisfied with her swift scrutiny, she raised one soft, dimpled hand in warning and placed the forefinger over her crimson lips to enjoin a silence.

"This is mystery personified!" Leo exclaimed, within himself.

But he preserved silence, and not a movement of the graceful girl escaped his vigilant eye. He did not even shift his attitude, fearing he might arouse his companions, who were resting on the couches of the long apartment, and he cared not to disturb them.

What could be the meaning of the strange procedure of the lovely Mexican girl?

As she stood with her fingers over her lips, she glanced quickly over her shoulder to make sure that her movements were not observed by other than the young American. Assuring herself that she had not been suspected and watched, she glided up as close to the window as she well could, and whispered in a musical voice:

"Look, señor! I place this down here for you. Get and read it as soon as I am gone."

And as she uttered those words, she stooped and placed a note under a rose-bush. Then plucking several blossoms from the bush, to avert suspicion, if she should be seen in that quarter, she turned quickly and left him without vouchsafing him another glance from her dark orbs.

Leo's curiosity was deeply stirred. Here was promise of romance and adventure, beyond the spectre of a doubt. He gazed after the girl until she was

lost from view. He was fully satisfied that the girl was a lady of considerable refinement, but in some trouble from which, no doubt, she hoped he might be instrumental in effecting her release.

When they had ridden into the plaza that evening, Leo Gordon had noticed at the blinds of the casement, several feminine forms and faces. But so carefully had they concealed themselves, that the American had caught but a transient glimpse of them.

"I'm just in the right mood for an adventure," he uttered to himself. "I'll secure that note beneath the rose if the old duenna herself rules the flower-garden."

He stepped softly to the door, which stood ajar, and passed out. He looked about him circumspectively. Not a soul was in sight. The night was lovely and everything seemed to favor his plans.

With an elastic spring, Leo's strong, well-trained limbs carried him over the fence which shut out the garden from their quarters. Once over the fence Leo sauntered nonchalantly towards the bush where the note of mystery lay hidden.

Feigning to admire the roses, he stopped, and, with a dexterous grab, soon possessed himself of the mysterious epistle. He was walking leisurely back to his room with the delicately-scented note thrust in his breast, when his dignified steps were vastly accelerated by a huge Mexican blood-hound suddenly materializing among the bushes at the other end of the garden, and plunging head-long after him.

Leo felt that, perhaps, the eyes of the Mexican beauty might be following him, and would have vainly preserved his dignity during the retreat. But he found it expedient to change his will after one sweeping glance into the capacious red mouth of the canine monster that had been so quick to represent an intrusion on his master's private grounds.

Leo, for once, bade dignity a hasty farewell and vaulted the fence in the very face of his savage foe. He just barely made his escape, and that was all. He congratulated himself, as he hastily entered the wing of the hacienda, that the Mexican dress he wore had no superfluity of coat-tails to have suffered an inglorious diminution in length.

Safe within the quarters which had been reluctantly assigned to him and his companions, Leo broke the seal of the dainty little note, and perused with eager eyes the following finely-written lines:

SEÑORS AMERICANOS—This is penned you by an unfortunate maiden, who, believing in your nobleness of soul, implores your help to save her from a cruel fate.

My father, the ranchero, who reluctantly permits you to pass the night here, intends to force me to wed, this night, a man whom I most vehemently detest; but he holds some great power over my father, and I am to be the victim to annul that power.

The man truly loved is El Capitán Eznaldo, one of the bravest in the army of our chief, Juarez. I desire to fly to the protection of my lover, and I implore you aid that I may do so.

The ceremony is to be held at ten o'clock to-night, when that detested man, Col. Henrique Fernandez, will be here to claim me.

He dare not venture within the lines of Juarez except under the cover of deep night. The little chapel, which you may easily see from the wing which you occupy, is the place where the marriage rites are to be performed.

In writing this, good, brave Señors Americanos, I appeal to your goodness of heart, to save me from this living death, and in so doing you will ever receive the sincere prayers of poor, unhappy TULA VELASQUEZ.

P. S.—My trusty maid, Zela, will have horses ready in the grove beyond the garden, and we beg to fly under your protection to that of my noble Eznaldo.

Leo read the letter through several times, then he said to himself:

"Tula Velasquez! And this girl who appeals to us for assistance, is the very same of whom I have heard my friend Eznaldo speak so often in such lofty praise. Verily, it is all so strange!

But I am willing to take any risk to protect a lad from such an unpleasant fate as a forced marriage. This is promise of adventure," and he roused his sleeping comrades and read Tula's letter to them.

The party was composed of young men of adventurous spirits, and most of them knew the handsome Eznaldo in Juarez's army and were ready to engage in any combat or undertaking, however daring, if in so doing they could serve that young officer or the girl he loved.

Accordingly, they made all things ready and waited for the hour of ten to roll round.

Leo was on his watch at the window, and when, at last, he beheld the bridal party moving swiftly and as silently as spectres towards the chapel, he gave the signal to his companions to follow him. They filed orderly out of the wing, and very soon the wedding party was joined by six uninvited guests.

The ranchero, what was leading the lovely but unwilling Tula, halted near the door of the chapel and looked over his shoulder. Perhaps he had detected the tread of the Americans, though they had arrived almost noiselessly.

At the same time, a tall, middle-aged, grizzled bearded Mexican officer, Henrique Fernandez, the would-be bridegroom, who was a little in advance of the bride, became aware of the American's presence. The officer, Fernandez, was attended by two younger officers, and all were dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms. The party stopped. Fernandez, in an imperious voice, demanded:

"Don Velasquez, I particularly requested that this ceremony should be free from all intrusion. Who are the strangers?"

The moon, ere this, had lowered herself behind a bold range of mountains in the west, hence the dim outlines only of the intruders could be made out, but nothing of faces nor dress could be distinctly seen.

"It is the Señors Americanos," replied the savage voice of Velasquez. "Why are you here, señors?" he demanded.

"Don Velasquez," replied Leo, stepping boldly before the ranchero, you are cruelly forcing your child to marry, this night, one whom her soul detests, while her heart is in the keeping of the brave Eznaldo of Juarez's army. It is to save Tula Velasquez from the evil fate you have selected for her, that we are here."

With a glad cry, Tula Velasquez tore herself away from her father's side, and rushed up to Leo, just as he struck the revolver, which the Mexican officer had leveled at him, from his hand.

Quickly leveling his own revolver in the face of Henrique Fernandez, he said: "You are my prisoner, Col. Fernandez. Stir from your tracks at your peril."

The Mexican officer knew that he was no match for the young American, and one glance was sufficient to show him that the least resistance would invite his death. But he had not been forbidden to use his voice, so he called to Velasquez, who, at first, was too dazed at the very unexpected attack to move.

"Don Velasquez, call upon your servants for help; inform my men without!"

The young officers who had accompanied Fernandez, had all they could do in a hand-to-hand struggle with two robust Americans. However, the struggle was of short duration, and the Mexicans soon surrendered.

The ranchero gave a weak call for help, which some of the men-servants quickly answered.

A sort of *melee* commenced. There was a scene of confusion by the little chapel door. Pistol shots rang out on the still night air. The women in attendance shrieked and fled through the garden. The priest, who stood unmoved in the chapel door, shouted in vain to be heard above the din.

In the height of it all, Leo, with a severe wound in his left arm, received he scarcely knew how, cut his way out, dragging Col. Fernandez, a prisoner still, with him. Tula Velasquez and Zela, her maid, were near him, and the other Americans soon came after, bringing the two officers that had been captured.

"Here, through the garden to yon grove!" whispered Tula to Leo. "We shall find horses there for our escape. Go not by the front entrance, as soldiers left on the plaza by Col. Fernandez, will again oppose us."

It required little time to reach the grove pointed out by Tula Velasquez. As she had promised, they found their horses ready for them. Zela, with the assistance of her lover, one of the ranchero's servants, had attended to that part. They soon mounted and started briskly away through the grove, the shouts of the Mexican soldiers, who were trying to find their route of escape ringing in their ears.

When at last their trail was discovered, the Mexicans gave them a hot chase for a short distance. But they had the prudence to relinquish the pursuit, as they were being drawn within a short way from Juarez's camp.

Leo and his companions dashed into camp, where the lovely Tula was placed under the charge of Eznaldo, and the prisoners surrendered to Juarez himself, who found in Col. Fernandez, a foe whom he had long desired to capture.

Leo Gordon's wound was so obstinate in healing that he was compelled to leave the service. Before he had quit Mexico, however, he saw Tula Velasquez and Eznaldo happily made one. Three years after, when Leo returned to visit his friends in Mexico, he met Eznaldo's handsome and accomplished sister, Valletta. A love sprang up between them, and they were soon married, Leo bringing his bride to dwell on the banks of the Pearl. —Lankee Blade.

The Quick or the Dead.

It is a singular but certain fact that a fly when drowned can be brought back to life. The method is very simple, but requires particular and strict attention. If our readers doubt we would advise them to study the following recipe carefully and try it.

When the fly is dead take it from the water and roll it in table salt until it is entirely covered. Allow it to remain thus for about three or four minutes.

Remove the salt by blowing it. Do not attempt to rub or pick it off or you may send the poor harmless fly into eternity forever. When the salt is off take the fly in the palm of one hand, cover it with the other, and shake it as the boys do pennies when playing the heads and tails. Place the fly on the table and it will either walk or fly away, or perhaps crawl up the wall to the ceiling and into the pretty parlor of the coaxing spider, unless it has been informed by older acquaintances that by so doing it is passing through the valley of the shadow of death. —New York Evening Sun.

Advice.

The birth of an affection is always the birth of a new life, and the beginning of a forever.

Growing isn't waiting for sunshine. It is real reaching after it.

It is good to put a bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.

There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive from God, and to give out to their fellows. —Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

## Lived a Better Life.

This strange story comes from Lawrenceville.

A few days ago a Georgian died in Hot Springs, Ark., died and was buried there. He had been for some years a trusted and honored citizen of that place. He had married there, had become rich, holding various positions of honor and trust, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Yet that man was living in the shadow of a crime—was an outlaw from the state of his birth. It was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The mention of his name will recall to the older citizens of Georgia, and especially Gwinnett county, the particulars of a sensational tragedy.

It was in the winter of '64-'65 that Bill Orr, a prosperous farmer near Lawrenceville, was shot and killed by Charles Ambrose. Both stood high in the community and the killing aroused a strong feeling. The cause of the killing was understood to be an insult offered by Orr to Ambrose's sister, and this, of course, tended to counterbalance the fact that the shooting was in cold blood. Orr had been shot down in the streets of Lawrenceville in broad daylight. The weapon was a gun heavily loaded with buckshot, found subsequently just where it had been fired, and leaning against a tree.

Ambrose, then a young man of 18 or 20, immediately fled the state. The story goes that the young man went, immediately after the shooting, to a friend, and hurriedly explained to him what had been done.

"I need money," "and I have not time to go home after it. Will you let me have money now and risk the chances?"

A minute later the young man, already mounted on a fleet horse, was handed a cloth bag containing \$1,000 in gold. With a last backward glance toward the old homestead the young man dashed off, and from that day to this he never saw Lawrenceville again. At least everybody thought.

A reward was offered by the governor and this supplemented by rewards from other sources. Search was made far and near, but no trace was ever found. The story of the shooting became a war-time tradition and descended as such to a new generation.

Eighteen or twenty months after the killing the father of the boy left for Louisville, Ky., carrying his wife with him, on a business trip. Six months later another trip was made, and four months later another. Upon these visits the father and mother saw their son. And the story goes that he had made frequent visits to his own home—visits of which none but his immediate family were aware.

But the visits have ended. A few days ago Charles Clinton, a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Hot Springs, breathed his last. He died surrounded by a loving family. This was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The Arkansas side of the story is briefly told. A man of excellent address, young and energetic, came to Hot Springs at the close of the war. He developed into a highly successful life, died at the age of forty-two, leaving his wife and children a snug fortune.

And this is the story which comes from Lawrenceville. —Atlanta Constitution.

## The Physiology of Pleasure.

The question has often been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure, and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of solution. The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, meteris paribus, the happiest man is he who possesses the greatest sensibility, the most powerful imagination, the strongest will and the least number of prejudices. The men are rare who can by an effort of the will arrest the oscillations of sorrow and allow only chords of pleasure to vibrate. Pleasure is the mode of sensation, never the sensation itself, and it is not a paradox, but an incontestable physiological truth, to say that no pleasure exists which is essentially or necessarily a pleasure. The ideal of perfection in humanity would be to suffer pain from the list of sensations, and to give all men the maximum number of pleasures. All the rest, as the philosopher said, is but a dream and vapor. —Medford Press.

Offered to Pull it Himself.

At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vast theater being ruinous, Charles Mathews one morning saw a ballet-girl in a dark corner of the stage, crying bitterly, and evidently in pain. The ever-ga comedian at once jauntily approached her (for nothing, seemingly, could dash his spirits), and said cheerily: "What's the matter, my dear?" The girl sobbed in reply: "Oh, Mr. Mathews, I am in such pain! I've got such a dreadful toothache!"

"Toothache!" said he, poor thing, I am so sorry. I'll let you off rehearsal; go and have the tooth out." "I can't, Mr. Mathews." "Can't; why not?" said he. "I can't afford it." blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it! Nonsense!" answered Mathews; "run round the corner to St. Martin's Lane, where you will get rid of it for a shilling."

"But I haven't got a shilling, Mr. Mathews." "Not got a shilling?" he replied at once; "neither have I. But come into the green-room, and I will take your tooth out myself!"

## POINTS OF HUMOR.

The rate that a ship travels at is not stated. —Ocean.

When the captain wants to stop the vessel does he hoist a stay-sail? —Ocean.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his wife a girl of small waste.

It is the counterfeiter who always "pays a man in his own coin." —Yonkers Statesman.

The centenarian may not be a musician, but it is certain that he is beating time. —Danvi le Breeze.

Time waits for no man because some men are so long in coming to time, we suppose. —Yonkers Statesman.

Brown—I understand you have had in addition to your family? Jones—Yes; and something to carry. —Puck.

The reason that birds clean out a fruit tree so quickly is that they take the fruit away a peck at a time. —Boston Bulletin.

Barber (to customer): "Ever saw about the baldest man I ever saw, sir." "Yep; been married three times." —Epoch.

First Philadelphian: "Mr. Childs' time is very valuable." Second Philadelphian: "Yes, indeed. He has one clock that cost \$700." —Life.

A colored minister prayed the other day that the indelicate might be delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious. —Newark Democrat.

According to an advertisement in a Brockville paper relating to a town contract a condition is: "The contractor to expire on the 30th April, 1899." —Toronto Globe.

Condemned murderer (to sheriff): "I say, sheriff, you have a strong pull; can't you use it in my behalf?" Sheriff kindly: "Certainly I will—when the proper time comes." —Epoch.

Young wife: "John, mother says he wants to be cremated." Young husband: "Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning." —San Francisco Call.

"And are you the captain's boy?" asked the old lady on deck. "Yes'm," he replied bravely. "Well, you don't look like him at all," she said, "and I never would have believed it!" —Jean.

"Mister," he pleaded, "I have lost a egg, and—" "Yes, so I see. It's mighty provoking to lose anything. I lost a dog once that I had often tried to give away, but I was mad about it just the same." —Epoch.

Bobby: "I guess you must be a lally-killer, Mr. Sissy." Mr. Sissy (complacently): "Aw d'ye think so, Baw-y?" Bobby: "You must be; Clara said that after you left last night she nearly died laughing." —Epoch.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do, I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man." —Merchandise Traveler.

"Why, bless your heart, Erasmus, is yere forty-year ain't like you, no now. It makes yer look ten years older lan you is." "Dat's all right, hovev, I needn't get annudder token for de nex ten y'ars. See!" —Detroit Free Press.

Sam Slick's Description of a Flirtation.

"What flirts all you men are!" said she. "But, oh, my sakes! ain't that ree lovely?—just one mass of flowers. Hold me up, please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple tree. Oh, fear! how sweet it smells."

Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a-choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that—ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't a-showin' of my ankles."

"Lucr, how my heart beats!" says I, and it did, too; it thundered like a sledge hammer—I actually thought it would have torn my waistcoat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler?—for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe; it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larfin' "or I'll get down this minit. No," said she, "I don't hear it beat. I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I, bringin' her a little further forward, "don't you hear it now?—listen."

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'." "No," said she, "I thought so."

"You haven't no heart at all, have you?" said I.

"It never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not?" "Yes, it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes, it is, just in the right place—just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it. "Where else would you have it, dear, but where is it? But hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a-comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that larl fairly haunts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift her up to the tree too," says I, "if you like, and then—"

"Oh, no!" said she; "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks or a snap of my finger." —Sam Slick.



## THE ARTICLE WAS GOOD.

But Somehow or Other It Didn't Please the Man It Immortalized.

Robert J. Burdette, whom every body knows, whether they ever saw him or not, used to run a little daily paper in Peoria, Ill., writes F. H. Carruth in the New York Tribune. I believe it was Peoria—anyhow, it was the paper he enjoyed running so much, because there was never any uncertainty about it. He knew positively every Monday morning that there wouldn't be enough money to pay the compositors Saturday night.

He hadn't written so much good humor then as he had since, but it used to crop out once in a while—he couldn't help it. One day a prominent citizen of Peoria got into trouble with a hackman about the amount of his charge or something, and took off his coat and fought him all around the block. He made it a red day for hackmen, too. The next morning Burdette had nearly a column about it. There had been so much space to fill and he turned his fancy loose and filled it. He had laughed about it quietly to himself all the way home that night after he wrote it, and in the morning read it over to see if the boys had got it set up all right, and smiled sort of inwardly to himself again.

About the middle of the afternoon the man who had the trouble came in. Burdette trembled a little at first, because he didn't know how he might have taken it, but the man wore a broad grin on his face and seemed to be very tickled over it.

"That was a good one on me in the *Howler* this morning," said the man. "Er—yes—do you think so?" said Burdette.

"Oh, a capital—look it off first-class. Did you write it?"

"Oh, yes, I scratched it off in a hurry last night. We have to take some thing to fill up."

"Of course. But it was really good. I didn't know you could do as well as that," went on the man enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't think much of it," returned Burdette, modestly. "If I had only a little more time perhaps I might have made something out of it."

"Oh, you had time enough—plenty of time, I assure you. It was fine. Of course I didn't really do all you said I did."

"Oh, of course not. Certainly not. Got to have something lively in a newspaper, you know."

"I see—especially in a live local paper."

"You understand it?"

"I think so. Of course I didn't yell like a man with his foot in a law-mower all the time I was having the controversy."

"Oh, no—we have to exaggerate a little."

"I see. And then I didn't raise the hackman up and pound the face of the earth with him till the police stopped me for wearing out the paving."

"No, not at all—had to make it lively, you know."

"Of course. Then I didn't chase him into the country half a mile, did I now?"

"I never heard that you did. I just slipped that in. You know a local paper."

"I understand. Then of course I didn't roar so coming back that people thought there was a hail-storm coming."

"Oh, you didn't roar at all. I made that part up to make it lively."

"I thought so. Then I didn't stand on the corner and howl till I was tired and say I could lick any hackman who ever looked through a collar, and go around the streets cracking my heels together and saying I was from Bitter creek where it wasn't more than a foot wide."

"Of course not—nothing of the kind at all. I just put them in—got to in a small town with a daily paper, you see."

"I notice you have to. It was a funny piece, take it altogether."

"Y-e-s, I thought perhaps it was a little funny," admitted Burdette, a little uneasily.

"You say in it the hackman was a small man?"

"Why, yes, rather small, I understood."

"Probably not as small as you are?"

"Oh, n-no, I presume not. I'm not very big, you see. Pleasant weather we're having, Major."

"Y-e-s, very pleasant—a little cold for hackmen and some editors I know of. Probably, then, if I licked the hackman there wouldn't be any doubt but that I could lick you?"

"Oh, n-no; no, sir; not a particle of doubt. Going to the caucus to-night, Colonel?"

"I expect to be there, but you won't—your'll be in the hospital—on little, insignificant, one-horse country editor, and he reached out and got Burdette by the collar. "Chased the man out beyond the fair grounds, did I? Roared like the eight-thirty express coming back, did I?" and he began jabbing Burdette up and down like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. "My actions would have made a fish laugh, eh? Howled around till I made the world's back ache, did I?" and all the time he was dancing around the office with Burdette at arm's length. "Oh, you're going to be the great American humorist! No doubt of it at all! You'll make the universe double up and roll on the grass some day! You're funny, oh, so very funny! Just give you a little more practice on me and you can start out lecturing!" and it's hard to tell what would have become of poor Burdette if a big pressman hadn't

come in just then, with his sleeves rolled up and ink on the side of his nose, and relieved him. The pressman fought the man ten minutes before he managed to tear his coat off and shut up both his eyes and fire him down the stairs and half way across the sidewalk. He accomplished it at last, however, and went back to work and Burdette gathered himself together and wrote up a solemn account of the death of the oldest Free Mason, who had just passed away.

## Incautious Observations.

A lady whose garden happens to overlook the garden of her next door neighbor was out looking at her flowers the other morning. Her little dog, Rags, had accompanied her, and took it into his head to lie down picturesquely by the fence. His mistress, looking down at him as he lay curled up there, with his blue ribbon about his neck, clasped her hands in mock admiration, and exclaimed, looking steadily at him:

"Oh! don't you think you look awfully nice in your blue ribbon down there?"

Just as the words "down there" were out of her mouth, she noticed, to her horror, that the lady next door, whose acquaintance she had not the honor of, was exactly in the line of her vision, in the next yard, and that she wore a blue ribbon on her hair.

The lady next door looked up in indignation. Rags was invisible from where she stood, and she had no doubt the remark was addressed to her. She flared about with a fierce movement, rushed back to her house and slammed the door after her. The unintended author of the insult in the meantime stood aghast and helpless.

Another incident of which this one reminds the listener is as follows:

Up in New Hampshire, some few years ago, there lived a family who were engaged in farming, and who had employed a mysterious hired man, who gave no other name than "Mr. Smith," and was never called otherwise. He served his engagement faithfully, and departing, left behind him a pretty kitten which he had picked up somewhere, and which was named by the family in his honor, "Mr. Smith." "Mr. Smith" grew to cat-hood, and was a greatly esteemed member of the family, being affectionate and faithful, possessing all the feline virtues, so that when the family finally left the farm and moved down to Lowell they brought Mr. Smith along with them.

One Sunday morning, after they were settled in their new home, which closely adjoined another house, the head of the house stepped to the back door, and seeing the cat, saluted him familiarly—

"Aha, Mr. Smith! Taking your airing, eh? Your a fine animal, Mr. Smith!"

He noticed that a spruce looking man in the next yard looked up in some surprise at this remark, but said nothing.

Another day, later on, having gone out to call the cat, he again saluted him thus:

"Well, Mr. Smith, how do you like it down here? Do you get plenty of rats to eat?"

Glancing over he saw his neighbor again, and this time the neighbor appeared to be regarding him very intently, with a queer expression in his face. So he thought to propitiate him by a friendly salutation—

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning. But why in the world do you ask me whether I get rats enough to eat, and why do you call me a fine animal?"

"—I didn't know I did, sir."

"Well, you did. I am the conductor on the Boston & Black Railroad, and my name is Smith. And you are always coming out of your door and calling 'Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!' or making some such confounded remark as you did just now. I want to know what it all means."

The explanation wasn't particularly difficult; but out of consideration for his neighbor's feelings, the owner of "Mr. Smith" has given up the use of that name for the animal out of doors. —*Boston Transcript*.

## Russell Sage's Munificence.

The citizens of Calais were presented with the rare sight last week of a New York millionaire in the person of Russell Sage, a gentleman reputed to be worth between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000. He came to attend the sale of the Grand Southern Railway, which was advertised to take place on Wednesday last. He bid it off for the bondholders at \$101,000. Mr. Sage stopped at the Border City Hotel during his sojourn here. During the time, Stephen Gardiner, one of the landlord's sons, put a span of nice horses in a handsome two-seated carriage and took the old gentleman out for a drive over the city, so that he might see what a nice, cozy little corner of Uncle Sam's dominion we occupied. He seemed highly pleased with the appearance of things generally and the attention paid him in particular. When they had returned and he was safely landed on the piazza of the hotel, to show the young man the magnificent sum of—10 cents, which he took and put in his pocket, not that he expected or desired any recompense for what he had done. He is going to have a hole punched in it and wear it on his watch chain as a memento. —*Calais (Me.) Advertiser*.

## HE HAD A RIGHT TO SMOKE.

And so He Smoked in Spite of the Remonstrances of a Woman.

A railroad official, says the Boston Courier, who was somewhere in the neighborhood of the northern boundary of New England, not to be too definite, was suddenly summoned home, and taking an engine with a special car attached, he started for Boston. Somewhere near the middle of the route the special train stopped for water, and the passengers waiting for a train due a few minutes later came crowding to go on board. They were of course stopped by the brakeman, but one woman, despite all representations and remonstrances, made her way by main force into the private car. The official for whose use the train was designed had gone to send a telegram ahead, and when he returned he found this intrusive passenger. Discovering how matters were, he chose rather to accept the situation than to have the woman expelled by force, and the train accordingly started with two passengers instead of one.

Retreating to the extreme end of the car the gentleman lighted a cigar and composed himself to read, but in a few moments his fellow passenger came bearing down the aisle toward him, evidently full of rage.

"What are you smoking here for?" she demanded. "This isn't a smoking car."

"No, but it is my private car," he responded.

"But smoking is offensive to me, and I can't have you smoke," the woman continued, with a superb disregard of his remark.

"Madame," the gentleman said, looking at her coolly, "you forced your way into this car when you were told that it was a private one, and it is only by my sufferance that you were allowed to remain. You are indebted to me for your passage to Boston, and I came into this end of the car so that the smoke should not trouble you. I choose to smoke, and if you don't choose to endure it you may step off at any moment."

The woman glared at him a moment in baffled rage.

"You are no gentleman," she hissed at length.

Then she retreated to the forward part of the car, and maintained a sulky silence until Boston was reached.

## For Baby's Mother.

Never tickle a child. It is dangerous and reduces vitality. Any unnatural motion must be avoided. The more quiet and free from excitement a little child is kept the better for the child's health and strength and mental vigor.

If there is much sickness about the neighborhood boil the water which is used in baby's food, for boiling kills all the animalcules contained in the water. Cool it before using.

For headache or any form of indigestion drink hot water.

Give children oranges before breakfast in the spring time. It is better than sulphur doses or spring medicines.

Use cream with hot water and sugar in place of condensed or natural milk, as it is more easily digested than milk. If hot water is added then it will not require any warming process whereby it may come in contact with metal.

Warm the food by placing the bottle or cup in water to heat it with the water.

Be careful to have the mouthpiece of the bottle properly clean—first scalded and then rinsed with cold water.

In the spring let the child take his outdoor walks in the afternoon, in the autumn let him go in the forenoon.

The spring morning parades of the preceding season; the afternoon of the coming season. In autumn the morning is more like summer and the afternoons like winter.

The whole bath is to be preferred to the partial bath. Ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit must be the degree of heat, to be reduced as the child grows older.

If the child does not sleep well give him a bath before going to bed. It is an excellent sedative. —*Woman's Journal*.

## Tender and True.

How easily bitterness may be produced by too much sweetness was illustrated the other day by a car incident. One little girl about five years of age leaned over the back of the seat in front and whispered in the ear of a small boy, "I love you."

Having no reply she again said, "I love you."

"Yes," said the boy, "but don't say that again."

"I will," was the determined answer of the girl. "You won't," replied the boy with equal determination, and thereupon began a fast and furious quarrel, which lasted until the girl was borne away by the nurse, her voice sounding shrilly down the car aisle. "I love you, I love you. I love you," over and over again. —*Boston Journal*.

## A Sea Story.

An English lady, who visited America many years ago, used to tell the following story: On the voyage she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew, who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retreated to her state-room and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy, "How is your head now?" "West-and-by-nor, ma'am," was the answer.

## The Wonderful Flea.

The wonderful flea is the subject of a sketch in the Swiss Cross. It says

The legs of a flea are marvels of strength and elasticity. They are joined to the body by long tendons that act like wire springs. In making its leap, which, it is said, can cover 200 times its own length, the flea draws the leg up close to the body and then throws it out with great force; but the impulse proceeds from the first joint alone, the others only increasing it by their stretch while the leap is being made.

Fleas are possessed of great strength. Mounet tells of a mechanic who made a gold chain, as long as his finger, that a flea dragged after him, and a golden chariot, which he drew also. Bingley writes of a watchmaker in the Strand who had an ivory four-wheeled chaise, with a coachman on its box, drawn by a flea. The same man afterward made a carriage with six horses, a coachman, four persons inside, two footmen behind and a postillion on one of the horses, all of which was drawn by a single flea. Latiella mentions a flea which dragged a silver cannon of twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and showed no fear when it was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Rene says that he saw three fleas drawing a tiny omnibus; that a pair drew a chariot and that a brass cannon was dragged by a single one.

Fleas are quarrelsome, and great fighters. When several are confined in a glass, they will stand on their hind legs, striking at their opponents with the others, and roll over and over each other, losing legs and antennae, and at last giving up their lives in the fight. There is a record of a flea which lived ten days after such an encounter, with no antennae, three plates of his side broken in, one eye gone, and with only four legs, and these cut off to the first joint.

## Three New Professions.

There is good news for the persons who are always asking: "What shall my son be?" or "What am I to do with my daughters?" It is announced from Paris that a new profession has lately been started there. The French capital is celebrated for the strange callings pursued in it. It is not in Paris that the "quatorzieme" flourishes—the gentleman who sits in his chambers in full evening dress from 6 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m. in hopes that superstitious diners will find out that they are about to sit down to dinner and will call him in to avert the omen? The new profession has also to do with dinner, but it is concerned with its preparation and not its consumption. It is that of dinner-tasting. The professor, an ex-chef probably, is engaged by the host to come and sample the dishes before they are submitted to his guests. Monarchs in the middle ages had, it will be remembered, a similar functionary, whose not over enviable duty it was to see that nothing poisoned was given to his master. The "dinner-taster's" duty is rather to see that everything is properly seasoned; that the soup has enough, and not too much, salt in it; that the champagne has not been iceed out of all knowledge, and so on. The success which is said to have attended the profession of dinner-testing suggests one or two other kindred possibilities. Why, for example, should not some of our unemployed elegants, take to tying the white ties of their wealthier but less nimble brethren—for a consideration, of course? Our girls, too, might make a very pretty income by assisting hostesses to decorate their rooms in an artistic manner. If these suggestions should be carried out, we shall see an immense improvement both in personal and mental adornment, and at the same time the ranks of the unemployed will have been perceptibly thinned. —*London Globe*.

## The Tailor-Made Suits.

"I say, old fellow," said Blakely, meeting his friend Harry D. on the street, "I saw you and Edith pass each other yesterday without a sign of recognition. I thought you were engaged!"

"I thought so too," said Harry, with a deep sigh, "but that's off."

"How's that?"

"Well, it's all owing to these infernal fashions some of the women wear now—hat, coat, vest, collar, and shirt-front, for all the world like those worn by the male sex. They'll make a raid on our pantaloons next."

"I don't quite understand—explain."

"Well, you see I quietly entered Bob Greenbag's law office about dusk one evening last week and saw Bob sitting behind a desk with his back toward me. I stealthily approached, gave him a vigorous and familiar slap on the shoulder, and cried: 'I have come for you old man. You must go with me down to Hatchley's. Lots of gay girls will be there—that pretty little blonde you were washed on in the ballet of the Black Theater—and I'm going for the plump variety singer—the one I had out to lunch the other night when we all got a little uproarious, you know. Come what d'ye say? Is it a go?' and I tilted his hat down over his eyes, and that settled it."

"How settled it? Did Bob give you away to his cousin Edith?"

"Now, it wasn't Bob at all. It was the charming Edith herself, dressed in a tailor-made masculine suit, and the Arctic look she gave me as she swept out of the office without a word told me that my matrimonial prospects in that quarter were everlastingly blasted. Well so long!" —*New York Graphic*.

## "ME KILL COMANCHE."

The Boss of the Pawnees at Philadelphia Subdued with a Lariat.

There was a big time at the Gentlemen's Driving park last night, says the Philadelphia Times. Tall Chief, the boss Indian of the Pawnee tribe, was howling drunk and made things interesting for Indians, cowboys, and everybody else. How he got the whiskey no one knows. At first he was on his dignity and walked up to Trapper Tom, who has charge of the guns and ammunition, and said:

"Chief want gun. Me big chief. Give um gun."

"You go to bed," said the trapper.

"What do you want with a gun this time of night?"

"Me big chief of Pawnee. All the boys do what I say. Me kill Comanche."

"You will?" exclaimed Trapper Tom in surprise. "Now, you git away from here pretty quick or I'll make you think a cyclone struck you and landed you in a bear pit a hundred feet deep. Now, you git."

"Me kill Comanche, sure," muttered the chief as he moved away toward his tepee.

In a few minutes armed with a fence-paling he crawled over to the Comanche camp and was about branding a big Comanche buck when Trapper Tom, who had watched him, yelled:

"Look here, Injun, you drop that club or I'll let daylight through you."

The Indian turned and saw Tom's right arm extended toward him, and his old black pipe, which in the dark looked like a revolver, pointed toward him.

"Up with their hands, Injun, quick," said Tom.

Down went the club and the Indian's hands were held high above his head. Cyclone Jack, the expert lasso-thrower, who always wears a red shirt spotted with white diamonds and a big straw hat with a red feather in it, was taking a ride around the camp on a new mustang. He saw Trapper Tom's pipe, and, like the Indian, thought it was a pistol.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot, Tom!" yelled Cyclone Jack. "I'll git the Injun for you."

In less than two seconds the cowboy's lasso went swinging through the air and fell over the Indian. Cyclone Jack dug his spurs into the broncho and pulled the big chief a few yards along the ground, the way the cowboys treat a horse-thief.

When the horse was stopped and the lariat loosened all the fight was taken out of Tall Chief, and after Trapper Tom was done swearing at him he submissively followed his squaw to his tepee. The Comanches now swear vengeance against the Pawnees, and Capt. Henry Horn carries a couple of revolvers and keeps a repeating-rifle near him. He told the Indians that the first one that started to fight would hear from him in a way that could not be misunderstood.

"I'm going to have peace," said Capt. Horn, "if I have to kill all the Injuns in camp."

## Female Fighters.

Two well-dressed women and several men met recently to make arrangements for a prize-fight. The principals were Hattie Leslie, who is doing a club-swinging act in a variety theater, and Alice Leary, a serio-comic. The articles of agreement signed are as follows:

"We hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up prize-fight with skin-tight gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, to take place between August 20 and 27, 1888, place to be agreed on August 23, the fight to be for \$500 a side and the championship of the world. The fight is to take place within 100 miles of Buffalo. Half the stakes are herewith posted, the remainder to be put up August 20."

Hattie Leslie is 20 years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and is muscular and well developed.

Alice Leary is six feet tall, 24 years old, weighs 180 pounds, and is also a brunette. She is very handy with her fists, and is quarrelsome. She has not as much science as her opponent, but she is more of a slugger.

Her backer is Jack Kehoe, a Bradford sport. She will be trained by Kehoe and Charlie Dwyer, and is to be put through a regular course. Hattie Leslie will not go into training immediately because her club swinging requires that she keep in good physical condition. —*New York Sun*.

## Sherman's "Bummers."

Gen. Force tells some amusing stories of Sherman's bummers. He says these foragers acquired a perfect instinct for the ferreting out of provisions and good things, and that concealment only sharpened their preternatural powers, of which the following instance is given: One day a sergeant went into a country-house. The planter and his wife were there. After a little talk the sergeant, with great solemnity asked: "Has any one died here lately?" The planter quickly said: "No, body."

The sergeant gravely said: "I thought somebody had died here." The planter said: "No, sir." His wife said: "Oh, yes; don't you remember, my dear, that colored boy that was buried yesterday?" The sergeant, with increased solemnity, said: "I only wanted to let you know that I have opened that grave and taken out the corpse." There were loud expostulations then, for this corpse, so called, was the plantation supply of ham.



