

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

TOPEKA, APRIL 4, 1885.

No. 29.

Vol. XIV.

### THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, EVERY SATURDAY, Topeka, - - - Kansas. Seventy Five Cents a Year in Advance.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellaneous, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive, and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be 75 cents, or two copies \$1.25. Clubs of five or more 50 cents each.

#### Figures Will Lie.

It is only the scientist who says that figures will not lie. But science sometimes gets taken in, and gets beat. A few years ago when iceboats were first placed on the Hudson, wonderful stories were told of their speed. The ignorant iceman said he made his sixty or seventy miles an hour, and the philosopher and scientist sat down and figured him out a liar. Learned men wrote columns in the Scientific American to show that nothing could fly before the wind faster than the wind itself. It was to them a simple proposition as clear as the one that no part can be greater than the whole. They regarded the poor riverman with pity, and were happy that they were not so ignorant as he. But the men of science were wrong. No one will now claim that an iceboat cannot outstrip the wind that propels it.

We now have some scientific and over exact farm writers who deal in rhetoric and figures and make themselves as ridiculous as men always will who pedantically deny that practical results need be taken into account. They will sit down and actually figure out that a steer so old will cost so much more than it will bring in market, consequently, there is no money in raising stock.

"You are sentenced to the county jail for sixty days," said the judge.

"Why, your honor, you have no power to make such an order," replies the criminal's attorney.

"But I have already made it," says the judge.

So the man who came to Kansas a few years ago, with no capital, has been raising stock, during that time, at a dead loss as our scientist would believe, until he is worth five, ten or twenty thousand dollars.

Science is a good thing, but it is better when it has a little practical sense with it, and this whether it be the science of stock raising or the science of boat building.

Bob Ingersoll says that auctioneers don't have sore throats and he does not know why ministers should.

If you are tempted by the tree peddler to invest in Russian fruits don't do it. Resist the peddler and he will flee from you.

Mr. A. L. Entsminger of Silver Lake, lost over sixty hives of bees the last winter, by cold weather. There were few birds, beasts or fowls that did not suffer from the prolonged frost.

The Agricultural West of Rockford, Ill., gives two pages to Sunny Kansas, being mostly a write-up of Kingman county. Kingman is a wide awake, aspiring town, expecting to become the future railroad Centre of southwestern Kansas.

Bee keeping is growing in favor although there has been unusual fatality in hives all over the north on account of cold weather. It seems that those wintered in cellars have this year done the best, and are generally in good condition. Prof. Cook says he has succeeded well in wintering bees under snow but does not recommend it.

#### Parsons.

This is one of the most thriving towns in the state, with a population of about eight thousand. It is beautifully located on a plateau that permits perfect drainage, while the soil is such that the finest and driest streets are easily secured. An abundance of flagging stone is convenient, and may be found on the sidewalks all over the town.

Parsons is young and so rapid has been its growth that it has received the name of the "Infant Wonder." Extensive shops of the Missouri Pacific road are located here. The Cherryvale branch of the Gulf Road crosses at this place. Besides the railroad shops, there are already numerous other manufactories, while the general trade is very extensive, the county of Labette being well settled by thriving farmers.

The city is supplied with gas, and has a fine system of water-works. One of the institutions of Parsons is the Library Building, built under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It is a handsome and expensive structure that would be a credit to any city. For this, Parsons owes much to the personal efforts of Mrs. Augustus Wilson. Labette county is one of the most favored in the state. It is well watered, with a rich soil, and a climate adapted to the raising of all grains, vegetables and fruits to be found in this latitude.

#### Kansas Nuggets.

The Lyons Prohibitionist is to be enlarged.—The Sun wants a thousand and tongues to sing praise to Blue Mound.—In some parts of the state the corn is still ungathered.—The St. Louis and Emporia railroad is being pushed rapidly forward.—Independence is going to have street cars.—Harper has a daily paper.—Blue Mound expects soon to put on long clothes and become a city for a fact.

—The Lane Enterprise says farmers there are terribly behind with their work.—Paola is to have water works.

—Parsons boasts of one policeman who does not drink, smoke, chew, swear, play cards, nor belong to a Sunday School.—Spring Hill wants a bank.

—The Advocate wants better side walks in Columbus.—Cherokee girls wear bustles filled with bran. It is hardly a bran-new idea, as dolls stuffed with saw dust have long been popular.—Fort Scott will have a new \$50,000 public building.—Hon. J. W. Sponsable will give Paolo \$500 for a library if the citizens will chip in a like amount.

—A large catamount was killed last week near Cherokee.—The Kaw River has been the favorite haunt of wild ducks and geese for some days.

—Garnet will build another school house. By the way, the Journal is an able friend of Garnet.—A Columbus editor wants to know if cows do not have teeth in their upper jaws.—Leavenworth is in a political ferment.

—Cherryvale is spreading itself for a big boom.—Mr. Geo. Pfaff of Labette county reports first rate success with clover.—The Oswego Independent says the idea of settlement in Oklahoma is a delusion and a snare. It declares Kansas to be better than Oklahoma.—Baxter Springs, with \$4,000 help from the government will erect a monument to the memory of those who were murdered by Quantrill twenty-two years ago.—The repairs on the dam at Lawrence will cost \$80,000.—Burlington is experiencing a great religious revival, and the dry bones of Emporia have been shaken.

—La Cygne has disposed of \$12,000 school bonds, and will have a new school house.—Lecompton, the seat of Lane University, is figuring for a newspaper.—The first railroad has struck Mound City, and the citizens filled the air with shouts and flying hats.—The Leroy Reporter says if any one is sick of Kansas he may be cured by a trip over the B. & O. Ry.

There are yet in southwest Missouri over four hundred thousand acres of government land.

Would you not like the Spirit one year? Well, get four subscribers at club rates, 50 cents each and yours will be sent free.

Kansas has over 1000 incubators hatching chickens, and the sun of the hen has set. It has been settled by the incubator that the hen that lays the egg is the mother of the chicken and not the hen that hatches it. And so we go on solving the great problems of the age.

#### How Kansas Looks After Her Poor.

A homestead, to the extent of one hundred and sixty acres of farming land, or of one acre within the limits of an incorporated town or city, occupied as a residence by the family of the owner, together with the improvements on the same shall be exempt from forced sale under any process of the law, and shall not be alienated except by joint consent of husband and wife when that relation exists.

No value is affixed to the homestead. It may be worth a million of dollars. No personal property is exempt from the wages of a servant, mechanic, laborer or clerk. Every person residing in this state and being the head of a family, shall have exempt from seizure upon attachment or execution or other process, issued from any court in the state, bibles, school books and family library, family pictures, and musical instruments used by the family, all beds, bedsteads and bedding used by the debtor and his family, one cooking stove and appendages necessary for the use of the debtor and his family, one sewing machine, one spinning wheel, and all other implements and all other household furniture not herein mentioned not exceeding \$500, two cows, ten hogs, one yoke of oxen, and one horse or mule, and in lieu of one yoke of oxen and one horse or mule, a span of horses or mules, and twenty sheep and their wool; necessary food for the support of the stock for one year; two plows, dray and other farm utensils not exceeding \$300; grains, meat, vegetables, groceries, etc., for the family for one year; the tools and implements of any mechanic, miner or other person kept for the purpose of carrying on his business; and not exceeding \$400 in value, library implements and office furniture of any professional man.

#### Have a Home.

Have a home somewhere. Buy a tract of land and own it. Buy with a full determination of keeping it, and surrounding yourself with those beauties found only upon the farm. To be the owner of a nice little home, poor though it may be, is one of the greatest earthly blessings man can enjoy. He gathers about this little spot his cows, horses, pigs and chickens, and by honest labor and toil, what was once a wild tract of land has now become a lovely spot where men are wont to go. After you have spent your life on this little farm, and your spirit is called to its eternal home, you have left the widow and little orphans a little place on earth called home. Gentle reader, "there is no place like home," and you should think of this and neglect the matter no longer.

We do not always understand what is best for us. Very few people appreciate the benefits they derive from a severe cold winter such as the present has been. In the first place it destroys malaria, and kills the germs of disease. As to agriculture, it has a very similar effect to deep plowing, for it softens and pulverizes the ground as far down as the frost goes, leaving it in a better condition to produce than it otherwise would be for several years to come. In fact we believe that these, like all other apparent misfortunes, come upon us with a set design and purpose.

A California "Pointer" says: It is said that the Florida orange is sweeter than the California orange. This, as a rule, is probably true, yet a chemical analysis shows that there is more sugar in the California orange than there is in the Florida orange, but there is also more acid and this makes the fruit more sour, but at the same time it gives it more character—it is a richer flavored fruit.

#### SPY!

Bill Nye Indulges in Reminiscences of Childhood's Happy Hours.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy in your school who did the heavy falling through the ice, and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over, I had tried to climb two trees at once and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which leg is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little eccentricities which I can not at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about two o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before two o'clock."

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts one hundred, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five hundred or six hundred, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went home and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow the vest that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent, but very uncomfortable, position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn, and no one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "O I see you. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see you up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long-legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet President of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French.)

A man at St. Albans, Vt., was heard to remark that he would give twenty cents for a cat. The next morning twenty-two boys were on hand, each expecting to go away twenty cents richer.

#### FEEDING CORNSTALKS.

How a Great Deal Which Is Well Worth Saving Is Carelessly Wasted.

One of the most extensive sources of waste among farmers is the mismanagement of corn fodder. The annual loss in the country at large amounts to many millions. The value of stalks is injured in the first place by exposure to rains, and if the shocks are carelessly made and become prostrated, they are soon rendered of no value whatever as food. In passing through the country and observing the condition of most of the corn fodder, a safe average estimate has placed the loss by needless exposure to at least one-third, and frequently at more than one-half the value of well-kept or uninjured stalks. In those regions of the country where the corn is left standing and not cut or secured in shock, exposure to all kinds of weather soon reduces their value and spoils them.

A still greater waste results from the common practice of feeding the stalks whole. The cows eat off the leaves and leave nearly all the rest untouched, which, when mixed through the manure, renders it unfit for handling and spreading until rotted by several months' exposure in the manure heap. Taken altogether, it is safe to say that not more than one-quarter of the best value of cornstalks is obtained by the average farmer. Assuming that their value when uninjured is at least one-fifth that of the corn, and the average corn crop to be 1,500,000,000 bushels in the whole country, then the actual loss from the imperfect management of the fodder would be equal to the value of 225,000,000 bushels, or about \$100,000,000 annually to the farmers of the country at large.

How may this loss be prevented? In two ways. First, by taking special pains in securing the corn in shocks. Place the stalks equally on all sides of the center, so that in settling they will not incline to one side, or become prostrated. Avoid making small shocks, which are easily overthrown. But in making large and substantial ones, give sufficient ventilation by allowing crevices between them. If they are first bound into bundles, with the hands just above the ears, as some farmers practice, these bundles are to be placed loosely together for the air to pass between. With all this care there will be some loss by exposure, and it is therefore desirable to husk and finally secure the fodder as soon as the corn is dry enough to prevent all danger of mold. The most perfect protection would be, if practicable, to draw the corn during cutting on wagons in the small bundles just mentioned, and place it in shocks under a broad shed, where it would dry without any injury whatever by exposure. On a smooth surface under such a shed, with the shocks placed in close rows with narrow paths between, an acre of average corn would occupy about three square rods.

The second way to prevent loss is by cutting the fodder about a fourth of an inch long with a machine, so that cattle will eat the whole. This short cutting breaks up or crushes all the hard or horny parts, and avoids the danger of the hard and indigestible pieces when cut an inch or two in length. This mode has been practiced by some successful farmers for nearly half a century, and has not been much improved of later years. Our own experiments indicate that the value of the stalks is improved in value as two and a half to one by this mode of cutting. If the stalks have been well cured, the cattle will eat the whole. If they have been partly rotted by rains, they will not be eaten. Moldy stalks can not be changed in nature by any amount of cutting. Sprinkling with meal to make them more palatable will be unsuccessful, for the cattle will only thrust them about with their noses in order that they may lick off the meal and leave the stalks. Meal and stalks must in any case be given to them separately, unless the stalks are cut so short that the meal may be mixed with them in a nearly uniform mass. It is here that ensilage possesses the advantage that it is never weather-beaten or rotted by exposure to rains.

The only difficulty in the way of the general adoption of this management is the cost of the machinery. Farmers have generally laid aside their horse-powers, or have not procured any, since itinerant steam threshers have become common. On small farms, where the owners are in debt, they may not be able to procure the power and cutter. They are not yet rich enough to be economical. A two-horse tread power, costing \$150, and one of the best modern stalk-cutters, costing \$40 or \$50, will answer well for moderate establishments, and will cut several tons a day. For large farms, a small steam engine will be required, and may be also used for threshing, corn-shelling, grinding feed and sawing wood and fencing.—Country Gentleman.

#### HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

For general purposes the orange quince is probably the most desirable.

A strong brine wash is a good remedy for sore head in chickens.—Troy Times.

About one ounce of meat three times a week is sufficient for one hen, or about two pounds weekly for a flock of ten.—Prairie Farmer.

Supply your barns and stables with brushes and wire currycombs that will not scratch the tender skin of animals, and see that they are used.

An expert in strawberry culture asserts that in transplanting the strawberry the runners should be left on to the length of six inches. The ends of the runners are then to be bent down and buried with the roots, and act as suckers to draw nourishment to the plant until new roots are formed. In this way, he contends, plants will thrive under conditions which would otherwise prove fatal.—Savannah News.

How to Take a Pill: It is a common habit when attempting to take a pill to throw the head back as if laughing. Almost inevitable choking would follow attempts to swallow ordinary food in such fashion. The reason is obvious. The head should be kept in a position usual when eating at the table, turning the face slightly forward and downward. A trial of this position in pill-taking will prove it to be the better way.—N. Y. Times.

There is something wrong about a horse-stable when the air there perfumes one's clothes in a few minutes. Plaster, muck, road-dust or some other absorbent should be freely used. The condition is still worse when the nose detects ammonia. There is not only a loss of material value, but harm to the eyes of horses, and to harness and to the varnish of buggies and carriages. Change the bedding often and use absorbents freely.—N. Y. Tribune.

Roller feedstock is a very good way of cooking an inferior steak. Take a round steak, beat it and spread with a dressing, such as is used for poultry. Begin at one end and roll it neatly, trying to keep it in shape. Put it in a bake-pan with a little water and bake until the meat is tender, basting it frequently. Thicken the gravy in the pan with a little flour wet with cold water, and season it nicely, adding a little cat-sup or sauce of some kind. Pour it around the meat. Cut it as you would a berry roll, slicing off the ends neatly.—Exchange.

#### Bones as a Fertilizer.

Henry Stewart sets forth the value of bones as a fertilizer in a very plain manner. They consist, when fresh, of 63 1/2 per cent. of mineral matter (of which 55 per cent. of the bone is phosphate of lime); 34 per cent. of organic matter, chiefly gelatine and fat, and 5 per cent. of water. The organic matter contains 3 1/2 per cent. of nitrogen; the mineral matter contains from 20 to 25 1/2 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and 30 to 35 per cent. of lime. The phosphoric acid and the nitrogen are the valuable elements, the former being worth, at 6 cents a pound, \$1.50, and the latter, at 25 cents a pound, \$7 cents; 100 pounds of bone, then, in a condition to be available would be worth \$2.37. But bones when whole are only slowly soluble in the soil. In most soil they will decay and wholly disappear, only in so many years that it is necessary to reduce them to a fine state of division to make them useful. This is done by grinding them to powder or by burning them to ashes. The latter method is the cheaper, but the nitrogen is lost, and if the bones can be reduced to powder for less than the value of the nitrogen, the more costly method is the better. But in many cases it is impossible to grind them for want of mills, and then the burning becomes the only practicable method. This leaves the phosphate of lime in the finest possible condition to be as available for plant food as in the raw bone or more so, because it is not held in an undecomposable condition by the gelatine.—Rural New Yorker.

W. T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Conn., has invented a way of charging cartridges with compressed air in lieu of powder. The shell is placed in a receiver and then filled with compressed air. A valve in the base of the cartridge closes when it is removed from the receiver, and the cartridge is ready for use. The shell is discharged by opening the valve, when the air forcibly drives the projectile from the barrel. The inventor claims to have obtained a range of half a mile, with a pressure of two hundred pounds to the inch.—Hartford Courant.

The South lost in the late war more men than England did in all her wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.—Chicago Herald.



## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending April 4, 1885.  
Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

Wichita would like the new Industrial Reform school and it would not be a bad idea to give it to her.

Potatoes are a rarity in Greenland, but in some favorite places will grow as large as pigeon eggs and are highly valued.

The English demand for American canned beef, is exhausting the supply. Whether or not England is on the verge of war, she is evidently preparing for all emergencies.

The Resubmission or Anti prohibition Republicans, like the editor of the Troy Chief, are very bitter in their denunciation of the action of the majority of their party.

Prof. J. H. Canfield of the State University, is rapidly enlarging his reputation as an educational lecturer. At Wichita, recently, he was given quite an ovation.

Inskimming milk it is always best to have some milk taken up with the cream. It improves the looks of the butter and prevents the peculiar oily or shiny look that dairymen dislike.

Wichita Beacon says they have the best town on the Santa Fe line and the poorest depot accommodations. We beg to intimate that this indicates a palatial structure when they get a new one.

The News is doing well for Tonganoxie, and is urging the development of the coal interests of the town. Formerly there were two shafts worked there. The News is a live paper and will do good for its town.

Concordia has but two city tickets in the field, the Prohibitionist and the Democratic, and the contest is a very warm one. In several cities of the state three tickets are run, Democratic, Republican, and Prohibitionist.

Osburn Shannon, the new postmaster of Lawrence is a son of the late Gov. Shannon, of Kansas in the 50s, and is editor of the Lawrence Gazette of the best weeklies in the state. He deserves the good fortune that has come to him.

The dam at Lawrence has again broken away and scores of men are at work repairing it. Mayor Bowersock is a man of wonderful energy and will beat that dam if mortal man can do it. The Lawrence dam has ruined more than one man, but is still next to the State University the biggest thing in the historic city.

The Scientific American speaks in very high terms of Mr. Montgomery, the new Patent Office Commissioner. President Cleveland's appointments have so far been made with remarkably good judgment. With the exception of Higgins who is a Baltimore politician, he has apparently made no serious mistake.

Much has been said of the damage to the wheat crops, and no doubt it is quite serious in many places. But even in the worst districts it might be worse. The early sown fields are mostly uninjured as we are informed, while that sown late has suffered the most. In some localities, however, the very reverse of this is true.

We are somewhat at a loss to understand this Oklahoma craze. It is a mystery why people should put themselves to all the cost and inconvenience that is involved in being a "boomer" when there are so many undeveloped acres right here in our own state—soil as good, climate as good, and markets at hand. Forbidden fruit the sweetest. Only that.

The appointment of W. C. Webb as Judge of the Superior Court of Shawnee county by Gov. Martin was one eminently proper in itself. But there is no good reason why the selection of a judge should be left to lawyers, any more than to the blacksmiths, the shoemakers, or the cow doctors. If judges are to be elected all citizens of the district liable to be interested are entitled to a voice equally with the lawyers.

President Cleveland is certainly making some remarkably good appointments. That of Gen. J. C. Black was one most appropriate. The farmers of the west will be more than satisfied with that of Col. N. J. Colman, as Commissioner of Agriculture. Col. Colman has been the editor and publisher of the St. Louis Rural World for thirty years, and has done more for the sugar interests of the west than any other person. He will be guided by practical knowledge.

## The Dying Hero.

At this writing Gen. Grant still lives, but the end may be expected at almost any hour. The news of his death will be received with peculiar sadness throughout the country. In the year past, Gen. Grant has grown into the hearts of many who had been politically opposed to him, and others that did not so highly esteem him because they did not know him. The misfortunes of the great soldier have done more to endear him to the nation than the fortunes of war or presidential honors, because they have shown him to the people as a trusting, honest man. That he was a great soldier, every one knew. That the nation honored him there was abundant evidence, and that the world respected him, had been amply demonstrated. But that the people loved him, and were ready to pour out their souls in sympathy for him had never been made clear by any of his wonderful successes. Like Washington and Lincoln he had been introduced and vilified, but without condescending to explanation, he stood with the same imperturbable coolness as he witnessed the horrors of the battle field.

As a soldier he was firm, self reliant and dauntless. If he made mistakes as president, he never shirked responsibility, even when he may have known that he had been deceived by wily politicians, as he was afterwards by the scheming money sharks of Wall Street.

And now that the solemn end has come, the only veil that hung between him and the people, has been rent by misfortune. It shows the dauntless soldier, the hero of many bloody struggles, the man of iron when nerve and determination was needed to save a nation, and the principles of good government, to have been a man of heart and soul when no overwhelming dangers threatened. As a quiet citizen he was confiding and honest, and this confidence in humanity led to his financial ruin.

The great soldier dies with a nation of mourners such as would not have followed his remains to the grave if this greater inner life of the man had not been revealed.

## Specious Reasoning.

As an agitator Henry George may be of some benefit to the world, but as a logician he is not always sound, hence his arguments are often specious, and his conclusions unreliable.

When he states that we do not see in animated nature the same disparity that we find in civilized life, he may state an existing fact. But because there may be a comparative uniformity in the size and fatness of individuals in a school of fish, it does not follow that the human race should bring about a like uniformity by like means, or that we may reasonably expect like results without the use of like means.

In natural history we learn that the big fish prey upon and eat the little ones. It is in this way that a uniformity in size is preserved.

Possibly if the human corporate monopolies were able to swallow their poorer fellows physically, as they do financially, there might be a more uniform distribution of wealth, for those that survive.

But, unfortunately it may be, the human shark only seizes the product of labor and converts it to his own use, while he leaves the laborer himself, and his family, as bare and helpless as the wild animal leaves the bones of the victim he has overcome.

Henry George and other social reformers are grappling a tremendous question. There can be no greater object in life than a desire to elevate and improve the condition of the human family. How best to do it is the problem of the age. With a more refined civilization and its resulting blessings, come corresponding evils to be overcome. Social and political philosophy in seeking means to diminish these evils to the minimum, will find it as necessary to beware of the pitfalls of sophistry as in the days of a less intelligent age.

## State Affairs.

A company has been organized in this city to build a new telegraph line from Kansas City west.

The governor has appointed J. E. Bonebrake, of Abilene, John Severance, of Mitchell county, and Ed. R. Smith, of Linn county, the committee to locate the new state reformatory.

Also a state board of health as follows: Drs. Charles H. Guiber, of Beloit; A. P. Forster, of Fort Scott, and D. Surber, of Perry for the three years term; Drs. J. Milton Welch, of La Cynne, and D. W. Stormont, of Topeka, for the two year's term, Drs. H. S. Roberts, of Manhattan and T. A. Wright, of Greenwood, for the one year term.

## THE MAGIC LANTERN.

Jimmy Brown's Account of the Trouble He and His Friend Caused an Innocent Lecturer.

Our town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to a town, another is liable to break out at any time.

The last lecturer that we had happened a week ago. He was a magic-lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic-lantern pictures of Europe and Washington and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic-lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before the lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going upstairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic-lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a boy looking at them, and we were very curious to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that might have troubled him, and we ought never to give trouble to people that are older than we are. Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost everybody else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw, he looked so pleased.

The trouble began when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said: "The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria." Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said: "Haw! haw! is that the Queen?" The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was really Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a goat. After awhile he asked all his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet it was a picture of a pig running away from a fat butcher. You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl, and I believe they would have thrown something at him besides heavy German words if he hadn't begged their pardon and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after awhile, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes, and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt was a cat and a dog fighting and an old woman beating them with a club. This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures into the magic lantern upside down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures. Finally he told the people that he would show them the picture of two innocent and lovely children. Tom hit me in the side with his elbow when the lecturer said this, and whispered to me: "Be all ready to run." I didn't have the least idea what he meant till I saw the picture. I never was more astonished in my life, for it was a picture I had made of Mr. Travers and Sue sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window with Mr. Travers close behind him. Anyway, the next day we went back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him I think he will. —Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.

## GOLD LEAF.

Combined Skill and Judgment Requisite in Its Manufacture.

If a sheet of gold leaf is held up against the light it appears to be of a vivid dark green color; this means that the light is transmitted through the leaf. When it is considered that gold leaf is a piece of solid metal, a better idea of the extreme tenuity of thickness of the leaf can be comprehended than by any comparison of figures; nothing made by the hand of man equals it in thinness. This extreme thinness is produced by patient hammering, the hammers weighing from seven to twenty pounds, the lighter hammers being first used. When the true method of this beating is understood, the wonder expressed sometimes that gold leaf beating should not be relegated to machinery ceases; the art belongs to the highest department of human skill and judgment. Apprentices have served a term, and have been compelled to abandon the business be-

cause they never could acquire the requisite skill and judgment combined necessary to become successful workmen.

The only pure gold leaf is that used by dentists for filling carious teeth, and it is called foil. It is left much thicker than the gold leaf for gilding—indeed, it could not be beaten so thin; for thin or leaf gold an alloy of silver and copper is required to impart the requisite tenacity. Dentist's foil weighs six grains, five, four and three grains per sheet, or leaf, according to its thickness. The last operation on the leaf is annealing. This is done over a charcoal fire, the leaf being laid singly in a sort of corn popper—a square receptacle with wire bottom at the end of a handle—over which is held a similar cover to prevent the flame from carrying the leaf away. An instant's exposure to the flame induces a red heat, when the leaf is laid on a sheet of a book.

The material for gold leaf and dentist's foil is coin gold. The gold is precipitated by muriatic and nitric acids over a fire to separate the gold and silver, the copper of the alloy passing off in the heat. The silver from gold coin amounts to about seven pennyweights to eight hundred dollars worth of coin—the amount usually treated at a time. This reduction and separation of the metals is the usual method, and does not require special description.

The pure gold is then melted in sand crucibles with the proper proportions of silver and copper to produce the color of leaf desired, very fine ornamental effects being produced in gilding with leaf of different shades. The fluid metal is poured into iron moulds, making bars seven inches long, one and an eighth inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick. These bars are forged, like iron, between anvil and hammer, to even the edges, and then rolled in the mill. The gold is then rolled to a thickness greater than writing paper and one inch wide. Of course, in the rolling as in all the processes, there must be occasional annealings.

Now comes the first of the beating processes. These squares of gold (one inch square) are placed in a pile alternating with larger squares (four inches or more) of "kutch" paper, a material made from a pulp of animal membrane—raw-hide, intestines, etc.—and the outside of the pile receives a square of parchment. The hammering then begins with a seven-pound hammer on a block of marble that rests on a solid foundation. After one hour's beating the pile is warmed at a fire to anneal the gold, a process requiring care, so that the kutch paper be not burned. Four hours of beating suffices for this preliminary process, 170 squares of gold being treated in one pile. The final process requires great skill. The partially beaten squares are packed as before, but with alternates of gold beater's skin, until the pile contains 900 sheets. The beating is continued with increasingly heavier hammers until the final finish with the twenty-pound hammer. The gold-beater's skin comes from England, and the best of it—and the most of it—is made by one family—Frederick Perkins. The skin is so thin as to be almost transparent, and yet it is double, two thicknesses. It is prepared from the larger intestine of the ox. Each sheet of the skin is rubbed on each side, before the pack is made, and whenever the pack is rearranged (placing the outer gold in the center and vice versa), with a powder made from calcined gypsum of a very pure sort, imported from Germany. This is to prevent the gold from sticking to the skin.

In beating, the work of spreading the gold is from the center of each square of gold out toward the edges, and the finished squares are thicker at the edges than in the center. A contrary spreading would split the edges and ruin the squares. In rearranging the squares in the process of beating they are sometimes torn, but another piece laid on as a patch, lapping over the torn place, will be firmly welded in the after beating. The finished squares are cut to a size of three and three-eighths inches, and packed in a "book" holding twenty-five sheets, the paper leaves being rubbed with red ochre to prevent sticking. These books of twenty-five sheets are sold at from thirty to forty cents each. The cutting of the leaf is done by knives, which are simply clips of the outer shiny shell or skin of the Malacca cane such as is used for walking sticks. The outer rind contains siliceous or flint in minute, invisible particles, forming a peculiar edge. Steel will not answer the purpose. —Scientific American.

## How Proof-Reading Sounds.

Some writer has produced a poem called "Sounds from the Sanctum." I read just too pretty, and gives readers the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy, and he sounds would have been something like this:

Proof-reader—"As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mair—"

Copy-holder—"Thunder. Not mair—air."

Proof-reader—"I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma—"

Copy-holder—"Shoot the comma."

Proof-reader—"The done. As flowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy-holder—"Warmth."

Proof-reader—"No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder—"Blazes! Health and vigor fly—"

Proof-reader—"Health and vigor fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck. —Des Moines Register.

—Neighbor A: "Well, Neighbor B, how is your son getting along at college?" Neighbor B: "Well, the fact is he isn't at college any longer; I heard him say, 'We have all embarked in one marine vessel,' meaning 'we are all in the same boat'; and I thought he knew too much for a boy of his size, so I fetched him home." —Golden Days.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

<b>Ed. Buechner,</b> Dealer in choicest fresh and salt meats, poultry, game, fish, etc. 406 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>City Meat Market.</b>
<b>Parker's</b> Bread, pies, cakes, confectionery, and best place in town for a good lunch. 408½ Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Bakery,</b>
<b>J. D. Pattison,</b> Dealer in hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, edge tools, etc. 440 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Stoves.</b>
<b>W. H. Moody,</b> Shaving, Shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style.	<b>Barber,</b>
<b>J. C. POND,</b> Manufacturer's Boot & Shoe Store. The best goods at lowest prices. 429 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Boots &amp; Shoes,</b>
<b>LA PONT &amp; CO.,</b> General Blacksmiths Horse Shreing and Plow Work a specialty All work guaranteed. South of M. E. Church. Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>General Blacksmiths</b>
<b>J. W. WALTER,</b> Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies and Spring Wagons. All kinds of repairing neatly done on short notice. Horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. 129 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka, Kansas.	<b>Carriage Factory,</b>
<b>J. C. BRATTON &amp; CO.,</b> Groceries and Provisions of all kinds. Butter, eggs and produce a specialty. 408 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Grocers.</b>
<b>ED OLVER,</b> Fresh and salt meats always on hand. Vegetables and game in season. 602 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Meat Market.</b>
<b>WAHLE &amp; VOGEL,</b> Manufacturers of, and Wholesale dealers in Pure Candles, No 8 Kansas Avenue, South Topeka.	<b>Topeka Candy Factory.</b>
<b>W. J. Wetherholt &amp; Co.</b> First class, fresh goods, the best and cheapest to be had for the money. Figures down to such a point that all can afford to buy. 604 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Grocers.</b>
<b>GEORGE DOWNING,</b> Until May 1, I will make first class, Cabinet Photographs for \$3.50 per doz. The German Language spoken. 527 Kansas Avenue, South Topeka.	<b>Photographer.</b>
<b>W. D. VOLK,</b> Plow Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty. 102 Jackson Street, South Side.	<b>Blacksmithing &amp; Wagon Making.</b>
<b>CHINESE</b> Best family washing and ironing done at lowest prices— 267 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	<b>Laundry,</b>

## GRANDPA'S MISTAKE.

How Tessie Earned Five Dollars and Nine Cents for a New Year's Present.

Tessie was just learning to add. Dreadful work she made of it some times, and occasionally, when she was all mixed up, she would declare that she hated numbers with all her might, so she did, and she wished the man who made the addition table had got lost in the woods, and never found his way out.

Getting lost in the woods was something that Tessie lived in terror of. Grandpa made a great pet of Tessie, and was always trying to help her out of her troubles.

One night in the midst of his newspaper reading he heard Tessie wailing; not over the addition table this time, but over the fact that she had so little money. Her church subscription was due—she gave two cents a week to the building-fund for the new church. If all the people had done as well as that in proportion to their wealth they would soon have had a new church. She belonged, too, to the Children's Band of Foreign Missions, and gave ten cents a month to that; altogether, her hands were full. Just now was a new call.

A New Year's present to Miss Keith, our own missionary—that was the way all the children of the band spoke of the lady out in New Mexico, who sent them letters. Tessie wanted to give to it, but some bright-colored paper-dolls in the window of the toy-store had been too much for her, and her money was all gone. No wonder Tessie wailed.

"What's all this?" said grandpa, putting down his paper and looking over his glasses. Tessie with the tears still shining on her lashes, explained. Grandpa never could endure tears in her eyes. His hand went into his pocket.

"See here," he said, "seems to me I wasn't to give you any more money for a week; but there is no law against your earning some. We'll make a bargain. If you count what I've got in my hand and get it right the first time, you may have it for your dear Miss Keith."

Joyfully Tessie agreed to this. She did not like adding, but she could afford to try very hard and be very careful with such an object in view. So the small handful of pennies was passed over from grandpa's hand to hers, and she curled herself into the great chair and commenced her task.

"Only one cent, remember," said grandpa. So her lips moved slowly and carefully. At last she looked up.

"Grandpa, there's five dollars and nineteen cents."

"What! what! what!" said grandpa, in great astonishment. "Why, my little Tessie! How could you make such a big blunder as that? Let me see!"

"It is true," said Tessie, with a gay little laugh, covering up her treasure, and turning herself away from grandpa. But finally she condescended to count it for him. "Look, grandpa! There's five cents, and five cents; that makes ten cents."

"Aye," said grandpa. "And there's nine bright pennies, and they make nineteen cents."

"Just so," said grandpa. "And then there is this very bright penny, made of gold, and it says 'five dollars' on it; and that makes five dollars and nineteen cents."

"Oh, ho!" said grandpa. "I've caught you now. That is a new cent, and nothing more."

But Tessie declared that it was not a cent, it was made of gold; it was just exactly like one that her papa showed her only yesterday, and had just the same letters on it, and papa told her it was five dollars.

"Let me see," said grandpa, and he took the shining penny in his hand and turned it over and looked at it through his glasses, and finally said: "Bless my heart! Well, well, well! grandpa is the one that is caught this time, sure enough! It can't be helped now; I'll stick to my bargain. You counted right, Tessie; the money is yours."

And that was the way it happened that Tessie Warren gave five dollars and nineteen cents toward Miss Keith's New Year's present. —The Pansy.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mme. Ristori ties knots in her handkerchiefs to remind her of things she wishes not to forget.

—Tennyson's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," was a rewritten some fifty times before it was finished.

—Rev. Edward McClure was the author of this pretty sentiment of the sea: "The ocean is a tomb without a monument."

—The public library at Santa Barbara, Cal., contains one hundred Chinese books for the benefit of the reading Celestials of that city.

—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was written by Thomas A. Becket, an English actor, who in 1789 was a teacher of music at Philadelphia. —N. Y. Graphic.

—With the exception of General Harrison, who was in office only a month, all our Presidents have had blue eyes. Few people are aware that General Butler's eyes are blue. —Harper's Bazar.

—By confining his diet for twenty-seven weeks strictly to stale bread and skimmed milk, Major Ben Perley Poore, the correspondent, has reduced his weight by sixty-one pounds, and now enjoys better health than for fifteen years before. —N. Y. Sun.

—General Berdan, of sharp-shooting fame, to whose daughter Mr. F. Marion Crawford was recently married, was some time ago offered a field marshalship by the Sultan, but he declined it, saying he could never wear any other than the American uniform. —Troy Times.

—Annie Whitney, the American woman who has made a very good statue of Harriet Martineau, is devoted to agriculture as well as art, and practically and successfully farms one hundred and seventy-five acres in the New Hampshire White Mountain region. —Boston Journal.

—The late Sullivan Dorris, of Providence, R. I., lived in the same house and died in the same room in which he was born. There, too, lived four generations of servants, one an old lady who was a servant in the family sixty years ago and is there now. —Providence Journal.

—Private letters from Athens received in Washington say that Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American Minister, recently while taking a walk in the environs of the Greek capital lost his way and fell into a pit filled with slaked lime, from which he was not extricated until painfully burned.

—Canadian papers report the recent death in the Parish of St. Madeleine of Charles Blanchet and wife, on the same day, in the ninetieth year of their age, and after a married life of sixty-nine years. They left five sons, one of them Mayor of the town; thirty-nine grandchildren, and ninety great-grand children.

## HUMOROUS.

—"There are poems unwritten and songs unsung." It is this that reconciles us to life. —South and West.

—"Those never to be pleased persons who are indulging in their annual growth about the cost of carrying the mails should reflect on the cost of carrying the average female and be happy. —Life.

—"I hope you will be a better boy in the future," said his mother. "Yes'm," sobbed the boy. "I guess you will mind your father next time he speaks to you." "Yes'm." "Poor boy," she added sympathetically, "did he touch your heart?" "No'm." —Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

—A teacher after the Quincy pattern was illustrating the process of evaporation to a class of young scholars. "Suppose I should set a basin of water out in the schoolyard in the morning and let it remain all day, what would happen?" "It would get upset," was the practical reply.

—"Many quadrupeds, as the cat, have a membrane lining the bottom of the eye-ball with a brilliant yellow luster, usually green or pearly. It is this which makes the eyes of such animals luminous in the dark. —Chicago Herald.







