

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XX

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JULY 12, 1889.

NO. 15.

### THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

**Kansas News Co.,**  
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies  
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00.  
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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western  
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country  
weeklies.  
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rates. Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of  
four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kan-  
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than  
three months.

Bernard Kelley has been appointed  
pension agent in place of Gov. Glick.  
This will give satisfaction.

A valuable horse belonging to  
W. H. Duncan, of Lawrence, stepped  
on an nail, took the lockjaw and  
died.

Kansas papers that are indignant  
at the Kansas City Times for its de-  
famation of Kansas, are retaliating  
by spelling Missouri with a small "m."

How trusts work is clearly shown in  
closing the St. Joseph sugar refinery.  
The trust pays the St. Joe company \$18,-  
000 a year for three years for closing the  
works and doing nothing, and 175 men  
are thrown out. The price of sugar is  
put up to enable the trust to pay this  
and their own increased profits. By and  
by there will be a power spring up, red with  
blood may be, that will put an end to  
such outrages. American Liberty is a  
reality, but it is not made of this kind of  
stuff. The liberty to form such trusts  
will be overthrown by the liberty of the  
people to protect themselves.

Johnstown, N. Y. has suffered from a  
cloud burst. A dispatch says: "The  
town is in total darkness and nine bridges  
were washed away. The electric  
plant has been washed away, also three  
skinn mills at Gloversville. One body  
has been recovered. The water is three  
feet in the town of Fonda."

A Percheron colt or a grade at three  
years old will usually weigh as much, do  
as much work, and have the appearance  
of a horse one or two years older, and  
probably a large part of the western  
horses sold as five and six years of age in  
our cities are really a year or two young-  
er than represented; of course this decep-  
tion is easily detected by those who know  
how to read a colt's age in his teeth; but  
to the breeder this early maturity is a  
great advantage, giving him a useful  
and saleable animal year or two sooner  
than could be otherwise done.

State Superintendent Winans has is-  
sued a circular announcing that begin-  
ning on the fourth Monday in August,  
and continuing five days, examinations  
of candidates for state certificates and  
diplomas will be held before the state  
board of education as follows: Topeka, in  
the State capital building; Lawrence, in  
the university building; Manhattan, in  
the Agricultural college building; Em-  
poria, in the Normal school building;  
Garnett, in the school building. These  
examinations will consist of both writ-  
ten and oral exercises.

Among her anti-slavery recollec-  
tions, Julia Ward Howe writes in the  
July Cosmopolitan: "My hus-  
band had told me early in 1857 of a  
very remarkable man, who, he said,  
seemed bent upon sacrificing him-  
self for the colored race as Christ  
sacrificed himself for the human race.  
'You will hear of him one day,'  
said Dr. Howe, 'meantime, you are  
not to mention what I have told you.'  
He had not told me the name of this  
person. In the summer of 1857, he  
one day asked me whether I re-  
membered his mention of this man.  
I replied that I did. 'He will come  
to this house this afternoon,' said  
my husband. 'You will see him.  
His name is John Brown.' He did  
come, and I remember him as a man  
of middle height, thick-set, his hair  
and beard of an amber color, a little  
touched with gray. His face was  
grave, resolute, but kindly. I had  
the pleasure of taking him by the  
hand, but our conversation was brief  
and unimportant. Yet even this  
meeting with him had in my eyes a  
certain solemnity.

"It must have been about two  
years after this, that my husband,  
coming into our sitting room, found  
me with the Boston Transcript in my  
hand. 'There has been a strange  
attack on Harper's Ferry,' I said,  
handing him the paper. 'Brown  
has got to work,' was his answer."

### A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

**Johnson & Field Receive a Letter  
From Their Correspondent in  
Casablanca, Morocco,  
Africa.**

For a number of years past the enter-  
prising firm of Johnson & Field, man-  
ufacturers of Fanning Mills and Dustless  
Grain Separators, have been shipping  
their goods to Casablanca, Morocco.  
That they have given satisfaction, the  
following extract from a letter just re-  
ceived from their correspondent will  
show:

"Mr. H. who is British Vice Consul  
here, and at the head of a large firm, and  
who has used your mills before, requests  
me to send you the enclosed order, and  
said to me today, that he was highly  
pleased with the result of your Mills.  
He said that there were no other ma-  
chines in this place worth a rap long-  
side of the American machines. 'You see'  
said he 'the others are always getting  
out of order, and when they do work,  
they clean only about half as much as  
these American Mills.' The small farm  
mill I got from you through my corres-  
pondents in New York, some six years  
ago, the first cost of which was \$20 I sold  
last week after six years use, for \$40.  
If your establishment was handy like  
London, you could get more orders. The  
people here never think of buying any-  
thing until they are in want of it. Then  
when they find it takes so long to get it  
from you they can't afford to wait and  
send off to England or France for ma-  
chines."—Racine Daily Times, November  
28, 1888.

### Given Away.

Through the liberality of Messrs.  
Johnson & Field, the manufacturers  
of the above Fanning Mill, we are  
able to offer one of these mills to the  
person, Grange, or Alliance, that  
sends us the largest number of sub-  
scribers before the first day of Sep-  
tember, 1889. In order to be as  
liberal as the manufacturers, we have  
concluded to give the benefit of low-  
est club rates, and so make the price  
of the Spirit of Kansas in this case  
50 cents a year.

Our offer, then is, one of these  
Fanning Mills, shipped direct by  
Johnson & Field to the person,  
Grange or Alliance, sending us the  
greatest number of subscribers, at  
50 cents a year, the same to be  
mailed not later than September 1,  
and to reach us not later than Sep-  
tember 6.

Send names and money at any  
time, stating that you are contesting  
for the mill, that we may keep proper  
record. Address.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS,  
Topeka, Kansas.

Mexican civilization is ahead.  
They have bull fights, while we toler-  
ate human fool fights.

A good many people come to pro-  
hibition Kansas for sake of their boys,  
and that too, when they have no as-  
surance of work. Consequently the  
labor market is always supplied.

A recent report unanimously  
adopted at the annual meeting of the  
British Columbia board of trade, is  
pronounced in favor of reciprocity  
with the United States.

The election of a sheriff and an  
assessor at Forest City, Ark., next  
Monday may be attended with blood-  
shed. The democrats and the unionists  
both have armed organizations.  
Sheriff Wilson was killed in a recent  
riot.

Within the Antarctic circle there  
has never been found a flowering  
plant. In the Arctic region, there are  
762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these  
are confined to the Arctic region.  
They are really polar flowers. The  
colors of these polar flowers are not  
as bright and varied as our own, most  
of them being white and yellow, as  
if borrowing these hardy hues from  
their snowy bergs and golden stars.

The State Historical society has been  
presented with a fine photograph of Hon.  
E. N. Morrill of Hialeah. It is a life-  
size bust picture and is pronounced a  
most excellent likeness of him.

It is said that the one hundred and  
fifty men laid off by the Santa Fe will be  
given work again after a short summer  
vacation.

The prevailing color with Percherons  
is grey, and those who object to this col-  
or will do well to try to breed it out,  
which can be done by using care and  
taking time.

The Percheron no doubt owes his action  
and docile temper to an infusion of  
Arabian blood which was introduced in  
France some generations back.

The executive council has put up a  
card at the entrance to the corridor con-  
necting the east and west wings of the  
capital, announcing that it is dangerous  
to go through it and warning all who do  
so that it is at their risk.

Attorney General Kellogg is in Grey  
county attending the murder trial now  
in progress at Ligeia.

Last Sunday's Capital had a powerful  
article showing that the saloon is the  
cause of the present stagnation in Kan-  
sas City. The great city at the Kaw's  
mouth is rapidly working over into  
prohibition Kansas.

Gather up the bones and either  
break or grind them for the poultry.  
There are few if any materials that  
will excel this for a poultry food and  
very often they are simply allowed to  
go to waste, when with a little work  
they can be converted into one of the  
best poultry foods.

It is stated that one-fifth of the in-  
habitants of London are paupers, which is  
probably an exaggeration.

The rain last Monday afternoon  
stopped threshing, but was a God  
send to the corn and other green  
vegetation.

On Tuesday Leavenworth was the  
scene of a fearful tragedy. William  
Parish shot and killed Mrs. Eva  
Callahan to whom he was once en-  
gaged, and then shot himself. Mrs.  
Callahan was married May 12. Parish  
left a touching letter asking that they  
be buried in one grave.

The money made by farming, says  
an exchange, is the cleanest, best  
money in the world. Agriculture  
fills the farmers pockets at the ex-  
pense of no other man. His gain is  
no man's loss, but the more he makes  
the better off is the world.

With good crops of all kinds, and  
an industrious people who are sup-  
porting the News, the town and com-  
munity should prosper.

Governor Humphrey, State Auditor  
McCarthy, State Treasurer Hamilton and  
Secretary of State Higgins, left for the  
wonderful mineral springs of Larned,  
where they will spend a few days in testing  
the curative properties of the water.

The Lawrence Journal will not again  
have to disfigure its fair columns by the  
details of a prize fight. No one com-  
pelled it to do what it now appears to regret.  
If it had kept itself clean it might have  
sold a score of papers less. By its own  
confession it allowed the necessity of a  
few nickles to commit a sin and that  
it hopes not to be called upon to repeat.

Wyoming is moving on toward state-  
hood. The election of delegates to the  
constitutional convention resulted in  
the choice of 38 republicans, 16 democ-  
rats and 3 independents.

A little seven year old son, and only  
child of late adjutant General A. B.  
Campbell was killed by the electric  
cars in west Topeka Sunday evening  
while jumping off and on the car  
passing his home, as he was in the  
habit of doing.

Robert Johnson, son of Colonel A. S.  
Johnson, land commissioner of the Santa  
Fe recently fell dead at Yuma, California.  
Colonel Johnson received the sad intelli-  
gence of this week by telegraph. Only an  
hour or so before the receipt of the  
telegram he received a letter from his  
son written two or three weeks ago, stat-  
ing that he had been very sick but that  
he was convalescent and felt sure of re-  
covery. The remains were brought to  
Topeka for burial. It will be remembered  
that Col Johnson was the first white child  
born in Kansas.

The Clyde, England, ship builders  
have given notice of a lockout. Their  
object is to force striking riveters to  
return to work.

### CANE MILLS

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for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by The  
Blymyer Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O.,  
than by any other works in the world. They are  
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Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book for 1888.

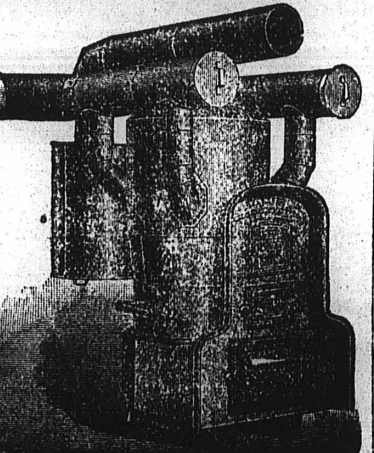
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es to establish large car works in the  
State of Maine at a point on its line  
through the State. The company  
hopes by this means to evade the  
possibility of any interruption to  
passenger traffic by using American-  
built railway cars.

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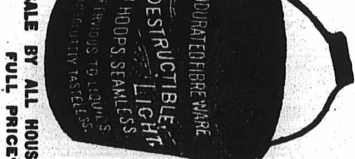
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satisfied. Permanent positions. Good pay. Write  
at once. Get to work NOW, while it is easy to  
sell and territory unworked.

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SARGENT & BROS. Known  
Nurses in the West.  
Experienced, but not  
satisfied. Permanent positions. Good pay. Write  
at once. Get to work NOW, while it is easy to  
sell and territory unworked.

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## THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY BETH DAY.

"Oh, God!" the mother prayed at morn,  
"Bless Thou my little child;  
Keep her dear feet from frost and thorn,  
Her spirit undefiled.  
Grant Thou that she may never stray—  
By evil counsel led—  
From out that safe and narrow way  
Wherein Thy children tread."

At noon the mother's prayer went up  
Through tears of anguish wild;  
"For not for me this bitter cup,  
Oh, Father, spare my child!"

At night, the mother drops no tear,  
No prayer her white lips say;  
Where, on a violet velvet bier  
Her broken lily lay,  
With waxen hands, so pure and fair,  
In angel-guarded rest;  
God heard the mother's morning prayer,  
Her little child was blest.  
—Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

## WINNING A WIDOW.

"Jotham!" quoth Mr. Wiggleton to his chief farm-hand.

"Well, what's wantin'?" lazily inquired Jotham Hardcastle, with a half-masticated straw between his teeth, as he looked up from the bit of harness he was mending.

"The widow Palmleaf has taken the cottage at the foot of the lane."

"Tell me something I didn't know afore," said Jotham, with more freedom than reverence in his manner.

"And if she sends up to borrow the rake or the hoe or the spade—"

"Well, what then?"

"Tell her she can't have 'em. Women are always borrowing. I knew Hobart Palmleaf when he was alive; he was a chronic borrower. I don't want anything to do with the widow."

"All right," observed Jotham, philosophically, and his master resumed the perusal of his newspaper once more.

"Jotham," said Mr. Wiggleton about ten days afterward, as he came in heated and out of breath from a walk. (Mr. Wiggleton wasn't as spry as he had been before his five-and-fortieth birthday, and the Locust hill was a pretty steep ascent.)

"Well, what now?"

"I wonder if that was the Widow Palmleaf I saw gathering blackberries into a basket by the south wall of the cottage garden?"

"Kind o' slim and tall?"

"Yes."

"Blue eyes and hair as shiny as satin?"

"Yes."

"And a little white parasol lined with silk?"

"Yes."

"Reckon likely it was," said Jotham.

"But," persisted the puzzled landowner, "she doesn't look at all like a widow."

"There's as much difference in widows as there is in other folks," observed Jotham dryly.

Mr. Wiggleton was silent for a moment or two.

"Jotham!" he finally said.

"Well?"

"Has she sent to borrow anything?"

"Sent yesterday forenoon—asked if we had a screw-driver to lend—the hinge was comin' loose on the garden gate."

"And what did you tell her?"

"Said my order was contrary wise to lendin' or borrowin'."

"Jotham, you are a fool."

"Tan't the first time you've said so, and tan't the first time you've been wrong," said Jotham, with a calmness of demeanor that was beautiful to behold. "Hard words is considered in the wages, and I an't the man to find fault. I only did as you told me."

"Yes, but, Jotham, never mind; the next time she sends let her have whatever she wants."

"Said somethin' about wantin' a man to come and hoe them early potatoes. Be I to go?"

"Certainly—of course. Neighbors should act like neighbors, especially in the country."

And Mr. Wiggleton sighed and wished that he was not too corpulent and unused to labor to hoe the Widow Palmleaf's early potatoes himself.

But he did the next best thing; he went over to look at the field after Jotham had hoed it, and gave the widow good advice concerning a certain rocky, up-hill bit of sheep pasture that belonged to the cottage.

"I'd lay that down in winter rye if I were you, ma'am," said Mr. Wiggleton.

"I am so much obliged to you," said the widow, sweetly. "Since poor, dear Hobart was taken away I have no one to advise me on these subjects."

And Mr. Wiggleton thought how soft and pretty her blue eyes looked as she spoke.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jotham, leaning on the handle of his hoe, "winter rye an't the sort o' crop for that spot. Spring wheat's the only thing to grow there."

"Hold your tongue, Jotham!" cried his employer, testily.

"Yes, sir, I will," said Jotham, with a broad grin over Mr. Wiggleton's shining bald head.

"And about these hyacinth beds, ma'am," said the latter, recovering his equanimity; "I'll come over this evening if you will allow me—"

"I shall be delighted," interrupted the widow with a smile that showed a set of teeth as white and regular as pearls.

"This evening, ma'am," repeated Mr. Wiggleton, with a bow, "and we'll sketch out a diagram. Hyacinths have to be humored, Mrs. Palmleaf."

"So I have always heard," said the widow.

That evening after Mr. Wiggleton had returned from discussing the momentous question of sandy soil, bulbous roots, and crescents and circles, he found Jotham on the front porch contentedly breathing the flower-scented air.

"A very pretty woman, that Mrs. Palmleaf, Jotham," said the employer; not because there was any congeniality of soul, but because he could have talked to the gate posts if Jotham hadn't happened to be there.

"Well, nobody doubts that, as ever I heard on," said Jotham, with his elbows on his knees and face complacently turned toward the full moon.

"And she can't be over 30."

"So I should a' said myself," assented Jotham.

"I'm glad she has taken the cottage on a long lease, Jotham," pursued Mr. Wiggleton. "I like good neighbors."

"Most folks does," observed Jotham.

And he got up shaking himself like a great New Newfoundland dog and went into the house, leaving Mr. Wiggleton to the companionship of his own cogitations. There are times in which solitude is said to be the best company. Perhaps this was one of those special occasions, in the estimation of Jotham Hardcastle.

The summer went by; the great maple in front of the Wiggleton mansion began to glow as if its leaves had been dipped in blood melted gold; the astors reared their purple torches along the stone wall by the cottage under the hill, and any acute observer might have perceived that Mrs. Palmleaf had laid down the rocky bit of up-hill ground in spring wheat instead of winter rye.

"Jotham!" said Mr. Wiggleton to his farm hand one evening; it was the first time they had had a fire on the wide, old-fashioned hearth.

"Well?"

"I have concluded it isn't best for you to live here at the house any longer."

"What's goin' to happen?" said Jotham. "You an't goin' to hire another hand, be you?"

"No; to be sure not. You suit me admirably, Jotham, only"—and Mr. Wiggleton shot the words out with an effort—"I am thinking of getting married."

"Oh!"

"It's rather late in life, to be sure," said Mr. Wiggleton, conscious of looking extremely sheepish, "but you know Jotham, it's never too late to do a good thing."

"Certainly not."

"You ought to get married, Jotham," added his employer, speaking in a rather rapid and embarrassed manner.

"Think so?"

"Certainly. You might live in the little house beyond the peach orchard; it wouldn't take much to fit it nicely, now that paint and paper are so cheap."

"Jotham stared reflectively at the fire.

"And your wife could take care of the cream and butter, and all that sort of thing, for us. It isn't likely Mrs. P.—ahem!—it isn't likely, I mean, that my wife will care for such things."

"Humph!"

"I'd advise you to turn the thing all over in your mind, Jotham," said Mr. Wiggleton.

"Yes, I will," said Jotham, with a little cough.

The next morning Mr. Wiggleton attired himself in his best suit and went to the cottage.

Mrs. Palmleaf received him in a charming wrapper, with ribbons to match.

Mr. Wiggleton wasted no time in useless preliminary chitchat.

"Mrs. Palmleaf, ma'am," he began, a little nervously, "I have concluded to change my condition."

"Indeed!" said the widow, smiling like an open rose. "I am so glad to hear it."

"And I am here this morning to ask you to be my wife!" pursued our hero, boldly.

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Palmleaf, blushing, and looking prettier than ever, "but I—I really couldn't."

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Wiggleton, fairly taken aback by this unexpected answer.

"I am engaged!" owned up the charming widow, playing with the ribbons at her belt.

"I'd lay I dare to ask—that is—"

"Oh, certainly. It's Jotham Hardcastle."

Mr. Wiggleton stammered out a sentence or two of congratulation and took his leave.

And when the "spring wheat" reared its green tassels on the hillside Jotham married the pretty young widow, and Mr. Wiggleton is single yet. He always felt as if he had been ill-treated, but he never could tell exactly how.—True Flag.

Conceit All Gone.

Old Gent—"Let me see. Yes, I met your nephew five years ago, and if you must know the truth, I was disgusted with him—such a vain, conceited, insufferable puppy I never saw in my life."

Old Neighbor—"Oh, he's changed completely now. He's the most modest man you could find in a day's journey—he doesn't believe he knows anything."

"You don't say so! Well, now I think of it, when I met him he was a college sophomore."

"Yes, and now he's a graduate and trying to earn his own living."—New York Weekly.

## The Gift of Genius.

It may be said in a general way, that genius is creative; that talent is productive or reproductive, and that taste is simply appreciative or critical. But generalization is nearly always a dangerous process and is very apt either to go too far or to fall short in dealing with those fine traits and subtle powers which are at once so real and so elusive. It is better perhaps, to begin, at least, with actual and specific instances. Let us begin with a very humble one. Some years before the late war of secession, a little negro boy, hardly more than an infant, used to sun himself and loll on the steps to the gallery in front of an old fashioned planter's house in one of the Southern states. He was blind and unable to join in the sports of the children of his own age, but it was his delight to listen to the piano music which the daughters of the household played daily in their parlor. Shut out from all the visible beauty of the external world, without intelligent instruction of any sort, this poor urchin found yet open to him one avenue communicating with a world of perennial charm. But what more was it to him than the jingle of a baby's rattle? Did he understand the music, or so much as catch the tune? One day a new touch was laid upon the keys of that piano. The young ladies in an adjoining room took note of it, and wondered whose it could be. They opened the door, and there upon the piano-stool was perched blind Tom. His little fingers were too short to span an octave, but from the first he played in chords—avoided discords. In a little while the boy was famous, and he was applauded by wondering audiences in many cities.

We called Blind Tom a genius because there was no other way of accounting for him. But what was the *modus operandi* of that genius? Did Blind Tom compose harmonies, as a bird builds its nest, under the guidance of an unconscious instinct? The bird shares its constructive instinct with all of his species. He gets it by inheritance, unimpaired and unimproved. He has no originality, no inventiveness. But Blind Tom's parents were what we call common field hands, and so far as can be ascertained, entirely devoid of any exceptional endowment.

Passing from one extreme to the other, we find genius again in Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was born into an old and educated family. His youth was passed in an atmosphere of serious thought. He was supplied with the best books and with all the appliances of culture which his country could afford at that time. Later on he enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel and personal intercourse with some of the most eminent thinkers and literary workers of the age. He was always under one sort of external inspiration or another. But does all this account for him? Can we say that he was the product of his time and his surroundings? Those things might have made him an accomplished scholar and a graceful writer. But Emerson was more than an accomplished scholar and a graceful writer. He was, we are inclined to think, the most stimulating writer that America has ever produced. He did not so much instruct as inspire his readers. His thoughts gleamed like scattered crystals on his pages. He presented you with no well-formulated system; but he touched, as it were, a strand upon chords of far-reaching suggestion. He could say more than any other man could say in a single sentence, and his sentences were short. There was often but little apparent connection between them, and he said himself that they were infinitely repellent particles. He was not given to argument; his strength lay in the intuitive faculty of pure reason rather than in the logical understanding. He differed from other men not so much in the degree as in the quality of his intellect. We cannot class him.

It is a long way from Blind Tom to Emerson; but they both had that gift which we name genius. Blind Tom was all genius. He had no learning and no talent; he was almost an idiot. Emerson was eminently sane and widely read. What was it that those two human beings had in common? It was originality, not eccentricity; insight without instruction, invention without guidance, an innate power of going straight to the ideal. Of course, Blind Tom was not always creative. He played other people's music; but he was a composer, too. We may say the same of Emerson as poet and philosopher. He was always willing to learn, and he was wonderfully alive to the good work of others; but he belonged to no school, he was nobody's pupil and nobody's imitator. We will not contend with those people who deny the existence of genius, or who assert that there is no difference between genius and a high degree of talent highly cultivated. Fortunately, the thing is here in the world to speak for itself. It came without a herald, and it remains without an explanation. It plays new tunes on the old strings, it says new things on the old subjects, and when it sets itself to noble tasks it kindles new and fadeless lights in the firmament of art and letters. It gives us new servants, new instruments, and new methods. It is nothing if it is not original.—New Orleans Picayune.

China and Railroads.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, is reported as having lately made the assertion that within the next half century China would be covered with a network of railways;

that it would have rolling mills and furnaces, with immense mineral resources, and unlimited cheap labor to back them, and that China may do the manufacturing of the world. While China is proverbially slow in adopting the methods of the outside barbarians, a striking chance has been taking place there lately; and to-day China has an excellent fleet of ironclads of the most modern type, is arming and disciplining its soldiers after European models, has telegraph lines and at least one railway in successful operation, and is pushed forward in a phenomenally rapid way, for conservative China, toward the acquisition of the majority of the arts and manufacturers that but lately marked the difference between it and other more civilized nations. The industrial momentum of a nation of 400,000,000 inhabitants, covering one-tenth of the inhabitable globe, if once fairly started, is well worth consideration. Baron Richthofen, in describing the northwest of China, says that the Shansi district is one of the most remarkable coal and iron regions in the world; and he estimates that at the present rate of consumption the coal of this district would supply the world for thousands of years to come. It is claimed by some writers that Shansi, when more thoroughly explored will bear away the palm from Pennsylvania, whose 20,000 square miles of coal land have been heretofore considered as the greatest single deposit in the world. Richthofen says further that this coal can be very easily and cheaply extracted on a large scale, and that ore of excellent quality is found in quantities in the immediate vicinity of the coal fields. Be this as it may, mineral wealth is abundant, and when it comes to a question of labor the Chinese can furnish this to an almost limitless degree, and recruit it from a class that is naturally patient, skillful and content with small gains. We do not agree with the viceroy in his prophecy that all he hopes for may be accomplished in fifty years. China is too deeply settled in its rut for that, and other nations, with the many advantages they already possess, will be moving, too, at an always accelerating rate; but the Chinese may some time be very active competitors in the manufacturing world, and it may become necessary for other nations than our own to protect themselves with a Chinese wall against Chinese industries.—Engineering News.

## Not a Dumb Animal.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why don't you get a chair to sit down on?"

The voice was rather loud, but not disagreeable, the tone somewhat muffled, as of a person half choking with laughter.

The salutation came to the newspaperer as he was on his daily perambulations about the city, and was traced to a handsome blue-black bird in a cage hanging under the shade of a fig tree at the residence of Dr. Gildea, on Sixteenth street, near H.

As the reporter approached nearer he was received with more laughter and inquiries as to whether he came to see the "Mino," if his health was good, &c.

A few inquiries directed to a pleasant-faced lady near by elicited the information that the bird was the sacred Mino of Siam, which as a nestling had been smuggled from the temple where it was bred by a roving sea captain and sold to Dr. Gildea at Honolulu some eight years ago.

Minnie, as she was called, is about half the size of a crow and nearly as black. In the sunlight the feathers take a blue and green tinge, and there is a spot of white upon each wing and a necklace of bright yellow about the throat.

The bill, which is large and strong, tapers to a sharp point and is orange-hued near the head and lemon-colored at the tip.

The prominent eyes are large and bright, the feet and legs lemon-colored.

The bird is valued at \$250, but specimens have been known to bring \$1,000 in the United States, where but few of them have ever been brought.

The species is carefully guarded in Siam, and as none are ever sold they can only be obtained surreptitiously.—San Diego.

## Some Hints on Marketing.

It is an easy matter generally to decide whether the berries are fresh or stale; if stale, they are withered, or show signs of decay, if fresh the color is bright and clear, the berry firm and perfect in shape.

The stems on peas and beans should be green and tender, if dry and shriveled they are stale, the leaves and stems of beets should be perfectly fresh, and the roots firm and crisp.

Asparagus should have fresh purple points and thick, white, tender stalks.

The flowers of cauliflowers should be creamy white and the leaves green and fresh; if the leaves are wilted, or there are dark spots on the head, it is not good.

Good new potatoes are firm to the touch, if unripe they will wilt in a few days and are unfit to eat.

The stalk of the cabbage should be entirely sound, the leaves fresh and crisp and free from decay.

Fresh cucumbers are crisp and deep green or green and white in color, not green and yellow.

It is better to wait for corn until it can be obtained from the vicinity in which we live, for it should be cooked the same day as gathered; the grains should be plump and the milk should spurt out when pierced with the nail.—Godey's Lady's Book.

## WINGED MISSILES.

Colerado is said to have 1,000 women stock-growers.

It is estimated that the United States has a doctor for every 600 inhabitants.

The dog tax of France gives the state an annual revenue of about \$1,500,000.

The rumor that an extra session of congress will be held in October is renewed.

Sharp New Yorkers make old potatoes look like new by soaking them in a secret preparation.

The French minister at Washington denies that there is any treaty between his country and Hayti.

Florida has \$12,000,000 invested in the orange business, and the sales this year were a fourth of that big sum.

Moses Day, a Connecticut seventh son, says that next year will be a great year for floods. "Ark to the prophecy."

It is said that one woman out of three all over Utah drinks whisky and gets drunk quite often. They claim they do it to keep off malaria.

The only excuse Tennessee lawyers could urge in defense of a horse thief was that he was quick-tempered, and he put it so well that the jury disagreed.

"The only thing I regret," wrote a French chambermaid before suiciding, "is that I shall not be present to hear the exclamation of my mistress when she first discovers my dead body."

It is probable that the Civil Service Commission will recommend to congress some modification of the present system of local examining boards for the custom houses and post offices.

It is reported that a United States man-of-war stationed in Hayti waters conveyed through the blockade a steamer from New York loaded with contraband material for the insurgents.

Various bodies have petitioned the Pennsylvania legislature for so many legal holidays that each day in the week, including Sunday, would have been a holiday had the petitions been granted.

It is rather curious, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in all the "Recollections" of great men you never read that they recoiled to pay money borrowed to help them get their first push in the world.

The worst thing you can do to your face, next to rubbing on poison, is to have the barber shave you close. The English doctors have protested so vigorously that no English barber dares scrape the cuticle of a customer.

A French fisherman who was reported lost and whose property was divided up returned after an absence of two years, but the French courts hold that he is dead, and he has to take a new name and be somebody else.

The transfer of American war vessels and the visit of the senate committee to Alaska, it is believed at Washington, will result in some settlement of the issue between this country and England relative to Behring Sea.

Soon after the contracts are awarded for the construction of the new 2500-ton gunboats, preparations will begin at the Washington Ordnance Yard for the manufacture of their peculiar ordnance, which is to be made up entirely of rapid-fire guns of six inches in calibre.

The Navy Department has completed and will soon issue advertisements calling for proposals for the construction of three new cruisers, slightly larger than the Yorktown and of two thousand tons burthen. As they will be longer than the Yorktown, it is expected they will be more powerful and faster.

The Manitoba government's Ontario emigration agent has been instructed by the premier of Manitoba to visit Michigan and Wisconsin, and report on the condition of the farmers in those states, with a view to commencing a vigorous emigration campaign there. It is said that a great many are anxious to move out to Manitoba.

The London Spectator pays this tribute to the United States: "Her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe." It predicts that there are children who may live to see the republic with a population of two hundred millions.

The United States Government and the Government of Denmark have exchanged ratifications of the treaty, providing for the arbitration of the claims of Carlos Butterfield against the Danish Government for losses and injuries sustained through their refusal to allow the Benjamin Franklin and another of Butterfield's vessels to enter a port in the Danish West Indies in the years 1854 and 1855. In this case not only was entrance refused, but one of the vessels was fired upon.

In 1898 Henry Irving stood on the stage of a theatre in Liverpool wondering what he should do in the summer months, when the theatre would be closed and he would be left without an engagement or a shilling. A letter was brought to him from Dion Boucicault, offering him a part in a new play and asking his terms. "Six pounds a week," he wrote, and added that he hoped the part was a good one. The answer was characteristic: "Dear sir:—The part is a good one. The salary is more than I intended giving, but I never bargain with an artist. Yours, Dion Boucicault."

At the Bishop inquest in New York, Dr. Biggs stated that he had examined a portion of the mind-reader's brain and found it diseased. In the center of the medulla there was found a microscopical hemorrhage, which he believed caused death. He was certain that death did not result from catalepsy or epilepsy. Dr. John A. Irwin, one of those who performed the autopsy, said that he did not know that the mind-reader's mother was alive till the night following the autopsy. He stated emphatically that there was no difficulty in determining whether or not a person was dead or merely in a trance. He ordered the autopsy, not on scientific grounds, but because he considered it absolutely required, and because he thought it was in accordance with Mr. Bishop's wish.



## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### The Wheat Prospect.

Speculators are remorselessly hammering away at the price of wheat, urging the promised large crop as a reason for making it cheaper. They generally do this kind of work remorselessly, as the remorse usually comes later in the game, and this time is reasonably sure. It is not certain yet that the wheat crop this year will be a large one. A score of contingencies such as continued drought or its opposite, a wet harvest, insect enemies and rust, are yet liable to diminish the present prospect of a good crop. If the yield should reach the large total of the wheat crop of 1884, 512,000,000 bushels, it must be remembered that it will come after the very deficient crop of 1888.

Both the visible and invisible supply of wheat are now much below what they were five years ago, while then other countries on which the world depends for wheat had much fuller crops than now. The Australian, Indian and South American wheat crops this year are all much smaller than in 1884. The whole world will call on us for more wheat than it has in any recent year, and we can get better prices than have been paid if we only ask for them.

The decline in wheat prices a few years ago took thousands of farmers by surprise, and has doubtless discouraged many. The surprise was the greater because the new factor of cheap Indian wheat was not then fully understood. Under this influence wheat prices were forced down below cost of production, and for most of the time have remained so ever since. This unnatural state of things could not last. If there be anything sure in economies it is that the production of a great staple of human food like wheat must, in the long run, be profitable to those engaged in it, not that it will be everywhere and every year a source of profit. Bad seasons or other causes may make its production a loss at times, but where this fact exists it is either temporary or in that place the growing of wheat must be abandoned. This was the condition a few years ago when India began growing and exporting wheat extensively. It was a contest in the industrial world to see by whom and where could wheat be grown most cheaply. The greatly lessened production of wheat this year by our competitors, combined, as it probably will be, with a good crop of our own, virtually decides this bloodless industrial duel in our favor. The farmers of this country are the victors, and here, rather than elsewhere, will the world, for a few years to come, look for its wheat supply.

The victory has probably greater significance for the prosperity of our country than is probably generally appreciated. This is still largely a country of agricultural industries and depends more upon the prosperity of American farmers than upon anything else.

If we can grow wheat more cheaply than other nations, it will incidentally benefit all other industries. Though wheat may be necessarily higher than for several years past it will be cheaper here at the place of its production than it can be placed anywhere else after cost of exporting has been added. England has long made a point in economic policy in furnishing cheap food for the working classes. By the repeal of duties on grain it added enormously to the advantage of its manufacturers for cheap production. But the United States is also becoming a great manufacturing nation and it is reasonably sure to have cheaper foods of all kinds than the English artisan. We have long had this pre-eminence in growing corn, and also, pork, beef and all incidental products. Now the decision in our favor of the industrial duel gives us, for a time, at least, the like supremacy in the production of cheap wheat.

There is no apparent danger from any quarter of new and cheaper supplies of wheat cutting under our supply and forcing it down to a lower level. The farmers of this country will, after harvest, hold in their granaries the available wheat for supplying the old world's markets. They are entitled to a good price for this wheat, which if they have not been unfortunate in having a bad crop should pay them for the labor and time given in producing it and some profit besides. That is the natural position of a farmer with a good crop of anything. There is no reason this year why farmers should not get a paying price for their wheat unless they are frightened into selling by the talk of speculators anxious to buy the crop low and make the profit themselves. It is never wise to hold grain for prices greatly above the cost of production. When the owner of a crop of any kind is offered a paying price it is risky to refuse it. For several years the growers of wheat have been obliged to sell at less than cost, but if they do so this year we think they will make a mistake.—American Cultivator.

### Weed-Killing.

There is no busier month in the year for the general farmer than June and especially in an early season like the present. The weeds are growing as fast as the cultivated crops, and unless kept in check or destroyed by frequent cultivation will do great injury. It would not be half the work to keep the weeds under control in mid-summer if the previous operations of plowing and harrowing had been thoroughly performed. We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than that between a well and poorly worked

cultivated field or garden. Take a piece of tough sod, plow it poorly late in the spring, harrow it with a harrow that will merely turn the furrows back or tear them into coarse sods, and then after planting some crop leave the land to itself for three or four weeks for the grass to recover from the slight shock the stirring has given it, and we have about as tough a job for the cultivator and hoe as one can well imagine. Or, plant an old garden in which ten to fifty generations of weeds have annually dropped their seeds, to onions, carrots or other vegetables that are small and slow of growth when young. Let all grow together till the weeds have pretty much hidden the crop planted, and then go in on the hands and knees and pull out the hundred weeds to the one good plant left. If to the annual weeds like purslain, pigweed, heartsease and a few dozen other well known and exceedingly good common species, there is added a good growth of sorrel or witch grass, the case will be all the more impressive, especially upon the minds of the farmers' boys who don't and can't see what in the name of goodness weeds were ever made for.

Under conditions like these, it is possible to spend a whole day of faithful work without earning much more than one's board, possibly not even that. There are workingmen so indifferent to the results of their labor that they can contentedly busy themselves all day pulling weeds from a single square rod, provided they expect to receive their regular wages, but deliver us from many such workers. There may be a place in this world for a few such, who will obey orders even when they know their work will ruin owners. But give us men and boys too, who are impatient, and possibly a little cross when set at work in such fields and gardens as we have described, for there is room for hope that the lesson may teach them to prepare the soil better next time and to avoid the necessity of spending valuable time doing such unprofitable work.

A grass sod well plowed and cultivated may give us the easiest kind of field to work the first summer, but the grass should be so well and so deeply covered that it will die by suffocation before it has time or strength to push up through the furrows. The harrowing must be thorough to give a mellow sod bed that can be furrowed out in straight rows and of uniform depth. Then if the seed is planted with care, the cultivator may be run even before the crop makes its appearance above ground. There is nothing equal to prompt and early action in fighting weeds. Run the cultivator through a weedy field every second day if need be, till nothing green remains between the rows, and it will be a comparatively easy matter to clean out the weeds in the drills or hills. Never spend labor in the field with the hand hoe where the cultivator can be made to do the work. No one can afford to "hill up" corn, potatoes or other field crops with the hand hoe even when hilling is advisable.

If a field is worked frequently with the cultivator in fair weather, the clearing of the drills or hills by hand work may be done at one's leisure on cloudy days, or whenever there is spare time. Hoeing by rule, in the old-fashioned way, from once to three times during the season, and following the cultivator with the hoes immediately before the weeds disturbed by the cultivator have had time to die, is largely labor lost. A field can not cheaply be kept clean in any such way. If one has a particularly tough, weedy field that needs to have the cultivator run between the rows two or three times to make reasonably easy hoeing, let the cultivator run but once the same day, and if possible have a day between each operation. It must be a very hardy weed that can endure being turned out and exposed to the sun three times in three alternate days. Farm work, of which weed killing takes a prominent part at this season of the year, is pleasant or perplexing, according as we take hold of it in a reasonable or unreasonable way. It is an easy or a hard matter, whichever we make it; easy if rightly undertaken, hard indeed if we begin at the wrong end. Weeds kill the easiest when in the seed leaf stage. Burial is as fatal then as sun exposure.—Practical Farmer.

### Farm Notes.

June is the month to watch for the yellow blossoms of charlock or wild mustard in oats or barley. When it once gets a foothold neither of these grains can be profitably grown. The most careful hand weeding leaves some to ripen its seed, and one plant left to grow will seed a square rod.

The great mass of farmers are keeping too many horses for the work they do, too many cows for the milk or butter they sell, too many pigs for the pork they put up and too many fowls for the number of eggs they gather. Are not these the main reasons why so many barely make both ends meet? Fewer animals and of better quality would lessen expenses without also lessening income.

Where one side of a woodlot is cut off it lets in wind on exposed trees, which are blown down the following spring, when in leaf, because their roots have not been trained to stand the strain. The better plan is to cut out scattering trees, choosing those whose increase in volume by standing will be least, or else clear off the entire lot, and plant anew. If the trees are not of kinds that sprout from the roots, like locust and chestnut.

An expert caponizer in giving directions says that the beginner need not be discouraged if a good many birds die under the treatment, and that those most careful and experienced expect

to lose ten or twelve per cent. If this be true, as may be fairly presumed, caponizing, except for a very few epicures, might as well be given up. Ten or twelve per cent loss, or even half of that, more than offsets the gain from an operation that to most must seem needless as it is cruel.

Thinning the fruit on the vine is almost as important as winter pruning. In fact, if it is certain that thinning out will be attended to, it is better with many varieties to leave longer canes and then reduce the clusters after the fruit has set. The size, quantity and above all the earliness of the grape crop depends upon this. Even the Catawba will often ripen one bunch on a shoot if the energy of the vine is concentrated on that, where from three or even two might be too much for it. Making so many seeds is what taxes the vitality of the vines.

The butchers always insist that to be well fattened the calf must be left to suck the cow. In this way it surely gets new milk; it gets it warm, and by sucking it is procured slowly, and thus mixed with a large amount of saliva. It is hard to combine all these advantages in hand feeding, and this, we presume, is the reason for the butchers' favoritism for calves that have fattened themselves in the natural way. But it is not best, even for fattening the calf, to let it run with the cow. Keep them separate, and let the calf suck morning and night only. This is much better than giving a noon meal additional.—American Cultivator.

### The Household.

**CINNAMON TEA FOR INVALIDS.**—To a half pint of sweet milk add a stick or ground cinnamon enough to flavor strong; sweeten and bring to the boiling point; drink either warm or cold.

**BEEF STEW.**—Cut one pound of beef in dice, add two carrots, two potatoes, one onion, two turnips, chopped fine, one teaspoon of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste; cover closely and stew four hours, adding occasionally a little water.

**APPLE PUDDING.**—Two cups of cracker crumbs, six apples stewed and sweetened, two eggs, a small piece of butter and a little grated nutmeg; mix all together and bake one-half hour.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—One pound of sugar beaten with the yolks of six eggs, one-half pound of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cup of sweet milk; mix thoroughly and add the beaten whites of the eggs.

**CINNAMON WAFERS.**—One pound of white sugar, one-half pound of butter, one pound of flour, two beaten eggs; beat light, roll out very thin, cut in round cakes; sprinkle with cinnamon and bake.

**YELLOW CAKE.**—One-fourth of a cup of butter and one cup of sugar beaten to a cream, yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with vanilla.

**LEMON PUFFS.**—With the juice of two lemons mix one pound of powdered sugar; beat the white of one egg to a froth; add two grated lemons, then stir in the sugar; drop in small cakes on a buttered tin and bake in a moderately heated oven.

### The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor o'er the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the Robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marble, stopped,  
And cruel in sport as boys will be;  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay," said the grandmother, "have you  
not heard,  
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings the cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in."

"My poor Bron Ruddy, my breast-burned  
bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like him."

"Amen," said I to the beautiful myth!  
Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to heart of our Lord are all  
Who suffer like him in the good they do.  
—John G. Whittier.

### One Way to Lay a Ghost.

"Bill Skimmions buried his father in a most unhandsome way very near his barn," said the man at the other end of the table. "The neighbors thought it was a shame and made a good deal of talk about it. One of them thought he would punish Bill by scaring him, and laid in wait for him near his father's grave on a dark night."

"As Bill went by on his way to the barn the man rose up as if from the tomb and exclaimed in a ghostly voice, 'I'm your father, Bill!'"

"Who said you wasn't?" Bill answered, "git down thar inter yer hole whar yer belong!" and he struck him across the face with a bridal he was carrying such a rap that the would-be alarmist carried the scars for months.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### Sworn Never to Reveal.

Parson (returning from church, to small boy with a pole)—Do you know where the little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?  
Small boy (with pride and animation)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't goin' to give the snap away, either!"—Adams' Transcript.

### Can a Cat Charm Like a Snake?

A Delhi correspondent of the New York Sun writes: "William Youmans of this village is noted for his studies in natural history. He is a brother of ex-Chief Clerk Youmans of the national treasury department, and a great story-teller. He is now relating an incident which he says interests him more than anything else he has witnessed for years."

"On the grounds of his fine residence here, William Youmans has an artificial trout pond. He takes great delight in feeding and watching the habits of these fish. Of late he has noticed a diminution from day to day in their number. Investigation had satisfied him that no one had taken any trout by theft, as a powerful watch-dog guarded the premises day and night. He saw kingfishers sailing over the pond in the air, but satisfied himself that they had not despoiled the pond. He next turned his attention to two household cats who were getting sleek and fat, but seemed to eat much less food than was their wont."

One day he caught one of the cats eating a trout, but was at a loss to see how the feline had captured it. This set him to watching the cat. In a day or two he traced one of the cats to the pond, and, hiding behind a tree, saw the cat approach the edge of the water, put its nose level with the surface of the pond, and fix its gaze intently upon some object. After remaining in that position some little time some strange noise near by frightened the cat away. Mr. Youmans rushed to the spot and found a good-sized trout apparently disabled within a few inches of where the cat was crouched. He touched it with his cane, when the fish acted as though it had been mesmerized. It shortly came out of its dazed condition and swam slowly off to the center of the pond.

Mr. Youmans thinks there is no doubt that the cat remained perfectly still on the margin of the pond until it caught the eye of the trout, and that then, as snakes charm birds and squirrels, the feline charmed or mesmerized the fish, which approached nearer and nearer until the puss could almost grab it.

Mr. Youmans is watching for another opportunity, hoping to follow the cat to the end of the program.

### The American Position.

This country, standing as it does as the exemplar of the grandest form of human government evolved from the human mind, rightfully asserts for other and weaker peoples the right to manage their own affairs, unawed by the bullying policies of more powerful, grasping and self-aggrandizing nations. The American position is the inalienable right of a people to conduct their own affairs and work out the problem of their own destinies. The greed of territorial aggrandizement finds no lodgment in American diplomacy. The chains of foreign domination which she tore from herself she would not have fastened upon others, and so she takes her stand upon the highest ground ever assumed by a great and mighty nation, as the champion of the weak, and says to the powerful, avaricious government that presumes to overreach those who reasonably come within the scope of her protecting influence, "Hands off!"

Whether it be France in Mexico or Germany in Samoa, America's position is one of unalterable hostility to foreign aggression. Self-government being the corner-stone of her own glorious national fabric, she proposes that, whatever influence can properly be exerted, it shall be enjoyed by others. The nations of Europe may rearrange the map of that continent as they choose, she does not propose to be mixed up in their warring alliances; but she does not propose that they will extend their grasping tenacity for acquisitions on this continent or among people in the Pacific who are capable and desirous of managing their own affairs. Less noisy in her diplomatic methods, not given to bluster nor moved from her position by it, she lives the embodiment of a nation, deservedly great, compelling respect for herself, and for those rights which she asserts in behalf of those not powerful enough to defend them in their own behalf. Those who one hundred years ago assisted at the birth of this great nation in the highest flights of their fancy did not dare to picture her attainment to her present eminence, not only the great exemplar of freedom herself, but the determined champion of freedom in the behalf of others.—American Cultivator.

### Vienna Bread.

It is enough to say that a careful attention to the proportions of yeast, wetting and flour used, together with watchfulness in regard to temperature at which they are mixed and raised, will, when the proper time for raising is allowed, give the best results. The ordinary half-ounce cake of compressed yeast should be used with a pint of wetting, half milk and half water; flour enough should be used to make a dough as soft as can be handled. When this is mixed with the wetting at a temperature of seventy degrees, and raised three hours in a room of the same temperature it is ready to be molded. An hour's raising after it is molded into the pans will find it ready for the oven. Nothing besides milk, water, yeast, salt and flour should be put into the dough.—The Millstone.

Sad-faced tramp—"Madam, I am a homeless man." Patient housewife—"Well, if you are homeless than my husband is, I pity your poor wife."—Burdette.

### PENNY SAVINGS BANKS.

Concerns that Will Take a Single Cent on Deposit and Allow Liberal Interest.

Through the efforts of Postmaster General Wanamaker a bill has been passed by the Pennsylvania legislature authorizing the establishment of savings institutions and popular banks where small amounts will be received, and an additional stimulus thus be given to popular economy. There has been a widely recognized need for institutions that would receive small sums of money and allow a fair rate of interest thereon. Mr. Wanamaker has recognized this want for years past in studying the condition of the people who make up the larger part of the congregation of Bethany Church, and, in conjunction with his counsel, Robert C. Hinckley, he formulated a plan which has culminated in the present bill.

In reviewing the history of the project Mr. Hinckley said:

"Mr. Wanamaker conceived the idea of having a savings fund in connection with Bethany Church to encourage the people to save money. He worked out a plan in his mind, and established what is called the Penny Savings Bank of Southwest Philadelphia, which is located in the Bethany Church building, at Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets. It was opened on July 11, 1888, Mr. Wanamaker is president. It was a complete success, and it became necessary to have it incorporated. A special feature of the bank is that it will receive deposits as small as 1 penny."

"Upon examination of the corporation laws of the state it was found that there was no general law under which this kind of an institution could be incorporated, and under the new constitution special laws are not allowable. It therefore became necessary to draft a new law as an amendment to the corporation act of 1874. This was prepared by Mr. Wanamaker and myself, introduced into the legislature by Senator Delameter, was passed, and now awaits the governor's signature. As soon as it shall have become a law we shall apply for the incorporation of the Penny Savings Bank."

"The institution is purely charitable, no salaries being paid, and it is purely for the benefit of people in moderate circumstances. There is only one other institution in the city that receives as low as a penny, and that is a small bank at Eleventh and Lombard streets. This will incorporate as soon as the law shall have been made valid. Of course, similar institutions will spring up all over the state, and I have already received inquiries from parties in Pittsburgh who want to incorporate as soon as possible."

The Penny Savings Bank pays 4 per cent interest, whereas the large savings funds pay but 3 per cent. No interest, however is allowed on any sum less than \$1. There is no limit fixed to the deposits at the Bethany Bank, but in the bill just passed it is provided that no individual or corporation shall have to his or its credit more than \$5,000, exclusive of accrued interest.

The regulations governing the Penny Savings Bank are substantially like those of other savings banks. A book is furnished each depositor, and ten days' notice must be given to the bank when it desires to withdraw more than \$10. The money can only be invested in mortgages or well-secured loans with collateral.

The bill just passed provides for the formation of a savings bank by not less than thirteen persons, two-thirds of whom must live in the county. The bank is to be managed by not less than thirteen trustees, who shall select from their number a president and vice president. In other ways the procedure of incorporation is like that of the present savings banks.—Philadelphia Record.

### Forgotten.

She passed in all her dainty grace,  
Fair as a glimpse of summer skies,  
The blush of morning on her face,  
And evening's azure in her eyes.  
'Twas then I knew—what good to pray  
The idle dream may be forgot—  
That still I loved her. Though to-day  
She passed, and knew me not!  
Oh, foolish heart! Art not content  
Even yet with what thy folly cost?  
A manhood desolate, mispent,  
A life with all life's prizes lost!  
But will thy madness last away?  
Hast still, poor heart, one tender spot  
To throb afresh because to-day  
She passed, and knew me not?  
—Hugh Kennerly, New Orleans Picayune.

### How the Average Woman Swims.

The majority of the fair pupils swim with their arms only, and if they do kick the force of the stockinged soles is lost in the air. Instead of drawing the legs up under the body, as a good male swimmer does, the feminine pupil bends the leg at the knee, so that the lower parts of the limbs rise gracefully above the surface of the water at every stroke, and then drop back with a thud, as if part of the roof of the bath house had fallen in. The effect of this innovation is most exhilarating, especially to the disinterested spectators. In proportion to their size, women have heavier heads and smaller lungs than men; and as lung power has much to do with a swimmer's buoyancy, a woman has a tendency in the water to pitch head downward. The conformation of her body, too, helps this unpleasant tendency, so that when she aggravates the trouble by kicking her heels out of the water she looks like a duck diving for clams.—San Francisco Chronicle.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY :—  
—BY THE—  
**KANSAS NEWS CO.**  
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.  
Central Office, 835 North Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

Empress Victoria of Germany and the queen of Italy are said to be the two cleverest and most highly educated women in Europe.

The Prohibition Leader, the Third party organ, of Topeka, has suspended. The Third party has a rough road in Kansas. The way it has been managed.

Everybody will be glad if it shall prove to be true that the fatal cholera morbus has laid hold of the chinch bug. If only the blind staggers would now attack the codling moth.

Let bee-keeping once become thoroughly understood, and honey will be found on every table—even the sting of the bee will be utilized by our physicians as an antidote for rheumatism—and beeswax will be so abundant that lacking a better use, it will be converted into "nice white wax," or to some other equally beneficial purpose.

Sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa, and roost the same night on the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President, in speaking of her girlhood days, says: "We village girls were very simple in our wants then. We had driving and sleighing parties, but we did not dance. It was considered a great sin there, but we managed to have just as much fun without. We would put on our newly starched calico dresses and sun-bonnets, and we were grand and content."

The total tobacco consumption in the Netherlands is a little over seven pounds to each inhabitant; in Austria-Hungary, 3.8 pounds; in Denmark, 3.7 pounds; in Switzerland, 3.3 pounds; in Belgium, 3.2 pounds; in Germany, three pounds; in Norway, 2.3 pounds; in France, 2.1 pounds; in Sweden nearly two pounds; in Spain, 1.7 pounds; in Great Britain, and Ireland, 1.34 pounds; in Italy 1.25 pounds, and in Russia, 1.2 pounds. In the United States the proportion is said to be greater than that of any European country except Holland—four and a quarter pounds per inhabitant.

Those who, like Frank Leslie's WEEKLY, think that the Prohibition party was killed by the defeat of the Prohibition Amendment in Pennsylvania, should learn a lesson from Kansas. There was a Third Party in Kansas four years ago, when saloons were running in defiance of law. There was a large republican element opposed to the law, and in favor of re-submission.

The Third Party grew in proportion to republican opposition to Prohibition. A milk-sop attempt to close saloons by the substitution of whiskey drug stores did not have the desired effect. It was not until the emphasized will of the people was thundered all along the line, and the present law enacted, that actually, and in good faith closed the saloon, and gave us a near actual prohibition as can be expected, while Missouri hell-holes are kept open and the express companies are allowed to act as their agents—it was not until this that the Third Party in Kansas was killed. It will not be killed in any single state in this land until we have National Prohibition. Let Republican leaders everywhere learn this lesson—or dies the party.

Frank Leslie's WEEKLY, since its change of management, may be supposed to represent republican sentiment nearest the throne. One of its publishers is the president's son. A late issue has an article that may be significant. It declares the result of the late vote in Pennsylvania as marking the death of the Third, or Prohibition Party. We say, not necessarily. The tenor of editorial referred to, seems to oppose the idea of Prohibition. If the WEEKLY fore-shadows the antagonizing of Prohibition by the Republican party, the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island vote, simply means the annihilation of the Republican party, and not that of the Third party.

A vote of three hundred thousand in Pennsylvania, in favor of Constitutional prohibition is a wonderful showing. It is safe to say that not less than two-thirds of these votes were cast by men who voted from pure principle.

When the crucial test comes the party that ignores prohibition will not have their support.

Therefore, unless the republican party of Pennsylvania takes up the question of prohibition, as it has done in Kansas and Iowa, the Third Party has nothing to lose by the defeat in Pennsylvania. On the other hand it will be the making of that party.

The most assinine bit of journalism ever known in America is that of the Kansas City Times, trying to work up a resubmission movement in this state.

Miss Kate Field ought to get married. Her husband should be a tyrannical, drunken husband. That would probably teach her a lesson in Prohibition.

The manufactured coffee bean can readily be distinguished from the natural bean by the property of sinking when immersed in ether, as genuine coffee beans float on that liquid.

Pittsburgh, Pa., boasts of the most extensive cork manufactory on the continent. The imports of cork are confined wholly to the port of New York, and are valued at \$1,400,000 annually.

There is that in bee-keeping which should make it attractive, aside from the profit derived from its pursuit. Who can watch without interest the little pilgrims as they go forth in quest of honey to store away for their successors to winter upon, long after they have died from exhaustion, or become food for the rapacious spider?

It certainly takes more food to make two pounds of muscle than it does to make one pound. But in practice the small horse, the average small horse, consumes as much as the large one. The average man feeds so many ears of corn or so many quarts of oats, whether the horse is large or small, unless it is very small. What becomes of it when fed to the small horse? It is wasted. It is not assimilated.

There is less risk of disease with ducks than with any other fowls. If they can have a free range during the day and a comfortable house at night, and are fed lightly, they will need very little other attention, while they are good layers, a good table fowl and furnish a good supply of feathers.

If the poultry are confined give a good variety of feed, supply with plenty of water, space up a part of the yard for them to scratch over, supply plenty of good cut clover and grass and feed.

It is not a good plan to allow the poultry a free range until they are well feathered. A thorough wetting invariably chills and this in many cases proves fatal, and one of the best plans is to keep under shelter early in the morning and on rainy days.

In making a poultry fence a good plan is to board up tight the first two feet and then use woven wire netting to receive the desired height. The boards will make a good protection at a comparatively small cost.

By adding a small quantity of carbolic acid to the white wash its value is considerably increased. It is one of the cheapest and best disinfectants that can be used and it will pay to apply liberally.

One advantage with the guineas is that they are great grazers and if left alone with a free range they will be able to pick up the greater part of their living, while after they once begin they will lay quite a number of eggs.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The Grange tree is this year bearing such a good crop of fruit, in its fight with oleo in some States, its battles with "trusts" and combines in others, that it is no wonder intelligent farmers are taking hold of it in all parts of the country. The reports coming to the Secretary of the National Grange of organization of new Granges, the long list of Granges reorganized, the encouraging letters of State Masters and their active Deputies, of the bright outlook, "the field is white for the harvest," "farmers never so ready to organize," "meetings never so well attended," all point out the prosperity existing in Grange work in this Summer campaign of 1889.

The organization of 172 new Granges in as many different neighborhoods this year means brighter days in the farm-houses surrounding them. It means more sociability, more education, more progress, better farming, more cheerful wives and mothers, happier children. A lifting up and broadening of the horizon of life, better citizenship. It means hours and days of recreation, the formation of new friendships, the development "of a better and higher manhood and womanhood," and in a few years' time the difference in all things that makes life worth living in the 172 neighborhoods that have cherished these new Granges, as compared with 172 other neighborhoods that have gone on in the old ways, will be so marked as to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

#### Beet Sugar.

The present rather high price of sugar sustained by the "sugar trust" and protected by the government duty on imported sugar is stimulating the growing of beets for beet sugar. Claus Spreckles, the great sugar speculator, owns a large part of a refinery in California which earned 5 per cent. on its Capital last year in the face of discouraging circumstances, and he intends to build ten more refineries in different parts of California, and perhaps in Kansas, which it is believed is a good place for this industry. More than half the sugar of the world is now made from beets mostly in Germany, Belgium and France, in which countries the industry has been built up by means of a government bounty.

The improvements in the productive qualities of beets which now yield 14 per cent. or 15 per cent. of sugar, combined with improved methods of manufacture, make it probable that in future we may be less dependent than formerly upon cane sugar imported from the tropical countries of the world.

#### Industrial College Notes.

The trees on the lawns are making an ideal growth this summer. The cornfields are in prime condition at this date, promising a full yield if July keeps up its supply of moisture.

The general museum as now arranged, is a place to spend the afternoon with interest, and then to come again.

This issue of the Industrialist is 10,000 copies. The paper will not be printed again until August 24th, when another big edition will be issued.

Prof. Shelton will issue the next bulletin of the Experiment Station, No. 7, sometime next month, giving in detail the results of experiments in wheat last year.

The College herd of Shorthorns, Aberdeen-Angus, Hereford, and Jersey cattle never looked as well as now. Representatives of the herd will be at the State Fair next September, and they will be typical specimens of the breeds.

Peas, beans, potatoes, and tomatoes in a multitude of varieties fill the plantations of the horticultural experimental grounds. This year will give a basis for judgment of quality and quantity in this locality of these hundreds of samples.

"A good fruit year," is the remark of everybody as he eats his cherries, currants, and berries of every variety, and watches the coming peaches and plums. "What shall I do with them all?" is the inquiry of the fruit grower as he watches the ripening masses.

Bulletin No. 6 of the Experiment Station is being distributed this week. It treats of silos and silage in some sixteen pages, and comparing ordinary corn fodder with silage, and showing the cost of silage, ways of preserving and handling, and actual tests of its use.

The 250 varieties of sorghum in cultivation west of the Chemical Laboratory, under direction of Prof. Failyer, suffered severely from chinch-bugs, compelling replanting, but are making a fine growth now, and promise a heavy season's work for the Chemical Department of the Station in analysis.

The next College year will open with many improvements in the way of furniture and apparatus provided by special appropriation to be expended during the summer vacation. The museums, green-houses, and shops will be in far better trim than ever before; while the Experiment Station work and plantations will show an advance.

The College farm has harvested this week apparently the heaviest crop of wheat ever grown upon it. One field seemed covered with shocks after the self-binder had done its work. The measured acre which has grown wheat without manuring or rotation for nine consecutive years, will this year raise its average considerably about the 23.4 bushels of the eight previous years. Full figures will be given later.

Aberdeen, Golden Ball, White Flat Dutch and Purple-top Strap-leaf turnips all do well sown in July.

According to The Orange Judd Farmer a rubbing-post is one of the essentials of every cow pasture.

Tenth annual meeting of the Society for the promotion of Agricultural Science at Toronto, Aug. 26-27.

#### PIANOS.

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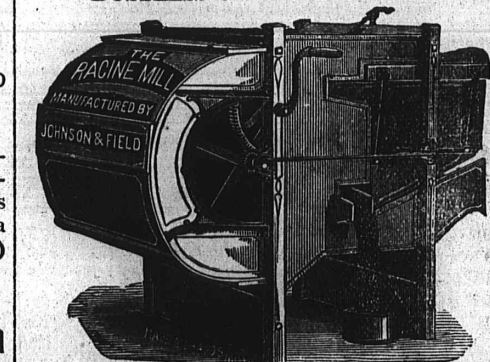
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## Western Farm News.

Payments always in advance and papers stop ped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices. Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 13.

Water is usually cheap, and if we would wash—bathe—every animal on the farm occasionally, it would serve an excellent purpose in maintaining the health.

Do not dose yourself or your stock with medicine for every little ill. Diet and rest. Sleep and a moderately empty stomach are the best medicines in the world.

It sounds wonderfully like a deliberate expression of intent to commit suicide to read in a letter from some farmer: "We have no organization among farmers in this section, and the trusts are going for us."

Are you working the boy too hard? Don't do it. If you do the boy will sooner or later begin to think of becoming a lawyer or doctor. The country has an epidemic of lawyers and doctors already.

The introduction of the movable comb hive and the Italian honey-bee has made apiculture practical, pleasant and profitable. The movable hive enabled the operator to ascertain the exact condition of the colony at any time when the temperature will admit of opening the hive.

In fifteen cases investigated after lightning has struck a building and done more or less damage, it was found that in nine cases the discharge made its way to earth through the water pipes, in two through gas pipes, and in only one was there any probability of the regular lightning conductor having done its duty.

With the sun up in the ninties, says The Jersey Bulletin, cows suffer intensely in pastures not provided with shade and running water. Pastures in which there are no trees should be provided with open sheds with roofs coming close to the ground. Such protection is specially grateful to deep milking cows and calves. The increased flow of milk in a moderate-sized herd for one summer will pay for the shelter.

Last Decoration Day the cows in The Rural New Yorker's pasture broke through the fence into a neighboring wood. One man rushed into the woods to drive them back. He shouted and yelled, but the more noise he made the deeper the cows went into the wood. Another man, a German, stood at the fence and called pleasantly. Every cow stopped and turned her head to listen. They were easily driven back while he called.

Dairying is hard work, says Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station. Cows must be milked and fed seven days in the week, and twice a day. Why should a man do this year after year, treating his cows all alike, when a portion of the herd is steadily working to bring him in debt at the end of the year, and another portion yielding good profit? Prof. Henry guarantees that 99 farmers out of 100 who will start a thorough investigation to determine the merits of each animal in the herd will welcome the traveling cattle buyer to the farm within one month from the time the investigation begins.

During the past three months 1,021 new industries have been established in the south, against 690 in the previous quarter. There were 1,711 new enterprises begun during the first six months of 1899, against 1,290 for the corresponding period of the previous year, showing that the south is going ahead at a more rapid rate than ever before. A significant feature of this large increase in new industries is that the character of the industries is of a more substantial kind than in previous years. The most noticeable feature of the past three months has been the organization of 51 new cotton and woolen mills, against 35 in the previous quarter. Georgia leads with ten new mills, North Carolina following with 8.

It is fair to estimate that Colorado will commence the Summer with close to three millions of sheep kind, says the DENVER FIELD AND FARM. To do this it will be necessary to count this Spring's crop of lambs. But four States east of the Rocky Mountains excel us in numbers, and within two years, if the present increase is kept up we shall be second to none but Texas. We would estimate that the sheep and the lambs that are owned, fenced and kept for sheep grazing purposes in the State will to-day represent fifteen millions of dollars. During the present decade the sheep industry has been the most prosperous one in this mid-continent. It has paid upon the investment fifteen, and in many instances twenty per cent annually, for the past ten years.

## The Farm and Garden.

Put in a good crop of fodder corn, sown in a row, with rows four feet apart, so as to cultivate it. Do not cut the fodder until the ears begin to glaze, when it may be put in a silo, or cut down, cured and stored in the barn. Such fodder should never be stacked in the fields, as its quality will be injured by exposure to the sun and rains. The value of the fodder is greatly influenced by the period of growth at which it is cut. If cut too soon it will contain a large proportion of water, and if cut too late it will lose its succulency. Experiments indicate that the proper time is when the ears are in the "milky stage" and just beginning to glaze.

Those who patronize creameries cannot derive full profit therefrom unless swine breeding is made a pursuit. The whey and buttermilk is sold to the patrons at a very nominal price, and can put to excellent use if made a part of the rations of hogs. Very often the only profit to be made is from the hogs, the milk about paying expenses of the food of cows and swine.

When it is desired to cut two or more crops of grass from a field the grass should be cut before the seed heads form, and the grass has performed its mission when it has seeded; hence if the first cutting is deferred until the seed is ripe there will be no second crop of importance. Such crops as Hungarian grass and alfalfa may be cut every five weeks.

Tomatoes may be trimmed of the lower branches and made to grow somewhat in the shape of a tree. The main stalks of the plant become stalky and are better able to bear the weight of the fruit.

Py supporting the vines on posts or arms more air and sunlight will enter, thus ripening the fruit more perfectly.

An open well will soon be the resort of toads at this season, and if covered the work of so doing cannot be done too carefully. The curbing of the well should be laid in cement, and extend two feet above the top of the ground, upon which heavy boards should be fastened if a pump is used.

Carrots and parsnips should now be well grown and able to crowd down the weeds. A cultivator between the rows once or twice is all the attention they require until they are matured. If too thick in the rows pull out the smallest plants so as to afford the others more room.

The hens will soon begin to molt, and will lay but few eggs during the process, which requires about three months. Old hens and early pullets begin to molt earlier than the late pullets, but all of them should have their new feathers complete before November.

One of the best garden implements is the rake. If used frequently on the young weeds it saves hoeing later in the season. By raking between the rows of plants once or twice a week but little labor will be required, while much benefit will be imparted to the crops.

Never attempt to work a colt before it is four years old. While service may be secured earlier from a well grown colt, yet it is a risk to begin with a colt too soon. Give him plenty of time to mature, but break him in early, imposing but little work on him.

The best remedy for field mice is to encourage the owls. For fear of damage to pigeons and poultry the owl is sometimes driven off when it appears. Its natural food is field mice, and it will never disturb birds as long as the mice can be had.

Early turnips can be utilized in several ways. The bulb is excelled by the top for the table, the latter being used as greens. A patch should be seeded and left over for an early supply of winter or spring greens.

Dogs that become addicted to sheep killing do so from pure viciousness. In a majority of cases the dogs do not eat any portion of the carcass, but will kill a dozen or more sheep for the delight of so doing.

A zigzag rail fence is supposed to be one of the cheapest that can be built, but unless the corners are kept free from weeds it is the most expensive fence that can be used, as it increases the labor of weed killing.

To test the water pour oil in the cess. If there is a contamination of the drinking water of the well by the cess pool the odor of the oil will in a short time become perceptible when the water is used.

Experience has shown that mules bred from thoroughbred mares can endure more labor and fatigue than those bred from the common mares, even when the latter have the advantage of size.

It is not too late to sow millet if the ground is now ready, but the sowing of the seed should not be deferred, as it yields heavily and may be overtaken by an early frost.

The ordinary red paint, made of red oxide of iron and linseed oil, is the cheapest that can be used, and should be applied on the roofs of the barns and other outbuildings.

An Illinois farmer of large experience recommends baling hay direct from the windrow.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, EDITOR.

Many practical fruit-growers favor pruning in July, as the wounds then heal most rapidly.

Now weed your strawberry bed and apply a dressing of decomposed manure.

The care that will raise a good crop of cabbages will raise a crop of delicious cauliflower.

Better feed the inferior fruit and vegetables to the hogs than send them to market.

If you plant celery this month choose a piece of low ground somewhat damp.

Mr. Sullivan, market gardener of Boston, thinks the ravages of the onion maggot and cut-worm are best checked by the liberal use of hard-wood ashes well harrowed in.

The Farmers' Advocate says the currant is a fine specialty in the horticultural line. True, the worms will destroy the bushes, but plant freely, use hellebore when worms appear, give good cultivation and raise big fruit, and you will get good prices.

The Duchess is one of the largest pears grown. A New York pear-grower once sent two barrels to the metropolis, with 175 pears to the barrel. Mr. Tapley, of Revere, sent to Boston a bushel which counted sixty-five specimens.

J. N. Stearns, of Kalamazoo, according to Michigan Farmer, says he is fully convinced that a little time cannot be better employed than by spraying all kinds of fruit trees with arsenical poisons. He likes London purple, as it stays in solution best.

In a recent number of the Journal of Horticulture Thomas Meehan confirms the published statement of Mr. A. Veitch, of New Haven, in regard to oil and sulphur for mildew. The statement in question was that "a paint of linseed oil and sulphur on the hot-water pipes of plant-houses is a remedy against mildew." Mr. Meehan says: "That it is a simple and certain remedy I can vouch for. I have seen it tried over and over again, no hesitation in saying that it not only prevents mildew from appearing in a plant-house but will speedily stop its progress after it commences its ravages."

It is usually supposed that earth worms are a benefit to the soil, rendering it porous and enriching it, but Peter Henderson, in Popular Gardening, refutes the idea, saying that they seriously disturb the roots of plants and so honey-comb the soil in their movement that the roots must necessarily meet empty space and be injured in their growth. This, with the glutinous packing of the soil, he says, does the mischief. And he proceeds to give a remedy for them as follows: Mix five pounds of lump lime with twenty gallons of water, let it settle, and drench the soil with the liquid. Two applications will suffice to kill the worms. We are not convinced that these worms are an injury, but sometimes they are annoying, and it is well to know how to rid the flower beds or pots of them. Salt is also good.

I believe, says a writer, if farmers would teach their wives and daughters how to manage a horse, there would be less need of doctors; there would be much pleasure to many whose lives would otherwise be dull; terrible accidents would not be repeated, and the future race would be stronger and healthier.

The "Summer campaign" of the Grange has been a most successful one; the "cotton bagging" and "binder-twine" trusts, have been vanquished, and the prices, if not the "trusts," are on the run (down). What greater proof of the power of organized good over organized evil could be desired. A number of State Granges purchased binder-twine by the ton, some contracts, as in Ohio, being for 100 tons, and so supplied their members at a large saving. There is no doubt but the savings already made through the influence and combined farmers in the Grange on binder-twine and cotton bagging has amounted to far more than cost of sustaining all the Granges in the United States for the year.

To impress a plain truth it is not necessary to paint it to the eye by comic wood cuts or sensational pictures of any kind. Ordinary type is better, if it secures your confidence. To illustrate: If you are the victim of Malaria, and wish to be free from it immediately, one bottle of Shallenberger's Antidote will infallibly do the work. It may pay you to believe this and get the medicine without delay. Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., will send it by mail for one dollar.

The midsummer issue of Carpentry and Building, published by David Williams, 66 and 68 Duane street, New York, is attractive from beginning to end. It is filled with timely articles of the greatest interest to builders as well as to mechanics in various allied trades. Editorial reference is made to the Convention of Master Plumbers in session at Pittsburgh June 25; also to the apprentice question and the good work the trade schools are doing; a survey of the trade conditions of the country is also presented. The first illustrated article relates to stone-cutting and has four engravings. Six designs for wood carvers are next presented. A house is shown, with elevations, plans and details, by means of some 20 engravings. Letters from correspondents are illustrated by 17 engravings, while 25 others show the mechanical progress of the month, including novelties in machinery and tools. A number of interesting and valuable articles are also printed without illustrations. The plate pages are bright and attractive, and the number as a whole ranks among the best ever put forth. The wonder is how so large and so good a paper can be afforded at the low subscription price of one dollar a year.

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1-4 off of Dry Goods and Millinery from now till July 4.

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Lawns 3 1-2c per yard. Shirting Gingham 7c per yd. French Chambray 8c per yard. Alpaca 8c per yard. Good Mohair only 8c per yard. \$5 lace curtains, only \$2.

Calico from 3c to 8c per yd. Challies, 6 cents per yard. Linen Chambray 12 1-2c per yard. Turkey red table cloths 25c and 40c, according to width. Toweling from 5c to 15c, worth from 12c to 25c.

Come before the 4th of July and we can save you an immense amount of money. Don't forget about the ticket. If you don't think we are going to save you money, come and be convinced.

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Plenty of Binding Twine on Hand, the Best and Cheapest.

## WARNER & GRIGGS

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There is no question more often asked of persons who are supposed to have some knowledge of trees than one relating to the manner in which the trunk attains its height. It is difficult to convince people, sometimes, that the trunk itself does not elongate and stretch, just as the body of a growing child elongates, and that a mark made in the bark at a given distance from the ground will always remain at exactly that height, no matter how tall the tree may become.

Pigs should have an opportunity to range the fields. A pig pen in summer is an abomination.

Send your orders for plants and cut flowers to Chris Warren, 819 Kan. Ave., Topeka, Kan. All mail orders filled promptly.



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

MISS KATE DREXEL, the Philadelphia heiress who has gone into a convent, has been influenced greatly by Tolstoi's novels.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the great Baptist minister of England, lives on a magnificent estate, having parks varied with lakes and streams and adorned with statuary and conservatories filled with rare plants. His stables are as fine in arrangements and appointments as the royal establishment at Windsor and his coachman sports a gorgeous liverly.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's years begin to tell harshly upon him. His hair, which was once as black as the raven's wing, is now quite gray, and his face is colorless and thin. Some think that he is suffering from a malady which he keeps a secret for political reasons, but this he emphatically denies. Recently he has lost considerable flesh.

PROF. SYLVESTER, who came from England to be professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins university, is absent-minded. Calling on friends in Baltimore he inspected the pictures on the parlor walls and coming to two striking-looking ones asked who they were. "George and Martha Washington." Ah! friends of the family, I suppose. "Afterward he remembered that they were a father of his country and apologized.

ONE of the few genuine Cossacks to be found in New York may be seen in the office of the Russian consul. His name is Dr. Peters Popoff. He is lithe, alert, and of sanguine temperament. It is not known that he was born on horseback, but as he belongs to priestly stock that may have been his luck. This Cossack is a scholar of rare attainments and a man of the most placid disposition. He is a graduate of the University of St. Petersburg.

KALAKAUA, the jovial king of the Sandwich islands, is sorely in need of money. Princess Kaiulani explained that he would have accompanied her to Europe had it not been for a sudden illness. A rumor spread about that the poker-playing potentate was afflicted with boils. The fact is that Kalakaua is hard up. He wants 10,000 for the expenses of his proposed trip to the Paris exposition. His English friends refuse to lend it to him and his agents in San Francisco find it hard to borrow the money. It is a sad truth that Kalakaua's credit is about played out.

CARDINAL MANNING, who recently sang the praises of John Wesley in an address in London, is the most popular Catholic clergyman in England. He is highly democratic in his notions and expresses them freely. The cardinal is fit to rank beside the grand old man in point of robust intellect and good physical condition at 80. The secret of his green old age is temperance. At the Royal academy dinner the other evening he ate a crust of bread and drank a glass of water while the other social, literary, political, and artistic magnates went through the twenty courses and the dozen wines.

A singular divorce case has just taken place in Long Island. Some time ago a certain Miss Blankin was about to be married. The time approached, the guests assembled, but the prospective bridegroom did not put in an appearance. In this dilemma, John Jordan who had been celebrating freely, stepped forward and said that not wishing to disappoint the company he would marry the bride himself. She assented and the wedding took place. A few days afterward Jordan repented of his bargain and is now trying to have the marriage annulled on the ground that he did not know what he was doing when the ceremony took place.

Sir William Thompson recently delivered a series of lectures on physics at Johns Hopkins university, and the fashionable people of Baltimore set out to make them an event in social intellectual circles. They understood that some mathematical training was necessary, but Sir William sailed right into questions involving differential and integral calculus. After he had filled a blackboard with equations, he turned and asked: "Do you follow me?" A few minutes later he mildly asked his audience if they saw any mistake to call his attention to it. He wondered why everybody smiled. Half a dozen very studious men made up the audience at the second lecture.

#### PECULIAR TRAGEDY.

##### A Story of Murder and Suicide Reported from England.

Robert Feron was a native of Brussels who had migrated to England and become connected with a large manufacturing house in Derby as a foreign correspondent. He was young and good-looking, says the New York Sun. Among the acquaintances he made in the English town was a young woman, Lillie Burford. She was an actress, and had been staying at the house of some relatives near Derby while awaiting a new engagement on the stage. The relations between Mr. Feron and Miss Burford became intimate, and one Saturday evening not many days ago he called upon her, and they went away together on the Midland railway. That was the last seen of them alive by their friends, for late that night they were found with bullets in their heads. Each was lying on the floor of the railway car, with blood in pools surrounding them, and a silver-plated pistol, six barrels, four undischarged, on the seat.

Neither the man nor the woman was more than twenty years old. There was no evidence of their having quarreled, and the railway officers, the coroner and all others who saw the bodies were puzzled to know what might have been the cause of the tragedy. By degrees it was discovered, and when all the circumstances became known to the students of crime it was agreed among them that this double murder must be ranked among the more notable offenses of this degree which have occurred in England. It was on the part of each person a case of deliberate death. If either one had been insane it was insanity only upon the single subject of death. But there does not appear any evidence that either the lover or his mistress had lost reason even to this extent. All their actions up to the time of their being left alone in the railroad carriage were rational and natural.

On the Saturday evening when Feron called to take the girl away he came in a cab. She appeared as if she had been expecting him, was dressed in a pretty gown, and was vivacious. The only curious thing in her behavior occurred before her lover arrived. She had been with some one in the house and casually remarked:

"I must leave you now and go and put on some clean clothes, for I am going to die before the evening is over."

But Miss Burford said this without excitement, and the person who heard it thought it a joke until the next day when the prophecy was fulfilled. Feron brought the girl a bunch of lilies, and they sat and talked for a few minutes and then left together in a cab. The driver took them to the Central Station of the Midland railway at Derby at 6:20 p. m. They appeared on the platform just as any other ardent pair of lovers might have appeared and had some refreshments in the dining-room. Feron bought two first-class tickets to Nottingham and return. When they arrived there they took a leisurely walk through the town to the Talbot Hotel, where they dined. Neither then nor later at the railroad station was any act observed in their conduct. They took the 9:20 p. m. train from Nottingham, and seemed then in the happiest spirits. Some time later when near Trent station, the platform porter on going to collect their tickets found them dead in their carriage. They had been alone there, so there was no witness to what had happened in the last half hour of their life.

The inquest showed that the young people had been planning for their death for many days. Mrs. Clara Williams, at whose house Miss Burford had stopped, testified that Feron had called there frequently during the fortnight preceding. Each seemed devoted to the other. Miss Burford astonished Mrs. Williams one day by manifesting intense interest in a sensational novel which described how a lover had poisoned his sweetheart by putting something in her coffee. The girl said:

"It would be nice to die with my lover. It would be nice to die in each other's arms."

Mrs. Williams told her not to think or talk of such things, but the girl only laughed. Some time afterward the young woman remarked:

"How funny it would be if they were to find us dead in a railway carriage; only we should miss the best of the fun. We should like to hear what they would say when they opened the door."

This was so extraordinary a statement that Mrs. Williams regarded it only as a joke. The girl was in the habit of talking flippancy about serious things. Some one called attention to her dress open at the bosom and said: "How nice it would be for a bullet to go in there."

Mrs. Williams could remember only one conversation between Feron and Miss Burford in which she heard them speak as if they were discussing suicide. At that time the girl was sitting beside her lover, and he said:

"I would die for you Lillie. Would you die for me?"

"Yes, I would," she replied, and kissed him on the cheek.

On the Sunday before this Miss Burford showed Mrs. Williams a pistol. She said it belonged to Feron, who was down stairs. The two women went down to the room, where he was, and Feron took the revolver and held it close to Miss Burford's face. She did not tremble at all, and said she was not afraid, for he knew how to use the weapon.

All this testimony went to show that

the young lovers had contemplated taking their lives. Letters found on Feron's body explained further their action. One of them was addressed to George Feron, Brussels. It read:

MR DEAR GEORGE: I write you to-day for the last time, as I am going to commit suicide this evening. I have had enough of life, and am quite satisfied to die. Besides a pretty girl is going to kill herself with me, so it will be all the better. It is useless to give you the reason of our suicide; it is sufficient to know that she loves me. She has the same intention to die, and we have decided to kill ourselves. This is the way that we are going to kill ourselves: We are going by rail to Nottingham, half an hour by train from Derby. We will enjoy ourselves during the evening; then we will take train, and on the way back I will point my revolver at the temple of my mistress, and then shoot her; then I will kill myself by firing on my temple. She has asked me that this shall be done, because she can not handle the revolver. Now I have only to assure you that this way is the best; there is no better way than to love an honest young girl, and be loved by her. Oh, if I were to begin again! Kisses to all at home. Receive two last ones from your cousin.

ROBERT F. S.—You were wrong in not writing me lately; this would have afforded me so much pleasure.

The coroner's jury decided that the lovers had carried out their plans fully; that the girl was willfully murdered by Feron, and that he had killed himself while temporary insane.

#### People Drugged to Death.

There can be no doubt that could the opinion of medical men of every school be obtained, the universal verdict would be that the people are taking too much medicine. All classes of physicians who medicate at all give far less medicine than they did twenty years ago, and yet much more medicine is taken. Self-medication is carried on extensively, if not alarmingly.

Morphine and quinine, cathartic pills and bitters are staples among a large class of citizens who prescribe for themselves, and then comes the patent nostrums whose name is legion, and in this line alone probably more than ten times as much medicine is consumed as all the physicians in the country prescribe.

The public would be surprised to know the number of those addicted to the opium habit, and it should be remembered that the opium habit is one from which the victim is rarely extricated. It is one too, that embitters not only the life of the victim but also of friends and relatives, and not unfrequently impresses upon the unborn inclinations and tendencies that make life a burden. The prevalence of the malarial influence has given to quinine a popular use beyond all precedent in the past, and thousands are swallowing this drug without regard to medical advice, and are thus endangering the organs of hearing, deranging the stomach and confusing the intellectual operations. Improper food and a rash mode of taking it, insufficient exercise and over-straining of the nervous system, have made a constipated habit the rule rather than the exception and a great variety of cathartics are popularly resorted to and persistently employed notwithstanding the fact that the remedy must not only be persisted in but the dose steadily increased. And then come the great army of weak and feeble ones who want an appetite, a tonic, a stimulant or something to give renewed vitality or an increase of strength, and here the patent nostrums flow in an ever increasing stream, in many instances each to be followed by some other in a series of experiments to be ended only when death claims his victim.

It is not surprising in view of all this that Dr. Holmes should have declared that the world would be better off if all the drugs were cast into the sea, though it might be very bad for the fishes; yet few candid men will deny that drugs are important and valuable when judiciously employed. It is their improper and indiscriminate use that proves objectionable and dangerous.

Two facts should be impressed upon the public mind—first, that the practice of self-prescribing has wrought and is working incalculable harm; and secondly, that advice from the medical attendant respecting diet, exercise and management in the sick room, is often preferable to medicine.—Ex.

#### Hotel Life.

Mrs. Rich (boarder at great hotel)—"Oh, Mr. Boniface, my nurse has gone off and the new one I engaged can't be here for a week. As baby is not well, I'll attend to him myself if you will spare me a chambermaid to look after him while my husband and I are at meals."

Proprietor—"Certainly. I'll send you Mary."

Proprietor (a few days later)—"Mary, your work seems to be dreadfully behind."

Mary—"Sure O!m tindin' Mrs. Rich's baby."

"But that is only at meal-time, and it doesn't take them over fifteen or twenty minutes to eat a meal—less than an hour a day."

"Yes, but they has ter spind about three hours a day waitin' fer em."—New York Weekly.

#### A Dangerous Experiment.

Miss Antique (school teacher)—"What does w-h-i-t-e spell?"

Class (No answer.)

Miss Antique—"What is the color of my skin?"

Class (in chorus)—"Yellow."—New York Weekly.

A great inducement: Cora—"What induced you to tell Mr. Merritt I went to the party last night with George?" Little Johnnie—"A quarter."—Harper's Bazar.

#### The Choir's Way of Telling It.

Attending services not long ago in an elegant church edifice, where they worship God with taste in a highly æsthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was re-enforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what?

So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat? Solomon with an eye-glass and a moustache, his hair cut Pompadour? No, most decidedly, Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that might not excite our risibilities, or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be out done, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, belloyed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocence, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."—Ex.

#### The Indian Plow.

There is one institution in India which the hand of the reformer has so far spared. Whether the native plow, in its present form, has been handed down from generation to generation for 4,000 years may, perhaps, be open to question. A Calcutta paper makes that claim on behalf of the venerable implement, to which it assigns equal longevity with the Vedas and the Darshanas. Whatever may have been the exact date of its creation, it is unquestionably a very "ancient monument." One only has to look at it to recognize antiquity in every feature. But it possesses more material claims on the affections of the ryots. It is very cheap, can be repaired by the owner, and does its work with reasonable efficiency. True, the furrows it makes look like scratches to the European agriculturist. But the soil of India seems to prefer being scratched; a very little earth and a great deal of water are all that the sun requires to work upon for the production of bountiful crops. During recent years a number of special plows of European design and manufacture have entered the field against the ancient appliance. But it holds its own stoutly against these pushing rivals, and we predict that long after their very names are forgotten it will be helping tens of millions to earn a living. After all, the ryot is wise in his conservatism. We do not suppose that he considers his plow quite an ideal implement, but it better suits his requirements, economical and physical, than any other that he has seen, and so he sticks to it as a faithful, if somewhat decrepit, old friend. He might go farther and fare worse; it will be time enough to adopt European plow when they have proved their superiority by producing larger crops.—London Globe.

#### The Nicaragua Canal.

"I am glad to say," Senator Morgan told a reporter of the Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald, the other day, "the Nicaragua canal is a certainty. It will be built in side of six years. I have kept up with this matter, and am on the inside enough to know beyond all doubt that the arrangements for building it are completed. That will be a great thing for Alabama. It will not only make Mobile a great port, but will be a great thing for Birmingham and all the country."

#### Real Estate Quiet.

Eastern Man—"Anything stirring in real estate out your way this season?" Western man (gloomily)—"No-o, not even a land-slide."—New York Weekly.

#### WART AND CORN CURES.

##### Superstitious Notions That Prevail in the Sunny South.

"The best cure on earth for a wart," said Captain Mercer a few days ago to an Atlanta Constitution reporter, "is one that an old negro woman told me about long time ago."

"How's that?" "She told me to remember some morning early when I was gathering beans in the swamp, and take a bean leaf and rub the wart smartly with the rough side of the leaf. I was to rub the wart just as long as I could stand it, and in a week from that time, if I hadn't told anybody about it, the wart would go away."

"Did you try it?"

"Yes, sir, and that wart went away, too."

I never found but one remedy for a wart," said Mr. Oscar Hall. "An old negro woman gave me the recipe when I was a little boy, and its the only cure I ever found."

"She told me to go to the corn-field some evening during the full of the moon and find an ear of red corn. You know the cob is red when the grain is red. I was to shuck and shell the ear of corn and then rub the wart with the cob. I was to look at the moon, and not at the wart or the cob, and rub just as hard and as long as I could stand it. If I took my eyes away from the moon it would spoil the remedy. When the wart became sore and stinging I was to throw down the cob, and in five days from that time the wart would be gone."

"How did it work?"

"Inside of five days the wart was gone. I had tried fifty remedies to get rid of that wart, and nothing else had ever done any good."

"I never found but one thing that could do any good for a wart or a corn," said patrolman W. G. Cooper.

"What's that?"

"A snail," said the patrolman, solemnly. There was an embarrassing silence for a little while, and then the policeman continued:

"Here one time I was digging potatoes in my garden. My corn kept hurting until I just took off my shoe and lay down on my back in a grassy place in the shade. The corn kept hurting and I was getting desperate about it, when I noticed a small crawling along near me. I remembered what an old negro told me years before, and caught the snail and began rubbing the corn with it. I broke the shell and continued the rubbing until the pain stopped. I have never been troubled with that corn from that day to this, and before that it had troubled me night and day for months. It's the only cure for corns, and it's a mighty good remedy for warts too."

"There's only one cure for a wart," said Patrolman Frank Christophine.

"What is it?"

"A ducky told me about it. He said to remember some night when the moon was full and to go directly west. Then I was to stop, looking at the moon all the time, and stoop down and pick up whatever my hand happened to touch first. I remembered it one night when I was going out Marietta street. I stooped down, looking up at the moon all the time, and picked up a small stone. Then I rubbed the wart until it began to bleed and then threw down the stone. All the time I was rubbing the wart I was still looking at the moon. In less than a week from that night the wart was gone. That was a regular old seed wart and I had been trying to get rid of it for a long time. That's the only remedy I ever found for warts."

"One time in Americas," said Stationhouse Keeper John Joiner, "I saw a strange wart cure tried."

"How did it work?"

"It cured the warts. My son Charley was a little fellow then, and both hands were covered with warts. One day he was standing in front of the store when a darkey noticed the warts and called Charley aside. 'Do you want a cure?' asked the darkey. 'Yes,' replied Charley. The negro gave him a chew of plug tobacco. Take that,' said he, 'and run down the street just as hard as you can go until you meet a negro. Hand him the chew of tobacco. If he chews it, you needn't think anymore about it. The wart will be gone inside of a week. If the darkey won't take it or won't chew it, you must try it again. Take a new chew of tobacco and run down the street until you meet a negro. Don't tell anybody what I've told you until after the warts are gone.' My boy tried it. I saw him run down the street and suddenly stop and hand something to a negro. I asked him about it but he said he couldn't tell. Five or six days afterward I happened to notice that the warts were all gone from his hands and called his attention to it. 'I had nearly forgotten that said he' and he told me about the wart cure."

The best thing for warts," said Call Officer George Hamilton, "is to cut the wart with a borrowed knife." Let a drop or two of blood fall on a white piece of paper, and then fold the paper up like a note and drop it in the road where somebody is almost certain to see it and pick it up. In less than a week from the time the note is picked up your warts will be gone."

"Did you ever try it?"

"Yes, sir, and it cured the warts."

#### The Chicago Plan.

Stranger (in Chicago)—"I don't see how you can sleep nights when you know that Bloody Jake is roaming around loose."

Chicago Man—"Jake won't do anybody any harm now. He's been given a nice position on the police force."—New York Weekly.



#### DEATH IN THE CHAIR.

##### The Apparatus for Killing Joseph Kemmler is Nearly Completed.

The preparations for the killing of Joseph Kemmler at Auburn during the week beginning June 24 are progressing favorably. The apparatus by means of which the murderer is to be put to death is nearly completed, and the other details for the carrying out for the first time of a law requiring the execution of the death penalty by electricity are rapidly being arranged by the warden of the prison, upon whom the law imposes the duty of superintending the execution. Harold P. Brown, of 45 and 47 Wall street, the electrical engineer who has conducted the preliminary experiments upon the availability of electricity as a substitute for hanging, has charge of the manufacture and setting up of the apparatus in the three state prisons, and has devised that part of the machinery necessary to bring about the easy and prompt application of the death-dealing current.

The principal parts of the apparatus, the machines for the generation of the current, were secured a good while ago, and have been laid away waiting for the time to come to use them. They are ordinary Westinghouse dynamos for the generation of the alternating currents, which experiments upon dogs and other animals have shown to be peculiarly deadly in their effect. Probably if the dynamos had not been secured a good while ago there would have been some difficulty about getting them at all, for the Westinghouse company that makes them is bitterly opposed to their being used for such a purpose, and said when it was first announced that the alternating current had been decided upon for use, in executions that it would sell no machines to the State. But the dynamos had already been secured.

The proceedings on the day of putting to death of Kemmler, so far as they are at present arranged, will be as follows: On whatever morning shall be decided upon in the week of the execution the prisoner will be notified, and whatever opportunity he desires for religious consolation and farewell words will be given him. These over, just before the hour fixed upon for the execution the officers will enter his cell, and the death warrant will be read. His shoes will then be removed, and a pair resembling regular army brogans will be substituted. In the sole of these there will have been inserted a metal plate covering the whole sole, and connecting with wires, passing out through the heels. While one officer is making this change of shoes, another will fasten the prisoner's hands together in front, and will place around his body, just beneath the armpits, a stout leather strap, with a buckle fastening it in front, and snap hooks projecting from one side at the back. Another officer will place upon the back of the prisoner's head a peculiar close-fitting cap, apparently of black rubber, made around a small metal piece in the center. It will look somewhat as if made by taking a rubber football, and with a metal cap at the hole for a center, cutting off the end of the ball into a sort of hood. The cap will fit over almost the whole of the head, from the base of the brain to well toward the forehead. Inside of it, in the center about the metal piece, will be a spiral arrangement of copper wire, about 5 inches in diameter, and made to fit down over the part of the head that it will cover. The wires, just before the cap is placed on the prisoner's head, will be covered with sponge, saturated with salt water.

When these arrangements are being put on, the prisoner will be sitting on a chair in his cell. This chair, not differing apparently from an ordinary one, but which is being made especially for the purpose, will be connected with wires leading to another room, and the prisoner, sitting in the chair, will, without knowing it, be subjected to a current of electricity too light to be felt, but heavy enough to give an exact measurement, by the use of what is known as the "Whetstone bridge," of electrical resistance of the man. This will take only an instant, and will be done before the officers have the prisoner ready to leave the cell.

From the cell the procession will be much as now to the execution room, where the deputies and other persons permitted by law to witness the execution will be waiting.

Near the center of the room, raised upon a small platform about 8 inches above the floor, will be a chair, made somewhat like a large reclining chair. The long, straight frame that forms the slanting back will be of hard-wood pieces, 3 inches square, and will be long enough so that if a 7-foot man should lie in the chair his head would rest upon the back. The seat and arms will be of plain wood and without any peculiarities. The upper part of the back frame on each side will be fitted with a slot, in which will slide back and forth a small arrangement with a ring at the top and a thumb-screw beneath. The rings are to receive the hooks in the back of the belt about the man's body, and the screws are to fasten the arrangement in place at the spot where the rings will meet the hooks, which will vary according to the height of the prisoner. In front of the chair will be a foot-rest, something like those in a barber's shop, except that the top portion, instead of being fixed, will be balanced upon a pivot to permit it to dip front or back, so that the feet will lie firmly upon it. This whole foot-rest will be arranged to slide backward and forward, and to be secured with a screw at the point

where the prisoner's feet will rest up on it.

From the ceiling over the back of the chair and over the foot rest will dangle two flexible wires, like those from which small electric lights swing. Or the wall at one side will be a small round dial attached to a brass instrument. A hand upon the dial will indicate the intensity of the current that will pass over the wires. Near it or the wall will be a small double-pole switch, a brass instrument similar to the familiar switches used to shut off or let on the current wherever electricity is used, but designed especially to show at a glance whether the current is off or on, in order to prevent accidents which carelessness in handling the apparatus might bring about. This will be all of the apparatus apparent in the room.

The prisoner, immediately upon entering the room, will be led to the chair and in a moment will be pushed back into it, the hooks in the belt about his body slipped into the rings in the chair, and there fastened in place by the turn of the screws. At the same moment his feet will be raised, the foot rest slipped under them and fastened by a turn of the screw, and a strap on top of the rest will be buckled tightly over his ankles. In another moment the two dangling wires will be fastened, one to the metal at the center of the back of the cap and the other to the metal connection on the heel of each shoe. A black cloth will be pulled over the face of the prisoner, the officers will stand well back from the chair, and at a signal the executioner at the switch will turn on the current, the volume of which has previously been adjusted to suit the resistance of the prisoner, as shown by the test in the cell.

Only the experience of Joseph Kemmler can certainly tell what will happen then, but if the confidence of those in charge, or, the efficiency of the apparatus is well founded, at the instant that the switch is touched there will be a little stiffening of the prisoner's body, a little quivering of the limbs, life will flutter for a bare instant, like the needle that will be dancing upon the dial on the wall, and then it will all be over. There will be no pain, no convulsion, scarcely a movement to mark the passage from life to death, but the victim will be hopelessly and unmistakably dead.

The chair and other apparatus for the application of the current are now being built under Mr. Brown's directions, and he says that they will be completed and set up at Auburn in ample time to be fully tested before the day of the execution of the death sentence upon Kemmler.

The intention is to use a current of 1000 volts, the same, it is said as that used in the Westinghouse street lighting system. The resistance of the average man is about 2500 ohms, and the current will be calculated to meet a range considerably above and below that figure.

A curious thing about the electrical execution business is that it is a leading feature in a contest between rival electric companies in which many millions of capital are invested and vast financial and electrical interests involved. The Westinghouse company controls the alternating current system of electric lighting, and claims that it is more economical and just as safe as the ordinary continuous current systems. Between the Westinghouse and the continuous current companies is a deadly rivalry, and a long time ago, the continuous current folks set out to drive the alternating current people out of business by declaring that the alternating current was unsafe, and endeavoring to secure the passage of laws and ordinances forbidding its use. The rivalry has been especially bitter in this city, where the two systems are in direct competition, and when the electrical execution subject was under discussion, the continuous current folks thought they saw a chance to get a whack at the alternating company. They jumped in enthusiastically to favor the substitution of electricity for hanging, and when the bill became a law, they were eager to have experiments made to determine just what system was best for killing purposes. The experiment was made last year, and before the alternating current people were hardly awake to what was going on, the current that they had all along been claiming as perfectly harmless had been officially selected as the most deadly current known, and therefore the proper one to use in killing criminals.

Mr. Brown was the expert who conducted both the preliminary and the official experiments to determine the best current to use in carrying out the law. He is one of the foremost opponents of the alternating current, and openly says that he don't care anything for electrical execution, and wouldn't have anything to do with such business were it not for his anxiety to prove the deadly nature of the alternating current. The Westinghouse people feel very bitter about the adoption of their current for executions, and declare that the attempt to use it will not be successful. One theory is that the nervous state into which the prisoner will be thrown when placed in the chair will operate as an offset to the effect of the current, and render harmless a current that might kill a man who was not expecting it. Mr. Brown said this was all bosh. Nervous expectancy, he said, would no more negative the effect of electricity upon a man than it would increase his weight.

"I have the record," he said, "of thirteen men killed accidentally since December by the alternating current. It would be strange if we couldn't kill one man when we tried to do it."

#### Music.

Most men love to hear music at the twilight hour—that is if it happens to be the music of the supper bell. What a hallowing influence the call to breakfast weaves around the soul! How many forgotten memories of past buckwheat cakes, etc., they revive, and cause to pass before the mind like a glowing panorama of days and scenes and associates that have passed away with the long ago.

Why is it that after the lapse of years the bright creations of memory, such as winning a dollar and a half on the result of an election, or of a game of base ball, or seeing a fat man slip up on a banana peel—we say how these pictures of the past came floating before the mind's eye, radiant with the crowning splendors of hope and love, etc., etc.

Winging their way into our presence come the spirits of music, reminding us of the mutability of all earthly things, and that the squaw of the soiled Italian exile who twists the music of the hand-organ, will soon pound on the window and demand recognition and pennies from the administration. Such music kindles within the arena of our hearts a spark of heavenly hope that the day may yet dawn when the police will have orders to run in all such enemies of the human race.

How many forgotten memories do the strains of music awaken! All nature is vocal, particularly in large cities like New York; where the dismal howl of the leather-lunged vendor of garden truck is allowed to blend with the sad, weird wail of the would-be purchaser of cast-off raiment, while nearer, clearer, deadlier than before, can be heard the exasperating whang-whang of the fish horn.

It is well that it is so, for what a tomb—what a dark, dismal abode this earth would be, if there came not unceasingly from it to salute the ear of its Creator songs of praise, of joy, of love. And when the shades of night have shrouded the earth with impenetrable gloom these songs of joy, of love and praise continue to ascend, thanks to the American tom-cat, whose melody is more excruciating than that of the Japanese tom-tom orchestra.—Ex.

#### Florida "Sinks."

On the subject of "Sinks" the Tavares Herald says: "Among the curious natural phenomena of Florida, particularly the middle section, are small ponds, known in colloquial phrase as 'sinks.' They are usually of irregular, round or oval shape, and are round scattered throughout the pine forests. Generally speaking they have neither visible supply or outlet, and yet their level scarcely ever varies from one season to another. They are not supplied by rains, since they are generally found in perfectly flat sections, where there is but little drainage. Their waters are perfectly sweet and generally cold, indicating hidden springs as the source of supply. Some of them are very deep, one in particular, in Leon county, having proved superior to the length of all the sound-inches in the neighboring country. They are usually of crystal clearness and contain small numbers of fish. Whether the evaporation just balances the supply, or whether the 'sinks' have subterranean outlets as well as inlets are still matters of speculation. Possibly now, the generally accepted theory that the whole of Florida rests upon a bed of coral as a foundation, may offer some explanation of these facts. As matters now stand, these 'sinks' present the strange spectacle of ponds that are not affected by drought or rain, and always maintaining the same level from year to year." The Orlando Record adds the following information: "Orlando has upon her eastern outskirts one of these sinkholes, covering an area of an acre or two, and containing pure and clear water, which appears to remain at about the same height at all seasons of the year, notwithstanding that numberless other lakes and ponds are continually being drained into it. The water is perfectly pure, and numbers of bream and bass abound in it. There is no visible or apparent outlet to this sink and it is said to be bottomless. This latter statement, we do not vouch for, however, but propose equipping an expedition to fathom its depths, and will let our readers know the result."

#### Lost His Head in a Dream.

A prominent Worcester business man passed through an experience in dreamland a few nights ago that is puzzling the local psychologists, and will add interesting data for the Society for Physical Research. He had an idea he ought to shave, and proceeded to do so. Just before he began work it occurred to him that it would be the easiest thing in the world to take off his head, and, placing it on the table, facilitate matters. It seemed in the dream that this was allowable for a certain number of minutes without endangering life. So he hung up the watch to count the minutes. The operation continued till some errand called the man across the room, and he returned to find his head was missing. He looked at the watch and found that the time was near when he must have his head in the proper place if he cared to keep it. Then "he lost his head" in two ways, and rushed frantically about the room looking in every available place. Just as the minute hand was about to cross the fatal point, the Worcester man woke up and felt for his head, and was relieved to find it there.—New York Star.

#### Girls at Auction.

At a church social held in McDonough, Chenango county, N. Y., the young ladies, having tired of the device of raising funds by selling kisses at a quarter a smack, decided to put themselves up at auction and allow themselves to be sold to the highest bidder—the purchaser to be allowed to enjoy for the rest of the evening, to the exclusion of all others, the society of the lady whom he bought. The Middleton Argus, in describing what happened, says: "Of course the young ladies intended that it should only be a play auction. They meant to be sold in earnest for fun and to have a real lovely time, finding how much their swains valued them at in hard cash. In their innocence, however, they did not reckon upon the guileless sincerity, impenetrable stupidity and intensely practical character of some men, and so it came that one of the fair maidens got into serious trouble. It happened that among the company present was a clod-hopping yokel who had no idea that when he bought a girl at auction he didn't really get her at all. The fellow was known to be very penurious, to hang on to his pennies like 'grim death to a sick monkey,' and when the auction was in progress he astonished every one in the room by the reckless way in which he ran up the price on a pretty girl. He finally distanced all competitors, and the girl was knocked down to him at \$7.49. He drew out his wallet and counted out the money, and then said he was going to take her home with him at once. This was a new and unexpected development, and some undertook to explain matters to the young man; but he would listen to no explanation. He'd been to auctions before and had bought cows and horses, had taken them home. He'd bought and paid for the girl, and why couldn't he take her with him? What did they sell her for if they did not intend to let the man who bought her have her? Did any one suppose that he would have paid such a price for the girl if he had not known that he was not allowed to take her! The more he talked the madder the victimized countryman got, and as he blustered and stormed the maiden wept and the comedy was rapidly becoming a tragedy, when finally it occurred to some one to give the fellow back his \$7.49. This was done and he pocketed it eagerly and took his departure, muttering as he went that they 'couldn't' fool him again with their goshdarned gal auctions."

#### Difference in eggs.

In form and general aspect the difference among birds' eggs is endless. Some are elongated, some are spherical, some are dull on the surface, some are polished, some are dark, others are gray or white, others very bright. The shape of eggs offers as much diversity as their size and weight. They may be thrown, however, into six different or typical forms—the cylindrical, the oval, the spherical, the oviconical and the elliptic. The ovicular form of egg belongs to the Passeræ and Gallinæ, the ovoid to the rapacious birds and the Palmipedes, the conical to the wading birds and some Palmipedes, the snort to some game and many stilted birds, and the spherical to nocturnal birds of prey and the kingfisher.

If a farmer has a flock of 100 hens they produce in egg shells about 137 pounds of chalk annually; and yet not a pound of the substance, or perhaps not even an ounce, exists around the farm house within the circuit of their feeding grounds. The materials of the manufacture are found in the food consumed and in the sand, pebble stones, brick dust, bits of bones, etc., which hens and other birds are continually picking from the earth. The instinct is keen for these apparently innutritious and refractory substances, and they are devoured with as eager a relish as the cereal grains or insects. If hens are confined to barns or outbuildings it is obvious that the egg-producing machinery can not be kept long in action unless the materials for the shell are supplied in ample abundance.—Popular Science.

#### The Prince of Monaco.

The Prince of Monaco reigns over his five thousand subjects from the height of a throne, gilded by the tripod, with the solemnity of Louis XIV. at Versailles. His guard of honor is composed of seventy men; his army of thirty-six carabinieri and eighteen sergeants de ville. What people say about the etiquette of this court is hard to realize. Taciturn and blind, the Prince lives surrounded by Jesuits. Like the Persian monarch, the Prince of Monaco is seldom seen. His son, the hereditary Prince, spends a week every year in the principality, and gives a dinner to the principal functionaries, the clergy, the navy, the army, the judges, the other principal personages in the principality and the lords of roulette and barons of trente-et-quarante. As the hereditary Prince represents his father, all must remain standing during the reception.

#### A Woman of the World.

A pretty fan was presented to a little girl four years of age, and she, wishing to show her new treasure, hung it on her finger and held it out at arm's length. A lady, on entering the parlor, was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the little girl, and finally said to her, "Isn't it very fatiguing to hold out your arm in that way so long?" Said little Elsie in answer, with a deep sigh, "Isn't it always fatiguing to be elegant?"—Wide Awake.

#### OUT OF FASHION.

##### Mahogany Furniture No Longer Considered the Correct Thing.

"A few years ago," said an up-town furniture dealer to a New York Sun reporter, "nobody cared much to buy bedsteads, tables, book-cases or sofas made of any other wood than mahogany. Indeed, large pieces of furniture of any of the lighter woods were thought to make a rather vulgar display. The piano was the only exception to this rule. At all times rosewood was the most popular frame for one of these instruments, but this was not due to any notion that rosewood was handsomer, but simply to the fact that the great heaviness and density of mahogany stifled the music. Now black walnut, cherry, ash, oak and every sort of light wood that will take a high polish are seen in fashionable houses, but of the heavy, old, wine-colored mahogany rarely a stick. I think it was the musical necessity of using lighter wood that caused the revolution in general furniture making. When people changing their residences saw the difficulty with which pianos were carried to the vans they began to wonder how much power it would cost to lift them if they were made of mahogany, and this led to the reflection that fully two-thirds of the weight of the entire household furniture might be knocked off if it were manufactured in lighter woods."

"Then began the decadence of mahogany—decadence of its utility as a furniture wood, I mean, for in its intergal parts it is almost everlasting. It is undoubtedly the richest, hand-somest and most stately of all woods, but its popularity has been crushed beneath its own weight. A few conservative people in New York, and many in England, still furnish their houses with it, but such persons are not afflicted with the migratory fever that leads the average American family to seek a new home about once in two years. Mahogany furniture once placed in position seems to be nearly as immovable as when the dark wood was in its native forests, and the restless, amiable householder of to-day does not care to be anchored to his dwelling."

#### The Yellow Garter.

The very latest and funniest whim is the wearing of the yellow garter says the New York Sun. Just one garter, not two, you understand, and it must be worn just above the left knee. The other stocking may be wrinkled disconsolately over the shoe or be fastened in place by any one or all of the mysterious devices known only to the initiated, but the left one is held by a band of yellow silk elastic, with a ribbon rosette of the same shade, and the correct and proper thing is to wear it day and night for six months.

The yellow garter's origin is shrouded in murky uncertainty, but its significance is known to every girl who possesses it, and this is its charm: Any girl who wears a yellow garter above her left knee is sure to be engaged in less than six months. The garter must be given to her by a friend, she must not make or buy it, and it has never been known to fail of its purpose but once, and then the owner was wearing it on the wrong extremity, or rather the right one instead of the left.

Just wherein lies its potency belongs to the ethics of the esoterics of girlhood, but the girls all wear them. The slim slips of girls who want to be engaged just for fun, though they aren't half old enough to be married; the bright, clever girls, as sweet and spicy and wholesome as carnations, who have a career before them, and say they wouldn't marry the best man in the world; the hopeless girls that have tried every thing else, you know and are accustomed to failures; the sweet-hearted, womanly girls, who are waiting like Marianna in the moated grange, and sighing because "He cometh not," and the naughty, witching girls, who could marry every fellow in the market if they were not so sort of bewildering that no one quite dares ask them, and the shy girls, who hide the yellow band from their very best friends, and think of it when they say their prayers, all waiting for some brave knight of the garter to help them solve the problem concerning the success or failure of the time-honored institution which is causing so much controversy at present—all wear the yellow garter.

#### Short Essay on Matrimony.

Two people may be of suitable age, temper, tastes and inclinations, but if they have not minds sufficiently original or well stored to offer to each other fresh attractions they quickly find themselves at the melancholy stage of conning twice told tales, and however comfortable their lives together may be, their union can not be ideally happy. Only the man or woman who can offer to wife or husband or friend continual novelty, continual freshness, can hope to keep alive an affection of quick fervor. The individuality of the race is far too highly developed for us to follow the fashion of our ancestors of taking friendship as a contract, almost loyally binding. People fortunately do not demand a great deal in this line. A very little freshness, a new thought now and then, a slight growth, a small attainment in untried fields, suffices; but this is imperative to vitality of interest. Unless a husband and wife fall in love with each other every day their marriage has failed of its ideal possibilities.—Boston Courier.



