

This organization, which was not formed for a mutual admiration society, nor yet for the mutual benefits of its membership, but for the laudable purpose of the absolute extirpation of

James G. Blaine. Nay, more, she seems to have joined hands with "Gail Hamilton" alias Abigail Dodge, a wonderfully expectant occupant of the White House, so disappointed as

10-10-68

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending Aug. 1, 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

Cowardly, Crawfishing Capital.

The Topeka Capital not only consents to favor the Ohio policy of regulation and taxation, but now it comes out as an apologist for those who neglect their official duty, by refusing to see that the saloons are closed.

The Capital and all the Republican prohibitionists of the state roundly abused Gov. Glick for two years because he did not close the saloons.

When Col. Martin was nominated, he promised to enforce the law.

When asked to declare in favor of prohibition he steadily refused, but he and his friends solemnly averred from a thousand platforms that he would enforce the law. From a thousand and school houses this promise was made. It was even thundered from pulpits, and ministers of God grew petulant when some of us asked for more.

That the law should be enforced was the keynote of the whole campaign. The Capital led off with this cry.

Gov. Glick had neglected to enforce the law. Gov. Martin would not neglect to do it.

Such was the burden of the whole argument why the Republican party should be successful.

Now the Capital comes out with a long editorial in response to a letter from a Dodge City clergyman, complaining that the saloons of that city are allowed to run unmolested. If this article could be reproduced changing the name of Martin to Glick, there would not be found a word to indicate that it was not from the State Journal, in defence of Gov. Glick, in reply to some Republican who demanded the enforcement of the Prohibitory law.

Here, then, is all the difference we can find between the Whiskey Democracy of Kansas in 1884, and Prohibition Republicanism of 1885, as represented in their official organs.

Does the Capital affirm that it is not going back on Prohibition? It lies in it does. It supports the Ohio platform, which Murat Halstead says is Anti-Prohibition.

It applauds Martin for doing just what it condemned in Glick.

The Capital is a great temperance fraud. It is a political crawfish.

The Governor has no power to enforce the law and close the saloons of Dodge City without a specified complaint from the citizens of that place says the Capital. So it seems that what was sauce for the Democratic goose is not sauce for the Republican gander. Did not the Capital, and Griffin, and Jettmore, and all the rest, denounce Gov. Glick because he did not enforce the law and close up the saloons? Could Glick do what Martin has no power to do? Did not the Capital and Col. Martin too, assure the Prohibitionists of Kansas, last year, that if they would elect Martin he would enforce the law? Why the only thing they really did promise was that the law should be enforced, in order, as they said with a flourish, that the full effects of prohibition may be realized. Now they are trying to crawl out of it. We said then, and we repeat now, that John A. Martin's sympathy for prohibition is an arrant sham.

It would not help prohibition to elect the Republican party, because, as a party, it opposes prohibition, but it would lead to taxation and regulation and this is what is obtainable in Ohio. We call upon Republicans to follow the flag and sustain it.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. July 25.

Honest temperance men need not go into spasms of fear because a few fence-riding papers try to endorse the present Ohio Republican platform.—McPherson Kansas Republican. July 24.

How many Republican papers in Kansas, oppose the action of the Ohio Republicans or of the Pennsylvania and Virginia or Republicans? The Topeka Capital endorses all of these.

Several members of the New Jersey legislature, members of the Republican party, unite in declaring with the New York Tribune, Cincinnati Gazette, &c, that Prohibition shall not be made a part of Republican faith. How many grand Republicans are waiting to see this official declaration before uniting with the Prohibition party.

The "Issue" is a new Prohibition paper, just started in Nashville, Tennessee. The waters are stirred to their very depths. Almost every week brings new evidence of this kind.

Who Will Help Us?

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. Acts 3:6." Having seen the article of A. M. Richardson, "Our State Organizer," under the heading of, Who Will Help us? I thought perhaps a few lines from a very unpromising and discouraging field might be acceptable to many readers.

I hope I will not be misunderstood in these lines; I do not mean that no funds can be raised, and that therefore no effort need be made; but I firmly believe that by proper effort there are many localities where considerable help may be secured in the way of funds; yet there are other localities where for the present at least, little or nothing can be expected; but the point I would like to make is, that by continued and persistent effort, a great deal may be accomplished for our glorious cause in any locality and to prove this allow me to call your attention to our feeble efforts in this locality.

Last October we succeeded in organizing a club of only five members, and this little band have kept up their meetings—sometimes rather irregularly—until the present time, and our list of names has gradually increased up to thirty-seven—twenty-seven of whom are voters, and we think it is not saying too much to say that it is a good working club now.

At our last meeting we appointed a committee of five to consider the propriety of putting a ticket into the field this fall, and to take steps looking toward the organization of clubs in other parts of the county; we have also during our existence as a club, succeeded in increasing the subscription to our party papers from only about four or five, to some twenty-four.

Now it is true that it was necessary to put forth a considerable effort to bring this about, yet we have had no public speaking or demonstration of any kind, we have simply talked friendly to our neighbors, have loaned them our papers to read, and occasionally brought in a visitor to our meetings, and in this way our cause is growing in this vicinity and it will continue to grow until our cause is victorious.

Now, dear reader, whatever your position in life may be, you can help us along in our glorious work. True, you may not feel able to do much in a financial way; you may not feel capable of writing for our papers; you may think you cannot speak in public, you may not see your way clear to organize a club; you may not know of a single subscriber you could get to any of our papers; in a word, you may think you have absolutely no influence, and yet you may be able to help us a great deal—you can read, you can think, and you can talk; you have some acquaintance with whom you can talk and reason, it matters not whether it is a person of influence or not, it matters not whether it is a voter or not, or whether a lady or gentleman, for all sincere persons are worth enlisting in a good cause, so get somebody to reading and thinking, and this in its train will enable you to get a new subscriber to some of our papers and prepare the way for speakers, clubs and conventions.

Remember this is the very work that helps support our party papers, prepares the way for the support of our party speakers and organizers, and thus you can help to eventually lead our glorious young party to final victory. Please do not forget that our party papers and organizers will succeed just in proportion to the support we give them.

Then let us all do the best we can for the cause we have espoused. It is well worthy any effort we may be able to put forth, so let us do all we can to elevate our glorious principles—for God, and Home, and Native Land.

Yours for victory,
D. M. GILLESPIE, M. D.
Salina, Kansas.

Gov. St. John, who has been spending a few days at his home in Olathe, gave one day to the capital city, last week. He reports the enthusiasm all over country as unabated. He left this week for the east, giving one address in Illinois, and then going to New York and Ohio, not to return before October.

Will the Capital please tell us why it is that Gov. Martin has no power to enforce the law, when for two years it scolded like a fishwife because Gov. Glick did not do it?

Didn't John A. Martin declare a hundred times during the campaign that he would enforce the law? The Capital will answer.

Honest Prohibition will surely abolish the liquor traffic and eliminate the evil.

Who Will Help Us.

We want to organize Kansas on a Prohibition basis. We need not only a Prohibition Platform, but a thoroughly organized Party to stand on it, and work out its principles. We have the Platform, and the nucleus of a Party organization, but we have no adequate means for getting our principles before the people, and enlisting their active co-operation. We have no money to print and circulate Prohibition documents, or to pay lecturers and organizers. We have labored hard, for six months, to enlist volunteer effort for this work. Something has been accomplished—clubs have been organized and conventions held in several counties, and in three or four Congressional districts. But the Committee are satisfied that the work can never be thoroughly and systematically done, unless we can put speakers in the field, who shall make a regular canvass for this purpose.

At a meeting held in Topeka, May 20, the State Central Committee directed the Executive Committee to engage two or three Lecturers and Organizers, and put them in the field under the direction of the State Organizer, to raise funds, and push the work of organizing Prohibition Clubs throughout the state.

Each county was asked to contribute as many dollars as it cast votes for St. John last fall, as a campaign fund. A list of the names of all persons contributing one dollar, or more, will be forwarded, with their addresses, to the State Organizer, and kept by him for the purpose of sending such documents and notices to them, as may be printed. All funds collected, will be placed in the hands of S. L. North, Esq., of Leavenworth Treasurer, to be disbursed under the direction of the Executive Committee.

We are having frequent calls for Prohibition Documents, our Platform of Principles, Plan of Organization &c, but we cannot print and mail them without funds. We must prove the depth and sincerity of our attachment to the Prohibition Cause and Party, by our willingness to give for its support.

Let there be a generous and prompt response on the part of all who mean to show their faith in Prohibition principles, by their works.

Do not wait for the personal solicitation of an agent, or lecturer, but let it be a spontaneous, free-will offering. Your action will decide the question whether we shall push the work of organizing our State and carrying our principles to the polls. Let every one do something, give what you can, and do it now! We "mean business!" Do you?

In behalf of the State Committee,
A. M. RICHARDSON,
State Organizer.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Pomeroy wrote that he understood that St. John had written to the President in favor of his appointment as District Commissioner in view of the fact he had helped St. John, which made Cleveland's election possible. But this was a mistake. St. John did no such thing. It was Gov. Martin, Judge Horton and the Kansas Republicans who did it.

Ellis H. Roberts, of the Utica Herald, and former member of Congress from New York, declares the policy of the Republican party must be that of regulation and license of the whiskey traffic, and recognizes this issue as the one to be met, and further recognizes the Prohibition party as a coming political power.

If Pomeroy helped St. John, and St. John helped Cleveland, it was all right for Judge John Martin a Democrat, to recommend Pomeroy's appointment. But for Gov. John A. Martin, and other leading Republicans to do so was not consistent with the burning of St. John in effigy by Topeka Republicans.

Gov. St. John did not write a letter to the President in favor of Pomeroy for District Commissioner, but Gov. Martin and other Republican state officers did. Why don't the Capital howl? Pomeroy was the American nominee for President and declined in favor of St. John.

Did not Gov. Martin, in his message say it was his place to see that the law is enforced, and that too with direct reference to the prohibitory law. Will the Capital answer, and then explain why it says it is not the Governor's place to do it?

At its present rate of crawling the Topeka Capital will be an open advocate of the whiskey traffic inside of ninety days. The Capital is Gov. Martin's Prohibition organ.

GLEANINGS.

The total of sales of Louisa M. Alcott's works has passed 500,000.

Robert Toombs is so nearly blind that he no longer writes his own letters.

It is said that Bernhardt's two ambitions are to grow fat and write good poetry.

A ton of gum arabic is used weekly at the government envelope factory at Hartford Conn.

The assessed value of real estate and personal property of Pennsylvania is \$1,688,468,016.

There has been an increase in unemployed capital in New York City during the past year of \$78,000,000. The individual deposits are \$50,000,000 greater than they were a year ago.

Springfield, Mass., will be 250 years old on May 25, 1885, according to the first recorded meeting of William Pynchon and his little band of settlers on the banks of the Connecticut River.

The new stone which has lately become popular for jewelry purposes, and called the eye, or "spatonic," proves to be merely petrified wood. It has a peculiar dull fire and shades very curiously.

The mean of life varies in different countries from forty to forty-five. A generation from father to son is about thirty years; of men in general five-sixths die before seventy, and fifteen-sixths before eighty. After eighty it is rather endurance than enjoyment.

Georges Ohnet, the playwright, is only 37 years old. He was first a lawyer, then a journalist, finally a dramatist. When he had finished "Le Maître de Forges" he was dissatisfied with it and threw the manuscript into the fire; but his wife, who acts as his secretary, rescued it. He is satisfied with it now.

It is a singular historical fact that the elegant soft hat of the Spaniard has remained the same from the earliest period to the present day, while among all other civilized nations a transformation in that article has taken place. Comfort in the wear seems to have given place at all times to fancy and the demands of fashion.

Dr. Alice B. Stockton writes in the People's Health Journal that unless a woman has tried loose clothing she can not conceive how much she gains for health and strength by a dress that gives perfect freedom to breathe. "Sixteen thicknesses of cloth," she says, "is no unusual number to be found tightly fastened about a lady's waist." Concerning this matter she once heard a Chinese woman exclaim: "Christian woman squeeze God's life!"

Labouchere thinks that, on the whole, the advantages of newspapers outweigh their disadvantages. Nevertheless, he says, the amount of trash which finds its way into them is depressing. It must always, however, be remembered that they are commercial undertakings and that they can no more pay without sensational news and sensational comments than a railroad engine can progress without fuel and a stoker to stoke it.

The ancients have left as souvenirs of their skill some wonderfully beautiful engraved sapphires. One represents a woman's figure enveloped in drapery. The stone is one of two tints, and the artist skillfully used the dark tint for the woman and the light for the drapery. This gem is among the crown jewels of Russia. The Strozzi cabinet at Rome contains an intaglio representing the profile of a young Hercules by Cweins, and in the Cabinet of France is an intaglio profile of the Emperor's Pertinax.

An amusing scene was witnessed last week in a picture gallery in Berlin. The Crown Prince and Princess were among the visitors, and the officials, in trying to make way for the royal party, pushed back a Pomeranian peasant, who was accompanied by his wife. The Crown Prince, noticing the couple, beckoned them to approach, and familiarly clasped the husband on the back, saying: "How do you do, old fellow!" The peasant was so delighted at the salutation that he actually embraced his Highness before all the crowd. The Crown Prince was much amused at the incident, and talked with the old man good-naturedly for some time.

Paper slippers are the latest form in which paper is introduced in new inventions. An Englishman has patented a system of manufacturing slippers, sandals, and other covering for the feet out of paper. Paper pulp, or paper mache, is employed for the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided, made of paper or pasteboard, leatherboard, or other suitable paper material, which is united to the upper by means of cement, glue or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed or perforated at the instep and sides, which renders them somewhat pliable, and prevents their cracking while in use.

Senator Edmunds' new house on Massachusetts avenue is to be a mansion after my own heart, writes Subrosa in the Washington Capital. It is a house wholly above ground. The first story contains little except the stairway, hall, kitchen, and household offices. The entrance from the street is through a low round central arch, and all the living rooms are above. There is a magnificent double bay window like a pavilion in the southwest corner, running up through two stories. It will be a charming residence. The senator paid \$2 a foot for the land, which he bought from Mr. Frelinghuysen, who paid only \$1.50 for it a few weeks before.

"Quids" calls attention to the horrible cruelty to animals, practiced in Naples. "Old horses," she says, "young kids and lambs, all dogs, cats, and rats are all skinned alive, because the skin when removed from the living creature is considered more supple and sells for a somewhat higher price. Dogs are seized by legalized municipal dog-stealers twice a day; are thrust pell-mell into a court; kept two days without food, and then half stunned with a stick, and while living flayed from head to tail. Horses in the knacker yards there are allowed to drop from hunger as being less trouble than killing them, and when utterly exhausted are nailed on planks and flayed."

Daniel W. Voorhees says that he ap-

peared once in a lawsuit in which one of the chief witnesses on the other side was the mother of Senator Booth, of California. In his free and easy way the Tall Sycamore asked harrassing questions, but not the slightest attention came from the woman. He became impatient and snappy. Finally he demanded, in his oratorical way, whether or not he was going to be answered at all. Then, with a smile, she turned to the lawyer of her friends and asked, with seeming innocence: "Must I really say anything to a man who looks like that?" She pointed to Voorhees and shuddered. The counsel advised her to be brave and answer the questions of his Whabish friend. "Then I'll do it with my eyes shut," she said and she did.

A wonderful fish is becoming numerous in Goose Lake. It is called by some the greenback fish, for it certainly is an inflationist. It has the power to fill itself with air until it becomes very much like a ball. Of evenings about sundown they may be seen playing on the surface of the water. They will swell up by taking in the air, and the wind will blow them over the lake. They reflect all the colors of the rainbow, and when sporting over the lake are a grand sight. A hunter several weeks ago saw a crane swallow one of these fish when in its normal condition, but before the crane had got more than fifty feet up above the lake the fish had taken in enough air to explode the crane, which, at the sound of a report like that of a gun, flew all to atoms, and the fish came lightly down on the water, no worse off for the short ride in the air. The fish is a great curiosity, never having been found, I believe, in other waters.—San Francisco Examiner.

HOW A CIRCUS IS RUN.

Each circus has its general. Talk to him of any city or town in the country, and the thought immediately occurs to him: "Ah, yes; a town of \$2,000 (\$5,000, \$10,000 or \$12,000, as the case may be) profit." He knows almost to a unit the population and how much can be made out of it. He knows also the character of the inhabitants, and he is acquainted with the railroad and other facilities for getting into the place. He maps out the route at the beginning of the season, of course, changing it as much as possible every year. There are twenty-four advance agents, who follow each other in regular rotation. They look after the animals, the lodgings, and contracts of various kinds. These agents are provided with checks. They check on the show for the amount contracted for. The treasurer takes up and pays the checks so that when the show arrives it has no trouble in any direction. It has happened a few times that the firm has been swindled, but it never refuses to honor a check, "to keep up the credit of the circus." Not one of the great exchanges in New York is better posted as to the monetary condition of any town or city than the managers of the circus. The circus managers well know it is useless going into a place where there is much commercial depression. The characteristics of a town are studied before going into it. For instance, it is known when the miners of Pittsburgh are paid off, and right on top of the event, comes the "show." It very rarely happens that a miscalculation is made, but if money is lost anywhere, that place is given a wide berth next season.

The weather, too, is watched almost as carefully as it is by the signal-service bureau. The great aim of the circus is to strike fair weather everywhere. When it is extremely cold in the North, the circus is enjoying the warmth of the South and the dollars of the genial Southerners. When it becomes too hot in the South, then it wends its way in the opposite direction. Moreover, it never attempts to compete with a cheaper entertainment. If Barnum is billed for Maryville, Miss., and a twenty-five-cent show gets ahead of it the big circus passes on. The general knows, too, how long it is profitable to stay in a town.

The army of employees is divided into five divisions—the performers, the ring attendants, the stable and menagerie attendants, the trainmen, (in circus parlance "razor-backs"), and the canvasmen. The canvasmen number two hundred out of seven hundred—a large number, but not too many to cope with the huge tent which is put up in the country. On the trains there is a special place for everything and everybody. Indeed the trainmen could load the train almost blindfolded, the arrangements are so precise and have been so long in smooth-working order. The canvasmen are the first to be packed off. They touch nothing until the teamsters have arrived on the ground with the canvas, and then, when the tent is up, they sit down and just watch the others "doing their bit." So it is with the trainmen when they have loaded or unloaded the cars they will not put a hand to anything else, and perhaps if they did they would only be in the way. Every employee has a special duty to perform and does not consider himself engaged for anything outside of that.

One of the heaviest items in the expense is the bill for advertising. The huge colored posters seen everywhere in the vicinity of the show are costly. The advertising bill in the season averages daily, \$2,700. Yet the expenditure results in a good return. The salaries vary all the way from \$10 to \$500 a week. What a circus performer with an income equal to five times that of the secretary of state? "Ah, but recollect," says the circus man, "that this does not last all the year round. Recollect, too, the risks that are run. If a limb is broken then the occupation of the performer is gone, and if he or she has not saved enough for a rainy day, poverty is the result. These high priced performers also have to engage others to assist them, and sometimes the engagement of quite a family. The stars provide their own costumes and apparatus."—Tid Bits.

The telescopic stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude, and their number is reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

The Youth Who Knew It All.

The youth had been patronizing the young ladies by vouchsafing choice bits of superior wisdom, according to the statement of the Boston Transcript. "You remember what Caesar said when he was about to cross the Rubicon?" said the old gentleman. "Certainly," replied the youth, with a careless glance of pity at the young ladies, "of course, could not be expected to know everything that a man knows. 'And of course you are equally familiar with the life of Peter the Hermit?'" continued the old gentleman. "I should say that I was," replied the young man, quickly, but not without a slightly troubled look in his face. "And Semiramis," the old gentleman went on, "you recall his famous saying?" "Yes," gasped the youth, wishing that the old gentleman might be struck with apoplexy as soon as convenient. "I am glad you remember it," said the old gentleman, with animation, "for I've clean forgotten it. Now, if you'll be kind enough, and no doubt the ladies would be glad to hear it also."

The youth by this time wished that the old gentleman had died in infancy, and as for the young ladies, he couldn't help thinking how much better it would have been had they never been born. "By the way," pursued the old gentleman, seeing the youth hesitate, "who was Semiramis? He had something to do with the last Franco-Prussian war hadn't he?" "Yes, oh yes," replied the youth, catching at the bait with eagerness, while something like a giggle was passing around among the young ladies, as if it were a paper of camomile. "And Peter the Hermit was instrumental in bringing about a peace at the close of that struggle?" "Yes," The youth said this very faintly. "Caesar held out, and marched his shattered force into the Wallachian principality?" "That's the way I remember it," replied the youth, with a desperation born of despair. Then the old gentleman looked at the young ladies, who were engaged in stuffing their mouths full of pocket-handkerchief, and then he looked at the youth and exclaimed: "Ah, sir, how I envy you your store of knowledge! What a comfort you must be to your parents!" Then the youth got up and went out into the cheerless night, and cursed the old gentleman behind his back. And the young ladies laughed in unison, but the noise of their laughter was overborne by the merry peals of the old gentleman.

A Manitoba Monster.

One day recently, while fishing from the bank of the river, John Bryan observed a very strange monster swimming in the river some distance below him. Mr. Bryan's attention was first attracted to the point where the monster was disporting himself by a sound which resembled escaping steam, and he expected to see a steamboat coming up the river. Imagine his surprise, however, to see swimming about what he at first thought was a cow, but which on closer inspection proved to be a large monster, the like of which he had never seen or heard of before. The beast swam from one side of the river to the other at a terrific rate, throwing up the water like a steamboat. Then it swam down stream a short distance, then up again, and then disappeared beneath the surface of the water, leaving a vortex of water behind like a whirlpool. Bryan says the animal looked to be larger than a horse, and had a head something like a hippopotamus. It was of a pale yellowish color under the neck and dark brown on the back, and showed considerable of its body above the water.—Emerson's International.

Experiments made in the Paris hospitals show that sulphide of carbon is the best agent to restore the normal action of the bowels in cases of cholera. It has restored to consciousness in thirty seconds hysterical patients who were previously insensible to even the pricking of needles.

Didn't Like a Kicking Seat.

"Do you see that shaft?" said a deck-hand on board a Fort Lee steamer recently. "You notice it is only eighteen inches above the deck, and passengers easily step over it when they want to get aboard or forward of it. On Sunday a fellow came aboard at Fort Lee, after trying hard to induce a friend who was with him to stay there all night. He seemed to be awfully tired, and when the boat was well under way for New York he saw the shaft, and did not seem to notice that it was revolving. 'Here, Jim,' he said, 'let us sit down,' and he sat down on the shaft, with his pipe in his mouth and his face as red as a beet. Of course the shaft carried him overboard, and began sawing away at the tail of his jacket. He was greatly surprised, and, getting on his feet, he looked steadily at the shaft for a minute, and then said to his friend: 'I got up on the wrong side, didn't I, Jim?' Then he tried to sit down with his face toward the bow; but the shaft wouldn't let him. It butted him off and threw him forward. At last he was landed on the ground. 'Fare you well, mate,' said he, 'haven't you got a seat aboard that won't kick?'—N. Y. Sun.

The acquaintance of the female mind with the mysteries of commerce and finance is extensive and paralyzing. "Why," said a well-to-do young woman who had just received a dry-goods bill, "why do you keep on sending me this? I know well enough I got the things last summer, so what's the use of reminding me?"—Philadelphia Record.

A wood stove is not made of wood.—Boston Post. Nor is a coal stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it.—Detroit Free Press. And a snow-plow is not made of snow. Awfully funny, isn't it?—Bangor Commercial. Neither is a sponge-cake made of sponges. Te he!—Boston Journal of Commerce. Nor a headress of heads. Ah, ha!—Salem Sunbeam. Nor a chicken-salad of chicken. They make it of real, usually.—Oil City Derrick.

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

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with success in the value of newspapers and a correctly displayed advertisement is the only way to secure such information. **JUDICIOUSLY CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

H. J. Canniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North, Topeka.

Millinery at your own price at Mrs. Metcalf's. Over 500 hats to be sold out regardless of cost.

We are prepared to do the neatest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in price.

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists in every part of the state to give it a wide circulation.

Scribners Lumber and Log Book, and Fisher's Grain Tables, for 50 cents.

Either one of these books will be mailed post-paid for 30 cents, or the two for 50 cents. Send money to the office of the Spirit.

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

All kinds of Summer Millinery at half price at Mrs. Metcalf's, 239 Kansas Avenue.

We are making prices to close out seasonable goods.

E. A. TART & CO.

State Convention, Aug. 25.

The next State Prohibition Convention will be held in Ottawa, August, 25, in connection with the National Prohibition Camp Meeting that will then be in session in Forest Park.

There should be a grand turnout on that occasion. Every county in the state should be represented, and all should go with some well digested plans in view. There must be thorough reorganization and some means devised to set active forces at work in every township in the state.

The disintegration of the old parties is going on. We must pick up and save the pieces. To do it we need a more compact organization. Some plans to effect this will doubtless be presented for consideration.

We may look with regret upon the persistent failure of the late dominant party to fairly consider the prohibition question, but no one can fail to see that its every step is backward. Witness the Ohio Republican platform and the more open declarations of the New York Tribune, Cincinnati Gazette, Globe Democrat, Chicago Tribune, Kansas City Journal and the Topeka Capital.

Against the tendency of the party represented by these journals there is an earnest, rebellious protest from the very best element of the party.

Thousands who voted for Blaine and Logan last fall, have felt impelled to leave the party since then.

It is simply the Prohibition question that is stirring up the minds of the people. They begin more fully to realize that the Rum Power, as arbitrary and wicked as it is, constitutes but one element in that Autocracy of Power that took the place of slavery when its malign influence was transferred from the plantation to Wall street, from the Democratic to the Republican party, under whose protection it has grown up, an aristocratic power, no less subversive of popular rights than the old slave system.

Let there be a protesting cry sent up by the people of Kansas at the Ottawa Convention of the 25th, and reader, if possible, may you be there to help.

The Capital avows the absurd doctrine that the Governor has no power to enforce the law. Will that very unreliable sheet read Gov. Martin's address to the legislature and note that he there declares that very thing to be his express duty.

The August *Electorio* is an excellent number contains a very suggestive discussion of "Genius and Insanity," by James Sully. Our most distinguished man of letters recently U. S. Minister to England, James Russell Lowell, is the subject of an appreciative article. There are two articles on the Russian question. The charge against a British General of rank that he was responsible for the loss of Gordon is discussed in an article from Blackwood's. Other articles of serious interest are "The Muse of History," by Augustus Birrell; "The Ottoman Turks in Europe," and a sketch of "Victor Hugo," by W. H. Henley, several readable poems, stories and essays in the issue, will interest those less bent on grave topics. The literary character of this long-established magazine is kept up to the high standard which it has always occupied. To those who wish to keep up with the best foreign periodical literature, such a monthly visitor is of the greatest value.

GENERAL GRANT.

How He Came to be Appointed to the West Point Military School.

Following is an account of young Grant's appointment to West Point: "My father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, the United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me: 'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.' 'What appointment?' I inquired.

"To West Point. I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the requirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing. There had been four boys from our village, or its immediate neighborhood, who had graduated, and never a failure of any one appointed from Georgetown, except in the case of one whose place I was to take. He was a son of Dr. Bailey, our nearest and most intimate neighbor. Young Bailey had been appointed in 1837. Finding before the January examination following that he could not pass, he resigned and went to private school and remained there until the following year, when he was reappointed. But before the next examination he was dismissed. Dr. Bailey was a proud and sensitive man, and felt the failure of his son so keenly that he forbade his return home. During my first year's encampment General Scott visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood I ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the army.

"The next summer, Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. But he did not impress me with the awe that Scott inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. A. Smith, the Commandant of Cadets, as the two men most to be envied by the Nation. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how it looked, besides probably wanting my old schoolmates, and particularly my friend, to see me in it. But the circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from.

"Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it and put off for riding on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that everyone was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty and ragged pants, held up a single 'gallows'—that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a washup for weeks, turned to me and cried out: 'Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ee, I'll sell my shirt first!'"

From General Grant's Personal Memoirs.

THE HEALTH CRANK.

A Chap Who is Afflicted with Theories Regarding the Proper Way to Promote Longevity.

The health crank is a man who is sorely afflicted with chronic theories regarding the proper way to promote longevity. He lives, eats, works and sleeps, and bores people according to certain rules that he has adopted for his guidance and their adoption. He is sick half his days from the effects of what he eats and drinks, and from the exercise which he takes to encourage his health, while he shortens the lives of his friends by urging them to become cranks, even as he is a crank.

He is never free from some infirmity, and if he could acquire two infirmities at once, his dream of Heaven is almost realized. As soon as he gets one weak part of his system renovated, some other part breaks down, and he has to go to work at that. It may be mentioned incidentally that he never does anything for his head, which is the weakest part about him. His blood troubles him much. He drinks acidulous beverages to make him thin, and lies on his back, with his head toward the north, to make it circulate properly. When he imagines that his liver is acting in a reprehensible manner, he stimulates it, or props it up, with horseback ride before breakfast, and if his stomach does not perform its functions with accuracy and dispatch, he floods it with cold water before going to bed, or irrigates it with a seditiva powder the moment he gets up in the morning. He is always doing or taking something to head off some infirmity.

Anticipated ills trouble him most. His favorite maxim is that about the onset of prevention and the pound and a half of cure. When he is not engaged in fortifying his system with Graham bread or oat meal, he is developing some weak muscle with dumb bells or trying to create an appetite by sawing half a cord of wood before the dew is off the grass. He wears cork soles in his shoes, claiming that they act as rheumatism insulators. He is very regular in his habits. He cuts his hair according to the season, cleans his teeth by the almanac and takes exercise by the clock. He is very fond of explaining how much phosphorus there is in corn, fat producing qualities in cheese and saccharine matter in wheat.

His talk at table is about the adulteration of food, and he makes his friends nervous and sick by telling them of the dreadful things that golden syrup and butter and beer are made of, and of the gloomy effect that hard boiled eggs have on the digestive organs of the idiot who eats them. He keeps himself sick trying to get well, wretched in efforts to attain ease, and goes down into an early grave from the effects of trying to lengthen his days.

To sum all up, he is a crank and a concentrated nuisance, with the redeeming feature, however, that he punishes himself more than he does anybody else.—*Texas Siftings*.

TIGHT LACING.

Some of the Evils Brought on by External Compression.

Tight lacing has been condemned for many centuries by writers dating as far back as the reign of William Rufus; and in France a moralist of the fifteenth century says that dresses were "so tight in the waist that they can hardly breathe in them, and often suffer much pain by it." Here, be it observed, however, that corsets, although the most convenient, are not the only means of tightening in the waist. Dresses worn without corsets may be laced so tightly that the unfortunate wearer can hardly breathe, and bands fastened firmly round the waist so as to serve the same purpose.

Perhaps the inner striving after higher life, which is thought to be the special prerogative of men, is the cause of the notable fact that universally human beings are dissatisfied with their own natural characteristics. They wish to make nature hurry up to their ideal of what ought to be, and they therefore try to improve upon her. More than one nation compresses the skulls of its infants to make them long, broad or flat, as it chances to think best. Some tribes consider it vulgar to have white even teeth like those of a dog, so they file them down, color them and subject them to various other kinds of treatment with a view to fitting them for their dignified position in the mouth of a man. Other nations, with much pain, tattoo themselves in elegant patterns, raise knobs of flesh on their faces, and stick large bones and shells through the lobes of their ears. It is not so very long since all Europe considered it impossible for children to grow straight without being swaddled. How could nature be expected to do her work unaided?

If we were to take a girl the natural size of whose waist was twenty-four inches, put on her a small pair of stays and draw those stays in till the girl measured sixteen inches, and, unless the stays were opened, would probably die from failure of the heart's action owing to mechanical pressure on the heart—one of the evils brought about by the external compression. But if we were to take a girl of the same age and height, whose shoulders and hips measured the same, but who from childhood had been gradually accustomed to tight lacing, she should find that, with a waist of only sixteen inches, the vital functions were not so much deranged, although, as might be expected, health was feeble, for one organ of her body on which the pressure had been exerted would be in its right place.

The deformity caused by tight stays is unfortunately generally effected so gradually during the years of growth that the sufferer is unconscious of any harm. Moreover, just as the Chinook is removed, so the woman whose body has been crushed out of all semblance to its natural form by the gradual application of pressure by stays, each successive pair of which is tighter than the last, will exclaim if her corsets are taken away: "I could not exist without their support. My back aches without them, and I feel as if I were falling to pieces."—*N. Y. Herald*.

COLD FEET.

The Cause and Some Remedial Suggestions.

The most prominent cause of coldness of the feet, at least with females, is the improper or insufficient protection, or too tight boots. But few men would dare to brave the rigors of winter wearing as thin boots as are generally worn by females, particularly the fashionable. The thickest worn by this class are made of kid, serge often being worn in very cold weather. It is not strange, therefore, that the feet are cold, almost to freezing. (I will not say that this is the cause of the coldness of your feet.)

Again, the fashionable boot is only about two-thirds of the real width of the foot, and about one size shorter. It is utterly impossible for the blood to circulate freely to the extremities when so small a boot is worn, and as impossible for the feet to be warm, since the warm blood from the heart is the principle source of animal heat. Again, any cause which drives the blood from the feet, or in any way interferes with a good circulation of the blood, may produce coldness of the feet, such as derangement of the stomach, diminished power of the heart, tight bands around the limbs, brain exercises, etc. Unusual labor of the brain, withdrawing a disproportionate supply of blood to itself, just to that extent diminishing the relative supply to other parts, particularly the extremities, not as easily reached, naturally reduces the warmth of the feet. This is much aggravated by the fact that most close students take but little physical exercise, from which fact the blood is not drawn to the muscles, thus equalizing the circulation. A brisk walk, for example, when the brain is overcharged with blood, will tend to invite this fluid to the muscles, since action, attended by a waste of tissues, with a demand for more nourishment ("the blood is the life"), will cause the blood to flow where it is most needed. Such a walk, several times a day, will do much to relieve your head, particularly with the adoption of a plain and simple diet. When the head is hot at the same time of the coldness of the feet, it is judicious to cool it by the application of wet cloths, at the same time putting the feet in hot water, kept till they are thoroughly warm, the pores well opened, followed by a dash of cold water, and thoroughly rubbed with a crash till a glow of heat is secured.—*Dr. J. H. Harnsford, in Golden Rule*.

—Pumpkin loaf: For two loaves take two cups of buttermilk, three cups of each of wheat flour and corn meal, one cup of stewed pumpkin, one cup of molasses, half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda. Steam one and a half hours, then bake half an hour.—*The Household*.

—Pickles or vinegar will not keep in a jar that has ever had any kind of grease in it.—*The Idaho Blade*.

TRIMMING SHOW WINDOWS.

A Branch of Advertising Which Furnishes Employment to Many Men.

The trimming of shop windows has become a great feature in advertising. Each large establishment seeks to outshine its neighbors in the display and artistic arrangement of goods in its windows.

"The system of window decoration has grown up almost altogether within the past ten years in the dry goods line and within three or four years in the clothing houses," said a leading merchant. "It is increasing constantly, and heaven only knows where it will end. Every establishment of any pretensions now employs a man especially to trim windows. Some smaller houses secure the services of an individual who is not connected with it in any other capacity than that of window-trimmer and who does the work for three or four different stores. Others have a salesman who is an artist in the business. His artistic capabilities demand a far higher salary than he could expect as a mere salesman. Very large shops hire professional trimmers who do nothing else but decorate the windows. They must be constantly studying and endeavoring to devise something new, startling and attractive to draw the attention of the public. Certain forms of arrangement have become fixed and are known by various names. There, for instance," pointing to one window where several shades of wash materials were drawn into a shape, small at the bottom and spreading out at the top like a fan, "is what is known as the 'rising sun' style of decoration. This manner of folding," indicating a piece of embossed velvet drawn out in a long fold, "is called the 'double loop.' But the trimming of windows must be novel or it is nothing. Consequently every shop shows two or three times a week some new arrangement which is due alone to the ingenuity of the trimmer."

"How long does it take a man to trim a window?"

"From four to ten hours, according to its elaboration. I have known, too, when windows were to be trimmed for some special occasion or season, of two or three men being occupied in one window for a couple of days. One clothing house in the city showed a window during the holiday time that it required three men four days to trim."

"Are many goods damaged by being exposed in windows?"

"No, for the reason that but small quantities are displayed. We have dummies so made that a small piece of cloth can be wrapped around or folded about them and represent an entire bolt. Then we do not exhibit trimmer has to use the greatest care in getting up a window. He must be able to judge of the effect it will have from the outside, not how it appears to him where he stands. He must be skillful in his blending of tints, and have an eye as to the weather, for some things the most attractive in one kind of weather will not draw a glance in another, and above all possess originality. By the way, the trimmers are called artists now. There are very few Englishmen or Irishmen. Irishmen are the most tasteful dry goods men in the world."

"Are women ever employed as trimmers?"

"I've never known of any who were. It is a field of occupation that I think women have never invaded; but with the quick feminine eye for color and effects, there is no reason why they should not be eminently successful in it."—*Chicago News*.

HE WANTED THE EARTH.

How the Old Law, "While You're a-Gittin' Git's Plenty," was Illustrated.

Cady Herriek tells a good one of a scamp who was arraigned at the last term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer upon the charge of bigamy. Having no defense, the fellow pleaded guilty, and in response to the query of the Court as to what he had to say in mitigation of his offense, replied: "I want a good liberal, easy sentence. I pleaded guilty and saved the county the expense of a trial, and ought to be let down easy."

"How many wives did you say he had married?" the Judge inquired, turning to Herriek.

"Four," replied that gentleman.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the Judge, I should think he had been punished well enough already."

"Yes, indeed," replied Herriek with the air of a man who knew whereof he spoke, "he has been pretty well punished."

"That being the case," responded the Judge, "we will deal leniently with him. Prisoner, you are sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary for the term of one year."

"Thanks, your honor. The sentence meets with my approval and suits me to a tee, and it ought to," he remarked to a bystander. "I could have got five years, but I got one off for every five years acquired; but I'll call the term 'trip,' and I'll hew philosophically to prison."—*Albany Express*.

—The man who was killed by lightning in Chicago during a recent thunder storm which visited that locality had probably laughed a good many times at the feminine propensity to seek the protection of a feather bed at the first ominous rumbling of a storm. But there is nothing ridiculous in the wholesome respect for thunderbolts. They hit one of the human race about as often as a cannon ball does, and, as a rule, leave him in a worse condition.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*.

—It will be unfortunate if base ball engenders the manners which have caused the extinction of the game in Cuba. The passions of the crowd upon the tropical island far exceed the power of law and order, and unlike an American crowd, which simply hurls insults at the umpire, the Cuban crowd endangers life. It is not safe to play a serious game in Cuba.—*Chicago Times*.

ROTHSCHILD.

How the House of the Red Shield Was Founded.

This famous firm of Hebrew bankers and capitalists which is known throughout the world, originated in the city of Frankfurt, Germany.

In the Judengasse, or Jews alley, a short distance from the chief thoroughfare, one hundred and forty-two years ago, lived a dealer in old clothes who had a red shield for a sign, which in German reads roth schild. It was in 1743 that a son was born to this Israelite. The name given to the boy was Anselm Meyer, who also became a clothes dealer and a pawn-broker, succeeding to the business of his father. By degrees he extended his business, lending money at high rates of interest during the wars of the last century, managing his affairs with such skill that Prince William the Landgrave made him his banker. When Napoleon came across the Rhine in 1806 this clothes dealer was directed to take care of the treasures of the Prince, amounting to twelve million dollars, which he invested so judiciously that it brought large increase to the owner and especially to the manager.

This banker died in 1812, leaving an estate estimated at five million dollars, not a very large sum these days—but he left an injunction upon his five sons, which was made binding by an oath given by the sons around his death-bed, which has had and still has a powerful influence upon the world. The sons bound themselves by an oath to follow their father's business together, holding his property in partnership, extending the business, that the world might know but one house of the red shield! (Rothschild).

The sons were true to their oath. The eldest, Anselm, born 1773, and who died in 1835, was his father's partner and successor at Frankfurt. The second, Solomon, born 1774, died in 1855, was established as the representative of the house at Vienna. The third, Nathan Meyer, born 1774, and died 1836, settled at London and was the leading member and ablest financier of the firm. The fourth, Charles, born 1788, died 1855, went to Naples, and James, born 1793, died 1869, to Paris. The five brothers thus occupied great financial centers, and were geographically located in excellent positions to use their financial power and skill to the best advantage. Nathan, in London, amassed money with great rapidity, and the same may be said of all the others, the wars of Napoleon being favorable to the business of the house. Nathan went to the Continent to witness the operations of Wellington in the last campaign against Napoleon, prepared to act with the utmost energy, let the result be as it might. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo, and when assured of Napoleon's defeat, rode all night, with relays of horses, to Ostend; went across the channel in a fishing-smack—for it was before the days of steam—reached London in advance of all other messengers, and spread the rumor that Wellington and Blucher were defeated. The 20th of June in that memorable year was a dismal day in London. The battle was fought on the 18th; Nathan Meyer, of the house of the red shield, by hard riding, reached London at midnight on the 19th. On the morning of the 20th the news was over town that the cause of the allies was lost, that Napoleon had swept all before him. England had been the leading spirit in the struggle against Napoleon. The treasury of Great Britain, it will be remembered, had supplied funds to nearly all of the allied powers.

If their cause was lost what hope was there for the future? Bankers flew from door to door in eager haste to sell their stock. Funds of every description went down. Anselm Meyer was besieged by men who had funds for sale, but he was not in the market. He had no desire to buy. He took the stocks for sale. What would they give? But meanwhile he had scores of agents purchasing. Twenty-four hours later Wellington's messenger arrived in London; the truth was known. The nation gave vent to its joy; up went the funds with rapidity, the general advance pouring, it is said, \$5,000,000 into the coffers of this one branch of the house of the red shield!

The house of the red shield is the greatest banking house of the world—the mightiest of all times, and has made its policy felt the world over—in the Tuileries of Paris, in the ministerial chamber of Berlin, in the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, the Vatican at Rome, in the Bank of England, in Wall street, State street and by every New England fireside. The house of the red shield, by the exercise of its financial power, can make a difference in the yearly account of every man who reads these words of mine. Though Anselm Meyer has been half a century dead—though several of his sons have gone down to the grave—the house is the same. The grandchildren have the spirit of the children. The children of the brothers have intermarried, and it is one family, loyal to each other, carrying out the desire of the founder of the firm and animated by a common purpose, that the world shall know only one red shield.—*Boston Commercial-Gazette*.

Science in New Mexico.

If this great country of ours were fully ripened in an educational way more respect would be paid to science, especially in New Mexico. At Watrous, in the Territory mentioned, lately a phenological lecturer examined the head of a man named Fosdic. There were some very bad bumps on Mr. Fosdic's head, and the lecturer said so. Did Mr. Fosdic accept the information humbly and resolve to reform and bring those bad bumps down? Not much. He pulled out his revolver, began blazing away at the lecturer and broke up the gathering in a minute and a half. This is what induces a belief that not enough respect is paid to science in New Mexico.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—A ton of gum arabic used weekly at the Government envelope factory at Hartford, Conn.

GOOD WORDS FOR SHODDY.

A Manufacturer's Views of Woolen Rags and Waste.

"Shoddy," said a well-known manufacturer, "is made of everything in the shape of woolen rags and woolen yarn waste. We get rags from the big ready-made clothing houses, from merchant tailors and from all kind of mills—jacket, cassimere, shirt, etc.—that make woolen goods or yarns. Woolen goods make waste in nearly all departments, and much of it is converted into shoddy. This waste is converted into coarse, fine, medium, etc., and also as to color, and whether all wool or free from cotton. It is necessary to do a great deal of dyeing to obtain the requisite amount of certain colors. After grading, etc., it is run through what we call shoddy pickers and then through woolen cards. It is graded, by the way, very much more closely than wool, so that each lot will run all through an even grade. After it is carded, it is packed in bags like wool—in fact is wool of many colors. A shoddy made from a certain quality of yarn will not be as long staple as the wool yarn was originally made from, but will be quite as long staple and very much finer than wools that would cost twice as much. A manufacturer can therefore, use wools for the body of a material, and fine shoddy for the face. It may be likened, in some respects, to an old-fashioned piece of furniture, made of pine and covered with a thin veneer of some more valuable wood. It has a nice appearance, and the customer gets what he pays for. So it is with shoddy. It enables a manufacturer to get up goods that have a fine face and wear well at such prices that a poor man can afford to buy them."

"How about the wear of goods containing shoddy?"

"Well, they certainly wear as long as they should for their cost. Another point in favor of them, they utilize an immense amount of material that would otherwise go to waste. Manufacturers buy largely of the color they want to use, and to save the expense of dyeing. It sells for from five to forty cents per pound, but principally from twelve to twenty-five cents. It is business of itself, and the amount of it used is immense."

"Shoddy," said a large satinet manufacturer, "is used the same as wool, mixed with wool, and sometimes with cotton. Nearly all nice goods have some shoddy in them, particularly if they are backed. It does not necessarily follow because goods are shoddy that they are not strong and serviceable. Low grades of wools—what we call satinet—are printed, and look as nice as fancy cassimeres. I will show you some, producing a number of attractive patterns. 'Now, this is a low grade of goods. Quite stylish, aren't they? We have to be more particular even than the manufacturers of cassimeres in getting up the styles for them. Very attractive patterns and novelties are what we after. The printing is done the same as the printing with copper rollers. Before printing the satinet is all colors and shades, and worth from twelve and one-half to fifty cents per yard. The printing costs five cents per yard."

"What proportion of shoddy is there in this satinet worth fifty cents per yard?"

"Probably seventy-five per cent. But you must remember that there is as much difference in the quality of shoddy as there is in the quality of wool. If you want to buy goods at twelve and one-half cents per yard to make pantaloons of you can not expect it to contain much wool, or even a very fine quality of shoddy. Personally, I question if there is any economy in buying cheap goods; but the introduction of shoddy enables a poor man to procure a good looking and serviceable suit for a very small amount of money. Many men can buy a shoddy twelve or fifteen dollar suit, which would be obliged to go in rags if they waited until they could afford one that cost fifty dollars. About two dollars and a half will purchase enough satinet to make a good, serviceable suit. All woolen goods, to make a suit that would last no longer, would cost three times as much. Now, here are some goods that were made by the first manufacturer that ever used shoddy in this country. This material was at first sent down South for the negroes. It was just as strong as cloth can be made. I do not care who makes it. It is made rather better now than it was at first, and is sold very largely to public institutions. It contains about seventy-five per cent of shoddy, and will wash and come out new every time. People look at shoddy very differently now from what they did in war times."—*Boston Globe*.

Wire Worm.

This pest is a very provoking one, and excites many inquiries. We have two or three inquiries now in regard to it. It preys upon almost every crop that is grown. They do not trouble beans, peas and buckwheat, but we do not now think of any other crop that they sometimes do not injure. They resemble a worm and resemble wire, and hence their name is very appropriate. Remedies, so called, are to a large degree unsatisfactory. Fall plowing is in the direction of a remedy, and so is frequent harrowing. This gives the birds in the fall and spring a chance at them. In England they practice burying potatoes early, and marking the place. The grub is rolled on them to feed, and can thus be captured and destroyed. Both gas lime and salt are used to advantage in Europe, being placed with the seed at time of planting. Some advise the sowing of buckwheat the second year after the plowing under sod, should the wire worm be very abundant. The first year, one experienced farmer and gardener says, they seem to prefer the decaying grass roots, and buckwheat seems distasteful or poisonous to them. The same is but little less true, the same writer says, of beans and peas.—*Western Rural*.

—The salary of a lady in waiting to Queen Victoria is two thousand five hundred dollars per annum.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Grace Lilburne's Secret.

A STORY OF
TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Heard on the wood! the wind is shrill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

"Kate, do you believe that Roland really loves you?"

The girl thus addressed flushed rosy red, then she replied with a shade of annoyance:

"How can I tell whether he loves me or not; he has never breathed a word of love to me."

"Perhaps not, although he has looked whole volumes of devotion; but looks are even more deceptive than words. Shall you accept him if he proposes to you?"

"I will tell you, Grace, when he has proposed," said Kate, dignifiedly replying; "and in the meantime, you had better finish dressing. I am nearly ready to receive our guests. How do I look?"

And Kate Lilburne, as she asked this question, glanced with complacency upon the white satin gown that hung so gracefully upon her.

"Oh, you always look well," was the ungracious reply; "and no wonder, when you have all your mother's jewels to wear. Those pearls alone are worth a fortune."

And she pointed with a mixture of anger and envy at the costly ornaments on her sister's neck and arms.

"You know you are always welcome to wear any of my jewelry," said Kate gently; "can I lend you anything now?"

"No, thank you," replied her half-sister sharply; "I don't choose to dress in borrowed finery—plain gold ornaments are good enough for me. I suppose it never occurred to you that Roland Ayre is much more in love with your fortune than he is with you."

"Certainly not; I should be ashamed of myself to think so meanly of him."

"It's true, whether you believe it or not," said Grace spitefully; "he loves another woman, but she is poor, and if he asks you to marry him, it will be because you are rich. Knowing this, I should think you will never accept him."

"My dear Grace," said Kate lightly, "don't trouble yourself about Roland, nor about me; he is sufficiently wealthy to be able to choose a wife without considering her fortune, and I give him credit for possessing too much good sense, and far too much regard for his own happiness, to believe he would marry a woman whom he does not love."

And now I will talk to me about him, for it is not mainly for you and me to be discussing a man's intentions when he has not proposed to either of us."

But Grace would not be put off in this manner. She had overheard a conversation between her father and Roland Ayre the previous day, and had gathered from the words that fell upon her ears that Roland had asked for and obtained her father's consent to propose to Kate.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Grace, planting herself in the way to the door; "will you promise me that if Roland proposes to you to-night you will not accept him?"

"I will not discuss the question," was the answer.

Then, seeing that her sister barred her way, she suddenly drew up her slight form with queenly dignity, and said:

"Don't forget yourself, Grace, and don't make me angry. This is not the way in which we should spend Christmas Day. Let me pass."

Grace looked for a moment at her lovely sister, and a sudden glow came over her own pretty face, but she uttered no word of justification, and turning, suddenly left the room.

No one could have suspected the demon of rage and jealousy that lurked in her breast when some time later she came down to join her father and sister and the guests who had arrived.

For Grace looked so sweet, and innocent, and childlike, that people who did not know her well could very easily believe that she was somewhat oppressed and neglected by her half-sister and her father, with the latter of whom she was evidently no favorite.

A very handsome man is Mr. Lilburne, of Silverton, though he is old to have two daughters so young and so fair as Kate and Grace.

There had been some romance about his early life, and he was quite a middle-aged man when he married Kate's mother, a wealthy heiress, whom he had loved from his youth.

His happiness, however, was of short duration. He had scarcely been married a year when his wife presented him with a daughter; then closed her eyes in the long endless sleep that knows no waking.

The motherless infant was left to be nursed by the wife of the head gardener, who had just lost her own baby, and Mr. Lilburne went abroad and tried to forget his grief and his short-lived happiness.

He succeeded so well in his efforts that when his wife had been dead little more than a year he married a pretty girl young enough to be his own daughter, and brought her home to Silverton.

But the girl- bride soon wearied of her old husband and of her magnificent surroundings. The quiet life she led with her stately husband soon became intolerable to her, and this feeling was augmented by his too evident disappointment at the sex of her infant, who, like the child of his first wife, was a girl.

She fled the house with guests of whom he disapproved, and finally she eloped with a young officer, leaving her child behind.

The indignant husband did not attempt to follow his faithless wife; he simply ignored her existence, and he took no notice of her letters when she wrote long afterwards professing repentance and asking forgiveness.

She is dead now, but the outraged husband often remembers her when he looks on the face of his youngest daughter, and this may be none of the causes why Grace is not his favorite child.

But the party of nearly forty guests have seated themselves at the long dining-table in the banquet-hall, and the servants are bringing in huge joints of beef, in addition to geese and turkeys, hares and fowls, as though they were intent upon feeding a hungry army.

"I always admire this fine hall," said Roland Ayre to Grace Lilburne, who sat by his side, she having managed that he should take her in to dinner. "I almost wonder your father does not use it more often than he does."

"Yes," assented the girl, "it is a delightful place for a large party such as we have to-day, or for a dance, but you have no idea how desolate papa and Kate and I feel if we happen to dine here by ourselves. We tried it once or twice, but it gave us the horrors, so we went back to our ordinary dining-room, and only use the hall two or three times a year. Do you admire my ancestress who is looking down from the wall there upon us, Mr. Ayre?"

"Yes, she is very like your sister; I have remarked the strong resemblance before to-day."

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Our Drink and Tobacco

Compared with Other Items of Expenditure.

We pay annually in the United States the following bills:

Drink	\$600,000,000
Tobacco	800,000,000
Bread	250,000,000
Meat	200,000,000
Iron and Steel	200,000,000
Woolen Goods	200,000,000
Cotton Goods	200,000,000
Sugar and Molasses	150,000,000
Public Education	50,000,000
Christian Missions	5,000,000

1-2 Billion for Liquor and Tobacco.

2 Billion for Necessities Education and Benevolence.

Three-Sevenths of all our Substances Wasted on the Liquor Traffic.

Does it Pay?

It does not good for a man to asner at the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic is altogether too important to be left down, ignored, or passed over without any serious attempt to settle it. Aside from the unduly high price which it has elicited from all its moral religious aspects, the question considered purely as one of dollars and cents, in its effect upon the national prosperity and wealth, is one of the most important of the day.

Directly and indirectly, this country spends in the liquor traffic every year, a sum exceeding half the National debt. The cost of this traffic to the country, direct and indirect, is greater than the profits of all its capital not invested in real estate. It costs every year more than our whole Civil Service, our Army, our Navy, our Congress, including the River and Harbor and Pension bills, our wasteful local acts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this Nation pays more for liquor than for every other kind of government expenditure. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?

There is a certain amount spent for drink in this country more than \$800,000,000 and the entire sum raised by taxes of all kinds, National, State, county, city, town and school district, is not more than about \$700,000,000.

But the cost of the liquor drunk is not by any means the whole cost of the liquor traffic. An official report, prepared with much labor by the Bureau of Statistics of Massachusetts, under authority from the Legislature, states that 84 per cent of all the crime and criminal expenses in that State comes directly from the abuse of liquor. There is at least one in twenty of the able-bodied men in this country who is rendered idle by his habits, or incompetent for work. These persons, at the ordinary wages of workmen, would earn, if industrious and fairly employed, over \$200,000,000 yearly. The proportion of persons in hospitals who reach there because of excess in drink is very large, but cannot be definitely ascertained.

A traffic that costs in actual payment and in loss of productive labor more than half the National debt every year, is not to be ignored by the economist. It may be assumed that the entire wealth of the country has risen from \$50,000,000 in 1870, to \$500,000,000 in 1890, about one-half being in real estate. Probably it does not average profits exceeding 4 per cent yearly, taking into investments with good real estate, and the total profit is \$20,000,000, and the direct or indirect cost of the liquor traffic must be greater—N. Y. Tribune.

But how was it to be accomplished? It is easy to wish an enemy dead, and only a little more difficult to some natures to resolve to make the wish a reality, if an opportunity to do so can be found. It is not hard to find a way to make the opportunity and to carry out the will intention in such a manner that no suspicion shall attach itself to the perpetrator.

She shall die," hissed Grace, as she clenched her little hands till her nails dug themselves into her palms. "Yes, she shall die this very night, even if I risk my own life by putting an end to hers. But how—how am I to do it?"

She bent her head in morbid anxious thought, and she wandered about the ancient passages and corridors of the castle, as though she expected that the ghosts of some of her dead ancestors, who had been notorious for their evil deeds, would come to tell her how to accomplish her murderous design.

In her restlessness she wandered up to the top chamber in the old tower, and listened to the howling of the wind and peered through the narrow window into the darkness beyond.

A risk near the base of this tower—a deep silent river, then a small boat ready to betray her if she gave it a victim; but how could Kate be consigned to the dark water in such a manner that help would not be forthcoming?

She used on this scheme so long that she at last thought her of a way in which to entrap Kate down to the river-side.

If Kate received a note purporting to come from Frank Fairfield, the son of her foster-mother, and whose mad infatuation for her sister she had banished from the castle, Kate might perhaps yield to the appeal and go out to meet him, and then under cover of the dark night the rest would be easy.

But would Kate keep the appointment, or would she allow the opportunity to hand the note to her father and ask him to deal with the imprudent writer?

Here was the difficulty.

Grace knew that she would herself be an easy dupe for such a plot, but Kate was so uncomformably set in her ways, and had such a high appreciation of what was due to her own honor and dignity, that she might regard the most impassioned appeal as an insult, and reject it accordingly.

And then again, Frank would not dare to ask Kate to meet him, and she would know this, and for this reason, if for no other, would not go to the rendezvous.

"Next to Kate I detest him," Grace muttered vindictively; "but there have been no love lost between us all our lives; he was the terror of my childhood, and yet, for all that, I played him some clever tricks, and often got him punished when he would otherwise have escaped. Alas! that I should be in this very tower is the secret will that he threatened to throw me into; it will answer my present purpose if I can once get Kate to his edge. That will be my green coat were cast away to a mathematical point behind."