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According to the evidence of the state officers just returned from Texas a northern democrat down there has the same political status as a colored republican in the north. He is all right and in good standing, until he comes to wanting office, when a coolness comes on. Well there is some compensation even in this. The men who want and who seek office, are almost invariably, the men who ought not to have it. Office begging ought to be as disgraceful as street begging with a hand organ and a monkey attachment.

The nomination of James G. Blaine if made, ought to, and we believe will insure his defeat, while that of Walter Q. Gresham would at least honor the republican party, and insure possible success. Between Grover Cleveland and J. G. Blaine, and the endless train of evils that would almost surely follow, this nation will wisely prefer a continuation of the present administration. The nomination of Gresham would entirely change the relation of things. It would give promise of positive improvement. A decided awakening to this fact is evident. The Gresham wave is rolling in. It is an upheaval of popular sentiment that revolts against political plotting and consummate demagoguism. It points to the death of the old and the inspiration of the new. Illinois republicans declare for Gresham, and Illinois democrats nominate for governor, John M. Palmer. Herein are seen rainbows of promise.

A Wise Choice.

The democrats of Illinois have nominated for governor Gen. John M. Palmer. Illinois will do no bad deed if it elects him. He filled the office once and filled it well as a republican. As a soldier Gen. Palmer's record was as good as that of Logan, or any other of our war heroes. But not Logan, Palmer was a firm Anti-slavery democrat. He was a republican from the birth of the party, and is one of the many fathers of republican party, who left it when it began its moral decline, consequent upon the influx of enormous masses of old democratic politicians, who soon after the war, and even before its close, rushed from a sinking ship to a more buoyant craft.

It is impossible to question the loyal honesty of men like Palmer and Lyman Trumbull, and Gov. Koerner, and other Illinois leaders, not to go outside that state—men who braved obloquy and dared to meet and defy the threats of incipient rebellion when true metal only could meet it. They were the men who saved the nation, saved it from surrender by craven cowards, or short sighted politicians who soon after rushed in after them, and too often assumed leadership of the party.

It was then that parties began to change their respective characters. Old democratic leaders with many of their heresies, came into the republican party, until now there are many in the best of standing who wore the gray, good honest men they are too.

It was then too that men like those above mentioned, and Julian and C. A. Dana, and Col. Holliday and Gov. Robinson went to the democratic party. And so the old party lines have grown dim and indistinct. Only by action of men have old issues been revived in service. When democrats continue men like Palmer, and republicans men like Gresham, the artificial light may be turned off.

A Great Educational Plan.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, and afterwards U. S. Minister to Germany, has made a lifelong study of the higher educational systems and problems both of this country and of the Old World. As the result of his experience and study he has prepared a sketch of "The Next American University," which will be published as a contribution to the Forum for June. He would have a great school so organized that the most promising students of any leading American institution should have encouragement and direction, each in the prosecution of his specialty, at any American or foreign school that he chose; and that these thoroughly trained students should be maintained by this great central university to investigate important problems in American politics, industries, and social science—doing original work and building, on the broadest system that perhaps has ever been devised, a great national university in fact. Such an institution would stimulate and unify all the existing American institutions of high grade. There has recently appeared no more comprehensive or instructive plan for the advancement of the highest educational interests, not only of the United States, but of the world.

Among the best things written by Father Baker, now on the excursion to Mexico, we put the following suggestive bit of moralizing:

El Paso has grown very much in the past five years, being now, I should judge, a city of about 15,000 people. Large blocks of fine buildings have been erected, and street after street added to the boundaries of the city.

New Paso Del Norte shows marked improvement. The Mexican Central railroad have a fine passenger depot and a large freight depot. Wholesale business houses have been erected, and residences for the railroad employees. If one had time, there is an opportunity for a good deal of moralizing on the situation before starting south into a foreign country. The first thought is, could such a party as ours have made this trip but for New England money and New England energy.

Just for a moment remember that it is considerably less than a quarter of a century since the first mile of railroad was built in Kansas. Follow up the railroad building since then. Remember that but for this, Kansas would not have been settled much over one-third across the state, and New Mexico and Colorado would have been inaccessible except by the old way, by the "Santa Fe trail." Suppose these New England corporations have made money out of these investments. Have they not made a hundredfold more for the country in which they have invested their funds?

Let us deal fairly by those men who have made it possible to do what we are doing. Old Kansans, especially old citizens of Shawnee county, remember how they used to laugh at Colonel Holliday when stumping the county to get the people to vote an issue of bonds for the Santa Fe road the first time, because he would picture a train going up the valley of the Shunganunga bound for Santa Fe. I well remember those times and how I would print his speeches, but have many a laugh over the simplicity of every one who believed such a thing possible. On the 18th of May, 1888, a train sailed up that same valley bound for Old Mexico, some 1,500 miles further than Santa Fe. This was without a change of cars, and with all the comforts of a first class hotel all the way.

Four years ago they did not issue round trip tickets to the national prohibition convention. It received no such recognition. It is this year recognized as one of the great party conventions. Politicians who do not reckon on its influence, may be left in November.

Rt. Rev. E. S. Thomas will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at Bethany next Sunday evening.

The Topeka Land and Development company has invested nearly a million dollars in and around Topeka. They have plenty of more money to back their enterprise. They have shown their faith in our city.

Maj. J. Arrel Johnson left on the noon train to-day for Junction City, to be present at the dedication of Logan grove under the auspices of the G. A. R.

The Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska will commence to build their track on Curtis street next week.

Geo. H. Hughes informs us that the heavy frost about a week ago cut down twenty-six acres of potatoes belonging to Mrs. Freeman north west of the city.

The leaves have been falling from some of the shade trees for the last few days until many of them are nearly bare. What causes it is quite a mystery as there is no apparent reason for it. By some it is attributed to the late frost.

It is rare that a man lives to move round and attend to business like folks after his heart has once stopped beating and his respiration ceased. Jim Proudfoot, however, went through the ordeal during his recent severe illness, and this week he is able to be around and enjoy life as well as any one else.

Jackson Anderson yesterday commenced an action in the district court to enjoin Jas. C. Salyer, justice of the peace of Soldier township, from collecting a fine and costs amounting to \$18.95, imposed upon him for non-payment of road tax. Anderson claims that J. C. Carter, road overseer of district 45, employed one Watkins to work out Anderson's road tax, which was done, and Carter gave his receipt in Anderson's name. Anderson therefore paid as he settled with Watkins, who turned the receipt over to him. A temporary restraining order was granted and the case set for hearing on the 31st.

Last night William Piley, who is employed by Wiley, the baker, went for coal oil, but the clerk being engaged in waiting upon other customers forgot to fill the can. Piley had to ask the second time. The clerk then went hurriedly to fill the order. Instead of coal oil they gave him gasoline. The mistake was not discovered and when Piley filled up his lamps they burned quite brightly for a while causing him to remark their brilliancy. Suddenly they exploded simultaneously. The lamps were broken to pieces and the oil ran on the floor. By some means not understood the light was extinguished and a fire, mayhap an awful tragedy was averted.

A test case will be made in police court soon to test the validity of the ordinance prohibiting the sale of soda water, lemonade, pop, etc., on Sunday.

The daily output of the Topeka flouring mills is 2,500 barrels a day. Their average daily consumption of wheat is 10,000 bushels.

The Novelist, Alden's new weekly Magazine, which is devoted entirely to American fiction, is a remarkably attractive and popular enterprise. Every reader interested in high class fiction should send to the publisher for a free specimen copy. The first complete story is Robert Tinsol's, A Fessimist, an uncommonly bright, readable story, making about 200 pages, which is sold in paper for 15 cents or in cloth, 35 cents, post-paid. It would not be easy to name a novel in which the conversation has so much wit, humor and clever badinage, sustained throughout with such unflagging vivacity. There is not a single dull page in the book. Moreover, it has—what was so much desiderated by Charles Darwin—a good ending. The hero is thoroughly cured of his pessimism. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York and Chicago.

Arthur's Home Magazine for July, 1888 will contain the first chapters of a new story by Isadore Rogers, author of "A Woman's Life in the Western Wilds," etc. called "The Orphan of Idaho," a story of life in the far west. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

The Rock Island has been gathering workmen along the line and sending them to Liberal to work on the surfacing of a new part of the road. About fifteen men went from Topeka for that purpose yesterday.

The Salina Daily Journal will suspend the first of June.

Albert Griffin's anti-saloon party faction has run in debt over \$10,000, and he wants the money raised to pay it.

TOPEKA.

The Marvelous Growth of the Capital City.

What the New York "World" has to Say of our City—Its Characterizes Topeka as One of the Coming Cities of the West.

The following appeared in the New York World on May 13, from the pen of one of the editorial correspondents of that paper, who visited the city about two weeks ago:

Within this momentous decade Topeka has developed wonderfully in all that makes a great city, has blossomed from a village of 7,000 to a grownup city of 50,000 people, and as a railroad center ranks very high. The numerous branches of commerce which have been established have given the city importance as a commercial center, and she enjoys an advantage of location that makes her the leading market for this section. The healthy spirits, and the persistent but not over-ambitious vigor which animates the younger element, are placing "the magic city" in a foremost position. Rich in natural resources and in capital, strong in credit, and unhampered by burdensome taxation, Topeka offers inducements which attract and hold the eager attention of capitalists seeking sound investments, merchants looking for an active and growing market, and manufacturers wishing to get away from the competition in the overcrowded east.

The growth of the city during the past year has broken the record. The advance made has been healthy, well-founded and permanent. When other centers suffered from tightness of money there was always plenty here for legitimate business needs, and with a banking capital of \$2,000,000 and a surplus of over \$250,000 the city seems amply able to advance still further her varied interests. The local investment companies have doubled their capital during the year. The results of the resistless energy of last year are seen in every class of business. The character of Topeka has undergone an entire change since the beginning of 1887. She is today the metropolis of Kansas, and I prophesy for her a brilliant future. The progressiveness of her authorities and people is well attested by her municipal improvements made and being made. A million dollars was expended in 1887 in these improvements. Kansas avenue, the principal thoroughfare and the widest business street in any of the American cities, has just been paved. From reliable data, obtained from leading western cities, relative to street railways it appears that last year Topeka distanced all the rest. Over thirty miles of track were laid, and these, with the various lines previously in operation, make the city better equipped with street cars than any other of its size in the state.

Miles of gas, water and sewer pipes were laid, coal mines opened, electric light systems extended and perfected, and a number of handsome business blocks pushed to completion and more started. The record last year shows that over \$3,000,000 were invested in private buildings, and that many were let before completion. There are no empty houses here. And interesting feature of the residence quarter of the city is the very high artistic taste display in dwelling houses, the plain, unattractive house being the exception. Street after street, for mile after mile, is bordered with palatial residences or fancifully constructed cottages. No particular style has been followed, but each home is the picture of elegance or simple good taste, and the effect is delightful. While the business part of the city shows evidence of sound commercial prosperity, the living section bears testimony to its wealth, culture and refinement. What stronger evidence of her progressive and permanent prosperity are needed than these? One of the remarkable features of the rapid development is the absence

of anything approaching a "boom." Here are no fictitious values; no "soap bubble" schemes have been concocted to boost up real estate. The result is that not only are the merchant and the man of leisure occupying homes in the city and the outlying districts, but that clerks have built or purchased residences. There are here in process of erection 2,500 buildings, from the modest cottage to the fifty thousand dollar mansion. The absence of inflated prices has resulted in steady appreciation of real estate, which together with the magnificent system of street car lines affording access to the homes in the outskirts, prove powerful magnets to those seeking investments.

The old conservative Bostonians, who make up the personnel of the Topeka Land and Development company, invested their money here for the reason that Topeka's growth has been due to natural causes and without the necessity or aid of a boom. I have been told there were something like two hundred and thirty original subscribers, but now there are over four hundred, including the leading and representative blue-blooded aristocracy of the cultured Hub. Of course, they went into the enterprise as a matter of cold business, and the liberal manner in which they are going about their work is sure to crown their efforts with success.

The business done in real estate here during 1887 was three times greater than the transactions of any previous year, the total sales reaching nearly \$12,000,000. These figures represent actual transfers and bona fide sales. Fully \$500,000 will be invested here this year in building fine business blocks.

The annual address before the industrial section of the National Educational association, which meets in San Francisco, July 13th, will be delivered by President Fairchild, of the Kansas state agricultural college.

Professor Snow, of the State University Lawrence, is investigating the Kansas chinch bugs.

Pension Agent Glick has advices from Washington that appropriations for army pensions for 1888 are practically exhausted. The amount now on hand for payment of pension claims in this district is \$125,000, which is \$500,000 less than is needed for this quarter.

On Wednesday an excursion train over the Union Pacific brought into the city, about 500 people from Clay Center, Manhattan, Wamego, and other points. The excursion was gotten up by the ladies of the Methodist church at Clay Center, for raising money for their church. The Clay Center band furnished music. Some went to Garfield Park, others to Oakland Grove, and a few remained in the City Park. The state house was also an object of attraction. The excursionist expressed much surprise at the extent of the capital city, its public improvements and its many pleasure resorts.

Hon. C. G. Contant of the Garden City Sentinel, who is now in Topeka, and yesterday in answer to the question as to how things were in the southwest: "The countries which surround Garden City were never more prosperous. We have no boom, but there is a steady growth and development that is highly satisfactory to those who own the real estate. Our people are doing this year what they should have been doing for the last three years, that is, they are breaking large quantities of prairie. It is said by those who have given attention to the subject that more land has been under the plow this season than all that has been done for the previous five years. The rains have been abundant and farmers have been encouraged to plant a large acreage of corn, oats, sorghum, broom corn, kafir corn, potatoes and other crops. Should the season continue favorable a little longer, that part of Kansas will make a showing that will astonish even ourselves. Our people are now talking about getting up another exposition like the one of 1884, which did so much toward convincing the world that southwest Kansas was destined to become great as an agricultural country. We know we have the soil, the climate, the enterprise, and if you give us time we will develop a system of agriculture which will compare favorably with the best results in the world's history."

HOW HE FOUGHT INDIANS.

The Romance and the Reality of Scalp-Lifting.

▲ Search of the Army Lists Would Explain a Good Many of These Cases of Mysterious Disappearances—Too Much Dime Novel Causes Many a Young Man to Run Away and Enlist.

He was a young man—scarcely more than 27 years of age—but he had a fund of reminiscences that would have done credit to an older settler. He had, before him a little of the fluid that has the reputation of cheering, and he was looking over a copy of the *Tribune*. Presently something among the small advertisements caught his eye. He scanned it closely, and then, handing the paper to the reporter, said:

"There is something that reminds me of the time I left home to go knocking about the world."

It was just a little advertisement asking for information as to the whereabouts of—, who had mysteriously disappeared.

"A number of years ago," he continued, "I was described in an advertisement similar to that one, and my relatives searched for me everywhere, except in the right place. Perhaps if the advertiser in this instance knew where to look some trace of the missing one might be found. Of course this is only a surmise, because there are really many mysterious disappearances that cannot be explained in the way I refer; but I happen to know that a good many others can be."

"To what do you refer?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I think that if the records of enlistment for the United States army were examined a good many of these disappearances could be cleared up. I know mine could have been and it was about as strange a one as any of them. I just walked out of the house one morning without saying a word to anybody and I never came back—at least not for a good many years. The main trouble with me was a rush of dime novels to the head. I had read any number of these, and when, finally, a friend of mine was killed in an Indian fight I made up my mind that no less than a dozen Indian scalps would satisfy my thirst for gore. But how to get to the front was the great question. I finally solved it by enlisting in the United States cavalry. I had no great time to swell around in my uniform, but was sent at once to the frontier. I reached Bismarck, D. T., one dark, cold, rainy night, and with a number of other recruits, was rushed aboard a Missouri river steamboat. I will never forget that night. We were driven like a herd of cattle over a muddy, slimy bank that we had to slide down as best we could to get to the boat. When we got down we were hustled on to the hurricane deck, and there we lay without anything to shelter us from the cold and the rain. All the romance and revenge were taken out of me. I wasn't looking for any Indian scalps, but I was sighing for the nice, warm bed I had left. And somehow it did seem to me as though I never had read in any of my novels about any such experience; everything had been about killing Indians and nothing about cold and rain."

"But I managed to live through it all, and after fifteen days of travel arrived at Fort Buford, only to find that I had some 500 miles to march to reach Fort Custer. It took us three months to make the trip, for it was winter, you know, and the thermometer was way below zero. We buried three men on the trip, and often never got into camp until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and then had to hustle for wood in a blinding snow storm. The number of Indians I had set out to kill had gradually decreased until I was willing to go home without a single scalp; but I couldn't."

"We arrived at Fort Custer, M. T., one morning in December, and took up the regular routine of a soldier's life. It was not sport either. At that time of the year it consisted of chopping wood and cutting ice, with twenty-four hours' guard duty once a week, as a sort of variation. I hadn't read anything about this in my novels and it discouraged me more than I can tell."

"But at last the long expected event came. We were booked for an Indian fight, as the redskins were reported raiding the settlers. I will confess candidly that when the time came and the bugle sounded 'boot and saddle' I was not so anxious for an Indian fight as I had been when in the states. But we had to go. Our company was made up mostly of recruits, and we didn't like the idea of turning out in the middle of the night to scour the country for Indians. We were all after scalps, but we preferred to take them in daylight when we could see the Indians. But Uncle Sam doesn't run his army to suit youthful scalp-hunters—I trust some of your readers will bear this in mind—so we had to go."

"Well, forty-five men strong, with six Indian scouts, one guide, eight packers, and twenty pack mules laden with ten days' rations, we started, and the first day traveled forty-five miles without rest. Each man was armed with a rifle and a revolver, and with our overcoats and blankets, it made a load that was not particularly comfortable for such a ride. A man can't realize the weight and bother of these accoutrements until he has tried such

a ride. And, do you know, my novels had never pictured such an affair. They had always told about the man riding bareback, with nothing but his saddle and gun. They hadn't said anything about fifty rounds of ammunition around his waist jumping up and down so that they chafed his hips raw. Everything was glory there, but this reality—and it was almighty stern reality—was all hardship and no glory. However, the second day out our scouts found a cattle ranch, and on approaching were greeted with a volley of bullets. But they threw up the butts of their guns (a sign that they were friendly). The settlers would not believe in their friendliness, though, until they saw the soldiers coming up behind them. Then they threw open their cabins, and told us of an Indian raid. Five dead horses outside of the cabin confirmed their story and we immediately started in pursuit. We went into camp that night on the ground where, the old timers said, the Indians had been the night before. On the strength of that information we recruits didn't sleep well—at least I didn't."

"The next morning the Indian scouts were sent out to hunt up the trail of the hostiles, while we anxiously awaited results. We didn't have to wait long, for in a short time after they had left we heard firing in the direction they had gone. Of course we had made up our minds that they had come upon the hostiles unexpectedly, and in a moment we were in the saddle. We prepared for action as we rode, dropping our blankets, overcoats, and in fact everything except our arms and ammunition."

"As we neared the first bluff we heard a yell and from behind it came a lot of Indians arrayed in their war paint. I didn't stop to count them, but I was satisfied that there were more scalps there than I really cared for. You see, it just began to dawn on me that I hadn't lost any Indians and consequently had no object in hunting for any. In other words, I was frightened, the cold perspiration started out all over me, and in the next few seconds I did a wonderful lot of thinking—not about the glories of Indian fighting, either."

"We grasped our six shooter and dashed for them, but we didn't fire. It is a wonder that we didn't excited as we were, but our captain managed to restrain us. He discovered just in time that they were our scouts returning. The mistake arose from the fact that they had thrown aside the clothes they wore when they left camp and were riding in true Indian style, nearly naked."

"And the firing"—the story teller chuckled—"the firing was done by these seven Indian scouts, who had caught one poor Sioux in bathing. They had fairly riddled him with bullets and then cut his scalp into seven pieces. That night they had a war dance over it, and that was not the worst of it either. That affair actually went down on the records of the war department as an Indian fight, and I know men who got red ink on the back of their discharge for being in it. What is red ink? Why, the engagements a man has been in are put on the back of his discharge in red ink. And Uncle Sam recorded the killing of that poor Indian as an engagement. Funny, isn't it?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Matter of Business.

Judge—"It appears from the evidence that you swindled this man out of twenty-three dollars and thirty cents."

Prisoner—"I admit it, your honor, but I beg to call your honor's attention to the fact that it was simply in the way of business."

"In the way of business?"

"Yes, your honor. We have formed a swindling trust."

"A swindling trust?"

"Yes, your honor, I will explain it to you. Formerly we used to swindle a man out of \$500. Now we swindle ten men out of fifty dollars apiece. Our profits are the same, but we relieve the individual and distribute the burden, putting it lightly upon the shoulders of ten instead of heavily upon one."

"I perceive."

"So you see, by forming a 'swindling trust' we are really benefactors of our fellow man; the many come to the rescue of the one. It is harder work with us, to find ten men with fifty dollars than one with five hundred, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put the burden of one upon the many. Moreover, we have broken up all other combinations of swindlers and the community is safe from every one excepting ourselves. I therefore ask your honor to look upon the matter in a business light. We are a trust and as such we look not for interference, but protection from the law."

"Of course if you call yourselves a trust—"

"We are, your honor."

"Organized for the benefit—"

"Of the individual, your honor."

"Yes, and as you are the individual and the society the many—six months in the House of Correction. Mr. Clerk call the next case."—*Boston Courier*.

The Ruling Passion.

Defunct Jerseyman (to Charon, this side of the Styx)—"What's the fare to heaven?"

Charon—"Two bits."

Jerseyman—"And to the other place?"

Charon—"O, we take you there free."

Jerseyman—"Be that so? Let her go down stream, then."—*Philadelphia Call*.

The Cow Before Calving—Her Needs.

John Tucker says in the *Farm Journal* that "Many people complain of lumps in the teats of their cows and of obstructions in the udders. To prevent these troubles there must be more care in drying off the cows, and in feeding and care when they come in. We milk our Jerseys the year around except three or four weeks before the calf is born. They are never dry, and their udders are all right. It is a bad plan to leave milk in the udder to dry up. This means that the water in the milk will be absorbed and leave the cheesy matter and other solids to form into lumps or to settle in the glands and cause irritation swelling and thickening of the membranes, which press outward and stop up the ducts or passages through which the milk flows."

"When the udder is swollen and hard it must be fomented with hot water or some strong liniment to reduce the inflammation as soon as possible before any thickening of the muscles or membranes take place, or there will be a permanent injury. Exposure to cold, heating foods, or excess of food will cause inflammation of the milk vessels. The cow should be fed lightly before calving, and for a week afterwards. All her drink should be warm, and she should not be exposed to the cold in any form."

Some cows will not give good milk for, perhaps, two months before calving, as it will have a salty taste, or be stringy. This is not so apt to be the case, if the cow be fed the proper foods to build up the body structure of the calf. If the cow does not have these foods, and also foods to make milk, nature will rob the milk of its elements; for the first law of nature is to feed the young in the womb and when born from the mammalian organs."

There can be no arbitrary rule about drying off cows. We keep cows for the profit there is in them, and to let the whole herd go dry three, or four, or five months as many do, because we, or some one else, had a cow that gave bloody milk or stringy milk or milk that was not good in some way, at these periods before calving, is nonsense. All cows are not alike in regard to these things and the care of food has a great deal to do with it."

The rule must be in a man's brains more than anywhere else."

Now right here let the remark be made, the successful dairy-man must make up his mind to know more. He must study up and understand more of the reasons of things. The cow must have good food to make muscle and bone to develop the calf, or in other words, calf material; and if she is to give milk good for anything she must have food for this also. Another thing, if she has these foods they must not be consumed in a fight for life, on account of exposure to the cold by day and by night. Such is too often the case. A cow can eat enough, if she has a chance, to grow a perfect calf in the fetus, and at the same time give a good mess of milk up to the very day of the birth of the calf. We have had cows do this, not intentionally ever, but because we did not know when the calf was due and there were no signs to indicate the nearness of its birth. We do not recommend it; but rather than attempt to dry the cow off at least from four to six weeks before the calf is due. It may be necessary to dry up some cows sooner, and some cannot be dried at all. These are the extremes. In no case should the milk be allowed to harden in the udder, when the cow will not dry up, let her be milked at least three times a day up to the last week before coming in, and then let her udder fill up."

During this period she should be fed lightly on carbonaceous foods to keep down fever and to make milk and be fed only on nitrogenous foods of the lightest character, such as brand. This will be ample for the calf. At the same time she should, if possible, have some succulent foods, such as roots or good silage, to promote full secretion in all parts of her body. This will aid in parturition and prevent retention of the placenta, which often occurs when cows are fed altogether on dry and heating foods."

Poverty of food unfits a cow for the ordeal of bearing young. The placenta often retained because of the lack of the mucous or softening elements required to perform this work. A cow should always have succulent foods and a small amount of linseed meal a month or more before calving-time. If this cannot be done let her have slop mixed with a decoction or tea from mucilaginous foods, flaxseed, comfrey root, slippery elm, arrowroot. When these pains are taken, there will rarely be any trouble. Starch is good. *Our Country Home*.

At a Military School.

One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us then the battery, in two lines, its gun carriages to the front, then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the center, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the center, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel—the sabers of the cavalry—springs into the air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whirls its black muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted

person who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards, another movement and the line becomes an opened column; another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man: the passage in review has begun."

In quick time the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file closers behind their companies and wishing for this occasion that they only belonged to the cavalry and could command and be in front of their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of their infantry "sub." Well they know that they cannot by any human possibility look half so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing charges" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then with clamping bits and tossing manes come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its gait on the marching flanks and the girls wonder how these gunners sit so straight with folded arms and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under the circumstances. The cavalry, too, comes around at a trot, the young platoon commanders full al ve to and making the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial and striving not to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand among the groups of the fair ones under the shade trees."

Down the long field goes the glistering column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and then the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some perfected machine, the long array wheels into line to the left, and ranks are dressed, then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop and arms clash to the present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the maneuvers of its particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery maneuvers, with much smoke, noise, and other unlimited of "the villainous salt-petre." It may be rapid evolutions of the soot battalion; but in each and all the student officer must take his part.—*Charles King, U. S. A. in Harper's Magazine*.

Household Chats.

No matter how much men ridicule woman's love of dress, no true woman should neglect herself in this particular. Clothing the body, like the utterances of our ideas, is a good rule whereby to index character; and the student of human nature can rarely fail to read in a crowd by the garb not only the character, but the occupation of the greater portion of those he meets. Indifference to personal appearance often arises from indolence, and there is nothing more repulsive, especially to those where neatness and taste is not only a virtue, but an intuition and a positive necessity. It is perfectly right and proper that married women should be just as tidy and carefully as young ladies, in doing the best they can with whatever articles of dress they are able to have, and in every way possible to make the most of their appearance. Too often do we see women, broken down by the cares of maternity and household drudgery, lose all interest in themselves and their looks. This is wrong. It is really more incumbent on the wife and mother to soften the in-roads with which Time is furrowing her brows and roughening her cheeks than it is for young girls to beautify their faces and adorn their forms. While the latter dress for their own pleasure and the desire of admiration from the crowd, the former must not only be laying from day to day, fresh siege to the oft times fickle fancy of her husband but be storing away seeds of memory in the minds of her little ones, who will some day in the future remember how "pretty mamma used to be, and how nicely she used to dress." The love of dress, if not carried to too great an extreme, not only interests and amuses, but refines the tastes and habits of those who are able to indulge in it, and is a source of pleasure and satisfaction not only to one's self but to others. There is scarcely any man, whether in the city or country, but that loves to see an orderly house and a neat, well dressed woman presiding over the evening meal when his day's labor is done. And whether the garb be of simple calico, instead of costly silk, there is still a grace which can light up with little touches here there, a bit of lace, a bow of ribbon and a delicate flower that gives a ripening touch, and lightens up the brow which might otherwise be lowering with frowns. The true farmer loves a neat home and a neat wife. So, by all means, let us dress the best we can and take pains not only to adorn our bodies, but do all we can to adorn and beautify our homes. —*Practical Farmer*.

Where They Had Met.

Judge (to prisoner)—"It seems to me that I have seen your face before."

Prisoner—"I shouldn't be surprised, Judge; I used to tend bar down at the Bald Eagle."—*Texas Siftings*.

OUR BASEBALL LITERATURE.

Bill Nye Grapples with the New Style of Reporting Games.

I am extremely sorry that Matthew Arnold did not live to read more of our American baseball literature. I think he would have liked us better if he had done so. In saying that we were a vulgar people and that the American humorist was a national misfortune I think he criticised us hastily, for he was only in this country a little while and judged our humor largely by the supply he read while here and which he brought with him in his trunk, but if he could have seen the baseball word painting of our glorious country he would have loved us."

If he could have read that Richardson went out, Irwin to Farrar, that Foster hit safely and stole second, that Welch fled out to Wood and all about Tiernan's scratch hit and Ewings failure to sacrifice and Ward's miss of a grounder that went through him, Mr. Arnold would have said that he had done us an injustice."

We do not claim much for our long line of ancestry, and those of us who came over in the Mayflower try to conceal it as quietly as possible, but here in this wild and savage land we are trying to build up a classic style of writing up our national game that will make the mother country tired."

I admit that I cannot understand it at all yet, but I am striving to do so and I am willing to work hard."

I sometimes wish that Lord Tennyson could come here for one summer and sit with me on a bleaching-board, with his numerous hair hanging over his topcoat, while I explained to him "that it looked rather squally for the Giants, for instance, till Slattery jolted merry thunder out of the horse-hide, tore the tar out of the willow, smashed the leather, and then, while the Phillie fumbler were pulling dandelion greens beyond the Harlem, the Metropolitan infielder lit out like future punishment beating tank-bark, accumulated a one-bagger, a two-bagger and a three-bagger, straightened himself out like a long-waisted jack rabbit across the plate and made his royal red home run just as the New York Central got in with the ball and the band played 'Tommy Make Room For Your Auntie.'"

I think that Alfred would like that. If me Lord likes a vivid and searching style he would find it here. I am only beginning to write in this way, and it is new to me, but I think I can ultimately give a description of a ball game that will appeal to every heart. When I began I would have said, for instance, that O'Rourke swatted at the ball and missed it, till the pitcher hit O'Rourke's person with it and then he went to the first and gradually got to the third base, but now I would say that O'Rourke, the Gothic extended catcher for the Giants, strove to belt the blooming ball to windward, mauled the atmosphere two times and concussed the life preserver on the right leg of Umpire Daniels, was presented with one base as a mark of esteem, and with a blister as big as a hornet's nest where he had tried to bisect the orbit of a hot ball with the bosom of his knickerbockers, he bungled a second, and while Hallman was muf-fing the orb, catching invisible crabs, basking everything in right and corksing himself generally, O'Rourke lit out like a scared-to-death bobtail cornet, fell forty feet horizontally, and with his ear full of hot ball, a blister across his meridian, a fractured thigh and his mouth full of sand, hoarsely ejaculated "Judgment!"

There is a description that appeals to every heart. There is a literary moss agate that ought to tickle a man like Tennyson, unless he has a foolish prejudice against American writers."

My ambition is some day to write the lurid description of a baseball game which will go snorting down the corridors of time, along with Balaklava, Marco Bozzaris and the stubborn youth who stood on the burning deck. I want to write it so that it will be bright and jaunty in style, and yet I would like to sock a little sadness in it, a description that would be rich in coloring, and yet free from information, a carefully and professionally prepared gem of literature that would contain about a column and nothing else whatever."

The London *Saturday Review* says "what America wants is a literature that shall smack of the soil." Here is the opportunity. Let the umpire take down the remarks of a Giant who has tried to reach nine feet and catch hold of the third base with his front teeth, and then demand judgment before spitting out the north end of the Polo ground.—*Bill Nye, in New York World*.

Skin Painting.

An obscure one-line announcement in a daily paper reads, "Handy will paint your skin." If the casual reader who happened to fall upon this gem did not know that the average society woman deems dame Nature a very poor artist in complexion and is fain to supplement her efforts with palette and brush, the intent of the advertiser might be missed. As a matter of fact, the institution does a flourishing business, and has about as many customers as it can take care of. The increasing style of wearing wigs of various shades is responsible for a good deal of trade. A lady will be brunette to-night and blonde to-morrow night, and the complexion has to be made over to harmonize. How large a percentage of the lovely women one meets on a promenade owe some of their charms to the deft fingers of a skin-painter probably no one knows.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

FARM TOPICS.

SMALL FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

Until we know more about the tariff on wool few farmers will care to invest largely in sheep. But under any circumstances it is a wholesome caution to be moderate, at least, in beginning with sheep. Small flocks always do best. Sheep are apt to huddle together, and if foot rot or other disease breaks out it will quickly spread through the entire flock.

SOURD MILK AS FEED.

Many people can safely drink sour milk, while their stomachs are too weak to digest that which is still sweet. This is true of animals. The calf put upon a diet of slightly soured milk may scour, but it is usually not from the sourness of the milk, but from its low temperature. A painful or half full of cold, sour milk chills the digestive organs, and diarrhea is the only way in which the stomach can dispose of its incubus.

THINNING APPLES.

It is easily possible in seasons of abundant blossoming for one-half the set of fruit to make more bulk of apples than the whole. The codling moth thins, and usually too much, but does not do it the right way. The apples are half or two-thirds grown before they drop and fall. The true way is to spray the tree with Paris green to destroy the worm, and then hand pick the fruit before it forms seeds, and thus exhausts the vitality of the tree.

FEET OF WESTERN HORSES.

A horse dealer remarked not long ago that he did not like to deal in Ohio bred horses, because most of them had feet easily lamed. He attributed this to the soft dirt roads on which, outside the cities, the horses of that State mostly travel. Their feet do not become accustomed to hard roads while young. Kentucky is only across the river from Ohio, but it has excellent hard roads on all the chief thoroughfares, and on these its fine trotters get the practice that makes them excel.

FRESH EGGS FOR SETTING.

When setting eggs from one's own stock it is better to use those laid the same day, and if put under the sitting hen while still warm it will be all the better. In early Spring eggs are often chilled to their injury, and some of them added when set, because of this. Placing them in pans or on plates in cold rooms is wrong. If a sitting hen is not ready lay the eggs on a piece of flannel in a moderately warm place, and at night cover them with another piece of flannel. If those who sell eggs for hatching would use this precaution they might have fewer complaints early in the season.

GRAIN TO COWS AT PASTURE.

If a cow is at all fit for the dairy she will bear good feeding with grain any time after her calf is a week old, and she shows no symptoms of fever or caked bag. Grain is especially needed after she is turned out to pasture. The succulent grass stimulates a large flow of milk, but there is little substance in it. The cow must furnish the fat from herself to make the milk rich enough. A really good cow will not fatten, no matter how highly she is fed during the first flow of milk, but it may make her yield so largely as to require that her milk be drawn three times in ten twenty-four hours. This is often done with high fed cows, though it is extremely exhaustive to milk if a cow is poorly fed.

SCATTERING MANURE IN BARNYARDS.

We assume that the bulk of the Winter-made manure in the barnyard has been drawn out. But where teams are hurried toward the close there will be more or less manure that can not well be got on the wagons. This should be scraped into heaps, if possible under shelter. Left exposed through the Summer, scattered over the yard, little of it can be collected by Fall, and that little will not have much value. If the manure is fine enough, as the scatterings often are, it may be drawn, after Spring plowing is finished, as a top-dressing for the meadows. The grass will shade it from the sun, and the moisture will keep the ground under it moist and rich. None of it will be in the way by the time the grass is out, as it will be washed down by rains and decayed by contact with the soil.

WHOLE GRAIN FOR SMALL CHICKENS.

Much of the feeding of chickens is of soft food. It is easily picked by the little fellows, and they can quickly fill their crops from a dab of wet meal thrown on the ground before them. This too rapid eating is one of the worst evils in artificial feeding young chickens. They gorge themselves, become surfeited and die. We have found whole wheat grain much better, beginning for two or three days by breaking the grains in two pieces. It does not matter, however, if the little fellow is forced to do this work himself. He will struggle with a wheat or oat grain two or three minutes, and at last, after a desperate struggle, swallow it. The very hardness of the whole grain keeps his food from compacting in his crop. We would not, however, feed whole corn to very young chicks, nor indeed corn ground into meal as their principal diet.

THE STOLEN PUMPKIN CROP.

We have pretty steadily maintained that nobody ever gained anything by stealing, even if it was only a crop of pumpkins among his corn. It is a quite common practice, and an Ohio farmer writes that where he grows the most pumpkins his corn is also best. This has not been our experience. In the best years for corn the pumpkin crop never amounted to much. But doubtless something depends on methods of cultivation. Our practice has been to till shallow all through the season. With this the late cultivation is almost always a benefit. But in

places where severe droughts abound, and a big plow is run deeply between the rows as the only means of cultivating the crop, it may easily be an advantage to have pumpkins or something else in the way to keep the plow out of the field. In that case the fields where the pumpkin vines were plentiful might have the fewest corn roots destroyed.

HOW DRAINING WARMS SOIL.

It is the loss of heat by evaporation that makes wet soil always cold. This evaporation goes on faster when the sun shines and warm winds are blowing, and thus neutralizes their warming effects. A man wrapped in woolen thoroughly saturated with water will chill none the less quickly for being placed in sunshine or in a draft of warm air. Many people have lost their lives from not understanding this fact. A man exposed to rain all day is often less likely to take cold than one who merely gets wet and then dries suddenly by the warmth from his body causing evaporation. This process of evaporation cools the soil in just the same way, only fortunately the clouds are insensible to the cold. But seeds and the roots of plants are not thus insensate. It makes a great deal of difference to their growth whether the water in the soil is evaporating from the surface, or is sinking down through drains followed by currents of warmer Spring air.

PROFIT FROM DAIRY COWS.

It is a pretty good native cow that will make 300 pounds of butter a year, averaging seven pounds a week for nearly ten months of that time. If the butter can be sold for twenty cents per pound it gives a larger average profit per acre for the land required to keep the cow than can be got from grain growing at present prices. If three acres are required to feed a cow through the year, this is \$20 an acre profit, leaving skim-milk for the pigs and manure from the cow to pay for the labor. But there are ways to greatly increase this profit. With fodder corn as a basis of the ration and the purchase of wheat bran, cornmeal and other meals as accessories, a cow may be kept most of the year on a little more than an acre. Better still, by the addition of improved blood the cow may be bred to produce much more of both milk and butter per year. Examine closely the records of milk and butter of the Holstein-Friesian stock, and determine if this be not the true road to success.

SPRING SNOWS.

When snow falls in the Spring, delaying plowing and seeding, it is not an unmixed evil. It is popularly called "the poor farmer's manure." The general notion among farmers is that it absorbs considerable amounts of ammonia from the air. Being porous it does probably absorb more than rain, though all the latter must have first passed through the lower air to the clouds as steam or insensible evaporation. A very little ammonia where the roots of plants can get at it has a wonderfully stimulating effect. But the greatest advantage of these Spring snows lies in the fact that they fall as a mantle on the soil, without packing it as the same amount of water in drops of rain would do. On ground that has been disturbed this Spring a light fall of snow under an April sun melts by noon, and before night the surface seems nearly as dry as before it fell. If a field has been plowed through several days it should generally be left in the furrow until it is ready for seeding. After dragging down smooth, if either heavy rains or snows come, the soil will be unfit to work for several days.—*American Cultivator.*

A Cosmopolitan Woman.

She went round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;
For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did;
She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake, and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians
And the Borrioboo-Ghians,
And the poor, dear Amahagger,
Yes, it did;
And she loved the black Numidian,
And the ebon Abyssinian,
And the charcoal covered Guinean,
Oh, she did!
And she said she'd cross the seas
With a ship of bread and cheese
For those starving chimpanzees,
Sure, she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian
And the poor half-melted Focjeaan,
And the dear Moleuca Islander,
She did;
She sent pie and canned tomato
To the tribes beyond the Equator,
But her husband eat potato,
So he did;
The poor helpless, homeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

A Self-Made Man.

The late William Webster, the Thames embankment contractor, left a fortune of more than \$655,000. He began business as a day's laborer and for some time after he became a contractor was unable to write his name. His work and perseverance gave him a fair education and a handsome fortune.

You can't always judge the size of a man's bank account by the artistic beauty of the picture on the outside of his office safe.—*Somerville Journal.*

A new paper called the *Lamp* has been started by a couple of ladies. Devoted to "light" literature, it is presumed.—*Norfolk Herald.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

HAM CROQUETTES.

One cup of ham, two cups of potatoes, one cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter and one egg. Make in balls, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

OYSTER PIE.

Make two rich crusts, bake them in a pan with a cloth between to hold up the upper crust. Stew the oysters lastly, beat in two eggs and a spoonful of cracker crumbs. Lift the top crust and pour the oysters in.

GRAHAM GEMS.

Take one egg, two teaspoonfuls of sour milk, a tablespoonful sugar, a teaspoonful soda, a saltspoonful of salt and enough graham flour to make a somewhat stiff batter. Bake in greased iron gem-pans.

FRIED EGG PLANT.

After peeling the egg plant cut in slices one-half inch thick, pepper and salt them, and lay one slice upon the other, leaving them to stand ten or twelve hours. Drain off the liquor, dip in flour and fry brown.

COCONUT COOKIES.

Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of grated coconut, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a dough; roll out, cut in shape and bake.

WAFFLES.

To make good waffles take one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teacup of flour, the yolks of four eggs and a small pinch of salt; beat the whites separately to a stiff froth and add them to the last thing. Have the waffle tins well greased and very hot, pour in the batter and bake brown. When taken up spread with butter and keep warm.

MARROW PUDDING.

This pudding may be made in various ways, but it is best with half a pound of ladies' fingers cake and a quarter of a pound of beef marrow, chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of currants well cleaned, half an ounce of candied lemon peel, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt and half a wineglassful of wine or brandy. Put these on a dish and fill up with custard, having previously put a border of paste on the rim; about half an hour will do it.

OMELETTE SOUFFLE.

Break six eggs, place the yolks in one basin and the whites in another; add to the yolks three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half tablespoonful of flour and a little vanilla essence. Beat well together, whip the whites, beginning rather slowly at first, increasing by degrees until it forms a stiff froth, then add the yolks, very gently beating the whites as you add them. Have ready a silver or plated dish (for want of either use tin), and butter it well; place the mixture on it and put it into a hot oven. Look that it rises, if so, run a knife round it, sift some sugar on it, place it in the oven again and serve, when well raised, immediately.

Some Figures About Steady Drinking.

"How many drinks of whisky do you average a day?" said one gentleman to another, as they were enjoying a social glass at a resort on Cotton avenue yesterday afternoon.

"Oh, taking the year around, I presume my average would be about ten a day."

"And how long has this been going on?"

"Straight along for twenty years, I guess; but it never hurt me any, and I can attend to my business just as well as I ever could."

"But how much whisky, taking your own statement for it, do you suppose you have drank during that time?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I never thought about that."

"Well, let us take another nip and then figure on it," and they did, and here is the result of their work:

"Ten drinks a day would be 70 drinks a week, or 2,640 drinks in a year. In twenty years that would give the enormous number of 72,800 drinks. Now, the average drink in this country is said to be 60 to a gallon. Then divide this 72,800 by 60, and you will find that you have consumed 1,213 fraction gallons. Now, there are supposed to be, on the average, 36 gallons to a barrel. Divide 1,213 by 36 and you find that you have drank just about 36 barrels of the stuff."—*American Recorder.*

Solved by Science.

A Meriden clothing dealer recently offered a spring overcoat to any person solving the "anti-rattle-box" puzzle. This consisted of a short cylindrical wooden box, securely sealed. The point was to shake the box without rattling the contents. On the box was printed: "You can't do it; but it can be done." Those who got hold of the boxes, after shaking them in different ways, cut them open and found the contents to consist of pieces of tin of different shapes. As no method of doing the trick could be thought of, it was generally supposed that the puzzle could not be solved. Charles M. Fairchild, assistant to Supt. Fitzgerald, of the Meriden Electric Light Company, came into possession of one of the boxes. He dissected it, noticed the bits of tin, thought a moment, and then, taking a piece of magnetized iron, replaced the cover on the box and applied the magnet to one end. It was strong enough to attract all the small pieces of tin and hold them fast to the end of the box however violently it was shaken. He got the overcoat.—*Hartford Times.*

Heart Complaints.

The heart is inclosed within a membranous sac (pericardium) which secretes a lubricating fluid to prevent friction between it and the chest. Pericarditis is an inflammation of the sac.

It may be acute or chronic. In both forms the fluid is altered in character and generally increased, in acute sometimes to a pint or more; in chronic it has measured over a gallon. Of course it greatly interferes with the action of the heart. The acute tends to recover by absorption of the fluid. The fluid sometimes becomes purulent, in which case it should be drawn off.

The cavity of the heart is lined with a somewhat similar membrane, called endocardium. This membrane, and especially that part of it which forms valves, may also be inflamed (endocarditis.) This gives rise to little roughnesses—sometimes as large as a pea; to a thickening and subsequent shrinkage of the valves; to a growing of the valves to the heart wall; and later, to a fatty degeneration and calcification of the roughened membrane. The valves thus become contracted and otherwise rendered insufficient. Both pericarditis and endocarditis are most commonly due to acute rheumatism but sometimes Bright's disease.

Sometimes the muscular substance of the heart is inflamed (myocarditis), resulting in an abscess, or an undue growth of fibrous tissue which weakens the wall. In both cases death may result from rupture of the heart.

The above changes in the valves and other instructions to the flow of the blood generally gives rise to enlargement of the heart. This enlargement for a time is a help, as it enables the heart to keep up the normal flow. But it may proceed so far as to cause a dangerous dilation or thinning of the walls at some part and an increase of the valvular incompetency.

Sometimes the muscular fibers of the heart are changed to a fat (fatty degeneration), thus rendering the heart very feeble. Death may result from either rupture or paralysis of the heart.

Angina pectoris may be due to heart disease, though often wholly dependent of the latter. When due to it, it involves liability to sudden death.

The great arterial arch leading from the heart (the aorta) may, at some point, become distended into a large pouch (aneurism). This is liable to burst, or it may become fatal by pressure against the windpipe or other vital parts.

In many cases of heart disease the disorder is purely functional. Though the symptoms are peculiarly marked and distressing, there is really no organic disease. It is due to various disturbances of the nervous system.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Season for Rabies.

The mad-dog season has been opened in New York by a worthless cur which bit four little girls before a policeman could perforate his carcass with a bullet. This incident will afford another opportunity for public remark by critics who do not recognize hydrophobia as a disease, but who regard the so-called rabies in human beings as the result of conjured terror. These critics will indirectly accuse the victims of rabies of surrendering to death during a paroxysm of fright, and hold up to ridicule people who believe hydrophobia is a constant menace.

Against these theories there stands the incontrovertible fact that scores of children have died of hydrophobia—innocent victims whose minds had not yet matured to an extent sufficient to permit the harboring of fear as to the result of a bite of a pet dog. There was no conjuring of fear in the minds of those little victims; no nervousness and frenzy brought on by imagination.

But admitting that only one in ten of the reported deaths from rabies are the result of genuine hydrophobia, there is yet ample reason for warfare on the thousands of curs that are permitted to snarl and snap at people in the streets. The pleasure afforded by the ownership of a million of curs is offset a thousand times over by the horror of one death from hydrophobia.

There are oftentimes too many dogs for human comfort in large cities. Thousands of curs are owned by people who make no effort to provide the animals with food and drink; and in the heat of the summer season it is not surprising that some of them "go mad."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Buzz-Saws.

A poor pencil, like a dull boy, is hard to sharpen.

A fine epitaph won't help a man in the next world.

The moth always looks on the bright side of things.

A haughty carriage is often a mighty inconvenient vehicle.

The man who is always afraid he is going to get left never gets there.

The postage stamps that won't stick on a letter will stick together hard enough when carried around in the pocket.

It is no use to put on the brake when the wagon is upset.

The canary never sings his best when you are trying to sell him.

When a man is anxious to buy he gets the worst of the bargain.

It is a bad thing for the clerk when he begins to think he knows more than the boss.—*Judge.*

ALOCOMOTIVE RACE AFTER A BABY.

An Exciting Chase, and the Infant Finally Recovered.

Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed to his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly, a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked upon the through train to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely 2 years old. This car was shunted on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and, leaving the child asleep, the captain's wife seized the opportunity to fill the baby's bottle with milk in the depot restaurant.

While the mother was intent upon her errand the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under Spring street bridge.

Eagerly she explained the situation the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train.

A hurried council followed and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "the Brunswick," was sidetracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage-master at the time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train. The general Charles, ever ready to aid the cause of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the fire-box with wood from the tender, while Thompson assisting the woman to mount the engine, with the command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quietly over the switches and commenced her run. An empty engine chasing up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick, has an easy task and before they covered more than half that distance they could see ahead the object of their pursuit.

To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the trainmen to the chase, and thereby stop the train, was not part of the programme, fearing he might run over them should he suddenly stop. So quietly running along the roar of the train deadening the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds her there, Thompson assists the woman over the tender down upon the platform of the car containing the baby still fast asleep the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk which cost such effort.

The captain tried to reward the men who came to his wife's relief so nobly, but they, with true nobility, refused to accept money for such a service.

Tomulus and Remus Not Rare.

The *Zoologist* reprints an extraordinary pamphlet, entitled, "An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens." This pamphlet was printed at Plymouth in 1852, and has long been out of print. On the wrapper of a copy in the Zoological library of the Natural History museum at South Kensington there is the following memorandum in the handwriting of the late Colonel Hamilton Smith: "This account, I am informed by friends, is written by Colonel Sleeman, of the Indian army, the well-known officer who had charge of the Thug inguines and who resided long in the forests of India." The writer records a number of cases of children who are said to have been nurtured by wolves in India. In one instance a large female wolf was seen to leave her den followed by three whelps and a little boy. This happened near Chandour, ten miles from Sultanpore, in the year of 1847. The boy went on all fours and ran as fast as the whelps could. He was caught with difficulty and had to be tied, as he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into holes and dens. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed and tried to steal away. But when a child came near him he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When cooked meat was put near him he rejected it with disgust; but when raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

The trooper who captured the boy left him in charge of rajah of Hassanpore, who sent him to Captain Nicholls, commanding the first regiment of the Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpore; and some interesting notes as to the boy's habits are given on this officer's authority. He died in August, 1850; and after his death it was remembered that he had never been known to laugh or smile. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry, and then he pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all fours, like any four-footed animal, but at other times he would walk uprightly occasionally. He shunned human beings, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. If the pamphlet can be proven to be perfectly trustworthy, it certainly deserves to be carefully studied by anthropologists.—*London Nature.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

May 26, 1888.

There is no use talking. The democrats of Kansas must shake off Geo. W. Glick, or they will themselves be shaken up.

An article in the New Hampshire Monitor, presumably from the pen of Senator W. E. Chandler, opens with the assertion that "The Republican party is not sure of success next November, either in state or nation."

We have an idea that there are very few people in Topeka, of any party, who do not now rejoice in the election of Judge Isenhart. One hardly likes to think of what might have been.

If it rains in Kansas during June and July as much as it has thus far during the present month, the corn crop will exceed by many millions the heaviest crop ever raised in the State.

And so Eugene Hagan resigned his little office that he might consistently become a delegate of the civil service reform democracy to the St. Louis convention. His master Glick is a sly old dog, and is more than one ahead.

Alma has had a curious loss. The town lost its cemetery. When found it was in the street. A good many burials had been made in the street. A surveyor was found who finally discovered where the cemetery ought to be, and the friends of many who were left in the streets and alleys are having the bodies removed.

It is very foolish in the Capital to try to make it appear that James F. Legate is not a prohibitionist. Why he was almost the father of the present third or prohibition party in Kansas. He was present at its birth, and for some time cared for it tenderly. If it is true that he soon got an official appointment, and then left his bantling to suffer.

We notify Max Overton, whoever he may be, and all other colored people of this country, that it will be useless for them to become candidates for office. It will be just as well for them to understand this at once. If they are not content to vote for the republican ticket, they can vote with the democrats. The straight republican ticket, without color, will be elected with or without them.

It was reported to-day that Col. Fred D. Grant, acting for the estate of his father, had offered to pay Gen. Badeau the \$10,000 which the late Gen. Grant stipulated to pay him for services rendered in the compilation of Gen. Grant's memoirs, and that Gen. Badeau had rejected the money offer, because he considered that his honor had been called in question, and he preferred that a court of law should pass upon the facts. Gen. Badeau is a goose.

Kansas is at the top of the heap in the matter of crop prospects, and unless some unforeseen calamity should befall the state the granaries will hardly hold the crop for 1888. The reports of correspondents of the state board of agriculture from every section of the state for May fully confirm the reports gathered from private sources, and show that there has been no decline in the favorable and promising condition of crops reported a month ago.

Everything is favorable to Kansas. The crop prospects are magnificent, surpassing those of any other states, and the beauty of her scenery as well as the enterprise of her citizens attract the attention and win the admiration of all. A famous novelist and newspaper correspondent thus gives expression to his views concerning the sunflower state:

"It appears to me the state of Kansas cannot fail to make a profound impression upon the traveler, so boundless an idea of fertility and capability is given. As you ride hour after hour and watch the cornfields stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and alternating with almost limitless pastures dotted with cattle, you feel that you are in a region that could feed the world. There was a delightful air of thrift also in most of the homes, and many of the immense farms were enclosed in substantial and picturesque walls of yellow looking stone. The quarries from which it came were on every side, near the surface and easily worked, giving the impression that the kindly hand of nature had placed just what was needed in a comparatively treeless region. It does not follow that nature meant the region to remain treeless, and if the idea of planting one third of their state in forests should some day enter the heads of the people of Kansas, they would develop up one of the choicest garden spots of the world. How many generations must pass before the disposition in an eastern man to do troy a tree, will be eradicated, and a desire to plant a tree be developed in the average western man."—E. P. Roe, in Chicago Late Ocean.

And again Mr. Blaine declares he is not a candidate, and again his admirers assert that he will accept.

Listing corn seems to be the favorite method of planting throughout northern and northwestern Kansas this season.

The attendance at the Sacred concert at Garfield Park, on Sunday was much less than the Sunday previous. It is explained on the ground that a good many went on the excursion to Kansas City, to witness an equally sacred game of baseball.

In a letter to United States Marshal Jones, of this city, Attorney General Garland notifies him that the appropriation for fees of jurors and witnesses in United States cases is exhausted, and no more can be paid until provided for by congress.

More than one-half the fertile acres of Kansas are as yet uncultivated. At the same time there are able bodied men in the country—some of them even in the state—who are holding down store boxes and waiting for something to turn up. The two facts do not fit well together.

Senator Ingalls has a son. He honors his father. He made a speech, he did, at the late Republican convention. He said:

"In centuries to come, when the history of this commonwealth is written, there will stand out brighter than all others, the names of John Brown, Jim Lane and John J. Ingalls."

The "Personals" that are now so common in our city papers, are about as interesting reading as a comic Almanac. Their publication has of late become quite a specialty, but the names that appear are the most obscure. Thus the Kansas City papers will fill an eighth of a column of Topeka personals, where not one in a dozen can be recognized by an average Topeka reader.

If there is a difference between the Union Labor and the United Labor parties, or between them and the Industrial party, or between these three and some other similar party, there are very few who do know, or will care to know where the difference is, or what it is. Such frivolous waste of political effort was never before known.

It is said that Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts' heretofore a strong supporter of Sherman for the presidency, becoming satisfied that he cannot be nominated, is now throwing his influence for Judge Gresham. This is very significant. The Gresham boom is doubling in strength every twenty four hours. Gresham may possibly be elected. Blaine never can, and ought not to be if nominated a thousand times.

Senator Blair's Bill

The bill introduced by Senator Blair for the observance of the Lord's day, provides that no person or corporation shall perform or authorize to be performed any secular work, labor or business to the disturbance of others—works of necessity, mercy and humanity excepted; nor shall any person engage in any play, game, amusement or recreation to the disturbance of others, on the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, in any place subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. It is made unlawful for any person or corporation to receive pay for labor service rendered in violation of this provision.

Section two reads: No mails shall hereafter be transported in time of peace over any land postal route, nor shall any mail matter be collected, assorted, handled or delivered during the first day of the week; provided, that whenever any letter shall relate to a work of necessity, or mercy, or shall concern the health, life or deace of any person, and the fact shall be plainly stated upon the face of the envelope, the postmaster general shall provide for the transportation of such letters in packages separate from other mail matter, and shall make regulations for the delivery thereof, the same having been received at the place of destination before the first day of the week during such limited portion of the day as shall meet the public convenience and leave no interference with the due observance of the day as one of worship and rest. And provided further—that when there shall have been an interruption in the due and regular transaction of the mails it shall be lawful to so far examine the same when delivered, to ascertain if there be such matter therein for lawful delivery on the first day of the week.

Section 3 declares to be unlawful the prosecution of commerce between the states and Indian tribes on Sunday, and provides that all persons violating the provisions, shall be liable to fine of from \$10 to \$1,000.

Section 4 prohibits all military naval and drills and parades in time of peace, except assemblies for religious worship of persons in the military service of the United States, on the Lord's day.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation.

In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter—the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. The fact that you came up that street or this street seemed to be of no importance to you, and the fact that you went inside of some church may seem to be a matter of very great insignificance to you, but you will find it the turning point of your history.—Talmage.

Notice.

The W. B. Dickson School of Short Hand will open for the second term on Wednesday the 23rd, and will be under management of Ben Ost, who will be pleased to see and talk with anyone who is thinking of studying short hand.

Mrs. Mary A. West who is one of the most competent teachers west of Chicago, will have charge of the school and teaching. Apply or write at once so as to commence with this term. We guarantee to complete you in twelve weeks. Call or address room 3, third floor Jones' Building, east Sixth street.

W. B. Dickson, Proprietor.

In connection with the above the News will say that the above school of shorthand offers every one a chance to learn a valuable art in a short time. Speaking as a practical stenographer, we were inclined to doubt the ability of any one to teach any system of short hand, so as to make it of practical value in twelve weeks. Having given the Cross Electric system some investigation, we are satisfied that many persons, if not all, may become good stenographers in that time. This is remarkable when one knows the tedious, unremitting application necessary to acquire a practical use of the old systems of short hand. It is not much for one to give a good three months time, and a liberal tuition fee, when at the end of that time, one is fitted to make a good salary.

The concrete on Kansas avenue north is now completed. The west side folks are not suffering the delay that was inflicted upon the east side of the avenue.

John Jenkins of the First ward, left yesterday for Paris, where he will study painting under George Stone, formerly of this city.

Mr. Kershner has a petition out this morning asking for the position as policeman in this ward that is vacant by Mr. McKee's death.

There is considerable interest in the race that is to take place at the fair grounds next Thursday, between the best known horses in North Topeka.

It is said that the local lodge of Hephasophs contemplate surrendering their charter, the reason assigned being that the assessments are of too frequent occurrence.

William Wilson, a 17-year-old boy living with his parents three miles east of the city, met with death in a very peculiar manner on Saturday. He had been to the city in a wagon, alone, and started home. Later in the afternoon his body was found in Deer creek, a little stream east of Topeka, face downward. The water was not a foot deep, and it is supposed that he either took a fit and fell into the water, dying from strangulation, or that in going down the decline leading to the creek he was thrown from the wagon and stunned. Coroner Hibben was called to view the remains. He held no formal inquest, believing that the lad had been taken with a spasm. The remains were buried in the Topeka cemetery.

The ladies of Clay Center have gotten up an excursion from Clay Center to this city. A special train will arrive on the Union Pacific railroad at 11 o'clock Wednesday May 23. The party will be escorted by the Dispatch band, and after a picnic dinner in one of the parks, will visit the different points of interest in the city.

Mrs. Barbers great sale of untrimmed Hats last Saturday called out crowds of buyers. Her store was so full that a great portion of the time there was scarcely standing room. She will have another sale of untrimmed millinery next Friday when you may look out for bargains.

The seventh convanction of the Women Foreign Missionary society of the M. E. church, of Topeka district, will be held at the Kansas avenue church, North Topeka May 23 and 24 First session Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Miss Mary Ninde will give an address of Bulgaria in the evening.

Mrs. Geo. P. Johnson will leave next Monday for Kentucky to minister to a sick sister.

On Decoration Day David Overneyre will speak at Osage City.

The record of divorce cases in this county shows that two-thirds of the suits are brought by women.

Steps are being made by the church at Walnut Grove, Parkdale charge, to build a new church this summer.

Topeka High school commencement exercises will be held at the Grand opera house on the evening of June 7. About thirty pupils will take part.

The board of trade at Lawrence have written to the ladies of this city who are working for the Kansas orphan's school that if they will move this school to Lawrence a building will be free of rent.

The Santa Fe wreck at Fountain Colorado, last Monday, has been entirely cleared up, and the claims of all are being rapidly adjusted. Twenty-two persons were injured, six of whom have died.

Andrew Peterson, the man who received a terrible blow on the head while handling a derrick at the state house last week, is improving slowly, and the physician hope to soon have him out of danger.

The average monthly enrollment of scholars in the city schools is 852 more than that of last year including South Topeka which was not included in last year's figures. Leaving out South Topeka the addition would be about 500.

R. E. Davis, a compositor on the Commonwealth, was the lucky man in the raffle which took place Saturday at the fire department headquarters for a blooded 3 year old mare, valued at \$300. There were 300 chances at \$1 each. Davis sold the mare to I. N. Baker for \$250.

A meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Topeka Wheel and Malleable Iron company was held Saturday. A committee was appointed to call upon the subscribers of stock. Eastern parties are ready to take the balance of the stock, but they will not do so until the other stock subscribed is properly placed.

Captain A. M. Fuller, who was elected marshal of the day by the joint committee to arrange for Memorial day, requests that all organizations intending to participate in the parade and exercises on that day notify him at the earliest convenience that they may be assigned to positions in the line.

The work of tearing the south of the Troop hotel commenced Saturday. The entire south wall and the old part of the east wall is to be torn down and rebuilt with pressed brick and trimmed with cut stone. The old windows are to be replaced by rounded bay windows, uniform with those placed in the east half, and the ladies' entrance on Fourth street is to be fitted up in excellent shape.

Bonds were voted Saturday to build a fine four-room graded school building in Highland Park. The building will be equipped with the best modern school furniture and apparatus, and every school advantage will be given the citizens of that district now to be had in the city. The best of teachers will be employed and a first graded school maintained. This is the true Kansas plan of building a community. A good school brings good citizens.

Alden's Library Magazine.

Among the notable articles in 'The Library Magazine' for May, are the following: The Negro Question in the United States, by George W. Cable; the concluding paper on the Constitution of the United States, by Hon. E. J. Phelps, U. S. Minister to Great Britain; the fourth of a series of scholarly articles on Post-Talmudic Hebrew Literature, by Dr. Bernhard Peik; the article on Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, from the Westminster Review, is very curious; Snowed-up in Arcady, by Rev. Dr. Jessopp, is one of the most enjoyable papers found in last month's English magazine; Cardinal Manning's Plea for the Worthless, is very timely, and worth universal reading; the critique upon Mr. Froude's West Indies is sound and appreciative; the Earl of Meath gives a genial account of "A Model Factory" in England; Miss Frances Power Cobbe discusses the Education of the Emotions, and opens up a suggestive train of thoughts, as also does the paper on "Domestic Service and Democracy." The editorial miscellany, entitled, "Current Thought," is unusually full and interesting; The issue contains 169 pages, in large type; an extraordinary amount of high-class literature of the price of \$1.00 a year, or 10 cents a copy. John B. Alden Publisher, 369 Pearl Street, New York 518 Clark Street, Chicago.

Cheap Excursions.

The Union Pacific will make a rate of one limited first-class fare for the round trip, from all stations to the following points:

National Republican Convention at Chicago, Good, going June 16th to 19th and returning till June 25th.

National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, Good, going June 2d to 5th and returning till June 11th.

Meeting Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati Ohio. Good, going June 8th to 13th returning till June 19th. Dunkards Meeting at North Manchester, Ind., Good, going May 17th to 24th and returning until June 2th.

These rates are open to all. Secure your tickets of F. A. Louis, City Ticket Agent 525 Kansas Avenue, or of J. F. Gwin at depot.

The Woman's exchange was appropriately opened last evening with a large attendance, which was entertained with music, speaking, and seeing what was to be seen and learning what it was intended to do.

In the Atlantic Monthly for June the first part of an entertaining though some what satirical two-part story entitled "Miser Farrel's Bequest," by J. P. Quincy holds the place of honor. In a sunny and vein, Julia C. R. Dorr writes under the head of "To Cawdor Castle and Colloiden Moor," furnishing a breezy and picturesque account of her visit to the ancient home of King Duncan and the famous battle-field where the hope of the Stuarts received its death-blow. Theodore Child's article on "The Literary Career in France is a timely contribution to periodical literature, inasmuch as there is just now so much discussion in the news-papers concerning the rewards and drawbacks of authorship. Some new and significant information, of particular moment to historians and geographers is contained in an article by Francis Parkman, entitled "The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains." Ellen Terry Johnson, who styled Madame des Ursins "The Queen behind the Throne," writes in a manner at once thoughtful and graphic concerning that remarkable woman, her wild ambition and her great influence. The serial chapters in the June Atlantic are continuations of the study of Japan by E. H. House, entitled "Yone Santo," and "The Despot of Broomesedge Cove," by Charles Egbert Craddock, [Miss Murfree]. The Yokohama shopkeeper whom Mr. House introduces will be recognized by all who have traveled in the East as a faithful picture of many of the low commercial adventurers who infest Japanese sea-port towns, and whose presence and example are such a hindrance to the evangelization of Japan, China, and India. The poetry of this number is by Edith M. Thomas, Graham R. Tomson, and an anonymous writer, whose identity, however, we venture to assert readers of magazines will not find it a difficult matter to discover, in the poem itself, entitled "L'Eau Dormante." Recent American fiction and biography are passed in review by skillful critics, and in the Contributors' Club there are, as usual, several chatty offhand articles which, together with notices of all books of the month, conclude an excellent number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co; Boston.

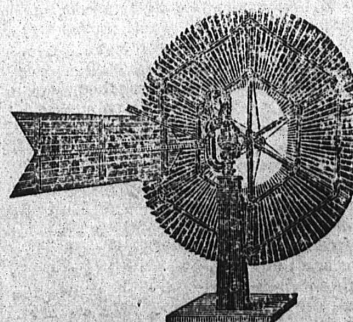
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June. Summer Saunterings in Spanish San Sebastian, is a charming bit of descriptive from the pen of Mrs. Frank Leslie, one of the most notable women of the day, equally skillful in the management of a great business and in literary effort, in prose or verse. The description of the famous old frontier Spanish town, now become a sort of gayety and fashion, is full of characteristic touches. A curious theme is presented in "Some Plays That Have Held the Sage," and old theater goers will wonder how few dramatists since Shakespeare have been able to retain their hold on the public in "The Last of the Pines, we hear the forest moan and sigh over their steady destruction, rapid enough when the sturdy woodman swung his axe in the glimmering light, but terrible new that steam comes to effect the work and bear away the trophies. Who can fail to read with interest the sketch of Charles Darwin, the great, thoughtful man, who has so revolutionized the study of nature, opening up new lines of thought, and showing a harmonious and progressive development. A visit to the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane in Kentucky seems to carry us to far-off scenes and ages. The use and growth of a great English power and power, is given in "The History of Punch. The stories all are bright, attractive and well written, and the Popular Monthly for June gives a most attractive and interesting mass of reading for the pleasant days when travel or a shaded porch invite one to read.

The exhibition of Mr. Montgomery's fine crayon-copy of Christ before Pilate has been postponed from music hall Tuesday evening to the Grand opera house on Friday evening. At its recent exhibition at music hall hundreds were turned away for want of room. At the Grand opera house all can be accommodated. The lecture is highly spoken of and the copy is almost as wonderful specimen of art as the original. Children are especially invited and to them the price is made only ten cents admission.

From the Herald of Faith, St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1887.

Referring to Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the business manager of the Herald of Faith would say, that he gave this medicine a personal trial, and was speedily cured of an unpleasant intermittent fever. He then recommended it to F. J. Tiefenbraun, 1915 Papin street, and to police officer Meidenger, at the Union Depot, both of whom were cured by it of chills and fever of several years' standing; Recently his wife after a fever of several days duration, took a single dose and was cured. In view of these remarkable cures, for quinine, so little to be depended upon, and of so en injurious, we can only wish that Shallenberger's Antidote would come into general use.

Eddie Arnold is recovering from the mumps.



THE "TROY" WIND MILL AT THE HEAD. For simplicity, durability, self-regulating, self-oiling, all of which make it the Best Mill in the World. Good live agents wanted everywhere, write for circulars.

KELLEY & SONS, Troy, Ohio.

Office State Board of Agriculture.
The following official report of the Board is based upon returns from regular correspondents representing nearly every county in the State, and constitutes their estimates for May 1st.

WHEAT.
The proportion of the total area plowed up corresponds with the per cent. reported in March as winter-killed or destroyed from other causes. Anderson, Cloud and Ellsworth counties report a high percentage plowed up, but a majority of the counties report none, and but few report over five per cent. plowed up.

Condition of live plant generally is very good. In the west and north-west the plant has suffered more or less from lack of rain; but in the eastern portion of the State, with but few exceptions, and especially in the south and southwest, the plant has probably never, at this date, shown more vitality nor promised a more abundant yield.

CORN.
The estimated acreage of corn is at least ten per cent. in excess of the crop of last year, which was the largest in the history of the State. This is an indication that our farmers are turning their attention more to corn and stock.

OATS.
Increased acreage is reported, and the condition is generally good.

SUMMARY.
Winter Wheat.—Proportion of area plowed up because winter-killed or destroyed from other causes, 8 per cent. Condition of live plant, compared with a full average, 96 per cent. The acreage of the following crops as compared with that of last year, and the condition, as compared with a full average, are as follows:

Spring Wheat.—Acreage, 90 per cent.; condition, 96 per cent.
Corn.—Acreage, 110 per cent.; condition, 100 per cent.
Oats.—Acreage, 105 per cent.; condition, 96 per cent.
Barley.—Acreage, 90 per cent.; condition, 100 per cent.
Potatoes.—Condition, 100 per cent.
Flax.—Condition, 100 per cent.
Tame Grasses.—Condition, 100 per cent.

FRUIT.—Fruit of all kinds was reported in good condition, with prospects of a full crop, but special concern to this office since the reports were received states that the severe frosts of April 30th damaged the prospects of apples and cherries at least twenty per cent.

RAIN AND CHINCH-BUGS.
During the month of April, with but few exceptions, rains have been abundant in the eastern half of the State, also in the southwestern portion. In west central and north-central Kansas, and generally in the northwest, the rainfall was light, and crops have suffered to some extent.

In many counties in the eastern portion of the State, and as far west as the 98th meridian, chinch-bugs have been reported as numerous, and in some counties, especially on the eastern border, as doing considerable damage to wheat and oats; but the late rains and cold weather with heavy frosts, it is believed, have to a large extent destroyed them. The paper by Prof. F. H. Snow, of the State University, in the spring quarterly, abounds in many valuable suggestions in relation to the chinch-bug problem, and to hear him say that in his opinion "the chinch bug, by concerted warfare according to methods already practiced or yet to be discovered, will in the end be as effectually under human control as the small-pox, or the cholera, or the deadly typhoid," of itself affords us much relief.

Respectfully,
M. MOHLER,
Secretary.

A vast deal of trouble can be saved if the battle with the insects is waged at the out-set. The little silvery network that spreads itself at the junction of two bare limbs looks harmless enough now, but when the skeleton hands of leaves stripped of all their greenness extend themselves in pleading to be rid of the hungry worms that cling to them in an attempt to draw the last drop of life, it is a serious state of things. Then it is too late to arouse to the conception of the work to be done. The only way to fight insects is to destroy them on their first appearance. The fight in this way is easier and surer. It is only necessary to call attention to this fact to make every farmer attend to it at once.

LITERATURE. Alden's new illustrated weekly Magazine, is certainly one of the brightest, handsomest and most readable of the literary papers—of course it is the cheapest, for Alden publishes it; \$1.00 a year; specimen copy free. Especially interesting papers in the last issue are: I. v. Vanderpool on Romance in Fiction; Frederick Hastings on John Ruskin's Forge; and Edmund Gosse on Henrik Ibsen, the Scandinavian poet, which is accompanied by a fine portrait. It is a good paper for every home library. John B. Alden, Publisher, 893 Pearl Street, New York; 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

The ladies of the Hospital guild return sincere thanks for \$25 received from the Potwin Social and Benevolent society. The same being their second donation to the Hospital within the past three months.

Notwithstanding the desire of the Commonwealth to fight the war over again, we predict there will be very little of the bloody shirt left after the present campaign is over.

Congressman Scott talks about things being as "false as hell itself." In due time he may find that hell is more genuine than he imagines.

The present generation has seen serfdom abolished in Russia, and slavery in the United States and Brazil.

H. M. Atherton, the photographer, North side, who has been at Eureka for the past ten days, returned to-day.

Fourteen out of the twenty-three graduates of the state university this year, have hoed their own row and will probably gather a harvest of their own in the future.

The United labor party has had its national convention and has its presidential ticket in the field. This party is one of the factions or fragments of the ancient greenback, and more modern Anti-Monopoly party. It would be difficult to say how many fragments there are now. They are all to a greater or less extent a kin to the socialists and anarchists, and belong to a class of theorists, who would make something out of nothing. It is said that many of them unite with the democracy, especially if that party should lean very considerably toward free trade. The presidential candidate is a Chicago druggist, named Cowdrey, with Wakefield of Kansas, for Vice President.

Medieval Methods.
That was a fanciful conceit which endeavored to draw parallels between the gradual civilization and decay of nations and the life of a man. Though the idea of making the small boy correspond with the savage and predator era does not appear to be so very far-fetched both having one thing in common, a desire to cut their names or achievements on rocks, trees, etc., evidently realizing fully that pictures, however rude, easily convey ideas. In days when to be able to read was considered so great an accomplishment as to place a man above all laws excepting ecclesiastical, those who wished to inform others of their wants or wares were compelled to do it by the laborious bellowings of the public crier or by standing at their store door and crying: "Good people what do you lack?" After a while one of these lazy persons to whom the world has been indebted for so many improvements, to save his lungs, painted what he had to sell on the outside of his house. Then to distinguish the different dealers in the same goods the heraldic devices of the nobility and gentry were used to signify that they were the patrons, and, no doubt, from that sense of gratitude which is a lively sense of favors to come, until by the middle of the eighteenth century the streets were rendered absolutely dangerous by reason of the immense and expensive sign-boards. Newspapers were then in infancy, and the advertisement in them were more like those of the "want" column of the present day; it was not until the duty was taken off paper that advertising in newspapers became the enormous business that it is. The demand creates supply, and men hampered by other business were only too glad to be able to transfer the work of placing advertisements to agents who have now become so important a factor in the business transactions of the world. Chicago naturally has an agency of her own, which, if not actually the largest, is certainly one of the largest in the world. We allude to Messrs. Lord & Thomas, with branch offices in New York and St. Louis. A visit to the head office at Nos. 45, 47 and 49 Randolph street, bids fair soon to be as much a part of "doing" Chicago as Lincoln Park and the packing houses. It is extraordinary to witness the rapidity with which any one of the 14,000 papers in the country can be produced owing to the systems of wire files. We can with confidence recommend any one of our readers who wish courteous treatment, or who need the benefit of this firm, to call on them and see for themselves how easily this most complicated business can be managed by competent men.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Prof. Blake will discontinue the publication of the Future, and his weather predictions will hereafter appear in the Kansas Farmer.

The Campaign Weekly Globe-Democrat will be sent to any address in the United States as follows:

From May to December 1st, 50 cts.
From June to December 1st, 40 cts.
From July to December 1st, 30 cts.
From Aug. to December 1st, 20 cts.
From Sept. to December 1st, 15 cts.
From Oct. to December 1st, 10 cts.

The boys around Silver Lake had genuine sport this week. The river overflowed into the lake and great quantities of fish swam in. When the water receded the fish were left and the boys for miles around came in and dragged them out with forks. Some very large ones were caught. One weighed sixty pounds.

The cotton mill building is fast nearing completion. The building will be enclosed by July 1, and the machinery will then be put in to add another great industry to the fast growing manufacturing interests of Topeka.

Several judgments have been rendered against the Dwelling House Insurance company, of Boston, for non payment of losses, and other suits pending, amounting to nearly \$20,000. This is one concern excluded from Kansas, by Superintendent Wilder, as unsound, and the suits fully justified his action.

If we can't organize a new party without calling to our aid the former enemies of our country, still dressed in the grab of treason, we want no new party organized.

We find the above in one of our valued exchanges. The writer is not in full sympathy with any of the existing parties or factions, and being able to rise above the false party issues of to-day, it might be expected he would be above such sentiments as those expressed above.

It may be truthfully said that there are now no enemies of our country dressed in the grab of treason. Possibly there may be a few, a very few old war relics who are still sore and bitter, but to all intents and purposes they are as dead as Jeff Davis, or Aaron Burr.

There is more real, practical deadly treason in those persons in the northern states who are doing their utmost to keep up sectional and party animosities on the bloody shirt line than there has been in the south for the last quarter of a century. It is as great a political crime as that of the rebellion itself. It is a willful crime, based on low party and personal motives. The whole sentiment was early condemned and discounted by the primitive republicans and the anti-slavery leaders like Horace Greeley, and is now kept alive by republicans who were pro slavery democrats, and afterward southern sympathies in the first period of the war.

The need of this hour is a broad-gauged political party with strength of manhood to reach, as it should have done long ago, across the southern border and greet a once misguided but honest foe as a brother whose entire interests are the same as ours. There are no enemies to our country. There are no more traitors, no more rebels, and if there is a lack of harmony between the sections, it is more of the fault of unscrupulous politicians than of the people.

Kansas now has two candidates in the field for vice president, and has equally as good material for another batch. It is possible that Ingalls and Glick may yet be added to the list, and perhaps Van Bannett, and perhaps a woman, yet unknown.

No matter who declares for Blaine, Gresham is certainly the growing man.

A trotting race will be held at the fair grounds next week, several well known north side horses being entered, among them Stansfield's black, Pilley's black Voland's colts and Major Briggs' bay. The contestants are all flyers and there will probably be a very destructive assault on records.

The commencement exercises will take place at Bethany college one week from next Wednesday.

The directors of the State Fair association held a meeting yesterday and let the contract for the printing of 20,000 copies of the premium list.

Samuel Stevens, a milk dealer of Monroe, Conn., on going to his barn the other morning, found the entire flooring of his cow stables had given way during the night and precipitated his ten cows into the opening. Nothing remained but the stanchions to which his stock were fastened, and from these hung ten dead cows.

Dr. J. H. Lintner, the well known entomologist, of New York, says there are in the world 320,000 species of insects; 25,000 of these belong to the United States, and about 25,000 prey upon the productions of man; 7,000 or 8,000 of these could be considered as being fruit pests. On the apple alone 210 species are known, and probably more extended investigation will increase the number to 300. The future successful fruit grower should study entomology, and be acquainted with insects and their habits, so as to be able to tell friends from foes. Professor Lintner recommends the study of feeding and habits as a guide to the use of insecticides, which should also receive notice.

An excursion party of Kansas newspaper men and their ladies left this city yesterday over the Santa Fe for a visit to the city of Mexico. They will be absent three weeks. They travel in a special train consisting of three cars, two of which are Santa Fe directors' private coaches and the other a dining car, and ample arrangements were made for a pleasant journey.

A boy had his arm mangled in the mangle at Ripley's laundry yesterday.

The Good Templars made a success of their entertainment and festival Thursday night.

A lot of spiritualists held a seance in Alderman's Gunn's office this afternoon. They materialized before Justice Hale, and the room darkened.

Yesterday afternoon the Rev. E. F. Hill living at 1113 Central avenue, left home for the purpose of paying his rent, and after getting to Gordon at, discovered he had lost part of the amount \$12 in bills. He retraced his steps, but did not find it. Meanwhile it had been picked up by Mr. B. P. McLaughlin, who made the fact known and this morning the money was returned. Mr. Hill is to be congratulated that the finder was an honest man. Mr. Hill preaches at Auburn and has been living here only since the late conference.

Democratic Floundering.

The first reports from the late Wichita convention announced that Gov. Glick had been elected a delegate to the national convention. It was regarded as scandalous, and the news was received as a step to be regretted by all friends of political reform. Perhaps it was hoping without hope when we asked that the democratic party would enoble itself, and rise above the ordinary level. It could well afford it in Kansas, and there are in the party many of the best men of the state, so that it would seem that a firm, advanced step might have been taken. But this absolutely required the ignoring of the Glick faction; in other words, its defeat.

In the Glick faction are found not only the worst elements of the old democracy, but the mercenary and corrupt factions of the new. Unfortunately this element was mostly recognized by the administration and wisdom required that while supporting the administration, this faction in Kansas should be rebuked by a Kansas convention.

It now appears that a peace between the diseased faction and the great body of the party was patched up. Peace on a sound basis is desirable. But this peace was a virtual surrender. A wary toad snuggled at Judge Martin's ear, and he became a party to the wiles of the gay deceiver. Glick asked to be elected and then promised to decline. Martin was to do the same. The farce was agreed upon, Glick was elected, and then magnanimously wrapped around him the cloak of martyrdom, and declined in the interest of harmony.

It was a greater victory than when he beat St. John. Glick is no statesman. We accord to him the palm as a demagogue and a politician. He is a sly old fellow. He beat the whole caboodle. With a mere handful of followers, instead of being routed foot and dragoon, and forever snowed under, he was elected with inspiration of Judge Martin, declined with overwhelming honor, and cast his mantle upon his tool Hagan, who goes to the convention in his stead.

And again democratic blundering adds another plume to the republican banner. An opposition party that will not flourish under the fertilizing warmth of such food would be a puny plant indeed.

More light is wanted in the first ward, and they ought to have it.

Cheap Excursions.

The Union Pacific will make a rate of one limited first-class fare for the round trip, from all stations to the following points:

National Republican Convention at Chicago, Good, going June 16th to 19th and returning till June 25th.

National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, Good, going June 24 to 5th and returning till June 11th.

Meeting Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati Ohio. Good, going June 8th to 13th returning till June 19th.

Dunkard's Meeting at North Manchester, Ind. Good, going May 17th to 24th and returning until June 2th.

These rates are open to all. Secure your tickets of F. A. Louis, City Ticket Agent 525 Kansas Avenue, or of J. P. Gwin at depot.

The Garden Tool works report that they have made and disposed of about 400 seeders and 1,000 hand cultivators. They are preparing to make and put on the market a new two horse cultivator and have sold several one horse machines.

The first ward was greatly surprised and shocked this morning on learning that Officer F. M. McKee was dead. Yesterday he was apparently as well as usual, and was on his beat last night up to the usual hour. At about three o'clock this morning, Mrs. McKee was awakened by his disturbed breathing, but upon calling assistance, he could not be aroused. A physician was called, but he could do nothing, and he died at about six o'clock this morning.

Vestibule Trains To Chicago.

The Vestibule train is a new factor in western railroad transportation. It is claimed for these trains that on account of their being connected by steel hoods all danger of telescoping in case of accident is removed, the train being practically one long car. It is certain that the oscillation of the cars is greatly reduced, and it is also certain that the vestibule trains afforded the greatest comfort yet known travelers. The adoption of this style of train by the Chicago Santa Fe & California Railroad between Kansas City and Chicago is a strong bid for the passenger traffic between the West and Chicago. This new road is in many particulars, ahead of any of its older competitors, and will undoubtedly be the popular road to Chicago.

Michael Hogan has opened an undertaking establishment in Heery's new building 108 East 3rd street, and has engaged the services of a practical embalmer; all calls will be attended to both night and day and prompt attention given.

J. W. BELL & CO.
General Brokers, and Dealers in

REAL ESTATE.
635 Kan. Ave.

Improved and vacant city property, farms and ranches, for sale and exchange on terms to suit everybody. Save money by seeing us.

ST. JACOBS OIL

LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

The late Mayor of Chicago, whose signature is here given, suffered acutely, and wrote as follows: "I used and found St. Jacobs Oil excellent."

Carter H. Harrison.
Mayor of Chicago.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

BOUTELL'S PRINCESS TEA

Is not packed in tin cans, but in miniature tea chests lined with tea lead constructed after Chinese methods for preserving its strength and flavor. For \$2.50 63

NORRIS & GREEN.
Kansas Avenue - North Topeka.

Pianos, Organs.

J. H. Lyman & Co., 805 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, are agents for the world renowned Mason & Hamlin Pianos and Organs. Sold for cash or on monthly or quarterly installments. Their pianos now, as their organs, ways have, stand unequalled for purity of tone, perfection of action and durability.

MILLINERY

A large stock of trimmed and untrimmed hats and bonnets at the lowest prices at

MRS. A. C. ELDER'S,
807 Kansas Avenue,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

O. M. DUDEN, Carriage & Sign Writer

All Work Done Neatly and Promptly.
116 West Fifth Street.
TOPEKA, KANSAS

A. B. LYEN,

Hallet & Davis, Emerson
And Arion Pianos.

W. W. KIMBALL ORGANS,
Sold on easy Terms.

413 Kans. Ave. Topeka, Kansas.

Is receiving an invoice of \$4800 Musical Instruments of Organs and Pianos.

Mrs. J. E. DAVISON,

805 Kansas Avenue.
Fashionable and Stylish
-- MILLINERY --
AT POPULAR PRICES.

HANLEY BROS.,

Dealers in

Groceries, Flour & Feed.

Corner Gordon and Topeka Avenue.
Leave orders for coal. Goods promptly delivered
NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.



ABSOLUTELY PURE.
This Starch Never Varies. A Marvel of Purity and Strength. More Economical than the ordinary kind.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

ACCORDING to statistics there were in India in 1881 20,980,626 widows, of whom nearly nineteen million were under nine years of age.

It is a somewhat singular fact that of all the Christian nations the United States of America are alone represented by Protestant Christian missions in Persia.

A dog at Racine, Wis., tried to jump through a swiftly revolving fly-wheel, and, it is said, "partly succeeded. A part of him got through and other parts went off in different directions."

A ROBBER got into a farm-house in Iowa without disturbing the sleeping people, but a big dog tackled him and bore his throat so that he bled to death. He was identified as a Justice of the Peace.

An eagle flew through an open window into an Omaha business establishment the other day, and was captured by the employees after a vigorous battle. It was seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

An ingenious moonshiner in Kentucky concealed his still in a cave in such a manner as to allow the smoke to escape through a hollow tree. In this way he eluded the vigilance of the revenue officers for over a year.

An automatic gas extinguisher has lately been patented by Joseph Heroux, of Yamachiche, Canada, which shuts automatically when the gas is extinguished. The mechanism used is based on the lineal expansion of metals.

A VIENNA engineer has just taken out a patent for a new smoke-abating process. By means of electricity he proposes to condense the solid part of the smoke as it arises from the coal, the carbon thus formed falling back into the furnace.

THE remarkable finish of American papers is imparted by the addition of a mineral called agalith, a silicate of magnesia somewhat resembling asbestos in texture. It is found only in the United States.

THE Chicago liquor law prohibits saloons within 200 feet of a church or school house. A policeman recently complained of one that was immediately under a Lutheran church. The proprietor was found to be the pastor of the church upstairs.

THEY are not troubled with breach of promise suits in China. When a future Chinese belle is about three days old she is formally betrothed to the scion of some acceptable neighbor, and when she is about fifteen she is carried and left there, and that ends it.

WILLIAM McPHERSON, of Greene county, Ohio, has four young hogs that can't hear it thunder. They will stand perfectly still while a gun is fired right over their heads. They have no ears and no signs of any though in other respects they are well-shaped pigs.

A SMALL trout with two heads has been discovered recently in the fish hatchery at Iona, Mich. The heads are perfectly formed and the bodies unite at the back fin. The little fellow is described as looking like an animated boot-jack, and as lively a wriggler as any fish in the pond.

JOHN COLGIN, of Hartford City, Ind., is the possessor of four young foxes that have been adopted by a cat on the premises, that seems to manifest as much maternal solicitude and motherly fondness for them as though they were her own. The foxes have accepted the situation in a spirit of meekness, and are seemingly satisfied.

A FARM hand, popularly known as "Tony, the Dutchman," had a desperate encounter near Scranton, Penn., with a wildcat, which he finally clubbed into insensibility after the animal had torn his clothes and badly scratched his face. "Tony" subsequently procured a gun and shot the beast, and the latter has since been stuffed as a memento of the struggle.

YELLOW or orange stain for wood is one of the most sought for in ornamental or cabinet work. A beautiful result is reached by digesting 2.1 ounces of finely powdered turmeric for several days in 17.5 ounces of 80 per cent alcohol, and then straining through a cloth. The solution is applied to the articles to be stained.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

Stand back, you coward! Why assail these, who do not offend you—these, all free of sin! Your field is large; this holds a helpless few. Who tempt you not, nor bid you come within.

Go, thrust your knife into the rotten side Of boasting vice; pull tight the rope around The neck of knaves; your pale horse mount, and ride In ghastly glee o'er glory's battle-ground:

Go, slay the son of Cain, before he kills His brother; the assassin, while he plots; The crowned autocrat, whose edict fills Foul gnols, wherein confined, best manhood rots.

But touch not these: sweet lips and sparkling eyes. Pure bodies, hearts, and unstained souls were made To live and make of earth a paradise: Let fall not over them your awful shade.

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Reached Through My Guardian.

It is perhaps worthy of remark in connection with this tale that time and time again a life has been sacrificed to the guillotine. Not only has the testimony given been considered by both judge and jury as more than conclusive, but the public at large has nodded its approval; and when the verdict, which is justifiable by such testimony, has been pronounced, satisfaction has, in most cases, been expressed on all sides. Nevertheless, great wrongs have sometimes been committed, and innocent parties have suffered for the crimes of the guilty.

Curious murders have taken place, not only in out-of-the-way places, but in our midst; the community has been startled by some horrible outrage that has caused for a time the wildest excitement. At no time during life can we feel perfectly safe, for some of the most revolting of crimes have taken place when no motive could possibly be assigned, and a fear, in consequence, that has not wholly been without cause has deprived many of the more agreeable pleasures which an abundance of money could afford.

In writing this tale for publication, I have weighed the undoubted threats of the populace which will be levelled at me; yet my purpose is not to draw your attention to me as a criminal, but is, as I have intimated, to place the facts before you, and in a measure, to curb that obliquity of judgment which is every day becoming more atrocious in its results.

I have struggled successfully for years to live down all thoughts of the ghastly occurrence as it happened. I may as well tell, too, that in guarding myself against giving vent to the latent knowledge of mine, I have used means before which the bravest among you would pale.

The saddest heart has been buried beneath the appearance of gaiety; a false aspect has been given to a murderer's eye; mirth has been introduced where not the phantom, but the reality, of hell was to overcome; and to all the world the buoyancy of thought, the lightness of touch, the familiarity of action, has been a sin, because untrue.

When I did it I had no thought; yet a strange cunning possessed me, for I not only mapped out how I should do it, but I contrived that the guilt should be fastened on another. It was not the knowledge that his wealth should be mine that prompted me. Oh, no; I enjoyed his money now; but I meant that Regneor should suffer for me! It would teach me a lesson, too; but he would be in the horrors of death ere he told it. I promised myself this much.

My guardian should die, but Regneor, and not I, was to pay the penalty. I had no grudge against the old man; he had always been kind to me. It was the thief—the villain who stole my secret—to whom death would come.

The old man was to suffer but little. I had arranged all that. He could die at one time as well as another. The trap had all been prepared, but the time had not yet fully arrived when I should do the deed.

Regneor would not come to-night—he was away, and he had my secret with him—I knew that. He thought to gain by it, to become famous—to have Irene love him for his discovery—and for this he should die—yes, die, but not by my hand. Ah, I was too acute for them! They would hang him for the murder of the old man.

I had labored hard, but I had found what I sought, and it would go forever. They had all failed, but I had found it! Had I not seen what I discovered? That finger with the tip of flame had traced it on the wall as I lay asleep, and from this had I copied. That one piece alone was wrong, but all was right now. Fool that I was too show it to him! He saw that when it was balanced it started of its own accord, and went smoothly, not pausing and jerking and twitching as before. He laughed for joy, and I—ah, such mad delight as then possessed me.

I recall now that I heard him chuckle; but he had been a brother to me, and I did not doubt him. I imagined that he loved me so much as to be glad of my success; but I see it all now. He was thinking, "It shall be mine; I will steal it from him," and the low chuckle involuntarily escaped him. But I fooled him finely. Ah, I was cunning!

I knew Regneor would come that night, but I did not prepare for him. That had been completed long before.

What if his wine were drugged? He stole my secret from me, and had been with Irene. But mine was clear. Ha, ha! He thought I drank it. No, no, my friend, I did not touch it; you knew it before the fatal drop, before that knot was placed beneath your ear; but it was too late—too late even for hope. They thought him crazy when he denounced me; but we knew, and I was happy.

Ah, how noiselessly I crept to the old man's chamber! His door did not lock that night—I had seen to all this before. So when he had gone to his chamber I followed, and Regneor was drugged.

I lay still for an hour, much like a dog at the door of his master, and when the first long respiration told me that he slumbered, I entered and did the foul deed. I then sought Regneor in the room below. A moment passed ere he awakened from the effect of the drug I had placed in his wine. He was not aware of my absence, and I was not fool enough to tell him.

I sent him home after a time—it was only a few doors away—and then I crept to my own room. I could not sleep; the Thing haunted me, and I suffered pain. But I outlived it. I slept till late the next morning. It was the custom of the servants to awaken my guardian in time for breakfast. It was past his time coming when I entered. I knew I should not meet him as I usually did—that no greeting would be extended me from those radiant brown eyes.

But what a surprise awaited me! Was that the old man, as usual, save for that bloody hand about his throat? I staggered forward; I clutched at the wall for support; but the apparition had vanished, and only the emptiness of the room had unnerved me. Fortunately none of the servants were present, and I took my place at the table, and awaited the result of their calling him. I knew well the tale they would bear on returning—how they had found his lifeless body. But I had nerved myself, after this first shock on entering, and I felt equal to the greatest sensation.

Five—ten. The minutes slipped slowly down the face of the old clock, and still no outcry, as I had expected. It was the calmness of despair that possessed me. What if I had failed?

The minute hand of the clock had slipped from the quarter past the hour to the half before anyone appeared. It was I, the waiting-maid. I saw how pale she looked, and the inward terror she was struggling to subdue.

She looked at me; the very floor seemed sinking from beneath my feet. I know there was no reason in my expression. She raised one hand slowly upward to her face. Before a word had escaped her, I had risen to my feet.

"The master has been murdered!" was all she said, but it was sufficient to bring the reaction, and I was myself again—calm and business-like.

I ordered a search of the outside premises; I called the police; I placed a watch over the room and its contents. Henceforth I had a part to act. I felt some relish in thus deceiving them—the astute guardians of the peace. My breakfast I did not touch; I did not need it. I breathed the delirium of excitement, yet I was wonderfully cool and clear. It was remarked afterwards with what composure I bore myself through it all.

When the police arrived an immediate search was ordered, the exclusion of the members of the household being rigidly enforced.

"Now," thought I, "for the result of my labor."

Nor was I disappointed in it. I had done everything I could; I had seen to the funeral arrangements; I had offered a reward of a thousand pounds for the apprehension of the murderer; I knew it would never be paid, but I had to make some show of anxiety.

You may think that I turned pale, faltered in my speech, or perhaps was speechless altogether, when a police agent called on me, the evening of the day of the crime, and confronted me with a warrant for my arrest. But no; it was a part of the intrigue—the plot I had laid. I, of course, showed some signs of surprise to the officer, but inwardly I was elated, for with what precision had I planned it all! His manner towards me was formal—befitting his position. I was taken to the mairie, and no bail was allowed. For one night I occupied the merited cell.

But can it be of any interest to you to know how I fastened the crime on Regneor? How the bowl of my meerschaum pipe, found in my guardian's chamber, had caused my arrest? Part of these things have already been made public through the papers. To retell them would only add insult to injury. With one broad sweep would I clear my soul. I have told my method; the details can be imagined. That I succeeded in accomplishing my preconceived desire is a matter of fact, that I proved beyond a doubt that Regneor was the last to use my pipe on the night of the murder, the files of the Paris papers of December 18, 187—, will show. That the dark red spot found on the sleeve and lining of his coat, and analyzed in connection with drops of blood taken from my guardian, were identical, the testimony of Paul Zalger, the expert chemist, fixed beyond argument.

But I will not ask you to heed me longer. To-day I am wasted, and not worth the knife of the guillotine. On the morrow, the depth of death will divide us.

Conductor (on California train some years hence):—"All out for Pitholegall!" Real Estate Agent (entering car):—"Orange groves and apple orchard two for a penny."—*Omaha World.*

BRACELETS MADE OF PAPER.

Novelties in Programmes Designed by the Skilled Stationer.

New novelties every year.

This refers more to the stationer's trade than to any other in the world, not even excepting the milliner's art or the modiste's profession. Upon novelties alone do the stationers flourish. This year the styles vary more than ever from the efforts of former years.

Here are a few of them:

A novel ball programme consists of a neat, thin card-board band, 1½ inches in width, edged with gold, which encircles the wrist like a bracelet, and is easily closed and unclosed by means of the thin silken cord which suspends the pencil. "Dances" is inscribed on the overlapping flap, the date and residence below, and the dances in rotation all around, with space left for the gentleman to write his name or initials. These novel "bracelet programmes" can be had in white, pale blue or pink, and stamped to order at short notice.

This is another. It is a menu. It is also a bracelet, and is fastened by a dainty colored ribbon bow after the menu is stamped or written, and passes over the folded napkin. These are in white or delicately tinted card; and are pretty and novel. They can be stamped with crest if required, close to the bow, where "Menu" is written in gold.

And here are other novelties in the same line. There are some French menus, with pen and ink sketches, which are uncommon and consist of sets of six, issued fresh every month. Among the subjects are scenes at race meetings, visitors to art galleries fashionably attired female figures stepping out of a large broken egg in various positions, others caught in the rain, &c., all artistically and quaintly drawn. Two slits are cut in the paper and the menus are slipped in, so that they can be used as often as they are not carried off by the guests, which is so frequently done.

This does not finish the new menus by any means. A series of spring menus, beautifully colored with buttercups, daisies and violets; another of Watteau figures, each one a picture; an old English one in imitation of discolored edged parchment, with narrow double ribbons run down the sides holding the seal, and "Ye Lyste of ye Dyslies of ye Refection" illuminated above in old characters; others to fold up, representing a natural looking slice of toast, &c., are all popular designs.

Any one who can not be suited with this must be hard to please indeed.—*New York Mail and Express.*

One King James's Books.

A very curious book has recently turned up in a very curious way. Nearly everybody knows that King William III. landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, and readers of Malcoulay know that he halted at a "white house" near Belfast, on his way to the Boyne. There was a sale recently of the contents of an old house, which stands in close proximity to the mound still known as "Fort William," and among a collection of old books then disposed of was found King James II.'s own copy of "The Office of the Holy Week." The book has been purchased by, and is in the possession of, Mr. Francis Harvey, St. James's street. It is finely bound and very elaborately "tooled" in the Louis Quatorze style, and on both sides of the cover has the royal arms of England. It is probable that when James II. fled, after his disastrous campaign and crushing defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, this book, with other personal effects, was abandoned; and now, almost two hundred years later, it has turned up, nearly on the very spot where the Prince of Orange made his first halt on Irish soil.—*London World.*

A Novel Ark.

The *Temesvarer Zeitung*, in its account of the floods at Temesvar, reports the salvation of an old gypsy fiddler upon the quaintest boat, probably, that has ever been seen. The old man lived at the extreme end of the Farkler-platz, in a wretched little cottage. He went home about midnight in a very jovial humor, lay himself down to sleep, and awoke about 7 o'clock in the morning. When he opened his eyes he made the unpleasant discovery that his hut was flooded, and that the water had forced its way into his bed-room. He had no movable goods except an old bedstead, a stool and his great double bass. He coolly placed his monster of a "Bassgerge," his beloved bread-winner, upon the surface of the water, seated himself astride it and paddled to "dry land" with one of the boards of his bed, amid the cheering and laughter of a number of gypsy comrades.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Here's Her Address, Boys!

An 18-year old Bluehill girl, whose nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile distant, kept house for her father and mother to make a visit a while ago, stayed all alone day and night, took all the care of a yoke of oxen, a horse, three cows and a hog, a large flock of sheep, and hens and chickens too numerous to mention. At the same time she did the fall spinning, and harnessed her own horse to take her butter and eggs to market. Last summer she picked and sold \$25 worth of berries and made trousers at twelve cents per pair, enough to clothe herself.—*Ellsworth (Me.) American.*

HERE AND THERE.

Modjeska will make America her home. Salvini will make an American tour next season.

Lawrence Burrett has his life insured for \$120,000.

Secretary Whitney favors the Naval Reserve bill.

Pliny Kendall was killed by a thunderbolt near Carlo, Ill.

Uriah Dabbes, philanthropist, is dead at Columbus, Wis.

When a man loses \$5 and \$10 on bets he's certainly V.X.ed.

A Limberger cheese trust at Barthage, N. Y., is a bad odor.

They say fruit in Southern Indiana is badly injured by frost.

Toledo will open her "Coney Island" with Gilmore's full band.

Mrs. Mary Porter, wife of ex-President Porter, of Yale, is died.

W. W. Corcoran's personal estate has been appraised at \$807,113.03.

Michigan produces forty per cent on the salt used in this country.

About 4,000 women are employed by the Government at Washington.

Sir Andrew Clark, Gladstone's physician, received \$25,000 for a journey to Italy.

The grave of Charles Lamb in the churchyard at Edmondston is very much neglected.

Some scientists think the Asiatic cholera will pay the United States a visit this summer.

Doun Platt has recovered his health and has returned from Washington to Mac-O-Cheek.

Dr. Wm. Taylor, Bishop of Africa, arrived in New York Sunday, from Africa, after four years' absence.

Gladstone prides himself on his excellent digestive powers. But he dares not eat oysters or sweet breads.

An effort is making to introduce congregational singing in the Roman Catholic Churches of New York.

The American Theosophical Society, in session at Chicago, adjourned Sunday to meet in Cincinnati in April, 1889.

Pope Leo has a civil list of \$3,000,000, but his expenses are so large that his household has to practice petty economies.

Hon. Charles Gayarre, who was a member of the United States Senate fifty-three years ago, is still living in New Orleans.

A blind physician, of Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and is able to find his way, unaided, about the principle streets of the town.

At Augusta, Ga., a tramp in the Police Station astonished the officers by repeating from memory several chapters from the Bible.

Cadet Davis, of New York, who hit his superior officer at West Point with a baked potato, is to lose his summer vacation by way of punishment.

When Queen Victoria wished to recognize her daughter Victoria as Empress of Germany she sent a telegram of only four words: "My daughter; my sister."

Capt. C. E. Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey, expects to have his monograph on the Charleston earthquake ready for the printer by June 1.

Some unknown person struck Red O'Leary, the noted crook, in New York Saturday night, on Sixth avenue. Leary is now lying in the hospital not expected to live.

The Boston artist, William Willard, has been commissioned to paint an ideal portrait of Shakespeare's "Jessica," a beautiful young Jewess of that city having consented to sit for it.

Dealers in hard wood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish and is much cheaper than birch, maple or oak.

White paupers are buried at Atlanta, Ga., by colored undertakers, because the white undertakers will not inter the bodies for less than \$10, while the colored ones charge only \$2.50.

George Francis Train has contracted for a lecture tour with the provision that twenty or more minutes of each lecture shall be devoted to exploiting the history and purposes of the city of Omaha.

"For hiccough, hold the breath," writes a gentleman who pretends to know what to do when other people don't. Will the gentlemen please tell us how to let go of the hiccough long enough to get a firm grip on the breath?

"Don't you believe the milk I sell you is pure?" asked a milkman of a customer who complained that the lactical fluid looked rather blue. "I won't tell you what I believe," replied the customer, "but I know your milk makes my mouth water."

Teacher (infant natural history class)—"You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that swags lie in a torpid state all winter?" Tommy (with an air of retrospection)—"Yes'm, an' I'll try to remember that they make up for it in summer."

Miss Frances A. Willard is in New York begging a pittance of \$250,000 to be added to a like amount already subscribed in Chicago for the erection of a temple to temperance twelve stories high with a bronze lady on top, the whole structure to cost \$800,000.

In the country registration list at Savannah are some queer names. "Green Moors" is the cognomen of a negro blacker than midnight. "Toast Jackson" is another, who is not a brown "Toast," but a jet black. A third bears the name of "Sulphur Bowen," but the color of his cuticle is far from sulphurous.

A man in New York lost his little daughter and applied to police headquarters to have the authorities search for her. They did so, and the expenses incurred for telegraphing in order to find the child were 37 cents. The father promptly refused to pay that much for the recovery of his daughter.

A small brass statue was discovered recently near the Acropolis Museum, Athens. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and the figure bears a close resemblance to the Apollo of Canachos in the British Museum. This statue is the best specimen of workmanship in brass that has yet come to light in the excavations at the Acropolis.

JOAQUIN MURIETA THE BANDIT.

His Life and Adventures Told by Bancroft, the Historian.

Until quite recently, says the *San Francisco Alta*, California has been cursed at times by the presence of regularly organized banditti. They were made up of desperate Mexicans or their California cousins, who pursued their career of robbery and bloodshed till exterminated by the outraged community. By far the most renowned leader of these was Joaquin Murieta, whose audacity and daring exploits have given rise to many romantic stories, without color of truth, but the facts, as recorded by the Pacific coast historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft, are startling enough. Joaquin, having passed his majority by only a few years, was active and athletic, and very graceful movement. A high forehead gave his face an intellectual cast. Long flowing hair of glossy black fell on his shoulders and on his upper lip a thin, silky moustache appeared, as though untouched by a razor. His manner was frank and cordial, his voice silvery, and though so youthful in appearance, there was that about him made him both loved and feared, and which impressed both friend and stranger alike with profound respect.

Joaquin was always splendidly mounted; in fact, much of his success depended on horses. It was the special business of a certain portion of the brotherhood to keep the company well supplied with the best horses in the country. There were also members living in towns among peaceful inhabitants and pursuing honest vocations who were spies and kept the officers of the band advised on matters which were to their interest.

One evening Joaquin was sitting at a monte table in a small town when an American boastfully offered to bet that he would kill the scoundrel Joaquin the first time they met. Joaquin, carried away by one of his dare-devil impulses, sprang upon the table, and, thrusting his pistol in the man's face, he cried: "I take the bet, Joaquin is before you." Then tossing the corner of his serape over his shoulder, he jumped down, strode out of the room, mounted his horse and rode away, with some of his henchmen at his heels.

Riding along one day the chief met young Joe Lake, a playmate of his boyhood. In the course of their conversation Joaquin revealed his present mode of living, and said: "Joe, you are the only American whose good opinion I crave. Believe me my friend I was driven to it by hellish wrongs." "Why don't you leave the country and abandon your criminal life?" answered Joe. "Too late, Joe; I must die now as I live, pistol in hand. Do not betray me; do not divulge having met me here. If you do I shall be very sorry," significantly tapping the stock of his revolver. Lake deemed it his duty to apprise the authorities of Murieta's presence. The next morning a portly ranchero came up to Lake, and saying, "You betrayed me, Joe!" plunged a knife into his breast and rode away unharmed.

In the early part of March, 1852, Joaquin, unattended, visited a large Mexican camp, presenting the appearance of a dashing cavalier, with plumed sombrero, gold-laced cloak, and gaily caparisoned steed, as he slowly rode down the principal thoroughfare of the camp, tinkling his spurs to the measures of some lively fandango, and was the cynosure of many admiring glances from the eyes of the senoritas. Pausing in front of a small house, he called for a drink and was just lifting it to his lips when an American, one of two who were standing together and recognized him, drew a revolver and fired a shot that cut the plume of the brigand's hat. Joaquin wounded one of the Americans in the arm and the other in the abdomen, and galloped away without a scratch.

Among the many parties organized to hunt Joaquin and his band was one headed by Harry Love, who, with eight of his rangers, came one day upon a party of Mexicans encamped in the hills. Six of them were seated round a small fire, where preparations for breakfast were going forward; the seventh, a richly dressed man, with slender, graceful figure and blooming in the pride of manly beauty, was washing down a superb bay horse at a little distance from the fire. Joaquin was unknown to the rangers, who dashed into camp before they were discovered and succeeded in cutting the robbers off from their horses. Captain Love rode up to the one standing by his horse and inquired where they were going.

"To Los Angeles," the chief replied. Turning to one of the others the captain put the same question, but received an entirely different answer. Joaquin bit his lips and spoke up angrily, "I command here; address yourself to me." He then moved a few steps toward the fire, around which lay the saddles, blankets, and arms of the party. He was ordered to stop, and when he did not Love cocked his revolver and told him to stand or he would be shot. The chief tossed his hair back scornfully, while his eyes blazed, and stepped backward to the side of his handsome steed resting his jeweled hand lightly on the mane. At this critical moment Lieutenant Byrnes, with whom Joaquin was well acquainted, moved up, and Joaquin, realizing that his game was ended, called out to his followers to save themselves as best they could. He threw himself upon

the back of his horse, and without a saddle or bridle dashed down the mountain. He leaped a precipice, falling with the shock, but, regaining his feet in a moment, remounted and dashed on. Close at his heels came the rangers firing as they rode. Soon the gallant steed, struck in the side, fell to the earth, and Joaquin ran on afoot. Three balls had pierced his body, when he turned with a lifted hand toward his pursuers and called out: "It is enough; the work is done." He reeled, fell upon his right arm, and, sinking slowly down before his pursuers, gave up the ghost without a groan.

ANOTHER BOY PIANIST.

A Performer Who Is Quite as Wonderful as the Little Hoffmann.

Little Hoffmann has only just sailed away, and close upon his heels come the most wonderful accounts of little Otto Hegner, another boy marvel of the piano, writes a correspondent of *The Boston Herald*. Private letters from several of my London friends are teeming with enthusiastic description of the boy's artistic playing, and even those stern judges, the critics, are unanimous in their praises of his undoubted musical gifts. I hear he may possibly come to America next season, and already one or two managers are negotiating with his friends for a concert tour in this country, to begin next autumn. One of the foremost London critics, who was present at his first public concert, says of the boy: "If the fortunes of the little Hoffmann were made by the adulation of the British matron and the gush of hysterical paragonists, Hegner seems likely to be carried into popularity by the hearty approval of professional pianists. There were several of them present at the recital on Thursday, and, although a prodigy always more less injures the business of a professor, I will do the credit to say that they could not help waxing enthusiastic at the 'young Liszt.' Hegner performed difficult transcriptions of the spinning song from Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' as well as I have heard it played by any one save Anton Rubinstein, while his rendering of the Beethoven sonata, op. 22, showed an intellectuality and a capacity to give a distinctive 'reading' never expected in a lad of genius, and but rarely observed even in an adult."

"In appearance, Hegner is a pretty boy, his curly black hair and intelligent face somewhat calling Napoleon, and piano-forte prodigy of many years ago. He is said to be eleven, though he looks a great deal younger. Whether he plays, eats penny ices, declines to kiss the girls, and enjoys the other amusements and luxuries in which prodigies usually indulge, the paragraphist will doubtless tell us hereafter; but at present, with rare good taste on the part of his seniors little Hegner has come before the public absolutely without a line of preliminary. Instead, he can boast six years of thoroughgoing training, mostly under the direction of Hans Huber, the distinguished composer of Biele, who declined to allow his protegee to be exploited until the child was master of his business. Whether Hegner becomes a drawing-room darling remains to be seen, but he will certainly be the pet of the concert-room."

It Is Everywhere.

A gift to a public functionary, to secure a contract or official favor is called in France a *pot-de-vin*, which is a word corresponding to our term *bonus*. It is unfortunate both for France and America, that there should have been enough of this sort of gifts to give rise to a word to call them by; and it is fortunate for both countries that a higher standard now prevails, and that official bribery, outside of some corrupt city governments, is far less common than it used to be.

After the first French republic was proclaimed, the *pot-de-vin* was called by a word which quite as completely disguised its meaning. Such official gifts were then known as "bouquets." When "the great Carnot," grandfather of the present president of the republic, was minister of war, he once completed a contract with a large company to supply an immense amount of saddlery and horse equipments for the army. After the bargain was settled he was taken to one side by the agent of the firm, and a portfolio was handed to him.

"What is this?" asked Carnot. "It is your bouquet, sir." "And what is that, please?" "A little gift of fifty thousand francs to pay you for your trouble in this matter."

Carnot looked at the portfolio. "You have done well, he said, with a smile, 'for you have advanced payment on your contract.' He then took the portfolio in one hand, passed it into the other, and handed it back to the agent.

"You have now received fifty thousand francs on your own account against the government," said Carnot. "Please write a receipt, from the department of war, for that amount, and hand it to the cashier as you go out."

As it was not advisable for the agent to decline, he gave the receipt, which left the company fifty thousand francs poorer than it would have been if it had not made the attempt at bribery; that is to say, Carnot, as minister of war, had paid fifty thousand francs of the firm's bill with its own money. —*Youth's Companion*.

Chivalry Gone to Seed.

It is becoming rather an interesting question how far a man is bound to refrain from using force against a woman.

In many places for women to wield the horsewhip over men, even the public places. In New York it has happened on several occasions of late that women have thus assaulted men by mistake, or for some trivial offence. In Jersey City not long ago a reporter was assailed across the face with a whip in the hands of a young woman of unsavory reputation whose appearance before a police court he had reported in the regular course of his duty. A few weeks ago a married woman in New York met her husband walking on Fourteenth street with a young woman. The wife pulled a whip from under her cloak, lashed the man till he ran away and then turned her attention to the young woman whose face she lacerated in a horrible manner. An innocent bystander, who ventured a word of remonstrance, was treated in the same manner. Only last week a young actor was severely punished by a female member of his company, who, while intoxicated, fancied herself the victim of some trivial slight.

In each of these cases the man made no resistance whatever, being restrained by a mistaken sense of honor from using force towards a woman, even under those circumstances. But there is no ground for such a sentiment. The woman who will so far forget her womanhood as to resort to such measures has no claim upon any chivalric feeling among men. She who appeals to force has no ground of complaint if force be used against her.

The man who would willingly strike a woman is a brute; but no man is called upon to endure passively the blows of the unsexed creatures who appeal to the horsewhip. Especially if, like the reporter and the innocent spectator who remonstrated, the man be blameless he has a perfect right to use whatever force may be necessary to protect himself. —*Boston Globe*.

"The Ruling Passion Strong."

In one of the coast States there live two men of very dissimilar positions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailors' loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Susan?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him in to court," cried the judge, sternly. The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Susan is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked, "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?"

"It is, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour." —*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine*.

Chicago's Death-Rate.

Sanitary statistics show that March raised somewhat the average death-rate in this city, the total being 20.91 per thousand. Other cities for the same month were higher in some instances and lower in others. For instance, Milwaukee's rate was 19.3; that of Pittsburgh 18; Cincinnati, 18.20; New Orleans about 22.75; Toledo, 18.30; Davenport, 14.18.

It is to be seen that among these cities Chicago has a higher average death-rate than the others, a fact which ought not to exist. We are supposed to have the finest drinking water, the best drainage, the most careful sanitary supervision in the country, and yet our mortality reports do not warrant these conclusions. Last week the death-rate in this city rose to nearly 27, which is almost as frightful as that of the dirtiest cities in Mexico and South America.

The prevalence of east and north-east winds has probably had much to do with accelerating the rate, as they are depressing and apt to influence unfavorable pending maladies. Still, with the winds against us, the rate is much higher than it should be. The annual mortality should not exceed 14, or, at most, 15 per thousand. It is the fault of the municipal management when the rate rises above this point. For weeks all portions of the city outside the main business centers have been flooded with torrents of dust, whose effects on weak lungs and diphtheritic cases must be disastrous. The alleys are filled with refuse, and but a small part of the streets has been reached by the shovels and cleaners.

Chicago must reduce its annual death-rate to considerably below 20, or else it will lose its prestige as a healthy city. —*Chicago News*.

He Was Rattled.

A very absurd story was recently told me, says a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, respecting the drawing of the Nice lottery. The first prize (\$100,000) was drawn by a workman of the great India-rubber factory at Langlee, near Montargis, which belongs to and is under the direction of Alexander Hutchinson, formerly of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Paris. The lucky prize winner on coming into possession of his fortune, immediately bought himself a high hat and a handsome overcoat, and hired a carriage, in which he and his family went driving around the country. Up to the present time the chief acquisition he owes to his wealth is a severe attack of dyspepsia, for the form of self-indulgence to which he is inclined is that of good eating; he tried most of the celebrated dishes at the leading restaurants of Paris, with the result as aforesaid.

But the amusing history connected with the Nice lottery is not told of him but of a less fortunate ticket-holder who was one of his comrades. This latter individual was a very ignorant and stupid fellow, a thorough type of the uncultivated class of the English peasantry. He could not read, but on hearing that his fellow workman had won \$100,000 he contrived to decipher the numbers of his own ticket, which bore as did all those that were issued an announcement of the grand prize. He became wildly excited and rushed about the village, proclaiming to everybody that he, too had won 500,000 francs—it was on his ticket. "But that is on every one of the tickets," remonstrated his friends. He would not listen—every body was trying to cheat him, he declared, and he must find out how to get his prize paid over to him. "Take your ticket to the mayor of Montargis," was the advice received, "and he will tell you what to do."

That was all very well, but how was he to convey his ticket to Montargis? for, when he first bought it, fearing that it would get lost, he had pasted it on the door of his cow house and could not contrive to detach it. So finally he took the door off its hinges, hoisted it upon his back, and marched with it into Montargis a distance of some two miles, followed by a crowd composed of all the rabble and all the small boys of Langlee. The mayor could only give the poor fellow the same information as had already been imparted to him by his comrades, namely, that his ticket was worthless; and so he was forced to carry his door all the way back home again.

How To Preserve The Hair.

A young gentleman whom we never suspected of vanity, but whose evident tendency to baldness we have often deplored, asks how to preserve the hair. He requests that our reply be strictly confidential; but knowing the character of the postmistress of his town, we propose to run no risks, and accordingly answer in cold type.

There are several well creditable methods of preserving the hair. Personally, we have tried none of them, but have kept record of those recommended by our baldest friends. To avoid any invidious distinction between them we submit the several methods in alphabetical order.

A: Arrrogate no authority in the household.

B: Be in every night as early as a shutter can be procured.

C: Carry up coal when requested.

D: Don't dictate.

E: Eat what is before you.

F: Fix the fire before going to bed.

G: Govern with wisdom the dog.

H: Hold your tongue when addressed.

I: Incline to instant obedience.

J: Join nothing—except stovepipe.

K: Keep off the carpet.

L: Look sweet when lulling the baby.

M: Make marry with the wood pile.

N: Never look a new bonnet in the bill.

O: Ostracise yourself when the sewing circle meets.

P: Practice perfect patience.

Q: Quash every querulous complaint.

R: Render yourself scarce in house-cleaning time.

S: Spend and be spent for the Sisters of Imbuetoo and the home for Incurable Hotentots.

T: Tend door.

U: Upset nothing.

V: Vanish when callers come.

W: Watch the kerosene lamp and don't let it smoke.

X: Explain when called upon.

Y: Yearn for mother-in-law.

Z: Zeus, remember, often and again gave in to Juno; and he had ambrosial locks. —*Burlington Free Press*.

Parents Rarely Think of This.

It would be a good thing if somebody would establish a walking school to teach little children to walk. The number of people who walk gracefully, putting the feet down squarely, and bearing themselves properly, is very small. But if the unfortunates, who cannot walk becomingly, had been properly instructed in their childhood, they might have become models of correct deportment. The art of walking should be taught before any other art, except that of telling the truth. —*New York Sun*.

The grass isn't green enough yet to make a freshman envious. In fact it is only just about green enough for a senior. —*New Haven News*.

POINTS OF HUMOR.

Customer: "This stuff is not fit for a hog to eat." Waiter: "All right, sor. Don't ate it." —*Texas Siftings*.

Dude: "Miss, will you allow me to accompany you?" Indignant female: "Sir, do you think for a moment—?" Dude: "Me think! Good gracious, do I look as if I could think?" —*Mocking Bird*.

He: "Yes, Miss Ida, I am wedded to my profession." She (with a far-away expression and a sigh): "How I envy your profession." Then they both blush and change the subject. —*Peck's Sun*.

Polite clerk: "Would you like to see some nice ladies' wear?" Old lady (from the country): "Like to see some nice ladies' wear! No, nor hear 'em, either. Nice ladies never swear, sir. It's very unnice." —*Texas Siftings*.

Hedges has dined well and has offered his waiter \$1. Waiter, in a voice that reaches the desk: "No, sah; we ain't 'lowed for ter tek no fees, sah." In a voice which does not reach the desk: "Drapp him on the flo, boss." —*Tid-Bits*.

Patrick Brady boasts that he has worked in a powder-mill over thirty years, and has never been killed once. Unless Patrick's reputation for veracity is in a critical condition his statement is likely to be credited. —*Norristown Herald*.

"This is very strange," remarked Billy Bliven, thoughtfully, after he had tasted the contents of his butter-dish; "very strange indeed." "What is strange?" "That such delicate, pale butter should turn out to be so robust." —*Merchant Traveler*.

"Did your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't," she replied with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw." —*Washington Critic*.

Little Pinkie wanted to go out to play. Her ma said she thought it was too cold, but she might go out and see. When she got out in the air the cold made her eyes water, upon which she returned and said: "I dess it is too cold. It makes my eyes sweat." —*Boston Courier*.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve the duck and is meeting with poor success): "Whew!" Landlady: "Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day." Dumley: "The knife is all right, Mr. Hendricks; you ought to have had the duck ground." —*Harper's Bazar*.

Miss Greatbrain (of Boston): "So Brother George has got married?" Omaha man: "Yes; it was an elopement; that is why the family were not notified." "Is his wife a woman of intellect?" "No, indeed; pretty as a picture and as sweet as a peach." —*Omaha World*.

The Comte Gaston d'Orgue de Barbati (appealing): "Madame la comtesse! How grand eet sound, eet eet not?" Miss Smith: "Really, monsieur le comte, I prefer to remain plain Miss Smith." Le Comte Gaston, etc.: "Plain Mees Smeelt mille fois non! Zay razzee ze beautiful Mees Smeelt!" She succumbs. —*Tid-Bits*.

"I am told that you bought Quimby's \$10,000 violin. Is it so?" "Yes." "What was your idea in doing that? You can't play." I know I can't." "Then why did you buy it?" "Well, you know, Quimby lives next door to me." "What has that to do with it?" "I bought the violin so that he could play no more." —*Lincoln Journal*.

A Provincial who was making love to a beautiful woman, finding her indifferent to his addresses, said to her menacingly: "If you refuse to love me I shall tell all. I know what crime you have committed!" "What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished woman. "I know that you have assassinated a gazelle in order to steal its eyes!" —*Paris Gaulois*.

Mrs. Penn: "William, I read an advertisement in one of the papers stating that for \$1 in stamps the advertiser would send by return mail a sure way to get rid of rats in the house." Mr. Penn: "Well?" Mrs. Penn: "I sent \$1 in stamps, William, and received an answer." Mr. Penn: "What was it?" Mrs. Penn: "William, the cheat told me to move." —*Philadelphia Call*.

Rustic Individual: "Did you find the fishing good, mister?" De Trouty (opening a basket): "Ten speckled beauties." Rustic: "Gosh! an't they stunnery? I reckon they're worth about \$5 a piece." De Trouty (modestly): "Hardly as much as that, I guess." Rustic: "Well, as it happens as how the season doesn't open in this 'ere state until the 1st of May, and as I'm constable of this 'ere town, that's just what they cost." —*Town Topics*.

Tattooed Slang.

Antoine Rigoletta, of Portland, Me., is a professional tattooer. On Monday last he was engaged by an American sailor to illustrate on the broad chest of the applicant the story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. Nearly a week was occupied in completing the job, which, while in the main is historically correct, has some novel innovations. Adam is pricked into the skin wearing evening clothes, and Eve is adorned with skirts and a bustle, while she is taking an apple from a platter. The serpent encircles a tree and from his mouth comes a scroll bearing the words "I'm onto you." The sailor will have the marks pricked out, if possible, with cream. —*Galveston News*.

It is not probable that the colored man will cut much of a figure in the next republican national convention.

A ton of ropes made from the hair of the women of Japan, is used in building the \$300,000 Buddhist temple at Kyoto.

The President has vetoed a bill, allowing L. J. Worden, late postmaster of Lawrence, the sum of \$625 for extra clerk hire during his term of office.

The democratic party in Kansas is not harmonized despite Judge Martin's desperate attempt. The storm will not abate until Glick is well settled in the whale's stomach.

While there is a growing sentiment in the republican party that the whiskey influence in politics must be throttled, it is quite as determined that the time is too perilous to risk any positive announcement in the platform.

Major T. J. Anderson says that he heard but one name mentioned for the presidency while in Chicago, and that was Gresham. Illinois seems to be very enthusiastic for her adopted son. The major says that Blaine was not regarded among the republicans at Chicago, as in the race or standing any chance of receiving the nomination.

Governor Martin has pardoned Charles B. Rotrock, serving a twelve month's term in Ottawa jail for assault with intent to kill. Rotrock, while drunk, assaulted an acquaintance with a knife, inflicting dangerous injuries. He has served five months of his term of imprisonment. His pardon is recommended by influential citizens of Ottawa county. The peculiar feature of the pardon is the fact that the governor issues it upon the condition that Rotrock will forever abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor. Recent decision in other states have perhaps settled the status of such conditional pardons.

A Big Corn Field.

Farms and ranches of 1,000 acres and upward, so numerous ten years ago, are fast disappearing. The tide of immigration to the western plains during the past five years has been of such magnitude that the entire stretch of land extending from the Missouri river to the mountains has been cut up into quarter section claims or homesteads and converted into one vast agricultural garden, compelling the ranchmen to seek quarters in the mountain villages over in the Indian territory and the Texas Panhandle. In the state of Kansas there are no big farms to speak of, and in Nebraska there are only three or four, the largest belonging to Hon. John W. Bookwalter of Ohio, which is said to contain several thousand acres, used principally for grazing. In the Indian territory, however, there are some big farms, but the land is not open to settlement, large tracts of 500 to 10,000 acres being held under lease from the tribes. The biggest farmer in the territory," said Mr. Albert Dean the Cherokee strip stock inspector, who is in the city, "is Mr. Frank Murray, who last year cultivated 5,000 acres of corn with an average yield of twenty-five bushels to the acre. Murray is a typical Irishman with not a drop of Indian blood in his veins. He came into the territory several years ago and became a subject of the old treaty by which all settlers in the territory at that time were made citizens. He is a very shrewd, hard-working man and has quite an influence over the natives. His big corn field lies in the beautiful Washeta valley, about twenty five miles from Purcell. The greater portion of last year's corn crop was fed to cattle and hogs during the winter, which were marketed principally at Kansas City. The outlook this year is very favorable for a big corn crop and Mr. Murray will probably put in 6,000 acres. "Mr. Smith Paul, of Paul's Valley, is said to be the pioneer farmer of the territory. He is a native of North Carolina and until a few years ago he cultivated the largest tract of land in the valley. Of late years he has turned his farm over to his boys and each is doing an extensive business. "Probably the largest individual cattle owner is Mamford Johnson, a half-breed, who has a herd of from 5,000 to 6,000 head. Bill Williams has been foremost in breeding, and is regarded as the heaviest importer of high blooded stock in the southwest. He usually carries from 1,500 to 2,000 head of the finest grade cattle in the country. "Who are the heaviest cattle owners in the territory?" was asked. "Messrs. Dunn and Snyder of Kansas City are now in the lead, I think. They carry something like 25,000 head on their ranges. The Fairmont Cattle company of Cleveland has about 22,000 head, and there are many others carrying from 10,000 to 20,000. What is the outlook for the season in the territory?" "From all information I can gain it is exceptionally fine. The rains have brought out the grass in very fine shape and I do not think the drought or pasturage was ever so great. It is estimated that 100,000 Texas cattle are dropped into the territory for sale, grazing along the line of the Santa Fe route."

Strawberries.

B. F. Smith of Lawrence, proprietor of the South Lawrence small fruit nursery, was in the city this week, looking up the prospective market. Mr. Smith is one of the foremost fruit growers in the state and is secretary of the Douglas county Horticultural society.

Mr. Smith came to Kansas from Madison county Illinois in 1880 and located at Lawrence.

The first two or three years he met with poor success on account of not having the right varieties of small fruits suited to the soil and climate, but after careful experiments with almost every variety known, Mr. Smith has at last succeeded in finding many varieties that best withstand cold or drought. He has in all now some forty varieties of strawberries adapted to various sections of the state, twelve or fifteen varieties that are adapted to this section.

Some varieties do well in the southwest part of Kansas that do not thrive here.

The "Miner," a large, handsome berry which originated in Monmouth county, New Jersey, the famous berry county, does better here than there. This is also true of the "Parry," another New Jersey berry.

Mr. Smith has sold this year about 700,000 plants. His orders come from Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Iowa and Nebraska. He has been remarkably successful in raising small fruits and plants and has succeeded in raising plants double the size of New Jersey plants.

The best success has been met with among early varieties of strawberries with the "Crescent," the "Miner," "Chas Downing" and the "Captain Jack."

The best late varieties for this section are the "Windsor Chief," "Atlantic," "Glendale," "Mt. Vernon," and "Connecticut Queen."

Mr. Smith has a large force of berry-pickers now at work gathering crescent berries, of which he expects to have about 25,000 quarts.

In about three weeks Mr. Smith expects to begin picking black raspberries, of which he will have nearly as large a crop. He has from fifty to two hundred pickers employed during the season, which lasts about four weeks. They are paid 1 1/2 cents per quart.

The berry crop of the state, Mr. Smith estimates at about one-fourth of what the crop was in 1886, the big year for berries. In Douglas county the crop will be about one-half as large as that of 1886.

The recent frosts did much damage to the berry crop. There is a prospect of a good apple crop, but there will be but very few peaches or cherries in Douglas county.

A few days ago, in the didactic class in the State university, Prof. Williams gave a vivid description of the old-time country school in Massachusetts. There were no recitations of course. Every few minutes the exclamation "Sum!" would be heard. This indicated that some boy or girl had got into deep arithmetical waters, and wanted help. In mathematics, the objective point every winter was the Rule of Three. In assisting the pupil there were no explanations, simply a working out of the problem on the slate by the school master. No syllable was uttered on either side. In substance, the pupil was told: "There it is; now go to your seat and work out your own salvation." There was plenty of grammar, but no practical use of language. Oral spelling for head marks was the Olympian game of that period. It was common to have forty or fifty cases of dogging in one day. Not infrequently ten or a dozen boys would be marched up, and be compelled to bend over, placing their hands on a crack in the floor; then switch, switch, switch. The relations between teachers and pupils were most unpleasant; they could not be otherwise. The teacher or school-master was regarded as the common enemy and oppressor of all. Yet, we all agree with Dr. Williams in saying that poor as those schools were, they were regenerating the nation. And if the poor school of half a century ago was doing that, how much more the school of to-day, governed as it is in harmony with the benign principles of Christianity, and taught in accordance with the eternal laws of Nature. Ah! my pessimistic brother, sitting there in the shadow, sadly shaking your head over these degenerate times, and sighing for the halcyon days of yore, if your vision could pierce that mellowing haze which makes the remote past look so beautiful, how thankful you would be that the lines have fallen for your children in more pleasant places. JOHN MACDONALD.

The next United States Senate will at least be a tie, and if the democrats should succeed in carrying Oregon, the tables will be turned and they will have one majority.

Adam Badeau refused \$10,000 from Fred Grant in order that he might vindicate his honor in the courts. The probability is that he will lose the money, as he has already lost his honor.

Dr. Samuel Ashmore has the fastest horse on this side of the river.

The young men of the M. E. Church who organized a reading club last Sunday are furnishing a reading room in the church.

Several prominent north side gentlemen escorted the visiting Rock Island stockholders about the First ward yesterday afternoon.

The republican flambeau club were out for drill last night. They will go to Chicago seventy strong.

Invitation are out announcing the marriage of Miss Ada Douthitt to Mr. Fred E. Carr, on June 2, at Grace cathedral.

Sheriff Fuller left on the early train this morning for the state penitentiary at Lansing with Mrs. Burner.

The county attorney has announced his war cry to be "Let no guilty man escape," and he is determined while in office to see that the officers do their duty the city officers included.

A fishing party consisting of City Attorney Bird, Billy Sheard and another, will skip for Ninesseah as soon as the bass begin to bite, probably the first week in June.

John A. McKay, a hotel keeper of Meade Central, Kansas, who was indicted by the United States grand jury for selling intoxicating liquor illegally, was brought to this city under arrest yesterday. He gave bond in the sum of \$1,000 for his appearance.

The equipment of the Topeka Street Railway company will be one of the finest in the country, when the new cars come, about the first of June. The Fallman are building eighteen of them, and no expense is spared in their manufacture.

H. C. Denning, who in company with Dan Dugan went on a spree a few Sundays ago, and while driving down Kansas avenue met with a disastrous collision and came near being killed, was brought before Judge Isenhardt this morning. He was fined the same as Dugan, \$75. He paid his fine and was released.

Three United States prisoners who have been confined in the jail at Wichita for some time, awaiting trial were brought here yesterday. One of the prisoners, George Andrews, is charged with smuggling liquor into the Indian Territory in violation of the United States statute. The other are held, one for robbing a postoffice and the other for forging a pension check.

Colonel N. S. Goss has placed the rare specimens of desert birds, and red billed tropic birds, which he secured on his recent trip to the west coast of Mexico and the island of San Pedro Martyr, together with the two beautiful specimens of the flamingo which he secured on a trip to the Canary Islands, in a new case on exhibition with other birds. They form one of the most beautiful groups in the collection.

A horse belonging to James Riordan, a second-hand store man doing business on Kansas avenue between Second and Third streets, took fright yesterday afternoon on Fourth street near the avenue and ran west to the corner of Jackson street where he collided with a number of vehicles in the hay market and was caught before much damage was done to a delivery wagon which he dragged behind him. Mr. Riordan was in the wagon at the time the horse scared; he was thrown out. He clung to the shafts of the wagon and was pulled over the pavement in a perilous position for some distance. Strange to say, he got out of the predicament unhurt and unscratched.

"Decorations Day."

The years that have elapsed since the close of the civil war have served to obliterate all sectional feeling, and a united and prosperous nation joins in keeping green the graves of all its beloved dead. It is in this spirit that the publisher of the New York Family Story Paper has written a thrilling and pathetic romance, peculiarly appropriate to this national holiday, entitled "Faithful Lenore; or His Grave-Kept Green." In the same paper will also be found a weekly installment of the "Life and Adventures of a Showman of P. T. Barnum." Written by himself, and equally interesting to the young folks as well as head of families. These are rare literary treats, and those of our readers who are not already enjoying them will do well to obtain No. 799 of the New York Family Story Paper of their newsdealer or send direct to the publisher, Munro's Publishing House, Nos. 24 and 29 Vandewater Street, New York, and receive the paper four months for one dollar, postage free.

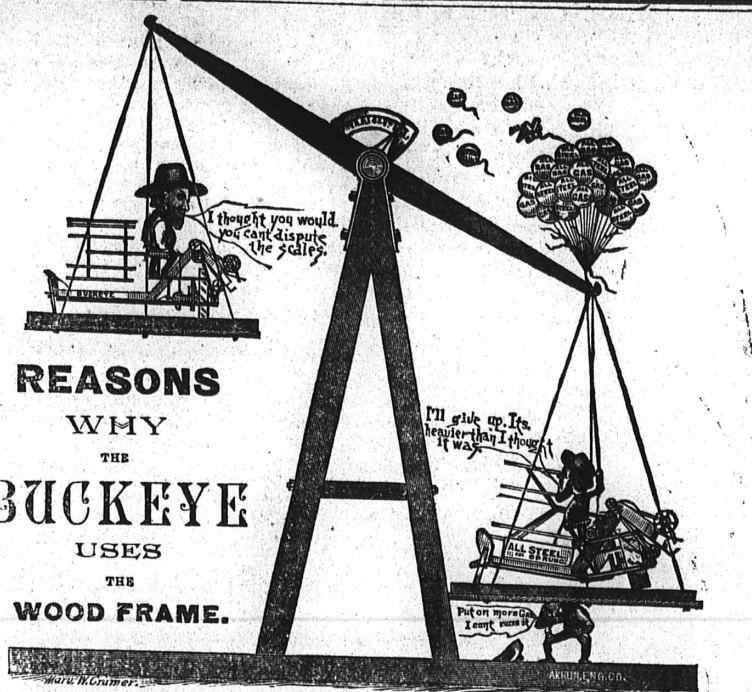
Henry George will not work with the Union Labor party, and there is some doubt as to its success.

MONDAY was the thirty-second anniversary of the death of Lawrence. The remnants of Quantrell's band celebrated it a few days in advance at Blue Springs, Mo., with beer and unseemly demonstrations. The principal reminder that Lawrence has of the event are the moss-grown tombstones of the murdered victims.—Journal.

Not the anniversary of Quantrell's raid which occurred in August 1893, not yet twenty-five years ago.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 50c, 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed, illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1595, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Sample free.



WHY? WOOD IS 15 TIMES LIGHTER

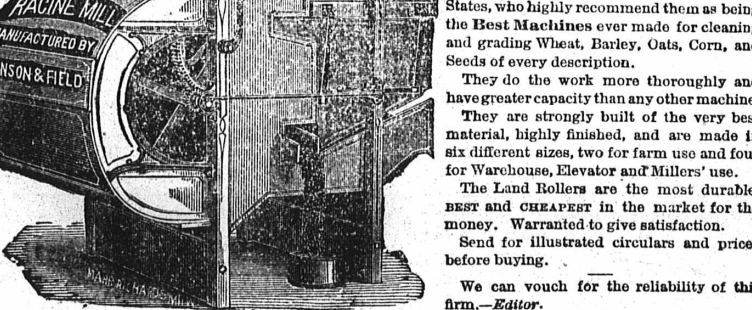
In Proportion to Size than STEEL! A Wood Frame Harvester will not bend out of line when it comes into contact with an irresistible force. Or if it should yield it will at once spring back to its original shape. Steel under like circumstances will bend, and when the steel frame of a binder is once sprung it remains bent until straightened at the shop, or is replaced by a new one. In order to give the requisite strength to a Steel Frame Machine, the weight of the machine must necessarily be increased over the wood parts. If this is questioned, let the farmer take the parts of steel substituted for wood in the so-called Steel Binders and weigh them. He will find that steel is the heavier. Or if it is not, it will be found to lack the required strength. When, to test the strength, put the wood and steel in a clamp under equal pressure, and there will be no difficulty in the farmer deciding to his own satisfaction without the aid of any smooth-tongued agents.

THE BUCKEYE BINDER has a wood frame, and is manufactured by

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