

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
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Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for
transmission as second class matter.

The stone used on the state house will
hereafter be cut by machinery.

The Modocs expect, after leaving St.
Louis this fall to visit Memphis.

Treasurer Wilder, of the Santa Fe, has
gone to Manitou on a pleasure trip.

The state house contractors have ar-
ranged to run their derricks by electricity.

The passenger business of all the trunk
lines is now reported as being remark-
ably heavy.

Hon. and Mrs. John Francis and daugh-
ters, and Miss Julia Farnsworth, have
gone for a month's sojourn in the east.

Miss Laura Beverly, has gone to Solo-
mon City to visit friends and relatives.
She expects to be gone about six weeks.

J. W. Chatfield, a construction foreman
on the Santa Fe, had both legs broken
last Friday by having some heavy timbers
fall on him.

The gas company is busy making the
needed repairs and connections of their
mains preparatory to the paving of Kan-
sas avenue.

Mr. Buchanan, of the Inter Ocean mills
reports of the robbery of \$75.00 in cash
by some thieves who entered his room
Thursday night.

Captain Henry King, formerly of the
Capital but now of the St. Louis Globe-
Democrat, has been visiting his brother,
James L. King, assistant post-master.

The "cider joint" is a thing of the past
on the north side. There is not a poker
room or any other gambling hole in North
Topeka, and our citizens are glad of it.

Captain W. E. Brubaker has completed
the docket for the September term in the
district court, which has 607 cases and
which is the largest docket ever made up
in the district court.

Men who are traveling extensively in
the east say that there will be a great host
of immigrants to Topeka this fall. Let
them come, Topeka can take care of them
and make them happy.

The Santa Fe people are cutting down
the beautiful shade trees upon the ground
recently condemned for their locomotive
shops, in order to make room for their
building.

W. A. Roberts, a farmer living a short
distance north of the city on Captain
Dorcas' place, and who has been running
a threshing machine and running in
debt for a livelihood, has absconded,
leaving a wife, several children and nu-
merous creditors to mourn his depart-
ure.

The work now being done on the streets
employs by the various companies over
600 men. The Barber Asphalt company
employ 200, the grading contractors 140,
the City Railway company, 100, besides
these there are a large number of men
working for the sewer contractors as they
attempt to keep out of the way of the
paving.

A strange, weird story is being told
about a haunted house in the western sub-
urbs of Topeka. It seems that a pale,
blonde ghost, of the female variety, visits
the house at midnight every night, and
after passing through a few doors with
the utmost ease, vanishes. We would
like to find out in the interests of science
what idea a ghost can have in leaving a
nice, cool grave during the present warm
weather.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McAfee and Mr. D. H.
Forbes have gone to Manitou to spend a
few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Allen and daughter
departed Monday for Chicago, Niagara,
and the east.

Superintendent John MacDonald goes
to Medicine Lodge, to address the teach-
ers' institute.

The south-branch of the Rock Island
has reached Corben, the first station this
side of Caldwell.

Miss Belle Shellabarger, of Valley Falls
is visiting in North Topeka, the guest of
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kistler.

Miss Ida Henry is the recipient of a
handsome new upright piano, a present
from her fond paternal parent.

Depot Master McCormack of the Union
Pacific has resigned his position and re-
turned to Kansas City to-day.

The applications for rooms are coming
in to Washburn College from all parts of
the state and from adjacent states.

Rev. Wesley G. Waters, of the First
Methodist church, is taking a short vaca-
tion among the resorts of Colorado.

W. H. Canniff and C. B. Colby started
Friday for Denver to take a bicycle trip
to Laramie City, Wyoming, and return
to Pueblo.

Mrs. Gov. Osborne and son, and Mrs.
Judge Foster and family will spend the
remainder of the summer at Clifton
Springs, New York.

W. E. Sterne, wife and daughter re-
turned from their trip through northern
Michigan and along the Straits of Mack-
inac Saturday evening.

Judge John Martin left home a few
days ago on a business trip east, to be
gone several weeks. His daughter, Miss
Carrie, accompanied him.

James M. Long sues Louisa Long for a
divorce. He states that she would not
live with him because he is a Seventh
Day Adventist. That is really too bad.

Richard Realf was not a voluminous
writer. Some of his short poems and
fragmentary verses are rescued from
half-oblivion by THE AMERICAN MAG-
AZINE. They are well worth preserving.

During the past week plans for quite a
number of new buildings were prepared,
including the \$150,000 A. O. U. W. tem-
ple. Kansas City papers boasted that
they run up to \$100,000.

F. M. Newland finds that his canning
factory pays and requires too much at-
tention to attend to a grocery also, and
has sold his large grocery business on
Sixth and Lake streets to D. C. Naylor
and Joseph Jordan.

Poor Commissioner Rigdon says that he
has three boys at the poor-farm for whom
he would like to secure homes. He says
that it is easier to dispose of five girls
than it is of one boy. So there is one
place at least where the gentler sex has
the masculine gender at a disadvantage.

The walls of the big new boiler works
of Joseph Bromich on Jefferson street are
going up rapidly. The building is of
brick, 50x140 feet in size, and two stories
with basement. Together with its new
machinery it will cost \$35,000. Mr.
Bromich is turning out a large number of
excellent boilers. He employs fourteen
men.

Crosby Brothers are still at work fitting
up the additional story to their dry goods
store. The first half of the third story is
beautifully arranged for a cloak room,
neat and substantial railing separating
this from the remainder of the room.
The new stairway railing leading from
the second to the third story is elegantly
carved and finished.

Topeka mineral wells are making a
reputation at home and abroad.

Lawn tennis is beginning to receive
more attention than it has for some time.
There are now several clubs in this
city.

Col. A. S. Johnson, assistant superin-
tendent of the M. E. Sunday school, left
for Europe last week to be gone about
four months.

The last roller received by the Barber
Paving company is about the size and
weight of Jumbo, but has but one full
roller behind.

Lew Dolman, with a large force of men
and teams, commenced work grading
Quincy street yesterday preparatory to
the paving of the street.

I. K. Lapp and wife have returned
from California, whither they went last
spring. Mr. Lapp is in love with the
coast and has returned to sell his prop-
erty and close up his business, preparatory
to removing to California and making it
his home.

A petition is being circulated among
property owners on the north side, whom
the location of certain sewers will bene-
fit, to present to the city council at their
next meeting. A remonstrance has been
filed by those who regard it as a useless
expenditure of money.

No city in the state has finer grounds
for a fair than Topeka. A large amount
of money has been expended in putting
grounds in shape, erecting commodious
buildings and making the necessary im-
provements to insure convenience and
comfort for all who attend.

Some crank desiring notoriety has
written a threatening letter to Govern-
or Martin, informing him that he is a
member of a secret society whose object
is to kill the governor. J. K. Hudson,
D. R. Anthony and Helen M. Gougar.
The letter is signed "A Spy, Member of
Frank James' Gang."

The gas company is making needed
repairs and connections of their mains
in North Topeka, preparatory to the pay-
ing of Kansas avenue. The north-siders
are getting very anxious to see the work
of paving commenced on their streets.
"Never mind," says a south side avenue
merchant, "they will pray for old terra
firma streets again after they have been
compelled to use the alley as the main
thoroughfare to their stores for a week."

Topeka improvements furnish work to
a large number of her laboring men
who, but for this work, would find it hard
to get employment this summer. Here-
tofore a great many citizen laborers have
been engaged by neighboring farmers,
but this year farm labor has been very
scarce, owing to the extreme dry weath-
er, and the improvement work comes
into good play, attracting to and keeping
in our city good, honest sons of toil.

The greatest and most momentous pro-
ject yet undertaken in Topeka the pres-
ent year, is that inaugurated by the Bos-
ton syndicate, which has gone to work
to utilize the water power of the Kaw.
Engineer Tweedale has made the prelim-
inary survey for damming the river near
Rossville and Cross creek, about twelve
miles west of Topeka, and for a mill race
running to Soldier creek. The intention
is to first secure this valuable power, and
if the undertaking proves successful
manufacturers stand ready to come in
and take the benefit of it. Its success
means an addition of thousands of people
to Topeka at an early day, and a corre-
sponding increase in the business of those
already here. Mr. Tweedale completed
the preliminary survey last week, and
was very favorably impressed with the
prospects. He has gone to New Mexico
on business and upon his return more
definite results will be reached.

Miss Anna Fulton has departed for
Colorado on a visit to friends in the cen-
tennial state.

Gas trenches are getting so numerous
on the north side that the horses can't
keep out of them.

Miss Annie Bauer, book-keeper for
Crosby Brothers, has left for Coney Is-
land to spend her summer vacation.

The Santa Fe road often runs as many
as twenty-five special trains in one day
from Topeka to points west.

The man who was sick at the jail and
was removed by some Christian man to the
hospital, died and was buried Sat-
urday.

Mr. Foster, deputy city attorney, has
compiled the ordinances of the city. He
found many old and obsolete ones that
should be repealed.

Ex-Governor Osborn is in Clifton
Springs, N. Y., where his family now are;
they will go to Nantucket, returning to
Topeka in about a week.

The sales up to Saturday night, of
Highland Park lots during the five
months the property has been upon the
market aggregate \$161,000.

Will Parkhurst, connected with the
Missouri Pacific, has returned from a visit
in Illinois, where he attended the wed-
ding of his sister, Jessie Parkhurst.

Rev. Dr. Gray, of Chicago, addressed a
large audience at the Kansas avenue
Methodist church Sunday evening. His
address was in behalf of the Freedman's
Aid society.

At O. Putty's Dry Goods and Notions
store 1114 East Sixth, Parkdale people
will find they can buy goods as cheap as
anywhere in Topeka. Go and get your
share of the bargains.

W. R. Fowler, of the Kansas Vinegar
works, Lawrence, made application for
permission to retail cider in this city.
The application was denied on the
ground that the cider was intoxicating.

Wagon loads of feed are being purchas-
ed by the farmers for their stock, owing
to the premature drying up of the grass
crop. It is uncommonly early to com-
mence feeding.

Charles Rink, a German about 30 years
of age who has been working as a farm
hand in the country, became violently in-
sane a few days ago, having always been
more or less demented.

Five acres is being added to the city
park by filling in the slough between
Felitz Island and the mainland. This
slough was caused by the dam at the
head of the island, and when the river is
high the water is backed up from be-
low and prevented from running off by
a sandbar, and remains a stagnant pool
covered with green scum. This is now
filled and will be planted with trees.
The city park will then include Felitz Is-
land, where the water-works reservoirs
are situated, and will cover nearly fifteen
acres of ground, with a river front of
about a quarter of a mile.

Dr. Redden, president of the state board
of health, says that during the six hot
weeks just passed, the reports of health
officers coming in from all parts of the
state, show unusually good health, in
spite of the thermometer registering
above 100 degrees for days together. Dr.
Redden says that the dryness of the at-
mosphere is the cause of this good health.
There are no poisons in the air when the
climate is dry. Had there been much
moisture upon vegetation the heat would
have produced a great deal of sickness.
The board is now making an examination
in the purity of the water supply of var-
ious Kansas towns and cities. Dr. Alex-
ander, the chemist of the state board, has
several samples of water which he is an-
alyzing, the latest having been sent from
the town of Russell.

W. C. Norris is on the sick list.

George A. Clauser is again able to be
at his post with J. C. Fouch.

Ike Bernstein left Tuesday for Shreve-
port, La., where he will spend a few
months.

Mrs. T. W. Denham has returned from
a long visit with friends at Portland,
Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, father and mother
of Fred Lacy, returned yesterday to their
home in Pennsylvania.

The gas company for the north side is
not yet formed. North Topeka seems to
have as much trouble forming a coal and
gas company as South Topeka has in get-
ting to the coal and gas.

W. P. Higginbotham, of Manhattan,
has made application for sixteen stalls
for Short Horns. J. S. Hawes, of Colony,
has applied for the same number of stalls
for Herefords.

Business houses are being erected in
various parts of the city and dwellings
are everywhere being built. For a long
time the north-west portion had the more
rapid growth, but the north-east is now
making a fine show for the lead. The
dwellings are neat and very elegant.

Business men of North Topeka say that
trade has been wonderfully good this sum-
mer, that there is much more life and en-
ergy among the residents. They have
grasped the scheme of making a great
city out of their excellent opportunities,
and have buckled down to it with a will.
Addition property is being improved and
built up by its owners, and numerous ad-
ditions have been lately opened.

Arrangements have been made with the
Chicago & Alton railroad to convey Mar-
shall's Band from Topeka to Chicago in a
reclining chair car. The band will re-
port at Chicago October 3, forty strong,
and remain in camp until October 12.
The boys are making every spare moment
count and will go to the encampment
determined to make a heroic effort to car-
ry off the first prize.

Sunday morning, A. F. McCaslin, 1121
Monroe street, was awakened by a noise,
and observed a man standing by one of
the windows. He opened fire on him, and
the man shot back, Mr. McCaslin sending
two more shots after the fellow, who
took to his heels. It is presumed that
the thieves were trying to steal a fine
mare in the stable, as they tried to burst
open the doors.

The board of education met Monday
evening in their rooms in the city build-
ing. Superintendent-elect Bloss was
present and addressed the members. He
is an interesting speaker and created a
decidedly favorable opinion on those who
heard him. A committee composed of
Superintendent Bloss, R. B. Welch and
ex-Superintendent Tillotson, was ap-
pointed on teachers. The coal contracts
were let to John Southern and T. D.
White & Co.

The plan for the sewer in North Topeka,
which causes much dissension, starts
from Tyler street, running east on Gor-
don street to the alley between Jackson
and Van Buren, thence along alley to Lau-
rent street, thence east on Laurent street
to Madison avenue, and south on Mad-
ison to the river. The party advocating
the sewer question the strongest, want to
put in two-foot pipes for this main line.
The other party say that although the
putting in of sewers is forced upon them,
they wish it to be adequate to the de-
mands, and therefore this party wish four
and one-half foot pipes, because the grade
is so nearly level, being only one foot fall
to 900 feet; that unless the pipes are
large enough for a man to get in them
and clean out the rubbish collected from
time to time, that the pipes will become
choked, and being too small for one to
pass through, will have to be taken up,
necessitating great expense and trouble.

THE SILVER BOAT.

The room was hushed, and the moonlight fell in broken bands on the garret floor; so cold and damp—the shadow of death had fallen three hours before.

Oh! she was a child of his old age, and she lay in his arms a-dying; the night-wind crept up the narrow stair. But fled through the window sighing.

Her yellow hair fell in shavings of gold, her breathing was hurried and low, her mother had died a night like this, just seven long years ago.

Day by day, with a terrible love, a love that was unavailing, he had watched the light in her blue eyes, steadily, hopelessly paling.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not die!" His words were distracted and wild; God help him now—for the old man's life is bound up in the life of the child.

"Father," she cried, with a sudden strength, "Look, oh! look at it, sailing there! The good Lord hath sent His silver boat—He has heard and answered my prayer."

"It came last night, but you were asleep, the windows were fastened tight; I held out my arms but it sailed away, sailed far away out of sight."

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears, as they "followed her to the sky, and he only saw the crescent moon in a storm of clouds drift by.

But a light not born of earth or sky shone now in the eyes of the maiden; "It comes, dear father, it comes!" she cried. For the weary and heavy-laden.

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars, To God's beautiful home on high, And He will send it again for you In a little while. Good by!"

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor, The crescent moon sailed out of sight; But the old man knew that his wife and child Had met in God's home that night.

—The Quiver.

Common Sense Cure.

Cousin Mary had been an invalid for several years, and all the female relatives shook their heads despondingly whenever this subject was mentioned.

"There was very little hope she would ever be any better, they said dolorously. 'She had had all the doctors far and near, and none of them did her any good. Poor woman! she probably couldn't hold out much longer.'"

I had heard the same story over and over, but, having had some experience in chronic disease, I was not disposed to believe the case as hopeless as it was represented.

I knew that at the first there had been a severe overtasking of strength in the care of a dearly loved brother, who had died after long illness, and Mary had been very sick of a fever after his death. Long months of nervous prostration followed the fever, then intervals of convalescence and relapses had succeeded each other until, at last she had become a confirmed invalid, a patient, resigned member of the "Shut-in Society."

As for myself, I was never a good subject for the last. I had told my pastor once, when he called upon me during a prolonged, apparently hopeless illness, that I did not believe in resignation to sickness; and in answer to his shocked expression, added, "resignation to anything that can be helped is simply laziness; and instead of joining the 'Shut-in Society,' I belong to the 'Get Up and Get Out Society.'"

Possibly that had something to do with the fact that I recovered after the physicians had declared my case hopeless.

With this experience fresh in my memory, I decided to visit my suffering relative, and see if there was not some possibility of help for her.

"I'm afraid you can't see Martha to-night," Aunt Mary said soon after my arrival, "she is so nervous no one has been in the room for the last month except doctor and I. She can't bear a bit of light or the least noise, her head is so bad." And poor, patient Aunt Martha heaved a deep sigh; the invalid daughter was very dear to her, and she was nearly exhausted by care and anxiety on her account.

"Then do not tell her I am here," I said. "I know just how she feels, and I am going to take the responsibility of walking in without asking consent."

Aunt Martha demurred, but, as is usually the case, my strong will overcame her weak one, and I opened softly the door of the sick room and entered unannounced.

The blinds were closed, and thick curtains were over the windows. In the dim light I could at first see only the outlines of a white-draped bed in the center of the room. As I drew nearer and my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I saw a pale, thin face upon the pillow, and a pair of dark eyes, unusually large and bright, were looking at me in surprise and bewilderment.

"I am Cousin Jennie," I said by way of introduction, as I saw she did not recognize me. "I have come from New York on purpose to see you."

She answered me in a voice scarcely above a whisper, letting the wasted, nerveless hand I had taken fall wearily back upon the coverlet. She looked so frail and delicate my heart was filled with the deepest pity for her, while I felt indignant at the ignorance that could shut up a sick person in such a close, dark room.

I made a few kind inquiries regarding her condition; it was the old story of chronic diseases—almost constant pain in back or sides, torturing nervous headaches, sleeplessness and loss of appetite.

"You have been very sick," she said in the low, languid tone she seemed to use habitually, "and they tell me your recovery was almost a miracle. Was it faith cure?"

"No, at least not what is called so by its advocates. The popular idea of faith cure, as I understand it, seems to me little better than an insult to the Almighty."

"Oh, Cousin Jennie!" with an accent of horror, as if I had committed the unpardonable sin. She was greatly shocked, just as I intended she should be; it was useless thinking of cure for her while she remained in that half-dead condition, both physically and mentally. A shock of some kind was necessary to rouse her, and, as I dared not dash a pail of cold water over her, or rush in suddenly shouting "the house is on fire!" I thought a mental shaking up might serve the same purpose in a lesser degree. It seemed to have that effect, and her flushed cheeks and full, clear tone showed that the blood had started into healthy action.

She laid her hand on mine deprecatingly, and her sorrowful expression half made me repent my experiment.

"And I thought you were a Christian," she said in a shocked, grieved tone.

"So I am, I trust," I answered; "that is, if loving God and trying to keep His commandments makes a Christian."

"Then how can you say such dreadful things?"

"Because I mean it. I do not doubt that in many cases it is a good thing, but carried to extremes as it is by enthusiasts, I believe it teaches a false doctrine and does great harm. Sickness in nearly all cases is caused by breaking nature's law—God's laws, either willfully or ignorantly, and faith cure apostles teach you to expect God to work a miracle to save you from the just penalty of His broken law. Would it not be wiser, honoring God more, to show you your error and teach you how to avoid it in future? But it is not faith cure we need, but more common sense cure."

"Why, what is common sense cure?"

"When you want to raise fine flowers, you shut them in a close, dark room, do you not?" I asked with seeming irrelevance.

"Oh, no! I give them all the sunshine and air they can get."

"Then isn't it common sense to suppose that a human flower needs the same conditions to keep in health?"

"Why—yes. I suppose so."

"Did you ever see a sick animal, a dog, for instance? He always seeks the warmest, softest bed he can find in order to cure himself, does he not?"

"No, certainly not; he goes away and finds a bed on the cool earth."

"Then is it common sense to put a sick human animal in a warm bed in a close room?"

"But we couldn't live on the bare earth like Towser."

"More pity that we cannot—but we might get a little nearer to it than we usually do in such cases. Then if you were well you would try and keep your health by making a diet of poisonous drugs, strong tea and a small quantity of toast would you not?"

"Of course not—that would make a well person sick."

"Then is it not common sense to suppose that what would make a healthy person sick would not restore a sick person to health?"

But I could never eat such food as I would if I were well—I have no appetite.

"I know it; but did it never occur to you that your lack of appetite; your headache and sleeplessness are nature's protests against the lack of fresh air and sunshine?"

"I don't know—I never thought of it. I suppose it was a part of my disease."

"And your disease, my dear, is largely due to breaking these very laws of nature."

"Yes—slowly and doubtfully, 'yet it is a disease after all—and the doctors themselves powerless to help it. Do you think I ever can be cured?' turning to me with an eager, appealing glance.

"Not!" I answered so bluntly and emphatically that the poor soul fell back with a half uttered "Oh!" of disappointment. "But," I added, "I have no doubt you can get well."

"Why what is the difference?"

"Just the difference between an active and a passive verb; in 'being cured' you are passively waiting for some agent outside to do the work,—in 'getting well' all your will power is aroused and you do the work yourself—one gets up and says 'go,' the other lies down and says 'come.'"

"And you believe I can get well?"

"Certainly. I have no doubt of it."

"Then do please teach me how. I've lain here month after month, in such severe suffering, waiting for the doctors to cure me, and they all fail; now if I can get well I'm willing to do anything you think best."

"All right, my dear, then I shall give you the first requisite of health—fresh air." And I pulled up the shade, opened the window and threw back the blinds.

It was a beautiful day early in September, and the sun had just sunk behind the distant hills, leaving the sky above a mass of purple and rose, amber and gold,—such soft tints, such gorgeous coloring it reminded me of the description of the glories of the New Jerusalem;—but Mary, poor soul, had laid there too long already, waiting and longing for the other world. I wanted now to endear her more to this one, so I repressed the impulse to speak my first thoughts and said simply, "See, dear, what a lovely world you are shutting out."

At first her eyes sank sensitively from the light and she pressed her hand over them; but she was determined, evidently to follow my advice, and after a few attempts looked out with delight.

I drew another light blanket about her, bringing it up around her head so that only her face was exposed.

I had very little fear of her taking cold from such mild air, but I would run no risks.

"Now I am going to leave you alone to watch the colors fade from the sky, and the stars come out," I said after arranging it all for her comfort. "No doubt you are tired and need rest."

"No. I don't know how it is, but I've been so interested I haven't thought of being tired; and"—with a puzzled look—"I have not felt any pain since you came in. I don't see how it is, for I've not been free from it before, for half an hour in many weeks."

"It was because your mind was so much occupied with other things you never thought of it."

Aunt Martha entered the room at this moment with Mary's supper,—a cup of strong Japanese tea, and a slice of toast—the most indigestible and least nutritious of all dishes prepared for invalids.

She looked in surprise from the open window to Mary's animated face.

"Well, this is a change!" she said, with a pleased expression on her careworn face. "I guess you feel better."

"Yes, I am better," Mary said emphatically. "Cousin Jennie says I can get well and I am going to do just as she advises and see if it is possible."

"Then you must remember that the first step is to believe that you are going to get well," I said, bending to kiss the white face which in the clear light showed sadly the marks of severe pain and her extreme emaciation.

I left her alone for a half hour to the rest I felt sure she needed, then without giving her a hint of my intention, wrapped her in a blanket and had her brother carry her to the family sitting-room and place her on a sofa. She was greatly surprised at the sudden change, but uttered no remonstrance. The family were so heartily glad to see her, I feared they would overdo the matter in their welcome, so I protested against too much talking. She bore it wonderfully well,—better than I expected.

In the meantime I opened all the windows and the outside door in an adjoining hall, giving her room a thorough airing.

Before returning to her room I gave her a sponge bath with the water at 70 degrees,—uncovering only a small portion of the surface at a time, rubbing briskly with towels, then with the open palm until I brought a healthy glow to the dry feverish skin. After dressing her in fresh clothing, turning the mattress over and making the bed with clean linen, she was carried back and comfortable for the night.

The change to the other room and the bath had caused healthy weariness which made the chamber and fresh clothing very agreeable to her.

"Now here is your sleeping portion," I said as I gave her a cup of warm gruel. "Drink it all, then trot away to slumberland."

The next morning I found her bright and cheerful.

"O! I had such a sweet sleep!" she said with animation, "I have not been so refreshed for months. I have had to take bromide and chloral every night in order to sleep at all. What did you put in the gruel?"

"Only a little common sense, my dear. An animal will never sleep on an empty stomach, you know; and in your case the process of digestion drew the blood from your overcharged brain and induced sleep. Now drink this," handing her a cup of water, comfortably hot, with a slice of lemon in it. "It will warm your stomach ready for your breakfast."

After drinking it she sat up in bed, bathed face and hands and arranged her hair.

"See," she said after she had finished, "I haven't done that for myself for four months."

I had prepared her breakfast myself—a poached egg, a dish of thoroughly cooked oatmeal, and a plate of delicious grapes.

Her eyes brightened. "I believe I am hungry," she said, "and I cannot remember the time I have been so before. But is it safe for such a weak stomach as mine to take those grapes?"

"Just try it and see; I will answer for consequences; only be sure and do not swallow the seeds."

I engaged her in merry conversation as she ate, and if laughter helps digestion and increases appetite, it might account for Mary's calling for the second plate of oatmeal, to Aunt Martha's astonishment. "She hasn't eaten so much at one time in a year," she said with surprise and pleasure.

Mary had not observed the absence of tea with her breakfast until the meal was ended, then she turned to me inquiringly.

"Do you feel thirsty?" I asked.

"Not in the least. The grapes were food and drink."

"Then do not drink any tea now. I think it increases your headache and sleeplessness, and certainly your nerves need no stimulant. I would prefer, if you can do without it, that you take no drink of any kind with your meals. You will chew your food more thoroughly, and it will digest better. I will bring you a glass of warm milk and water in an hour."

After I had given this to her I changed her night clothing for that worn the day before, which had been sunning in the back yard since early morning.

Then wrapping her again in a blanket, she was carried to a sofa on the back veranda, where with her head alone in shade, the rest of the body received the full benefit of the sunshine.

At first the strong light was painful to the weak eyes accustomed only to a darkened room, so I put over them a green silk shade screening them from the glare. She lay for a long time silently drinking in the pure, fresh air and watching the distant landscape from beneath her shade.

"Oh Jennie! it's like heaven," she said at last. "How blind and foolish I have been."

"We will not mourn over the past now—but be thankful your eyes were opened before it was too late."

After an hour's thorough sunning she was carried back to her bed, which had been aired and the linen changed for that used the day before, which like the clothing, had been sunning for hours.

As I expected, Mary was asleep and never awakened until dinner time.

Then she was ready for a hearty meal of roast beef with a few of the grapes for a relish.

Before my two weeks' visit ended she was able to sit up for an hour or two at a time and to walk to her favorite resting-place in the hammock, which I had substituted for the sofa.

The greater part of every pleasant day was spent between the hammock and an easy chair on the veranda.

When I left it was with the promise that Mary was to return my visit in six weeks, which promise was punctually kept. She bore the hundred-mile journey with no undue fatigue, and I could scarcely recognize in the bright, healthful face and plump form, the emaciated, helpless, hopeless invalid whom I had found in the darkened room two months before. Yet it was no miracle, but simply common sense had restored her to health, and, better still, taught her how to keep it.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

RONDO'S HOUSE.

Built in 1843, It Still Stands on Summit Avenue, St. Paul—Excellent Preservation.

When Joseph Rondo, in the year 1843, erected a cabin 14x16, of hewn logs, filled in with adobe, on the claim he had purchased three years previous of Edward Phelan, he did not think that he was erecting a building that in the year 1887 would stand within 150 feet of the handsomest street in St. Paul—viz., Summit avenue, and that would be passed daily by thousands of people, unconscious of either its proximity or its history. Yet such is the fact. Numerous buildings in the city have during the last six years been designated as "the oldest house in St. Paul," while this little structure, modestly shielded from an inquisitive public, maintained in silence its title wrongfully bestowed upon other antiquated and dilapidated houses. The residents on Summit avenue, and particularly those living in close proximity to Summit park, will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that the house rightfully called "the oldest house in St. Paul" is located in that vicinity. The building, as already stated, was built and occupied by Joseph Rondo in 1843, and was his habitation, as shown by official records, until 1855, when he sold it and the four acres of ground composing his demesne to the late John Nicols. In 1856 Mr. Nicols removed the old house from its original location to the eastern part of the property, and erected in its stead the substantial and commodious stone building now known as the Nicols home. Contrary to the usual practice, Mr. Nicols did not pull down the old Rondo house, but rather preserved it by incorporating it into a barn that was erected around and above it. Recently it was the pleasure of a Globe reporter to discover the old relic, and by the courtesy of John R. Nicols, who succeeded his father as partner in the firm of Nicols & Dean, have access to family documents that establish beyond a doubt the claims set forth for the Rondo house. The middle door on the south side of the barn opens directly into the old house, which, except where the adobe has fallen out, is in nearly as good a state of preservation as when erected. The timbers are of oak, and plainly show the marks of the ax with which they were hewed. Those on the side are cross-sectioned, and all the intervening space around the room, excepting the doors and the windows, filled with adobe, composed of broken limestone as the foundation, cemented together with mortar. The original roof, as an examination of the hay mow will show, has been removed and the barn roof substituted therefor. In this connection it may be well to state when Mr. Nicols purchased the property, consisting at that time of four acres, it was regarded by his friends as a foolish venture, several of them predicting that "it would never be worth the price paid for it (\$1,200), as it was too far out of town." Mr. Nicols was obliged to break a road through the hazel brush from St. Anthony street (Summit avenue) over which to haul the material for his dwelling.—*St. Paul Globe.*

In the Country.

Jimmy—I was walking in the woods, when all at once I came upon the biggest kind of a rattlesnake.

Pa—How do you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy?

"By the way my teeth rattled as soon as I saw him."—*Texas Siftings.*

HERE AND THERE.

Nine London theaters are managed by women.

A white sagehen has been seen at Wood river, Idaho.

Two twenty-knot English cruisers are being built of wood.

Fly-paper is going up, according to a late market report.

Four circuses are now making a tour of Massachusetts.

Date and Barbary thistle are fashionable woods for canes.

Japanese are buying land in Calaveras county, Nevada.

Lands in southeast Arkansas are fast coming into demand.

There is now a rush of travel from California to Oregon.

The ceiling of an Ithaca store has been covered with plush.

There are sixty-five Roman Catholic churches in New York city.

The people of Toledo are now supplied with gas by two pipe lines.

Five hundred boys and girls sell lozenges on the streets of New York.

Over one million fishpools are imported into this country annually by one firm.

The Prussian hussars are to have a lighter, straight, and double-edged sword.

The police force at Sherman, Tex., is to be reinforced by a pack of bloodhounds.

About 500,000 cans of French sardines are consumed in this country every year.

A citizen of New London, Conn., has a beard which is six feet eight inches long.

Quite a number of counterfeit Mexican dollars are in circulation at El Paso, Tex.

"Three Infant Twins" is the melancholy inscription on a tombstone in Winsted, Mass.

Three clergymen belong to a fire company of Cambridge, N. Y., and one of them is its foreman.

Twenty seven thousand emigrants landed at Castle Garden during the month of July.

A failure to vaccinate is punished at Phoenix, Arizona, by \$300 fine or six months in jail.

A man is said to have picked sixty quarts of huckleberries at Martha's Vineyard one day recently.

New York prohibitionists claim that they will poll 50,000 votes at the next presidential election.

At St. Jose, Cal., are apricot trees that bear from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of fruit each.

Yolo county, California, has 38,000 acres in vines, three thousand of which are vines of the raisin grape.

Railroad-builders in Washington territory talk of sending south for black labor, workmen being so scarce.

The survivors of the old 24th New York cavalry met at Buffalo Wednesday, for the first time in twenty-two years.

Buenos Ayres is to have a new theater that will accommodate four thousand spectators. The cost is estimated at \$3,000,000.

A territorial university has just been completed at Laramie, Wyoming, at a cost of \$50,000, and will be opened Sept. 5.

A San Jose (Cal.) bicyclist is having a machine made in the east with a nine-foot wheel, and which will run a mile a minute.

A negro committed suicide in Atlanta, Ga., one day recently because his wife refused to mend his clothes and sew on buttons.

The sum of \$20,000 is to be distributed among the blind poor of New York, and as there is five hundred of them each will get \$40.

Ex-Atty. Gen. Colt, of Rhode Island, says it is impossible to force the prohibition law in that state, because juries will not convict offenders.

Mayor Hewitt has issued an order instructing the city police to see that all music in concert halls and the like is stopped promptly at midnight.

The ladies of Baltimore are engaged in an effort to establish a home for the mothers, indigent widows, and children of the deceased confederate soldiers in the state of Maryland.

A Pennsylvania paper sees an advertisement for "a boy to do heavy work" and comments that "boys who would be caught by an advertisement like that are very scarce in that section."

"Prof." Baldwin, the balloon jumper, is advertised to drop from a balloon five thousand feet high by the aid of a parachute at Rockaway beach. If he fails to break his neck he will receive \$1,500.

The artesian well at Pesth, the deepest one in the world, supplies hot water for public baths and other purposes. It is 3,120 feet deep, and supplies daily 176,000 gallons of water heated to 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

In cutting a new street at Buffalo all of one man's land except a nine-inch strip was taken, and on this amount he has to pay taxes. The law is so strict that no more land can be taken in such a case than the notice of intention calls for.

It has been found that the plant which produces the horseradish root of commerce will grow without irrigation or cultivation in the little valleys and flats of Nevada. There is an indigenous plant of the same species that grows wild everywhere on the hills.

A pony owned by W. H. Ellis, of Bloomingburg, N. Y., carries the children to school in the morning, trots home all by itself, is hitched up in the afternoon and started off to school where it waits until school is dismissed, when it takes the children home.

A farmer stood at a gas well and sadly declared that it was just ruining bible prophecy to dig such things. On being asked to explain, he said: "If the oil and gas are all pumped out of the earth, don't it stand to reason that there will be nothing left inside for the final burning up of the world? It is just spoiling bible prophecy, and ought to be stopped."

RURAL TOPICS.

A Few Practical Suggestions on Grass Culture.

Raising of Colts for Market Ought to Be One of the Sources of Farm Profits.

Grass Culture.

There is no way of feeding domestic animals through which a minimum of expense is so surely attained as by grazing, for in this way all the cost of planting, cultivating, hand-feeding, as well as the risk of growing crops, is saved, and at the same time the land in use is being fertilized without waste or expense, while the animals are kept in the most natural and best condition for attaining a healthy development, writes L. B. Sidney in *The Practical Farmer*. Throughout Great Britain, where the value of land is so great that its most profitable use is a matter of constant study and investigation, it is the rule among stock-growers—which nearly all the farmers are—to feed by grazing as far as possible and to cultivate no land in grain until ample provisions are made for all the grazing land that can be used. In Holland, also, where labor is very cheap, pastures are an important feature of the country. In the United States, however, and especially in the States of the upper Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys, the reverse is the rule, very little land being devoted to pasture which can be cultivated in grain, whether at a profit or loss. This is a subject which certainly justifies a wide and careful investigation, and it is the writer's desire, hoping to do some good by stating some of the results of his own observation and experience, to induce others who are better qualified to follow in the same line, for there is no one branch of farming, as carried on in the West, in which so few appear to be well informed as in that of grasses, not alone in a technical knowledge, but in a knowledge of value of the different varieties, the best modes of seeding, and most profitable ways in which they may be used.

The climate and soil of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Nebraska, the greater part of Iowa and parts of Wisconsin and Michigan, are well adapted to growing timothy, orchard grass and clover, and are so similar in the more essential characteristics that general rules in this respect are with simple modifications found applicable to the whole district; and while Kentucky blue-grass has its greatest value on suitable limestone soils where the climate is favorable for winter pasture, as in Kentucky, Southern Illinois and Southern Missouri, yet, except on sandy soils, it is a very valuable pasture grass throughout almost this entire area; and leaving out the great variety of other grasses, more or less valuable for hay or grazing, clover and the three named varieties cover all the necessities, are easily seeded, yield the best returns, and are best adapted for general uses.

To grow large crops land must be fertile; even the best land we have cannot be continuously cropped in grain without deterioration, for grain-growing involves a process of active exhaustion, which is intensified by continuous production of the same crop, which year after year consumes the same constituents, and if all is taken from the soil and nothing returned its chief reliance for power to produce must be in the absorption of ammonia and other fertilizing properties from the atmosphere and rain water, which is insufficient. It is easy to say that farmers should manure their land, but the truth is, the price of grain and the cost of labor will not justify the expense of a general system of fertilizing, for which the quantity of stable manure possible to obtain is inadequate; besides, our supremacy in producing grain and provisions is due largely to the fact that we can obtain good crops without any such outlay; hence, if we are to retain that supremacy some practical method must be adopted for perpetuating the fertility of the soil without additional expense. If, however, the soil can be kept up to its original fertility without increased cost, there need be no fear, but there is nothing more certain than that the soil in these States is being rapidly robbed of its natural fertility. Fortunately, however, the means for obviating the danger are at hand and can be utilized, not only without expense, but with a direct profit in its use, in addition to the benefits derived through increasing the grain-producing capacity of the land.

Experience has taught that owing to the natural qualities of the soil and the character of the climate, we can keep the land in a moderately high productive condition through an ordinary rotation of crops, including pasturing two out of each six to eight years, according to the composition of the soil; for while the land is being pastured, exhaustion ceases in a large degree; it has time for rest and is being constantly fertilized by animal droppings. These facts are so well known in their general application that I doubt if there is one in ten of the most successful Western farmers but what would say that if all the land in these States now cultivated in grain was well seeded and pastured two years out of each six or eight, the aggregate annual production of grain would be larger than at present, thus saving one-fourth the cost of cultivation, besides having the use of the pasture, which, if judiciously managed in connection with grain-feeding,

would probably give the largest net annual profit per acre.

The greatest advantage to be derived by the grain crops through such a rotation would not be so much in the increased yield in good seasons as it would be in the bad ones, when owing to the strength and condition of the soil the plant grown on land recently pastured would possess greater vitality and be better able to withstand adverse conditions of every kind, for like animals, the strongest and best nourished plants can withstand the greatest hardships.

Timothy can hardly be termed a good grazing grass except for a small portion of the year, and is frequently injured by being grazed at a time when grazings are most needed; while blue grass does not come forward rapidly enough for a rotation crop. Nothing, however, could be better adapted for a rotation pasture crop than orchard grass and red clover. Each is very palatable and nutritious, yields largely, and stands severe drouths exceedingly well, while both come forward quickly and make good hay, and as they ripen at the same time, are well adapted for being mixed. If it is desirable to cut the first crop for hay, orchard grass will come forward and be ready for grazing quite as soon after cutting as clover; but clover, taking as it does its chief substance from the atmosphere, and for other reasons, is the best fertilizer.

If the foregoing statements are substantially correct, the average Western farmer cultivates four acres for the grain he may have from three at no greater cost per acre, and also loses the profit available from the fourth acre while in pasture. In other words, he makes less than seventy-five cents when with the same labor he might make \$1.

To prove in detail the advantages to be gained through devoting more land to grazing, many of which are obvious, would require more time and space than is at my command, and for practical purposes is quite unnecessary, for let any farmer look over his own county and he will find that as a rule the most successful farmers, large or small, are those who have the most good pasture and meadow, and that they are men who grow good stock as well as good crops of grain. When an exception occurs to the rule it can be traced to some special reason outside of the general rule.

In Central New York and in considerable districts of Ohio, also in many smaller localities in the other States named, this or a similar system of rotation in connection with stock-raising has been adopted, and when once tried is seldom abandoned by individuals and never by communities.

It makes but little difference what kind of stock a man grows, whether horses, cattle, sheep, or swine, so long as he selects the best breeds and feeds well. Good stock always pays; but a man must be pretty well off before he can afford to grow scrubs of any kind.

Raising Horses on the Farm.

Raising colts for market ought to be one of the sources of farm profits—one of the perquisites of farmers as eggs and butter should be the perquisites of the farmer's wife. It is not expected that the ordinary farmer is to be a fancy breeder, nor, indeed, a breeder of what is called blooded stock. But he should have an eye to the fitness of things, and endeavor to breed good, useful grades. He should have some idea of what sort of a colt his mare is calculated to breed, and seek a sire accordingly. In this way, if he can not breed the highest-priced stock, he can at least secure a good, useful animal that will pay for its rearing and keep. A few dollars for service of the right kind is as likely to result in several dollars value in the colt as good seed is to bring forth a paying crop in the field over one from poor seed, or seed of a poor kind. There is no prospect of profit in breeding from an inferior sire because his services can be had for small cost. As well expect a good harvest of field corn from planting popcorn seed, as to expect a valuable colt from an inferior sire. It is perhaps not worth while to waste expensive service on a scrub mare, but if a mare is worth breeding from at all, it will pay to secure service that gives some prospect of value in the offspring. Something never comes of nothing. Neither will a colt of value come from coupling a worthless mare with a worthless horse. Like begets like; and scrub colts are a poor investment.—*Practical Farmer*.

Don't Deceive Children.

The welfare of all babies would be greatly advanced if they were regarded more frequently in the light of real people—of individuals. Babies of eighteen months are quite capable of forming an opinion in regard to their nurses and mothers, and one must be hardened indeed not to feel the close scrutiny of those clear eyes that have as yet been troubled by no guile from within. We ought not to deceive the smallest child, and should begin right, in this respect, from babyhood.

A Familiar Phiz.

"Haven't I seen you before?" inquired a soda-water clerk last evening of a dude, who was evidently a frequent customer, as he passed two glasses of chocolate and carbonated milk over the counter. "I shouldn't wonder," was the laconic reply. "Your fizz is very familiar."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

A CARGO OF BANANAS.

The Queer Crowd That Assists at Unloading a Vessel.

Forty years ago scarcely a bunch of bananas came to New York by vessel. Until ten years ago they were brought here only in little brigs and schooners. Now they come in great ocean steamers only. The larger quantity is received between May and September; but through the year the arrivals of banana-laden steamers will average four each week, or say two hundred a year. An average cargo is twenty thousand bunches, and the bunches will each average two hundred separate pieces of fruit. But here was the *Amicitia*, from Baracoa, Cuba, and a couple of hundred sweltering half-mad Italian and 'dago' Cuban fruit-buyers. An entire cargo is disposed of as rapidly as it comes out of the hold. In the old times, three to six days were required to unload a little schooner. Now a great steamer will discharge a cargo of bananas in ten hours. The consignee has notified every dealer in the city, and they are nearly all here, a motley lot, whose jabbering, cursing, and perspiration are sometimes terrible indeed. They swarm over the steamer's deck and drive bargains as though their very immortal souls depended on the higgling over the load, or that bunch of bananas.

Gangs of from eight to sixteen men are required at each hatch, and these fellows who work in the hold in the most fearful stench ever whiffed by human nose receive 25 cents an hour. They are the lowest species of beings existing along the docks. They possibly get two days' work a week. That is enough. They live on bananas, swill, and garbage, sailor boarding-house rum, and lie along the burning pavements of South and West streets in sodden, open-mouthed stupor, with less manners and brains than swine. Relays are formed from the hold, and the bunches tossed thence, one at a time, being caught on their way out by each man by hands flat, palms upward, and bowed forearms, which act as a sort of pillow for the fruit. The rapidity and safety of the movement of these bunches are marvelous. At each hatch on deck is a tallyman, who is also a "collector" for the consignee. The latter grades the bunches as they come flying from the hold with incredible swiftness and accuracy. A few feet below on the docks are scores of dealers' wagons, and according to grade, a constant stream of bunches flows into each. In these they are carted to the "sweat-rooms" of the wholesalers where they are hung much like curing tobacco, and kept at about 110 degrees of heat night and day for from three to five days, when the bunches, which were originally a livid green, are ripened and transformed to the tempting yellow clusters which lure us to the stalls of Lorenzo the Magnificent's descendants upon the streets.

The grades are simply "firsts," "seconds," "culls," and "ripes." "Firsts" are bunches containing the most and finest fruit. "Seconds" are all other prime condition, marketable bunches. "Culls" are the lowest grade fruit and "ripes" comprise the overripe and partly decayed bananas. The "culls" are piled on deck in freckled, unsightly heaps, and you will have to wade ankle-deep in "ripes" until they are sorted and corded, two tiers lengthwise, in old orange boxes, one-tweentieth of a cargo possibly being in this condition. The price secured for bananas by the vessel-load is about \$1 12 per bunch, and the retailer gets them at about \$1 40. As the bunches average two hundred pieces each any one can estimate the profits in the street banana trade. Whatever it may be in the tawny crowd that sweltered and fought for bargains on deck among the "ripes" and "culls" until the heat, imprecations, filth, and gaudy picturesqueness of it all took me back in imagination to the purlieus of Calle Baluarte quarter in Havana, one little gowned, glittering-eyed bag-of-bones that might have been woman or witch, was pointed out by merry old Teddy Toole, the watchman. "Dyer know," said Teddy, in a savage tone, hinting of the progress of poverty's envy, "that there Mrs. Rosso as runs a stand up at Grand 'n' Bowry's good—jess her cussed word's good—for this yer whole cargo!"

And I have found the same queer crowd over at a Brooklyn Pier where a cargo of coconuts was being unloaded. The largest of these nuts are shipped here from Aspinwall and Cartagena; but the smaller and finer variety are brought from Cuba and Porto Rico. A steamer's cargo will count from 50,000 to 200,000. I can never see one of these human-faced cocoanuts that I do not live over again my idyllic wanderings in Cuba with stately Don Miguel, and hear his pretty description, in the old Luvono posada, of how the coconut propagates itself. "These yer eyes," said the don, are as much the outlook of the cocoanut's perpetual life as men's eyes are the window of their souls. Through these eyes the new tree breaks to the sun. The ovule is a slender cone-shaped mass in the case at the big end of the fruit. Its sustentation comes from the rich, milky meat about it, from which it draws its power as it forces its way to the light through one of these strange eyes, and in whatever direction it may be pointed it then steers straight for the sky. Innumerable delicate threadlike roots fill the nut and feed upon the mother-heart until

the nutrition is exhausted, when the powerful shell parts like an egg-shell from which struts the young chick, and the quick soil receives the outstretched roots lovingly. Almost as soon as this tender shoot has reached the air, leaves form in diminutive representation of the pinnate leaves of the full-grown tree, which sometimes reaches the height of seventy feet; though its myriads of roots never exceed the size of your lead pencil. Within four or five years fruit is borne and is continued for forty or fifty years in never-failing and in increasingly bountiful supply, clustered up there at the top of the tree as if hiding between their plumelike tufts of foliage.

These cargoes of cocoanuts are unloaded by the same desperate class that work in the holds of the banana vessels. They are passed up from below in baskets, each containing from twenty to thirty nuts. On deck they are counted and assorted into two grades. They are then sacked on deck, 100 first grade and 125 second grade nuts to each sack, and immediately carted away. Frequently half the cargo is spoiled from heat, or in a rough voyage the terrific pounding given the nuts ruin many, and by the time they are landed they are in rotting condition. The purchasers of the injured cocoanuts get the "sick" or "she" nuts as the vernacular of the trade terms them, for nothing. And in these is sometimes found the larger profits. On Washington and Barclay streets are great dens where they are turned into money. The sour and rotten meats are removed, dried, ground with sugar, and desiccated for use in deadly sweetmeats for your children or for yourselves in cakes and puddings, while the shells, shag and all, when ground are worth 12 cents a pound for mixing with your pleasant spices. So that the cocoanut subject is one we are bound to digest, however little we like it or however much the honest manufacturer and the good doctors make out of it.

The Marks of a Good Milker.

1. A good milker must be able to eat a good deal of food. Milk cannot be made without something to make it from. The cow does not secrete milk from the air, but from her blood and her blood is supplied from the food she eats. To eat a great deal a cow must have a strong jaw, and we may put this down as one of the marks of a good milker. A strong jaw does not necessarily require a big head, at least what is called a bull's head, large in the upper part, but a strong lower jaw with strong muscles to operate it. Any expansion of the head in other directions may be a detriment as drawing from her food to support it.

2. A good milker must digest a great deal of food. This requires an ample stomach or stomachs, for the cow has four. A large stomach is indicated externally by a large abdomen and great breadth between the hips, or great breadth of loins. A judge of cows will tell you that a cow should be wedge shaped, tapering from abdomen to nose.

3. A good milker will have large milk veins—that is, large veins leading to the udder, under the belly. Those large veins indicate a large milker. 4. Whether what is called the escutcheon, the portion of the hind part of the udder and adjacent parts on which the hairs turn back in opposition to the general direction of the hair, is any indication of the milking qualities of the cow, is a disputed question. Many believe that where it is large it indicates a good milker, where small a poor one. Others put no faith in it.

5. A soft, velvet feeling of the skin and a rich, yellow color, especially in the inside of the ears, is believed to indicate a rich milker, at least, if not a very large one. It is believed to show a tendency to form fat, and consequently butter.

A Great Overflow.

An American traveler, while in Venice, met a man dressed in the unmistakable "toggeri" of the Mississippi river bottoms.

"Ah," said the traveler, approaching the southerner. "I am not acquainted with you, but I am glad to see you, for I know you are from my country."

"I am from Mississippi."

"I knew it," said the traveler, extending his hand. "What do you think of Venice?"

"Wall, I don't reckon I oughter express my opinion now, for I didn't git here till after the overflow, an' hain't had a chance to see the town, but as the water 'pears to be on a stand now, I reckon it'll begin to go down pretty soon, an' I 'low that when she starts she'll go down right peart."

"My gracious, man, this is not an overflow."

"Then it's about as lively a freshet as ever I seed. In our country, when we have to paddle 'round the streets in canoes, we call it a putty good overflow."

"You don't understand. This is Venice, and the water is always here."

"You don't say so. An' does the government have to issue rations to all these folks?"

"Of course not. This town was built this way to—"

"Wall, that must be, but I call it a overflow all the same; but if it ain't goin' to fall enough for me to see the town, I reckon I'd better go. This is the blamest swamp I ever seed,—*Arkansas Traveler*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

POTTED SHANK.

Boil a shank of beef till tender, chop the meat up, and season it with salt, pepper and (if liked) half a nutmeg. Reduce the liquor to three pints, add the meat, cool in a mold. It should turn out well when cold.

EGG PUDDING.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of raisins, a pound of chopped apples, four eggs, a cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, spice. Boil in a mold. Serve with hard sauce.

VEAL LOAF.

Four pounds of chopped veal, half a pound of salt pork, chopped fine, four eggs, four tablespoons of bread crumbs, half pint of milk, one and a half teaspoons of salt, three teaspoons of sage, half teaspoon of black pepper; mix thoroughly, put in a bread pan, spread the top with butter and bake three hours.

OMELET.

Beat light six eggs, add one cup of milk, two tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder well mixed with the flour; season with salt and pepper and fry in hot lard.

CORN FRITTERS.

Grate cold boiled corn from the cob, season, add three beaten eggs and sufficient flour to give them consistency. Drop in large spoonfuls into the boiling lard or dipping, and fry a nice brown. Canned corn may be used.

GINGER BREAD.

One half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of hot water, two cups of flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda.

BEEF STEW.

Put some stock in a skillet, when it heats add some sliced cold potatoes, one onion chopped fine, a little pepper and salt; cook a few minutes and serve very hot.

JELLY ROLL.

Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoons of water, flavor; bake on paper and roll while very hot.

SUMMER SQUASH.

Cut the squash in quarters, remove the seeds and skin, cover with salted boiling water and boil until done. When cooked mash the squash and add one ounce of butter for each small one. Moisten with gravy or broth and put in little pans or dishes; cover with bread crumbs, place tiny bits of butter on the top and bake to a delicate brown in a brisk oven.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.

Soak a small bowl of bread overnight in milk. In the morning mix half a cupful of flour, into which is put one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, with one quart of milk, three well beaten eggs and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter until it is very light and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.

STICE PUDDING.

Two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one-fourth pound of citron or lemon peel, one teacup of sugar, two thick slices of bread crumbled fine, seven eggs, a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg grated; two pounds of beef suet, a piece of butter the size of an orange; about two pounds of flour. Mix it all with milk or water and boil four hours in a bag. This quantity makes two large puddings, and may be kept a month. Steam slices as it is wanted, and eat with a sauce.

CHICKEN AND RICE.

Two cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of cold chicken chopped fine, one cup of chicken broth, salt and pepper; boil five minutes, stirring all the while.

FRIED CHICKEN.

Cut up the chicken and salt and dip in flour; have a dripping pan with plenty of boiling lard, into which lay the chicken; put in a well heated oven; fry brown on both sides.

JELLY CUSTARD PIE.

Four eggs, whites beaten separately, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter; beat well; add whites of the egg; bake on thin pastry.

He Might Go On.

"Teaching to me," said an enthusiastic young school ma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact I called to-night to—but I hardly dare go on in the light of what you—"

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady, softly. "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."—*New York Sun*.

Dangerous Knowledge.

Boston Young Woman (in the country)—But, how are we to distinguish the mushrooms from the poisonous fungi, Penelope?

Penelope (another Boston young woman)—Oh, they are quite different! As I understand it, the mushroom is a sort of soiled white, while the poisonous fungus is quite pinkish in hue, or, perhaps (reflectively), it is the mushroom that is pink, and the other a soiled white. I know that they are decidedly dissimilar.—*Puck*.

There is a fable now on the rounds that a Kentucky man swallowed bullets to prevent asthma. It pleases the temperance people.—*New Haven News*.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 20, 1887.

The president will make a western and southern tour this fall.

Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, is probably the smallest great man in this country.

It is thought to be a matter of universal interest that one Jay Gould, formerly a dealer in mouse traps, has become a grandfather.

The late fearful railroad disaster in Illinois should be sufficient to require railroad companies to make their bridges of iron or stone.

The Woman's Congress, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, will hold its next meeting in New York City, Oct. 26, 27 and 28.

Each girl in Wellesley College performs forty-five minutes' work each day. There are three hundred girls, and every girl is trained to do one kind of work quickly and well.

Formerly the Kansas liquor bill was \$27,000,000 a year. Last year, with a largely increased population, it was only \$7,000,000. The difference between these two sums is what is booming Kansas. Prohibition is better than gold mines or diamond fields.

J. C. Hubbard puts in his explanation this week, and shows that he is not a political mormon. He acted as secretary of the late Labor convention out of neighborly kindness because the convention had no material of its own for such an officer. It is possible that Gen. Cameron has a good excuse too, since he has not really worked with the party since he was not re-elected chairman. But how about Vrooman and Corning? We are ready to hear from them.

Leading business men are moving their goods from Lawrence to Kansas City and Topeka, and the Tribune laments over the fact. Lawrence is a quiet country burg, a good place to live retired, but the dearest town for business in all Kansas. Like Le-compton, it has a place in state history, and like the hibernating bear, it lives on the fat of its accumulated reputation, especially the "Raid." No one in Lawrence has blue blood who did not pass through the "Raid."

Reports come from various quarters of the west of unusual damage to property from fires started from sparks from locomotives. The long drouth has made bridges, fences, grass and buildings as inflammable as tinder. Many western roads on some portions of their lines are keeping men constantly on the watch and converting their gangs of section men into regular fire departments. The danger and damage are said to be particularly large in Illinois and Indiana.

There is no use in opposing woman suffrage in Kansas. The Prohibition and the Labor party are for it, and so are the republicans. Bro. Albert Griffin, whose apron string takes in the anti-saloon republicans, is so enthusiastic that he wants a special session of the legislature called right away at once instant, to throw the doors wide open, and he promises that the body shall go right home as soon as it does that. Albert holds the whole Kansas legislature in his little white hat, he does.

After some hesitation, the Fargo Agrus, Dakota, has declared for high license and the matter is thought to be worth telegraphing over the country. Well, Lant Edwards, the editor, always did want to be with the crowd, and Fargo's whiskey interests are big. We remember that early in the rebellion he was a democrat and opposed the war. It was not till after the capture of Fort Donelson that he began to be for the union, and became a republican. The opinions of such men are hardly worth the electric power necessary for telegrams.

IS PROHIBITION A FAILURE?

John A. Martin in 1881.

"First, because it is an unwise and unlawful infringement upon individual liberty, and an assumption of power beyond the legitimate function of civil government.

"Second, because its honest enforcement would be impossible, and will utterly fail in accomplishing the object of its friends, and in the end produce evils more perilous than all the drunkards and grog shops in the land. "Now, has the law been enforced? No! Will it be enforced? No! Why? Because it does violence to public judgment; it is injudicious, violent, extreme, fanatical, an unlawful and unjust exercise of power; the result of ignorance, stupidity and fanaticism.

"Another objection to the amendment and law is, it develops and brings to the front a class of hypocrites, spies, detectives, liars and informers—the most loathsome and offensive class of vermin that can possibly afflict the body politic. This is the class of men fostered, encouraged and sustained by the law last winter,—a class more dangerous to the peace, and good order and safety of society than common murderers or highway robbers."

"Men from all parts of the globe with known habits, customs and peculiarities have been by the direct agency of the State, invited and urged to come to our State, with the assurance that these habits would be recognized and protected—that they could at least enjoy the same degree of personal liberty they did in Europe. That the amendment will keep immigrants from our State, I think perfectly plain."

This whole Prohibition racket was gotten up, is being kept alive, and will be still further agitated, for the express purpose of distracting public attention from the labor, finance, transportation, and other economic questions. The Prohibition agitators are being egged on by the thieves who are stealing the people blind in order to divert public attention from their own infamous depredations. Like pickpockets who set up a sham fight to attract the attention of a crowd while they get in their sly work, these big thieves rub the ears of the Prohibitionists and encourage them in raising a false and immaterial issue upon which to divide the people and draw their attention from the great questions of the day upon which hinge not only the welfare of the people but our existence as a free Republic.

We regret that not a few of our old Greenback co-workers have been caught with this Prohibition chaff; but we trust that they are getting their eyes open at last.—Chicago Sentinel.

Of a truth these are the words of a fool, coming as they do from the Union Labor organ of the west. If there is any class of citizens that Prohibition is calculated to benefit it is the industrial classes. If there is a political party, or a political creed that needs the education that can only be reached by Prohibition in one form or another, it is that faction that is clamoring for labor, or industrial reform.

Public sympathy is warm for that laboring man who saves his money and builds up a home for himself and family. It is kind and generous to him who is so unfortunate as to be kept down by sickness and misfortune. It is cold and harsh to him who spends his hard earned wages for drink and cheats his wife and children out of the comforts of home. This is what anti-prohibition encourages. It neutralizes, at least, one half the imaginary benefits that are claimed by the anti-monopoly, labor union reformers. It is a plain, blunt fact that if a considerable portion of the earnings of wage workers are to go for drink, it matters little whether their wages are high or low.

We have had some hard things to say of Dr. Howard Crosby. In a late essay he makes improvidence one of the great causes of poverty. In this he unquestionable is correct. At least so far as the use of whiskey and tobacco can go it is the cause of poverty. Hence, whatever influence can suppress this improvidence is so much done to banish poverty.

If, therefore, Greenbackers, Union Labor Advocates, Anti-monopolists, or any other pretended reformers working in behalf of humanity make any such reckless remark as we quote above, it may be known that they are blind, rascally or idiotic.

Gov. J. A. Martin in 1887.

"A great reform has certainly been accomplished in Kansas. Intemperance is steadily and surely decreasing. In thousands of homes where want and wretchedness and suffering were once familiar guests, plenty, happiness and contentment now abide. Thousands of wives and children are better clothed and fed than they were when the saloons absorbed all the earnings of the husband and father. The marvelous material growth of the state during the past six years has been accompanied by an equally marvelous moral progress, and it can be fairly and truthfully asserted that in no portion of the civilized world can a million and a half of people be found who are more temperate than the people of Kansas.

There is not an observing man in the state who does not know that a great reform has been accomplished in Kansas by prohibition. There is not a truthful man in the state who will not frankly acknowledge this fact, no matter what his opinions touching the policy of prohibition may have been.

The public sentiment of Kansas is overwhelming against the liquor traffic. Thousands of men who a few years ago opposed prohibition, or doubted whether it was the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic, have seen, and frankly acknowledge its beneficial results and practical success. The temptations with which the open saloon allured the youth of the land to disgrace and destruction; the appetite for liquor, bred and matured within its walls by the treating custom; the vice, crime, poverty, suffering, sorrow of which it is always the fruitful source, all these results of the open saloon have been abolished in nearly every city and town in Kansas."

The finance question is a great one, and our present finance system is an unspeakable outrage. The transportation question is equally important. So is the land question, and that relating to official salaries is one demanding serious attention, not only because it robs the public, but because it breeds political corruption and multiplies boodlers.

But not one of these alone, is today so important as the one question of suppressing the liquor traffic.

When therefore, a pretended advocate of popular interests speaks as the Chicago Sentinel speaks in the above, he must be set down as a most dangerous leader, whose teachings are to be distrusted.

And yet we are forced to admit that this very idea is endorsed by a large part of the Union Labor party of Kansas, especially, the sand-lotters who meet in this city on Sunday afternoon, to demand free speech, and the abolition of the police.

A railroad accident like that in Illinois recently, at once sets men to moralizing. It was certainly appalling. One shudders at the sight of a single mutilated human form, or tramps indifferently over a battle-field where thousands lie in death agony. Around our hearth-stones we recoil at the thought of a hundred persons hurled into eternity in an instant, and carelessly forget the thousands that are slowly dying of starvation in our cities, even our American republican cities. Our system permits the accumulation of fabulous fortunes by some, while others die for want of bread; it tolerates monster corporations that hold human life as hardly worth preserving. It matters not what business may be done, the miner within the earth, the woman or child within the factory, the seamstress in the attic or beneath the sidewalk, all who are in any way dependent upon money making concerns, take their lives in their hands when they go out as workers for or patrons of soulless men, or grasping corporations.

The best anti-poverty society that a great army of men might join would be an anti-rum and anti-tobacco club.

The New England Woman Suffrage Association may be congratulated on having held a very interesting and convention in Newport, on Thursday, Aug. 11, afternoon and evening.

UNION LABOR REFORM.

Nature Has Some Economic Equivalents.

The Chicago Sentinel from which we take an article to be found in another column, is the Union Labor organ of the west.

The editor of the Sentinel, who is every inch a demagogue, made a bitter fight at the Cincinnati conference last February, against any recognition of the prohibition question, when that conference was one ostensibly for the purpose of uniting all those elements and interests that are oppressing the industrial classes. In view of the universally admitted fact that the evils of intemperance form, at least, one of the great causes of poverty and distress it is clear that this man is a prejudiced, one sided reformer. And such he is in fact. But possibly he represents the average class of the unbalanced reform agitators.

Of course reforms are necessary. This necessity is one of the conditions of growing civilization. When reform is not needed there is moral and social stagnation, or the millennium has dawned. When one improved condition of society is secured, another desired condition appears in the distance. We may expect this always to be the case.

But he is the victim of stupid blindness—an ignorant idiot, who does not know that the condition of the poor of this age is far better than that of the past. He is an ignorant croaker who does not know that the civilization of this age is better than any that has ever preceded it.

There is nothing clearer in natural law than the fact that the rule of equivalents prevails. The law of compensation is one of the everlasting enactments of deity. It is the law of matter, the law of spirit, the universal law of creation. It is the law of man's, mental, moral and physical development. It is the law of social and political organization, those higher conditions of human existence which is a part of the great universe. It is therefore the law governing the growth of human civilization.

Every nation that has advanced from a state of vassalage to a state of liberty and independence has found that its greater blessings have been followed by new abuses. Even christianity brought with it sacrifices and martyrdoms and the growth of civil liberty came only with restrictions, and apparent infringements upon personal rights. With expanding civilization, the art and sciences came to the aid of man. The lightning was harnessed; steam was made a captive; the telegraph was made to speak, and the steam engine to bear the burdens of man and beast. The ingenuity of man has everywhere relieved the labor of the world, until it may almost be said that no longer is man compelled to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Labor saving machinery is in every shop and on every farm, and is found wherever labor is necessary. It is found, too, in exact proportion to the civilization of the age; in proportion to its intelligence, its advancement in art, science, politics and religion. All this, and more, we hold to be a general truth.

It is not claimed, it cannot reasonably be expected that all these blessings have come, or that they could come without alloy. It is not in accord with divine, or for those who prefer the expression, with natural law. It would be short sighted ignorance to expect to receive the advantages of railroads without some abuses. Yet who is there who would abolish railroads, counting the abuses greater than the advantages? With time comes the adjustment of forces in civilization, as in physics, and the statesman, recognizing this fact, is content to work and to wait, regarding the hooting of anarchists, and sand-lotters, the growling of the grumblers, and the reform agitators, simply as pointers, straws upon the surface of deep moving waters.

The value of reform movements is not to be denied. What is needed is intelligent, moral efforts in reform. It is not to count all as evil because our blessing have not been multiplied a hundred fold instead of tenfold. It is no more an error of judgment to

suppose the shadow to be more than the substance, than for one to imagine the evil of today to be greater than the good.

Mankind has not yet mastered the subject of natural development, whether in relation to species, government, science or religion itself. No philosophic truth is better established by history than the fact that men in the exercise of their best intelligence, are instrumental in bringing about results the very reverse of those intended. What appears to finite man at one age, to be evil, develops into advanced truth. Our civilization is the growth of such truth, as it were, layer after layer, in the face of opposition and oppression. We may expect same general principles that have governed the past to prevail in the future. Much of the evil that we have today, is evil because we will have it so.

We might individualize many of the reform questions of the day, and dwell upon them with interest, but it is not our point. We have indirectly taken up the Union Labor Reform as comprising a number, not for the purpose of opposing any effort, but to indicate that there is no reasonable probability that any great political party can grow out of the movement, because of its incongruous parts, and to show that while all is not so dark as is sometimes portrayed there is no necessity for such party to secure the best results.

The New York Witness talks of the sacrifices that Gov. St. John has made for Prohibition. Mr. St. John did make some personal sacrifices for prohibition, but as it has turned out, it has been the making of him. It has caused him to grow intellectually, and has proved to be a splendid financial arrangement. It may now be said that he owes everything to prohibition. His debts are more than cancelled, and he has a first-class prospect ahead.

The truth of the text, "To him that hath shall be given," is shown by the care taken to restore ex-convicts to their political rights. The fact that they belong to the male sex commends them to favor. In Iowa (and something similar is true in other States) the Governor has adopted a form of certificate under which, if signed by two men testifying to the good conduct of the ex-convict for a certain length of time, he shall be restored to his political rights. But no woman, however wise or good or well-endorsed, can find any open door for her political rights. She is denied because she is a woman. He is welcomed because he is a man. Is it not time that good women should be made the political equals of ex-convicts?

In another place we give two opinions of Gov. Martin, on the prohibition question. We do so because they are to the point, and may teach a good lesson. Any one walking along certain streets of our large commercial cities, at a certain hour in the day may see men hurrying along with little sacks in their hands. They are merchants with samples of grain, or other products. They will sell by sample, perhaps entire cargoes of grain. We produce Gov. Martin's testimony in a little sack as a sample. We have placed his two opinions alongside. They are diametrically opposite, and we doubt not both equally honest. Gov. Martin is here presented as a sample of man and of mankind, not of this age only, but of all ages. There is meat for the philosopher or bread for the statesman in this little sack that we have tied up here. We would use it to illustrate a great principle of human progress, through which civilization is evolved. When John A. Martin was antagonizing Gov. St. John on the prohibition question he was a negative force. He was re-magnetized by time and circumstances, and six years later comes up as a positive force ten-fold stronger. St. Paul went through the same process, and so have many others. The process is not new. Mankind is naturally dogmatic. Politics, as well as religion, makes us more so. So we often go back on our dogmatism when we get our eyes open after nine days of puppyhood.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

The jewels worn by the American ladies in London society have produced great talk.

MARY HOWITT, the authoress, born in the Quaker faith, has become a Roman Catholic.

GARRISON is the winning jockey of the season up to date. He has ridden 104 races and won 41.

The scholastic calm of Chautauqua lake was sadly marred the other day by a prize fight on its borders.

MR. GLADSTONE has promised to preside at one of the meetings of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, to be held at the Royal Albert hall in London, during the second week in August.

It is said that McGarigle was for two or three years on the detective force of Chicago. He was bounced for his want of acumen, but it now transpires that he was sharper than the whole crowd.

PROF. CARO, the popular lecturer of the Sorbonne, Paris, was of Jewish and Italian descent, a native of Poitiers. He was throughout his life a faithful Catholic of liberal tendencies. His wife is known as a singularly graceful writer.

AARON GOVE, president-elect of the National educational association and superintendent of the Denver public schools, is 49 years old. He is a native of Rockingham county, New Hampshire, and has resided in the west a quarter of a century.

DR. CURRAN, the life-long friend of Dr. McGlynn, has decided to become an advocate of the George land theory. He was the first assistant priest to Father McGlynn in St. Stephen's parish, and was removed when his superior received his suspension.

YAN PHON LEE delivered a lecture in Springfield, Mass., Monday night. He is a very fluent speaker, and has a large number of stereopticon views of China and the Chinese. His wife was one of the audience, and she seemed to appreciate her husband's powers as a speaker.

HERR BRONSAUT VON SCHELLENDORF has been appointed successor to the late Baron von Leon, as intendant of the Weimer Court theater. Herr von Schellendorf, who is a pupil of Liszt and thoroughly modern in his musical training, has for years managed the Royal theater at Hanover.

Mrs. JAMES P. SCOTT's sudden death in London is said, by a London cable dispatch to the New York World, to have been caused by her exacting social duties in London and the use of Turkish baths at a high temperature to sustain her exhausted physical system. Her death resulted from a sudden collapse of her vital powers.

The panel portrait of Jefferson has been removed from over the eastern fireplace of the white house vestibule, and put in the vacant panel at the right of Martha Washington in the east parlor. The full length portrait of Lincoln has been taken from the inner corridor and put at the left of Washington in the east parlor.

THE Berlin Borsen-Courier learns that Prince Bismarck will soon surrender the portfolio of the ministry of commerce, which he has been nominally holding for some years, and will appoint a new minister for that department. Among the candidates mentioned Herr Miquel, the first burgo-master of Frankfurt-on-the-Main is considered to have the best chances.

SOME friends of Mrs. Winfield Scott Hancock, who now live in Washington, are urging her appointment as postmistress of that city. The movement was begun entirely without the knowledge of Mrs. Hancock, and it is probable that she does not care for the office. General Hancock died poor, but a fund of \$50,000 was raised for his widow soon after his death, and she draws a \$3,000 pension.

At a Savage club dinner in London recently Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, made a very clever hit. In the course of a long speech he said to his English auditors: "We admire your pictures—and buy them; we value your actors—and pay them; we read your books—and steal them." The speaker's frankness was appreciated by his hearers, and they were enthusiastic in their applause.

NO SUNDAY IN THE WEST.

Gambling-Houses and Drinking-Shops Running Wide Open On the Sabbath—Sunday in Denver and in some of the Mountain Towns.

This is Sunday. I know it, because the Salvation army next door are hammering their bass drum, beating their tambourines, and straining their voices for the second time to-day, and to-night they will be at it again, and the windows will be open, and the fragrance of their prayer and the sweetness of their music will be wafted to the spot where I am gnashing my teeth and writing this letter, muttering all kinds of mean things about the army of the Lord and the people who give the army their encouragement. But this demonstration is about the only evidence which Denver affords of the sacred character of the day. Of course, there are places of worship in Denver, and some people frequent them; but, with one or two exceptions, the churches are cheap excuses for temples of the Lord, and the congregations they accommodate are small and indifferent. Indeed, after carefully looking over the ground, I am led to believe and to declare that there is no Sunday in Denver, and not very much of a day of rest anywhere in Colorado. For a city that is the metropolis of a metal-producing state whose mines annually produce over \$26,000,000, there is the poorest lay out of churches here that could be found in any place of equal dimensions and population in the United States. The Catholic cathedral, where Bishop Machobout (who has been in Colorado since 1834) holds out, is a ridiculous little poke of a place, which is overcrowded when four hundred people get between its walls. There are many rich Catholics in Denver, and they say they give the bishop plenty of money, but that he sends it to New Mexico to keep up the churches which the poverty-stricken greasers have so much use for. The bishop's residence adjoining the cathedral is a stately structure than is the house of worship, and seems to have cost nearly five times as much as the latter. Other denominations are equally cheaply sheltered, and except the Unity church, which is good enough to pass in a muster, there is not an edifice worthy the name or dignity of a church. The fact is that Coloradans are not church-goers.

Sunday is very slightly honored anywhere in the state, even in Georgetown, where the "church people" have closed the saloons, and where the penalty for breaking a head is infinitely lighter than the punishment for selling a glass of beer on Sunday. When I was in Georgetown the other day, I was told that a desperado named Bishop, brother of a fugitive murderer from these parts, laid open the skull of an inoffensive citizen with the stock of his gun last week, and was fined \$5 for his fun, while a saloon-keeper who had violated the Sunday law was fined \$100, and a gambler was mulcted \$50. Morality is running very high in Georgetown, and business is getting correspondingly low. Since the Presbyterian church has undertaken to run the town the population is moving up the canyon to Silver Plume or down to Lawson and other points. So you see it materially diminishes the population of a Colorado town to inject anything like religion into it.

In Denver, the "church people" every once in a while have a spasm of reactionary morality and hold a meeting in the Tabor Opera-house to discuss the closing of the saloons, etc., but they haven't closed anything yet, and with the exception of the big establishments on Sixteenth street, business runs rather wide open here on the first day of the week, just as it does on the rest of the days. The saloons are open, the stores are open, the gambling-houses are in full blast at night, smelters keep their fires and furnaces going, and men schay to work and return at the usual hour, just as if there was never a word of commandment concerning the Lord's day on the head set of the decalogue. The front doors of saloons are thrown open and crowds sit or stand in front of them the whole day and the whole night long; they are quiet, peaceful, and rather sober crowds, but there is no Sunday-school air to them, and when the Salvation army goes howling past they yell "rats," or tell the "old gal" with the tambourine to "wade in and get her socks full of salvation." The same gang loiter along Laramie and Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, the same as on week days.

I spoke of gambling. Perhaps the tolerant spirit of the people here in regard to such vices will be best explained by a visit to one of the buildings at the corner of Sixteenth and Lawrence streets, for instance. There is a bank down stairs. Over the bank are law offices, and across the hall from the law offices is a cloak factory, or dress-making shop, or something of that kind. Passing through the hall, which runs back to the alley, to a pair of stairs that afford exit and entrance from the rear, and we find back of the law offices a "club room" seventy by thirty feet, with large double doors opening upon the hall. These doors are swung back day and night, unless the weather is too cold, and in the evening the light shines out into the hall and a complete view is afforded of the interior. Roulette, faro, poker, and other games are going on at the several tables, and there is not a night in the year that the room is not pretty well patronized. Opposite the "club-room," up three or four steps, and right alongside the stairs leading to the third floor, is a door with the word "Keno" shining

against the light that glistens in the transom. Every few minutes men and boys rush up the steps or down, and as they pass in the measured voice of the keno-caller floats out into the hall as he gravely announces the numbers that come from the revolving urn. Inside there are dozens of men sitting at the long tables, playing with handfuls of buttons and closely watching their cards. On the third floor are furnished rooms. Cards tacked up on the Lawrence and Sixteenth street doors announce that furnished rooms may be rented up-stairs, and many a respectable stranger, I have no doubt, wanders up into this place, all unconscious of the gambling traps that beset the second floor. I do not know what sort of people live there anyhow, and in the composite nature of the commerce that is sheltered by this structure is very fairly revealed the composite character of the Denver community, and no one class seems to give offence to the other. The upper half of the windows of the numerous gambling-shops are brilliant on Sunday nights, and their flaring beacons are not mistaken by the folks who want to risk their dimes and dollars on the cast of a die.

In the mountain towns, too, gambling flourishes as gayly on Sunday night as on the others. At Breckenridge last Sunday evening the faro table of the Denver hotel was crowded, and there were lively poker games at the other tables. The town constable, who was looking on at one game of draw, told me there was a law against gambling, but nobody paid any attention to it, and the town, which has only about seven hundred inhabitants, supports three gambling-houses all the year round, and finds four games rather few when court is in session.

At the Denver hotel you walk into the office and register; then you pass through a wide opening into a saloon, on the ground floor, and after you have had your drink you can walk right into the gambling room, also on the ground floor, and the doorless entrance to which is about twelve feet wide. The faro table sits just opposite this entrance. You can see it from the dining-room, which is off the office, and the tracks of blues and whites are attractively enough displayed to woo any sort of a sport from the table of a square meal. If the weather is any way oppressive the doors along the sidewalk can be thrown open, and then promenaders on the only thoroughfare in town can linger at the threshold and learn the game.

The mines and mills and smelters are kept in operation seven days in the week throughout Colorado. The men in the gulches hydraulicking, or washing gold with cradles, are at their work at 6 A. M. Sunday, and do not let up till 5 or 6 in the evening. Trade is carried on everywhere, and there seems to be no doubt about the truth of a remark made by an old California miner whom I met at Empire, and who said: "No, sir, we don't know that there is any Sunday out in these mountains."—Denver Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Changed for the Worse.

Three young girls of about 16, whose gowns show quiet good taste, and whose faces tell of pleasant tempers and nimble minds, are in a parlor together, alone. One is reading aloud. Her voice is sweet and unaffected. She stops now and then, while the three discuss the book or their work with much joking and laughter.

They are clever, but tender and womanly. They are totally unconscious of themselves; their tones are low and sincere; there can be no doubt you are in the company of gentlewomen.

Suddenly, presto! all is changed. A caller is announced. One of the young ladies herself, pinches in her lips, and speaks in mincing monosyllables. Another gurgles and giggles, blushes, and tosses her chin upward; she lisps her answers with an absurd sweetness of voice and glance.

The third suddenly becomes a very swash-buckler of a young woman. Hitherto she has spoken English; now she falls into an unknown dialect.

"How is your mother, Jenny?" she is asked by the visitor.

"Oh, top!"

"I heard your brother had gone to New York?"

"Oh, that was a fake. He was badly punished at foot-ball, and is lying low to fetch up."

"You seem to know all that's going on."

"O yes; I'm fly!"

One of her companions at this puts on an air of offended propriety and shakes her head with stern reprobation. The other giggles and drops her head on her breast affectively.

What can have changed these simple, pleasant girls into puppets? Can it be the advent of a single youth, ringed and chained, and with a faint down upon his upper lip, to which is given all the attention his little mind is capable of giving?

Is it possible that any men prefer these simpering, prim, dash-away styles in women which are sometimes so exaggerated in silly girls that their manner might best serve drawn up in the market and trying to attract a buyer?

So forced and unnatural is the conduct of some of our American girls, when a possible suitor is present, that nothing of their true selves is seen through it. They might as well be wrapped in an unbecoming head-dress and covering that make the public dress of the oriental woman.—Youth's Companion.

A Night of Terror.

"Oh, mamma, can I go? Say, can I go? I want to go so bad, mamma! Do get papa to let me!" And Fred Grant stood on one leg like a tired rooster, and hitched and twisted, and did everything he could think of to show how anxious and excited he was.

Uncle Dan Hurley was going off for a week's hunting on the prairies, with a tent to live in, and he wanted Fred to go too. Just ask any boy if Fred was likely to want to go.

But papa and mamma could hardly decide hastily.

"Say, mamma, can I? Say, mamma, can I go?" Fred kept asking over and over again, until at last papa said: "Go out on the lawn and play while we talk it over, Fred. We will call you when we have decided."

Fred knew he had to go, but he did not do so willingly. He backed out of the room slowly, and hopping on one foot so as to stay as long as possible. But he got out at last. As soon as he was gone, his papa said: "Well, what do you think of it, mamma?"

"It would do him good," answered mamma. "But there's one objection—Dan will drink a little now and then."

"Surely he would not, when he was out with a child in his care," said papa. "Well, I don't know," answered mamma, thoughtfully. "I fear to risk it."

"I'll have a talk with him," said Fred's papa. "And if he will promise to stay thoroughly sober, I guess Fred may go."

Uncle Dan promised faithfully not to touch one drop of liquor while he was out. But if he meant to keep the promise, what made him take the little black jug of whisky along in his stores?

However, Mr. and Mrs. Grant knew nothing of that little black jug, so they trusted uncle Dan's word, and let Fred go to the prairies with him.

Oh, what fun they had at first! They went on horseback. Uncle Dan rode a stout gray, and had the tent folded and strapped to his saddle behind. He also had their small camp kettle, while Fred carried the bag which held their provisions.

The first night they camped beside a beautiful stream. They pitched their tent, built a fire, hung the kettle on a pole laid across two sticks with crochets in them, and cooked their supper.

Fred turned the ponies out to eat the sweet prairie grass, fastening them to a stake with a long rope, so they could not wander away. Then he sat on a log and watched uncle Dan preparing their supper. And when it was eaten he slept in the tent with uncle Dan. He thought it was "splendid." I don't think there ever was a boy who enjoyed a trip more than Fred enjoyed that one for several days.

But alas, alas! One evening when they unpacked their camp stores uncle Dan took out the black jug he had hidden away. He did not let Fred see it, but the boy soon knew that something was the matter. He did not know what, but he saw that uncle Dan, instead of being lively and telling stories as usual, was stupid and sleepy. Fred asked if he was sick. Uncle Dan said, "No, only tired."

Fred was very tired himself, so he, too, very readily laid down in the tent and soon fell asleep. Uncle Dan always carefully put out the fire, so that it should not catch the dry prairie grass. To-night the black jug made him forget to attend to it—he was not himself, you see.

And so it happened that some time in the night a bright light and a crackling sound woke Fred. He sprang up and saw a dreadful thing. The prairie was on fire all around them. Worse: the tent they were under was in flames.

In agony the poor boy tried to wake his uncle; but the whisky had done its work too well. He could not even rouse him. And every instant the scorching flames came hotter and nearer. In a few moments they must both perish, unless the boy could save the man.

With a smothered cry to God for help, Fred did all he could do. He rolled and tugged and pulled, until, with his blistered hands, he rolled the insensible man into the little stream on whose banks they were encamped.

Then he held uncle Dan's head up, himself lying nearly under water, until the flames had passed on, and left them. He tried to drag his chilled limbs back to shore, but could only draw uncle Dan half way out of the water, until he came to his senses, where he lay.

And how do you think uncle Dan felt when reason returned, their tent and horses burned, their bodies all painful blisters, wet, chilled and alone, miles away from home—all because he had yielded to the dreadful appetite? They reached home at last alive. But uncle Dan finally died from the effects of that night's exposures, and Fred will carry the scars of his burns to the grave. But he will never, never touch one drop of liquor so long as he lives.—Careful Builders.

Something to Distinguish Her.

At Newport Jones is showing Brown around, who ran down from New York for a couple of days.

Jones—"There's the most wonderful woman at Newport."

Brown—"I can't say that I see" anything so remarkable about her. She's as homely as a Redfern suit."

Jones—"But look at her complexion my boy. It's her own."—Town Topics.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

Such is the Name Given to a Wonderful Well in Texas—A Singular Phenomenon.

An El Paso correspondent of *The St. Louis Republican* writes: About 110 miles from El Paso, near Sierra Blanca, on the line of the Texas and Pacific railroad, there is a strange phenomenon that has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Gov. John C. Brown, of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas and Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago accompanied by several officials of the road, including Division Supt. Judy, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Gov. Brown and Supt. Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come to a reporter's ear. About three years ago the Texas and Pacific Railway company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles below Sierra Blanca, which is a little hamlet ninety-five miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about six hundred feet when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropping about six feet, and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the six hundred feet of pipe remaining in the ground and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the strange subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath.

The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of anyone sufficiently interested to investigate. Recently, however, Supt. Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it ever since it was abandoned three years ago. The people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool, invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. From about 10:15 A. M. till 10:15 P. M. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive "blowing off steam," and so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10:15 P. M. the overflow air ceases and a strong suction sets in which lasts for the next twelve hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day, and it has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of this well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched.

Recently a man from Sierra Blanca was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the knife in the current of the air and found the magnetic property was greatly increased. Several weeks ago Supt. Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of the air for four minutes and the knife is strongly magnetized from the effect. The outflowing current of air is believed to possess remarkable curative properties. Its efficiency is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near the wonderful well call it the "Fountain of Youth."

From Velvet Lids.

From velvet lids Love wings the dart
That deepest thrills the human heart.
The purest joy, the fiercest we
That mortals here may ever know
From this sweet wound unfailing start.

When velvet lids—Love's gateways—part,
The tender god goes down all his art,
And joy and love commingled flow
From velvet lids.

From velvet lids whose fires impart
Ecstatic joys and keenest smart,
All men are warned, yet all men go
Where they may feel the kindling glow
Of charms that flash and gleam and dart
From velvet lids.

—W. De Witt Wallace, *The Current*.

How Not to Collect a Bill.

Sometimes it is not safe to take a man's money when it is due you, as is evidenced by the following, which occurred in Rome last week. Postmaster Corcoran, of that city, besides attending to his official business, runs a grocery store. On Friday a man came into his store to get a dollar changed. The clerk could not change it and passed him over to Mr. Corcoran who was in the office. Looking up Mr. Corcoran recognized the man as a Mr. Brooks, of Lee, who owed him an old bill of \$1.15, and told him he would give him credit for the dollar and he could pay in the balance at his earliest convenience. Brooks protested. But Corcoran, thinking a dollar in hand worth two in Brooks' pocket, kept the dollar. On Saturday Mr. Corcoran was arrested on a warrant issued by Justice Hubbard, of Lee Centre, charging him with petit larceny. Mr. Corcoran consulted counsel and found he had made a mistake. Accompanied by Recorder McMahon he answered the summons, paid back the dollar, settled costs, and is again on duty, none the worse for his nine-mile trip to the backwoods suburb of the Eternal city to learn a point of law.—Watertown Times.

It is a strange thing to hear actors at a hotel complain about the flies, when all people know that they are never so much at home as when among them.—Cleveland Sun.

THE OLD KICKER.

"Well, they have got dentistry down pretty fine," said the old kicker, as he came into the street car, his linen duster wet all over one side, where he had tried to pass a lawn sprinkler, which had been set going by a coachman, and left to squirt all over the sidewalk. "Ever have your teeth tinkered much?" he added, sitting down by the grocery drummer, and slapping him on the leg.

"Yes, I have had everything done that a dentist can do," said the drummer. "Now give us a rest, and don't talk all the way down town about old teeth."

"Humph," said the old kicker, looking cross at the drummer. "You may know everything, but I don't see how you can, with that size head you wear. You may not care to hear an instructive lecture, but there may be others in the car who would like to hear about the most wonderful case in dental surgery that ever was. You see that," said he, turning to the floor walker, putting one finger in his mouth, and hauling the corner of it back under his ear, opening a large place in one side of his face where a large gold back tooth was serenely reposing among a lot of old decayed natural teeth.

"Yes," said the floor walker, with a side glance into the hole in the face of the old kicker. "I see something yellow, like a piece of rutabaga or carrot. Had vegetables for breakfast, didn't you? Now close that tunnel, and put a padlock on it."

"That is a new gold tooth," said the old kicker, as he thumped on it with his finger nail, and closed the gap, while the floor walker and the drummer got up and went out on the back platform. "That is a triumph of science," he added, to the board of trade man across the car. "I don't know what I should have done, if the dentist had not told me about the new scheme of making gold teeth. My teeth were going rapidly to that bourne from whence no teeth return, when I struck that dentist. He said as long as there was a root left, he could build teeth till you couldn't rest. Gosh, I used to have as fine teeth as anybody, and could crack hickorynuts with them, but one by one the roses fade, and finally my teeth looked like these old time-worn tombstones in a graveyard of the vintage of 1776. Eh?" said the old kicker, as the board of trade man got up to go out.

"You will have to excuse me," said the board of trade man. "I want to see a man out on the back platform."

"Well, Miss, I will tell you about it," said the old kicker, turning to an old maid who sat near him. "Since you have got false teeth both upper and lower, you will be interested in knowing how you could have saved all your teeth and had nice gold ones like this one of mine. Look at that," and he opened that gash in his face again, with his finger, and turned it full on the lady, who shrunk back with a little scream, and said:

"Oh, my! Go away, sir! Please don't bite me. Is there no gentleman here who will protect a young lady from a male cannibal?"

"Young lady," said the old kicker. "You are a nice looking old young lady, ain't you? I'll bet you are over forty, and wear a wig. Now look at that tooth calmly and dispassionately, or I'll call the police," and the old kicker opened his countenance again, and the poor girl went one eye on it.

"There, that's all I wanted. When a gentleman asks you to gaze on the wonders of nature, do you scream and say 'O, my!' I throw not. You gaze, and you say it is noble, or grand, or scrumptious, or whatever sentence seems to fit the case. Art is more wonderful than nature. Nature is the work of the Creator, and nature can't help herself, while art is the work of men, and demonstrates that man is a daisy when he sets about it, and holds over nature by a large majority. Nature could no more make a gold tooth, madam, than you could trot a mile in 2:08 to harness."

"O, you brute," said the female with the false teeth.

"Admitted, for the sake of argument," said the old kicker, who sat between the woman and the door, and knew she could not get out. "I say nature could not produce a gold tooth, but man could fill your mouth so full of gold teeth that you couldn't recite your catechism, if you had the money to pay for them. They come high, but we have to have 'em. Now, how do you suppose they make a gold tooth?"

"O, sir, I don't know. Please don't look so cross. I am afraid you will bite me. I must get out here," said the woman.

"Bite nothing," said the old kicker, who was enthusiastic because he had an audience that could not get away. "Don't hurry about getting out, and I will a tale unfold whose lightest word will harrow up thy soul, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and he took hold of her arm, while she shrunk back. "Now, in the first place, the dentist has you open your mouth about eleven inches wide, and takes a spade and grindstone and kicks and grinds off all of the tooth except the root. You will think a whole boiler factory is at work around your jaw. All he wants left is the root, and you wonder if there is any root left, after he has been in your mouth for half a day. It seems, as he grinds away, like a sewer trench, with a whole lot of Polacks at work with picks and shovels.

"Oh, sir, please let me go," said the

woman. "I should have got off three blacks back. I do not care to hear about your teeth. Please share me, that's a good man."

"Never," said the old kicker. "I have started in to tell about that tooth at least twenty times, and everybody escapes, somehow. Now, I swear by my halidom, that you shall listen. I don't know what a halidom is, but I swear. As I was saying—"

At this point a policeman got in the car and gave one look at the old kicker, who released his hold on the woman's arm, and she got off the car. The old man was headed off, and for a moment seemed crushed, but he rallied in a second, and said to the policeman:

"I was just conversing with that lady on the subject of the improvements in dentistry. I have a gold tooth," putting his finger to his mouth, and drawing the curtain, "which I would like to show you. Would you like to have me tell you the history of that tooth?"

"Shut up or I will knock it out with a club," said the policeman.

"That is talk enough between gentlemen," said the old kicker as he left the car. "There is no justice in this country. Even the guardians of the peace, that we pay, won't treat tax payers civilly," and he wandered off in the direction the old maid had gone.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Lesson Experience Teaches.

With the continued dry weather during May, our chances for securing a good honey crop for this year, rapidly slipped away. Although the bees may have been managed on the most scientific principles, and everything may have been done that our best authorities and long experience could suggest, yet, without the nectar-secreting flowers and suitable weather all will prove unavailing. There is this satisfaction, however, that if we do our part faithfully, and we do not reap the success we had anticipated, we need not worry about it, but should lay it to causes over which we have no control.

Is there not a lesson to be learned in the present season of drouth and failure of the white clover? In times past, when but few colonies were kept, it did not make so much difference—usually the bees took care of themselves, and generally managed to get enough for their own support. Now, however, when many men, and women too, make this single branch of agriculture their exclusive business, and often keep many hundred colonies, it becomes a serious matter. The bees cannot gather honey if there are no flowers, or they fail to secrete nectar. They cannot produce something out of nothing. Unless they are helped by feeding to carry them over the succeeding winter, they must perish. Now the question is, cannot the bee keeper guard against an occasional failure of a single crop like white clover? Must bee-keeping always remain the hazardous business that it has been in the past? When times are prosperous beekeepers are jolly, some even seem to feel so good that they almost give away their honey, and when there is a failure they are correspondingly blue and discouraged.

It seems to me that if it pays to keep bees at all, it will pay to keep them well, and if nature does not produce an abundance of honey producing flowers we should by all means in our power, increase the bloom. This leads to planting for honey, and unless this is done, bee-keeping must ever remain a rather hazardous business, when followed exclusively for a living.

In looking for a plant for this purpose, it is a good idea to select that which is useful for other purposes as well. Alsike clover stands at the head of these, but as it blooms at the same time as white clover, and may occasionally fail, it is not well to depend on that alone. I have tried all the honey-plants that have been recommended in late years; and have yet to find one equal to mellilot or sweet clover. It seems to be both winter and drouth proof. It blooms just as other blossoms begin to fail, and the quality of its honey is very fine. So confident am I that this crop will pay for the honey alone, that I have this spring sown three acres more in addition to what I had before. Of course it will not bloom this year, but it will be appreciated next, even should honey then be abundant.—*H. C. Dibbern, in American Bee Journal.*

Now is the Time.

Now is the time, in particular, When the festive young rider bicyclically, Strikes the stone rockular, In a way jocular, And, losing his pose perpendicular, Alights on his northeast articular.

—Puck.

A Stale Sermon.

A former minister of Stewarttown, in the County of Ayr, Scotland, according to a recently published volume of "Reminiscences, was wont to assist one of his neighbors at least once a year, and generally, by preaching the Monday sermon after the communion. Year after year, on the same day, he entertained the flock of his friend and neighbor with the same sermon, the subject being the parable of the "Ten Virgins." One day an old clerical friend, who had often heard the sermon, hit the preacher hard at the end of the service by saying, "Good sermon, Mr. —, but your ten virgins must be getting pretty old maids by this time." It was a word in season. The "ten virgins" were no more heard of in the same connection.—*New York Herald.*

PLANTATION SPORTS.

Graphic Description of a Hog-Hunt Through Rough Forests in Arkansas.

The south is on horseback, you know. They are almost as equestrian as Dazzel, who "was born on horseback." Certainly they ride when they are babies; many and many an infant have I seen riding in its mother's arms. The saddle bags hang beside the gun in the open gallery of an Arkansas house—and the most squalid cabin will have a horse block.

Driving hardly ranks with riding, Arkansas roads being about as bad as they make them. However, it has the element of pleasure; it is exciting.

During the dry season one can make many agreeable excursions to the neighboring farms or to tiny villages. Ten miles in one direction, eight in another, sixteen in another, are shady streets, mills, little shops, and plain houses in their large gardens.

Over the river, among the hills, we have quite another country. Not as much as a pebble can be found on this side the river on this great wooded plain; there great rocks peep out of the hillsides and stones are as plenty as weeds. The hill people cling to the old ways and the loom and the spinning-wheel are in many cottages. Down here in the valley every negro's cabin has a sewing-machine, but one never sees a wheel or a loom.

Sometimes we row on the river; I trust we shall row oftener when we get a boat that does not leak. The fishing can not be highly praised, but there are plenty of fish, such as they are.

Wild turkeys and geese abound in the woods; they actually come into the cottonfields and gardens; we had one turkey this winter which a negro shot from his own door. Quails come in large numbers, and a multitude of snipe. We have a few woodcocks and pheasants. Squirrels and opossums are the negro's favorite game; they can have all they want in our woods. Deer can still be found within walking distance, but bears and panthers must be sought on horseback. Instead we have the wild hogs, animals quite as savage, but not aggressive. Perhaps the most exciting sport in this country is hunting the wild hog.

These beasts no more resemble the stately porkers of the north than a wild Indian resembles an alderman; with their long, lean black bodies, their horrible heads and curved tusks, they are about as ugly as the boars which tear the dogs in Ruben's pictures. Panthers run from them, and hunters, daring to attack the wounded hogs on foot, have been killed by them. Indeed, the planter himself once had a narrow escape. He had shot a boar which his dogs had caught, and dying though the creature was he was tearing the dogs to pieces. The planter jumped to the ground and stabbed the boar. The boar turned on him and he is not likely to be nearer death until the hour he dies. "Just then," said he, "I saw V—'s horse's head. He had his gun up, but he was afraid to fire for fear of hitting me. I tell you I yelled for him to fire. 'I'm gone if you don't,' says I. So he fired and the old fellow rolled over."

Sometimes the hogs run; sometimes they face the dogs, "rally," they call it; then the whole bunch is safe to fight until the last one is killed. It is the "rallies" that swell the number killed in these hunts to such proportions.

On one hunt which we attended a boar charged on one of the horses with such impetus that he brought the horse to his knees; in that position the rider shot the boar dead. Capture these beasts and they will not make a sound, only gnash their teeth and die fighting.

The place to hunt hogs is in "the bottom," in the cane brake. The hunters go out, every year, to kill some of the old hogs and brand the young ones. I am not likely to forget my hog hunt. The planter proposed that we should ride out to their camp, thus seeing a distant glimpse of the hunt. "For it is out of the question, of course, for you to follow the hunt; the riding is the roughest in the world; no lady ever tries it; you couldn't stay on your horses. Besides, you would be all bruised and banded—it's terribly hard riding!"

Early in the morning we started. We rode at a gentle pace through the forest.

After an hour or so's riding we reached the camp. A great fire was built against a log on the river bank. Two or three men were cooking over the fire. Some saplings were made into bars, from which hung three huge hogs, and another man was busy over them. A wounded dog lay nursing his wounds before the fire.

As we sat in our saddles a musical, mournful, far-away sound floated to us out of the canebrake.

"There they go!" cried the planter. He forgot all about the rough riding which no lady could do, and our not being able to keep on our horses, and our battered bones if we could. "Are you tired?" said he.

"Not in the least," said we.

He was galloping off, before they had finished; we after him. The cane waved above our heads, we crashed through it; under our feet—well, the horses must take care of that. Horses are as excited as men in the chase; somehow there is a thrill in the baying of hounds and the horn's call to stir the calmest blood. Off goes your

horse into the forest. Keep your eyes open for he will not calculate how much there is of you in avoiding the trees at this wild place. Look out for the grapevines, those graceful green lassoes have dragged an unwary rider from his horse before now. There is a log! Up you go with that delicious motion like nothing else on earth. There is a ditch, the dry bed of a rivulet from the bayou, your horse takes it with a mighty stretch and swing. Give the good beast his head; if a good "bottom horse" he will know his business better than you can teach him; you only worry him with your riding school flummery; if not, you will shortly get spilled anyhow; so rest easy, and content yourself with dodging.

On like a whirlwind swept the hunt. The baying grew louder. And it was at this moment that we had our first mishap. Somewhere in the forest grows a peculiarly disheveled grapevine which swings over a ditch. At the same instant Hannah had to dodge the vine and leap the ditch. She leaned far over in her saddle—somewhere, now, in that forest near that grapevine, rusts a broken stirrup which came off just when it was most needed. Both the rider and the horse went over the ditch together but the rider considerably in advance. Simultaneously Thomas Jefferson dropped out of the skies, riding a rawboned, dusty, black nag with a dead pig slung across his saddle. His yellow jeans were streaked in blood, his hands were gory and his face; but, in this sanguinary guise he beamed with good nature and solicitude. "Yo' hoss made a blunder," said he, "an't that too bad. Never ye' min'; I kin fix it fore ye kin bat yo' eye?" Sure enough, he whisked out a coil of rope, tied a loop to the saddle, and off we dashed again. A glorious run with an inglorious conclusion. All this clamor of hounds and horns over a few orphan, homeless, little pigs.

We leave the men to brand them and ride back to camp. We are hungry enough to relish corn-bread, fried pig, and black coffee, though we had expected different fare; but our luncheon went to the hunt and never came back.

We were soon in the saddle. The dogs ranged ahead and soon they had started the boars in half a dozen different directions. Through the burnt forest, through the high cane we flew, old Whitley scrambled over the logs clicking his hoofs dismally; the copper-colored mare began to flag. Nig was fresh as the morning and leaped like a deer. Still the planter spurred old Whitley on and he kept the lead. A rattling volley of barks pierced by a howl. "The hog's at bay," said the planter; "he's killing the dogs."

A strange noise like castnets clashes through the medley of barks and yelps; it is the boar gnashing his teeth.

In a second we are on him, a huge monster in a trampled space, cutting them horribly. The planter lifts his gun; but instead of firing he charges down on the snarling yelling heap and begins cudgeling the dogs until the hog limps off into the brake.

"Saw the brand, not our hog," he explains breathlessly.

His honesty is rewarded directly by a renewed outcry close at hand. The hogs have scattered and it is every man for himself now.

There is a sharp, short run. We gallop after the planter. Everybody else seems to mysteriously disappear, and, all at once we see a dog sprawling in the air and the old white horse rears, nearly unseating the planter. The planter springs off and fires in the cane. A horrible black head bounds up and falls over, shot so truly that it doesn't stir.

The rest of the day was only a repetition. By an hour later we were on our way back. We had been ten hours in the saddle, but we hardly felt it.

Duty of Guests.

Try to make yourself agreeable as a visitor, not forgetting that the guest has his duties to perform, as has his host. In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform without hesitation or comment, to those of the hospitable household. It is undebated and selfish to keep breakfast waiting, because you have overslept yourself, or dinner or tea, while you have prolonged a drive or a walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if your hosts' time is worth anything, you are dishonest when you waste it. It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for others' feelings, if less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bed chamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy, or the library may tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even tempered hostess who does not flush uneasily at finding that you have come down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home ever since. The inference is that your sleeping-room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state.

He Had Learned a Lesson.

Backwoodsman (in Ohio town)—I hear you've struck a well of natural gas here lately.

Hotel Keeper—Yes, sir; got one in our back yard.

Backwoodsman—I wish you'd tell the clerk to turn it off when he shuts up for the night. For heaven's sake warn him against blowing it out! I had an experience once myself, mister.—*Judge.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She Liked to Write Short Stories When She Lived in Maine.

The residence of Harriet Beecher Stowe, says *The Lewiston Journal*, is a house, low, irregular, and old-fashioned, without being tumble down. The walks look not as if made to walk on, but by walking on; the trees bother one above low height, the grounds look as if the lawnmower were considered a nuisance and it was thought that flowers thrived best when most let alone—which, indeed, would seem to be the case, for so great profusion neither of the others can boast. The style of the interior is neither literary, religious, artistic, nor rural, but a peculiar combination of all four, which is a family trait.

Prominent in the study, in a niche between two windows, stands a picture of Henry Ward Beecher, so large, so strong, so life-like that it seems as if he was the host, standing ready to entertain the guests of his dear old sister, who adored him. Many fine paintings cover the walls, of a semi-religious cast, and by the old masters. Her book-shelves are ranged in the walls, not hanging outside them or in cases, and flowers in the greatest profusion fill every nook and corner. Blue pervades the furnishing; the "Venus de Milo," the "Madonna and Child," and the "Duke and Duchess of Argyll," keep each other mute company through the long unbroken stillness which speaks the frequent absences of the gentle hostess, for she is a great outdoor woman, and may be seen taking her walks step by step through the trees these beautiful June mornings, her plain black dress covered with dandelion down, her hands filled with flowers, and her thin, dark face, browned by constant exposure, framed in loose, gray locks and black bonnet, neither peaceful nor troubled, but waiting.

The dim, gray eyes light up in conversation, however, and some sparks come from between the pale lips now and again that impress one with what must have been. Her manners have a more kindly than courteous air, and are tinged with the grace of modern as well as old-time customs. Her hearing is wonderfully acute, and her intelligence glides along side by side with that of her guests, whom she receives with the air of an old traveler hauling a young one from some foreign part—neither curious nor interested, but forbearing.

"Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For there I used to get \$15, \$20, \$25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I became first aroused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati and used to see escaping slaves come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah, me! it thrills me even now, the sight of those poor creatures. Now a young girl, suggesting the lover, parent, or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again the strong husband, aged father, and stalwart brother. Oh, I must write a story to stop the dreadful shame! I kept putting it off, dreading bringing the characters to life, till the fugitive slave law lashed me into fury, and I commenced what I mean to be a short story like the others. But it grew, and grew, and grew, and came, and came, and came, and wrote, and wrote, and I thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it turned out. I was only full of wrath, and the story built itself as I wrote.

"A publisher was waiting a story from me. I told him the subject I had undertaken. He wrote me saying: 'You have struck a popular topic; for heaven's sake keep it short!' I wrote in reply: 'I shall stop when I get through; not before.' He never got it, for I had to make a book of it. While writing I was filled with an enthusiasm which transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, never worked so hard, but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written just as much—aye, more too. It was as though it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought of being satisfied. When it was done it was finished, and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote. 'Dred?' Ah! yes; it was on slavery, too, but it was different. 'Pogonip People' interested me deeply. I grew to have a deep sympathy for little girls at an age and of a disposition to be misunderstood and ill-treated. Dolly is a fac-simile of myself as a child. I wrote it to help other children.

"After that I wrote for money, I believe. I had felt the need and now tasted the good of it, and I wrote on for more of it, with more or less interest or excitement. 'My Wife and I' and 'We and Our Neighbors' should be read together; then 'The Minister's Wooing,' 'Nina Gordon,' 'The Pearl of Orr's Island'—that is not good—but there are none of them like *Uncle Tom and Little Eva*. Poor old *Uncle Tom*. Ah, so many and so long ago.

Here the gray eyes drop the light out of them, the thin brown hands wander to the white locks, and those knowing the dear old lady well know that soon they will be asked to excuse her while she lies down "to rest a little while."

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 20, 1887.

Miss Mary Lee is visiting in Valencia.

W. C. Norris is able to be on the street again.

Postmaster Payne is improving his residence property.

The Modoc club will give a concert at Atchison on September 13.

Hon. Samuel T. Howe will soon move his family from Marion to Topeka.

Our good friend, Brazier, rejoices over the fact that his daughter, Mrs. R. Jones, has given him a grandson.

There is a gathering of the juveniles of the Lee clan at the residence of Dr. J. N. Lee corner of Gordon and Topeka ave.

Mrs. O. Purdy, of 1114 East Sixth, is visiting relatives and friends at Lawrenceburg Indiana, and Cincinnati Ohio.

Col. J. Ohmer and wife, of Hannibal, Mo., and Mrs. J. E. Schaeffer, of Dayton Ohio, are visiting the family of W. T. Schaeffer.

Rev. H. W. George, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city, is now at Orchard Beach, Me., for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wolf are preparing to move to Chicago, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Wolf was formerly in the employ of the Santa Fe.

H. E. Dutton, formerly of this city, but now a hotel man of Lincoln, Nebraska, made a flying visit to his family, who have not yet moved to their future home, but will do so soon.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Rench died Sunday afternoon and was buried Monday at 5 o'clock. In the absence of Dr. Lee, Dr. Wood conducted the funeral exercises. The family have the sympathy of many friends, in this sore bereavement.

Dr. H. D. Fisher has received an invitation to speak at a grand reunion of Ohio people to be held at Wetmore the latter part of this month. The doctor will then leave for a six weeks' tour through north-west Kansas in the interest of the Methodist church.

During the coming fair the elegant band rooms will be headquarters for visiting bands; and those who visit Topeka may rest assured of receiving a royal reception. Our boys do not forget the many kindnesses lavished upon them in the many places they have visited.

Dr. A. A. Holcombe, state veterinarian, says information received by him indicates that Texas fever, which two or three weeks ago threatened the cattle interests of Kansas, has been placed under control and he does not fear that there will be any serious results.

Rev. J. S. Chamberlain has retired as superintendent of Christ's hospital and is succeeded by Rev. R. Smith, of Cameron, Mo. Mr. Chamberlain has been superintendent of the hospital since it was established in 1884, but he finds that the cares are too great for one in his condition of health.

Thomas Bates, charged with stealing horses in the Indian Territory, was brought from Leavenworth by Deputy Marshal George Sharritt, and placed in the county jail. He will be tried in the United States district court. Bates can thank his lucky stars that he was not caught in the Indian Territory by the rough and rugged denizens of that region who would have adorned a scrub oak with his manly form.

Charles Rink, a German vagabond, of about 30 years of age, was sent to the insane asylum. He has been an inmate of the county jail, where the examination took place, for about a week. Wednesday morning he jumped on Jailor Gill and endeavored to kill him, and it was some time before he could be quelled. He says he was for a long time an inmate of an asylum in Germany. He cannot speak a word of English.

The public schools of this city will be opened on Monday, September 26, 1887. The examination for a certificate of those teachers who have not already passed, will be in Harrison school, on the 22d and 23d of September, at 9 a. m. The board will issue its certificate to any teacher in its employ, who holds a diploma from a state normal school or who holds a state certificate from the board of education for the state of Kansas, without examination.

There is a great demand for mechanics on the north side. So much building has been going on and still continues that the forces of workmen are getting very scarce. Perhaps nothing can speak more for the rapid development of Topeka and large amount of improvement going on than this one fact that mechanics are so wonderfully scarce throughout the city. Good mechanics have no time for rest this summer, and are getting good pay for their work.

We were lately asked what magazine had made the most progress during the past year, and were unable to give an answer; but DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for September having just arrived calls the question to our mind, and on examination of this elegant Family Magazine obliges us to admit that it would be difficult for any publication to show more enterprise and progress. The publishers are now taking great interest in Remunerative Home Work for Women, and in this number publish a prize article on that subject. All the Departments are so complete that there is nothing left to be desired; information can be found herein on every point interesting to the household, even to the monthly news. We notice a great acquisition to the already full list of contributors, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, who has commenced a series of articles on Seasonable Entertainments, giving complete information about each, from the form of invitation to "farewell." Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 6th. 1886.

Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. DEAR SIR:—The two boxes of pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son was the victim of Malaria, deep-set, by living in Florida two years and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria.

Respectfully Yours, W. W. MONROE.

Miss Charlotte Morrill, of Brooklyn, whose paper received such universal notice at the Mt. Holyoke Semi-centennial, has been spoken of as the possible successor of Miss Freeman as president of Wellesley College.

If instead of two engines followed by a dozen cars, that Niagara excursion train had been run in two sections, the death roll would have numbered one half as many, or probably less.

He forgot the Combination.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours, with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" that he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper:

"I can't get my boots off."

"What's the matter with your boots?"

"Nozzin'." (in a faint whisper).

"What's the matter with your hands, then?" she cross-examined.

"Nozzin'."

"Why don't you pull your boots off, then?"

"Maria, I've forgot the combination!" — Boston Record.

Decrease of Immigration.

The immigration to this country shows a great falling off for 1886, the total number of foreigners landing in New York aggregating but 291,066, against 354,702 in 1884. This is the smallest number since 1879. Germany sent us 97,918 immigrants, Ireland 35,277, England 25,657, Russia 16,855, Sweden 16,045, Italy 15,740, Hungary 11,665, Austria 10,882, Norway 9,974, the balance being natives of other European States. It is a singular fact that nearly 84,000 of these foreigners remained in New York. The percentage of agricultural laborers was comparatively small. — N. Y. Herald.

Winter Shelter for Sheep.

We ought to have good shelter provided by the time winter comes, if we can provide such shelter. But suppose it is practically impossible for us to build barns and well constructed sheds? We can do this for our sheep in the vast majority of instances. We can set crutched posts in the ground, rest a rail or piece of timber in the crutches and place poles, boards or something of the kind on the rail, one end resting on the rail and the other on the ground, open toward the south. If we have not rails or poles enough to do that we can use fewer poles and rails and cover with hay or straw. Certainly that is a shelter cheap enough, and it is better than none. — Western Rural.

Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—Am I really so bad, mamma? Mamma—Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy. Tommy (reflectively)—Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't twins. — N. Y. Independent.

"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leaders of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Middlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine, and your father's, too!" — Pittsburgh Post.

An amusing contemporary informs its readers that a man at the East End calls himself, on his card, "Temperance Bootmaker," and suggests that the need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they are not generally drunk, it is a notorious fact that they are often very tight.

First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago. Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time. "Half seas over?" "In other words, money is tight, and that's what causes it." — Omaha World.

DRESS MATERIALS.

Bright, Glowing Colors Shown by Most of the New Fall Goods.

Already new dress goods are shown, and some, indeed all of them as yet seen, are lovely. Serges of all qualities will prevail. They are the rage in London, and our merchants have seen to it that we are not to be behind our French and English sisters in having the very choicest patterns to select from. Indeed, superb and superior goods have been manufactured expressly for this market, leading houses having exclusive designs for their customers, many of whom select from sample cards, and sometimes can arrange matters so that no other dress like their own will be seen in the city.

An exquisite piece of fine silk and wool dress material shows a stripe of heavy Ottoman cord, alternating with a stripe of various fancies in velvet. About an inch and a half space in the next stripe is a body of silk plush. This is followed by an inch of narrow velvet and Ottoman bands, and then comes a space filled in with pile after pile of silk loops, which are cut open, forming a narrow fringe, which is full enough to set out almost straight. This combination is repeated in this stripe, which alternates with the stripes of plain Ottoman, each one being an inch and a half wide. This fabric is in one color. Dark blue, garnet, brown and black are the only colors yet noted.

Such rich, showy materials, in large stripes and plaids, will be much used for dress skirts, made entirely plain, without even a foot plaiting, with bodice and draperies of the prevailing ground tint, the bodice cut in the jaunty riding habit style. Buttons will be a large item in the fall dresses and are shown in metal and mixed styles, bronze effects being particularly admired. Oxidized buttons will also be favored, and buttons with pearl ornaments set on metal. The new round ball rosary buttons come in various sizes.

Some of the serges closely resemble the suitings worn by gentlemen, in color and combinations, but of course not as heavy in quality. A very pretty piece of goods has a tiny stripe of a bright color on brown, blue, red and green, and other patterns show a heavy cord outlining a small check, and these are in one color. There is also a very neat and stylish class of goods in lovely quality of fine wool, in dark grounds, with an odd sprinkling of bright colors in subdued form. This will make very stylish shopping dresses and suits for general wear.

Astrakhan bourette suitings in bright cardinal promise to be a leading novelty. They are shown in two rich square blocks of fine chevron weave, framed by soft, silky rings of Astrakhan. The alternate block has the chevron running in an opposite direction with the same framing of curls. This gives a very striking and stylish effect. The same goods also appear in black and white. There are also gray and white bourettes that are very attractive. A few broadened and figured woollens are seen.

Striped velvets and plushes are a leading feature in elegant novelties. They come in solid colors and in various tints and shades, showing a number of tones in one stripe of about an inch wide. Both cut and uncut pile is formed into stripes or alternate blocks and the effect of arranging tints and colors in these goods is surprisingly beautiful. The broadened velvets are gorgeous. Long pile goods with plaid and cashmere centers show large and showy patterns. There are broadened plushes in new designs that are very rich looking and the prices are comparatively moderate. All shades and colors are represented in plain velvets, which promise a rage for the entire season. Rich silk and velvet costumes are being imported, and velvet and lace combinations will find favor. Velvet will also be used for dinner dresses, and many of the handsome plain woolls will be combined with velvet. — N. Y. Graphic.

A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsized, the lid being knocked completely out. A fire was built around the cage in order to frighten the animals into remaining inside, and the cage was replaced by the exertions of two elephants.

Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand. — Boston Journal.

Mr. Frank Stockton is credited by Arlo Bates with sending a ponderous door key to a friend just sailing for Europe with the message: "He says it is the key to one of the very best boarding houses in London. He is sorry he has forgotten the address; but if you try the doors until you find the one this fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one." — Chicago Inter Ocean.

Patient—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor? Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off. Patient—How much will the job cost? Surgeon—Fifteen dollars. Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars. — N. Y. Times.

The Board of Trade at Chattanooga, Tenn., had decided to do everything in its power to encourage the building of railroads in that neighborhood.

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiousities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government.

The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sums are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,355, on account of various expenditures made before 1864. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$98.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1885; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$5,888 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 8 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$898 as Minister to Spain in 1881; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Bussell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$18,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1873; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,579 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1868 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1866; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,116 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1886; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$8.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tucker is debited with \$21,364 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$298 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$8,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,050; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1865, \$205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$185.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.98, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him. — Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel;" I have "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked abast this shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor. — Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

ABOUT FUSSINESS.

A Great Offense of Which No Housekeeper Should Be Guilty.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has housecleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleaned and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap" as she fitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do everything at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the work at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart. — The Household.

MISER GREENLEAF.

A Man Who Lived the Life of an Anachorite to Enrich a College.

Harvard's latest endowment comes from an unexpected source. A miser named E. P. Greenleaf recently died, leaving property amounting to nearly \$500,000, the bulk of which he had willed to Harvard College. Mr. Greenleaf lived the life of an anchorite. He was a thoroughbred miser, so to speak; hoarding up every cent he accumulated and denying himself even the comforts of life. His appearance was that of a tramp or a beggar, and yet, unlike the tramp, he refused companionship at all times. He seemed to have just one desire, one ambition, and that was to be immortalized by Harvard. For this he lived; for this he became a hermit; for this he became a miser; for this he hoarded his dollars and denied himself every thing. He died, leaving his property and his photograph to Harvard. Some men, not misers, worth ten times his wealth, have died and left little or nothing for anybody or any thing outside the family circle. Some men, possessed of multiplied millions, will read the story of the life of Miser Greenleaf, of Quincy, Mass., and be amazed. The world is full of surprises because of those who give, and because of those who do not give. — Detroit Tribune.

—Frog soup, made by the following recipe, is recommended for persons with weak lungs or suffering from severe cough. After skinning the hind legs of twenty-four frogs, put them in cold water for one hour. At the end of this time drain them, put them in a sauce-pan and set upon a slow fire, stirring occasionally until they turn yellow. Take them out of the sauce-pan, mince the flesh quite fine, and put it back in the pan with a leek and stalk of celery chopped in small pieces, one carrot sliced, a little salt, and water enough to cover all. Simmer for two hours, then pass through a colander; mix with a little butter and serve. — Exchange.