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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
EVERY SATURDAY,
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Seventy Five Cents a Year in Advance.
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The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive, and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

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A Wonderful Plant.

Iron is the most useful substance and paper bids fair to become second. It may possibly be made to take the place of wood in nine out of ten cases, and of iron for very many purposes. The remarkable feature about paper lately was the variety of uses to which it may be put. This brought up the question of supply out of which paper could be made. This problem was solved for the time by the discovery that it could be made from wood, the wood having been previously made into pulp.

Now the question of an inexhaustible supply forever is solved by the discovery that the waste material of sorghum cane affords an excellent material for paper pulp. The sorghum plant is proving to be the most wonderful in the whole vegetable kingdom in its adaption to the necessities of mankind. In this respect it promises soon to become a great vegetable trinity.

I. The seed is chemically the same as Indian corn, the king of grains. A larger number of people are today using for food the meal or flour made of sorghum seed than are using that made from either wheat or corn. The millions of Asia have so used it for centuries. A few years ago it was considered worthless by our farmers who raised the cane for sirup. Now its value as a food for stock is regarded equal to that of corn.

II. The sorghum cane is as valuable for its sugar as the more tropical or Louisiana cane. There are over a hundred varieties of sorghum and it is not yet known which are the best adapted to our soil and climate, nor has the question of manufacturing been fully solved, but no one doubts that it will be solved, and that the manufacture of sorghum sugar will speedily become one of the great industries of our land.

III. As late as within the last six months, inventors have been devising means to dry and consume the bagasse, or refuse cane after the juices have been extracted. Hereafter this refuse will be in demand at the pulp mills. It will furnish the material for the newspapers of the future, and for the paper lumber in which the fine houses of the future will be finished in imitation of mahogony, and ebony and ivory.

Here we see one of the marvelous developments of the age; how nature comes forward to supply the wants of mankind.

But a little more than a quarter of a century ago, it was a question as to what the world would do for light. Half of mankind were then groping in literal darkness, while some were relieved by the fitful glimmering of tallow candles, and the more wealthy by the odorous gleams of whale oil lamps. Petroleum solved the question and brought light, in more ways than one, and gave colors to the earth. Not only this, but it is solving the fuel question and is already crowding the wood and the coal cooking stoves into the background.

Iron is already giving way to steel, a more refined and superior product. Soon the iron nail will be a thing of the past. It may be that corn and wheat flour will yet give way to sorghum flour. It is quite certain that foreign sugar will give way to home made sorghum sugar, and we certainly pray that paper made from infected and filthy foreign rags may yeild to sorghum paper.

LOVE SECRETS.

Some of the Superstitions Concerning Heart Affairs Which Prevail in Great Britain.

A girl can "scarcely do a worse thing than boil a dish-clout in her crock." She will be sure, in consequence, to lose all her lovers, or, in Scotch phrase, "boil all her lads awa;" "and in Durham it is believed that if you put milk in your tea before sugar, you lose your sweetheart." We may add that unless a girl fasts on St. Catherine's Day (November 25) she will never have a good husband. Nothing can be luckier for either bachelor or girl than to be placed inadvertently at some social gathering between a man and his wife. The person so seated will be married before the year is out.

Song, play and sonnet have diffused far and wide the custom of blowing off the petals of a flower, saying the while, "He loves me—loves me not." When this important business has been settled in the affirmative a hint may be useful for the lover going courting. If he meets a hare, he must at once turn back. Nothing can well be more unlucky. Witches are fond of that shape, and he will certainly be crossed in love. Experts say that after the next meal has been eaten the evil influence is expended, and the lover can again hie forth in safety. In making presents to each other the happy pair must remember on no account to give each other a knife or pair of scissors. Such a present effectually cuts love asunder. Take care, too, not to fall in love with one the initial of whose surname is the same as yours. It is quite certain that the union of such can not be happy. This love secret has been reduced into rhyme for the benefit of treacherous memories:

To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better.

This love-lore belongs to the Northern mythology, else the Romans would never have used that universal formula, "Ubi tu Caius ego Caia."

These directions and cautions must surely have brought our pair of happy lovers to the wedding-day. Even yet they are not safe from malign influences, but folk-lore does not forget their welfare. If the bride has been courted by other sweethearts than the one she has now definitely chosen, there is a fear lest the discarded suitors should entertain unkindly feelings toward her. To obviate all unpleasant consequences from this, the bride must wear a sixpence in her left shoe until she is "kirked," say the Scotch. And, on her return home, if a horse stands looking at her through a gateway, or even lingers along the road leading to her new home, it is a very bad omen for her future happiness.

When once the marriage-knot is tied, it is so indissoluble that folk-lore for most part leaves the young couple alone. It is imperative, however, that the wife should never take off her wedding-ring. To do so is to open a door to immediate calamities, and a window at the same time through which love may fly. Should the husband not find that peace and quietness which he has a right to expect in matrimony, but discover, unfortunately, that he has married a scold or a shrew, he must make the best of the case.

Yet folk-lore has still a simple remedy which will alleviate his sorrow. Any night he will, he may taste fasting a root of radish, say our old Saxon forefathers, and next day he will be proof against a woman's chatter. By growing a large bed of radishes, and supping off them regularly, it is thus possible that he might exhaust, after a time, the verbosity of his spouse, but we are bound to add that we have never heard of such an easy cure being effected. The ducking-stool was found more to the purpose in past days.—*Belgravia.*

—Less than two per cent. of the area of our cotton States grow cotton, yet they produce three-fourths of all the cotton manufactured in Europe and the United States.—*Chicago Herald.*

—It is a wise provision, which insures the multiplication of our most valuable forest trees, that their seeds are winged, and so blown about or enclosed in nuts which are relished by squirrels and thus carried to new places. That a grove of beeches will almost always be succeeded by maples is an old saying.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CIRCUS NOVELTIES HIRED OUT.

Sleek Horses, Lions and Other Animals That Make Up the Required Performance.

It has always been a puzzle to the circus-goer how such mammoth shows as Barnum's and others can be maintained all the year round. When one reads of any person having so large a racing stud or collection of wild animals that even the transportation from distant lands costs a small fortune, he marvels at the outlay required not only to purchase but to maintain such retinue. Barnum's show when it visits the metropolis, has at least a dozen of the finest race-horses and hunters, and the general belief is that the sleek and fleet-footed animals belong to the great showman. Such, however, does not appear to be the fact. A reporter for the *Mail and Express* recently met one of the members of the largest importing firms in the country of wild animals, birds, and in fact of all kinds of curiosities. Referring to the matter he said:

"The race horses Barnum exhibits in his show are not his, or at least a number of them are not. You want to know where he gets them from? Well, I will tell you. The animals are rented from parties in the same business as myself for the time being. Or, in other words, when a large circus, so to speak, pitches its tent where it is to meet the eye of a critical audience such as to be encountered in New York, it is compelled to appear in a very fine suit of clothes. All the curiosities within reach are gathered together, and what the ordinary costumer does for the habitues of fancy balls or masquerades, even to the silky swallow-tail coats we do for these great showmen to whom we rent our animals, race horses and many fancy birds, as well as many other curiosities. In making our contracts we are compelled to be very stringent in the conditions, so as to enforce as much attention, if not more, to our property by the lessee than if it were really their own. Take, for instance, the racing stock. Accidents are liable to happen to horses running round the ring or taking the hurdles. To guard against any loss and protect ourselves, it is clearly stipulated that should any of the animals sustain injuries from which they may be incapacitated for a time, or their usefulness in the ring impaired for good, we place a good round sum on their heads; so large, indeed, that we at once compel the lessor to be ever careful and mindful of them.

"It is precisely the same with lions, tigers, and other valuable animals which even the careless feeding might cause us to lose. When a man stipulates to pay $2,000, $3,000, or $4,000 for an animal, in case anything happens to it while in his charge, he is morally certain to exercise the utmost care in its behalf. The rent of precious show animals is not so much but we can afford to let them out to different parties during the year.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

HEADGEAR FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Kind of Bonnets and Caps the Children Will Wear.

For little girls the straw pokes that are not usually becoming to older faces are immensely popular. They are generally very becoming to the little folks, giving a quaintness to the face and entire costume. Tam O'Shanter caps are now made of straw, in imitation of those made of cloth. Many of the new spring hats, especially those with high crowns, are trimmed with quantities of satin or velvet ribbon. Some of these are in the showy fancy plaids in high colors; some of these are of Ottoman texture, of very heavy reps, in two colors or two shades of color, corresponding in effect with the "round-and-round" in straw bonnets and hats, and some are of basket or armure shades of solid texture. The moyenage scarfs and handkerchiefs trim hats most effectively, arranged in large, full knots in front, with their pointed ends spread upwards against the crown to show the quaint design to best advantage. A new bonnet is a revival of an old idea. It has no foundation, but is drawn on cords. Even in silk it is extremely light. For the summer it will be in muslin, with Terry ribbon to match dresses and will be worn by ladies as well as children. A great many China straws are to be seen; the varying colors makes them useful to accompany costumes of different shades. The capote, or modified form of the grannie's bonnet, is still a favorite chapeau for baby girls; it is made of surah silk or some very light material. The trimming is simple, a large bow of ribbon filling in the space of the open brim in front; two loops of this bow fall on the hair on each side. On the front of the crown a second larger bow is placed or loops of ribbon mixed with feathers.—*Philadelphia Star.*

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THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

NURSE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flour!

BABY (coldly)—

How does the little bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.
Cease, then, to praise good works of such
An automatic kind.

NURSE.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For Heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

BABY (ironically)—

Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
The problems that you raise.

NURSE (continuing)—

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

BABY (contemptuously)—

Not "made to tear!" Well, what of that?
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool!
No need of Final Cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

NURSE.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!

BABY (reproachfully)—

Come, come! Away he "run!"
Grammar condemns what you've just
"done."

Should we not read: "The Piper's man
Stole a pig, and away he 'ran?'"

NURSE.

Hush-a-by, Baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall:
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all.

BABY (slyly).

This is a truth
So familiar, you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

NURSE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!

BABY (pityingly)—

Do you really wonder, Jane?
And to me all seems so plain!
Go down-stairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith to improve your mind;
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken,
You had better go and ax
Good Professor Parallax.

NURSE.

Bye, Baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the Baby-bunting in.

BABY (sternly).

The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since papa's objection
To useful vivisection
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the skin
For wrapping Baby-bunting in.

[Puts Nurse to bed. Scene closes.]
—*London Punch.*

EASTER.

The Resurrection Season One of Joy and Thanksgiving.

Former Dispute as to the Date of the Festival—How the Question Was Finally Determined—Origin of the Word.

Many of our religious festivals have a peculiarly poetical and picturesque aspect, and the idea of them is inseparable from the season in which they are celebrated—crystal clear heavens and frosty dark as a part of Christmas, bursting blossom and fragrant flower of early summer as a part of Whitsuntide's tongues of fire, while Easter, were it fixed fast by law to any day, could have no other period than that of the vernal equinox.

Yet the date of Easter has afforded ground for a good deal of schism and controversy in the Christian Church; for the day being movable, and depending on certain relations of the full moon to the vernal equinox, left some little liberty for its designation, and the Eastern Church chose to celebrate it on the day of the Jewish Passover, hoping, perhaps, to replace that ceremonial day with its Judaic converts, while the Western Church would have it celebrated only on the Sunday following the Passover; and after maintaining a friendly difference till the end of the second century, the dispute became of a different character. The Eastern Christians supported their custom by the examples of St. Philip and St. John, with the latter of whom their old Bishop Polycarp had lived, and so ought to know; for was not this the St. John who all but saw the Lord arise, the beloved disciple that did outrun Peter and come first to the sepulcher? The Western Christians quoted in support of their custom the practice of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Western Church had, in some respects, more reason than the other on their side, first because the resurrection having undisputedly taken place on a Sunday, a Sunday would seem to be the rational day for its observance, and secondly, because, owing to imperfections in the calendar, the Eastern day sometimes fell earlier than the vernal equinox, which caused the feast to be observed twice in that year and not at all in the next year, the vernal equinox being held as the opening day of the natural year. All sorts of mathematical and astronomical calculations were made, and cycles were framed by which the moon's age could be determined accurately; but the question as to whether the day should be kept according to the Eastern or the Western custom was never definitely settled in the British Church till toward the close of the seventh century, when the King of Northumbria—he through whose lighted palace hall the bird flitted, like the soul, out of one darkness into another—called a council, and decided the question by declaring that if the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were really given to St. Peter, as Wilfrid and Bishop Colman admitted, then he should do as St. Peter did, and observe Easter on the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the day of the vernal equinox, fearing to offend him who kept the keys of Heaven, lest he should, as he said, on presenting himself at the gate, find no one to open to him. The settlement of the question must, at all events, have been a great convenience, as all the other movable feasts throughout the year depend upon the date of Easter.

There is still doubt as to the origination of our English word Easter, some thinking that we have it from the old Saxon *Eostre*, whose feast day was the same, some taking it from *yst*, which means storm, and would refer to the usual stormy season of the equinox, and some again from the word *Oster*, which signifies rising; and a great deal of the poetical character of the day, apart from its religious reference, is to be found in this last signification. For the true year, beginning with the vernal equinox, that word "rising" signifies both the resurrection of the Lord and the resurrection also of all nature from its wintry sleep of death; and this recognition of the rising of nature makes the celebration one in which even they who deny its sacred character otherwise can join without charge of inconsistency.

The world over, and whether kept by pagan or Christian, the Easter season has always been one of joy and thanksgiving. How can any one restrain emotions of joy and faith, or fail to feel them, when the earth turns her reddening cheek to the sun, and the powers of light and warmth and growth gather about her on the way, when the bud starts on the stem, the birds dart to and fro in the air, and the beams of the sun are like Jacob's ladder, on which angels go up and down between earth and Heaven? Life seems to spring as freshly and vigorously in the human frame, too, as it does in the planet itself, perhaps because we are the creatures of the planet; we feel capable of new and fine things, we remember resolves and plans of old time, and fill them with our renewed life, a little while ago having no heart for them, and now finding them seem easy of performance as the blowing of a bubble; we, too, rise with the rising year, and renew some small fraction of our youth each season. In what better time could the day of the resurrection be honored than that in which all nature, animate and inanimate, joins? There is nothing, it thus seems, in the history of religious ceremonial more beautifully appropriate than the establishment of Easter in its vernal setting. As the tomb opens, all the great forces of nature rise, too, from the darkness, and ascend to light and fruition, and a strong rejoicing fills the hearts of mankind, into which, whether they would or no, enters as deep a religious gladness and gratitude that what had seemed dead is alive again. In some lands this joy is expressed by people saluting each other with the glad tidings; in that which now represents the old Byzantine Empire they fell upon one another's necks with public embraces; and in various other games, ceremonials and peculiar charities observe the day as evidences of the general rejoicing; while in all lands children stain and boil their eggs, emblems of resurrection which even the old Greek acknowledged in using the sculptured opposition of egg and dart, typifying life and death, on his frieze.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Whitehouse Fritters.—Boil in one pint of water a dessert-spoonful of fresh butter, pour scalding hot over a light pint of flour and beat until cold; add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, and, just before cooking, the perfectly light whites. Fill a skillet with lard, and, when boiling hot, drop in the batter, a tablespoonful at a time. It only takes a few minutes to cook them. Put them in a warm oven on a dry towel for a short time to dry superfluous grease. Serve hot, and eat with wine and sugar. *Exchange.*

Qualities of Sound.

Mrs. Minks—"The nurse seems to have trouble with baby to-night. He is crying yet."

"Mr. Minks—"Yes, bless his little heart. I wonder what ails him."

Mrs. Minks—"Oh! Nothing serious. How sweetly shrill his voice is! So sweet and musical."

"Mr. Minks—"Yes, I—but hark! Those sounds do not come from our nursery. They come through the walls from the next house."

Mrs. Minks—"Mercy! So they do. Why can't people have sense enough to give their squalling brats paregoric or something, instead of letting them yell like screech owls."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Japanese law compels people to sell fish alive. They are vended in tanks.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending May 2, 1885.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

"Great men can gain nothing from religion, but religion can gain much from great men."

The above sentiment has been given out and published as the expression of Dr. Newman, Gen. Grant's pastor, in reply to a question as to Grant's spiritual condition.

Dr. Newman is a prominent Methodist divine, and we unhesitatingly give the opinion that he never gave utterance to the sentence, and if it is true that he did, it indicates that his frankness far exceeds that of most men.

It affords a good text, however, to think over carefully. Whether or not it was ever uttered there are those who act their belief in the idea, and so do more to bring religion into contempt than all the Ingersolls in existence.

It is common for mankind to overlook acts in a great man, great as the world goes, that would be unpardonable sins in a poor, unknown sinner. The world is full of men whose political lives are corrupt, and whose business ways are dishonorable, but who are permitted to stand high in the church, when a poor man, or one not so "great," guilty of half the sin, would be thrust out, as a stain upon religion.

Whether we speak it or not, the sentiment attributed to Dr. Newman has become incorporated into our religious belief.

This sentiment refers to those men of intellect and power who nominally unite with our churches, but who seldom take active part in the services.

We would condemn it in such cases as subversive of every principle of Christianity. The greatest of men is as the least one of earth, or the whole doctrine of Christ's religion must go down. We are too much given to worship of fame, and intellect, and wealth already, and because of it, religion is losing much of its vitality. Dr. Newman must be painfully aware of this, and could not so far forget himself as to give utterance to an expression that could only increase the evil.

But worse than our regard for fame and position is the rank hypocricy that is growing up in the church. How many unite with the church simply to improve their business and to gain social standing, and how many flagrant iniquities of such members are knowingly overlooked because they contribute liberally showing a practically return to the sale of indulgences. Our fashionable churches are too full of both these evils. They no longer send wicked great men to hell, nor condemn those who give liberally of the substance they have stolen legally or illegally, from the poor.

Another evil we might mention, and possibly one that may prove to be the greatest, is the demand for ministers who are good money changers, or financiers, or managers. In too many cases a man who has a better talent for raising money, fitting up the church and getting it out of debt, than for preaching Christ in humility is the one wanted. Such ministers cater to the rich, grant them indulgences, and have little time for the poor. It is an evil that is insidiously undermining Christianity in more than one denomination.

An illustration of the patent monopoly may be found in the report of a committee to the Ohio Legislature. From this it appears there are 12,000 of Bell telephones in that state. They are leased to local companies at $20 each, the companies getting from $45 to $60. These instruments cost $3.25 a set, or $40,000 for those in use in the state of Ohio. On this investment the company gets a return of $240,000 per annum, not including the 25 per cent it gets for use of toll lines. If the profit were limited to fair proportions the telephone might be found in every house and every one almost could receive the benefit. The patent monopoly is one that needs adjusting. At least a maximum rate of profit might be established.

The profits on sewing machines may be imagined when it is seen that complete Singer machines of the old style on which the patents have expired, together with numerous attachments are sold for $15. Machines that still sell for $50 cost no more to make. The difference is patent monopoly.

Monday was quite generally observed as the birthday of Gen. Grant. Under the circumstances it was well enough but there is no reason why it should be repeated.

The True Inwardness.

In our Woman's Column will be found an extract from a private letter from Lucy Stone. She enquires the cause of the defeat of the equal suffrage bill in the last Kansas Legislature, as many others have done. It seems a great mystery to those unfamiliar with the Kansas politician. Mrs. Gougar who was here during part of the session is perhaps the most puzzled of any.

The Spirit of Kansas does not claim to be the especial champion of woman and of equal suffrage. It freely gives a column to the cause which is in charge of Mrs. Ellsworth. But we in no wise deny our sympathy with the cause, and affirm our belief that if but one poor woman in all this land demands the ballot, there can be no manhood in denying. This much in response to the charge that woman herself does not ask it.

But to recur to the mysterious defeat of the municipal suffrage bill. It has been said our trust should not be put in princes. To women, here and elsewhere it may be said, Put not your trust in Kansas politicians. The Irishman's flea was never more uncertain. There is no other mystery about the failure to pass this bill than the fact that politicians didn't think it would pay. The people of Kansas are sound and true, but the politician does not rise to their level. He is without principle, and seeks only to hold his position. To do this he would give the ballot to a dog or take it from an angel.

The last Kansas Legislature was perplexed as it never had been before. The great question before it was that of Prohibition. It had been elected on a double ender platform. It was clear enough that the people demanded a stronger liquor law. How not to grant this and at the same time make it appear that it had been done was the problem. Early in the session the difficulty of solving this question was not appreciated and when the petitions came in from the women of Kansas the politicians believed it might be well to encourage their representatives, Mrs. Ellsworth, Secretary of the State Association, Mrs. Gougar, and others who were in Topeka watching movements.

But the prohibition problem darkened, and finally the politicians concluded they had as much on their hands as they could manage and would take no more chances with new hobbies.

So the woman question was dropped. A prohibitory law was passed by members who had an abundance of liquor in their cloak rooms, who held drunken revelries at the leading hotels, two Saturdy nights before adjournment. The law was approved by the Governor under protest. It has closed the open saloon and opened the drug store. It is proving a law that somewhat interfers with the confirmed drunkard, and is wholly in the interest of the respectable moderate drinker, just the class to which the politicians who passed the law belong.

If the women of Kansas think there is any mystery in the fact that they were cast aside by this class of men it is simply because they have not heretofore understood the nature of the animal in whose care their cause was placed.

It is said it has been learned that brandy is good for one thing. A London fish association secretary gave a little on a feather to some carp that had been out of water four to six hours and they were resuscitated. The value of this discovery can hardly be estimated, and there will surely be a demand for brandy for this purpose.

The great piece of stupidity in the Illinois legislature is a fellow named Settig, a representative of the saloons of Chicago. He is a Republican but will not vote for Logan. His latest craze move was to declare that he considered himself paired with a democratic member who had recently died. It was appropriate enough, however, for Settig is equal to a dead man.

Remember that no one thing that a farmer can raise will do more to keep the doctors away than a supply of fruit. So plant an orchard, and set vines and plants in your garden. Eat more fruit and less pork. It is as easily raised, is cleaner and more wholesome.

It is said the potato beetles will eat larkspur and die, but the trouble is they don't eat larkspur as long as the potato vines last.

The lime of ashes is a better fertilizer than stone lime, being more soluble. One third of wood ashes is lime.

GUESTS.

How They Should Be Served—Stupid Customs Outgrown.

Not every one who can skilfully carve a joint, or a fowl, is capable of serving it. None but a natural diplomat can successfully accomplish the feat. The "eternal fitness of things" should be carefully considered by the host previous to serving his guests; and the apportioning of special parts of a dish to certain individuals should be distinctly understood and fully impressed upon the servant waiting on the table. Many a host, however, fails in this essential requisite for the perfect accomplishment of a dinner, his chief aim apparently being to get rid of the pieces before him, regardless of the sex, age or tastes of his company. A man of this kidney ought never to be allowed to give a dinner, and it rests with the guests to decide whether they will ever a second time be found seated at such a man's table.

I have witnessed at private dinner parties the most egregious blunders committed by servants. Plates containing delicacies intended for certain specified guests, given by mistake to those who neither cared for nor appreciated them; while those for whom they were intended got that which they least relished. A stupid waiter should be carved, drawn and quartered.

When the carving is done at a side table I hold it a good rule to place the dish before the master of the house, so that he, presumably knowing the tastes of his guests, can properly serve it. The custom of passing the carved meat around the table, allowing each person to help him or herself, I do not consider wise. Two-thirds, probably, of the guests—especially where the company is a little mixed as regards age and sex—scarcely know the difference between one piece of meat and another, and, therefore, naturally take that which is closest to their hand. Indeed if they knew the difference, they feel a delicacy about turning over the various pieces on the dish in search of that which they prefer. Whereas, if the host himself sends it to them, they have no scruples in accepting it. Of course the waiter should be instructed, when he receives the plates, to place them without making an error before the persons for whom they are intended.

The fashion which used to exist of passing, in the name of politeness, the plate sent to you by the host, to your neighbor, is now, happily ignored. In the old days—say twenty-five years ago—I have seen a plate of meat handed to a guest at the right of the host, pass entirely around the table until it found a resting place in front of the guest on his left side. How preposterous was this! As the plate passed from hand to hand its contents depreciated in value, and was little better than "cold vittals" when it reached its final abiding place.

Another old-fashioned custom which we have fortunately outgrown, but was once regarded as the height of politeness, was for none at the table to begin eating until all surrounding it were helped (I like the word helped in place of served.) Thereby, however, many a plate of soup grew cold e'er partaken of; and goodly slices of mutton or beef were chilled, and thus rendered unpalatable. Of course it would be quite impolite to proceed, the moment a plate of soup was placed before you, to "guzzle" it down immediately, instead of waiting a few seconds until your neighbor, especially if a lady, was served. You may employ the moment, if you be a dull man, with toying with the crust of bread before you; but if a witty one, you will critically examine, with one eye closed, the sherry wine in the glass you uphold, remarking upon the delicate perfume and the nutty flavor of a true wine—a real Amontillado of high grade—which it possesses; though in your consciousness you may privately shrug your shoulders and whisper to yourself that it never saw the land of Don Quixote nor ripened in the town of Xeres under Andalusian suns.—*Philadelphia Caterer.*

COLLARS AND FICHUS.

Description of the Airy Nothings Which will Be Worn During the Spring and Summer.

Now that so many open dresses are worn there are collars fichus to suit all figures, those that are either stout or slight who wish to brighten up their toilettes without having the neck uncovered. One eminently fitted for a slight figure is made with a narrow collar of colored silk, over which some lovely Mechlin lace is fully gathered. A perfect shower of lace falls from the collar at the throat, spreading over the chest, and another equally liberal shower issues from the waist end of the fichu.

Another pretty fichu collar is square in front, made of Mauresque lace, with a running tracery of gold, showing a lining of cardinal satin, and from either front falls a series of plaits, the longest reaching to the waist and the others growing gradually shorter toward the shoulders. It is as though you were to take half a yard of figured net and cut it diagonally in two pieces, then turn the slope with lace and plait it up.

Another fichu intended to be worn with the open zouave bodices has a collar of silk, over which lace is turned up. The front is long and graduated toward the waist, the lace being turned back upon it from either side in plaits over silk; this can be white or colored as fancy dictates.

Fichus of lace or plain tulle may be worn under low bodices for evening dresses. Some are taking shapes of half-low bodices, whilst others are merely crossed like little shawls under the bodices.

High-necked dresses have high collars, or ruches, around the necks. Collars and cuffs are made with square ends. Some of the newest are embroidered very delicately in pale-blues and reds.

Dog-collars have rapidly gained favor and are worn alike with high and low-necked dresses. Some are of plain velvet, while others are embroidered with beads and even studded with pearls, diamonds and precious stones.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Canada turns out 58,000,000 pounds of cheese every year from 100 cheese factories.

RENOVATING PASTURES.

The Importance of Keeping Up the Fertility of the Soil.

Many of our pastures, plainly enough, need renovating. These many years they have been pastured and have received no dressing except the droppings of the animals which have run upon them. Such limited fertilization is not enough to keep up the fertility of the soil, although some farmers seem to think it is sufficient. Sometimes we hear farmers say that they keep cows and sell the milk, so as to maintain the fertility of the farm. If they kept sheep in their pastures they would be able to keep up the fertility and even increase it, but keeping cows and selling the milk does not do it. The milk of an ordinary cow, in one summer, will contain about forty pounds of bone material. Ten cows would remove from a pasture, during one season, about 400 pounds of bone substance, besides the potash and nitrogen which would be carried off. In fifty years, ten cows would thus remove 20,000 pounds or ten tons of bone material from the pasture. The application of ten tons of bone flour to that pasture would undoubtedly do much to restore its fertility, and the application of enough ashes to restore the potash removed would still further improve it. If a man kept cows in a pasture, made butter, fed the milk to calves and pigs, saved all manure made by the cows, calves and pigs during the summer, and applied it to the pasture, the fertility of the soil would be well maintained, because nearly all that was taken from it would be returned. The butter, being a hydrocarbon, would cause no exhaustion to the soil.

Many of the old pastures have been overstocked for years, and the grasses have been literally starved out and grown thin of necessity, while mosses, weeds and bushes have come in to take their places. Some of this land is not worth trying to renovate. If the bushes and small trees which spring up in some of them are such as are likely to be of any value, they should be allowed to grow and cover the land with forest growth. There are many old pastures which would be worth more if covered with forest trees than they are for any other purpose. Some of the "run-out" pastures can be renovated by harrowing, re-seeding and top dressing. Barn manure is excellent for this purpose; wood ashes prove very beneficial to grass lands. Ashes contain in abundance the salts that grasses require for their growth. Mr. Charles L. Flint, in his work on "Grasses and Forage Plants," says: "Grasses are often more benefited by ashes than other crops, since they require a greater amount of the salts which ashes contain." According to Prof. Liebig, with every one hundred and ten pounds of leached ashes upon the soil, we furnish as much phosphate as five hundred and seven pounds of the richest manure could yield. In regard to the use of leached ashes, Mr. Flint says: Careful experiments by practical, conservative men show that land producing one ton to the acre has been improved by this means so as to yield three tons to the acre. Where thirty bushels were used on three-fourths of an acre, in one instance, the crop was increased more than threefold." If ashes, leached or unleached, can be obtained, there is nothing better for applying to pastures to increase the grass crop. If the pasture soil is light, sandy or gravelly, meadow mud sometimes proves very beneficial. In one case meadow mud, which had been exposed to the action of frost one winter, was spread upon a light, gravelly soil, and upon another part of the field barn manure was spread. The grass upon the part where the mud was spread was heavier and looked more luxuriant. The mud not only served as a fertilizer, but also improved the texture of the soil and assisted in retaining moisture.

Some of the pastures are so run out that it seems necessary to plow, fertilize and reseed. In such cases a very common mistake in seeding down is made by using only two or three kinds of seed, such as herdsgrass, clover and redtop or orchard grass. A greater variety of seed should be used. The natural sod in a good pasture will contain as many as fifteen or twenty different kinds of grass and forage plants, all within, perhaps, the same square yard. The kinds of grasses which spontaneously spring up in the best old pastures should be used so far as obtainable for seeding pasture land. Among these grasses are the June or blue grass, the fowl-meadow grass redtop, the wire grass, and there may be added for seeding also herdsgrass, orchard grass, red and white clover and several of the rye grasses. In regard to some of these grasses, a recent writer says: "The June grass is regarded as very valuable, throwing out a dense mass of leaves, highly relished by cattle, and from which a superior quantity of butter is made. It is found growing throughout the butter districts of the country. The wire grass is deemed one of the most nutritive of grasses, is very hardy, eagerly sought after by cattle, and is one of the best grasses for fattening. Cows fed upon it yield milk of the richest quality, from which the nicest butter is made. It flourishes well upon gravelly knolls and in shaded places, and its stem is green after the seed has ripened. It is found growing in all parts of the country. The advantages of sowing a large variety of grasses in seeding pasture land are that a larger quantity of feed will be produced and a succession of grasses throughout the season will be secured.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

—A young man went to a farmer's house a few miles from town to spend the evening with the father's charming daughter. His horse was unhitched and fastened securely in the stable. The young man lingered long and late, and left the presence of the young lady with the remark that as soon as he hitched up his horse he would return and kiss her good night. While getting his horse the mother of the young lady got up and drove her off to bed. The mother stood by the fire warming herself, when in rushed the young man and in great haste kissed the old lady. He soon found out his mistake when the old lady made at him with the shovel.—*Marietta (O.) Journal.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Japan now has in round numbers 30,000 common schools, 3,000,000 pupils and 84,700 teachers.

—Out of the last graduating class in Princeton Theological Seminary eight go to the foreign missionary field.

—Piano-tuning has been added to the course of instruction for women in the New England Conservatory of Music.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, holds that the ability of people to handle their mother tongue is a very good test of their education.

—Texas has set apart thirty million acres of land to provide for general education. This is as large as the whole of England.—*Chicago Current.*

—Miss Alice E. Freeman, the President of the Wellesley College for Women, was graduated there in 1876, and is only twenty-eight years of age.

—There is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year. It acts very much like the average small boy on his way to school.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It is certainly indicative of the prevalence of a true American spirit among those who control the policies of the colleges of the land that twenty-three of the members of the Senate are college graduates.—*Current.*

—The *Journal de Rome* says that a mistake has been made in announcing the present year as the semi-centennial of Pope Leo's ordination to the priesthood. The half century will not be completed till 1887.

—The rector of a certain London parish has not been seen within the limits of the parish within seven years. His income from the parish is £1,100 a year, while his duties are delegated to a curate at a salary of £175 a year.

—A minister recently made the following annoucement to his congregation: "Next Saturday morning the Bishop will be with us and will deliver the sermon. May the Lord help and strengthen us all."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—White haired old Dr. Curry, of the *Methodist Review*, has a characteristic word to say on the vexed question whether the minister should read the hymn through to the congregation or content himself with announcing the number and reading the first two or three lines. "So far," he remarks, "as the stirring up of the mind to spiritual thoughts and aspirations is to be sought for in public worship, about the only available good to be derived from the hymns must come from their being heard from the pulpit rather than from the organ loft."

—As a result of a contest extending over several years the San Francisco Board of Education has decided that the position of any female schoolteacher who marries becomes vacant. Another rule adopted by the board abolishes corporal punishment in grammar and primary schools except by the principal, and he is forbidden to chastise pupils on the same day that the offense is committed. The rule also provides that no cruel or unusual punishment be allowed, and that there be no corporal punishment in high or evening schools or upon girls in any grade.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Wild oats that are sown in the heydays of life are often reaped in the hades of eternity.—*Whitehall Times.*

—"It is as much the duty of good men to protect and defend the reputation of all worthy public servants as to detect public rascals."—*James A. Garfield.*

—Better for an individual to stick to that which which he knows all about than to be tempted into an unknown enterprise by alluring promises of glittering gains.

—"I should have been named Reflection," groaned a battered tramp, as he tightened the belt around his hollow waist. "I find there is more food for reflection in this life than for anything else."—*The Judge.*

—"Can you give me a definition of nothing?" inquired a number seventeen school teacher. "Yes, mum. It's a bunghole without a barrel around it," shouted little Ted Saunders, whose papa is a cooper.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—If you are poor there is one consolation—your heirs will not go into court to prove that you were an imbecile during your childhood, an idiot at the time of your marriage, and a gibbering lunatic for years before you died.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Bet you the candy she didn't," said Amy to Mildred, in the midst of a heated discussion about a schoolmate; "Money talks, you know." "You mean to say that currency converses, do you not?" corrected the High School girl.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Civil Service Examiner (to colored applicant for the situation of letter-carrier)—"State the distance from London, England, to Calcutta, India, via the Suez Canal." Colored Applicant—"Say, boss, ef yo'se gwine ter put me on dat route, you kin disremove my applicashun offen de book."—*Exchange.*

—A man called on a druggist for something to cure headache. The prescription clerk promptly clapped the ammonia bottle to his nose and nearly stifled him. On recovering his forces he made a wicked punch at the clerk's head. "Hold on," remarked that individual, "wasn't I quick about it, and didn't I cure your headache?" "Headache be hanged," exclaimed the man, "it's my wife's got the headache."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Tired of life.—

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay
Where men with their bills chase me round all the day;
There's enough in this world, with each worrying ill—
Its babies, its failures, its doctors who kill—
Without an Icthyosaurus
To come round and bore us
From morning to night with his fearful long bill.

—*Rockland Courier.*

—Justice (colored)—When I said dat de man wasn't straight what did you say? Witness—I said dat's so. Justice—And when I said dat de man was crooked what did you say? Witness—I said dat's so. Justice—And when I said dat de man wasn't upright what did you say? Witness—I said dat's so. Justice—And now you swear you didn't say de man was dishonest? Witness—No more I did. I fought you referred to de rumatics dat de man had.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

SHYING HORSES.

The Habit Usually the Result of Constitutional Peculiarities.

There are many troublesome habits of which horses can be entirely cured, but the shying horse may never entirely overcome the faulty habit. The question is asked: Why make an exception in the case of this particular fault? Simply because it comes of constitutional peculiarities inherent in the animal, and will only die with him. The habit may, to be sure, be partially overcome but is very likely to manifest itself under certain circumstances. The causes of shying are, we may say, first, timidity; some horses are constantly haunted with the idea that they are in danger of being hurt. They are said to be nervous, but this only in part explains the trouble, for a horse may be nervous in the direction of excitability—desire to rush ahead—pulling on the bit. He may show it in restlessness when hitched by pawing and stepping forward and back the length of his hitching-strap, and in other ways, and yet not have the habit of shying. Some say that the horse, in his mental composition, has very little in common with the master. No error could be greater than this. One of the business men's best and most reliable safeguards against losses, through bad bargains and bad debts, is the sentiment of caution. An excess of this gives rise to fear—fear where no danger is present. Fear of danger in the man is a sentiment, excited to activity by a consideration of certain objects or circumstances that are imagined or supposed to have danger in them. This, in the man, is not instinct, yet it is just as near being instinct in the man as in the horse. Then, again, there is the faculty of close observation, which certain individuals have. The man possessed of this in liberal measure, when traveling, sees and remembers objects passed on the road. At the end of a journey he can describe every object of note passed. He may have a traveling companion, who, at the end of the same journey, can describe nothing he has passed upon the road. Many horses go over a strange road, appearing to take no cognizance of anything. Another horse may follow that sees every object, and if he should return over the same road, he will seem to anticipate his approach to every object that has, in an especial manner, attracted his attention. If a horse having this strong trait of observation has large caution conjoined with it, he will, nine times out of ten, have the habit of shying. Thus, a horse with caution, and a faculty for seeing everything he passes, having been startled by a piece of paper, or a tumble weed being blown under him or against his legs, may never get over shying at those particular objects. He may have stepped upon a broken hoop, as we knew a timid horse to do, this flying up and striking sharply against his legs, and ever after, that horse would shy at a piece of hoop.

Many a horse that shies at a loose piece of paper will go up to a locomotive, or fire engine, without fear. He has become gradually accustomed to the locomotive, perhaps from seeing it pass daily through the farm on which he was reared, while he may have been startled unexpectedly by some trifling object, at which, mainly through cultivating a timidity born in him, he forms a fixed habit of shying. It is not alone the horse that shies. Man makes a semi-circle around any object he wants to avoid. All animals do the same thing. Birds, in their flight, circle around suspicious objects. In all cases this circling around to give a wide berth to objects considered dangerous, comes from fear, and shying in the case of the horse has origin from the same sentiment. The cure, if cured he ever is, must come through convincing his judgment—for the horse has intelligence and judgment—that his fear of danger is groundless, or at any rate greatly magnified.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

EGG PRODUCTION.

Hens Will Lay if They Be Given Egg-Producing Material.

There is such a thing as inducing the hens to lay by giving them the material with which to do so. Instinct naturally teaches the hens to lay and bring forth their young under the most favorable conditions only, and hence, like all the feathered tribe, spring is the most appropriate and proper season, for then the body is more easily kept warm, and the young more carefully nursed. As the hens are always inclined to lay on the approach of warmer weather they may be induced to lay by giving them advantages favorable to those of spring. In the first place they must be sheltered from the cold winds and driving storms. The hen that has to hide away in some retired nook in order to keep warm can not lay because nature refuses to admit of reproduction under adverse circumstances. Artificial warmth is as highly appreciated by her as natural heat, and she obeys the inclination induced by the condition afforded, and, being in an atmosphere favorable to the purpose, lays her clutch of eggs and attempts to hatch out a brood. The warmth which is so essential consists of that which is created within her body by the food allowed. She is literally a stove, consuming fuel, and creating heat by consumption. When the heat is created the essential requirement is to retain it. To do this she must have a warm and comfortable place both day and night, and the food must consist of all the elements necessary to form an egg, as it is secured by her in the spring. Hence corn, wheat, oats, a proportion of meat, ground bone, ground oyster shells, and green food, such as cabbage, boiled roots, chopped onions, etc., must be given in order to afford a variety. When the hens are thus provided for and allowed a dust bath, plenty of fresh water, and a place for exercise, there is no reason why they should not be induced to lay during this season, for to them spring does not consist in a change from winter to moderate weather, but a period during which they can best promote egg production, due to better and more favorable conditions.—*The Poultry Keeper.*

—For some purposes oats have as great feeding value per pound as any grain, but it is not for laying on fat or furnishing cream and butter from milk.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Ed. Buechner, City Meat Market.
Dealer in choicest fresh and salt meats, poultry, game, fish, etc
406 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

Parker's Bakery,
Bread, pies, cakes, confectionery, and best place in town for a good lunch.
406½ Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

J. D. Pattison, Stoves.
Dealer in hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, edge tools, etc.
440 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

W. H. Moody, Barber,
Shaving, Shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style,
427 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

J. C. POND, Boots & Shoes,
Manufacturer's Boot & Shoe Store. The best goods at lowest prices.
429 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

JNO. SEMPRES, Blacksmith.
Plows, Listers, Cultivators, Machinery and Emery Polishing.
407 Railroad St. Nor'h Topeka.

E. H. OLVER, Meat Market.
Fresh and salt meats always on hand, Vegetables and game in season.
602 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

W J Wetherholt & Co. Grocers.
First class, fresh goods, the best and cheapest to be had for the money. Figures down to such a point that all can afford to buy.
604 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

GEO DOWNING, Photographer.
Until May 1, I will make first class, Cabinet Photographs for $3.50 per doz. The German Language spoken.
197 Kansas Avenue, Over Barnums. South Topeka

W D VOLK, Blacksmithing & Wagon Making.
Plow Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.
102 Jackson Street, South Side.

CHINESE Laundry,
Best family washing and ironing done at lowest prices.
267 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

A. ADLER New Meat Market.
Dealer in fresh and cured meats, fish, poultry. A trial solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
4 6 Kansas Avenue North Topeka, Kansas.

J C BLACK, House & Sign Painting
Graining on all kinds of wood. Kalsomining and paper hanging. Glass setting a specialty.
75 East Sixth Street Topeka,

JOHN WORTH, Furniture
Manufacturer of furniture and fine cabinet goods. Furniture repaired and chairs reseated.
4th street, between Jackson and van Buren, Topeka.

G. I. STROUSE, Grocer
Dealer in staple and fancy groceries, butter, eggs and produce, Grain and feed on hand,
606 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

E. B. WHALEY, Subscription Books.
Standard Subscription Books.
104 East 4th Street. Topeka.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The exhibit of Art Needlework at 259 Kansas Avenue by the pupils of Miss Evans is especially fine and reflects great credit upon both teacher and pupils.

Among the many beautiful articles is a set comprising a Table cover, Tidy and Ottoman, the work of Mrs. A. H. Gilman. The table cover of green felt has a bunch of flowers in each corner, in one nasturtiums, another, apple-blossoms, the others, bunches of dogwood and poppies. The Ottoman is embroidered with woodbine, the tidy with wild roses. These pieces particularly the tidy, are remarkably well done.

Mrs. W. H. Gavit exhibits five articles. An easel piece of coxcombs, goldenrod and sumach, handsomely framed in dark red and old gold plush, a table scarf of brocaded velvet scotch thistles on one end, and buckeyes on the other. Also a plaque of ribbon work in arasene, and a plush palette with pond lillies is very beautiful. A dainty little bannerette of apple blossoms on blue satin is likewise the work of Mrs. Gavit. Mrs. Sproat has a table scarf of old gold felt embroidered on one end in woodbine, the other honeysuckle. Also a tidy with apple blossoms. These pieces are finely done.

Mrs. Clarence Skinner has a handsome slipper case of plush and arasene, also a piece of ribbon work and arasene on plush.

Miss Mayo has a satin pincushion embroidered in apple blossoms which is very pretty. Mrs. Tomlinson has a felt table scarf of darned work. Mrs. Wakeman a sofa pillow worked in arasene. Mrs. Hentig has a large easel piece, a mullen plant on dark red sattine framed in ebony and gilt. This piece seemed particularly well done, especially the shading of the leaves evinced a great degree of careful painstaking work. Mrs. Hentig also has a linen table scarf worked in roses and nasturtiums. Miss Annie Gordon exhibits a plush book, a table ornament, embroidered in arasene and ribbon. Miss Marshall has two shelf lambrequins worked with silk.

These beautiful specimens of needle work will be on exhibition a short time longer at 259 Kansas Avenue It is really surprising how much excellent thorough work has been accomplished by Miss Evans's pupils in the short time they have been under her instruction and the result must certainly be gratifying to both.

New, nobby and latest styles in millinery and hair goods, just received at Mrs. E. C. Mecalf's **239 Kansas Avenue** Remember this is the place for the latest styles and lowest prices.

Mrs. Evans, a professional nurse of large experience, offers her services to the ladies of Topeka. Any one desiring careful, faithful attention will please call on her at 233 Jefferson street.

Go to Madame Marmont's at the corner of **Fourth & Kansas Avenue**, for the latest styles and Lowest Prices in Millinery.

Old Probabilities deserves a patent or to be transported for having combined during the past week the weather of December, March and April and such weather for opening week. This years display of Millinery at A. C. Elders 259 Kansas Avenue is brilliant and bewildering. The straws are beautiful and in almost every shade both in bonnets and hats. The round hats are unusually pretty, their beauty depending upon the style of trimming rather than the quantity. There are so many styles of little bonnets that each may be suited. Some of the bonnets are trimmed profusely with flowers, many of them clustered in pompon or aigrette style while tiny flowers are used as a border on the brim of a bonnet. Mrs. Elder and her able assistants had arranged their rooms beautifully, a lovely floral parasol ornamented the window and was the admiration of passers by. At this establishment ladies may be sure of prompt obliging attention, and competent assistance in that most difficult of all selections, the choice of a new bonnet.

Special.

Ladies wishing to purchase Millinery will do well to call at C. S. Whitted's, 178 Kansas Avenue before making a choice, and inspect the fine assortment of bonnets and round hats there to be found. New and choice goods carefully selected for the season's trade, flowers, ribbons and trimmings in endless variety, and at less prices than ever before offered for such desirable goods. They will be found in great profusion, and of very latest style and first class in quality. Remember the place, 178 Kansas Avenue.

We are prepared to do the neatest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in prices.

The Spirit to next January for 30 cents, and if you want to send one copy to a friend back east the two for fifty cents. What do you say?

Spring Millinery.

At her Millinery Rooms over Hay & Gammon,s Dry Goods Store on Kansas Avenue, Mrs. Hutchinson has just received a new and stylish lot of Spring goods.

The style, finish and quality of this millinery is all of superior excellence. Good articles, choice goods, and rare workmanship, one can rely upon getting here, together with a faultless and elegant style, and "style" is considered quite as desirable as good material. Without it, the best of material is too often "dowdy" and we assert that for same quality of goods her prices are as reasonable as the "cheapest" fir in the city.

Although Mrs, Hutchinson makes a specialty of the best and cheapest goods, yet any grade, quality and price may be found in her establishment.

Gov. Martin's proclamation prohibiting the shipment of stock from Missouri into this state is very timely Pleuro-pneumonis has developed in Callaway county and no steps have been taken to prevent its spreading.

The May Magazines.

THE ART AMATEUR for May contains a charming colored plate—the portrait of a beautifnl boy in picturesque costume—velvet jacket, lace collar, and cap with feathers—with a decorative floral border by Dora Wheeler. Attractive designs are also given for a desert plate, a panel of carved wood —white oleander,—a brass plaque and a variety of other decorative work. An illustrated notice of the principal American pictures to be shown at the coming Paris Salon is of special interest. Specimen copy sent to any address for 25 cents; regular price 35 cents; per annum. $4. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Three Valuable Books Free.

The two little books advertised on our last page entitled "Scribner's Log Book" and "Fishers Grain Tables" are needed by every farmer. The price of the two is 65 cents, and a million copies have been sold. They are bound in stiff boards in serviceable manner. We have a limited number only, taken in exchange for this advertising, but so long as they last, we will give both of these books and also a copy of Dr. Footes Health Hints price 25 cents, to every one paying 75 for the Spirit one year, or 90 cents worth of books as premuims to each 75 cent subscriber. If to be sent by mail, 8 cents must be added to pay postage. All who want these books how ever, must apply soon as we cannot fill orders after our supply is exhausted.

We also have on hand Afflicks Farm Record and Account Book, a very valuable book for farm use, containing a a place for Daily Record of passing events for every day in the year. Maps of Farm, Garden and Orchard Records of every thing raised, receipts, expenses, increase of stock, everything bought or sold, blank pages for receipts and contracts, balance sheets, &c., with several pages of useful recipes, information and reference tables. This book has been sold largely for $3.00 each. Our readers are invited to call and see it. We have a limited number, and while they last we will give one copy to any one getting us ten subscribers to the Spirit at the club price of 60 cents each. Or we will give one copy and the Spirit one year for $2.50.

We also have a very few copies of "Diseases of Live Stock" advertised on the fourth page of this paper. It is the cheapest as well as most valuable book of the kind ever published.

All of our farm readers should have one.

We can make no stunning offer with this book, but will give a copy with twelve subscribers at 60 cents each or twenty subscribers at 50 cents each. Or to any one paying the regular price of the book we will give the Spirit free one year.

Send 30 cents and get this paper weekly till the first of next January, get good seed, cultivate thoroughly, avoid tree peddlers and buy of your nearest nurseryman, and don't forget that a good kitchen garden is the most profitable acre on the farm.

DO YOU KNOW

That you can get the most popular and most readable weekly paper in ht west, now fifteen years old, for only

60 CENTS A YEAR?

Or two copies for $1,00, which is less than half the usual cost. But it is a fact and explains why there is such a rush of subscribers from far and near, for that old timer, the

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

You will do well to take one copy and send another east as many are doing. The Spirit is working to build up Kansas, and therefore it aims to become, in every home,

A HOUSEHOLD PET.

The women an children prize it, and feel that they will not be without it. It scorns the deceptive ways of the political managers and it will cast party politics

TO THE DOGS,

And wait till something is developed. Meanwhile it will be independent, not neutral, and ready to wing an arrow at any wrong. The era

OF COSTLY PAPERS

Has passed, when one can get such a great newspaper as the Chicago Weekly News for One Dollar. With its 8 pages and 56 columns it contains three times the matter of the Spirit and each number is a volume of news and miscellany. We have been told that the Spirit is too cheap, but we are ready to send any number with the Chicago News, both papers every week, for one year, for $1,25, a rare bargain, indeed Now, if you please,

A WORD TO YOU.

Reader, you personally, we mean, we want to enlist you in behalf of the Spirit. Take it and it will do you good Send one east and it will do Kansas good, and make some one happy. So shall you be doubly blessed. We want your name and your neighbor's name. When five of you chip in 40 cents each pays a year. Don't be frightened at the low price, nor let any one convince you that we can't stand it. We undertand this business. Our price means cash. You only pay for your own paper and not for some other one who does not pay. After over twenty years' experience, we can testify that a publisher who credits out his paper at $1,25 fails to get more net cash from each subscriber, on an average, than we do. You pay a double price: others pay nothing. There's the whole secret. We now ask that you

TO GIVE US A LIFT.

We do not fancy three month's subscribers, for it makes work keeping accounts, but it does as bait to catch readers who become permanent subscribers. Hence we send it three months on trial, for one dime, or three for a quarter and no chromo. We would like to send all your neighbors free sample copies. and if you will send their names and postoffice, we will send you two copies for 60 cents, or if you are now a subscriber, one more copy to any address, one year, for 30 cents. The Spirit is now fifteen years old and going on sweet sixteen, so no new thing.

COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTERS.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH

A Wife Murderer Found Guilty.

PETERSBURG, Ill., March 11.—Special.—The trial of Charles Houlden, charged with murdering his wife, March 22, 1883, has just closed with a verdict inflicting the death penalty.

Charles Houlden lived about five miles below Petersburg. March 22, 1884 he went home and began to break up the chairs, Mrs. Houlden called her daughter Luella, a girl of 14, and her son Oscar, and declared her intention of visiting the house of a neighbor, a quarter of a mile away, and began to draw on her wraps. Houlden then procured an ax and struck his wife on the head three times. Oscar grasped Houlden's hand, took away the ax and threw it into the yard. Houlden went out in search of it and came back with the large, keen blade of his pocketknife glistening in his hand. Mrs. Houlden was upon her knees engaged in prayer. The demon seized the dying woman and cut her throat from ear to ear and being interrupted by the boy again started out the door. Observing that his wife still clung to life, he went back and cut her head from her shoulders and stabbed her twice in the side. Houlden was found next morning beside a haystack with his throat cut.

Upon reading the foregoing dispatch it can be barely possibly that the most incorrigible opponent of woman suffrage would contend that the late Mrs. Houlden was fairly represented by her husband. During the year 1884 in the United States of America one hundred and eighty-five fiends in human shapes engaged in the blood-curdling pastime for which Charles Houlden will soon pay the death penalty. History does not relate what number during the same time were engaged in the occasional amusement of cherishing and protecting their wives by inflicting upon them corporal punishment. The fact that several State Legislatures, thoroughly disgusted with the frequency of wife beating, seriously contemplated a return to the whipping post as the only efficient remedy leads one to the conclusion that the race of wife-beaters is by no means extinct.

Unfortunately the last census furnishes no record of the number of those who vary the monotony of domestic harmony with occasional physical discipline, and we are therefore unable to form any accurate estimate of the number of these brutes now in existence; but whenever you do find one you will find a strong opponent of woman suffrage who will strongly protest that married women should not be allowed to vote because they are represented by their husbands, and because placing the ballot in the hands of woman would destroy the peace of the family. To such creatures as these is given a voice in all affairs of government while an intelligent, well educated and refined woman is cooly informed that she is not fit to vote. It is scarcely credible that men who are disposed to be fair and just, will sanction the with holding of the ballot from woman when it frequently happens that her dearest interests are determined by votes of these men who are least qualified to exercise the elective franchise.

How long will woman endure this condition of affairs? Is it not folly to petition longer for the ballot? Has not the time come to demand it?

Letter From Lucy Stone.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL,

DEAR SIR: Thanks for your kind letter of the 10tht It is worth a great deal to us women to know that men who hold the place of power, are ready and willing to help us in this unequal strife for equal rights, and we are always grateful to such men.

We saw a few copies of the "SPIRIT of KANSAS" during the winter, and we were much pleased with it.

We were greatly disappointed that the question was slipped over in the Kansas legislature. What was the "true inwardness" of that?

In 1867 I went with Mr. Blackwell through 42 counties in Kansas speaking for the Amendment. We found everywhere a very kindly feeling and it seemed as though we should carry the Amendment, but it was lost.

A state like Kansas whose women took their full share of the peril of Border Ruffian times should make haste to relieve women from the stigma and the injustice of a disfranchised position. The "SPIRIT of KANSAS" will help to do it, I am sure.

Very Respectfully yours

LUCY STONE.

WANTED, AGENTS.
A Good Manager in each county in Kansas to superintend canvassers for salable goods. Unusual inducements offered to good men. Business permanent and profitable. Waste a postal for particulars. It will pay. Address SPIRIT OF KANSAS AGENCY. Topeka Kansas.

SCHOLASTIC SAUSAGES.

A New and Shorter Catechism for the Benefit of Teachers and Pupils.

Question. Is the small boy always benefited by being filled with facts and figures? Answer. He is not. He is, on the contrary, often overloaded with them, as is his stomach with plumcake, and the result of both doses is to make him a dull boy.

Q. How much should a small boy learn at school in a day? A. As much as he can take in easily and pleasantly, and no more. In fact, knowledge can't be forced into him as is the gas into soda-water. Or if so forced it won't stay.

Q. Should learning be made pleasant for the small boy? A. It should, and for the same reason that his bread, cake and pie are made pleasant to his taste. He will not absorb learning if it is made to taste like rhubarb, and that is one reason why so many boys and girls get sick of study at school.

Q. Whose fault is this? A. It is the fault partly of the teacher, partly of the parent, and, more than all, of the system which forces the same kind of intellectual pie, cake and pudding down the throats of all boys and girls, whether they like it or not.

Q. What, in some respects, does our educational system resemble? A. An immense sausage-stuffing machine. Machine—the system; sausages—the boys and girls; men who run the machine—the teachers.

Q. What sometimes happens if the scholastic sausage is crammed too full? A. The skin bursts and the small boy dies. Or if he does not die his mind is crippled for life through the overcramming.

Q. Does a "well-stored memory" argue a well-organized mind? A. No. A man may be able to parrot the whole dictionary, and not be capable of taking charge of a peanut stand.

Q. How may such an overloaded memory affect the small boy's mind? A. As an overdose of plum-pudding does the small boy's stomach—renders it heavy, and unable to act vigorously.

Q. What do such heavy loads of book knowledge frequently make of people? A. Bores, who are always trying to stuff others as full as themselves of the dead weight of facts they carry.

Q. What is the result of overstudy to many of the children in our schools? A. Premature spectacles.

Q. Visually into what may this soon develop the race. A. Goggle-eyes.

Q. What is inquiry to the child's eye from overstudy equivalent to? A. Smashing a man's toes in training him for a foot-race.

Q. But must not small boys and girls be forced to learn to keep them from ignorance and idleness. A. If you force fruit in a hot-house to ripen you do so at the expense of native strength and vigor to the plant or tree.

Q. What is the frequent reward in practical life of a full-grown and filled sausage turned out of the college stuffing machine? A. Ten dollars a week as amanuensis or "private secretary."

Q. Why so poorly paid? A. Too much stuffing. Brain overloaded with knowledge. No room left for "gumption."

Q. What is "gumption"? A. Knowing how to use knowledge after you've got it. Some folks call it wisdom. "Gumption" knows enough to get the tool it needs, and then learns how to use it. The sausage-stuffer educational process swallows a whole shopful of all sorts of tools, and the sausage frequently spends the rest of its life in vain efforts to digest them.

Q. Would you allow the small boy to select his own studies? A. Would you not allow each tree to bear its own fruit? If the boy wants to blossom into Latin, let him; if he wants to blossom into a blacksmith, fertilize him with iron and let him.

Q. What do some "finished educations" resemble? A. Intellectual patchwork. A little of this, a little of that, and nothing in particular. Result: "Crazy quilt."

Q. Or in other words? A. A mental rag-bag. Full of fragments of all shapes and colors, but not a well-woven piece of cloth that one can make a suit of.—*Prentice Mulford, in Boston Globe.*

THE FIRM MOTHER.

Family Government Illustrated—Management of the Terrible Infant.

"George, shut the gate. Shut it, I tell you. If you don't shut it I'll whip you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she continues as she goes out and shuts the gate. "Never mind, I'll tell your father when he comes home. Don't pull up that rose bush. Don't, I tell you; if you do I'll whip you. There, you bad boy. I ought to whip you for that. Put that bush down. Put it down, I tell you."

The boy throws it down and wipes his dirty hands on his trousers.

"Don't wipe your hands on your breeches; don't, I tell you; never mind, I'll tell your father when he comes. Bad boy, don't mind his mamma."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Yes, you are."

"I know I ain't."

"Don't dispute my word, I tell you if you dispute my word I'll whip you."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you disputed my word? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't take off your shoe. Don't, I tell you. If you take off your shoe I'll whip you. There you bad boy, I'll tell your father."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Yes, you are."

"No I ain't, neither."

"Yes, you are."

"I ain't."

"Don't dispute my word. If you do I'll whip you. Put on that shoe. Put it on, I tell you! If you don't put it on I'll whip you. Bad boy not to put on his shoe when his mamma tells him. Never mind, you shan't go out in the country with me."

"Don't want to go."

"Never mind, when you see the horse hitched up to the buggy you'll want to go."

"I'll be good."

"Well, be good, and you may go. Don't tear your sleeve! Don't, I tell you! Didn't I tell you not to tear your sleeve? Say? Never mind, I'll make you sorry for it. Don't put that thing in your mouth. Stop it, I tell you. Throw that nasty thing down this instant or I'll whip you. Threw it down, I tell you. Never mind; you shan't go with me. People will say: 'there goes the lady without the little boy.' Then somebody will say: 'he was a bad boy, and his mamma made him stay at home.' Never mind, sir."

"I'll be good," throwing down the top of a blacking box. "I won't do it any more. Then will you take me?"

"Yes. Let that cat alone. Put down the cat, I tell you. Didn't you hear me? Say! Put down the cat or you shan't go with me. Put down the cat, that's a good boy. Didn't you hear me; say? Never mind. There, I'm glad she scratched you. One time there was a little boy that wouldn't mind his mamma. He was a bad little boy, and when he wasn't looking an old cow came up and hooked him and the little boy cried; yes, he did."

"I wasn't me."

"But it will be you unless you behave yourself."

"Was it a great, big old cow?"

"Yes, and she had long horns. The old cow says 'moo, moo, here is the boy that won't mind his mamma,' and—"

"Did she hook him?"

"Yes, she did. She threw him up in the tree, an' the boy cried and cried and said: 'Oh, Mrs. Cow, if you'll let me get down I'll be good.'"

"Why didn't the boy hit the cow with a rock?"

"He couldn't when the cow had him up on her horns."

"Why didn't he hit her fore she got him up on her horns?"

"He couldn't for the old cow grabbed him up and threw him into the tree. The old cow says she is going all around and hook all the little boys that—"

"She can't hook me. I'd throw dirt in her face."

"That's what the other little boy thought. He said she couldn't hook him and he laughed at his mamma, but she did hook him."

"I'd make the dog bite her."

"That's what the other little boy thought, but the dog wouldn't bite her. Now are you going to be good?"

"Yessem."

"Then the old cow won't hook you. Don't throw your hat over there! Don't put it over there, I tell you. If you put your hat over there I'll whip you. I'll whip you just as certain as you do. There, you good for nothing thing. Never mind, you shan't go with me. I'm going to tell your father. You an a bad boy and I don't love you a bit. No, I won't kiss you."

She kisses him.

"You shan't go with me. Never mind, I'll tell your father."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

BOOK AGENTS.

An Editor's Observations Respecting the Male and Female Variety.

We can stand a book agent, provided he is of the masculine denomination. We are not afraid of him. We know that he is coming and can deal with him without buying his book. He may be pompous and courtly or he may be pimpled and cadaverous; his lips may be bedewed with honeyed flatteries; he may be oily and crafty in his approaches; he may modestly ask for "just a moment of our precious time;" he may say that he only craves for the use of our name, or he may charge in upon us and seek to carry us by storm. This does not matter with us. He is a man, and so are we in a small way, and we have our rights. We tell him what we will and what we won't, and that ends it.

But when she comes, then is the winter of our discontent. We bow to the storm and have no remarks to submit. All the hidden resources of our politeness are called into requisition. She is a woman and has the advantage of us. She has seen better days and has a tear in her eye. She belongs to an old family and swam in luxury in her youth. Little cares she for money; character is everything with her. She is working in the interest of literature and to lift up society. Her book is for the home circle, and is destined to ennoble the character of mothers, and in that way to add glory to our republican institutions.

She came the other day. How glib and rattling she was! She had us before we knew it. She had us setting as erect as a sunbeam in July, and meekly nodding assent to her sage observations. We neither moved hand nor foot, and, as for talking, we had no chance. She talked fast and she talked long and she talked all the time. After regaling us with the grandeur of her ancestry; the pleasures of her childhood and the surpassing excellence of her book, she touched us up. She did it handsomely. She expatiated on the potency of our influence, the value of our personal signature and the well known warmth and kindness of our heart. Greatness, she hinted, always had a tear on its cheek for the struggling and unfortunate. And there we were—dumb and foolish, a victim to her spell. Time came and went, but she went on and on and on. We felt fatigued and lonesome and wondered how it would end. Finally, she gradually descended from her circumlocutory flight and lit in the region of business. The atmosphere became commercial and it was a question of dollars and cents. She had a book for sale and desired to sell us a copy. It ceased to be a question of ancestry and the poetry and praise all faded away. The spell was broken and all we had to do was to say whether or not we would buy the book.

We did it as well as we could—we spoke in a bright and respectful tone—we even thanked her for her visit—we paid her a tribute to her brilliant conversational gifts—we wished her high fortune and a golden future, and expressed regret that it had to be so. How her whole aspect changed! She patted her foot with petulance, her face flushed, she breathed wildly and swept angrily away.

And yet truly we felt sorry for her. It hurt us to think of her hard lot and her desperate devices to stem the tide of adverse fortune. We would have bought her book, except we could not conscientiously pay an exorbitant price for a useless article.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

EASTER MORNING.

I see the sculptured altar shine
With starry crowns of tropic bloom.
Through dusky aisles a breath divine
From hidden censer seems to rise
And float aloft to Paradise,
While silently, on bended knees,
Worship adoring devotees
After the Lenten gloom.

I hear the organ's thunder-peals,
And now the joyous anthem rings;
The Heavenly solo gently steals
From that bewildering harmony
And, like a silver melody,
From vaulted roof and blazoned walls
A sweet, celestial echo falls
While this fair herald sings.

God grant that all who watch to-day
Beside their sepulchers of loss
May find the great stone rolled away—
May see at last, with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near,
And through the dimly lighted soul
Again may joy's evangel roll
The glory of the cross!

—*Julia L. Thayer.*

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A Story of Filial Love and of a Lover's Devotion.

I. THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

It was a rough winter's night. A slight sou'wester had been blowing all day long; but since the sun had gone down and it had grown dark, heavy gusts fell boisterously up and down the narrow old streets of Marseilles, as though they had lost their way. Many of the principal thoroughfares appeared comparatively deserted, as if the storm had driven most people home. Those who yet remained out of doors seemed to be bent upon reaching their domiciles with all possible speed. There was one solitary exception—a tall, powerfully built man; and upon him a gust of wind had little more effect than upon a solid rock. Enveloped in a thick black cloak, with a military cap drawn down tightly over his forehead, he walked along at a slow, measured step. He never once turned his head, even when the wind cast a stinging splash of rain full in his face. He was so erect, and strode forward in such a steady manner, that one would have supposed the weather absent from his thoughts. When he reached the quay, he crossed the road and stepped along the gangway, so close to the edge of the basin that by stretching out his hand he could have touched the rigging of large vessels as he passed. The danger, even in broad daylight, when walking so close to the edge, would have been great; but upon this pitch-dark, windy night, a false step meant certain death in the dock below.

Presently, a small boat, dimly visible by the light from a lantern attached to the bow, came slowly towards a landing place several yards ahead. When the boat touched the wall of the basin, the man quickened his pace, and on reaching the spot, looked down, and demanded: "Who goes there?"

"Prosper Cornillon," replied a voice. The voice appeared to come from a figure in the boat which resembled a black shadow in the darkness.

"Is your boat for hir

"Yes, monsieur."

There was a short pause. Then the stranger, with a *soupcon* of command in his tone, said: "I shall want you to-night, but not yet."

The boatman, having meanwhile made fast his boat, took the lantern out of the bow and climbed slowly up the steep wooden steps.

"Does the Cafe Cornillon, on this quay, belong to you?"

"It is mine and my sister's," Prosper replied.

"That is lucky," said the stranger, in a more cheerful voice. "I will sup at your cafe before we start."

Prosper Cornillon led the way, holding the lantern so that the light was thrown directly in their path.

The Cafe Cornillon stood in the center of a row of houses facing the quay. The frontage was one large window with small panes of glass, like a conservatory. Through the clean white muslin curtains a light was shining which illuminated a limited space of the roadway. Stepping forward, Prosper held open the door of the cafe for the stranger to enter. It was a snug, unpretending little cafe; long, narrow and low-pitched, like a cabin on board ship, with small wooden tables and chairs arranged against the walls. Some half-dozen persons, who looked like fishermen, were seated near the window, drinking coffee and cognac, and playing at dominoes. They glanced up for a moment and returned the stranger's salute and then continued their game. At the further end of the cafe was an open hearth, with a fire burning brightly in the center; near this hearth, engaged in some culinary operations, stood a young girl. She turned when the door opened, and an expression of surprise, mixed with curiosity, gathered in her face as the stranger advanced and politely raised his cap.

"Nina," said Prosper Cornillon, looking from the girl towards the customer, "this gentleman has hired the boat, but he wishes for a little supper before starting."

The stranger nodded approvingly. "Before sunrise I must be on board."

"The name of the ship, monsieur?" asked Prosper, stroking his dark beard and looking with keen eyes into the stranger's face.

"The Livadia."

The girl looked up with a distant, dreamy expression in her eyes. "That ship," said she, as though speaking her thoughts aloud, rather than addressing herself to any one, "that ship is bound for some Greek port."

"For Syra," said the stranger, promptly, while at the same time he removed his cloak and sat down at a table near the hearth.

Prosper Cornillon turned away and joined the fishermen at the other end of the cafe. Like a true *cafetier*, he was soon laughing with the customers, taking a hand at dominoes, and calling to his sister Nina to serve him, as though he were a customer, too.

Meanwhile, the stranger sat in silence, waiting for his supper, with his back leaning against the wall and his legs stretched out towards the fire. He was dressed in the uniform of a French Colonel, though only a man of twenty-eight or thirty at the utmost. He had a handsome, expressive face, his eyes frequently brightening with some passing thought. But when he turned his glance upon Nina, his look grew serious and sympathetic.

Few could have resisted studying the face of Nina Cornillon, not merely on account of its beauty, but because some trouble, sustained with brave resolution, was portrayed in every feature. That dreaminess in the eyes, already referred to, which seemed to indicate that her thoughts were wandering far beyond the port of Marseilles, was seldom suppressed except when she was spoken to; and when the conversation ceased, her look appeared to sink away again into the distance, while a smile would break pensively upon her lips and tears glisten upon her long black lashes.

Scarcely a word passed between the stranger and Nina Cornillon until the supper was cleared away, when "monsieur" lit his cigar and drew his chair closer towards the hearth. But when the girl had served the customary cup of coffee and was pouring out the *petit verre*, the gentleman remarked: "Shall I tell you, mademoiselle, where your thoughts are travelling?"

The girl looked with a puzzled expression into the stranger's face. "You would indeed be a magician," she said, "if you could."

"Your thoughts," said he "are traveling along the shores of Greece."

Nina started and changed color. For awhile she seemed too troubled to speak. Seating herself in front of the hearth, she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"If mademoiselle will trust me," the stranger presently remarked in a soft tone, "even though she might wish a message taken to her lover, I will promise to execute any errand faithfully."

The girl glanced up with a touch of indignation in her face. But suddenly dropping her eyes, she said, with a deep blush on her cheeks, "I have no lover."

The stranger looked grave; and as though conscious of having made a blunder, he hastened to change the subject. "I will not try any further to read your thoughts. But tell me," he added, "Why does your brother keep a boat for hire in the harbor when he has such an excellent little cafe to attend to? It seems to me that the work is too severe for you all by yourself."

"Ah, monsieur, you would not say that," exclaimed Nina, "if you only knew how anxious we both are to make money."

The stranger could not conceal a look of surprise. Such sentiments, uttered in such an avaricious tone by an humble girl like Nina, appeared inconsistent. "You mean, perhaps," he hinted "that you do not find it congenial work to keep a cafe, and that you will be glad when you can afford to retire from business?"

"Oh, no, monsieur! That is not what I meant. When we have accumulated 10,000 francs, we shall part with the money; and then—"

"Then, mademoiselle?"

"We shall begin again," continued Nina, "with light hearts; for if we ever save that sum we can purchase our father's liberty."

"What!" cried the stranger, greatly moved. "Is it possible that—"

"Hush!" Nina whispered, with her finger to her lip, as she glanced around at the table where her brother and his companions were seated over their game. "Whenever Prosper hears this subject mentioned he is like a madman. If it interests you, monsieur, this terrible disaster which has befallen us, draw your chair closer, and I will tell you in a few words how it all happened."

The stranger came nearer to Nina's side, and leaned forward in a listening attitude. His face assumed an expression of intense concern as she proceeded.

In a low voice, frequently choked by tears, the girl confided to the sympathetic stranger her sad story. "Always anxious to assist his family," Nina began, "it one day occurred to father to buy a vessel, for the purpose of trading along the coast of the Adriatic. So he collected together all that he was worth, made a capital bargain, and set sail in his little ship, confident that his venture would be successful. He had traded in the Adriatic for others for many years, and was well known as a brave and honest captain in those seas. But not many weeks passed before news reached us that all was lost." Her utterance became thick with sobs, but speedily overcoming her emotion she continued: "A letter came from father. It told us only too plainly what misfortune had overtaken him. One morning, when least expecting such a mishap, he was attacked by pirates. He made a desperate resistance, but was eventually overpowered and taken prisoner. They carried him to Tripoli. The sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. In his letter he adds that we must, therefore, relinquish all hope of ever seeing him again." The girl's eyes were blinded with tears, and for some moments she could not speak, but, by painful effort, she succeeded at last. "We are striving by every honest means in our power, to collect the money. It is a hard fight. This is only a very modest little cafe, and our profits are very small. Prosper gains a few extra francs every week with his boat in the harbor, but many years must pass before we can hope to accomplish this trying task."

"How long," the stranger asked, "has your father been a prisoner?"

"Ten years."

"Is it possible?"

"I was fifteen when he went away. At parting he kissed me on both cheeks," continued Nina, smiling thoughtfully. "Now I am twenty-five."

"Poor child!" said the stranger, with great tenderness.

"During these years we have managed to save nearly three thousand francs. Perhaps, in ten more years, if we are very fortunate, we shall be able to complete the sum, and father will be sitting in the old corner where you are seated now, as I remember seeing him when I was a child." While she was still speaking that dreamy look, which the stranger had observed already, began to reappear on her dark eyes, and she seemed gradually to lose herself in thought.

The stranger, who felt that his presence at her side was forgotten, rose from his seat with a suppressed sigh, and, crossing to where Nina's brother and the fishermen still played at dominoes, he placed his hand upon the boatman's shoulder. "Monsieur Prosper," said he, "it is almost time we started. But before we go, let us drink a glass together; if," he added, looking round—"if your friends will join us, so much the better."

The fishermen expressed themselves agreeable. So Prosper filled glasses all round. Every one rose and "clinked" with the stranger, at the same time wishing him bon voyage.

Then Prosper Cornillon assisted "monsieur" to envelop himself once more in his cloak, while Nina came timidly forward to take his proffered hand and to bid him adieu. And then out they stepped into the wind and rain, followed by the fishermen, leaving Nina all alone in the cafe, with her hands clasped and a wistful look in her eyes.

II. THE OLD SAILOR.

It was still stormy at Marseilles For some weeks owing to the gales which had visited the Mediterranean, the port has been crowded with vessels, driven in by stress of weather. In times like these Prosper Cornillon reaped a harvest; for his boat was in demand from morning till night. It was tiring work, but a generous impulse gave him energy. He was toiling with the direct object of obtaining his father's freedom.

One evening, worn out with his unremitting labors, Prosper had thrown himself down, with his elbows on the table, in the corner of the cafe near the hearth; and soon his head had sunk upon his arms and he had fallen asleep. In front of the fire was seated his sister Nina, with a weary look, too, upon her face; but her great dreamy eyes were wide open; for although late in the evening, it was not yet the hour for closing the Cafe Cornillon. At any moment a customer might enter; and some customers, if Nina was not very wakeful and attentive, were apt to grow impatient; indeed, she had scarcely less peace and quietness during the twenty-four hours than her brother Prosper. At the moment when it became so late that Nina was on the point of rising to turn out the lamps and lock up for the night, the door was slowly opened. An old sailor in a rough coat, the collar of which was turned up about his neck, mysteriously entered the cafe. He touched his slouching hat with his sunburnt, horny hand in a feeble, hesitating manner; then choosing a table near the hearth, opposite to the one upon which Prosper's head was resting, he sat down and began to stroke his long, white beard thoughtfully, without raising his eyes.

"With what, monsieur, can I serve you?"

The old man answered in a low voice, with his head still bent: "Cafe noir."

Nina hastened to place a cup of coffee before him, and when she had filled a little glass with cognac, she resumed her seat before the hearth. The girl's chair was placed with the back towards the door. On one side of her was the table at which the old man sat sipping his coffee; and on the other side was Prosper, still fast asleep. Looking dreamily into the fire, Nina seemed to have forgotten the presence of both these men, so deeply was she absorbed in her thoughts.

"This is the Cafe Cornillon, is it not?" asked the old man.

Nina started as though the voice had awakened her. "Yes, monsieur," answered the girl, recollecting herself and looking up quickly—"the Cafe Cornillon."

"Kept by Prosper Cornillon?"

"Sleeping there," continued Nina, with a little jerk of her head.

"Ah," said the old sailor, "I am the bearer of a message."

"To him?"

"Yes—to Prosper Cornillon."

"Shall I rouse him?"

"No. I will deliver the message to you."

"It is the same thing," said the girl, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. "I am his sister."

"Nina Cornillon?"

"Yes; that is my name."

The old man leaned forward, but still without raising his eyes, and said in a hoarse, indistinct voice: "You may remember, perhaps, a few weeks ago, entertaining a young soldier who passed through this port on his way to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in his boat on board the Livadia, a ship bound for Syra."

"I remember the gentleman well," said Nina, in a faltering voice. "He gave Prosper a piece of gold before parting to sustain us in our efforts to collect a large sum of money which is demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransom for our father's liberty."

"It is from this young soldier, Colonel Lafont," continued the old sailor, "that I bring the message."

Nina looked round quickly, with sparkling eager eyes. "What is the message, monsieur?"

"Well," answered the old man, speaking slowly, "his words to you—I mean to Prosper Cornillion — were words of encouragement. You must never despair! That was how the young Colonel expressed it. Because, as he argued, the day might not be far distant when your father would be set free."

"With her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the fire, Nina said: "A very kind message. How good of him to think of me!"

"The message was to Prosper Cornillon."

"To think, I should say, of my brother Prosper. But—"

"But," continued the old man, "I have not finished yet."

"What more, monsieur?"

"The old sailor, lowering his tone and speaking as though he had difficulty in not betraying some agitation, continued: "It was the Colonel's hope that neither of you would be despondent—that you would rather indulge the fancy that you had heard that the ransom demanded by this Greek pirate had been paid—that your father had regained his liberty—that he had even started on his voyage home, and was nearing the port of Marseilles—"

Nina clasped her hands and cried, in a trembling voice: "That is what I dream of night and day!"

"Imagine, then, even imagine that the ship has reached Marseilles—that it has entered the harbor. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat painfully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your cafe late one evening—a man with a gray beard and a shaky voice—"

But at this point the old sailor was interrupted. Looking round, Nina uttered a cry of joy and sprang up with outstretched arms and the word "Father!" upon her lips.

It was Captain Cornillon who had come thus as a terribly trying surprise. Yet he was so changed that even Nina had not recognized him. But the recognition was complete now. So, taking his daughter in his embrace, the old sailor kissed her as he had kissed her at their parting ten long years ago.

Not many weeks elapsed before Colonel Lafont again made his appearance at Marseilles. Prosper who happened to be in the harbor at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Cafe Cornillon as soon as he landed.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude which was shown by the Captain and his two children towards this young soldier, who, on reaching Greece, had taken active steps to obtain the old sailors release. Years passed before Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of restoring Captain Cornillon to his family For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a reward of bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he possessed in the world. But he loved Nina Cornillon. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Lafont entered the cafe and saw the girl standing by the hearth, he had never ceased to think of the dreamy face, nor of the low, passionate voice in which she had told to him the sad episode in her life.

These events happened many years ago, and Nina and her husband, Colonel Alphonse Lafont — who became a General before he was forty—should be old people now, if they are still living, but one thing is certain—on the quay at Marseilles there still stands the little cafe in appearance unchanged, except that it is called Cafe Cornillon no longer.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—Mince griddle cakes: Chop all the cold bits of meat you may have of whatever kind, cooked of course, season with salt and peper, make a griddle batter as for pancakes, lay a spoonful on the well-buttered griddle, then a spoonful of the chopped meat and part of a spoonful of batter over the meat; when cooked on one side turn, and when done serve as hot as possible.—*Hartford Courant.*

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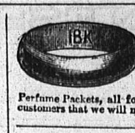

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