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THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS.

Subscription: One Dollara Year. Three Copies \$3.50. Ten C pies. \$6.00.

II hree months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.

Representative Springer of Illinois, as actionally ill of the grippe.

Corn has reached the 45 cent in rket again, but many of the farmer, are holding on, and no doubt in yex set 50 cents per bushel.

It is reported that the failure of the Knox backing institute of topeks, has seriously crippled the new Methodist University, the buildings of which are now in process of construction

The green ribbon and the crownless harp were prominent on the 17th, Sr. Patrick's Day, which is annually celebrated by solumn and impressive services throughout the Catholic world.

The Unit d Scales Savings Banks closed its doors Wednesday morning.
The Hab lines will exceed \$200,000 with a set a equal to or greater than

Alligator Shooting.

We were moving further and further all the time into the alligator country, and they were growing thicker and thicker. From the way they were dropping from the banks into the water on both sides of us, that part of the Manatee river would be a particularly unwholesome place for a swim, if they do attack persons in the water. In some places where the banks were six or eight feet higher than the water the startled alligators had no hesitation about diving off, of course making a great splash. They had in every instance, as Mr. Warner had told us, the head toward the water, ready for a spring.

"Now, when we reach a good place to land, I'll try to kill one of these ferrows," Mr. Warner said, "and then we can go shore and examine him in our leisure."

We had to watch some little time for such an opportunity, for all places were not good landing places, and all the alligators were not in favorable positions for being shot. The eye and just back of the foreleg are the only vulnerable places, even for a rifle ball. When a bullet struck one on the back or side the sound was like shooting against a rock. I had been peppering them all the afternoon with a revolver, and with every shot I brought down an alligator. This was not, however, on account of fine marksmanship, but because whereever it hit him, or probably if it did not hit him at all, the shot alarmed him, and he sprang into the water. The small eye of the alligator is not a very good target at fifteen or twenty paces, and Mr. Warner made several efforts before he bagged any game- At length, however, he struck one square in the eye, and the alligator was dead before he had a chance to flop himself into the water. Not dead so quick, either, but so discouraged that in his few moments of tall lashing and terrible struggling he worked himself still further away from the water.

As soon as he lay quiet we landed, and we as close to him as proper respect. his size warranted. The brute might be playing poseum, and one sweep of that powerful tail would break a man's legs. He lay on his back, and we soon became familiar enough with him to poke him with sticks, and then sankhere was no doubt that he was as dead and is he would ever be. He was an inch or

sank here was no doubt that he was as dead and is he would ever be. He was an inch or face, o over seven feet long, and I think any brit one who saw that slimsy, repulsive She creature lying there would not care in and the future to put his feet into a pair of load lligator boots. His jaws were large, load and no doubt powerful enough, to snap A a man's leg off, and he would have been an ug y fellow to encounter in a fight.

Strange Cuperstition.

At a recei meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Dociety in Edinburgh Rev. Dr. S. wart of Nother Lochaber read a paper on fire sure stitions, in which he mentioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire a few months ago, saw t s! .. smoke rising from a hollow. Caproceeding to a bank above he saw five women passing a sick child through a fire. Two of the women standing opposite each other held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoep were engaged in passing the child backward and forward through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the cl..id had been eighteen times passed and repassed through the flery circle it was returned to its mother and the 1 ng hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about eighteen months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoope for each month of its age. When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its lied.

Peterson for April opens with twe large fushion sheets, giving all the most novel and graceful designs for spring costumes. The Tree of the Lesert is a heavifully illustrated article on palmetroes and gives much interesting and out-of-the-way informatism in regard to to the numerous varieties, written with an exquisite delicacy of touch. Twixt llis Coming and Going by Anna M. Dwight is a story of unusual merit. In A Glass Manulactory is an illustrated article which gives a capital account of the different stages of glass making. The fashion and household departments are always—simply invaluable. Trus, two dollars a year. Sen 15 cm; for a sample conv. Address, Pet rs. h. Megazine, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whather 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 uncalled for, is primatically evidence of intentional FRAUD.

THE temptations thrown in the way of youths by sweets are terrible. It is now claimed that prize packages of confectionery initiate children early in the charms of lottery, and it has been long known that no boy ever sees a stick of candy that he doesn't want to lick it.

NATURALLY enough, the Indian himself is not anxious to become a ward of the army, but his opinion in this matter ought not to be the controlling one. It is known that the present system is corrupt and inefficient. It is known that the bureau fails miserably to perform the duties expected of it.

NEW YORK sent to the heathen of India last year 2,000 pairs of corsets, 700 rubber garters, and 3,500 dresses ribbed with whalebone and steel. The heathen refused to wear them, but New York's conscience is clear. Having laid up these second-hand treasures in heaven, if the heathen will not touch them they will be there for the use of the New Yorkers in the sweet by and by.

THERE'S a great difference between "winning" money and "making" it; a great difference between getting it out of another man's pocket into ours, or filling both. Collecting money is by no means the same thing as making it; the taxgatherer's house is not the Mint; and much of the apparent gain (so called), in commerce, . is only a form of taxation on carriage or exchange.

Or all the unhappy creatures on the face of the earth the one most to be pitied is the vain, sensitive, egotistical bundle of humanity who always imagines everything is intended for him. The preacher preaches at him, the editor writes at him, the gossip gossips about him, and, taking it "by and large," the whole world, while seemingly engaged in other matters, is really occupied in observing his mightiness, smiling when he smiles and trembling when he frowns. Such persons ought to stick a finger in a pail of water and drawing it out learn from the hole left how much real importance they are to the world.

THE liquor traffic itself is refusing openings to men who are victims of the liquor habit. A prosperous Chicago firm, which have multiplied attractive thus to be put down—so like others places of sale and gives employment in the aggregate to a large number of persons, will continue no man on its paysons, will continue no man on its payroll, bar-tender or porter, who is not absolutely a teetotaler. The members of the firm do not themselves drink and they will have nobody about them on their side of the bar who does. This himself. This he did and soon brought is significant testimony to the value of out a book, the earliest known edition teetotalism from a merely practical standpoint. It is a dram-seller's temperance lecture, which ought to have its influence on the other side of the counter.

THE best half of life is in front of the man of forty, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack, but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world toward comprehending them.

\$150 in six months in return for the payment of one dollar a week, or any the most of Mother Goose by heart! similar excess of usury, intends either to cheat you or to rob somebody else. There is no possible way in which the various so-called beneficial orders now are constantly being quoted to "point a moral or adorn a tale" by all classes what they promise except at the ex-The larger the payments they make to Carlyle's manager the payments they make to pense of the majority of their members. The larger the payments they make to Carlyle's proposition that "the eye a few the greater must be the loss of the many. They do not pretend that the many. They do not pretend that the many. What it brings the capability of seeing," and that therefore "to be made a proposition that therefore "to be many." they can earn these great sums. What they can earn these great sums. What they really propose is that those who go in first shall persuade others to lower they illustrated in the "Cat's lowers". It may be all right for those on the ground floor; the others get nothing but the experience.

Pusy cat, pussy cat, where have you beent I've been to London to see the queen; Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there? I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

BARD OF THE NURSERY.

AN HOUR WITH MOTHER GOOSE, OF BOSTON.

eare Outstripped by a Real New England Grandmother, Whose Son-in-Law Published Her Rhymes in 1719.

The old world has its immortal Shakespeare—grand, sublime, trans-eendent! The new world has its immortal "Mother Goose"—unique and unmatchable! Mankind has long since reached the unanimous conclusion that these two names are the most popular in the annals of the world's literature. Shakespeare in his descriptive passages goes largely into detail, and at times is so verbose as to be positively full. Mother Goose is always terse, if not startling, and right to the point. The following, which is similar to many of her "melodies," would have been drawn out into a five act tragedy under Shakespeare's treatment:

I'll tell you a story about Joll McRory; He went to the wood and shot a tory! Then he came back and told his brother, And they went to the wood and shot an-

other! It is this cold, easy, wanton manner of disposing of tragic events and of having the most surprising, unheard-of things happen that lends such a charm to Mother Goose's writings. Her melodies are Shakespeare's plays boiled down to jingles of a few lines each. l'he Englishman's plays are allopathic; the Yankee woman's verses are homeopathic. She seemed to have a foreknowledge of the fact that there would come a time in the history of the world when there would be a demand in the nursery for condensed literature and she provided for it. Life indeed is short-too short to read Shakespeare, but yet long enough to read Mother Goose. But who was this most famous

of women? Webster's dictionary of the noted names of fiction contains the following note: This "Mother Goose" is not an imaginary personage, as is commonly supposed. She belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, Mass., where she was born and resided for many years. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by the celebrated Cotton Mather on the 8th of June, 1715, to an enterprising and industrious printer by the name of Thomas Fleet and in due time gave birth to a son. Mother Goose, like all good grandmothers, was in ecstacies at the event. Her joy was unbounded. She spent her whole time in the nursery and wandering about the house, pouring forth, in not the most melodious strains, the songs and ditties which she had learned in her younger days, greatly to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood —to Fleet in particular, who was a man fond of quiet. It was in vain he exhausted his shafts ridicule and wit

every expedient he could devise. It was no use. The old lady was not idea of collecting the songs and ditties as they came from his good mother-inlaw, and such as he could gather from other sources, and publishing them for the benefit of the world-not forgetting "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children." Printed by T. Fleet at his printing house. Pudding lane [now Devonshire street,] 1719. Price 2 coppers." The adoption of the title was in derision of his mother-in-law, and was perfectly characteristic of the man, as he was never known to spare his nearest friends in his raillery or when he could excite laughter at their expense.

Thus is our claim that she was one of us conclusively established. It only remains to show that, as our greatest literary light, she outshines every other author of all lands and ages. The true test of an author's popularity and greatness is determined by the extent to which his writings are quoted, written or spoken. Tried by this standard Shakespeare pales into insigso new and the future so fresh as to nificance. Thousands of people never him who has spent the early years of heard of Shakespeare, while tens of the deepest problems of science and writings. Where is the man, woman life, and who has made some headway American or foreign born, that cannot recite page after page of Mother Goose's melodies? Ay, how many Goose's Anybody who undertakes to pay there are who can scarcely repeat a

Her "melodies," either in word or spirit, permeate every class of literature, from the careless newspaper article to the finished classic. They and ages. Why not? They are full of observation, reflection and wisdom,

Pussy, with her feline eyes, had noted nothing but the mouse. How many have been spurred from dreaming to duty by that concisely stated truth: A man of words, and not of deeds, Is like a garden full of weeds.

The following is a "snap shot" of human nature that will ever be true to

A little old man and I fell out; How shall we bring this matter about? Bring it about as well as you can, Get you gone, you little old man!

That is precisely the way in which the people of to-day propose to compromise their differences. It is beyond the realm of human possibility to enumerate the number of men and measures which, like The king of France, with twenty thousand

Marched up the hill and then marched

down again. The world is full of 'Little Jack Horners" who are saying to themselves "what a good boy am I;" of "Simple Simons" and "Little Boy Blues." There is nothing new under the sun, particularly nothing new in human nature, and Mother Goose's delinea tions of it will never need to be revis-They will ever enter into the sermon, the review and the drama.
"The child is the father of the man," and since "Mother Goose's Melodies" is among his earliest literary friends, it will be one of the last to be forgotten. Mother Goose is dead. Long live Mother Goose!

ABOUT CASH CUSTOMERS.

One Groceryman Says He Prefers Tho Who Trade on Credit.

It seems very strange, but it is true, nevertheless, that customers who pay cash for their purchases are not considered very desirable by butchers or grocers, and especially those who do not send children or messengers after the goods, but go themselves and have the articles selected and weighed or measured under their personal supervision. A groceryman whom I questioned on the subject endeavored to deny that such was the fact, says a writer in the New York Telegram, but when I mentioned several instances to show that it was true, he said: Well, we don't like them because they are too particular. They want the biggest and best of everything and then they beat down your prices as low as they can. ()f course it is pleasant to get the ready money, but it comes in such small amounts that the full benefit of it is not appreciated. Besides you are never sure of a cash customer. They are not in your debt and can quit you when they feel they have a grievance. You are sure of the customers who run an account with you, though occasionally they fail to pay. But we have a way of protecting ourselves against loss," said the groceryman with a sly smile.

"No wonder the butchers and groc ers prefer customers who run a book to those who pay cash," said a boarding house keeper of my acquaintance; "a cent or two more on a pound for everything is charged to the book customer, who is usually careless in noting the increase, but this difference alone makes a handsome profit for the grocer. In addition to this the poorest quality of goods is foisted on the customer who runs an account, as the privilege of running a book is supposed to be favor for which the customer cannot be too grateful. Where the latter is inclined to be careless it often happens that certain items find their way on the book, so that when the account is footed up at the end of the week or month the total is found to be much larger than was anticipated. It is not at all strange, to one who knows, why grocers and butchers are willing to take chances with book customers.

Farmers and Insanity.

The peaceful and presumably independent occupation of farming is represented in the insane asylum of Oregon by over two hundred men and women whose reason has fled. This occupation, indeed, leads all others in the annals of the insane, in this state at least—a fact that does not agree with the generally accepted idea that the increase of insanity is due to the increasing spirit of speculation, the feverish haste to be rich and the increase in the use of stimulants. On the other hand, it indicates that monotony, isolation and small cares are as great and destructive enemies to human reason as are the more violent foes that assail and bear it down. They first undermine and sap it by slow degrees, and this is more especially true in the case where women are the victims; the last take it by storm,-Portland Oregonian.

A Little Girl's Story.

One day a lisping little girl ran into the house and said to her mother: Look, mother, what I found on the thidewalk, a pair of thitherth."

Sure enough, she had found a pair of scissors, and her mother patted her on the head and told her what a good little girl she was to bring the scissors

The little girl was praised so much for her deed that she was beguiled into saying: "I thaw five or thix other pairth of thitherth on the thidewalk, but I thought I wouldn't pick 'em up."

Then the little girl had to be whipped

for lying.—Texas Siftings,

CALLING ON THE QUEEN.

emonies Attendant Upon a Presenta-tion to Her Britannic Majesty.

Court customs now in England are much simplified owing, it is said, to Queen Victoria's and Prince Albert's arrangements; but they would still seem extreme in our unceremonious land, says the New York Ledger. To be received at court one must have an invitation in the lord chamberlain's name, who is the head of the queen's household. This officer walks before her majesty in a state procession, and stands next to her at a levee or drawing-room, where he announces the name of each guest who approaches the royal presence. The lord chamberlain has the palace key in his custody, and conducts the queen to her carriage. There is also a vice chamberlain. The lord steward "has the whole direction of the royal household below stairs." The treasurer of the household, the master of the horse, and the master of the buck hounds have duties which their titles mark out, and they carry wands of office. The master of horse is the "only one who can use the sovereign's horses, carriages, pages, or footmen." There are also attached to the royal person a captain of the yeoman of the guard, a private secretary, a keeper of the queen's private purse, master of ceremonies, lords in waiting, gentlemen ushers of the private chamber, equerries, pages of honor, etc.

Those last are dressed in antique

costume and attend at receptions and on state occasions. The groom of the robes and the young pages carry her majesty's train on state occasions. There are also maids of honor, mistress of the robes, ladies in waiting, etc. The maids of honor have the title of honorable," and when they marry eceive a present of £1,000 from the

queen. Foreign ministers are received at court after a complicated order of precedence, which sometimes causes irritation between these representatives of different nations. In former years actual hostilities have been provoked by disputes concerning rights of favor. Only ministers, among diplomates, can ask an audience of the sovereign. A consul or a charge d'affaires may, when representative of the minister, in his absence only. At the present time there are no fixed rules as to classes, but there are as to the process of getting permission. "Full dress" is pre-scribed, the lady guests wearing trains which are carried on the left arm, until the door leading across the picture gallery is reached, when it is spread out by the ladies in waiting, and then the progress for a few yards is very slow, regulated by the wearer of the preceding train. Persons of high rank among ladies have the privilege of being kissed by the queen. Other ladies make a low courtesy and kiss the queen's hand, which she places in the palm of their hand. If the queen condesends to kiss an untitled person, this person must still not expect to return a kiss in kind, but must kiss only her hand. Of course, a lady before reaching the queen must have

her right hand ungloved. Visitors require two cards to attend queen's reception, 'one to be left with the queen's page in attendance in the presence chamber, and the other to be delivered to the lord in waiting, who will announce the name to her majesty." To other members of the royal family who stand near the queen in receiving only a courtesy is made, in

general way, to all. . After passing the royal company levees only the ministers and great officer of the household remain long in the "throne room." And "at drawing-rooms only the ladies of the ministers, of the great officers of the household and of the foreign ministers can remain after the procession passes along and separates.'

A Queer Community. A strange community is that of Agua

di Dios, the leper village of Colombia, as described by our consul at Bogota, says the London Rock. Situated at about 1,400 feet above the sea level, with a dry sandy soil, and a tempera-ture of 82 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit, this spot has been chosen for the lazar retto by the government on account of its ancient reputation for the cure of leprosy. Some 520 sufferers of this terrible visitation dwell here, and form about one-third of the population; but the most remarkable fact regarding the settlement is that lepers and healthy persons are described as living on terms of perfect intimacy, there being no specific leper quarter, though every house in the village stands apart in a garden. Mr. Wheelersays that there is no case on record of the disease having been contracted here by contagion. Even where lepers have married healthy persons, the husband or

erally afflicted. An American in Havana accidentally jostled a Chban and was commanded to apologize or fight a duel. He decided to fight, and to fight right off, and to fight with revolvers at ten paces, and the Cuban said he presumed it was an accident and he would let it go that

wife has never been known to take it

from the other. On the other hand, the mournful fact is admitted that

children born of such unions are gen-

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TAILOR.

The Indian National Dress.—Many Advan-

tages That it Possesses The national costume of the people of India has been much praised for its simplicity, lightness and adaptability to the climate of the country, says the Times of India. The saree, the dhotur, and the turban are capable of being manufactured in various tints and colors, and of being folded and displayed on the person in various ways. The turban possesses the greatest adaptability to the taste of individuals, and we find that this taste has been exercised by the people to distinguish the sect of the wearer and in some cases the priests. But the ingenuity that has been exercised in the form and color of the chief articles of dress of the people of this country is not the ingenuity of the tailor but the ingenuity of a people ignorant of the tailor's art. They are worn by the people exactly as they pass from the weaving-looms; hence when presents of cloth are made in families-and the custom of making such presents is general—these presents are described as "cloths." A bride and bridegroom receiving a present of cloth at a wedding ceremony are at once dressed in complete suits of "cloths." Sarees, dhoturs, and turbans are simply cloths of various lengths, especially the turbans, and it is not at all necessary that the wearer of the cloth and the cloth itself should be of any relative size, for these cloths fit anybody or anybody fits the garment. The chief idea which appears to run through the Indian national costume is how to make nature do all the tailoring. Tailor-made clothing has been introduced into India since the importation of needles and thread; but the saree, though made brighter by gay colors than formerly, still retains its distinction as a garment that requires no tailoring to fit it to the female form. Throughout the villages of India soap is regarded as a natural curiosity, and is never kept in stock by the village shop-keeper. It is, however, finding a place in the large towns in the shops of grocery-dealers, who do a retail business in eau-de-cologne, but the consumption is by no means considerable. The total consumption of soap in this country does not exceed 100,000 hundred-weight per annum, or one hundred-weight among 2,500 per-

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

As a proof that he loves one woman, man must swear that he hates ten. The greatest lack of youth-exper-The greatest lack of age-

opportunity. Some men claim to be the children of God whom an earthly father would be ashamed to own.

If you could not get along with a man while he was living do not be

friendly to his corpse. A sin in a woman is always a sin. With a man a sin is a mistake soon to be forgiven and forgotten.

Succeed, and the only comment your neighbors will make will be that your sdccess shows what cheek can do.

The man who does one big mean thing is always more to be trusted than the man who does ten little ones. When a man says a good deal about not being understood it is usually a sign that he wants his faults accepted

as virtues. If a man so lived and labored each day as though that were his last on earth he would be a great man before he was 30.

Let ten believing men go to pray with a thief and nine of them will take the precaution of leaving their pocktbooks at home. When a married man flirts with an-

other woman all the other women in town find out that there is a sacred duty they owe his wife. If the men would use more systematic means of overcoming their bad

habits, instead of depending on the Lord for help, it would be easier to get rid of them. How conceited men would feel if

they could come back to life the day of their funerals, and how humble they would be if they could return to life after they have been six weeks dead.

Why is cheerfulness expected of a man when he is in trouble? A man in trouble always tries to look cheerful, because he knows it is expected of him, and adds another burden to his list. It is hard work to look cheerful when you feel like crying.

Electrifying Bees.

An eminently practical German scientist is said to have applied a mild current of electricity to a swarm of ees, quickly causing them to fall to the ground in a stupefied condition. The bees could be safely handled while in this condition, and, if the electrical current was not too strong no injury was done them.

Chesterfield on Ice. He is a most scrupulous and re gentleman. Mary was skating whim, when she fell and sprained hankle, and he wouldn't pick her up his arms and carry her off until he gone through the form of propound become engaged to her.

IN THE OLD NAVAL TUBS.

DEAD NEGROES USED FOR TOR-PEDO FLOATS.

Interesting Beminiscences of the Life of a Blockader...How a British Sloop was Relieved of Its Cargo of Drinkables.

"The Southern waters were infested with sharks," says a Cincinnatian who served for four years as engineer aboard the blockading squadron in the late "They seemed to be possessed of a high degree of intelligence, and lay about ships like sentinels watching for something to fall overboard.
"Things did fall overboard, too," he

continued, "and not the least juicy morsels snapped up by the grim watch. dogs of the sea, were negroes. These negroes were refugees, and if by chance one fell overboard, he seemed to give up all hope immediately, and down he went without even so much as a cry. The sharks got colored men invariably. Why, I remember when aboard the New Hampshire receiving ship, where I was stationed awhile in charge of the distilling apparatus, that for weeks two sharks lay like sentinels at our stern, one at each side never moving, except to snap up some choice morsel that fell overboard. As they lay about six feet under the water they were visible, but safe from our guns.

·I remember once we were detailed to keep the confederates from placing torpedoes in the St. John's river. The ship was surrounded with torpedo netting to prevent the enemy slipping up at night and screwing a bomb into us unawares. One placid evening the ship's surgeon, thinking the nets a sufficient protection against sharks, went down to take a bath in the space between the netting and ships. He splashed about for awhile and then with one shriek he disappeared forever. A queer thing about his death was that he had received a letter that very day from him wife in New York saying that she had dreamed he was in imminent peril of his life and beseeching him to be careful what he did.

'The sharks here were tricky. They had a habit of following a boat and suddenly catching hold of one of the oars, trying by this means to upset it.

I believe they thoroughly understood what the result of an upset would be, but we always fooled them.

Sharks were not the worst thing we had to contend with on that river though. It was our practice to pick up every dead body that could be seen, we often by that means secured letters containing valuable information. The confederates got onto this fact and secured the dead bodies of negroes and attaching torpedoes to them, allowed them to drift down toward us in the hope that we would get blown up in catching the bodies. But we discovered this ruse before any damage was done. They were not sparing of powder in making these infernal machines. One day while hunting on the river I found four torpedoes and we got 300 pounds of powder from them.

"I was put down as a deserter once, but it was no disgrace, as it was a common occurrence, and the entry was merely formal. It happened in this way in my case: We were lying at Hilton Head, or Port Royal, and I was given leave of absence for twenty-four hours to visit a plantation. This plantation lay up the creek that was very deep and very narrow. On our return trip we found the tide in and the stream away over its banks. The water extended a long distance on both sides as the creek was bordered by low plains. We got out of the center of the stream, and the tide suddenly rushed out, leaving us high and dry on shore, and there we sat until the next tide floated us off. We suffered for our carelessness, for the gallinippers got in their work in great shape. These gallinippers, without exaggeration, were an inch in length with bills a half inch long. They could puncture ordinary clothing with ease. Sand fleas were also a sourse of terrible torture to us. You see we lay surrounded by swamps, and when the tide went out our deck was brought down below the level of the swamp, and legions of gallinippers and sand fleas boarded us. Many a time I have strapped myself to cross trees of the masts, where the wind blew these pests away, thus letting me have a good sleep.

"But as to the manner of our block-Take that of Charleston harbor, for instance. There were here Old Ironsides, the Wissahickon (our ship) and about ten others. The vessels were posted about a mile apart and at night each patrolled up and down on its beat. I remember one boat that we ran down and sunk. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning and we could just see a dark object which we knew to be a runner. We ran across her bows and gave her a shot, after which she ran out to sea, but soon came back. This time we ran alongside and gave her broadside after broadside until she sank. She went down in shallow water and her deck was left above the surface, so that a crew was sent aboard to bring off whatever of value she carried. nd the crew brought off an elegant oad. In fact they were so heavily oaded that they had to be carried off.

but they started with such a load that they also had to be carried off, and before the third crew could get a jag day. light came, and the guns of the fort drove them off. Just before she was sunk, I heard the captain cry that he surrendered, and notified our captain, but he was afraid it was only a ruse to gain time, and ordered her sunk any how. As our boats were merely tubs unable to make more than nine knots an hour, as against twelve or fifteen knots of the runners, it was risky busi ness to give them the least chance, se they were usu ally summarily sunk. This craft had been in command of a British officer, and we found his uniform in the cabin. The crew all escaped, and I have no doubt they were British coming to the relief of Charles-

A'LONGSHOREMAN'S MODESTY The Odd Idea That a Rough Man Had of Propriety.

"You would hardly believe what silly ideas some rough, uneducated men have about propriety," said the the sea and had seen much of the world, nurse to a New York Tribune man, as she smoothed the pillow and rearranged the bed-covers with a gentleness and a dexterity that recalled to the patient the ministering hand of a mother to a sick boy. "I recollect nursing a big 'longshoreman when I was in the hospital who had an idea of chivalry which, mistaken and nonsensical though it was, yet was refreshing in one of his class. He had been in some drunken fight in a low grog-shop near the river, and had received a number of bad wounds. His antagonist had cut right for his heart, and had made three or four gaping slashes in his chest.

"The injured man was one of the best-built men I ever saw, and if his was charming in her wedding gown of chest had not been padded with thick homespun stuff. muscles he would have been murdered outright. As it was he was in a critical condition, and only the best care and treatment could save his life. The surgeon dressed his wounds the first and hurried in to kiss the young bride few days and then turned the task over to me. I went up to the patient, whose name was Jackson, the next day, and began to lay back the covers on the

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I am going to dress your wounds,

answered. "You—a lady?" he asked in aston-

ishment. 'Of course; come, no nonsense," I ent on, for he had grasped the cover of him, but he said he didn't care if he did, so I had to send for a surgeon. After several days the patient was persuaded to let me dress the wounds, but he turned crimson when he bared his chest for me, although he had to expose little more than a society woman does when she wears a ball gown. Well, the 'longshoreman got well, and since then I have been convinced that the coarsest men are not without instincts of gentility."

A Low Complaint.

little corn upon a little toe Was once lamenting its neglected lot. There was a time I was of some account. But that was when barometers were not Then he who owned me as a weather gauge On all my changes kept a careful eye, But now quite useless, save to hurt alone, That I should live there is no reason

why.' At Peaceful Rest.

A dog and cat life may be sad and drear, But it would be more quiet at least
If the dog barked less through the sleepless night,
And the cat its youlings ceased.

Shaking Hands.

There is nothing more agreeable to warm hearted man or woman than a cordial hand shake with a friend, but there are circumstances under which even handshaking is superfluous and undesirable. For example, take a reception by some prominent official in Washington. Say there are 1,000 people in attendance. Each shakes hands with the host and hostess on arriving. When the time for departure comes no visitor feels at liberty to leave without bidding the hostess goodby with another hand shake. By the time everybody has gone the hostess will have shaken hands at least 2,000 times, and feels as tired as a laborer after a day's work. Here is an opportunity for a reform that will be agreeable to a large number of hospitable people in Washington and elsewhere as well.-Washington

A King's Wish.

The king of the Sandwich islands always wanted to see a battle, such as some of those fought in the late war, and had he been financially able to do so he would have hired 100,000 men to divide in half and fight for half a day for his amusement. The best he could do was to get up a scrap around the palace occasionally.

A Good Woman.

in fact they were so heavily led that they had to be carried off. Her husband is probably the oldest fire-escape on record.—Boston Budget of the bracing breeze and returned with crept through the narrow passage.

ONE OF THE SOCIAL EVENTS OF YANKEE LAND.

ch Scenes Were the Subject of Nine Days, Gossip in the New England Village of Long Ago.—The Groom and Parson.

It was a crisp October afternoon. Outdoors the Yankee town was gay with autumnal foliage. In the tower of the town church the marriage bells were ringing joyously. The big farm-house where the happy bride dwelt bustled with the preparations of the auspicious ceremony. A Yankee wed-ding is an event of varied and picturesque interest at all times. Dwellers in big cities seldom get a chance to witness a ceremonial so quaintly elaborate and attractive.

The bride of this particular lovely October day was a typical Yankee belle. She was the beauty of the town. A city chap, who had had a taste of had won her heart. He had captivated her with stories of adventure, and won her finally by the superior ease of his manner and skill of address. He was rather short in statue, with a little black moustache and an abundance of good humor.

The farmhouse door stood wide open after the good old New England custom, in hospitable welcome to the guests that were already beginning to arrive. The interior of the farmhouse was decked with festoonery of greens and autumn grasses. A tall clock, that had stood for a century in the corner of the wide hall, ticked musically. The blushing bride studied the dial with a rich flush upon her cheek. She

The guests drove up in groups from all sides in farm wagons decked with greens, and in old-fashioned country carriages. The women folks alighted elect effusively and to study her attire.

The bridegroom stood out at the gate to welcome the visitors. The men folks lingered to congratulate him heartily. At the side of the house a big barrel of eider was propped up and the men folks all took big draughts of it. The bridegroom, in accordance with the custom, vas obliged to drink his own health with each caller. He had been keeping it up for an hour steadily, and by the time the clergyman was due, he in his weak hands and was trying to had grown joyous to the point of hilar-prevent my laying it back. I tried to ity. The men folks kept shaking him prevent my laying it back. I tried to argue with him, but he blushed and said doggedly that he wouldn't let a many allusions, though of a rather would die if he didn't let me take care of him but he said he didn't consider to the big handsome dog that the men folks admired. He had never been able to agree with the dog. The ani-mal seemed to know that the dapper fellow was going to take his mistress off, and he interfered with the young man's pastime of swinging on the gate in the moonlight with his sweetheart.

The bridegroom shut his left eye often in a friendly wink at a tall, lank youth who looked as if he had stepped out of the bages of one of Dickens' novels. The lank youth had a high white choker with a green stock, broadcloth trousers that were skin tight, and stopped short in the leg everal inches above his ankles. He had bright red stockings, and his feet were shod with dancing pumps. He received the winks of the bridegroom with a solemn dignity that savored of consuming sadness. The lank youth, as a matter of fact, considered himself in the category of victims of unrequited love. He was certainly in the rank of the 'lefts." The winking and dapper bridegroom had come from the city, and cut him clean out in his suit for the young bride's hand. But he was a close friend of her family, and he was compelled by country etiquette to be present and watch that detested city chap walk off with the prize.

The minister came up while the bridegroom was endeavoring to forgive all and join in a bumper of the hard cider. The minister had a smart rig of his own, but he had walked from the church to enjoy the bracing October air. He had graduated from a theological seminary in the city the year before. He was a tall, handsome youth, with cheeks as rosy as fall pippins. If it hadn't been for his sober suit of black and stiff white choker a man familiar with the city would have taken him for a fly drummer or a city lawyer. It became evident in half a second that he knew a thing or two. The bridegroom reached for his outstretched hand as if he saw several hands held out in greeting. When he had finally succeeded in grasping the substantial hand held out to him, the young dominie drew him away from the crowd of farmers around the barrel of hard cider, and leaned over and whispered in his ear in the friendliest possible tone.

"See here, Charley," he said, "you'd better take a run down the road to the postoffice, and let the others sample that cider. The walk will do you

good." "Dominie," cried the bridegroom, wringing the minister's hand, "I always said you were a brick. I'll go

hardly a trace of the hilarity born of the cider draughts. The dominie ingeniously staved off inquiries for the missing bridegroom meanwhile.

"He's all right. He's gone down to the postoffice to see if there aren't some letters from the city. He's expecting some."

The rival in the green stock and shining pumps looked at the dominie hard. The rival's face had the peculiar look of a man who doubts truth of what he hears. He smiled grimly. The dominie saw the smile, but let it pass. His own face was like that of little George's in the old-fashioned colored prints of the instructive cherry tree episode. The bridegroom bounded into the parlor and said to the domine in a loud tone: "Nothing

All the company gathered in the parlor a few minutes later. The bride and groom stood under a bower of greenery. Behind stood the rival in red stockings and polished dancing pumps. With the generosity that is sometime characteristic of the city feller who gets the girl, he had asked his rival to be his best man. The man who had got left had consented.

He got his reward when the ceremony was ended. His was the first kiss after the groom and the young dominie. No words can describe the ingering despair that marked the osculation. Then all the other men folks came up and gave the bride a kiss on the right cheek. They were explosive smacks. The groom paid a similar tribute to all the other women. He did it with the air of a busy city man who hasn't got much time to waste. They were rousing kisses, though, all the same. He threw into them an apparent heartiness that prevented any suspicion that any part of the ceremonial made him weary.

GLASS MADE BY LIGHTNING. ubes in the Sand That Tell the Diamete

of the Fiery Bolt. "Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a ge-ologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was.

"This is called a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole, and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it took only the fraction of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into silice in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms at once a glass tube of precisely its own

"Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet; they vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the

flash. "But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though slight depth and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit

of Little Ararat in Armenia. "The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the National museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass,

Some wonderful fulgurites were found hy Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life.' -Washington Star.

Sitting Bull's Cabin.

The Indians were very willing to part with old Sitting Bull's cabin, which is to be one of the attractions at the World's fair, It is haunted by the ghost of the late chieftain and his superstitious followers, who avoid it with terror, will really be glad to get rid of it. But what makes it an object of dread to the redskins will constitute one of the principal attractions at the fair. There are a great many people for whom ghosts and haunted houses have a facinating charm, and it is not often that any one has a chance to see so distinguished a ghost as that of the late Sitting Bull. If satisfactory arrangements can be made for a nightly appearance of the interesting spectre the cabin is certain to be a strange attraction for thousands of lovers of the mysterious and the occult.

The Needle's Eye.

The above name is given to a subterraneous passage on the coast of Banffshire, 150 yards long from sea to ea, but through which a man can, with difficulty, creep. At the north end of the Needle's Eye there is a cave 20 feet high, 30 feet broad and 150 long. The whole of this passage and

EASTER DRESS PARADE.

The Blossoming of the Springtime Flower-Laden Bonnet.

Apart from the religious observance of the day, Easter presents another attractive side. It is the transition from winter to spring in the way of garments, and new bonnets and spring owns first see the light on that day. 'The Easter bonnet" has supplied the newspaper paragrapher with a wealth of material, and it seems to be an endless mine of fun, for with the advent of Easter the old jokes are brought upand sent forth again as new. But the feminine heart is not wounded with these pointed darts any longer, for the bonnet makes its appearance as regularly as the jests, and the art of the milliner is put to the proof at this season, when faces bright as the spring sunshine must have head-gear to set off golden hair and radiant eyes, and when plain faces demand tints and trimmings to make them look beautiful. The gay costumes which suddenly blossom at the close of Lent are more or less symbolic of the casting off of the sackcloth which has been at least metaphorically donned during the season of penitence.

Fifth Avenue, in New York, is the annual parade ground on Easter afternoon, where two brilliantly attired armies pass in review side by side. On that day the street is crowded with a quiet, decorous company, some of whom come to see, while others come to be seen, and, whatever the purpose, all are sure to be satisfied. You may lose yourself in the crowd, and note newest costumes unheeded by wearers thereof, or you may the go forth attired to rival the splender of Solomon, and win for yourself the admiration of the spectators. It is a wonderfully captivating sight, suggesting a kaleidoscope with its changes of color at every turn, for each step brings forward a new effect, a new combination of grace and beauty; and so it goes on all the day until, perfectly dazed, one is glad to rest. And with all there is the merry laughter of children who have gained their Easter eggs at Sunday school, lending additional charm to the whole. The scent of violets, which are worn in great profusion, fills the air, and there is that general tone of joy and gladness with which the glad mortals welcome the advent of spring—the beautiful type of the eternal resurrection.

Be Not Afraid.

Lo, where but yesterday death reigned, to-The spring's sweet miracle is wrought again.
Soft sing the herald birds in woods and glen,
From wintry graves the stone is rolled

away, And Life, the Conqueror, once more holds

Up leap the fairy host in field and fen, And leaf and bud rejoice the hearts of sway men With promise gladder than the robin's lay

For still from year to year each emerald That breaks the prisoning sod, each starry

very naturally of Triumphant rising from its darksome tomb. Each blossoming bough that spans the forest glade, And with its silvery lamplets lights the Repeats the Easter word, "Be not afraid." gloom,

> A Rhyme for Easter. Nor bud nor leaf need I to know When Spring arrives in town; I find it safe enough to go By Phillis and her gown.

When I behold this dainty lass Come forth all fresh and fair, I know that then the spears of grass Are showing on the square.

And when in Phillis' bonnet's plume I spy a spray of pink, I'm sure the crocus is in bloom . Around the fountain's brink.

So bring no prosy almanac My Easter dreams to mar; With Phyllis near, I nothing lack: She is my calendar.

Kitty's Easter.

"The Lord has risen! The Lord has risen! The Lord has risen! The Lord has risen!
The Lord has risen indeed!"
The Easter bells are ringing,
The Easter choir is singing,
The church is white with lillies, but Kitts
does not heed.
"For how in Easter can Leberg!" does not need.
"For how in Easter can I share?"
She says. "I've nothing new to wear."
And so, with sighs and pouting.
She sits there vexed and doubting, And does not try to heed The voice each breeze is bringing, To Heaven itself upwinging

The song the choir is singing,
"The Lord is risen indeed!" -Marian Douglas.

Easter Thoughts.

Under false colors—The Easter egg. Everybody but the funny man will have something new for Easter. The speckled hen never laid the

Easter egg with the polka dots on it. The minister forgets the rigors of Lent in the contemplation of fat marriage fees.

It is consoling to the old maid to know that the custom of sending Easter cards is dying out.

The man who fasted through Lent will probably save enough to pay for his wife's Easter bonnet.

Easter is significant of the resurred tion, but no woman believes in the

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

Senator Plumb is placing himself in full harmony with the people's reform movement.

The streets of Lawrence and the reads leading into the city, are in a miserable condition.

For the first time in the history of Emporia party lines will be drawn ın a municipal campaign

a ballet dancer, and the only revenge he can get is to keep him out of the

by several investment companies. It is to be hoped that the farmers of

The present year bids fair to be another twelve months will witness a radical revolution in our political system, so far as can be in the popular mind, and the next national election will confirm it.

Harrison will accompany him. The president will be absent from Washington about six weeks. On the way to California stops will be made at receive before the close of the year, Atlanta, Ga., and New Orleans, probably one day each.

corruption, and bulldozing that exists it could not well be otherwise.

The last number of the Union Signal contains Francis E. Willard's remarkable address before the Woman's National Council in Washington. What a comprehensive, terse, strong, learned, political address it is. No man in this nation has any where delivered an address that is its superior. Get it, read it. study it.

Governor Humphrey vetoed the bill providing for the government of the State School for the Deaf and Dumb. It created a special board for this school, which has formerly been under the direction of the State Board of Charities. The Governor

Pecuniary Extravagance

A few weeks ago the papers published a dispatch from Washington, saying that the widow of a late Jus, tice of the Supreme Court had given up her home, and had taken rooms in a second-rate boarding house.
The message, of course, awakened pity. It is sad in late life to surrender comforts to which one has been habitrated; but such a change in the life of a lady occupying the position which this lady occupied should awaken suprise quite as much as

The salaries of a Justice is \$10,000 a year. It is not a large salary as compared to a few salaries, but it is a large salary as compared to most salaries. That, out of this money, received each year for a term of years, no saving had been made, is a fact to awaken surprise; and a surprise of individuals to have compensation for labor and materials furnished which may fittingly be tinged with which may fitting types on who, havindignation. Any person who, havindignation. Any person who, havindignation income of \$10,000 a ing an annual income of \$10,000 a laneous use of a railway that there is three student-organizations. Six of these are societies of literary character, ten are fraternities, and seven are method of extravagrant living is also which differs from the same miscellaneous use of a railway that there is a miscellaneous use of every railway which differs from the same miscellaneous use of every railway which differs from the same miscellaneous use of every railway which differs from the same miscellaneous use of every railway which differs from the same miscellaneous use of a country road, but there is a miscel

This question is, however, not simply a financial question. It is a moring one's property, happiness, and ways. A given railway track, up to entire condition in life. No person a certain limit, can carry a heavy the withd awal of loans in that state can be habitually pressed for money also being pressed with temptations to secure money by dishenest means. If the temptations are not to lorge or people, by their patronage, to fur-embezzle, the temptation is at least nish interest money on an unneces-to resort to trickery and scheming sary investment of capital for con-Embezzlers and forgers do not be-Kansas wifl not be held responsible If the temptations are not to forge or Embezziers and forgers do not become criminals for the sake of pleas-According to present indications into these offences. Not every one who is in need of funds offends; but every one who is in need is obliged to suffer anxiety. The nights become restless tossings; the days are occasions for correless constants. sions for ceaseless questionings and

examinations. Such times do indeed come occasionally to every man in business. President Harrison's trip west will They belong to the emergencies of begin between April 5 and 10. Mrs. commerce. But they should not represent the normal condition of either the home or the shop. Those who know at the beginning of the year within a few dollars what they will have no right to be thus harassed. Every man should make his expenses less than his income. One may even go so far as to say, that the simple The Leavenworth Times says that difference between making expenses less than the income (even slightly usually a farce. So are most of our less than the income), and making usually a farce. So are most of our income slightly less than expenses is the entire difference between a life, on one side of competency, if not made. With all the logrolling, and of luxury, of freedom from care, of a tax will be an producers sufficient supply for every common need, of enlarging apportunities and enobling duties, and on the other side of penury, bankruptey, want, anxiety, and shame. The Advance.

> Should the state of Kansas appoint further damage was done. a man to take charge of and add to the collection left by the late Colonal Goss, it is quite probable that Veruon L. Kellogg of the State university will be the party selected.

Ex-Chief Bushynead, of the Cherokee Nation, has obtained a restraining order enjoining Lieutenant Golden from removing Busbyhead and his employes from the strip and de stroying his buildings, etc.

Lindsborg College is making ar rangements to furnish cheap baths students as soon as the warm weather sets in. They think that

Moralizing About Railreads.

Charles S. Gleed in the course of

an article on railroads, says: Th people have failed to realize the exact political and economic status of railways, and their relation to them. They have seemed to think that railways, like the laws of nature, are too big and too powerful to be comprehended or regulated, and that with reference to them, whatever is is right. Some of the facts that the people have overlooked or ignored are easily stated.

Railways in certain respects are as truly public property as the ordinary wagon roads, canals or other public highways. The proper private own ership in railway property finds its vehicles and systems of locomotion on [1] LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY. parallel in the private ownership of ordinary highways, and in the right of individuals to have compensation

trest are societies of literary character, ten are fraternities, and seven are clubs.

Poor Ward McAllister, the New York coofish dude. His dup of misery is full. His nephew has married a ballet dancer and the only revence.

But such a which differs from the same use of the country road only in degree, not the country road only in degree, not

right to be so used. The live too many pry a muancial question. Lt is a mor-railways as to have too many highately cheaper than it can light traffic. It follows, therefore, that having two tracks to do business that one track can do, is to ask railway patrons, the struction, maintenance and operation.

There should be general legislative supervision of the whole business ef railways construction, and no road should be permitted until there is a public demand which capital is willang to supply on purely business basis, without subsidy or local aidat least of any such sort as a public pulls no wires; has no animosities to promise to pay in the future

The exceptions to this rule suggest themselves, and relate to military and other necessities of common interest, and to occassional instances of mere commercial advantage which Legislatures can easily appreciate and pass on. But the general rule that railways should be built only as directly demanded or warranted by actual business conditions is a sound

A railway is primarily a non-producer. It is a producer secondarily by reason of rendering marketable the products of remote localities. But railways being primarily non-producers, it follows that the more such non producing agencies there

A train of eight cars were derailed Sunday. The accident was caused by a broken rail. Passenger trains by a broken rail. Passenger trains were delayed somewhat but no Liberal commissions. Address

The a tempt of McCabe, Thomas and Robins to flood Oklahoma with negroes from Texas and Arkansas has been brought to a sudden termination, meetings have been held and the managers of the scheme having been plainly told to stop. McCabe was an applicant for the appointment of gov ernor of Oklahoma, and it is believed that the scheme of colonization was not only for the purpose of selling them town lots in the prospective city of Langston, but was also for the purpose of making the territory sur ly republican. The usgroes are leav ing as fast as they can procure the necessary money.

weather sets in. They think that weather sets in a cost of the Gordan and encountries wasteful.

The people's party is at the front in Kansas, and there it will stay without any doubt. In other states it is also coming to the front, and all speculations as to the result of Argentine, Kansas Gity, and all speculations as to the result of mext year's campaign are ulterly worthless. Whether Blaine or Oleve hand are to head their respective party tickets is a matter of no present interest. Party lines are getting down mighty lively.

If Jonn J. Ingalle kas not already broken from his party, there is every indication that he will be forced to do. It is last great speech united by the sent in the present interest, Party lines are getting down mighty lively.

If Jonn J. Ingalle kas not already broken from his party, there is every indication that he will be forced to do to the front and the present interest, Party lines are getting down mighty lively.

If Jonn J. Ingalle kas not already broken from his party, there is every indication that he will be forced to do to the front and the present of the present interest. Party lines are getting there are organizing for federation of Labor, says that the greatest labor movement ever a respondent, many feature is the present of the copyright brill become law on July 1, the Everyline of the propose of a speedily coming reform in which the people are to take control of Labor, says that the result of many proposes.

In relation to the copyright brill become law on July 1, the Everyline of the propose of the propose are to take control of Labor, says that the propose are to take the propose are to the propose of the pro

BEATTY PIANOS (new) \$145, ORGANS \$55 DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

GENTSmake, 100 per cent net on my Corsets GENTSmake, typishes, Curlers & Medicine. Samples Curlers & Medicine. Samples Curlers & Medicine.

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DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY. 6 pages,1 cent. 20 pages 4 cents. 8 or 10 pages 2 c The Aggressive Republican Journal of the

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Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The Press.

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Sitting Ball.

The Great Divide for March has been The Great Divide for March has been received and is the most attractive number of this original and striking journal that we have yet seen. A brilliant feature, worthy of special mention, is the Art Supplement, an aquielle portrait of Sitting Buil in seven colors, showing the great medicine man of the Sioux in foil costume. The stories, poems, scientific and descriptive articles in this number are more than usually attractive, and are are more than usually attractive, and are made doubly interesting by copious and artistic illutrations. A copy of this special artissue will be sent to anyone addressing The Great Divide at Denver. Colorado, and enclosing ten cents.

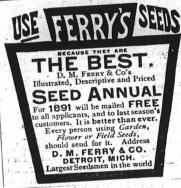
Peterson for April opens with two large fashion sheets, giving all the most novel and graceful designs for spring coathmes. The Tree of the besert is a heautifully illustrated article on palminary and gives much interesting and

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ISA

That I will selfeges from fewls that are well bred from some of the best strains in the country per setting of 18:

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best Turkey raisers.
CONTENTS: Age of breeding stock, about the Gobler.
Which breeds are best and most profitable. Setting the Eggs.
Care while hatching, profit her head.
Care until fully feathered.
Freed for the young.

[Prices.] Care until fully feathered.
Food for the young.
Save the feathers, they bring good
Number of hens to a gobler.
Naraganset Turkeys—White Turkeys.
Bronze Turkcys—Common Turkeys.
To restore Chilled Turkays.
Diseases of Turkeys.
Leg weakness. Killing and Dressing.
Mark your Turkeys—Marketing.
Capital and number to begin with
Tells everything about turkey business.

Farsale at this office.

For sale at this office. Price 25 Cents

There are few western cities which can boast of more comfortable homes more well kept lawns, or more beau-tiful avenues shaded with grand old trees, than can Lawrence.

In 1886, our Ellis county farmers had 50,000 acres in winter wheat, yielding them a million and a quarter bushels of excellent wheat. In this same county today there are 75,000 acres of wheat in most splendid con-

An exchange says a black walnut tree will grow in value \$1.15 per year the first fifteen years. It also adds that every Kansas farmer has it in his power to make more money from a row of black walnut trees around his farm than he can on wheat.

A mixture of dry earth and land plaster is good to use as an absorbent in the stable for the purpose of re-taining the ammonia, which is lighter than air and gives that strong, hands will promote circulation and pungent smell in the stables when it keep the skin in good condition. is escaping, and the absorbent qualities of earth are in proportion to the clay—always to be dry—it contains.

The county commissioners of Sher-man county lately held a meeting for

Crawford County mined 21,000,000 bushels of coal last year, or two-fifths the operator.

Of the entire output for the State. Of the entire output for the State. Cherokee County came second with 13,000,000, and Osage County, third with about 10,000,000 bushels. The total for the State was 353,819,149

The Housekeeper's Friend.

The ploneer friend to the American Housewife is "The Household," a monthly publication founded by George E. Cowell in 1868, and printed at Brattleboro, Vt., until last January, when it was moved to winter wheat. Four fifths of the contries reporting furnish the information that with a largely increased acreage the crop has never at this season shown so marvelously fine a condition. The open winter has been extremely favorable to the development of the plant, and unless peculiarly unfortunate weather conditions should supervene before the next three weeks are past over. Kansas promises to raise a wheat crop which will, both in quantity and quality, far "The Household," as tis name implies, is devoted to the family, and contains helps and suggestions fitted to every idepartment of the home, and to every member of the family.

Practical women contribute practical articles to the Kitchen. Dining Room, and Sewing Room. Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, author of the famous "Boston Cook Book," turnishes "Practical Kitchen Talk," and a "Menu For One Week," in each month's issue.

The Housekeeper's Friend.

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The Household, "a monthly publication founded by George E. Cowell in 1868, and printed at Brattleboro, Vt., until last January, when it was moved to Boston, that it might better serve its rapidly increasing list of subscribers.

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The Household, "a monthly publication founded by George E. Cowell in 1868, and printed at Brattleboro, Vt., until 1

prepared now to manufacture all the twine for the next harvest for which we can obtain material. We use nothing but American hemp. I think we have now proved that there there the alignment of t prepared now to manufacture all the is not the slightest excuse for importing either the twine or the material to make it. We shall raise 3000 acres of hemp this year ourselves, and the farmers in this country will raise about 3000 acres more, so that we shall need to bring from a distance the product of only about 4000 acres. That is, we can manufacture the raw hemp from about 10,000 acres. The next harvest will require about 100,-000,000 pounds of twine, and it would require about 200,000 acres of ground to produce the amount of hemp necessary to make it. We have demon strated that the farmers can grow this hemp more profitably than they can raise corn, and its cultivation would withdraw just that much land from withdraw just that much land from corn culture, aiding in the reduction of the corn surplus and thus helping the farmers on both hands. Farmers all over the State. Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesots and Wisconsin gave us the most unqualified assurance that hemp twine is superior to Sisal or hemp twine is superior to Sisal or "standard" twines, and fully equal to the best Mauila. Six thousand pounds of hemp twine were used inst harvest on the great Snake River farm in Minnesota, in a good average wheat crop, and the average amount wheat crop, and the average amount required was 1½ pounds to the acre. These twines can be made and sold more cheaply than the Twine Trust have ever sold twines of different fiber, and our deliberate conclusion is that American farmers should now grow the hemp themselves, encour age the establishment of twine fact ories directly in the wheat growing States, and save millions of money sent abroad for Sisa', Manila and other foreign fibers."

Care of the Hands.

A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands but it must not touch an abraded surface. Borax water is good for washing the

Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair sabstitute for soap in washing the etc. hands. White unscented soaps are S the best, as the highly scented soaps are some are usually made of rancid fats.

After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocos-

her is good to rub over them. Cocosnut oil is a pleasant application.
Wearing kid gloves two sizes too
large is helpful in preserving the
hands. One should have an old pain
of gloves to take up ashes in, too
sweep in and to wear in all dirty
work that will permit the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linesed oil they become waterproof and may be worn while Expect, for suspect. washing.

Frequent vigorous rubbing of the keep the skin in good condition.
Biting the nails has speiled the shape of many beautiful hands. Never cut or scrape the nails with a

A farmer with a dairy does not have to wait from seed time to har vest, as a grain raiser does, before he can realize any cash from his labor. A diary rightly managed is a conrect of profit the year around. The income is a steady one because the production is steady and evenly distributed over the whole season.

Never cut or scrape the hair with a bowl of warm water for a few moments, and then for a few moments and then push downsell the skin that has been disped into a weak solution of oxalic acid. The first time this will no doubt cause some pain, and a little doubt cause some pain, and a little cold cream or vaseline should be rubbed on to sooth them. Next the the purpose of ascertaining the wants nails should be nicely shaped with a of the people in regard to seed grain to be furnished by the state. They decided to reject the offer of grain, and so Sherman county will not use any of the seed grain voted by the ed in hot water and toilet soap, after which the nails are again polished-this time with the hand of

Once a week is often enough

The Housekeeper's Friend.

three weeks are past over. Kansas promises to raise a wheat crop which will, both in quantity and quality, far surpass her own previous records. Reports of damage by the Hessian fly are ridiculed as gross exaggerations.

A dispatch from Champaign, Ill., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says: The cordage manufacturers of this city claim to have substantially solved the binder-twine question for the farmers of the West. One of the proprietors of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the proprietors of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are prepared now to manufacture all the propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are propers of the cordage company, in an interview, says: "We are cordage c riage have been offered by a publisher in

> favorite pastor or officer of a Lodge.
>
> Another special feature is that every bride in this country of six months or less, can have The Household for one year, by sending ten two-cent stamps and a printed notice of her marriage enclosed in the letter addressed to The Household Company.

To remove iron rust from table cloths To remove iron rust from table cloths.
napkins and other white pieces: Taka
one part of oxalic acid, two parts of
cream of tarter (pulverized). Apply to
the spots when the fabric is dry, and
drip from the finger a few drops of
warm water. It is impertant to rinse
the cloth as soon as there is no vestige
of the rust remaining.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except in prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 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 asts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toleto, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Sold by Drug cists, price 75c. per bottle: as mercury will surely destroy the sense

Don't Say

Guess, for suppose or think. Fix, for arrange or prepare. Ride and drive, interchangeably

(Americanism.)

Real, as an adverb, in expressions real good, for really or very good,

Some, or any in an adverbial sense; e. g. "I have studied some," for some what. "I have not studied any," for not at all. Some ten days, for about ten days.

Not as I know, for not that I know. Storms, for it rains or snows mod-Try an experiment, for make an erately.

Singular subject, with contracted plural verb; e. g., "She don't skate well." Plural antecedent: "Every experiment. man or woman should do their duty;

Nice, indiscriminately. (Real nice

may be doubly faulty.)

Had rather, for would rather.

Had better, for would better. Right away, for immediately. Party, for person. Promise, for assure. Posted, for informed. Post-graduate, for graduate. Depot, for station.

Stopping, for staying.
Try and do, for try to do.
Try and go, for try to go. Cunning, for small, dainty. Cute, for acute.
Funny, for odd or unusual. Above, for foregoing, more then,

Does it look good enough, for or beyond. well enough.
Some body else's, for some body's

Like I do, for as I do.

Not as good as, for not so good as.

Feel bad, for feel badly. Feel good, for feel well.

Between seven, for among seven. Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever,

or seldom or ever, for seldom in ever, or seldom or never.

Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration of the correct form: We taste a dish which tastes of pepper.

More than you think for, for more

than you think.
These kind, for this kind. Nicely, in response to an inquiry

for health. Healthy, for wholesome. Just as soon, for just as lief. Kind of, to indicate a moderate de-

The matter of, for the matter with.

—Youth's Companion.

To season glass and chinaware to sudden changes of temperature, so that it will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold, is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must be gradually brought to the bolling point and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the material the more care in this respect is required. The very best glass and chinaware is always well seasoned or annealed before it is sold. To season glass and chinaware to sud-

Frank Leslie's Popular Montnly. The American Museum of Natural History in the Central Park, New York city, occupies a noble pile of buildings, the recent additions to which are just approaching completion. It is an institution in which are just at its interest and its interest at its interes tution in which every American ought to take pride. The most complete discrip tion of its treasures, and the educations work it is doing, is given, with abundant pictorial illustrations, by Mary Titcomb, in the April number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY August 2011 in the April number of FRANK LESSIES POPULAR MONTHLY. Another seasonable article is Carrie Stevens Watter's account of a visit to Senator Stanford's famous Palo Alto stock farm. "Some Western of a visit to Senator Stanton's lamous Palo Alto stock farm. "Some Western Texar Types" are sympathetically drawn by Belle Hunt Shortridge, the poetess of the Lone Star State. J. E. Roessle de-scribes historic Lafayette Park, in Wash-ington. D. C. and Colonel Nicolas Pike scribes historic Lafayette Park, in Washington, D. C., and Colonel Nicolas Pike contributes a thrilling paper upon the dreaded Octopus, or Devil-fish. Other articles are "Olives"; "In the Mountain Paths of Savoy"; "Dicken's Bleak House"; "Some Memorials of Edgar Allen Poe"; "Sherman and Porter," etc. There are short stories by Cecil Charles, David Ker, William Wallace Cook, Bulkeley Booth, and others; and poems by Douglas Sla and others; and poems by Douglas Sla den, Adelia Beard, and Wm F. Burbank.

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s an ably written book and gives trusty information for all who grow fruit of any sort or kind. Stark Bros. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo., will send it free to all interested.—Orange Ju. d Farmer.

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Forty-Third Annual Statement OF THE

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\$18,845,264 10

Total Paid Policy-, \$2,071,459 50

\$15,932,328 7 Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1891
†Being sums allowed in reduction of
collectible premiums.
ASSETS.

ASSETS.

City Loans, Railroad and Water
Bonds, Bank and other stocks,
Mortgages and Ground Rents,
(first liens)
Premiums Notes secured by PolIcles...
Loans on Collateral, Policy Loans,
etc... etc.
Home Office and Real Estate
bought to secure Loans.
Cash in Trust Companies and on
hand....

Net Ledger Assets as above \$15,932,328 72 Net Deferred and Unreported Pre-

GrossAssets, January 1, 1891; \$16,574,861 00 GrossAssets, January 1, 1891; 1 LIAHILITIES. Death Claims Reported but awaiting proof. . \$144.829 00 Reserve at 4 per cent to re-insureRisks. . . 14, 226, 418 00 Surplus on Life Rate Endowments, Unre-ported Policies, etc. . . . 569, 675 97 Surplus, 4 per ct. basis, 1, 634, 452 03 \$16,574,861 0

Surplus at 41/2 per cent. Penn-sylvania Standard.... \$2,508,120.00 sylvants Standard [Estimated.] New Business of the Year: 7,539 Folicies.for Insurance Outstanding, Decem-ber 31, 1890,35,346 policies for \$20,558,534

\$90,278,701 60 31, 1890,35,345 policios ... J. W. IREDELL, JR., General Manager, J. W. IREDELL, JR., General Manager, OINGINNATI, OHIO

\$6,084,164 44

5, 483,458 65

557,618 62

2,696,800 91

958,851 60

201,486 51

104,409 57



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too low; buy of the Publisher, JOHN B. ALDEN, 393 Pearl St., New York

EASTER SONG.

Because I live, yea shall live also. The earth is dark, nor leaf nor blossom Decks the brown waste; the hills are bare;
Loss and regret are everywhere.
Ah! sleeps there not in Nature's bosom
Some recompense, some sweet repair?

Where are our lost? We wander weeping, Billed full of anguish and dismay; The world is veiled; the skies are gray; Faith in our hearts is dead or sleeping; In vain we watch, in vain we pray.

Hark! on the leafless boughs above us Hark! on the leaness boughs above us

A bluebird's warble, soft and clear;
Look down! a blade of grass is here.
Slight choral tiny hint, to move us;
Yet 'tis the turning of the year.

Here in thy soul, thou unbelieving,
One word forever dear and sure!
'I live.' The promise stands secure.
Here is the balm to heal thy grieving,
Hope of the patient and the pure.

Break out, O heavens, into singing; Awake and shout, O slumbering clod Here is thy life. The breath of God hrough earth and heaven in joy is ringing; His Spring the cold gray fields hath trod.

Ye lillies of the field, adore Him, Ye lillies of the field, adore Him,
Ye that have slept in dust and dew;
Ye faithless mortal spirits too,
Bow down with rapturous song before Him.
Behold, He maketh all things new!
—Rose Terry Cooke.

MICHAEL'S EASTER.

"Dear me! there is St. Phillip's bell ringing, and I am not nearly ready for choir practising!"

Mrs. Bland rose slowly and wearily from the low sewing-chair into which she had thrown herself when the twilight fell, utterly worn out after a

long day's work. As she moved to and fro-making ready for her duty, it is true, but feeling that great repugnance to the task which comes to a naturally energetic woman only when her body and mind worked—a sudden wave of cenitence swept over her, and her eyes first softened with tears, then grew bright with other and better thoughts. For she had remembered Michael, the tor she had remembered Michael, the and how through rain and storm, heat and cold, he plodded his two miles every Friday and Sunday night for the simple joy of lifting up his voice with all his heart and soul in the chants and hymns of his beloved church:

"Can I begrudge the poor souls the little I am able to do for them?" She felt reproached and self-con-

As she hurried through the misty demned. darkness, alone but fearless, she saw in the distance the open door, with light streaming through, and then swallowed up in the radiance from within. It seemed to the tired woman as if God's light was shining through this "open door," and somehow it rested her, and she felt that He cared that she was weary, and then it did not seem hard any longer.

So she went on and into the light, but the pretty chapel seemed full of kindly faces; and though they were also "comely."

Mrs. Bland had undertaken to train

a choir when the work was first started in Monks Corner; if she was rather proud of her success now, who could blame her? It had been a labor of love to her, undertaken in memory of her old mammy and the happy childish days, when all the little darkies on the plantation came to the "house" on Sunday afternoons to sing hymns with

the "young ladies." Everybody who has ever been South has been struck by the wild, pathetic ring of negroes' voices. There is something indescribably sorrowful in the tone; they sing with the heart as well as the lips. Untrained, they strength sing with the deepest, purest pathos, and the very uncouthness of their speech adds to the effect.

Michael's voice was entirely untutored, and his pronunciation simply astounding; but, for all of that, he sang with such abandon, and his notes were so wild and sweet, that people came from far and near to hear him Without being at all presumtuous, he yet took a position in the choir, by common consent, as leader, for he sang by note. All the rest of them sang by ear only; but, oh, how quickly they learned the air! It was a real pleasure to their organist to teach

them a new tune.
"Tonight we must begin on our
"Tonight we must begin on our
Easter hymns, Cassy," she said to the leading soprano, a small dark women in a black crefe vail, who was very quiet and refined in her manner, and was one of the "pillars" of the chapel.

It was Cassy who took care of the beautiful communion service (the gift of some good northern women), and "did up" the communion linen, and it was to Cassy that the good rector of the 'big church' (who ministered to this small flock, as well as to his large one, while these waited for one of their own race) turned when things went at all wrong about the chapel. She never failed him or anybody else. Her husband and two children were, as a mator of course, brought by her to the bishop, and were confirmed, and so this family was staunchly Episcopalian, and, it is to be feared, rather looked down on those neighbors who cared so little for the right as to remain outside

So Cassy smiled and showed all her the fold. white teeth, and was ready for any-thing. Michael was fairly radiant

when told he might choose the hymns

for the night's practice.

He turned the leaves of his hymnal with serious consideration. Michael was acknowledged by all the members of the choir to have "a very pretty taste" in tunes, for he almost invariably preferred something a little difficult, and triumphed in a very childlike way when he was able to sing it at once while the others had to have it played over for them once or twice.

He did not seem to care much for new things that night, however, but made his choice of an old well-known

fovorite. 'Miss Mary, would you please, 'em, play dis one, 'weary of earth, and laden with my sin.' I jes simply does love dat hymn an' dat tune; it mek me feel like dere ain' nothing in life to bother

So the clear sweet voices rang out together, and the organ peeled, and the beautiful words came to her who sang the hymn with them as they had never seemed to come before, so full of meaning and of all comfort and blessing. It seemed as if she could sing on

forever! "It is the voice of Jesus that I hear," sang Michael, and his voice soared far above the rest, and the echo seemed to carry it on an on, up into the vaulted roof, and out into the mist and dark ness of the night.

" 'Mine the life gained-'

As the player caught a glimpse of the rapt expression on the man's face, a sudden chill seemed to strike her. "how music affects his face!" she said to herself. But the look haunted her, they sang for hours, easter chants and triumphant reserrection hymns; but through it all Michael's face, as he stood singing that first nymn, was present to his teacher. She could not forget it. When at last they had sung as much as they liked, and all was arranged for the coming easter music, they said a friendly "good-night" to "Miss Mary," and departed to their homes, happy and contented. Michael, who had to walk his two miles into the country, took the books from Mrs. Bland, and trudged at a respectful distance behind her until her own door was reached, when, with a sar-vant, mistiss," he too vanished into

Several weeks went by, and there the night. were no more choir meetings at St. Phillip's for a fever had broken out amongst the negroes, and in almost every house there was illness. There was great suffering, for it had been a hard winter, and they were very im-provident; but at last things seemed to mend, and the week before easter Mrs. Bland sent word to Cassy that there would be a meeting of the choir on the following Thursday—Holy Thursday night. On that morning Cassy presented herself, looking demure and self-contained as usual, though all her family had been down with the fever, and were not even then entirely well. "Miss Mary," she said, "'tain' no

use to have practice to-night, 'cos Michael is low as he kin be; an' somehow I can't git used to singin' 'thout Michaei. Seems like Her voice jes die out in my th'oat." trembled and broke.

"Michael ill!" And Mrs. Bland jumped up and seized her bonnet.

"Dat's it, Miss Mary—dat's it. He say he wan' see 'Miss Mary'; he jes call for Miss Mary' all de time. If you will 'low me, I'll jes walk out wid you, an' show you de way to Michael's house. You ben dat ?"

"Never in the house, but often I have driven by the door, and he always was standing by the forge, working hard, poor fellow, at his blacksmithing, and he never failed to see me, and bow and scrape and look happy as I passed."

"Michael fa'rly 'dores de groun' you walk on, Miss Mary. He say of en, if all white folks was like you, dis yere would be a more easy-like worl' to live

in," replied Cassy, mournfully. They set forth, and took the country road, going on their way silently, the heart of one of them yearning over the thought of the meagre, desperately hard life of the poor fellow she was going to. What had he done since he going to. What had he done since he was born but work and struggle for bare life? And then, with a great throb of thankfulness, she remember-ed the passionate love for music given him by the All-Father, and how it had sweetened his hard life, and elevated and purified his whole nature. And, with a sudden rush of blinding tears, she gave thanks for the privilege that had been hers of helping this poor soul, struggling and seeking for the

On a clean white bed Michael lay, his wife wiping the death dew from his face. A faint but happy smile lighted up the poor black face as he saw who entered. She could not speak, but only took his hand, hard with honest work, but weak now, and never again to be strong in this world.
"Miss Mary, how good! My mistis!"

The wife and Cassy turned away. "Miss Mary, sing—weary—'tis de

And "Miss Mary" sang—sang as she never had before, and as the sweet melody and beautiful words fell on his fast-closing ear, Michael's face was "as

the face of an angel." "So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy Land!" "Dat's so! Lord, her same I! His Times.

de blood dat can for all atone! Dear ord, atone for Michael!" "Mine the life won-

'Miss Mary" stopped singing, poor Michael had passed beyond the sound of human voices, into "the pure glory of that holy land."

JOYOUS EASTER.

An Ode in Prose to the Promise of the Gladsome Day.

To be blest is better than to happy, and this thought presses closely upon us in the midst of the joyous Easter music and the fragrant Easter bloom. More solemn, more splendid, than any other great festival of the Christian year, this appeals to the best in our nature, and lifts us up to a higher level than the low plane of our is risen! daily life. "The Lord chanted by choirs, thundered from organs, uttered by sweet-faced children gans, uttered by sweet-laced children as they bring their Easter offerings to the house of prayer, is the key to the melody and mirth of Easter day, and its arch of promise spans every newmade grave, and gives a pledge of reunion in every broken household

To some homes Easter always comes with a sense of sorrowful contrast. Bear itself bravely as it may, the soul which has gone down into the depths never gets entirely over the agony of the bitter plunge. Our loss is always set over against our gain in this changeful world, where our earthly wealth is largely made of love.

It is the home darlings who delight our eyes, cheat us of our cares, give us reason for our toiling and our saving, our spending and our earning. With what a wrench we give them up! Mothers know how they miss the children who have gone, whose vacant places can never be filled, who always remain with their little ones, while the others grow out of the nursery, go to school and to college, or take upon themselves the burdens and duties of maturer life. After a while the pain is less constant than at first, for in length of days there is surcease of sorrow; but the time never comes when the old wound does not sometimes ache under the scar, and especially does the old grief awake in the blithe, sweet, jubilant anniversaries, at Christmas, at the New Year, at Easter, when the tide of gladness is at flood and the full cups overbrim, while the empty ones more than ever show their poverty and lack.

But Easter is a festival of comfort. "The Lord is risen!" Utter it reverently. This is not the only sphere of being, nor this room in the universe the whole of the Father's house. We are going on to a fuller, richer life, the life everlasting, and our Lord has led the way. Be very sure, sad heart, that you shall find your own again. Be very strong, for the "old, old fashion of immortality" is the heritage of you and yours. Be very calm, even in the midst of agitation, for Easter brings you the thought of the tranqil home where they go no more out forever, and while the songs rise, and the children play, and the world puts on her beautiful garments woven of sun and dew, remember again that blessedness is a better estate than happiness.

The First of April.

Many an unlabeled fool walks the The man who is on his guard is

often the easiest to fool. You can't tie a tin can to a dog's tail

vithout his knowing it. April fooling is fine fun as long as some other fellow is the fool.

The small boy never finds he has fooled with the wrong man until it is It is a good thing that a man hasn't too late.

eyes in the back of his head on April When you see anything funny on a woman it is hard to tell whether it is

an April fool or a new fashion. Two Gardens.

Here in my garden, where, between brown New-born to-day shine forth the crocus

And like a soul freed from earth's prison-And like a soul freet following bars,
ing bars,
Its radiant face the saintly snow-drop lifts,
To that far garden 'neath Judean skies,
Where, in a grave hid in the olive's shade,
Once, like a broken lily, Life was laid,
Swift as a home-bound dove the glad
thought files.

O sacred spot that held man's hope entombed. Ere yet the sealed stone was backward rolled

Through time's long vista still our eyes be-hold In that fair space with heavenly light illumed Burst from its narrow cavern drear and

That deathless flower that for all centuries bloomed.

Bound to Get It.

"Will you be offended if I kiss you?" he asked his Boston flancee after they were engaged.
'I cannot be offended until some

"But, dear, I don't like to run the

"What is not worth risking for is not worth the having."—Philadelphia

AN ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes, My mulberry one, my golden sun! The rose shall sing thee lulables, My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee-

silver boat in a golden sea My velvet love, my nestling dove. My own poinegranate blossom

The stork shall guard thee passing well All night, my sweet, my dimple-feet! And bring thee myrrh and asphodel, My gentle rain of springtime! And for thy slumbrous play shall twine— The diamond stars with an emerald vine

The chamond stars with an emersion vine

fo trail in the waves of ruby wine—

My hyacinth bloom, my heart's perfume,

My cooing little turtle!

And when the moon wakes up to see And when the moon wakes up to see
My apple bright, my soul's delight!
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk and honey!
Yet they shall be an above 1

My jar of milk and honey!
Yet, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You chirping little sparrow!
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

PRIEST'S VENGEANCE. A

There was no bonnier lass on all the country side than Mollie Doen. To be sure she had no dower but beauty, and her mother had only a life lease of the cottage, \$100 a year of pension and one cow, but Mollie was a sweet girl, gentle and gracious, yet so full of youth and strength and loveliness that each lad in the county longed for her. When, finally, she gave here choice to Jule Faen, all agreed that she had done wisely, although her other lovers were likely to die of grief. Jule had a hundred acres of land and a snug sum in the bank, and he was a goodly youth, who never spoke evil of any, unless in the heat of passion, and for brawn and bravery not one of his friends could

surpass him. On a certain Sunday morning in June Mollie went cheerily up the winding path of the hillside beyond her mother's cottage driving the cow to pasture. It was still early morning and the new born sun touched all the awakened earth with dainty light. The birds were loudly chanting their orisons of grateful praise for life, the hedge roses smiled blushingly through tears of dew. Mollie sang blithely as she mounted the rude path:

"Over the mountains, And over the waves, Under the fountains, And under the graves, Under floods that are deepest, Which Neptune obey, Over rocks that are steepest Love will find out the way."

"Where there is no place For the glow worms to lie, Where there is no——;

The song had ended in a sob of ter-There, close beside the path, lay dead! His head crushed by a fearful blow, and the dark stains of the cold blood upon his face.

Mollie gazed at him for a momen and all the tortures of countless years seemed to clutch her heart to tear it from her. Then she fell beside him and pillowed the poor gory head upon her bosom. But he was cold beneath her caresses and his open eyes unconcernedly into the impenetrable vault of the heavens, as if they watched the soul that wandered there.

By and by Mollie's mother, vaguely murmured, "I shall find her with

Yes, she found her with Jule. The good woman found the twain locked in one another's arms; but one was dead and cold and the other dumb with

And when she had looked for a little misery. time the mother crept silently away and told her neighbors, and the men came and put apart the lovers, and then, with sorrowing faces and silent

steps, bore Jule to his own house. All the village was aghast at the tragedy. At the inquest it was discovered that Jule had gone to a neighboring town and had received \$250 in payment for some hay which he had sold. He had started for home alone at about 10 o'clock in the evening. An examination of the body revealed the fact that his wallet was gone, and, although his watch was in its place, there remained no doubt that he had been murdered and robbed. No clue to the murderer was discovered, and as time passed the people began to forget the crime, and only sighed when a wan and weary woman stole swiftly by them and they thought of what had been the fresh loveliness of Mollie Doen.

The parish priest, Pere Ambrose, was Jule's brother, and, as he went about his holy work, he maintained steadfastly within his heart the resolve to bring his brother's assassin to just-

Three years after Jule's death Pere Ambrose was called to the bedside of John Barton, who was thought to be dying. Barton was an old man-poor and surly—but, so far as any one knew, honest.

In his confession he revealed, to the

horror-stricken priest, that he had killed Jule.

Soon afterward, to the amazemen of all, Barton's malady abated and he

was soon thoroughly recovered.

Bound by the seal of the confessional,

the priest could only clench his hands and groan in anguish when he met the murderer. The vile nature of Barton seemed to find an evil pleasure in the holy man's despair, and, so far from avoiding him as shame should have directed, he sought his company that he might gloat upon his agony. Pere Ambrose laid a plot, and thereupon when Barton came to him he no longer avoided his presence but controlled his wrath, and even entered into conversation and seemed anxious to be friendly with the criminal. Barton was astonished, but the fatality of his crime barred him from suspicion. As time went on, the priest and Barton became, seemingly, the best of friends; so that the people marveled, and some shook their heads in doubt, while others were glad that a man so repulsive as Barton had tured to the beauties of

One day, as the priest and Barton were sitting in the little garden behind religion. the priest's house, the priest spoke unconcernedly:

"By the way, Barton, how did you get rid of the club which you used on poor Jule?"

As the priest spoke he had his eye fixed on the distant cross of his church and Barton could not see the gleam of fearful hate which shone beneath his eyelids.

Barton grinned fiendishly, as he

answered: "Oh, I was too smart to use a club. I used a stone. And when Jule came down the path by the fir tree, I jumped and struck him. The one blow killed him, and then I threw the stone into the river, where it can never tell

any tales. Do you see?"
"Yes, I see!" answered Pere Am-Excuse me for a moment, brose.

After the father had left the garden, will you?" Barton sat musing upon his crime. No, he had never had any remorse worthy of the name. He believed that once or twice he had happened to think that it would have been better to have had the money without killing Jule, who was a good fellow, but, between having the money, simply by killing him and not having it all, there could be no doubt that it was best to have the money anyhow. 'Poor Pere Ambrose!" he said to himself, 'he thought the world of Jule; even now, much as he likes me, he can't stand to

talk about how I killed him." "He's gone a long time, it seems to I wonder what he's doing? I think I'll see if I can't find him."

As he rose to his feet, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he heard the clank of steel, while a harsh voice said:

"I arrest you for the murder of Jules Faen!"

Before he could turn to strike or fly, the irons were on his wrists, and as he strained frenziedly at the unrelenting bands a horrible rage came upon him, and he gnashed his teeth and howled curses on his captors and cried: "I am innocent! innocent! Do you

hear? I tell you I am innocent!" Then suddenly he saw Pere Ambrose standing before him. A red mist fell before his eyes and wrath overwhelmed him. He would have sprung upon the but the officers held him back. And then foam flecked his mo

"Oh, it was you then, vile purjurer! he cried: Curse you! Liar! Damned! have broken the seal of the confessionanxious at ner usugmer's unusual delay, went to seek her. As the old al! It was under the vow of silence woman climbed the hill she smiled and that I told you I had killed Jule. Curse you! Curse you!"
The voice of Pere Ambrose was very

calm, but with a ring of triumph in the quiet tones as he answered: have broken no vow. I have violated no seal. Only, when in my garden this morning, as man to man, you told me how you killed my brother Jule, I called the officers to arrest you, assas-

They tell the tale still in the country side, how John Barton's crime was discovered by the good priest, and when Mollie Doen meets Pere Ambrose she always prays him for his blessing, very reverently.

Women's Superior Courage,

"Most people think that men are more courageous than women, said Dr. S. D. Black, of New York, "but the dentist knows that this is not true. As a rule a man will groan and swear when a dentist tries to fill his teeth, squirming, gripping the arm of the chair and making a big row about it. And the heavier the man the bigger coward he is. I've seen a strapping pig athlete sit down to have a tooth bulled and almost faint while I was looking at it. On the other hand, a light, little bit of a woman will calmy close her eyes, lean her head back in the chair and submit to tortures that would make the Sphinx swoon into insensibility. No, sir; a woman can stand a dozen times the pain that a man will undergo."

Make It a Crime.

Nearly three-fouths of the states in the union have passed laws restricting in some way or other the sale of cigarettes. The hope may be indulged that the time will come when the actual criminality of smoking the abominable things where innocent people are compelled to smell them will be recog-nized and established by law.—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A FEW POINTS ABOUT THE EDU-CATION OF COLTS.

Colts Should Not be "Broken" but Trained -How to Work Butter-Horses That Crowd-Household and Other Notes, Etc.

The Education of Colts.

When a child has his own way, unrestrained, until he is ten or twelve it is generally found that he does not take kindly to suggestions, pointed advice or discipline. It is found that a little gentle training in the early years of his life is far more potent in good results than a larger quantity of muscular admonition later on. The same rule holds true when dealing with the lower animals. It used to be the practice, and is now in many quarters, to let colts run wild until they reached the age of three or four and then begin a course of "breaking." The result of such a course does not appear specially serious if the colt is naturally without spirit. He very soon becomes accustomed to the new condition of things and settles down into a plodding round of work. He is very likely awkward, and obedient only because of compulsion. But that is to be expected. A colt with spirit, however, if "broken" in this way, is likely to prove very untrustworthy. To this method of handling can be traced the vicious habit of "shying," which renders so many horses unsafe as drivers—some even that have exceedingly gentle dispositions being addicted to this habit. Fearlessness upon the road and in time of danger or accident, comes only to many horses by long-continued care in handling, when the mind and disposition are receptive of instruction and from familiarity with all sights and sounds from those early days when fear is practically unknown, up to the time of service on the road.

A colt's training ought to begin when he is born, for from that time he should be accustomed to the firm but gentle rule of man. It is a great thing to have the idea grained into a colt that man is his master in all things; not because of fear, which is an expensive article to have about a stable, not because he has been led to have no other idea from the beginning, and also because he respects and has confidence in his handler. A horse will guage the one who cares for him with as much accuracy as the boys in the old red school houses possessed who always took the master's measure on the opening day of school. Kindness, firmness, intelligent and continuous training are the factors that make the satisfactory roadster or draft horse. Let the young colt become accustomed to wearing a light halter without a hitch rope, or rein, at first. Very soon he can he tied up for a short time, and especially if he is allowed to go upon the road with his dam; let him be fastened at her side, and so get valuable lessons in traveling in the road and not upon both sides of it and in the ditch. The colt that wanders freely from one side of the fence to the other for the first six months of its life ought not to be expected to have very definite ideas of road limits when he is placed between the shafts. He should be handled from the first in every way that will be nesessary in after years. A few moment's time spent occasionally in buckling straps about him, in lifting his feet and gently tapping them, in leading him by the halter and in teaching him to back, to turn to either side and to stand still, will not tax one over much, and will be of vast advantage.

Churning.

Churning should be done with some form of churn without dash or paddles, as this gives butter a better grain than those churns with a dash. churning should stop when the butter is in the granular stage, or before it gathers as we call it. The reason for this is that in this stage every particle of the butter-milk can be easily removed and the grain of the butter better preserved. The butter-milk is now drawn off and the butter covered with brine and allowed to stand a half hour or so to dirsslve any cheesy matter in it and to take out the butter-milk. One or two washings of water may be necessary to free it entirely from the butter-milk, and it is then ready for the salt, which may be thrown into the churn, and by slowly revolving it the salt will be thoroughly mixed and the butter gathered into a lump which is ready for market by being simply shaped as you wish it. The grain of butter is often spoiled by working with a paddle with a scraping motion, but when the butter-milk is removed by washing with brine while in the granular stage when the brine can touch every particle the size of a grain of wheat, there is no need of working with a paddle. Butter made according to these directions and put up in neat packages to suit customers, cannot fail to please, for it is and must be first-class, and the reason why is, that it has been managed so as to preserve its good qualities.

Crowding Horses.

Very frequently a lazy horse will learn the trick of crowding. Perfect plowing when one of the horses crowds is out of the question, and his wabbling is doubly annoying to the plowman. ing it The best remedy that I have found is pose.

to take a block of some tough wood, two inches thick and about eight inches square; in the centre of it bore an inch auger hole. In the hole drive a pin of some hard wood so that it protrudes about three inches from the block, and sharpen the protruding end. Suspend this by strings from the back band of the horse that does not crowd sc that the block rests against his side; when the lazy horse crowds over the pointed pin will tickle his side in a way that will soon break him of his lazy habit.

Farm and Stock Notes.

Sticking to it is one of essentials the of profitable stock breeding. Feeding musty hay, straw or oats to

orses is a prolific cause of heaves. Keeping clean with good bedding

and careful grooming, pays the horses When coarse or rough fodder is used or fed always feed something better

The farmer that reads and thinks can learn much from the experience of others.

Better pay a little more and get an implement well adapted to the kind of ork required. Early matured stock are put in the

market at a better profit than those maturing slowly. Scrub stock and grain raising don't

pay, and the best profit is only realized with good stock. The best pork, as well as the cheapest, is that made from hogs that are less

than a year old. Exposure is most provocative of garet or caked udder in milch cows, and

should always be avoided, Give sheep a mixed feed. Oats is one of the best feeds, but a variety is necessary to secure the best results.

It is far better to allow barn-yard manure to rot on the land than in a heap inthe barn lot, especially if it is unprotected.

Every day that stock is fed adds to the expense, and good care should be taken to see that in doing this a profit can also be realized.

One advantage in having the soil rich is that the plants much better able to withstand a drouth, than if growing in a thin, run-down soil.

Bone meal and potash in some form make a good fertilizer for all kinds of fruits, and in many cases can be applied to potatoes with benefit.

There is not a large amount of difference in the cost of keeping and feeding a cow, but there is a very large amount of difference in the profit that is derived from the best and the

It should be remembered that with many garden crops it is difficult, if not impossible, to make the soil too rich, and where there is not a sufficient supply of well rotted barn yard manure, commercial fertilizers can be used to

good advantage.

The results stock breeders and not feeders are able to secure, do not always depend so much upon the breed as the feed and management. One may have the best breeds in the world and yet fail to realize a fair profit, for the want of proper management.

Household Suggestions.

Scalding hot water should never be poured into dishes which have held milk until it has been removed by cold

The best way is when hot grease has been spilled on the floor is to dash cold water over it, so as to harden it quickly and prevent it striking into the boards.

If a tablespoonful of kerosene be put into four quarts of tepid water, and this be used in washing windows and mirrors, instead of pure water, there will remain upon the clean surface a polish no amount of mere friction can

Silk underwear should be washed through several cool waters in which soap and borax have been dissolved. All silk wear should be squeezed by the hand rather than rubbed, although especially soiled spots must be rubbed

with a little soap. Buy fine copper wire by the pound for hanging pictures. It does not cost half what a twisted wire or cord does, and looks for better. Paste light manilla paper over the back of every picture-frame not alreany protected, as it effectually prevents dust from reach-

ing the pictures. Steam heat is said to be the worst for a piano, and in time shrinks both case and action, so that the former cracks and the latter rattles. When one lives where that handy mode of heating a room obtains, a dish of water should be kept constantly upon the radiator; it increases humidity and in

a reasure prevents shrinking.
Small tears in woolen goods should be darned with ravelings of the same, having first put under a piece of the cloth, and afterwards pressing carefully. Breaks in black silk garments may be mended with bits of court plaster, and if the lace curtains become torn wet a piece of lace in starch and iron it on the wrong side of the curtain.

Care should be taken in the matter of sweeping to cover up house plants, and to sponge the leaves frequently. The dust that accumulates on them shuts up their breathing pores, as it would on the human system, rendering them unhealthy. Another thing conducive to healthy plant-growth is frequent stirring of the soil, and a hair ing is a good implement for the purious times. When one of emissaries in to get a man all the others tries to head her off, an' then, soon as she gets him, they all turn 'round to help her to

MARINE MEALS.

Uncle Sam's Sea-Soldier Fattens Himsel and Still Has a Surplus.

The meal of the merry marine, much as he would like to have it appear a simple, crude, and unsatisfactory affair, is nevertheless, if all accounts are to be believed, the subject of considerable study, amendment, and manipula tion, all with the purpose of giving to the sea-soldiers the best that can be procured for the money Uncle Sam allows, says the Brooklyn Eagle. In the course of a tour of the Flushing Avenue barracks recently a reporter was Herald. Said one of them to me once, put in possession of what appear to be the facts in what has been recently a mooted question regarding the marine ration. The quartermaster of the marine crops advertises each year for proposals to furnish rations for the various posts from July 1 to the end of June following. Bids are opened in May and the contracts go to the lowest bidders. The government specifies the quantity and quality of the rations to be supplied by the contractors and the goods have to pass inspection. Competition in the bidding has lowered the figures, and Firstloss. this year the lucky bidder secured the contract for the supply of the Flushing avenue post at \$13.39 per 100 rations, or a little over 13½ cents a day for a marine's feed. It is only a couple of years ago that a bid of over 17 cents a ration was accepted by the government.

One hundred rations must contain the following quantities: 75 pounds of salt pork or 125 pounds fresh beef, about 112 pounds of flour, 15 pounds of beans, 15 pounds of sugar, 10 pounds of coffee or 12 pounds of tea, 4 pounds salt, 4 pounds of soap, 4 quarts vinegar, 4 ounces of pepper, 12 pounds of candles. Uncle Sam contracts for these rations and sends them along with machine-like regularity, but he does not have a law that 100 marines shall use up so much stuff in a day, whether they want it or not, and here is where the cunning and economical sea soldier gets in his most effective work. For, with rare genius for controlling circumstances and tactical capacity much superior to that required for a dress parade, he manipulates the ration until it becomes a thing of beauty and much to be enjoyed and for a long what is left is good stuff, provided it isn't cooked, so why not sell it? Now the oversupply for the something like 200 men at the Flushing Avenue barracks, even if they were all on hand all the time, is worth a good deal; and when to that are added the rations of those who are away for a little while it is worth more. So the needs of the men are calculated with more or less nicety, and what is saved is sold to various dealers with whom arrangement is made. The proceeds create a fund. What does the marine do with

Well, an officer of the post is com nissioned by the commandant to put out this money to the best advantage in securing additional edibles which shall lend variety, if not luxury, to the repast. The cast-iron government rations not burdened with the quality of epicurean variety, as a glance at the above list may reveal. With the something over \$200 a month put into his hands for the purpose the officer who buys the extra gets potatoes (when cheap more, when dear less), vegetables for the soup, more beans, mutton and sausage, and instead of the fore-quarter of the beef nice stew beef; also oat-meal, milk, prunes, and the like. The officer who buys these things has to show his receipts and have his accounts audited by a board of fellow-officers. From the ration is to stock the library, buy games, and provide gymnastic apparatus, and in general to purchase means of amusing and bene-fitting the men. It is beyond question that the malcontents among the men who grumble about quanity or quality of their food are vastly in the minority.

The Land of Ducks.

There are more ducks in the Chinese empire, says an authority, than all the world outside of it. They are kept by the Celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on streets of cities and on all lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese boat also contains a batch of them. There are innumerable hatching establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked ducks and duck's eggs constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.

Her Presumption.
"I gather," said the Boston lady, "from the conversation of my nephew, that firemen are in the habit of using rubber hose at their labors." "Yes." "That, I presume, is so that they won't get their feet wet." And the Boston lady returned to her book with an air of entire satisfaction over having solved a difficult problem.—Washington Post.

Ways of Women

"Queer critters, women is," said Uncle Jehiel. "When one of 'em starts

SHE STARTED A HENNERY

THE SORE TRIALS OF AN AMA-TEUR POULTERER.

Raising Chickens and Eggs is Not Always a Greased Highway to Financial Independence and General Happiness.

A certain portion of everybody's life is bound to be blighted sooner or later by well meaning but mistaken advisers, writes a bright woman in the Chicago

"My dear. there is no earthly reason why you should not be a rich woman!" "You don't say so!" said I.

xplain. You have only to buy a few fowls nd go to raising spring chickens and selling fancy eggs and you'll be indeendent in a year.'

I had \$5 laid aside to buy a barrel of flour. I took it and bought two hens and a rooster. The evening of the and a rooster. same day a thief stole them away.

"Don't give it up," said my adviser. Till lend you another five; try it again. But first build a chicken coop and padlock it."

So I secured a carpenter at \$2 a day, and it took him three days to build the Then I bought my chickens and locked them in. I overfed them on hot corn and they all died, after standing on one leg for twenty-four hours and looking reproachfully at me out of half-closed and glazing eyes. I was now \$16 out, not counting feed. A

friend, taking compassion upon me, sent a couple of old gold cochins and a goblin rooster, who crowed in double bass and chuckled in German guttural. The first day one of the hens laid an egg, and we all wanted to go out and look at it, but were afraid to do so because there was blood in the rooster's

"Divil a fut would I put inside the coop, and he a lookin' at me like a saysarpint," said Bridget. So we never saw the egg, because the rats stole it and every egg that followed it, until we brought home a dog to catch the rat. The dog was a terrier, not to say much to be enjoyed and to a seas a terror, and preferred lying in wait all the government allows him. But for us to fooling around nights after rats. So we had to get rid of him, and invest in a cat. The cat broke into our neighbor's pantry and ate up a porter house steak in preference to any hap-hazard game diet. That caused illfeeling between the families, and the final disappearance of the cat. Meantime the hens managed to bring out a brood apiece, late in the season. These grew to awkward adolescence and were sentenced to die that they might go

upon the market. "Who will kill them?" I asked myself in the night watches, and echo

answered sadly: "You!"

"But I really couldn't, you know!" "I'll get Bridget to do the aid I. deed.

By promises of an advance in wages I secured Bridget's services and retired to a remote apartment to shut out the ights and sounds of carnage. In a few moments Bridget sought me out wildeyed and breathless,

"Niver agin, mum," said she, "niver agin will I attimpt the loike of it!" "What is the matter?" asked I. "How

many have you killed?"
"Wan," said she, "and divil another wud I touch!" I went out and looked at the one small fowl, dead bedind the woodpile, and then I let gaze follow the score gleefully chasing bugs in the two-acre pasture. That night I said my prayers, put on my hood and went forth to battle. I entered the coop. There is a legend that the chicken becomes stupid after nightfall and can be easily plucked from the roost, like a ripe apple from the bough. Relying upon that legend I bravely entered the the leg. Perhaps the last trump will make more noise, but I doubt it. The old hens shrieked and cackled as though laying tons of eggs by the light of the moon. The rooster bellowed like a foghorn. I left the coop. At the door of exit I was confronted by a shadowy form with a club.

"Come along out of this, you blank thief! Stealing that poor woman's chickens, are you? I'll teach you." It was my neighbor, kindly interfering, as he thought, with the operations of a chicken burglar.

"Hold on, kind sir, I'm not a thief," said I. "I merely came out to kill some chickens. I feel faint—please get the camphor."

He leaned me up against the woodpile, where I slowly revived to the music in the coop. When I could speak I said: "Will you take the lot for a dollar?" He wiped away a tear and murmered, "Not as a gift!"

Why We Die.

The most common cause of death is fat and lime. Microbes are mere accessories in causing death. Take myself as a case in point. Once, when younger, I could lift my leg on a level with my head. It is an effort for me now to get it half that distance. Lime deposits are the cause of it. It is deposits are the cause of it. It is only a few days since that I performed a postmortem on the remains of a dis-tinguished journalist, who died in this city at an advanced age. When I reached his heart I took my knife, and, on rubbing it over that organ, it sound-

ed as if it were being rubbed over s The heart was fairly enrough stone. cased in lime. I have now under my care a distinguished literary mannonogenarian. He is going to die. (The patient has since died). His will be caused by abnormal deposits of lime. There is no mystery in death. It is as natural for man to die as to be born. We are born, we develop, we grow ("grow" is right), and we die. Is there anything strange about that? Man is like a tree. He lives his time, then withers, decays, dies. When we shall have learned everything, we shall be wise enough to prolong the life of man, but by reason of the materials of which the body is composed he must die.—Dr. Philip Wales, U. S. A., in the St. Louis Globe.

TOM TURNED THE JOKE.

It Was a Monkey, After All, and Was Ruthlessly Slain.

A party of commercial travelers had a lark at one of the large hotels the other afternoon, says the Washington Post. There were several in the crowd. A fellow-traveling man, Thomas Huertly, had retired the night before half seas over. He had not been seen during the day. Presently an Italian or-gan grinder with a monkey stopped in front of the hotel, and the "knights of the grip" were not slow to grasp this

opportunity for a joke.

An offer of \$5 to the grinder was sufficient to hire both monkey and organ for the rest of the afternoon. A key to Huertly's room was quickly obtained, and the musician was stationed in the hallway near his door. The men were all near by to hear the fun. They opened the door, and, to the strains of "We've All Been There Before, Many Time," the monkey hopped into the room and perched himself upon the tootboard of Tom's bed, the occupant of which was fast asleep. It was not long before the latter began to grow restless, and, as the tones of the organ penetrated deeper into his muddled brain, he rubbed his eyes and looked about with a dazed expression on his face. Then he saw the monkey and his eyes fairly bulged out of their sock-He rubbed his eyes again, then reached for a glass of water and took a drink. He rubbed them a third time, and gazed intently at the object on the foot-board, which kept up a constant

abbering. Finally, "Have I got 'em? Is that a No, it isn't; I've got 'em, monkey?

The fellows in the hall overheard, but they took no pity on Tom's despair. They waited for further developments, which soon came. Huertly seemed to take courage, for addressing Jocko

solemnly he said: Now, Mr. Monkey, if you are a monkey, good-by, monk; if you are not a monkey, good-by, Tom Huertly," and he adroitly shied his boot at the mon key, knocking him off his pedestal and

killing him instantly.

Huertly really had the best of the joke, for it cost the other fellows \$10 apiece to pay the monkey's insurance policy.

Because He's An Old Soldier.

Some very good stories were told at a campfire in Providence, recently, and there was a very gratifying absence of chestnuts. The story that seemed to take the best was one told by Adin Capron about a Grand Army man out west who was on trial for stealing a horse. The charge was proven by the testimony of half a dozen witnesses, but the prisoner's counsel made shrewd refence to the honorable war record of his client. There were several veterans. on the jury and the verdict brought in was: 'Not guilty, because he's an old soldier." The judge reprimanded the jury severely and sent them back, telling them to bring in a verdict in accordance with the evidence. At the end of fifteen minutes the jury returned to which, however, the foreman added in an undertone, "But it's lucky he was an old soldier." Commander-in-Chief, Veazey, clapped his hands and laughed immoderately at the story, as much as to say, "Those are my sentiments."

He Could Explain It.

Pastor (to applicant for church membership)—We shall be glad to welcome you among us, brother, but in order to pecome a member of this denomination you will have to be kept on probation, as we call it, for six months.

Applicant—Six months? What for?

"To prove your fitness for being received into full membership."

(Struck by a sudden thought)—Mr. Goodman, six months won't make any difference at all in this redness at the end of my nose. It's erysipelas.

A Sad Case.

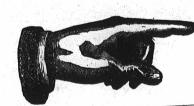
"What a queer looking woman!" "Sh! She'll hear you, The poor thing is insane."

"But why does she wear such clothes?" "That's merely a form her lunacy takes. She dresses according to the latest Paris fashion' pictures in the daily newspapers."

Only a Cub.

A miserable cub of a son cannot be expected to do anything to help his mother keep the wolf from the corr.—
New Orleans Picayune. Are You Cleaning House?





II You Need Carpets?

BARNUM & CO'S Spring Opening Sale!

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March, 1891.

NOW IN PROGRESS.

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No effort has been spared in the past two months to thoroughly equip this department for the increasing demands of our trade. We now invite your inspection of a stock, complete, interesting, and extensive. We direct your notice to the advantage of selecting your carpets from a stock almost wholly new, embracing patterns in the newest colorings and most recent designs; also to the fact that our floor space is the largest and the light incomparably the best.

We are confident these prices will make this sale one of keen Interest to Purchasers.

worth 20e, 25e and 27 1-2e, at 15e, 18e, 22 1-2e per yard. worth 27 1-2c, at 22 1-2c per yard. HEMP CARPETS worth 45c and 55c, at 37 1-2c and 47 1-2c per yard. COTTON INGRAINS, DOUBLE COTTON CHAIN INGRAINS, worth 65c, at 55c per yard. EXTRA SUPER INGRAINS, cotton chain, ALL WOOL INGRAINS, choice of about 20 styles, worth 75c, at 65c per yard. ALL WOOL EXTRA SUPERS, The richest colors, handsomest patterns and best quality

ingrain carpet made, worth 85c, at 75c per yard. TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, The cheapest on our shelves is worth 62 1-2c; the best ones \$1.10. We divide them into three choices. Here is an opportunity! One lot 50c a yard. One lot 75c. One lot \$1.00. If you buy the dollar carpet we do the MAKING and LAYING FREE OF CHARGE!

VELVETS and BODIES. We offer the choice of any of our rich velvet and body brussels

carpets at \$1.25 per yard, MADE and LAID.

THE LAST TWO OFFERS ARE VERY EXCEPTIONAL!

STRAW and CHINA MATTINGS, from 15c a yard up.

HOLLAND CURTAINS, 6 feet in length, with spring roller complete, 35c; regular price, 45c. DADOED OPAQUE CURTAINS, 7ft. in length, with best spring roller complete, 60c; "75c. HOLLAND CURTAINS, CHENILLE CURTAINS in variety, plain and bordered, from \$5 00 per pair upwards. We offer two lots slightly soiled to close out, \$2.50 per pair, worth \$5. 3.50 per pair, worth 7. TURCOMAN CURTAINS

SCRIM. Your choice of 2000 yards, in white, cream, and colored stripes at 8 1-3c a yard.

IMITATION CHINA SILKS Are an extremely attractive curtain material, 16 2-3c a yard, worth 25c. LACE CURTAINS. We offer 50 pair at 88c, worth \$1.15 per pair. Curtain poles, 5 feet in length, with brass trim. mings, complete, 25c.

50 pair at \$1.50, worth 2.00 per pair.

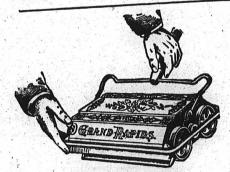
25 pair at 2.00, worth 2.50 per pair.

40 pair at 3.00, worth 4.00 per pair. 30 pair at 4.25, worth 600 per pair. 10 pair at 7.00, worth 10.00 per pair.

Also a lot of lace curtains a little soiled at decidedly reduced prices.

This is the only complete stock of upholstery goods in the city.

This department stored with furniture and rug fringes, gimps, cords, silk and mohair plushes, damasks, cotton and silk faced tapestries, jutes, ramies, spun silks and pettit points.



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