

State Historical S



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**THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.**  
EVERY SATURDAY.  
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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.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be 75 cents, or two copies \$1.25. Clubs of five or more 50 cents each.

**Historic Parallels. No. 2.**  
It was a favorite argument of the Republicans in the last campaign that the Prohibitionists were making the same mistake that the Liberty Party made in 1844.

It was declared that the vote given that year for James G. Birney resulted in the defeat of Henry Clay, and the election of James K. Polk. The point was made that the Liberty party had much more to hope from the Whig party than from the Democratic party; that as the result of the election of Polk, the Mexican war followed, and the area of territory given over to slavery largely extended. Then it was adroitly put in, that the Republican party was nearer prohibition than the Democratic, and therefore the Prohibitionists should not repeat the mistake of the Liberty party in 1844, but that they would do better to vote for Blaine and so defeat Cleveland rather than throw away their votes on St. John. But they failed to prove that the vote given to Birney was a mistake. It is now very clear that the vote given to St. John was no more a mistake.

The cases are quite parallel. The Whig party was no more an anti-slavery, than the Republican is a Prohibition party. In 1842 Henry Clay made his noted "Mendenhall speech" in which he declared that what ever the law secured as property, was property, and graciously invited the Indiana Quakers who advocated the emancipation of slaves, to mind their own business. Mr. Clay had never shown himself to be in sympathy with the Free Soil party, and their distrust of him was more than justified by his own conduct during the campaign. When he wrote his celebrated Alabama letter of July 27, declaring that the subject of slavery ought not to affect one way or the other, the annexation of Texas, he forfeited every claim to anti-slavery principles and put himself in harmony with the Douglas idea of a few years later, that it did not matter whether slavery was voted up or voted down. Clay was willing that Texas should be annexed with or without slavery.

Four years later the Whig party obtained power, and in 1850 Mr. Clay succeeded in foisting upon the country more of his everlasting compromise measures. The Fugitive slave law was enacted, and the Whig leaders vied with the most ultra Democrats in trucking to the Slave Power. Daniel Webster threw himself into the embrace of the slaveholders in bidding for the presidential nomination, and in bitter disappointment died near the close of the campaign of 1852.

And in this day of forgetfulness we have Republicans who presume to affirm that the Liberty party of 1844 made a mistake when it refused to support Henry Clay.

It was no mistake, and history has amply justified the action of the 66,304 voters who stood by Birney in 1844, as it will the 150,000 who stood by St. John forty years later.

We have shown that Henry Clay

was not in sympathy with the Free Soilers in 1844. So James G. Blaine was not in sympathy with the Prohibitionists in 1884. Clay was willing that slavery should extend over Texas, and Blaine had declared in favor of a perpetual revenue from the liquor traffic. The Free Soilers were opposed to the one and the Prohibitionists the other. How, then, could there be consistent fashion.

But history has vindicated the wisdom of the Liberty party. What promise has the Republican party given that is superior to those made by the Whig party of that day? We have seen that it began at once to bid against the Democratic party for pro-slavery support. But it was not superior to the Democracy as a slave party. Hardly so good. There was no room for two pro-slavery parties and the Whig party disappeared.

The Republican party has not had opportunity to speak often since the last presidential election. But in Ohio it has met in State Convention. Its voice there is not uncertain. It is opposed to Prohibition. It is for regulation and taxation, openly and above board.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says this should satisfy Prohibitionists because it is not for free saloons. It is for practical license, and that is better than free whiskey. But it is now too late for the Republican party to capture the Rum Power from the Democracy by half way measures. It has no more use for two parties than slavery had, and the more cowardly party must go under.

The action of the Ohio Republicans makes it almost unnecessary for Prohibitionists to waste their powder on that party. The Democratic party is now the bulwark of the Rum Power. It is a more open enemy to Prohibition than the Republican party, and hence more honorable.

It is a source of much satisfaction to the Prohibitionists to see the Republican mask of hypocrisy removed, and it will be a greater satisfaction to see it buried away with the dead past, so that it cannot stand in the way of the new party in its final struggle with the Democratic, Liquor Monopoly Power.

We invite it out of the way. We want to sand the decks before engaging with the Democratic Pirate.

It was the Democratic party that passed the first Prohibitory law in Maine, and many other states up to 1860. It was the Republican party that first repealed the prohibitory law in Iowa in 1856 one year after it enacted, and it was the Republican party that repealed the law in Massachusetts. Prohibition has done far more for that party than it has ever done for prohibition. We owe the Republican party nothing. Indignantly repudiate its false claims.

The Republicans have done in Ohio just what the Leavenworth Times says they must do in Kansas. In their state platform they have explicitly declared in favor of license and regulation of the liquor traffic, thus freeing the party from the burden of prohibition. That is just the way we may expect to work "within the party."

Last year the Republicans elected John A. Martin by putting a water bucket on one of his shoulders and a whiskey jug on the other, and by declaring that the prohibitory amendment was not their child. They cannot do that next year.

Ohio has a new idea. It is regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic. It must be very acceptable to the 300,000 Republican Prohibitionists of that state who voted for the Amendment two years ago.

Wonder what A. B. Campbell thinks of the Ohio Republican platform any how.

Forakers will not be enough this year to raise a Republican victory in Ohio.

License Republicanism cannot beat free whiskey Democracy in its bid for the saloon vote of Ohio.

Kansas Republican Prohibitionists believe in "personal application," especially with druggists.

We are impressed by the Ohio platform that Republican Prohibition in Kansas must give away to genuine Prohibition.

How will the Ohio license idea affect the Kansas Republican State Temperance Union? Make 'em sick or we are no prophet.

There are thousands of good democratic Prohibitionists that we shall have in Kansas when we get through with this Republican farce.

Ohio Republicans are not this year practicing the double handed game in favor of Foraker that Kansas Republicans found so successful last year. They tried that two years ago and it didn't win.

The Capital goes into, for it, quite an elaborate argument to show that the Democratic party of Ohio is more of a prohibition party than the Republican, and consequently it must be defeated in October.

Since the Ohio convention has declared for the license system, which the Capital endorses, we no longer expect to hear that plaintive lie, that the Republican party has done all for Prohibition that has been done.

The Commonwealth is as dumb as a keg of beer on the Ohio idea of taxation and regulation. As the Capital follows the party into the license theory, the Commonwealth will probably go it one worse and take up with the free whiskey democracy.

In 1851 the Democratic party of Ohio adopted the present constitution of that state in the interest of Prohibition, forbidding the licensing of liquor saloons. Since then the Republican party has been in power most of the time and this article has been a dead letter. Saloons were not licensed but were free. The party now declares in favor of regulation and taxation. Why not amend the constitution, or insist upon its "enforcement" as a Kansas Republican convention would say?

Kansas Republican Prohibition, as shown in the late prohibitory law, is modeled on the Ohio idea of regulation and taxation. The regulation is in favor of the whiskey drinking prohibitionists and the taxation is in favor of both the druggists and the Probate Judges. This is not said in a Pickwickian sense, but the Kansas regulation and taxation may be said to exist in a picayunish sense that Ohio Republicans will not imitate, for the double reason that they are more honest, and because they will not have a chance to regulate.

Now is the time to organize for next years work. Now is the time to give prohibition papers a circulation. The public mind is now less prejudiced than it will be when we get into a campaign. In forming public sentiment and in giving direction to progressive political thought, the off years and the months preceeding the artificially worked up partisan excitement are the best. Put in good work for the next twelve months in talking up the Prohibition party and is talking down the hypocritical Republican party.

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Topeka, Kansas. C. DUNN.

It will be unwise to give any encouragement to the work of the State Temperance Union. It is only a part of the Republican machine. Let Krohn and Griffin hold their own meetings, without the recognition of Prohibitionists. When they fanwingly offer their soft and plausible arguments for union, let it not be forgotten that it is such union as the wolf suggests to the lamb. It means the absorption of our party by the Republican monster that in the nation adopted the whiskey platform of 1872, has always reaffirmed it and which in Kansas approved it only last year, besides shirking the responsibility of state prohibition.

**Political Pull**

Is a rather uncertain thing to depend upon as a basis for obtaining the necessities of life. With the frequent changes of party somebody is sure to get left, so that on the whole any man of brains and ability is really fortunate if, by missing a fat public job, he is compelled to take up some such business as an agency for Dr. Foote's "PLAIN HOME TALK," which is sure to be a good paying business as long as he will devote himself to it. A really popular medical book such as "PLAIN HOME TALK" sells at all times and in all places, and often the best ground for an agency is that which has already been plowed over once or twice by an agent. There is room for all who will apply to the Murry Hill Publishing Co., 129 East 28th St., N. Y. City, and "first come, first served."

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DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for July is unusually bright and entertaining. It contains readable articles, "Among the Sea Islands of Georgia," "The Chinese Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition," both illustrated; "The Conjurial Poets," "Edward Jenner," the originator of Vaccination; "Chautaugau Lake and Chautaugau School;" and "Shall I get a Camera?" by Professor Barnard. Jenny June furnishes a paper, "Can Women Travel Alone?" and the various departments are, as usual, replete with information. The frontispiece is an oil picture, "Springtime of Love."

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## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending June 20 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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

### THE REASON WHY.

The Republican Party is no Longer Worthy of Confidence.

It is frequently said that we owe to the Republican party all that has been done for Prohibition. It is a very broad assertion. It is uttered by many who believe it to be true, and received by many who do not know it to be false.

As a matter of fact it may be stated that the Republican party has done less for the cause of temperance, not to say prohibition, than any political party in our history that has had the power to do anything.

Prohibition was absolutely nothing to the Republican party. Where it has had the power, as in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, it has failed to take any steps for the suppression of the evil.

The party has had control, at one time or another, of every state in the Union, except Kentucky, and in none of them has it adopted prohibition as a party measure, not even in Iowa, while in Kansas, it distinctly disclaimed any such credit in its last state platform.

The record is clear that the Republican party has never, anywhere, enacted an original Prohibitory liquor law.

On the contrary it has repealed the prohibitory law, in Michigan, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and wanted only one vote of doing it in New Hampshire. It repealed the local option laws of Pennsylvania—refusing to give the people a chance to vote on the question.

The Republican party has been the champion of the licensystem in the nation, and in the various states. Its last candidate for President declared in favor of making this revenue perpetual.

But further than this. The Republican party in 1872, in National Convention, put itself fairly on record as opposed to "Temperance and Sunday laws" as explained by Herman Raster, the author of the plank in question.

That platform has been approved by every Republican National Convention since then, and by every state platform, including that of Kansas upon which John A. Martin was nominated.

It is very easy to say that the Republican party has done everything for Prohibition. To prove it is another thing. The facts are that the Democratic party passed the first Prohibitory laws—in Maine as early as 1846. Subsequently it passed them in other states. In one or two states similar laws were passed by Whigs. In Iowa, in 1855, the Whigs and Republicans passed such a law which the Republicans repealed the year following.

The Republican party repealed most of the prohibitory laws that were in force when it came into power. No intelligent man pretends that the party has ever carried prohibition outside of Iowa and Kansas, and without the disclaimer of the late Republican state platform, every intelligent man knows that the Amendment in this state would have been defeated without Democratic votes, to say nothing of the still greater greenback vote cast for it. The same may be said of Iowa.

Instead of doing anything to suppress the evil, the statistics show that it has steadily grown under the protection of the Republican party. When it came into power five gallons of liquor to each man, woman and child were consumed annually. Now we drink thirteen gallons. The vast increase in the consumption of malt liquors, has not decreased the consumption of distilled liquors, as was claimed would be the case.

But this is not all. The Republican party has never been a prohibition party. It has favored the licensystem in all its National Legislation. In states it has dodged the question or has been on both sides of it. In the state campaign in Ohio in 1883, Judge J. B. Foraker made a state canvas, without committing himself on the question during the whole campaign, although 823,167 votes were cast for, and 98,050 votes against a Prohibition Amendment on the day of election.

Last week he was again nominated for Governor on a platform avowedly in favor of regulating the liquor traffic, and in direct opposition to every

principle of Prohibition. This is invariably the ground taken by the Republican party when pushed to the wall. The Topeka Capital, pretending to be a Prohibition paper accepts this platform as good Republican doctrine.

The Republican party is rivaling the Democratic party in trucking to the Rum Power, as the old Whig party did on the slavery question. But one pro-slavery party was enough, and so one whiskey party is enough. The Rum Power will prefer the Democratic party, as the Slave Power did, and the Republican party must go down as the Whig party did.

Our position, then, is this: The Republican party can do nothing for Prohibition, which is the great issue of the day. It is only a stumbling block in the way. It lacks the moral courage to oppose the liquor traffic as the Whig party did to oppose the slave traffic. Hence we must get rid of it, that all energies may be turned against the Democratic party behind which the Rum Power has gathered, although it has done much for Prohibition in the Southern States.

Those who do not believe in Prohibition may consistently belong to either, the Republican or Democratic parties, but the honest prohibitionists cannot much longer remain with either of these parties.

We see no further use for the Republican party. It has no hope for the future. For years it has been losing its hold upon the nation. Having lost once it has no possible chance to regain it, especially when it drops in behind the Democracy, and bids for full recognition for doing half the work that that party is doing.

In speaking of the Republican party, we refer to it as a party. The great body of Republican as well as Democratic prohibitionists are thoroughly honest and will desert their parties as soon as they see how false their party managers have been. We can trust the people and wait for their deliverance. Events are maturing rapidly, and soon all true prohibitionists will be with the Third Party.

### Returning to Its Vomit.

Is prohibition a phantasy or is it a reality? Do those who have been voting for prohibition in Kansas believe in the principle, and do they know that prohibition is the very opposite of license—the antipodes of all regulation of an evil that is to be prohibited, and not tolerated, and not taxed? If the Republicans of Kansas know what prohibition is, and if they believe in it, are they willing to be sold out?

The time has come when they must decide. There is no longer to be any double dealing. The Spirit of Kansas sounds the danger alarm and sends it echoing over the prairies of this great and true state.

The Republican party of Kansas, in harmony with the party through out the nation, stands waiting to sell out the cause of prohibition. There was a manifest weakening on this question in the last state convention. The campaign that ended in the election of John A. Martin for Governor, was a conscienceless campaign. Prohibition and Anti-prohibition Republicans were alike deceived. The Prohibitory law that followed was an outrageous fraud, and only calculated to make prohibition odious.

Under such conditions there is a growing sentiment right in this state that it may be as well to get state revenue from the liquor business if it cannot be prevented. This is and has been the policy of the Republican party generally, although it has been so slyly managed that many good and conscientious people actually believe that Prohibition has a friend in that party.

But now the mask has been thrown off. Ohio has boldly declared in favor of regulation and taxation. It is Anti-prohibition. Mr. Blaine congratulates Judge Foraker on his nomination for Governor, and his scheming ways are readily seen in the plan of the campaign marked out.

But the matter that concerns Kansas is found in the endorsement of the whole whiskey plot by the Topeka Capital. That paper, heretofore supposed to favor prohibition, makes a surrender to the liquor interest that ought to satisfy John Walruff or Herman Raster.

The Capital evidently speaks for the party managers. It has been known for some time, that after the present law had failed to give satisfaction an extra session of the legislature would be convened next winter, when either a constitutional convention would be called, or the Amendment be resubmitted. It was not expected that the Capital would go

back on Prohibition until a late day, but the Ohio policy has forced it into position.

The Capital has sold itself to lead the Republican party of Kansas into harmony with the National idea of regulation and taxation according to the gospel of James G. Blaine.

Having sold out the Republican Prohibitionists of the state, the question now is one of delivery.

Can the Capital and Gov. Martin take the party with them, or will this be a signal for a revolt. We shall see.

### The Ohio Platform.

We demand the enactment of such legislation as will give us the most practical and efficient measures for the regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic allowable under the constitution.

This is the Republican idea of Prohibition endorsed by the Topeka Capital, and which Republican Prohibitionists are asked to endorse. Has not the flag been lowered to the ground?

In summing up his two columns of words in the Inter-Ocean, A. B. Jettmore declares that the Democratic party will be much stronger in 1888 than it was in 1884. Therefore it will be unwise to continue the Third Party movement. What a lack of comprehension these fellows exhibit in assuming that the Prohibition party was organized to protect the Republican party. We want the Democratic party to remain in power until it is overthrown by the National Prohibition party in 1892. Do the tricky Republican managers expect the new Ohio license platform to entice Prohibitionists into their net?

New Hampshire has done herself great honor in re-electing H. W. Blair to the United States Senate. Senator Blair is a Prohibitionist and will not follow his party into the open support of the Rum Power, as John P. Hale, of the same state, refused to follow the Democratic party into the defense of slavery. Before his next term expires Senator Blair will be a prominent figure in the Prohibition party.

They mob St. John in Illinois. It is a healthy sign. From every rotten egg they cast shall spring scores of Prohibition votes, and the smoke from every burning effigy, as it ascends will send down vengeance upon the Republican party, for they are only Republicans who are low and contemptible enough to do these things.

Pulverize the Republican party first of all things and do it in Kansas.

The Leavenworth Times is exercised over a statement that the saloon men of Streator Ill., closed their bars and went out to hear St. John in one of those masterly speeches he has been giving in that state. Now, we are not troubled over it a particle. St. John is not in the field to call prohibitionists to repentance, but the saloon men and their supporters. We are glad to know that the saloon keepers come out to hear him.

Since the Republican party came into power the amount of intoxicating liquors consumed has increased from five gallons annually to thirteen gallons for each inhabitant of the country. At this rate how long will it take the proud old party to secure absolute prohibition? Will some Republican-Prohibitionists solve this problem, or if we are wrong in the figures will some one correct us.

The personal application feature of the new prohibitory law was a Republican Prohibition dodge. It was a compromise by the Prohibition moderate drinkers, on which they consented to close the saloons to save the grand old party, as well as their own personal liberty.

It is possible in view of the Ohio platform, and other circumstances that A. B. Jettmore wishes by this time that he had remained with the Prohibition party instead of selling out for a little porridge that could not be delivered because a man, once known as Blaine, was defeated.

We have always held that Republican Prohibition in Kansas is a fraud. The latest evidence is the Capital's endorsement of the "Ohio idea" of regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic.

It was a whiskey vote of the meanest kind that recently sent John A. Logan back to the United States Senate from Illinois.

We acknowledge receipt of invitation to attend the Fourth of July celebration of Gen. Rice Post 71, G. A. R. at City Park.

The Leavenworth Times says the Ohio platform has the right ring to it. Yes, so it has. It is a death knell.

It will be death for the Republican party to walk the whiskey plank of their platform.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The pearl fisheries off the Lower California coast are said to have produced fifteen million dollars last year.

The juice of the Bartlett pear, in some medical cases, is used in California, both as food and drink. At first the invalid grows thin upon the diet, but in a few weeks gains strength.

Last year 3,457,809,017 cigars and 994,334,000 cigarettes were manufactured in the United States, requiring over 91,000,000 pounds of leaf. In 1872 not 40,000,000 pounds were used.—N. Y. Sun.

The Irish jaunting car, which has been under the ban since the Phoenix Park tragedy, has again come into favor, the Prince of Wales having used one on his recent visit to the Lakes of Killarney.

Nearly all the sheep-shearers of California come from Santa Rosa and travel in bands during the shearing season, many hands making quick work even with the large flocks.—San Francisco Call.

Mr. Arthur L. Shumway writes to the Cleveland Plaindealer that fifteen mines of magnetic iron have been opened in Cuba within the past six months, by Cubans, Spaniards and a second American syndicate.

Last autumn the loggers of the Northwest adopted a rule pledging a reduction in the log supply. The result shows a decrease of 875,938,000 the figures for 1884 standing 3,238,000,000 against 2,364,562,000 for 1885.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A prominent New England farmer predicts that Massachusetts farms, which were tiller by the Pilgrims and their immediate progeny, are tending toward wildness, and may some day form a proper field for the new settler.—Boston Post.

The city of Los Angeles, Cal., has a population of about 35,000. Its streets are lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees, and with handsome business blocks, which are more numerous and costly than in most American cities of five times the population.

A wonderful man has been developed in Los Angeles, Cal. T. W. Hellman, to whom a large estate was recently bequeathed, proposes to deed it to the two orphan asylums of that city. He says he has as much money as he needs, and that he will not accept gifts from any one.

A child with two tongues is said to be living at Yonkers, N. Y. The second has grown from the root and on top of the first. The mother first noticed it when the child was three days old. It was then quite small, but now that the child is two years old it is nearly as large as the real tongue.—N. Y. Post.

The house or sobbing wren is a bird peculiar to Southwestern Texas. Its melancholy note is described as very impressive. It begins in a high, clear key, like the tinkling of silver bells, and descending gradually from one chiming to another, it suddenly falters, breaks off and sobs like a child—the song dying away in a gasp. The song is heard only in the opening light of dawn, and is repeated but a few times. The singer is rarely seen during the day.—N. Y. Sun.

Upon one occasion when Artemus Ward was in London a children's party was arranged by the great humorist, to which one of the sons of John Bright was invited. The boy returned home aglow with delight. "Well," said the English statesman to his son, "did you enjoy yourself, my boy?" "O, indeed I did," exclaimed the little Bright, "and Mr. Ward gave me such a nice name for you, papa." "What was that?" inquired the father. "Why, he asked me how that gay and festive child, the governor, was?" replied the child.—Brooklyn Magazine.

Up at the Grand Central station the other day, says a New York paper, there was an agitated young man and an agitated young woman. Bride and groom they were and it was a wedding party they were taking. In a big Saratoga trunk they had packed their trunks and their broadcloths, along with a toilet set with which some generous friend had equipped them. That toilet set was of celluloid, and in its rough journey the celluloid had ignited, the good big trunk and its contents were ashes, and a wedding tour was brought to a sharp termination.

A house can not be kept for many generations in one family in this country. James Fenimore Cooper's house was burned down a few years ago, and the growth of Cooperstown has led to the opening of a street through the grounds. William Cullen Bryant's favorite residence at Roslyn is now abandoned by the family, and Idlewild, Nathaniel Parker Willis' country seat on the Hudson, is now, for the second time, offered for sale. Bayard Taylor's farm at Cedar Croft has been sold, and the proceeds are almost all the family has for its support.—Boston Budget.

Near Astoria, Ore., there is a deposit of clam-shells which cover an area of over four acres, and is piled in places to a depth of over four feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over one thousand loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that amount is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-eating tribes that made that place their headquarters are found. A party recently found a clam-opener. It was made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long, and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam-beds, on which grow fir trees, some of them over hundred years old.—Chicago Times.

About a mile above Magnolia Dell, in Muckalee Swamp, a colony of beavers have settled. The site of their fortress is well chosen. It is at a sharp bend in the creek, a long open reach extending southward and in the same manner westward. On the land side it is protected by a boggy morass which, intersecting above and below with the creek, makes an island. On this island they have built their mud fortress, and a queer-looking structure it is, made of saplings, pieces of bark and branches skillfully interwoven. The trees in the vicinity exhibit marks of the sharp teeth of the busy little animals, and a fish-trap near by has been utterly demolished.—American (Ga.) Recorder.

### BILL SNORT.

His Adventure With a Manipulated Watermelon.

Day before yesterday, about the sickliest looking man we ever laid eyes on came into Texas Siftings office, took a chair, and unburdened his mind as follows:

"This country is overrun with foreigners. We are being ruined by 'em. None of them should be allowed to land until they have been long enough in this country to learn the language."

"What is the matter? What makes you talk that way?"

"Just look at me," he replied, in a whisper, "see how my clothes are too big. I have fallen off forty pounds."

"What has that got to do with the foreigners learning English?"

"I was traveling in the interest of my paper. Near San Antonio I saw a large watermelon patch. I climbed over the fence, and was just about to open a big watermelon, when a woman came out of the house. She was a Bohemian, I think. She talked at me, but I didn't understand what she said. I told her my paper had always advocated foreign immigration, but if she refused to encourage the press with that watermelon, that I would pay for it next time I came that way, or I would send her a copy of my paper for a year, or bring out her husband for an office."

"She ought to have let you take the melon."

"She jabbered and sputtered and waved her hands about, and tried to pull the watermelon from under my arm, but I got away with it."

"That was all right. I am glad you got away with the melon. The press has got some rights that should be respected. I am real glad you held on to the melon."

"I am not. The melon got away with me. Ten minutes after I ate it I was swelled all up like Governor Hubbard when he was appointed Minister to Japan. I was taken to San Antonio. Four doctors pumped me out. They pumped me until their very arms groained in their sockets. I never felt so bad in my life, but I am cured of eating watermelons. You might put me in a watermelon patch all night, and next morning there would be more watermelons in it than there were before. It makes me sick to dream of watermelons. Those doctors turned me inside out and scraped me. It was the worst scrape ever I was in."

"But what has all that got to do with foreigners learning English?" we asked the stranger.

"The watermelon was poisoned to kill crows. That was what the Bohemian woman wanted to tell me, but she labored under the disadvantage of not knowing the language of the country. If I had known that melon was poisoned I would never have been such a hog as to eat it myself. I would have given it to the editor of the rival paper. All this comes from foreigners being ignorant. As soon as I am able to get out my paper again—"

"Then you are an editor?"

"Great Moses! Don't you know Bill Snort, of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator?"

We sprang to our feet in astonishment. It was our old friend, Bill Snort, but his own mother would not have recognized him, so changed was he from his sufferings. He is an altered man. He says he will never again solicit a melon from one who can't talk English, and we believe it as if he had sworn to it.—Texas Siftings.

### HE HAD THE BULGE.

The Contract the Disobedient Boy Made With His Father.

"No, my son," he replied as he put on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."

"But why, father?"

"Well, in the first place I can't fool away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."

"And in the next place it is a rough crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and no respectable person can countenance such things."

"But, father—"

"That's enough, sir! You can't go! I want you to enjoy yourself, but you must seek some more respectable amusement."

An hour later a curious thing happened in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top of the seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his plug hat on the back of his head, and seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the grounds from dinner, and the boy had run away. They looked at each other for half a minute, and then the boy got in the first blow by whispering:

"Say, dad, if you won't lick me I won't tell you where he is!"

The father nodded his head to the agreement, and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.—Detroit Free Press.

### Willing to Keep the Rain Off.

"Do you want the use of this umbrella?" said a lad to a gentleman who was coming down the elevated railroad steps at Cortlandt street, one rainy afternoon last week.

"How much will you charge to take me to the Cortlandt street ferry?" asked the man.

"Anything you'll give me," responded the boy.

The man took the umbrella, and the boy walked beside him until they reached the ferry. Then he handed the boy a quarter and the umbrella.

"This is getting to be quite a business for us fellows," said the boy.

"You see, on rainy days we get an umbrella, hang around the ferries and elevated stations, and tackle everybody we see without one. Most everybody gives us a dime or a quarter except working-girls. The other day I took a young miss about sixteen from the Cortlandt street ferry to a Broadway stage, and when she was getting in she said 'Thank you,' and gave me a five-cent smile, and that was all. You bet I was mad!"—N. Y. Sun.

### THE CREMATORIUM AT MILAN.

A Description of the Method of Incineration Employed There.

The crematorium stands at the far end of the grounds, a building not large or high, but with its crescent-shaped open atrium of white marble sufficiently handsome and imposing. On the frieze is this inscription: *Tempio Crematorio per volonta del Alberto Keller eretto donato alla citta di Milano.*

On the wall facing the entrance is a handsome medallion of Alberto Keller, who was duly cremated in the temple of his own providing. Many portions of the wall are marked off in small tablets inscribed with the names of the persons whose bodies have undergone cremation, and whose ashes, in many cases, repose in an urn or small vessel in a niche behind the tablet. Ashes they are not, properly speaking. I was shown about a couple of handfuls of white bleached bone, in bits not larger than one's finger—all that remained, as I learned, after the cremation of the body of a man some ten stones in weight. Other spaces have been appropriated by intending cremators, and have the word "Assegnato" inscribed on them. Through a small door you pass from the atrium into what I may describe as the operating room, in the middle of which stands the enclosed furnace, looking like an enlarged edition of the family laundry copper. The fire is kindled at the back of the furnace, and when at the proper moment released by the uplifting of iron shutters, comes roaring through two large orifices, and quickly fills the whole of the space where lies its prey.

The body—*il cadavere*, as the attendant called it, seeming to take great delight in repeating the words—dressed in a light linen or woolen shroud or rather costume, is taken from the shell in which it has been brought, and laid on a marble slab, thence transferred to a large iron tray, which is borne to the mouth of the furnace and laid on a frame, which, by the action of a winch, is wound into the interior of its bucket. The iron door is then closed, the shutters, as described above, are raised, and the furnace, to use an American expression, is literally in full blast. At the end of two hours the operation is complete, and all that there remains of what was once a man, full of blood, bones, marrow, passion, feeling, are "Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass."

The system at present in use is that of Paola Gorini; it takes, as I have said, two hours and the consumption of three hundred kilograms of wood and twenty-five kilograms of charcoal. The cost of everything, including the mural tablet, is ninety-four francs. A new method, known as the Systeme Venini, under which the incineration will be effected by gas, was then immediately about to be tried. I saw the furnace just completed, and is no doubt now in operation. Under this system the whole affair will be completed in fifty minutes.

In this place, which was perfectly sweet, clean and wholesome, without the faintest trace of anything calculated to offend the sense of sight or smell, there are about eighteen or twenty cases of cremation every month. They are, the attendant told me, decidedly on the increase, and were the cholera scare again to appear, he had no doubt, from what he had heard, that the practice would have large numbers of adherents. Already bodies for cremation are sent from distant parts of Italy, and on the next day one was expected from Paris. And, indeed, when I thought of all the horrors of our ordinary "burials," I could not wonder at the desire to be quit of them, no matter at what amount of trouble or expense.—London World.

### THE ART OF GETTING HER.

A Man Sure of Success in His Love Affairs If He Goes the Right Way About It.

"Be sweet to love, but not too bitter. To love a girl and then not get her."

The man who loves the right way can always "git her."

"A score of men made love to me," said an excellent Louisville lady, "and any one of them might have had me if he had studied the art of love-making with the same care he would give any time to a game of chess. I hold love-making as an art. There is no such thing as love at first sight. We may admire each other in the beginning, but immediate affection is out of the question. First impressions, no matter how favorable, must be strengthened by artful cultivation. Then love comes, and if the man who sues makes no mistake he is sure to win, no matter what his condition may be. Of course he must talk well, dress respectably, and, above all, wear clean linen and keep his face free from dirt. If he does all this and sues judiciously no arrow of misfortune can keep the victor's wreath from off his crown. I might add that one of the requisites in personal appearance is clean teeth. A man may have a nose like a pumpkin, or a mouth like a mammoth cave, or eyes like a jay bird, a hand like a ham, or a foot as big as a canoe, and he can win, but if his teeth are not what a gentleman's teeth ought to be he will rue the day that he gave his heart to a well-bred woman. He may be tall or short, stout or lean, with a voice like a fog-horn and a carriage as ungraceful as the ample of a camel, and he may yet win any woman in the world if he studies her with care and keeps his teeth clean!"—Louisville Commercial.

—Mr. W. G. Gray, of Paulding County, is in some degree a remarkable man. He is nearly sixty years old, weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, and is still fattening. He has represented Paulding County twice in the Legislature. In all his life he has never whistled, sang a song or hallooed. He has never used tobacco in any way. He has never cursed an oath. Last, but not least, he has never been drunk.

—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Toronto Judge refused the application of certain petitioners for the incorporation of a club for rowing, sailing, yachting and other social sports, on the ground that the petitioners were too old for such exercises.



## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

At the Church of the Good Shepherd, next Sunday evening. "Why will you swear?" A pointed discourse on a subject of general interest.

Mrs. Hutchinson, at her rooms over Hay & Gammons Dry Goods Store on Kansas Ave. has just received a new lot of millinery from New York, and more will be received during the coming week.

### 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 90 for the Spirit one year, or 90 cents worth of books as premiums to each 75 cent subscriber. If to be sent by mail, 8 cents must be added to pay postage. All who want these books however, 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 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.

We are selling sensible goods in all departments at the lowest prices.

E. A. TAFT & Co.

Great Reduction in Millinery to reduce an immense stock before July at Mrs. Metcalfs 239 Kansas Ave., also a large assortment of Infants and childrens lace bonnets from 25 cts to \$3.00 each.

### Look at the Cut on Lime.

It was selling at \$1.25, selling now at \$1.00 per barrel. Plaster was selling at \$2.85, now at \$2.25 per barrel. Keeps all kinds of Masons Materials. Buy while this cut lasts for it can't last long. S. J. Morse, 513 Kan. Ave., North Topeka. 260 south side.

We have made arrangements with the BREEDERS JOURNAL, published at Beecher, Ill. for clubbing the same with the SPIRIT. We have made this arrangement that our readers may have an opportunity of learning of the best methods for breeding and handling stock, and that they may understand the relations of the livestock interest of this country to the markets of the world. There is no other journal that so clearly sets forth these facts as does the BREEDERS JOURNAL. It advocates the merits of the Hereford breed of cattle, and claims for them greater economy of production than exists in any other breed. It claims, also, a better quality of meat from the cross than can be obtained from any other breed, and that these qualities in the breed in its purity are uniformly transmitted when crossed upon other breeds of cattle. We commend the JOURNAL to our readers, and ask for a fair hearing on these questions. The price at which we offer our own and the BREEDERS JOURNAL brings it within the reach of all. The price of the JOURNAL is \$1.00 but for the same price we will send both it and the SPIRIT one year and give with each subscriber, a large engraving in nine colors, of the Hereford Prize bull, "Success." Call and see it, or send to this office.

To cure a felon: Saturate a bit of wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and apply to the affected part. A sufferer who tried the above plan says it relieved the pain at once. In twelve hours there was a hole to the bone and the felon was destroyed. The turnip was removed, the wound dressed with a healing salve and the finger soon became well.—*Boston Budget.*

## GLOVES AND GLOVE FITTING.

Meaning of the Manufacturers' Private Marks—Good Glove Fitters in Demand.

"Why are gloves stamped with various alphabetical letters?" inquired a gentleman the other day as he was being fitted to a pair of gloves. "I observe," he continued, "that there appears to be no regular system in this lettering. Sometimes I notice one letter; sometimes two or three on the inside of gloves. It may be C, or A, or M, or all three, or some other letter. It may appear on the thumb, the back of the glove, on the wrist, or up in the fingers. What is the significance of those cabalistic signs?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the intelligent glove-fitter. "Those letters," said a young lady, "are the initials of the manufacturer, and the glove business, when the question was asked her, 'are either the manufacturer's private mark, which is put on all his skins as soon as brought into the factory, or one of the marks which he uses in his establishment to show the grade of the different qualities of skin. Sometimes the buyer for some one manufacturer secures an over-supply of skins. When they are delivered at his factory they are all branded with his private mark. But as he can not use all, part are disposed of to other makers, who, in turn, put on their own marks as well as those grading the skin. Consequently a pair of gloves frequently have two or three letters on."

"There is no branch of the dry-goods business in which there is more, I almost said as much, ignorance among buyers and sales-people respecting their goods as in the glove trade," she continued. "I learned all I know of the glove business right here in Chicago in a State street store, and am now employed by an Eastern house at a good salary. I hear considerable talk about the 'under-paid shop-girl.' That may all be very good, but I'll tell you one little fact: A good glove-fitter, one who knows something of her business, can always get a position, and at least a fair, living salary. The trouble is girls will not take the trouble to learn the glove business. It is too hard work—too much like a man's. They think because they stand behind the counter and put on such gloves as a lady selects that they should receive a fine salary, whether they are able to tell a kid from a lamb-skin or not. And I tell you there are precious few saleswomen behind the glove counters who can tell whether a glove is a genuine French kid skin or not. A woman who is conversant with her trade, for it is a trade, ought to be able to tell at a glance the size and style of a glove, and the quality of the leather. There is a continual call for first class glove fitters, and no one to fill the demand. It requires time and work to learn the trade you see. Most girls want to get good pay as soon as they begin to work, without waiting to learn how to make their services valuable. I am told there are many girls and women out of work, waiting for and seeking positions. Well, I know that I have been trying my best for the last three weeks to get a first class glove fitter, and have not found one to answer."

"Is it true that better gloves for less money are to be found in the Canadian market than here?"

"I think not. I have bought gloves in Montreal, for which I paid just as high a price as I would for the same grade here. About the same grade of gloves are sold all over. There are times when sales of lamb-skin gloves are made here for fifty cents a pair. But a good glove will command its price. Five large importers in New York supply the American trade. The identical same glove is sold by every first class dry goods house in America, but usually each large establishment puts on its private mark, gives the glove some peculiar name, and brands it as 'our special importation,' or 'our own special make,' when the very same glove from the self-same factory, imported by the same jobber, is being sold next door under a different guise. There are no secrets about glove making or the marks on gloves, any more than there is in the manufacture of cotton cloths and the lithographed pictures which are pasted on them, but there is a woeful degree of ignorance in regard to the matter."—*Chicago News.*

### A MYSTIFIED SUITOR.

The Advantages of Twinship in a Courtship Campaign.

A young man who was courting a girl who had a twin sister was terribly imposed upon. She went out of town three weeks, and employed her sister as a substitute in the sitting-up-at-night business during her absence. The young man called five times a week, as usual, and didn't leave until after midnight, without detecting the imposition. When he heard of the trick that had been imposed upon him he got mad and broke off the engagement. The twins looked as much alike as two capital P's, and he said that he might be fooled into marrying the one that he didn't love. It was certainly a narrow escape, though, come to think about it, we can't see what difference it would have made as long as ignorance was bliss and the twins didn't object. Having young lady twins in the house is rather a neat arrangement. When a young man is so infatuated that he calls seven nights a week they can take turns sitting up with him, and thus look fresh and wide-awake alternately, anyway. No sensible young man should object to such an admirable health-preserving scheme.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Could our grandmothers but see the gilded noses and golden rosebuds which adorn the fashionable headgear they would, indeed, think things had changed. In their time gold, tinsel and spangles were considered sacred to the stage, and it was thought the very acme of bad taste to wear such things in broad daylight. Nowadays spangles appear on street dresses, glitter on the negligees with which bonnets are trimmed, and as for tinsel, only a very small proportion of summer bonnets are without it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Abraham Lincoln's largest fee as a lawyer was five thousand dollars in a railroad case.—*Chicago Herald.*

"I would rather go a thousand miles to see a remarkable man than one mile to see a magnificent view," James Anthony Froude told a California reporter who asked how he liked the scenery.

—Dr. Doremus, of New York, is left-handed from the fact that he was born without a right hand. He makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year from chemical analyses, mostly of patent medicines.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The President of Costa Rica lives in the finest house in the capital city, and his residence and the Palacio Federal, which is near it, are about the only two-story structures in the place. He receives house rent free, the use of two horses and a carriage, a salary of \$10,000 a year, and uses soldiers for his servants.

—Miss Lillian Smith, the wonderful rifle-shot of the Pacific Slope, is a plump little maiden only thirteen years old. At an early age Miss Lillian displayed a remarkable propensity to kill all that came within her reach, and at seven years of age she manufactured for herself a bow-gun, with which she slaughtered all the little birds about the house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The late John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, left his children very large fortunes. The three best known are Robert, who is worth fifteen million dollars; T. Harrison, worth ten million dollars; and Mary, who has fifty thousand dollars a year. The oldest son of the late John W. Garrett, as generally supposed, the first-born of the great railroad magnate was mentally weak, and has for years been an inmate of an insane asylum, his existence being almost unknown save to a few intimate friends.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—At a recent wedding in the Savoy Chapel, London, the bridesmaids were very young children. One of these maidens, apparently two or three years of age, became rather tired of the service and began to ask questions of one of the bridesmaids as they stood in the church. Finding, however, that her rattle was unheeded, she very composedly seated herself on the chancel steps, facing the wedding guests, and emptying her basket of flowers, rearranged them to suit her infantile taste. She came in for a greater share of admiration than the bride.

—Franklin once attended a public sitting of the French Academy. He understood but little French, yet wishing to appear sociable and polite, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw a certain lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Boufflers, give signs of satisfaction. When the meeting was at an end, his little boy said to him: "Why, papa, you kept on clapping, and louder than anybody else, every time they were praising you." The philosopher had then to explain the difficulty of his situation and how he had tried to get out of it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money because it always carries its paws with it.

—The Emperor of Austria, it is said, has a private circus. So has many a married man who isn't an emperor when he gets home late from the club.—*Boston Times.*

—How long does this train stop for refreshments? asked a traveler as he entered a railroad restaurant in Georgia. "It depen's on how hungry de conductah am," said the waiter.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Boasting of her industrious habits, an Irish housemaid said she rose at five and made her fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast and made all the beds before any one else was up in the house.

—An Englishman, in looking down a list of American towns, came to those bearing the well-known names of Pawtucket, Shetucket and Nantucket. "Haw! haw!" he exclaimed. "Bless me, if the whole family didn't take it!"—*Golden Days.*

—She was in the kitchen— Hans fell in love with a sheaved lettuce maid, And every night by her window he stood, And there with a pooty shanadoo, He made out der whole natchoo.

—A Pennsylvania school-girl astonished her teacher with the following composition: "George Washington was first president of the United States born in Virginia in the year. When George was a little boy he would never tell a lie. Because he thought it was not nice. It is not nice neither. He studied all kinds of things to be a President."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—There's a good deal of money in the house to-night," said the head usher. "Nonsense!" replied the manager; "more than three-quarters of them are deadheads." "That's the idea I was seeking to convey," said the head usher; "I supposed there must be a good deal of money in the house; I know that very few of them left any at the box-office."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Husband (at the dinner-table)— "It strikes me, my dear, that the new cook is not as good as the old one." Fashionable wife— "No, her cooking is very bad. For the last day or two poor little Fido has displayed signs of distress and I attribute it all to her having eaten improperly cooked food. Unless the dear little thing improves very much within a short time, I shall certainly make a change."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I was gwine up-town in a Bleeker street-kyab de odder day when I see a lady drop a five-dollar bill in de box. She looked at me an' says, 'Mistah, what'll I do?' I put a five-dollar bill in dat box." I says, 'Speak to de drivah an' he'll fix it.' So she goes to de drivah, an' she says, 'Drivah, I've dropped a five-dollar bill in de box. What shall I do?' Interlocutor— "Well, sir, what did the driver say?" "O, he was all right. He told her to wait until he got to de stable, and he'd give her de horse."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Horses that cough should never be given dry and dusty food.—*N. E. Farmer.*

To give to soup a peculiarly clear appearance, let it get cold, then to half a gallon of soup put in the white of one egg and the shell also; let the soup simmer on the back of the stove for ten minutes or even longer, then strain it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A yearling colt, as usually wintered, is a sorry looking animal in the spring, and its owner is likely to be quite as sorry when the animal is sold. Giving four quarts of oats daily to a young colt the first winter is, if the colt is what it should be, selling the oats at seventy-five cents per bushel.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A very nice way to cook mackerel for breakfast is, after freshening it, to boil it for ten minutes, take it out of the water, drain it, remove the backbone, then pour over the fish a gravy made of milk, thickened with flour, and with a lump of butter added. The gravy is just like that which you make for milk toast.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Prune pudding: Three-quarters of a pound of prunes stewed and sweetened; remove the pits, cutting up the prunes somewhat, beat the whites of four eggs on a large platter, and gradually add to them the prunes when cold, beating continually; turn into a pudding dish and bake about twenty minutes; beat stiff a teaspoon of cream, sweetened, and spread over the pudding when cold.—*Boston Budget.*

—Dr. Riley, United States Entomologist, has published a remedy for cabbage worms, accidentally discovered by Mr. Charles H. Erwin, of New York. The remedy is very cold water sprinkled upon the worms during the heat of the day. It was found that such an application in the hot sun caused them to quickly let go their hold upon the leaves, curl up, roll to the ground and die, while the cabbage looked all the fresher for the application.

—"Few people are aware," it is said, "that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease, but if this matter is not attended to it will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon; for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, thus spoiling the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axletrees, and castor oil for iron hubs. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a slight coating."—*Chicago Journal.*

### DRESSED POULTRY.

Hints to Purchasers—How the Age of Fowl May be Determined.

Naturally the vendors of fowls are not anxious to put off their best birds on every customer. Some one must eat the old ones, and to young and needy housekeepers the temptation is great to get the largest amount of meat for the money. Nor are we of opinion that the young housekeeper is always wrong.

Between a tender spring chicken and the tough old master of the yard there is every step of fowl life, and there is no need to take the one because you refuse the other.

Goulfe insists that a really aged fowl is good for nothing, not even for the stock-pot, and that may be so from the point of view of those for whom he writes; but in many well-to-do households any fowl is more or less of a delicacy.

Cut one in pieces and bake it in a slow oven with a dash of vinegar and a little spice, and then serve it hot with a full flavored sauce, and see how many people will prefer to eat yesterday's cold mutton, which without it would have constituted the principal part of the meal.

If there is any doubt about the age of a fowl, it is wiser to boil or stew than to roast it, and it should be cooked very slowly. The average cook makes no allowance for age, and not much for size, so that a spring chicken is generally cooked to rags and a tough fowl is almost uneatable.

Inexperienced buyers will, we think, be wise to put themselves in the hands of some respectable dealer, telling him what they want and withholding their custom if he does not serve them well. But that plan does not answer with an occasional customer, such as we all become on our annual visit to the seaside for instance. These visits are generally paid at a time when fowls are plentiful, as it is between November and May that fowls are scarcest and old birds are best worth selling.

A young fowl has large feet, knees and neck in proportion to its size, and its thighs look white or pinkish. An old hen has thin, scraggy legs, and purplish tinge on its thighs, the scales look hard and horny, and often there are long hairs on the skin. If the beak is on it should be soft, and so with the breast bone, which is frequently broken by the poultier to give the bird a plump appearance.

The length and size of the claws is another indication of age; the size is little or no guide, as that depends on the variety and the feeding. The small boned, short legged varieties are generally said to be the best. A very fat bird is to be avoided, for it wastes much in cooking, and even what remains of the fat can not be eaten. Birds that are kept in the dark and crammed previous to killing become very fat, but the flesh loses flavor and firmness, and they are far inferior to barndoor fowls.

Cleanliness is also essential to the production of a well flavored fowl; the same may be said of ducks, now as ducklings to be eaten with green peas. Full grown ducks are better in late summer or autumn. Their age can be judged from the appearance of the feet and the pliability of the bill. The down that covers them may be an indication of youth, but it may also be put on by the poultier with a sprinkling of gum.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## HIS FOOTSTEPS.

Wearily Waited for, Ardently Longed for, They Came at Last.

Step! step! step! It was his footsteps—her lovers'. The echo might have been lost to you or I in the rumble of traffic, but to her—never. To you or me all footsteps might have sounded alike. To her there was as much difference as in the sound of human voices. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the months passed by.

Step! step! step! It was his footsteps—her husband's. The echo became a part of her daily existence. To listen for it became one of the objects of her life. When the echo caught her ear a smile flitted across her face, her eyes grew brighter, and a wily kiss was on her lips. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the years passed away.

Step! St—! But the footsteps had ceased, and the echoes had died away forever. They bore him away to sleep with the numbing deadness, and she was a widow from whom the sunshine had gone forever. She wept and grieved and—

Step! step! step! How her heart throbbed for an instant! So much like his, and yet she knew that he slept beneath the willow. Not once, but a dozen times a day she felt her heart stop its beating as the echo of a footstep caught her ear. And she waited and listened, and the echoes came and went, and she whispered to herself:

"Some day I shall again hear his footsteps and know that he has come." The years went by, and a gray-haired woman looked out upon the setting sun and knew that it was her last night on earth. Friends wept at her bedside—she had no tears. They spoke to her in fearful tones—she made no answer. She seemed waiting and listening, and of a sudden, as the first shadows of twilight began stealing into her room, she whispered:

"Hark! I hear it!" Step! step! step! It is his footstep—I feel the echo in my heart! He has come back to me—my husband!

All listened as they kept their eyes fixed upon the dying woman's face. Step! step! The echo brought the old, wily smile to her face. Step! step! Her face grew radiant at the thought of the meeting. Step! step! step! The echo gave her strength to rise up and stretch forth her arms as if to clasp some one, and as she sank slowly back they heard her whisper:

"I knew his footsteps—he has come at last!" But it was that he might guide her safely through the valley of the shadow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### "WORTH WHILE."

Whatever Is Worth Doing at All, Is Worth Doing Well.

Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech the other day to an assembly of lords of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said; "whether you sharpen your pencil or black your boots, do it thoroughly and well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as it "was not worth while to go so far expressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply. That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the mortar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in sight, knowing that he alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the service.

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young Prince's advice to the lords of his own age. Whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh our duties or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Creating a Coolness.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of your husband."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you. I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

"Yes, my dear," put in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"

"No, no; but—"

"Do you remember our parting? O, how sad!"

"Yes, it was; but—"

"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we plighted our troth. I give it to you because—"

"Why, John! I declare. If it isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1865."

There's a coolness among the three now.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## BEEF EATS.

They Are in Demand and Just As Precious.—How They Are Prepared.

"These are the brains of a Colorado cattle, just slaughtered and brought to a restaurant on Madison street yesterday. 'I've sold all but this dozen, and you can have 'em for \$2.' The restaurant-keeper showed a disposition to purchase and asked the man to disclose his wares. In a short time the brains were removed from a bucket and placed on a large platter. They were covered with coagulated blood and looked anything but palatable, but the seller said that a wash in warm water and salt would remove the objectionable features and impart to the brains a wholesome odor. He was given his price, and was told that the restaurant was a ready market for all such viands."

"Yes, the brains of cattle are a treat at this season of the year," said the caterer, "but we have difficulty in securing a supply. A great many people are infatuated with sweetbreads, especially those whose stomachs are of the weak sort. Now, the brains of cattle are in greater demand than sweetbreads, and when it becomes known that the dish can be secured here epicures from all parts of the city will pay me a visit. Moreover, the dish is a nutritious one, and when prepared by a French cook is fit for the gods. Yes, I'll sell those at sixty cents per order, and you can see that there is quite a profit in them. The cause of the small supply is attributed to the manner in which cattle are killed in Chicago. One would think that where thousands of cattle are slaughtered daily there would be an abundance of brains, but such is not the case. Some of the butchers slaughter their cattle by stoving in their skulls with a sledge-hammer. Others shoot them through the brains, and when cattle are killed that way the brains are unfit for food. The blood coagulates there, and besides the brains are smashed into a jelly. They have to be taken out whole and handled carefully in order to dispose of them to customers."

The little man who makes a living by supplying restaurants with brains was seen, and he agreed with the caterer. He said: "Packers have no use for the brains of cattle, and in fact, it is the only part of the beef that is not used. As a dish it is the finest in the restaurant line, but it is hard to get 'em. When the butcher severs the head from the body and removes the tongue, I take the head one side and with a chisel remove the front of the skull. A couple of twists of a knife blade remove the little chords and out it drops. Without much difficulty I can get two dozen a day. I sell them for two dollars per dozen, so you see it's not a bad business."

"Do you have to pay anything for them?"

"Not anything to speak of. Maybe I buy half a dollar's worth of beer for the butchers at dinner time. I can well afford to do that."

"You enjoy a monopoly of the business."

"A what?"

"You have the business all to yourself."

"Yes, kind of; there were some fellows who 'kissed for brains' for a while, but they looked upon it as a dirty business and quit."

The men who entertained such opinions were correct. The "brain man," as he is called, was not attractive in appearance, his clothing being bespattered with blood from head to foot.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### A NOBLE BOY.

The Motive for Johnny's Self-Abnegation.

There was no doubt but that Johnny Fizzlepot was the laziest and most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong Johnny was sure to be blamed for it. One day the school-teacher missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on the desk but a few minutes before. He threatened to punish the whole school in case the spectacles were not forthcoming.

"Now, boys, for the last time I tell you whoever took those spectacles to come forward and own 'em; that he did it. If he doesn't the whole class will be kept in for an hour after school," he said, excitedly.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Johnny held up his hand, and asked, in an uncertain sort of voice, what the boy who took the spectacles would get.

"A good sound licking," thundered the teacher.

"Please, sir, I took the spectacles," said Johnny.

A painful scene ensued. At last the teacher got through, and out of breath, was about to take his seat, when the door opened and his servant entered, bringing the spectacles.

"You left the spectacles at home," said the servant, "and I thought I would bring them over, as you can't see well without them."

"What! The spectacles?" exclaimed the school-teacher, very much astonished.

Yes, there were those spectacles beyond a doubt. Just at that moment Johnny broke out into a dismal wail, saying, between sobs:

"O, Lordy! O, Lordy! and I have been licked for them very spectacles!"

"But, Johnny," said the astonished school-teacher, "how did you come to say you took the spectacles? It is a noble trait in your character, my boy, to sacrifice yourself for the good of the whole class, particularly when you are innocent."

"That's not why I said I took the spectacles," exclaimed Johnny.

"What is the reason?" asked the teacher.

"If I hadn't said I did it," explained Johnny, "I would have been kept in with the whole class, and when I'm kept in I don't get my dinner, and we've got nothing for dinner to-day."

—*Texas Siftings.*

Ginger Sponge Cake: One cup molasses, one cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, three cups flour, one cup milk, teaspoonful soda and ginger.—*The Household.*



