

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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TOPEKA, KANSAS, MARCH 23, 1889.

NO. 51.

### COUNTY HORTICULTURISTS.

Regular Monthly Meeting Last Saturday—Official Report.

Douglas County Horticultural Society met in Snow Hall, March 16, 1889, and was called to order by the President, D. H. McCreath. The day was fine and a large number present, of both ladies and gentlemen, showing that the interest is not diminishing. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Dr. Evans being present, and having just returned from meeting with the Legislative body, was called upon for a short address to which he responded. He said he found a strong element in favor of horticulture among the Legislators, who are mostly farmers.

S. Reynolds read an essay in favor of holding joint sessions alternately, of the Horticultural and Agricultural societies, after which the subject was discussed at length.

Joseph Savage, N. P. Deming, H. S. Fillmore and others of the founders of the Horticultural Society, said they felt justly proud of the Society and wished it to remain as it is, inviting all Agriculturalists to meet with us. A motion was made and the question put before the Society deciding in favor of the two separate societies.

### REPORT ON ORCHARDS.

J. Savage, found buds alive on his farm are swelling, and unless we have late frosts will have a crop.

J. H. Sisson, has examined in several orchards an thinks prospects good for all fruits. He exhibited several kinds of apples, among them the Belflower, which he had kept perfect by handling with great care while picking—let stand till cold weather, then packed in sand or saw dust blossom end up, in a cask and kept dark. He recommends Newton Pippins for a cooking apple.

N. P. Deming, peaches mostly alive on Orchard Hill; Crawford's, some killed, but plenty left for a good crop. He also, exhibited apples. Advises planting largely of Huntsman; gets seventy cents per bushel for them, also Newton Pippin. Do not set small trees of them as they are too long coming into bearing, but top-graft on some strong growing tree.

Dr. Evans, peaches on low ground one-third killed, other fruit all right. If we succeed with apples must take care of the orchards. Advises planting new trees when the old ones get to be 16 or 17 years old.

H. Smith, peaches on bottom lands some injured, but the injured buds principally immature.

D. G. Watt, on a trip East, noticed the orchards badly neglected and few planting orchards. Thinks their apples not so good as ours. Saw a pear tree 22 inches in diameter, that was planted when he was a boy. Advised planting apple orchards here, as those in the East are fast dying and are not being replaced, will make it more profitable for us. Thinks he made a mistake in planting a large number of Ben Davis.

H. S. Fillmore, farmers, plant more orchards and on new, fresh ground, and not plant other crops in the orchard to steal the fertility from the trees.

### SMALL FRUITS.

H. S. Smith, Ironclad raspberries in good order; Sonhegan killed back; Gregg does the best on his sandy soil. Snyder blackberries are hardy with him.

B. F. Smith, this is a good time to plant blackberries; plant rows 8 or 9 feet apart. Recommends Stone's Hardy; has discarded Kittitiny on account of rusting badly. Thinks we might get ready to plant strawberries; will do earlier than last year.

H. S. Fillmore, the strawberry is the most profitable berry. Advises buying plants and trees from home nursery men.

Dr. Evans, don't undertake too many kinds; stick to the kinds that do best on your soil, and not take up with every new kind.

B. F. Smith, don't think the Jessie

and Monmouth are profitable. Speaks favorably of the Captain Jack, will do well on our soil.

Society then adjourned to meet the third Saturday in April, at 1 o'clock. FRED S. WOOD, Sec'y.

Buildings in Bismark Grove are beginning to be bleached, and will need repairing by the time the next fair takes place.

Moses Ramsey aged 86, living in North Lawrence, died on Sunday. He is an old citizen and highly respected.

Five of the nine young Indian students who ran away from Haskell Institute have been captured and returned to the institution.

Prof. Johns of DePauw university of Indiana, paid the Kansas university a visit this week, and was well pleased with things.

Attention of tobacco and cigar dealers, is called to a law passed last winter, and now in force, making it a misdemeanor to sell or furnish in any way, tobacco or cigars to a person under sixteen.

A shooting affray occurred in Topeka Wednesday afternoon, in which Gustav Werner, a tailor was instantly killed and J. J. Spindlove, a pawn broker was mortally wounded. It was the result of a personal difficulty about a room which they occupied jointly.

B. F. Smith, the great small-fruit grower and able editor of our Horticultural Department, has just issued a large catalogue of berries and small fruits, which not only advises the plants which Mr. Smith sells, but contains a vast amount of valuable information for growers of small fruits, relative to land, planting, cultivation, markets, etc. It is in fact a manual for the fruit growers and should be in the hands of every man interested in that business. Mr. Smith last year sold almost 700,000 plants, and for this season he has over a million for his customers.

The farmers of Silver Lake township will have a meeting at Entsminger's Hall next Tuesday evening to form a farmers' alliance. The farmers have never before taken hold of the work of organizing as they are now doing. In every town, hamlet, and cross-roads they are meeting to organize alliances. It is a very encouraging sign. The object of the alliance is similar to that of the Grange. The latter is secret, the former is not. It is strange that with all the power that lies in the hands of the farmers of this country, they have always been made the victims of sharks and speculators. Let everybody turn out to their meeting.

Governor Humphrey appointed W. J. Price as commissioner of immigration for the state of Kansas in European countries.

The school fund commissioners have made another investment of the permanent school fund money of the state to the amount of \$45,000 in first-class Kansas securities, chiefly school district bonds.

Postmaster General Wauamaker, pronounces emphatically in favor of prohibition amendments.

The next is to be a salt trust.

Never trust a trust.

It would be better if no tradesman would ever trust.

A copper trust has been formed in France and still we assert that trusts are not worth a copper.

"The death of women from Bright's Disease during the child-bearing years of life (from twenty to forty-five) is as high as 80 women to 100 men. After the age of 45 the proportion of deaths from Bright's Disease sank to 59 women for every 100 men. There seems no other conclusion to be drawn from this, than that pregnancy is a frequent cause of Bright's Disease." So writes Wm. Roberts, M. D., F. R. C. P., London, Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Royal Infirmary, Professor of Medicine in the Owens College, Manchester. All women, during pregnancy and the "getting up" period, should use Warner's Safe Cure, and prevent disease of the kidneys.

### "Sweet Home"

"There is no place like home" runs the old song, and we know how true it is.

Go where we will—encounter men in whatever circumstances we may—we shall be apt to find that a reference to their homes will immediately secure their attention, and will give you favor in their eyes.

The impressions made in the home are lasting. A mother's words never pass from the mind. A father's counsel remains fresh so long as life lasts. The last benediction of parental love and solicitude—with what tenacity it clings to the memory when almost all else has gone.

How important, therefore, that the home be maintained intact as long as possible—a haven of loving counsel, of peace and joy to the growing children. How sad when death invades, when the fire goes out on the hearthstone and the family is scattered. What the children lose by the death of a parent only those realize who have grown up without that love and advice which a parent alone can bestow.

No doubt, tens of thousands of parents have found premature graves, who might have lived years of usefulness, had they but known what was sapping their strength, and slowly but surely pushing them into the grave.

There are tens of thousands of parents to-day in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified with Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die, as though poisoned with arsenic.

If you are suffering as described, and have been for any length of time, you are, unless you get relief right speedily, stricken with death, whether you know it or not.

Doctors publicly admit that they cannot cure advanced kidney disease; they are too bigoted to use Warner's Safe Cure because it is an advertised remedy; consequently, unless you use your own good judgment, secure and use Warner's Safe Cure, a specific, which has proved itself in tens of thousands of cases to be all it is represented, your home, through your death, will be broken up and your loved ones deprived of that which money cannot purchase or friends supply.

Already too many loving parents, noble, kind and true, have gone down to premature graves through ignorance of their condition, and the bigotry of physicians. It is time to cry a halt, and we beg of you, for the love you bear your home and the duty you owe yourself, to give this matter your careful and conscientious consideration.

### Street Trees.

In every city and town there should be a responsible officer, familiar with trees and their requirements, whose special duty should be the planting and care of the street trees. Cutting off large branches from a healthy tree reduces its vitality, and, of course, should never be permitted. Severe pruning may be resorted to when a tree is in a feeble or perishing condition, when such an operation may stimulate vigorous growth. A wound made by cutting off a branch, unless it is immediately protected by a coating of coal-tar or paint, is liable to be attacked with dry rot and other fungus growth, and from the affected surface the decay will gradually penetrate the whole tree and finally destroy it.—GARDEN AND FOREST.

The governor has appointed P. I. Bonebrake, Dr. F. S. McCabe and C. F. Spencer as police commissioners for the city of Topeka. The appointment of Dr. McCabe was an exceedingly happy one. The commissioners will appoint a police judge, city marshal, and in fact have charge of the whole police department.

### SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE!

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**ROOT'S SEEDS.**  
In the WEST. Many packets at wholesale prices. We pay postage. Free packets with every order. Market Gardeners ask for Gardeners' List. J. B. ROOT & CO., Seed Growers, Rockford, Illinois.

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**MEISTERSHAFT PUB. CO.,**

Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

The office seekers at Washington are beginning to grumble. Let them grumble; it will not hurt them a particle. There ought to be, and there is more important business for the new administration than stuffing the hungry mouths of office seeking politicians. One complaint is that appointments are made of those who have not been pressed. That is a good sign too. The fellows who are the most urgent are often the most undeserving. It is highly complimentary to the new administration that this fact is understood. We congratulate President Harrison and his cabinet members on their course.

In the inquest over the body of Werner the city marshal testified that Spindlove asked him for a permit to carry a revolver. He was told the marshal could not give such permit, but that if he carried one revolver in a discreet manner the police would not know it. We submit that a man who winks at violation of law in this way is unfit to be a city marshal. Spindlove carried the revolver, and with it probably killed Werner. It is about time for police commissioners to take hold of things.

HACKETT, ARKANSAS, Aug. 20, 1887.

DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I wish you to send me a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria, which I saw advertised in the METHODIST ADVOCATE, Chattanooga, Tenn., and which I cannot get here. Fifteen years ago my mother had third day chills, and after trying the doctors and other medicines without relief, a friend recommended your Antidote; she tried it, and one dose effected a permanent cure.

Truly yours

J. S. EDWARDS,

Pastor M. E. Church

Beware of a silent dog and still waters. The impure blood flowing silently through the system is a dangerous enemy to health.

**Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla**

is the great blood purifier. Cheapest in the market. Largest bottle. All druggists have it.

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#### A LITTLE CHILD.

Years and years have passed away,  
Alas, can I forget?  
Though baby comes no more to play  
I play with baby yet!  
I hear her childish prattle still,  
One little kiss I crave,  
Although I know beyond the hill  
The snow lies on her grave,  
And when the tears fill in my eyes  
This thought to me is given;  
For every little child that dies  
An angel blooms in heaven.  
Sweet thought that consolation brings  
To hearts whose cup of sorrow  
Finds no relief in earthly things,  
But look for life's to-morrow;  
When all this grief and pain and woe  
With which this world is rife  
Shall find release and we shall know  
God's everlasting life.  
And so for those with tear-stained eyes  
This sacred thought is given;  
For every little child that dies  
An angel blooms in heaven!  
—George Wilmot Harris, Chicago Times.

#### Ione's Toboggan Suit.

BY F. E. H. RAYMOND.

Oh! Aunt Letitia! Don't say I can't have it."  
"Have it? I should think not, indeed. My mother's daughter—and he a minister—rigged out like a heathen Indian. It does seem as if you had no sense of the dignity of the family."  
"I haven't—a bit."  
"Ione!"  
"Gospel truth! I've heard nothing but 'dignity' since I can remember, and I'm sick of it."  
"Well, don't add impertinence to your other shortcomings."  
"I wish you had never said I could join the club, then! I don't see what-  
ever possessed you; it's terribly indig-  
nified to slide down hill on a board, at  
whirlwind speed."  
"Ione! you can go to your room."  
The girl tossed her curly head im-  
patiently, but obeyed. Though she was  
eighteen years old, she dared do noth-  
ing else.  
Miss Letitia Souter had taken her  
dying brother's orphan baby home to  
her own stately house, and had devoted  
her life since to its rearing and care.  
It is safe to say that she idolized the  
lovely orphan, and was, mostly, very in-  
dulgent; but it is also, quite true that her own  
personal whims had much to do with  
this indulgence.  
"Auntie's character is just a streak  
of firm and a streak of easy; a bit of  
hard and a bit of soft," declared Ione.  
"I never know what to expect."  
She was about right.  
Fancying her niece looked pale, and  
not quite strong, Miss Letitia had al-  
lowed her to join the "Rock Acre To-  
boggan Club"; this had happened in a  
"streak of easy." Now, that the club  
had decided to wear uniforms, like the  
rest of the world of tobogganers, she  
had developed a "streak of firm," and  
denied Ione her blanket.  
Her aunt provided everything that  
was necessary; but pocket money she  
had none—so the girl could not buy one  
for herself, nor would she have dared  
to wear it if she had.  
"Poor little Ione! she was sorry for  
her rudeness to her aunt—sorry for  
herself—sorry for a good many other  
things; so, throwing herself down on  
the little white bed, she had a good  
cry, then a good nap, by means of  
which, the cobwebs were cleared from  
her brain, and she waked up, her own  
sunshiny self.  
"Auntie! it's horrid to be naughty.  
Kiss me, and say you're sorry."  
"You sauce-box! I am sorry to see  
you so silly as to cry over a bed blank-  
et; but there" (giving the osculatory  
salute requested), "let's forget the  
whole matter. Now, put on your  
things, and run over to Mrs. Mapleson's  
with that written pattern, I prom-  
ised."  
Ione's "things" were a becoming  
plush coat and turban, and she was  
soon equipped, and, with a light heart,  
departed on her errand.  
She was very pretty, with her slender  
figure, and sweet face aglow with  
exercise; or, so, at least, thought a  
stranger, who, with head buried in  
coat collar, came striding over the  
same footpath from the opposite direc-  
tion, and who had nearly run against  
Ione before he observed her.  
"Beg pardon, I'm sure!"  
He lifted his hat, and revealed a  
handsome brow and head, covered with  
dark, crisp locks. It was only an in-  
stant's meeting, but the maiden carried  
away a memory of two remarkable blue  
eyes, shaded by heavy black lashes and  
brows.  
"Who can he be? That overcoat  
was never cut in Mollenville."  
"What a wonderfully pretty girl, to  
find in this wilderness!"  
So they passed by.  
"Is Mrs. Mapleson at home?"  
"Laws, yes; but she's in a powerful  
fidget."  
"Why? What's the matter?"  
"No gre't 's I kin see. She's allus  
'specting ter die suddint, an' a-sendin'  
fer lawyers ter make her will. Old  
Ketchum, down ter the Corners, has  
drawed more'n a dozen, an' I've witness-  
ed, let alone t'others; but now sunthin's  
set her plumb ag'in him, an' she's  
sent ter York fer one, as she heern  
tell of, an' he's 'spotted ter-night;  
but why the land sakes he don't come,  
beats me!"  
This harangue was brought to a sud-  
den end.  
"Mirandy! hold your tongue! Who  
are you talking to?"  
"To me, Auntie Mapleson—Ione  
Souter. Shall I come up?"  
"Yes, dearie; right away. I am very  
glad to see you. I was getting so nerv-  
ous."  
"And what about?"  
"Oh! that which Mirandy was ex-  
plaining. I've had another bad turn,

and I know I ain't long for this world.  
I've sent for a city lawyer this time, to  
make my testament, and what if I  
should die before he gets here!"  
"Oh, you won't, Auntie Joan. Don't  
be afraid. It's only those who never  
make wills who die; careful people don't.  
So, if I should ever have anything to  
'devise and bequeath,' I'd make a fresh  
'testament' every New Year. 'Twould  
be better than a life insurance."  
"O, Iony! You make me laugh,  
miserable as I feel."  
"Good! Now get on your 'best bib and  
tucker,' for I've seen your wonderful  
couscouseller."  
"Where, Iony Souter. Tell me this  
minute!"  
"Down on the village road, travel-  
ing in the wrong direction at a spirited  
pace."  
"Why didn't you set him right?"  
"How could I? I only saw he was a  
stranger, who nearly knocked me down  
in his speed."  
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," came a decided  
ring at the door. Mrs. Mapleson jump-  
ed.  
"Land! How nervous I am! Do I  
look all right, dear? Is my cap becom-  
ing?"  
"Very."  
Then you go right into the back sit-  
tin' room, an' stay there, while I go  
over my 'testament' with the lawyer.  
I like to have you handy by, case I feel  
faint."  
Ione made a funny mouth.  
"I'd rather stay and hear the despo-  
sition, and see the young lawyer."  
"Fly right in there, child! He's to  
the door this very minute."  
And Ione "flew," but not too swift to  
throw a curious glance over her  
shoulder, or to frame herself a charm-  
ing picture in the doorway ere the  
portiere fell and hid it.  
After a long time, during which the  
murmur of voices rose and fell in the  
adjoining room, the girl was recalled  
from exile.  
Introductions were soon over, and  
she learned that the stranger was one  
Millett Everson, of New York.  
"You didn't faint, and need me,  
Auntie Joan?"  
"No; you naughty tease."  
"Did you expect to do so, madam?"  
"Well, I sometimes do, when I make  
my will."  
"But you were only giving instruc-  
tions to-night."  
Since this beautiful girl came into  
the room, Mr. Everson had revoked  
his decision, that he never would  
make this beastly trip again.  
"Now, we'll have supper. I've sent  
word to your Aunt Letitia that I'm go-  
ing to keep you. Dr. Gray will join  
us."  
Afterward, there was a game of  
whist, and later the talk fell upon the  
new winter sport, already becoming so  
popular, and of which Mr. Everson  
claimed entire ignorance.  
"You must try it," said the jolly  
physician. "When you come up again,  
we'll manage to go to the slide. Un-  
like many of my professional brethren,  
I am an advocate of the amusement.  
It is doing wonders for curly hair  
here."  
"I'm afraid it won't do any more, Dr.  
Gray."  
"Pray, why not?"  
"Well, the club is going into uniform,  
and auntie objects, and I won't be an  
'odd sheep.'"  
"Fuss and feathers!" Letitia Souter  
has the most peculiar notions."  
(Dr. John was a chronic admirer of  
Ione's handsome aunt, and offered him-  
self and was rejected, regularly, every  
Christmas; after which there was no  
more said about the matter till the year  
came round again.)  
"Mrs. Mapleson you must help this  
little girl out."  
"Oh! no, sir. I wouldn't dare wear  
the suit, even if she gave me one!"  
"Indeed, Miss Timidity!"  
"You know, Dr. John, I dote on the  
'family dignity.' Seriously, I wouldn't  
go against Aunt Letty."  
"Well, we'll see. Now, my child,  
I'm going home, and I'll tuck you into  
my sleigh if you get on your duds."  
Good nights were soon exchanged,  
and, by the side of her kind old friend,  
Ione had a pleasant ride.  
"Sorry about the blanket business,"  
said he, as he lifted her out at Miss  
Souter's gate. "Don't think I could  
coax to any good, eh?"  
"Not a bit, doctor, dear. If auntie  
had been coaxable, you'd have been  
my uncle long ago."  
"Never you be discouraged, puss;  
I'm not, yet. Good-night."  
It was amazing how complicated  
Mrs. Mapleson's legal business became  
under the care of the new lawyer. Old  
Justice Ketchum had run the business  
through at break-neck speed, compar-  
ed with this youngster, who made trip  
after trip to Mollenville, and insisted  
upon some alteration each time. Truth  
was, whimsical "Aunt Joan" had taken  
a great fancy to the courteous, bright-  
witted young man. On his part, he had  
become fond of the old lady, but ten  
times more so of young one whom she  
petted.  
Once or twice he had tried the fasci-  
nating tobogganing in her company; but  
after the rest of the club appeared in  
costumes, she refused to join them.  
The young people were indignant, and  
visited Miss Letitia in a body, hoping  
that the sight of so many in picturesque  
and comfortable array would move her  
to relent. But no; like many another,  
the more she was persuaded, the more  
she wouldn't.  
"You may dress yourselves up like a  
party of savages, it's nothing to me; but  
the day my Ione goes out in a bed  
blanket, she goes out for good—so far  
as I'm concerned."  
Such extreme objections seemed ab-  
surd, and no one believed Miss Souter  
to be half as bitter as she appeared.  
Carnival night came on, with its

wonderful attractions for the merry  
makers.  
The slide was in fine order, and a  
temporary building had been erected  
near the top, where they could rest and  
warm, and enjoy bountiful repast. Bon-  
fires burned here and there, and color-  
ed lights gleamed up and down the  
mountain side. At its base was a fine  
pond, whose glittering, icy surface was  
gay with graceful skaters, and over all  
the scene, the glory of the full mid-  
winter moonlight.  
Is that Ione? That flying figure in a  
soft fleecy costume of whitest wool just  
banded here and there with scarlet?  
Indeed, no other eyes than hers could  
be so brown and merry, no other laugh  
so musical.  
The how and why needs little ex-  
planation. The artful city counsellor  
was the instigator; Mrs. Mapleson was  
a ready tool; and, by the skillful fingers  
of Ione's girl friends, her "uniform"  
had been secretly fashioned.  
When all was ready, and the "odd  
sheep" sitting in melancholy propriety  
by her aunt's side, she had been sum-  
moned by "Mirandy" to "come over  
right away quick, to our house."  
There this affectionate conspiracy  
was divulged, and what maiden of  
eighteen could resist the innocent  
temptation to disobedience?  
"Disobey! yes; Letitia Souter's a pig-  
headed, obstinate woman, if she is my  
first cousin. Do her good to get set  
down for once."  
So with Auntie Joan aiding and  
abetting, companions arguing, and love  
beseeching from those handsome eyes  
of Everson's, the girl yielded, and here  
she was, the gayest of the gay.  
It neared midnight, an hour ex-  
tremely late for quiet Mollenville.  
"I must go home; auntie will be  
really worried, and I have to go away  
round by Mrs. Mapleson's to change  
my suit."  
"Just once more, darling, then I will  
take you home, and tell your aunt of  
your secret promise given me to-night.  
Hereafter, all her blame must fall on  
me."  
Alas! for that "once more." A care-  
less "starter" at the top sent another  
toboggan flying after Emerson's with-  
out the necessary pause between. There  
came a collision, sharp and frightful.  
When it was over, Ione lay lifeless on  
the glistening snow, and Millett Em-  
erson, with broken arm and bruised face,  
bent over her, with an awful terror in  
his heart.  
A crowd was about them instantly,  
and with grief-stricken faces, watching  
the cooler-headed few who could not  
believe that the beautiful girl was dead.  
A stretcher of soft robes was quickly  
improvised, and tenderly they laid her  
upon it, and carried her to the warmth  
of the sheltered refreshment room.  
There like heroes they worked, till at  
last the insensate form showed signs of  
life again. At last consciousness re-  
turned, and the pale lips tried to mur-  
mur "home."  
And home they bore her, with ach-  
ing hearts and streaming eyes; while,  
heedless to his own physical agony,  
Millett Everson walked close beside  
that rude litter, which seemed, indeed,  
the bier of all his hopes.  
Miss Souter met them at the door.  
"Is this my child you bring me—  
dead? Whose fault is this?"  
"Mine, only mine," cried poor Em-  
erson. "She is my promised wife, and  
went to-night, but to please me. Would  
to God I had not tempted her!"  
Before this, reverent hands had laid  
the poor girl down, and lifted the  
heavy coverings from her. Dr. Gray's  
was among them.  
As Letitia's eyes fell on her darling,  
clad in the obnoxious suit, all the stern-  
ness and hardness of her whole family  
came into her heart.  
"Take her away! She but reaps  
what she has sown!"  
"You iceberg!" shouted the indignant  
physician, springing toward her. "Do  
you know what you say? Have you no  
decency?"  
A contemptuous laugh was his an-  
swer.  
"To my house, then," he thundered,  
and there they bore her. And there,  
by utmost skill and tender nursing,  
was she brought back to life and  
health; and Millett Everson as well,  
whose strength gave out before he  
reached its threshold.  
Poor Miss Letitia! Her wrath was  
soon exhausted, and then came the re-  
action. In the awful desolation which  
settled upon her home, she realized  
what she had done; and then she suf-  
fered, as only strong natures can.  
One evening, sheltered by the friend-  
ly darkness, a tall, pale woman tapped  
softly at the doctor's study door. Open-  
ing it, he admitted his old-time love.  
"I want to see Ione."  
"You can't."  
"What! I must. Oh, dear old friend!  
I'm crushed and broken; don't be hard  
on me now."  
The man's kind gray eyes twinkled.  
For the first time in a twenty-year's  
courtship, the odds were in his favor.  
"On one condition, you may."  
"Quick, then! I mean to find her.  
I'm going."  
"Not yet." A burly form barred the  
way.  
"Come to your senses, and say you'll  
be my wife. You know you've always  
wanted to say 'yes,' but for that cranky  
Souter obstinacy."  
"You old—"  
"Darling! that's right. That's what  
I wanted to hear you say. Give me a  
kiss, I've earned it." In vain, the  
good woman resisted. A strong arm  
clapped her close, and a gray beard  
ruffled the satin surface of her maiden-  
ly cheek.  
Then followed, of course, a flood of  
tears, which the wise physician let have  
its course. When it was over, and the  
still "dewy eyes were raised, a smile  
crept over both their faces.

"What a ridiculous pair of old fools!"  
cried the half-happy, half-ashamed Leti-  
tia.  
"All things come to him who waits,"  
quoted her faithful swain. "Now, I'll  
take you to Ione." And tucking her  
arm under his own, he led her away in  
triumph.  
What an evening followed! what fun  
and frolic! that tried to, but could not,  
hide the deeper feeling of four happy,  
grateful hearts.  
Of course, there was pardon begging  
all around; and a general sense in each  
one's mind that he or she had behaved  
outrageously, and been most generously  
forgiven.  
Not many weeks later there was a  
double wedding, to which the younger  
guests came, clad in white toboggan  
suits, and at which a world of merrim-  
ent prevailed.  
And when the younger bride and  
groom had set their faces cityward,  
Miss Letitia—now Mrs. Dr. Gray—  
heaved one long sigh, and laid down,  
forevermore, her strong self-will.  
One word of warning she whispered  
in Millett Everson's ear:  
"Look out for Ione. She's a Souter,  
and likes her own way."  
"Never mind that, my boy. A little  
spirit is a good thing. Just take her  
by storm; I lost twenty years by not  
knowing how."  
In the Everson's city home hangs a  
shattered toboggan and a pretty blanket  
suit. Guests smile, and wonder why.—  
Yankee Blade.

#### What They Say Who Know.

Says the Washington Post: An  
agent for a New York boot and shoe  
house who goes about taking measures;  
a leading laundry man, and a cigar  
seller were waiting their turns in the  
Ebbitt House tonsorial apartment. They  
talked shop.  
Said the agent: "There is no secret  
about Mrs. Cleveland's number. It is  
number five. That is the average  
among ladies of her size and weight,  
though you'd be astonished to know  
how many sizes and sevens are worn by  
fine ladies. The average size for Ameri-  
can ladies is number four, except in  
Kentucky. I do not know the reason,  
but it is a fact that all boots and shoes  
sent there average one or two sizes  
smaller than those sent anywhere else,  
except possibly to New Orleans. The  
smallness of Kentucky feet is well  
known to the trade. Kyrie Bellow  
wears a number five and Berry Wall  
seven and a half. Langtry wears  
number five and Gebhard number nine,  
though he is on the books as wearing  
eights. Colonel Calvin S. Brice has a  
singular foot. It is long enough for a  
No. 12 last and wide enough for a No.  
6. It has no arch, but, on the contrary,  
the hollow of his foot literally makes a  
hole in the ground. He could not find  
a shoe in the world he could wear. The  
average-sized last for Americans is No.  
9. The average in the classes we deal  
with is lower. Aimee wore a small No.  
2."  
"When Aimee was here the last  
time," said the laundryman, "she had  
in one washing about seventy pair of  
stockings. Langtry sent one washing  
to us that had nearly 200 pieces, in-  
cluding nearly fifty handkerchiefs.  
The most sumptuous thing in ladies'  
wear that ever came to us are Mrs.  
Langtry's. Her laundry bills would  
run two or three common families com-  
fortably."  
Said the cigar man: "The average  
price paid for cigars by members is 5  
cents. Many buy 'twofers,' that is,  
two for a nickel, and a small number  
buy three for a dime. I can count on  
my fingers those who buy higher  
priced ones, and there are but one or  
two of the wealthy men of the house  
among them. Two for a quarter is the  
average among the newspaper corre-  
spondence."

#### Toboggan.

The weather in the northern part of  
the United States and Canada has at  
last become cold enough to give an  
impetus to the toboggan accidents.  
Although the fashionable world has  
only of late years become addicted to  
toboggans, the institution is not a new  
one by any manner of means. It origi-  
nated in Canada, where it has been  
used almost *ab initio* as a means of  
transportation. When the Esquimaux  
first became known to the American  
natives these sleds were used by them  
as their only means of transportation.  
The use of the toboggan as a pastime  
is of quite recent origin. The Cana-  
dians were the first to take advantage  
of the natural slides the country af-  
fords. In a short time the craze spread  
like wildfire. One reason given for  
the extraordinary popularity of this  
dangerous sport is said to be the  
fact that plain girls look handsome in  
a toboggan suit. Tobogganing has  
been described as an instantaneous  
sensational followed by a long walk up-  
hill. It is the going down hill that is  
the more dangerous than the walking  
back. An elderly clergyman who was  
induced to try the toboggan slide,  
and who was laid up with a broken leg  
in consequence, wrote to Sam Jones:  
"Go for tobog, in your next sermon. It  
is just h—ll!" Another thing that  
makes tobogganing popular with the  
young people is the fact that it affords  
great facilities for flirtation. It is  
stated as a fact toboggan clubs make  
more matches than the regular match  
factories.—Texas Siftings.

#### From Her Standpoint.

Mrs. Ringwood (showing her Cin-  
cinnati guest about the place)—This is  
our dear park!  
Mrs. Packer—They're very pretty,  
but I shouldn't think you could get  
lard enough out of the whole lot to fry  
a doughnut.—Puck.

#### BRIEFLETS.

The skeleton of a mastodon has been un-  
earthed in California. It is thirty feet long,  
and has tusks between six and seven feet in  
length.  
A block of firwood was recently received  
at Portland, Oregon, that was cut from a  
tree which was one hundred and fifty feet  
high to the first limb.  
A little girl of Poulan, Ga., raised enough  
peanuts and sugar-cane to pay for five and  
a half acres of land, and she had enough  
money left to fence it with.  
Sacramento, Cal., has passed an ordinance  
making it unlawful for any person under  
sixteen years of age to smoke cigarettes  
within the city limits.  
A man at Dalton, Ga., is doing quite a  
business in walking-canes, which he cuts  
from the Chickamauga battle-field. He has  
one order from Illinois for fifty of these  
canes.  
Elijah Martin, of Sand Plains, W. Va., is  
eighty-three years of age, but is still as spry  
as a man of sixty. He works every day at  
his trade of blacksmithing, and can shoe  
horses as rapidly as any smith in the county.  
J. R. Bass, now in New York, is known as  
the "ossified man." He is fifty-eight years  
of age, blind and a living skeleton, weighing  
but seventy pounds. His limbs are so ossi-  
fied that he is perfectly helpless, and all his  
body seems to be turning slowly to bone.  
The holy city of Tunis, Kairwan, can now  
be entered by Christians, and its mosques  
can be visited. The great mosque has 565  
columns of marble of every conceivable color  
and of every variety of architecture, and is,  
perhaps, the next in beauty to the great  
mosque in Cordova.  
Frank Shannon, of Philadelphia, has been  
rewarded for saving the life of a hyena.  
One of the hyenas at the Quaker City  
Zoological Gardens recently swallowed a  
bone. Shannon entered the cage, thrust  
his arm down the hyena's throat and extrac-  
ted the bone. The Woman's Branch of the  
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to  
Animals has given Shannon a gold medal.  
Eighteen states in the union have adopted  
scientific temperance education laws, and  
congress has passed a law which insures  
the instruction of youth in principles of  
temperance in the schools of the territories,  
the District of Columbia and the military  
and naval schools. These results are due  
to the efforts of the Woman's Christian  
Temperance Union, which devotes much  
energy, time and money to the work.  
A remarkable instance showing how a  
person of advanced years may be able to  
retain the interest of young people comes  
from Taunton, Mass. Mrs. Mary C. Patten,  
ninety-three years old, has had charge of  
the infant class in a Methodist Sabbath  
school in that city during the past forty-  
eight years. She never misses a session of  
the school and her children almost worship  
her. Here is a youthful heart and head  
despite the lapse of almost a century of  
years.  
This record is claimed for Alfred Daniels,  
of Douglas county, Ga., who is eighty-two  
years old, was never sick a day in his life,  
was never in bed at sun-up, never lost a  
tooth, has been to six log rollings this year,  
lives more than most men, often indulges in  
coons and possum hunting, has been a dea-  
con in the Baptist church for fifty-eight  
years, was never drunk in his life, and an  
oath has never escaped his lips. He is the  
father of twenty-six children, fifteen now  
living.  
The remarkable result of a tidal wave in  
the Province of Bannam, Java, has been a  
great increase of tigers. The land laid  
waste soon relapsed into a jungle, affording  
welcome cover to the tigers, which became  
so daring and numerous that whole villages  
have had to be abandoned. Last year tigers  
killed no less than sixty-one persons  
there. To remedy the evil the government  
of Java has raised the reward for killing  
tigers from one hundred to two hundred  
guilder a head.  
Connecticut coons have many peculiar  
traits, but Meriden has perhaps the only  
pair that are not prohibitionists. James H.  
Kenny owns them. Their love for beer is  
so strong that they will drink nothing else.  
Like many other toppers they are unable  
to realize when they have had enough. They  
get boiling drunk at every opportunity and  
usually end their spree in savage fights.  
Neither will drink beer brewed in Connecti-  
cut. They drink New York or Delaware  
beer, but their greatest delight is Culmbach-  
er.

A peddler who put up for the night at  
Maquoketa, Iowa, was so frightened at the  
threats and boisterous talk of some men  
who were stopping at the same house that  
he fled in his stocking feet, hatless, coatless  
and clothed only in shirt and pants. For  
two nights and two days he remained in the  
woods, when he ventured to return. His  
feet were frozen, and he was almost dead  
from cold and exhaustion. The man who  
had frightened him so was under the influ-  
ence of liquor, and left to go home as soon  
as the peddler ran away.  
A fawn kept by a citizen of Eustis, Fla.,  
tried to induce the old family cow to accept  
it as a mother, but was indignantly repul-  
sed. The young deer then endeavored to  
make friends with the calf, but all overtures  
were refused. The other day the calf, out  
of patience, hooked his fawnship in a vigor-  
ous manner, but the deer had learned that  
its symmetrical heels were made for other  
purposes than that of speed, and, squaring  
himself for the fray, planted a vigorous  
kick upon the nose of his adversary, which,  
owing to the sharp-pointed hoofs, brought  
the "elaret" in most approved pugilistic  
style. The fawn is now the avowed cham-  
pion of the barn-yard.  
A veteran African explorer says: "The  
greatest danger to health in tropical cli-  
mates, or at any rate in tropical Africa, oc-  
curs from catching cold. Two other impru-  
dences next to be guarded against are ex-  
cesses of any kind in eating or drinking or  
exposing one's self too much to the direct  
rays of the sun. Errors in diet are promptly  
and pitilessly punished with sickness, and,  
as Europeans are all the better in health for  
taking a good deal of exercise, they are  
easily liable to get sick if they expose them-  
selves to the sun's rays without the protec-  
tion of an umbrella, which is frequently  
done by newcomers out of foolish bravado.



## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### A Model Farm.

A writer gives the following as his method of managing his 100-acre farm: "My farm contains about one hundred acres of farming land, most of which is limestone soil, the balance sandy loam. I have it fenced in four equal tracts, nearly as possible. For convenience, at the corner where they all join I have a good well, arranged to furnish stock water for each field. I manage to keep fifty acres in cultivation, fifty in clover, each year, as follows: Twenty-five in corn, twenty-five in wheat. When the corn is cut off I seed this field to wheat and the following spring to clover. I aim to take a crop of corn, then a crop of wheat, then back to clover in two years, and find this as long as clover should stand to be profitable. By this method I manage to keep the land in a high state of cultivation without the use of commercial fertilizers.

I raise stock enough to eat up all the surplus corn, hay, etc. I stack the straw and feed around the stack. Toward spring I throw it down, so the stock can tramp it down. In this condition it rots much faster and is ready to haul out sooner. This manure is spread in the poorest places when I have leisure and it is good hauling. By doing this I keep nearly everything on the farm except the surplus wheat, which I market as soon as thrashed, while it is in the sacks. This saves a large per cent on shrinkage, besides extra handling, and you have the use of your money. Any field I have will bring a good crop. I always have clover sod to put in corn that has lain two years, and it takes no longer and is not so much expense to farm good land as it is poor land. The pay is surer, besides the satisfaction of seeing your crops in a thriving condition and promising a good reward."—Practical Farmer.

### Keeping Eggs.

I saw in your paper an article on the value of eggs through the summer, months, saying they ought to be consumed at home as much as possible, writes E. E. Goodwin to the Mirror and Farmer. I think, as far as the profit is concerned, they ought to be used as economically as when they are worth from 25 cents to 40 cents per dozen. I put down 100 dozen fresh eggs, picked up every day, two years ago, packing them in coarse barrel salt, beginning the first of August. I wrapped each egg with paper twisting the ends, and packed the eggs with the little end down. I sold them the last of December for 30 cents per dozen. I left three eggs in the salt as an experiment, and forgot all about them until the next September, one year and one month, when I took them out. They were as clear to look at as they were the day they were put down, and when they were broken they were as fresh, except having dried down a little. The paper keeps the salt from the eggs, and when taken out carefully they cannot be told from fresh eggs, if they have not been packed more than eight months. I shall begin packing this year as soon as the 1st of May, and am sure of having my eggs fresh and all right next December. I am keeping about fifty hens; have had poor success the past winter in getting eggs, but am convinced that the fault was in my not giving them proper care. I have kept an exact account for two years past, and until this winter I have cleared a net profit of \$1.50 per hen each year.

### Hotbed Lettuce.

The best and cheapest way to grow lettuce in the early spring is this: About Feb. 1 sow one-half ounce of black-seeded Simpson lettuce seed for every 200 plants wanted, and as soon as large enough to handle, transplant two inches apart each way, into boxes filled with three inches of good, rich soil. In four weeks these plants will be in a nice shape for planting out in the hotbeds, which in the meantime should be gotten ready as follows:

Dig out a pit to the depth of a foot or fifteen inches of the right length, and line up the sides with rough lumber to the level of the ground. Then set on your sash frame, sixteen inches high at the back, twelve inches high in front, and as long as the pit, twelve or fifteen feet being a good length, and bank it up well with soil and manure.

For heating material in an experience of over twelve years in growing large quantities of hotbed lettuce for market I have never found anything better than good, fresh horse manure. If steam should be coming out of the top at the stable, pile it in a conical heap as it is unloaded, and tramp it down thoroughly; the heap then becomes heated all through, and does not need any further turning before putting it into the frame. But if there is no heat showing when handled there is no necessity for tramping it, as it must be turned before putting it into the frames. It is ready to turn as soon as it begins to steam freely; pack it down and tramp it firm as it is turned, so that the heat will permeate all through the pile. Many hotbeds are made that are hot only in name, for down under the soil they are as cold as icebergs from neglect of this point.

When the manure is well heated through, which may be known by thrusting your hand into the heap, throw it into the frame, and tramp it down evenly all over the frame, in the corners and under the cross bars, so that it will settle evenly up to within a foot of the top, leaving the surface level. Now put on from four to six inches of soil; it can't be too rich for making a good crop of lettuce; rake it

down evenly, put on your sash, leaving about three inches open at the back for three days to allow the rank heat to pass off, then open up the beds and plant sixty plants to each 3x6 sash. Water thoroughly after planting; even if the soil does seem wet. Give plenty of air on all mild days, especially in sunny weather; about 9 o'clock in the morning the beds should be freely aired. Neglect in this particular would do more toward failure than any one thing.

In four weeks from the time of planting the crop ought to weigh fifteen pounds to the sash; I have raised black seeded Simpson lettuce that in six weeks from planting weighed thirty-two pounds. These beds may be replanted as the first crop is cut out, and after the first crop comes out a hill of cucumbers may be planted in each. These will fruit a month earlier than those planted in open ground.—Popular Gardening.

### Hints on Ventilation.

In ventilating, say a bed-room, by means of a window, what you principally want is an upward blowing current. Well, there are several methods of securing this without danger of a draught.

1. Holes may be bored in the lower part of the upper sash of the window, admitting the outside air.

2. Right across one foot of the lower sash, but attached to the immovable frame of the window, may be hung or tacked a piece of strong Willden paper, prettily painted with flowers and birds if you please. The window may then be raised to the extent of the breadth of this paper, and the air rushes upward between the two sashes.

The same effect is got from simply having a board about six inches wide and the exact size of the sash's breadth. Use this to hold the window up.

4. This same board may have two bent or elbow tubes in it, opening upward and into the room, so that the air coming through does not blow directly in. The inside openings may be protected by valves, and thus the amount of incoming current can be regulated. We thus get a circulating movement of the air, as the window being raised, there is an opening between the sashes.

5. In summer a frame half as big as the lower sash may be made of perforated zinc or wire gauze, and placed in so as to keep the window up. There is no draught, and, if kept in position all night, then, as a rule, the inmate will enjoy refreshing sleep.

6. In addition to these plans the door of every bed-room should possess at the top thereof a ventilating panel, the simplest of all being that formed of wire gauze.

In conclusion, let me again beg of you to value fresh air as you value life and health itself; and, while taking care not to sleep directly in an appreciable draft, to abjure curtains all around the bed. A curtained bed is only a stable for nightmare and a hotel for a hundred wandering ills and ailments.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

### Feeding Out Straw.

There are many farmers who are short of good hay, and in fact, there are always likely to be, since the conviction is fast spreading that hay is really one of the most expensive foods on which to mix stock. Good straw cut up fine and mixed with corn meal, wheat bran and middlings makes an excellent feed for all kinds of stock. One of the feeds each day may be cut corn-stalks. With these a farmer can winter a large amount of stock with very little hay. Horses in the early part of winter may be fed mainly with cut straw and ground feed. As the time for spring work approaches increase the amount of hay, and the horses will be in better condition for use than if stuffed with hay all winter, according to the old-fashioned methods.—Practical Farmer.

### Farm Notes.

Plow when ever you can. It saves time in the spring and kills many insects.

Post holes for fencing may be dug while the ground is warm. It saves time in the spring.

Look after your seed corn now. See that it is thoroughly dry and in good condition. Upon the vitality and germinating power of the seed largely depends the success of next season's crop.

Very early lambs will begin to come this month, and they will prove profitable if given attention and forced in growth. A lamb born not later than February will be worth two born in April.

Early spring pigs will make fat and large hogs by Christmas, but unless there are excellent accommodations for the early pigs they will not be as large at the end of the year as those farrowed in April or May.

To secure a good crop of grass it is fully as necessary as with any other crop that good care should be taken to have the soil reasonably rich and well prepared before sowing the seed. It is quite a serious error to work upon the plan that land which is too poor to plant to any other crop can be seeded down to grass.

The potato now has another enemy, called the flea beetle. It is a very small insect, moving in large numbers, like clouds, and attacks the vines by piercing the leaves full of small holes from the under side. Poison fails to destroy them thus far, and the beetle is an enemy that is dangerous. A strong solution of tobacco has been recommended as the most efficacious preventive yet tried, but it is not a sure destroyer of the pests.

### HER REASON RESTORED.

#### A Strictly True and Pathetic Story With a Happy Sequel.

A pathetic story, with a happy sequel, comes from across the water to people living in Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Sarah Smith is sixty years old, and has lived with her son by her first husband, Arthur Jollif, in Dedham. One day last September she suddenly remarked to her daughter-in-law:

"Why, there is George [meaning her younger son], and I must go to him. He is calling me. I must go. Poor George, I shall not desert you."

"Why, mother, George is not out there," said her daughter-in-law, as she stepped to the window and looked out.

"I know better," replied Mrs. Smith: "he was calling to me to come to him."

Mrs. Jollif said no more, thinking that perhaps George had passed the house, and proceeded with her household duties. While thus engaged, unobserved by her, Mrs. Smith went out of the house, undoubtedly in search of her son, and continued on up the street, imagining that she would overtake him. She walked to Boston, where she was found, sick and exhausted, in the street and cared for at the hospital. With her mind still clouded she claimed to have wandered from England, and begged to be sent back to that country. The British consul provided for her passage, and she embarked on one of the ocean steamers for Liverpool.

A few days before Mrs. Smith took passage for Liverpool her son George had hired on board a cattle steamer, which was plowing the sea in advance of the steamer in which his mother sailed. George Jollif got into port in early morning, and with many others stood upon the wharf to see the Boston passengers land. His eyes became fixed on a frail figure of an elderly woman making her way along to the wharf. The form looked familiar to his eyes, and they were not deceived, for when she had come within embracing distance he had her in his strong arms, shouting: "Mother! mother!" Recognition on the part of the mother was immediate, and in the reunion her reason returned unclouded. The mother and son went to the house of relatives in London, where they are now staying.

### Stole a Brick House.

A highly peculiar robbery was reported to the police recently, writes a Louisville correspondent. Mrs. Jane Ross, a wealthy widow who resides in Jefferson county, some distance from this city, is the complainant. She owns, or did own, a two story brick building on Fifteenth street, between Kentucky and Prentice. This is that portion of the village known as "California," and is a very quiet suburb, inhabited mainly by working people. The house had eight rooms, a nice stable and other outbuildings, and was valued by Mrs. Ross at \$2,500. A tenant moved out of it about a year ago, leaving it in fairly good repair, and, as the owner demanded a stiff rent, there has been no one living in it since. This did not trouble Mrs. Ross much, and, as she did not need much money it happened that she was never interested in her property enough to pay it a visit until yesterday.

There are boys in the neighborhood, and these began a work of destruction by breaking the windows with stones. Then somebody tore down and carried away the front fence. Perhaps other people concluded after this that the house was a stray one, for they tore down the stable and other outbuildings. The shutters, door, windows, floors, etc., next disappeared. "California" does not have much brick pavements, and an idea struck some of the people that these pavements were good things. This was why large loads of brick began to leave the house, and in a short time all the neighbors had paved yards and sidewalks.

The walls crumbled a way and fell in, and in a short time scarcely a semblance of the house remained, and possibly few of those who were appropriating a few bricks at a time had any idea that they were committing a theft. The owner came in the other day to see how her property was getting along. After she recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors and learned what had become of her house. She knew she could make nothing by a prosecution and took her loss coolly. Across the street is a sand-pit. As she turned to leave she remarked: "Well, I'm glad my property wasn't over there, or they would have stolen the lot too."

### Partridges Killed by Fleas.

Sportsmen throughout all this and neighboring counties report that partridges are getting very scarce and threaten soon to become exterminated. Some parties say this decrease is owing to so many wet summers of late years, the young birds being drowned and the nest flooded and eggs spoiled. We notice, however, that several papers argue that this disappearance of partridges is owing to the introduction in Georgia of the Texas flea, brought here by the Texas ponies. This insect attacks the birds and soon attacks them to death. It is said that entire coveys are soon killed out when the Texas flea gets among them. There is no doubt about one thing—partridges are getting scarcer every year.—Elberton (Ga.) Star.

Theatrical Manager—"I'm terribly pinched for money. The chorus is beginning to kick." Backer—"Well, isn't that what they are hired to do?"—Life.

### The Origin of Some Old Expressions.

"Standing Sam" (paying the reckoning). This arose from the letters U. S. on the knap-sacks of the soldiers. The government of Uncle Sam has to pay or "Stand Sam" for all.

"To find a mare's nest." What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mare, a kind of vampire, sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their nidus or nest. Hence when any one supposes he has made a great discovery we ask if he has discovered a mare's nest, or the place where the vampire keeps guard over the hypothetical treasures.

"Shell out" (out with your shells or money). In Southern Asia and many other parts shells are used instead of coins.

"To kick the bucket." A bucket is a pulley. When pigs are killed they are hung by their hind legs on a bucket.

"Little urchin" is a little arc (or-kin; Dutch—urk, urkjen). The arc is sea monster that devours men and women; the ore-kin, or little ore, is the hedgehog, supposed to be a sprite or mischievous little imp.

"Eau de vie" (brandy). A French translation of the Latin aqua vitæ (water of life). This is a curious perversion of the Spanish aqua di vite (water or the juice of the vine), rendered by the monks into aqua vitæ instead of aqua vitis.

"Gone to the dogs." This undoubtedly is a perversion of the Dutch proverb, "Toe roe, toe de dogs" (money gone, credit gone, too). "Dog weary." This is also the Dutch saying, "Doeg waere hie" (being long on one's legs tells at last).

"To write like an angel." This is a French expression. The angel referred to was Angel Vergocios, a Greek of the fifteenth century, noted for his calligraphy.

"Pig iron." This is a mere play upon the word sow. When iron is melted it runs off into a channel called a sow, the lateral branches of which are called the pigs. Here the iron cools and is called pig-iron. Sow has nothing to do with swine, but is from the Saxon sawan, to scatter. Having sow for the parent channel, it required no great effort of wit to call the lateral grooves little piggs.—Ex.

### A New Kind of Music.

A western chap who went to New York to purchase goods, etc., was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities:

He was clearly a western original—but said very little, until he found the party was about to close without an attempt to corner him. At length a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world, found themselves grouped about said western green one, in a most animated discourse on music, and city playing. When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels, with her head more adorned without than within, and in that peculiar drawl which, fortunately, no type can present, accosted the observed of all, with:

"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?"

Original saw the game, and resolved to win.

"Oh, very universally, miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed; why I was not aware of that. Pray, do they use the piano mostly?"

"Never, miss; the only instrument used out our way, is the swinnetto, and the girls all play it."

"O dear, I am sure I never heard of that before; do tell us what it is, and how they play it."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig; and each girl takes one of these under her arm, and chews the end of its long tail; that brings the music."

The preconcerted "come," made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening our western "green" was the only lion of the show.—Yankee Blade.

### No Great Man Smokes Cigarettes.

It has come to be generally understood that the boy who smokes cigarettes makes himself small and grows idiotic. The Charleston Sun on this subject says: "And now we learn that Emperor William of Germany is a cigarette smoker. That settles it. He will never turn the world upside down. Water cannot rise above its level, and smoking cigarettes never yet inspired anyone to heroic deeds. From Alexander to Napoleon Bonaparte, no great man ever was addicted to this habit. The man who spends the most appreciable portion of his existence striking matches to keep alive the lighted end of a roll of paper stuffed with vile smelling tobacco, has very little brains, and soon flutters away the modicum with which nature has endowed him."—New Orleans Picayune.

### Why She Loved His Preaching.

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day that you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like the day when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

### QUEER INVENTIONS.

#### Odd Contrivances Seen in Uncle Sam's Patent Office.

Application was made some time ago from Kentucky, says the New York World, for a patent for "tying a weight of specific gravity to a cow's tail to keep her from switching it when you are milking."

The ingenious rustic failed to define specific gravity, and he was very much surprised to get an answer from the examiner: "Patent refused. Idea old. Seems to be virtually the same as that invented by the squire of Span's most famous knight. When the mule brayed and disturbed his sleep Sancho Panza noticed that it always elevated its tail simultaneously, so he tied a weight of specific gravity to the mule's tail, and the sleep of Don Quixote was disturbed no more."

An odd patent has been granted to shut the moth-miller out of bee-hives. A rural observer noticed that, by some curious provisions of nature, the moth-miller got into bee-hives at the very time chickens went to roost. He acted accordingly, and his device makes the weight of the chickens, when they fly to the roost, close a gate at the mouth of the bee-hives, which effectually excludes the moth. The inventor thoughtfully says, in his application: "But I expect that, after a time, the miller may get sense enough to keep watch of the chickens and come in a few minutes earlier."

An application for a gas patent proposes to make gas by "heating air red-hot."

A funny patent, for which there is not an extensive sale, is a spiral spring for mules' feet, to elevate the animals eight inches from the ground. This is for use only in war, and enables a howitzer to be fired from a mule's back without breaking his legs by the recoil. It is said to fill a mule with astonishment and to make him seasick.

Another patent, actually granted, somewhat analogous to this, is for stilts for a horse. They are adjustable, and can be fastened on two legs of a horse on the same side, "so as to plow with the animal on a side hill!" The opinion of the horse concerning the value of this invention is not on file. In one of the patent offices is a "tape-worm trap," for which a patent was granted. It provides for baiting a hook in a peculiar seductive manner and artfully lowering it down the throat of the afflicted person. The department did not insist on seeing it in action.

The agricultural contrivances are very numerous, and some of them are so ingenious as to suggest that the inventor must have sat in the warm corner of the fire-place and thought upon them all winter. One farmer has utilized a horse's step by fastening a corn-planter to each of his fore feet, so that, in driving him across the field, he will punch the seed into the ground and cover it at every step all day, for his boots are filled with corn.

Another presents a curious combination of war and peace in "the cannon plow," the iron plow-beam being hollow and charged with a cannon-ball, so that if Cincinnati is attacked by the Aquian in the open field he may merely touch off the plow-handles and scatter dismay and destruction among the advancing enemy. But in this valuable device, as in so many others, the brute creation are lost sight of, and there seems to be no arrangement for suddenly wheeling the unsuspecting mule around out of the way of the posterior grape-shot. This omission should be remedied before the remarkable combination plow is brought into general use.

A patent exists for mounting a house on wheels so that it may be turned around on a circular track, the benefit being that every part of the residence is alternately brought to the front gate, and the sun, which is notoriously limited to a semi-circle, is made to shine in every window, in spite of the laws of the solar system. I am sorry to report that this patent is nearly run out, and that if people with cavernous and darksome rooms would take advantage of it they must do so without delay.

There is a patent for putting springs under a house to keep an earthquake from tumbling it down—by the inventor of the howitzer-resisting mule.

Worthy of notice here is the scheme for supplying cities with milk: The inventor proposes to lay a complete system of pipes, fill them with water to keep them pure and cool, and let in milk at the end! This would seem to be the case of accidental protection for the producer.

An application was made for a patent for "a device to enable a dog to turn a short corner," but is yet hung up in the patent office on account of doubts of its utility. The inventor said he had noticed that a dog always projected his tail in an opposite direction, striving thus to overcome his momentum. The claimant claims a palm-leaf fan so tied to a dog's tail that it will operate vertically, and thus enable him more readily to alter his course.

A curious patent has been granted "to enable trains to avoid collision." It provides that one train shall be supplied with a prolonged incline cow-catcher in front and rear, so that the other train, appearing unexpectedly, instead of telescoping, will run right up on the top of it and over on the level track at the other end! The inventor is now cudgeling his brain to decide which train shall be the climber and which the clumb. The department did not demand the production of a working model nor the performance of the feat.

The homelier a man is the more beauty he wants in a wife.—Detroit Free Press.



-BY THE-  
**KANSAS NEWS CO.**

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for.  
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.  
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

The Topeka Y M C A will into the base ball business.

Ex-Governor Osborne is candidate for minister to Mexico.

Whitelaw Reid is nominated for the French mission and will accept.

Eugene Schuyler declines the nomination as assistant secretary of state.

Geo. W. Crane's insurance has been settled by paying \$50,000, of the \$53,000 claimed.

The Tribune asks if Lawrence women have eschewed politics. No, neither politics nor gun.

Charters for three sugar companies were filed on Tuesday, at Spivey, at Meade and at Dighton.

The people of this state would not care to see railroad commissioner Gillett supplanted by Geo. T. Anthony.

For the twenty-first time Massachusetts has defeated Woman Suffrage. The world no longer looks to New England for progressive movements.

Topeka cannot expect to monopolize the seat now filled in Congress by Mr. Ryan. If Topeka gets the Chilean mission, it may expect to lose a congressman.

President Harrison is making some excellent appointments to positions in the southern states. Most of his nominations so far have been exceedingly happy.

If New Hampshire had had a full knowledge of the working of prohibition in Kansas, it would not have defeated the prohibition amendment on the twelfth instant.

Jay Gould says that last year was the poorest in a business way that he has ever had. Still there are many quite as good men, and greater, who would be satisfied with his income.

Lawrence always has been in pretty fair condition, and now that it has received two carloads of machinery for the new shoe factory, it will, no doubt be better heeled than ever.

We are glad to state that the colored people are beginning to think for themselves. And the more they think the more inclined they are to vote the republican ticket.

Politics has its humorous sides. In Topeka the Democratic organ is booming a republican for mayor, while the Republican organ is booming a democrat.

A new Horticultural Department is this week added to our paper, under the charge of B. F. Smith, of the South Lawrence Nurseries. This simple announcement will be sufficient guarantee that it will be well conducted.

Persons who force themselves into Oklahoma, or the new territory in advance of the time provided by law, forfeit all rights to take up claims afterwards. Patience is enforced as a profitable virtue.

Present incumbent Metsker has been renominated for mayor of Topeka. There is some opposition, but it comes mostly from corporations interested in jobs. He will be re-elected, as under the circumstances he should be.

The Kansas Star issued from the Olathe Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is the most creditable sheet published in connection with any of the state institutions. Every number gives one a lesson in humanity.

That old blueberry humbug, one Staples, up in Michigan, is again forcing himself before the people, and some of our agricultural journals appear to be taken in by him. That whole blueberry business is an arrant fraud.

The question of removal of the Union Pacific division headquarters from Wamego to Junction City, will not be decided until the government directors make an investigation of the main line and branches and report, which will be in April.

The bootlers and defaulters from the United States, now retired and living in Canada, think of forming a trust, to become members of which, those who follow them to that land of refuge, will have to pay roundly, or be driven back to the states and to prison.

The Topeka Democrat is guilty of an open, wilful and flagrant outrage upon truth, in attributing the removal of the Craue Printing Company to Kansas City as the result of prohibition in Kansas. They were burned out in Topeka, and a larger and better plant was standing idle in that saloon stricken city.

**The New Republican Party.**

Sunday's dispatches from Washington contained some matters that were highly suggestive. They outline a probable revolution in the republican organization. The dispatch in question is the following:

President Harrison has not as yet formulated any policy concerning the southern patronage, but from incidental remarks he has made to callers, it appears tolerably clear that an effort will be made under the administration to redeem a number of southern states from democratic rule. The president is mindful of the fact that there is a republican party in the south, and he feels it his duty to protect and nurture this struggling party as much as he can. He does not desire simply to reward those who have faithfully borne the banner of republicanism, but to so order matters as to win the respect and confidence of the best elements of the southern population. The president has heard so much of the southern situation that he now realizes what many prominent republicans are unable to perceive—that the south is ripe for a break from its democratic fetters. The old whig element is beginning to reassert itself, and protection is the lever which can be used to split the solid south in twain. Representative Alf Taylor says Tennessee is sure to become a republican state within a short time, and that coal and iron are the moving influences in redemption. Congressman Oates, though for many years a democratic member of the house from Alabama, recently made this admission to one of his friends:

"Sometimes I feel I am more of a republican than democrat, and there are many people in my state who are beginning to feel the same way. On all things but the race question I believe we are republican. If the republican party can eliminate the race question from its politics, remove from our people the danger of local negro domination, it can have several southern states for the asking."

Senator Brown of Georgia, is almost a republican. Senator Gibson of Louisiana, leader of the conservative democrats who have swept that state away from the radicals and democratic Tories, is a republican in everything but name. With the black bugaboo out of their way the conservatives of Louisiana would soon be found in the republican party.

President Harrison has not overlooked the significance of late election returns. With Maryland giving but 6,000 democratic plurality, Tennessee less than 20,000, North Carolina only 13,000, West Virginia but 18,000 and the Old Dominion only 1,500, republican prospects are by no means hopeless in the south.

It will be observed that the elimination of the negro from our politics is the leading idea in this plan. The republican leaders are to be asked to drop the negro in return for the division, if not entire capture of the entire south. The people of the country are heartily tired of the unnatural and really artificial fight that has been kept up between the sections. It has notoriously been for political effect. When a northern leader "flayed alive" Hammond or Lamar, it was simply to gain sympathy in the north, and the apparently squirming rebel understood it. His turn would come the next day when he replied with real southern venom, and Blaine or Conkling, or whomsoever happened to be the target, understood it.

It will be well if this false playing is to end. Southern politicians simply ask that the negro be cast aside. Northern republicans will not object to this when they see that party supremacy can be had without him. There is no more sympathy between the northern republican and the negro, than between the southern democrat and the negro, the very moment the negro becomes a cipher in politics. The plan outlined in the above dispatch makes him a cipher, a perfect political nonentity, and would no doubt greatly strengthen the republican party. More than this, it would destroy much of the hypocrisy of our politics, and so far is to be commended.

The twine trust is one that should be strangled. There is, too, a widespread disposition to do it. Instead of nine cents a pound, the combination have put up the price to twenty-five. Granges and alliances have been combining against the outrage, and hundreds of farmers are pledging themselves not to use twine at all until the trust is broken and prices reduced.

Roy Watson, a boy about thirteen years of age and a companion about the same age, were engaged in shooting birds in a field a short distance from Cottonwood Falls on Sunday. In attempting to reload a pi-toi it was accidentally discharged, the ball entering the corner of Roy's eye and penetrating the brain. Rev. Stafford, seeing the boys and noting that something was wrong, hurried to their assistance and carried the wounded boy home. Dr. Zane was summoned but nothing could be done and the boy died about two hours after the shooting.

At St. Joseph, Mo. every saloon and all manner of business except drug stores and butcher shops closed their doors at 12 o'clock Saturday night and remained closed until 12 o'clock Sunday night. Not a single arrest was made for the violation of the Sunday law.

Prof. Wm. H. Thompson of the chair of Materia Medica in the University of the City of New York, says: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." Disorders apparently remote and distinct from kidney disease are removed by using Warner's Safe Cure.

Mrs. Harrison is suffering from a severe cold and not allowed to see any visitors.

Forty cases of typhoid fever are reported in Luzerneborough, Pa. Physicians say that a second Plymouth epidemic is threatened.

Prominent senators express the opinion that the present session of the senate will end in about a week.

Fifty thousand dollars damage to property was done in the vicinity of Asbury Park, N. J. by the storm Sunday night.

Mme. Odella Doss Debar, the spook princess, has been engaged by Hermann, the magician, to travel with him exposing spiritualism.

Rev. Walton Merle Smith, the famous preacher and base ball pitcher of Cleveland, has been formally installed in the Central Presbyterian church, New York.

The Illinois senate passed a bill prohibiting the sale of reworked or colored butter; also a bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument to the late Jno. A. Logan.

Two weeks ago a mad dog near Minneapolis, Mo., bit about forty head of horses and cattle. Since then a large number of the stock has had to be killed entailing a heavy loss on the farmers.

Illinois county and the country west to the state line was soaked by nearly two inches of rain during Sunday. Wheat is looking well and the acreage is larger than ever.

The creamery at Valley Falls started its machinery Monday morning. Mr. J. O. Hawkins, superintendent of the works, got his arm caught under a belt and it was broken in two places.

The arrival of a Chinese family, consisting of a man, woman and child, furnished the spectacle for a crowd of curiosity seekers at Dallas, Tex. This is the first time that a Chinese woman has ever been seen in Dallas.

The Northwest Dayenport, Ia., furniture factory, operated by Jens Hanlin, burned Sunday night. Being outside the fire limits the destruction was complete. Loss, \$10,000; insurance, two-thirds. The origin is unknown.

At Sault Ste Marie, Mich., W. P. Spaulding has sued William Chandler for property valued at over \$100,000. Chandler's title dates from 1882 and was received from the government. Spaulding's claim dates from 1820.

The experts appointed by the county commissioners to examine into the shortage of John E. Sullivan, the absconding Marion county, Indiana, clerk, have so far progressed in their work that the shortage in the trust funds is known to be about \$35,000.

At a meeting of the citizens called by the mayor of Ellsworth, a large number met at the court house in that city to make preparations for the state reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic this fall on their own land adjoining the city.

The expense of the State Institution for the Blind, located at Kansas City, Kansas, is \$172.26 per capita. This is a small average expense than in any other institution of similar character in the United States. The same statement can be made concerning nearly all institutions of Kansas.

The largest and most enthusiastic convention that the republicans ever held in Leavenworth took place yesterday. It was for the nomination of municipal officers, and Colonel D. R. Anthony was nominated for mayor by acclamation.

A company is being organized to dam the Kaw river at Wamego. The business men of the city are taking hold of the matter and will push it. The probable cost will be about \$25,000. It is thought several industries can be drawn there by giving good water power.

A corps of Burlington and Missouri railroad surveyors are engaged in surveying a line southwest through Cedarville to Stockton and Dodge City. It is thought the B. & M. is endeavoring to get possession of this territory with a south-west line before the Omaha, Dodge City and Southern can get its parallel line through.

**Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.**

A admirable historical and anecdotal article, with illustrations, on Washington's Inauguration, leads off the April number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. It cannot fail to be in general demand at this centennial period, when President Harrison is preparing to join the commemorative celebration by traveling to New York over the same route taken by our first President one hundred years ago. Another seasonable article is Ensign Wilkinson's account of "Samoa and the Troubles There." Dion Bonclant, in his contribution entitled "Going on the Stage," gives a charming, gossip account of the work of training young actors and actresses at Mr. Palmer's Madison Square School of Acting, of which the veteran author actor is the head. The illustrations for this article are drawn by Mr. Matt Morgan. Outing and travel are represented by "A Fortnight in Seville," and "A Virginia Journey," from Jefferson's Rock (Harper's Ferry to Monticello, by Henry Tyrrell); also by Professor D. P. Todd's scientific account of "An American Eclipse Expedition in the Orient." Elizabeth Sharp's characterization of "Dinah Muloch Mrs. Craik" deserves an appreciative reading. The serial and short stories, literary essays, poems, biographical and natural history sketches, humorous verse and, above all, the art illustrations, are profuse and varied, more than sustaining the great reputation of the POPULAR MONTHLY.

Excessive distrust is as hurtful as towering presumption in the declaration that

**Warner's Log Cabin HOPS AND BUCHU REMEDY** will cure dyspepsia by restoring the stomach to its normal healthy action. Use it once and you will distrust no more.

**The Value of Farmers' Institutes.**

The institute is the farmer's college, where he hears progressive men in different branches of agriculture recite their views and experiences. The seasons hurry being over, we have time to study and think. Experiments of various kinds are also being conducted, and in increasing numbers each winter, as well as during the growing seasons. But the study and thought and experiment of a single season count for but little unless compared with those of others. We will gain knowledge faster by our eyes and ears than in any other way. The man who hears a thing will remember it longer, and it will appear more real to him, than if it were read. The very act of narrating experience or discussing a subject will fix it more indelibly in the memory than any amount of thinking would do. So let us turn out and attend the institutes if they be held within fifty miles of home! Does it take the time? Let it! To what better use can time and money be put than the acquirement of knowledge, which is power, and securing interest in one's occupation, which means contentment? The man—yes, or woman or boy—who does not take an enthusiastic interest and delight in what he does day after day, is only half living. But don't go off alone to the institute and leave the good wife or the maturing son and daughter to the humdrum duties on the farm. Take them along—take all the family to the institute and stay all day. It will be the best outing you or they could take. Get the young man to express an opinion. See if he isn't more dignified and a better farmer after that day. Change of scene and ideas are what the women of the farm most suffer for. What can better accomplish this and also bring respect for the calling, leading them to be more judicious and zealous in it? Go to the institute? By all means! Don't neglect a single session under any circumstances.—FARM AND HOME.

**The Department of Agriculture—The Law.**

SEC. 1. That the Department of Agriculture, established at the seat of government of the United States, shall be an executive department, to be known as the Department of Agriculture, under the supervision and control of a Secretary of Agriculture, who shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and section 158, of the Revised Statutes, is hereby amended to include such department, and the provisions of Title 4, of the Revised Statutes, including all amendments thereto, are hereby made applicable to said department.

SEC. 2. There shall be in said department an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, who shall perform such duties as may be required by law or prescribed by the Secretary.

SEC. 3. That the Secretary of Agriculture shall receive the same salary as is paid to the Secretary of each of the other departments, and the salary of the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture shall be the same as that now paid to the First Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior.

SEC. 4. That all laws and parts of laws relating to the Department of Agriculture now in existence, as far as the same are applicable, and are not in conflict with this act, and only so far, are continued in full force and effect.

**The Enforcement of Criminal Law.**

He who makes it his business to enforce the criminal law will have trouble. Not unfrequently we read of acts of personal violence, of incendiarism, etc. committed by criminals in revenge upon those who have informed against them. This fact deters many from giving evidence when crime occurs.

On the other hand there are those who bring criminal suits maliciously for the purpose of injuring some one whom they dislike.

The grand jury was intended to prevent both these evils. The name of the informer was kept secret and the evidence against the accused was sifted and if the charge was trivial, the evidence insufficient, or if the accuser was evidently giving vent to his own malicious or cranky ideas the cause was thrown out. To secure the full benefit of the grand jury system it should have exclusive jurisdiction of all criminal cases. The fact that it did not have such jurisdiction in this state furnished the opportunity for knaves and cranks to perpetrate their mischief, and the state endured all the evils incident to the grand jury system but received none of its benefits.

Recently the legislature has passed a law which will have a tendency to throw the responsibility of prosecutions upon the county attorney. Its effect will be to deter citizens from commencing criminal cases without consulting him. It is a good law but it does not go far enough. The law should empower and require the county attorney to investigate all infractions of law brought to his notice. And the statement of any respectable citizen should be sufficient, and the county attorney should not be allowed to divulge the name of the party making the statement. In other words the county attorney should bring on his own complaint, all criminal cases, in which there was a reasonable prospect of conviction, and no one else should be permitted to bring a criminal case under any circumstances.

Everybody interested in the tree planting for timber or fruit, should read the advertisement of Geo. C. Hanford in another column of this issue. He deals in all kinds of nursery stock, and retails at wholesale prices. He is reliable.

Go to Mrs. I. L. Barber's, 824 Kans. Ave. North Topeka, and get your new spring suits made. Cutting and fitting a specialty. A perfect fit guaranteed. Call and see. If styles and prices don't suit you, they will be made to do so.

**KANSAS THRIFT.**

**Items of Agricultural and Industrial Progress as recorded in State Papers.**

A telegram was sent to Mr. B. Lantry of Cottonwood Falls from Kansas City, stating that the ore found on his place while boring for coal, had been assayed, and that it is zinc.

Concordia has raised the \$10,000 fund for the new canning factory, and is rejoicing over the fact of having succeeded in locating a plant there that will employ three hundred hands in a busy season.

In addition to the \$100,000 given to Fort Riley in the appropriation bill, over \$115,000 will be taken from the general army fund. This makes \$215,000 for the current year, in addition to the \$260,000 already contracted for, but not yet paid.

Mr. Dittmars of Chanute sold fifteen hogs that weighed 4,900, or an average of about 325 pounds. That is light weight compared to some hogs fed near Humboldt. Mr. Hauser sold last week to Durning & Barrackman twenty hogs that weighed 8,300, or an average of 415 pounds. Mr. Kern sold twelve hogs to same parties that averaged over 400, and Henry Schmidt sold fifteen that weighed as much.

Mrs. I. L. Barber, the North Topeka milliner, has just returned from the east, whither she has been selecting an elegant line of the most fashionable spring millinery. Don't fail to examine her stock before getting a new hat or bonnet. She has some beautiful goods at popular prices. Remember the place, 824 Kansas ave., North Topeka.

Get your bread at the Home Bakery, 810 1/2 Kansas ave., just south of the Post-office. It is cheaper than baking it at home and less trouble, and much better than the average home-made bread. North Topeka.

The best place to get a lunch or a square meal, when in North Topeka, is at L. Heil's Home Bakery, 810 1/2 Kansas ave., south of the Post-office. Go there when you want a lunch and you will be sure to go again. It gives one an appetite just to look at the tempting articles of food so attractively displayed.

Officers Logan and Sheehan were called to the corner of Ninth and Mulberry streets, Kansas City, Sunday night, to quiet a disturbance that had arisen there. Before their arrival a man by the name of Rafferty had attacked with a knife and slightly wounded a colored man by the name of Brown. Rafferty was taken to No. 2 police station, where he was recognized as Andy Rafferty, who escaped from the Wyandotte jail Friday. He was turned over to the Kansas authorities.

A man who does not register, has no rights that will be respected if he attempts to speak through the ballot box.

**"ROCK ISLAND ROUTE."**

Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska Ry. (C. K. I. and P. Ry. Co.; Lessee.)

Wishing to provide every convenience for the traveling public in addition to their City and Depot offices, have placed on sale, tickets to any and all points reached by the "Great Rock Island Route" and connecting lines at Postoffice building, North Topeka. Intending travelers and tourists can obtain any information in regard to routes and rates, securing sleeping car berths and have baggage checked through to destination—North, South, East or West—upon application to: JAMES NUNN, TICKET AGT. NORTH TOPEKA. JOHN SEBASTIAN, GEN'L. TICKET & PASSENGER AGT.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.**

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by Druggists, price 72c. per bottle.

The through vestibuled sleeper of the "Chicago Vestibuled Limited" now leaves Topeka, via the Union Pacific, at 2:53 p. m., arriving in Chicago, via the Chicago & Alton, at 8 a. m. next morning. This train is vestibuled from end to end, and is composed of smoking cars, palace reclining chair cars, Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars and dining car. The only through sleeper between Topeka and St. Louis leaves Topeka, via the Union Pacific, at 2:53 p. m., arriving in St. Louis at 6:40 a. m. next morning. No other fire offers such unusual facilities for comfortable travel, or for quick time. Tickets may be obtained of F. A. Lewis, city ticket agent, 525 Kansas avenue, or of C. F. Gwin at the depot.

Dr. Wm. Roberts, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen, while urea, uric acid and the extractives are unduly accumulated in it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood.



## Western Farm News.

Many fields of corn are damaged by cultivating too deep in laying by. The last cultivation should be thorough, but so as to break a few roots as possible.

A Holstein Friesian cow owned by Mr. Moore of Cameron, Mo., is credited with a yield of 82 pounds of butter per week from her milk. A wonderful cow.

Poor butter has never yet been a benefit to the honest producer or to the honest consumer. It is to the interest of the creamery and of the progressive dairy, to spread dairy knowledge to the greatest possible extent.

Milk must be drawn in clean stables, free from bad odors, kept in clean apartments free from bad odors, and the cream must be protected from the same if the best of butter is to be made, and then the butter must also be kept free from odors.

This has been the best winter for plowing ever known in this country. A great many farmers have taken advantage of it and have been breaking their ground for spring crops. Some have as high as two or three hundred acres broken.

This part of the state was blessed Sunday and Monday by a splendid rain, which causes our farmers and business men to feel jubilant. Wheat never looked better than at present, and the acreage is the largest ever known.

Farming is a continual experiment. It has not been reduced to an exact science. And on account of the great variety of seasons here, and the greater variety of soils, and modes of culture, there must be many years of patient investigation and experiment, and the science of profitable agriculture will still be in its infancy.

The Kansas railroad commissioners report that of the 8,000 miles of railway in the state December 1, 1888, there are 2,500 miles which fell short by \$883,620 of earning their operating expenses, and 4,301 which lacked \$5,129,068 of earning their fixed charges. Bad crops and excessive competition were the chief causes of this disastrous state of things.

Ex-Attorney General Bradford, writing from New Hampshire, says: "Kansas people will do well to emulate some of the examples of these people, and these people are trying very hard to adopt some of Kansas' ways. Many a Kansas farmer will allow as much grain, hay and other produce to go to waste in a year, as the best farmer in this country will produce in a year, and yet Kansas farmers are mortgaging their farms to the farmers here."

The raw, stormy days of early spring are quite as trying on stock as the colder weather of winter, and unless this is guarded against by liberal rations, they will be likely to lose enough flesh and general condition during the next two months to offset what has been gained in the way of food saved during the winter. Experienced feeders do not need to be reminded of the advantage of liberal rations at this season, but there are many who will be surprised to find the mild winter has not in the end saved them anything. The winter has been so mild that many will relax their care of stock now spring is approaching, at a loss in the end if they are not careful.

The first requisite of success in fruit growing is the man. We have got past deifying book farming. Read the book and improve upon its teachings; if it gives suggestions it will be a help. Have your aim high. The man and education, and the result must be favorable. Then prepare the soil. Don't be in a hurry to plant until the ground is in a good condition of tillage. Put as much on an orchard as you take off. Begin thorough and you will be more likely to keep it up. How often, and how to cultivate depends on condition of tillage. When growth is too rampant, seed down; when poor, stunted, plow up. Different varieties want different soils. Adapt soil to varieties; adapt varieties to market. Different markets demand different varieties.

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise

**Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla,** "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

If you intend to raise onions from the seed, be sure to get fresh seed, sow early and cultivate with diligence. Seed two years old can not be counted on; late sowing may be time thrown away, as the onion plant likes cold; with a good start, weeds will destroy the crop.

The yield of corn in the United States for 1888 was 2,000,000,000 bu., or thirty-two bushels per head for every man, woman and child in the country. One hundred years ago the United States did not more than barely supply her own demands for food; now she dominates the markets of the world.

Let us stop and reason a little. Who is it that receives the most benefit from these hard times and the scarcity of money? If you and a few others owned all the corn and had a way of controlling all the corn raised, would it not create a demand for your corn? So it is with money owners. These close times are just what they have been planning for and working for, for the last twenty-five years. They can't afford to have the people in easy circumstances. If there was plenty of money in circulation they would have no business. This is the money loaner's golden harvest.

### An Important Decision.

1. The purchaser of a farming implement, such as a header, cannot retain and use the machine and at the same time say he repudiates and rescinds the contract of purchase. *Weybrich vs. Harris, 81 Kas., 92.*

2. Where the purchaser of a farming implement is entitled to rescind the contract and for that purpose may return the article, he must return, or offer to return, within a reasonable time.

3. What is a reasonable time within which the purchaser should offer to return a farming implement, such as a header, if it does not correspond with the terms of the warranty, is usually a question for jury; but when the purchaser, after using it and discovering its defects, demands of the vendor that he at once repair the same, and such vendor promises to do so immediately, but fails, and refuses to give any further attention to the matter, and after such failure and refusal, the purchaser continues to retain and use the header during the harvest season, and also, continues to retain the same for two or more months thereafter, the return or offer to return after that comes too late, and the court may say as a matter of law, that the offer to return after so much inexcusable delay was not made in a reasonable time.

Farmers will do well to heed that decision. If your machine is bad don't use it. Throw it back on the agent's hands at once. If he says "Go ahead with it and I will be there in a day or two and fix it" tell him it must be fixed at once or you will buy a new machine some where else. If you use the machine you will have to pay for it.

### A Lake of Petroleum.

The New York Tribune states that E. C. Beardsley, a well known oil and gas expert, of Pittsburgh, was recently delegated to visit Utah to ascertain what truth there was in the report that great fields of asphaltum were to be found in that region. Mr. Beardsley has just returned, and in speaking of his visit said:

"Seven hundred thousand tons of asphalt seems like a large amount, yet a field near Vernal, Utah, contains fully that quantity. It was located and partially owned by Thomas Walley, a native of Armstrong County Pa. This asphalt was formerly crude petroleum which escaped from natural openings in the ground, flowed into the plains, where it now lies, and there dried. The field is located some little distance from a railroad, but a line is being rapidly built—the Colorado and Midland—which will tap it. Asphalt is worth \$20 a ton. Ex Senator Tabor, of Colorado, is interested in the company about to develop the field, and the capital is \$1,000,000.

"In Wyoming, near Fort Washita, is another big asphalt field. Timothy Mullin, of Pittsburgh, is interested in the oil-producing fields of this district. There is actually a petroleum lake in that region. I was there and saw it. Mullin and George Graff, two Pennsylvanians, discovered a number of oil springs on Poison Spider Creek. They turned the course of the stream and formed a large natural oil tank out of what had once been the bed of Poison Spider Creek. They then turned the oil into this basin, and as it has been flowing at a fair rate for many months, a lake of petroleum has been formed. They have thousands of barrels of the fluid waiting for the railroad to come and haul it to the ocean. The long-expected railroad may reach that locality this summer."

When you bury animosity don't set up a stone over its grave. Cure that with a dose of Warner's Log Cabin COUGH & CONSUMPTION Remedy.

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH & CONSUMPTION Remedy, and forget your sad hours of pain. It is an old-fashioned but reliable compound. Try it.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

### Strawberry Lands.

Let no one who loves the strawberry and who lives on a town lot, or who is the owner of a 40 acre farm, think that he has not a plot of land fit for strawberries. To one who may be in doubt of the fact let him go abroad on the prairies or along hedge fences and he will discover the wild strawberry growing where the seeds were dropped by the sweet singing birds of the forest.

Here all among the grass the seedling strawberry grows and bears its tiny fruit every season. Here, too, the birds get their supply of berries when there are no neighboring berry growers who raise larger or sweeter berries. For birds are like children, they will always pick the largest ones they can find.

The strawberry vines seen on the highways are standing witnesses to the certainty that berry lands are present, and the farmer who desires to raise a supply for his own use or for market can do so.

The best soils may be found in the timbered lands bordering on the creeks or the slopes near the foot of hills. But berries may be planted on any soil that will produce good wheat or corn. The year previous to planting the ground should be broken and well pulverized, and harrowed several times during the season. Land where sweet potatoes or cabbage grew the year previous to planting will work nicely for any kind of berries.

If such grounds are not convenient to be had, and if it is desired to plant this year, then seek a location in a corn field where the ground is clean. Break it in February or early in March, and harrow and cross-harrow till thoroughly pulverized. It is the custom in the east on their poor worn out lands to plow under thirty or forty wagon loads of manure per acre, but in the fertile prairies and timber belts of the west, the manure expense can be saved. Again when white grubs are numerous there is great danger of making a grub worm nursery instead of a berry field. If the land selected for the berry field is inclined to be low or nearly level, then it should be plowed up in beds, say fifteen feet in width, thus allowing room for four rows to the bed; or if it suits the lay of the land better, it can be plowed in beds thirty feet apart which will allow eight rows to the bed, and a wide middle furrow to carry away surface water.

### THE FIELD.

The berry field may be of any size that will afford the greatest convenience to the cultivator. It may contain one, two or ten acres, or only a few rods for home use. Whatever the size may be in acres there should be wagon ways around and across it for the purpose of hauling manure when necessary, or mulching for winter protection.

For field culture plant in rows from 3½ to 4 feet apart, and in the rows plants should be set from 12 to 15 inches apart. When plants are low in price the space may be shortened, or when high they may be set from 18 to 20 inches apart. With good culture and a moderate season for plant growth the space between the plants will be well filled up. It is always best to break the land for the berry field late in the fall or early in the winter months, as freezing kills the white grubs and the ground is in much better condition for planting than if plowed in the spring.

A few days before planting a drag or fine smoothing harrow run over the field will leave the soil very much in the condition of a pulverized bank of ashes. For further information on planting see foregoing paragraph on berry lands.

When the intended strawberry field is selected do not select lands that are shaded by young forest trees, as they will sap all the moisture in the soil.

A strawberry patch may be planted in a young two or three year old apple orchard where the trees are not planted nearer than 32 feet apart. A young apple orchard would be greatly benefited by the thorough cultivation that the strawberry crop needs.

### Leavenworth Horticultural Meeting.

Mr. Huron found profit in nothing. Mr. Eason said nearly all kinds of small fruit are profitable. There should be variety, so that if one fails another may make it up. Blackberries have failed but varieties are coming on that will not. He will plant an acre this year.

For strawberries, Dr. Langworthy favors the Crescent, Chas. Downing and Captain Jack.

Mr. Kirpatrick said much must be determined by experience. Soil and location govern greatly.

Mr. Holman thinks strawberries of western origin do best. New varieties should be tested.

Mr. Eason thinks the Souhegan the best early raspberry, and is disgusted with reds. Would add the Hopkins, which is prolific. Mr. Holman also likes the Turner and Cuthbert.

All agreed that currants must have shade; do the best on north side of board fence. The Crandall said to be the best for Kansas.

Grape growing generally admitted to be a failure, but Dr. Langworthy protested that it is not.

We occasionally meet with persons who think that trees, in order to bear properly, should be pruned every spring. Similar persons think they cannot start the year aright without a dose of spring physic of some kind. The trees may need pruning, but, at this season or any other, one rule should be observed. No branches, large or small, should never be cut away without a reason for it. One should be able to say to himself, why will it be better for the tree to remove a certain branch than to let it remain? If this rule were observed there would be much less pruning than at present.—American Agriculturist.

## FRUITS FOR HEALTH.

How to Eat Them and Obtain the Most Physical Benefit.

The MONITEUR D'HORTICULTURE, of Paris, France, gives the following hints on eating fruit: For more than one reason fruit should be regarded as both wholesome and curative. Its influence upon the human system has not been sufficiently pointed out, and this is a fault, for we can, with the aid of fruit alone, alleviate, or else completely cure all the ills to which our wretched body is subject. It is a fact, discovered by science, that persons of robust constitution, who eat good fruits in moderation, live to a very advanced age. Yet, for all that, one should know just how to eat them. Avoid swallowing the skins of pears, peaches and apples, the stones of cherries and apricots, likewise the seeds of oranges and lemons. These insoluble substances lie heavy upon the stomach, and sometimes cause very serious trouble in the intestines.

Reject the skin of the grape as well as that of the orange. By itself, the fleshy part of any fruit, when mature, is very nourishing; but take it as a sort of substantial dish, and not as a dessert. Plums, cherries and grapes are not as easy to digest as peaches, which contain a larger proportion of soluble elements; also, one can recommend the latter for weak stomachs. With your fruit eat some dry bread, because it has the effect of cleansing the tongue and enables you the better to taste the flavor of the fruit itself. A doctor once said: "Nothing does more to rid me of patients than the daily use of fruit. It clears the organs of every impurity."

### Grafting Wax.

A correspondent asks "How is grafting wax made?" There are a number of different ways as to quantity and ingredients with different grafters, the essential requisites, however, being to form a composition that is soft and pliable enough to be freely applied and yet not melt or run in the hot sun. The following ingredients and directions are given in Thomas' American Fruit Culturist: Melt together three parts of resin, three of beeswax, and two of tallow. A cheaper composition, but more liable to adhere to the hands, is made of four parts of resin, two of tallow, and one of beeswax. Some grafters use lard instead of tallow in equal parts. The wax may be applied directly to the graft, or it may be spread when softened by sufficient warmth on what is termed "grafting paper" or soft cloth, cut in strips, and wound around the graft when inserted.

It is said that there are 62,000 women in America who are interested in the cultivation of fruits.

Now is a good time to remove from your Raspberry patch all the old canes, and to cut and prune the new ones.

How many persons know how deep down a strawberry plant will send its roots in search of moisture—provided it has the opportunity to do so?

An acre of ground in small fruits well cultivated will bring more comfort and profit to a family than any other acre on the farm.

The first requisite for success is a taste for business; if you have not, stop—never touch it. The location should be on high, rolling land, that the fruit may escape late and early frosts. Clay-loam is the best soil and it should be well drained, either naturally or artificially, and rich enough to grow good crops of grain. Plow seven inches deep and pulverize thoroughly.

Marketing is one of the most important parts of the fruit business. Nine can grow fruit well where one can market well. Should visit markets, look them over, study them and use the best packages. The most expensive packages often prove the most profitable. Be honest; it pays. Have a trade mark and that will compel you to be honest. Should advertise; should be progressive; attend horticultural meetings, become known.

The practice of spraying orchards with a solution of 1 lb. of paris green or London purple in 100 gallons of water has been conclusively shown to be a simple and effective means of protecting trees against the canker worm, codlin moth and other insects, provided the spraying is done while the apples are no larger than peas, and while the calyx end is still up, so that the poisoned solution will not only cover the leaves but get into the calyx end and thus poison the codlin moth when it lays its eggs there or poison the larva when it begins to feed. Whether poultry should be allowed to run in such an orchard or stock feed in it is a serious question with some farmers, but as a matter of fact there is absolutely no danger, at least after one good rain. The poison applied is infinitesimal.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends. A kind friend to the catarrh sufferer is Warner's Log Cabin ROSE CREAM, for it may be relied upon to give permanent relief. Elegant, effective.

## Shrewd Advertisers.

Readers of the newspapers of the day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the modern advertiser is progressive.

He is compelled to be, else competitors more active in the invention of new advertising devices, will outstrip him in public favor.

The value of printers' ink judiciously and scientifically employed cannot be overestimated; it is the medium whereby a meritorious discovery is raised from local fame to a position in the public esteem. Hence the columns of the newspapers are daily used by hosts of advertisers and in the competition which is indulged in to attain the desired end, the reader is oftentimes amused.

The greatest of American advertisers, and it may as well be said in the world, is H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., whose name has been made everywhere familiar in connection with Warner's Safe Cure, widely advertised because of its merit in the prevention and cure of kidney diseases.

By printer's ink this great discovery has achieved world-wide popularity and thousands feel grateful for the knowledge thus acquired of this greatest of modern remedies.

Furthermore, the public has been taught that disorders of the lungs, brain, heart and liver which have hitherto been regarded and treated by the profession as distinctive diseases are not so in fact, but are the attending symptoms of disease of the kidneys; therefore, the consumptive, the apoplectic, the paralytic, and the sufferer from nervous disorders can be restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the true cause of those disorders by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

The advertising methods employed by this greatest of advertisers are invariably instructive and, although the reader may sometimes be "caught" in reading an advertisement, which was not at first supposed to be such, there is nevertheless no time lost since useful information is invariably gained concerning life's great problem.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has been engaged for a number of years upon his autobiography, which will soon begin to appear in the CENTURY. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the American public, and Mr. Jefferson's personality is perhaps more sympathetic to the people of this country than that of any actor we have had. He is the fourth in a generation of actors, and, with his children and grandchildren upon the stage, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. The record which he has made of the early days of the American stage is said to be peculiarly interesting, especially the story of his travels as a boy in his father's company, when they would settle down for a season in a Western town and extemporize their own theatre. The autobiography will begin in the CENTURY during the coming autumn, and the installments will be illustrated with a portrait gallery of distinguished actors.

The PANSY for March comes to our table, freighted with pictures and stories for young folks from eight to twelve. It is certainly a charming magazine, with not a line of reading that the most particular of parents can object to. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year. The publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send you a sample back number on receipt of 5 cents.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for April comes to hand full of beauty and interest. It gives elaborate descriptions of the latest spring fashions, illustrated by a double colored plate and profuse wood-cuts, and the work-table department is replete with novelties. The steel-engraving is unusually fine, and the literary contents cannot be surpassed by any of the month's magazines. The article on "Our Girls as Housewives," in "Things Worth Knowing" is a paper which every mother should read and hand to her daughter. No family ought to be without this admirable magazine, which steadily improves with every fresh volume. Terms: Two Dollars a year. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.

The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty. It is certain however that lawyers, clients and every one else should use Esterbrook's Steel Pens.

Allen Sells has sold the Windsor hotel for \$80,000 to the First National Bank, and wants to spend his remaining days in rest, among friends and relatives. He has been an active citizen of the capital city, and his departure will take with him a large amount of money that has been kept in active use. The Windsor will be greatly improved.

A West Virginia dispatch says: An armed posse who went into the wilds of Wyo and Midwell counties to break up the gang of 100 distillers, have been surrounded and their lives threatened. The moonshiner band is made up of noted desperadoes, and for three years they have defied the United States authorities.

Now, why does not the Topeka DEMOCRAT rush to the defense of the moonshiners and give a tirade on the failure of the law against illicit distilling, and tell of the advantage of regulation by license?



#### NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Mrs. Langtry says she hasn't had a sound night's sleep in eight years.

The late French artist Cabanel left an estate valued at nearly \$500,000.

Miles Standish's monument on Captain's hill will be finished this year. It was begun seventeen years ago.

John C. Ropes, the lecturer of Cambridge, possesses the finest portrait of Napoleon now in existence. It represents the emperor at the battle of Arcola.

Senator Vance is now able to walk out with his face much bandaged. In a couple of weeks a glass eye will be fitted in the vacant socket and then he will resume his place in congress.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr.'s stage name is to be Mary Nevius Blaine. "She will travel with an aunt, a maid, and a nurse for her child, but without a special car, and in a quiet, unostentatious way."

The phonograph should be used to report the utterances of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks. That great evangelist the other Sunday delivered a discourse of 3,000 words in fifteen minutes. And he was in no especial hurry, either.

E. B. Ball, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the pension building at Washington, where he sells cigars and fruit to the clerks. He is nearly 80 years old, and bears a striking resemblance to the father of his country.

Kit Holliday, a colored man who recently died in Linn county, Missouri, at the age of 73 years, had been married seven times and was the father of thirty-nine children—thirty-two boys and seven girls. All of said children are alive and live in Brookfield, Linn county, and St. Joseph.

M. Jacques, who was beaten by Gen. Boulanger in the recent election in Paris, has been suffering from nervous prostration. He was very confident of victory and his disappointment was overwhelming when he heard the result of the balloting. The fact that he was mobbed after the returns were in added to his depression and a fever resulted from which he is slowly recovering.

The oldest school-teacher in active service in Vermont, is A. D. Searles, who began teaching in 1841 at the age of nineteen. He obtained his first certificate from the post, John G. Saxe. He is now in control of the school which the late Sir Curtis M. Lamson gave to the village of New Haven Mills, Vt. Lamson was born in this village and was knighted by Queen Victoria for the part he took in the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Mrs. Amy Kirby Post, a pioneer among woman suffragists and anti-slavery agitators and a well-known philanthropist, died recently at Rochester, aged eighty-seven years. She was a famous conductor on the underground railroad, and is said to have had thirteen runaway slaves concealed in her cellar at one time. Mrs. Post interested herself in the Indians and in all movements for the improvement of their condition. Late in life she became a strong believer in spiritualism.

Mrs. Kilpatrick, widow of the general, who is about to sell his old home at Deckertown, N. J., is a native of Chili, to which country she will soon return. Her name was Eronita Rosa Vella Valoprieso and her marriage to the general occurred when he was United States minister to Chili. One of Mrs. Kilpatrick's sisters married Gen. Vickers, who was secretary of a legation at Santiago, and another a Mr. Briggs, who made a fortune building railroads in Chili. The three sisters who married Americans were remarkably beautiful and attractive women of the brunet type.

Mr. Biggs, recently elected to congress from the second California district, was a forty-niner and a sheriff in stirring frontier times when desperadoes were given short shift. He paid the California secretary of state \$5 for having his election certified to and started for Washington, but when his certificate arrived and he was asked to pay \$6 more for express and other charges he declined to receive the paper. He says: "This business of being a congressman is not worth paying \$11 for. I thought it was dear when I put up the \$5, and I'll stay out of the next congress before I'll put up the other \$6."

#### HOW BISMARCK'S FOES DIE.

A Washington Diplomat Points to Numerous Instances of Violent Death.

An experienced diplomat, in talking yesterday of Prince Rudolph's melancholy fate, said: "Seldom has a more startling coincidence been witnessed than the almost simultaneous announcement of the death of the Austrian heir apparent and the publication in the London Contemporary Review of the remarkable and manifestly inspired indictment of the 'Bismarck dynasty.' Crown Prince Rudolph's sudden demise in the very heyday of his youth and manly vigor appears to be shrouded in mystery. The most conflicting accounts are given of the manner he met his death, and it is probable that the world at large will never be allowed to know the true story of the tragedy. The latter is but another of those dark episodes that have occurred during the past two decades, and which have invariably resulted in the death of great personages who had incurred the personal enmity of Prince Bismarck, and whom the iron chancellor chose to remove as a menace to his country and to his own family. No one, not even the most intimate habits of the little house at Ville d'Avray, has ever been able to solve the mystery which surrounded the death of Gambetta, the only man in France besides General Chanzy who has ever caused the chancellor any uneasy moments since 1871. Chanzy's sudden demise at Chalons, within a few weeks of that of the popular tribune, was equally inexplicable, and attended by many suspicious circumstances. Poison and Bismarck were freely mentioned by the Chauvinist Frenchmen in connection therewith. The famous Russian general, Skobloff, who, as a friend of Gambetta and of Chanzy, had become the bete noire of the German chancellor, met with an equally unexpected and mysterious end, which not even his inseparable companion, M. Hitrovo, who was with him until within a couple of hours of his death, has been able to explain. Who to this day has succeeded in tearing aside the veil which surrounds the last moments of the late King Louis of Bavaria? His corpse and that of his attendant physician showed traces of the fact that a possible hand-to-hand struggle for life had taken place on the shores of the Staremburg lake, but who were the assailants?"

"And now, last of all, we have the death of Archduke Rudolf, one of the brightest, most intellectual and liberal princes who have ever figured as heirs apparent to the imperial crowns. The theory of suicide will obtain but little credence among those who enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the gay and pleasure-loving young archduke. It may be remembered that in the case of Gambetta the latter was officially declared to have inflicted on himself the wound, which his friends at the time knew had been inflicted by some other hand, while every true Bavarian to this day scolds the idea that the late King Ludwig's death was due to felo de se. Suicide is so convenient a theory. The crown prince, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his devotion to the late Emperor Frederick, was very far from being a persona gratia at Berlin. His high-bred instincts, together with the chivalrous bearing which he had inherited from his father, were not of a nature to amalgamate with the coarse, unmannerly ways of William II, and his intimacy with M. Clemenceau and undisguised admiration of General Boulanger, both of which were well known in the Wilhelmstrasse, caused him to be regarded by the Bismarck clique as a man eminently unfitted to succeed to the throne of Austro-Hungary."

"It is no secret that the archduke was thoroughly opposed to the subordination of Vienna to Berlin, which constitutes one of the most distasteful features of the triple alliance, and had it not been for the affectionate relations which subsisted between Francis Joseph and his son there is no doubt but that the latter would have assumed publicly the leadership of the Schwarz und Gelb (black and yellow) party, as those opposed to Berlin dictation are called. Rudolf spent many years of his life at Prague, and although a thorough Hapsburg, had become impregnated there with many of the nationalist ideas and anti-German prejudices which prevail in Bohemia. He was regarded as the hope of the Slav element in Austria and was a great admirer of Count Taaffe's policy of federation and local self-government. His accession to the throne would have involved the certainty of his being crowned with the diadem of St. Wenceslaus at Prague, and the constitution of an autonomous and independent kingdom of Bohemia on the same lines as that of Hungary. Had this come to pass, Bohemia, with its traditional hostilities to everything German, would have become an almost impenetrable barrier between Berlin and Vienna, and would, moreover, have rendered the continuation of the military as well as of the commercial alliance between the two countries a matter of impossibility."

#### More Bad Luck.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—"Cheap, Drugg & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price."

Mrs. Winks—"Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us."—New York Weekly.

For the information of the alarmed and objecting clergy, we desire to say that at the inauguration ball no one dances. It is as harmless as a codfish ball.—San Francisco Alta.

#### What Shall We Do With Our Boys?

An old query—one that has been handled in a masterly manner by more than one eminent writer, and yet the problem is not solved. Do not be alarmed for your laurels, you who have written out most beautiful (and impracticable) theories regarding the management of boys. I might attempt something in that line and place an imaginary boy on the highest round of the ladder of fame, but fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, my boys have all materialized. They are mischief-making, fun-loving, noisy, rollicking boys, and I have—well, I will not say how many—but the various vendors of boys' apparel put on their most obsequious smile when I answer their question, "How many different sizes did you say ma'am?" And they love their mamma, these boys of mine. They are sweet and pure and innocent, so far as I know. I contrast them with other boys, and the other boys suffer, for I know they have bad habits, and then I hear their mothers talking about their own "white crows," and speaking of other bad boys. And I wonder if I too am deceived. We all know mothers whose counsels have been wise, whose prayers have been fervent, whose lives have been examples of piety and goodness, and yet seeing their children traveling in paths of sin, go down to their graves with the unanswered question on their lips, "Wherein did I fail to do my duty?" It seems strange that the "Lords of creation," with their love of wielding the scepter, should delegate women to govern children, for it is a notable fact that the majority of them shirk the responsibility. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," is true to a great extent.

Carlyle says "no able man ever had a fool for a mother." We are told that he bore in his heart till his last days on earth, the lesson he learned from the lips of his mother, of whom he could not speak without emotion. Well, it is all very good to receive credit when we can point to some brave, noble man, with pride and say, "there is my son, blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh." I watched him from the time he nestled to my breast, a helpless mite of humanity, until he stands where you see him to-day," but if it be a son whose name we shrink from hearing, are the mothers to be blamed? I cannot think so. Good seed does not always germinate, or if it does, weeds often thrive more vigorously. There are some natures so interwoven with evil, that however stringent the rules of government, good the examples and counsels, they turn alike from all. Pleadings and prayers avail nothing. They may arouse better impulses for a brief time, but predominating evil triumphs at last. Of course there are weak mothers, but there are very few who have not their children's interest at heart, and all that fail are not weak. I did not ask the question beginning this article, expecting to solve it, but I want some one else to.

I have just a little advice—that has served me well so far—to give. Keep the boys at home evenings; know where they are daytimes. This is easy if you only begin with the understanding that they are to go no place without permission. They will get beyond this after a while, but it will establish a sort of feeling that it is right for mother to know. Instill in their minds a terror of tobacco and intoxicants. Let no opportunity pass that can be used as an illustration of their evil effects. And above all do not think your boy perfect. That is the rock that many a load of mother love has been wrecked upon. Remember boys just as good as yours, with just as careful mothers, have been far astray, before the mother could realize that their feet were in the downward path. It is evident to all that something must be done to save the boys. No theory, however beautiful, as to "how they should be brought up," will solve the problem. There must be hedges built around the many places of temptation to keep the boys away. This is beyond the power of the mothers. How many more lives must be wrecked, how many more hearts broken before those who have the power are awakened to the danger that is besetting our youth on every side? In the meantime, "What shall we do with our boys?"—Mrs. E. M. Du Bois, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

#### Amelie Rives-Chanler.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, whom many believe to be in Europe, is writing the last chapters of her new novel in her Virginia home. The title of this new story will be "The Witness of the Sun," and its scenes are laid among the people of Italy and Russia. It is a romance, and the wiles of Cupid are generously interwoven in the plot. So far as passionate writing is concerned, the novel is more subdued, although several striking situations are brought out in which the heroine is made the center figure. The story will be printed complete in the April issue of Lipincott's—exactly one year since the publication of her first sensation. A first edition of 150,000 copies will be issued of the number containing the new story. It was this piece of literary work which kept the young authoress from accompanying her husband to Europe. She could not finish it in time, and work amid other surroundings but those of her own room she pronounces to be impossible with her. I can not write amid strange surroundings," she says. "If I can not have my own room my mind refuses to work, and in New York, but I could not write a page of manuscript."

#### New Wrinkles in the Swallowtail.

The slightest change or innovation bearing on the swallowtail garment of absolute full dress is of the greatest import in the world of fashion. The mere suggestion of an attempted deviation from the staple and accepted style of evening attire will put the swell tailors of the land on tenterhooks of expectation and the more conservative society men up in arms against the movement on general principles.

I am aware that the pen which records a tendency for something different in the form of a dress coat is a fire-brand which lights discord in the serene atmosphere of acceptability accorded the broadcloth garment which reigns supreme. It is a fact, however, that an effort is in progress to revive the velvet collar of years ago. The collar does not extend over the lapel, as was the vogue in by gone days, but it is a simple velvet collar such as is found on an overcoat. The coat is cut quite high in the neck in leaning toward that phase of construction in the olden time, and the chief recommendation of the change is that an additional formality is acquired. This is always to be welcomed, and the velvet collared dress coats that I have seen worn by some of the leading younger society men certainly imparted a more distinguished air of the wearers. I well know that these statements are quite revolutionary, and the great majority will rise up and decry any innovation upon the popular and generally adopted full dress coat. But the men of the select 400 will give the velvet collar a fair trial, which means that the arbiters of fashion have set the seal of approval upon this important divergence from the conventional rut.

An outside handkerchief pocket is let into the latest dress coats the fashionable tailors are turning out. The pocket is in the left side, high up as in the Tuxedo coat and without a flap.

This is a decided improvement, as every one will admit who has ever observed a man whose abdomen seemed to bulge over his vest when his handkerchief was stuffed in his waistcoat, or has noted a perspiring gallant after the dance lunging around into his pistol pocket after his crumpled mouchoir.—Clothing and Furnisher.

#### Decadence of Manners.

Generally speaking it may be said that the manners of Americans are pleasing and in many respects unexceptionable. Take them on dress parade, so to speak, at public or social gatherings, where good conduct and gentleness are expected, and there are few courtiers who can better express the courtly habit. But it is a matter of common remark that in recent years there has been something of a falling off in the old-time respect and consideration which men should habitually show toward women.

The immediate cause of this is not very far to seek, and although it is not a sufficient cause it is one to be noted. There was a time, for instance, when no man, whatever may have been his training or culture, would have remained seated in a street car while a woman was standing, but now that phenomenon may be seen at any moment of the day. It is a mark of a falling off in good manners, and it arises out of the fact that women have encroached on man's domain of work. She has become, through necessity and the conditions of modern life, his rival, and instead of being his coadjutor, she enters into competition with him. That chivalry or the sense of deference should flourish under such circumstances is out of the question. Thus it happens that the easy grace of courtesy which marked the intercourse of men and women fifty years ago has given place to a slangy familiarity that shows how far we have fallen from a high estate.

Presumably it is not in human nature to have it otherwise under such a constitution of affairs, and the penalty women pay for rivalry in the pursuits of men is to be treated as men are treated by each other. It is not a pleasing thought, for every woman is a lady in right of her sex, and, no matter what her place or condition, she is entitled to courtesy and consideration at every hand. Meantime she does not get it, and herein lies the most striking instance of the decadence of good manners among Americans of the present time.—Chicago Herald.

#### An Exacting Girl.

There is a student in Yale College who doesn't admire a certain young lady as much as he did a week or so ago. With her he assayed to pass a certain afternoon at Lake Whitney a few days ago. Both skated around and had lots of fun for a few hours, but there came an end to the pleasures, for suddenly, as the twain were executing a fancy movement, the treacherous ice gave way and the collegian and his girl were in the water. It was quite deep, and the student sank. He soon came up, however, and found the girl struggling at the top of the water, as her skirts had kept her afloat. There was quite a large space of open water, but the student bravely rescued the maiden by pushing her toward the edge of the ice, where others placed her on her feet. He was about to crawl out in her wake when this New Haven girl, with remarkable presence of mind, remarked: "Oh! will you please go back and get my muff?" The student remained in the chilly water long enough to secure the article and then joined the girl, but it is safe to say he'll not risk any more adventures with such an exacting girl—this winter at least.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

#### WINGED MISSILES.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is stated at 124,539.

There are in Boston to-day 143 public hotels and 309 apartment houses.

A company has been organized to build a railroad from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak.

Miss May Tillinghast, of New York, is the first woman who ever made a church window in this country.

New York has a law against betting on election. Therefore, half a million bets were made last fall.

In digging among the ruins of Pompeii they have found a piece of brass to fit over the human cheek. The modern cheek needs none.

The movement to abolish the legislative council of the Province of Quebec is said to meet with much favor among the members of the body.

George Eldredge, who fraudulently registered in New York city last October as a voter, has been sentenced to two years in state prison.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," has undergone a successful operation for the removal of a large tumor from his forehead.

A New York firm has purchased 600,000 packages of Ping Sui tea at a cost of \$500,000, thus controlling all of that brand of tea in this country.

Thomas Axworthy, the absconding city treasurer of Cleveland, O., is reported to have bought a large block of real estate at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

The Nile is supposed to have the longest waterway of any river in the world, but we must wait a little before accepting all the surmises concerning it.

Prof. Graham Bell says that deaf mutes are increasing at a faster rate than the general population. This is possibly due to the noises of modern civilization.

Mrs. Langtry says she hasn't had a sound night's sleep in eight years, and it isn't owing to cats either. She sticks her head under the pillow and thinks, thinks, thinks.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller suggests a new name, "Whulge," for Washington Territory. It is the old Indian name of Puget Sound. Phoebe, what a name!

A baby princess has been christened in the University-place Presbyterian church. Her mother is Mrs. Graham, niece of the late Queen Emma of the Hawaiian Islands.

All European governments acknowledge that Uncle Sam has the strongest weapon of war in the dynamite gun. A French paper says every one such gun is equal to five iron-clads.

No less than four women in different parts of the country claim to be Amelia Rives, while the genuine and only Amelia has been criticised so much that she is fain to deny her identity.

Mrs. J. Kellogg has not only been admitted to practice before the courts of Kansas, but has outgeneraled some of the best lawyers in the state and secured an income of \$5,000 per year.

About one half of the paper money circulated in South America is counterfeit, but that is a matter no South American worries about. The genuine is about as bad as money can be.

A Californian claims to have seen wild geese so thick on a field of wheat that a snowflake could not have passed between them. That's right, tell a whopper if you are going to lie at all.

The imperial princes of Germany rise at 6 a. m., take a cold bath, breakfast at 6:30, and begin their studies at 7. Out of the twenty-four hours they are allowed one hour and a half for play.

"Ten years hence," said a member of the New York Assembly, "The fact of an adult sending a valentine will be taken as evidence that he is not a proper person to act as a guardian or trustee."

Dr. Le Baron, an eminent physician of France, says that such a thing as a person having a snake or lizard in his stomach was never known and never will be. All such cases have been imaginary.

The czar has just decorated a private soldier who remained at his post and guarded \$30,000,000 during an earthquake. It is a long ways from Russia to Canada, but the czar didn't seem to figure on that.

It has now been discovered that the Albany capitol building is not large enough, although it was only a year ago that a state senator got lost and walked around for two days before he reached civilization.

An American quack doctor sold some liquid on the streets of Paris which he warranted to relieve pain in one minute. Some of those who were not relieved made complaint and he was sent up for a year.

A thief in Carlisle, Pa., steals nothing but Bibles, and he has taken ninety-one from the people of that town without being discovered. If he keeps on they will have to buy tin boxes to keep their receipts in.

Geo. Davis, a Newark man, felt so bad about signing his will the other day that he went out and shot himself. Come to look matters up he had nothing to will, and there was no call for him to make one.

The big Lick telescope hasn't made any startling discoveries as yet, but they are coming. We are bound to know why they have canals in Mars when railroads would furnish much quicker transportation.

The Emperor of Japan has proclaimed a constitution, and the Japs are tossing up their caps in mad enthusiasm. They will find that their troubles have just begun. If you don't have a constitution you can't break it.

There has been no improvement in the shape of the umbrella for the last seventy years, and it may be added, no improvement in the manner of carrying it. The average person protects his toes and wets his heels.

The Albany capitol has thus far cost \$15,000,000. The capitol in Washington, which Sunset Cox in his book pronounces the finest building in the world, has cost all told up to the present time \$18,000,000. The palace of justice, in Brussels, which is much larger than either, cost \$10,000,000.



#### IN JAIL AT CAMDEN.

I have nothing in particular against the town of Camden except that it lies opposite Philadelphia. The railroad depot is on the wharf, where the nicest view can be obtained of the golden-hued waters of the harbor, and where the odors stirred up by paddle wheels come to the nose before any of their original freshness has been lost on the summer breezes. The waiting room was erected for the convenience of those who have to wait. Everybody has to wait in Camden. If they didn't have to wait, why have a waiting room?

I was waiting there one day last summer, and after putting in two hours at it had just commenced to study the wonderful architecture of six New Jersey apples spread out in a reckless fashion on a news stand, when I observed a man sizing me up. It was his bounden duty, as a good citizen of New Jersey, to ascertain whether I was a pirate looking to capture one of the big ferry boats, or only a humble citizen making a quiet sneak down to Atlantic City. I saw him slyly comparing my height, weight, dress, color of eyes, etc., with a memorandum in a book, and I felt that I was a goner. The wicked may dodge the lasso handled by Nemesis now and then, but the loop is certain to fall sooner or later. I had eluded all the officers between Detroit and Camden, and was wearing my hat on my ear and feeling puffed up, but lo! Nemesis was here.

My first thought was to walk over to the stranger and surrender myself and go to the gallows without a complaint, but my second was to get away and hunt for fresh fields of crime and shed more blood. I had two hours to spare, and while the man seemed to be asking the price of a dime novel, I slipped aboard a ferry boat. The craft had only started when I discovered the man beside me. We crossed over to Philadelphia and returned on the same boat. Once I thought of ending it all and finding rest beneath the waves of the historic river, but I hated to get wet, and therefore abandoned the idea.

When the boat suddenly brought up in Camden I made a rush for a street car. I didn't know whether the car ran to a coal mine in the center of the town, or out into the country where stumps, haystacks and brush heaps would give me a show for my life, but I took it. So did the strange man. Why he did not put the handcuffs and shackles on me at once, and observe that I had run my race, I couldn't understand. Perhaps he was not sure of my identity. Perhaps he wanted to prolong my torture. He looked out of the window on his right and seemed to be thinking of the past and gone. I looked out of the window on my left and was certainly thinking of the days and nights to come. When we had gone about a mile he suddenly rang the bell. You stop a Camden street car that way, same as in Detroit or Buffalo. When the pair of mules had come to a dead standstill the stranger brushed his coat-tail aside in a graceful way, showed me the big end of a big revolver and gently remarked: "Now come along without any nonsense! You know me and I know you!"

Here was a point for dispute, but I didn't accept it just then. You can always get along better with a stranger by seeming to let him have his own way. I didn't even protest against leaving the car at his dictation. After a man has been in the army five years he is ready to take orders from any one. When we descended from the car he took me by the right arm. This was very kind in him, as I might have fallen down. In front of us was a structure labeled "Police Station." It evidently had something to do with the Camden police. I didn't care about going in, but the man tightened his grip and I did not disappoint him. He walked me up to the sergeant's desk, heaved a sigh of relief, and fanned himself with his hat as he softly observed:

"Well, I've got him."

"Hanged if you haven't!" replied the sergeant. "Say, Bill, this is a stroke of luck."

"I guess so," guessed Bill.

"Call the captain."

The captain was playing euchre in the next room. He came out at the call, brightened up at the sight of me, and waved his hand and said:

"Good! Search him and look him up in No. 4."

"What's the charge?" asked the sergeant, as he lifted his pen.

"Obtaining money under false pretenses. We'd better telegraph Red Bank that we've got him."

The captain disappeared to see about the telegraphing, and the detective began to search me. He came across my name on cards, envelopes, collar and cuffs and pockets, and before I was half-searched he began to look anxious.

"Sailing under still another name, ain't you?" he queried.

"It's the only name I ever had."

"And you claim to be this man?" he demanded, holding up one of my cards.

"I do."

"And what are you doing here in town?"

"On my way down to Atlantic City."

"And do you know anyone here or in Philadelphia?"

"About twenty people, I guess."

He stood off and looked at me with an expression of mingled disgust and anxiety, but the sergeant braced him up with:

"He's giving you a stiff, Bill! Don't let him scare you!"

Bill braced up, completed the search, and I was locked up in a very roomy and well-bred cell. The furniture was ancient, but combined art and convenience, and the hangings and mountings

were all that could be expected of a small town. I whiffed away an hour, and then four or five men came rushing in upon me. They began to abuse each other and apologized to me before they got the door open, and when they led me out it was to the captain's room.

"Say, old fellow, can you ever forgive us?" gasped the captain as he put his arms around my neck.

"If he won't, then I might as well shoot my head off!" added the detective.

"He must forgive us—indeed, he must!" finished the sergeant.

"Gentleman, you seem perturbed," I observed. "Has anything gone wrong in this case?"

"Oh! come off!" replied the captain. "We come right down from the limb. It was all a mistake, and we'll stand on our heads all the rest of the week if you say so. Why in blazes didn't you talk—deny it—claim a mistake?"

"And be told to shut up for my pains! How did you find out your mistake?"

"They got the right man up the road, and the hotel keeper here identified you as you came along. Say, what'll you have?"

"Twenty thousand dollars damages."

"Then the three of us will commit suicide! Say a basket of wine and five boxes of good cigars. That'll bankrupt the trio of us, but we've got to suffer."

I let them off at that, and they were so glad that I didn't get out of town until next day. Folks ought to be careful how they seize strangers and walk 'em round and feel in their pockets, but strangers shouldn't mean about it when it proves to be a mistake made pro bono publico—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

#### The Unfortunate Colored Brother.

Light-heartedness is a strong trait in our colored brother, but when we consider the trouble that he has been through it is a wonder that he retains any sunshine in his disposition at all. It was a misfortune to be born in Africa, to commence with. It damaged the complexion irredeemably. After being born there and acclimated so that life became endurable if not a source of joy, bad men stole him away and sold him into slavery, frequently at a price so ridiculously low that the black man was ashamed to mention it afterward. He invariably lied about it to preserve his own self-respect.

Although the colored man was sold over and over again, sometimes, he never was able to get accustomed to the transaction so that he could say that he really liked it. This sort of thing went on for a while and then the colored man began to attract the attention of the philanthropist, whose anxiety to do something for the distance he was removed from him and the remoteness of his pecuniary interest added greatly to the misery of the negro for a while.

Then the negro began to attract the attention of congress. His attention was called to him, we believe, by orators, newspapers and politicians. Congressmen made speeches about him, and launched resolutions at his head, and compromised him until he was almost ashamed to appear in public. He was so hampered in his movements by a Fugitive Slave law, that if he took a trip to visit some of his relations in the north, he had to travel by that circuitous and every way uncomfortable route, the Underground Railroad. If he showed himself *en route* he ran the risk of being torn in pieces between the deputy United States marshals and his friends, struggling to get possession of him.

The war came on and the poor colored man had to be emancipated whether he wanted to be or not, as a necessary war measure, which was very trying to one raised as he had been. Then they made a soldier of him, urging him to fight nobly, however repugnant it might be to his inclinations and habits of life.

The war over, still they couldn't let the poor colored man alone. He must qualify himself as a voter, the very last thing that he seemed qualified for. He must learn to rally at the polls. He must see that his neighbor rallies, also. He must go early and stay late, and vote as often as circumstances will permit. He must help the cripples to vote, even though he be himself crippled in the operation. But the ballot box hasn't proved an unmixed blessing to the colored man, as he has sometimes been forced to admit himself.

The next priceless boom presented to his contemplation was a safe and reliable place to deposit his surplus funds, the Freedmen's Saving Bank. He was encouraged to adopt habits of industry and put all his savings in there. This he did, to the extent of a million or so of dollars, and it is there yet. At least the colored man hasn't been able to get any of it out of that bank.

Howard University, a place designed by a grateful and beneficent government for the education of colored youths, proved to be another swindle, and afterward the Freedmen's Hospital of Washington succeeded in plundering the poor colored man, who, if you look at his history, you will agree with us has been more shinned against than shinning.—Texas Siftings.

#### Chances to Save Money.

Little Boy—"Do hotel clerks get very big salaries?"

Kentucky Uncle—"Not often."

"Then how can they afford such big diamonds?"

"Well, you see, they don't have to pay anything for their licker."—New York Weekly.

#### Will Give Him a Lift.

A tramp stopped the Rev. David Swing, who, with a meditative air was walking along Michigan avenue, and said:

"My dear sir, you look like a benevolent man."

"I hope so," Mr. Swing replied.

"Ah, I feel that you are." He tried to make one leg shorter than the other, and then, after giving to his face that humiliated look of suffering which is the tramp's greatest accomplishment, added:

"Would you mind helping me a little?—just a little. I am almost famished. I haven't had a bite to eat for four days."

"Well, come over to this restaurant," Mr. Swing replied, "and I will get you something to eat."

"My heart flutters with thanks, noble sir, but the truth is, I am a victim of dyspepsia, and beset by the peculiar fancies of the dispeptic. I can eat only at a certain place. The only place in this town where I can eat is a modest little restaurant away out on North Clark street, near Lincoln park. Give me twenty-five cents, please, and let me hasten out there ere it be too late."

"I am going out that way," said Mr. Swing, "and shall take pleasure in seeing that you get enough to eat."

The agony on the tramp's face deepened. "It is a long way from here, sir," he mournfully answered.

"I know that, but I have business out there."

"How fortunate; how exceedingly fortunate. Let me see, now. I am a comparative stranger in this howling turmoil of a city—wait a moment. I have made a mistake. The restaurant is on West Madison street, away out near Garfield park."

"That is still more fortunate," Mr. Swing replied, "for your mention of it reminds me of the fact that I am almost at this moment due in that neighborhood. Come, let us hasten."

"Yet—er—that is—say, I don't really feel able to go away over there, that is, not in company with any one, for if I am in company with a man whom I admire I am compelled to talk, and my physician has warned me that talking is positively dangerous to my nervous system."

"Well, you get on one car and I will get on the one immediately following. Thus, you see, we shall be separated."

"Yes, and a capital idea, too, but in my heart—way down in my heart of hearts, I could not place such restrictions on you."

"No restriction, I assure you."

"Oh, in your generosity you deny it, of course, but—oh, by the way, now that I have thought so much upon the subject, I remember a restaurant down at Drexel boulevard."

"My friend, I have not, for many years, come upon so many odd coincidences. Believe me, I am now on my way to Drexel boulevard. Come, let us take a car."

The tramp sighed and then the humiliated look of suffering faded from his face. "I cave," said he, "I simply throw up my hat and cave. Let me know when you are to deliver your next temperance sermon, and I will come around to Central Music Hall and give you a lift. So long."—Arkansas Traveler.

#### Ignorance and Crime.

Ignorance is the key-note or mainspring of crime. The sandbagger, for instance is, in nine cases out of ten, an illiterate individual of the punk-headed order, whose own name if placed before him, would addle his untortured and sparse brain, as algebra would that of the African ant eater. In consequence thereof, this low-browed creature of sin has no fear as to the result of any of his dastardly attacks, any more than a slight apprehension of his being detected by the local authorities, which to his condensed ideas of the punishment, is a jail or workhouse sentence.

The agony of a living death, that daily creates a nervous tremor to the peruser of the casualty columns of the press as he reads of the spasmodic twitchings, the minute pulsations, and the awful contortions of the dangling hulk, are an everlasting and vivid "photo" of example.

Not so with the uneducated criminal, who basks in the sunshine of dire acts, and why? They can't read. The result is, they will associate with clans of their ilk in ignorance and mental squalor. The dastardly happenings of the world at large is as foreign to him as a thanksgiving is to a horned-toad. They charge madly on in their tainted career to a goal where misery and death sardonically grasps them. Myriads yearly, in all latitudes, unknown to one another expiate their hellish acts.

In building an edifice it is impossible to put on the roof before laying the foundation, or putting the feed-board on the press before laying the frame. So with crime, commence at the foundation, which is education. It will expose the ulcer you have to contend with. After you have drank in mastodon quantities of filtered knowledge, you can dispense with your jallopathic physician, and smile with a complacent air. Your enlightened features as you perambulate past the slums of pollution where lustless eyes leer at you, a shudder passes through you, as you think of your transformation, education did it. It should be made one of the most stringent of laws.—E. W. C., in Peck's Sun.

The late Oliver Ditson left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen millions wouldn't house half of them.—Puck.

#### Jealousy in His House.

When General Albert Pike lived in Arkansas, he owned a negro known throughout the neighborhood as Coal-Tar Philpot. Philpot's reputation as a thief was well established and his ability as a liar could not be questioned. Several days ago, while General Pike was sitting in his library, a servant announced old Philpot. The general was exceedingly glad to see him, not that he remembered with endearment Philpot's stirring qualities, but that the general looks with pleasure upon every face that comes from the past.

"Sit down, Philpot, sit down. I am delighted to see you; but what are you doing in Washington? I did not suppose that you would ever leave Arkansas."

"Oh, er man hatter stir 'roun' little dese days, sah. Folks in Little Rock got too cuss fur me."

"In what way?"

"Wall, sah, dar wuz er time down dar—er time long ergo—w'en er man could pick up er chicken ur knock down er hang, an' dar wa'n't no great 'miration made erbout it, but, sah, dem folks gittin' out dar ole-time an' easy ways, got ter sendin' folks ter de penitentiary fur doin' dem sorter things."

"But do you find it any better up here?"

"Wall, sah, I thought I'd try it, anyhow. Been readin' de papers some, an' I 'lowed dat I'd be safer up yere close ter dese yere polerticians. Thought dat whar dar wuz so much big stealin' goin' on er little trick ur two wouldn't be noticed, er haw haw!"

"But you must remember, Philpot, that the big steal is the more likely to go unpunished."

"I thought o' dat yistidy, sah, blame ef I didn't. Tell you how much it 'fused me—tell you whut er wise man I is. I started out ter git er little calf dat I had got erquainted wid, but I thought erbout folks bein' punished fur takin' little things, an', sah, 'stead o' takin' little calf an' layin' myse'f liable, I acted like er white man an' tuck er big steer. Oh, yas, I's impruded mightily in my judgement sence I come up yere. But, gen'l, I didn't come ter talk erbout my 'sploits. I come ter talk erbout er law p'int. I want some advice. I married er lady some time ergo named Nancy. She's er fat lady, sah, monst'us fat. Waddles when she walks, she do, an' it takes er powerful lot o' calico ter go 'roun' her, it do, I ken tell you dat. Wall, summin' up de matter, I wants er 'voce frum dat lady."

"Not because it takes so much calico to make her a dress, I hope."

"Oh, no, sah; a stronger p'int den dat. It's jealousy, sah."

"Ah, you fancy that she loves some other man better than she does you."

"Oh, no, sah, dar ain't no man in de case. I'll gin you de p'int de whole thing hangs on. Tother night I went home pretty haungry, but she 'lowed dar wa'n't nuthin' ter eat in de house. I didn't blame her fur dat—no I didn't. Many er man would, but I didn't. I sot down by de fire, an' close ter me wuz er big yaller dog dat Nancy foteh wid her frum Arkansas. I neber did like dat dog now, an' I tole her ter drible him out, but she retched down, she did, an' patted him on de head an' 'lowed dat de dog had er right ter stay whare she did. I didn't say no mo' till atter-while I axed her whut wuz in de pan up on de shelf. She tuck down de pan an' dar wuz two pieces o' b'iled bacon. 'I 'clar,' says she, 'I didn't know dis meat wuz yere,' an' den she handed me de little piece an' gin de big piece ter de dog. Now, gen'l, I kain't stan' nuthin' like dat, an' I wanten know ef dat ain't grounds enough fur er 'voce'!"

"Surely not," the general replied.

"Whut! is de law gwine 'low er dog ter come in 'twixt er man an' his happiness? Is de constertution o' dis yere country gwine ter stan' by an' see er dog steal de 'fections o' er man's wife? Gen'l, I leashes you. I had er mighty high 'spect fur you, but I kain't stay in de presence o' er man dat talks like dat. Hole on er minit. De law kain't tech me ef I kills de dog ken it?"

"I think not."

"Good mornin', gen'l. Dat dog's dead. Dar ain't no medicine dat ken keep him erlive. Come er fechin' jealousy inter my house."—Arkansas Traveler.

#### Experiment Teachers.

"Sue," said Tom, "did you hear this?"

"(Could it be he meant to trick her?)"

"The conclusion of a kiss."

"Always makes the gas-flame flicker."

Then experiments they tried

In the interest of science.

And his lips, as she complied,

Soon had formed a close alliance.

After trials two or three,

Happy as a man in liquor,

"See it flicker, Sue!" said he;

Quoth the maiden, "Let it flicker."

G. B., in Judge.

#### Servant of the Monopoly.

"Are you the superintendent of this railway?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"I want a pass."

"Are you employed by this road?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"I am a member of the Nebraska Legislature."—Lincoln Call.

#### Had Positive Knowledge.

They were sitting in the theatre. One of them had got a little confused about the play.

"What act is this? The fourth?"

"No; it's the third."

"No! It isn't; it's the fourth?"

"I know it's the third. I've only had two drinks."—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### PARESIS IS FAST SPREADING.

Some Startling Facts About This Insidious Disease of the Brain.

Special correspondence of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch from New York, says: "Paresis is perhaps the most widespread disease of the present day," said a well-known physician, who has among his patients the wealth and flower of New York society, to a Sunday Post-Dispatch correspondent. "It is becoming more prevalent than it used to be, in fact, I feel safe in saying that it has increased twofold within the past five years. It is the malady of our civilization, or rather it seems to advance with the nation's progress."

"It is largely due to the high tension of the average business man's mind, and it ultimately breaks down the brain tissue and leaves him a helpless wreck. Just watch him! He is always on the go, never stopping in his planning and scheming out some new venture that he hopes will bring him independent fortune and place him above his competitors. This is the sort of strain that will disorganize almost any brain. Such a man's mind is never at rest even when he sleeps. His sleep is unnatural, and he is apt to be harassed by dreams, and he wakes up in the morning more tired and worn out than he was when he went to bed the night before."

"Only a few days ago one of my patients consulted me in regard to this very matter. He is a very rich man, and his wealth has been made within the past decade. 'If I could only sleep as I used when I did a fair day's work in the mine every day I'd feel all right, doctor,' said he, 'but I don't think I ever will. Then I'd go to bed and roll over, and that would be the last of my consciousness until I awoke at day-break, fresh and hearty with an appetite like a horse. It is different now. When I don't lie awake tossing about I dream that I am in the office devising some new scheme or presiding at a stormy meeting of stockholders. It's work all the time, night and day, and it is wearing me out.'"

"Before subjecting the man to an examination I inquired into his story. His story was that of a person threatened with paresis, and a physical investigation bore out my suspicions. Of course it wouldn't have been well for me to tell him the exact state of affairs, so I simply told him that it was a case of nervous prostration, and while assuring him that it was not serious, I cautioned him to be very careful or else he might develop into a confirmed invalid. Above all things I ordered him to leave his business for a few months and travel. I didn't give him a dose of medicine, but advised him to live out in the open air as much as possible and take as much plain, simple food as he required."

"Brains are not made of steel and nerves are not copper wires. Take the Wall street men, for instance. I have a number of them who have been consulting me for a long time seeking relief, and who are slowly going towards paresis, which sooner or later means death. Robert Garrett, as far as I am to judge without having seen his condition, is inflicted in this way and I don't suppose he will ever recover. He is a man of delicate sensibilities, and the constant fear of losing his wealth and position among the railway magnates brought on the disease."

"Paresis is slow and insidious. It steals on a man like a thief in the night, and he never realizes that the destroyer has him in his toils."

"How do you treat such cases?"

"Well, that is a difficult question to answer. There are but few remedies known to our science that have produced good results, and their efficacy is constantly disputed. Paresis is beyond our knowledge of drugs and the scalpel can not reach it. In all my cases I advise perfect and absolute rest. I try to show the patients that the prostration is due to over-application to work and tell them that it is necessary to take more relaxation and forget worldly affairs and go in for enjoyment. To those who have large means I advise a long sea voyage and an extended tour of traveling abroad."

"Do they follow your advice?"

"Not often. You see, they are so used to rush about the floor of the Stock Exchange from ten o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, make deals and such like, that it has become second nature to them and they can't bring themselves to give it up. They like it, and delude themselves into the belief that the excitement of the thing is as necessary to their lives and comfort as bread and meat."

"Just now I recall an instance of a man who contracted paresis simply because he tried to force himself to accomplish a feat that was mentally beyond his power. He is George Knight, the actor. He had a fair amount of success playing light, spontaneous parts, when he conceived the idea that his abilities lay in a more substantial direction, and so he studied the character of Baron Rudolph, altogether unsuited to his talents. He studied hard and conscientiously, and was determined to overcome all obstacles by persistent work. It wore him out, and before his friends were aware of it he was a wreck from paresis."

"Paresis is only a natural consequence of such conditions as I have stated and one or two others, chiefly our unnatural social vices and indulgences. Perhaps it is because we are in the critical period of our commercial development and as yet have no settled laws of living. It is 'make money' all the time. That's the only universal American social law I know of."

When a man feels rocky in the morning he naturally drinks mineral water.—Puck.



