

ate Heart, Society

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

NO. 34.

## SPIRIT 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 transmission as second class matter.

Three good heating stoves for sale cheap at the Five Cent Store 423 Kansas Ave.

FOR COAL

J. V. McNEELY.

Corner of Adams and Fourth.

A fresh lot of P. G. Ritters, unrivalled mince meat and other goods just received at Kaufman & Thompsons 418 Kan. Ave.

E. Klusman opens a Candy Kitchen in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Clay, corner of Gordon St. & Kans. Ave. Give him a call when you want good candy.

Messrs Miller, Dick & Currier have established a Candy Factory in the basement of the building occupied by Hugins Cracker Co.

### Millinery! Millinery!

Ten per cent. discount on all Trimmed Hats and Bonnets at Mrs. Metcalf's, 303 Kansas avenue.

### A Public Benefactor.

Some one has said that he who makes two blades of grass grow when one has previously grown, is a public benefactor. To the weary, tired house-keeper M. C. Jones of the Bakery appears as a good genius. By giving your order Saturday morning you can have your Sunday breakfast of Boston brown bread and baked pork and beans with out any trouble and at small cost. Give a trial order and you will want more. M. C. Jones 306 1/2 Kan. Ave.

The organization of Shawnee Tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men, was effected Tuesday evening at the Opera House. We saw some braves on the Avenue. It looked as though they might be improved, but perhaps they belonged to a different tribe. They seemed to be greatly taken with the display in the windows of Brooks' Great Five Cent Store.

The forthcoming Christmas Number of Harper's Magazine will be the most princely descendant of its royal line, with the noble blood of many kings of thought throbbing its arteries, and richly decked in sumptuous attire of illustration. In point of attractive reading and luxuriant drawings it takes the palm even from the previous holiday numbers of "The Giant of the Monthlies."

I give honor to whom it is due. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Bright's disease and Gravel. Four of the best physicians had failed to relieve me. I have recommended it to scores of people with like success, and know it will cure all who try it.—Mrs. E. P. Mizner, Burg Hill, O. Send 2-c stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

### The Silver Lake Rapid Transit Bond Proposition to be Voted on.

At the meeting of the county board on Saturday a petition was presented asking the board to call a special election in Silver Lake township for December 30th to vote on a proposition for the township to subscribe for stock to the amount of \$15,000 in the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit Railway company. The board made an order that the prayer of the petition be granted, provided an affidavit of the township trustee be filed with the county clerk setting forth that the petition contained the signatures of more than two fifths of the resident taxpayers of the township. Yesterday was the last day for filing, and as the requirements were met, the proposition will be submitted.

It is understood that Rossville will be asked to vote on a like proposition for \$10,000; Menoken, \$8,000, and Soldier, \$8,000.

The impression among those who have given the matter attention is that the proposition will carry in Silver Lake and Rossville townships, but there is some question as to how it will go in Soldier and Menoken. The members of the company have looked over the field carefully and express the belief that the proposition will carry in all the townships.

To-day upon opening a package of goods purchased at the Great Five Cent Store 423, Ks. Ave. we were much amused upon reading a certificate of purchase. The same is being given away with every package of goods bought at the above store which is an idea that originated in the fertile brain of the proprietor, F. E. Brooks. He has the largest and finest selection of Holiday Goods in this city. The following is a fac-simile of the certificate we received:

Dealer in Almost Everything.

5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Counters. Lamp and Miscellaneous Departments.



"Brother, the wind waves say, 'Wish you a Merry Christmas,' and they say that THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE, is the largest and cheapest store of the kind in the west." No. 423 Kansas Avenue, F. E. BROOKS, Prop.

### This Certificate of Purchase

ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE COUNT IN OUR

### CUSTOMER'S HOLIDAY PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

EXPLANATION.—One of these certificates will be enclosed in every package of goods bought at this store. Prizes will be awarded to the person who presents the greatest number of certificates up to the date mentioned below.

RULE.—The name of the buyer must be endorsed on the back of each certificate. Certificates must be put in an envelope marked with the name of the buyer, and the total number enclosed, and sent in not later than the day mentioned. Envelopes containing certificates endorsed by two persons will not be counted as one lot.

Certificates will be issued up to December 26. Certificates must be sent in by January 2, 1888. Prizes will be awarded January 7, 1888.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars worth of any goods in stock.  
SECOND PRIZE.—Ten Dollars worth of any goods in stock.  
THIRD PRIZE.—Five Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

To be given to the three persons presenting the greatest number of certificates bearing their names.

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,

Dealer in

F. E. BROOKS,

PROP.

ALMOST EVERYTHING.  
Articles from 2 for 1 cent to \$75.00 each

J. L. Morse and wife entertained friends Tuesday evening.

Miss Julia Patterson of Nebraska is visiting the family of Rev. J. N. Lee.

Miss Nettie Baird gave a farewell party to Miss Belle Clay, Monday evening.

Mabel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Day who has been quite ill is getting better.

Dr. Clay and family left this week for Westminster, Cal. where they will in future reside.

Mrs. J. N. Lee has returned from Iowa, where she was called by the death of her sister, Mrs. Vincent.

Col. Chas. Duncan one of the Pioneers of Lawrence made a short visit to his daughter Mrs. Ray of 928 Van Buren St.

The gold medal presented to John Brown's widow by the French sympathizers and admirers of her husband, has been presented to the State Historical Society.

The funeral of E. K. Hall age 57, took place Tuesday afternoon from the Kans. Ave. M. E. church, was largely attended by his friends and the Masonic Fraternity.

In deference to the wishes of Mayor Metsker the special election to vote bonds for the water power will not take place till some time in January. His Honor desires more time for the consideration of the ordinance.

The executive Committee of the State Teachers association have completed the program for the session to be held here on Dec. 27, 28 and 29 and present an array of attractions never equaled at any previous meeting. At least one thousand teachers are expected to attend.

Mr. J. Nunn, of North Topeka, has been appointed local ticket agent for the Rock Island route. The business will be conducted in connection with Mr. Nunn's well equipped and prosperous news depot in the post office building, on Kansas avenue.

The Western Union has made quite a reduction in telegraph rates. The rate for ten words to San Francisco which has been \$1.00 after December 1 will be 75 cents day rate; night rates remain the same.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Baptist Church conducted by Rev. A. M. Pipes of the Congregational Church and a praise service in the evening at the Kans. Ave. M. E. Church. An interesting Thanksgiving service was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd yesterday morning. The offerings on the occasion were for Christ's hospital and were very liberal. Besides the money collection, the fruits vegetables, etc., fourteen sacks of flour were donated by Page, Norton & Co., proprietors of the Intercoastal Mills, and their employees, whose names are J. E. Meecham, U. S. Sheldon, James McNichol, James Russell, W. G. Brooks, W. R. Smith, E. M. Bingham, John S. Buchanan, and J. A. Campbell. The generous gift was inscribed "Page, Norton & Co. and employees—700 lbs. of flour—Thanksgiving day, 1887."

A medicine prepared for the general public should contain nothing hurtful in any dose. Such a medicine is Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria; it destroys Malaria as water puts out fire, and is just as harmless. Sold by Druggists.

For the issue of November 12, the Illustrated London News (American edition) furnish their many readers, in connection with a wide variety of reading, the following timely illustrations: A very spirited picture of the unemployed in London entitled "The police and the Mob," three pictures upon the state of Ireland, one of how some of the London poor spend the night, and another of the poor helping the poor, as well as the meeting of the unemployed in London. There are also sketches from the Barlesque of "The Sultan of Mocha," at the Strand theatre, and one page devoted to the Sultan of Morocco, while the opposite page presents G. L. Seymour's drawing of "A Favorite Slave." Besides these attractions there is a double-page picture of buffalo hunting in North America. The price remains as usual at 10 cents for the complete number. Office of publication, Potter building, New York.

The death of twenty-one head of cattle was occasioned by the delay in the sailing of one of the Allen steamers from Montreal in 1885 and the court awards the shippers \$2,100 damages.

Harry Vrooman formerly of this city, son of H. P. Vrooman, of Quebec, and brother of the street walker anarchist, Waiter, has left the Kansas City field and is now on an anarchist paper in the east. Harry organized the group of the International Working People's Association in Topeka, and was its corresponding secretary. The group at one time numbered about thirty active members, and perhaps a hundred "redcard" members who attended as a matter of curiosity but were not permitted to have any voice in the management of the society. After Vrooman left Topeka he group which he had organized fell to pieces, from lack of interest. There never were more than six or eight who believed in actual "revolution" when it came to the scratch. The organization could not thrive in Topeka, and died of its own accord. There are a few anarchists in Topeka, but its organization ceased to exist over a year ago. Both Harry and his father are prohibitionists and tried very hard to engraft their socialistic ideas upon the prohibition party. "Judge" Vrooman has lately identified himself with the Union Labor Party, which in this state, at least, is but one step from anarchy.

## KAUFMAN & THOMPSON

DEALERS IN

## STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

418 Kansas Avenue,

California Fruits and Canned Goods a Specialty.

Telephone 170.

## WESTERN FOUNDRY

## AND MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop.

Manufacturer of

## STEAM & ENGINES,

Mill Machinery, &c.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

Fine Cabinet Photographs only \$2.00 per dozen at

## DOWNING'S GALLERY.

During November and December.

Now is the time to get good photographs cheap. DOWNING is often asked how can you do as fine work for \$2.00 per dozen as your competitors do for \$3.00 to \$5.00 per dozen? FORTHTHREE REASONS

FIRST. He does more work and can afford to work on a smaller margin.

SECOND. His immense business requires him to keep one, or more men, at each branch of the business, and therefore does more work of as fine a quality as his competitors.

THIRD. He buys his goods for cash and in larger quantities and therefore buys cheaper.

It will pay you who want good work to call at once as the very low price given above will be raised the first of January.

We guarantee all Photos satisfactory. Remember the place.

DOWNING GALLERY, 617 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan.

FISHING TACKLE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

MRS. H. WEST, Fashionable Dressmaker. Cutting and Fitting a Specialty. 824 Quincy Street, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BAKER & WARDIN. Store of Fine Watches. Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Spectacles.

727 Kansas Avenue. TOPEKA, KANSAS

FINE FRENCH PANEL PHOTOS

Equal to the best made.

50 CENTS PER DOZEN,

AT THE

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

201 Kan. Ave. 2 d and Kay Ave. Call nets 31 d z.

H. REISNER,

Candy Factory.

307 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.

Candy Cheap and Lots of it.

Toys, Dolls, &c. in endless variety.



## THE COWBOY'S VOCABULARY.

Some of the Queer Words and Phrases Used in the West—Spanish Used Extensively.

The "Bucolic Dialect of the Plains" is made the subject of a paper by Louis Swinburne in the October number of *Scribner's*. Passing over the first page of his paper, which very interestingly traces the origin of the place names in the vicinity of the Rockies, we come, says *The Philadelphia Record*, to the class of words that have sprung up among cattle-owners and cowboys to designate the various acts and general conduct of their occupation, which the writer asserts have never been catalogued. The terms "rounding-up" and "branding" are too well known to be dealt upon. "Bucker," meaning a refractory animal, is also in ordinary use in the east, being generally applied to refractory politicians. The cook on a ranch is called a "rustler," and the term is also applied to any uncommonly active man, and its sense has been still further amplified so that it may mean a thief. "Pilgrim" and "tender-foot," originally applied to newly imported cattle, but now it means all newcomers whether two or four legged. "To go over the range" was also once limited to cattle, but now men as well as beasts that die "go over the range" in cowboy parlance. "Roped in" has also come to be of common use. Steers are "roped in" for the purpose of branding; men are often "roped in" to their disadvantage. The epithet "thoroughbred" applied to a fine woman is very commonly used in the west but the English also use the word in the same sense.

The writer gives the following short list of ordinary cowboy words:

Brand, noun and verb; brand-book, containing the recorded brands of the country; branding-chute, branding-iron counter-brand, v. and n.; fly-brand; lazy-brand; brand-bunch, small herd of cattle; bunch-grass; crease, v. n.; to stun a horse or steer by a blow in the neck in order to catch him; cut out, to separate an animal from the herd; cutting-horse; crop, n. and v. an ear mark, or to make a mark by cutting the ear; dewlap, a cut in the lower part of the neck; vent a brand announcing sale; single-bob, a slit ear dropping down. Other marks signifying ownership are over-bit, over-hack, over-half-crop, over-slope, swallow-fork, under-bit, under-hack, etc. These are mostly technical, but the common terms are almost equally unfamiliar—such as grade, adj. and n., improved cattle; grass-cattle, fed only on grass; hackmore, bridle made of horse-hair; heel, to lariat an animal by the hind leg; hon-dou (derivation unknown, though probably from Spanish honda, the eye of the needle), the slip-knot of the lariat; paunch, to shoot a refractory steer through the paunch, producing temporary quietude; slicker, a water-proof coat; string, a small collection of horses or steers; string-beam, pair of horses or mules in long succession; tail, to hold a steer down by the tail after it is lassoed and heeled; trail, n. and v.; trail-cattle, trail-cineli; wrangler, a dog-herder; wrangle-footed, mixture of several gaits. The last is by no means complete, but it comprises the most common vernacular terms in use.

The class of words drawn from the Spanish is more numerous and more interesting. Ranch, from rancho, meaning mess, is commonly applied by the herder to his companions; so is "outfit"; vamos, to clear out; rancharo is the steward of the mess; vaquero is the herder; companero, partner, and compadre, friend. The adobe of which the cowboy's house is built is known by its Spanish name alone. He calls his stove an estufa; eats tortillas, in other words hoe-cake; wears a serape (a light striped woolen shawl) over his shoulders; calls his fields of lucern fields of alfalfa, a dried-up creek an arroyo, deep holes made by the mountain flood barranca, and water canals (used for irrigation) acequias. Any collection of trees, brambles or bushes is a chaparral, and table-land is mesa. "Balie," corrupted into "balle" among cowboys, is allied to our ball; but it means also sheriff (ballif), which is significant. The connection between balls and balliffs in New Mexico is, unfortunately, more intimate and frequent than would be thought desirable in Boston and New York. The true cowboy delights in the lingering waltz which the señoritas accord him. He will hop and roll about until he has worn out his zapatos (Spanish shoes), and still he is ready to swear that his partner is his ojo, the very eye of his heart.

Loco is a Spanish word signifying mad, crack-brained. A plant of the plains which is poisonous to the cattle, producing symptoms of insanity, is called loco weed. "From the substantive a verb sprang into use. Cattle showing signs of madness are said to be 'locoed,' and so finally the word extended to human beings. Some have derived these meanings from the plant itself, as if it had originally borne the name 'loco'; but this is incorrect, the real process having been just the reverse of it.

Cuddy and burro are the two epithets which distinguish the small donkey. But the cowboy is getting to like the well-bred horse better, and the burro's day of popularity is gone. It is in relation to his horse and trappings that the cowboy's Spanish vocabulary is particularly rich.

Preparatory to saddling, the hackamore,—which is said to come from the

Spanish jaquima, a halter,—on the plains usually wrought of twisted hair, is thrown over his head and firmly tied. Then the saddle-blanket is over his withers, with sometimes a tilpah, or parti-colored rug, woven and died by the Navajo or Taos Indians; and over this the saddle, or perhaps the McClellan army-saddle. If it is the former it has to be "cinched." This is from the Spanish substantive cincha, meaning a belt or girdle; cinchar, to girdle. To "cinch" a horse is by no means the same as girding him. The two ends of the tough cordage which constitute the "cinch" terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called latigos (Spanish thongs), which connect the "cinches" with the saddle, and are run through an iron ring, called, if I remember correctly the larigo ring, though my deponent saith not, and then tied by a series of complicated turns and knots. Sometimes there is a couree, or leather cover to protect the saddle. A pack saddle is an aparejo. The stout leather trousers for rough weather are called chaps, contracted from chaparro. A jacket of the same material is sometimes worn, cut short in the jaunty Spanish fashion, and braided, just as you see them in the streets of Seville. Add to these the woolen shirt, gay in color and laced in front, the high boots, the sash, and the great jingling spurs, and you have of the outer apparel of the herders nearly everything except the quirt, the reata, the latigos and the tapaderos. Quirt is probably Spanish also, if we may now have to find its equivalent in cuerda, a rope; it is a short whip, made generally of dressed leather woven into many curious shapes. The ropes used to tie horses with is a lariat or convesta. Tapaderos and latigos are both applied to foot covering, and the cowboy never wears a hat, always a sombrero.

## Poultry Items.

Shut up the cracks with tar paper or other material. It will keep out the frost and cold winds that are prevalent at this season of the year. A general cleaning up and repairing should be done now before a change in the weather arrives, and when it will be so pleasant to work about as it now is.

Small eggs are often caused by fowls getting too fat. When you know it to be a fact that the hen is getting old, the probability is this is the cause of the small sized eggs and the diminution of the quantity. If she is allowed to go on you will be rewarded for your good will in keeping her by eggs the size of marbles, eventually. A hatchet comes in play in such cases.

The number of hens allowed to one cock depends upon the sprightliness and vitality of the cock. If ten should be given as the proper number, it would not be far from correct, although twenty hens have been given to one cock; and a very large per cent of the eggs proved fertile. We would not advise too many; better be a few or a less number.

When feeding ground scraps to fowls it is best to scald them with the morning meal, but sometimes it may be placed before them, dry. When so fed it should be placed in small boxes fastened between the windows of the house, just high enough to let them pick without throwing it out upon the floor. Ground oyster shells are also placed in similar boxes, and always kept before the fowls. They must have something of this kind to aid digestion.

The best and simplest cure for scaly legs among fowls is to dip the feet and legs in coal oil twice, three or four days apart; then in a week's time grease thoroughly with vaseline, and in a month's time, or sooner, the legs will be as good as new. If roosts are well painted with kerosene once or twice a month, it will go a long way in preventing the parasite from getting a foothold in yards. In this case an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

Cramming poultry is practiced more in France than in any other country. There are two methods or systems indicated by the words solid and liquid. Each fowl is confined by itself in a coop about eight inches wide, so small that turning around is an impossibility. The sexes are kept apart, and only those of the same degree of fatness are kept in one group. Every coop is kept very clean. In the former system buckwheat meal bolted fine, is mixed into a stiff dough, and formed into little rolls about the size of one's finger. They are soaked in milk or water, in order that it may be taken down easily when inserted in the fowl's throat. Each meal demands at first two or three of these rolls, which number is gradually increased to fifteen. Two meals are given a day, twelve hours intervening. The latter system is becoming more and more popular in France, is carried on largely by a machine, or on a smaller scale, by a funnel, the food being mixed to a semi fluid consistency. The flesh produced is of a very superior quality, and this system will undoubtedly prevail with those who furnish the large hotels and markets.—*Practical Farmer*.

## Making a Name.

"So you are married?" said a traveling man to a friend.

"Oh, yes. Married over a year ago."

"Given up all your ideas about fame and glory, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, sir. I always said I would make a name in the world."

"Yes."

"Well, I've done it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I superintended the christening of our baby last week."—*Merchant Traveler*.

## PICTURESQUE PEDDLERS.

Curbside Jewellers who Hail From Turkey and Armenia.

Surely every one has seen the Armenians and Turks who stand on the curbs and offer for sale gaudy jewelry and highly-colored pictures. The dark red fez is invariably cocked upon their raven black hair, and their faces, never any too clean, usually bear a look of pathetic resignation which draws money from many an unwilling pocket. Some wear American clothing, which has evidently seen very much better days, while others adhere with a dogged persistency worthy of a better cause to the baggy trousers and flowing jackets of their native land.

Anyone of these itinerant tradesmen in his queer costume, which is of itself an excellent advertisement (and well the rogue knows it), surrounded by an admiring throng of street urchins and prospective buyers, is a common sight upon our thoroughfares. The writer himself never closely examined the jewelry which these sons of the east offer for sale, but the guileless smiles upon the vendors' faces have always left the impression that they were cherished keepsakes brought over from their native land, and with which only dire necessity caused them to part. But alas for human guile!

A few days ago business called us into the salesroom of a large wholesale dealer in cheap jewelry, and there laughing and smoking cigarettes with the jolliest expressions imaginable, was a group of the baggy-trousered street merchants bartering for rings at 50 cents per dozen, and chains at 6 cents each, which they afterward find no difficulty in disposing of at an advance of from 500 to 1,000 per cent.

"Whenever I see a party of them entering the door," said the salesman who was waiting upon them, "I always get a fit of horrors. They buy considerable at a time—that is for them. As much as \$50 to \$75 will be the investment of a party, but I am obliged to watch them as a cat does a lot of mice. Plain or embossed band rings are favorites with them, and so are heavy seal rings with gaudy stones. They make an immense profit now, but if they once wash themselves and put on ordinary clothes the majority of them would starve."

The leader of the band, who had been listening intently gravely nodded his head in a quiescent and lighted a cigarette as he explained the salesman's views to his companions. They agreed upon every particular except that of there needing to be watched, and when the spokesman reached that point he glanced reproachfully at the man behind the counter, two were observed to wipe away tears, and one improved the opportunity which the general distraction afforded to pocket a broken swivel which lay within reaching distance.—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

## What are Your Boys Reading?

No, oh no; we are not going to pitch into the five cent blood and thunder novel; not right directly, at any rate. We were just looking over a story in the June number of a most excellent and highly respectable juvenile magazine; a good magazine; that doubtless views with alarm, as do all the rest of us, the poisonous literature of the news stand. This story is about a boy, 15 years old, who, while standing alone on his father's engine on a lonely siding, saw a run away train of cars, started by the wind, sweep past him down the grade. Usual thing—the lightning express nearly due; the train dispatcher always manages to have a lightning express about due when anything of this kind happens. There is "no telegraph wire either," this is also usual; a road without a wire is apt to run lightning expresses and limited trains every fifteen minutes. The boy thinks quickly; boys of 15 are always quick thinkers; he runs his engine out on the main line, setting the switches for himself, for his father has gone to supper, miles away in the country presumably, as it is quite customary for railway engineers to take all their meals on distant ranches, leaving their engines in charge of children. The runaway cars "are miles away," and he has "less than an hour" to catch them. He caught the runaways, which were flying like the wind; he slowed up "with great judgment—we should think so—creep along his flying engine, got on the pilot lifted the "coupling bar with one hand" and reached over as he "made the coupling and dropped the pin with the other," had a struggle with the flying cars but at last checked them; got them started back, he making thirty-five miles an hour and the "Lightning" in sight making sixty—on a road without a wire—he had ten miles to run in this shape, but he made it, got on the siding, time to turn the switch, and the "Lightning" thundered by. Then "the boy fainted dead away." No wonder: it was enough to make a man faint to read it; it was high time somebody fainted. Now the question is just this: does a boy get anything better out of such nonsense than he does out of "Kid the Sleuth Hound, or The Boy Terror of Gory Canon." Between our selves and the comma we really find "The Boy Terror" quite as easy to believe and much more interesting reading. We haven't the least objection to fiction: we rather like it, but great Scott, even fiction for boys should have some sense in it. Not much, perhaps, but just some.—*Burdette*.

## Measles.

Measles begin with the symptoms of a bad cold, hoarseness, a cough, sneezing and weak eyes. On the fourth day a rash appears on the forehead, spreads over the face and extends to the body. It is a darker red than the rash in scarlet fever, and feels slightly raised to the touch. When the rash first comes out it looks like flea bits arranged in little half-moons on the skin.

The greater danger is of taking cold, which may bring on inflammation of the lungs, and of injury to the eyes from over use or exposure to too strong a light.

The patient should be kept in bed in a well ventilated room at a temperature of about 68°. The window must be lowered a few inches at the top if possible, the opening being covered with a strip of flannel to prevent a draught.

As fresh air is indispensable, if this makes the room too cold, a fire must be lighted to counteract it. A warm sponge bath should be given each day, folded blankets being placed over and under the patient in bed, the night dress removed and the hand holding the sponge being passed under the upper blanket while bathing to avoid exposure. The window should be shut during the bath. If the rash causes much irritation it may be rubbed with cosmoline or sweet oil.

The eyes should be carefully shaded from the light, and no reading permitted until they are strong again. Serious inflammation and permanent weakness of the eyes may follow if these precautions are not taken. It is often very hard to keep a child amused and happy under these restrictions. This is one of the difficulties that a good nurse will overcome, and she must remember that the child's comfort during life may depend upon the care it receives at this time.

To avoid cold, all clothing should be warmed and aired before being used. A flannel jacket worn over the night dress is a great protection.

If delirium comes on, and the rash suddenly disappears, the sufferer should be put into a warm bath containing four tablespoonfuls of mustard to each pail of water, taken out after a few minutes, quickly dried with warm towels, and wrapped in blankets until the doctor comes. If the child has a quick pulse and seems very sleepy, the breathing should be carefully watched to detect any symptoms of trouble with the chest.

Milk should be the chief article of diet. It may be used in gruel, custard and blancmange, and varied with beef tea, chicken broth, mutton broth, toast and any light food.—*Companion*.

## Social Pushers.

That the most humiliating feature of modern society is to be found in the artifices of those who wish to "get on" in the fashionable world has often enough been remarked; yet there is still room for amazement at the ingenuity of the devices to which snobs will resort.

We have had a good many weddings recently in the neighborhood of Boston, and among the other brides of high social position has been Miss X., whose family is rather noted for exclusiveness. When the invitations for the weddings were sent out, Mrs. A., a woman who is really devoured by social ambition, was not included in the list of guests. She had met Mrs. X. and had somewhat over-stepped the rigid proprieties of etiquette in the manner in which she had called upon that exclusive lady. Now, she was doubtless much chagrined at not receiving a card for a wedding which was to be a very large one, but she was by no means ready to abandon the field. On that day after the invitations went out Mrs. A. sent Miss X. a valuable and well-selected piece of plate as a wedding gift. Miss X., in the privacy of a select circle of intimate friends, declared that she would not have the present. It was urged upon her that she certainly could not return it.

"But I shall not acknowledge it!" she declared angrily.

"But then, my dear," her mother said, "you will be putting yourself in the wrong. You cannot be rude, and especially to a nobody like Mrs. A."

"I don't care," persisted the daughter. "I will not invite her anyway. This is my wedding, and I will have whom I please. She can't buy an invitation with her trumpery old present."

But of course in the end Mrs. A. was invited and she appeared at the wedding with an air of being the most intimate friend of the family. It amused those who knew the story, but Mrs. A. is clever enough to make the fact that she was there tell for a good deal in her struggle up the social heights.—*Cor. Providence Journal*.

## A Sad Accident.

Boston young man in theater: "Have you lost something, Miss Penelope?"

Miss Penelope (searching her pockets): "I have either lost it, Mr. Waldo, or have left it at home. It's too provoking!"

"Young man: 'What was it?'"

Miss Penelope: "My chewing-gum."

## A Crooked Stick.

Father—Where now, daughter? Daughter—We have lawn theatricals this afternoon, papa, I am to appear as a shepherdess with her crook.

Father—All right, my dear. But be careful that you don't pick up a crooked stick for a husband.

"Never fear papa."

## HERE AND THERE.

The city of Los Angeles, Cal., will expend \$1,000,000 next year for a system of sewerage.

A case of leprosy, just arrived from Honolulu, has been discovered at Port Townsend, Washington territory.

A college is being built at Los Angeles, Cal., which will be when completed the next largest female seminary in the state.

A bridge is to be built at once across the Columbia river from the Oregon side to La Cunas, Washington territory.

Not since the season of 1880 has whaling in the Arctic ocean been as profitable as it is this year. Whales are plentiful and easy to capture.

Buffalo Bill's wild west show in London will be succeeded by an Italian exhibition, the chief feature of which is an imitation of the great colosseum.

During the months of September and October 106 Chinamen, who had become wealthy in New York city, sailed from that port for their native land never to return.

The depredations of Indians near Holbrook, Arizona, have been so many that the settlers have resolved to commence a war of extermination if the redskins do not keep inside the reservation.

A blacksmith at Lewiston, Me., makes considerable pin money by manufacturing iron and steel rings and selling them as a sure cure for rheumatism. He warrants them to cure and gets 50 cents a piece.

The first crop of tobacco ever raised in England was harvested this season. The cultivator does not receive much encouragement, however, for the English government insists upon him paying duty, as if the tobacco were imported.

The new dancing slippers have "Lonia XV." heels, with stitching round them. The handsomest ones are merely foxed with kid or leather, the ramps or quarters being of satin to match the dress. The bronze foxing is especially rich.

Recently a leather firm at Boston sold one thousand feet of grain leather at 10½ cents per foot. Not long after the bill was returned to them, with a demand for 2 cents deduction for one-quarter foot short measure. They allowed it.

Contrary to the general supposition there are no areas of frozen swamps to be found in the country adjacent to Alaska. A surveying party employed by the government of Canada discovered a great deal of grassy country along the branches of the Yukon river.

After all, the Chinese are as honorable as any people on the globe. Recently the government of that backward empire returned to the United States a portion of the Rock Springs indemnity so miserly appropriated by congress, as it was found in the final distribution that some of the claims were duplicated.

Two Korean envoys were sent with congratulations and presents to the emperor of China on the occasion of his recent birthday. Many of these presents were returned to them, the Chinese custom forbidding the acceptance of all the presents offered, and the envoys, when they went back, left these behind to be given over again the next time presents have to be made to the emperor.

Recently an order was received in the composing-room of a Boston publication that Christian names were to be invariably indicated by initials, the name in no instance to be printed in full. The next issue contained mention of G. Cleveland, G. Washington, and so on. It is said that the order was revoked when the editor found Don Quixote's acquire figuring on a proof-sheet as "S. Pania."

A Maine sailor played a mean trick on a shark one day not long ago. The tiger of the sea had been following the boat for several days and existing on the garbage thrown overboard, and the sailor decided to have some fun with him. He took a large piece of lime and threw it at the fish, which greedily gulped it down. The lime at once began to slake, and the shark after thrashing about in terrible agony for a few minutes, turned over and died.

Ex-Comptroller John J. Knox has received from a friend an interesting relic in the shape of a protested note of Robert Morris, the financial backer of the union in its war for independence. Pasted to the note of protest is the original note for \$5,000. The signature is in a bold hand. The date is 1793. It is well known that Mr. Morris, after raising \$1,400,000 on his credit for the Revolutionary army, and declining the treasury portfolio in favor of Alexander Hamilton, met with reverses and died a poor man.

Remarkably beautiful and very brilliant is the aurora on the Yukon river, Alaska, during the winter months. Commencing in the early fall, it lasts with more or less brilliancy throughout the long season of Arctic weather. Generally commences at the setting of the sun, though in midwinter it has at times been so bright that it was visible at noon while the sun was shining brightly. The rays of light first shoot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold; then, unfolding, great curtains of light drop fourth. These royal mantles, of bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow and crimson, are suspended and waved between heaven and earth as with an invisible hand, and form a spectacle of extraordinary power.

An odd case under the copyright law is occupying the attention of the courts at Boston. Mr. Kennedy, of Brooklyn, owns the copyright of the well-known song "Cradle of Empty, Baby's Gone," and the Automatic Music company, of Boston, claim the exclusive right to sell the song in perforated sheets for the organette. The defendant claims that the perforated paper is not sheet music, but is merely a mechanical appliance which the copyright law does not cover. To be copyrighted, he argues, music must be written or printed on ordinary staff with clefs, sharps, flats, etc. It appeared in evidence that application for copyright on the perforated sheets of various songs had been refused at Washington, where it was held that the appliances came under the patent laws only, and that, as a matter of fact, it had been covered by two patents which have expired. If the court decides that the perforated sheets can be copyrighted, it will be equivalent to deciding that sounds can be monopolized under the law. Judge Colt will think about the case before deciding it.



## FARM MANAGEMENT.

### Putting Buildings in Condition to Save Fuel and Feed During the Winter.

The Causes of Failure Need Investigating as Much as the Causes of Success.

#### Preparing for Winter.

Among the principal drawbacks to success and happiness on northern farms are the long and severely cold winters. During at least a third of the year, in this locality, most farmers can not employ their time in such a manner that they can receive any immediate remuneration for their labor. A few living in the vicinity of forests can find employment for themselves and their teams in drawing lumber. A still smaller number can earn money in cutting and hauling ice. But, as a general rule, farmers have no employment during the winter excepting taking care of their live stock. This use of time is, of course, necessary, though it brings nothing but a promise of reward. However well cared for, no kind of farm animals gain much during the winter. Generally they will weigh no more in the spring than they did at the time they were taken into winter quarters. They eat a large amount of grain, hay, and other kinds of fodder, but their consumption only serves to supply the waste in the system to produce the necessary degree of bodily heat. A part of the farmer's time may be spent in procuring and preparing fuel for the house, but there is no return for this labor except the comfort insured by warmth.

A farmer can not produce much during the winter, but he can save a large amount if he takes the right course. Whatever will save food in the stable or feeding-yard, or lessen the amount of fuel consumed in the house will be in the nature of a gain. If the stable, or that part of it where animals are kept, is so prepared that the snow and wind cannot pass into it, and the feeding-yard is sheltered, animals will eat much less food than they will if they are exposed to storms and the cold. Much of the food consumed by all kinds of animals during cold weather is used in producing vital heat, and the colder the air is to which they are exposed the more food they require for this purpose. Animals that do not work, and take little exercise during the winter, and those that give no milk will require a comparatively small amount of food if they are kept in warm quarters. They will, of course, need the amount of food that is required to make blood to supply the waste that is constantly going on in the system, but they will require but little to produce bodily heat. Animals can be kept warm by affording them protection from the cold or by the consumption of food. The last is an expensive method.

The better the interior of the house is protected from currents of air the easier it will be to keep it comfortable. A farm-house is necessarily exposed to the wind, and on that account it is more difficult to keep it warm than a dwelling in a city or village. Special pains should therefore be taken not only to break the force of the wind that will blow against it, but to render it tight. A banking of some kind that will reach from the surface of the ground to a considerable distance above the lower floor will prevent the wind from blowing under the house, and will also prevent the outward passage of heat. This protection can be formed of straw or corn-stalks covered with earth. The former contains or incloses air, which is the poorest conductor of heat, and are so clean that they will not soil the woodwork by being in contact with it. The earth will hold the straw or corn-stalks in place, and when frozen will carry off the rain that falls upon it. Lath to which old woolen cloth are attached can be nailed against the frames of doors and windows that are not opened during the winter. A temporary or storm-door is of great value in keeping out cold and snow.

A great saving of fuel, whether it be wood or coal may be affected by getting it to the house before very cold and wet weather begins and placing it under cover. Fuel that contains considerable moisture makes a poor fire, while much heat is required to put it in a condition to burn. The artificial drying of fuel is an expensive process, but one that everyone carries on who burns green wood or any kind of fuel that is exposed to rain and snow. It is poor economy to use one stick of wood or one lump of coal to dry another so that it will be in a condition to be burned. It is also poor economy to defer obtaining fuel till roads become bad or impassable and the weather severely cold. Fuel is poorer than it is earlier in the season, and is likely to be in a poorer condition. In buying coal in the winter one is likely to have to pay for considerable water, snow, and ice. These have to be hauled to the house, where they help to extinguish rather than replenish fires. No farmer allows winter to approach without providing meat and breadstuffs for the supply of the family, but very many neglect to provide fuel that is almost essential to life and comfort.

From the time the late rains fall till the ground settles in the spring the land about the farm-house is likely to be in very bad condition for walking over. If it is not covered with snow and ice it is generally muddy or very soft. The soil sticks to the feet and is often

brought into the house. The moisture causes boots and shoes to become wet whenever one passes out of doors. Many colds are produced in consequence of the feet becoming wet. Plain walks made of two-inch plank placed on scantlings will do much toward obviating these troubles. Such a walk should extend from the outer door most generally used to the well, the privy, and barn. Being smooth, hard and elevated from the ground it is easy to keep it free of snow. Such walks cost but little and will last for many years. They prevent wet feet and save much work in the house. It is impossible to introduce all the comforts of the city or village into the country, but it is practical to secure more things that conduce to enjoyment than most farmers of good means provide.

#### Investigating Failures.

Let a farmer raise an extraordinary crop of any kind and he immediately "rushes into print" to give an account of it. Then farmers and newspaper correspondents visit the place with a view of ascertaining how it was produced. The soil is carefully examined and information obtained about the kind and amount of fertilizers applied to the land. The method of plowing and cultivating and the time of planting or sowing are learned. The variety of seed is also ascertained and the quantity used on a given amount of land. In short, every detail is obtained and placed before the farming public. As with field crops so with those produced in the garden, orchard, and vineyard. The method pursued in producing those that are large are always carefully described. The like is true in regard to success in any department of stock-raising, keeping poultry, or producing honey. We always learn who succeeds in any of these pursuits, and if we do not learn the exact cause of the success we learn under what conditions the success was obtained, and generally infer that they are the proper ones to establish in all cases. The method employed in producing a premium crop of any kind is generally followed in the vicinity where it was raised.

The cause of failure in any department of agriculture are not thus carefully considered and patiently investigated. The farmer who raises a very poor crop of any kind is not anxious to publish the fact to the world. Generally no one but his creditors and next neighbors know much about it. He fails to produce a paying crop of wheat, oats, rye, corn, or potatoes, or all of them, perhaps one year and perhaps during a succession of years, but no one ascertains the cause of the failure, and most likely no one attempts to do so. The farmer who raises a poor crop of any kind may occupy land similar to that of his neighbors who raise excellent crops of the same kind. He may apply the same kind of a fertilizer to his soil; may use the same kind of implements for preparing the land for planting; may plant in his seed at about the same time and cultivate the growing plants in substantially the same way, but he fails in raising a good crop while they succeed. Cases of this kind are not infrequent. The like is true about failures in gardening, fruit production, stock-raising, and bee-keeping. The worst failures often occur in the same neighborhood where the most splendid success is obtained.

It is by no means strange that people are not as anxious to ascertain the causes of failure as of success. All are trying to succeed and are endeavoring to learn how to do so. It is with farming as with other matters. The biographies of successful men are written and are read by millions. No one writes the biographies of men who fail in war or in any peaceful pursuit. If they were written and published few would read them. We read the lives of successful authors, warriors, actors, and financiers, thinking, perhaps, that we may learn how to proceed in order to reach the same distinction they obtained. Every incident in the lives of these men is as familiar to us as those in the lives of the members of our own family. We know their general habits, their tastes, and their methods of work and study. We study these matters so carefully that we think we know why they succeeded. We are not thus anxious to learn all about the lives and habits of the men who never succeeded in getting their writings published, who always lost battles, who made inventions that were of no value, who were hissed every time they appeared on the stage, or who lost more money in business than they ever made. It is thus with the lives of unsuccessful farmers. We have no interest in trying to learn why they failed, always remained poor, or were compelled to give up their business.

But the farmer who fails in one or in several things should try to ascertain the cause of his failure. He should make it a matter of the most careful study. His only hope of success in the future depends on his discovering the cause or causes of his failure. He can not reform his methods till he understands what he has been doing in the wrong way or at the wrong time. He should first find out why he failed to produce as good crops as his neighbors, who apparently had no special advantages over him. He can remember how he proceeded in preparing his land, in seeding it, and in managing it from seed time to harvest. He should compare his methods of doing work with those of his neighbors who were more successful. If he can not see for himself why he failed he should obtain the opinions of his neighbors. He should not consider it humiliating to do

## SOME FUNNY PARROTS.

### Providence Birds That Make It Pleasant for Passers-By.

A parrot that can talk and does is a very interesting bird at times, and very often says things and plays practical jokes worthy of the male, featherless biped called man. There is a family living near a well-known stable that has a fine bird, and he can talk as much as an Italian, while his whistling powers are great. It is the custom at the stable near where this parrot lives, when a carriage is sent out and some directions forgotten, to give a peculiar whistle to call the driver back. This whistle the parrot practiced until he had it perfect, and then waited for his opportunity to come when it could use it. A landau was sent out, and the driver had settled comfortably in his seat, and had gone perhaps a hundred yards, when the parrot whistled. Pulling up his horses, the driver turned and went back to the stable for additional directions. When he asked, what he had been called back for, he was told that no one had called him, that he must be mistaken, etc., and he started a second time on his trip, only to hear the whistle again. Being sure this time he drove back again, only to receive the same answers and the laughter of the stablemen. The third time, however, he was on the look-out, and when the parrot whistled the driver at once saw the trick, and after roundly cursing the feathered joker, drove on and finished his trip. This same bird plays a joke on the family pug about once a day. The pug loves to go out doors as well as he does to eat, and only needs an invitation to frantically wag his tail and run to the door. When left in the room alone with the pug the parrot would suddenly call out: "Want to go out? want to go out doors?" The dog will begin to wag his tail and jump around, when the parrot would draw out in a very derisive tone, "Well you can't" and then make the room resound with a series of ha, ha's.

A manufacturing jeweler has a parrot that hangs out in front of the house during the summer time, and about every passer-by will be brought up short by a shrill whistle from the bird. As one stoops and looks around to see who whistled the bird calls out in a very gleeful tone: "Ha, ha, see him look," and will repeat this as often as the victim turns until he is out of hearing.

A gentleman who has large, airy office-rooms, the rear windows from which open on a long shed roof, has a gray parrot that is an expert talker. Not long ago the bird was sunning himself on this roof when a strange cat saw him and was seized with a desire to lunch on the bird. She began to crawl along nearer and nearer to the parrot, who calmly watched her with a great deal of interest, and was just about to make the final spring and eat the bird, when Mr. Parrot cocked his head on one side, and in an angry tone of voice exclaimed: "Seat, you brute!" One continuous line of black fur alone marked the cat's departure, while the parrot chuckled out a string of ha, ha's as long as a ten-pound string of sausages. The cat will probably never try to catch a bird again.

There was a big gray parrot in a club-room in the city that used to make a good deal of sport, but he was always playing his tricks on his owner and his assistant. Whentwo or three card games were going on in as many private rooms the parrot would perch on one of the partitions between the rooms and await his chance. If the proprietor, who sat in the outside room to answer calls for cards or chips happened to shut his eye for a moment, the parrot would call out, "Stack of reds." Up would jump the proprietor, get the stack of red chips, and walk from one room to another only to find that none wanted the chips. He would make some remarks that jokes were not funny, and replace the chips, only to be startled again in a few minutes by a cry of "one stack." This time the proprietor would probably indulge in profanity, and this would apparently be just what the bird wanted, for he would joyously sing out, "Fooled yer, didn't I? fooled yer, didn't I?"

There is a parrot in front of a Broadway store that has probably as many sins to answer for as most people, for he has made more horse car drivers swear than all the bulky horses in the business. He has a peculiar whistle just such as a man sounds when he wants a car, and this he will sound at every horse-car that passes. The driver will put on the brakes and stop his car with a jerk; but no passenger appears, and then the bird gives himself away by whistling again. The car moves on and the driver curses.

A family going to the Vineyard a few summers ago took a parrot with them, as his owner was going away and could not take care for him. The bird had not talked at all, and they were much disgusted with him. The first Sunday, after camp-meeting some friends came to call, one of them a minister, and as he entered the house, he began to admire the parrot. Walking up to his cage the reverend gentleman began to talk to the bird, saying: "Pretty Polly; Polly want a cracker?" when to his horror and the deep disgust of the family, the bird croaked out, "Oh, go to h—." That bird lived in the kitchen for the rest of the summer.—*Providence Journal*.

A large quantity of rock salt has been found at Ithaca, N. Y., 2,230 feet below the surface of the earth.

Twenty years ago it cost \$16 to send ten words by wire from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon. Now it costs \$1.

so, but a part of his duty to himself. Successful farmers always like to give advice and counsel when they are asked to do so. They feel complimented at being invited to give instruction. They will not criticize the methods of others unless they know that their remarks will be kindly received. But the seeker after information about his failure may obtain excellent advice from them.

Now that the season has closed, every farmer who has had poor success with crops, not clearly chargeable to the season, should endeavor to ascertain the cause of his failure. If he can not determine it himself he should seek information from his neighbors. He should follow the same course he pursues in a case of obscure or dangerous sickness. If he cannot ascertain for himself what is the matter and apply a domestic remedy, he should get the opinion of someone who knows more than he does. If he cannot obtain from him the requisite information, he should call a council. He should pursue the same course in relation to failures in the garden, orchard, vineyard, and stable. If he succeeds in raising crops and animals, but fails in general management, he should endeavor to find out what mistakes he makes in doing business, and endeavor to correct them.—*Chicago Times*.

#### Stooping Forward.

On the subject of stooping forward the London *Lancet* gives this advice. Every one knows that stooping forward, particularly after rising quickly from the bed in the morning, when the stomach is empty and the heart has less than ordinary support from the viscera below the diaphragm, is very apt to occasion a form of faintness with vertigo not unlike that which occurs in seasickness. We do not at the moment speak of the faintness and giddiness from cerebral anemia, which are directly consequently upon suddenly assuming the erect after long continuing in the recumbent posture, but of the more alarming sensation of being in the centre of objects which are rapidly passing away, usually from left to right, with loss of power to stand or even sit, and an almost nightmare feeling of inability to call for help or do anything to avert a catastrophe, while throughout the experience the sufferer retains painfully acute consciousness. This, we say, is familiar as one, at least, of the effects not uncommonly produced by stooping forward under the special conditions indicated.

With many other varieties of the vertigo consequent upon the heart weakness or cerebral anemia observation or experience had made us all acquainted. We cannot, however, help thinking that the consequences of even partial compression of veins of the neck, offering an obstacle to the return of blood from the head, with its important organs, are not so well recognized. The peculiar form, or, more accurately, the several forms, of headache distinctly caused in this way when the head is long bowed forward on the chest, bending the neck on itself, cannot fail to occur to every one; nor will the high tension of the eyeball, the turgid and heavy eyelids, the snuffling nose, the deafness, with buzzing or throbbing in the ears, the heavy breathing and the puffed and perhaps flushed or darkened color of the face, resulting from the obstructed venous circulation through the bended neck be forgotten. There are other and more perilous, though secondary, effects of leaning forward when the heart is weak or the blood vessels are not so strong as they ought to be, which should not be overlooked. Beyond question the extra strain thrown upon the apparatus of the circulation by anything that impedes the free passage of blood, through almost any part of the venous system, is more severe and dangerous than a physical equal strain thrown on the arteries. At least this so in adult life, and without going further into details in connection with the *modus operandi* of the mischief to which we point, it may be permissible to urge that the subject is one to which attention may be usefully directed. The weakly and those who are not unlikely to have hearts readily overburdened, and blood vessels stretched beyond recovery, or even ruptured, should be warned quite as earnestly against suddenly assuming or too long retaining postures which, however slightly and partially, impede the return of blood through the veins.

We know how prolonged sitting may cause the veins of the legs to become distended, and either give way or permit the extravasation of their contents. When this sort of thing happens, even though in comparatively trifling degree, in the case of vessels directly connected with such delicate organs as the eye, the ear and the brain, it is easy to see that the results may be very serious in their character, and probably few postures commonly taken up by persons who lead some what sedentary lives are so prone to do mischief unnoticed as that of leaning forward, as at work at a table which is not sufficiently high to insure the head being so raised that the veins of the neck may not be in any way compressed, or the return of blood from the head embarrassed or delayed. We see reason to believe that if this apparently small matter were generally understood there would be fewer head and heart troubles, and we will go so far as to say that some lives now lost would be saved.

At Lexington, Ga., in his opening prayer at a colored school exhibition, a dark preacher expressed the hope that all "de small boys will grow up to be useful and educated men, like Rebecca and Elizabeth in de bible."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**PARSNIP STEW.**—Clean a half dozen parsnips and a dozen large potatoes; after paring, slice both. Take two quarts of water, a half teacupful of rice or vermicelli, six or eight large slices of salt pork and boil two hours; the parsnips will need to boil a full hour and the potatoes a half hour; and salt and pepper and serve hot. This is a genuine New England delicacy.

**ANOTHER STEW.**—Eight or ten slices of lean, salt pork should be cut into small cubes and dropped into two quarts of boiling water; thicken with a heaped tablespoonful of corn starch; four onions finely cut, should be boiled in this an hour; a dozen potatoes cut in small cubes should boil twenty minutes. This farm house dish fills an acceptable place when the larder is bare.

**A GOOD WAY TO USE UP COLD MEAT.**—1. Chop up scraps of meat and cold mashed white potatoes very fine. Add salt, pepper and a little sage. Make up into oblong rolls and dip them in flour. Fry in butter, lard or drippings; turn on all sides to brown. Serve hot. 2. Put cold meat in chopping bowl and chop it till middling fine; then put in pan and cover with water; add pepper, salt and a mite of sage, to taste. While cooking, toast some thin slices of bread, lay upon a platter, butter, and cut into two-inch squares. Put some boiling water, or better, some liquor from the hash, on the toast and let it stand about two minutes, then spread the meat on the toast and serve hot.

**POTATO SNOW.**—Choose the whitest and most floury potatoes you can, which are free from spots; put them into cold water over a good fire; directly they crack, strain off the water and put them into a clean steupan by the side of the fire until they are quite dry and fall to pieces, then rub them through a fine wire sieve into the dish in which they are to be served, which should have been previously well heated.

**TURNIPS BOILED.**—Wash, peel, cut in thin slices across the grain, and place in a kettle with as little water as possible; boil till tender enough so they can be easily pierced with a fork; drain well, season with salt, pepper and butter, mash fine and place on the stove, stirring frequently, until the water is all evaporated. They are better to be quickly cooked.

**TURNIPS COOKED IN CREAM.**—Pare, slice and cut the turnips into dice an inch square and boil till nearly done in as little water as possible, and to one quart of turnip add a tablespoon of sugar, and salt to taste. When boiled as dry as possible without burning add two or three spoonfuls of cream and a beaten egg and serve. Slices of turnip or parsnip left from a boiled dinner are nicely browned in a little butter the next day.

#### Big Beasts are Cowards.

The prevalent idea entertained by those not familiar with the real nature of our large carnivorous quadrupeds, believing their instinctive ferocity impels them to assault every person they meet, is not sustained by practical experience.

Those animals appear much more formidable in the distance than when approached in their own native wilds.

But few eastern sportsmen would, it is believed, voluntarily attack a bear, wolf or panther, yet I have seen and killed many of those animals, and not one of them ever turned on me.

And in further corroboration of this my guide, "Little Bat," who has, during his lifetime, killed over eighty grizzlies, assured me that all he ever met with invariably ran from him.

So confident was he of his ability to cope with these much-dreaded monsters that he did not hesitate to hunt them when alone and on foot, and only two years ago he encountered four grizzlies eating a dead elk upon Casper Mountains, when he crawled to within short rifle range and shot every one of them without moving from his tracks; and upon another occasion, while he was hunting in the valley of Big Horn, he went out alone during a moonlight night and shot two grizzlies from behind a tree.

Panthers and wolves are most arrant cowards, and the traditional story of General Putnam having performed an extraordinary feat of courage by entering a cave and shooting a wolf is supremely laughable when contrasted with the fact that my wife upon one occasion, in the night-time, at a frontier post, when a large black wolf had purloined one of her turkeys and was dragging it off, hurried out and with a stick made him drop the bird and run away.—*Outing*

#### Sentences of Russian Detectives.

Eleven officers of the Moscow detective force have just been sentenced, five of them to deportation to Siberia and six to imprisonment for various periods, for conniving at the crimes of notorious robbers and other offenders against the law. Among the condemned are Col. Mouravieff, former chief of the local detective department, and Maj. Nicolas, his assistant. In the inquiry into the affair the proofs of guilt adduced against the accused were few; but the severe sentences pronounced on them were inflicted by command of the czar in his quality of supreme judge of the empire. The officers were denounced by a well-known thief named Sokolo, who wrote a private letter to the czar himself.



## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Nov. 26, 1887.

Scotland is now shipping small quantities of potatoes to New York City.

The Cincinnati Times-Star finds that Senator Sherman is the man to whip Grover Cleveland next year. This is natural enough for an Ohio paper. But there are some points that an Ohio paper is not well calculated to see. Sherman would not be particularly strong in New York nor Indiana. And worse than all he has a record that exposed to the fierce light of a presidential campaign would be found worse than that of Blaine.

At different periods in the world's history, taking various forms and variety of names, but always with the same object in view, men and organizations have advocated and contended for a division of wealth, of property. At one time known as Agrarians, and in these later days as Socialists and Communists. The Grange has ever antagonized and set its face squarely against any such doctrines, its members believing that progress can only be made by building up and not by tearing down. In its Declaration of Purposes, in all the many years of its existence, it has ever said, "In our noble Order there is no communism, no agrarianism." The latest Communist is Henry George, and the latest communism is his land theory. He advocates, and his thousand of followers advocate, that private ownership in land shall be abolished, that it shall be common property, belong in common to the Government (the people). That he has followers is proven by the 68,000 votes he received for mayor of the city of New York last Fall, and he is now at the head of a State ticket with papers, money, preachers and a party, advocating his communism, for it is communism as far as land is concerned. A full Communist would abolish private ownership in all property. He applies it, at present, to land only, and therefore it is a direct blow at farmers, and leaves farmers almost alone to meet this old enemy in a new form, and do battle until he is again overthrown.

The Union labor vote in this city was simply an absurd factor in our county politics. It was no better elsewhere with few exceptions. It would seem that the so-called labor, anti-monopoly, greenback reform has come to an ignominious end. It has practically petered out. This result was inevitable, and the cause is quite apparent. It is not that there is no need of reform. It is not that we do not suffer from the oppression of monopolies. It is simply because the attempts to better the condition of the producing classes, were not wisely made. They did not appeal to the judgment and moral sense of the people. On the contrary they did cater to the lower passions, and pander to the baser instincts. No attempt was made to gain the sympathy and good-will of the moral and temperance sentiment. On the contrary the moral idea was scorned. The Chicago Sentinel, the western organ of the party, was open in its opposition to prohibition. It is true there is need enough for reform in this country, but any reform in the interest of the laboring man, to be effective, must be based on sound moral and temperance principles. Otherwise all efforts in behalf of labor will be wasted.

In another of his writings Henry George says—"In the very nature of things, land cannot rightfully be made individual property. This principle is absolute." "Property in land is as indefensible as property in man," and "the robber that takes all that is left is private property in land." "If chattel slavery be unjust then is private property in land unjust." In his "Land Question," he says—"Here is a system which robs the producers of wealth as remorselessly and far more regularly and systematically than the pirate robs the merchantmen."

### Things Worth Knowing.

Chickens are said to be selling in Florida at four cents apiece.

Pumpkins can be fed with advantage to cows, at this season.

Provide pure water for the cows. Impure water taints the milk.

A Chicago Hebrew is one of the richest pork packers in the city.

Although our wool products are increasing, sheep-raising is decreasing.

Nail up all loose boards and mend all cracks in barns and out-buildings now.

When everybody wants to sell, then buy, when everybody wants to buy then sell.

If it is desired to have the pigs fleshy, not fat, they should be allowed more exercise.

There are said to be more students in the Maine Agricultural college than ever before.

These last days before the snow comes are busy ones for the farmer, as nothing can wait.

Ohio is to celebrate its Centennial by holding one hundred farmers institutes next year.

It is more profitable to keep a few hens in roomy quarters, than many in close small rooms.

The best tub of creamery butter exhibited at the St. Louis Fair received \$50, the second best \$25.

Bradstreet's estimates that this country can spare Europe 68,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

Be sure not to sell off hay and grain enough to leave a meagre supply for the stock on the farm.

The leading honey-producing States have fallen below the average this year and the price will be high.

Each farmer should determine to carry on his farm in the very best way possible. No other way pays.

Whatever the hens may be always use a pure-bred male, if you would have the chicks result well.

Wheat in the north-west has not turned out well and there is an expected shortage of 13,000,000 bushels.

It is time to clean all the tools, whose use for the season is over and carefully house them for the winter.

Take pains to secure warmth and comfort for the animals about the farm as well as the inmates of the home.

In 139 days about twenty-six tons of year, cheese were made by the Winthrop, Maine, cheese factory.

See what can be done to keep the water from constantly freezing during the winter months.

Fruit should be on the farmer's table throughout the year. It is healthy and there can be no excuse for its absence.

Indiana now has 533,257 horses, 69,939 mules, 1,303,150 cattle, 476,201 milch cows, 1,394,045 sheep and 3,801,248 hogs.

Seed corn should be secured now. It should be carefully selected and put away where the dampness cannot effect it.

William Rhodes of Maine claims to own the oldest horses in that State. One is thirty-six years old and the other forty-nine.

Use care to see that mice are not encouraged to gnaw the bark of trees, by being fostered by the mulch put about their trunks.

If the harvest has proved abundant, set aside a part to be given to the needy and thus prove your gratitude to the Lord of the Harvest.

The apple crop in New York this season will amount to millions of barrels. It is simply enormous and much fruit is decaying on the ground.

The wool imports of the United States which were 2,725,699 pounds in 1882 reached 114,038,030 pounds in 1887 showing a great increase in our wool products.

Minneapolis the greatest wheat market in the world, has 26 mills producing 35,375 barrels of flour daily. The Pillsbury A. alone produces 7,000 barrels of flour every 24 hours.

Clean up the yard and make the farm neat. Nothing helps our country towns more and increases real estate value faster, than to have the farms neat and thrifty in appearance.

Among the exhibits at Chicago were fifteen samples of wool, some of them beautifully crimped, and six inches long, out from thorough bred Shropshire Down sheep owned by Jeffery Corbett.

### The Special Offer

of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION includes the admirable Double Holiday Numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas, with colored covers and full-page pictures, twenty pages each. These with the other weekly issues to January 1, 1888, will be sent free to all new subscribers who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription to January, 1889. THE COMPANION has been greatly enlarged, is finely illustrated, and no other weekly literary paper gives so much valuable reading and so many illustrations for so low a price.

Among the December magazines, "Peterson" stands out prominently in its freshness and interest. It is really astonishing how bright and youthful this old favorite keeps; the only thing that reminds one of its age is the remembrance that it has been a welcome monthly guest since one's childhood; a periodical essentially for the family, possessing elements of interest for all, from the oldest to the youngest. This has been a year of exceptional interest and excellence; its engravings and illustrations have never been better, and regarded from a literary point of view, we may assert that it has never before reached the same standard. It has given stories and serials from some of the most popular writers in America, and its prospectus for the forthcoming year is even richer in promise. Nearly a half-century of useful and successful progress has taught us to place entire confidence in this friend of countless households, and we look forward to its efforts in 1888 proving a complete triumph, both as a literary and illustrated magazine. The price is only Two Dollars per year, with large reductions when taken in clubs, and elegant premiums to those getting up clubs. Sample-copies free to those desiring to get up clubs. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### The Leading Features

of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION Announcements for 1888 just published are its Six Illustrated Serial Stories, by Trowbridge, Stephens, and others, its Two Hundred Short Stories and Tales of Adventure, its articles by Eminent Writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. H. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. THE COMPANION has two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with \$1.75, you will receive it free to January 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

### TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance, as THE INDEPENDENT, of New York. Were we obliged to select one Publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly THE INDEPENDENT. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, THE INDEPENDENT will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00. Those who desire to subscribe for THE American Agriculturist as well as THE INDEPENDENT cannot make a better bargain than by accepting THE INDEPENDENT's offer to send both papers for one year for the sum of \$3.75. Each subscriber will thus save seventy-five cents on the two papers. Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

The Pansy has begun its new year already, the year we shall shortly be calling 1888.

Pansy's story to last all through the year is "Up Garret," sequel to "A Sevenfold Trouble" with the same people in it. Her Golden Text Story is "We Twelve Girls," an actual history how twelve girls did try to live by certain golden texts.

Margaret Sidney also makes another story out of the Children that figured in the "Little Red Shop" last year. Her story this year is "The Old Brimmer Place."

Rev. O. M. Livingston writes a serial, "Treasures: Their Hiding and Finding."

The Pansy is going on as heretofore, a monthly magazine made up of weekly parts: the first part containing Pansy's Golden Text and other stories; the second part Pansy's own and other stories; the third part stories of what is going on in America; the fourth part stories of life abroad; the fifth of missionary work.

This weekly arrangement adapts it to Sunday School use, the weekly parts being given out separately. It is better than any Sunday School paper; indeed it is the Sunday School paper.

A sample copy can be got by sending five cents to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

### "All Things in Order."

"Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "is a sparing of great events and great occasions and opportunities; it is the little things that make up the sum total."

So it is in house-keeping. The business of conducting a household with comfort and success depends upon a vast number of "little things." Let these little things be in order, and there will be far less of the friction, fault-finding and complaining that banish happiness quite as completely as some great sorrow.

To begin with. Let no housewife tolerate dull knives. Who has not seen the head of a household struggle and fret and perspire over the carving of a joint, not because the meat was abnormally tough, but because the knife was too dull? Let us take a lesson from our butchers. No vendor of roasts and joints would dream of conducting his business without having his hatchets, saws and knives thoroughly overhauled, and their edges renewed at regular intervals. The housekeeper sees the tradesman run his steel between bones, separating joints, removing rinds, reducing steaks to their proper proportions, and then wonders why the meat that seemed so tender at the stall appears so tough upon the table. It is so simply because the butcher takes care that his knives are sharp, and yours madam, have never had their edges renewed, perhaps, since the day you bought them.

Why is the coffee so muddy? Have you examined the sieve in the coffee-pot? It is not the cook's "business." She does the work; it is your part to provide her with the proper implements. Why does the toast taste of fish? Have you made sure that there is a broiler distinctly kept for the fish, and a toaster provided for the toast?

Do the glasses on your table show the signs of grease and sport the lint of rough towelling? Have you made sure that the kitchen is supplied with towelling to be used for glass and silver and nothing else? If the cat has stolen the cream, and the mice have appropriated your cheese, have you examined the latch on the closet door? If the flies have rendered your food unfit to use, and a legion of ants have chosen your larder as a parade ground, have you provided yourself with wire screens, nettings, and those luxuries ants most love, but which destroy them most certainly?

Be sure that each department of household labor is well supplied with ways and means. If you want your linen fresh and sweet, procure the best quality of soap and see that there is an airy place to dry it in. Use no chemical compounds for bleaching, etc., but see that nature's agents, sun and air, have a fair chance at them. Let each vegetable have its own utensil, and cook no onions in the pot that must afterwards furnish forth sweet peas or potatoes. Let your baking tin shine and the bread pans be sacred to bread alone. Have a spice box with the labels upon each division, and permit no social intercourse between allspice and nutmegs. Be sure that your brushes are clean and new enough to retain a firm hold upon each particular hair.

In short, attend to the little things. What servant can collect dust in a dust-pan whose edges has a series of uneven and unequal curves? A scrubbing brush so worn as to have no tufts of hair within an inch of its edges should be relieved from further service. A broom with its straw bent and worn down till it is little more than a harsh stub may do for a sidewalk, but has no business with a carpet. It is sad that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. Precisely because he takes the best of care to have them in order. Housewives, if you want your work well done, see that you provide the proper implements. Select them with care, and be sure of their efficiency. What could the genius of Raphael or Michael Angelo have achieved with a ragged paint brush or a blunt chisel?—*Examiner.*

### A Pointer for the Parson.

An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Dventer sent to the *Tribune* his thesis for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumsim." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the cure of Rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—*Omaha Bee.*

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobody else seems to have. Ives beautifully illustrates the fact that this is a free country.—*New York Tribune.*

The supreme court of Illinois appears to be waiting for bouquets and cold quail.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### Gems of Thought.

Philosophy is the art of living.—*Plutarch.*

There is nothing useless to men a sense; clever people turn everything to account.—*Fontaine.*

Virtue is the first title of nobility.—*Moliere.*

No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force to its own likeness.—*Milton.*

There is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages.—*Thoreau.*

That beneficent harness of routine which enables silly men to live respectably and unhappy men to live calmly.—*George Eliot.*

Proverbs are potted wisdom.—*Charles Buxton.*

There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it.—*Goldsmith.*

Keep cool and you command everybody.—*St. Just.*

The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world.—*Antoine Lemerre.*

The iron chain and the silken cord, both equally are bonds.—*Schiller.*

Muscle can noble hints impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.—*Addison.*

An outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused.—*Gibbon.*

According to the security you offer to her, Fortune makes her loans easy or ruinous.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance; it is the fruit of labor, the price of courage.—*Voltaire.*

If I were to deliver up my whole self to the arbitrament of special pleaders, to-day I might be argued into an atheist, and to-morrow into a pick-pocket.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it; feel it and hate it in silence.—*Washington Allston.*

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multi-city of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—*Johnson.*

Nature is the armory of genius. Cities serve it poorly, books and colleges at second hand; the eye craves the spectacle of the horizon, of mountain, ocean, river and plain, the clouds and stars; actual contact with the elements, sympathy with the seasons as they rise and roll.—*Alcott.*

### Bismarck and the Ladies.

Prince Bismarck is less fortunate than Mr. Chamberlain, who finds that the Birmingham holiday-makers never do any harm to his walks and orchards. The Chancellor has been obliged to close the fine park of Friedrichsruhe to the public. The devastation daily wrought in it by the innumerable tribe of relic-hunters has rendered this measure an absolute necessity. This year the plague has been particularly shameful. The flowers all disappeared long since, and the trees, or at least every bit of green on them, bade fair to follow in their wake. Not many days ago the Chancellor came upon a party of ladies hard at work stripping a fine elm of its branches. "Ladies," said the Prince, taking off his hat, not only out of politeness, but to give point to his observation, "if every one who comes in here were to follow your example, my trees would soon be as bare of foliage as my head is of hair."—*St. James's Gazette.*

### Prince Ferdinand's Mother.

"Prince Ferdinand's mother," writes a correspondent, "a restless, intriguing and busy old lady, with an immense 'handle' to her face and blinking eyes that don't dare to look straightward lest they would reveal the 'managing' soul behind them, is causing prayers to be offered up for her son's success at all the lady chapels of Upper Austria, and sending a gift to Lourdes to secure the protection of the Virgin of that shrine for Ferdinand. She has great confidence in Marien Zelt, a holy place up high in the mountains on the road from Vienna to Trieste. Pilgrimages were made to it by her mother, Queen Caroline of Naples, who was once the most debauched and most superstitious woman of her time, and by her great-grandmother, the Empress Maria Theresa. Prince Ferdinand's wealthy mother, who adores her youngest son, is prepared to launch him as a sovereign in a manner befitting his rank.—*Modern Society.*







## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

ILLEGAL fishing is being stopped as rapidly as possible by the authorities at Toledo, O.

CANADA expects to furnish homes to a large number of Iceland emigrants this winter.

A CO-OPERATIVE grocery store has been organized by the Knights of Labor at Lima, O.

ONLY 100,000 of London's 4,500,000 inhabitants will need corporation assistance this winter.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has regained his health, although much enfeebled by his recent illness.

A MURDERER recently returned to his home at Hazletown, Pa., to collect \$23 due him and was captured.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Baltimore, Md., to organize an association for promoting industrial education in that city.

It takes 14,800,000 gallons of oil a year to keep the railways of Great Britain going, and the cost is nearly \$2,000,000.

SAYS *The Somerville Journal*: The woman who can control her own tongue is greater than he who ruleth a city. She is also scarcer.

THE prices for wine-grapes this season have been unsatisfactory to growers in the Sonoma valley, California, and many of them declare that they will crush their own grapes hereafter.

CONCERTS at which everyone in the audience is permitted to smoke if he wishes are going out of favor. Good artists will not appear at such concerts because the smoky atmosphere is injurious to their throats.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, thinks that Senator Evarts would make a good candidate for the presidency. "Evarts sits by me in the senate," he says, "and we frequently talk together. He has grown upon me."

VICEX GOINS, an "old-time" free woman of Privateer, S. C., recently died. She was quite aged, and was thought to be 96 years old. Her husband was the son of an Indian woman, who was a fortune teller. At one time she owned about 350 acres of land.

In a fight between two negro boys at Montgomery, Ala., one day recently one of the combatants struck the other in the forehead with a heavy chisel, imbedding it with such force that it required the full strength of a man to pull it out. The wounded boy will recover.

An immense picture of the crucifixion was recently found painted in oil with a great deal of artistic skill on the wall of a cave on the island of Davao, in Campbellton harbor, Scotland. The discovery made a great sensation until a Mr. Archibald McKinnon acknowledged that it had been painted by him.

RAVONIMAHITRINARIVO, foreign minister of Madagascar and envoy extraordinary to Europe and America, has been disgraced, deprived of all his honors, reduced from the rank of a field marshal to that of a corporal, and exiled for life. This is the fitting punishment for his attempt to betray his country to France.

THE town of Franklyn in Tasmania, named after the famous navigator, who was once governor of the island, is now a deserted ruin. It was once the most thriving town of the settlement and a promising seaport, and was, besides, one of the most beautifully situated towns in the Australasian world. The gold rush to Australia took its population away, and it has never recovered it.

S. T. CROCKETT, a farmer near Wytheville, Va., recently went to town to take in the sights. Soon after his arrival there he was approached by a stranger who claimed to be a land speculator, named Scott, from Culpeper county, Virginia. Soon after another stranger approached, and Mr. Crockett was in the toils in an up-stairs room. It was the old card trick. Crockett was allowed to win several dollars in small sums, and then the sharpers proposed to play him for \$1,250. Flushed with victory, the old fellow went to his bank, and soon returned with the amount. He had no sooner entered the room than he was bound and gagged and the money taken away from him. Crockett has gone to Louisville, where he thinks his men went.

## BEAVERS AS CONSTRUCTORS.

How They Build Dams—Their Ability to Remain Under Water.

An old trapper writes as follows to *The Toronto Globe*: Naturalists have often spoken in admiration of the constructive ability of the beaver. Indeed, it is one of the things that staggers Darwin in the belief of his own theory. But there is another thing I think more wonderful still; that is the unerring skill they possess to choose the best places to build their dams. No engineer, fully acquainted with all their needs, could lay out a more suitable place than they themselves will do. This is the more astonishing to those who are well acquainted with their nature, and know the fact that they are not, as writers often represent them to be, the most intelligent of animals, but on the contrary, possess less general intelligence than the most of brutes. If a creek has a branch running into it, and if below the junction of the two streams, the high lands come within a reasonable distance of each other, the beavers are sure to dam such a place. And if the high lands widen out above, and the valley is level, so as to form long, wide flats up the two streams, the dam will be a large one, for next to a lake, it is the favorite locality for them.

And now a word about their dam-building. Their skill at this would put to blush many of the professional dam-builders who went about erecting the water-mills of earlier times, and can not be excelled by man after the greatest experience. If they intend to raise the water only a few feet they build on the place as they find it, trusting to their skill in puddling (for they are the best of puddlers) to stop any leak that may occur. But if they wish to raise a high dam, such as probably will be found in a place like I am writing about, they will clear away all the rubbish and loose earth, leaving a clean foundation for their work. Having cleaned out the channel, they at first haul in poles and large pieces of brush, laying the large or butt ends down the stream, and as they raise the pile, drawing it in so as to form an apron below for the water to fall on, and thus prevent it from undermining the dam, furnishing the upper part with finer material than they have used below. After a sufficiency of this material is placed in position, they fill it with earth, which they carry rolled into balls in their forearms pressed against their breasts, and make the dam before they leave it almost bottle tight. They are not so particular about the wings of the dam running from the channel of the creek over the flats to the high lands, but built on the ground there as they find it, again trusting to their puddling skill to prevent or repair any leak, as the pressure and force of the water here is not near so great as it is in the channel of the creek, where a place is left for it to flow over. So skillfully can they stop a leak that I have frequently seen a log running through the dam under three or four feet head of water, and yet scarcely a drop escaping, a feat which every dam, builder knows is hard to do. They use moss and leaves at a job of this kind, and push it in almost as firmly as a calker does a vessel. So firm and substantial is their work done that I have known their dams to keep full for years after the beavers had been killed off. On one occasion I saw a dam at the head of a stream where the supply of water in dry weather was so small that evaporation carried it all away, leaving the channel below quite dry, yet the dam was so tight that the pond was kept full. In very high dams, built on places where the foundation is not very good, they often build one, or more, smaller dams below, so as to ease the pressure on the main one above. They work with a will, and without waste of labor, and their work progresses at a surprising rate.

Though a dam, such as the one above, may be several years before it attains its full proportions (for they only work as their necessities require), yet I have known two beavers in one night throw a dam across a creek which I think two men could hardly do in the same length of time. The dam completed, they erect their houses generally on the edge of the deep channel they have dug out in building their dams, or on the edge of the channel of the creek that runs through the pond, but if further back they always dig out deep channels to connect their homes with the deep water elsewhere, making a way to escape unseen should any enemy disturb them. Their houses are mounds of mud and sticks, sometimes larger, sometimes smaller. Some are only two or three feet high, others ten or fifteen. They are hollowed out inside somewhat in the shape of the house outside, and the cavity of each corresponds to the size of the house. One hole, or way of ingress and egress, in small houses, two in large ones, coming up from the lowest depth, enter the center of the house. The floor, or bottom, is covered with water a foot or eighteen inches deep, getting shallower as it nears the walls of the house.

Here as a usual thing the beavers lie, their bodies covered with water and their heads resting on the ground, but above this the sides of the house are dug out, leaving a shelving ledge. On this ledge each beaver occupies the house has a place to lie, generally bedded with grass, where they have their young, and occasionally repose at other times. The walls of the house at the bottom, if a large one, are two or three feet thick, gradually growing

thinner to the top, where they are open enough to let the air in to the beavers beneath. Besides their homes, each beaver has one or more places of refuge to escape to in case their homes are broken up, and breathing stations in the winter time when they are out feeding distant from their homes. The can remain a long time under water without taking breath, but how long I cannot say. I once found one in a trap. When I apprehended it, it dived under and sought to hide under a log which lay at the bottom. Having a hole in the canoe with me, I had the curiosity to see how long it could remain under, so I pinned it there and made it fast. Taking out my watch, I kept it there for twenty minutes, when I became impatient, as I had a long journey to make, and let it go. It immediately rose to the surface, seemingly much exhausted, but how much longer it could have got along without breath, is more than I can say; but come up to breathe they must, otherwise they will drown as certainly, but not so quickly as a land animal. At first a dam of this kind will be a woods of water, but the trees will soon die, and the place grow up with tufted grass and water plants; the wind in time will blow the trees down, leaving a marsh full of fallen trees. But if the beavers are killed off and no others supply their places, eventually the dam will break away, the waters drain off, and the fallen trees rot away, turning the place into the "beaver meadow" of the backwoods, some of which have been tenantless so long that all signs of beavers are obliterated.

## Decline of Female Beauty.

He was a fine-looking specimen of manhood; tall, compact, bright eyes, hair tinged with gray, faultlessly dressed—in short, a gentleman in appearance and manners. Without affectation, his voice had a business ring, the words dropping crisp and clear. Some might say that the tone was too positive; yet it was not more so than would be expected in a business man who deals with a great variety of people.

"I have been coming to this city for the past twenty-five years and I have watched the growth of young people closely," he said to one of his patrons yesterday, "and I used to think you had the handsomest women of any city in the whole country."

"That is just what we have," said the wealthy merchant with whom he was talking.

"No, I can't say so much now," replied the traveler. "You had them once but not now. Year by year your women are growing uglier, more fleshy, less active and vivacious. Twenty years ago it was a rarity to see a sallow, languid lady pass your store. Now it is almost the reverse."

"Well, now, I haven't noticed that," said the merchant, in a manner indicating that he doubted it.

"Probably not," replied the traveler, "because you are right here all the time and would not notice the slight changes from day to day, while I come only once in two years. That makes a great difference. Then I am a closer observer of such things than you are, or, rather, I am more sensitive to the effects of beauty. You may not think it, but I am as sensitive as an artist. I left the house and went on the road because it became an annoyance to me to wait on ugly customers."

"It doesn't make a practice of difference to me so I get the money," laughingly replied the merchant. "Of course a man possessed of any taste whatever prefers to wait on a good-looking, refined lady to one who is coarse, ill-mannered or shabbily dressed."

"That is just what I was telling you," continued the traveler. "You are not as sensitive as I am, therefore not as well qualified to judge."

"In what way are our women growing ugly and offensive to your superior sense of the beautiful?"

"They are growing heavy, sallow and limp," he began. "Red, rosy cheeks are rarities; strong, vigorous bodies are fast giving place to weak, ill-shapen forms. Formerly your ladies were healthy and robust, but now they are becoming listless and scrawny or fat. Then they are dressing in most horrid form. My dear sir, there hasn't been a passably dressed lady in your store since I have been here. They seem to follow the fashion whether it becomes them or not."

"You had better not allow the ladies to hear you talking this way, or they will pull your ears," said the merchant.

"They ought to hear it, all the same," replied the traveler. "However, I don't suppose it would do much good, because women are so indifferent in regard to their health, and the things that go to make them beautiful. The Scotch-Irish blood, of which you had so much, gives us the highest type of beauty. There is a wax doll style that some persons like, but it is not substantial. That is the kind that your girls appear to be cultivating. You find it in almost every old city. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond and other eastern cities are full of it."

Well, they seem to have some very good men in these cities, and a great deal of wealth," suggested the merchant.

"True enough, but where do their enterprising men come from? Why, from the country, and country towns, where the blood is richer in vital elements, and where people are more robust and handsome," he replied.

Ex.

A novelty that is becoming very popular in the millinery world is wired ribbons, a French invention. The wire is used with success in making bows.

## Odors Absorbed by Milk.

Experienced butter makers are aware of the obnoxious qualities of milk, and guard against injury from this source, never permitting milk to remain for a longer time than is absolutely necessary in an atmosphere laden with odors that are likely to impart a disagreeable flavor to the cream or butter to be made from it, says *The Practical Farmer*. But it is to be feared that far too many farmers who do not make a specialty of dairying are careless in this matter, and frequently leave the freshly drawn milk standing in the stable or barn for some little time after milking, where it is exposed to the odors that are always prevalent in such places. When the milk is taken to the house and set for the cream to rise, it is also frequently placed in cellars where there are vegetables, or in rooms from which the odors from the kitchen are not rigidly excluded, as they always should be.

We will not say that a fair quality of butter cannot be made by those who have not at command all the modern appliances; but we do say that a first-class article cannot be produced from milk exposed to an atmosphere laden with foul odors of any kind. Outside of the best dairy regions, or where butter and cheese are specialties of the farmer, it is very difficult to find a really good article of butter; and in proof of the truth of this, we have only to examine that which is taken in trade at country stores and groceries, or gathered by peddlers and small dealers throughout the country. We know that it is very difficult to convince the ordinary farmer's wife that the butter she is making from week to week is not really "gilt edged," although she may admit that her milk room is often invaded by fumes emanating from cooking meat and vegetables in the kitchen, and that in the press of work she cannot always skim the milk or churn quite as often or regularly as she would like to; but even with these irregularities in the way, she is inclined to think that there are no good reasons for considering her butter anything less than first-class.

Upon this subject of absorption by milk of various volatile substances, Dr. Dougall, of Glasgow, has published an excellent paper. To test the absorptive powers, Dr. Dougall enclosed in a jar a portion of certain substances giving off emanations, together with a uniform quantity of milk, for a period of eight hours. At the end of this time some of the milk was drawn by means of a pipette from the lowest stratum of the vessel exposed in the jar, with the following results: Milk exposed to turpentine, onions, tobacco smoke, crocote, and paraffine oil smelled very strong of these substances. Putrid fish gave the milk a very bad odor. Coal gas, cabbage somewhat decayed, stale cheese, and assafoetida gave the milk a distinct odor, while ammonia, camphor, and chloroform only imparted a moderate odor.

From this experiment it would appear that the milk absorbed the emanations of all the substances to which it had been exposed, and further, that all the specimens examined retained their distinctive odors for fully fourteen hours after their removal from the glass jar in which they had been exposed. According to Dr. Dougall, cream may be regarded as acting in much the same manner as milk; for while it contains less water than milk, it has special qualities of its own, which may perhaps make it even more liable to retain offensive and dangerous emanations than the parent fluid itself.

Abundant evidence has, however, been given to show that far more care is needed in connection with the storage of milk than has heretofore been regarded as necessary, especially where milk and cream are kept in apartments or wards occupied by sick persons. If the emanations to which the milk is exposed are of a diseased and dangerous quality, it is all but impossible that the sample can remain free from offensive and dangerous properties, and it would become an invariable rule to keep as little milk as possible in sick rooms, and never to allow a supply which has thus been exposed to unwholesome emanations to be used as food. Prof. L. B. Arnold, referring to this subject of absorption in his "American Dairying," says: "The influence of the air upon the milk is not confined to the absorption of the spores which produce acidity. Spores of every kind are taken in as well. Nor does the absorptive power of milk end with absorbing living germs; it takes in odors as freely as infectious germs. It is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind of every one connected with the care of milk or the manufacture of milk products, that milk takes in every odor as well as the seeds of every ferment that blows over its surface."

All liquids, however, have absorbent powers, and if pure water is left standing in a vitiated atmosphere, it will soon show by its taste and smell that it has absorbed foreign substances. But milk, as Prof. Arnold says, being full of oily matter, and holding albuminoids and sugar in solution, offers to every species of ferment just what is most desirable for it to flourish in. Every odor that comes in contact with milk is grasped and taken in at once, and its grasp is never slackened.

## Toughs Times.

"I suppose you find times pretty hard," said a kind-hearted old lady to a tramp, "and often don't get enough to eat?"

"It's worse than that, mum," was the candid reply. "In these days it is hard to get enough to drink, let alone to eat."—*Judge*.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

There are about three thousand policemen in New York city.

A German brewery is being established at Yokohama, Japan.

Remains of an ancient wall have been discovered at Oxford.

Stock farms are fast supplanting cattle ranches in the Lone Star state.

Randolph and Clay counties, Alabama, are reported by deputies to be full of stills.

The compulsory education law is being enforced in all the principal towns of Arizona.

Bostonians are trying to make room for a season of German opera in that city this winter.

Conrad Lumden Mayor, a prominent citizen of Donaldsonville, La., died Monday, aged 67 years.

According to *The Chambers' Journal* there have been no new jokes made during the last few centuries.

At a recent dog exposition in Orange county, New York, several pups wore lace collars eight inches deep.

A Channing club composed of Unitarians only has been organized at Boston. It starts with ninety-three members.

As a result of the yellow-fever scare Florida hotels will suffer considerably this winter from the scarcity of northern tourists.

A large quantity of silverware recently stolen in Bridgeport, Conn., has been recovered in a New York pawn broker's shop.

A shopper who wished to purchase goods of a new shade of brown asked the clerk for "something the color of clam fritters."

Miss Lizzie Bell Sinclair, of Everittstown, Hunterdon county N. J., completed on her twelfth birthday a bequest containing 11,210 pieces.

The government of Yucatan has ordered town clocks from the United States for the town of Ticul, Motul, Hunucma, and Acanceh.

The horse plague that recently prevailed in Atlantic and Cape May counties, New Jersey, is estimated to have destroyed over \$25,000 worth of horseflesh.

A citizen of San Francisco has requested the Chinese government to supply him with thirty jinrikisha men for the purpose of opening a business in jinrikishas in that city.

There is in Paris a museum started in 1886 by Prof. Guillebeau which contains everything used in educating the blind and specimens of the work produced by blind people.

There are millions of ducks on the Chesapeake bay. The red-headed, blackhead, mallard, and long-tail are the most numerous, but there are thousands of other kinds.

It is the remark of Mrs. Grundy, of *The New York Mail and Express*, "that some of the fashionable dentists have ascertained that they charged not wisely but too well."

A Hawkinsville, Ga., society item: "Rev. E. J. Cowles, of the Baptist church, will administer the ordinance of baptism to one of our popular belles on Wednesday night next."

At Summerville, Ga., last Sunday, Rev. T. C. Tucker had the unusual experience of "preaching the funeral" of four sisters who had died within eighteen days of one another.

Near Sag Harbor, N. Y., one day recently a woman was crossing a field and some cows that were feeding there moved toward her and frightened her so much that she dropped down dead.

The Boston citizens' committee have collected about \$6,300 toward the testimonial to Gen. Fane and Designer Burgess, and the Eastern Yacht club expects to turn in \$5,000 more.

A good many of the owners of oil wells in Ohio think that the Pennsylvania shut-down is due to the fact that crude oil can be purchased so much cheaper by the refiners in the former state.

The whole number of minors employed in mills at Fall River, Mass., who can not read and write is 1,530, of whom 1,468 are allowed to work under permit, and will attend evening schools.

An artist tells young girl pupils who are intending to marry to select water colors, because the palette is always ready, and can be left after a half-hour's use, and because the work is cleanly.

It was an old Scotch woman, according to *Punch*, who, when she saw her pastor coming along the road on a bicycle, said: "I dinna like to see the meenester goin' aboot the country on a cyclophedra."

The Chinatown recently destroyed by fire at Chico, Cal., is to be rebuilt. It is near the heart of the "City of Roses." There was some talk of purchasing the site for a public park, but no action was taken.

Considerable money and time are saved by *The Salt Lake Tribune* by abbreviating polygrams, a word which is frequently found in the columns of that paper, to polyg. It sounds rather abrupt, but it means the same thing.

At Xenia, O., the other day, a young man deserted his bride an hour before his wedding and got as far as Cincinnati, when his heart failed him, and he turned back. The wedding was several hours late, but the bride was made happy.

Estella Webb is suing John Martin at Trimbleville, Pa., for \$20,000 for breach of promise. John and Estella have been lovers for the past twenty years, and the latter thinks she is worth \$1,000 to any man as a sweetheart.

In a police station at Norfolk, Va., one morning recently a young man, who had been jailed the night before for drunkenness, begged the authorities to keep his name secret as he was going to be married that night. He said he had been on his "wind-up frolic."

A dairy school has just been opened on the Houghton farm, Orange county, New York, which gives practical instruction in dairy farming for a nominal sum. Mr. Valentine, who owns the farm, which is conducted by a competent manager, has done much for agriculture.

The steam-yacht *Mohican*, which brought over a party of Scotchmen to witness the defeat of the *Thistle*, has been fitted with her ocean rig, and will sail shortly for a winter cruise to the West Indies. Mr. John Clark, her owner, and a number of invited guests will be on board.



NOVEMBER.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

O, waters! sparkling waters!  
You laughed with careless grace  
When summer took you in his arms,  
And kissed your dimpled face:  
But now you lie all cold and still  
Beneath a dreary sky,  
And the wild winds gain a touch more chill  
When'er they pass you by.

O, trees! you wore with royal grace  
Your robes with golden gleam;  
Your boughs were loved by singing birds,  
And mirrored in the stream;  
Now, bare and black, your writhing limbs  
Moan with Titanic pain,  
And your crown of leaves, in drifted heaps,  
Lie sodden and dark with rain.

O, sky! your soft, translucent blue  
With fleecy clouds o'er driven,  
Looked like a window softly veiled,  
Which opened into heaven!  
But now, with low-hung, heavy clouds,  
Which shut away the sun,  
Gladness and light alike are dead,  
The earth's long night begun!

—Chicago Ledger.

## A "Racket" in a Flat.

BY TOM PERSIMMONS.

My wife is called Birdie, perhaps in reference to her practice of running up a little bill for the latest "sweet thing," perhaps because her real name is— Well she was named for a rich country aunt.

But I digress. Let me hasten to present to an admiring world the ruler of the Persimmons family, the autocrat of the hearth rug the august being who holds our destinies in the hollow of his paw—in short, my wife's dog Racket.

A highly appropriate name it is too, though nothing less than dynamite or nitro-glycerine is his equal for containing so much battle, murder, and sudden explosion within a small compass.

Not that he is vicious; far from it. He never snaps, snarles or growls. Why should he, when his two white slaves (Birdie and I) stand ready to do all or any of those things in his defence? That is our department; his is to be conveyed, panting and frisking, through life, an object of aversion to all hotel keepers, car conductors, and cab drivers, if I may judge by our experience on our wedding tour, which he shared because Birdie would take him—said, in fact, "she could not exist three whole weeks without her own 'pres'us, boo'ful darling of a dumpy."

Nice way for a full-grown female to talk, isn't it? But that is Birdie's way. The way she gushes over that dog is simply idiotic. What am I here for, I should like to know? Did I marry her merely as a preliminary to assuming the duties of valet and head-waiter to the Skye terrier?

Or did I possibly have a more selfish personal object in view when I agreed to endow Birdie with all my worldly goods? Gad! I was left if I had, for I spent the majority of the said goods in bribing the hall-boys to keep dark about the dog in our bedroom, and the larger part of my honeymoon in smuggling that black silk nuisance up and down the back stairs, that he might enjoy all the short walks Birdie considered necessary to keep him from "pinning" for her papa's yard in Roxbury.

Well, he get them, and I rather fancy the occupants of the adjoining room also received a few new ideas as to conversations between "turtle-doves" if they listened to Birdie and me for the five minutes preceding these walks. There were mighty few "Whose oo is oo's" flying about just then, I tell you.

Naturally I found all this delightful, but I did not fathom the depth of my degradation until we had returned to Boston, there to establish ourselves in the manner best calculated to give our friends an erroneous respect for our income. This we promptly decided to be furnished apartments, minus the "s"; in short, one room in the most exclusive quarter of the city.

It proved to be a room full of Mephistophelian furniture, which testified on oath not to be what it seemed, our bed concealing itself under the guise of a high-shouldered bookcase, while our dressing-glass, retiring into a mongrel etagere, threw off a fortification of small shelves terminating in a Queen Anne porcelaine cochiere, which compelled me to kneel on a chair to view my necktie.

Many other pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac performed new and startling duties under our rule; but of these details I would prefer not to speak, at least until Birdie and I are on a more substantial basis. Suffice it to say, the general air of our apartment was suggestive of "the most perfectly elegant and refined" lodging-house parlor. We revelled in plaques, tidies and china animals. All our small plush chairs were primed to the brim with sprigs that left an indelible impression on our visitors' spinal columns, while inspiring them with a sympathetic feeling for St. Lawrence.

In addition to these treasures we were the possessors of four invaluable doors, which were the pride of Birdie's heart; one was the entrance, the others were nothing but closets, though, as Birdie said, they did look as though they led to bedrooms. What they really led to were the most embarrassing accidents on the part of our friends, who, to a man, mistook the dressing-closet for the exit; extricated themselves smiling to back gracefully into the boot-closet; tore themselves from that, murmuring confused apologies, only to plunge into the midst of

Birdie's gowns in the last closet, from which they emerged total wrecks, dazed and speechless, to be led out to the hall clinging to my arm, exclaiming, "Ya'as, ya'as—dev'lish stupid—ought to have known, you know. Don't mention it," and departed, much exasperated, but with an "awfully good story on the Persimmons," you understand.

But I anticipate. These and many other embarrassments due to our limited quarters were shrouded in the future, when Birdie and I, the dog, six trunks, a guitar, a banjo, and a dress frame, were deposited in Mrs. Slammer's eminently aristocratic abode one brilliant October afternoon.

As we unpacked we chatted gaily of the happy times we were to have, and again congratulated ourselves on the brilliancy of our plan of living, assuring ourselves that all our friends must certainly regard our surroundings as swell, and ourselves as worthy of attention.

"For you see, Tom dear," said Birdie, "we are not boarding house people, nor yet hotel people, and better still we are not suburban; so I don't see why we should not be asked to dinners and all that. I can have an afternoon, you know, with tea and cakes, and once in a while we can take a box and send a notice to the Society Notes, mentioning 'Mrs. J. T. Persimmons's select theatre party to see Modjeska in Les Chouans'; and then, Tom," cried Birdie, carried away by her anticipations, "we could add, 'after the play the party adjourned to Mrs. Persimmons's recherche'—no, 'artistic apartments in 'The Brudage' for refreshments and music.'"

At this moment Mrs. Slammer presented herself to announce that hearing we had brought a dog with us, she had come to say that was a thing she could not allow. "No animals was permitted in 'The Brudage,'" specially dogs, to "mud up" the new carpets and chairs."

To this and all else Mrs. Slammer had to say Birdie listened with placid amusement; and then, her eyes shining with candor, every line in her figure, every tone of her voice, indicating her sense of the solemnity of the occasion, she proceeded to tell lies con amore, until I blushed for her, and withdrew to the window, lest my open-mouthed astonishment should be noticed by our gaping landlady.

Just what Birdie said I beg to be excused from repeating; it is sufficient to say that at the end of five minutes Mrs. Slammer and her objections retired, overcome, for the present at least, by the rushing tide of Birdie's eloquence.

In vain did I speak of Ananias, Sapphira, and George Washington to my triumphant wife, in vain seek to rouse some compunctions for her reckless falsifying. She insisted that though none of the facts she had given were probable, they were possible; and anyway she was not going to let any nagging old landlady order her around, and if I loved her I'd take her out to get some dinner, instead of arguing.

So, leaving Racket to keep house, we started for the Adams House, discussing our bill of fare as we sauntered down Washington street, realizing as we stemmed the current of bony females how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a Boston elbow in one's ribs.

"Now mind, Tom," said Birdie, as we finally dragged our shattered forms into the diningroom, "don't you order one thing more than we have planned. Never mind if the waiters do think it's a shabby order; it's enough."

How well Birdie fathomed my weakness, and knew that, once I was seated at the table, with an obsequious saffron gentleman bearing off her plush dolman and my English "topcoat," I would be ashamed to order beefsteak, potatoes and Bass's ale! As indeed I was. The cold sarcasm of our attendant's "Is that all, sir?" reduced me to a moral pulp. I yearned to propitiate him and recover my self-respect by ordering enough dinner for an ostrich, and doubtless would have done so but for Birdie, who did not remove her eye from me until he had finally left us; then she took it off me, observing: "It was inexplicable that any one should care so much for the opinion of a pale yellow snob. Snobs of the first water are despicable enough," she continued, with a subdued consciousness of the admiring looks of a party of college boys next to us; "but when they are actually so low down as to respect people in exact proportion to their disregard of indigestion and gout, why then—" A wave of her pretty hand settled the whole sect so effectually that I was presently able to meet our waiter's gaze with indifference when he stood watching the progress of our simple meal in disdain.

"Wondering," Birdie suggested, "to see so much fun possible under five dollars a bottle or ten dollars a plate." I thought that should he ever fall from his high estate, and become a simple young lawyer like myself, with an income of \$2,000 for an outgo of—well, I don't know how much more, then he might realize that "to all healthy minds economy is a pleasure."

Despite these philosophical reflections, it was with a feeling of relief that I sat down by our glowing fire to share a modest dish of oranges with Birdie, with no one in attendance but Racket, who crunched dog biscuit at our feet.

Scarcely were the traces of our orgy cleared away when a bevy of our friends arrived. So glad to see us back; so anxious to hear about our trip. So anxious to see how we lived, and if Birdie Boyd had really done as well as her mother said. They chattered, giggled, gushed, and congratulated us a couple of hours or so, then left us to recover our breath and compare notes, while we studied the

mysterious bad we had to get up or down alone. Mrs. Slammer announcing there would be no attendance after half-past ten.

Naturally there was a division in the camp at once, owing to Birdie's utter lack of reason. The formation and proportions of the bed inclined me to think the top shelf must come off first. I accordingly removed the china menagerie from it to a table, trying meanwhile to induce Birdie to see why it should not be so. But nothing would make her yield an inch. She said firmly, she knew it was the second shelf; didn't know why she knew it, but did. Didn't care for proportion, logical construction, or anything; knew it was the second.

Well, as it happened, she was right. Provoking, wasn't it? Of course if the bed had been properly made she wouldn't have been; but it wasn't, so she scored one, and I sat down to study the next move. The removal of the shelf disclosed a chasm partly filled with wire springs and bedclothes. The question was how was I to get them out. There was no fastening visible. I studied the problem silently. Birdie rolled up her eyelids yawning, but made no suggestions, though she knew I wanted help. Finally I mastered my pride, and asked her if Mrs. Slammer had told her where the fastening or lock was. She replied sweetly, that she had not asked anything about it, but her common sense told her there was none.

"No fastening?" I inquired.

"Of course not."

"Nor any lock?" with decision.

"Then, my dear girl," I returned sarcastically, "what keeps that bed up?"

"Why, its own weight, of course," said Birdie, impatiently. "All you have to do is to pull out the front; you'll see how much it is locked. Or, here, let me come; I'll soon show you."

"Now see here, Birdie," I remonstrated, "you must not always trust to intuition. I don't deny you were right the first time, because the man who made the bed is a disgrace to his profession. However," I cried, seeing her eyes flash, "I will pull, and then you will see. Now watch."

With a triumphant smile I pulled, and before the smile could change to an agonized appeal I found myself underneath the bed, enveloped in bedclothes, with a rip in my trousers and a bruise on my knee. Just like one of the combinations, you know.

Tom Persimmons and the folding bed; The folding bed and Tom Persimmons. I suppose I must have looked ridiculous; but Birdie behaved splendidly—did not laugh; did not even say, "I told you so." There was a quiver in her voice as she recommended Pond's Ex., and a slight shaking noticeable in her shoulders when she turned her back to thump up the pillows and finish the work I had so ably begun; but otherwise there was not a trace of amusement.

We retired, with harmony completely restored, to enjoy the sleep of the just, slightly interrupted by the drip of china animals from over our heads, accompanied by the sonorous snores of our dear Racket.

The next morning found us up bright and early maturing plans for smuggling in our breakfast. I was to wear my big ulster, whose capacious pockets would easily hold the bottle of cream, rolls, fruit, etc. I agreed to everything complacently, until I found I was also expected to lead the dog out on a chain for his morning airing; then I objected, said I did not care to make a spectacle of myself as dog's nurse, even if he was an immensely valuable black Skye, and his "muzzler's own darling" to boot.

Birdie then conveyed to me her impression that matrimony was a lottery, from which she had drawn a blank, and how much better it would have been if she had married Bob Gilroy, who loved dogs.

I observed, pensively, that "a little fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Birdie thought it "better to be a puppy than a brute, with no sympathy for the longings of a poor little dum doggie."

I said—Well, I presume no one who reads this will fancy it made the least difference what I said. They are right; it didn't. I took the dog.

Perhaps I didn't cut his interviews with other dogs short, drag him round corners, and mop up the crossings with him generally; certainly not, but "he got there just the same"; and on our return we found Birdie making delightful coffee in a Vienna Kaffeemaschine, so absorbed in her preparations that all was forgiven and forgotten. How we did enjoy our breakfast! how good everything tasted eaten in that surreptitious manner, with the constant fear that some one would discover us! It took me back to my boyish days, when no jam was so sweet as that I ate behind the sugar barrel, with one eye on the pantry door.

Naturally we tired of this furtive, scrambling style of living. Our hairbreadth escapes ceased to amuse us after several weeks of them, and we would gladly have changed our ways but for pecuniary reasons. It being impossible for us to have both theatre tickets and regular restaurant breakfast, we chose the tickets and let the breakfasts alk.

About this time Mrs. Slammer developed an unpleasant habit of inspecting the front hall o' mornings when I returned, my ulster bulging with supplies, my hands ostentatiously empty. After many hints, she finally put the question point-direct.

"Where do you take your breakfasts, Mr. Persimmons?" she inquired, with perhaps an accidental glance over my irregular form.

"Young's, or the Parker House," I replied, brusquely.

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it," she returned, acidly. "The chambermaid reports a strong odor of coffee in your room, and, as I told your wife, I cannot permit any—"

At this felicitous moment the quarter pound of sausage I held lightly concealed in a newspaper fell to the floor. After scenting the package, our sagacious Racket promptly rose on his hind legs and begged to sample the contents.

Wrathfully noting this, Mrs. Slammer continued, fortissimo crescendo: "And that dog! It's just as bad if he eats there. I can't have any—"

"My good woman," I interrupted, loftily, "if you propose to institute a custom house in your vestibule, challenging all suspected articles, it will perhaps be best for us to vacate your cherished apartment. While we retain it allow me to remind you that we are not boarding pupils; consequently we shall take the liberty of buying all the—er—er—candy we want, and eating it too," I added, followed by a scornful sniff of, "Candy indeed!" from below.

"Birdie," said I, entering with Racket's chain weaving a Chinese puzzle about my legs,—"Birdie, this rare and precious animal of yours is going to get bounced out of this house; you mark my words. Mrs. Slammer has got her eyes on him."

"Well, let her take it off again," retorted Birdie, with that fine disregard of reason which is so essentially feminine and charming—before marriage. "It is much more likely to be you who gets bounced out, as you elegantly express it. How about the gentleman overhead, who interviewed you in the hall about playing on the banjo after 10 o'clock?"

"If it comes to that," I retorted, "how about the lady in the back, who sent the not requesting you not to sing more than half of the night?"

"Didn't you ask me to sing for you old Bertie Tolbot?" demanded Birdie.

"Certainly," I said, coolly; "and didn't you ask me to play for your old mother?"

"That's not the question," said Birdie, on the verge of tears; "the question is, why am I eternally persecuted about my darling dog? Any one would think he was the opium habit, or some other ghastly thing, to hear the fuss you and Mrs. Slammer make about him. Why should I give him up?" she cried, throwing herself into an "Article 47" pose. "Pray what am I to do all the long, lonely days without my precious little companion?"

"Do?" I replied, pausing at the door—"do? Why, tie a few more bows on the furniture," then made my escape. This was a skit at Birdie you know, for all our pictures wear fascinators, and even our vases wear neckties.

There was a perceptible coolness between Birdie and me that evening; but the following morning found all serene. Birdie not being equal yet to keep a quarrel warm overnight.

As it was Sunday, we enjoyed a lazy morning over our papers, reading and gossiping until 11 o'clock, when it suddenly occurred to Birdie that she was neglecting her dog while frittering away time with her husband, and he must be hungry and "booze."

She accordingly waked him up to apologize, explaining how sorry she was, and promised all sort of dainties as compensation if he'd "only forgive his naughty, baddy muzzler," etc.

At this point I became happily absorbed in an article on mind-reading, and lost track of her nonsense until she pulled the paper from my hand, and with a softy hissed injunction for silence, led me to the closet.

I was regularly started, you know; thought she had smashed some preserves on the carpet, or burst a water-pipe, from the way she tiptoed to the closet, opened the door, and pointed to some object within. I put in my head, and saw the following exquisite tableau: A small black Skye gnawing a huge greasy bone. Background of Persimmons's boots in various stages of mellowness. The whole scene illuminated by a flaring alcohol lamp.

"Isn't it cute?" whispered Birdie, gazing fondly at the little beast. "Isn't he just too cunning for any good? I put the lamp in so he would not be afraid of the dark, and could have his bone without fuss about any one's old carpet."

As I gazed at Birdie, seriously doubting the possibility of her being the same girl I had sought to share my intellectual joys, a faint tap was heard at our door.

Birdie shut the closet like a shot, threw herself into a chair and gave me a series of meaning looks. I could easily see they meant something. The question was, what? Was I to open the door, or not?

The tapping was resumed. I rushed to the door; Birdie looked approving. I opened it, to see her sink back with an annihilating glare as Mrs. Slammer sailed in.

Now Mrs. Slammer, with a fashionable bang, a beaded jersey and a long skirt was a very different affair from the Mrs. Slammer I met mornings in an old Mother Hubbard. And the style of conversation was a trifle more elevated also; one could see she had not read the Society Notes or the dramatic criticisms without deriving considerable benefit from them.

Occasionally her aquiline nose would seem to take scent like a pointer in a cornfield, but the expansive society smile beneath it contradicted the idea of any personal meaning, seeming to beg consideration for an organ trained to scent out lodgers' secrets for many years.

Completely reassured after some 10 minutes' chat, Birdie and I were

charmed to believe we were being honored with a merely social call, and laid ourselves out to impress Mrs. S., who on her part showed an amiable readiness to meet us half-way, finally rising to depart with urgent invitations for us to return her visit.

As she stood with her hand on the door a crash was heard in the boot closet, the door burst open, and our dear Racket shot out, dragging his greasy bone. He surveyed us affably, wagged his tail, and advancing to the sofa, climbed up and settled down to finish his meal.

There was a sickening calm—the intense stillness that precedes a cyclone—for three minutes before Mrs. Slammer found words to express her feelings.

"You call yourselves swell, do you?" she finally gasped. "A-cooking all kinds of messes in your room, and feeding that—that beast on my furniture!"

"I put him in the closet on the oil-cloth," said Birdie, faintly.

"Gracious powers!" screamed Mrs. Slammer, darting to the closet. "Look at that lamp! It's a wonder the house isn't a-fire. And—well, I vow! This is a nice kind of a 'glory hole' for decent people to have! Boots, pickles, sardines, dirty breakfast things, beer, cheese, coffee—and you call yourselves swell!"

"No, madam, we do not," I interrupted; "since that idea seems to rankle, let me assure you we do not aspire to be swell."

"Well, it's a good thing," she returned, rather abashed. "Well, anyway, I want my room. I ain't used to this tenement-house style of going on, and I won't have it. Let me give you a little advice, Mr. Persimmons, she said, turning to me. "You seem to be a very, meaning sort of man, though henpecked. You make your wife wear less bead trimming, and pay more attention to conscience, and less to her poodle. And don't you live ever in this messy, dabby way."

On this direct attack Birdie engaged in the fray, whereupon in 10 minutes she and Mrs. Slammer had given each other large pieces of their minds as to suggested total bankruptcy. I therefore interfered. Mrs. Slammer retired. Birdie went into hysterics.

We are now at my mother's house, and again in search of furnished apartments. Something suitable for a Skye terrier, with two attendants, N. B.—Something near the dog-catcher's preferred.—Harper's Bazar.

## The China-Painting Craze.

"You say the price of this beautiful hand-painted dinner set is \$175?"

"Yes, madam."

"And the price of this plain set of the same ware is \$171, only \$4 difference?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, how can that be real hand-painting? Surely it must cost more than \$4 to decorate a set like that. The figures are exquisite."

Both dinner sets were of Limoges ware. They were displayed in a Broadway crockery house. The decorated set had delicate figures traced on each of the hundred or more pieces.

"I assure you, madam, that it is genuine hand-painting," he replied. "The slight difference in price does not arise from the cheapness of the painting. It comes from the highness of the tariff."

"Well, I thought so," said the lady. "I've done some painting on china, and I know such beautiful work as that could never be had for \$4 a set."

"Just as I thought, too," said the dealer, when the lady had gone. "She is one of them."

"One of what?"

"The women with the china-decorating craze. I told a little fib about the tariff, or rather, stretched the meaning. It is our tariff on customers, and not the customs tariff, that makes the small difference in price. We charge within a trifling amount of as much for plain Limoges and other high-grade chinas as we do for the richly-decorated sets, simply to keep the plain sets out of the reach of persons (principally women, by the way,) who otherwise would buy them and make their own hand-painted decorations. Few persons can tell real art-work from dabs on china, any more than they can on canvas. If we gave the china-decorating cranks a chance we'd soon have the market flooded with real Limoges ware, hand-painted by home talent. By making the plain sets almost as expensive as the imported hand-painted sets we shut out these amateurs. This course is pursued by the trade generally."—New York Mail and Express.

## Raw Whisky in High Places.

At the annual meeting of the Church of Ireland Protestant Temperance Society in Dublin, Rev. Lewen B. Weldon, M. A., spoke on temperance and society. After alluding to the habit of using strong drink on every conceivable social occasion, he said, with all due deference to her majesty the queen, he wished she would find out a more suitable way of honoring the memory of the late prince consort than that of sending her sons and sons-in-law to the top of a Highland mountain in order to drink raw whisky. An annual Highland gathering used to be held at Braemar, but this year it was held at Balmoral. It was his lot to be present at the festival this year, which was held in the very presence of her majesty, and a more disgusting scene of revolting drunkenness he never saw in his life. Donnybrook in its worst traditions could not equal the disgusting scenes he there saw with his own eyes.



