NO. 28

THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS.

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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other courtry weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, [25 words] the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

Farmer Fuston has begun an active campaign. He has held four meetings in Douglas county this week.

The Kansas City Times, commenced a new evening edition on Thursday of this week, which is said to be already a great success

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars has been in session in Topeka this week. Reports show the order to be in good condition, with enlarged membership.

A fellow named Allen, not much known in Topeka, has been nominated for congress by the resubmissionists, as a last resort.

The McKinley tariff law puts a high tax on some goods that are not manufactured at all in this country, and which can result only in profit to speculators.

The army reunion has been the great attraction in Topeka this week. On Friday President Harrison and Secretary Tracy were in attendance. and the crowd was very great.

Attorney General Geo. Hunt of Illinois, decides that under the statutes of that state, no express company can handle lottery tickets or money, or in any way act as the agent of a lottey company.

The President drew a big crowd in Topeka. The country is full of much greater men; but it is not every day that the average citizen get to see a live president. It is one attraction that not even Baraum can buy.

The McKinley tariff is a contemptuous slap in the face of every workingman in the nation, and it must be expected that he will do nothing less than to strike back. Let the politicians stand from under the coming blow if they can.

The man Benson now under arrest for the murder of Mrs Mettman in Leavenworth, last spring, appears to be one of the most confirmed villains of the age. It is probable that some back deeds of this scoundrel may be brought to light. He will arrive in Leavenworth to day.

In view of all the gush that is made whenever any one in Kansas writes a novel or a book of poems, we are led to ask why this thing should be considered so remarkable. Are Kansas people so much more stupid than those of other states, that to be an author is an exception? In Missouri, lowa, Indiana, and in all the eastern states there are authors of national reputation whose works are taken for just what they are worth. Kansas has many able and pleasing writers, but if one of them publishes a book enforcing the law. For other offices the great point made is that it is a one can very consistently vote for the kansas product. No literary genius men of any other party that best however, has yet appeared in Kansas. please him.

Creamery or Dairy

As found in the markets, creamery butter is generally better and commands a higher price than does butter made on the farm, but this is not necessar ly so. At the creameries the methods used produce uniformity in quality and appearance that the makers at home often fail to obtain from various causes such as keeping the cream too long, irregularity charning and salting, and especially from the effects of climatic changes, causing variations of temperature in the dairy room that the creameries can better control. There are reaons why butter made in small quantities from a few select cows, and where the food, milking, churning, salting, etc., are properly attended to, should be better than creamery butter made from the milk of many cows of different breeds. Many persons who have gained the reputation for making gilt edge butter at home get fancy prices from their customers.

An experimental black walnut grove now nearing fruition in Michigan is rapidly developing, and from which the owner, in a very few years, will ceap the harvest of the most profitable crop ever planted in the State; and the owner's greatest regret is that he did not enter more extensively into the business. He says if he has planted half his farm with black walnuts, the standing timber in twenty five years would have been worth three times the balance, with all his stock, buildings, and other im-

There is nothing so conducive to iccess as a fixed purpose. Don't be changing about from one thing to another, hoping to find some short cut to prosperity. Choose some good line of industry, and stick to it. Do not make this choice at haphazard, due consideration. Try some line of work that your means approve, and that you can enjoy work ing at, and then stick to it through thick and thin. Do not allow anything to divert you from your pur

The only son of Kate Chase Sprague committed suicide in Seattle, Wash., Tuesday by taking chloro

The Vermont legislature yesterday passed a resolution asking the world's fair managers to have the grounds closed on Sunday.

Rube Burrows, the outlaw and train robber, was shot and killed at Linden, Ala Wednesday morning by J Carter, one of his captors.

Mrs. Charles L Tiffany, wife of the vell known artist of New York city, while out driving Wednesday afternoon, was thrown from her carriage and severely injured.

M. Louis Pasteur will not visit America on account of ill-health. He was expected to give a series of lectures before the students of the Michigan college of medicine and surgery. Mrs Charlton and Mrs Devide have

just opened a cat and dog hospital, nursery and creamatory in New York. Old, maimed and suffering cats and dogs are collected and killed by chloroform after being liberally fed. The first execution took place yesterday.

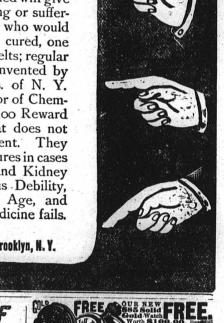
A jewelry salesman from New York was found to have in his possession at Lansing, Mich., a lottery ticket 'raised" to correspond to a number winning a big prize. The police are after the man who "raised" the num-

The air is full of campaign lies Do not believe one half that you read or that you hear concerning political matters. If you are a strong prohibitionist, and you regard that as one of the great issues, you will do well to vote for those republican candidates who will do anything toward



To introduce it, the undersigned will give away to those who are sick or ailing or suffering from weakness or disease, and who would be likely to make good agents, if cured, one of our German Electro-Galvanic Belts; regular price \$5 (U. S. Patent 357,647), invented by Prof. P. H. Van Derweyde, Pres. of N. Y. Electrical Society and late Professor of Chemistry of N. Y. Medical College. \$500 Reward for any Belt we manufacture that does not generate a genuine Electric current. They are daily making most marvelous cures in cases of Rheumatism, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Diseases, Lung Troubles, Nervous Debility, Loss of Power, Premature Old Age, and many other ailments in which medicine fails. Address at once,

German Electric Belt Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y.



EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split!

> Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

The Pittsburgh Academy of Music was damaged by fire to the extent of

The republicans of the Eighth Georgia district yesterday nominated George T McCall for congress.

J Thomas Tanton was shot by an unknown assassin yesterday while sitting in his house reading.

The Pullman palace car company bas been successful in its suit against the Boston and Albany railroad. Tom Joyner, a prominent young

men of Waynesboro, Ga., was killed in a fight yesterday by Homer Glis-A notorious insurance swindler named James M Wilson, with numer

ous aliases was arrested yesterday and lodged in jail at Prescott, Ariz. The survey of the Pennsylvania ship canal has been completed. It is estimated that it will cost about the same as the Welland canel, or

The French cabinet is considered a plan looking toward reciprocity of trade with the United States. Unless such terms are arrived at it is said that an attempt will be made to virtually exclude American products

from the French markets. In an affray in an unlicensed liquor saloon or "speak easy" both in Allegheny City last night, John Bothwell was stabbed to death by William Flinn, a late arrival from Louisville. The affray was caused by a dispute over a woman named Fox. Flinn is

Mrs. James L Barolay was thrown from a horse in Lenox, Mass., yester-day and seriously injured. She was formerly Miss Olivia Bell, one of the prominent young ladies in New York

It may not be generally known that Kansas produces one third of all the eastor beans produced in the United States. While it has not yet been recognized as one of the chief agricultural products, it pays the producer as well as any of the staple pro-ducts. The yield has been almost uniform for the last six years, and it may be considered a safe crop.

News has been received at San Diego, Cal...of an explosion in a gold in some part or other, cotton, bemp, mine at Rossario, seventy miles inland from Mazatlan, during the latter part of September. A magazine containing several hundred pounds of dyna mite exploded and ten men, who were working near it, were blown to atoms.

The State Reform School at North Topeka is overflowing. The President of the Board of Charities, Hon. L K Kirk, has published a card addressed to the sheriffs of the State and others concerned, notifying them to correspond with the Superintendent before bringing boys to the school, as admissions can be made only as yacancies occur.

A Chance to Make Money.

Having read Mr Moorehead's experi-ence plating with gold, silver and nickel, ence plating with gold, silver and nickel, I sent for a plater and have more work than I can do. It is surprising the spoons, castors and jewelry, that people want plated. The first week I cleared \$37.10, and in three weeks \$119.85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W H Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs \$3.60. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large of small articles, and can make money anywhere.



The October number of the always pop ular Domestic Monthly is extra large and has a special supplement of Autumn costumes, in addition to its complete costumes, in addition to its complete departments on every topic connected with the newest fashions in dress, millinery, and fancy work. The Domestic has always been one of the daintiest of the magazines. Its short stories and sketches are invariably excellent. The publishers announce a very attractive trial subscription offer, as follows: For 25 cents the magazine for 3 months, and a tree coupon good for 25 cents worth. and a free coupon good for 25 cents worth and a tree coupon good for 25 cents worth of "Domestic" paper patterns. This offer will remain only a short time. The Domestic Monthly is published at 853 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year, with a free premium of \$1.00 worth of patterns; yearly subscriptions are taken by newsdealers, etc., but for the trial offer send direct to the publishers.

There is no better corn land than Kansas' corn belt, and there is no better wheat land than its winter wheat belt. It can grow successfully, sorghum, castor beans, and flax, as well as winter wheat and corn. Clover is reaching across the State, and we saw blue grass as far west as Salina that had stood even this drought without being entirely destroyed. As the soil becomes older, it will hold more moisture. When farmers begin to study nature and work with her and not try to force eastern methods, they will succeed better. They are finding ou what crops are reasonably sure, and what are not. If nothing else is sure, they will pasture cattle on he wild grasses and winter them on sorghum used as forage until they can see their way clear to grow a crop reasonably certain.—Homestead.

The Hot Campaign in Pennsylvania. The Hot Campaign in Pennsylvania.

A splendid full-page picture of Mr Delamater, the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania; is printed as the frontispice of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week. It is the picture of a calm, determined, clear-headed man. The leading editorial contribution is on the campaign in Pennsylvania, and shows that the opposition to Mr Delamater comes almost entirely from the opponents of protection, although there is no possibility of his defeat. Leslie's is full of fine illustrations this week. NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a anbsoriber 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 prima facte evidence of intentional fraud.

Building a monument to a hero on

the same principle that cheap pianos. second hand carpets and stained pine folding beds are bought on, is quite worthy of the cheap-johnism of New York in all public enterprise.

THE whole business of so-called mind-reading is more sensational than scientific. Clearly the persons capable of it are in morbid mental conditions. and their excitation and its phenomena out the cold:

"This crown," roared the cobbler, "won't keep out the cold:

Like many other folks, I'm deceived by the gold,

and as for this mantle"—and here he fell down suicide.

THE use of gentian is recommended as a cure for blushing. But a careful They looked at each other, and laughed at the investigation fails to disclose any general need for such a specific. If some beneficent herb could be discovered which will cure the disease of not blushing, it might be found to be of great use in political and financial circles.

Mr. GLADSTONE reads a book pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wishes to remember, querying those about which he is in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those which he disputes. The great Sir William Hamilton was in favor of underscoring. But the most important consideration is. after all, that the book to be operated on is your own.

whenever he or his assistants spoke to her through the telephone they must wash their hands and put on a coat. "It is highly indelicate," she said, "for you to speak to a lady with unclean hands and in your shirt sleeves, and unless you cease doing so I shall have to trade with the other butcher person."

RUSKIN has found a fresh object for his biting cynicism in the bicycle. He says: "I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best 'bad language' in reprobation of bytri-, and 4-, 5-, 6-, or 7-cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground." But the bicycling enthusi ast, who is full of gloom and wretchedness unless astride of a wheel taking chances of headers, will retort that the morose old philosopher finds fault with the bicycle because he is too old and stiff to ride it.

It is peculiar—that self-satisfaction of men-some men. A man will monopolize the conversation for two straight hours. Everyone will be thoroughly tired out, vote him a her parched lips as she replied: stupid bore, and take little pains to "No; John stays with me as much conceal it. First one will excuse him- as he can, but you know he must search self, another will walk away, a third will remember an important engagewill remember an important engageThe stone will go will go will the work and can not give me all his noble heart would like to."

I thought of the stout, broad-shoulment, but the man will go right on talking until desperation seizes the rest, and there is no one left to listen. Yet he will never discover that he was entertaining himself instead of them. and will go away and tell his next victim what a delightful time he has been having.

THERE is a sort of Freemasonry among people of good breeding the world over, says a writer on social been at work but a few days since we etiquette, and the same rules, with but slight modifications, prevail in polite and during the day looks for something slight modifications, prevail in polite society both here and abroad. While coming in contact with one's own set there is but little danger of abusing the conventionalities, as the slave of good breeding oils the wheels of society and causes them to move on velvet ety and causes them to move on velvet axles. It is in intercourse with all manners and conditions of men that one's soul is tried, for Americans who are not thoroughbreds show an unpleasant tendency to assert themselves and endeavor to impress every one with their right to the title of lady or gentleman.

A HELENA paper states that western sportsmen are about to import a number of Australian kangaroos, which they hope will breed with such rapidity as in time to take the place of the late lamented buffale. The practical extinction of 'the buffaloes, the paper says, has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo is second in excitement and interest only to killing the buffalo. When these experienced sportsmen investigate the kangaroo a little more fully than they have yet done they will give up this enterprise. To replace the buffaloes with kangaroos would be about like replacing them with sheep. The largest kangaroos are about the size of the average sheep, and many of them are not much larger than rabbits.

The King and the Cobbler.

A cobbler he sat in a dirty old stall, Working with elbows, and hammer, and awl, A King with his mantle and crown came by, With his feet on the earth, and his nose in the

"Ho! ho!" quoth the cobbler, "Ha! ha! I dare say
If he had to work like me all the day,
This mighty, important, and fussy old swell
Would not like his billet one-half so well',"

"Come try," said the King, "and here fit on my crown, And I to your last will most gladly sit down, If I can't mend a boot, a noise I can make, Which for work in this life we too often mis-take."

The King smashed a finger in hitting a nail,
And the wax kept him firm on the seat of the
pall;
At last he got angry, and terribly swore
That mending of boots should be stopped by
the law.

"There are more checks about it than Mar-gery's gown."

game
(And, had we been there, we had just done
the same). Said the King, "Let us both to our stations return;
Putting things to the proof is the right way
to learn."

The King died in battle, the cobbler in bed, And as he was dying these last words he said, "I've been a good cobbler, a very good thing, I hope where I'm going I shan't be a King." —John Parnell.

GOING HOME TOGETHER.

As I entered the room and felt my way to the bedside of the person I had been sent to minister to, I could not but feel a strange emotion of pity well up in my heart. I had often beheld, and had become accustomed to scenes after all, that the book to be operated on is your own.

The New York Tribune tells of a fastidious lady who drove to her butcher's and told that individual that my eyes could see in the semi-dark-ness was a little bedstead, mattressless and covered with an old quilt, a tat-tered blanket, a small table, a chair, and a tiny cupboard. But I did not allow much of my time to be taken up with these observations, for I had been summoned to relieve the suffer-

ings of a sick woman.

I drew back a torn curtain from the broken-paned window, and, by the aid of a little shaft of sunshine that came dancing into the room, I saw a pale, pinched face resting uneasily against the cotton pillow, while a pair of deep-blue eyes met mine with a pitiful gaze. A beautiful head, covered with a mass of nut-brown curls, tossed to and fro by the pains that were racking it, and slowly, but surely, snapping the life from the frail form. I took the wasted hand in mine and felt the fluttering pulse, the stroke of which denoted great weakness.

"How long have you been sick?" I asked.

"About a month," was the gasping reply, and a half-suppressed moan fol-lowed the answer. "You are not here alone, are you?" I

continued, as a thrill of sympathetic sadness ran over me, imagining this little creature without company in this dreary place, and sick.

A faint, tender smile fluttered about

dered fellow who had come to me and begged me to make the call and felt that he must be John. "He is your husband, is he not?" I

asked.

"Yes," came the low answer. "Why doesn't he get some one to

stay with youp"
"We are strangers here," she said, and know no one who would come, unless we were able to pay them, and that is impossible, for John has not to do, coming every now and then to see that I am all right."

Just then a soft step was heard at the door, and looking up I beheld were an infant. The great beaming eyes turned toward him with a lovelight shining from their depths that is rarely equaled, and as his lips bent and gently caressed the little mouth a look of perfect happiness lit up the countenance of the young wife. Presently he put her back on the bed, and, motioning to me, walked from the room. I followed and joined him on the outside.

He turned as I reached his side, and

with a face worn and thin from tireless watching and suspense asked:

less watching and suspense asked:
"Doctor, can she live?"
"Not in this place," I replied, "she must be removed, and that at once, to quarters where she will have careful nursing and close attention."
He buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child, and huskily said:
"I have been trying to get her to go to her mother's, in the country, where she would get all of this; but, doctor, she refused to go unless I accompany her, and that is out of the question, for I have barely enough to send her. You I have barely enough to send her. You see," and here he faltered, "we ran away from home and got married, which made her parents very angry. They have sent all of our letters back to us unopened, but if she would go to them I know they would take her in."

"Would you go if you could?" I asked, as he ceased speaking and once

more broke the stillness with his sobs.
"Would IP" he almost screamed,
"my God, doctor, I would give this
right arm of mine for enough to pay

right arm of mine for enough to pay our way to the country home she de-serted for me."

"Go, then," I quickly replied, "and get a carriage, and I will have her ready by the time you return; you shall go home together."

He did not pause for a moment, and

was almost flying down the street before I had ceased speaking. I reentered the sick-chamber and sought
the side of my patient, and to my dismay found her much weaker than I
expected. I raised her into a sitting
posture, and holding her almost in my
arms, said:

"We are going to send you home to was almost flying down the street be

"We are going to send you home to your mother, where you will have bright sunshine to cheer you and the sweet songs of birds to awaken you in the morning."

Her head leaned to one side until her

eyes were fixed on mine, and a peaceful smile of happiness filled her face with a supernatural glow.
"Is—is John go—ing, too?" she

gasped. "Yes," I replied, "he is going home

"Lay me down, then, and—and let—me rest, for I will—need all my With a heart filled with sadness I gently replaced the wasted figure on

the bed and sat down beside her to wait for John. wait for John.

It seemed that he would never come, and impatiently I watched the fading

woman, praying that her husband would make all possible speed, for it was only a matter of a short time, if she could be moved at once her life was saved, for the very mention of her old home, with John beside her, seemed to imbue her with renewed

As I sat alone, her head turned toward me and those great, blue eyes once more opened, and with a smile of delight she murmured, so low that I was forced to kneel beside her to catch the words: "We are going home together; thank God! I will not have to go alone.

Once more her long lashes closed

Two hours passed and John did not come, and I was getting more worried every moment, when at last I heard the sound of footsteps entering the hall below. With a peculiar feeling that all was not right, I went to the door just in time to see several men coming slowly up the steirs with men coming slowly up the stairs with something between them covered with a white cloth. As they neared me one of them approached me and said: "A few minutes ago, sir, a man dashed across the street in front of the car I was driving, and before I could stop one of the horses struck him and the car ran over him. No one in the crowd that gathered knew him, except a man who thought he had seen him hang around this building, and thinking perhaps his folks lived here we have brought his body on. Please look at him and see if you know his face."
With a sickening dread I advanced
and raised the cloth; there I saw what I had expected, the mutilated face of John.

"He was not killed instantly," continued the man, 'for after reaching him he muttered something about him and somebody going home to-

I did not reply to the driver, but taking him by the arm, drew him into the room. As we entered the sick wo-man moved uneasily and a low moan escaped her lips, followed by a gentle whisper that sounded more like the last breath of a sweet strain of music than anything else:

"Thank God, John, we are going home together!"

came a short gasp from her, and realizing too well the meaning of it, I sprang to her side and lifted her But I held in my arms nothing but

a piece of lifeless clay; they had in-deed "gone home together."—Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Whistling Well.

In the town of Great Valley, in Cattaraugus County, there is an interest ing curiosity known locally as the "whistling well," located on the farm of Colonel Wesley Flint. About fortyfive years ago the well was dug by the colonel's father to the depth of forty-five feet, but no water accumulated, and the well was put down as a flat failure. A strong current of air was noticed rushing into the well at times and at other times rushing out of it. A flat stone with a 1 3-4-inch hole was at hat stone with a 13-4-inch hole was fitted over the hole and a whistle placed in it, which changed its tune as the air was drawn up or down. This whistle proved a reliable weather barometer. In settled weather the whistle was silent, but an approaching storm heralded by a warning shrick of the whistle as the air rushed out of the well, but as clear weather approached the current of air changed and was drawn into the well and the faithful whistle changed and told its story by its changed tone.—Albany Argus.

Whipping-Post for Boys.

If there is anything in the old saying about sparing the rod and spoiling the child the children of Alexandria, the child the children of Alexandria, Va., should be pretty near perfect. There is a whiping-post at the police station and when boys are arrested for trivial offenses their parents are summoned thither to whip them in the presence of the police. The alternative is a fine by the court, which comes out of parental pockets.

In Victoria, B. C., no mason or stone-cutter will work on a building where Chinese help is employed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

An Interesting Personal Sketch of the Author of "Jekyll and Hyde."

No one can remain in his company long without feeling like a good man; not that the person becomes really good, but the bad in him lies low, as it were, and all the good qualities which may be dormant stir into life for the time. Yet Stevenson himself is not a saint by any means are his feigular.

less. It was written by the poet. William Henley, who admires the subject enthusiastically, and who himself has a strong wit that is constantly seeking expression.

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeak

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
ably,
Neat-footed, and weak fingered; in his face—
Lean, large - boned, curved of beak, and
touched with race,
Bold-dipped, rich-thred, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace.
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Moet vain, most generous, sternly critical;
Bufoon and poet, lover and sensualist,
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechiet."
One can see in these lines what we

One can see in these lines what varieties of character Stevenson exhibits, from grave to gay, or, as the writer of the sketch says, "from the maddest of fooling to transcendencies of wisdom, These changes, in all of which he is inimitable, give the ground for Henley's concluding lines.

The sketch is full of enthusiasm, so

much so that one is moved to warm in-terest, no matter whether Mr. Stevenson's work has hitherto been attractive or not. The following is a part of the picture given to the author:

"To see Stevenson in his most striking aspect, just let him alone in a good big room. He can not sit still; the lithe, quick figure, which looks as if it should be measured for a sheath instead of a suit, moves swiftly up and down like a caged creature; the velocity aves glow with a light that seems vety eyes glow with a light that seems to come really from some depth; the long hands move so as to emph long hands move so as to emphasize and interpret every new point, and the lovely, picked English flows on with an occasional break in the shape of bold, brutal slang. Once in the midst of the very finest burst of talk about Cæsar that I ever heard, he suddenly paused, and then, in an ecstacy of literary self-approval, he desc oed the eminent conquerer of Gaul as 'the howlingest cheese that ever lived.' This was quite beneath the dignity of history; but it is quite in Stevenson's way! It is these queer changes that make an hour of Stevenson's talk like an exciting romance; you never know an exciting romance; you never know what will come next; you only learn to be sure that it will be something totally inexplicable and unexpected. When he makes a personal appeal to you, and the kind eyes burn so womanly, he makes you forget even his talk; and the hardest of men must grow soft toward him. I could have taik; and the hardest of men must grow soft toward him. I could have broken him in two with one hand, but he could do absolutely as he liked with me; the possibility of resisting him or crossing him never seemed thinkable to me, and I believe all strong men were affected by him in the same way."

Orchid Jewelry.

Orchid jewelry has not yet become the fashion, althoug hone sees at the opgentlewoman whose corsage is adorned with a single magnificent orchid of gold and enamel. The one jeweler in town who has attempted the orchid jewels has produced about 100 of them in three years, and has sold only a small percentage of that number. When an orchid is to be produced in jewelry a perfect specimen of the flow-er is obtained, and an exact model is made in pure silver. This can be done before any change has taken place in the blossom, as the metal is soft and easily worked. The model preserves imperishable material the form of one variety of orchid. At the same time the coloring of the blossom is reproduced on paper by a skilled draughtsman. From the silver model a copy of gold is produced, and this forms the ground work of the jewel itself. Gold is chosen because it is best suited for enameling. The latter process is the most difficult of all, since it is necessary to imitate not only the color but the textile of the flower. The enamel is applied with a brush and hardened by exposure to a high temperature in an oven. If the jewel is to be enriched with dimonds, a dimond-setter must have a hand in the work. Some of the most striking varieties of the orchids have been thus reproduced, and they make peculiary mag-nificent jewels. The largest are from four to six inches in diameter, and in some the coloring is of the most brilliant sort. One outcome of the ex-periments with enameled orchids has been the reproduction been the reproduction of small fruits in gold and enamel.—New York Sun.

A New Metal.

A metal has been produced that will melt at a temperature of 150 degrees. It is an alloy composed of lead, tin, bismuth, and cadmium, and in weight, hardness, and color resembles type metal. It melts so easily, that, placed on a comparatively cool part of the stove with a piece of paper under it, it will melt without the paper being scorched. It will not retain heat, but becomes cold the moment it melts. It is used in the manufacture of the little is used in the manufacture of the little automatic fire alarms for hotels. They give an electric alarm when the metal melts owing to the rising of the temSNAKES WERE HER ONLY FRIENDS.

▲ Feminine Hermit Who Died Surround-ed by Reptiles.

Salem (Va.) letter in the Philadelphia Times: A singular character, by name Martha Ann Tilson and who was known as the "snake woman." died near here recensly. She lived in a little cabin at the foot of Twelve O'clock Knob, and led a hermit's life, having no one to share her abode except snakes. By the few who were ever allowed to see the interior of her cabin it is said to see the interior of her cabin it is said to have literally swarmed with her strange companions, with which she ate and slept, and which were to be seen lying in her bosom and coiled about her neck, body, and limbs whenever she was caught sight of.

Her extracrdinary predilection for these unpleasant creatures is supposed to have arisen from a morbid feeling that she was like them, hated of men. for, naturally deformed, she received in addition an injury to the spine while an infant, and, though perfectly sound in mind, was of so sensitive a nature as to render her miserable and nature as to render her miserable and uneasy in the presence of any but her parents, as she imagined herself an object of loathing and hatred to them. This she seemed to feel while still a little child, for her peculiar friendshipbegan then. She was observed to steak away every day with a pan of milk, and on being followed was found to be caressing a dozen or so hideous rattlesnakes, while they drank from the ves-sel which she held in her lap. Horrified, her parents tried to reason with her, then to punish, and finally to confine her in an endeavor to break her of her fondness for the reptiles, but she pined so for her pets that they feared she would die if kept from them. She evinced even stronger distaste for human society as she grew older, and since the death of her parents has withdrawn entirely from any association with her kind, living wholly on the product of a small garden cultivated by herself and of half a dozen chickens which the snakes seemed to know were not legitimate prey, and left unmolest-

She was a little, fair woman of about 45, with sandy hair, abundant and long, which she wore in a number of tight plaits, which, combined with her deformity and the odd, miscellaneous style of dressing, the result of her refusal to hold any communication with a fellow-being, served to make her a most remarkable-looking object. She was looked upon as a witch by the negroes about, who declared her to be possessed of the evil eye, and hated and feared her accordingly, though her life was a most harmless, quiet one. She had been dead some days when dis-covered and her dead body was literally covered by a writhing mass of snakes, which had to be killed before it could be removed, for the reptiles turned viciously on all approaching the remains. On her heart was found coiled hugh rattlesnake dead.

The inquest proved that the woman's was a natural death and it is probable that the snake died of grief for its mis-She left no heirs and a few nights after her burial the house was ourned down, it is supposed by some of her neighbors, as the greatest horror was felt for the place, which was still infested with snakes.

The World's Next Great Wonder.

The Niagara River canal is expected to cost \$3,500,000 and furnish 119,000 horse-power. With coal at \$4 or \$5 a ton, the cost of one horse-power a year is placed at from \$39 to \$46 a year, or, roughly, about ten tons of coal per roughly, about ten tons of coal per horsepower. This canal, if it gives the estimated horse power, will furnish a power about equal to 1,000,000 tons a year. This will cost, taking a capital-ized value of 4 per cent on the invest-ment, \$140,000 as the first outlay, and at least as much more for maintenance and repairs. The horse-power will, therefore, be about as cheap as coal at 20 cents a ton; and it appears capable of almost indefinite expansion, unless the falls are considered of more value

than horse-power—as they are.

The present canal will not affect them and it will give 238 factories of 500 horse-power each a motive power whose first cost will be about twentieth that of the coal used by their rivals, but the difference between the first cost and the price of coal will, of course, go in the pockets of the owners of the canal. At first sight the owners of the canal seem likely to have as good a thing as natural gas, but, judging from all the past, the projectors will sink all their money before they learn to handle and bridle 119,000 horse-power. It will be no joke to control attrement remaining in a trunch trol a stream running in a tunnel twenty-four feet across and dropping 52.8 feet a mile, the proposed grade being one in 100.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Arnold in Japan.

A letter from Japan says that when Sir Edwin Arnold took up his residence in Yokohama he determined to live in the native quarters for a time. He had no sooner selected a residence than the governor ordered him to move to the foreign quarters at once. Acting on the advice of friends, Sir Edwin sent back word that he was sick. The avenue was excepted and the Edwin sent back word that he was sick. The excuse was excepted, and the Englishman was not bothered for sometime. After awhile Sir Edwin was summoned before the governor, who asked him if he had not recovered his health. The distinguished visitor replied that he had hired himself out as tutor in a rich Japanese family. The governor was satisfied. Every day the author can be seen teaching the young Japs how to spell "dog," "cat," "house," etc. His salary is \$200 s year, but by playing servant he can live where he chooses.

HIS POCKET RELIGION.

AT COULD BE LAID ASIDE WHEN OC-CASION REQUIRED.

His Habit of Whipping His Brother-in-Law and Everybody Else-He Meets His Match

Tobe Grear had whipped every man in Poinsett County. To some men fighting may be only a recreation, but to Tobe it was a necessity. Once he awoke at midnight, and, unable to go to sleep again, lay tossing and groaning. "Whut's the matter, Tobe?" his wife asked.

"Oh, I dunno; I am all outen sorts." "Don't you think it's becaze you ain's whupped no body lately?"

'Yas, that's the very reason." "Wall, git up an' whup yo' brother-

"Wall, git up an' whup yo' brotherin-law, an' then go to sleep."
He got up, whipped his brother-inlaw and then slept like a sycamore log.
Tobe had whipped old Bill Morgan
once every week for the past ten years.
Bill, extremely elastic disposition, did
not lose hope; he took boxing lessons of
the new circuit rider; and then, with
great confidence, invited Tobe to whip
him. Tobe did so; and then Bill mounted his gray mare, rode over to the Mount
Zion meeting-house and "whaled" the
circuit rider for teaching boxing under
false pretenses.

Zion meeting-house and "whaled" the circuit rider for teaching boxing under false pretenses.

One night, during a heated revival in July, Tobe was stricken with conviction and, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, went up to the mourners' bench and placed his repentant head on the white oak slab. He poured forth a stream of lamentations—declared after the manner of a great apostle that he had been a chief among sinners, and vowed that if the Lord would exercise his merciful pardoning power he would every year contribute a sheep to the religious barbecue, and would refrain from fighting to the best of his ability. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and declared that his sins had been wiped out with a tender hand; that he was prepared to meet his friends that had gone before, and that any man in the congregation might enjoy the privilege of calling him a horse-thief without incurring the danger of being thumped.

Old Bill Morgan was particularly de-

the danger of being thumped.

Old Bill Morgan was particularly delighted with the conversion, and after
chaking hands with Tobe turned to a
friend and remarked. "I have got him friend and remarked: "I have got him on the hip now, an' I'll bet you a bull-



WITH A STITCH IN HIS SIDE.

that I whup him befo' the week's out. Tobe wrote out a confession of faith on a piece of paper bag, and carried it in his hip pocket. At night when he would awake and feel that he must whip would awake and reet that he must wing some one or toss sleeplessly on his wheat straw bed, he would reach over, grabble his confession out of his pocket, read it over, take a chew of long, green tobacco and then worry along as best he could. One evening while he was milking a blue-looking cow that wore a missing a blue-looking cow that wore a missing as her work as the could. ing a blue-looking cow that wore a mis-chievous wink, old Bill came up to the

Brother Tobe," said he. "I think the time for me to whup you have

"Do you reckon it have?" Tobe replied, turning loose the blue cow's milk

nozzle and wiping a drop of pale milk

"Yas, I'low so."
"All right," Tobe responded, and taking the confession of faith from his pocket he put it on top of the fence, placed a stone upon it and said: "Faith in things that have been an' air yit to come rest thar till I maul this sinner."

He climbed over the fence and a few moments later Bill, with a stitch in his side and a sciatic disturbance of the hip. limped toward his humble dwelling.
The next evening, when Tobe was again eking a few drops of milk from the blue cow, Bill came up to the fence and said:
"Pear to be enjoyin yo'se'f putty

well."
"Yas, reasonable so. Have you got "Not exackly—still got a shootin' pain

In my hip."
"Do you allus milk?"
"Yas, I'do the milkin' all the time."

"An' you never do let yo' wife milk

"Never a tall. Thar air some "Never a tall. Thar air some cows that wimmin folks kin milk an' agin thar air others that they kaint tech. You've got ter skeer a cow when you wanter get right good milk. Ef you don't skeer 'em they let down the poorest milk they've got. I'm a great milker, me. I jest nachuially skeer a cow into cream. I bought a cow frum a feller wunst that didn't give nuthin' but what they call blue John. I argyed with her a while, but she kep' on givin' blue John. I got tired one day an' lammed her a time or two with a rail an' then you oughter seed the milk. It wan't anothin' but cream."

"Do this here cow allus switch her tail thiser way?" Old Bill asked after a smoment's silence.

"Oh, yes: specially in fly time,"

"Don't it hurt you when she hits you

"No, fur I am so uster it."
"Wall, I must go now. Good by.
Whenever I think I can whup you I'll

come over agin."
"Do ef you please, an' you'll allus find me handy at grabbin' my confession of

faith."

The next evening when old Tobe went to milk the blue cow he noticed that she appeared to be nervous and disturbed about something. He spoke to her gently at first, but when she began to toss her head he reminded her of the fact that he had often beaten her from a disturbed with the had often beate position of skimmed milk into a willingness to give cream; but when he sat down on his one-legged stool to strip the milk from her reluctant udder, she struck him on the head with her tail and laid him out. Old Bill Morgan dropped down behind a neighboring log and roared with laughter. That morning he had caught the cow in the woods and in an ingenious manner had fixed a chunk of lead in the bunch of hair at the end of her tail.—Opie P. Read, in N. Y. World. position of skimmed milk into a willing-

MR. GREELEY'S OLD HOME.

An Interesting Relic of Early Days Still



The recent destruction by fire of the old Greeley homestead at Chappaqua brings to mind the first homestead of the Greeley family in Westchester county, which was located in Purdy's Station, some miles beyond Chappaqua.

When a very young man Horace Greeley rented the little house shown in the picture, paying a rent of \$5 a month therefor. The house was at that time by several feet than at present. smaller by several feet than at present. It had three rooms, a sitting room and kitchen on the first floor and a bedroom on the second. It is about a mile and a half from the depot at Purdy's and sets back about twelve feet from the road.

back about twelve feet from the road. An old fashion stone wall surrounds the house, and an old swinging gate, on which the Greeley children used oft to swing, gives entrance to the grounds.

Mr. Greeley occupied the house, so tradition says, for about two years and then moved to New York with his family. The new tenants of the house built an addition but of materials so like the then moved to New York with his lamily. The new tenants of the house built
an addition, but of materials so like the
older part that the improvement in the
space makes but little difference in the
appearance of the house. The house is
very old, so old, in fact, that the oldest
inhabitant of Purdy's Station cannot tell
when it was built, and it is at present
occupied by a poor family, the head of
which ekes out an existence from the
little garden which he tends on the placeand from work on neighboring farms. and from work on neighboring farms. While the old homestead has gone to ashes the older house of the Greeley family still stands a curiosity to visitors to the little town of Prudy's Station.

Value of Athletic Training.

"Do you believe in athletics?" was asked of a well-known business-man who was found practicing with dumb-bells at

the back of the store the other day.
"Certainly I do," he promptly replied.

"Think it helps your health?" "I know it does, and it has saved my

bacon once or twice." "Please relate,"
"Well, a couple of years ago 'I took twenty - four lessons in boxing an vorked up a big muscle and lots of sand I was going home one night soon after graduating, when a man jumped out at me from the alley. In a minute he was

'Hit him hard, eh?" 'No, I didn't hit him at all." "Trip him up and fall on him?"

"Didn't kick him?"

"Well, what did you do?"
"Outrun him! But for my athletic
exercises I couldn't have done it."—
Detroit Free Press.

Puck's Pictorial Definitions.



"Dancing in the Barn.

Better than a String. "I want something," said a farmer as he entered a Michigan avenue drug store

he entered a Michigan avenue drug store
the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't tie a string around my finger,
but I guess I can get around to it all the
same. What's the rame of the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the
bay which the boats run to?"

"Put-in Bay."

"Correct. Now, then, who put in
there?"

"Perry."

there?"
"Btraight as a string. I want 10 cents'
worth of perygoric. My old woman
said I'd be sure to forget it, but here's
the proof that I didn't."—Detroit Free
Press.

HOW HUMIDITY IS MEASURED.

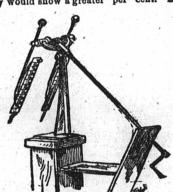
Whirling Psychrometer and a Table of Figures the Only Appliances.

The Psychrometer, a sketch of which

appears in this article is the instrument used to measure the humidity of the atmosphere. This is the way it works:— On each of the iron rods is fastened s thermometer precisely alike save that the bulb of one of them is covered with a small linen sheath. The observer wets the covered bulb in a cup of rain water that is standing in the room. In a half minute the mercury in this thermometer begins to fall rapidly. After it has fallen sufficiently the observer turns the en sufficiently the observer turns the handle of the crank shown in the sketch, and the two thermometers revolve, making a wairring hoise as they beat the gir like the arms of a windmill. Half a minute of turning is enough. Now it will be seen that the wet thermometer registers a lower temperature than it did before it was moistened, while the dry thermometer does not differ in its registration.

The observer notes the two registers, and when he returns to his office he con-sults a table of figures, which gives him the amount of humidity in the atmosphere at the moment he made his observation. On the day that I witnessed servation. On the day that I witnessed this measuring operation says a reporter for the N. Y. Herald, the dry thermometer registered 70 degrees and the wet one recorded 35. From these two figures the observer announced that there was forty-two per cent of humidity in the moisture.

moisture.
"The amount of moisture now present "The amount of moisture now present in the atmosphere," explained Sergeant Dunn, who made the observation just described, "is in ratio to the amount when the atmosphere is thoroughly saturated, which is 100 per cent. Owing to the expansion of warm air the atmosphere has a greater capacity for moisture on a warm than on a cold day. That is, the atmosphere can take up more moisture on a warm than on a cold day. Our humidity now stands at forty-two per cent. In case the temperature should increase and the evaporation remain stationary, the per cent of humidity would decrease because of the greatity would decrease because of the greater capacity of warm air to hold moisture. The moisture would not be any ture. The moisture would not be any less, but it would be diffused over a greater area. If, on the other hand, the emperature should decrease, the humidity would show a greater per cent. A



serious fall in temperature would cause sufficient condensation of moisture to would cause

produce a rainfall.

"I have known the thermometer to register 90 degrees and the psychrometer to record ninety-five per cent of humidity in the atmosphere and yet no rain fell. On the other hand, I have known rain to fall with only seventy per cent of humidity in the atmosphere. The amount of humidity in the atmosphere up to the point of complete saturation, which is 100 degrees, does not necessarily produce rain. It requires other conditions than that to cause rain. The humidity must be condensed before rain can fall."

What is the highest per cent humidity you have ever observed in the atmosphere where rain did not fall?"

"I have known the humidity to be ninety-nine per cent with no rain, but there was a dense fog, which is almost the same as rain.

"Or a haze?" I hazarded.
"Not at all. Haze always means dry weather. The driest weather we have is apt to be hazy. The haze results minute sediments taken up by the sphere. Whem the humidity is 100 atmosphere. Whem the humidity is 100 per cent and the psychrometer is whirled the two thermometers do not show the slightest variation. The evaporation of the moisture in the linen sheath does not have any added effect. No matter how have any added effect. No matter how hard the instument is whirled, the re-gisters remain the same. The normal humidity at this station is sixty-two per cent. When it goes above that figure

we are apt to suffer.
"We have always measured humidity, in one way or another, but it was only a few years ago that the psychrometer was invented, so as to give all stations a was invented, so as to give all stations a uniform basis of measurement. The new table of figures we used was made up a year ago. Before that time the observer had to go through a long calculation before he could figure out the humidity after he had made his observations vations.

An Aztec City.

Another forgotten Toltec or Aztec city has been discovered in Mexico. It is located among the mountains of the is located among the mountains of the state of Vera Cruz, and does not seem to have ever been visited in modern times except by Indians. Some of the buildings are four and five stories high, and the cornices and windows are skillfully worked out. The buildings are freesced in colors that appear as bright as if just put on. Many inscribed slabs of stone are found.

A Vermont editor boasts that he has a stub-tailed, one-horned cow, with no pedigree, which not only furnished the milk for his family of ten persons last year, but \$100 worth which he sold to his neighbors.

The total catch of seals by schooners soythe handle." No scooner said than their hands and feet?" "It's a sort of fitted out at Victoria, B. C., up to April done. Ned bent over the bank, poised four-runner of the future, you know." I is reported at 1,800.

BRIGHT SALT CRYSTALS.

PALACE CARVED SOLID SALT. FROM

Subterranean Palace, Dazzling and Beautiful-Men Who are Born, Live and Die Under Ground-Process of Evaporation and Crystalization.

There is a populous village, far away, lying deep in the bosom of the earth, upon a foundation of shining crystal, and encircled by walls of crystal rock. No grass and flowers grow in that secluded spot, nor trees with their luxuriant foliage, for no gleam of sunshine ever penetrates the masses of earth and rock that separate that subterranean world from the beautiful world above. That village, with its quaintly-built homes; is but a tiny part of a wonderful and very famous mine in Wieliezka, in Poland.

Let us, in fancy, visit this wonder. We shall find ourselves in a chamber, so dazzling bright and beautiful, that involuntarily, we shield our eyes till they become accustomed to the artifi-

cial light. We are very fortunate in having been spared the descent into this room through a dark narrow well more than 700 feet in depth, as we realize that safety in such a perilous position is wholly dependent upon the strength of the rope which lowers its human freight into the mine.

But had we been obliged to undergo the annoyances and difficulties which beset one in the tedious journey through winding passages, so dark and intricate that one could easily lose his way, we should have been amply repaid in the scene, bewitchingly lovely and altogether novel, which bursts upon our astonished gaze.

The chamber, in which we stand is only one among many in this crystal palace which it has taken more than 600 years to carve out of solid rocksalt. Its roof is a vaulted dome supported on massive columns, beautifully ornamented by the miners, who take pride in their achievements.

The glittering whiteness is relieved by the presence in the salt of minerals, which dissolving, have tinted the masses of crystal till they gleam and glisten like precious stones

As we stroll along the street that runs through the mine a familiar sight greets us—a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony.

This chapel, with its furniture and lecorations, was cut out of rock-salt, s where the homes of miner, hundreds of whom are born in the mines and live contented lives with little intercourse with the beautiful world above their heads, and consequently having no share in the blessed gifts of

sunlight and pure fresh air. Still the air in the mine is dry and agreeable to be breathed, and clear, cold water flows from the crevices in the walls, so that life is well supported.

Though the treasures of salt in the mines of Wiellezka seem to be inex haustible, yet so essential is this article to our very life and comfort that bountiful supplies are deposited in many other localities the world over.

Were we to journey through Europe we should find mines, and often salt springs, in Cheshire, England, in the mountains of the Tyrol, in parts of Avstria and of Russia and in Spain, in which country there is a hill of rocksalt higher than the Cathedral of

St. Paul, near Cordova. In the southern parts of Asia Minor salt is so plentiful and hard that it is employed in the construction of dwelling houses. It is possible to make this use of it, owing to the dry state of the atmosphere, caused by the long intervals between rains-often several years intervene—so that no perceptible waste takes place.

Many mines in Mexico and Peru are rich in salt deposits and the natives of Central Africa are credited with cutting salt into flat cakes, stamping it and circulating it as money.

England, abounding in mines and springs that are unfailing, produces

more salt than any other country. Our own land is well supplied with the needful article, but not to such an extent that we are relieved from the necessity of importing immense quantities that all demands may be satisfied, so we get annually hundreds of thousands of barrels of the finest and purest evaporated salt from the Dutch islands off the coast of Venezuela, and from Portugal a coarser quality-St. Ubes salt, which is valued for packing provisions.

Spearing Fish with a Scythe.

Two reapers, walking along the pank of a river, observed a salmon half concealed under the bank. "Oh, Ned!" said one of them, "look at that big fellow there; isn't it a pity we han't no spear?" "Maybe," said Ned, "we could be after piking the lad with the scythe handle." No sooner said than

the scythe, forgetting the blade, and brought the handle down upon the fish with all his might. But instead of killing the salmon poor Ned cut off his own head, which dropped into the rver, together with one of his companion's ears, which the descending scytho had also severed from its owner. The head and ear were picked up by a horror-struck miller down stream, who declared that "whoever owned the head had three ears."

READY FOR ACTION.

The Way a Man-of-War Is Gotten Ready for Fighting.

A half hour passes, when suddenly and without a moment's previous warning, the sharp rattle of a drum is heard, electric gongs clang noisly, loud and peremtory orders mingle with the rush of hundreds of feet as the crew hurries to "general quarters." To the inexperienced eye, what seems to be a scene of disorderly confusion now takes place. That portion of the crew whose stations are on the upper. deck, come swarming up the hatches; the marine guard, hastily grasping rifles and buckling on accoutrements, falls in; the keys to the magazines and shell rooms are produced, and stewards, servants, cooks and yeomen rig the tackle over the ammunition hatches in readiness for the work of hoisting shell and cartridges. The gun-crews cast loose the great guns, and the death-dealing Hotchkiss revolving cannons and the machine guns; hatches are hastily put on, ladders torn away, and the decks turned "topsy turvy" in an instant. Rifles are handed out from the armory, accroutrements, revolvers, cutlasses caught from their places, and in an incredibly short space of time order rises from apparent chaos and every officer and man is at his post, and the ship is ready for action. -- Scribner.

Clocks to Rent.

One of the new things is a clock to ent. Persuasive agents are going about towns inducing people to hire clocks that give not only the hour and minutes of the day, but the day of the month and its number as well. Clocks having similar properties are not novel, but in this case the controlling company agrees to keep the timepiece in order, and refuses to sell it. Over 1,300 clocks of this kind have been placed already in Chicago at a rental of 75 cents a month. In some cases where time of operatives in a factory demands careful adjustment, an employee of the company visits the place daily and regulates the clock so far as may be necessary. Ordinarily the clocks are wound once in six days, and the company attends to that, too. The only possible mistake in the affair may arise from a misinterpretation of the laws of leap year. The calendar allows an extra day to February every four years except the even century, as 1900, when, to correct errors, the year passes with its ordinary 365 days. The lers of this new clock seem to be possessed with the idea that leap year is omitted once in twenty-four years, and they have adjusted their clocks accordingly.

A Word About Mean Wills. Husbands who profess to love their wives intensely sometimes play them a very mean trick when about to depart for that better land where there is "neither marrying or giving in marriage." One might suppose that a tender spouse, on the eve of being divorced by death from the partner of his joys and sorrows, would be governed in the disposition of his worldly goods by an earnest desire to render her earthly future a happy one. If he has a fortune to bequeath to her why should he make a dog in the manger will, providing that she shall enjoy it only during her widowhood? What right has he to condemn her to a life of loneliness, under penalty of pauperism in case she shall marry again? Husbands about to shuffle off this mortal coil, if you desire to be tenderly borne in mind by your relicts, don't deal with them after this contemptible fashion. - N. Y. Ledger.

Too Late.

A veterinary surgeon told his assistant to give a powder to a sick horse. "You take the powder," he explained, put it in a tin tube, open the horse's mouth, and blow the powder down his

Not long after the assistant came back, looking as sick as people ever get to be. "Did you give the horse the powder?" "I tried to. I put the powder in the tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube between his teeth, and-" "Did you blow the powder down his throat?" "No; I was going to, but the horse blew first."

Of the Future.

*Why do bables always crawl on their hands and feet?" "It's a sort of

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

The political situation in Kansas is miserably uncertain. There are a good many politiciaus just now who would like to know, with the Duke of Wellington, what is on the other side of the hill.

It is evident that the republicans consider the state doubtful. Otherwise such an unusually active campaign would not be thought necessary. The importing of speakers from abroad has not been common.

Mr J G Blaine is now trying to escape all responsibility for the new tariff. Yet the McKinley act was, the gist of the Blaine idea in the last presidential campaign. He should not now be permitted to play the artful dodger with any success.

For twenty-five years the republican party has prospered on the olunders of the democratic party, rather than on any positive merits of its own. Now the tables seems to be turning and the opposition bids fair to thrive on the blunders of the republicans.

The republican party of Kansas deserves punishment. It may be doubtful, however, if it deserves defeat by the shameless combination that is marshalled against it. If it is beaten it may be hoped that it will profit by the lesson. It is humiliating to note the situation the state is in. Whatever the result may be it the party takes firm steps in favor of can be but little less than disgraceful, national prohibition and other generand whichever party wins there can al reforms, that heretofore it has obbe little to regret.

bill was the hugest blunder the republican party has ever made. Every where the people are rebelling against it. Although Senator Plumb and Congressman Kelly of this state raising and turn to something else. voted against the bill, it will not be Moderate as has been the price, few surprising if this tariff alone loses the state of Kansas to the republican party. The state is to-day doubtful. If it were not that the liquor question have paid much better than selling has been so forced to the front, it grain for market. The prospect is at would not be a matter of regret if the party were badly defeated. As it is it will not command much sympathy in its death.

The Topeka Capital charges the sick of nogs and unload as fast as People's party with being anarchists.

The Alliance Advocate denies it. To drop lower, of course. some extent both are correct. As in mind in conducting the hog de-both papers are extremely partisan, partment of the farm, one, that the neither one speaks without prejudice territory of profitable pork producand bias. The people's party is made tion, while a large one, is yet limited up of the Farmer's alliance and the Citizeu's alliance. There is little of In the Pacific and in the mountain sympathy with the anarchists in the states cannot grow hogs at a profit Farmer's alliance. There is an abun- for family use. Whenever you pass dance of it in the Citizen's alliance.

to the price of corn to such an extent that farmers keep hoge only as scayliance in the first ward of Topeka is engers. The higher the price of corn one D C English. We give the name becomes the more the corn beit and position because his assertion shrinks. While, therefore, it may be came under our personal observation. decrease their herds of hogs, it is and many of the smaller towns. This youth. and many of the smaller towns. This faction of the people's party is made the farmer who grows the best hogs up of the union labor agitators of the Vincent-Corning school and probably has the sympathy of Mrs Lease, whom the farmer's alliance have useful whom the farmer's alliance have useful we halve to the Farmer's alliance have useful we halve the Farmer's alliance have useful we halve to individual the merit. No farmer should ever allow tent. We believe the Farmer's allimerit. No farmer should ever allow ance, has perhaps from seeming a breeder to palm off on him an anifrom their embrace. There are few deal of composure.—Iowa Homestead. reasonable men who do not recognize the justness of many claims made

Every where the prices of goods by the Farmer's alliance, but there are rising on account of the new tarare very few, even in the alliance. iff bill. The effect will surely be who have any ideas in common with seen in the vites returned in the the anarchists.

Every where the prices of goods party, and ladies, children, the aged and infirm are thus relieved from anxiety about details of journey.

G T Nicholson, G P & T A., A T & S F R R, Topeka, Kansas; J J Bryne, A G P & T A, Chicago.

How Shall We Vote.

The situation in this state is anomalous. The republican party does not merit the confidence of the people. It has more than once forfeited the right to claim their support. But on the great question of prohibition it is the only party that stands firm. The resubmission faction has gone with the whiskey democrats, and the people's party candidate for attorney general is their candidate. All over the state there is a union of the two more or less intimate. So long as this question of prohibition is attacked and made a leading assue there is no question of graver importance before the people. The labor question, separate from that of prohibition, is no question at all, and the labor question, in its proper form, is one half of all the reform issues before the country. A vote therefore, for any party in Kansas at the coming election outside the republican party is a vote against prohibition, and a positive influence against the whole prohibition movement throughout the union. It is in fact this influence outside of Kansas, that the whiskey power is trying to gain by the money it is spending in this state.

We believe this statement of the case must be plain, at least to every prohibitionist capable of candid thought. Even the little third party of prohibitionists are lending direct aid to resubmission by trying to throw their one or two thousand votes away from the only party that now stands undivided in favor of the cause they claim to espouse.

We see then no other course for a prohibitionist to take than to support the republican ticket next November. There is every indication that the causes of shrinkage. party will be overwhelmingly defeated in the nation in 1892, unless the McKinley tariff bill is repealed, and stinately ignored. If it does not do this it will deserve national death, The passing of the McKinley tariff and there is little doubt but it will meet its deserts.

Pork for Profit.

It will soon be time for a certain class of farmers to get sick of hog things grown on the farm have paid country, and if corn advances the first effect will be to lower the price of hogs. Some farmers will at once get

There are several things to be borne east of Indiana transportation adds His declaration is that no one, whether the farmer in the central west to do so, no matter preheusion of the People's pary how low the price may fail for the movement without being an avowed anarchist. We believe this idea to were bewitched, and in three months be prevalent with the leaders of the run after them as if they were a gold Citizen's alliance in all our larger mine or a fountain of perpetual

necessity, given this faction of destructive malcontents such recognistructive malcontents such recogni-good price. Farmers who pursue tion as will prove fatal to all its ideas this policy can watch the ups and of reform, if it does not free itself downs in the hog market with a great

Hints to Housekeepers.

To renovate ostrich feathers, take a smooth whalebone, and beginning at the base of the frond, draw each one lightly but firmly between the thumb and whalebone. If the fronds curl too much, hold them more loosly and

too much, hold them more loosly and further from the quill. Carefully and patiently going over a feather will quite repay the trouble.

A porcelain kettle is best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the syrup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly, to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked and the syrup, yet thin, is cooked, and the syrup yet thin, take up a piece at a time carefully, boil the syrup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about 1; pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions, or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it. when cold wash with a soft brush any gliding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.

For washing woolen blankets suc cessfully nothing equals borax. Dissolve two tablespoonful in hot water. and add the solution to a tub half full of very hot water; enter the blankets and let them remain one hour, stir-ring often and rubbing them with the hands, but never on a washboard, or never apply soap directly to them unless on a very bad stain. Squeeze them out of this suds, prepare anoth er water of same temperature, containing but one tablespoonful of borax, and enough fine white soap to make a nice suds; immerse the blankets and repeat the same process of cleaning as at first. Afterwards rinse through two clean waters, of the same temperature as the others, and dry. Remember that in washing woolens it is having the water in which you wash them and rinse them of widely different degrees of heat, and rubbing impure soap directly on them, which are the two principal

Keep Healthy Cattle.

For the safety of farm herds secure a stock of healthy animals, and then breed a sufficient number of young to fully supply the home demand. A purchased creature from an unknown quarter may be a source of danger. The oft repeated story of those who find tuberculosis in their herds is, "I bought a cow, thin in flesh and looking badly, but thought she would improve on my keeping. Instead she grew worst and died, and some of my other cattle have that same bad look." Never, on any consideration, breed from an animal of either sex on which there is a shadow of suspicion as to health and vigor of constitution. Whether tuberculosis be directly hereditory or not, a weak constitu-tion most surely is, and such animals have little power to resist diseases if in any way they are exposed to them. Feed generously but do not pamper, nor confine animals in too close and ill-ventilated stables. The commissioners find the most disease where the stables are narrow and tightly boarded up in front, so that the breath of any sick animal must be more or less mingled with that of all the others, over and over again, with no sufficient inflow of fresh outside air. Keep a sharp look-out for the earliest signs of disease, and if possible, separate into a comfortable stall any animal that threatens danger to the herd. If an occasional animals must be brought for breeding or other purposes, and its history is uncertain, keep it apart till its character for health is reason ably assured. Allow no consumptive person to have the care of herds of cattle, remembering that the expec torations from a diseased person, fall-ing upon the food of animals, si dangerous.—Bulletin of Massachusetts Cattle Commission.

Moonshine Pudding.—Let one quart of milk come nearly to a boil, sweeten, stir in three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk; cook three or four minutes; take from the fire and add the whites of three eggs, flavor and stir hard. For sauce beat the yolks of three eggs with two tablespoonfuls sugar; bring a cup of milk to a boiling point, stir in eggs and sugar and flavor; serve cold.

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The Santa Fe Route will take parties

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Rural Notes and News.

Yes, get a good grindstone. A good hired man is a treasure. Lead, not follow, your field force How many trees have you planted? Method and system pay on the farm. Amber is a good variety of sor-

ghum. Work and pluck are surer than Iguore scrubs; raise more good The worst haul on the farm-al-

Coming-Sheep shearing and big elips. Poland-China swine "take" in the

Prepare for the great cereal crop, Patronize prize-paying pigs and poultry.
Provide good watering places for

Give the boys and girls plots to Give the boys a chance with good

Repair tools, harness, etc. on rainy Follow good seed with thorough culture.

Remember that flat culture is best for dry soils and ridging for wet. It pays to take good care of your "farm help"—that is, your tools.

If you want good, vigorous stock of any kind, breed to a mature sire. Start early and rest late. It is

better than resting early and start-

Give your teams a change of diet. You like it yourself and so do they. It is appetizing.

Food for Fattening Hogs.

There have been numberless discussions and not a few experiments made for the purpose of settling the question, "Does it pay to grind and cook food for fattening hogs?" The surrounding conditions and circumstances have much to do in settling stances have much to do in settling the question of economy; and while one farmer, under certain circumstances, could feed a considerable portion of cooked grain and receive satisfactory returns therefor, another differently situated might not be able to ode sequential to state the boat rectal loss. Under favorable circumstances using have thoroughly satisfied themselves that the practice of cooking is largely profitable, and others from experi-ments fully as careful have arrived at conclusions directly the opposite. That it is practically profitable on the majority of farms to cook the food for large stocks of swine is not generally conceded. Among the tea-sons for regarding cooking as imprac-ticable are the scarcity of timber for fuel, the extra labor involved and the general lack of fixtures and facilities for cooking and feeding the food in its cooked state.

Chopped Feed.

A nail in time may save a pound. There is no profit in tilling poor The onion patch should be very

rich.

The carrot is the most nutritious Intensive farming makes the most extensive profits.

There is but little danger of getting the garden too rich.

The first two days is the critical period of the lamb's life.

Out hay is best for horses; cutting hay is good rainy day work.

"An early spring" is the report from all parts of the country. A little carelessness may burn a barn or spoil a valuable horse.

The cows that are to calve should

be fed bulky, succulent food. Set out your strawberries as soon as the ground is dry enough to work.

Making soft soap of the house ashes is a wrong use of the right thing. Don't fool away the surplus hay; it may be needed next winter and

spring. Are you allowing all that excellent fertility around the hog pen to go to

The farm product that yields the largest return is the fresh, ripe fruit eaten by the family.

It will pay every community, business as well as farming, to have good roads and bridges. The best intentions of farmer or-

ganizations have ever been destroyed by partisan politics.—Farm, Stock

It is always an item to reduce the cost when it can be done without lowering the quality and to increase the price as much as possible without adding too much to the cost. With furrows in finishing up the plowing, many products a small increase in while with a little care good results many products a small increase in the price realized is that much addition to the profit.

The work teams will need plenty of grain at least until the fall seeding is completed. Usually the work must be pushed to a more or less extent until this work is done, and it is an item to keep them in a good, the second of the condition will the second, work ty condition until the season's work is largely completed.

Exterminating Rats.

The best course to take, when the extermination of a colony of rats becomes a necessity, is to make them help to destroy one another in the following manner, says the Cornhill Magazine: A number of tubs, proportionate to the quantity of rate in the place it is desired to rid of them, the place it is desired to rid of them, should be placed about, the middle of each occupied by a brick standing on end. The bottom of these tubs should be covered with water to such a depth that about an inch of the brick projects above it. The top of the tub should be covered with stout brown paper, upon which a dainty meal of bacon rind and other scraps dear to rat palate figures—a sloping dear to rat palate figures—a sloping board giving the rodents facilities for partaking of it. The feast should be renewed for several nights, so that all the rats in the neighborhood may not be known of the good food which get to know of the good food which is placed within such easy teach. When it is judged that this policy has been pursued long enough, the center of the brown paper should be center of the brown paper should be the paper of the proper that any ret cut in such a manner that any rat venturing upon will be precipitated into the cold water below. It might be thought that the result of this would be to capture a rat. or at the most two, for every tub prepared, but no meager reward for the trouble that has been taken need be feared. The first rat fo find his trust abused

and himself struggling in the water at the bottom of a tub soon recovers sufficiently from the shock to ascetain that there is a little island of refuge, onto which he clambers and squeals his loudest for help. Now, the squeal of a rat in trouble attracts everyone of his kind within hearing, and very few moments will elapse before the victim of misplaced confidence is joined by one of his friends. The new comer is as quick to discover the chance of escape from a watery grave that the brick offers as was the original victim, but when he attempts to avail himself of its presence it be-comes apparent that there is not room for more than one upon it. The first comer resists with tooth and nail the efforts of his companion in trouble to disposses him of his coign of vantage, and the squeals which form an accom-paniment to the fight for a footing upon the brick attract more rats to the scene of the tragedy. The conflict waxes more and more furious as rat after rat topple into the water, and by morning bedraggled corpses in plenty will gladden the eyes of the man whose losses at the teeth of rats having induced him to adopt this means of thinning their numbers. Some years ago the plan described above was tried in a city warehouse, with the result that more than 3,000 rats were destroyed in a single night.

Put Yourself in Her Place

We often wonder how many men have ever really tried to put them-selves in a woman's place. Fancy a man brought to trial before a court composed entirely of women! Fancy a man going, year after year, to pay his taxes when he was denied representation! Faucy him bearing, year after year, the burden of work for the churches with no voice in their councils! Fancy bim sitting quietly listening to the average Fourth of July speech, declaring this to be a government of people, when he knew half the people were disfranchised! Can any one imagine a man in such a situation holding his peace, and would any one respect him for a moment if he did? Yet he has no more at stake than woman has. It involves his dearest interests, but so it does hers. She is equally amenable with him to every law. Who is more concerned than woman in every law affecting home, property, mar-riage and divorce, and who had a greater stake in war? In short, though woman cannot lift her finger to change the law, she is not there-fore exempt. The law does not let her alone. It interferes in all her affairs at every step from the cradle to the grave.—Woman's Standard.

A Cup of Coffee.—Coffee is far more delicious when made with egg than it is without. One egg to a teacupful of ground coffee is about the proportion for a rich extract, but less than this can be easily used, by adding a teacupful of cold water to a well-beaten egg, and using enough of this mixture to thoroughly wet the ground coffee. Beat an egg thor oughly, add two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, let scald but not boil. Try this when you have no cream for breakfast coffee.

In supplying drainage to fall wheat or fall grass, care should be taken to avoid washing. Land is of en seriously damaged in running out the can be easily derived.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

A Short Way with Wives. In a paper on Tangler "Vernon Lee" reports a chat she had with a Moorish gentleman, one Hassan: "He related to me the history of his three marriages and descanted on the perfection of his present wife. The first, he said, was his cousin. He bought her beautiful clothes and furniture, but, after some time, she gave him words. Instantly he sent her back, with all he had given her, and took another wife; remarks that she had given him three girls, dead, and a boy who still survives. The second wife went all right till one day she took it into her head to go to the vapor bath without his permission. 'Who gave you leave to go to the vapor bath without me!' he asked. 'I don't require anybody's leave,' answered she. 'And immediately,' he added, with that energetic downward pointing gesture, 'I sent her home with all the things I had over given her.' As regards the present wife, he was quite delighted with her. She made all the children's clothes and her own; she could sew with the machine; she cooked; she never required to buy a bottle of orange or rosewater, so excellently did she prepare it herself-above all, she never wanted to go out! 'Never once,' he said, 'has she asked leave to go outnot from one year's end to another! Never wants to leave the house or to see any one-never even crosses the street. Ah,' he said, 'she is a woman of excel-

Affects the Singing Voice. That the voice is affected by tobacco is proved by the testimony of singers or the one hand and by the experience of physicians on the other. A very large acquain ance with vocalists of all grades, extending now over a longer period of years than I care to think of, enables me to say that, while a few consider their voice as improved, the vast majority think it is more or less injured by smoking, says Dr. Morell Mackenzie. I at-

lent reputation!"

former, as singers have frequently the most eccentric notions of what is "good for the voice." As stout, mustard and melted tallow candles have each been vaunted by distinguished artists as vocal elixirs of sovereign efficacy, it is not

surprising that tobacco should also have

tach far more importance to the testi-

mony of the latter than to that of the

its adherents. The example of Mario, who smooked incessantly, is often cited as a proof of the utility-or, at any rat , the harmlessness-of the practice. It is obvious, however, that in exceptional singer is so by virtue of possessing an exceptional throat, and no rule for general use can be safely founded on such an instance. Balzac used to say of great men who were victims of the tender passion that there was no knowing how much greater they might have been if they had been free from that weakness. In the same way we may say of Mario: How much finer might even his voice have been without his eternal cigar? . It might at

least have lasted longer than it did. The Manila Cigar Girls. One of the most interesting of the sights of Manilatis the cigarreras, or eigar girls. About sunset any week day you may see coming out of a long, low building near one of the bridges and wending their way by twos and threes, many hundred women clad in the simple. but picturesque, costume of the Indian. of all ages from twelve to fifty, most of them having one eyes, hair and figure, but homely faces. These are the cigar girls who work in the Government or private factories.

Most of them are Chinese mestizas, as indicated by the obliquity of the eyes, though they have the Malay width of

The number of cigarmakers in and around the city is about twenty-two thousand, I whom only 1,500 are men. The outside of the cigar is made of one or two leaves, beaten flat by small, smooth stones. They are filled with smaller pieces, rolled and cemented on the edges with a pink paste. They are cut to the same length by scissors. The - ork is done on wooden tables, raised Las than a foot f om the floor of large, light and well-ventilated rooms.

Several hundred are employed in each room, ten on each side of tables about a yard wide, as near together as possible, with a narrow passageway along the middle. All squat on their heels or sit on bamboo stools about two inches high. No one but a Tagal sould maintain such

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the state last winter.
This book is sent at cost price to courage farmers to read, think and band themselves together in similar meetings for mutual improvement and benefit. Wisconsin for twenty years has been holding farmers

meetings.
Send 30 cents to W H Morrison, Madison, Wis., who is Superintendent of the Farmers' Institute work of that state, and you will receive a volume that will bear reading and rereading.

With the October number of The Art

With the October number of The Armateur-a third colored supplement is given. This important innovation is to be a permanent feature, three pictures in full colors being promised with every number in future, making the supplements by far the most liberal ever given that the color was a supplementation. The stellar numers ments by far the most liberal ever given with any art magazine. The eight pages of full-sized working drawings will still centinue, as usual, to attract workers in all branches of decoration. In view of the holiday season special attention will be devoted to instruction in the manufacture of home-made presents; and the ensuing numbers will contain many novel suggestions for art faucywork suitable to amateurs. The valuable papers on 'Pen and Ink Drawing' by Professor Ernest Knaufft will be followed by a series on 'Free Drawing' and anoth-

No one but a Tagal would maintain such a position for hours at a time.

They use nothing but their fingers, the hammers, the soissors and the paste. The woise made by these stone pestles on the wooden table is almost deafening, in the midst of which they keep up a constant chatter, until hushed by the approach of the inspector.

They come in the morning and go home at night, often to considerable distances, on foot or in boats, and are a very merry, happy set.

The most nauseating nuisance our modern civilization has produced is the cigarette smoker.





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's fairer than a lily, nd she's sweeter than a rose, i she knocks the neighbors silly then she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger With her left hand, while her right Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger Gets a very pleasing sight.

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And she seems so sweet and false
As she sprinkles every posy
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The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see the bose.
—Somerville Journal.

EVERY ONE KNOWS HIM.

HIS NAME IS MR. PUBLIC NUISANCE AND LIVES EVERYWHERE.

A Character Whose Wearlsome Presence but Few Persons Have Managed to Avoid.

Public Nuisance is a creature of our democratic system of government. He was born years ago, and has lived to a green old age. And what is worse, there is little prospect of his immediate death. You have seen him. He is everywhere. He is as ubiquitous as the fool. Perhaps you have been walking along the street on a cool summer evening, looking at the big white stars and listening to the melody of stringed instruments, when you heard a splash upon the sidewalk, and, looking upward, beheld a white face at a window.

You saw Public Nuisance.

He had just emptied his face of a
mouthful of tobacco juice. The world The world



PET DOG NUISANCE.

is his cuspidore. He expectorates every-where and anywhere. In some coun-trics Public Nuisance would be dragged to a police station for his playfulness, but here, in good old America, he is permit-ted to hoist his feet into the window of his boarding house, business office or work shop and squirt tobacco juice wherever he chooses

You can tell when Public Nuisance is traveling with you on a train. He is al-ways one of the last men out of bed in the sleeping car. The first thing he does is to take a drink of whisky out of the glass standing at the hydrant. Then he fills one of the bowls with water, performs his ablutions, and walks away leaving the water in a solled condition, where he had drawn it. Leaving the steam cars you find him traveling over the street railways, with his feet stretched across the aisle and his pungent, Gucken-be mer breath rolling blithesomely over his shoulder and into your face. Someheimer breath rolling bittlesonery over his shoulder and into your face. Some-times he sings in the cars and cracks jokes taken from the stone age. Then he laughs heartily and calls out the names of streets half a mile beyond. Public Nuisance makes his home in the car. He is there most of the time, and sometimes he stands on the last step of the platform, and you have to trample over him to get into the van. At other times he sucks a cigarette on the front platform and blows a gust of glue house moke through his nostrils, as he tells you that the weather is hot and full of humidity.



THE NUISANCE AT THE THEATRE.

Then again you meet him on the street. He always turns to the left, and whistles "Annie Rooney" through his teeth. Sometimes he carries an umbrella

at an angle, which permits its point to poke you in the neck and at other times he goes along merrily shucking bananas and casting the husks upon the side-walk. Public Nuisance is at the theatre upon and then. He comes late, walks upon the feet of all the people in the aisle, and as the play goes on repeats in a loud voice to his friend the words of the comedian on the stage. Then when the curtain falls he stumbles over the same row of feet in his pilgrimage to the saloon, and later on comes back tramping over laps and legs, like a man wading through weeds. After the show is over Public Nuisance stands in the entrance to the play house and ogles the poke you in the neck, and at other times over Public Nuisance stands in the entrance to the play house and ogles the women as they pass him. Sometimes a big stout man bats him over the head with a cane or an umbrella, but that is all the good it does. You can't crack the skull of Public Nuisance with any such weapons as those. The better way to do it is to get him into chancery and use an ax on him.



THE BACK-SLAPPING NUISANCE.
Public Nuisance eats. That is, he
puts both feet in the trough, and makes
a noise that sounds like a person rattling a set of castanets. He never uses bridge to reach the bread or butter, but gleefully climbs up into his chair and stretches half of his length across the table in his effort to seize the food. Sometimes he turns round and coughs hoarsely into your coffee. Then, when he has had his fill, he has been known to employ his fingers in a systematic search employ his interes in a systematic seat at among his teeth for vagrant bits of food. Public Nuisance sometimes feeds in the public parks. You can tell when he has been there. The grass is always flecked with biscuits, and there is pie on the seats and greasy paper bags in the path-

Once in a while you put on your black once in a while you put on your black suit of clothes and walk in the early morning sunshine. The birds are singing, the sky is blue as turquoise, and you are almost effervescent in your joy. Then comes Public Nuisance from the Then comes Public Nuisance from the mouth of an alley and dumps a box of ashes where the dust is sure to blow upon you. He never fails. He is always there. A black suit of clothes never escaped the flend with the ash box. The fellow is seen in other phases and in other places. He is always telling you what to do for the ringworm on your face and how to cure the sore throat you are lugging around with you in a flannel band. He had a ringworm and killed it in twenty minutes, and, as far as sore throat goes, he took and, as far as sore throat goes, he took the everlasting stitches out of one by the little remedy which he is always ready

Out at the base ball game Public Nuisance howls at the umpire and sweats his collar down before your eyes. He is intimately acquainted with all of the players, and talks lightly and continuous ly about Kelly, and Stovey, and Magin-nis, and Mulcahey. He is always tak-ing issue with the visiting captain, and, now and then, adds zest to the game by rising in his seat and shaking his fist at



the object of his displeasure. Public Nuisance, it will be seen, is in all walks of life. He is driving a load of brick in front of a street car when you want to catch a train; he puffs a cigar in the elevator and always gets off at the top story in the building, and he is running through a crowd to get upon a bridge that is swinging. In the hotels he is always standing beside the desk, scanning the names of guests as fast as they always standing beside the desk, scanning the names of guests as fast as they are registered. And, then again, he comes up behind you on the street, and playfully bangs his hand upon your back. He has been known to get drunk and upset ash barrels and yank night bells just for the fun of the thing, and at other times he takes considerable comfort in whipping a carpet where the fort in whipping a carpet where the wind will catch the dirt and blow it into your houses. He is asking for a chew of tobacco, or wants to sell you a new-fangled lamp burner, or is telling you that you are looking badly this morning and ought to be doing something for yourself. He always has a pleasant word about your new hat, and likes to

to say about your now.
say these things:
Don't you look at me in that tone of voice.
If you hit me and I find it out it will go hard
If you hit me and I find it out it will go hard.

Oh, it is out of sight. Cheese it.
Say, got another cigar in your pocket?
Hot enough for you?
Come again when you can't stay so long.
Just before he goes to bed Public

Nuisance opens the window with scrash and coughs boisterously into the night, so that everybody in the neighborhood will know that he has reached

The fellow is all around town. Doubt less you meet him at least three times a day in one place or another. He is a character, after all, and nobody knows just how we would get along if he were to be taken away from us.—Chicago

TRAVELING BY TURTLE POWER. A Gentleman in Slam Tries the Experimen

ceeding the ordinary walking of a man.

As they directed their course toward

the open sea, and as the weather was calm and beautiful and the voyage exceedingly pleasant, it did not occur to the Frenchman to make any very thorough test of his ability to guide the

Much delighted, indeed, with the success of his experiment, he kept on and on until he presently noted that he was already a considerable distance out at sea and that the sun was setting.

The interested navigator then at-

tempted to turn his team about, but the tempted to this in cash abovement. They had evidently made up their minds to go to sea, and they would not be dissuaded from their purpose.

The driver pulled his reins until he upset his turtles in the water, but as often as they regained the use of their flippers they set out again for the middle of the core.

lle of the sea. Night settled down rapidly. Luckily, the inventor of the new means of marine traction had brought with him a pair of oars and, as a last resort, he took a knife, cut his tugs and let his see steeds, harnesses, reins and all, go their

way.

Then he rowed back laboriously to his village, lamenting his expenditure on the turtles and resolving not to try any further experiments in navigation.

Disease of the Teeth

One of the most common affections of the teeth is tartar, a deposit which comes from the salva and the various impurities with which it is mingled, forming an adherent crust which may be almost flint-like in hardness, or so soft that it may easily be removed with a finger-nail; the color, also, may with a finger-nail; the color, also, may vary from black to white, through nearly all gradations. Where, as often happens, the formation insinuates it-self, between the gums and the teeth, it may work irreparable mischief, and whenever a deposit is noticed, it should have prompt attention at the hands of have prompt attention at the hands of the dentist—not only for its removal, but for the correction, if possible, of

the cause. It cannot be too strongly impressed that any diseas it condition of the teeth should at once have treatment, and this for a variety of reasons, not all of which receive the attention that is their due. It it not only necessary in order to prevent more extended ravages, but the general health must unavoidably suffer. The breath of a person with diseased teeth is often so offensive as to sicken those who chance to inhale it, and, of course, correspondingly mortifying to the sufferer. But this is not all, nor the worst. The offensive particles, which render expirations so offensive, must inevitably be carried to the lungs, where their effect will inevitably be felt, sooner, or later; and, mingled with the food and drink, they go to the stomach, whence their rank poison, absorbed into the circulapermeates the system with deadly influence. How important, then, that cleanliness and constant care of the mouth and teeth should be exercised as a preventive of more serious disorders of the general system.—Good Housekeeping.

A Low Down Trick.

The other day, says the Detroit Free Press, when seven or eight men were lounging in a saloon on Brush street, s stranger entered. It was plain that he was dry. It was also plain that he was a man who didn't have the moral courage to stand at the bar and drink alone before a crowd.

The crowd stood up. The stranger advanced to the bar and the crowd moved with him. Well?" asked the bartender.

The man took a quarter from his vest, laid it carefully down on the board, and "Water for one, and let it be cold."
He was was given a glass, charged the usual price of a beer, and as he drained his glass and picked up his change, he said:

"Yum! But that hits the spot! I'd have asked you gentlemen, but no one should take on a strange drink in hot weather like this. Splendid brand, that. I'll probably be in again."

There is a woman at Sedalia who becomes thoroughly charged with electricity every time she rides on the electricited.

DESERTS AND THIRSTS. A California Man Tells Why he Loves One Desert and Hates Another.

"There is a difference in deserts, says Colonel Juan D. McCarthy, of California, in an interview published in the New York Sun," "and I don't mean to say that I'm stuck on the big sand valley that stretches between the Colorado river and the San Bernadino Menutains. I've a well established Mountains. I've a well established horror of that bit of country, and I'll tell you why. You may remember that the section of the Southern Pacific A paper published at Saigon, in French Cochin China, gives an account of a singular experiment recently made in that colony with a new means of motive power. A French resident at the town of Ha-tien, a small port on the Gulf of Siam, conceived the ides that it would be perfectly practicable to make the immense turtles which are not uncommon in those ports, and which swim with no little rapidity, do service in drawing boats.

He purchased two large turtles at a cost of \$20, and fitted them out with a neat harness, with reins. Then he obtained a light, open boat, about fifteen feet long, and attached his turtles to it by means of traces.

Then, holding his reins fast he set out on a little voyage with the turtle team. The creatures paddled along very prettily, at a rate somewhat exceeding the ordinary walking of a man.

As they directed their course toward ing slowly than to be at rest. The heat was appalling, and we couldn't put a hand upon anything metallic. Why, when they built the railroad across there, the men had to use wood. en tongs to handle the rails, and they needed gloves even then. "Half way across the desert we came

upon a party of four men whose horses had given out, and as they had no wat-er we divided our stock with them so that they could get back alive. Then one of our barrels sprung a leak, and we lost a lot before we knew it. Our horses suffered horribly, but we could do no more than cool their mouths now and then with a wet sponge, and when we had thirty miles yet to go they collapsed in the afternoon. We had just a pint of water left at that time, and both of us were parched with thirst.
I drank a third of the pint and set out
a-foot for Yuma, leaving the rest of the water for the driver, who was too

much used up to walk.

"Walking in the sand was hard,
slow work, and it was broad daylight when I sighted the Colorado river. That s ip of silver gleam in the sunlight was the most blessed sight my eyes ever rested upon, and I broke in o a run toward the river with a wild desire to plunge into the water and drink the stream dry. I was half crazed with thirst and fatigue and had no more sense than a mile post, and if I hadn't been stopped I'd have killed myself with drinking. That's a pointer for your cold water cranks. Intemperate use of water at that time would have killed me quicker than all the whisky my skin could hold. By good luck somebody in Yuma saw me running zizzag across the plain toward the river and knew by my actions that I was desert crazy. A party of men ran out and stopped me, and I fought them in my frantic desire to reach the river and plunge into it. But they overpowered me, and gave me just a sip of water at a time until the worst of my thirst was quenched, and then I become rational and told them should became rational and told

the driver.

"Within an hour a relief party was made up and started out with plenty was made up and started out with plenty was made up and the reof water in a wagon, and I had recovered sufficiently to go with the party. When we got to where I had left the outfit, we found only the wagon and the two dead horses. The driv-er had disappeared. It was easy to track the man, however, as the wind track the man, however, as the wind had not blown his footprints full of sand, and in an hour or two we found him, after following his aimless erratic wanderings. I'll never forget the sight. The man's tongue, swollen and black as your boots protuded from his mouth, his eyes were bulging from his head and staring like a maniac's, and he was covered with blood that flowed from two wounds in his throat. Thirst from two wounds in his throat. Thirst had made him crazy, and when the feeling of suffocation in his throat had become intolerable, he had slashed his neck vertically on each side of the windpipe, in the vain hope of relieving the tension. Of course the cutting did no good directly, but possibly the letting of blood did no harm. The man's suffering must have here hidman's suffering must have been hid-eous. We caught him with some dif-ficulty and took him back to Yuma, giving him a little water every few minutes on the way, and he finally re-covered after some weeks in the hos-

'I didn't put any stage line across that corner of the desert, you can bet.
When I think of that trip even New
York seems better than the desert
that kind of a desert, I mean."
The old master was given another

commission, and naught was heard in the art gallery save the gentle gurgling of two works of art through two straws, as Colonel McCarthy and the other man meditated upon the horrors of unquenchable thirst.

A Boy's Strange Head.

"You have heard the saying, 'In one ear and out the other," said a young Boston specialist to a Herald man. Of course, the adage was familiar, and without waiting for a reply, the doctor continued. "I've seen many strange things in my practice, but the most startling was a practical demonstration of that ancient saw. I treat diseases of the eye and ear, and although you may know very little of physiology, you probably do know that the ear drum is the instrument of hearing.

peculiarities of For instance, I inere are strange that same eardrum. once had a man come to me who could hear very little and had a pain in his head. He did not know what the trouble was, and when, after an examination, I told him that it would be amination, I told film that It would be necessary to make an opening in his eardrum, he said that he supposed that he would never be, able to hear again. You see, he held the popular notion that when the drum head is bealen it gives no sound. broken it gives no sound.

"After some persuasion he consented to the necessary operation, and, cutting both ear drums, I removed the accumulation from behind them. The effect was magical, as he could then hear perfectly. The organs grew over, but the internal trouble continued, and the operation was repeated several times with equal success. Another pa-tient of mine suffered from a disease of the ear which had almost entirely destroyed the drum. Only the merest

destroyed the drum. Only the nevest shred of the tissue remained on either side, and yet his hearing was good.

"These are queer cases, and rather undermine the popular theory in regard to the hearing, but the one I started in to tell you was more wonderful. About the very same above. derful. About two years ago a boy came to me for treatment for a discase of the head, with a long name, that I don't suppose you care for. All the openings in his head were of unusual size. His mouth and eyes were large, he had a big nose, with wide nostrils, and his ears were in propor-tion. I performed the necessary oper-ation, and cleared out the cavity. With as strong blast from my air pump over there I blew a powder into his left ear. He interrupted me in this by saying that the medicine seemed to be coming out on the other side. I smiled inducently at what I told him was his indulgently at what I told him was his imagination, and at first paid no at-tention to the matter. He persisted in his assertion, however, and to satisfy him that he was wrong I examined his right ear. There was no doubt of it; the powder was going clear through his head. It was going in one ear and

out the other.
"What is the explanation? It is simple enough. The large openings in the boy's head permitted the powder, driven by the powerful blast, to traverse the channel from his left ear to the upper part of his nose, through his nose, and thence by the correspondear. All the powder did not get through, but a considerable portion of it did."

Pain.

I am a mystery that walks the earth Since man began to be: Sorrow and Sln stood sponsors at my birth, And Terror christened me.

More pitiless than Death, who gathereth His victims day by day. I doom man daily to desire death, And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than Time, I leave man youth And suck life's sweetness out; More cruel than Despair, I show man truth, And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle band; I blanch the boldest cheek; I hold the hearts of poets in my hand, And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed; I shape each as I go To something different: I drop the seed Whence grapes or thistles grow.

No two that dream me dream the self-same face; No two name me alike. A horror without form, I fill all space— Across all time I strike.

Man cries and cringes to mine unseen rod; Kings own my sovereignty; Seers may but prove me as they prove a god-Yet none denicth me. Grace Denio Litchfield in the Independent. Elemental Prayers

When Max O'Rell was questing in Scotland for humor he was told of a Presbyterian minister who had just cut his hay, and, the weather not being his hay, and, the weather not being very propitious for making it, he knelt near his open window and addressed to heaven the following prayer: "O Lord, send to us wind for the hay; not a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noughin', soughin', winnin' wind."

But Dean Ramsay was before Max Dean Ramsay was before Max O'Rell, says the Gentleman's Magazine, and as the story appeared in his "Reminiscences" due acknowledgment of the fact was given. We should, however, submit that the dean was not first in the field, but that the circumstances may have corner out of the talmyd and may have crept out of the talmud and been captured and carried to the Presbeen captured and carried to the res-byterian fold, as we find the following in a learned transaction: "Choni, the circling charmer, was asked to pray for rain. After his preparations and prayers drops began to fall. 'I have not asked for this,' said he, but for prayers drops began to fall. 'I have not asked for this,' said he, 'but for such abundance as to fill wells, ditches and caves.' A tempest of rain was the result. 'No,' said he, 'that is not what I ask, but rain of pleasantness, blessing and free will.' The rain moderated, but continued to fall till Israel had to leave Jarusalem for the Temple. had to leave Jerusalem for the Temple Mount on account of the swelling tor-rents. 'Pray now,' they cried, 'for its discontinuance,' 'Go and see,' said he, 'whether the water has covered the Inquiry stone.' The president of the Sanhedrim sent him the following mes-Sanhedrim sent him the following message: 'Were it any other man than Choni I would decree his excommunication, but what can I do unto thee, whose presumption, like that of a son against his father, is met by the eternal one with the fulfillment of my desires."

Mountain of Clam Shells.

A mountain of clam shells has been A mountain of clam shells has been discovered about three miles east of Mount Vernon, Va. It is over 600 feet high and has a surface of soil nearly a foot thick. Underneath this clam shells abound to the level depth. There are trees growing on the mountains which show an age, judging by the rings about the heart, of from 150 to 200 years.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS. Extracts from the Journal of a Columbian Girl Who Bagged a Prince.

March 25 .- Tom called last night Tom is splendid, and he loves me, but he is too plebeian. He is a dealer in pig-iron. Pig-iron! Father says he is very rich now and will be millionaire seme day. What care I for millionaires? Pa is a millionaire several times over. The man who wins me must bring a foreign title; a coronet shall alone

adorn my brow.

March 28.—Tom has made a declaration; he wants to marry me. Marry a plain American and a dealer in pigiron! The iron crown of Lombardy might suit me, but money couldn't buy that. Tom will never be anything but a plebeian. Noble fellow, though. So manly and so handsome. Poor Tom! Why weren't you born with a stilled.

March 30 .- I have met the object of March 30.—I have met the object of my dreams! A prince!—a real, live Italian prince! It was at Mrs. Jay's reception last night. All the Jays ir town were there. The prince paid me constant attention. It was amusing to see Tom scowl. I couldn't help but smile, for I don't care. Between pigiron and prince what girl of spirit could hesitate to decid?

April 1. — The prince called last night. The top of his head doesn't come up to Tom's shoulder, but oh, how sweetly he talks in his liquid Italian tongue! But there is one thing I didn't like. He borrowed a nickel of me te pay his car-fare back to his hotel. These princess are so eccentric.

April 10.—We are to be married, the prince and I. O joy! joy! The dream of my life is to be fulfilled—I shall wear a princely coronet. He has just

wear a princely coronet. He has just sent me the most beautiful bouquet and the bill came with it. but never mind. Pa has to pay something for a prince. I wouldn't have Tom know it for the world, though. We shall sail for Italy immediately after the cere-

mony.

Board Ship, May 10.—The prince, my husband, acts very queer. He asked me this morning for a little change to pay the barber. Afterward he came down and said he must have 10 cents for a cigar. Are princes then so penniless?

May 2.—I am laid up in my berth, bruised from head to loot. The prince demanded all the money I had, and when I refused he beat me. He even asked with a sneer what I supposed he married an American woman for if she wasn't to support him. He is becom-

wasn't to support mm. He is become ing insupportable.
May 10.—We have landed, but I am so lame from the beatings I have received that I can hardly walk. The prince has carried off my jewelry and savened if

pawned it.

May 11.—O horror! shame! shame The prince has been arrested as a thief and swindler. He is no prince at all, but a horrid barber, who ran away to America with his employer's money, and now he is in jail. I have cabled pa for money to get home. The prince has gone, but the prints he left will never disappear.—Texas Siftings.

In the Sick Room.

Combing the hair usually is done afway of wearing the hair when in bed is, probably, coiled upon the top of the head. It is also the style, as a rule, most becoming to the patient. You may here smile, but this last consideration is not a small matter. We none of us, probably look attentions. are sick, and the nurse who brings out the good points and leaves us a degree less woe-begone will be duly appreci-ated. Our feelings of courage and hope depend a good deal upon our looks. If we know that we look well, it is but a step to hope that we shall be well; while if we look as wretchedly as we feel, we are apt to despair of the future. Your patient's appearance is then not a small matter Study keep her appearance at its best. When combing out the hair it will fall back-ward over the pillow. Commence loosing the tangles from the ends of the hairs instead of from ner the roots. Here again do not hurry, do not pull, but, with the greatest gentleness, loosen the snarls and finally brush the scalp thoroughly, braid and replace in a coronet; or if pins cannot be borne, simply let the braid fall upon the pil-Another method of bed-dressing low. Another method of ped-arcessing is to part the hair in the middle and braid it at the sides. The desires of your patient are your only guide in this matter. In the care of the fingernails, you will also let your patient discount of the patient discount rect you. These little offices do not, as a rule, fatigue the patient while they serve to pass the time of an otherwise tedious convalescence.— The Nightingale.

A Cute Trick.

A good-looking woman about 30 years old was going up Monroe avenue the other day when a masher stepped out of a doorway and began following her. She paid no attention to him until he was close behind her, and then the parasol which she had been carrying closed in her hand was suddenly ing closed in her hand was suddenly ing closed in her hand was suddenly elevated to her right shoulder and the end of the handle caught the masher over the eye and raked him clear down to his chin. He uttered a grunt and gave a jump, and as the dozen people who saw the trick applauded the act the woman sailed along with a bit of a smile at the corners of her mouth, while her victim hunted for a retired spot to estimate damages.—Detroit Free Press.

The two great wants of the day—better mail service abroad and better female service at home.

THE AMBITIOUS MAID.

How She Falsified in Order to Elevate the Status of the Family.

Mr. and Mrs. T—, young married people over in Brooklyn, of comforta-ble but not pretentious fortunes, recently had occasion to wonder at a deference that seemed suddenly to have crept into the bearing of their acquaintances toward them, says the Woman About Town of the New York Evening Sun. It was a little inexplicable, to be sure, but none the less delightful, and so they went on enjoy-ing it even while they wondered about

Now, a short time ago the young house-wife had engaged a demure-looking maid, a very jewel of a servant, and wholly devoted to the interests of the family, but that this maid could have anything to do with the new state of affairs had not yet occurred to them.

On one of the recent warm days Mrs.

T—met a friend on the street and paused for a moment's greeting.

'How very fortunate you are to have the luxury of yachting whenever you wish, this dreadful weather!" congratulated her friend.

"Yachting whenever we wish!" echoed Mrs. T——, "I don't understand you."

"Haven't you a yacht of your own this summer," asked her friend. "Neither this summer nor any other summer," said Mrs. T—— positively. "Why," answered the friend, "a fortnight ago my husband and I called at your home Sunday afternoon. Your maid came to the door and told us that Mr. T— and yourself had gone out for the day in your new yacht."

Mrs. T--- mused deeply thereat, Mrs. T— mused deeply thereat, but decided to say nothing to the maid. A few days later, however, a woman friend calling said: "By the way, I have not yet seen you driving in your new carriage, I think." "But I haven't any new carriage," replied Mrs. To the many new carriage, "stanlied Mrs. To the many new carriage,"

replied Mrs. T- in amaze. "What

replied Mrs. T—— in amaze. "What do you mean?"

"Why," answered her visitor, "a short time ago when I called your maid told me that you had gone out driving to try your new horses."

A sudden light broke upon Mrs.

T——'s mind. On the instant of her guest's departure she court to the

T——'s mind. On the instant of her guest's departure she sought out her faithful servant.

"Mary," she said, "did you tell Mr. and Mrs. M—— not long ago that we had gone out in our new yacht?"

"Yes'm." said Mary.

"And did you tell Mrs. C—— that I had gone out to try my new horses?"

"Yes'm," again said Mary.

"And have you told any other things like that to other people?"

"Yes'm."

And then it came out that not only was Mary perfectly devoted to the family fortunes, but was more ambitious for the elevation thereof than the family itself, and that upon every possible occasion she had given like information to their friends. To one visitor she had said that they had gone out to refurnish their country home, to another that they had gone coaching with a party of friends, and to still another who had called in the evening that they were giving a dinner at Delmonico's on that particular

pleased an' goes away and comes back quick again, an' shure isn't that what ye like?" And wasn't it a little un-And wasn't it a little unust that Mary's devotion should have been rewarded by prompt dismissalf

Treatment for Partial Asphyxia.

In regard to the treatment of persons overcome with gas several sug-grstions were made by different speakers at the recent meeting of the American Gaslight Association at Toronto. The most practical were those quoted on the authority of a prominent physician.

1. Take the man at once into the fresh air. Don't crowd around him.

2. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side.

3. Loosen his clothing at his neck.
4. Give a little brandy and water, not more than four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all, aromatic ammonia to sixteen parts water) in small quantities at short intervals, a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.

5. Slap the face and chest with the wet end of a towel.

6. Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.
7. If the breathing is feeble or through a wife in him is seeble or through a wife in him is seeble or through the series of irregular artificial respiration should be used and kept up until there is no doubt that it can no longer be of use.

8. Administer oxygen.—College Rec-

Why Camphor is Costly.

In each ton of camphor-wood brought In each ton of camphor-wood brought to this country from Japan there is 25 per cent of camphor and 75 per cent of waste. Moreover, one-half of the camphor evaporates during the sea voyage, leaving 121-2 per cent of the drug after reduction. A New York firm has just shipped a \$75,000 plant for the manufacture of camphor at Hiago, Japan, with a view to saving this excessive waste in the production of the drug. of the drug.

A rich Italian has purchased the Villa Zirio, at San Remo, in which the Emperor Frederick was ill so long be-fore he went to Berlin to be crowned. and has closed it rigorously against all visitors.

IDA LEWIS AT HOME.

How the Famous Heroine Lives in Lim Rock Light.

Running from the mainland of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of the harbor, is a log, staunchly built wharf, says Ellen Le Garde, in Ladies' Home Journal. Were you to find your way to its end, you would ere long see from the light-house beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with agile step, she runs down the nar-row ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly into a boat, unties it from its mooring, takes the heavy oars, from its mooring, takes the heavy cars, and, with a beauty of stroke all her own, pulls with a long and a strong pull that sends her flying toward the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is as erect as that of a young girl, her powerful strength manifest in the strides the row-boat makes, and yet. when she deftly turns it around and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to Lime Rock as her guest. You have cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

Life on a light-house, situated as is

pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various etceteras to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on

shore whenever her brother is at home. As the only woman light - house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be— Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly at sundown she must light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched and Miss Lewis likens this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick might flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred-and-one accidents happen that are taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch cat-naps; hence the nearness of her sleep-ing-room to the light. At surrise the law requires her lamp, like the foolish this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her light or lenses would bring a report from the first seaman who suffered by it. Lives bang on her visit fered by it. Lives hang on her vigil-ance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfetly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, noting just the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a second of the lighting and time to a second of the lighting and putting out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed. the yearly salary being \$750, and two tons of coal.

A Lack of Taste.

"I do despise seeing two ladies able woman yesterday, as two very prime young women sailed down the avenue, both dressed in exactly the same fashion from head to too looking as like each other as two peas

in a pod.
"How is that?" asked her friend interestedly

Oh, it shows such a lack of taste! It always make me think of an orphan asylum or some place where all the inmates wear the same sort of uniform It is all right enough for young girls, but for grown-up women I think the custom is simply abominable. Why, if the dressmaker of any lady of real spirit should model two gowns alike she could expect to lose both customers as soon as the fact about the dresses became known. If there is anything a lady should pride herself on it is her costume. She should strive to have dresses as unique and original as possible. As I said before, ever I see two grown-up women dress ed exactly the same it makes me feel like going up to the deluded mortals and giving them a good shaking, so there, now!"—Detroit Free Press.

Pecular Plants

A funny plant in the Government Botanical Garden is the so-called Bar-ber plant, the leaves of which are used in some parts of the East by rubbing on the face to keep the beard from growing. It is not supposed to have any effect on a beard that is already rooted, but merely to act as a pre-ventive, boys employing it to keep the hair from getting a start on their faces. It is also employed by some Oriental people who desire to keep parts of their heads free from hair, as a matter of

fashion. Also found in the Botanical Garden is the "cruel plant," which is so designated because it catches butterflies and nated because it catches butterflies and kills them for sheer sport. Its flowers attract the poor little flutterer by the honey it offers, and when the victim lights upon it it grabs the butterfly by the head and holds it fast until the captive dies. Then the flower drops it on the ground and lies in wait for a fresh unfortunate.—Boston Transcript.

Clerk county, Kansas, has 3.665 acres planted in castor beans this year.

ON LIFE AND DEATH.

THE DOOM OF HUMANITY AND THE UNIVERSE.

The Eloquence of Senator Ingalls Turned to the Subject of Mortality—He Talks of the Future Hope of Mankind as It Exists Everywhere.

The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. Annihilation, extinction, and eternal death are the forebodings of despair. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph, to confer happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture. The greatest crime and the severest penalty known to human law is the sacrifice and forfeiture of life.

Life on a light-house, situated as is
Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome
thing generally imagined. With a
six-roomed house there are cares that
fill the day, and, like any other "gude
wife," Miss Lewis has pots, kettles and
wife, "Miss Lewis has pots, kettles and
rooms to sween"
without being confronted with the witpronounced by the inexorable decree of an omnipotent tribunal. Without without being confronted with the witnesses against us, we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is no writ of error nor review. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. All must be relinquished. Beauty and deformity, good and evil, virtue and vice, share the same relentless fate. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first born, but there is no clemency. The craven felon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be aneled, but there is no reprieve. The soul helplessly beats its wings against the bars, shudders and disappears.

The proscription extends alike to the individual and the type. Nations die and races expire. Humanity itself is destined to extinction. Sooner or later it is the instruction of science that the energy of the earth will be expended, and it will become incapable of supporting life. A group of feeble and pallid survivors in some sheltered valley in the tropics will behold the sun sink below the horizon and the pitiless stars glitter in the midnight sky. The last man will perish, and the sun will rise upon an earth without an inhabitant. Its atmosphere, its seas, its life and heat, will vanish, and the planet will be an idle cinder uselessly spinning in its orbit. Every hour some world dies unno-

ticed in the firmament; some sun smoulders to embers and ashes on the hearthstone of infinite space, and the mighty maze of systems sweeps ceaselessly onward in its voyage of doom to remorseless and unspairing destruc-

With the disappearance of man from will be lost. The palaces, towers, and temples he has reared, the institutions he has established, the cities he has builded, the books he has written, the creeds he has constructed, the philosophies he has formulatedall science, art, literature, and knowledge will be obliterated and engulfed in empty and vacant oblivion.

The great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a track behind.

There is an intelligence so vast and enduring that the flaming intervals between the birth and death of universes is no more than the flash of fireflies above the meadows of summer; a colossal power by which these stupendous orbs are launched in the abyss, like bubbles blown by a child in the morning sun, and whose sense of justice and reason cannot be less potential than those immutible statutes that are the law of being to the creatures He has made, and which compel them to declare that if the only object of creation is destruction, if infinity is the theater of an uniterrutped series of irreparable calamities, if the final cause of life is death, then time is an inexplicable tragedy, and eternity an ilogical and indefensible catastrophe.

It Certainly Would Look Very Comical.

Mr. Billings-I tell you it does look comical to see our famous New York yacht Clubs in a race; the fellows runing around over the deck and up the rigging dressed in silk hats and white kid gloves.

Miss Willingly (absent mlndedly) -Is that all? how shocking!

Light and Feavy.

There are few things heavier for its size than an anvil and few things lighter than a \$20 bill, yet so queerly is this world made up that it is easier for many fellows to raise the first than it is the last.

WIT AND HUMOR.

One is company and two is a crowd in a summer hammock.—New Orleans Picayune.

Seaside flirtations do not last because they are builded on the sand.—Somer-ville Journal.

Chorus of Coquettes—'Let us each be up and doing with a fate for any heart."—Washington Post.

The only popular adviser is the one who gives counsel that fits our inclinations.—Milwaukee Journal.

Life is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.—*Elmira Gazette*. There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.—Boston Transcript.

There is more real heartache in a square yard of suspense than in an acre of realization.—Great Barrington News.

The oyster will remain at the sea shore all summer; but the clam will be most in society.-New Orleans Picayune.

There may be "sermons in stones," but don't imagine, friend that there are "rocks in religion."—Harvard

Minister—"Are you in the church, miss?" Miss Highsee—"No, sir; I'm only a member of the choir, sir."— Yonkers Statesman. It seems quite natural that the

threads of conversation should some-times produce a long yarn."—Binghamton Republican.

If you want a clear "skin" all that is necessary is to buy goods of a street peddler or sign a paper without reading it.—Bnshnell Record.

She—"What a strong face he has."
He—"Yes; that comes from exercise.
He has been traveling on it for many
years."—Terre Haute Express. "Is your husband in, madam?" "No,

he was just here a minute ago arguing with me. You'll find him probably down at the doctor's."—*Epoch*. Interviewer-"You began life as a

Interviewer—"You began life as a clork, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby.—Terre Haute Express.

"I've got a good dog I'd like to sell you," said a fancier to Fangle. "Not much!" replied Fangle; "why. I've got four marriageable daughters."—Epoch.

"Will you think of me very often while you are away, dearest John?" "But, Emily, you know that this is to be a pleasure trip."—Fliegende Blatter.

Smythe—"You look unhappy. What's the matter?" Roberts—"I have had a row with my uncle." Smythe—"Did you lose the ticket?"—Texas Siftings. "How is she your sister? By mar-iage?" "N-no," stammered Chappie.

riage!" "N-no," stammered Chappie. "Quite the reverse, you know. B-by re-refusal of m-m-arriage."—N. Y. Yabsley—"How Timmins has improved since his marriage." Wickwire—"I suppose he gets rid of all his cussedness at home now.—Terre Haute

Express. Children not addicted to fun, boisterousness, and mischief may grow up to be respectacle members of society, but as children they are failures.—

Boston Budget. Jenks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?" Blinks—"I don't know. Why?" Jinks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."

-N. Y. Weekly. "Want some of my hair restorer, sir?" asked the barber; "best in the world." "O, I've something better—I've just got a divorce from my wife." -Philadelphia Times.

"I understand that Cutely, whom they wanted to arrest for embezzle-

they wanted to arrest for embezzle-ment has skipped to Europe." 'Yes, he has gone beyond the seize!"
—Lawrence American.
Faker—'Neckties, suspenders—"
Baboony (haughtily)—'Do I look like a man who'd wear a 20-cent necktie?"
Faker—'Vell, I half some for 10 cents, mister."—Texas Siftings.

"Do you know why that llow at the opposite table keeps his paper all the time so before his face?" "Why, of course. The man at this table is his tailor."—Flugende Blatter. Biggs—"Fair falling out. old man?"
Baggs—"Ne." Biggs—"What does

Baggs—"Ne" Biggs—"What does that bald spat mean?" Baggs—"Well, there was a little falling out up at the house last night, come to think."—
Detroit Free Press. Some on says that "the happiest-

looking man is the one who is not burdened with wealth." He evidently did not form his opinion from seeing a friend rejurning from the races.—
Yonker's statesman.

"Did yeur husband leave a will?" asked the lawyer of the weeping widow-fog-the-second-time. "I don't think he sould. I know he never had any as lgng as I've been married to him."—Philadelphia Times.

A phi osophical and calculating man rises to semark what a singular thing it is that the simple utterance of the word "Yes" at the altar gives a woman the right to "No" so much after marriage.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Anxious Mother—"Don't you know that George Washington never, never told a tie?" Sinful Boy—"Maybe his mamma didn't care how much cakes and jan he took, and he wasn't 'fraid to tell her."—N. Y. Weekly.

Duds (facetiously)—'Two been trying the mind-curefor myrheumatism." Young Lady (gravely)—'The mind-curef Why, you ought to have tried that long ago. There is nothing you need so much."—Boston Courier.

Books and Magazines. October Eclectic.

The new Eclectic has a varied and en tertaining body of contents. Robert Gif fen, the English economist, criticises the tentituing body of contents. Robert Giffen, the English economist, criticises the American treatment of the silver question in the opening paper in a suggestive way. Dr. R Spence Watson contributes a very able article on "The Organization of Unskilled Labor," that touches the heart of the great question of the day. Colonel Knollys, of the English Army, prophesies as to "War in the Future," with reference to the tremendous change made in the efficiency of modern weapons. There is an admirable discussion of the character and influence of the late Cardinal Newman and his relation to the great men of his time, by Wilfrid Meynell. Professor A R Wallace, one of the ablest of Darwin's followers, applies the doctrine of the survival of the littest to "Human Selection" with much sagacity. The great Orientalist, Professor A H Sayce, tells us about recent "Excavations in Judæa," and their bearing on the sum of knowledge now prossessed by marking in dea," and their bearing on the sum of knowledge now possessed by mankind, in a way to stir keen anticipation of the rea way to stir keen anticipation of the results to be expected. Prince Krapotkin has an ingenious but indirect plea in favor of socialism in his paper, "Mutual Aid Among Animals." Among other articles may be noted a powerful short story, "A Physiologist's Wife," "The Last Days of Heine," and "John Bull Abroad." There are many other contributions of interest to suit a wide variety of, tastes among thoughtful readers.

Published by E R Pelton, 25 Bond

Published by E R Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5. per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$4. Magazine, \$8.

The fourth volume of the Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society has been issued, a book of 819 pages. The volume includes the Fifth and Sixth Blennial Reports of the Society, before issued in pamphlet form, and shows the business of the Society and its accessions during a period of four years, 1886-1889, thus containing a permanent record of the work of the Society for that period. The book also contains the addresses dethe work of the Society for that period. The book also contains the addresses delivered before the Society at the annual meetings, from 1886 to 1890. Besides, half of the volume is occupied with the official correspondence pertaining to the office of Governor of Kansas Territory during the latter part of Gov. Shannon's administration from Society her 9 1856 during the latter part of Gov. Shannon's administration from September 9, 1856 to March 10, 1857, including the official executive minutes kept by Gov. Geary. These documents relate to a considerable portion of the most stirring period of Kansas Territorial history. They have been gathered by Secretary Adams from Congressional documents published about that period. These documents have hitherto lain hidden from the general public, and much of what they contain will be and much of what they contain will be new to students of Kansas history. The book has an alphabetical index of sixty pages, pointing to every subject and al-most every name contained in it; also a chronological index to the contents of the public documents. As a book of his-torical reference, it is one of great value.

The October Magazine of American The October Magazine of American History presents a rare combination of eminence in the scholarly world. The number opens with an incomparable paper on the "Sources and Guarantees of National Process," by the great divine and eloquent historian, Rev. Dr R S Storrs, of Brooklyn. This is prefaced by an admirable portrait of the distinguished author and occupying twenty-cipht of ed author, and, occupying twenty-eight of the beautiful pages of this periodical, is from first to last a procession of bril-liant passages, clear, forcible, suggestive, showing with marvelous grace and power what principles developed the little set-tlements into a great nation, whose future history is as secure as the past if only that moral life remains which charonly that moral life remains which char-acterized the founders of empire on this continent. The second valuable paper, entitled "The American Flag and John Paul Jones," is from the pen of the great-est living teacher of the law, Professor Theodore W Dwight, of the Columbia law school, New York. "Southold and her Homes and Memories" one of Mrs Lamb's bright entertaining articles, is illustrated with autique dwellings of one of the oldest towns on the continent. "The Historic Temple at New Windsor, 1783," together with a curious picture recently discovered, comes from the well-known jurist, Hon. J O Dykman. "About Some Public Characters in 1786," we have a readable group of extracts from the private dairy of Sir Frederick Haldimand. The "General Characteristics of the French Canadian Peasantry," by Dr Prosper Bender furnishes much exceedingly interesting data on a theme of great present interest. The cleverly written paper, "The Mountains and Mountaineers of Craddock's Fiction," by Milton T Adkins; "Anecdotes of General Grenyille adding: Anecdotes of General Grenyllie and Dodge." by Hon, Charles Aldrich: "The Story of Roger Williams Retold," By H E Bauning; "Antiquarian Riches of Tennessee;" and the several departments of nessee;" and the several departments of miscellany are excellent. This impor-tant magazine is in close sympathy with current affairs, and ahead of all its great contemporaries in stores of varied information worth preserving for all time. Price, \$5,00.

The Kansas corn crop is less than one half as large as last year's, but the income of silver comes nearer filling the corn bin than theu.

Grand Opening September 2nd Of the Chillicothe Normal School Business Institute and Snort Hand College. Commodions Chapel Hall crowded to overflowing. This Insti-tution has the largest and strongest conveyed to overflowing. This Insti-tution has the largest and strongest faculty, most students, and best building of the kind in the West. Faculty composed of 23 members Students can enter any time, select faculty, most students, and best building of the kind in the West. Faculty composed of 28 members Students can enter any time, select their studies, rent text books, receive private help free, etc. \$81.00 pays for board, tuition and room rent 10 weeks.

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has Puliman sleepers at night. Train leaving at 6:20 is a solid Pullman vestibule train, with free chair railman vestibule train, with free chair cars, dining cars, sleeping and library cars, handsomest in the world. The one which goes out at 8:45 is finely equipped with sleepers, diners and chair cars. G T Nicholson, G P & T A, A T & S F Ry, Topeka, Kans.; J Byrne, A G & T A, Chicago,

A good-looking girl when asked to give bail for her appearance said: "You can gamble on my appearance being what it ought to be."

A Miffin (Pa.) young man broke his eighty-year-old uncle's skull in a dispute over a fence. Moral-Uncles and nephews should not miff even in miffin.

Staten Island women complain of being terrorized by a monkey, which peeps in at their windows nights. And yet there are doubters of Darwin's theory.

Popinjay-They say that Mrs. Bigsby makes things hot for her husband.

Dempsey (who has breakfasted with Bigsby)-That certainly doesn't apply to

An old soldier applied for a pension. He had been injured at a battle. On examination it was found that he was injured. He ran away so hard that he hurt himself.

"And this is where you teach the young idea how to shoot?" remarked the visitor to the pretty schoolma'am.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "we teach

trigger-nometry here." Here is a compliment. Four French-

men have honored America by writing to the Bridgeport Suicide Club asking for information and permission to form a branch organization in Paris.

Madge-Oh, isn't that a bull? Charlie-Yes, but you needn't be afraid so long as I'm with you. Madge-I'm afraid you won't be with me long if he comes this way.

Culture—Watts ought to join our physical-culture club. I tell you, old man, that the business men of our day do not take half the exer-

cise they should. Potts-I don't see how I can find the

---Watts-It won't take up much of your time. I never go around to the rooms myself nnless there is a prize-fight.

A veterinary surgeon instructed a colored stableman how to adminiter medicine to a horse that was sick. He told him to get a common tin tube, a bean blower, and then take a mouthful of medicine and insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth and blow the medicine into it. Half an hour after the stableman called the surgeon, who noticed that the colored brother looked pale and sick. "What has happened?" asked the doctor. "Why boss, dat hoss, he—he blew

fust!" Quiet Citizen—Yes, that's my boy; don't look like me, does he-six feet high, strong as an ox, brave as a lion? I've had him trained by the biggest prize fighters in the country, and he can handle half a dozen thugs and plug-uglies with

one hand. Old Friend-My goodness! You haven't brought him up for a pugilist? Quiet Citizen—On, no; but we live in the lower wards of New York, and I desire that he shall be able to vote as he pleases.

Worth Remembering.

Texas is a big State, and if you wish to

Annual Rings on Trees.

In a recent work by Professor Hartig It is stated that a count of the annual rings of a tree when cut three or four feet from the ground may not give the accurate age of the tree. Where trees are crowded in a forest and have developed feeble crowns the greatest annual increment is just below the crown, and it diminishes regularly downward. When the leaf area is not sufficient to afford food material to provide for a sheet of cambium all over the tree the growth stops before reaching the bottom, and the ring which is found twenty feet up the trunk may fail altogether before it reaches the ground. In such trees there may be rings lacking at three feet high for certain years, and the total number of rings would be less than the number of years in the free's life.

An Indian's Memory.

"How long is it?" I once asked one of those Northern Crees, who as guide was directing our steps as we were struggling along, in the bitter cold, in the wild Nelson River country northwest of Hudson's Bay, "since you travelled through this land? You seem to know every portage and crossing, and you strike the points you say you will, although for days I have not seen the least vestige of a trail or pathway, or the slightest evidence that human beings have ever penetrated these wilds before."

"Missionary," he replied, "I never made this trip but once before, and that was many winters ago, when I came this way with my father."

Great indeed was my astonishment, as for days I had admired his skill and judgment, as with never failing accuracy he had cheerily led us on through that unmarked wilderness-a trip of over three hundred miles.

Bloodgood-They say that Prettyboy has got the greatest head of any man in Ponsonby—Can't you soften that down

a little. Bloodgood-No, sir; I think it is as soft as it can be now.

神生! Doctor to Gilbert (aged four)-Put your tongue out cear. Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the

tip of his tongue. Doctor-No, no; put it right out.

The little fellow shook his nead weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes:-"I can't doctor; its fastened on to me."

Mr. Tippleman (who has been brought home by a friendly officer)—My dear, I think I'll have your photo (hie) graph transferred to my watsch case. It's new procesh, you know.

Mrs. Tippleman-Don't you dare? I don't want half the saloon keepers and pawnbrokers in New York bowing to me and calling me by name.

A Trade Combination.-"Why don't you go to work?" she asked of the tramp. "I am a-working, lady."

" At wast? You show no signs of it." . No matter for that, main, I'm working as a tray along adver, for a so firm. I'm the 'before Using' card, and my pardner around the corner rapres me the Afor Using,' end of Thank you, mum".

A schoolms'am ta'ls the following rich incuent: Sue was touching a sin it school in an adjoining town and "boarded round." On visiting a 'new place" one Monday noon she seated herself with the family around a small pine table and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork and roasted potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed,-

"I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am, I know what 'tis."

"Do you, indeed?" asked the embarrassed lady, not knowing exactly what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am. I knows what good victuals is. I'se been away from home several times, and eaten lots on 'em. ,,,

Leghorn Straw Farming.

What is known as Leghorn straw is raised on the hills which rise on each side of the rivers Pisa and Elsa, south of Florence, Italy. Its adaptability to the uses to which it is destined depends principally on the soil on which it is sown, which soil, to all appearances, exists only in this small district, out of the bounds of which the industry is unknown. Any variety of wheat which has a hollow, flexible stem can be used for seed. The soil must be tilled and prepared very much as it is for corn, but the seed is sown five times as thick as is usual for other purposes; this is done in the month of December or February. When the straw is full grown, and before the grain begins to form itself in the ear, it is uprooted and firmly tied in sheaves the size of a handful. Each sheaf or menata, as it is called, is spread out in the shape of a fan to dry in the sun for three days, after which it is stowed away in barns. The harvest being over and the fields empty, it is again spread out' to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun, during which process it is carefully turned until all sides are equally white.



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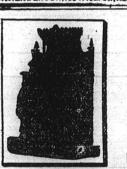
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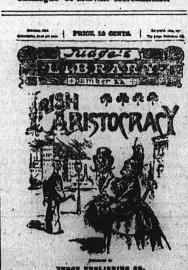
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bh, I'm just a little tearer.
I can PARE and CORE and SLICE,
And you'll think me awful nice.
At the Hardware Store you'll find me,
Just three "quarters" then will buy me.
If your hardware man don't keep me,
Den't with others let him cheat thee,
But sand for me direct, or ge
To Messrs. C. E., Hudsen & Co.,
Liconiuster, Mass.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for this week contains an interesting article from the pen of Mr C B Norton, on "What is Necessary for the Success of the World's Fair." which is particularly timely, as the ground is broken in Jackson Park in preparation for the erection of the Fair buildings. Leslie's also contains many fine nightyres and other lates.

tains many fine pictures and other inter-esting articles