

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
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The duke of Newcastle fell down stairs in babyhood, and has ever since been a confirmed cripple.

PAULUS, the comic singer who has made Boulanger, receives an income of about 100,000 francs a year.

MR. HART, the new mayor of Boston, never uses tobacco, but keeps a supply of good cigars for the use of his friends.

LORD WOLSELEY has discovered that negro soldiers are good fighters. This was old news in this country twenty-five years ago.

M. COQUELIN says that Philadelphia struck him as the intellectual center of the country. Coquelin is a comedian who is funny when off the stage.

RIDER HAGGARD's friends complain that while he received only \$250 for the original edition of "King Solomon's Mines," the publishers have made \$60,000 out of the book.

GEORGE W. CABLE has six children. One of them, Lucy, is quiet and shy. "I really believe," said Mr. Cable one day, "Lucy gives us less trouble than all the others put together!"

GEORGE GOULD is very fond of bicycle riding, a fancy he probably inherited from his father's habit of making things go round in Wall street, rarely ever taking a "header."

The duke of Westminster has made deadly enemies of the London doctors. He has stipulated in granting new leases to medical men that no brass plates shall be placed on their doors.

MISS JEANNETTE HALFORD, daughter of the President-elect's Private Secretary, is living a thoroughly rural life near Orlando, Fla. She is frequently seen seated upon a load of hay and driving a team of frisky mules.

VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT-MORTON pays \$500 for the use of a furnished house in Washington during Inauguration week. He will not be able to get into Prof. Belle's residence, which he has leased for a term of years, until late in March.

In a letter to the Harvard Society of Baltimore, Md., James Russell Lowell says that his health is not what it was. He writes: "I have been compelled to avoid, so far as I could, all excitement and fatigue. I have therefore steadily declined all invitations that would in any way expose me to the risk of either."

JOHN WANNAMAKER's country place at Jenkintown, Pa., is his pride and joy. He has a fine collection of cattle, and his flowers are very valuable. His roses and orchids are worthy of note and his rhododendrons are famous in Pennsylvania. He doesn't go in very heavily for the flowers of rhetoric, however.

THERE is the little yellow bee in Honduras that is very much like the little yellow flies found about corn silks. The bees are without stings, and the most industrious little insects imaginable. They build in hollow trees and wherever they can find a lodging, and they gather a double handful of honey of delicious flavor in these rests of rough comb. So plentiful are they that a person can take a hatchet and cut into the knot hole in the trees and soon collect all the honey he wants to without the danger of being stung by the bees.

J. D. BEALS of Lewiston, Me., went the other morning to clear out a boiling spring in his pasture. He was greatly surprised during his work to see a snake a foot and a half in length come forth and go wriggling away over the snow. Hardly had the snake disappeared before a large frog. The next morning he went to the spring again and lo! two frogs came out of the recesses of the well. "They thought," says Mr. Beals, "that summer had really come and expected on coming to the surface to find the green grass and everything corresponding."

MALLETTOA, the Samoan potentate deposed by the Germans, bears a name which signifies a great deal to the people of the Navigator islands. Mallettoa the Great lived a long time ago and his memory is venerated by the Samoans. He led his people in many wars and finally conquered their ancient enemies, the Tongas. "Mallettoa" is a word which means to the Samoans what "Caesar" did to the Romans. As every Roman emperor, whether Julius, Augustus, or Nero, was a Caesar, so each head of the family founded by the conqueror Savea is called Mallettoa.

AN ARM-CHAIR SERMON.

Sarcasm That Chills Enthusiasm and Kills Love in Many a Home.

If I am to kill a chicken (a thing I wouldn't do, my dear, for a thousand pounds! I do not proceed to do the deed by cruel and protracted methods, writes "Amber" in the Chicago Tribune. I should be arrested by the Humane Society if I went to work to put poison in the doomed fowl's daily rations, or nip it slyly now and then with a red-hot hairpin.

The cat that was killed by care suffered far more than the cat that perished by a quick bullet.

When a horse is disabled and unfit for service, the merciful man knocks it in the head with a well-aimed blow, and that's the last of it. But we have different ways of killing love, and trust, and kindly feeling in one another's hearts. We make use, all too often, of the North American Indian's original method of protracted torture. And love, and trust, and kindly feeling, although they die hard, and are a long time dying, under the process, are as certainly doomed as the chicken, the cat and the disabled horse are by the blow of the hatchet, the sting of the bullet or the crash of the club. There is many a home to-day where love is slowly dying under the torture inflicted by a sarcastic tongue, or where it already lies dead under the peculiar processes of this cowardly mode of torment. The drunkard's wife is not more to be pitied than the wife of the cold-blooded husband whose tongue holds the venom of a dozen serpents. I would rather be mated to a man who should throw a chair at me now and then than to such a husband as we see occasionally, who murders his wife's peace and happiness slowly yet surely from day to day with cruel and biting words of suspicion and contempt. I might dodge the chair, but I couldn't dodge the word, and, besides, bruises inflicted on the body heal under the application of liniment and arnica, but there has no salve been found yet to cure the hurt of a sarcastic tongue.

There are many unhappy homes in the world and many broken hearts, and there is a great cry raised against the causes thereof. A crusade is even being raised against the giant forces that combine to break up the harmony of domestic concord, yet the lesser influences for evil are ignored and forgotten. It is as though we armed ourselves to go out and shoot elephants in a country where rabbits were devastating the crops, or fitted out a fleet to catch whales in a fresh-water pond full of eels and catfish. Intemperance, and unfaithfulness, and all the greater causes of sorrow in the world's homes have always plenty of armed and steady opponents and foes, but the little hidden foxes that spoil the vines run to and fro without molestation.

It takes as much heroism often to sit down and endure for a half-hour the electric buzz-saw of a modern dentist as it takes to march to battle behind a drum and a flag; but who ever wrote a poem to the hero or heroine of the dentist's chair? It takes more Christian grace to live in the same house with a sarcastic tongue than to wear a hair-cloth shirt and do ante-sunrise penance, and yet who stops to say a word of comfort to the saint inured to domestic torment, or learn a lesson from her sublime patience and enduring courage? It is not going to be those who march up by and by and show saber cuts on the body who will be called heroes, but those who display scars made in the heart that were silently endured, who will wear the laurel and the bay. We all pride ourselves on the etiquette that teaches us to be gentlemen and ladies in the drawing-room or in public places, but when some of us have learned the etiquette that teaches us to be more gentlemanly and ladylike as fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, parents and children, we shall have learned a new code. The man is a coward who is civil only where he dare not be otherwise, but becomes a bully behind the closed doors of his home. What we need is less mannerism for show, and more courtesy at home. You would never dare to speak to a lady in society, sir, as you speak to your wife and daughter, and I say you are the worst sort of a cad when you take a tone with the defenseless ones at home you would not dare assume to a stranger.

All politeness that is put on merely for show is like the stain the cabinet-maker puts on a pine board; politeness that amounts to anything is in the grain of the wood, not an external application. We make a terrible fuss when our growing children put a dinner knife to their lips, yet say nothing when they pester and harass one another with mean and sarcastic speeches until good nature flies out the window and evil temper stalks in at the door.

I will take my chance any day to live with the person who commits the solecism of putting his knife in his mouth rather than with the person who deals in anger-provoking speech and innuendo.

You take it greatly to heart when the slugs get into the roses and your June gardens are despoiled of their sweetness and beauty. And yet there is something worse that gets into the home, that garden of delight, when unkind and sarcastic speech creeps in with its chilling blight. I have in my mind's eye as I write a family of growing sons and daughters more desolate than any garden devoured by slugs or withered by devastating blight. The father sets over against every thing that is spontaneous and ardent and earnest with his cold and clammy ridicule; the older boys emulate their father, and the girls are ashamed to be

fresh and natural and enthusiastic, as they were meant to be, for fear of evoking laughter and contempt. In the midst sits the mother, a dear little frightened morsel of a woman, full of poetical fancies and immortal enthusiasms stifled and confined like so many infant Moseses in bulrush baskets, with Herod stalking up and down the bank.

If you must murder love, then, in all the heart and home, wherein you ought to glorify and crown it, I pray you go out and get drunk, or rob a bank, or skip to Canada with a defaulters' grip-sack; anything, so that the deed is done quickly and poor innocent love be not a long time dying, like a victim on the rack.

He Was Too Active.

"I guess I'll have to acknowledge I've been a fool," said a clerk in the internal revenue department to the Washington correspondent, "because I've 'queered' myself. I was appointed from Ohio on recommendations from Senator Sherman and nearly all the congressional delegation from that state then in congress. When the democrats came in I thought I would have to go, and foolishly undertook to get some endorsement from the other side. An uncle of mine lives in Kentucky, is a democrat and a great friend of Senator Blackburn, and I asked him to drop a request in my behalf to the senator. Inside of a week he returned to me a letter to the senator, asking him to do what he could for me. Then I wrote out a letter to the secretary of the treasury, asking that when the internal revenue office was reorganized I might hold my present position, and my purpose was to have Senator Blackburn sign this."

The recollections of this brought the cold sweat to the brow of the clerk, and he continued pathetically:

"Armed with this prepared request I went down to the senate one morning before the session began and found Blackburn in one of the cloak rooms with a half dozen democratic senators around him. I handed him my letter of introduction, and after he read it put the prepared request in his hand and asked him to sign it. He did not ask my politics and I presume took it for granted I was a democrat, an illusion I did not care to dispel. He promptly signed it and then said:

"Beck's pretty solid up at the department and I'll get him on this paper." He wasn't gone half a minute when he came back with some hieroglyphics added which purported to be the signature of the senior senator from Kentucky. Even this didn't satisfy him, for he turned around to Senator Voorhees and asked him to sign it. The tall Sycamore glanced at its contents and did as requested. Then he turned to Blackburn and said:

"Joe, make Ransom sign it, too, at the same time handing the pen to the North Carolina senator. Ransom was telling a story, and without stopping the narrative scratched down his name. Gorman was amused at the way Blackburn was working the crowd, and said, facetiously: 'Are you going to skip me?' 'It's an open game,' replied Blackburn, and Gorman put down his signature though he was cautious enough to read the heading before doing so. There were yet two lines on the sheet, and these were filled by Kenna, and Walshall. I suppose I would have had a complete directory of the democratic senators if the paper had held out. I went back to the department kicking myself because I had not applied to be made chief of a division instead of modestly asking to be merely retained. However, it was with a good deal of pride that I filed the document with the appointment clerk."

"After a few months, when I found that all the republicans in the bureau were being retained, and it was not intended to remove them, I began to feel that my cleverness had been wasted. But imagine my feelings when I found Harrison was elected. I can't get those papers off the file, and they are doubly damning because of the two sets of indorsements—one republican, the other democratic. Do I expect to get fired when the 'repuhs' come up? Why, when they see those papers they will take me on the roof and drop me into the big fountain at the north front."—Pittsburg Post.

A Very Fertile Country.

A few years since there resided at Newton, Kan., a genial German, by the name of Schmidt, who was general land agent for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. A large party of capitalists from New York and the old country came to Kansas with a view of making heavy investments:

Schmidt was called upon to show these men around and right royally did he do so.

Taking them out in the prairies far from the railroad, Schmidt would, in a glowing manner, describe the natural advantages of the climate, soil, etc. As one after another would find some fault, and think this or that could not be raised there, he would walk a few miles further and show them just the soil needed for that kind of grain or fruit. At last one of the gentlemen spoke up:

"Mr. Schmidt, I find after going around with you, there is nothing that you cannot grow in Kansas."

To this, Mr. Schmidt quickly replied: "I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that you can't raise pumpkins in Kansas."

"Why is that," they all, with one voice, inquired.

"Well, you see, this land is so very rich, that the vines grow so very rapidly, that they wear the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground."

If any one doubts this, the land is still to be seen.—Yankee Blade.

Bill Brazelton's End.

A gentleman from Tucson, A. T., in the lobby of the National Hotel, spoke of one of the desperadoes of his town, says the Washington Post:

"I see," said he, that some fellow out in California has been 'holding up' stage loads of people by himself. The dispatches speak of him as the 'Lone Highwayman.' I want to tell you that the first and greatest lone highwayman in this country lived in Tucson, and his name was Bill Brazelton. It has now been seven or eight years since he was killed. While he lived he was the terror of southern Arizona, and he did all of his work single-handed. He used to work in a livery-stable in Tucson. He was a young fellow who did not say much, but was all the time practicing with his revolver when he was not at his work. He was the most active, powerful young man I ever saw."

"He got so he could turn a somersault with his pistol in his hand and as he came up hit a fifty-cent piece every time twenty-five yards away. He could shoot in every position, whether standing, running or riding, and every time he 'plummed' the bull's-eye. Suddenly he left town, and it was not long till we heard of his robbing stages all alone. He had nerves of steel, and did not seem to be afraid of anybody or anything. The greatest efforts were made to capture him, but he eluded all of his pursuers. He seemed to be here, there and everywhere at the same time. Finally it was suspected that a hostler working in the stable where Brazelton had been employed knew something of him. He was taken out to the edge of town and hanged up till he was almost dead, when he agreed to confess on condition that Brazelton should be shot on sight, as he would kill any man who betrayed his secret at the first opportunity."

"The hostler said he was to go out to meet Brazelton that very night and take him something to eat. He was to wait behind a log in a certain piece of woods. A party of six well-armed men took the hostler and went with him to the place of rendezvous. They all lay down behind the log and waited for Brazelton. By and by he rode out of a thicket into an open space and came slowly toward the unsuspected ambush. He carried his pistol in his hand as if suspecting that things were not all right. When within thirty yards of the log the whole party rose and fired, killing the horse and rider in an instant. It was one of the most dramatic incidents that ever occurred about Tucson in those troublesome days. Brazelton's body was riddled with balls. He was brought to town and the next morning he was propped up against the adobe wall and his photograph taken, and the local photographer has to-day in his showcase a ghastly illustration of the triumph of his art."

Spotted Like a Leopard.

One of the passengers of the Central incoming train recently, says the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, was Greene Howell of Midville, Ga.

Greene has a double claim on the title of colored, for he is a full-blooded negro, but is turning white in great patches—a color which natural philosophy tells us is a blending of all colors. Greene was questioned as to the strange freak of nature wrought in his skin. There are two patches of white on each ear. His lips are turning a pale color, about that of the average Caucasian skin. Beneath the folds of his flannel shirt could be seen the evidence of changing color. His hands, further than the several small patches of brown, are as pale as those of any white and at a moment's glance can be seen to be different from the bleaching of the leper. His scalp is also changed and is as pale as his hands.

Greene is quite an intelligent fellow. He is a successful planter and talks freely of his strange case. He is about 35 years of age and of medium height. His face and hair bear out his story that there is no mixed blood in his veins. He says that at the close of the war he had two small blotches on each hand, which remained without change until four years ago last April, when the skin on his hands began to turn a pale red and then white.

While at work plowing in the fields in summer he says the perspiration from his hands would be red, as if tinged with blood. Further than from the evidence of his eyes he was unaware through any sensation of the change which has been going on. There has been no itch or smart, and several doctors whom he has consulted have assured him that the variegated skin is entirely healthy. They all confess that they are puzzled by his case. Greene says his body is almost white, and his feet are turning. He says his father was what is known as a "tender man"—that is, he would blister under a hot sun, Greene also blisters when exposed to the hot sun for any length of time.

Five Ways to Stop a Cold.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.
2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.
3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.
4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.
5. Take four hours' exercise in open air. A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Any thing that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buksaw. But better than all, if your cold is inveterate or serious, consult your family physician, and at once.

BRIEFLETS.

Three-fifths of the cotton crop is now produced by white labor.

A critic speaks of the novels of Edgar Saltus as "sugar-coated arsenic wafers."

Sixteen young ladies in Lowell have formed a whist club that meets weekly for practice. It is said that the neighbors can hear them play whist three blocks away.

A lazy genius in Maryland has invented an automatic fishing-pole which, by the aid of stout spiral springs, yanks out the unwary denizens of the streams while the fisherman smokes and reads in peace.

The thistle at the antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet and this root even when cut into small pieces retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

The European country which possesses the largest number of public libraries is Austria. In Austria there are no fewer than 571 public libraries, containing 5,475,000 volumes, without reckoning maps and manuscripts.

A translation of Dr. Geffcken's "Pen Sketches of the British Empire," with an English preface, will be published in London soon. It contains essays on Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone.

A coroner's jury at New Rochelle, N. Y., after an investigation into the death of an infant, reached the conclusion that "the child came to its death through the ignorance of its mother and her husband, from causes unknown to the jury."

A Buffalo man recently counted the motions made by a barber's hand during the process of shaving one man and found them to be 673. Add to this the motions made by the barber's mouth the while and the result is a marvelous sample of what may be got for 10 or 15 cents.

The latest wrinkle among the young newly-engaged ladies and their friends in Washington is a bit of china presented with the note of congratulation. One belle has in this way made a fine beginning in the bracelet line and already has a complete dozen of after-dinner coffees and a number of other very beautiful pieces.

As a fact of phenomenal character it is stated that the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, the parish clergyman of Ashhill, Norfolk, now in his 100th year, took part in two services held in his church the Christmas day just passed and afterward called on certain of his parishioners to present his Christmas salutations.

The will of the late Joseph B. Hoyt of Stamford, Conn., bequeaths \$50,000 to the American Home Missionary society, one-half to be used in current work of the society, and the other half as an endowment fund. A like sum is given to the American Baptist Missionary society, to be used under similar conditions.

Tobacco should be credited as a part of the discovery of Christopher Columbus. When he first met the Indians they "were imbibing the fumes of tobacco in the shape of a cigar." This cigar was not wholly of tobacco, though. It was a stalk or straw tube filled with this weed. But the Indians smoked pipes chiefly.

Jas. Carroll, a San Francisco milkman, is the possessor of a horse whose hide is covered with a thick mass of curly white hair, about three inches in length. When seen from a short distance the hide presents a woolly appearance and the animal looks as though nature had given him the skin of a sheep through mistake.

The immigration that has poured into southern and western Florida has made it a white man's land, wealthy and prosperous. While the 10,000 negroes south of St. Augustine had grown from 1870 to 1880 to 16,000, the 17,000 whites had grown to 45,000, and are nearly 70,000 to-day. In that section of the state the races were nearly equal eighteen years ago; the whites are four to one to-day, and in a number of the counties the negro population has actually decreased.

Gen. Harrison is reported, says the Advance, "to have said that he never appreciated the value of the Sabbath as he has during the last six or seven months. He has had a harbor at the end of each six working days into which he could sail behind an impassable breakwater, and it is quite probable that this has saved his life—for it would require a constitution of iron to stand a continuous strain of the kind. Office seekers will find that there are two walls to scale—an outer wall of the civil-service rules and an inner wall of the Sabbath and the seclusion of the family."

McKenna, the "glass-eater," gave a private exhibition the other day, says a Philadelphia dispatch. He ate a large piece of flint-glass lamp-chimney, several ounces of sharp-pointed tacks, and then topped off his repast by devouring a live frog. He is only twenty-one years of age, and, his case has puzzled numerous physicians. McKenna does not grind the glass into small particles, but swallows it in large pieces. In addition to carpet tacks, he swallowed a lot of cigar-box nails, and then offered to masticate a huge ten-penny nail. He took a big frog from an aquarium, and, carefully adjusting it, gave one gulp, and then allowed the spectators to feel it kick inside of his stomach.

The proportion of Germans to Irish in American cities is annually growing larger. The New York Sun says there is no doubt that the people of Irish birth in that city are now outnumbered by those of German birth, but it will not get the statistics until the Federal census of next year is taken. By the Federal census of 1880 there was in the city 198,595 Irish and 163,483 German, but the annual immigration from Germany since then has been much larger than from Ireland. During the past year, for example, the German arrivals at Castle Garden numbered 77,311, while those from Ireland were but 44,233. It would not be surprising if next year's census should show fully 300,000 native Germans in the Empire City. By the census of 1885 it appears that there were 67,745 Irish in Boston and 8,810 Germans. The figures for the state were 244,630 Irish and 23,115 Germans. But the per centage of increase was largely in favor of Germans, they increasing 5,565 in ten years, or 81.79 per cent, while the increase of Irish was only 10,073, or 4.39 per cent.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Moss On Fruit Trees.

J. H. Hale, of Connecticut, an experienced and successful orchardist, writes to the American Agriculturist: "Moss is found most often on pear trees not in a vigorous growing condition or in moist, shady places. The moss is a sort of fungous growth, which is easily kept off by washing the tree with strong soap suds. This treatment promotes the growth of a smooth and healthy bark. If the trees are badly mossed over now it will be best to take an old hoe and scrape off the thickest of the moss before washing the trees, and then wash them two or three times, during the next two or three months. In the fall, after the leaves are off, spray the whole tree with soap suds, repeating this early in the spring. There is nothing like it to promote clean and thrifty-looking bark.

"At Elm fruit farm we make a borer wash for our peach and other trees, and it also answers the double purpose of keeping out the borer and keeping the bark clean and healthy. This wash is prepared by adding to a common bucketful of water two quarts of strong soft soap, half a pint of crude carbolic acid, two ounces of paris green, with lime enough to make a thin paste that will adhere to the tree. If convenient a little clay or fresh cow dung may be added to assist in making the wash stick. Apply it with a swab or brush about the base of the tree and main branches. The rains will wash it down from time to time, and the whole trunk will receive the benefit. In spraying the trees when not in leaf I usually add a quart of a pound or more of potash to each bucketful of soap suds."

Hens Versus Cows.

A few miles from the city of London resides a gentleman and his good wife, owning and tilling fifty acres of land. The gentleman has always had great faith in his cows paying well, but thought the hens a bill of expense. The lady, on the other hand, contended that the hens paid better than the cows. Accordingly one spring she determined to keep books for one season and ascertain the respective merits of both. She credited the hens with all eggs laid, and interesting, indeed, was the contest as the time drew nigh for receiving the check from the cheese factory. But it came at last, and behold the hens were ahead, and so it continued throughout the season. One hundred hens to three cows, and as they had decided in the spring that it would cost about the same to keep each, the gentleman was forced to yield the point and admit that the hens were most profitable; and if others would keep an exact account they would be surprised at the result, but most farmers do not give their hens credit for anything except what eggs taken to market. It is not at all difficult to make hens pay one dollar per head per annum if properly cared for. The writer on one occasion made three dollars per head on five dark Brahma hens after paying all expenses. This, it will be understood, was for eggs and meat alone, not for breeding stock, as half a dollar was the highest price realized for young birds.—Farmers' Advocate.

A Sunflower Hedge.

A willow hedge across the garden, or on the north side of it, is a great protection, but while waiting for this to grow plant three or four rows of sunflowers across the piece. When the flower stems begin to grow drive some lath in the row about six feet apart, bracing the outside ones well; then stretch two or three lengths of binding twine on each side of the road, winding them once around each lath, and wind some cotton twine around the middle pair of strands between each cluster of flower stalks to keep them from falling or being blown down. The seed heads must be gathered as fast as they ripen and open enough to show the seed, and spread out in a cool, dry place to dry out thoroughly, when the seed can be rubbed or threshed out with a light stick, and cleared in a fanning-mill or winnowed out by the wind. In the fall plow up a few furrows on the south side of the stalks; winter, the rows are left standing through the winter, harrow and work down fine and plant onion sets at once. The hedge or sunflowers will catch and hold the snow, and so protect the onions during the winter and when the snow is off the ground in the spring they will start at once into growth, and furnish the first early green onions.—American Agriculturist.

Making Fine Butter.

To make fine butter now, says "Dairyman," in the Farmers' Advocate, of Ontario, you must have fine milk; the making of fine butter must begin with the cows. They will give us what they receive. Good food and good care will give good milk; poor food and careless keeping will give poor milk, and the result will be poor butter; but it often happens poor butter is made of good milk, and, to avoid this, observe the following simple rules:

1. Set the milk in the pans as near a natural heat as possible, 98°; if the milk is very cold, 45°; if not very cold, set the milk 80° to 90°.
2. Don't let it stand too long before the cream is taken off—twenty-four hours in a cool place.
3. Don't gather cream too long before it is churned; three days is long enough.
4. Heat the cream and keep in a warm place for twenty-four hours to ten before being churned.

5. Heat the churn with warm water before putting the cream in it, and see that the cream is at its proper heat. What is a proper heat to churn at? Every one must find out by experiment what suits their own cream; as a general rule in winter, about 64 degrees. But see that the temperature is kept at that all the time of churning till the butter is coming. Then it can be cooled down gradually till the churning is finished.

6. About coloring butter: Put all the color you can in the milk through the cow's feed and she will color the butter better than you can; but to supplement what she can not do, use a little annatto diluted with water; put into the churn when you begin to churn; use no more than will give the butter a bright, white, oat-straw color.

7. Give the butter no more working than to press the milk clean out of it; a wash or two with brine does not hurt it when in a granulated state; when the brine runs off perfectly clear stop working it.

8. Do not spoil it with salt; use fine dairy salt, half an ounce to the pound; weigh both butter and salt—do not guess. This quantity is sufficient for winter butter, which enters into immediate consumption.

9. If put up in pound rolls do it neatly, smooth and ball in one shape, with a nice white cloth around each ball.

10. If put in crocks be sure to pack it down solid; dress the top and cover it up from the air till it is taken to the market.

Industrial Brevities.

A threshing-machine in England is worked by electricity.

Oregon is said to be a hunter's paradise about this time, being overrun with game of all sorts.

Complaints come from New Zealand that many species of birds have disappeared within late years.

A farmer at Santa Ana, Cal., raised eight crops of alfalfa last year. He was making hay on New-Year's Day.

Corn-fodder should be cut in some kind of cutter that crushes the pieces while cutting them. This breaks the hard lining and renders the wood more acceptable to stock.

The thistle at the antipodes seem to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet, and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

Hot-beds are now in order. If you want early cabbage and tomatoes the beds should be ready by February, and the seed sown before the middle of that month. A small hot-bed will produce all the peppers, cabbage, tomatoes and eggplants wanted for the family.

The Navajo Indians of Arizona are very successful in raising stock. According to the figures of the reservation agent they own 245,000 horses and ponies, 300 mules, 3,500 cattle, 800,000 goats and 500 burros. The wool clipped for the year amounted to 1,200,000 pounds, and they also sold 300,000 sheep pelts and 100,000 goat skins.

It is not profitable to abandon a piece of land because it is not fertile. Raise sheep on it, and endeavor to bring it back to a condition to admit of growth of some kind of crop which may be plowed under. Sheep and the turning under of green manure crops will restore any piece of land to fertility.

It may require several years to derive the largest profit from a farm. Farming is slow business, and, although the work is supposed to extend over one entire year, yet a whole year's work may be but a beginning. A calf or a calf requires several years to mature, and pastures do not pay for several years from seeding.

Good hay-racks for holding feed for cattle and horses and sheep will save one a great deal of money and hay over the wasteful plan of feeding hay on the ground or in troughs, where it can be pulled out and trampled under foot. In feeding any kind of food to any kind of stock we should avoid a wasteful system.

The largest, best and smoothest potatoes should be selected for seed. "Like produces like," and this rule holds good with potatoes more so than with any other crops. The bin should be examined occasionally in order to observe if the potatoes are keeping well, and it will pay to sort the tubers for the purpose of selecting the seed. If this plan is pursued the quality of the crop will be improved each year.

In feeding swine a great deal depends upon the way they are fed as well as upon the food. Hogs are gluttons and use no moderation in taking food, particularly at first. Indigestion is a common trouble among hogs and an expensive one to the owner. Feed at first slops and light food, such as apples, and the heavier feeds, like meal, corn, soaked corn, etc., after the first has been consumed and the appetite partially satisfied. More time will be taken, more chewing done and better results produced.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Household Hints.

If the cover is removed from soap-dishes, the soap will not get soft. When flatirons become rusty, black them with stove-polish, and rub well with a dry brush.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case, with a good sized piece of camphor.

Use squares of dull-colored felt, pinked at the edges, under statuary or any heavy ornaments that are liable to mar a polished surface.

Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary.

ry for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors.

Use charcoal to broil with. The flames close the pores quickly, and make the meat very tender.

Equal parts of white shellac and alcohol is a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. Spray it on evenly with an artist's atomizer.

A tablespoonful of brandy put into each bottle of tomato catsup, just before sealing, will not only preserve it, but will add to the flavor when wanted for use.

Mahogany and cherry furniture often gets dull for want of a good cleaning with a moist cloth. Polish with the hand, rubbing well, and the result will be surprising.

Windows can be cleaned in winter, and the frost entirely removed, by using a gill of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly, and rub dry with a warm chamois skin.

An old and reliable English cook-book gives the following recipe as an oil cloth restorer: Melt one half an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it, and rub it dry with a dry cloth.

AN EQUINE TOM THUMB.

A Pretty Little Horse That Only Weighs Seventy-Eight Pounds.

Officer Benjamin F. Madison, writes a New York correspondent, has a most remarkable pet which, in the language of his friends, "lays away over any thing that ever came into this town on four legs." The curious animal is of the equine species and would sink into insignificance by the side of a good-sized billy goat. It is a perfectly-seventy-eight pounds, and is gifted with more intelligence than the majority of beasts many times that weight. The strangest part of the story is that the beast is now as large as it will ever be. Judges of horses have pronounced it to be four years old. The curiosity was created by the officer in rather a romantic way. It appears that, four or five years ago, James McGowan, captain of a sailing vessel, reported at the station-house to which Officer Benjamin was then attached that his son, a young man scarcely out of his teens, had disappeared. As he was known to have a considerable sum of money on his person, foul play was suspected, and the officer was detailed to work up the case. After a two-days' search he found the youth in Gouvenor Hospital, where he had been taken in an unconscious condition. He said he had been attacked and robbed of his money, as well as valuable papers belonging to his father. Benjamin succeeded in finding the papers, and Captain McGowan promised to bring him something from China unlike any thing ever seen in this country.

The matter had slipped the officer's mind, until a few days ago, when a stranger called at the station and inquired for him. He went to the office, and found a jolly-looking, little fat man, whom he did not recognize for the moment. "Officer," began the rotund individual, "I promised some time ago to give you something out of the ordinary run of presents, and I'm going to keep my word. If you'll hoist your mainsheet and let out your top-gallants, we'll sail over to the Ariel and overhaul the critter."

The policeman obtained leave of absence for a few hours and accompanied the captain to his ship, which arrived in port a few days before from Hong Kong. They walked into the cabin, and there, all wrapped up in blankets, lay the diminutive quadruped quietly munching some fresh bread crumbs. The sturdy minion of the law was too much surprised to say any thing, and the captain sat on his berth and laughed until his little fat body shook like jelly.

The curious animal was led up to the station-house, where it was the object of much comment, and then the question arose what to do with the beast, because of the cold, and Mr. Benjamin finally accepted an offer from a restaurant-keeper who agreed to keep the delicate little horse in his restaurant. He has fixed up a stable under an oyster counter for the little horse and there he remains contented as can be imagined. A number of gentlemen measured the little fellow and found that his height was just thirty-five inches from the floor. Officer Benjamin has been advised to sell the queer little animal for exhibition purposes, but he will not hear of any such proposition, at least not until the novelty wears off.

The Tea Gown.

Now floats the tea gown into use, Elaborate, costly, neat, but loose; A rustling plush of twilight gray Lined with shot silk of opal ray. With beaded agraves at the throat, Should mat be worn (a coarser kind) A demi-train should float behind; The front drawn in with smocking tight, Or what if silky pompadour, Lace trimmed, with Watteau plaits before, While dainty frillings tripey dore, Adown each side, with ribbons, creep; And flowers in bouquets here and there Teach art with nature to compare.—St. James Gazette.

Hydrogen.

Hydrogen is only known to us in a stage of gas and when perfectly pure agrees with oxygen and common air in being without test, color or smell. It does not exist so abundantly as either carbon or oxygen. It forms a small percentage of the weight of all animal and vegetable substances and constitutes one-ninth of the weight of water. It is 14 times lighter than common air. It is the element employed to give buoyancy to balloons.

How Globes are Made.

The factory that turns out these wonderful geographical spheres which are sent hence to all parts of the civilized world is a shabby little building up an obscure alley-way called Mount Vernon avenue, writes a Boston correspondent. The first process in making a globe is to cover the model all over with a thick layer of pasteboard in a moist state. When it has dried a sharp knife is passed around it so as to separate the pasteboard coat into two hemispherical shells, which are then taken off the model and united at the cut edges with glue. The hollow sphere thus formed is the skeleton of the globe that is to be. The next thing is to cover it with a coating of white enamel about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, composed of whiting, oil, turpentine, glue and other things. When this is done the ball is turned to a perfect roundness with a machine, the operation of which is too sacred to be exhibited to the casual visitor. At the conclusion of the process it looks like nothing so much as a highly magnified white marble, such as a giant might play knuckle-down with.

The iron rod running through the center of the original model and projecting at both ends through the surface has left holes in the new globe which serve very well for the north and south poles, and through these a metal axis is run to represent the axis of the earth. To be perfect the globe must revolve evenly upon its axis when the latter is held horizontally, without exhibiting any disposition to stop with one side up rather than another. If it does not do so it must be balanced by boring a hole in the lighter side and fastening within a little bag containing as many shot as may be requisite. Then the hole is plugged up and the surface is made even again. The next thing is to mark the surface off with pencil lines into mathematical segments corresponding precisely in shape with the sections of map that are to be pasted on.

These map sections are made from copper plates in just the sizes and shapes required to fit the globes they are made for, one set, of course, covering the entire surface of a sphere. They are printed, many of them together, like dress patterns, on sheets of the finest linen paper, and are cut out carefully with a sharp-pointed knife. To paste them on properly, so that they will meet perfectly at the edges and not show the lines of joining, requires great pains and skill. When this is accomplished the different countries and so forth are tinted by hand with water colors. There is no especial rule for this save that contrasts are sought to help the eye. Finally, the whole is overlaid with an astonishingly brilliant white varnish, which is of such almost metallic hardness that it will wear indefinitely without scratching, preserving always its brightness.

Now the globe is done and ready for mounting. A beautiful thing it is too—its printing as clear as copper-plato can make it, the colors vivid and, above all, correct in every detail according to the very latest geographical information. And yet the man who executed the plates employed to-day has been dead many years. His name was W. B. Annin, and it is said that his equal in map engraving does not exist in the world at present. That is the reason why the plates he made are still in use, because they are better than any new ones that can be obtained. When any alteration is necessary, owing to geographical changes or discoveries, they are taken to a certain remarkable expert here in Boston, who beats the part that is to be corrected flat and engraves what is required on the new surface.

Education No Good.

Sam Johnson, of Austin, was heard calling across the garden fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to the Colored University.

"Look hyar, boy, yer goes to the Unyvarsity, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gittin' eddycashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stady joggerfy and know how to bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"Learnin' rithmatick and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Of course not."

"You was gwine to bring dat hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's been two hull days since you borrow hit. Now what good's eddycashun gwine ter do you thick skulled niggers, when yer goes to school a hull year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchet?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through the ash barrel.—Texas Sittings.

A Plausible Theory.

Mrs. De Sweet—"I cannot understand why so many cultured men are willing to leave all the happiness of home, all the blessings of civilization, and spend a life-time in explorations in such countries as Africa."

Colonel Warmheart (gallantly)—"All men, madam, are not blessed with such wives as Mr. De Sweet."—New York Weekly.

There are 14,723 lunatics in New York state—exclusive of Herr Most and O'Donovan Rossa.—Philadelphia Times.

A Vermont farmer claims to have some cattle that laugh. They are the laughing stock of the neighborhood.—Texas Sittings.

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

A Brief Sermon Which Can be Pondered Over in High Places.

When John Saxe, in his one-time famous satirical poem, "The Proud Miss McBride," made his deserved reflection on the youth of American aristocracy, the country was many years younger than it is at present. Nevertheless, says the Boston Gazette, his strictures are as applicable now as they were then. Our aristocracy is still a thing for "laughter, jeers and jeers," and it will continue to be so until those who have wealth and influence, however acquired, learn to regard their humbler neighbors as beings walking upon the same planet as themselves and not as inferior creatures from some other world. And it is to be remembered, just here, that people who have suddenly acquired social position are often more supercilious in their bearing to persons who have been less fortunate than are those who can boast as long a descent as this country can record.

So we find folk whose grandmothers, perhaps, sold spruce beer in a cellar, or whose grandfathers dealt out liquor at three cents a glass at some corner grocery at the North End, assuming arrogant airs when they happen to be thrown into the company of those who are intellectually and morally their superiors. "What," said one of their upstarts, "do you speak to your milkman when you meet him on the street? I never notice any of the lower orders except in the way of business." The father of the person she looked down upon may have been a General in the war of the rebellion, and his grandfather may have fallen with Warren at Bunker Hill, but the memory of the insolent social mushroom did not go back as far as that. She could recall with greater readiness a multiplicity of relatives of her own who came over in the steerage from Europe, not to be too precise in the designation of localities across the sea.

We find no fault with those who endeavor to better their condition. It is the glory of this country that all may rise to place and honor, without regard to their antecedents. What we object to is the assumption of superiority by many who have been brought by the whirligig of time, or, in other words, good luck, to a position that they never dreamed of occupying in the day of small things. These should remember that a decent affability, without pretentious condescension, is the distinguishing mark of all who really adorn rank and station, and that another revolution of the wheel of fortune may bring many again to the humble places from which their families started.

One may pour tea at an afternoon reception in the most exquisite of imported gowns and yet remember that there is some unassuming sister, perhaps at the South End, who has quite as sensitive feelings as the elegant society lady, and who may be her equal in intelligence and education.

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be haughty and put on airs. With insolent pride and station! Don't be proud and turn up your nose At poorer people in plainer clothes, But learn for the sake of your soul's repose, That wealth is a bubble that comes—and goes, And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows, Is subject to irritation."

The Anaconda's Bite.

A showman who has had considerable experience with anacondas, having lived on terms of more or less intimacy with them for years, frequently eating at the same table with them, says that the bite of an anaconda is perfectly harmless if you will only think to press the reptile right back of the ear while it is trying to get a good grip on you. This obliges it to open its jaws and release its hold, and you can then bid it *au revoir* and back away. But there are few men unacquainted with the presence of mind to think of that. Meeting an anaconda for the first time and having it fasten its jaws on him without any previous introduction through a mutual friend, would have the effect to disconcert a man. He would naturally feel embarrassed by this effusiveness on the part of an almost entire stranger, and forget what to do. Instead of pressing the anaconda right back of the ear he might tread on his tail or grip him by the leg, neither of which would have any effect save to make the creature bite harder. Better not fool with the anaconda, unless you know just where to catch hold of him when he takes hold of you.—Texas Sittings.

Sage Advice.

A young man who was about to start in business on Michigan avenue went to an old retired merchant the other day to secure business advice.

"How much cash have you got?" was the blunt inquiry.

"About three hundred dollars."

"And how much stock will you put in?"

"About two thousand dollars."

"Um! Then your first move must be to engrave your name on a flag-stone in front of your store; your next to paint your signs on all the fences for ten miles around the city."

"And why, oh, Sage?"

"That the public six months hence may recall the fact that you went into business instead of going into a lunatic asylum! Good morning, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

KANSAS NEWS CO.

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.

President Harrison: Greeting. May your administration be a success.

The brilliancy of the young journalist in speaking facetiously of James Russell Lowell, is very dazzling.

Our national ferment has four new stars. It is one thing that will make Cleveland's administration memorable.

One of our exchanges advertising Blind Boon, by mistake of a letter speaks of Blind Coon's concert, and another one facetiously says the error is a very appropriate one.

The report of the penitentiary committee, the substance of which we give elsewhere, is serious enough to excite wonder that the conspiracy has been permitted to go unchallenged so long.

There seems to be an unusual number of newspaper frauds this season. They sprout up in every important city, and the number of fine gold watches they give away must make a fine business for the watch factories. Nevertheless we advise our readers one and all to avoid these tempting baits.

We have received the first number of the Chicago Personal Rights Advocate whose main purpose seems to be to oppose the temperance movement of the day. It labors heavily like a crippled ship in a storm. We see little use for it, and feel sure it will be quite harmless. It is humiliating, however, that a member of a metropolitan school board should be at its head.

It would be amusing if it were not provoking, to hear money lenders discuss the question of regulating the rates of interest. They all affirm that usury laws are worthless for that purpose. All persons who find themselves pinched by the law exclaim that prohibition does not prohibit. These men tell us that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, and then they quote Adam Smith and Buckle, and passages from history. The purpose is so blind the people and secure legislation in their own interest, or to keep the law from condemning them as criminals.

Always bear us in mind when you have a news item. If your wife licks you let us know of it, and we will set it right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home, begging for raiment, call on us, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances will permit, and if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham, not necessary for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. We mention these little things because we want the news in order to make every one else want the News.

If president Harrison would at once make it distinctly understood that he will absolutely refuse to appoint to any office any person who is working for or soliciting any appointment and will positively confine his favors to those who modestly and decently wait in the background until they are called, he would at once solve a very hard problem that is before him, and in all probability we would have a better class of officials. If there is any thing that ought to be flattened out it is the chronic office seeker, whose gall is almost invariably bigger than his brains. If president Harrison would heartily begin this flattening out process it would surely settle the question of party success.

Bob BURDETTE has discovered that there is a difference between some men and some donkeys. This is what he says in regard to Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, the minister who says, "When I want a drink, I take it."

For the soul of me I can't see anything very remarkable in that, even in a preacher. He would be a fool to take a drink when he didn't want it. But when he does want it, that is the time to take it. Even a donkey does that, and the donkey can't be compelled to drink when he doesn't want it. So you see my son, there is a difference between a man and a donkey. Any man, parson, or layman can do as the donkey, and take a drink when he wants it, or even refuse to take a drink when he doesn't want one. But it takes a man, my boy, to refuse a drink when he wants it. And when he has control over himself, he can preach louder and more in a day than Rev. Mr. Pentecost can preach in a year.

Hoodwinking the People.

The law of supply and demand is all right. One need find no fault with it. But the law of supply and demand has less to do with the business of this age than combinations and trusts. Remove the shackles from supply and demand and give the principle full play and its natural course and nothing more would be needed.

It is because the people cannot have the natural right that inheres in the law of supply and demand that legislation is needed to counteract the evils that come from the violations of this law by speculators, curb stone brokers and combinations of every conceivable shape and form, that comes in to nullify it.

It makes a very silken and plausible argument in the columns of our newspapers, when the money lender in person or proxy, portrays the evils that will come upon the poor farmer if by any means he can be saved from paying extravagant rates of interest, or given the privilege of redeeming his farm from a mortgage that has been closed around it, because of some temporary embarrassment perhaps.

The only argument is that such legislation will drive money away. It is stuff and nonsense, and yet farmers are made to believe this black twaddle is white as the snow.

The simple truth is that this country is full of money seeking borrowers, and if it could be put into the hands of wealth producers at the low rates of interest that the owners of this capital would be glad to take, say four, or even three to five per cent, and then if others business and financial matters were put in harmony with it, there would be no trouble whatever.

The fault lies with the money lenders. They get control of this capital at about four per cent. Government finds no trouble in floating bonds at less than four per cent, and holders then come in and want a guarantee that bonds may run twenty or forty years. This shows what the law of supply and demand does. These figures show what is now the natural rate of interest, and the demand that the bonds shall run for a long time indicates that a lower rate is probable.

People who mortgage farms and other property, who put themselves into the hands of scoundrels, put their money into the hands of money speculators. Who does not know men in Kansas who have piled up fortunes, amounting in some cases to millions, without ever earning a dollar, simply by getting eastern capital at these low rates upon debenture bonds, and then loaning it out at from twelve to fifty per cent?

And this, we are told, is all in harmony with the law of supply and demand. It is all bosh. It is in harmony with the law of brute nature that justifies the stronger in killing the weaker. It is in harmony with the law of semi-civilized mankind that tolerates the robbery of the weak by the strong. It is perhaps in harmony with a law of ignorance that prevents a people from seeing and knowing its own rights and its own power.

We are not complaining. Possibly people who will be imposed upon ought to be imposed upon. Mankind only comes up through sorrow and tribulation and when the kernels have been sufficiently pinched by frost and swollen by moisture, the spring's sun will come, and the germs of a new life will burst forth.

We have simply said all this in disgust at the duplicity of sensible persons who would pile upon the already burdened back of the law of supply and demand, the responsibility of all the legislation, rules and customs, that already prevent the good and divine results that might come from it if it could be allowed to operate.

Zola, the French sensational writer says our translators are a disgrace to the United States. Zola is right. Any American translator or publisher who will help spread Zola's writings must be as great a disgrace to their age as the original writer.

One thing President Harrison can do that will meet the approval not only of Lawrence, but of Topeka, and the whole state, and that will be to make the widow of the late Congressman Dudley B. Haskell, the next postmaster of Lawrence.

An eastern philanthropist has promised to create a fund to hire a class of authors, like Peasock, of Kansas, and Fisher, of Ohio, from inflicting their poems upon a suffering public. Time is getting to be too valuable to be spent at literary fanning mills when it can be helped.

There is very lively opposition to the idea of electing for mayor of Topeka, a man who will be a tool of the Barber Asphalt Company, or of the street railway companies. The opposition may not succeed, however, as schemers who are well fed by corporations, contrive usually to beat the people in one way or another.

The Penitentiary Investigation.

The joint legislative committee made its report Monday. The committee says in substance:

At a great sacrifice of personal interests as far as legislation is concerned the members of the committee have conducted "an exhaustive, laborious and impartial investigation of the management of the affairs of the state penitentiary, with especial attention to the charges that have been publicly uttered against the integrity and intelligence of the officers thereof. They have carefully examined or listened to every thread of word of evidence or testimony of grave or light import, ably assisted by the attorney general in the conduct of their duty. Every source of information on all sides has been invited and found a willing ear. They allude to the treachery and fickleness of human memory, and say that the committee has made an earnest struggle to fathom the great ocean of falsehood and misrepresentation, ascertain the pearls of truth and arrive at conclusions and recommendations that they deem justifiable for the best interests of the state.

The conclusions are: First—That for the purpose of controlling the entire output of the penitentiary coal mine, and preventing the legislature from any purpose of appointing a state agent to dispose of the coal in the market: F. C. Buckley and D. J. Keller of Leavenworth, and J. A. Loper, of Atchison, and others, entered into a conspiracy in 1884. They used money to this end, and decided to secure the appointment of O. S. Hiatt, of Leavenworth in the directory, whom they counted would prove a powerful friend.

Second—That the conspirators proceeded to take into their "combine" one D. N. Barnes who had tried to secure a portion of the coal output; that in all the negotiations Philip Krohn acted as a "friend and agent or attorney" of the parties in the conspiracy, but that the evidence does not show that he received or expected to receive more than a certain hundred dollars mentioned in Krohn's own evidence; that in 1885 O. S. Hiatt and H. E. Richter were installed as directors; that the conspirators had executed a contract in which was a provision that the "officers of the penitentiary should be taken 'care of'"; that the evidence does not show that any officer had any knowledge of the existence of such a contract, or that they ever expected or consented to share in any profits accruing from the arrangement; that the combination was wrongful and every step taken was to "secure undue advantage of the people of the state."

Third—Evidence does not show that any state officers or any other officials of the penitentiary, even Hiatt, was a party to the intrigue.

Fourth—Is a history of the coal contracts of 1885 and 1886 in question.

Fifth—Exonerates Warden Smith and compliments him in the highest terms; criticizes some business methods that have been handed down by Smith's predecessors.

Sixth—Wholly exonerates H. E. Richter from charges against his honesty and integrity.

Seventh—Condemns practice of gifts from prisoners, or from prison employees, or articles at nominal prices. Advocates selling in market and giving proceeds to the prisoner or family.

Eighth—Several thousand dollars due the state for labor by convicts, ought to be collected at once.

Ninth—Buckley owes now over \$2,000 and refuses to pay. Ditto, Loper \$600. Steps ought to be taken to enforce collection.

Tenth—Nothing to show that the warden or directors were dishonest or unfair or used favoritism in letting contracts for supplies.

Eleventh—Sewer pipe was purchased with good judgment.

Twelfth—Charges that \$6,000 was expended fraudulently for electric light plant, false.

Thirteenth—Condemns present method of selling the coal and recommends a system that the committee deems just and proper.

Fourteenth—Severely criticizes the present method of supplying state institutions with coal and says that the business is managed with inexcusable looseness. The amount of coal consumed at some of the state institutions shows an increase of 50 per cent in some cases. Recommends estimates of the amount needed, being presented to the legislature and regular appropriations made.

Fifteenth—Recommends that no resident citizen of Leavenworth county be hereafter appointed to the office of warden or director of the penitentiary, and suggests that this plan be adopted with all state institutions.

Sixteenth—The warden should be allowed to select his subordinates. As it is now, the penitentiary is used as a dumping ground for the friends and hangers on of politicians.

Seventeenth—Investigations similar to the present one should not be made by a committee taken from the legislature. The governor should be empowered to appoint a committee for investigating purposes whenever there is a demand for it. The governor

nor should also have the power of removing or suspending his own appointees.

This committee has tried to be fair and just. The testimony of witnesses fills over a thousand pages.

It is folly to go back on the ground hog. He knows his rights and knowing, dares maintain.

An eight legged calf has been mounted in the museum of the natural history department of the state University.

The Pinkertons employ five thousand men in their work, and it is a question if their whole influence is not demoralizing.

We speak as early as it has been possible, but we believe it now safe to say that the Harrison cabinet problem will be solved within a week.

Blind Boone has been engaged to give one of his popular concerts at Luken's opera house in North Topeka Monday evening, March 4 under the auspices of the Ladies Benevolent society.

It was like pulling teeth to raise the money in Topeka to get Marshall's band to the inauguration, but the boys got there, and will head the procession. They raised \$250 by their Monday night concert.

The Leavenworth Times says there is a class of young colored people in that town that is a credit to the race. The same here. Then there is another class that would do no credit to any community. But after all, that is just the way with white folks.

On Monday, Senator Ingalls paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the late congressman Burnes. It was marked by beauty and elegance of diction and sympathetic power in its delivery. Probably it could have been equaled by no other member of the upper house.

The burning of Dignon's large furniture store, followed by Crane's great printing and binding establishment, and that by the cracker factory building, has made the fire fiend a prominent character in Topeka during the last two weeks. Nothing so disastrous has occurred in any Kansas city for many years, perhaps never, in the same length of time.

With advancing civilization there ought to be a decreasing proportionate need of lawyers. It is doubtful, however, if the records show any such decrease. The same decrease ought also to be shown in regard to physicians. Both their professions are simply necessary evils. There should be, and in a more ideal state of society, there will be, very little need of either lawyers or doctors, or rather, physicians.

The Topeka Democrat: Orrin T. Welch says: "If anybody thinks insurance companies are making such immense profits, and desires to invest in the same, I will sell him stock in any company." Mr. Welch claims that most insurance companies have been doing business at a loss during the past ten years.

If this statement is true it will be interesting to learn how long insurance can continue to have any value.

The present legislature is the most remarkable body of the kind that ever assembled in the state. Up to the end of forty-eight of the fifty days for which the state pays the members, there had not been passed one important bill. Not one that requires clear and deliberate consideration in its last hours. But there were five hundred bills that needed attention but which could not be expected to receive necessary care after pay had been stopped.

In a few days more President Harrison's administration will begin. Not one of his predecessors, Abraham Lincoln excepted, had a more arduous beginning. It is quite possible that Mr. Harrison may retire from office in four years, the most widely unpopular man in the party. If he is able to firmly act up to his supposed convictions, it is not only possible, but probable that he will be roundly disliked by the politicians. No such demands for office have ever been made upon an incoming president as will be made upon him. Bitter disappointment awaits nine-tenths of these men, most of whom are unworthy of position. If the president yields, the country suffers. If he does not become the tool of the politicians, he must suffer. Of all men in our nation, he needs public sympathy.

Governor Leslie of Montana has attached his signature to the Hunt gambling bill which in effect is designed to prohibit what are termed "skin games" faro, keno, chuck-a-luck and in ninety and nine devices by which players are fleeced without a chance for their money. All gamblers in the territory are obliged to display over their doors the sign "Licensed gambling house."

Baker University.

Besides the State university at Lawrence, Douglas county has several others of hardly less note. Among them is Baker. The last Kansas Star, the organ issued by the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Olathe, refers to this as follows:

"The town is one of the oldest in the state and has a lovely and healthy location. It sits upon a hill and is flanked by small streams running down the east and west sides skirted with timber, and the surrounding country is a succession of hills in every direction. The scenery reminds us of some of the mountain towns of West Virginia on a considerably modified form, only there is much more enterprise, of course. There are plenty of trees lining the streets, and all around on the farms fruit trees are not wanting. The residences are nearly all of the better class with a display of architectural taste a good deal above the average Kansas towns of the size of Baldwin. There is an air of homelike comfort about the town and a degree of cleanliness that attracts. It is a pleasant place to live, with good society and an educated, enlightened and civil population numbering about twelve hundred, not including the three hundred students attending the college. The town bears the college impress. There is no Lime Walk or 'Trinity Gardens,' but the 'fresh straw carpet of leaves, and brown interlacing branches overhead' are there because the capacious campus, is in a beautiful forest. There are two good sized buildings, one of stone and the other of brick. Here are the studious looking professors and the hurrying students with their packages of books, their cheeks glowing with the rose tints of health of body and mind. We looked in upon two of the literary societies, and found their exercises of a high order. At the time a large body of the students, girls and boys, had just returned from the oratorical contest at Emporia. Baldwin carried off the third prize, but there was a general belief among all there that they ought to have had second if not first. Some very competent judges, not living here, told us that Baldwin really deserved for its representative, Mr. Foster, the first prize in the contest. At these societies there was a general disposition to make the best of the decision adverse to them, and to put forth renewed efforts to come off conqueror at the next contest.

Without wishing to say aught against the other Kansas institutions of learning, we believe Baker stands in the very front rank of our colleges. The institution for years had a hard struggle for existence, and there was incompetency in its management, but it is now on a good foundation both financially and as to the character and ability of its professors. No denominational institution in our state is stronger in this latter respect. The health and beauty of the location are not equalled within borders. Neither are the surroundings and facilities for study and care of students. Its graduates are creditable and prominent as those of any of our schools. We like Baldwin and its people and its college and students, and we believe Baker has as bright a future before it as any institution in the state."

2,000,000 British women cast their ballots at the recent municipal elections there and had them counted.

Mrs. Mary E. G. Dow is president of the prosperous horse railroad at Dover, N. H. When she took the road it was in debt. It has now declared a dividend of 11 per cent. within a year, and has money in the treasury.

In 1876 the Pennsylvania Railroad handled 1,600,000 pieces of baggage, which was unusually large owing to the Centennial year. In the year just closed, however, 3,200,000 separate pieces were handled representing \$300,000,000.

Senator Spooner introduced a bill in Congress Feb. 16, to provide for a system of farmers' institutes to be maintained as a part of the agricultural department. This would require a superintendent of institutes at a yearly salary of \$6,000.

Mrs. Ella F. Braman of New York, formerly Miss Collins of Boston, holds more offices than any other lady in the country, being Commissioner of Deeds for thirty-three States and territories. She keeps house and has a family of four children. Her husband is equally successful in business.

Mr. Bogus is the name of a genuine Washingtonian. "Bosh" is the trade name in London for all butter substitutes.

Several large metal working establishments are welding by electricity. It is proposed in England to operate dust and garbage carts by electric propulsion.

Five new churches are being erected in Jerusalem and Bethlehem at the present time.

An apple tree near Fresno, Cal., is reported to have borne one ton of fruit the past season.

The lord mayor of London received 30,000 letters last year. It is not stated how many he wrote.

An elephant lately died at Bombay which is said to be in the three hundredth year of his age.

The population of Africa is eighteen to the square mile; in Europe there are 88 to the same space.

It is said that church pews have averaged 10 per cent higher this year all over the country in re-renting.

Minneapolis is to have the Sunday law rigidly enforced hereafter. Saloons and theaters must be closed.

It is easier to lay plans than to hatch them.

There is one kind of fruit that always comes to maturity—the promissory note.

A forward spring—to jump from the lethargy of old fogies to the activity of aggressive enterprise.

It is an old saying and worthy of all acceptance, that "Work is not wear unless accompanied by worry."

Better pay cash for an improved implement if you can, but if you can't, try to make the implement earn enough to pay for itself when your note matures.

The wind may howl and the wind may blow, but it can't blow the mortgage off a man's farm. For a mortgage ain't built that way.

The law of successful emigration is to leave a place where there are too many like yourself, and go to a place where such persons as yourself are in demand.

Buttermilk poured over the backs of hogs will clean off the scurf.

Buttermilk is also good to drink.

P. S. Before it is used on the hog's back, we mean.

Five cents' worth of vaseline which is tasteless and odorless, will cure all the chapped hands, sunburned faces and cracked lips, heal all the sores, burns and abrasions with which a family would ordinarily be afflicted.

"Died of advice" would be a fitting epitaph on the tombstone of many an unfortunate.

When a man has no good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.

The reason women succeed who "mind their own business" is because there is so little competition.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most, but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.

"I was very near gone," he said. "I took an overdose of laudanum, and nearly climbed the golden stair." "But why," asked Miss Sally Partington, in tones of pitying contempt "didn't you at once take an anecdote?"

A great thought wakens in our mind a whole world of new perceptions, as a sunbeam streaming into the darkness shows a thousand atoms floating in its path.

There is no calling that is not made better by brains. No matter what a man's work is, he is a better man for having a thorough mind drilling.

For those who suffer from heart disease (due to misuse of this muscle by the high pressure work and ways of living characteristic of the American people) a doctor suggests three rules: (1) Take exercise without fatigue; (2) nutrition without stimulation; and (3) amusement without excitement.

Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightestest thy load by lightening his.

"My good brother," said the preacher to the sick man, "is there nothing you regret—nothing you are sorry for?" "Yes—yes," came from the invalid, in a whisper. "What is it, my good brother?" "Well, I was a blamed fool that I didn't sell that gray colt before it broke its leg. I was offered \$200 for it, too!"

"Yes," said the young lady, demurely to Billy Bliven, "papa has given me every educational advantage. I can sing in Italian you know quite readily." "Yes," said Billy, "I know." "Then I can converse in French and Spanish and compose verses in Latin." "Yes," said Billy, "but tell me one thing more." "What is that?" "Can you bake bread in English?"

The English sparrow has become such a pest and a nuisance, in the east, that the United States Agricultural Department is making experiments to ascertain how the obnoxious bird can be exterminated.

Topeka has had more fires during the past year than ever before, but thanks to an efficient fire marshal and department the losses have seldom been heavy. The aggregate loss will, however, exceed that of any previous year, and the fire yesterday will swell it very considerably.

General Bradford's pamphlet on prohibition in Kansas, several thousand copies of which were to have been printed in time for use in the New Hampshire campaign between now and March 12, was all ready for printing. It went the way of all the earth and but for the fact that Mr. Bradford had a full set of proofs he would have to re-write his book. As it is he is greatly disappointed in his loss.

Sir Charles Tupper has sailed from Touthment for Canada.

The London Standard says that the government will devote \$60,000,000 to the improvement of the national defenses.

The house passed the senate bill granting a pension to Mrs. Sheridan with an amendment fixing the rate of pension at \$2,500.

Planter Modesto Ruise, who was captured by bandits in the Remedios district, Cuba, has been released on the payment of a ransom of \$30,000.

Two thousand Prussian Poles met at Posen and resolved that the exclusion of the Polish language from elementary schools is a violation of international treaties.

A whole block of frame buildings together with a lumber yard and several dwellings in Rush Hill, Mo., burned. Loss \$20,000.

At Norwalk, Ohio, Miss Minnie Marsals died in the dentist's chair. She had taken chloroform preparatory to having teeth drawn and it caused her heart to stop beating. It is thought she was affected with heart disease.

German papers assert that Klein, the American who is charged by the Germans with having led the Matafaites in Samoa when the Germans were repulsed, in December last, was born at Lehr and served as a sergeant in the German army during the Franco-Prussian war. He was, so it is stated subsequently compelled to leave Germany and went to America.

The Kansas City GLOBE, a morning daily which made its first appearance on the 10 inst., has been sold to Louis Hammerslaugh. The price paid is said to have been \$50,000.

"There is no virtue in vinegar," says a scientist. None, he? It does what many so called virtuous people do not do—supports its aged mother.

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for, though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe all of them to be good bookkeepers."

Kansas Thrift.

Marysville is to have a soap factory. A creamery is being erected at Ness City.

Natural gas has been found at Halted.

Caldwell people will build water-works this year.

The Harper Sugar Factory has been organized.

Manhattan stores find a ready sale all over the State.

Horses are being shipped by the car load from Kansas to Pennsylvania and New York.

The Salt, Mining, and Manufacturing Co., with a capital stock of \$30,000, has been organized at Ellinwood.

Harold Bro's foundry, the second for the town, has just been opened at Manhattan. The manufacture of Blue Valley Feed Mills will be a speciality.

The Whittaker packing house at Wichita is nearing completion, and Dold's establishment has been transforming hogs into pork for several months past. Wichita will soon become a great hog market.

A New Train.

The connecting link between Nebraska and Kansas has just been placed in service by the UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY. This train leaves Council Bluffs daily at 4:45 A. M.; Omaha at 5:05 A. M.; Valley 6:20 A. M.; and runs through without change to Manhattan, Kansas, making direct connections there with the Kansas Division of the UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY for all points in Kansas and Colorado, Westbound, and for Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City and other points East and South via Kansas City.

Returning train leaves Manhattan at 1:22 P. M.; arriving at Beatrice at 6:25 P. M.; Lincoln at 7:30 P. M.; Valley at 9:55 P. M.; Omaha at 11:20 P. M.; and Council Bluffs at 11:40 P. M.; making direct connection with Kansas Division trains from Kansas City, Lawrence, Topeka and the East, and from Denver, Salina, Atlin and all points West, enabling passengers to visit the principal points in Kansas and Nebraska in the shortest possible time. These trains have first-class equipment consisting of smoking cars and first-class day coaches of the latest pattern. The new train will fill a long-felt want and is bound to be popular from the start.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it, through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 72c. per bottle.

Fruit Notes.

It is time to begin to prepare for spring work.

The hot bed should be made about the last of this month.

One acre of land in small fruit can, with good management, be made as five acres in corn or oats.

Use ground bone or commercial fertilizer with the potatoes. This increases yield and will pay a good interest on the cost.

A heavy growth of buckwheat is not only a good way of killing out weeds but is also a good means of getting rid of cut worms.

When desired to get a compact, close growth with the white pine, it will be necessary to cut back closely until this has been secured as desired.

If the cherry is to be grafted the work should be attended to the first days that the weather will permit. Earliness is essential to success and the first opportunity should be taken advantage of.

Some one, who claims to have tried it, says that by forcing salt into the borers they may be thoroughly destroyed.

It is a safe plan, at least, to test all the garden seeds before planting; at least, much disappointment can be avoided in this way. A shallow box will answer to sow the seeds in, filled with loamy soil and kept warm.

In applying manure in the garden it is very important to have it soluble, as it cannot be used unless it is available. It is important to secure a strong, vigorous growth, and if this is done, good care must be taken to have the soil rich.

Blossoms on potatoes, unnecessary shoots on vines, maturing seed with others, are useless, and if these are allowed to develop or mature, it is, in a measure, just that much taken from the useful part of the plant. If the best results would be secured these should be taken off.

Heavy muslin is not as good as glass for hot-beds, as it does not admit the sunlight as freely or keep out the frost as thoroughly, but it is cheaper, less liable to break and for a late bed, especially, it can often be used to a good advantage.

Many keep their house plants in the living room where more or less sweeping is necessary to be done. When this is the case, it will be very necessary to wash the plants occasionally, as the dust falling on the leaves will choke them up and seriously injure if not kill.

Catalpas are hardy and make a very rapid growth and the foliage or stems will not be eaten by stock, so that, for some purposes, they are an admirable tree; but there are quite a number of varieties that are better to set out for shade trees. Elms or maple are both preferable, but they make a slow growth.

Onions should be sown as soon in the spring as the condition of the soil will admit. Much of the results of the crop depends upon the condition of the soil and the time of planting, and it is best to be prepared to plant at the very first opportunity in the spring. They will stand considerable cold without injury.

When plants have been kept in the same pots for some time, it may be, and often is, necessary to add some kind of fertilizer in order to keep up a good growth. Diluted liquid manure can often be used to a good advantage for this purpose. A tablespoonful of guano dissolved in two gallons of water and this used for sprinkling the plants will aid in keeping in a good condition during the winter.

It is quite an item, in securing trees or plants in the spring, to be sure to have as good roots as possible. The roots ought to be sufficient so that after the plants are set out if care is taken to fill in carefully and then press the soil firmly, so that the danger of the roots being loosened by the wind will be reduced as much as possible; and if the plants have good roots and they are properly put out, this risk can be lessened very materially.

There is no question but that many farmers fail to have a full supply of small fruit for no other reason than they labor under the impression that it requires some knowledge as well as experience. When, in fact, if planted in long rows like nearly all other crops, they are no more trouble to raise than corn or potatoes. The work of preparing the soil and giving the necessary cultivation can nearly, or quite, all be done with the plow, harrow and cultivator.

One of the advantages in farmers owning their land, is that they are far more disposed to set out trees of all kinds, fruit, shade and ornamental, as well as all kinds of small fruits and plants. So long as a farmer is only a renter, as a rule there is very little disposition to pay much attention to crops of this kind, but owning the land it is only in exceptional cases

es where more or less attention will not be paid to fruit growing.

To many it may seem a small item, but if the weeds are to be kept down thoroughly it is quite an important item not to allow them to grow up and mature seed in the fence corners on parts of the farm that are cultivated. Even weeds along the road side will scatter more or less seed in the adjoining fields. A few weeds allowed to mature and scatter seeds will increase, very materially, the work required to give clean cultivation.

When to Choose a Wife.

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous; will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition.

Wonders of the Sea.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the earth's surface.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch.

It has been proven that at a depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt.

At some places the force of the sea dashing upon the rocks on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The temperature is the same varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and the water allowed to evaporate in the sun, there would be two inches of salt left at the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the Atlantic.

Waves are very deceptive; to look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times its height; hence, a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water.

Brevities.

Over 31,000,000 silver dollars were coined during 1888.

Buffalo Bill and his wild west show will sail for France April 10.

The average bullion value of the silver dollar during 1888 was 75.6 cents.

The Mississippi river at Clarks-ville, Mo., is blocked with ice four inches thick.

The report that armed Sioux had left the Standing Rock, Dak., agency was unfounded.

Henry O'Neill and Maud Tighe, who eloped from Ireland, were married in Boston Sunday.

A 10,000-spindle cotton mill to cost \$200,000, is to be put up at Waco, Tex., this coming summer.

The first shipment of tobacco in Zanzibar, consisting of seventy boxes, has been dispatched for Hamburg.

Floods prevail in the vicinity of Adrainople, Turkey. The railways are covered with water and traffic is interfered with.

Eight business houses in Black Jack, Texas, were burned, entailing a loss of \$50,000 above the insurance, which was small.

Mayor John J. Holmes of Iowa City, Ia., who has been partially insane for over a year past, committed suicide Sunday night.

Bob Watkins was arrested at Pine Bluff, Ark., on a charge of interfering with the election of officers at Plummer-ville at the November election. This is the precinct at which the ballot box was stolen by masked men and the cause leading to the assassination of John M. Clayton the republican contestant for congress. No arrests have yet been made of parties directly implicated in the assassination.

Westward the star or empire takes it way, and Esterbrook's Pen goes westward and to every other point of the compass.

Latest Brevities.

The president has signed the Nicar-guan canal bill.

Morocco has granted Germany a place of the coast near the Algerian frontier for a naval station.

Rothchilds propose to form a limited liability company in England to work great ruby mines in Bumah.

The Eiffel tower in Paris has reached a height of 935 feet and will be completed to 1,000 feet in a fortnight.

Mr. Mills says he has come to regard anything further in the way of tariff legislation this session as possible.

Mr. Phelps, United States minister to England, called at the White house yesterday and had an interview with the president.

The president's reception yesterday was attended by over 300 persons, mostly ladies. He looked well and seemed in excellent spirits.

The Missouri senate passed the bill requiring all railroad companies to furnish transportation to all express companies.

Justin Jones, an old time Boston editor and publisher, and who lived for a long time in Brooklyn, died at Cromwell, Conn., aged 74. He was at one time publisher of the Cleveland Herald.

Fire at Riegelsville, Pa., destroyed an entire block, including the libraries and other property of the Methodist and the Lutheran churches. Loss, \$30,000; partly insured.

The committee on agriculture decided to report adversely the house bill to punish dealing in futures in agricultural products; deciding that it is a matter for the state legislatures exclusively.

Joseph A. Moore, the insurance agent of Indianapolis, whose extensive defalcations created a stir some time ago, has been sued for thirty thousand dollars, by the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

On October 2, 1888, the British steamship, St. George left Fleetwood, England, bound for New York. Captain Tompson and a crew of twenty-five men on board. She is now 140 days out and is thought to be lost.

The Cologne Gazette says that Germany will demand of the United States government that it arrest and punish Klein, the American whom many charge with having led the Matafaites in Samoa at the repulse of the Germans in December last.

News has just been received from Missoula, Montana territory, that the flat-head Indians are arming themselves, and that settlers in Flathead Lake valley are in great danger. The section where the trouble originated is without telegraphic facilities.

The strange disease that raged in Webster county, Kentucky a few weeks ago, has reappeared in a most violent form. Fifty deaths have resulted thus far. In a family of seven only the father survived. One of the afflicted has been left blind and the other a cripple for life.

Henry Dalton, who lives near Stanford, Ky., ordered his wife to get up and make a fire, and because she did not do so he struck her with a chair. His brother remonstrated, and Dalton got down a shotgun. Both ran, but he fired, and four buckshot struck his wife in the breast fatally wounding her. Dalton fled. A mob is in pursuit.

In the Quebec legislature Mr. Trudell created a sensation by giving notice of a resolution of sympathy with the pope, embodying the suggestion that Queen Victoria be urged to use her influence to restore the temporal power of the pope. The motion was subsequently withdrawn, it is supposed under pressure from the premier, who feared the result of the agitation that might follow it.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

The recent death of Selina Dolaro, the famous burlesque actress, lends a pathetic interest to the novel of "Bella Demonio," which opens the March number of Lippincott's Magazine. The novel, it will be remembered, had a curious history. Written originally for the New York World, it was accepted by that paper, but the M. S. was lost or stolen in some inexplicable way. Mme. Dolaro then rewrote it, and when completed offered it to Lippincott's Magazine, where it was at once accepted. It is an exceptionally stirring and dramatic story, the scene of which is laid partly in Russia and partly in England, the plot concerning itself with the doings of the revolutionists and of the Russian secret police. An article of unusual literary interest is John Sartain's "Reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe." Mr. Sartain was the editor of Sartain's Magazine, in which "The Bells" originally appeared, and he takes exceptions to some of the statements made by Richard Henry Stoddard in the January number. John Habberton concludes his "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher" in a bright and amusing manner. Charlotte Adams tells "How I Succeeded in Literature," an article written in the same brisk, dashing unconventional style as the now famous sketch which stirred up a hornet's nest in New York literary society. C. Davis English has some sensible words on "The Apotheosis of Travel." The Hundred Questions and the other departments are up to their usual level of excellence. Poems are contributed by Wilson K. Welsh, Edgar Fawcett, and Elliott Cones. A touching "In Memoriam" of Selina Dolaro, by E. Heron Allen, who has been her steadfast friend and admirer, fittingly concludes the table of contents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia.

We value every thing in this world by comparison. Water and air have no intrinsic value, and yet Jay Gould, if famishing in the desert, would give all his wealth for a pint of the former, and think it cheap; hence, life and health are the standard of all values. If your system is full of malaria you will be very miserable; a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will make you well and happy. Is one dollar a high price to pay?

SOLD TO STRANGERS.

The worn-out blinds hang loosely,
The paint is nearly gone;
The creaking gate swings idly;
The old place looks forlorn;
That myrtle mound is grass-grown,
And one by one have vanished
The flowers I used to know.
The ancient tree whose cherries
Rejoiced my childish heart
Stands leafless, grim and glooming;
The arbor's dropped apart—
That arbor in the garden
Where honeysuckle twined;
The once broad path that led there
Is now but ill defined.
The dear, quaint old mansion,
It held out kith and kin
For eighty years and over,
Till they were gathered in,
And now it goes to strangers;
Its glories all are fled
Since those who built the hearth fire
Are numbered with the dead.
While we who loved it fondly
Must give a parting sigh,
A farewell look, and sadly
Forever pass it by.
And still the fragrant lilies
May bloom beside the door,
But strangers' footsteps echo
Across the garden floor.
—Boston Transcript.

The Miser's Dream.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Peter Riggs was a miser. Any one might have read it in his face, with its pinched outlines and eager expression, in his slouching gait and whole appearance. They would have read it still more closely in the room which he occupied, bare of everything, but the most absolute necessities. A couple of old wooden chairs, a table standing on three legs and a rude headstead, constituted nearly all the furniture he possessed. His housekeeping was on the most inexpensive scale. He boarded himself, and the man worth thirty thousand dollars, fared worse than his poorest tenants.

Peter's wealth consisted almost entirely in tenement houses, of which he owned a large number, and which, in proportion to their value, brought in a large income. It was questionable how much good all this did to Peter, since his personal expenses scarcely exceeded one twentieth of his income. What remained, he either invested in additional houses, or hoarded up in an old chest, which he kept securely locked under his bed.

It was the last day of December; to-morrow would be quarter day. Peter sat in his miserable room, shivering, in spite of his cloak, which he had worn time out of mind. He had no fire. As it was six in the afternoon, and he usually went to bed at eight, he preferred to shiver for two hours, rather than incur the expense of a fire.

Peter was jubilant with the thoughts of the money he would collect on the morrow from his tenants. He drew out his strong box from its accustomed receptacle, and counted for the hundredth time, the glittering gold coins with which it was filled.

"Two thousand three hundred and seventy-five," he exclaimed, with satisfaction, as he finished the count; "and to-morrow will make it nigh upon three thousand. Ah! what a fine thing is it to have money! It pays for all my privations—and I suffer many. Money is a powerful thing. Ah! little do they think that see the old man in his threadbare clothes, how much he has to make him happy."

Peter was really happy, after his fashion, yet he was never quite content. "If it were only five thousand," he continued, "how fine it would be! But it will be in a year or two. I must be more economical."

It would be hard to tell how Peter could easily be more economical than he was now; and he tortured his fancy to devise some means of retrenchment, without thinking of any.

"It costs me a sight to live," he sighed—"a sight. If I could only live as cheap as they say one can in China, for a cent a day, it would help me greatly."

Peter locked up his chest carefully, and pushed it back under the bed. He then sat down, folding his cloak closely about him, waiting until he should hear the city bells strike the hour of eight, his usual bed time.

But Peter was more tired and drowsy than he imagined. He began to nod, and—perhaps it was the influence of the cold—he soon dropped asleep in his chair, with his head resting on his hands. Then a dream came to him which was destined to change the whole tenor of his life.

It seemed to him that he was sitting in his room as usual; the door was suddenly opened and a dark figure, of a threatening appearance, entered. Peter was terrified, as he might well be, since the door, he knew, was locked, and yet, the visitor entered as if there were no obstruction.

"Who are you?" faltered he, eyeing the unknown. "Have you come to rob me?"

"Of what?"

"Of my money—that is, what little I have."

"And if I should, it would be of no service to me."

"Oh!" said Peter, reassured, "then I am ready to hear your business."

"I have come for you," was the answer.

"For me?" again repeated Peter, terrified.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"You may guess what for, when I tell you who I am."

"Who are you?" asked Peter, more and more uneasy.

"I am the angel death," said the intruder, solemnly.

Peter nearly jumped from his chair in affright.

"The angel of death!" he repeated, horror-stricken.

"You have said it."

"But," said Peter, nervously, "you have made a mistake, good angel. Perhaps you think I am older than I am. I want eight years yet of being the appointed age of man. I am only sixty-two."

"I know it," said the visitor, composedly.

"Then why—why do you come for me now?" stammered the miser, shivering with fear.

"Would you like to read your sentence of condemnation?" asked his visitor.

"Yes," answered the miser, scarcely knowing what he said.

The other struck the wall with his wand, and instantly there gleamed upon it in fiery letters—

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire!"

"What has that to do with me?" asked Peter, his teeth chattering.

"Tell me of your good works. Have you any to show?"

Peter was silent.

"When have you ever given the value of a farthing to relieve the necessities of others? Can you name a single instance?"

Peter hung his head.

"Do you remember the shivering child that passed you on the sidewalk this afternoon, and held out its hand for a gift? What did you, who had in your pocket what would have been a fortune to her—what did you give her?"

The miser's face was tinged with shame.

"Tell me, then, what good have you done in the world? What becomes of all the gold that pours into your coffers? Do you ever encourage industry by spending it on yourself? Look at this miserable room, where you lead a life of misery, confining yourself to the bare necessities, when you might enjoy all its comforts. Tell me, Peter, have you anything to gain yourself, by living? A few years of privation could bring you no happiness."

"But I am not fit to die," said the miser, appalled.

"Are you fit to live?" was the stern rejoinder. "Do you think any one would be the worse off for your death?"

"I will reform; only try me!" implored the miser.

"What good would it do?"

"Just a year!" entreated Peter.

"Then, if I am not a different man, come and take me."

There was a pause. At length the reply came.

"It shall be as you wish. If, after the end of a year, I find no change in you, I will come again."

Peter awoke, to find himself in the dark, and the cold perspiration oozing from his brow.

The dream had made a profound impression upon him. Suddenly, the great delusion of his life was rent away, and he saw his life in all its barrenness and folly. He pictured to himself what he easily might have been, if he had not bowed all his life long at the shrine of Mammon; and with this ideal picture, he compared what he was, and he shuddered at the wide contrast.

"My life has been a terrible mistake," he confessed to himself "but, thank heaven, I have still a little time left; I will devote it to making reparation. Heaven helping me, I shall so act, that when I die some one shall miss me."

As the first fruits of his good resolution, he built a brisk fire, and replenished it bountifully from his scanty stock of fuel. The old room fairly danced in the cheerful blaze, and the miser spread his chilled hands before it with an air of satisfaction.

The morrow dawned. At the usual hour, Peter set out on his collecting tour.

Hitherto, he had been a most inexorable landlord. Woe betide the unlucky tenant who failed to have the rent ready for him at the day and hour he called; he was likely to receive small mercy at Peter's hands.

Such was the condition of Mrs. Mercer, a widow with one son, on whom he first called. Her son had been in the habit of selling newspapers, and upon this, more than upon the scanty amount which his mother made by sewing, they half managed to live.

But a fortnight before, Charlie Mercer had been taken sick—the sickness, no doubt, being induced by exposure in stormy weather. In consequence of this misfortune, she was now two dollars short of the amount required to meet her quarter's rent. Knowing, as she did, Peter's reputation, she prepared to meet him, with trepidation.

"He is a hard man," she said. "I fear the worst."

"But God can change even his heart, mother," said her son.

"Heaven grant it," she said, fervently.

At this moment there was a knock heard at the door. It was the dreaded visitor.

"I suppose you have come for the rent?" said Mrs. Mercer.

"I believe this is quarter day," said Peter.

"I am very sorry that I have not got the whole of the money ready for you," said the widow, nervously; "but my boy has been sick for a week past, and that has diminished our earnings."

"How much have you ready?" asked Peter.

"I have it within two dollars," said Mrs. Mercer.

"I can't take it," said Peter decidedly.

"But," said Mrs. Mercer, misunderstanding him, "I will pay you the

other two dollars just as soon as I can get it."

"What does your boy do?"

Mrs. Mercer understood this question to be asked with the idea of enabling the landlord to judge whether there was any likelihood of his soon being able to earn the money required to make up the deficiency.

"He sells papers."

"Does he like the business?"

"Mrs. Mercer began to be surprised. She did not understand Peter's motives in asking the question.

"Not very well," she answered; but poor people have to do as they can."

"Mrs. Mercer," said Peter, abruptly "you perhaps think me a miser—and so I have been; but I see the folly of it. I am going to change my mode of life entirely. I shall furnish a comfortable house, and shall need some one to take care of it; will you be my housekeeper, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year?"

"And Charlie—" said he astonished woman.

"He shall live with us; it will take charge of his education."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Mrs. Mercer, seizing his hand and bedewing it with tears of joy. "You have made me very happy!"

"Have I asked Peter, in joyous surprise.

"Very happy."

"Then I may yet be of some use in the world. Keep your money, Mrs. Mercer; I don't want it. Tell your boy to get well, and by next week I shall have a home ready for you to come to."

Peter passed on to the next room. This was occupied by a young girl and her mother. They had both sat up all night to earn the last of the rent, which they knew would be demanded in the morning. They looked very pale and careworn.

"You do not look well," said Peter.

"Do you work very hard?"

"We have to," said the mother, surprised at Peter's changed manner, "for we are paid very little. Here is the rent."

"It is New Year's day," said Peter, cheerfully. "I shan't take it; you may consider it as a New Year's present."

"You are very kind," said both, with grateful surprise.

"And I have concluded to reduce the rents one-third, from henceforth," said Peter.

"Do you make shirts?" he inquired, cutting short the grateful protestations.

"Yes."

"Then you shall make me a dozen. Here is some money to buy the material. How much have you got for making them?"

"We were paid thirty cents at the shops."

"Then I will pay you double, and in advance."

Peter left the two happy hearts behind him.

"I never knew how happy it made one to do good," thought he, joyously. "What a fool I have been not to find it out till I was sixty-two!"

The next tenant had the money ready; but Peter noticed that her boy was without shoes.

"What is the name of your son," he asked.

"Edward," said the mother, surprised.

"Then I give this money back to you as a New Year's present to him. The little fellow must need it more than I do."

So Peter went his rounds. He had never passed a happier day. He remitted the quarter's rent in every instance, as he had determined in the beginning, and his opportune gift shed rays of sunshine over many a humble hearth.

This was a beginning of a new life to Peter Riggs. Henceforth, he lived for others as well as himself. As he had promised, he fitted up a house comfortably, and Mrs. Mercer and Charlie came to live with him. In their cheerful society he enjoyed himself, tenfold as much as he ever had before. The old expression of greed had faded out, and in the benevolent-looking old man who now walks the streets, warmly and comfortably clad, you would hardly recognize old Peter Riggs, the miser.—Yankee Blade.

He Explained It.

Children never believe that father can by any possibility be wrong, and often construct the most ingenious excuses for him:

Freddy is a little one of only seven years' growth, the son of a minister, who, with his wife, had arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying that the house was a three-story building, when, in fact, it was only two, he said:

"Ma."

"Well, Freddy?"

"Pa is right."

"How is that, Freddy?"

"The kitchen is one."

"Yes."

"This floor is two, and that story that pa told is three."—Yankee Blade.

The Corpse Resented a Joke.

A coterie of doctors were conducting a post mortem on a man who had been shot. For over an hour they sought the bullet in vain.

"Another case of led astray," remarked one at last. And the corpse awoke with a shudder and fled in dismay.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Weary Evening.

Jinks (to old friend in theater lobby)—"I notice you come out after every act. You are not drinking, I hope?"

Blinks—"Oh, no; but it is rather tiresome inside. I came with my own sister this time."—New York Weekly.

New Orleans Women.

Some of the enterprising young women have been lately balked in their efforts to take up the study of practical pharmacy by the fact that there are no opportunities in New Orleans; that the women druggists already established in the city studied privately and completed their course at some northern or western institution. The New Orleans school of medicine flatly refuses to admit women students. It is safe to predict that now the subject is taken in hand some means will be devised so that if a young woman of New Orleans wishes to become a practical pharmacist she need not leave home for the course of study.

The Creole women have established a woman's exchange and adopted most of the rules and regulations governing the older organization, which is by the way called the Christian Woman's Exchange—an unfortunate appellation, as unless the Christian is laboriously applied to others they seem to be non-Christian.

The Artists' Association, at a recent business meeting, elected to share the benefits and responsibilities of their organization with two women of "recognized ability."

Rev. Dr. Mayo, formerly of this city, says: "The most interesting and significant of all southern movements for the combination of industrial with the secondary and higher education is found in Tulane University in the city of New Orleans." This institution was established four years ago through the gift of \$1,500,000 by Paul Tulane, a retired merchant of that city. Originally it was established for white boys, but by the munificence of two women it includes a college for the higher instruction of girls, and a valuable free library.

The new university touches every spring of instruction. In its free dispensation of normal instruction for the teachers of New Orleans, its support of an elaborate system of free lectures on a variety of topics, its collection of a good museum and library, its accessibility to all classes, it is assuming the natural leadership of popular education in Louisiana. It has had the courage to make manual training and industrial drawing compulsory. The industrial department is under the management of Prof. Ordway, formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. Mr. Mayo says:

Through its college and a variety of evening classes for men, women and mechanics, and frequent courses of practical lectures to associations of workmen, its society for the promotion of industrial and decorative art, and its school of artistic culture in the girls' Sophie Newcomb College, it is becoming the most beneficent agency in the southwest in the development of what may be in the near future one of the most prominent features in the life of New Orleans.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Raising the Blockade.

A certain educational institution not a hundred miles from this city, says the Albany Express, has a series of very rigid rules relative to the conduct of its students outside of school hours. One of these rules is to the effect that no young lady student must go out after dark in the company of a man, be he of high or low degree. This rule is enforced very strictly, and the young ladies are much in terror of the penalties alleged to be inflicted upon any unfortunate creature caught violating the rule. Recently, however, a young lady student attended an entertainment upon the invitation of a gentleman of her acquaintance and was unfortunately enough to be discovered by a grim-faced lady teacher of the institution in question. The teacher was evidently not quite sure of the girl's identity, but decided that on her way home she would wait awhile in front of the girl's boarding-house, which was directly on her route, and confront the culprit in the very act of disobeying the cast-iron law of the school. The young people were just behind her, however, and saw her pause before the boarding-house. They retired to the shadow of the trees and waited. The grim teacher never stirred. It was growing late, but she evidently intended to secure her victim. The young people were just beginning to grow uneasy, when a brilliant thought struck the young man. With the fair student upon his arm, he did what is usually deemed impossible—he found the officer on that beat. A short explanation and a glance from the bright eyes of the perplexed maiden settled the matter and the stalwart "copper" walked back to where the lone watch stood and said roughly: "Come, now, you've been here long enough; move on or I'll pull you in." Thoroughly frightened the poor woman stood for a moment and then walked on as rapidly as offended dignity would permit. When she was out of sight the smiling youngsters made their appearance, and with a demure countenance the young lady bade her friend good night and entered the house. The teacher, somehow, never reported the case.

Pride of Station.

Prima Donna (proudly)—"If that is the Prince of Wales at the door, tell him that the queen of the operatic stage has no desire to associate with mere princes."

Maid—"It is not the prince, madam; it is a soap manufacturer."

"Oh! Admit him."—New York Weekly.

A man should never look a gift mule in the heels or a Christmas present in the price-mark.—Somerville Journal.

WINGED MISSILES.

Over 600,000 barrels of apples were sent from this country to England last year.

The experts of the army board have found that more than one-fifth of the Washington Aqueduct Tunnel lining has cavities above it.

George Scott, of Dubuque, wasted his substance and brought himself to poverty and crime by giving too freely to charities.

The proposed East River tunnel between New York city and Long Island, it is stated, will be four and a-half miles long and will cost \$5,000,000.

It is stated that the first woman's missionary society ever organized was organized in Natchez, Miss., in 1834, and collected that year \$300 to educate a young Choctaw woman.

The household of the emperor of China is to consist of 500 persons, including 30 fan-bearers, 30 umbrella-bearers, 30 physicians and surgeons, 75 astrologers, 7 chief cooks, and 50 priests.

The Catholic pilgrimage from New York to Rome and the holy land leaves Feb. 21 on one of the steamers of the Hamburg line. Its itinerary is so constructed that holy week will be spent in Jerusalem.

The Rochester Democrat says that a jeweler of New York city has just finished for a fashionable lady of that city a pair of garter buckles that are valued at \$300. We'll believe it when we see 'em.

The young men's Christian associations of Chicago district, comprising the counties of Grundy, McHenry, Lake, Cook, Du Page, Will, Kane, Kane, Kane, and Kendall, will hold their annual conference at Aurora Feb. 8-10.

Mr. Spurgeon fell down a marble staircase shortly after reaching the sunny side of France and broke himself up badly, but it is now announced that he is getting better and will be in his pulpit again about the middle of February.

New York finds that it has a saloon for every twenty-three men who drink in such places, and the World observes that there must be an enormous profit in the business to enable the owners to keep their heads above bankruptcy.

Thirty years ago insanity was almost unknown among the southern negroes, but now the number thus affected in North Carolina alone is estimated at 1,000, and the asylum for their treatment at Goldsboro has just been enlarged.

The French have invented a submarine boat which can dive beneath the keel of an iron-clad, and by means of a special apparatus fasten explosive cartridges to the side of the vessel, and afterward explode the cartridges by electricity.

At Willows, Cal., a flock of wild geese settled down on a forty-acre field of grain and picked it clean in two hours. The number of birds was estimated at 75,000. It was a fine opportunity for a Michigan sportsman to have killed a goose.

Miss Ida Newman, a young lady well known in Providence (R. I.) charitable circles, has recently married a Chinese laundryman, greatly against the wishes of her friends. The city missionary society has expelled the young woman.

Jake Boner, a New Orleans stone-cutter, was informed by messenger the other day that a son had been born to him. He began to dance on the scaffold, and the result was a fall and a broken neck. Sons must be a rare article in New Orleans.

C. T. Studd, the famous athlete, who attracted attention as one of the foremost leaders in the mission movement in English universities, has allied himself with Gen. Booth of the Salvation army and will lead in an aggressive movement in China.

In southern Russia and the Caucasus the women smoke almost as universally as the men. A newspaper correspondent writes: "I have had, two or three times, nicely dressed ladies step up to me in a railroad station or on the platform and beg of me a light."

Cardinal Manning has prepared an exhaustive paper on the American public-school system which will appear soon, and will be published simultaneously in Europe and America. The cardinal is strongly in favor of parental as opposed to public-school control of pupils.

A person convicted of any crime in China, except that of murdering one of the royal family, can hire a substitute, to take the punishment, even if it is death. The rate of pay of these substitutes has lately advanced about 20 per cent and the cause is laid to the English.

The postmaster general in a communication to congress points out the fact that under the present laws railways are not compelled to carry the mails, and suggests the importance of amending the laws so as to make that service obligatory on the part of the railway companies.

Moore, who defrauded the Connecticut Mutual out of half a million dollars, was a believer in life insurance, for he had placed \$35,000 on his life in different companies, including \$25,000 in the Connecticut Mutual. Inasmuch as the policies are made payable to his family, his creditors cannot touch them. It is not believed that the defalcation will be found to exceed \$500,000, of which \$100,000 has been secured.

Postmaster General Dickinson has signed an agreement with M. Romero, the Mexican minister to the United States, for the establishment of a system of through international rotary lock registered pouches between the two countries by which delays at the border will be obviated. For the present, however, the arrangement will not go into effect except between the city of New York and the City of Mexico.

A chestnut tree on a Pennsylvania farm presents a phenomenon in vegetable growth. There are two separate trunks, three feet apart, ten feet high, and two feet in diameter. At the height of ten feet, however, the two trunks join, each one having at some stage of its existence curved suddenly toward the other, until the union was formed. From that point the trunk is single, and grows to the height of thirty-five feet before a limb appears. Another curious thing about the tree is that the nuts it bears have double meats.

NEW ZEALAND'S WILDS.

What an American Tourist Saw in the Antipodal Wonder-Land.

When I started from Los Angeles, about two years ago, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Call, it was not with the intention of exploring in this land of wonders, nor becoming one of a surveying party. What a storehouse of curiosities New Zealand is. Boiling lakes of sulphur, of mud and of water, alongside of which, very often separated by a wall of rock scarcely a foot in thickness, are to be found pools of ice cold water. Smoking volcanoes, every-day earthquakes, as the people here call them; snow-clad peaks, magnificent water-falls, great precipitous mountains, towering thousands of feet into the air and nearly covered by splendid virgin forests of rare and useful woods. Rich deposits of a gum—known in the commercial world as a kauri—are scattered over large portions of the north island; great fields of coal, iron, copper, gold, silver, etc., are lying ready for the capitalist and the workman.

It struck me as most singular that nature should have so magnificently favored these three little islands—thousands of miles from civilization—and left its immense island continent neighbor, Australia, so nearly barren. I had always believed that my own dear country, America, was the only place on earth where these mysteries of nature reigned supreme, but I have learned, guessing through telescopes, the heights of Sutherland waterfall, named after the discoverer, has for the last year or more been exciting discussion between the various learned associations of Australia and New Zealand, and in fact the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain had taken a hand in the talking and figuring. Scientific men journeyed all the way from old England, France and Australia to Milford sound—situated on the west coast of New Zealand—to have a guess at this remarkable freak of nature. Guess, I say, for not one of the many "wiseacres" could get a nearer view of the falls than sixteen miles. Well, to show how good these men of science were guessing through the telescope the answers ranged from five hundred to five thousand feet. So exciting had become the solution of its height, and so many accidents had occurred to adventurous spirits in their endeavors to solve the mystery, that the New Zealand government, either becoming afraid of an international or intercolonial conflict, got in the other day and spoiled the fun by sending out a surveying party to get the facts and figures and cut a track to the falls at all hazards. This was a mistake, for it lessened the interest taken in New Zealand which the dispute has kept at fever heat for over a year.

On arrival at Milford sound we were met by Mr. Sutherland, the discoverer of the famous falls. To tourists and New Zealanders he is known as the "Hermit of Milford sound." Eleven years ago, accompanied only by his dogs, he located here, where he has built a three-room cottage, which he keeps scrupulously clean and in apple order. The kitchen occupies the center room, his bedroom on the right and the other always ready for any wanderer who may happen along. Around the walls of this curious dwelling are some sketches of the mountain scenery, drawn by himself. Bottles of minerals, gold quartz, rubies, etc., are neatly arranged on shelves. Skins of rare native birds decorate and hide the bareness of the walls, and their beauty is enough to make a lover of zoology envious. Sutherland is a Scotchman and a decidedly eccentric character, but for all that a fund of information and dry humor. He has no love for the city "chaps," calling them "ashfelters." Tourists he has in great contempt, saying they will take any thing they can lift; photographers, who occasionally visit the sound, are spoken of as "shadow-catchers."

The first stage of the journey after leaving the sound is done by boat up the Arthur river. For the next two miles a series of un navigable rapids are passed until the fern tree hut at the foot of Lake Ada is reached. Again entering our canvas boat, we had plain sailing for three miles—the length of the lake—passing through some of the most beautiful and grandest of scenery. At the upper end of this lake two large rivers enter. One was christened Waihohepa by the chief of our party, the other Poseiden by Mr. Sutherland. Getting out of the lake we again encountered two miles of rapids up to the 10 by 12 tent. Here the track follows the river for six miles to the birch hut. Although now but a mile from the falls, it was a very hard one to walk. For the full distance a great land-slide had come down from the mountain side, completely obliterating the track. Ice, snow, earth, stones and fallen trees—many over three feet in diameter, some of which had been snapped off and broken to splinters—blocked the path. From a point about two miles below the falls the first glimpse is obtained. It is not until you are close to it that the full height and volume can be seen, great trees and bushes intercepting the view. The water issues from a narrow defile between Mount Sutherland on the right and Mount Hood on the left. From a little hill, appropriately named View Mount, one gets a comprehensive view of the falls. It is now seen that the water dashes over the cliff in three grand leaps, and constitutes about one-half of the entire volume of the Arthur river. The first leap is over a dizzy cliff into a rocky basin 815 feet below. Jumping forth again, it makes another leap of 761 feet, and then goes tumbling and leaping in one wild dash of 338

feet into the pool at the foot of the precipice. The total height is exactly 1,994 feet, which is claimed to be one of the highest waterfalls yet discovered in the world.

The effect of the fall when the sun is shining is indescribable. Rainbows of all sizes hang over its surface. So immense is the volume of water that at a distance of three hundred yards your voice is drowned by its tremendous roar. Besides the fall a magnificent natural shower bath, two hundred feet high, was discovered. This is supposed to be the highest yet known.

The country around the sound is exceedingly rich in minerals, several of our party succeeding in picking up a few small garnets and rubies. A very fine patch of asbestos was also discovered. In one of the rocky defiles a rich vein of copper and another of gold-bearing quartz was unearthed. These, I am afraid, will never be workable. The ever recurring avalanches being a dangerous drawback. Two immense land-slides came down the mountain sides while we were working by the falls, and the noise and shaking of the earth did not make us feel very comfortable.

Runaway Matches.

Just how far a parents' influence should extend over the matrimonial alliances of their children is a matter of opinion, writes a Texas lady to the Galveston News, but when we see some of the matches which our lax customs on this subject permit, we might be excused if we favored quite an extension of parental authority. That a young person of either sex is qualified at sixteen years of age to decide so momentous a question would be unanimously denied if it were not so customary to allow girls at that age to contract obligations which involve their whole future. The idea that they should assume these obligations contrary to the wishes of their parents is, indeed, monstrous.

It seems, no doubt, a grand frolic sometimes to outwit the old folks, to marry without their consent, but the frolic generally proves to be very serious, solem business, and in a few years' time there is nothing so sweet as the care and help which these same old folks are called upon to bestow.

There is no love so unselfish as that of a parent, and a girl may well be cautious about trusting her future to a man who would persuade her to grieve and disappoint their faithful hearts. On the other hand, it is safe to assert that an undutiful, ungrateful daughter is not likely to make the most loving, patient, and self-sacrificing of wives and mothers.

Besides these considerations, conscious worth should inspire a young man with a certain self-respect which would demand a welcome from the parents of the woman he would make his wife. There are unreasonable, exacting parents, just as there are foolish, giddy young people, but their age, experience and the tender love they bear their children entitle their wishes to consideration from even the most infatuated couple.

We would hear of very few runaway matches if the proper sympathy and confidence were maintained between girls and their mothers. The light fancy, the pleasant attraction which a girl feels toward any nice, agreeable gentleman, should be recognized and respected by the mother. She, too, has been along that enchanted pathway. That feeling, however, should not be mistaken for the love founded on esteem, which alone can weather the gales of married life without making shipwrecks of all our dearest hopes.

The Agnostic's Creed.

From whence I come, or whither go,
My creed is this, I do not know;
Into this creed all others flow.

I am a flickering spark of mind,
Vast darkness is before, behind—
Darkness to me, for I am blind.

Lo, in a blade of grass there dwell
Dread mysteries I cannot spell,
Higher than heaven, deeper than hell.

Things were and are and are to be;
I peer not into mystery,
And cry, made bold through fear, "I see!"

Things were, and are, and go their way,
Whether they govern or obey;
With them I go and cannot stray.

"I do not know," all thought sublime,
All prophecies of former time,
But hide this pearl in seas of slime.

And I, who neither fear nor trust,
Holding this creed because I must,
Shall not be mocked, alive or dust.

—George Horton, Chicago Herald.

Unintentional Apostasy.

An old clergyman used to relate the following anecdote with great glee: Once, when preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation, he found among them an old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid that, for some weeks prior to the time, he was obliged to have her come to his house every day in order to instruct and catechise her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience and zeal had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's clouded intellect. The important day arrived. "Now, my good friend," said the worthy pastor just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask; do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?" "Aye, yes, sir, thank 'ee," replied the venerable pupil, with a simper, and dropping one of her best courtesies: "I does, indeed, now; and, thank God, I heartily renounces 'em all."

ABOUT WEDDING TRIPS.

People Must Take Them, Even Though They Dread It.

The origin of the wedding trip is entirely unknown, writes William L. Allen, in Once a Week. As to it we can be sure of only one thing—the wedding trip originated among civilized or semi-civilized nations, and not among barbarians.

Custom now requires that a newly-married pair should fly from their friends and seek the seclusion of a cottage by the sea, or the more acute loneliness of a hotel crowded with strangers. Exception is sometimes made in behalf of a husband and wife who are advanced in years, or who by long-continued habit have become accustomed to undergoing marriage, and look upon taking for the third or fourth time the vows of matrimony with the indifference with which a veteran traveler, landing in New York, swears his way through the custom-house. But to young people no social mercy is shown. They must undergo their wedding trip, no matter how much or how justly they may dread it.

Our barbarous ancestors regarded marriage as an affair either of bargain and sale, or of robbery. In neither case did the successful husband feel called upon to hide himself. Having bought an eligible wife, or having picked up a cheap wife at a bargain, he no more thought of carrying her off to some secluded place and concealing himself and his purchase for a month than the fortunate buyer of a fine picture or a good table bought for a song at an auction thinks of hiding the evidence of his good fortune and discernment. Neither did the cave-dweller, who probably knocked down his beloved object with a club, and throwing her over his shoulder, carried her to his private cave, think of flying with her to some large and fashionable seaside cave and spending three or four weeks with her in the darkness of the stuffy and stalagmite-strewn bridal chamber. On the contrary, he was proud of his prowess, and on the morning after his marriage exhibited his new wife, with her head covered with sticking plaster, and casually remarked to his friends that, although he had married a large number of wives, this particular one had the thickest skull he had ever cracked. Such is to this very day the custom in the best circles of native Australian society, and scientific persons are of the opinion that the Australians are the oldest race now on the planet.

Conceding, then, that the wedding trip has not come down to us from primitive and savage man, it must have been the invention of a comparatively civilized people. What could have been the motive which gave birth to such a custom? The answer must be sought by conjecture, but in this case conjecture may prove to be a trust-worthy guide.

Clearly the inventors of the wedding trip were not a human and sympathetic race. There is probably no time in the life of a man or woman when he or she has greater need of human sympathy and encouragement than during the first few weeks of married life. And yet this is the very time when modern custom has decreed their isolation. They are not merely thrust out of reach of the sympathy of their friends, but they are practically forbidden to make new friends during the honeymoon. No newly-made husband dares to say: "My dear, I have met some very good fellows at the hotel, and we're going to have a little game of whist in the smoking-room to night," and where is the recent bride who would venture to spend the evening in Mrs. So and So's room, and leave the groom alone for an hour or two? No! the pair must be confined exclusively in the society of each other while the wedding trip lasts, no matter how they may long for the clasp of a friendly hand, or a word of kindness and encouragement.

Thus we see that the people who invented the wedding trip were not a sympathetic race. Beyond doubt they were practical people who prized the useful above the pleasant. They inflicted wedding trips upon newly-married people because they judged it best for the interests of the community.

Now, these sensible and disagreeable people may have had either one or two objects in view when they established the ordeal by wedding trip. Perhaps they regarded it as the swimmer regards the headlong plunge into cold water, as the quickest way to accustom oneself to an inevitable evil. They may have reasoned that as man and wife are to make the experiment of living together during the lifetime of one or the other, the sooner and more thoroughly they try it the better. There is certainly a good deal of force in the reasoning, but it proceeds upon the assumption that marriage was at the period in question indissoluble, whereas we know that as a rule indissoluble marriage exists only in the highest state of civilization, and is comparatively a modern idea. In all probability such facilities for divorce existed among the people who originated the custom of wedding trips.

If such were the case, the wedding trip was beyond doubt designed as a test of the fitness of the bride and groom for a more prolonged experience of married life. Doubtless the father of the bride said to his daughter: "Marry this man if you wish, and go away with him for a month where you will have nothing to distract your mind from him. If at the end of that time you still endure him, we will get an order from the supreme court making your marriage permanent." With this understanding the young people

started on their wedding trip, and though we have no absolute statistics on this subject, there can be but little doubt that occasionally the result was a so-called permanent marriage.

This conjecture satisfactorily explains the origin of the wedding trip, but only emphasizes the folly of the survival of a custom now become meaningless. We may admire boldness, but voluntarily to incur unnecessary danger is not boldness. Marriage reasonably begun is much more likely to succeed than is marriage begun with a wedding trip, and however much we may wonder at the recklessness of the husband who takes his bride from the church to the ocean steamer, we can not respect the intelligence of the pair who prefer to begin their married life with mutual seasickness, and the mutual revelation of the disagreeable characteristics that seasickness, ennui and absence of friends are sure to reveal.

The Humorous Letter.

The Tribune recently printed a London dispatch concerning the recent personal encounter between Mr. Whistler and a brother artist named Stott. It appears from this that some words took place between them during the course of which Mr. Stott casually remarked that Mr. Whistler was a versatile liar and an accomplished coward—or remarks to that effect. Upon this, the dispatch informs us, Mr. Whistler administered "some rather severe blows on Stott's head"—we suppose if that able newspaper man, Mr. John L. Sullivan, had been reporting it, he would have said that Whistler "got Stott's head in chancery and thumped his brain-pan with the raw uns." After this, Mr. Whistler kicked Mr. Stott out of the room.

The dispatch now goes on to say that Mr. Whistler "subsequently wrote a humorous letter to the club committee, giving the facts attending the case, and claiming that the measures he had adopted would prevent in future members of the club being made subject to insults." Mildly speaking, we should say this kind of treatment, diligently pursued, would have a tendency to discourage insults. Especially if Mr. Whistler kicked hard.

What will strike the average reader most forcibly, however, is the "humorous letter" feature. How much it soothes the feeling of a man who has had a number of rather severe blows administered to his head and been kicked out of a room to learn that his opponent is explaining matters in "humorous letters," it is hard to guess. If, however, there are to be any humorous letters at all, clearly the gentleman who remains in the room must furnish them—the one who has been assisted out is in no frame of mind for that style of correspondence.

Perhaps it is too early to predict the possibilities of the humorous letter in affairs of this kind, but if Mr. Stott comes out smiling to-day or to-morrow, and says that the letter has calmed his feelings, and that he is satisfied, the usefulness of these light and graceful epistles will be clear to everybody. If two men have a belligerent meeting anywhere let the victor write a humorous letter telling all about it, and the injured one will doubtless come out and say he feels better. The soothing power of the humorous letter, when applied to a broken head, has never, perhaps, been given half the credit due it. In the future, instead of duels and bitter animosities, we may have only the humorous letter and peace. It is quite possible, if those eminent Kentucky practitioners, the Hatfields and McCoy's, had tried the fanciful and humorous letter instead of the blunt and plain-spoken six-shooter and the cold and disagreeable double-barrelled shot-gun, all bloodshed might have been avoided. The dream of universal peace may yet be realized through the humorous letter.

Should the humorous epistle succeed in private life, why could it not be extended to public matters? After Bismarck, for instance, has bullied our Mr. Bayard for some time, and, as we say, kicked him out of an island, he might write a humorous letter and smooth the thing over. Would it not, perhaps, be a good time for Mr. Bayard himself to write a humorous letter about the Haytian affair?—he has got that formidable power in just about the same condition that Mr. Stott was when he landed out doors. Anything beyond the first attack may be unknown in war when the light and graceful humorous letter comes to be fully recognized.

But it is probably better not to expect too much of it till we see how Mr. Stott takes it. It hardly seems as if it would be a particularly successful pacifier. We can only wait and see how it works in Stott's case, and if he seems to like it, it can be tried further.—Texas Siftings.

Hebe.

Hebe, the Grecian goddess of health, daughter of no less distinguished personages than Jupiter and Juno, was a model for many young ladies of the present day. She wasn't afraid of work. She personally attended to her mother's chariot, and with her own fair hands hitched up Juno's peacocks when she wanted to take a drive on the avenue, and rubbed them down and bedded them after their return. When told that Hercules wished her for a wife, she said "Hebe—darned," but afterwards relented if he would release her from servitude to her mother. This he did and they were married. She was always much attached to her Cules, as she called him, but what she took her one from we don't know.—Texas Siftings.

AN UNLUCKY OPAL.

Story of a Connecticut Man Whose Wife Wore a Borrowed Ring.

"About four weeks ago a gentleman was stopping with us from Mexico, says the Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer." "He had with him a very handsome ring. In the center of the setting is a large opal, surrounded by diamonds of a smaller size, but making a beautiful and glistening ornament. The ring was his mother's. It was left to him at her death, and ever since it fell to him he has had business troubles and general bad luck. He was talking about it one evening to his wife and myself. We all laughed, and she in a joking way said: 'Oh, I wouldn't be afraid of bad luck if I had such a ring as that.' He replied that he could not think of parting with the opal, as it had been his mother's, but if his wife would like to wear it for a short time he would lend it to her. I don't believe in borrowed plumes, but as he said that he should be in New York for a few weeks attending to some business matters before returning to Mexico, and as he would really like to leave the opal with some one for safety, it was decided to leave it here in Bridgeport. We are all friends together, and did not think of the ring other than to place it in a bureau drawer.

"A few evenings after he had gone we were invited to play whist. My wife had several diamond rings, but thought the big opal would look rather stunning at a card table, so she wore it; from that moment our luck changed. In getting out of a carriage she tore her dress. At the whist table she took hardly a trick. Somebody changed hats with me in the dressing-room, and when we got home we found two children sick, and that the third had fallen downstairs and received quite severe injuries. The next morning one of the servants left us. Money matters began to get involved with us. I could not get hold of enough money to meet pressing demands upon me, on account of being disappointed in payments that had been promised. One of our relatives died. Bills came in embarrassingly fast. Our water pipes got out of order, and all sorts of discouraging and unpleasant things have arisen to annoy us. At last my wife was taken sick, and while lying in bed she said: 'I really believe all this trouble we have had in the last four weeks has come about on account of that opal ring.'

"Saturday our friend came up to pass Sunday with us before his return to Mexico. We gave him his opal and told him our troubles. 'Well,' said he, 'I have had great luck in New York. Ever since I left here four weeks ago I have been making money. Every thing I touched panned out large profits.' Then we all laughed and said: 'What nonsense!' but it certainly was very funny.

"On Monday he, with his opal, bade us good-bye at eight o'clock in the morning. Now watch what followed. At 8:30 the postman left a letter with a check in it for \$50. At ten o'clock I was paid \$50 in cash, which I no more expected than I expected to be shot. Before night we had a new servant. The children and my wife recovered from their indisposition, and our household matters began to run smoothly. On Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock another \$50 in cash was handed to me unexpectedly, and the same mail brought a check for \$100 more. But the climax was reached when the evening mail brought a statement from a New York attorney that an estate had been divided up, and that my wife's portion was \$16,200. Inclosed was a statement, also a receipt and all the papers to sign before a notary public. She signed the papers, and is going to New York to get the funds. I am not superstitious, but it certainly does look as if the opal had something to do with it. Don't you think so?"

Munchausen Outdone.

A Harrisburg prevaricator has evolved from his brain a story that rivals Munchausen's greatest effort, say the Chicago Inter-Ocean. He says that a couple of eels, which had long eluded the seductive arts of all other anglers, were caught in Stony creek the other day by a farmer named Jeremiah Hogentogler. One eel was within two inches of four feet in length, and the other was a trifle over three feet. He skinned his prizes at once, and, to prevent the hides from shrinking, stuffed each with green walnuts and tufts of dried grass. When Mr. Hogentogler had finished his day's work in the woods, he drove his mule home with a well-loaded wagon. About twenty yards from his barn, just as darkness had begun to settle in the valley, the wagon stuck in a mud hole. Mr. Hogentogler whipped his mule vigorously. The animal strained and tugged in an effort to move the wagon, and to make the situation still more exasperating, both of the traces broke. In this emergency Mr. Hogentogler bethought him of the eel skins. They were tough, and he substituted them for the traces. When they had been emptied of their contents, fastened to the single-tree, and tied across the breast of the mule, the whip was put to the animal again, and he moved without difficulty. He had gone but a few paces, however, before Mr. Hogentogler discovered that the wagon was standing still. The skins were not yet dry, and were stretching. When the mule reached the barn, the wagon still remained in the mud hole, and it was quite dark. Hogentogler slipped the end of the traces over a post and went to bed. In the morning his load of wood stood in his own yard, the eel skins having shrunk enough to draw it there.

Read and Run.

This week the month of spring comes to us.

A serious fire in Montreal, occurred Saturday, occasioning a loss of \$208,000.

Ernest Henry Charles Deeken, the German geologist, has just died at the age of 88.

The sum of \$50,000 has been offered for the race horse, Stamboul, in California.

An expedition from Princeton College will visit Oregon next summer to search for fossil remains.

Patti is coming to America next season, with the purpose of giving thirty performances in grand opera.

Edward Millett, a well-known newspaper writer, died in New York, after a brief illness, Feb. 15.

Speaker Carlisle says that there will be no revenue reduction during this session of Congress.

The half-breed Indians in Bartlett County, Dakota, are very restless and may give trouble at any time.

Steel paving blocks are proposed as a substitute for granite, as more durable and slightly less expensive.

George Reynolds was adrift two days in an open dory, and then picked up at sea by the steamer Worcester.

The prohibitory amendment to the Massachusetts Constitution is to be voted upon by the people, April 22.

Six men were killed by an exploding boiler in Jenk's saw mill at Memphis, West Virginia, last Saturday.

Too great caution cannot be exercised to prevent the spread of diphtheria, which is alarmingly contagious and terribly fatal.

No President-elect has done less talking than Gen. Harrison. Only a few days remain before the country can see how he will act.

Georgia and Alabama suffered from a terrible cyclone Feb. 18. Many were killed and wounded, and much property damaged.

J. W. French of London, N. H., cut his foot while chopping wood the other day, and bled to death. He was 74 years old and lived alone.

An elegant fourteen story building had nearly reached completion at Chicago, last Sunday, when it fell, but fortunately no one was killed.

Moses S. Bauer has just died in New York City, at the age of 101 years and 10 months. He voted for Harrison at the last election, being the oldest voter.

The Canadian government is making strenuous efforts to prevent the spread of leprosy, which appears to be increasing alarmingly in British Columbia.

The Union Stock Yards at Nashville, Tennessee, burned, occasioning a loss of \$60,000. Two-thirds of the loss was covered by insurance.

Richard Walden, a nineteen-year-old youth of Camden, Maine, has recently died of lockjaw, occasioned by accidentally shooting off a toe while gunning.

General Harrison is reputed to be a genuine horse flesh fancier, but buys only bay horses, maintaining that they have the more gentle disposition.

A herd of maddened cattle at Independence Rock, Wyoming, trampled into unrecognizable masses the men who attempted to stop their advance. The two could do little with the five hundred cattle.

It is estimated that it requires from 70,000 to 80,000 printed pages yearly, to publish what is known as "reported cases" of the American and English courts. This furnishes work for the printer and proof-reader.

At St. Paul, the factory and shops of the Minnesota Carriage and Sleigh company were completely destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$75,000, on which there was an insurance of \$57,000.

The union labor convention at Sedalia, Mo., broke out in a row between the fusionists and anti-fusionists, and the sheriff had to be called in to restore order. The forty anti-fusionists bolted and the remaining 110 selected a new state central committee.

A young girl living near Lansing, Ia., ten years ago is said to have swallowed a snake while drinking from an old well, and last week five snakes are reported to have been taken from her stomach, and another is believed to be still there.

Lieutenant Baert, who was at Stanley Falls, when Stanley's letter to Tippecanoe was delivered to the latter, has arrived at Brussels. He thinks that Stanley's intentions is to capture Khartoum and rescue the Sudan from the mahdi.

Governor Fifer of Illinois says: "Every Illinois patriot associates the name of Washington, the founder, with those of Lincoln, the preserver, and Grant, the defender, of the federal union. The combined errie of the three greatest Americans gave our people nationality, liberty, equality and fraternity."

The noted Web Flannagan, of Texas, whose pertinent question at the republican national convention of 1880, "What are we here for?" made him famous, is an aspirant for diplomatic honor. He wants to represent this country at some foreign court, but has not yet advised his friends as to just what post he prefers.

Rusk is now mentioned as Coleman's successor under Harrison.

Harry Cordes, an Indian was beaten to death by his wife at New York city during a drunken quarrel.

Major Moses G. McLain of Indianapolis is being urged upon General Harrison for the pension commission.

At Chippewa Falls, Wis., J. B. Kehle's large flouring mill burned, value \$35,000.

A duel was fought at Paris between M. Polak and M. Bestegui, secretary of the Mexican legation. The former was wounded.

The Pennsylvania road made preparations to exercise double care over the passage of the Harrison train from Indianapolis to Washington.

At Cleveland natural gas in the new water works tunnel exploded. Only a few men were in the tunnel. Several were seriously burned.

A wreck occurred on the European & North American railroad near Boys, Me., yesterday morning. A fireman, engineer and postal clerk are reported killed.

Max Bernstein, a candidate for the office of rabbi in Berlin, has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months for drawing blood from a Christian child.

In the town of Lake View, Ill., a small frame dwelling was burned to the ground and its occupant a man 70 years, named Hanson, perished in the flames.

Prince Alexander of Battenburg, has married Mile. Leisinger, an opera singer of continental reputation, and will hereafter reside in Italy.

General Noble of St. Louis, prominently mentioned of late as Harrison's secretary of the interior, is reported to have said that he thought it likely that he would continue his law practice.

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