

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. 11.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

NO. 34

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c.
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest
rates. Advertisers and manufacturers' cards, of
four lines, or less, 15 words with Spirit of Kan-
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than
three months.

Prepare for winter.

Salina had a \$30,000 fire on Monday.

When it comes to the world's fair
Chicago seems to be getting there.

The farmers of Douglas county met
last Saturday, and formed a county
alliance.

Congressman Turner announces his
purpose to introduce a bill to repeal the
civil service law. We advise him to do
no such thing. He should use his in-
fluence to improve it and to make it
more stringent and effective. Still we
expect he will be supported by all the
wildish politicians around the fold, and
will probably be successful. It is the
policy to break down all the safeguards
the people have, after doing everything
to make them shams and failures. It is
one of the tricks of the political trade.

The State of Kansas today is probably
attracting more attention than any other
State west of the Mississippi, on account
of the abundance and quality of its farm
products. Today Kansas can show to the
eastern farmers a wealth of cereals as
has never been seen before. Here lies
an empire that produces more than all
the New England States put together,
more wealth than all the mines in the
world, the estimated products of the
mines being \$175,000,000. Kansas farm
products will be more than \$200,000,000.
—Globe Democrat.

Prof. E. C. Blake says:—The weather
during the month of December, will be
very severe in the United States, Canada
and much of Europe. Part of the time
it will be pretty stormy with high winds,
and the rest of the month will be very
cold. The precipitation will be in the
form of snow in nearly all of the north-
ern states and Canada. It will be pretty
heavy in the Atlantic and Gulf States,
but in the interior the precipitation will
fluctuate, being heavy in some places
and smaller in others, averaging normal.
On the Pacific coast the temperature and
rainfall will average about normal. In
Europe it will be cool to very cold, with
small precipitations in Russia and large
in parts of western Europe. In the
wheat regions of India it will not be so
warm as usual, and the rainfall will be
larger than the average for that month.
The present moderate spell, which I pre-
dicted for the middle of November, will
soon terminate and winter weather will
begin by November 25.

LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13th, 1886.
Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.
Rochester, Pa. Gents.—Last spring
I resolved to rail a bottle of your Anti-
Malaria for my brother, who had
chills for more than six months. He
frequently broke them with Quinine, but
they would soon return. I gave him the
Autidote and he has not had a chill
since. It has made a permanent cure.
Yours truly,
W. W. PERDUE.

To our Readers.

THIS is the time of year when our
readers are wondering which is the best
periodical in the United States for them
to subscribe for during the coming year.
We unhesitatingly recommend them to
take THE INDEPENDENT. It is by far the
largest, the most instructive, and the
most interesting weekly newspaper pub-
lished in this country, if not in the
world. It has regularly 32 folio pages,
but it increases this number frequently
to 36 and 40, and sometimes even to 48
pages. These are filled with the best ar-
ticles, stories and poems that this coun-
try and Europe can furnish. Every con-
ceivable topic of religious, political,
social and literary interest, is fully and
freely discussed. It has a score of de-
partments, embracing nearly all branches
of human interest. THE INDEPENDENT
is above all things a family newspaper,
and as such we recommend it to you.
We would at least advise that you send
thirty cents in postage stamps for a
month's trial of the paper. That will
fully persuade you to subscribe. The
yearly subscription price is \$3.00, or two
years for \$5.00.

BERNHEIMER'S

12th and Main st., Kansas City, Mo.

Popular and Progressive

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

We carry a full and complete assortment of

**Silks, Plushes, Velvets,
Colored Dress Goods, Black Goods,
Cloaks, Suits and Wraps, Millinery,
Hosiery, Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Ribbons and Ruchings,
Notions, Muslin & Woolen Underwear,
Curtains, Toys & Holiday Goods.**

Everything dear to the feminine heart and useful to man, woman and
child can here be procured at headquarters, and all from one firm whose
name is a warrant in itself. No matter where you reside, the facilities of-
fered by the mail service in connection with **OUR OWN MAIL OR-
DER DEPARTMENT** equal the advantages of a personal selection. Of all the Departments of our house none receive more careful supervision
than

Our Mail Order System:

We will send samples on application. All mail orders
amounting to \$5 00 or upward, where money accompanies
order, will be sent express charges prepaid. We will refund
money on goods purchased of us, if not found satisfactory
when returned in a reasonable time.

Send in an Order, and Give us a Trial.
G. BERNHEIMER BROS., & CO.
12th & Main St.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

The last number of "Our State"
which is as high republican news-
paper authority as we have, says:
The trouble is, talk as much as they
please about party principles, about the
tariff, the purity of the ballot, civil ser-
vice reform, or even prohibition, the
facts show that party management is
nothing but a mad scramble for office, a
grim determination to hold the power
acquired. Our Republican party can-
not be said to be free from this, while
the Democratic party—well, every child
in Kansas knows what that is.

This is the truth—the disgraceful
truth. And yet let a voice be raised
to remedy this admitted evil, whether
it be from an individual member of
either party, from the Grange, or the
Alliance, and the politicians inter-
ested and their satellites grow red in
the face with anger, and question
ones loyalty to the party. Our State
must learn to be a little more discreet.

The Lawrence churches have a
system of interchangeable girls.
When one church gives an entertain-
ment each of the other churches
lends a girl or so to help the festivi-
ties along. This secures the floating
trade of a dozen or so young men
who are attached to no church but
are to the girls.—Lawrence Journal.

Jas. Field, the Wabunsee county
treasurer, who was charged with em-
bezzlement, after trial in Osage coun-
ty on change of venue, was acquitted.

The Independent.

A Weekly Religious and Literary Magazine.

"The most influential religious organ in the
States."—The Spectator, London, Eng.
"The most interesting religious paper published
in the English language."—The Pall Mall Gazette
London, Eng.
"One of the recognized mouthpieces of the best
thought of the day on both secular and religious
topics."—The Tribune, New York City.
"It has done a great service to the common
cause of truth and righteousness."—The Congre-
gationalist, Boston, Mass.
"A great religious journal."—The Advertiser,
Boston, Mass.
"Clearly stands in the forefront as a weekly re-
ligious magazine."—The Sunday-School Times,
Philadelphia, Pa.
"The strongest, largest, best, most widely circu-
lated, undenominational evangelical religious
weekly in this or any other country."—The Balti-
more Melodist, Baltimore, Md.
"The ablest Protestant journal in the country."—
The Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, Md.
"It has the properties, the not the form of a
magazine, and here are but few magazines whose
average table of contents affords a richer intel-
lectual feast."—The American Hebrew, New York
City.

THE INDEPENDENT is primarily a religious
paper. It is evangelical and undenominational.
It affords a common ground for all Christian peo-
ple, detailing not so much local denominational
news as the larger drifts and progress in each
body, with sympathetic appreciation or free
criticism. It contains a score of departments.
Besides the editorial department, there are de-
partments of "Literature," "Religion," "Intelli-
gence," "Missions," "Science," "Domestic Re-
sources," "Sunday-School," "Art," "Music," "Pi-
nance," "Insurance," "Old and Young," "Farm
and Garden," "School and College," etc. In
other words, THE INDEPENDENT discusses the
uppermost religious, theological, literary, sci-
entific, philosophical, social, political and artistic
topics of the day. It secures contributions from
the ablest American and foreign writers on any
and all subjects that demand the attention of
thoughtful people. It has a corps of not less
than fifteen editors and editorial writers who are
specialists, each in his own department, and
speak with knowledge and authority. As an ad-

Jackson St. Jackson St. NEW DEPARTURE.

I have the Greatest Bazar of Bargains ever offered in
Topeka. The long talked of project is put into action, and
I have opened the Jackson Street Mercantile Enterprise.
Reasons why I will sell Dry Goods, Millinery, Shoes and
Cloaks cheaper than any other house in Kansas: 1st—Can
sell for less than manufacturers' prices and make money.
2nd—I pay no rent. 3rd—My building has been delayed so
long I have short time to unload fall goods. 4th—I am de-
termined to make the Jackson street enterprise a success.

SAMPLE PRICES.

All Wool Tricots,	21c	Saxony Grey Shirts	
All Wool Dress Flannels	21c	and Drawers, 45c, wth 75c	
Silk Plushes,	35c	All Wool Scarlet Shirts	
Dress Style Dress G'ghams	5c	and Drawers, 45c, wth 65c	
Heavy Shirtings,	5c	Ladies Vests and Pants,	
Full Regular Hose,	12 1-2c	50c, wth 7c	
		Scarlet Blankets,	
		\$2 50, wth \$3 25.	

I will also make some wonderful bargains in Millinery
and Cloaks. I wish especially to urge you to call and see
me and look at my beautiful room and wonderful prices, ev-
en if you do not want to buy now.

J. H. DENNIS,
Jackson St. Topeka.

dition to the forces already working in the book
department, the services of Mr. Maurice Thomp-
son, the poet, novelist and essayist, have just been
secured. In the future, Mr. Thompson will write
critical notices of current novels, poetry and
belles lettres.
"THE INDEPENDENT FOR 1890."
"THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS SERIES," will be
a feature of the early year. In writing of the
trials and triumphs met with in the different
walks of life.
Ex-Fres. James McCosh will represent the Teach-
ers.
John H. Oberley, the Office-holders,
Surgeon-General Hamilton, the Physicians,
Richard Henry Stoddard, the Poets,
Daniel Huntington, the Artists,
Frank H. Stockton, the Novelists,
Dudley Buck, the Musicians,
Agnes Farley Smith, the Editors,
John V. Farwell, the Merchants,
Etc.

During 1890 THE INDEPENDENT will continue its
monthly articles by T. W. Higginson, Andrew
Lang, Prof. Wm G. Sumner, Rebecca Harding
Davis, and others. Joaquin Miller's weekly ar-
ticles on the West will be a feature of the paper
for some months to come.
Frederick Schwatka, as the result of his travels
and discoveries, will write two important articles
on "The Ancient Cliff and Cave Dwellers," and
"The Living Cliff and Cave Dwellers." James
Payn will continue his monthly "English Notes,"
and William O. Ward will write on English Art.
Agnes Farley Miller will write from Paris, the
Countess von Krockow from Germany, Dr. Fred-
erico Garibaldi from Rome, Pres. George Wash-
burne from Constantinople, and Isabel F. Haggard
from Russia.
The paper, as heretofore, will contain contri-
butions from the best poets and story-writers.
Known, including both poems and story from Car-
man Silva, Queen of Rumania, who was introduced
to English readers through THE INDEPENDENT.
F. Hopkinson Smith, the author of "The White
Umbrella in Mexico," will write one or more
character sketches.
THE INDEPENDENT will continue to be the best
religious and literary weekly paper that exists.
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, PAYABLE
IN ADVANCE.**
One Month.....\$1.00 One Year.....\$3.00
Four Months.....\$4.00 Two Years.....\$6.00
Six Months.....\$6.00 Five Years.....\$10.00
IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, \$2.00 EACH. SIN-
GLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.
Address
THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787, 251 Broadway, N. Y. City.

The Union Pacific hotel, North Topeka,
has discharged all colored boys as wait-
ers and has employed girls instead.

The printers will build a monument to
John A. Martin and the Lawrence
Record insists that C. A. Henrie be put
in as corner stone.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been permanently cured of
that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple
remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-
sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it,
he will send a copy of the prescription used, [mark]
with the directions for preparing and using the
same which they will find a sure cure for consump-
tion, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Etc. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please
address, Rev. E. A. WILLSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

**HOW TO MAKE
WOMAN BEAUTIFUL**
Many women with fair faces are dis-
satisfied in beauty owing to undeveloped
features, bad teeth, etc., which can be
remedied by using
ADIPON MALENE.
It is impossible to give a full descrip-
tion in an advertisement. Send for a
stamp for a descriptive circular, and
receive "Beauty," a book for \$1.00. It
contains, sealed, by return mail, sold
by druggists, L. E. MALENE, 60-
2519 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTEY

PIANOS & ORGANS

are the best and cheapest because
they excel and outwear all others.
Sold at low prices on time or for
cash. Fully warranted. Send for
illustrated catalogue.

ESTEY & CAMP,
916 & 918 Olive St., - ST. LOUIS.
MENTION THIS PAPER

FREE
Sewing-Machine
To all who send for a
stamp for a descriptive circular,
and receive "Beauty," a book for \$1.00.
It contains, sealed, by return mail, sold
by druggists, L. E. MALENE, 60-
2519 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wyoming leads all the States by being
the first to apply the great principles of
the Declaration of Independence. By a
vote of eight to one, it writes into its
constitution equal political rights for
men and women.

Senator Ingalls was in the state cap-
ital last week, more in consultation with
republican politicians than some of
his friends could wish.

Some east bound migrants passed
through here last Tuesday with a
yoke of oxen hitched to a wagon,
something very unusual these times.

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 uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

It is noticeable that most of the important eclipses are visible only in Africa. When Oklahoma is settled up with colored people, may be it will be different.

The mental philosophers have given much attention to dreams, but they have never discovered a reliable method that would enable a man to dream with any personal profit or advantage.

In reference to the desperate way in which the young kaiser rushes about from place to place the Germans style their three emperors thus: "Der greise kaiser," "der weise kaiser," "der reise kaiser"—King Snow, King Know, King Go.

An electrical device whereby the name of an approaching station is inscribed on a conspicuous tablet on a railroad car is coming into use. It will be warmly welcomed by the public, who have suffered so long from the Volapuk, Choctaw and Hindustani of brakemen and porters.

A SELMA Cal., man went into a store and put a lighted cigarette on the edge of an aquarium. A goldfish seized it and took a puff. For several days the poor thing lay at the bottom of the tank and panted like a tired dog. Its color changed to jet black, and the owner of that cigarette has sworn off for keeps.

At South Paris, Me., the other day Robert Gray, 87 years old, harnessed his horse Dick, 34 years old, and, accompanied by his (Robert's) wife, 85 years old, drove to North Paris, meeting while there Mrs. Edward Andrews, 86 years old, who has just returned from Europe, and Mr. Pottle, 83 years old.

PITA, the new remedy for hydrophobia recently discovered in Spain, seems to be a name given to the flower stalk of the aloe, a plant common to some parts of Spain. The story goes that its virtues were discovered accidentally by a man in a fit of hydrophobia falling upon an aloe plant and unconsciously biting the stem.

JOSEPH COOK has purchased the summit of Mount Defiance, Ticonderoga, where Burgoyne's batteries stood, and will erect thereon a monument in honor of the soldiers from Ticonderoga who were killed in the war of the rebellion, with tablets to the memory of the illustrious men of earlier times who made the name of Ticonderoga famous.

RAMABAI now has nine pupils in her school. Her assistant, Miss Demmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai lately accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poonah; another innovation, as no woman has ever been invited to address such a body.

THE Boston Courier is posing as a modern practical philosopher, saying: "Assume a virtue if you have it not, says Shakespeare. But this is not always practicable. The thoroughly intoxicated man, for instance, can not assume the virtue of sobriety." "No, but that does not prevent him from making himself ridiculous in trying to assume said virtue."

AN English item says: "Hypnotism is to be elevated into a science. Already a society is being formed in London to investigate its merits, and has promise of influential support. So much encouragement has, in fact, been given to the movement that a semi-public gathering has been held in Westminster town hall to take it into still further consideration."

A VIENNA millionaire has just died leaving a request for his only heir to keep the family vault lighted with several Jablockoff electric lamps for one year. But the authorities having refused the necessary permission the heir has ordered a candle and a box of parlor matches to be placed near the man in his coffin in case he should wake up from his long sleep.

THERE is no such thing as contentment in the world; and happy it is for the progress of society that it is so. If men were content with their lot there would be social stagnation. They would make no effort to get ahead. The spur to activity, enterprise, investigation and public zeal would be gone. They would be torpid, and the race would die out. For it is the discontent of mankind which leads to the increase and the progress of the world. —New York Sun.

THE SHERIFF'S DOG.

A Measly, Thin, Black-and-White with a Very Imaginative Master.

An Interesting Story by the Canine's Owner —An Animal That Had Human Nature in Him — In Every Respect a Remarkable Creature.

A few days ago, on the little branch narrow gauge from Bowersville to Hartwell, I met the sheriff—an unbridged, irrepressible, native Georgian, says the Atlanta Constitution.

To a good many people in Georgia, to nearly everybody in northeast Georgia, the sheriff's name is at once an introduction and description, for everybody in that country knows Jim Roberts.

Crouched under Jim's seat was a measly, thin, black-and-white cur. The dog's air of mortification and bewilderment was something ludicrous, and all the more noticeable because it was Jim Roberts' dog.

The brute's looks were against him decidedly. His countenance would have convicted him of anything, sucking eggs, sheep-killing, chicken stealing, or what not. He was a miserable, mean-looking dog.

Uncle Billy Bowers sat just behind Jim. The two talked like old friends, and, in the course of conversation, Uncle Billy recalled an experience of his own in which a very intelligent dog had figured.

Jim could hardly wait for the old man to finish his story.

"Talk about dogs," in a matter-of-fact tone, as Uncle Billy concluded his dog story, "I've got the smartest dog in this country, Uncle Billy. He don't look as fine as some dogs," reaching under the seat for the black-and-white cur, "but the dog's a miracle."

The miracle was held up by the nape of the neck for Uncle Billy's inspection, as non-committal as a dish-rag.

"Them eyes," continued the owner, proudly, as the miracle walled its eyes around in a vague effort to escape, "just look at them eyes."

Uncle Billy's face was a study. Evidently he was not certain in his own mind that the dog was a miracle.

"Uncle Billy," in the same matter-of-fact tone, as the miracle was let go, "that dog has as much human nature in him as me or you. I tell you what that dog does. You know that little branch in my bottoms? Well, sir, he goes fishin' every day at dinner time just as regular as the boys do, and the other day I watched him at it. He will run his paw up under a root or rock to scare out the fish, and then he'll stand and watch 'em as they go over the shallow places. He don't pay any attention to little fish—not a bit in the world. A whole drove of silversides can wiggle and squirm over the shallow place and Tucker won't notice 'em. I call him Tucker, after Dr. Tucker in Atlanta. But just let a good sized fish start down—you oughter see that dog! He comes down on that fish like a king-fisher. He gets 'em ever' time."

"Don't bother the little fish—"

"Exactly—but he goes for the big ones. That's one reason I call him Dr. Tucker. He's got sense, that dog has."

"About six weeks ago," continued the owner of the miracle, "a fellow brought me a young pointer puppy. Old Tucker has a box out in the back yard, but we sorter depended on the puppy to look out for himself. First night after he got there, that blamed puppy got out on the back porch and howled and whined until I just couldn't stand it any longer. Finally I got up and carried him out and put him in Tucker's box. I hadn't more than got back in bed before that puppy was back on the porch. I carried him back to Tucker's box and went to bed again. I had just made up my mind to go to sleep, when that puppy set up a whine. He was back on the porch. I hated to kill the puppy. I just carried him back to Tucker's box, and I tried a new scheme on him. I bundled him up under Old Tucker's nose and put one of Tucker's forelegs around him, like a woman holds a baby. 'Now, Tucker,' says I, 'hold 'im!' I went back to bed and slept. I never heard anything more of the puppy that night."

"Every night now, after the puppy gets his supper, old Tucker picks him up and puts him to bed. When the puppy is frisky and don't want to go, Tucker just picks him up by the back of the neck and then lies down in the box and holds him till the puppy goes to sleep."

"He's a mighty polite dog, Tucker is."

The doubtful look on Uncle Billy's face had given way to one of vivid interest. The owner of that miracle could convince a dictionary.

"Polite," repeated Uncle Billy.

"Mighty polite dog—mighty polite. George Parker come over a week or two ago, and brought that old hound of his along. You've seen that old hound many a time. George tied him to the fence, 'bout the kitchen place, and just left him there. That night I threw some scraps out to Tucker and the pup, but never once thought of that old hound."

"Tucker looked like he was waitin' for me to do something else, and after waitin' for a minute or so he picked out the biggest piece of meat and started 'round the house with it. I followed to see what he would do with it, and the minute I turned the corner of the house I understood it all. There was that old hound—hadn't had a thing to eat for dinner or supper. Tucker walked up and laid down the meat, and the old hound went for it."

"That's a fine dog," said Uncle Billy.

"Heap o' folks wouldn't er done that."

"Tucker just set there like he enjoyed seein' the old hound eat, yaggin' his tail."

"But the smartest thing Tucker ever done," continued the sheriff meditatively, "was three or four days ago there at home. That puppy got so he would kill the little chickens, and finally I tied him to the wood-pile. That was at dinner-time, and in little or no time that puppy had crawled around and betwixt the logs till he had just about hung himself."

"Tucker heard him hollerin'."

"I saw Tucker go back there and examine, just like a judge would do. The puppy was whining and choking, and I believe he would have killed himself in five minutes longer. Tucker made up his mind that it was a desperate case, and just pitched in and gnawed—"

Uncle Billy heaved a sigh of relief.

"Gnawed that rope in two."

"Smart dog," said Uncle Billy.

"Smart dog."

"But I haven't told you what he done. As soon as the rope was gnawed in two Tucker took one end in his mouth, and there he stood, holding the puppy, until I went to him. You see, Tucker knew that puppy was tied there for a purpose, and he knew it wouldn't do to let go. So he made a hitching-post of himself—"

"That—"

"Yes, sir, that some dog I showed you. You wouldn't think it, would you? That dog is certainly a miracle."

"He certainly is," agreed Uncle Billy.

—

Sunbeams.

Deep in a tangled wood

Sunbeams went straying

To dance in playful mood

O'er branches swaying.

There found an aged form

So humbly bending,

Bow'd 'neath the weight of storm

Life had been sending.

Strengthened the fainting soul

Lost in deep brooding,

Causing the clouds to roll

With gentle wooing.

Lighted the saddened face

With tear drops streaming,

Crying: "Take heart of grace;

Watch thou my beaming."

When from the blinding tears

Our sad eyes veiling,

And misery's carping fears

Our souls assailing,

We strive to free ourselves,

Grievous hearts listing,

Their grief no more rebels,

Sunbeams resisting.

—

The Duty of a Gentleman.

"Never," says Lord Chesterfield,

"hurt persons by a malicious speech;

do not exalt yourself at the expense of others, nor indulge in a sneer; nor let the temptation of saying a witty thing lead you to do so at the expense of another."

One might suppose from this excellent counsel that his author was a model Christian, or at least one of those true gentlemen whose courtesy is of the heart. On the contrary he was a Japanese and high-polished piece of human hollow-ware, without a single quality that should entitle a human creature to love, honor or respect. The context of the above quotation displays the innate meanness and selfishness of the man. "This passion in people who fancy they can say smart things," he continues, "has made them more enemies, and implacable ones, too, than anything I know of." His lordship's reason for sparing people's feelings was not that malicious speeches hurt them, but that they might injure the interests of the utterer!

Half the elegant men—so called—one meets with are of the same stripe as Chesterfield. Their politeness is mere formula; there is no soul in it. A man may be a model of deportment, and yet a cold-blooded self-worshiper—a mere Turveydrop, or something worse. The whole duty of a Christian gentleman is summed up in the Book of books in four words: "Be pitiful; be courteous." Whoever obeys these precepts is fit for any society. He will carry his welcome with him wherever he goes, and need not trouble himself about the by-laws of etiquette.

—

No Worse Fate for a Girl.

We can conceive of no worse fate for a pure girl than this—to marry while in a dream, says the New York Herald; to exaggerate a man's good qualities until nothing else is visible; to minimize his vices until they disappear; to have a brief honeymoon of measureless bliss; then to see the man as he is and as others have always seen him—coarse, common, vulgar, vicious, and even cruel; to learn to loathe him because he is a brute; to loathe herself because she was such a fool as to throw her life away; to curse her parents because they did not take her by force and throw her into a cell, a dungeon, any place of confinement, until she came to her senses; to be beaten, neglected, unprovided for, sneered at by the man whom she once thought a god—well, to endure such a fate as that is so awful that even human sympathy avails nothing to assuage the sorrow.

—

A Few Truths Tellingly Put.

Votes should not be counted, but weighed.

To be content with littleness is already a stride toward greatness.

The small writer gives his readers what they wish, the great writer what they want.

The mischief of opinions formed under irritation is that men feel obliged to maintain them even after the irritation is gone.

Men are equally misunderstood, from their speech as well as from their silence; but with this difference: Their silence does not represent them; their speech misrepresents them.—Century.

A FAITHFUL EX-SLAVE.

He Told his "Young Misses" That the Lord Was Providin'.

The superintendent of census comes nearer the throbbing heart of poor humanity than any other official in Washington, says a letter to the New York Tribune. Of all the departments his alone is not governed by civil-service laws, and consequently that class of people whom Victor Hugo sweepingly described as "Les Misérables" turn to the census bureau. Some who apply are gentlewomen of middle age who can not pass a civil-service examination, because when they were young, girls were taught to be housewives and no provision was made for a widowhood or adverse circumstances when they would be forced to earn their own and their children's bread. Mr. Porter, the superintendent, says there is always one question that he is forced to put to applicants that goes through them like a knife. It is the simple and legitimate question, "What can you do?" Marvelous it is the number of people in the world who have no definite idea of their own capabilities. When the question doesn't bring tears it is usually followed by a wringing of the hands and a helpless "I can not tell," but rarely by a direct confident answer. One of these cases is unmatched in pathos. Mr. Porter boarded for a time after coming to the capital at a hotel where he noticed that his waiter was unusually attentive. The man did not seem to care for fees, nor did he ask anything for himself. For a month or two this dumb admiration was carried on until finally Mr. Porter said: "What is it, Wallace? You seem to have something on your mind."

"Yes, sah; Ise been studyin' sah, as how like nuff dey mout be some place in the census for my young missis. She's deservin' but is too proud to ask foh anything. Ise been studyin' nigh a yeh how Wallace could get some thin' foh de missis, and when de head waitah, sah, put you to my table, I jest said, de Lawd will provide."

"Who is the woman, Wallace?" Mr. Porter asked.

"She's de only chile of my ole massa 'fo de wah. Massa was killed an' missis an' de chile came norf when dey los' all. Dey lib above Great Falls, an' doan tell it, sah, but dey's ver' poah."

As Wallace finished some one came up to talk with Mr. Porter and the matter was forgotten. Wallace knew how to wait, and it was not until another fortnight that he said, hopefully: "My young missis, sah, I forgot to say dat she ver' intellectual an' do everything consciously."

Wallace had the darky's aptitude for sounding words and passed among his colleagues as that mysterious "Titian," a "college graduate." There was a ludicrous pedantry about him that made one think he must have been born a college graduate. It was his elect destiny. Mr. Porter received further confidences from the honest fellow, who could do what few white people would do in this selfish world—ask a favor for some one else before himself, and, in this case, for the daughter of the man under whom he had suffered bondage.

Promising to remember the "young missis," Mr. Porter left and might have forgotten her if it had not been for the faithful, ever-watchful Wallace. Finally one Saturday night he said:

"Well, Wallace, I have something for your young mistress. Tell her to come around to the census bureau next week and there will be some work for her."

Later he learned from the lips of the "young missis" that Wallace had walked fourteen miles though the rain that Saturday night after his work was done to tell her the good news of her appointment. She had not known that he was seeking the place for her, although for some weeks he had remarked mysteriously "De Lawd am providin'."

—

He Still Lives.

A Nebraska subscriber writes to inquire if there is another weekly published in this burg. There is. We have a chattel mortgage on everything but the red-headed, cross-eyed, lop-shouldered coyote who edits it, and can close him up at any minute; but we let him run on in order to keep him off the town. We rather like his audacity as well. He prints 180 copies, none of which can be read on account of the poor press-work, and yet he claims the largest circulation in the known world. He knows we own the very chair he sits in, but yet he devotes four columns each week to abusing us personally.

Yes, he still lives, poor old unfortunate. But we are going to give him rope for the winter. If he was bounced out he might have to run for the legislature.—Arizona Kicker.

—

Eleventh-Hour Restitution.

An elderly man went to a Harrisburg merchant and tendered him a quarter of a dollar, saying it was due him. On asking why, he told the merchant that about one year before his daughter had bought a remnant at his store, paying 25 cents therefor. But on getting home she discovered that two remnants had been put into the package by mistake. She intended paying for the second remnant, but put it off from time to time, until she fell sick, when she told her father the circumstances and asked him to see that the money was paid. He promised, but also neglected the matter. Finally the young woman reached death's door, and with almost her last breath she asked her father if he had not paid for the remnant.

—

NEW USE FOR WATER.

A Stream Three-Quarters of an Inch in Diameter.

A new boat is expected to make the unusual speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Her propelling power will be a stream of water discharged from a nozzle three-quarters of an inch in diameter, at the stern. It has been practically demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists that the impact of a column of water swiftly delivered under the surface against the body of water the ship floats in has precisely the same resulting reaction upon the vessel as if the stream were discharged against a solid wall beside the vessel. This achievement does not rest upon the results obtained in laboratory processes merely, but has been proved in the actual working of a steam launch of forty tons burden, the Prima Vista, which, with a hull not modeled for speed, with an ordinary engine and without a vacuum pump, attained a speed of twelve miles an hour by the projection of a stream of water one-quarter of an inch in diameter. The pressure of the column of water was 900 pounds to the square inch, and the nozzle discharged 320 pounds of water per minute at a velocity of 380 feet a second.

These facts were determined by Dr. Walter M. Jackson, of Rhode Island. He has spent more than eighty thousand dollars in his experiments and for the new boat, the Evolution. The latter is 100 feet long. Her draught is only 3 feet, and her floor is almost flat. The tendency in propulsion will be to drive her out of rather than under the water. By the use of steel for the boiler, hollow pistons, ribbed cross heads and aluminum where that metal is appropriate, the weight has been reduced 30 per cent and Dr. Jackson, who regards this construction as but a step toward his ideal, expects ultimately to get twice the power with one-fourth the weight of this apparatus. The pressure of the jet of water is 2,500 pounds to the square inch, and the nozzle will deliver 900 gallons a minute at a velocity of 600 feet a second. Among other advantages gained, the drag of a screw astern is obviated. A rudder, except an auxiliary one to be shipped if necessary, is also dispensed with, the ship being steered by a deflection of the current of water. A nozzle at the bow, brought into action by simply reversing the lever, delivers a stream forward to stop a boat or back her. Other applications of the jets of water are under consideration.

The saving in the direct application of power over the use of a screw propeller is estimated at more than 30 per cent. The space occupied by the engine is much less than that required by an ordinary marine engine, and it has the further advantage of being horizontal in its position in the vessel instead of being set up vertically. Dr. Jackson says that with a pressure of 3,000 pounds to the square inch through a three-quarter inch nozzle the Etruria, one of the largest ocean steamships, could be driven twenty miles an hour. No disturbance of the water is made eighteen inches from the nozzle.

—

Nursing Cases of Typhoid.

First of all, after the wise physician, we should say procure a well trained nurse. Some of our physicians will not take a case of this fever without one.

But if one cannot be employed, then put in practice the best rules of good nursing by keeping the patient quiet, entirely free from company, excitement, noise and disturbing influences of all kinds, and exempt also from all exertion, even to lifting the head or turning the body alone.

Give no food except a glass of milk every two or three hours, and lower the temperature as it rises by sponge baths under the blanket, consisting generally of alcohol and water.

There must be no wearying nor flagging in the enforcement of these rules until the patient has been normal all day for a week, and even then great caution must be used lest too great bodily exertion bring on fatal results.

When it is better and more generally understood that typhoid fever is principally and primarily a condition of ulceration of the thin tissues of the intestines, and that any but the softest foods or the gentlest movements of the body may produce perforation, which is sure death, or how easily other dangerous results, such as hemorrhages or peritonitis, may be induced, physicians will find their patients and those in charge of them more strictly obedient to their injunctions; and in our homes, as in the hospitals, it will be the rare exception where the sufferer does not recover.—Exchange.

—

Some People's Hard Trials.

A new scheme is proposed by a New York theatre, whereby people who buy certain seats will be requested to remain in them during the performance. There are people who can sit two hours without a cocktail and they, by sitting together, will not be annoyed by those polite wife beaters who need to rum every hour. This is intended to be more ironic than comic, for there is no theatre as yet that has adopted this plan, but I am hoping that they will do so some day.

The American custom of insisting on every true friend joining you when you drink may be considered as a relic of crude civilization, but what do you think of asking strangers to stand up, both men and women, while you walk over their feet on your way out and over their corpses on your way back from your drink?—Bill Nye.

UNDERGROUND PALACES

Discovery of a Wonderful Cave with Glittering Halls in Austria.

The Newly Explored Grotto Second only to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in Size, and Brilliant in Stalactites Beyond the Power of Description.

A new grotto has been recently discovered and opened to the public at not quite twenty minutes' distance from the famous Cavern of Stalactites at Adelsberg, in Carniola, says a Vienna Letter. The province of Austria is very rich in grottoes and caves, but the one just discovered seems to be superior to all the others, and is likely to be more renowned than the Adelsberg Caves, the largest and most magnificent hitherto known in Europe.

The new grotto is, in the first place, better connected than the old one. Cave follows cave, without passage or corridors, in which the visitor can see nothing; and when I add that a walk through the new grotto occupies rather more than two hours it can be imagined how rich it is in variety and sights. It is snow-white in color, relieved only by portions of grayish hue, whereas at Adelsberg the prevalent color is yellowish.

The grotto opens with a deep ravine and a number of comparatively shallow caves, in which the stalactites take the form of curtains or wide-spread wings, and the drops and stalagmites have the appearance of huge cactus plants, with beautiful white glittering pendants. The next cave shows forms of various animals, the finding out of which is an agreeable occupation of the imagination of visitors, of whom certainly not two will agree as to what they have seen.

Going further, the visitor walks through a succession of lofty domes, until the ball-room is reached, three times as large as the corresponding room at Adelsberg. In all these caves the ornaments formed by the stalactites are much lighter, more transparent, and, therefore, more fit for color contrasts than those of Adelsberg. The roof, for instance, of the ball-room seems to be adorned with hundreds of flags and streamers, each flag having its staff formed of pendant tubes, around which the standards or banners are wound. The walls are formed of myriads of diamonds, and if the ball-room is lighted a variety of colors, from alabaster white to deep red, seem to shine from the flags or streamers or curtains—a fairy sight which excites the admiration even of those who have already seen much of that kind of thing.

The most remarkable cave is the last one. Its roof is vaulted; its furthest wall is formed by a snow-white rock of limestone, which divides the grotto from the mountain river, Polk, which rushes behind it, and the two side walls are covered with indentations, mostly formed of single drops. The visitor may imagine himself to be in a toy shop, so various are the little figures which protrude from these walls, but that his attention is drawn to a number of enormous trees in the center of the cave, some rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, each with numerous branches, strewn with drops instead of leaves, in wonderful regularity of form.

Mistakes in Marrying.

I may say here that I think marriage is of all human institutions the best, if you marry the right person, says Mrs. Crawford. If you don't, it's a school for patience, the most valuable of all the virtues. We both agreed that two persons of irritable nerves or hypersensitive dispositions should not unite in matrimony. Dickens was one of the best fellows, Wilkie Collins said, that ever lived, and a very cheerful worker. He was bright and genial in his home circle. But he had nerves, often on edge, and Mrs. Dickens was sensitive and mistrustful of herself. This made her low-spirited just at times when a flow of good humor was wanted to soothe him. He winced, and she shed tears, and so the dissolution of partnership came about. She was a good little woman, but she did not develop mentally along with Dickens, who married her when he was very young, and hardly knew his own mind.

NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

There is no fool like a young duce. It is an ill wind that blows about itself.

Better be right than the president of an electric company.

Take care of the pennies and let the expense take care of itself.

Don't go into an air-ship if the walking is at all what it ought to be.

The man is vain who writes for praise, but you wouldn't suspect it from his clothes.

Put a beggar on horseback and he will ask, "What's the matter with the family carriage?"

A Modest Policeman.

A young couple were arrested in New York for kissing each other on the public street. That was all they did. The policeman, whose name is Kearns, was so shocked that he ran them in, but the justice discharged them at once, smiling contemptuously at the policeman, who possibly would shudder to speak of a dog's pants, or tremble at the disgusting indecency of trees when stripped of their leaves. We may expect to read that some journalist has been arrested for stripping literary articles of their verbiage. —Siftings.

SUGAR CURED HAMS.

From a Razor Back Hog to a Ham Sandwich.

The history and mystery of a ham sandwich is something that has seldom been run down, few of those indulging in that picnic and noontide luxury realizing the intimate relations existing between that element of the sandwich so emphatically and invariably in the minority, and the propelling power of the frisky razor-back piglet which forms one of the principal resources of an Indiana farmer.

The sugar cured ham is to-day one of the choicest items on a bill of fare and the man who can not appreciate the luxury—for it is a luxury both in flavor and price—of nicely fried or boiled sugar cured ham, is hard to please.

The ham makes its first appearance in a clean—the muddier it is the cleaner—pen on a farm, in the shape of a little suckling piglet. We next find him chasing down the lane on a dead run in response to the welcome cry of "s'woy! s'woy! s'woy!" and on the alacrity and frequency of this decidedly invigorating exercise, depends the day of his sacrifice to the appetite of man.

We next find him a big lazy porker, undergoing a "mocking" process in the stock pen at the nearest railway or steamboat station, preparatory to being loaded into a crowded freight car. A day or two later, hungry and disgusted he landed, with a large number of his companions in misery, at the stock yards in the city. Just what transpires on the outside he doesn't know, but what is—or is not—transpiring on the inside is of paramount importance to his pigship. Three days on limited rations is something not in keeping with his dietary training, and the matters of his future career and his mission on earth, are of secondary importance to him.

He is next found en route for a butchers' pen in the rear of a big packing house, whence he is driven into a smaller one known as a knocking pen where he suddenly lapses into a comatose state which he never recovers, in consequence of being struck between the eyes with the poll of an ax wielded by a herculean butcher. His body is dragged into the sticking pen where by a skillful plunge another butcher thrusts a long keen edged knife between the fore legs directly under the throat, the heart is punctured and five minutes later the bloodless carcass is slid into a tub of scalding water where it remains ten minutes and is then lifted out onto a scraping bench, where by means of a scraping and shaving process it is deprived of every vestige of bristles. It is then turned over to the "gutter," who, having it up by the hind legs, proceed skillfully to cut open the belly and remove the intestines, loosen the kidney fat and cut off the head. The carcass, thus dressed, is at once removed to a cooling room, where it is hung up for twelve to eighteen hours to effect the withdrawal of every particle of animal heat. When thoroughly cooled the hog undergoes a process of dissection, the various parts being sent to the departments of the establishment devoted to their special treatment.

The hams or hind quarters—which constitute that portion of the hog's anatomy located at the extreme southeast and southwest points—are taken to the packing-house. Here they undergo a second cooling process after which they are placed in a sweetened brine composed of water, salt and sugar, and are required to undergo a pickling or curing process. The period of their sojourn in this brine depends on the size of the ham, a small one being thoroughly cured in thirty days, while the large ones frequently require ninety days.

On being removed from the brine the hams are at once hung up in the smoke-house, where for three to five days they are subjected to the influence of a strong smoke of dry wood and frequently corn cobs, so smothered as to intensify the volume and strength of the smoke. After being smoked each ham is tested by an expert, who determines whether or not the ham has been spoiled in pickling. This he does by plunging a "sticker," a steel instrument like an ice pick, into the ham, and smelling it. In the pickling process a great many hams spoil, particularly in warm and changeable weather, when as high as ten per cent are lost.

After the quality of the ham is determined it is canvassed by wrapping in paper and covering securely with muslin, over which is painted a thick coat of yellow ochre and flour. In this condition a ham can be kept sweet and sound for almost any length of time.

The process of converting the hog into ham requires about fifty to seventy days from the time he is struck on the head.

Calling a Boy Up in the Morning.

If you want your boy to get up by eight o'clock you will be obliged to commence operating on him by six. A boy never begins to sleep in earnest until it is time to get up. Over night, you must tell him that it is absolutely essential to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that he should get up by eight o'clock, and make him understand that his honor is at stake.

Then set the alarm clock right by his head, and wind it clear up, so that when it goes off at seven, next morning the whole neighborhood will hear it, and think there is a fire somewhere.

In the morning, after you have cleared your throat, you can begin to call your boy. The earlier you start

out at it the more vocal exercise you will get.

When you have yelled up the stairway all you feel that you can, go up stairs, and fire away at him from the hall. Then, cheered and inspired to fresh efforts by his resounding snore, open his chamber door and shake him, and poke him up, as the keeper does the animals at the menagerie. If you work with a will, and your hands are moderately cold, you will probably, at the end of half an hour's hard work, elicit the sleepy inquiry:

"What's wanted? Who's—a—wanting me—to—to get up this time of night?"

He is an early riser when he so wills it, but on other occasions you might as well try to wake up the sentinel on the Soldier's monument on your village common.

And his mother will excuse him, and tell her next door neighbor whose boys are all girls, that poor Willie works so hard at school, and grows so fast, that he needs all the sleep he can get, and it seems to be a shame to wake him up to eat breakfast with the family.

And so Willie is left in bed till he sees fit to get out of it, and the breakfast-table stands, and the kitchen girl's temper is spoiled, and so are the muffins and the baked potatoes; and when Willie grows up and gets a family of his own, he will try his wife's temper, and he will set the bad example of unpunctuality to his children.

So, therefore, we say to him: "Willie, get up the first time you are called."—New York Weekly.

Cranks on Teeth.

Half the people who have occasion for the services of a dentist have hobbies about their teeth, or queer notions about dentistry. Nearly every one who leaves an order for false teeth instructs the dentist to furnish them with small ones that are a clear white and without a tinge of color. This, dental experts say, is a wrong idea. The size of the teeth should be regulated by the natural ones, and the color by the complexion of the person. People with a dark complexion should have teeth with a bluish cast.

Dr. Ross Bryte, in a talk with a Pittsburg Commercial Gazette reporter, told of some peculiar people. He had met in his professional capacity.

A certain society belle had a beautiful set of teeth which nature had given her, but they were a trifle large to suit her shapely mouth, she thought. She went to her dentist and ordered him to extract them all. He at first refused to do so, as he thought it a great wrong to destroy handsome incisors. She insisted, and the dentist decided to humor her. After she had had her teeth all drawn she ordered a set of small ones, which were entirely unsuitable for her.

Diamond setting in teeth, Dr. Bryte says, is the height of folly. Diamonds, to show their brilliance, must have light, and when they are set in teeth they are as dull as a piece of glass.

The Young Millionaire "Willie" Astor's New Romance.

The Hon. William Waldorf Astor, or "Willie" Astor, as he is best known to newspaper readers, has written his second novel, and by competent critics it is said to be far in advance of his initial work, "Valentino." The new novel has for its title "Storza; a Story of Milan." Like its predecessor, it is a romance of medieval Italy of the sixteenth century, dealing with the famous Italian family of the Storzias. There is considerable dramatic strength to the plot, the characters are well sustained and carry their interest to the reader from first to last. Where the young millionaire-author shows his literary talents at their best is in a succession of brilliantly worded pictures of the popular Italian festivals of the period as they held sway in Milan and in the then hostile state of Venice. The Scribners will publish the work, as they did "Valentino." This first literary effort of young Mr. Astor, it will be remembered, was brought out in December, 1885, we think, and had the remarkably good sale for a novel, of nearly 8,000 copies. It is expected that the sales of the new novel will largely exceed the total of the first.

Our Babies' Chances.

Of the babies born during the present year, how many will probably live to be over 100 years old?

A recent article on the subject says: Take your pencil and follow me while we figure on what will happen to the 1,000,000 of babies that have been born in the last 1,000,000 seconds. I believe that is about the average—"one every time the clock ticks." On the 1st day of October, 1890, if the statistics don't belie us, we will have lost 150,000 of these little "prides of the household." A year later, 53,000 more will be keeping company with those which have gone before. At the end of the third year we find that 22,000 more have dropped by the wayside. The fourth year they have become rugged little darlings, not nearly so susceptible to infantile diseases, only 8,000 having succumbed to the rigors imposed by the Master. By the time they have arrived at the age of 12 years, but a paltry few hundred leave the track each year.

In Chicago.

"Why, my dear Mrs. de Jones, I haven't seen you for a year. How have you been? And how is your dear daughter Emily?"

"Emily is very well."

"And is she still married to Mr. Henderson?"

THE CROW AND DRAKE.

How the Latter Terribly Revenged a Cruel Wrong.

A duck with a brood of ducklings was walking along the edge of a pond, near Pleasant Mount, Pa., when one of a flock of crows that were hanging about the spot lit on the ground near the ducks, and pecked and strutted to and fro, in an indifferent sort of way, as though not noticing the presence of the ducks, but all the time drawing closer and closer to them. Finally the crow made a sudden movement, captured a duckling, and flew away with it, greeted by a loud chorus of congratulatory caws from its companions, who had been perched in a tree not far away as quiet as mice.

After a few minutes another crow dropped down on the ground and began a system of similar manoeuvres. The cawing of the crows ceased instantly, and the eyes of the flock were evidently fixed on their scheming companion, watching the result of his wiles. A farmer who had been an eye witness of the first performance, now thought it strange and stupid on the part of the old ducks, after their experience, that they did not take their little ones in the water, where they could protect them better. But he did not interfere, being curious to see what success the second crow would have. He soon discovered that the ducks had longer heads than he gave them credit for. The crow pecked and sidled along it was quite near the ducks, when it darted forward to seize the duckling. But the drake had his eye on the marauder, and before the crow had the duckling the drake had the crow. It seized the black robber by one leg, and in spite of the latter's yells and fluttering, plunged in the pond with it. The drake swam a few feet, and then dove with his prisoner.

The capture of the crow filled the flock of crows with alarm, and they arose in a body and circled about with deafening cries. The sudden disappearance of their comrade beneath the water aroused all their suspicious nature, and they flew rapidly away. The drake remained below for an extraordinary long time, and when it came to the surface the crow was not with it. It appeared soon afterward. It was as dead as a stone, the revenging drake having drowned it. The drake swam back to its mate and family, and a loud quacking of congratulations followed, after which the whole family launched themselves in the water for a triumphal swim. At least that is the story sent to the New York Sun.

When Marriage is a Failure.

Marriage, where there is a decided impurity in the blood on either side, should be forbidden by parents or guardians. Insanity, scrofula, consumption (another form of the last named disease), all should be regarded as a bar to matrimony. This is a severe dictum, no doubt, destroying the happiness of many, but if faithfully adhered to for half a century or so, would certainly stamp out a great deal of the disease that now decimates and renders miserable the homes of many. The happiness of the few should give way to the good of the many, and if those unfortunately marked out by nature to be the modern lepers of society could have the courage to sacrifice themselves, unspeakable would be the benefit to mankind.

But to preach to others is an easy thing; when it comes to one's own turn to be sacrificed, we find "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint," and we rebel violently against the fate that would chain us to circumstances. In truth, when a man loves a woman with all his heart and mind, it is a cruel rending of soul and body to separate him from her; yet, if he or she carry within them the sad and destructive seeds of madness, or any of those other well-known hereditary diseases that destroy humanity, surely it is an iniquity on their part to deliberately transmit the same to posterity. It is the little children, the flesh of their flesh, who suffer—irresponsible beings, brought into the world without desire of their own, without even their permission being asked.

Mahomet and the Mountain.

It has always puzzled us to know why Mahomet hesitated about going to the mountain, expecting the mountain to come to him. It wouldn't have cost him a cent to stay at the mountain as long as he wanted to. The Mountain House would have been glad to deadhead him, giving him the best suit of rooms they had. His arrival would have been chronicled in the daily papers, people would have flocked to the mountain to see him, and he would have been a big card. He is sometimes called the "false Prophet," but he would have been a real profit to the house where he put up. We are satisfied that in refusing to go to the mountain Mahomet, whose system needed bracing up, anyhow, lost one of the greatest opportunities of his life. Come to think, though, it doesn't Mecca bit of difference to Mahomet now.—Texas Siftings.

All Have Hobbies.

Every rich woman in New York has a hobby, and in most cases it is charity. A Star reporter has been investigating, and he finds that seven rich women help the poor to the extent of \$12,000 each per year. He is now searching to find a case where any patient is any better off than before they began. He has found hundreds who have let go of work to become sponges.

DIFFERING VIEWS OF DEATH.

The Pagan Wants the End to Come Suddenly.

It is an interesting inquiry why civilized man has for so long a time manifested a horror of sudden death, says the New York Tribune. The pagans knew no such feeling, but, on the contrary, they prayed for the mode of death which to Christians has appeared so dreadful that they have formulated special petitions for protection from it. This fear and repugnance are certainly not grounded in experience or reason, nor can they be said to represent an altruistic sentiment. For it is indisputable that, so far as the subject is concerned, a swift and painless death is preferable to that which comes at the close of lingering illness and much physical suffering. Nor can there be found any support in philosophy for the apprehension of sudden and instantaneous death, for it is clear that such a taking-off does away with all the fearful looking forward, the agonizing anticipations, the morbid and gloomy thoughts, which beset the sufferer who journeys slowly toward the Valley of the Shadow.

Speaking in the freedom of private conversation, many persons are heard to express the thought that they would prefer this form of death to any other for themselves. Curiously enough, they fail to apply what is a natural sentiment with them to the cases of others, and when a relative or friend is laid on a bed of suffering the majority would think it shockingly inhuman to wish for their speedy deliverance. Evidently the fundamental idea here is that life under any conditions is better than death. But upon what view of death does this idea depend? Surely not upon the Christian view. In effect the whole way of thinking represented is pagan. That which it so shrunk from is the most material and unspiritual of visions. To die, from this point of view, is "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot," and all the time to be conscious of what is going on. The ancients looked at death with the eyes of the dying, and not from the position of the survivors. Tears and grief for these there must be; but the sorrow which pictured the departed as a gainer by his removal was less likely to endure than that which virtually, and despite conventional fictions or belief, regards the dead as not only gone forever from the rays of the sun, but are relegated to some vague and misty form of existence beyond comprehension and realization, and therefore useless for consolation, stimulus or hope.

Making a Statue.

When the artist has conceived in his mind a fairly definite idea for a statue, he sets about his business in the following manner. He takes a piece of board about as large as an octavo book, and upon this he sets up a miniature for his intended statue in modeling wax or else soft clay. This "sketch," as it is called, or design, which is usually from six to ten inches high, he builds up bit by bit, manipulating it with his fingers and with small, carefully formed tools of wood, called "modeling sticks." These are to the sculptor almost what brushes are to the painter.

In making this design it is usually necessary, if the statue is to be in an erect position, or not supported by solid masses, to arrange that a copper or lead wire runs inside the body and limbs of this miniature figure to support the soft clay or wax. This wire support, or "skeleton," as it is called, is in its turn held up at a proper distance from the board or ground by a piece of thicker wire or thin iron, sufficiently rigid to bear the weight of the clay or wax without trusting to the legs of the miniature figure, so that all the limbs can be moved about independently, and are in fact, as in nature, suspended from the trunk.

In modeling this sketch it is not desirable to attempt great accuracy or subtle detail of any kind, but rather to compose the work, that is to say, to arrange the direction of lines and masses so that the work may eventually prove to be properly balanced and intelligible from every point of view. This supposes that the statue is to be seen from all sides, but if it is intended for a niche this, of course, will not be necessary, and the back view may be sacrificed in favor of parts which will be seen. The making of this sketch model can be accomplished at an ordinary table or anywhere else where there is a good light. It requires not more than three or four hours to complete it, if the idea be already clearly formed in the sculptor's mind, since it is merely the fixing of that idea in tangible form, so as to secure its presence to be referred to the setting up of the full-sized statue.

He Retracted.

A Texas editor, having charged that the father of a rival editor had been in the penitentiary, was notified that he must retract or die. He retracted as follows: "We find that we were mistaken in our statement last week that the Bugle editor's sire had been in the penitentiary. The efforts of his friends to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life failed, and he was hanged."—Siftings.

To Prevent Malaria.

Strangers traveling through or sojourning in districts known to be abounding in malarial fevers and ague should dress in flannel clothing, avoid raw fruits, open-air bathing and night air, and drink tea and coffee, or only water that has been previously boiled. —Medical Classics.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
—THE KANSAS NEWS CO.,—
G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.
Central Office, 335 North Kansas Avenue, Topeka.
Payments always in advance and papers stop
at 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, NOVEMBER 23.

When Kansas votes for resubmission, and even when there is any considerable sentiment in favor of it, then will the state go democratic.

St. John declares the republicans of Iowa to be traitors to prohibition. Clarkson affirms that the party has never been in favor of prohibition. It was carried by members of both parties voting for it. As a party, the democrats have pronounced against it, and now the republicans may do so. Still if it were made an issue outside of party, the people might favor it.

News from Washington is that John K. Rankin, at present acting superintendent of the Indian school, will soon receive his commission as a special Indian agent, a considerable better position than the one he now holds. This evidently relieves the Indian department of the pressure brought upon it by Ingalls and Plumb in their efforts to make Rankin superintendent of the Haskell institute. They have evidently expected this as a compromise.

It is not more political parties that the country needs. It is not necessarily a new one in place of any now existing. But there is great need of radical reform in our political system. It may be secured by independent action. The great primary cause of the country today is its slavery to party. The first need is that of party emancipation. Slavery to party has become the dominant feature in both parties. Our party, first, last and all the time, right or wrong, was the worst thing about the old democratic party. Out of this idea grew the spoils system. When the old party went down the republican party fell heir to this idea, and it has not failed to cultivate the state. The revival of the democracy brought with it the old heresy. Parties are, of course, a necessity, but to be of value they must be more patriotic than personal. Whenever a party becomes a mere machine for aggrandizement there should be independence enough among the people to rebuke it. When a man can give no better reason for his vote than the fact it supports his party ticket, he would better not vote at all. More independent voters is what we need now to cultivate.

Allen O. Myers, of the Enquirer Staff, made a speech in Cincinnati a few days ago, before the Young Men's Democratic club, which contained so much good advice that the whole party in Ohio has become paralyzed. He said: "I see among us a number of men who have just been elected to the legislature. A word of advice to them. You have a future before you. Some of you are older than I, and some are younger. But let me implore you not to vote for a millionaire for united states senator. (Loud cheers.) Don't do it. Don't vote for Cal. Brice or John R. McLean or Thomas. The moment you send a millionaire to the United States senate from Ohio, just that moment you beat the democratic party for ten years to come. (Applause.) The senatorship is for sale. It is for sale, but there is something that is not for sale, and that is public sentiment. Don't let any man buy it. (Cheers.) Don't put it up at auction. Give it to a poor man. (Applause.) If you give the senatorship to a rich man you will drive away from you for ten years those who have just contributed to your magnificent victory. Let the millionaires alone. They can wreck railroads in New York, but they cannot buy public sentiment. Don't tie to them. As for myself, I am drawing a salary from one, but that does not prevent me from expressing myself." This advice would be just as good before any republican club. There are political virtues just as good in one party as in another, but as we have more sympathy for the republican than the democratic party, we prefer to see the good things come from it first.

A Gigantic Farmers' Trust

The organization of farmers into Granges, Alliances, Wheels, and combinations by other names, has for two years been going on at a much more rapid rate than ever before. The limit of the old Grange movement has long ago been passed. These organizations now contain a membership of a million, and a movement is on foot to consolidate the Granges, the Alliances, and all the other combinations. An explanation of this movement, as well as of the aims and methods of such organization (all of which are secret), will be published in the December Forum, by W. A. Puffer, of Kansas.

Republican Brazil.

A most remarkable revolution has been effected in Brazil. The United States of Brazil, constituting a federated republic of the different provinces of the empire, over which Dom Pedro had ruled so long, is an established government. The new republic is acknowledged by every province. The flag of the new republic has been adopted, and Brazil is as peaceful today as though no thought of revolution had ever aroused the feelings of her people.

The overthrow of the empire has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life, and the new provincial government is proceeding with its work as methodically and peacefully as though it had been in existence for years instead of hours. Dom Pedro submitted to the terms imposed upon him by the new government and agreed to leave the country within twenty-four hours after he received the notice at his summer palace. He was offered \$2,500,000 in cash, and provision for the rest of his life in the form of an annual pension of \$450,000, which is to be provided for in the civil list of the new republic.

Business in Rio was suspended only twenty-four hours and an empire was destroyed and a republic born almost before the general public was aware that anything unusual was going on. The provincial government has announced that all obligations incurred by the empire at home or abroad will be faithfully fulfilled by the republic. The wrongs done by the ministry of Dom Pedro will be righted by the new cabinet, which is composed of men who have the confidence of the people. The leaders in control of the provincial government are representative Brazilians known for their patriotism and integrity. Fonseca, the president, is recognized as a brave soldier and an honest citizen. Barbosa, the minister of finance, is able and honest, though poor. Bocaluva, minister of foreign affairs, is a journalist, an ardent republican and a popular leader.

The Farmers' Alliance.

Perhaps no organization of the people has ever before had the growth of the Farmer's Alliance. It is literally sweeping the country, north and south, and before another summer solstice there will be few localities where it is not planted.

An important national meeting will be held in St. Louis early in December at which the various similar organization such as the Wheel, and possibly some of the labor organizations will either become absorbed, or be put in such relation as to work in harmony with it.

We have no knowledge of the internal policy of the Alliance, if it has any not apparent in its published constitution and rules. But it is manifestly a result that has grown up from the bad system of trade, commerce, transportation, politics, social economy, if not of morals, that has been fastening itself upon the country, sapping the very foundation of our so called free institutions.

There are very few people who do not feel that there is something wrong. Just what or where it is not many are able to say. Some say one thing and some another. The politician denies that it is with his party. The free trader and the protectionist are equally certain that it is not with his particular system. The national banker affirms it is not with our banking system, and the corporations and trusts of all kinds declare it is not with them. The office holder, whether under Cleveland or Harrison, is enthusiastic in denying that his party is in the least at fault, and so on through the catalogue.

Yet a good mechanic in Topeka commits suicide because of destitution, surrounded by a rich farming region when corn sells at fifteen cents a bushel. The Alliance says there is something wrong where starvation goes hand-in-hand with what some call "over production", and we understand that it seeks a remedy, even if all the American idols must be overthrown to secure it.

Possibly it may fail, but the time is come when the people should not willingly be led to their own ruin, and it is well to test all efforts that give promise of reform.

We believe one idea of the Alliance to be the emancipation of the people, the great farmer class especially, from blind subservience to parties and theories and teachings, that prevent their acting as free individual citizens. They would break up the machine system that is controlling government and society, and trade and production—that is building up trusts and classes and monarchical ideas, concentrating capital and power, and making propinquities of the people.

In all this, we wish the Alliance and all kindred organizations the utmost success, reserving too severe criticism as to ways and means, until we know more of them.

Pan-American means all American, but the panhandle is not all the Indian territory.

Several of the witnesses at Oswego claim to identify the Bender women who are this week on preliminary trial.

Lecompton is incubating a boom. It would make a beautiful summer home for those who want to get out of the city.

A brakeman on the Rock Island fell from the cars last week, near Hoyt, and was run over. He was taken to the hospital at Topeka, where he died soon afterwards.

Allen Neiswender, a North Topeka carpenter, committed suicide by shooting himself Tuesday. He was out of work, sick and nearly destitute, with a wife, and four young children. He has relatives in Silver Lake.

In an article on "Building Associations," in the December LIFECOTT'S, Thomas Gaffney describes the benefits that accrue to the members of these institutions, tells how to form and run such associations, and points out their influence for good upon the nation at large. "Fiddler Rakes's Fiddle" is a very entertaining sketch of country life in Virginia, by Rosewell Page. Charles Morris contributes an article entitled "The Power of the Future," in which he tells of the wonderful solar motor, the storage of electricity, and other methods of utilizing power which may come into play in the future.

The Western Rural, Chicago.

We call the attention of our readers to THE WESTERN RURAL AND AMERICAN STOCKMAN, one of the oldest and best known of our agricultural and family newspapers. Upon questions of Political Economy and Reform THE RURAL is one of the ablest exponents of agriculture and a faithful worker in behalf of the farmer and his best interests. See our clubbing rate, with this valued exchange, in another column. The single subscription price of THE RURAL AND STOCKMAN is \$1.50 per year, of fifty-two issues. For free sample copies address MILTON GEORGE, Chicago, Ill.

For the Younger Young Folks—BABYLAND.

This is the one magazine in the world that brings happy hours for baby and restful hours for mamma in the nursery. For 1890 there will be twelve charming stories, by Margaret Johnson with delightful pictures, POLLY PRY AND TODDLEKINS. Twelve stories of a baby and his "happenings," WONDER DAYS OF BABY BUN, by Emilie Poulsson. Dainty stories, poems, jingles, pictures. Large type, heavy paper—only 50 cents a year. New volume begins with January.

Our Little Men and Women.

This is the magazine for little folks beginning to read for themselves. Seventy-five full-page pictures and hundreds of smaller ones. In 1890 will be given THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MOPSEY AND HER BROTHER HANS; a charming serial by L. T. Meade. Twelve Papers by Mrs. Fanny A. Deane, about the NATIONAL AND ROYAL FLOWERS. Exquisite pictures of the flowers. The adventures of TROTTINO a delightful naughty little rabbit, by Emilie Poulsson. TRAMP AND TRINKETS: the surprising things seen by a traveling dog; and doll SIX TRUE STORIES OF BIRDS, with full-page pictures. Every number will have poems, "pieces to speak," short stories, history and varied helps and amusements. \$1.00 a year. New volume begins with January.

THE PANSY.

An illustrated monthly, devoted to young folks. For Sunday and week-day reading. ISABELLA M. ALDEN (Pansy) Editors. G. R. ALDEN

A NEW SERIAL BY PANSY, ENTITLED "MISS DEE DUNMORE BRYANT." PANSY'S GOLDEN TEXT STORIES will have for their title "HELEN THE HISTORIAN." MARGARET SIDNEY will have a Serial story, "AUNT PHILENA;" a story for boys and girls, MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON will continue the popular BABY'S CORNER. FELIX OSWALD, M. D., will give a series of papers, "WHEN I WAS A BOY," by a new friend of THE PANSY, and "WHEN I WAS A GIRL," by PANSY herself, are held over. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the public. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth in a generation of actors, and with his children and grandchildren, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. His story of the early days of the American stage, when, as a boy, traveling in his father's company, they would settle down for a season in a Western town, playing in their own extemporized theater,—the particulars of the creation of his famous "Rip Van Winkle," how he acted "Ticket-of-Leave Man" before an audience of that class in Australia, etc.,—all this, enriched with illustrations and portraits of contemporary actors and actresses, and with anecdotes, will form one of the most delightful serials THE Century has ever printed. Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, and many other well-known writers will furnish the action for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including several novels, illustrated novelettes, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick Telescope at San Francisco (the largest telescope in the world) and the latest explorations relating to prehistoric America (including the famous Serpent Mound, of Ohio) are to be chronicled in THE Century.

Specimens of the four Lothrop Magazines 15 cents; of any one, 5 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.

Established in 1879.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.

W. W. CURDY.

Is making great preparations for the

HOLIDAY TRADE.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY FOR EACH OF OUR TEN DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.

We are not advertising startling slaughter, but we are making low prices on First-class new merchandise in

Dry Goods of all Kinds, Christmas Goods of all Kinds.

Fine Seal Plush & Beaver Cloaks for Ladies, Misses, Children & Infants, Underwear, Hose, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Overcoats, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Slippers, Boots, Rubbers, Carpets, Curtains, Etc.

Than you will find elsewhere.

W. W. CURDY,

Dry Goods, Carpets, Uphol'ing, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.
419 & 421 Kan. Ave., Topeka.

THE JACCARD Watch & Jewelry CO.

Are now prepared for the holiday season with a full line of

Diamonds, Watches, Canes, Umbrellas, Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

100 Visiting Cards & Engraved Copperplate, only \$1.50

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO
815 Main Street,
JACCARD'S, KANSAS CITY, MO.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



Joseph Jefferson.

"THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" in 1890—JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—NOVELS BY FRANK R. STOCKTON, AMELIA E. BARR, AND OTHERS—A CAPITAL PROGRAM.

During 1890 THE Century Magazine (whose recent successes have included the famous "War Papers," the Lincoln History and George Kennan's series on "Siberia and the Exile System") will publish the long looked-for Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, whose "Rip Van Winkle" has made his name a household word. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the public. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth in a generation of actors, and with his children and grandchildren, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. His story of the early days of the American stage, when, as a boy, traveling in his father's company, they would settle down for a season in a Western town, playing in their own extemporized theater,—the particulars of the creation of his famous "Rip Van Winkle," how he acted "Ticket-of-Leave Man" before an audience of that class in Australia, etc.,—all this, enriched with illustrations and portraits of contemporary actors and actresses, and with anecdotes, will form one of the most delightful serials THE Century has ever printed. Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, and many other well-known writers will furnish the action for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including several novels, illustrated novelettes, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick Telescope at San Francisco (the largest telescope in the world) and the latest explorations relating to prehistoric America (including the famous Serpent Mound, of Ohio) are to be chronicled in THE Century.

Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale University is to write a series on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which will attract every Bible student. Bishop Potter of New York will be one of several prominent writers who are to contribute a series of "Present-day Papers" on

living topics, and there will be art papers, timely articles, etc., and the choicest pictures that the greatest artists and engravers can produce.

Every bookseller, postmaster, and subscription agent takes subscriptions to THE Century (\$4.00 a year), or remittance may be made directly to the publishers, THE CENTURY CO., of New York. Begin new subscriptions with November (the first issue of the volume) and get Mark Twain's story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in that number.

The New York Ledger's Change of Form.

From this time forth the New York Ledger will contain sixteen pages. The publishers have been urged for years by their subscribers to make this change, so they would have the Ledger in a form convenient for binding. In making the change from eight to sixteen pages, Messrs. ROBERT BONNER'S SONS have utilized the opportunity to introduce important improvements into the Ledger, and to add many new and costly features. The new number of the Ledger (November 16th) leads off with the opening chapters of an extraordinary story from the pen of ANNA KATHARINE GREEN, (author of the "Leavenworth Case"), entitled THE FORSAKEN INN.

This remarkable story was written in a white heat—dashed off almost without rest from commencement to end. It has been the habit of Anna Katharine Green to deliberate for a long time before taking pen in hand to begin a new work, and then to devote at least a year to its completion, but "The Forsaken Inn" presented itself to her in a way so forcible and vivid that all her former methods were discarded, and she wrote the story under the spur of overpowering inspiration. The result was the production of an exceptionally brilliant and glowing literary gem.

In addition to Anna Katharine Green's great story, the Ledger of November 16th contains the following brilliant articles: Nihilism in Russia, by Leo Hartmann; Nihilist; Old-Fashioned Fashions, by James Parton; Dr. Hoke's Strange Story, (illustrated), by Julian Hawthorne; A Missionary's Life in the Wild North Land, number one, (illustrated), by Rev. E. R. Young; A Scientist's Bright Thoughts, Editorials, etc.; The New South, by Hon. Henry W. Grady; American Cookery, by Miss Maria Parloa; The Lady of the Rock: A Poem. (illustrated), by Thomas Dunn English; An Original Temptation, (illustrated), by The Marquis Clara Lanza; Paying the Penalty, (7th installment), (illustrated), by Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun; Correspondence, Science, Wit and Humor, and a fine variety of miscellaneous reading matter. Notwithstanding the vast outlay to which the publishers of the Ledger have gone, the price of the Ledger is only two dollars a year. Considering its extraordinary excellence, the New York Ledger, at two dollars a year, is the cheapest—as it is the best—family paper in the world.

Silver Lake petitions again for the privilege of voting bonds to the Topeka and Westmoreland railroad.

Great Creditors' Sale AT LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

\$40,000 must be realized during the next 60 days, and to do this the Immense Stock of the above firm is placed on the market.

25 per cent. less
than cost of manufacture.

Incomparable Prices!

25 per cent. less
than cost of manufacture.

Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Etc., Etc. are being sold at 25 per cent. less than cost of manufacture!

Before purchasing elsewhere call and examine the Great Bargains. An opportunity of a life-time. The money must be raised, hence this great slaughter.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS AT

LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans.

Western Farm News.

After March next, the Alton road and the K. P. branch of the Union Pacific will work in close connection.

The Kansas academy of language and literature will hold its annual meeting in Topeka on the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving.

Teach a child to breathe correctly, so that it becomes a habit through life, and you have made him invulnerable to the attacks of very many of the diseases flesh is heir to.

The state house commissioners adjourned without letting the contract for sculptures and statuary on the state house. They had seven bids, but none satisfactory, and it is probable they will readvertise.

The Toiler of Nashville, Tenn., says: "Over two hundred charters for new alliances have been issued from this office in the past sixty days. There has been about forty new wheels organized also during the same period."

A Boston special dispatch says: "The advance in the new Santa Fe securities is largely caused by foreign demand. The September statement will be issued the first of the week and will show a large reduction in operating expenses, and in consequence a large gain in net."

State Superintendent Winans has received a letter from an indignant citizen of a school district, inquiring as to the right of the school board to refuse to permit religious services to be held in the school house. The board has the law on its side and a majority can hold out against a majority of the electors.

Suit was filed by City Attorney Isenhardt, of Topeka, against the Congregational church of North Topeka, to recover \$2,200, the sum the city was compelled to pay to Mrs. Sarah L. Sherwood, by falling on a defective sidewalk laid by the defendants. Mrs. Sherwood sued the city and got judgment. The case was taken to the supreme court and the decision affirmed. In the petition against the church, that organization is charged with "unlawfully, wrongfully, carelessly and in a negligent manner" building a sidewalk of two-inch oak plank in front of the property, and said walk was not properly secured. The case covers an interesting question.

The Christmas Number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December, just out, is the Christmas number, and occupies the field in advance of all its contemporaries. It has a special illuminated cover, wreathed in holly-leaves and berries. The table of contents is rich and seasonable, and the magazine is as full of pictures as a pudding of plums. An exquisite colored plate, entitled "Under the Mistletoe," forms an appropriate frontispiece. Among the illustrated articles are: "How King Christmas has Conquered the Country," "Wilkie Collins," a biographical sketch; "New York's Art Museum," by Ripley Hitchcock; a timely paper on the Centenary of the Catholic Church in the United States, just celebrated with splendid pomp at Baltimore; "Buffalo hunting in Ceylon," by James Ricalton; a graphic description of General Kilpatrick's great raid near Atlanta, Ga., by an old trooper; "San' Elena and the Battaglia Baths," and "Orchids," by Charles T. Simpson. There are half a dozen short stories, all good; a paper on the gifted young Russian, Marie Bashkirtseff, whose recently published diary is the sensation of the literary world; and poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Douglas Sladen, Charlotte Perry, the late F. S. Saltus and others.

The Pro-Slavery Capital.

Hon. A. R. Greene, D. O. McCray, W. W. Admire and Geo. H. Evans visited Lecompton on Saturday. There are many points of interest in the village, all of which they visited. The old Constitutional hall, in which the pro-slavery legislature sat, is still standing, just as it stood then in appearance, except that it has recently had a coat of paint. It is now occupied as a residence by a man who is erecting a new residence along side of it. The ruins of the old National hotel remain. The quarries in the hillside from which the stone was taken for the foundation for the state house begun in Lecompton and never built higher than a man's head, remain in about the condition they were thirty years or more ago, except that a house has been built upon a portion of the quarry. The little log house which was built for a governor's "mansion" and was occupied as his residence by Governor Shannon, still stands and is now tenanted by a family of negroes. When the free-state powers triumphed, Lecompton was stricken with palsy, and she has been a paralytic village ever since, until within the last two or three years, when the place has had a sort of boom. Her population now numbers 500 or 600 and there are a number of very creditable buildings being erected, with other evidences of prosperity. D. O. McCray will prepare an article for the American Press association upon Lecompton and Topeka, the pro-slavery and the present capitals of the state. It will be illustrated with views of Lecompton taken from recent photographs.

Topeka now has five large electric plants, affording light for the city and power for street cars and machinery.

A bill of exceptions in the Spendlove murder case contains over 1,200 pages of typewritten matter and cost about \$700. It required five stenographers thirty days to prepare it.

The well-known educator, W. T. Harris, united states commissioner of education, will deliver an address before the Kansas State teachers' association Dec. 27, at Topeka.

Topeka and Lawrence girls will be glad to learn that chewing gum in car load lots from Mexico to Missouri river points will hereafter be classed as fourth rate freight.

A son of John D. Knox, the Topeka Methodist banker preacher, went hunting last Saturday, and used the butt of his gun to punch a rabbit in a hole. If he had used the other end the animal might have been shot. As it was, the boy received the charge and was badly wounded.

Topeka sues a church for damages because of a defective sidewalk put down by its trustees. Topeka has no saloons, but what would they say in Kansas City if a saloon keeper there were to be called upon to pay for prosecuting a murderer for killing a man in his saloon while drunk upon liquor bought there.

The cost of criminal prosecutions and court expenses in cases that have their rise through drunkenness, should be levied upon saloon keepers in addition to any tax or license fee. There is no greater injustice than taxing the people to pay the cost of prosecuting a man for murder committed under the influence of liquor.

A large, illustrated catalogue of the Lawrence Business College, containing complete information regarding the institution will be mailed to any address free.

Address,
E. L. McIlwray, Pres.
Lawrence, Kansas.



St. Nicholas.

THE CENTURY CO.'S MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

FOLKS. ENLARGED AND PRINTED IN

SINCE 1873, when, under the editorial management of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the publication of *St. Nicholas* for Young Folks was begun, it has led all magazines for girls and boys. Nothing like it was known before, and to-day, as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recently said, "it is the model and ideal juvenile magazine of the world." Through its pages the greatest writers of our time are speaking to the youth of America and England, and the best artists and engravers are training the eyes of the boys and girls to appreciate the highest in art. Nobody knows how many readers *St. Nicholas* has. In the third largest public library in America, that in Indianapolis, more than 3000 people read each month's number.

Since the first issue Mrs. Dodge has remained as editor. Early in its history other young people's magazines, "Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "Riverside," etc., were consolidated with it, and its history has been one of growth from the first. Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burnett, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, and almost every well-known writer of our time have contributed to its pages. There is only one way in which its conductors can make it better, and that is by making more of it, and so they announce that with the beginning of the seventeenth volume (November, 1899) *St. Nicholas* will be enlarged by the addition of eight, and sometimes sixteen, extra pages in each number. This enlargement is absolutely required to make room for the rich store of new material which has been secured for the benefit of *St. Nicholas* readers. The use of new and clearer type will be begun with the November number.

During the coming year there are to be four important serial stories by four well-known American authors. Athletics and outdoor sports will be a special feature (contributed by Walter Camp, of Yale and others), and there will be stories of character and adventure, sketches of information and travel, outdoor papers, articles of special literary interest, suggestive talks on natural history, other scientific subjects, and the march of events. Both the December and January numbers are to be holiday issues.

The price will be the same as heretofore, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number, and all dealers and the publishers (The Century Co., New York) take subscriptions. New subscribers should begin with November.

The English milling syndicate is now after the Kansas mills.

After Dec. 14, stock will not run at large in Topeka township. By-and-by farmers will have fewer fences to keep up.

At the session of the I. O. G. T. grand lodge on October 1 and 2, the chief grand templar, Amanda M. Way, was requested to designate a Sunday and ask all ministers to preach on the subject temperance. She names November 24, and asks the pastors of the state to preach upon temperance on that occasion.

Catarh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucus surface. Hall's Catarh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop.
Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

DISSOLUTION SALE.

Our Senior Partner retires in January.

We must raise the cash to buy his interest.

GOLDEN EAGLE.

20 per cent OFF!

Largest Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods House in Kansas City. Occupies three story double building.

We make it pay you to trade with us. You only pay 80c on every Dollar Purchase.

Mens', Boys' & Childrens' Suits Overcoats.

WRITE OR CALL ON US FOR PRICES. ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Golden Eagle.

Remember the Name & Number.

512 & 514 Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Take the 5th St. car from Depot.

CITY MEAT MARKET,

Established 1871.

ED. BUECHNER, Prop.

Carries on a

Strictly First Class Business

with all its different branches.

Buys all His Stock alive

and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.

810 Kan Ave Telephone 37
North Topeka, Kan.

Call at Madame Marmont's, corner Fourth and Kansas Avenue, for the latest styles and lowest prices in millinery.

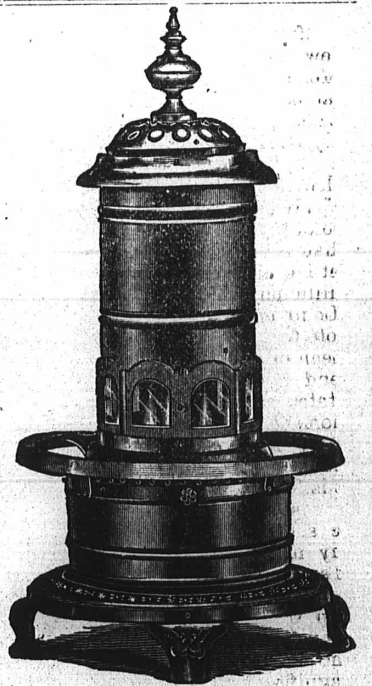
Given away every month, a life size 20x24 in. portrait, handsomely framed, value \$10, at Aldridge's, 1013 North Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

A Course of Lectures for \$1.75.

A Notable Gathering of the world's leaders comes before the readers of The Youth's Companion during the year 1899. It is like a great Lecture Course of 52 weeks, with over 100 lecturers, each a famous authority in some branch of Art, Literature, State-craft, Science or Education. And these lectures cost only 3 1/2 cents each, on the basis of a year's subscription, or 52 numbers for only \$1.75.

Is it not worth 3 1/2 cents to have Gladstone address you for half an hour? Or to listen for an equal time to Tyndall on the wonders of Nature? And it is just such great men, following each other in rapid succession each week, and discussing every instructive and entertaining topic of the day, who speak to you through the medium of their paper and your paper—The Youth's Companion.

490,000 families attend this great Lecture course. You can attend it by reading The Youth's Companion each week. It will be sent you regularly until January 1, 1899, at a cost of only \$1.75. Send for Illustrated Prospectus of the entire series to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.



The above cut illustrates a novel feature in the stove line, and one that creates a sensation wherever introduced.

A STOVE THAT REQUIRES NEITHER PIPE OR CHIMNEY.

NO SMOKE, NO SMELL.

We also carry a full line CHARTER OAK STOVES, Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers, Razors, Builders' Hardware, &c., &c.

D. A. MULVANE,

713 Kans. Ave.
Topeka, Kansas.

HANLEY BROS.,

Dealers in

Groceries, Flour & Feed.

Corner Gordon st. and Topeka Avenue.

Leave orders for coal. Good promptly delivered.

NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

MRS. R. I. ARMSTRONG & Co.

Millinery Notions & Dressmaking

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.

807 KAN. AVE.

North Topeka, Kansas.

THE BORROWING FAMILY.

It's pleasant to be neighborly
Because it lessens sorrow
And helps along that family
Who live on what they borrow.

That you are proud to be their friend
They haven't any doubt of;
They also think you like to lend
The things you're always out of.

Their servants come with cups and pails
For groceries forgotten;
The daughter borrows shawls and veils
And scissors, pins and cotton.

The mother borrows books to read
And kettles, pots and dishes
And things she knows you surely need
Regardless of your wishes.

We like this happy family,
They make our pleasures double,
For while they borrow all they see
They never borrow trouble.

LOVES EBB AND FLOW.

Clyde Harris stood looking down on the lovely face of the girl before him, his dark eyes burning.

It was a fair, delicately-out, perfectly-tinted face, with great violet eyes looking innocently out from its beauty, and a mass of silken, sunny hair piled high above its low white brow, and for months he had followed it.

There she stood, cold and fair, with even pulses and untroubled heart—she who had allowed him to love her unchidden, unwarned; she who but a moment before had told him that she would never be anything to him—that she was the betrothed wife of a brainless, moneyed youth, who had dangled in her train for some time.

Within, someone was singing. On the still Autumn air the words stole out to Clyde, and made his lip curl bitterly.

Man's love is like the restless waves,
Ever at rise and fall;
The only love a woman craves—
It must be all in all.
Ask me no more if I regret—
You need not care to know;
A woman's heart can ne'er forget:
Bid me good-by, and go!

"The only love a woman craves!" Ah, but the fairest woman he had ever seen was throwing a man's true love out of her life that she might take in its place the glitter of diamonds and the sheen of costly raiment!

"You have not cared for me at all then?" he asked at last.

And the violet eyes lifted to his reproachfully.

"I like you better than anybody else," she said sweetly. "Indeed I am very sorry you are poor, Clyde."

With a tightening of the heart he turned away, as her betrothed came out and claimed her. And so they parted—they who had played at love till one of them was wounded.

Inez Lake went in to the light and music of her hostess' parlors; Clyde Harris went down the veranda steps and through the moonlit night to his home, the refrain of the song he had heard following him like a mocking voice:

You do not love me—no!
Bid me good-by, and go;
A woman's heart can ne'er forget;
Bid me good-by, and go.

"A man's heart shall!" she vowed, going in at the door of his home, and crossing the pretty hall to the parlor. "I will forget Inez Lake—or remember her only as I saw her last night—false, cold, mercenary."

It was yet early. His mother and her protégé—the girl she had taken to her heart and home long years before—had not gone to their rooms.

His mother lifted a warning hand as he entered and smiled.

"Elaine has fallen asleep," she said softly. "We will not wake her yet, poor child! How lovely she is, Clyde, and how changed by her late illness!"

Elaine Gonzales lay back in a large chair, sleeping. Her olive face rested against the dark velvet; the lashes lay, black as night against her cheeks. Her face looked like a freshly opened magnolia blossom as he stood looking down upon it, and he thought how well it contrasted, in its dark yet delicate beauty, with that blonde face of Inez Lake.

Suddenly the girl's black eyes unclosed. She smiled up at him—a smile that flashed sunlight over her whole face.

"I was dreaming," she said merrily—"a pleasant dream, Clyde; for you were in danger, and I saved you. But you are quite pale. What is it?"

She sprang from the chair and laid her hand on his arm. He took it in his own as he answered her.

"I have been dreaming, too," he said, trying to smile, "and my dream was much like yours, only the danger that threatened me I had to meet alone."

"Clyde," his mother interrupted, while the girl drew nearer him, and looked wistfully into his face—"Clyde, there is a letter on the table at your elbow, which came while you were out. I don't know why, but it has made me uneasy. Read it, my son."

He dropped Elaine's hand, and took up the envelope. As he opened it, and read the inclosure, vaguely, dimly he felt that, had it come but six hours before, the current of his life would have been changed by it—the girl he wooed would not have said him nay so sweetly in the moonlight.

"Mother," he said, lifting his eyes from the sheet—burning, bitter eyes they were—"this letter tells me that I am sole heir of your Uncle Daniel. My head swims as I read of my possessions—all beyond the Atlantic—left me by a man who never saw my face, who knew nothing of me, but hoarded gold, his days, to leave lands, houses, gold, for a stranger to squander. For we will do no hoarding."

"Clyde, my son, you are not romancing?"

"No. I tell you what the lawyers

write me. Henceforth I may purchase what I will, of comfort, courtesy, kindness, love, even. And you, Elaine—he turned to her, the bitter light strong in his eyes—"you shall have luxury, jewels, raiment, to set off your beauty. I will dower you so well that you will not have to ask, when a man brings his love to you, whether or not he can gild it with his gold. I—"

"Hush!" cried the girl, facing him in burning indignation, her eyes aflame, her cheeks crimson. "My friend, my brother, hush! I do not merit such words from you, for you know my past, and you know how very happy I have been without riches. If you think I can be so glad at thought of jewels or fine raiment—"

The words broke, sobs choked her; and turning from him, she hurried to the door.

"Clyde, Clyde, how could you?" his mother cried, impulsively. "Are you blind that you do not know? Elaine has loved you since she was a child."

Blind? Yes, he had been so; but with what a shock had sight come to him. Well, all shocks are beneficial to the man whose love dream has but mocked him; and hearts, when they ache most sorely, may be nearest the rebound.

Clyde crossed the ocean, found all as represented, sent for his mother and Elaine, and remained for three years in England. Then, wishing for a sight of his native land, found himself on board for America.

If he thought of Inez Lake at all, as he stood alone on deck, the first night after they had lost sight of land, it was with a half smile. And yet, when he turned his eyes from the water and saw her coming toward him, with the olden grace in her every movement, the olden smile on her red lips, his face lost color, and for an instant it seemed to him as though within his heart the love he had deemed lifeless stirred.

"It is pleasant to meet again, Clyde," she said, extending a soft, jeweled hand. "We are both returning to America after absence."

"I did not know you had left it," he said, coldly.

"Oh, yes, when I married Mr. Vane I coaxed him to take me abroad, and he did so. We traveled for a year, and then—you know he died in Naples eleven months ago?"

Clyde looked down upon her with eyes as cold and hard as steel.

She had married Royal Vane; he had idolized her, and she told of his death, in a foreign land, as even of voice, as calm of face, as though she spoke of the fading of a flower.

And such cold creatures could break the hearts and mar the lives of men! Nay, it was memory, not love, that had stirred in his breast. His love—his tender, precious love—was sitting beside his mother, surrounded by men—as she had been whenever her dark face had been seen, since she went with him across the sea—and he knew that no beat of her heart, no smile of her lips, was for any of them; she was his, loving and true, as in the old days she had been, when he had passed her for the siren at his side.

"I did not know," he said at last. "I thought you did not," she answered, softly, "for you sent me no word. I have heard of you, Clyde, and I know that you are still free. I, also, am free to-night. We are no longer poor."

If love was not utterly dead for her in his heart, would it not have the dart of death in it then—then, when she came to him with the wealth of the unmoored dead in her hands, with which she fain would gild its thorn-pierced forehead?

"They told you I was still free?" he said slowly, his whole manly soul revolting from the task before him. "They did not tell you truly, then, for I am bound, by a love so strong and tender that all past fancies blanch to nothing beside it. When my hands were empty, I was richer than I knew—rich in life's best riches. When fortune came to me, I began to realize that it was not the love my wealth could purchase that I wanted, but the love that would be mine were I a beggar in the streets. 'Tis mine to-night. Mrs. Vane, and yonder is the girl who has my whole heart in her keeping. Let me present you to her."

She bent her fair head and turned at his side in silence.

If there was a regret in her breast, it was not for the dead husband whom she had left under the grasses of Naples. And if her dainty face was paler than usual, it only proved that in the most selfish heart there is a spot which can be touched and made to quiver with keen agony of pain.

He led her to Elaine met the sunny, upward glance of Elaine's dark eyes, she did not wonder that her own spells had fallen from Clyde's heart beneath their splendor.

"She is lovelier than I," she told herself, bitterly.

And it did not dawn upon her that it was something nobler, worthier, less transient than that beauty which had won Clyde Harris.

Slightly Inappropriate.
The editor of the Evening News of Plainfield, N. J., assumed to write up a fashionable wedding in that town when "one of the most charming and accomplished of our Plainfield beauties" was married to a "handsome and popular young gentleman" at the Methodist church. The editor, after describing the "profusion of flowers," referred to a new "Italian baptismal font bought by the pastor while in Europe," as a tasteful and appropriate decoration. The friends of the young couple are indignant, and the editor has already made two apologies for the slip of his descriptive pen.—Rochester Herald.

SAVED BY A BOY CHIEF.

A Government Scout Falls Among the Apaches.

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourists, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a devil than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough, but the Apache had traits of his own—a devilishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time when General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finally captured by the red devils. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from his holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove.

I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moment's hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response. I had captured a son of Black Cloud, chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only 14 years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before he had discovered our party while out hunting with a party of his own. They dared not make an open attack, but the young chief had sent his people away and then cut across the country to the grove, planning that he would halt there. Single-handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavett, and were determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. If I had been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was gullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any questions, but after a while, when I told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances rebounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of the tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dogging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine-looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignoble situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe, I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at

liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Iowa "State Register" Recipe Tested for Twenty Years.

The greatest difficulty in not successfully treating diphtheria is through not beginning treatment in time. Only a short delay often places the loved patient beyond the reach of physician's skill and all human aid. Therefore it is all important that the earliest appearance of diphtheria symptoms. It is good policy to keep the prescription which has carried a child through a siege with this disease and also a supply of medicine in the family medicine chest. This plan will enable mothers who are good nurses to safely combat future attacks.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. W. A. Scott, a physician of ability and skill, sent the Register a recipe for the cure of diphtheria, which has republished it several times at the request of subscribers who had mislaid, lost or worn out the article and did not feel safe without the recipe. Dr. Scott's generosity in giving it to the public at the expense of his own practice has been greatly appreciated by the mothers of Iowa, as has been frequently shown by the letters published in praise of "The Register's Diphtheria Cure," thus robbing the generous doctor out of all credit for his philanthropic motives in making the remedy public. Thousands of children in country homes are frequently beyond all earthly aid before a physician and remedies can be brought to their relief. Therefore, it is highly important that the papers of the country should give publication to the recipe, again published herewith, with the added suggestion that the medicine should be kept constantly in the house, and treatment begin on the first symptom of the disease. If there should be doubt as to the disease being diphtheria use the remedy at once, as it will do no harm, and send for the family physician without delay. Practice will make any good nurse skillful in the treatment of this most dreaded disease, but in a severe case do not trust to your own skill, but send for the physician without delay.

The good Dr. Scott is still using the treatment in his own practice and writes the Register:

PLEASANTVILLE, Oct.—The years that pass only confirm me in the fact that this is as near a specific in diphtheria as medical skill can reach. It doesn't fail if used in time and as directed. I use it successfully to this day. The recipe can be filled at any drug store, and used by any person without danger:

Take ten grains of permanganate of potassium, and mix with one ounce of cold water. As soon as dissolved it must be applied with a rag or sponge mop or swab to the whitish places in the tonsils, and other parts that have the diphtheria membrane on. Do this very gently, but thoroughly, every three hours until better; then every six hours until well. It does not give pain, but is rather nauseous to the taste. If the tongue is coated white I mix one drachm of hyposulphite of soda and five drops of oil of sassafras in four ounces of syrup made of sugar and hot water, and give a teaspoonful every one to three hours as needed when awake. The phytolacca its the common poke root of the South, and as it loses its strength by drying and age, the tincture should be from the fresh root, or it is worthless.

It is well to apply a little sweet oil, or cosmoline to the outside of the throat to protect from the action of the air, as the patient must be protected from all danger of getting chilled.

In the beginning of the disease in mild cases, the above solution of permanganate of potassium is all that I use, and all that is needed, as the disease is local at first but rapidly affects the whole system when seated. In the stinking form of diphtheria this solution soon destroys all smell, and in every case destroys the diphtheria membrane without leaving any bad effect behind.

W. A. SCOTT, M. D.

A White Rose.
The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love,
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.
But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

The Leaves We Pressed.
The zephyrs through the branches played
And kissed the leaves of gold,
As Maud and I with Cupid strayed
Through forests dim and old.
My memory still fondly cleaves
To those delightful hours
When we two sought the autumn leaves
To press the winter flowers.
She was a vision of delight,
With locks of sunny hue
And watching eyes so soft, yet bright,
To match the sky's own blue.
She pinned a fair autumnal spray
Of gold across her breast—
Her blushes might the truth display—
The leaves we picked and pressed.

Wouldn't Try Them.
Physician—I regret to tell you, sir, that my medicine and skill can do nothing more for you. The only possible help that can come to you now is through Christian science or the elixir of life.
Sick man—Well, you don't catch me trying those things. Dummied if I don't get well first!

WINGED MISSILES.

A paper pulp mill is to be started at Galveston, Texas.

A sulphite fibre mill is to be built at Hamilton, Ohio.

The population of Berlin has reached a million and a half.

The railroads in Iowa use nearly all the coal mined in the state.

All the glass factories in Illinois are now owned by one corporation.

A log turner has just come out that will revolutionize that business.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox is devoting herself to works of charity, says rumor.

They have been catching lobsters and sharks in the Hudson river lately.

At Hanna, Wyoming Territory, the coal is from sixteen to twenty feet high.

A second Christine Nilsson has appeared, who is also a Norwegian and a singer.

A company with a capital of \$1,000 will erect a wire factory at Cleveland, Ohio.

The fear expressed by many is that we are going to have a speculation boom in iron.

Moline machine shops are turning out forging machines weighing eight tons each.

Pittsburgh manufacturers are in some instances talking of going back to the use of coal.

English paper makers are ordering special pieces of American paper-making machinery.

Coal is growing in demand rapidly in the south because of the rapid expansion of the industries.

In Great Britain the employment of all children under ten years of age is prohibited by law.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland are regular "first-nighters" at the theaters in New York.

A man in San Francisco laughed so heartily at one of his own jokes that he fell to the floor dead.

The cost of natural gas has advanced twenty per cent. at Indianapolis, and consumers are kicking.

Ben Butler is going to write a book so as to "do justice to his friends and foes, especially to his foes."

A seventy-year-old widower of Newton, Pa., advertised for a wife and got one, after a five-days' courtship.

Coal mining machines are coming into more general use, and some of them will be operated by electricity.

A St. Paul chemist says he has discovered a combination of chemicals which quickly dissolves stones.

New York merchants are planning to secure a larger personal attendance of western merchants in their city.

South American merchants are receiving a great many circulars from North American merchants and manufacturers.

Figures won't lie and yet they afford a great field for the exercise of the imagination in making happy combinations.

A groan in time saved an Ottawa man from burial alive. He uttered it just as his casket was being lowered to the grave.

The Sultan of Turkey is threatened with nervous prostration. He is very weak in spite of the fact that he is a Mussulman.

Passengers on some of the Lehigh & Susquehanna trains are notified of the stations by an electric arrangement over the doors.

Chicago is ahead of New York again. It has put all of its electric wires under ground.

A Harrisburg Telegraph man found \$30,000 in negotiable securities on the floor of a bank and returned them before they were missed.

The baby king of Spain is to have his picture placed on postage-stamps. It is seldom that so young a boy becomes attached to letters.

A mail at Mechanicsville, New York, is shipping 30 tons of pulp daily to Birmingham, Conn., to be used in making United States postal cards.

Otis Skinner, who is pronounced by leading critics the best actor in the Booth-Modjeska combination, is the son of a Hartford (Conn.) clergyman.

The alleged miraculous water at Lourdes in France is still attractive. During the month of September 35 thousand pilgrims visited the "holy resort."

American railroad builders have applied to the Canadian Parliament to build a road from the "Zoo" to Hudson's Bay. Large coal beds have been found 200 miles north.

The Gas Produce company of Philadelphia has just shipped six producers to Bolivia, South America, and are receiving inquiries from different foreign countries for them.

The debating society of Fredericksburg, Berks county, Pa., has come to the conclusion that "a cross and clean woman does not make a better wife than a dirty and good-natured one."

Dr. Isaac Bartlett, of Hops, Me., is one of those who have attained a good old age, and he is said to have lived all his life on bread and milk and never to have eaten an ounce of meat in his life.

The widow of the late King Luis of Portugal will receive a yearly allowance of \$64,000, which will be reduced one-half if she lives abroad. Of course she has decided to remain in Lisbon.

The "lot of a policeman is not a happy one," in London. In that city lately fourteen policemen were put off of duty in two days by bites, kicks, knocks and punches administered at the hands, feet and teeth of the unruly citizens.

An unusually interesting marriage recently took place at Liverpool. The bride and bridegroom, both colored persons, had traveled from Lagos, about 5,000 miles in order that the ceremony might be performed by Rev. L. Nicholson, of Brighton, formerly chaplain at Lagos.

Large fortunes sometimes grow from queer beginnings. A Gardner, Me., paper is responsible for the story that one of the wealthiest firms in the state began business on \$5,000 which a sister of the partner got in a breach of promise suit for damages against a wealthy man.

FACTS FOR THE FARM.

Summary of Useful Hints for Outdoors And the Household.

Carefully Attend the Breeding Stock—Selling Eggs by Weight—Information for Sheep Raisers—Training Grape Vines on Trees—Attractive Homes.

Mare and Foal.

The Farming World has this to say concerning the treatment of mare and foal: "It is most injudicious, dangerous indeed to both mare and foal, to keep the mare away from her foal until the udder is very much engorged and distended. Inflammation may arise in the udder, and unless it is at once checked the life of the mare is endangered. Then it will be risky for the foal to allow it to suck the milk from the inflamed udder. If there is any reason to suspect that inflammation has begun a portion of the milk should be drawn away by hand and the udder bathed with cold water before the foal is admitted. It is believed by some farmers that when a nursing mare gets overheated at work and returns to her foal with a full udder, the milk, because of overheating of the mare, is liable to injure the foal. They therefore draw away a little of the milk and bathe the udder with cold water. This idea, however, is not well founded. The mere heating of the mare will not spoil her milk so as to endanger the foal, and unless there is reason to fear that inflammation has begun in the udder, the foal may be admitted at once without any previous stripping or bathing. But the overheating of nursing mares at work is very reprehensible, and should never on any account take place."

Selling Eggs by Weight.

Some united action should be taken upon the matter of selling eggs by weight. Farm and Fireside says: The merchants and poultrymen should endeavor to hold a convention, or have the question agitated, in order that eggs may be sold, like wheat or any other commodity, by weight. The law fixes the legal weight for a bushel, and if something could be fixed by law to regulate the sales of eggs by weight, it would be a great step forward. As eggs are now sold, the large and small are mixed indiscriminately together and sold by the dozen, which results in some producers securing a better price in proportion to cost than others, for it is a fact that it costs more to produce large eggs than it does to produce small ones. The hen that lays seven eggs to the pound does just as much service as the hen that lays eggs weighing ten to the pound, though she may apparently be a "poor layer," and many good hens have been sacrificed for giving in weight that which should have been given in number, though such a rule is overlooked with stock and fruit, as large size commands the best prices. The breed that lays large eggs should be encouraged, and to do justice to the producer, seller, consumer and the hen, also, eggs should be sold by weight.

Where Our Sheep Came From.

The first sheep introduced into any part of the present territory of the United States were brought from England to Jamestown, in Virginia, by the London company, in 1609. In 1649 the number of sheep in that colony had increased to 3,000. In 1856 sheep, as well as mares, were forbidden to be exported. In the early part of the last century they thrived well and bore good fleeces; but wool raising was suffered to decline, owing to the losses sustained by tearing off the wool by bushes and briars. Sheep were introduced into the plantations on Massachusetts bay prior to 1638, as mention is made of keeping them on the islands in the harbor to protect them from the Indians and wolves. In 1652 the increase had been so great in the vicinity of Boston that Charleston numbered 400 alone. Sheep were introduced into Nantucket in 1660, at the time of its first settlement by the proprietors. Before the Revolution considerable quantities of wool were exported from Nantucket to France.

Training Grapes on Trees.

M. Crawford, well-known Ohio nurseryman, says the natural support of the grape vine is the tree. He would encourage farmers to grow grapes on trees for their own use, if they have not time to grow them in any better way. Grapes rot less on trees than in vine yards. There is a right and a wrong way of even getting a vine into a tree. It will be a slow process to plant a vine at the root of an established tree and train it up the body. The proper way is to plant it at some distance from the tree, and grow it on a stake until the end of the second year. By this time one should have a ripe cane six or eight feet high. It may then be trained into the branches, after which it will take care of itself. It will grow very rapidly until it reaches the top. While growing fast it will develop few fruit buds, but when it can go no higher, and must grow horizontally, if at all, will bear abundantly.

Attractive Farm Homes.

There is no place where nature is so profuse in her gifts of beautiful things as on the farm, and there is no place where it is so easy with little cost or trouble to produce beautiful effects. But too many of our farmers forget that beauty serves any purpose in the

economy of life, and spend all their time and energy in the pursuit of other things.

There is nothing that will keep the young men and women at home, contented and happy, so well as a moderate amount of care in making the farm home and surroundings attractive.

Sorghum Seed For Food.

There is much more nutriment in the seed of sorghum than there is in broom corn seed, which in its habit of growth it so much resembles. Sorghum seed is really a valuable grain, and in China and India it constitutes much more of human food than any other grain. Wheat and rice are considered extra delicacies, while sorghum grain is the staple of the poorer and working classes. It really makes better griddle cakes when ground than any other grain excepting buckwheat, and for poultry it is considered better than corn.

Wintering Sheep on Straw.

Sheep are easily kept, and while young and having having good teeth they will winter on straw with a few cornstalks as change to give variety. But it is never good policy to winter stock so cheaply as this. A little extra expense in clover hay or grain will bring the sheep through in fine condition, and add nearly enough to the value of the manure pile to pay the cost. Sheep, like every other animal, only make rich manure when well fed.

The Best Always Wanted.

There is a large and growing class of people in our cities and towns who will have fine, freshly made, aromatic butter on their tables, regardless of cost. If poor butter was offered at ten cents per pound, they would prefer paying fifty cents for butter suited to their tastes. Every dairyman should determine to cater to the tastes of those who demand the best butter, and who are willing to pay for it. There is never any surplus of the choice makes of butter.

Keep Young Hens.

During molting the best hens usually decline to lay eggs, and they lose their vivacity. When they molt early there is a probability that they will begin to lay early in the winter; for this reason alone young hens are preferred as the main stock; they will lay more eggs, and their flesh is fit for the table when needed. A few old hens for sitting may be advisable, but the one who says that old hens are to be preferred to young ones must have a warped and senseless judgement.

The Progressive Farmer.

It is an easy matter to farm profitably on rich soil, ample capital, and with all the necessary appliances, but the farmer who expects to succeed with but limited facilities will find it unprofitable to adhere too rigidly to customs of the past. It is essential that the farmer advance carefully, but no farmer can expect to obtain the full benefit of his labor unless he is willing to accept the results of his experiments, and to endeavor to improve his opportunities.

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse, inspect the lower jaw, of course; The six front teeth the tale will tell, And every doubt and fear dispel. Two middle "nippers" you behold Before the cut is two weeks old; Before eight weeks two more will come; Eight months the "corners" cut the gum. The outside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year; In two years, from the second pair; In three, the "corners," too, are bare. At two the middle "nippers" drop; At three the second pair can't stop. When four years old the third pair goes; At five a full new set he shows. The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years; At eight the spot each "corner" clears. From middle "nippers" upper jaw At nine the black space will withdraw; The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on the hoar men know The oval teeth three sided grow; They longer get, project before; Till twenty, when we know no more.

Housekeepers Ought to Know.

That to have good coffee your coffee-pot must be bright and clean inside. That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping crosswise of the width.

That in making up the unbleached muslin allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.

That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line they will iron much easier.

That your copper wash-boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal-oil, will be clean and bright.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome open up your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That one part suet to two parts of lard rendered together is much better for frying purposes than all lard.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths never put down your carpets till the floor is perfectly dry.

That to wash smoothing-irons in dish-water, after washing your skilllets, will make them smooth and prevent rusting.

The Gentleman.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant, in its kind, but elevated, in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small?

THE ORIENTAL WOMEN.

Harem Life Dull and Monotonous to the Last Degree.

It is rather a curious reflection that in those countries where woman's rights are most completely non-existent, there the most womanly duties of woman are the most grossly neglected, says the Fortnightly Review. Travelers in Egypt, for instance, tell it that when the bells call the hour of prayer every man stops whatever work he is engaged in and prostrates himself to Allah. No woman takes any notice of the sound. She is too low in the scale of humanity to make her tribute to the Almighty worth of acceptance. She ranks in this respect almost with the brute creation. She is not withdrawn from her domestic duties by the claims of religion upon her time and thoughts. And yet the same travelers tell us that one of the horrors of Egyptian life is the fearful neglect from which the children suffer.

Three out of every five children who are born die during infancy, and of those who survive one in twenty is blind. This is being "thoroughly masculine" with a vengeance, and points an instructive moral as to the consequences upon the character of women of the denial of liberty, education and responsibility. The harem life of Oriental ladies of high rank is dull and vacuous to the last degree. They play with their jewels, eat sweetmeats and smoke pipes, and thus the day passes. If their children are ill they are hopelessly bewildered and utterly unable to take care of them.

They cling with touching reverence to any average English or American woman who may happen to visit them, and implore her aid in doing the simplest kind of nursing and mothering for the ailing children. Nothing astonishes Orientals more than the position of women in England. A Chinese mandarin has lately published his views on the subject. Women, he says, are even helped at meals before men; in his own country the men eat first, and when they have quite finished, if anything is left, the women are allowed to have it.

Another easterner, Seyd Ahmed Khan, was amazed to find that the servant girl who waited upon him in his lodgings in London could read and write; and he recorded his deliberate opinion that the little scrub in a London lodging, "compelled to work as a maid servant for her living," was in reality superior in nearly all respects to Indian ladies of the highest rank. "Such," he adds solemnly, "is the effect of education."

An Epidemic of—What.

A slender little man, whose tuft of chin whiskers was sprinkled with gray, and who is an ex-mayor of the town, says a Rutherford (N. J.) letter to the New York Sun, stood on the depot platform this morning and related to a crowd of interested listeners his adventures of the night previous.

"I was going home last night about 6 o'clock, when I saw a big black and white one walking slowly up the planks in front of me. My, but he was a big one! I was going to give him a fight, and began to feel around for a couple of stones, when I happened to remember that I had a new suit of clothes on. That settled it. I shined over the fence and flew over the fields like a cannon-ball. It took me an hour to get the mud and dirt off me."

"But that is not all. I found all the windows of the house closed. It was like a Turkish bath."

"Why don't you have some air in here?" I asked.

"Because they are around tonight thicker than ever, and I prefer to have the air all on the outside," said my wife.

"I thought so, too, and I staid home last night."

The whole town is rattled. It is a somber community. Yet the men and even the women see them prowling about at night. The temperance people, who at first tried to lay the blame on the two or three saloons and the drug store, have had to take water because they have seen them, too. It is a strange state of things for a modest little village like this, only nine miles distant from the great metropolis.

Husbands who have been in the habit of spending their evenings at the club have suddenly reformed simply because they do not care to run the risk of meeting one late at night.

Every night windows are closed as carefully as though a tremendous storm was brewing, and in fact a big storm is making itself felt. Something will have to be done, and that soon, or Rutherford after sundown will be a dead town.

Studies in the Public Schools.

What are termed "ornamental studies" are useful if the pupil can continue through a ten or twelve years' course of study. But they are less essential than a reasonable proficiency in the seven fundamental branches, which may be enumerated in the order of importance as reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and English grammar. School statistics show that the mass of children drop out at the ages of 14, 15 and 16. They have from six to eight years' schooling. While the public school system should not leave the later years unprovided for in cases where children can continue, the school course up to about that age should be planned with a view to the most thorough instruction possible in the branches of study mentioned. The whole world of knowledge is open to a child who has been thoroughly taught the essential branches. —San Francisco Call.

WANTED A SOFT SNAP.

How the Attractions of a Military Life Were Dissipated.

Recently, says the Pittsburg Times, a man slightly under the influence of liquor approached the guard standing at the door of the recruiting station of the United States army, Penn avenue, and, addressing the soldiers, said: "Is this the place to enlist in the army?"

"Yes, sir," replied the uniformed gentleman.

"I believe I would like to enlist and go to the Alleghany Arsenal at Lawrenceville. That is a pretty nice place, and I think the soldiers have a pretty soft snap."

"But why do you want to join the army?" asked the soldier. "Are you in trouble and wish to withdraw from the world and drown your sorrow in the quiet life of a soldier, or are you out of employment and disheartened?"

"Neither of these," said the applicant for army honors. "I have been a hardworking man all my life, and now I want to take a rest and I know of no softer snap than to be a soldier."

"Well, now, just listen one moment and I will explain the matter to you. In the first place the chances are ten to one that if you enlist you will regret it within three months and then wish you were back in Pittsburg. There is no way of getting back until your time is expired, and if you desert and come back you will be retaken, court-martialed and sentenced to undergo imprisonment at hard labor for five years. None but those of long service can get an opportunity to come to Pittsburg and be stationed at the arsenal or recruiting stations. You would be sent West, and be compelled to do sentinel duty at the camp, and be out in all kinds of weather, with no beer or whiskey to drive out the frost and dampness."

"Well," said the applicant with surprise, "if that is the case, I don't believe that I want to become a soldier. I am very much obliged to you for your information. I shall go back to my trade and cut stone. Good-by. If you find me back here again kick me out, will you?"

With these words he left, but came back again and asked the guard to come out and have a drink. Nothing damps the ardor of applicants for military honors more than to describe the realities of soldier life.

PIE VS. SOULFULNESS.

Feminine Charms That Could Not Triumph Over Appetite.

"Harold," murmured the gentle girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her classical Græco-Bostonian nose, "I will not deny that our soul communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental symposia, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphysical in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Emersonian. But you have taken advantage of a moment of perhaps unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly affinity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomancy to the ultimate level of mere intersexual volition."

"Waldonia!" exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I—"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries—no hygienic polemics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever devote your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give pumpkin pie for the soulfullest young woman that ever squawked. Good evening, Miss Ticklowell."

The pale moon rose with the timid, abashed demeanor with which she always rises over Boston Harbor, and her rays shown mildly and pityingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes who was striding down the street, going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of New York.

The Beautiful Country of the Upper Nile.

For the first five hundred or six hundred miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the river of the mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half-way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. Above the Albert lake are the Murchison falls. Below the lake, for more than one hundred miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert lake, it passes Wadiala, the present headquarters of Emin's government—Colonel Prout, a Scribner.

TALK OF THE DAY.

The man who gives the shortest measure in this world will want the longest harp in the next.

When He Went.—He (at 11:30 p. m.)—"I feel wound up to-night."

She—"Why, you don't seem to go."

Recently incorporated: Deacon Jones—"Oh, Lord, bless our village. (In apologetic tones.) Ahem I mean our city."

Perhaps one strong objection to women as waiters is that they cannot even be spoken to without a preliminary tip.

In a Dude's Pocket.—First Quarter—"Hello! I thought I'd just drop in. Are you alone?" Second Quarter—"I'm a loan." First Quarter—"So am I."

We do not know that George Washington was in the habit of writing for the newspapers, but if he was we suppose he signed himself "Veritas."

Mistress—"Did you break a vase in the parlor this morning, Mary Ann?" Intelligent Domestic—"No, madam, I shattered a vases."

A Sacrifice.—"Do you sell postage stamps here, bub?" asked Mrs. Bargin, entering the drug store. "No, m., returned the boy; "we just give 'em away at cost."

She was informed: Foodlebhoy—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon." Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."

"How intense are the fires of love!" ejaculated the poet. "Yes," answered the father of six marriageable daughters; "but they do take an awful sight o' coal."

"Hans, you got punished to-day; what for?" "Because, papa, Edward Lang had been fighting." "And with whom had Edward been fighting?" "With me, papa."

Superfluous.—Teacher—"Egelbert, is it proper to say it rains water?" Egelbert—"May be proper, but 'tain't necessary; it never rains milk-shakes or anything like that."

"Poverty is no disgrace," said Jinks. "In many cases it is something to be proud of." "Yes," replied Jones. "It's a constant struggle for me to keep my pride down."

Philanthropist (to small boy)—"And so you've got a little sister at home have you, sonny? What do you do when you get together?" Small boy (laconically)—"Fight."

Doctor—"Take these powders as directed and your cold will be gone in two or three days." Patient—"You seem quite hoarse, doctor." Doctor—"Yes, I've had a bad cold for four weeks."

His motto—"Is marriage a failure?" "Well," answered the Chicago man, "everything in this world is a failure, but if at first you don't succeed try again—that's my motto."

Theater goer—"The love scene in your play isn't half so natural as it used to be. The same people do it, too." Manager—"Yes; but the lovers were married during their last vacation."

Dear little soul: Mr. Honeymoon—"Did you sew that button on my coat, darling?" Mrs. Honeymoon—"No, sweetheart. I couldn't find the button—but I sewed up the buttonhole and it's all right."

Unequalled attraction—Bigsley—"Going to get married, I hear. Suppose you got a wealthy girl?" Freddie—"No." Bigsley—"Then what in the thunder is the attraction?" Freddie—"She's an orphan."

Mr. Smrt (as the church-goers pass)—"I'm surprised that Miss Sweet permits Bodworth to accompany her. He's about the freshest young fellow I know." Mrs. Smart—"Perhaps that's the reason why she let him carry her Psalter."

Woman is an enigma. She will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter season of trial and adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government.

Lumly—"Ah, Chum, what are you doing nowadays?" Chumley—"Oh, I'm writing for a living." Lumly—"Are you indeed? Do you write for newspapers or magazines?" Chumley—"Neither, I write to the old man for remittances."

Business Before Pleasure.—The Minister—"What a pleasure to be good! Are you good, Tommy?" Tommy—"No, not very, but I'm going to turn over a new leaf soon as I lick that Thompson kid—business before pleasure—that's my motto."

Miss Beacon of Boston—"Do you ever feel an insatiable craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and common soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?" Omaha man—"Ye-es, kinder."

Indistinct but reliable.—Borrowit (in Chinese laundry)—"Why do you say Fli-day, John, when you mean Friday?" Chinaman—"I say Fli-day 'cause I mean Friday; not like Melican man, who say Fli-day and come to pay me week after next!"

"No, sir," said the old tramp, sadly, "I can't get no work at my trade. I've tried hard, but it no use." Philanthropist—"Your trade! Why, have you a trade?" Tramp (tearfully)—"Yes, sir, I'm a winter waiter at a summer resort hotel."

Saw the ballet.—Uncle George—"So you went to the theater this afternoon and saw the grand spectacle drama? How did you like it?" Small nephew (who spent the summer at a fashionable seaside resort)—"Oh, it was awful nice! Right in the middle of it a whole lot of stylish young ladies came out and danced in bathing dresses."

