

SPRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, JULY 23, 1887.

NO. 17.

SPRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.

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

W. T. Brown spent Sunday in Meriden.
J. R. Fagan will teach the Indiana
school next year.

A new \$20,000 school house is to be
built in the fifth ward.

Rev. Mr. Skinner of Blue Rapids filled
Congregational pulpit last Sunday.

John Wand of the Windsor drug store,
has sold out, to parties from the east.

The citizens of North Topeka ask for a
sidewalk on Polk street, between Gordon
and Morse.

County Superintendent McDonald lectured
before the teachers at Oskaloosa
Wednesday evening.

F. D. Place at one time a clerk with
C. N. Angle, has bought an interest in a
south side drug store.

The Daily Capital acknowledges its in-
debtedness to the Evening Journal for
most of its local matter.

A daughter of deputy marshal Allen,
aged 17, died last Sunday after suffering
with consumption for a long time.

A collision between two freight trains
on the Santa Fe, occurred Saturday night
three miles below the city, in which both
engines were the principal sufferers.

The city council has been asked to
place a fire alarm on the corner of A
street and Topeka avenue. Recent fires
in that vicinity have led to the request.

A worthless fellow engaged board at a
north side house last Saturday long
enough to steal twenty dollars worth of
valuables from other boarders and
as much more in money.

A few days ago a raid was made upon
the Arion hall, headquarters of a social
club in this city, where several barrels of
beer were captured. The stuff was con-
fiscated and the society enjoined from
using the hall as a place for selling or
giving away intoxicating liquors. The
costs, and a \$25 attorney's fee were re-
quired of the society.

At a late meeting of the First ward,
a committee composed of Peter Smith, Ed
Beuchner and J. A. Arnold was elected for
the purpose of conferring with the coun-
cil in letting paving contracts on Jack-
son street, Kansas avenue and Quincy
street in North Topeka. Fred Pensky, J.
A. Lukens and M. S. Evens were appoint-
ed a committee to inspect the putting
down of pavements. A committee com-
posed of J. S. Moore, M. C. Holman and
Rol Nichols was appointed to confer with
the city engineer in finding condition of
title of certain streets, where it is desired
to extend sewers or other improvements.

At the Union Pacific hotel at 12 o'clock
Wednesday, Mrs. W. H. Montague, wife of
a Union Pacific route agent, died of nerv-
ous prostration. She was quite young
and was married to Mr. Montague on the
30th of June last in Chicago. At the
time the ceremony was performed she
was ailing, but as her husband intended
bringing her west immediately, her phys-
icians thought that a change of climate
would do her good, and recommended the
marriage. They arrived in this city on
the 4th of July, and she was never able
afterwards to leave her room. Her moth-
er, Mrs. F. H. H. being telegraphed for,
arrived on the 6th, and she, in company
with the grief-stricken husband, were at
the bedside at the time of her death.
The remains were taken to Chicago on
the noon train. The case is a very sad
one, and Mr. Montague has the sympathy
of the entire community in his bereave-
ment.

Wm. Finch's new building has reached
the second story.

Topeka is the greatest milling point
west of St. Louis.

The great wheat belt of Kansas is mov-
ing westward.

It is manufacturing industries that
this city needs, and not real estate booms.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Conkle returned to-
day from a visit of several weeks in In-
diana.

The Rapid Transit have a large force
of men at work extending their line south
from 10th street.

The Santa Fe will not run her through
passenger trains from Kansas City via
Ottawa as reported.

The Rock Island round house in North
Topeka is almost completed. It contains
eight stalls at present.

The Rock Island is said to have recent-
ly purchased a suitable location for depot
and terminal facilities at Kansas City.

The Rock Island passenger train leaves
Topeka for Wichita and Hutchinson at
12:35 p. m., and arrives here at 2:25 p. m.

The North Topeka Presbyterian church
has a tent up on the Chautauqua grounds,
where members of that church can meet.

One of Jonathan Thomas' lumber
teams ran away Wednesday and caused
some consternation, but did no damage.

A grand excursion from Holton will
attend the Chautauqua in this city next
Tuesday, and will then be shown the
sights at the capital.

A sneak thief entered the residence of
D. P. Elder last Friday evening while the
family were in the front yard and got off
with \$20.00.

A burglar attempting to get into a
house on Hancock street a few nights ago
was shot and instantly killed. The coron-
ers jury returned a verdict of "Justifi-
able and commendable."

Work has begun on the Missouri Pacific
extension from this city north. It is to
be finished to the county line before De-
cember 31, to entitle the company to the
bonds voted last year.

Why pay \$1.25 for one paper, when you
can get the Leavenworth Weekly Times,
and this paper both for \$1.00.

Twenty five cents for this paper three
months, and Dr. Foote's Health Hints, or
Fishers Grain Tables.

HOPE VILLA, LA., Nov. 1st, 1886.
Messrs. A. T. SHALEBERGER & Co.

Rochester, Pa. Gents.—I received a
sample bottle of your Antidote for Malar-
ia last spring, and have tested it fully in
my own case. After failing utterly with
quinine, it has cured me permanently,
and I would take it before any remedy
whatever. There is no unpleasant effect
while using, and it leaves none. If you
could sell at a lower price, if for intro-
ductory purposes only, it would be "bread
upon the waters" later, when the world
finds it must have it.

Very truly yours, J. S. WEBSTER.

Business men who would save money
will get their printing from the North
Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue,
North.

The following will illustrate the usual
difference in prices: Messrs. C. & S. paid
\$17 for 3000 linen blanks. Our price is
\$12.

Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000
bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, in-
cluding better stock, is \$3.00.

Mr. B. paid \$2.50 for 500 loose note-
heads. Our price, better paper, in tablets,
trimmed, \$2.00.

Messrs. J. & A. paid \$3.00 for 1000 low
cut envelopes. Our price, for a much
better envelope, high cut, printed by our
patent process, securing perfect work
with no streaks when cuts are used, \$2.50.

Lawyer C. paid \$1.80 a page for briefs
for which we charge \$1.00 and give more
to the page.

Mr. M. was charged \$4.00 for a lot of
dodgers which we do for \$2.00.

Read the above, be wise and get your
printing done at the North Side Printing
House, 835 Kansas Avenue north.

Send postal and we will call for copy,
show proof, and satisfaction or no
charge.

North Side Improvements

At the last session of the City Council
important steps were taken looking to
the improvement of the streets.

The following report was made by Ed
Buechner, A. J. Arnold and Peter Smith:
The committee appointed to act in con-
junction with the city council in letting
the contracts of the street paving in the
first ward in this city beg leave to report
the following: That the contracts of pav-
ing outside of the railroad grounds be let
to the Barber Asphalt company, accord-
ing to specifications and their bids, and
with the condition that Colorado sand
stone be used as curbing material as far
as possible, and that the work be com-
pleted by the 1st of November, 1887.
The report of the North Topeka citizens'
committee was unanimously adopted.

The following resolution introduced by
Councilman Urmy passed. Whereas
sealed proposals for the paving of Kansas
avenue from the south line of the Union
Pacific railroad grounds to the north line
of the Union Pacific railroad tracks have
heretofore been duly advertised as re-
quired by law; and whereas R. B. Kepley,
being the lowest responsible bidder, there-
fore be it resolved, that the contract be
awarded to him. Mr. Kepley's bid was
\$2 85 per square yard for Colorado
sandstone.

The contract for the paving of Kansas
avenue from the north line of the Union
Pacific grounds to the south curb of Lau-
rent street, Kansas avenue from south
line of Laurent to the north line of Gor-
don. For the grading, curbing and pay-
ing of Jackson street from the north line
of the U. P. railroad tracks to the south
line of Laurent street, Jackson street
from south line of Laurent to the south
line of Gordon street, Jackson street from
the north line of Gordon street to the
south curb of Park street, for the grading,
curbing and paving of Laurent street
from the east line of Jackson to the west
line of Kansas avenue. Of Gordon street
from the east line of Jackson street to the
west line of Kansas avenue, of Quincy
street from the north curb line of Lau-
rent street to the north line of the U. P.
railroad grounds, Quincy street from the
north line of Laurent street to the north
line of the U. P. railroad grounds, Quincy
street from the north line of Gordon
street to the north line of Laurent street,
Kansas avenue from the north bank of
the river to the south curb of Curtis
street, Kansas avenue from the south line
of Curtis street to the south line of the
U. P. railroad grounds, was let to the
Barber Asphalt company, conditioned
that the work shall be completed by No-
vember 1, 1887. The company's bid was
\$2 80 per square yard, which is the same
as the price they are now receiving.

The following resolution was intro-
duced by Councilman Urmy.

RESOLVED, That Bowen, Edwin Brazier
and L. A. Dolman, three disinterested
house-holders, are hereby designated and
appointed appraisers to make a true and
impartial appraisal and valuation of the
lots, pieces and parcels of ground
liable under the law for the special assess-
ments for the work of paving and curbing
certain streets and avenues in North
Topeka, said appraisal and valuation
of lots, parcels and pieces of ground to be
without regard to the building or im-
provements thereon, and to be returned
to the city council at its first meet-
ing after the same shall have been
completed.

The resolution was adopted.

The following resolution was adopted:
RESOLVED, That the consideration of
the proposals for the street improvements
on the south side of Kansas River be pos-
tponed until the next meeting.

The following resolution was intro-
duced by Councilman Thatcher and was
passed by the council:

RESOLVED, That the plat provided by
the city engineer, showing the location

and size of a sewer in sewer district
No. 11 as defined by ordinance 735, be and
the same is hereby approved.

A lengthy resolution was introduced
by Councilman Urmy, which passed, no-
tifying the C. K. & N. railroad to lower
their road on Tyler street in the first
ward to the established grade, and to bal-
last it and plank each side of their rails
with oak and put in proper crossings at
Gordon and Morse streets.

How to Purify Water.

The best and most modern invention
for filtering and purifying water that
was ever known is now manufactured in
the city of Topeka.

This firm has the exclusive right to the
territory of Kansas and Colorado, and the
growing demand for this contrivance,
which is so highly recommended by all
who have tried it, hurries the manufac-
turers to supply all their customers. This
instrument is used to filter and purify the
water as it is washed from the roof through
the spouting into the cistern by removing
therefrom the filth and innumerable in-
sects that are washed from the roof into
the cistern, there remaining to decay,
causing sickness by the use of impure
and unhealthy water.

The old process merely holds the filth to
become putrid, each rain causing worse
results. With Pierce's Automatic Fil-
ter all this is changed, the dirt deposited
in the bottom of the filter, and immediately
when the shower is over, through the
movement caused by the weighted buck-
et on the lever, opens a valve and dis-
charges all the filth, leaving the filter per-
fectly clean for the next rain. Filling
the cistern with clear, pure water that
has come in contact with filth in any
shape, and keeps the cistern clean at the
same time. Pierce's Water Filter is
made of the best galvanized iron.

One of the most prominent features of
this filter is that the water is filtered up-
ward, therefore rendering it impossible
for the water to retain a particle of filth.
They also manufacture a small size,
with a faucet attached, for house use,
which can be used for both a water filter
and cooler.

We take great pleasure in recom-
mending Pierce's Water Filter, as we have
thoroughly examined it and become well
acquainted with its merits. If you wish
to see or buy a filter go to 305 Kansas
avenue, Topeka, Kas., where they are
manufactured and sold. The company
has been here but a short time and al-
ready employs nine men in manufactur-
ing these filters.

Tom Wilkinson has sold his farm in
Jackson county for \$10,000 and will re-
move to North Topeka.

H. M. Atherton will remove his photo-
graph gallery from its present location to
the Nichols' building in a few weeks.

Although the Missouri Pacific will
build north from Topeka this fall, they
will not build their bridge across the
Kaw until next spring, but will use the
Rock Island bridge until their own is
completed.

THE August number of LIPINCOTT'S
MAGAZINE opens with a charming ro-
mance by Sidney Luska, entitled "A
Land of Love." The scene is laid among
the American residents of the Latin Quar-
ter in Paris. The story is healthy in tone,
and full of a breezy, vivacious pictur-
esqueness. A powerful short story, en-
titled "Life for life," is contributed by
H. H. Boyesen. Edgar Fawcett has a
pleasant paper on "Ouida," whom he
praises as a fine and original genius.

Arthur Edmunds Jenks, of the class of '88,
gives an entertaining picture of "Social
Life at Yale." The poems of the number
are contributed by Edith M. Thomas,
Wm. H. Hayne, F. D. Stickney, Kate
Putnam Osgood, and Kate Vannah.

The American Agriculturist for August
contains original articles by no less than
forty well-known writers, from twenty-
one States and Territories. The frontis-
piece, by Cary, represents two young
bears surprising a party of children pick-
ing blackberries. Another full page en-
graving, by Mueller, depicts several
bright midsummer scenes in the country.
In addition to these there are many
smaller illustrations of farm animals,
plans of buildings, plants and flowers,
new labor-saving devices, and imple-
ments, etc. A prominent feature of this
number is the "Fair List," giving the
dates of all the State, County, and Dis-
trict Fairs, to be held this fall, so far as
announced. The Household, and Boys
and Girls columns, are, as usual, full of
interesting and entertaining matter; and
in the Humbug department several frauds
and cheats get more notoriety than they
may relish. Price, \$1.50 per year, Eng-
lish or German; Single numbers, 15 cts.
Address American Agriculturist, 751
Broadway, New York.

Mr. E. Conklin has purchased the Mc-
Laughlin property on Central avenue and
will remove from Thompsonville to this
city next month.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John A. Logan, Jr., has become a
partner in a real estate firm in Wash-
ington.

—William M. Singerly, of the Phila-
delphia Record, has sixty-six dwelling
houses in course of erection in that
city.

—Nathan B. Moore, a Maine hunter,
aged sixty-eight, has killed two hun-
dred and seventy-five moose since his
youth.

—The first female clerk employed by
the Government was Miss Jennie Doug-
lass, appointed to the Treasury Depart-
ment by Secretary Spinner, in 1862.—
N. Y. Independent.

—Captain David Buskirk, the large-
st man in Indiana, died at his home
near Bloomington recently. He was
seven feet tall in his stockings, and
weighed four hundred pounds.—In-
dianapolis Journal.

—P. T. Barnum is reported to have
remarked in a moment of confidence
that if he lived much longer and re-
tained his present activity he would
exhibit himself in a side tent as "one
of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever
handled."

—A. G. Nye, of Weymouth, Mass.,
claims to be the first inventor of the
Morse telegraphic instrument. If it
was Bill Nye who made such a claim
people would understand it, for Bill is
a great inventor, but it is a little late
in the day for A. G.—Detroit Free
Press.

—A Harvard professor and his wife
were guests at a reception in London,
which had been given in their honor.
A hundred men and women had been
invited by the hostess to meet them.
But there were no introductions, and
the Harvard professor amused himself
during the evening by talking to his
wife.—Harper's Weekly.

—Mr. Moody has received from Wil-
liam Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder,
a model of Solomon's Temple, made of
cedar overlaid with gold, with many of
the smaller articles of solid gold. It is
one-fifty-fifth the size of the original,
having the court, tabernacle, altar,
laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat,
and cherubim in proportion and rela-
tion to each other.

—Alexander Stewart, of Staunton,
Va., aged ninety-one years, recently
attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland,
aged eighty-one years, who had been
his best friend for half a century. The
next day while Mr. Stewart was re-
calling to a party of visitors scenes
and incidents in which he and his
friend Wayland had participated, he
fell over on the ground and died in a
few minutes.—Washington Post.

—Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a
rather unusual experience recently.
He went to see his mother, who is
sixty years old and resides in a neigh-
boring town. On arriving at his home
he found that the old lady had eloped
with a man half her age. When Mr.
Scott returned to his own home he was
paralyzed by the information that his
wife had gone with a handsomer man.
Then there was music in the air.—

Mrs. Black's Reception.

BY ALLAN ENDICOTT.

It was exactly 7.30 A. M., and, as was the wont at the Brown's mansion, breakfast was already laid and the Browns were seated at the table discussing in novels, I believe, so let us use the phrase here; it sounds so much more polite than a more commonplace expression. In reality it wasn't chops and eggs that the Browns were discussing, but soap; that is, Mr. Brown was holding forth on the thousands of pounds of A. No. 1, large bars, that the great firm of S. Brown's Sons had shipped during the week past. "Yes, sir, we're just booming things," he remarked cheerfully. "I expect to make a mint of money on that Diamond No. B—that's the new brand, you know."

Mrs. Brown evidently did know, for she went on pouring out the coffee from the silver urn, and revolving in her mind her morning's shopping list, without paying the slightest attention to her husband's soapine rhapsody. We can't blame her for not listening,--didn't the Browns have soap with every meal? It was sometimes one brand, sometimes another, but always soap; unless, perchance, Mr. Brown spoke in a guarded way of "the lodge." Mr. Brown was not a little proud of his connection with an august Masonic body, and always spoke of the lodge in most reverent terms.

Mrs. Brown awoke from her reverie with a suddenness that caused her to stop in the midst of pouring out the last cup of coffee. "Why, Caroline, my dear child, what are you to wear to the reception? I forgot all about your new dress being at Mme. Maglarde's; and she said she couldn't possibly have it fixed before Saturday. You can't wear that pink dress again--"

"Reception!" interrupted Mr. Brown. "What reception?"

"Why, at Mrs. Black's; we're invited there to a reception on Thursday."

"Am I invited?" asked Mr. Brown with a rueful countenance.

"Of course; it's an evening reception."

"Have I got to go?" he asked, heaving a heavy sigh.

"You haven't got to go," replied Mrs. Brown sternly.

"But the reception!" said Mr. Brown. "Haven't we had about enough of them for a while? They're an awful bore. I'd rather have my head cut off than go to a reception. I'd sooner stay home, any day," he added, not noticing what a dreadfully weak climax he had made for his bloodthirsty sentiment.

"But I suppose we've got to go," and Mr. Brown breathed forth another deep martyr-like sigh.

"As I said before, Dan'l, there's no got to go about it. If you don't want to go, very well, we won't go, and that's the end of it." Mrs. Brown closed her lips firmly, while her crimson face and sparkling eyes bespoke the wrath that was smothered within her bosom.

"Well, I suppose we'd better go," said Mr. Brown in a conciliating tone.

Mrs. Brown, however, deigned no reply. As far as outward appearances went, she had become quite composed withal a little rigid perhaps, and presently was talking with Caroline of some new gowns, a new livery for James, and of several other things totally irrelevant to Mr. Brown's remarks. Mr. Brown retired behind his morning paper, and you may be sure he did not again mention the invitation for Thursday.

Mrs. Brown and her daughter still lingered at the table after Mr. Brown had departed for the scene of his soapy interests. The bang of the front door was no sooner heard, than the conversation abruptly changed.

"I declare, Caroline," broke forth Mrs. Brown, "your father is at times the most aggravating man! You'd think to hear him talk that we just dragged him out to companies. He's the queerest man in the world about such things; he always makes out that he doesn't want to go out of an evening, when I know all the time he likes to go. I really believe he enjoys it more than I do, only he won't own up to it. These men always pretend it's the women that want to do the going; but the men are every bit as anxious to go. I'm sure they wouldn't stay at home for worlds. Don't you know, it was just so at the Smith's ball last month; Dan'l heaved and hawed about it when the invitation came, but when the night came he was possessed to go. I really didn't want to go myself that night; you remember Mme. Maglarde disappointed me in my dress, but nothing would do but we must go, so we did."

They had risen from the table and strolled into the parlor. Miss Caroline seated herself at the piano and began picking out a poplar waltz. Mrs. Brown looked out at the window and remarked that James had again forgotten to put the lawn sprinkler out.

"He wants me to urge him to go," continued Mrs. Brown, as though James were the culprit. "When Thursday night comes you'll see he'll be crazy to go. But mark my words, I'm not going to do any urging this time. If Dan'l expects I'm always going to truckle to him in these matters, he's mighty mistaken. I've about made up my mind not to go to that reception," and Mrs. Brown resolutely stifled all thoughts of that new black velvet gown upstairs which had never been worn.

The music ceased suddenly, and Caroline wheeled about on the piano stool.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed in a tone that should have rent the heart of the stoutest matron. "Why it's going to be the swellest affair this season."

"No, I shall not go," Mrs. Brown answered calmly, her face wearing an expression as firm as that presented by the rock of Gibraltar. "Not even if Dan'l begs me--not if he should get down on his knees and beseech me to go! I am determined to punish him this time."

The week went by; the household affairs of the Browns ran in their accustomed groove. Mr. Brown dined regularly with a good appetite and talked to his wife of soap, but no word was said about Mrs. Black's reception.

Thursday night, dinner was half over when Mr. Brown remarked casually, "Let's see, is this the night we go out, Sarah?"

"Go out?" said Mrs. Brown calmly. "Yes."

"Go out where?" asked Mrs. Brown in blank amazement.

"Why, isn't this the evening for Mrs. Black's reception?"

"This is the evening for Mrs. Black's reception, but you know we were not going."

"Not going!" said Mr. Brown in surprise.

"Why, no, you recollect you said you didn't care to go."

"Didn't care to go!" Oh the fine sarcasm of Mrs. Brown! Hadn't her husband said he would rather cut off his head than go. Didn't he remember it distinctly, the very tones even in which he had said it. His large round face was covered with flaming blushes at the remembrance, and he fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair.

"But don't you and Caroline want to go?" he asked. "I guess I can stand one more."

"No, I think I'd better stay at home to-night. It will probably be a very elegant affair--the house and grounds are just right for a summer entertainment--but, as you say receptions are tiresome."

Dinner proceeded in a chilly silence, which was not again broken until dessert came on. "On the whole, Sarah, perhaps you'd better get ready and go," ventured Mr. Brown. "You know what a queer stick Black is; it would be very awkward for me if I should meet him down town in the morning and have to explain why we weren't there."

"Oh, you could easily get up an excuse, Dan'l; you're splendid at that at times; and besides, it's very seldom you meet him, isn't it?"

"Or," said Mr. Brown, brightening up with his happy idea, "if you want Caroline to go, and don't feel like going yourself, I could take her up for a little while just as well as not. I don't care a copper about going myself, but it really seems as though some of us ought to go; you know, the Blacks came to our little company."

Poor Dan'l! He was doomed to disappointment again.

"No; I had much rather Caroline should stay at home; she's been out too much lately," Mrs. Brown answered, paying no attention to Caroline's wistful look; "and there's no sense in her dragging you up there if you don't care to go."

It was a melancholy little group that sat around the library table after dinner. They all read assiduously. Miss Caroline looked somewhat pouty about the lips, Mrs. Brown's masculine face was forbidding in the extreme, while poor Dan'l was completely subdued.

"I think I'll go down to the lodge for a little while," said Mr. Brown, at length, trying to speak in an offhand way, as though he were perfectly at ease. "We have an installation to-night."

There was a slight sinking at Mrs. Brown's heart at this announcement. Since 7 o'clock, though, she was outwardly so firm there had been a little giving way within. She had not read a word in the book she held open before her, her thoughts had been too busily engaged at Mrs. Black's reception. She wondered what Mrs. Appleton Fiske would wear; perhaps the morning papers would not give the toilets; in that case she might never know! The thought of the names in the paper was maddening; she mentally read, among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brown and Miss Brown. Yes, if her husband once more should urge their going, possibly she might relent and go with him.

But all hope took wings at mention of the lodge. "Oh, you're going to install some more high privates, are you?" she snapped out, for she had grown very nervous during the suspense of the last 15 minutes. "I thought you had an installation just the other night!"

"That was an entirely different matter. I can't explain these things to you so you'd understand them."

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Brown, wrathfully. "I suppose it was a meeting of the High Cockerlums last week, and to-night it's a meeting of the Lodge of Supreme Perfection and Sublime Completion, isn't it?"

"It is a meeting of the Supreme Council, if that is what you mean, Sarah," replied Mr. Brown with much dignity, as he stalked out of the room.

The glories of the reception also flitted through Mr. Brown's head while he shaved. How sincerely he wished he had never uttered that unhappy remark about cutting off his head. As he took out from their cases his gaudy masonic jewels--gold serpents and triangles writhing in inextricable confusion around skulls and cross-bones--the picture of Right Worthy Brother Doolittle delivering the installation speech arose up before him, and he

wondered if the speech would be of the usual dreary length. A sudden and strange impulse here seized Mr. Brown, for the precious jewels were thrust back into the cases unceremoniously. The razor was taken out and used for a second time, great care being taken that not a single hair should escape it. When his toilet had been accomplished Mr. Brown went down stairs cautiously, as though he did not want to meet anyone by the way, and was quickly in the street.

"There goes your father," said Mrs. Brown as she heard the click of the lock. "It is too bad that you couldn't go to-night, but I did want to teach your father a lesson."

"Mother!" exclaimed Caroline a moment later. "I have a scheme. Why couldn't you and I get ready and go now?"

"And let Dan'l have the laugh on us!"

"Father needn't know a word about it; we could easily get back before he comes home, he is never back from meetings before eleven."

"Well--" hesitated Mrs. Brown, "I don't care much about going myself, but I should like to have you go, Caroline. Well--go and get ready, and we'll go. We'll have to come back early, though; I wouldn't have Dan'l know we had gone for the world! We won't have James take us; he might say something about it to your father in the morning."

"Now you be sure and don't let the cat out of the bag, Caroline," Mrs. Brown was saying, while she and her daughter were making their way through the crowd of street boys and housemaids that choked the entrance to the canvas passageway and hung on the iron pickets of the fence, drinking in the colored lanterns and the gay groups on the lawn. The reception was at its zenith when the Browns arrived. Mrs. Black was so glad Mrs. Brown had come--had almost given up seeing her--and dear Caroline too! How good of them to come!

"Caroline," gasped Mrs. Brown in her daughter's ear, "it isn't possible that that's your father over there!"

"Why, that's only Mr. Hackett," answered the startled Caroline. "How you frightened me!"

"Not there," said Mrs. Brown sharply; "over there talking with Mr. Sampson. I do believe, Caroline, that's your father, just as sure as I stand here!" There was but a moment of irresolution. "We must get away at once and not let him see us." Mrs. Brown's anger was so great that there were tears of vexation in her eyes as she murmured, "O Caroline, I never thought this of your father!" Unfortunately Mrs. Lane came up to them, checking the retreat.

Meanwhile what of that double-dyed sinner Mr. Brown. As we have seen, he had dwelt on the pleasures of the reception until the temptation had become too strong. "Confound it, if she won't go, that's no reason why I shouldn't, had been the argument that had smoothed his path to the Blacks, and he was enjoying to the full his stolen fruit.

But his joy was not invulnerable against fate. While Signor Torano was charming Caroline and the other guests with his artistic performance, Mr. Brown had shown his indifference to music by taking a position in a distant room, with his back to the Signor, and talking stocks to Mr. Sampson.

"See your wife has returned from her trip," observed Mr. Sampson at last.

"Oh yes, a week ago," Mr. Brown answered all unsuspecting of the revelation that was about to be made.

"Your daughter is growing remarkably pretty, Brown, she looks almost as tall as her mother as they stand there together by the piano."

Had a bombshell burst in his pocket, Mr. Brown could not have been more startled. He cast one fearful glance behind him, and comprehended his predicament.

"What's the matter, Brown?" asked Mr. Sampson.

"Oh nothing--nothing at all--a nervous headache, I believe. I've been a little overworked of late. Excuse me, Sampson, there goes Hollins, I want to see him about something particular," and Mr. Brown was speedily lost in the throng.

Of course he must get home before his wife, Mr. Brown told himself. The difficulty was to get his coat and hat, for in order to reach the staircase which led to the dressing-room it would be necessary to pass within a few feet of Caroline and her mother. There, they had turned their backs to him. He thought he would risk it, but just as he was starting to cross the hall Caroline turned around. "No go," sighed Mr. Brown. "There must be some back way of getting up stairs," and with that he turned into the dining room, and watching his opportunity, dodged through a door--when no one was looking. The door opened on a dimly-lighted entry, and in his hurry Mr. Brown collided at full tilt with a butler, who was carrying some bottles of Apollinaris on a tray in one hand and a tray full of glasses on the other.

There was a grand crash and then Mr. Brown found himself on the floor with the bottles, glasses, butler and trys strewn around him promiscuously. His face had been out in one or two places by the broken glass, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks, while his shirt front was deluged with Apollinaris. A man under these circumstances is naturally disposed to be angry, but before Mr. Brown could sputter out any appropriate interjection, a redeeming aspect of the mishap presented itself, and instead of swearing at the butler for allowing himself to be run into, Mr. Brown waved all

apology aside with a graceful gesture of the hand.

"No offence, sir. Never mind excuses, my good fellow, but just show me some way to get up to the dressing-room without exhibiting myself."

"Right up them stairs, sir!"

Mr. Brown sped up the stairway accompanied by sundry giggles and hysterical titterings which emerged from the kitchen. Arrived on the next floor, and finding the coast clear, he made all haste to get into the dressing-room. He was just in time, for as he closed the door he heard voices on the staircase that were unmistakable. It was Mrs. Brown and Caroline. In the same moment in which he recognized the voices, poor Mr. Brown realized that he was in the wrong room, and his heart sank within him as he looked around in dismay at the white cloaks and delicate wraps that were heaped about the room. He was completely cornered; there was but one door open, and in another instant his wife would enter it. Mr. Brown, however, was in no mood for meeting his wife if he could possibly avoid it. With a quick movement he slid the bolt into its socket. He heard his wife try the door, and presently a maid came to her assistance.

"That door must usually does stick," said the girl; "I'll call John."

For a moment Mr. Brown had felt a great relief at his escape from his wife, but what was he to do next? It was impossible to stand siege in his present quarters. There were the windows! He ran to one and found there was not even a foothold outside of it; and I am afraid this time an interjection did escape him--a most forcible one. Fortune had not entirely deserted him though, for on going to the other window he found that it looked out on a piazza roof. With great presence of mind he went softly back to the door, gently drew the bolt back, and then made a hasty exit through the window, almost at the same moment that his wife entered the room.

Mr. Brown's situation was not a pleasant one as he soon discovered. There were several other windows opening on the roof of the piazza, but all of them obstinately resisted the utmost endeavors to open them. It was true the piazza roof was only one story from the ground, and there was no one walking on the lawn, for it had begun to sprinkle; but judging from the amount of talking and laughing Mr. Brown heard directly beneath him, the piazza must be well occupied, so a jump was out of the question. He was in no humor for joking, but he could not help wondering what the effect would be if the company should suddenly see him dangling from the eaves trough. He crouched down in the corner formed by the bay window, and being in momentary fear that some one would look out of the window and see him, he caused himself much misery by trying to squeeze himself into as small a compass as possible.

There was nothing for him to do but to stay where he was until the piazza was deserted, and there was little of that occurring until the reception was quite at an end. He had thought at first that after his wife had gone, he might be able to get in by the dressing-room window again; but the guests were now beginning to leave, and he knew from the chatter inside that there must be at least a dozen or more women in the room by this time.

Time dragged slowly along. The rain was coming down faster, and what with the chilly atmosphere and his constrained position, Mr. Brown began to feel violent cramps and twinges of rheumatism. His dress coat was too tight to button, but he provided some slight protection from the cold by knotting his white silk handkerchief into a cap and drawing it over his head. For the first half hour he was comparatively patient, considering the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. He took out his watch very often and examined it by the light from the window to see how the time was passing. After looking he would wait what seemed to him an interminable time before looking again, but it was surprising with what regularity the watch appeared at the end of every five minutes; only once was the interval longer than that, and then it was only eight minutes. "What would Sarah say if she could see me now!" he thought over and over again. At the end of the half Mr. Brown's patience was rapidly disappearing, and as his temper rose every now and then he would give vent to a subdued snort of anger. The snorts had to be done with care, of course, the window being so very near.

He changed his position almost constantly now, but found no relief. Suddenly he discovered in the next yard a group of servant girls huddled together peering at him through the darkness.

"Can't you see it, Hannah?" he heard one of them say, pointing at him. Then another called out in a loud tone as though she wanted to be heard, "I guess we'll call the police." Mr. Brown thought that he was now at the end of his rope. In his desperation he tried the windows once more, and probably because of the strength his fury gave him, succeeded in getting one of them started; another good tug and it was open, and Mr. Brown disappeared from the servant girls' horizon.

The room, into which he crawled, was perfectly dark save for a little ray of light that straggled through the keyhole. Outside the door there was such a babel of voices that it was evident everyone was going.

One is apt to feel a little chilly after sitting on a piazza roof in a dress suit for almost an hour on a drizzling evening, and Mr. Brown found himself no exception to the ordinary rule. The

chills that coursed up and down his spinal column were of the coldest kind; the cramps in his knees were some, thing terrible, and as to the racking twinges of rheumatism in his arm--well, Mr. Brown says he shall speak of them with emotion to his dying day. While groping about in the darkness he came in contact with a comfortable sofa, over the foot of which a down comforter was spread, and thinking it would be some minutes before he could safely venture into the hall, Mr. Brown spread himself out on the sofa beneath the comforter. What a mixture of pleasure and pain did he enjoy as the chills chased each other rapidly over his back, while he huddled himself more closely in the warm comforter to stifle them.

In the midst of this delicious warmth, Mr. Brown must have dropped off to sleep, for when he opened his eyes, after one of the winks he allowed himself, everything was still, and the light was no longer streaming through the keyhole. How long he had been asleep he did not know, and he shuddered at the thought that some one might have found him there. He made his way into the hall and tried to recollect the bearings of the dressing-room; he must get his hat and coat at any risk. He found the door at last, and was about to enter it when a gentle snore from within arrested him. He remembered then there had been a bed in the room, and probably it was now occupied. No hope of getting his hat and coat now! As quietly as possible he tiptoed along toward the stairway. All the stories he had ever heard of persons being mistaken for burglars and shot somehow came into his mind, combined to make him nervous, so that it is no wonder that in his half-wake condition he should make several slight noises. Immediately from one of the rooms came, in trembling feminine accents: "Is that you Minnie?"

Brown stood still, holding his breath, and tried to keep his teeth from chattering. There was a moment of awful silence; then the voice called out again, in a little higher pitch, that showed the owner was beginning to get frightened: "Minnie, is that you?"

"Yes'm," answered a voice from the bottom of the stairway; "I'm bringin' up the silver."

The great strain Brown had been under to keep perfectly still at the sound of the first voice had been followed by such a reaction, at the sound of the second, that he had hardly strength enough to step through a doorway to conceal himself from this guardian angel with the silver as she passed through the hall. With many pauses, and much heart-beating, Mr. Brown finally reached the bottom of the stairs. While fumbling at the latch to get the door open, he once more heard Mrs. Black's voice: "I'm sure I heard something down stairs!" And then in Mr. Black's gruff tones: "Nonsense, Amelia, you're nervous." Mr. Brown had strong scruples against overhearing conversation not meant for his ear, so did not think it becoming in him to await the outcome of this argument.

Mrs. Brown and Caroline had been enjoying their bed for above an hour, when they were startled by a great trampling of feet and sound of voices on the front steps. Mrs. Brown at once threw a shawl about her and hastened to the head of the stairs.

"What's the sense in waking everybody up? It's all right, I tell you; it's my house!" she heard exclaimed angrily in Mr. Brown's wellknown voice.

"We'll see about it," said another voice; and with that there was a violent pulling at the doorknob.

Mrs. Brown flew down to the door in consternation, not knowing what catastrophe to expect; while at the head of the stairs Miss Caroline in her white nightdress, with her dark ringlets flowing over her shoulders, leaned over the bannisters, forming a most charming picture. Mrs. Brown opened the door, and there, in the grip of a stout policeman, stood Mr. Brown in his dress suit, with the knotted handkerchief still on his head, his pale and agitated countenance made almost ghastly by the blood stains on his forehead and cheek.

"Daniel Spofford Brown," said Mrs. Brown, impressively, "what in the name of common sense has happened?"

"Oh, I see it's all right, mum," said the policeman. "I found him a climber in of the cellar window. He said he'd forgot his key and didn't want to disturb ye's. It sounded a mite suspicious, but I see it's all right. I beg yer pardon, sir, but I couldn't help it, ye know. Good night, mum."

"Well--I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, after another careful survey of her husband from top to toe. "I've often heard of riding the goat at those Masonic lodges, but I should say you'd been riding mighty hard. Dan'l to get in such a plight as this."

"Don't say a word, Sarah, I know I've done wrong, but I've been punished for it. I haven't been at the lodge, as you know, for I saw you at the reception," said Mr. Brown meekly. "And Sarah if you don't want me to die of the rheumatism, or the pneumonia, don't stop to ask questions, but just steep up some ginger tea as quick as you can."

What occurred during the curtain conference that night, I am not able to say, but I have on the best authority that never afterward when an invitation was received, was either head of the family heard to make any remarks about not caring to go. Old Mrs. Brown, on a recent visit to her son, even said that she couldn't understand how it was that Daniel had come to set such store on covorting around to companies.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS GHOST.

"My duties," he remarked with tears, "I've never sought to shun; Yet hard it is that at my years They have again begun."

"No one believed in me or cared If I my vigils kept; My diligence the public spared, And undisturbed I slept."

"Yet now I never close my eyes, But in my dreams I see These Physical Societies Descending upon me."

"They ask me whether I forgot To wander round the moat; They wonder what I mean by not Steering my phantom boat."

"They would not think it such a joke To rattle fetters through; The weary night till morning broke, As I have got to do."

"Alas!" he groaned, "on blood-stained floors Again to fight and fall, To shiver round the secret doors, The draughty banquet hall."

"I say it was a heartless thought, Wherever he may dwell, Who on us this disaster brought— I'd like to haunt him well."

"And ah!" he cried, with rapture grim, "One thing consoles me most: We'll make it very warm for him When once he is a ghost!"

"When every honest phantom sleeps He'll have to freeze in cells, And wring his hands by molly keeps, And jangle rusty bells."

He paused, his fetters to arrange, Adjust his winding sheet; He murmured: "In this world of change One can't be too complete!"

He fixed on me a glance of woe, Then vanished into air; I heard his clanking fetters go Right down the winding stair.

Yet sometime, when 'mid wind and rain I'm lying warm and dry, I seem to hear him clank his chain Beneath the dismal sky.

—*Longman's Magazine.*

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

A Missionary's Description of a Journey Through the Celestial Empire.

Very few visitors to the city of Peking have the humility and courage to abstain from visiting the great wall, writes Rev. Gilbert Reid in the *Christian at Work*. Even the missionary, not altogether free from pride, listens to the call of his worldly ambition, and after many an inward struggle makes one desperate resolve, and "goes to the wall." Happy the man who can find a guide, not from among the covetous Chinamen, or from the ranks of easy-going men of the world, but from those cool-headed men of experience who make up the missionary body-guard of the imperial capital. With no little gratitude did I learn that Rev. Mr. Whiting had been advised by his physician to take a short trip in the country, and was inclined to accompany me northward to the wall and return. Prices were thereby smoothly arranged with cartman, donkey driver, inn-keeper and the many impromptu gatekeepers of all the famous resorts along the route. The wall, by direct and hasty route, might possibly be reached, and return made, in two days; but it is far more advisable to take easy stages, and see something more than a few old bricks and stones, that emphasize the already self-evident fact of China's antiquity and deep rooted conservatism. The Chinaman is modern enough and Yankee enough to want cash at no established rate except the rate of plenty, and when plenty is given to increase it by geometrical progression. So much has been learned by the advent of the generous "globe trotter."

On the way to the wall from Peking may be seen a large monument, erected in honor of a leading priest of the Lama faith, finely carved, with scenes from his life. Then further on may be seen one of the wonders of the world, a massive bell nearly 500 years old, fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet circumference at the rim, and covered within and without with selections from Buddhist classics in Chinese characters. Not far away are the ruins of the Emperor's summer palace, sadly indicating the glory of past days, until 1860 saw the French and English marching to the capital, and shamefully devastating some of the prettiest spots of all China, where even French architecture had mingled with the Chinese, heightening the charm of the wooded dales; the sparkling springs, the lakes, the caverns and the many little hills that overlooked nature's garden and the luxury of an imperial family. Still beyond, in a fertile plain, surrounded by hills on every side except where a valley at the south opened a beautiful entrance, there appeared the tombs and worship halls of thirteen of the emperors of the Ming, or Chinese dynasty, now well nigh deserted except by the casual visits of strangers from abroad, and the few descendants of the reigning family that lost its power and glory 250 years ago. On a rising summit, where had been placed a tablet to the memory of the first Emperor of that dynasty, there arose a massive worship hall, still in splendid condition, some 250 feet in length, whose roof was supported by solid wooden pillars twelve feet around, and in the quietness of that hall the only object moving was a small donkey, which had strayed in from the deserted fields, as if to show that they who had ruled in the past had now been forgotten of men, and that strong walls, art and heathen worship, could not make sure the sincere esteem of after generations.

At last the great wall is reached, after a tedious ride through a stony mountain pass, while the rain is com-

ing down, and the thin cotton garments of the rider are drenched and his ardor still faster and faster cooling. Standing on the wall that had wended its way up a steep mountain side, I saw before and behind me a panorama of hills of various sizes and slopes, while only now and then could be seen a village, a little stream of water, or the main highway, leading up into Mongolia. The thoughts connected with the sight called back the departing ardor, and all united in hymning praise to the old empire of the Orient. A wall over 2,000 years of age, 1,500 miles in length, built in ten years by persistent energy, some fifteen feet wide at the top, and varying in height from eighteen to thirty feet, ignoring chasms, precipices and mountains, it impresses one as a strange marvel, if not of apparent utility. Every few hundred yards are towers that rise from fifteen to forty feet high, giving the wall the aspect of a military defence of primitive days. Use the material in this wall, and another wall could be built, as one has said, six feet high and two feet thick twice around the world. When one considers the large number of workmen needed, and how an Emperor of a small kingdom, as China then was, could effectively keep all of these at their task year after year, he can only be amazed at the power that controlled, and wonder whether patriotism, self-protection, superstition, fear or mere fancy was the dominating motive. Whatever the propelling cause, there to-day are the walls that hands twenty centuries ago succeeded by solid masonry to build, and serpent-like the walls still curve their way from summit to summit many and many a mile, or doggedly push across some plain, bidding defiance still to those invading armies that once came and fought with bow and arrow, spear and javelin, but now are resting within the ground, while their spirits move to and fro within the spirit world. The past had its ambition, its skill and its fears, but not always the greatest wisdom. Neither has the present possessed all wisdom, so long as soldiers still march the deserts and navies plow the seas, and human voices still cry for blood, revenge and plunder. Let the future have a wisdom from above which is first of all peaceful, and Heaven will be quick to sing her applause.

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

Thousands of Them Fall in the Smoky City.

Says *The Pittsburgh Dispatch*: "Say, pa, look here at these frogs; how they jump! Whoosh, what a lot! There must be three millions of them at least!" The exclamation was made by a little boy yesterday afternoon to his father while both of them were walking along Duquesne way. It was immediately after the shower, and the boy's paternal parent, evidently knowing by experience that his son would want an explicit explanation in reference to the appearance of the little animals, at once said:

"Well, do you know how they got here?"

"No."

"The rain brought them down. It has been often witnessed, by farmers in the country especially, that a heavy rain-storm after a long drought is liable to be accompanied by a frog rain."

A *Dispatch* reporter who, while walking along the river at the moment, had accidentally overheard the boy's remark, stopped to investigate the truth of the boy's statement as to 3,000,000 frogs being leaping about in the street. Although it had to be granted that the boy's vivid imagination had prompted him to exaggerate, there were, nevertheless, thousands and thousands of the little hoppers covering the street from the suspension to the Hand street bridge—all along the wharf.

The animals were all very small—not more than a quarter of an inch long. They were not green like the small amphibian usually found in meadows or fields, but their hide had a grayish dark color, denoting the regular toad. While the bodies of some of them were still graced with tails, others had already passed that state of their metamorphosis, and were hopping about without such appendages. A number of people passing along the street were attracted by the omnipresent little animals and their enormous quantity, and the reporter asked several persons what they believed was the cause of the frogs' appearance.

Well, I don't know," said one gentleman. "I have heard of frog-rains very frequently. I lived in Washington county for many years, where my father had a farm. I remember that when I was about 15 years of age, one summer my father's field was covered with little frogs. They had come with a rain-storm, the same as these, but they were green. My father got quite mad about it, I recollect, and got all his laborers to kill them. Everyone went out with sticks, pitchforks, and hay-rakes to exterminate the creatures, but they had to give it up after a while."

Another gentleman, in the Boyer house, told of a similar experience about a frog rain that had taken place near Parkersburg, and that the people had so many of them running about that they thought the plague of Egypt was coming upon them. The conversation attracted several other guests, and the subject of frog-rains and stone-rains was reigning supreme, when a last somebody said:

"I know what is the cause of the frogs coming down to-day. They wanted to celebrate Fourth of July along with the rest of the folks; and I don't blame them, either."

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

The Growing Importance of Storing Food for Stock During Seasons of Plenty.

Success in Keeping Bees Largely Depends on Making Preparations for the Business.

Storage of Fodder.

A scarcity of food for domesticated animals is much more likely to occur at the present time than a famine or scarcity of food for human beings. Famines that once resulted in causing the starvation of millions of human beings are never likely to occur again, or at least they are not likely to occur in civilized countries. A sufficient amount of food is produced almost every year in some part of the world to supply all the inhabitants of every portion of it. The news of the failure of the crops in any country spreads all over the world long before a famine occurs, and provisions are made for obtaining supplies. By means of steamships and railroads grains and meats can be transported and distributed very rapidly. There are now organized charities in nearly every country that are conducted on business principles. The wealth of nations, associations, and individuals is at the disposal of famine-stricken communities. Differences of race, religion, or form of civilization disappear when the report is circulated that people are suffering for want of sufficient and suitable food.

During the past forty years such an advance has been made in methods of storing grain, in preserving fruits, and in canning meat and fish as to render a famine almost impossible. Fruits, fish, and fresh meats can be kept for twenty years in hermetically sealed packages, and can be exposed to the changes of any climate without liability to injury. A sufficient amount of beef and mutton could be canned in Australia or in some of the countries in South America in a month's time to supply the inhabitants of an empire with meat for a year. Alaska, Newfoundland, or Norway could supply fish preserved in the same way. California, Cuba, and Central America are able to supply the world with fresh fruits preserved in airtight packages. By the new methods of drying grains all the cereals can be kept for many years and stored in fire and moisture proof warehouses at a nominal cost. Chemical knowledge has enabled us to keep in a fresh state nearly all the articles of food that a few years ago were classed as perishable and the great bulk of which was ordinarily wasted.

Apparently the danger of a scarcity of food for domesticated animals becomes greater as that of food for human beings becomes less. Stock-raising has become the leading pursuit of a large proportion of the persons who own and occupy land. Most of them aim to keep as many horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs on their places as they think they can supply with food. In case of a drought they sell off animals so as to have fodder enough to "go round." They generally find it impracticable to purchase food to feed to a large number of animals. Ordinarily, it would not be economical to do so, as the food would cost more than the animals would sell for after they had eaten it. Hay, straw, and other kinds of fodder are too bulky to transport long distances at anything like a moderate cost. It is generally cheaper to take farm animals to places where there are large supplies of food—if such places can be found—than to bring the food to them. The difficulty in doing either of these things is the lack of money in the hands of farmers and stock-owners during seasons of severe drought.

The small crop of grass and other forage plants this season will doubtless have the effect of calling the attention of farmers to the necessity of storing fodder for stock during years of plenty to have ready for use during years of scarcity. Without doubt a million farm animals will be disposed of or kept at a loss to their owners in the northwestern states and territories this season on account of a lack of sufficient food to feed them during next winter. A little foresight on the part of the owners of these animals would have prevented this loss. During years of plenty they did not follow the example set by Joseph in Egypt. They did not store up food against the coming years of famine. They burned the straw produced in their grain-fields or allowed it to rot in heaps. They suffered their cornstalks to remain where they grew or plowed them under for manure. They burned many acres of good prairie grass in order to make the pasturage better or to prevent the spread of fires at times when they would be likely to destroy crops, or farm buildings. Apparently they had "no thought" of years when there would be little rain to produce fodder for stock.

It is a very easy matter to preserve hay made from clover and tame grasses if a farmer has sufficient barn room. It can be kept for five or even ten years without having its quality greatly injured. The hay made of sough grass or the wild grass of the prairie can be kept for years with very little loss in well-constructed stacks or ricks. Especially is this the case when the stacks or ricks are covered with thatch made of long rye straw as they are in England. By taking great pains in building the stacks grain straw can be kept in as good condition as it was when

it was thrashed. Two hundred tons of pressed hay can be kept for years under a roof that in most parts of the country would not cost more than \$50—the amount that may be realized for three tons in a year of scarcity. Cheap hay is generally a good investment. It costs next to nothing to hold it and it enables the owner to sell it at a high price when the grass crop fails or to buy cattle or other stock to feed when they are low, as they promise to be the coming fall.

Preparing for Bee-Keeping.

That more persons fail to derive either pleasure or profit from keeping bees than from any other department of husbandry is by no means strange. The occupation has been rendered attractive by those who have written and spoken upon it. All the ancient poets from David to Virgil, and all the modern poets from Wordsworth to Whittier, have sung the praises of the industrious little insect that gathers honey from flowers. Even the composer of the most popular hymns have employed the "busy bee" to point a moral. The profits of bee-keeping have been shown by exhibiting the yearly balancesheet of a few very successful apiarists, who were chiefly engaged in selling patent hives and imported queens. A census was not taken of the failures in bee-keeping, so that the general public learned little about them. Keeping bees was generally represented as a very easy sort of employment, in which there was little to do except to "boss the job." The bees were presumed to know their own business and to attend to it at all reasonable times.

There is no longer much profit in keeping bees if the object be to obtain money from the sale of honey. Sweets of all kinds are very cheap, and honey forms no exception to the general rule. Still a large proportion of farmers who occupy improved places will find it to their advantage to keep a few colonies of bees. The honey they collect and store will help reduce the grocer's bills, while it will be much more satisfactory for use on the table than the syrups that are now sold. One should not engage in bee-keeping, however, without suitable preparation. Some standard work on beekeeping should be obtained and carefully studied before any hives or bees are obtained. If practical, the prospective bee-keeper should visit a place where several colonies are kept by some person who has been successful with them. Much information can be thus obtained about the proper location of hives; the methods of handling bees; of keeping them over the winter, and of feeding them when there is a scarcity of natural food. Much can also be learned about the value of different locations for keeping bees and providing plants whose flowers afford honey during different months of the year.

If there are basswood and willow trees on or near the farm when one intends to keep bees they will be found of great value. If there are none it will be the part of wisdom to plant them without delay. They will serve other useful purposes than producing honey for bees to gather. The sides of the road near the farm and bare tracts of land on any portion of it can be sown to melilot or sweet clover to excellent advantage. Alsilo or Swedish clover is an excellent honey-producing plant, and one that is worthy of attention for producing hay. White clover remains in blossom longer than almost any useful plant, while it yields a most delicious honey of the most desirable color. The beginners must learn that bees do not make honey, and that they can only obtain it when honey-producing flowers abound. Pasturage is as necessary for bees as for farm animals, and on its excellence and nearness to the hives will largely depend success in keeping bees.—*Chicago Times.*

A SAD HUMAN WRECK.

Once Wealthy, Influential and Ambitious, But Now Wearing Shackles.

In the city chain-gang, toiling in a listless, hopeless way, may be seen an old man, whose face, says the *Birmingham (Ala.) Age*, will impress the student of human nature. Under his right name this old man could claim close kinship with men and women of wealth and high social position in a distant State. On several occasions he has claimed the attention of the spectators in police court by short speeches couched in pure and eloquent language, and in conversation shows that he has known better days. This man, so rumpled, was educated at one of the colleges of the country for the ministry, but afterward adopted the profession of law. In his chosen profession his brilliant intellect made him successful, and he was soon on the road to fame and fortune. Of good family, his genius and accomplishments made him a social favorite, and in time he won the hand of a beautiful society belle. For several years the fates were kind and he knew nothing but domestic happiness and professional success, but in an evil hour the fortune he had accumulated was swept away by speculation. Close on the heels of financial disaster came domestic discord and jealousy, and the once happy home was changed to a hell on earth. Solace was sought in drink, and the man was soon on the road to ruin. For several years he has been an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, with only enough pride to conceal the name he once honored. The end of his career, which can not be far distant, will probably be a grave in the potter's field, and another sad life history will pass into oblivion.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ROAST BEEF.

Remove the bone from the thin part of the roast, lay in a piece of suet that does not project beyond the width of the roast, then fold it around against the thick of the meat. Skewer it with larding-pins fastened on the side, take some thin slices of bacon, lay in a dripping pan that is not too large and place in a hot oven. Fifteen minutes to the pound is the usual time required for roasting. Salt when half done and baste frequently. Minced onion, thyme and parsley may be added to the gravy.

DRESSED TONGUE.

Take a corned tongue and boil tender; split it, stick in a few cloves, cut one onion, a little thyme, add some browned flour. Have the tongue covered with water, in which mix the ingredients, add three hard boiled eggs chopped fine, and send to the table garnished with hard boiled eggs.

BEEF TRIPE.

Clean the tripe carefully and soak in salt water, changing several times; cut in slices; boil perfectly done; dip in butter; fry a light brown; season with salt and pepper.

BAKED LEG OF MUTTON.

Take a leg of mutton weighing six or eight pounds, cut down the under side and remove the bone; fill it with a dressing made of four ounces of suet, two eggs, two ounces chopped ham, six of stale bread, one onion, a little thyme, sweet majoram, parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper; sew up, lay in a pan and put in a hot oven; baste with butter, cook three hours.

TO DRESS CUCUMBERS.

Gather, or buy from market early, peel and put on ice until dinner; then slice as thin as possible and put with sliced onions in a dish, salt and pepper freely, pour a cup of vinegar over them, and lay ice on top.

One cup of white sugar, half cup of butter, one and a half of flour, half cup of sweet milk, teaspoonful of baking powder, whites of four eggs; flavor with almond.

FRUIT CAKE.

Eight cups of flour, six cups sugar, three cups butter, two cups milk (clabber preferred), twelve eggs, four teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two pounds seeded raisins, two pounds of currants, half pound thinly sliced citron, flour the raisins to prevent them from settling. Flavor with cloves, allspice, cinnamon, ginger and mace to suit the taste; bake four hours. Mix sugar and butter and beat it to a light cream, then add milk and yolks of eggs, then the spices, and lastly the whites and fruits.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of blanched almonds, three pounds of citron, one grated coconut, whites of sixteen eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavor to taste.

THE FEMININE TONGUE.

Some Harsh Comments That Probably Originated With a Crusty Bachelor.

The great peculiarity of the universal feminine tongue, says a writer in the *New York Graphic*, is an apparent contempt for paragraph and punctuation and utter ignorance of the article known as the final dash. There is not even the line "to be continued" at the close of the utterances, for the very good reason that the stop is invariably accidental, and, therefore, at the middle of a sentence; and the listener is thus obliged to sweep aside his appreciative emotions and replace them with a look of blank conjecture which gives his countenance the appearance of a Chinese puzzle that nobody can hope to solve. This is embarrassing, and if the uncompleted sentence is of considerable moment it leaves an agony of doubt that can not be easily relieved. "And" is used as a connecting link between the last sentence and the one to follow it. It is generally accompanied by an uplifted hand by way of warning, as much as to say: "Hold on! It isn't your turn yet. I have paused merely to catch my breath. I shall resume in a moment, and will say better things than I have said yet. You just keep still and you'll see!" With the use of the "and" comes a long breath, a sudden release of the tongue from the roof of the mouth with a little remark, a brief pause for reflection—and there is a resumption of business with as vigorous animation as if the tongue hadn't had any thing to do for six months. While a man says one good thing an hour and pauses to let his companion enjoy it and make the proper response to it, a woman says two in the same space of time and rattles right along, leaving her listener in the discomfort of having contemplated something worthy of the occasion and being utterly handicapped as to the place to put it in. The hushes to talk are not in other works, altogether unworthy of consideration. A consciousness of worthiness is due to the other party, that he may give some slight evidence of his appreciation; but a woman never says a good thing except by accident, and she doesn't know it is good until the fact is demonstrated to her through some arithmetical process, of the details of which she is equally ignorant. She is a delightful fraud; but she is as tickled with the sound of her voice as is the other party, and the matter of sense generally goes up to meet the angels the moment her atheistic vocal member begins its intolerable exercises. This is that is sad.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending July 23, 1887.

This country is one third larger than China, and has less than one fifth the population.

The rains of this week have been quite general throughout the central and western parts of the state.

There is enough water in the water-melons raised in this country to irrigate the whole territory of some of the nations of the earth.

Great indignation is felt in Montgomery county over a shipment of cattle afflicted with Texas fever. One man is said to have lost ninety head.

The acreage of corn in this state is this year about 6,000,000 acres, or 15 per cent increase. In wheat there is a falling off, and in oats an increase of 30 per cent.

It is suggested that the managers of the state fair provide a hall where daily discussion may be had during the fair, upon questions of interest to farmers and stock men. It is an admirable suggestion.

The supreme court of Illinois has affirmed a decision of the lower courts where bank directors were held to be personally responsible to depositors. This is a sound principle of law and should be recognized everywhere.

A Washington writer remarks that the statesman who does not spend in that city much more than his salary is not a success, and mentions that Senator Leland Stanford spends \$100,000 a year. But who ever heard of the statesman Leland Stanford?

As an item of interest to farmers as well as city folks, it may be stated that a commission firm a few days ago received a consignment of eggs, packed in cases as usual. Upon opening the cases they were found to be first-class incubators and were filled with chickens just emerging from the shell.

A Knights of Labor Assembly in Milwaukee is named Gambrinus Assembly. It is not a temperance assembly, and it desires to withdraw from the order, because of Grand Master Workman Powderly's temperance rulings. One of the weak features about the Knights of Labor is the fact that while it claims to advocate temperance it has left possible the organization of such an assembly as this Gambrinus.

The growth of prohibition sentiment in the south is one of the marvels of the day. Georgia is now as much a prohibition state as Maine or Kansas or Iowa. In Texas the people are enthusiastic, and if the state does not absolutely declare for prohibition at the election to come off next month, there will be such strength developed as will insure no distant triumph. Southern prohibition is already capable of putting to shame many of the northern states, and what is most gratifying, there seems to be little hypocrisy about it.

The steady, healthy growth of the Grange, as set forth by the facts, and shown in the weekly communication to our columns by the National Lecturer, is one of the best indications of the times. The prejudices that at one time existed, through ignorance, against the grange, have entirely disappeared, and its healthy and educating influence is now universally acknowledged by all who are in any degree acquainted with its teachings.

Judge Barrett, in sentencing the briber Sharp, made a good point in reply to the criminal's claim for mercy, when he remarked that when the great thief had restored the quarter million of dollars he had stolen, it would be time to think of clemency. In reviewing the case of this prince of bribers, however, one cannot help the reflection that there are others going scot-free who have probably out-heroded Sharp in the bribing of legislatures, city governments, and even congresses.

State Labor Union Convention

A somewhat informal call has been made for a state convention of the Labor Union party of Kansas. A similar call has been made, or will be made in most or all of the other states.

This is the outgrowth of the Cincinnati convention of last February. That convention was an attempt to reorganize the labor anti monopoly party. It presented a grand opportunity for a genuine, broad gauge reform movement. Some, indeed many features of the platform adopted are most admirable. Very prominent elements in the convention seemed to rise to the needs of the hour. But a portion that seemed to exert a dominating influence, was fanatical, impractical, and obstructive.

It may be said, truly, that the great reform now demanded along the line occupied by this party, is the one great need of our times. But so far it has utterly failed to assume any practical form. Not only this, it stubbornly refuses to put itself in harmony with sound public sentiment, with sincere morality, and with the fundamental principles concerning the rights of man upon which this government was founded.

It has passed into a fact, well and generally conceived by the best intelligence of the times, that the liquor traffic, with its attendant evils, is today the greatest enemy of the laboring interests. Any attempt, therefore, at labor reform, that does not recognize this enemy, will not command the popular sympathy necessary to insure success. Mr. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, seems to understand this fact, and is daily becoming more strenuous in planting the idea into that order.

The Cincinnati convention failed to comprehend the importance of a declaration in favor of the temperance reform. After the example of the old school politicians, it dodged the issues.

Again, the present labor movement is too circumscribed to ever become more than a faction. It limits itself by practically excluding the great agricultural interests, where may be found a majority of the labor of the country. It does this by coquetting with the Henry George theory, and by lending its sympathy with ill-timed strikes, and the unwarranted interference with the established rights of others.

Moreover, the present labor movement has failed to purge itself of socialistic heresies, not to mention the open sympathy of many of its leading advocates with the worst of foreign anarchists who have come to curse our nation.

We do not think we have over stated the facts. We have not enlarged upon them as might be done. We admit the great need of reform in the interest of the people. But it is reform, and not revolution, that is needed. It is a reform that comprehends the necessities of more than the wage-workers of the land, and of more than one sex.

A new series of Southern articles begins in the July HARPER'S, with the heading, "Here and There in the South." The writer, Rebecca Harding Davis, weaves into bright story form the narrative of a recent trip from Washington through the Gulf States into the Acadian country. Special attention is given to the prominent aspects of industry, thought, and life which characterize the "New South." This first instalment, in which the party journeys to Montgomery, Alabama, graphically depicts the violent contrasts between the old condition of things and the present. The entire series is to be beautifully illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson from material collected on a special tour for this purpose, and the engravings in this part demonstrate that the value of the text will be greatly enhanced by the artistic illustrations.

If an acre of land that cost a hundred dollars yields sure profit on all cost of labor and seed, as well as investment, to the amount of ten per cent, that is counted as very good. But there are thousands of acres upon which the percentage of profit may be doubled by increasing labor of tillage, and the larger profits constitute unanswerable argument in favor of the larger expenditure. —Toronto Mail.

The Journal wonders why it was that Topeka did not extend an invitation to the Burton car wheel company to locate in this city instead of in Wichita or Kansas City.

Possibly the reason may be found in the fact that Topeka enterprise is more given to booming town lots, laying out additions for speculative purposes, and to making marvelous progress on paper, for the benefit of real estate owners, traders and gamblers, traders and gamblers, rather than the securing of those manufacturing industries that are more than all things else necessary to the successful and healthy growth of a town. There is no need of spending a dollar or making an effort to advance real estate booms. Real estate will always take care of itself. But what is wanted is to provide employment for labor seeking locations. Manufacturers give employment to labor and create trade in legitimate lines. Labor, and manufacturing capital, are encouraged by moderate living expenses and this means moderate rents, and moderate cost of homes.

These do not follow any such fictitious real estate values as we had in April. Many prizes were drawn in that lottery, but Topeka will reap little benefit from it, while if the full secrets were told, it would be found that some were ruined. It is a fact not at all creditable to the enterprise of this city, that worthy industries that we already have in our midst, are left to struggle along, and may possibly be drawn away altogether, when a little aid would probably enable them to grow into great and prosperous institutions. There is in North Topeka a young manufactory, working its way under heavy disadvantages, that ought to and will become a very important industry. It has an immense field, and with out competition this side the Mississippi. Realizing this fact, very flattering overtures are made by parties in Kansas City to induce its removal to that city. Possibly circumstances may force such a result. The same indifference that permits other cities to capture the very things that we most need, as they seek locations in the west, will permit the removal of those that we have. There is but one channel that needs the organized assistance of capital, skill, and enterprise in the building of cities. It is the channel through which manufacturing and trade must enter. To accomplish this, it should be the policy of boards of trade, and capital devoted to local enterprise, to secure lands and homes at the very lowest possible figures, instead of aiding to force unwarranted and fancy prices. Even then there need be no fear but that prices of real estate will rule high enough.

Kansas is again receiving ample recognition at the hands of the National Educational Association in session in Chicago.

An amusing contemporary informant reads that a man at the East End calls himself, on his card, "Temperance Bootmaker," and suggests that the need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they are not generally drunk, it is a notorious fact that they are often very tight.

First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago. Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time. "Half seas over?" "In other words, money is tight, and that's what causes it." —Omaha World.

Gentleman (looking at flat)—I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it? Landlord—Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains. —Boston Bulletin.

Fashionable miss—I am going to a seaside resort and want something pretty for a bathing suit. Dry goods clerk—Our bathing suit fabrics are at the other end of the store, and— F. M.—O, I have looked over them and don't like them. Here is something just lovely. D. G. C.—But that won't stand water. F. M.—Well, I'll be careful and not get it wet. —N. Y. Mail.

The system of savings banks in Massachusetts during the past fifty years has proved itself as safe as any financial system within the range of monetary experience. The total amount of losses to the depositors by the failure of savings banks in the State during that time is estimated by the Bank Commissioners at about three-twelfths of one per cent. of the entire deposit. —Boston Traveller.

"Natural Law in the Business World."

By Henry Wood; cloth, 232 pages, 75 cents. Sold by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, by the publishers, LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, on receipt of price.

The light of Natural Law is applied to the live, social and economic topics which are now attracting so much attention. It aims to expose the abuses and evils which masquerade under the banner of Labor, and the bad results of class prejudice and antagonism. Labor combinations, and their effect on the laborer; socialistic tendencies, excess of economic and railroad legislation; the distribution of wealth; principles governing corporations and railroads, and also many other prominent issues, are fully and thoroughly examined, in their connection with unvarying natural laws and principles. It is shown clearly that the business world is permeated by Natural Law, and that success in any department can only be gained by conformity to it. The opposing combinations, unions, corners, unwarranted legislation, sentimental and socialistic ideas, and everything else of an artificial nature, are shown to be mischievous, destructive, and on a false basis.

This volume fills a space not before occupied by any other work, and critics, to whom the book has been submitted, predict for it a remarkable demand.

Every one who has read Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and many more, will be interested in seeing a corresponding application of natural and fixed principals to the economic and business world in which we live.

Eminent Authors of All Ages and All Countries.

The seventh volume of Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature now published contains biographical sketches of about 100 authors, of all ages and countries, with copious extracts from their writings, all arranged in strictly alphabetical order. The following are a few of the names included in the volume: Andrew J. Downing, the most famous writer on Landscape Gardening; Joseph Rodman Drake, author of The Culprit Fay; John W. Draper, the American scientist and historian. Prof. Henry Drummond, whose recent work Natural Law in the Spiritual World has been pronounced "almost a revelation"; John Dryden, the famous British poet; Paul Du Chailu, the noted traveller in Africa and Scandinavia; Madame Duvellant, ("George Sand") the famous French author; Jonathan Edwards, the New England theologian; Ebenezer Elliot, "the Corn Law Rhyme"; Ralph Waldo Emerson, philosopher and poet; Thos. Dunn English, author of "Ben Bolt" and other popular ballads and poems; Epicurus, Epicurus, and Duripides, Greek classic authors; Erasmus, wit, scholar and reformer; Eusebius, "the Father of Ecclesiastical History"; Marian Evans, better known as "George Eliot"; William M. Evans, and Edward Everett, statesmen and orators; John Evelyn, whose Diary is one of the most famous in English literature; Faber and Farrar, both famous in Christian literature; and Faraday, the most Christian of scientists.

The scope of the Cyclopaedia is broader than that of any similar work in any language. It embraces not only the names and works of writers in the English language, but also those of prominent authors of all ages and countries who have fairly made their mark in literature, Greek, Latin, Danish, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Persian, Portuguese, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, etc., the works in foreign languages being given in translations into English.

The work of the editors is now so far advanced that volumes will hereafter be published at comparative brief intervals. The publisher's descriptive catalogue (64 pages) of standard books will be sent free to any applicant. JOHN E. ALDEN, Publisher, 333 Pearl Street, New York, or Lakeside Building, Chicago.

Professor Bascomb—It is exercise that we need. We are too effeminate as a people. We ride when we ought to walk. Attentive patient—Well, doctor, no doubt you are right. But you are not going up in the elevator, are you? "Why to be sure. You don't think I'm such a fool as to climb five flights of stairs?" —Philadelphia Call.

The news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked. —Boston Transcript.

A curious mistake has been made in Mexico. The people of that country have mistaken a Frenchman named Thiers, who is visiting the republic, for the late President of France. The presiding officer of the Mexican Chamber made him an address and a dinner was given in his honor. The Jockey Club had fun with him also. —N. Y. World.

Kansas as It Is.

The late excellent report of Major Sims, secretary of the board of agriculture, shows what an immense growth Kansas has enjoyed during the past few years.

Total population of the state, March 1, 1886, was 1,406,738, 17.12 inhabitants to the square mile. Of the counties, Leavenworth leads, as it has from the organization of the state, Shawnee being second, while the comparatively new counties of Sedgwick and Sumner are respectively third and fourth, Wyandotte and Cowley sixth. These six counties are the only ones in the state that have a population of over 30,000 each. Of the ninety-five organized counties of Kansas, March 1, 1886, Hamilton county contained the smallest number of inhabitants, or 2,148, and Leavenworth the greatest number, or 44,247, Shawnee county following with 42,638.

The increase in the population of the state from 1884 to 1887, was 138,208, or 19.89 per cent. Should this ratio of increase continue until the close of the present quinary period, the census of 1890 will show a population for Kansas of 2,127,072. The population of the state in 1860 was 107,206; in 1870, 364,399; in 1875, 528,349; in 1880, 996,096. In 1,268,539, and at present something over one million and a half.

Of the total population of the state about twenty-five per cent, or 436,344 persons were born within its borders. There were in the state, March 1, 1885, 577,471 native white male population, and 510,177 native white female; 23,655 native colored male; 55,321 foreign white male. Of this total number, 460,501 are married, and 771,569 are single; 22,214 are widows, and 14,246 are widowers.

Illinois has furnished the greatest number of immigrants, her quota being 134,703; Ohio follows with 113,323; and Indiana comes in third with 100,271. Of our foreign population, the greatest number came from Germany, 39,159, and the smallest from France being 623.

Two hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and twenty-eight of our population are given as the "natural militia," being able to bear arms. There are 335,726 of the age of two years.

The total assessed value of real estate in Kansas in 1886, was \$189,624,318.15, of personal property, \$55,491,972.15, of railroad property, \$32,453,773.56, or a total valuation of all property, of \$277,570,063.82.

The wonderful increase in the assessed valuation of Kansas property is a matter of much favorable comment. The first assessment was made in 1861, at which time the total valuation amounted to but \$24,747,459.09, in 1870 it had increased to \$81,635,938.33; in 1880 to \$121,544,334.07; in 1885 to \$248,161,592.27.

A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsized, the lid being knocked completely out. A fire was built around the cage in order to frighten the animals into remaining inside, and the cage was replaced by the exertions of two elephants.

Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand. —Boston Journal.

Mr. Frank Stockton is credited by Arlo Bates with sending a ponderous door key to a friend just sailing for Europe with the message: "He says it is the key to one of the very best boarding houses in London. He is sorry he has forgotten the address; but if you try the doors until you find the one that fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Patient—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor? Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off. Patient—How much will the job cost? Surgeon—Fifteen dollars. Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars. —N. Y. Times.

MRS. M. VINCENT,

HUMAN HAIR GOODS

All kinds of Hair Goods on hand. Hair worn of all kinds done. Also buy and exchange hair.

730 Kansas Avenue.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Lecturer's Department, National Grange.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD.

Middlebush, N. J.

Since the publication of the census report of 1880 we have heard much said about the wonderful increase of wealth in our favored land, and at no period in our history as a nation has this wealth been piled up so rapidly. By far the greatest proportion of this wealth is grown out of the ground. We might almost say it is created by the labor of our farmers, but it does not stay with us. Who gets it? Those who for years past have been controlling legislation and by unjust laws and unequal taxes are taking from us what is right is ours. Here are a few figures to study and to think about while completing the gathering of our harvest for this year. By the census for 1850, the estimated value of farms in the United States was \$3,271,575,000. In 1860 they were valued at \$6,535,000,000, showing an increase of more than one hundred per cent. In 1870 the value of the farms was estimated at \$9,362,000,000, showing an increase during the decade of \$2,827,000,000, or less than forty per cent. In 1880 the value of the farms was estimated at \$10,187,000,000, being an increase during the decade of \$935,000,000, or only a fraction over nine per cent. When it is remembered how many millions of acres of new land were taken up and developed into farms in these later periods, the actual decrease in value can be plainly appreciated. In the one State of Pennsylvania the census of 1880 shows that the farms of the State lost, in the ten years between 1870 and 1880 over sixty-three millions of dollars of their value.

Of many more figures that might be given in this same direction let us look at those of our live stock for a few minutes. The value of the live stock in the United States in 1850 was estimated at \$544,000,000 and in 1860 at \$1,089,000,000, being an increase during the decade of \$545,000,000, or more than one hundred per cent. In 1870 it was estimated at \$1,525,000,000, being an increase during the decade of \$435,000,000, or less than forty per cent. In 1880 the live stock was estimated at \$1,500,000,000, being a decrease during the decade of \$25,000,000. Truly, thoughts for thinkers. How else can we stop this steady backward tending of agriculture, except by a thorough organization and education of farmers everywhere, such as the Grange offers?

Speaking of our patent laws' W. A. G. Armstrong, Master of the State Grange of New York, in his last annual address, says: "The inequities of our patent system are so great as to suggest imperative necessity for correction whereby the wrongs it engenders shall be eliminated. The system fosters, encourages and promotes monopoly of the harshest character. This is illustrated in the combination which makes users of telephones pay for each instrument an annual rental ranging from ten to forty times the cost of the instrument itself. It is true that liberal allowance should be made for a service that requires skilled operators, and capital in establishing lines and keeping them in working order. Besides this, generous consideration should be had for the inventor, who is entitled to large reward for service rendered to the public. But with all these charges, arranged on a scale that provides for magnificent returns, the fact remains that the public is required to pay far beyond, even four or five times as much as should be required in equity, most generously defined, to make suitable compensation for talent, capital and service. It will be seen, then, that the patent system establishes, or at least, provides means for establishing monopolies that bear with great severity upon the public."

"But this is not all. Opportunity is given for conclusive suits at law, in which the courts are made the instruments of extortion by supporting fic-

titious claims. Illustrations of this evil are so numerous that they need hardly be cited. But if instances be required they may be found in the numerous demands made upon farmers for royalties on articles of common use—articles bought in good faith, in the very spirit of innocence, and with proffered guarantee by sellers and manufacturers against the very evil to which purchase and use open the way. It is estimated by competent authorities that exactions put upon farmers in this way amount annually to sums great enough to defray the entire expenses of the Patent Office, which is so conducted as to support inequities that take the form of extortion. As matters stand, there is no security for the farmer who buys an implement that has improved adaptation to the use of which it is designed; for when he pays an extra sum for the improvement covered by a patent, he may be visited, later, by the owner of a prior patent, who has all the authority of law to demand payment of royalty, proportioned mainly by his greed. In this case Government has conferred its license and protection upon two persons with diverse claims, and each is empowered to collect of the purchaser or user of the patent device a sum at variance with the plainest principles of equity, and the only way of resistance is through courts, where interminable litigation tends to bills of cost far beyond the means of contestants. The system is so manifestly unjust, and so harsh in its operation, that correction should be sought at once through the earnest demand of those who suffer.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John A. Logan, Jr., has become a partner in a real estate firm in Washington.

—William M. Singler, of the Philadelphia Record, has sixty-six dwelling houses in course of erection in that city.

—Nathan B. Moore, a Maine hunter, aged sixty-eight, has killed two hundred and seventy-five moose since his youth.

—The first female clerk employed by the Government was Miss Jennie Douglass, appointed to the Treasury Department by Secretary Spinner, in 1862.—N. Y. Independent.

—Captain David Biskirk, the largest man in Indiana, died at his home near Bloomington recently. He was seven feet tall in his stockings, and weighed four hundred pounds.—Indianapolis Journal.

—P. T. Barnum is reported to have remarked in a moment of confidence "that if he lived much longer and retained his present activity he would exhibit himself in a side tent as 'one of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever handled.'"

—A. G. Nye, of Weymouth, Mass., claims to be the first inventor of the Morse telegraphic instrument. If it was Bill Nye who made such a claim people would understand it, for Bill is a great inventor, but it is a little late in the day for A. G.—Detroit Free Press.

—A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.—Harper's Weekly.

—Mr. Moody has received from William Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder, a model of Solomon's Temple, made of cedar overlaid with gold, with many of the smaller articles of solid gold. It is one-fifth the size of the original, having the court, tabernacle, altar, laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat, and cherubim in proportion and relation to each other.

—Alexander Stewart, of Staunton, Va., aged ninety-one years, recently attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland, aged eighty-one years, who had been his best friend for half a century. The next day while Mr. Stewart was recalling to a party of visitors scenes and incidents in which he and his friend Wayland had participated, he fell over on the ground and died in a few minutes.—Washington Post.

—Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is sixty years old and resides in a neighboring town. On arriving at his home he found that the old lady had eloped with a man half her age. When Mr. Scott returned to his own home he was paralyzed by the information that his wife had gone with a handsomer man. Then there was music in the air.—Texas Siftings.

—The Rochester Post-Express says: A life insurance agent states that he has just concluded an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. The centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death by an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 126. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 133.

MISSING MILLIONS.

How Near a California Judge Came to Making a Fortune.

"Judge," said a reporter to a well-known representative of the legal profession in San Francisco, "I have been told that you and some of your friends came near buying Alaska from the Russian Government before the United States made the purchase. Is it true, and will you tell me the story?"

"Well," said the judge, "we were not going to buy the whole of Russian America. We had our arrangements made to buy the best part of it, though. If you would like to know how I missed being a millionaire I will tell you."

"I think it was in 1860 that a Jew named Goldstone, who had been up to Alaska, came here. He gave a glowing account of the great fortunes made in the fur trade in the north. He wanted me to furnish money to start a trading post up there. In the course of the conversation he mentioned incidentally that all the trading posts, arms and ammunition, stores, forts and vessels in the trade had belonged to a Russian fur company, which had leased them to the Hudson Bay Company. The lease as well as the privileges of the Russian company had run out, and every thing now belonged to the Russian Government. He thought that the Russian Government would be glad to sell the whole thing out to a good American company. Russia and the United States were on particularly good terms at that time. I talked the matter over with some of my friends, and we arranged to get up a good company."

"I then went to Senator Cole and asked him to inquire through Russian Minister Stokel if there would be any chance to make the purchase. The proposition was favorably received, and we organized a company, with General John A. Miller as president and Eugene Sullivan as vice president. The other members of the board of directors were William B. Alston, Alvin Hayward, Senator Cole, Sam Branson and Alexander Badlam. Senator Cole then formally opened negotiations with the Russian Government through Cassius M. Clay, who was our Minister at that time in St. Petersburg, and Stokel, at Washington."

"The Russian Government then sent out an agent, with full power and authority to fix the price and terms of payment and to sign the papers and agreements on the part of Russia."

"We met the agent at the Occidental Hotel, and spent a day and night in making a trade with him. Our arrangement, as finally made, was that everything was to be turned over to us, forts, ships, arms, ammunition, utensils and furs on hand, for a price a little over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the exclusive privilege of taking and trading for furs. The company made a better trade than the Government did afterward, I think. The agreement was not signed, but the company appointed Henry E. Baker agent, with full power to execute all papers if the schedule of property was found to be correct. The furs alone reported on hand would have paid the purchase price twice over."

"Colonel Baker went on board the steamer Alexander, which was included in the property to be purchased, expecting to sail the next morning. Late in the afternoon of the day he went on board Eugene Sullivan went down to the dock. He was vice-president of our company, and told Baker and the Russian agent that the company had finally decided to back out of the trade. Baker came ashore, and an agent of the present Alaska Commercial Company went on board. The Alaska company had been trying to negotiate for some time before, but the instructions of the Russian agent were peremptory to trade with us if we would trade. Our declining gave them a chance, which they availed themselves of. General Miller and one or two others were smart enough to get into the new company, and have made fortunes out of it."

"It was the one chance in a life-time that a man has to make a fortune, and I missed it. The company made a trade, I don't know the particulars of it, but just about that time it seemed to occur to the Russian Government that the American company might not take proper care of Russian subjects and afford them the protection that had been given by their own Government. The discussion of this subject led to a proposal to sell the whole country to the American Government, which finally resulted in a purchase, the details of which every one is familiar with."—San Francisco Call.

STAINED GLASS.

A New Grace Which Costs Money and Gives Artists Steady Employment.

"Through the increased demand for stained glass windows in the city as well as in the suburbs," said the foreman of a large jewelry establishment on Broadway to a reporter a few days ago, "this firm has been compelled to go into the business, and to-day there is scarcely one of our richest customers whose dwelling is not adorned with stained glass windows. For centuries past stained glass was used only in churches and cathedrals and bore the imprints of holy persons. This is no longer the case, and a country residence without its artistically stained glass windows is considered out of place. Within a year or two the number of artists engaged in this profession or business has increased at least about twenty-fold, and yet our ability to fill our orders is sometimes overtaxed. Do

stores have stained glass windows? No. What you see in restaurant and saloon windows is nothing but colored paper glossed over with varnish, and a very poor imitation at best. The first of the leading merchants in this new departure was the late Horace B. Claffin. He got us to decorate his summer residence at Fordham. The vestibule doors and the rear hall entrance are brilliantly decorated. The dome surmounting this palatial residence is also artistically glazed with stained glass of many hues and colors."

"What are the favorite colors?" "They differ and vary as much as do the fashions. Just at present the colors most sought after are old gold, ruby and an infinite variety of shades of green. There is also a large and increasing demand for what is known as jeweled work. These jewels are composed of small pieces of translucent glass of various colors. The faces of these pieces of glass, which are either round or oblong, are cut in the style of shape of diamonds, or are left plain."

"Are these jewels manufactured in this country and how are they made?" "Most of them are. They are made by pouring molten glass into moulds, and when cold the diamond is cut on the glass."

"Have the general public begun to understand this artistic business?" "No, for in the first instance they think the work is very expensive. It is true that certain designs are beyond the reach of the middle classes, but they could have handsome decoration for one-half the price they believe I would cost them. It is amusing to see many customers come in here and give their orders without having the faintest idea of what they require. Their neighbors have stained glass windows, and they must have the same."

"How do you meet the difficulty?"

"For the accommodation of such customers we always keep on hand a multitude of designs, many of which are marked in glass and others drawn on paper. Frequently a selection from these is made, but very often we have to make special drawings for them. Let me give you an instance. A prominent bank president, who recently built himself a mansion on Long Island Sound, called here, went through every design in the place, but said that none suited him. What he desired most of all was something new for a large stair window that overlooked the Sound. There was good boating and fishing in the vicinity, he added, and he wanted something appropriate. We made a design on paper. It represented a sportsman on one knee, gun in hand, at the shore of a lake, aiming at a string of ducks just taking flight from the water, having been disturbed by a water spaniel. This suited the gentleman in every particular, and he paid handsomely for the window and was well satisfied. To cut figures, or rather put them together with pieces of different colored glass requires time and the greatest care. There is another class of customers who come here with prepared designs on paper, and there is still another who leave the whole matter to us. For this class of customers we have special artists employed, whom we send to their residences, and who having studied the surroundings carefully, either in town or suburb, submit designs that are suitable. It is astonishing how much of this latter work is done without a single complaint or alteration in the artist's design."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Sketch of T. V. Powderly, the Head of This Powerful Order.

Terence V. Powderly, head of the Knights of Labor, is also head of the Executive Committee of the organization. By virtue of holding these offices, for which nature and his attainments abundantly qualify him, he is one of the most powerful men in this Republic.

He was born at Carbondale, Pa., on January 24, 1849. At an early age he was placed in a shop, where he learned the trade of machinist. In leisure hours he applied himself to self-improvement, and acquired a considerable acquaintance with mechanical engineering. He was nineteen years of age when he joined the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union of Scranton. As the presiding officer of this local body he manifested marked ability, forecasting his future supremacy in an organization of national dimensions. Mr. Powderly joined the Knights of Labor in 1874, and shortly after was elected the Secretary of a District Assembly in the order. He still holds this office. The first General Assembly of the Knights was held in 1878. Arrangements leading to it were largely furthered by the intelligent energy of Mr. Powderly, who, from the date of its first General Assembly, has been probably the most prominent man in the order. He has been elected its head six times. In 1877 and again in 1878 he was elected Mayor of Scranton, Pa., which is the place of his residence.

The head of the Knights of Labor is an impressive and eloquent speaker, and his success as a leader of men and promoter of measures is further promoted by his geniality of disposition and ready wit. His capacity for work is astonishing, a result, perhaps, in part attributable to his lifelong abstinence from liquor and tobacco. It is stated that he receives more letters and replies to a larger correspondence than any man in the United States, and that he is one of the very few men able to write a letter and dictate another to a typewriter at the same time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiosities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government.

The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sums are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses"; Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,855, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$93.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1885; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$5,366 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 3 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$898 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Carlisle, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Russell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$13,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,672 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1885; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tusher is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$293 as Consul General at Cairo in 1862.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,560; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1853, \$205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$135.44. One of the largest debts in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel;" I have "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked about this shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never oversteated the value of my property to the assessor.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

P. T. BARNUM celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday July 4 by giving a clam-bake to about thirty of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The old showman is strong and healthy enough to give at least one more "farewell tour."

FELIX PYAT is a candidate for the vacant seat in the French senate for the department of the Cher. "I shall enter the senate," he writes, "as a cart-ridge of dynamite, to blow up if I can that obstruction to the republic, and reduce the Luxembourg to the level of the Tuileries."

The son of Joshua R. Giddings, the old Ohio abolitionist, lives at Jefferson, the county-seat of Ashtabula county. He practices law and runs a farm, but he takes very little interest in politics. The son of Ben Wade lives in the same town. He gives himself up to horses, and lets politics alone.

It is gratifying to learn from Edmund Yates that Patti looked "her former self" when she sang in London one night recently. It is evident that the hard work she underwent in cleaning out the money pockets of American opera-lovers during her recent farewell tour had but little enduring effects upon her personal charms.

E. L. CALDWELL is 20 years old and lives at Windsor, Conn. If anyone wishes to know who this young gentleman is he or she should consult the history of the races between the Harvard and Yale crews, where it will be found that Mr. E. R. Caldwell was "stroking it for the latter crew when it won its recent victory from its Harvard competitor."

DON C. HENDERSON, once the protegee of Horace Greeley, now editor of *The Allegan Journal and Tribune*, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest newspaper man in Michigan. He began his labors on *The Allegan Record* in 1843, and since that time he has been employed by various papers in New York and Jersey City. He founded his present paper in 1856.

On her way from Balmoral to Windsor to attend the jubilee, Queen Victoria was stopped by a swarm of bees. It was at night. The bees had swarmed in the glass box of a signal lamp and put out the light. The engineer not seeing the customary light stopped the train and would have secured the bees and taken them on to Windsor as a memento had there been time.

THERE is a suit at present on trail in a Baltimore court under the majestic and impressive title of "William H. Perkins, Worthy Ruler of St. Thomas' Lodge, against Augustus Thomas, Grand Royal King of the United and Consolidated Order of Brothers and Sisters and Sons and Daughters of the Knights of Four Men, and the Members of the Supreme Grand Royal House."

As a result of the recent visit of several United States citizens, among whom were Congressmen Ben Butterworth and Erastus Wiman, to Canada, the fine park on Dufferin lake, in which the above named conspicuous gentlemen explained to the Canadian farmer the necessity for closer business relations between the two great North American nations, has been renamed Wiman park.

HERR VON LADE, of Geisenheim, one of the chief vineyard and orchard owners on the Rhine, has recently celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary. On that occasion Prince Bismarck wrote him with his own hand as follows: "I envy you your favorite occupations in the eve of your life. The vegetable kingdom repays our tender care in its behalf far more satisfactorily than politics. It was the beau ideal of my earlier years to picture myself as a gray-haired man, free from care, tending his garden with pruning-knife in hand."

WHEN Senator Ben Wade was a circuit judge in Ohio one of his decisions was reversed by the supreme court of the state and the case came back to him on mandate. He disregarded the mandate and followed the first decision. "But, your honor," exclaimed the beaten counsel, "the supreme court reversed your former judgment." "Yes, so I have heard," was the reply. "I will give them a chance to get right." The decision was again reviewed, this time with Judge Wade's written opinion, and the upper court then decided that Wade was right.

BILL NYE AND THE MORMONS.

The Western Philosopher Takes a Glance at the Elder on Exhibition.

The great summer attraction at the mesem seems to be a Mormon aggregation under the auspices of Elder Joshua Baker. Elder Baker is accompanied by three wives and a pianist. Joshua Baker was born in Kentucky and afterward moved to Alabama. In the latter state he was for some years a Methodist preacher, but at the age of 45 light suddenly broke in on his darkened understanding, and he embraced the blessed promises and breaches of promises incident to Mormonism. He then went to Utah, where one country, one flag, and one wife at a time is not the motto. He then entered into polygamous relations with several additional wives, until he had acquired enough to maintain him in comfort.

Elder Baker sits calmly in a Bowery museum during these long, hot days, and by the sweat of his brow tries to earn an honest livelihood by advertising his assortment of infamy. He may be found there on a raised platform, also on bail. Under the Edmunds law he was arrested on the charge of polygamy and served three months, so that he now comes to us rested and refreshed from his ninety days of quiet in the Zion pen.

As a proof that a large head is not always a guarantee of success in life, I may here state that Elder Baker's head is not large. His ears are powerful and well balanced, but it would take three or four brains like his to attract the attention of a hungry mackerel. Apparently Elder Baker only uses his head to keep his ears from falling apart.

I attended the morning services at the Mormon tabernacle at Salt Lake five years ago, but do not remember having seen Josh at that time. Something about him, however, called up a memory of the occasion. Probably it was a certain air of repose and miasma that seemed to lurk about him.

The Baker family, according to the programme, consists of twenty-four children, four wives, and one husband, but under the new law the elder has made an assignment of all his wives but one. She can readily be distinguished by the look of deep gloom which she wears. The others are neither maids, wives, nor widows to any marked degree, but pose as matrimonial mugs, and look upon their herd of thin, wailing children with apparent regret.

Josh wears a full beard, cropped close, but a long and searching look up his coat-sleeve did not reveal any evidence of a shirt. He is rather tall and wiry in build, with feet that must have materially retarded the growth of grass in Utah while he was there.

The old man occupies one end of the exhibition hall, surrounded by his wives and his feet. His children fill up the intervening space between the end of the room and the Rahway girl, who still dumbly appeals to the spectator to come forward and identify her so that she can go away.

The courts of Utah assigned to Elder Baker as a wife a large, powerful woman about eighteen hands high, whose hair insists upon unwinding itself and sticking out like the tail of a disabled steer in fly-time. The two other wives, who have been retired on half pay, are not forming a part of the elder's family circle at present, but assist at the exhibition for old acquaintance sake. The are not strikingly beautiful, and probably will not marry again unless there should be a great mortality among all the other women in the world. In that case some man who doesn't care much for beautiful scenery might, between lucid intervals, marry the more attractive one of the two. The other one will probably remain in statu quo, rounding up the thriving young founding asylum bestowed upon her by Joshua as a slight testimonial of regard.

A photograph of Elder Baker and his family looks like the picture of a prosperous reform school in its senior year. I could hardly refrain from wishing that the old man had kept house this summer down by the rip-roaring sea, where I could have gone and boarded with him and felt the refining influence of home life. Twenty-four children and ten mavericks, who would be willing to leave their bread and molasses in fine chairs, would make a man with a pair of light, sensitive trousers stick to simple diet all summer.

BILL NYE.

A Peculiar Pipe.

"Talking about ingenuity," said a drummer to a Chicago *Herald* reporter, "I want to tell you what I saw last winter out west. I was on a train that was snowed in for three days. The company sent us food, but they didn't send any cigars, and the train-boy's stock was exhausted the first day. In the express car we found and confiscated a box of smoking tobacco, but there wasn't a pipe on the train. Among the passengers was a Connecticut Yankee, who was just dying for a smoke. He got out in the snow and looked around for a weed or something of that sort, which he might use in making a pipe, but couldn't find a thing. 'I'm going to have a pipe, anyhow,' he said. So he took a lead pencil, opened the wood, took out the lead, and, placing the two strips together again, wound them tightly with tin foil, which came around the packages of smoking tobacco, making them air-tight. Then he took an apple, hollowed a bowl out of it, and had one of the neatest pipes ever you saw."

The Use and Care of a Lamp.

Of all misunderstood things in daily life, the use of the kerosene lamp probably stands at the head. First, a lamp is bought and fitted for use, and then filled day after day, and after a longer or shorter period does not give a light as it used to then come complaints to the oil man or grocer about the quality of oil, when a little reason and judgment used would remedy the fault and remove the cause of complaint. If persons using a lamp would remember that the lamp is a machine combining the furnace and pump, and endeavor to learn the principle of using oil, much trouble would be saved; for, while no one expects to use a large machine without learning to work it, any one can use a lamp. Now the wick is the pump to bring oil from the fount to the blaze, and, as there is more or less dust and dirt in the oil, the wick soon becomes clogged up and cannot pump oil fast enough for a good light, so a complaint is made when a new wick would have removed the cause. Then as we burn oil out, the lightest parts burn and leave the heavy oil, and as it is filled day after day the oil gradually gets so heavy that the draft is not strong enough to pump it up, and then the oil should all be turned out of the lamp and it refilled with fresh oil. Then the burner, after a time, gets gummed up and the even flow of the oil is disturbed and causes a smoky, uneven light that is very vexatious. I have had burners brought into my store condemned, and a new one wanted, when by two minutes' work they were made as good as new. Then when the wick needs cutting some scrape it off, others cut it so uneven that it makes a pointy blaze, which so provokes one that he wants to condemn it. But, to resume, the burner is provided with a great number of small holes to provide air, to the end that perfect combustion may take place, and not to collect dirt and dust until they are all clogged up, and a smoky, bad-smelling light is the result. Now if in using kerosene we fill the lamp up with white every day, and once a week empty back the oil in the lamp and use a new wick, cut even and true, once a week or two weeks, and be sure the lamp burner is clean, and a clear, nicely-polished chimney is used, we will find that the kerosene lamp is a cheap and great luxury, and not, as is often the case, a necessary nuisance which has to be used for lack of anything better. For a little care, daily, in using lamps, makes all the difference between luxury and nuisance.—*Analyst*.

Woman Unsexing Herself.

A dealer in cigarettes tells me that he has been doing a considerable and a growing trade with women. Not only with women, moreover, but with the very class of the sex my modiste's professional modesty has been put to the test by. He sells, he assures me, a very noteworthy amount of cigarettes to girls of the seminary age and young women. The consumption of cigarettes by married women has already become so settled a fact that he scarcely notices it, except as a regular part of his business. Only the other day I had a note from an under teacher in one of the most fashionable girls' schools in the city, complaining of the extent to which cigarette smoking was carried by pupils. If an under-teacher can find these things out, it seems to me that the principals certainly should, and the people who have girls under the care of these establishments should certainly see to it that they do.

The sex seems possessed with a madness for unsexing itself. A false *chic* has put a premium on vices women once abhorred. The privileges that were the trade-mark for the basest and most profligate are now asserted by the school-girl and the matron who holds herself as soiled if her skirts but touch the hem of Phryne's gown. I haven't the slightest objection to the cigarette, *per se*, but I have to having the indulgences of the brothel, imported into the boudoir, and this is what this smoking mania of my sister saunterers amounts to, with the varnish of the fad rubbed off.—*Town Topics*.

Two Labor Stories.

Carroll D. Wright is now a man of about 45, of splendid physique, and delights in listening to and telling good jokes. His latest is how an impending strike in a shoe factory of Lynn was averted. A laborer was discharged for incompetency; the union would not allow it. The employer had to yield, but he did it in his own way. He inserted an advertisement in the paper for a Knight of Labor laborer.

"Are you a good laborer?" "Yes, sir." "Can you unlast, too?" "Of course," said the astonished applicant. "Then, go to work," said the employer. "at unlasting every pair of boots this man here is lasting." Another story Mr. Wright delights in is this: A certain manufacturer, employing no more than a dozen men, who happened to be all English, one day hired an Irishman, who was a first-class hand at the work. The Englishmen felt sore, and appointed one of their number as a "kicking committee." Said the employer: "Why is it that you fellows don't kick against Irish employers?" "O, well, that is different," said the committee.

"Well, then," said the manufacturer, "I shall take the Irishman into partnership to-morrow."—*Boston Advertiser*.

Family Feuds.

Every kind of topic is popularly conceded to come within the province of newspaper discussion and criticism; and certainly we know of none in which the community can be more largely interested than in one that is intimately associated with the happiness of almost every individual.

More than half the beginnings of family troubles date with the most trivial acts of causes. A predisposition to a jealous or suspicious state of mind on the part of husband and wife leads by rapid steps to a few differences. A trifling remark, dropped without thought, often leads to as wide an alienation as do in other cases the gravest troubles. Parties would pause in perfect astonishment if they would only occasionally revert to the commencement of their future unhappiness. They would have too much pride to believe that they had so completely resigned themselves to the management of the most contemptible circumstances.

We say the first step in the path of disaffection, taken by either man or wife, is the very step to be guarded against; or, when taken, to be retracted at the earliest opportunity. We think we speak the experience of every one whose unhappiness is traceable to it. But the first error is rarely sought to be repaired. It brings mortification and chagrin with it, and stuffs resolutions grow up, coolness comes on apace, hard looks lead fast to hard words, indifference induces studied separation, and the remarks of busybodies intervene to complete a work they would perhaps have vainly tried to commence of themselves. There is no class of persons in the community so utterly despicable, so beneath common regard, as public busybodies. We find them always at hand in full numbers. They are always ready with peculiar services wherein they can detect a crevice in which to drive the entering wedge of their mischief. They are perfect pests in society, of no service of any description, but of incalculable ill. They eat their way into the fair character of families as moths eat into clothing. In the guise of friends, and with the cant of hypocrites fresh from their lying lips, they manage to get to the bottom of other people's affairs, for the plain purpose of trading on the capital of which they may be the successful and unperceived thieves.

If a man or his wife have in a moment of unexpected haste taken a single false step, even if neither feel inclined at the time to put matters right again, one error at least might be avoided that is too commonly the pledge of an endless train of misfortunes thereafter; and that error is, for the party who imagines himself or herself wronged to hasten to lay open their difficulties to a third person. Who is this third person that is so readily to be found, and so kind as to listen to these foolish little grievances? Evidently no other than one who has by his or her previous acquaintance too often volunteered to become the receptacle of all the family news that might be thrown in the way.

These are the most dangerous characters living, either to promote or to save the happiness of a married couple. Though oil is on their lips and honey flows from their tongues, their hearts are surcharged with venom, and their whole purpose rankles with malicious envy. They are the ones that go about from house to house, ready at any time to smother warm affections, glad to see differences arising and trouble brewing, letting fall a random hint here and a mischief-breeding remark there, gloating over an inhuman pride and satisfaction over the unhappiness they have the power to create, and serving steadily every moment the devil's commands in a better livery which does not belong to their wardrobe. If a man and his wife could agree but for a moment to forget their own minor differences, and take in hand the efforts these monsters in society are making to increase them, we pledge ourselves that the reunion formed for routing the common enemy would sweep away all former vestiges of their troubles. A married couple play the part of insanity when they take pains to introduce foreign elements of mischief under their roof. The first compact to which they should bind themselves after the solemn one of matrimony is to repel any and all advances from the gossiping busy-bodies who live off the domestic happiness of others. Else they may find themselves in an unguarded hour, in the meshes of persons whom at the outset they would properly despise, and running for advice to characters whose richest deserts would be an ejection from the house.

It is comparatively easy, we know, to speculate on these matters, and in cooler moments to give up to a little philosophy. It might, however, be made quite as easy to accustom ourselves, all of us, to look at these things in just the same temper on all occasions. If married people, and particularly young married people, would begin with driving off these intriguing and wanton mischief-makers, these gossips, who defile the family circle with their very tread, these scandal-manufacturers, whose tongues discharge their vile loads at every house in which their presence is tolerated, these nuisances to every respectable community, they would have gained one point at the start that is only gained with exceeding difficulty afterwards. At any rate, those who see others rushing blindly into the plan of these characters should at all times be willing to sound a warning.—*American Cultivator*.

HERE AND THERE.

In California ostriches sell for \$1,000 per pair.

The tendency in Tennessee is toward small farms.

A great deal of street-repairing is being done in New York city.

Eighty-four different languages and dialects are regularly spoken in New York city.

Newark, N. J., expended \$500,000 on a sewer, and now finds the scheme to be a failure.

The whole length of mail routes in operation in the United States amounts to 375,000 miles.

Eastern mountains are now being visited by the perspiration-covered residents of the great cities.

In New Jersey many farmers are doing their mowing by night to spare their horses and themselves.

Since the heated term set in at New York a large increase in the number of suicides and crimes has been noted.

An Englishman writes to Henry Labouchere that he wants to enlist but is unable to do so because his teeth are bad.

A church in Birmingham, Ala., has female chorists, who wear tastefully-designed surplices of Scotch lawn and violet caps.

The largest nugget of silver yet obtained was dug up in Arizona, and weighed 43,200 ounces, valued at the same number of dollars.

Mrs. A. B. Coulter, of Fairbanks, Ala., has made a bed-quilt containing sixteen thousand pieces less than the size of a man's thumb-nail.

Lord Kerr led his troops all through the Indian mutiny with an umbrella, and Osman Pasha carried a large white one into action at Plevna.

The transcontinental railroad companies give it out that sixty thousand persons are booked for California during the coming fall and winter.

A petrified pine knot was a curiosity lately found in Georgia. It was about one foot in length and had the shade and appearance of an ordinary fat knot.

Of the 1,900 members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, about 1,200 are expected to be present at the August meeting in New York.

A pleasant device for ornamentation at a French garden party was a fountain, at the base of which were blocks of ice mingled with ferns and flowers.

A citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., claims to own the largest dog in the world. The animal weighs 203 pounds and measures 6 feet 3 inches from nose to tail.

A \$20,000 granite monument recently erected in Calvary cemetery, New York city, by a blind man bears this inscription: "To outlast the British monarchy."

The geographical center of Providence, R. I., is occupied by a marsh worth about \$1,000,000. It is a great producer of noxious odors, mosquitoes, and malaria.

Lumber is in great demand in San Francisco, the supply not being equal to the wants of all buyers. All coast mills are running and new ones are being built.

Persons having trade dollars should present them at the banks or send them to the treasury department at Washington before Sept. 1 if they wish to have them redeemed.

A well-known professor gave notice that he could not meet his "classes." A wag deleted the "c" and made it "lasses." The professor again deleted the "l," and finished by having the best of it.

The unconstructed *Daily States*, of New Orleans, suggests that a popular fund be started "for a monument to Admiral Raphael Semmes, the heroic commander of the confederate cruiser Alabama."

The postmaster of Carson, Nev., is represented to have received lately a letter with the request that he "hand it to any person who has hog cholera in his family." That individual has not yet been found.

"A point," as the term was used frequently in connection with the recent coffee flurry, is one one-hundredth part of a cent, this being the smallest fraction in which dealings in options are permitted on the New York coffee-exchange.

On the 13th of April the streets of Sydney, N. S. W., were like rivers from the effects of a great rain-storm, and a valuable horse was drowned in one of them, while boys and men amused themselves by swimming across the thoroughfares.

Senator Hearst says of San Francisco: "After traveling all over the United States and going into nearly every important city, I give you my word that no city a quarter the size of this (except perhaps New Orleans) is so far behind in the way of improvements."

Deafness is often caused by surf bathing. A breaking wave is very likely to drive water forcibly into the ear and injure it, as there is generally sand in the water. By filling the ears with pellets of wool, however, harm may be avoided. Cotton will not do, because it becomes sodden.

The troops who followed the raiding Apaches through the mountains of southern Arizona, recently, say that in crossing the San Pedro valley the hostiles traveled nearly fifteen miles on tip-toe to hide the trail, but the Indian scout who accompanied the soldiers held the track just the same.

A clergyman at Camben, N. J., tells a good story. A few days ago a stylish couple called at his house and were married by him. On retiring the groom handed the minister a large official envelope, marked "A present, with thanks." Upon opening the same the minister found a sum of 10 cents was found inclosed.

During the last fifty years, since Queen Victoria was crowned in Westminster, the French count up the reign of Louis Philippe down; to the 24th of February, 1845; the republic, from the 24th of February to the 10th of December, 1848; the presidency of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, to the 2d of December, 1851; the empire, from November, 1852; then the downfall; next the government of national defence, on the 4th of September, 1870; then the presidency of M. Thiers, in 1871 until the 24th of May, 1873; next that of MacMahon, to the month of January, 1879; and lastly the republic of President Grevy.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

After supper the other evening Mr. Bowser pulled a lot of statements of account from his pocket with great gravity of demeanor, and spreading them out on the center-table he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you see these?"

"I do."

"Do you know what they are?"

"Why, they are the monthly accounts from the grocer's."

"Oh, they are! Well, I should say so! do you know what this family has devoured, wasted and given to the Polacks in the last month?"

"I know that we have been very economical."

"Do you! The grand footing is \$64, Mrs. Bowser—over \$15 per week for a family of four, and one of them a baby and the other a hired girl with the dyspepsia! I am no miser, but I pronounce this an outrage!"

"But I haven't ordered anything extra, and I've tried to be very careful to buy close."

"Mrs. Bowser, it's your poor buying and poor management. You don't know any more about running a house than I do of bossing a steamboat. Either that or else grocers are swindling me, and I won't stand it. Hereafter I shall do all the buying."

I gave the cook orders to tell him what she wanted, and next morning Mr. Bowser entered upon his duties. The first purchase he made was a bushel of potatoes from a peddler in front of the house. He gave \$1.10, and told the man where to carry them. When he came home to dinner the cook had to tell him:

"I put that bushel of potatoes into three pecks, and then cut up the whole lot to get good ones enough for dinner."

The first thing to come up from the grocery was a consignment of ten cans of pumpkin. This was followed by fifty pounds of evaporated apples and 100 dozen clothes-pins. As nothing further appeared the cook boiled some potatoes, made a pumpkin pie and stewed some of the apples. When we went out to dinner Mr. Bowser looked around in astonishment.

"What does this mean?" he finally demanded.

"Why, it's all you sent." He couldn't gainsay that, by and by he explained that he saved fully a dollar and a half on his purchases by buying in such quantities.

"You paid ten cents per can for pumpkin, while I got the lot for seven," he went on. "Thirty cents isn't so very much, but it is as good to me as to the grocer."

"Yes, but I bought about one can a month. You have enough here to last us three years."

"Well I saved forty cents on the apples!" he protested.

"We have used just two pounds in the last six months, Mr. Bowser. At that rate you have laid in a supply for two years."

There was a look of terror in his eyes, and he dared not proceed to clothes-pins nor say a word about the potatoes.

I went down with him next morning, and as we halted in front of a grocery he called out:

"Say, Green, a roast for dinner—two quarts strawberries—and—yum—say, a head of cabbage."

When we had driven away he said to me:

"We were just eleven seconds in front of that grocery. You'd come down here and fool away half an hour to give the same order. You've got to be right up and down business with these fellows."

When we came to sit down to dinner we had roast pork and strawberries and boiled cabbage.

"I want to know what this means!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he shoved back.

"This is what you ordered, dear, and it didn't take but eleven seconds. You didn't specify the sort of roast you wanted, and you didn't tell the cook whether you wanted the cabbage boiled, fried or baked. You are running the kitchen now, you know?"

He swallowed a few mouthfuls, tried hard to change the subject, and after dinner he went into the kitchen and said to the girl:

"Hannah, I want sweet cake, tarts, hot biscuit, raspberries and chipped beef for supper."

"Very well, sir."

"I'll send up everything as I go down."

"Yes, sir."

About mid-afternoon a grocer's wagon delivered a pound of cloves, a pound of cinnamon and a beefsteak. When Mr. Bowser came home to supper the cook called him into the kitchen and said:

"Did you bring the baker's bread, sir?"

"Why, no. I told you we'd have hot biscuit."

"But I've no flour."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"The missus always asks me, and you didn't say a word. The lard is also out."

"But the beef?"

"I can't chop a raw beefsteak, sir. They probably misunderstood your order."

"And the tarts?"

"I had nothing to make 'em of, and in this country we don't make sweet cake of cloves and cinnamon. Where's them raspberries?"

"I—I forgot 'em!"

Mr. Bowser had the beefsteak, and I worked away on the evaporated apples and a remnant of the pumpkin

pie. When we retired to the sitting room Mr. Bowser did some hard thinking for awhile, and then observed: "Mrs. Bowser, you are a very poor buyer."

"I presume so."

"And a very extravagant woman?"

"Yes, dear."

"But, nevertheless, I cannot permit you to shirk the responsibilities of a wife and helpmeet. I've gone ahead for the last three days and shown you that this house can be run with half the trouble and expense you have been to, and I turn it over to you again. I think you will accept the lesson."

I did. I saw by the bills afterwards that it cost him almost \$18 for the three days, and we are holding most of the stuff yet for a full gift to some orphan asylum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ELOPER'S EXPERIENCE.

The Sad Suffering of a Girl Who Fell in Love With a Museum Freak.

Several weeks ago, says *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, a rather good-looking young woman became something of a fixture about the city buildings. She worried the officials of the police court and police department with complaints about her husband, and finally when she had succeeded in having him sent to the work-house, she became equally as persistent and annoying in her pleadings for his release. He was finally pardoned, and a few days after he obtained his liberty there was a street scene between the two. Then they dropped out of notice, and the police and everybody else felt relieved.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore were the names the couple gave. The wife told a sympathetic story of being the belle of some town in the east. In a moment of infatuation she had run away from a happy home and married Gilmore who was a dime-museum curiosity. On the bills he was starred in big, red type as the "King of Fire-eaters." *The Philadelphia Record* furnishes an interesting sequel to the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore. "A poorly clad and weary-looking girl," says *The Record*, "called at the police station Saturday night and asked to be allowed to remain during the night. Her story so excited the sympathy of the lieutenant that he gave up his own room to her. The wanderer said her name was Annie Miller, whose elopement from Newark, N. J., eight months ago attracted public attention."

While on a visit to a museum the girl had formed the acquaintance of August Gilmore, a fire-eating freak. Her parents, who were respectable persons, could not hear to their friendship, and the courtship was necessarily carried on secretly, and the girl finally consented to elope with Gilmore. He told her he had unbounded wealth, but before parting from the parental roof the girl took \$400 belonging to her father, which she gave to Gilmore. The pair came to this city, where Gilmore was engaged in a Vine street saloon. From Philadelphia they went to Cincinnati, and then to Wheeling, W. Va.

The girl, in relating her story to Lieut. Smith, said: "While the money lasted Gilmore was kind and lovable, but as soon as it was gone he was brutal to me. While we were in Cincinnati he beat and abused me continually. There was no rest for me, and I was compelled to have him arrested. He was convicted of the larceny of the \$400, but I repented what I had done and pleaded with the judge to be lenient. My condition was delicate, and for this reason the judge released him with a reprimand. During our stay at Wheeling he sold all my clothes, and after the proceeds of this had been spent he actually cut off my beautiful long hair and sold it. We returned to Cincinnati, where he was arrested in the act of beating me, and is now serving thirty days in jail. Some city officials, who had become interested in me through my first case against my husband, raised enough money to send me to Harrisburg. I started to walk to Newark, but I was arrested on the outskirts of the city. At the police station the officers contributed money enough to bring me to this city, and here I am, penniless and sick."

The girl was careworn, and, though only 17 years old, her sufferings have added ten years to her face. She said that her father had written her that he would receive her if she would cause Gilmore's arrest, and she now expected to be welcomed home. She only wanted sleep, and said she would walk the rest of the way home. She greatly regretted her rash act.

The lieutenant secured some comfortable clothes for the girl, and with Sergt. Fulmer's assistance more than enough money was secured to get her a good supper and breakfast and a ticket for Newark, N. J. She was sent home yesterday morning.

What Prompted It.

"Do you belong to the society known as the Woman's Suffrage?" asked a farmer of a woman, whose appearance might possibly indicate that fact. "Certainly I do, sir," replied the lady.

"May I ask what are the real objects of the society?" he asked.

"To promote the welfare of women, and to elevate the sex," she replied.

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

May I ask what first prompted the organization of such a society?"

"Yes, sir; we have no objections to answering such questions. It was first prompted by the scarcity of husbands."

—*Chicago Sunday National.*

GLOVES.

Some Antique Facts Concerning These Articles of Apparel.

Among the minor requisites of modern dress, gloves certainly claim a chief importance, in virtue of their special qualities for use and comfort, and of the finish which they give to the toilet of their wearers. Few, probably, among the many who are careful to choose a shade which will best match with their costume, or to secure the number of buttons which a due regard to passing fashion demands, are aware of the historical interest which attaches to the subject of their study, or of the curious past records of these articles of daily wear and tear, which range in various sorts and sizes, from rough bearskin mufflers, or solid housemaid's "handshoes," as the Germans call them, to the most dainty samples of Parisian skill.

It may be open to question, whether the Chaldee rendering of "glove of the right hand" for "shoe" is correct, in the passage in the book of Ruth (B. C. 1245) which speaks of the custom of taking off the shoe in token of the redemption and confirming of a right; but we have undoubted references of very early date to gloves in each of their chief uses. Zenophon, about 400 B. C., tells us that among other proofs of Persian effeminacy was the fact that they wore gloves; and Homer has drawn a picture of the father of Ulysses with his hands protected from thorns with a pair of gardening gloves.

Varro, in his treatise upon country life, lays it down as an important hint that olives are better gathered with the naked hand; and a still more forcible reference to these coverings is made by Athenæus, who says that a celebrated glutton of his day always came to table with gloves on, that he might be better able to handle the hot meat, and so secure a goodly share of the repast.

It seems certain that the use of gloves was rather permitted than approved in early days, for a writer at the close of the first century goes so far as to say, in his denunciation of the corruptions of his age: "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft hairy coverings." As time went on, however, this prejudice died out, and the purposes and ceremonies for which gloves came into common use were multiplied. Even the church dealt with them as articles of clerical vestment, and deemed them of such importance that the council of Poitiers called some French abbots to account for presuming to wear what was a necessary and peculiar part of the bishop's dress. A larger liberty in this respect was granted early in the ninth century by the council of Aix, at which it was decreed that monks should wear gloves of sheepskin. It must have been one of this fraternity who took pity on the holy dame Gudula, when she was praying on the cold church pavement at Brussels without her shoes, and placed his gloves beneath her feet. Resolute in her devotion, she threw them from her, and the legend runs that they were instantly caught upon a sunbeam, so that they hung for an hour suspended miraculously, as on a golden thread.

We all know, from many a minstrel ballad, what an important part the glove or gauntlet played in the days of chivalry. It was thrown down as the recognized challenge to single combat in defense of innocence, or in defiance of a foe, or in assertion of some disputed right. As near to our times as the year 1821, at the coronation of George IV., his majesty's champion carried out for the last time, the ancient ceremony of riding completely armed into Westminster hall, and throwing down his glove as a challenge to any who should dare to dispute that sovereign's claim to the crown.

In addition to this, their special connection with bishops, knights, and kings, gloves have long been of some importance in our courts of justice. There was a time when it was a breach of the rule and etiquette of assize that judges should wear gloves upon the bench; but this day, in accordance with old custom, the sheriff is expected to present a pair of white gloves to the judge when no prisoners are presented for trial, in token and celebration of the "maiden" assize.

It would be as difficult to compute the number of gloves that are made and sold each year as to find anyone with the slightest pretension to good breeding so careless in the covering of her hands as to be open to the taunt in "As You Like It": "I verily think that her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands." Fortunately, except for occasional freaks of fashion, the price of these requisites is moderate, compared with what was paid for them in days gone by, when glove-money was given to servants, and expensive gloves were a customary New Year's gift. The present once given by a nobleman to each of an expectant file of men in livery, who lined the hall as he passed out to his carriage, would not have gone far in this direction. The story goes that he handed to each of them a new farthing, wrapped in silver paper, and that when the butler hastened after him to call his attention to this "mistake," he waved him back with the word: "I assure you that I never give less."

Of quite an opposite sort was the conduct of Sir Thomas More, when as lord chancellor he decreed in favor of Mrs. Croker against Lord Arundel. In her gratitude she sent him on the following New Year's day a pair of gloves containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said the chancellor, "to forsake a gentlewoman's

New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their living you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

A goodly sum was paid for a pair of richly-embroidered gloves in the time of Queen Anne, but this was as nothing in comparison with the fancy prices paid for such as were of historical value. It is recorded that at the earl of Arran's sale, April 6, 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny were bought for £38 17s; those given by James I. to Edward Denny, for £22 4s., while the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, sold for £25 4s.

Most men are aware of the danger they incur if they are caught napping in the daytime, and are prepared to provide the pair of gloves which can be claimed; for is not the penalty itself well paid for if the lips that snatch the awakening kiss are sweet and fair? But men and maidens all must be alert in many parts of northern England once in every month, for custom has decreed that whoever shall first glimpse the new moon may pounce on any member of the company with a kiss, which wins, as its consequence, a new pair of gloves. Akin to this was the old game of "draw-gloves," a pastime mentioned in some quaint lines, which are dated 1657:

At draw-gloves we'll play,
And prittle let's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the summe
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kisse!

An early writer quaintly says, "Dogs have an aversion from gloves that make their ware of dogs' skins; they will bark at and be churlish to them, and not endure to come near them." If it is true that many modern kid gloves are made of rats' skins, we may be thankful that the possessors of these coverings are too retiring in their nature during the daytime to show the like resentment.—*London Illustrated News.*

Practical Housekeeping.

Whatever may be the opinion of many of the shallow-minded votaries of fashion as to the contrary, housekeeping is an accomplishment, in comparison to which, in its bearing on woman's relation to the family, all others are trivial. Hence to be a good housekeeper should be the ambition of every wife and mother, as the prosperity and happiness of the family depend greatly on the order and regularity established within the household.

There is no luck in housekeeping, however it may seem. Everything should work by exact rule, and, even with the observance of such, eternal vigilance is the price of success. Management and perfect system are the foundation of perfect housekeeping, and are arts that can be acquired by any woman of good sense and an ordinary degree of industry.

The husband whose home is always neat and comfortable, and who can invite his friends to partake of a meal in his house in the full confidence of finding everything in order, will feel pride and exultation in the possession of a wife who gives his home a charm beyond all else. The sons bred in such a family will prove to be moral men of steady, industrious habits; and the daughters will indeed be treasures to their husbands and friends, being formed on the model of an exemplary mother, and will use the same means for securing the happiness and prosperity of their own young families which were so successfully taught under the paternal roof.

The mistress of every family should be capable of taking full superintendence of all household matters, and should feel a pleasure in the duties pertaining to them. Work well done is robbed of its curse. "There is no dignity in slighted work; but to the artist, no matter how humble the calling, belongs the honor which is inseparable from all struggles after perfection," says a noted artist of the present day.

Every department of the housekeeper's domain, be it large or small, should be arranged with such system that perfect order will always prevail.

Many rules, and all of them excellent, are laid down for the instruction of the young housekeepers in the all-important art of happy home-making. But after a thoughtful review they may all be summed up in the simple plan of systematic labor, scrupulous neatness, promptness and economy. These rules, if strictly adhered to and guided by love, cannot fail to make of every wife and mother a thoughtful and energetic housekeeper.—*Eliza R. Parker.*

Tired Girls.

Delicate young ladies, whom often the least exertion tires, will find that a little time regularly spent in the garden will have a favorable effect upon them. Devote the first part of the morning, or an hour before sunset, to your garden. Commence with what seems the most pleasant work—tying a climbing vine against the porch, cutting off the fading flowers or raking a flower bed; but do not tire yourself out in the beginning; better to work only five minutes at a time than become fatigued and discouraged. With your interest your strength will increase, your drooping spirits revive, and the blush of your roses become reflected upon your cheeks.—*Farm and Household.*

An Offensive Alien.

The sparrow will get a living when everything else will starve, and the more he is prevented from being fed the more he will eat in the way that will make him a nuisance. He is the worst importation of the century, and the hardest to be rid of.—*Boston Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

Death loves a shining mark, and she hit a dandy when she turned loose on Jim.—*Kingston (N. M.) Shaft.*

A man can really pay more attention to a woman by looking at her with one eye than he can with both eyes.—*Puck.*

With Armour at the head of our meat-packing industry, the Omaha has reason to feel very proud.—*Omaha Bee.*

Utah seems disposed to give up polygamy. It is a big triumph for good morals and Kate Field.—*New York Graphic.*

Somebody should start a new temperance movement to rescue the perishing from the deadly ice pitcher.—*Boston Globe.*

It is little wonder that Billy Kerr failed as a farmer. It is said that he planted 160 acres of radishes the first year.—*Atchison Globe.*

If Tod Bunker, don't keep his sow and shoats from under our office he is going to lose some pork—a word to the wise is sufficient.—*Carson Lariat.*

Everybody pities poor old Sharp; but if pity were to rule there would be so many Sharps that the city would be robbed to its last dollar.—*New York Graphic.*

A physician says that a wild Indian never has a cold in his head. True, but there are other things in his head which are abhorrent to civilization.—*Alta California.*

It is understood that Geronimo has been feeling very bad since the last Apache outbreak. The old gentleman, as an Irishman would say, is "the devil for fun."—*Peoria Transcript.*

There is one man in Atchison who is in imminent peril of his life. He carries a card with the legend, "I am somewhat of a liar myself," and some day he will spring it on the wrong man.—*Atchison Globe.*

P. T. Barnum has become a newspaper correspondent. Journalism offers more inducements to the square inch to a man having a large stock of big yarns on hand than the biggest show on earth.—*Rochester Post.*

When you retire for the summer to the country to enjoy fruits and vegetables fresh from the orchard and garden, be sure the conveniences are good for getting these delights from the city markets.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

The soulful business of studying Browning's poems to see if they can by any stretch of ingenuity be made to mean something, is still going on in Boston and vicinity. And yet we wonder at the steady increase of insanity.—*Boston Globe.*

A Boston paper objects to the introduction into the language of the word "championize." Boston should be the last place, it would seem, to object to the coinage of a word that might be so useful in talking and writing about Messrs. Sullivan, Kelly, and its various other champions.—*Chicago Times.*

When you feel an inclination to write anything for publication, suppress it at all hazards. Remember what the Irish judge remarked to a prisoner in the dock who asked permission to favor the court with a few remarks: "Sit down. All we want of you is silence, and—little of that."—*New York Tribune.*

A Pernicious Habit.

Too much lying is the order of the day. More lies are told than there is half occasion for—indiscreet, transparent, blundering, bound-to-be-exposed lies! Lies, like murder, are sure to out. They will out nine times out of ten of their own accord and the tenth time through the over-inquisitiveness of the man lied to. Lying is a witless, foolish habit, to say nothing of it from a moral standpoint. A person who hasn't a higher motive for refraining from untruths needs being apprised of the fact that to resort to lying is one of the poorest possible of business policies. There are men who lie, and lie, and lie, and who think they are making a point by lying, and yet who are caught at it, and caught at it, and caught at it. They are not told that they are liars, and hence do not know that their falsehoods are known to be such, but they are known and the tellers of them are poor deluded fools. One square-out lie will keep a person in hotter water longer than any other indiscretion he can commit. A woman with whom I once had some dealings in a professional way, without any provocation whatever, volunteered, regarding a certain business matter, a lie. Subsequent events of a purely natural and unprovoked character, led her to fear exposure and she told two or three more lies to cover up the first one. The devil seemed then to enter into a contest with her and it was a neck-and-neck race for a time, she endeavoring to get ahead of the devil by telling more and more lies. Everyone revealed itself, purely from its own weight. Once a man or woman realizes that he or she has been caught in an out-and-out lie, the power is gone to look straight in the eye the recipient of the lie. A certain business man, without any occasion therefor, has told me a number of lies. He has become possessed of the idea that the lies add an influence in behalf of certain projects. The first lie became exposed of its own accord. The second ditto. The other lies have struck me as such as they were uttered. It is impossible to conceal a lie. Therefore, don't lie. This suggestion is based on purely business principles. If a minister were preaching on the subject of lies he would urge a higher motive. I would advocate truth-telling as a business policy.—*Des Moines Mail.*

BROTHER GARDNER.

The Limekiln Club Sage's Views on Matrimonial Affairs.

Brudder Amibad Cantilever, it am reported dat you am about to take unto yerself a wife. Dat de report am true your recent askshuns am proof. You has bin seen pricina' second-hand stoves, squintin' at fo' dollar bed-room sweets an' rustlin' aroun' arter bric-a-brac. Marriage am nuffin' you need be ashamed of, an' I reckon you kin depend on dis club to warm up de house fer you an' leave behind some hard-bottomed cheers an' a few articles of tinware.

Brudder Cantilever, marriage am a lottery or a dead-sure thing—jist as you make it. If you git stuck on sight—fall in luv wid a gal fer her small feet, taperin' waist, dimpled chin or warblin' mouf, an' marry her off-hand at about twelve weeks' notice, you needn't be astonished if dar am a dynamite 'sposhoun afore you hev bin hitched a week. Small feet an' a good temper doan' allus go together. Slim waists an' kitchen economy may not work in de same harness. De gal who charms you by de way she drums de pianner may flatly refuse, as a wife, to run dem same fingers ober de wash-bo'd. Firstly, doan' git married until you know what you are bein' jined to. Study de gal. Let de feet go an' watch her temper. Let de bangs go an' watch her economy. Nebber you mind about de way she dimples her chin, but ax yerself if she'll make de bed wid de foot lower dan de head. You has got to do all de studyin'. No one gal out of a thousand eber stops to size up a luvver. If his Grecian nose or curly ha'r or droopin' mustache strikes her fancy she'll nebber stop to study his natur' nor to worry ober his habits. She is marryin' dat nose, or head, or mustache. A month arter marriage, when he hauls her aroun' by de hair an' slaps her dimpled jaw she's perfectly astonished to think she made sich a mistake.

Secondly, Brudder Cantilever, arter de knot has bin tied, make up yer mind dat de fucher won't be all plain sailin'. You are gwine to be tried an' tested an' troubled, an' you hev to call up all yer manhood. You will h'ar de sasser scarpin' de bottom ob de flour bar'l when you hev'n't got a cent in yer pocket. De woodpile will run out in January, an' de sugar an' de bacon will seem to be carried off by de rats. If yer wife am eber so good-natured she will hev her trials an' tribulations, an' dar may be times when she'll riz up an' claw fur you. In de y'ars gone by my ole woman has rushed upon me wid de rollin' pin, an' I has retorted in a way to make her ears ache, but all de time I knowed she was savin' an' good-hearted, an' she knowed I'd empty my pockets of de las' shillin' to buy her a new set of each frizzes. If you am suited to each odder an occasional row in de family will prove a stickin' plaster to hold you de clusser together. If you ain't suited—if you diskliver dat you hev struck a patch of Canada thistles an' can't sot still, an' if de odderparty disklivers dat she has taken a tumble off de monument of Romance an' brought up wid a thud in de mudhole of Reality, you jist absquatulate apart. Go quietly an' decently and get onbitched by divorce, and let de wisdom gained by experience stan' at yer right hand when ye make another choice. Brudder Cantilever, my feelin's an' de feelin's of dis club am wid ye, an' our good wishes, together wid at least two dollars' worth of tinware, kin be counted on whenever de fatal oceanushun arrives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BLOCK ISLAND.

Early History and Location of a Famous American Summer Resort.

The island was first seen by civilized navigators, so far as history furnishes any record, in the year 1524. A French navigator named Verazzano saw it in that year, and gave a report of its discovery to Francis I, King of France. How long it may have been inhabited by Indians before seen by this Frenchman must always remain a matter of conjecture. Ninety years later, in 1614, the Dutch trader, Adrian Block, explored this island and gave it his own name. The burning of his vessel detained him through the winter in Manhattan, he there met a new one which he named the Unrest; with it he explored the coast of Long Island Sound and this island. His vessel was probably the first which ever anchored on this shore, and he and his crew were the first civilized men who ever landed on this soil. Our historian tells us that in 1636 John Oldham, a trader from Boston, came in a small vessel to trade with the Maniseseans—as the Indians on the island called themselves. The islanders put him to death "to the end that they might clothe their bloody dash with his lawful garments." Colonel John Endicott punished the Indians for their cruelty; he thus made the island widely known and established his claim to it by right of conquest. The island in its earliest history had many names. The most poetical one was "Manisese"—meaning the "Little God," or "The Little God's Island." This is at this hour the name of one of the hotels. The name fittingly appears in the following lines:

"Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billows and swept by breeze,
Leth the Island of Manisese."

Rock Island is located directly south of the central part of Rhode Island, to which State it belongs. It is south-west from Newport about thirty miles; it is about eighteen miles from Montauk, the east end of Long Island, at

is so far out at sea that one always has sea air. In summer its hills are swept by fresh breezes and in winter by fierce gales. It is eight miles long and three miles wide. Its shores are continually wreathed with the foam of billows. It is a most unique and interesting place. High cliffs for the most part meet the assaults of the billows.—*Cor. Chicago Standard.*

—The popularity of the old plantation songs is rapidly dying out among the negroes in the South, being superseded by gospel hymns.—*Chicago Times.*

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid any thing but a compliment.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A wag says he is never alarmed when he makes the thirteenth at a table unless there happens to be only enough to eat for six.

—If fowls are thirsty they will eat snow and pieces of ice, as well as drink from the vile gutter; but that is no reason for neglecting to provide them with fresh water.—*Boston Post.*

—The best soils for wool are also the best for mutton, and it is necessary that the land be dry, for damp soils are fruitful causes of such diseases as liver rot, fluke and foot rot.—*Field and Farm.*

—It is useless to hope to destroy the acidity of certain soils by the application of lime and other supposed correctives; only drainage will accomplish it.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Diseases are often communicated by feeding horses in stalls which have been occupied previously by diseased animals. Such stalls should first be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected.—*Exchange.*

—Young colts are as fond of petting as kittens are, and a little fondling every day will do them good. By being handled kindly often they soon become gentle and docile, and are much more easily handled when they become horses.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A writer states that he had the best results keeping grapes when each bunch was wrapped in a piece of paper, packed in boxes holding one bushel, and the boxes kept in a place where the temperature did not fall below thirty-five degrees above zero.

—That artificial manures of every kind are necessary we have always admitted and shall always propound, but that they can ever profitably and usefully replace those made on the farm is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion.—*Wyatt's Modern High Farming.*

—Soils differ much as to their immediate origin, their physical properties, their chemical constitution and their agricultural capabilities, yet all soils which in their existing state are capable of bearing a profitable crop possess one common character—they all contain organic matter in a greater or less proportion.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—There is great virtue in cold water and flannel after a horse has been driven hard. The two most important parts of the horse to be looked after and to be kept in good condition, are the lungs and legs. The feet are a part of the legs, and the care of the legs will help the feet. Both should be washed with cold water after severe use, and then the legs should be wound with a strip of flannel from the hoofs above the knees.—*Rural New Yorker.*

AFTER DRIVING.

What Farmers Should Do With Their Horses Upon Returning from a Drive.

Some farmers, after driving their teams in the slush and mud in winter, think if they dash a few pails of water over the horses' limbs upon returning, before putting the team in the stable, they have left the poor brutes in the best possible condition until morning. The fact is, it would be far better to turn the animals in the stable and leave them, mud and all, until it was fully dry. There would be far less danger of scratches, mud-fevers and grease than by the plan of washing. If the legs are washed they should be then rubbed until quite dry—no easy task. If left only partially dry the most serious consequences are likely to ensue.

When a team is left with the hair imperfectly dried a chill is almost sure to ensue. It is not unlikely the animals, especially if exhausted, will be found next morning stiff and with limbs swollen, since the exhaustion of the system prevents healthy reaction at the extremities. The best plan is to wash the limbs with warm water and then bandage them loosely with strips of flannel. These may be ten feet in length by three inches wide and rolled tightly. Commence at the fetlocks and bandage loosely, lapping one edge over the other, and making a half-turn fold of the bandage when joints are passed to prevent the slipping of the bandage. In the morning the limbs will generally be found all right for cleaning. If this plan is not adopted it is altogether better to let the team stand muddy as to the limbs until morning, when the dry mud may be easily cleaned away, and with very little danger of injury to the team if the stable is warm, not subject to draughts, and a liberal amount of bedding is given.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ABOUT FUDINESS.

A Great Offense of Which No Housekeeper Should Be Guilty.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has housecleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap" as she flitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do everything at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the work at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.—*The Household.*

MISER GREENLEAF.

A Man Who Lived the Life of an Anchorite to Enrich a College.

Harvard's latest endowment comes from an unexpected source. A miser named E. P. Greenleaf recently died, leaving property amounting to nearly \$500,000, the bulk of which he had willed to Harvard College. Mr. Greenleaf lived the life of an anchorite. He was a thoroughbred miser, so to speak; hoarding up every cent he accumulated and denying himself even the comforts of life. His appearance was that of a tramp or a beggar, and yet, unlike the tramp, he refused companionship at all times. He seemed to have just one desire, one ambition, and that was to be immortalized by Harvard. For this he lived; for this he became a hermit; for this he became a miser; for this he hoarded his dollars and denied himself every thing. He died, leaving his property and his photograph to Harvard. Some men, not misers, worth ten times his wealth, have died and left little or nothing for anybody or any thing outside the family circle. Some men, possessed of multiplied millions, will read the story of the life of Miser Greenleaf, of Quincy, Mass., and be amazed. The world is full of surprises because of those who give, and because of those who do not give.—*Detroit Tribune.*

His Wife Powdered.

A few evenings ago a fine-looking, well-dressed negro, as black as black can be, entered a drug store and inquired semi-crazily of the clerk: "Do you keep nupblack?"

"I can give you some," was the reply; "how much do you want?"

"Well, you see, sah—ah—is it very nice? I would like a little sah, in a pretty box—like those," pointing at boxes containing toilet articles in the show-cases.

"Well," said the clerk, dubiously, "I dunno; what do you want it for?"

"For de toilet, sah; for my wife she powderhs, sah!"—*Buffalo Express.*

GAMBLERS' OMENS.

Sporting Men—Who Will Make No bets at Certain Times.

Sporting men are noted as being the most superstitious persons. Those who bet on horses are all more or less influenced by certain events which they look upon as omens of good or ill luck. All these signs they eagerly look for and are influenced by them on the way they place their money on the steeds whose chance they favor.

"No, I'm not betting to-day," was the reply of one of these turfmen, in answer to an inquiry from another of his ilk whether he had bought any pools on the races.

"Busted?" was another laconic inquiry.

"No, but I laced one of my shoes up wrong this morning. It's a bad sign. I'll let 'em alone to-day."

"Are you superstitious?"

"I frankly confess that I am," he replied, as he lit a cigar, "and I don't know of a sporting man or a gambler that is not superstitious, and, furthermore, I do not believe there is a human being living who is not. Of course, some are more so than others; but take gamblers and horsemen as a class and you will find that each one has his own peculiar quip. Now, this morning I laced my shoe up wrong. If I had left it that way it would have been a lucky day for me, but I did not. I unlaced it, and I'll bet two to one if I bought pool on a horse he would break his neck before he came under the string."

"That's quite interesting. Would you mind giving me some of your experience? What do you consider a lucky omen?"

"You want to know what I consider a lucky omen, eh? That's just as the idea strikes me. I used to count white horses. Supposing I was standing at the corner of Broadway and Wall street. I'd take out my watch, when I had one, and time myself and count the number of white horses that turned into Wall street from Broadway in five minutes. I would sometimes go on the odd numbers and sometimes on the even. Like this: If I made up my mind on even horses and an even number went by during the five minutes, then I would be lucky, and vice versa."

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I make my living as a sporting man."

"Does your superstition affect you in playing cards?"

"Yes, indeed. If I am going to play cards for money I always hunt up a beggar and give him some money for luck. I have walked sometimes two miles to find a beggar. I know a gambler who goes daily to an Italian on Greene street, who has three little canaries that tell fortunes by pulling an envelope out of a pack. He always follows the advice of the bird, and I have actually seen him shed tears over some of the slips he got, not from grief, but from vexation, if it went against his grain."

"I have had gamblers tell me that they had acquired the habit of trying their luck in different ways, but I claim it's not a habit; it's nature, born in a man, and it never comes out. Why, I know dozens of people who laugh at superstition that will have a regular case of the dumps if they see the new moon over their right shoulder for the first time. They think if they see it over the left shoulder and make a wish they will get their wish.—*N. Y. Mail.*

CHICKEN-HEARTED.

A Couple of Strangers Call at a Grocery and Are Dismissed Sans Ceremony.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman on Baker street yesterday; "I was in the grocery alone when two men came in. They warmed their hands at the stove, and one of them suddenly began sniffing and sniffing and then called out:

"Say, mister, your kerosene is leaking all over the cellar!"

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"That my kerosene was up-stairs at the back end of the store! I hurried up as quick as I could, but it was too late."

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?"

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my big dog had corraled one in the potato-bin and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

"Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I called the dog off and looked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick 'em across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave 'em one lift apiece and asked 'em to call again. I wish I wasn't so chicken-hearted about such things—I really do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She (emphatically)—How kind of nature to bestow on the blind the faculty of distinguishing color by the sense of touch! He (philosophically)—Yes, but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.—

—A brilliant meteor was observed one night recently at Washington, Me. It first appeared like an electric spark, illuminating the city in a startling manner. Then a blue ball of fire appeared, turned red, flared again, and became extinguished. The phenomenon occupied half a minute. Then the meteor fell, leaving behind it a red track across the sky, which faded out gradually and was visible for several minutes after the fall.

—George Phillips, of Binghamton, Solano County, Cal., has just completed an organ containing four hundred pipes, the longest being sixteen feet. All the pipes are made of old newspapers rolled and fastened with a paste made of glue and alum. The wood-work was made entirely of old fence boards, posts, dry-goods boxes and the like. He was two years in building this instrument, which is said to have an excellent tone.—*San Francisco Call.*

—A remarkable freak of lightning recently occurred at Plainfield, N. J. Cornelius D. Paul lives in West Fourth street. The shutters of the bay window in the dining-room of his large frame house were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested a polished old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had just stepped to the table to remove it. The case is said to be the only one on record, and will be scientifically investigated.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A good joke was played on the riflemen of Brunswick, Ga., while they were on drill recently. Colonel Dart put them through a few evolutions, and then read to them a fictitious letter purporting to come from Washington asking him how many men he could muster to go to the Mexican frontier at once. Surprise not unmixed with consternation superseded the jollity that had existed but a moment before. The boys, however, soon rallied, and almost to a unit declared that it would be impossible for them to "go to Mexico just yet," as both their business and inclination counseled their remaining in Brunswick. When the hoax was discovered, however, there was no little chagrin among them that they had not noted differently.—*Chicago Times.*

—The wonders of art.—

They have made a piano of paper. What wonders art is achieving!

If they'd make a paper performer Life yet might be worth some one's living.

—A. W. Bellan, in *Pitt-River.*

—Customer—But ain't the trousers too long? Merchant—Too long? Dey is made to fit a man exzekely your size. If your legs happen to be a trifle short you must quarrel mit nature—not de tailor.—*Judge.*

—Lately, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled, "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A clever woman who delights in beautiful surroundings has just completed a novel set of window curtains. On the finest batiste she has painted conventionalized corn flowers, poppies and blueets, of natural size and at regular intervals, in reds and blues. These are outlined with silk. As the light passes through the curtains the effect is most pleasing. The colors have been so chosen that even by lamp light they are effective, the sheen of the silk gleaming charmingly.—*Toledo Blade.*

Published for the Proprietor at No. 101 Broadway, New York.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of N. W. Ayer & Co., our authorized agents.

TO ADVERTISE judiciously requires a knowledge of the value of newspapers, and a correctly directed ad will enable you to advertise judiciously. CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS, 101 Broadway, New York.

GRIND YOUR OWN GRINDSTONES, and make them as good as the best. \$5 HAND MILL, Patent. 100 lbs. capacity. Also POWER MILLS and FARM PUMP, etc. Circulars and estimates sent on application. WILSON BROS., Boston, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED.

We are in want of a few more good men to canvass for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery stock. To men who make a success of the business we can pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many fine and choice specimens, both in the fruit and ornamental line which others do not handle. Address at once, with references, L. L. MAY & CO., Nurseriesman, 34 Pearl Street, New York.

THE BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS.

People who in order to build should inquire among our local builders and find one who has THE SHOPPERS' BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS. Such a builder will show the inquiries an immense number of excellent plans for modern houses, barns, etc., and give correct local prices for building from any of the plans. Builders who have not yet procured The Shopper's Builders' Portfolios should write at once to the Co-operative Builders' Plan Association, 63 Broadway, New York.

We manufacture Hydraulic, Jetting, Artesian and Gas Well Machinery. Business pays large profits; small capital needed; plenty of work. Acme Wind Mills, Pumps and appliances. Special Tube Well Pipe. Send 14c. and we will mail or express.

you charges prepaid, the full cost, most complete, most elegant Catalogue published in our line. CHICAGO TUBULAR WELL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.