

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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NO. 27.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.

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

There were \$200,000 worth of building
permits issued by Geo. O. Wilmarth last
week.

Hon. N. C. McFarland is foreman of
the grand jury. This is an excellent se-
lection.

Superintendent MacDonald says about
half the schools in the county are now
open.

A cross dog has been secured for the
city barn and it is dangerous to fool
around that vicinity.

The protracted meeting which was an-
nounced to have commenced at the Kan-
sas avenue church, has been postponed to
a more opportune time.

A special train carrying about 200 G.
A. R. boys, left on the Rock Island for
St. Louis last Sunday. The train went
straight through to St. Louis without a
change of cars.

Though the weather has been very dis-
agreeable—almost too bad for children to
leave their homes—the public schools
have opened with an attendance of nearly
4,000, a considerable increase over the
attendance of last year.

The rector in charge of grace cathedral,
Rev. E. P. Crittenden, was presented by
a few friends with a white silk damask
stole, richly embroidered. Rev. Mr. Crit-
tenden left on Monday for his home at
Faribault, Minn., to resume his duties in
Seabury Divinity school.

C. Vincent, who dubs himself "Profe-
sor," spoke to about twenty-five persons
at the state house Saturday evening on
labor topics, and the meeting advertised
to take place at the city park Sunday
afternoon was prevented by the rain.

Governor Martin did not come over
from Atchison as is usual with him gen-
erally on Mondays. He has another son
and heir to his father's fame, born last
Saturday night. This is the third son
born to the governor since he was elected
to the gubernatorial chair.

George Campbell, arrested for vagran-
cy, was fined \$10 in police court. Edwin
Moren, arrested for drunkenness, was
fined \$10 and committed. J. McClafferty,
D. D., was fined \$10 and committed.
D. D. don't stand for doctor of di-
vinity but drunk and disorderly. J. N.
Deleaney, arrested for "prowling around
after 12 o'clock at night," was discharged.
R. L. Clark, arrested for vagrancy, was
discharged.

The grand jury is in session, and a
large number of persons have been sub-
poenaed to appear before it. The result
of its investigations is likely to be in-
teresting. Judge Guthrie stated to the jury
that he had heard rumors of wrong-doing
in various quarters, and advised the jury
to make a thorough investigation into
every matter of this kind brought to
their knowledge.

Malaria does not always reveal its pre-
sence by chills or regular shakes. Your
system may be full of it, and none of
these symptoms be present. You will
feel miserable, think you are bilious, take
purgatives and only feel weaker and
worse, because the malarious poison is
still operative. A dose of Shallenberger's
Pills at bedtime will show you next morn-
ing that you have hit the real enemy, and
a dose or two more will remove every
vestige of the poison. They never sicken
the stomach, do not act on the bowels,
but simply destroy MALARIA.

A great many of the North side people
are displeased on account of the fact that
the paving company are tearing up the
crossings and doing no paving.

Governor Martin has issued a procla-
mation offering a reward of \$300 for the
arrest and conviction of the unknown
parties who on the night of September
22 murdered Henry Richter in the city of
Leavenworth.

The Topeka schools start out this year
under the most favorable circumstances.
Prof. J. M. Bloss, the new superintendent,
already seems at home in his new posi-
tion, and everything promises to move
along pleasantly.

The remains of David T. Hutchinson,
an old and respected citizen of this city,
who died at Georgetown, Colorado, Wed-
nesday of last week of inflammation of the
stomach, were brought to the city, accom-
panied by his daughter Minnie and Miss
Murdoch, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson, who
has been with him for some time previous
to his death. Mr. Hutchinson had been
in Colorado since April and was employed
building a mill.

About two weeks ago Lillie McCann,
of Roodhouse, Illinois, arrived here and
secured a place to work as nurse. Her
father arrived a few days ago, and
took the girl home. He is a prominent
dealer in agricultural implements and
says his daughter ran away and that he
has spent at least \$1,500 in hunting her.
The girl was glad to start back home.

Joe Smith has been sentenced by Judge
Guthrie to seven years in the penitentiary
for stealing a cow. He was pardoned
out about eighteen months ago after a
two-years term, by Governor Martin. He
has two brothers in the penitentiary at
the present time, one of whom is there
for the same crime of stealing a cow.

About 1 o'clock Tuesday morning a lady
who is visiting the family of her brother,
Mr. Nick Miller, who lives on Taylor
street, between Fourth and Fifth streets,
awoke and found the lamp almost out.
On examination she discovered it needed
refilling, and proceeded to fill it from
what she supposed was the kerosene can.
She did not suspect anything wrong until
the flame began to sputter, when she
took up the lamp and started across the
room. As she arrived opposite her 8-year-
old son, who was sleeping in a cot, the
gasoline, which she had unfortunately
filled the lamp with, exploded and covered
him with a mass of flames. Dr. McClin-
tock, who lives on the corner of Fourth
and Tyler, was at once called, arriving
about 1:30, and found the little fellow
frantic with agony, as he continued to be
until death came to his relief about 5
o'clock Wednesday morning. The poor
mother is almost wild with grief and all
deplore this unfortunate and sad affair.

Business men who would save money
will get their printing from the North
Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue,
North.

The following will illustrate the usual
difference in prices: Messrs. C. & S. paid
\$17 for 3000 linen blanks. Our price is
\$12.

Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000
bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, in-
cluding better stock, is \$3.00.

Mr. B. paid \$2.50 for 500 loose note-
heads. Our price, better paper, in tablets,
trimmed, \$2.00.

Messrs. J. & A. paid \$3.00 for 1000 low
cut envelopes. Our price, for a much
better envelope, high cut, printed by our
patent process, securing perfect work
with no streaks when cuts are used, \$2.50.

Lawyer C. paid \$1.80 a page for briefs
for which we charge \$1.00 and give more
to the page.

Mr. M. was charged \$4.00 for a lot of
dodgers which we do for \$2.00.

Read the above, be wise and get your
printing done at the North Side Printing
House, 835 Kansas Avenue north.

Send postal and we will call for copy,
show proofs, and satisfaction or no
charge.

A singularly attractive frontispiece
graces the October MAGAZINE OF AMER-
ICAN HISTORY. It is a spirited portrait of
Daniel Webster, never before published,
from a painting in the Long Island His-
torical Society, accompanied by a clever
character study in the body of this excel-
lent monthly, written by Hon. S. G. W.
Benjamin, late United States minister to
Persia. A galaxy of accomplished au-
thors contribute to the October issue.
Ex-President Andrews, of Marietta Col-
lege, discusses a topic of surpassing
present interest, "The admission into the
Union of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio." It
is a curious fact that various errors and
discrepancies exist in histories, cyclope-
dias, almanacs, and school-books, con-
cerning the beginnings of these great
states and their entrance into the family,
and it is a source of profound congrat-
ulation that an authority of such eminence
and a writer of such force as Dr. Andrews
has been persuaded to take up his pen
and settle the controverted points. An-
other exceptionally able and eloquent
article is by Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., the
present head of Union Theological Semi-
nary, on the "Relationship of Church and
State in America;" James Schouler, the
historian, writes an agreeable chapter on
"Historical Grouping;" Professor Edward
E. Salisbury contributes two interesting
letters of Horatio Greenough; Judge
William A. Wood tells the stirring story
of the "New Mexico Insurrection of 1846,"
with a sketch and portrait of General
Sterling Price; Charles D. Baker has a
paper on the First Dutch Church in
Brooklyn; Professor Oliver P. Hubbard
criticizes "An Extraordinary Indian
Town;" and Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr.,
LL. D., the Georgia historian, continues
his valuable original documents. The
editor contributes a clear, vigorously
written, and informing account of "The
Origin of New York," illustrated with
antique Dutch pictures. There are some
bright and readable short papers in Minor
Topics, Notes, and Historic and Social
Jottings, and several able book reviews.
This popular magazine leads in every
important branch of history. Price, \$5.00
per year. New York City: 743 Broadway.

It is hard to know where to begin in
saying a good word about the October
number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for
there are so many good words to say.
With each issue the fact becomes more
and more evident that the new manage-
ment has made a marked success. Every
sensible lady who has a thought about
tasteful dress should read the fashion de-
partment of this October number, and
study the fashion plates and designs.
The hints and directions as to what to buy
for fall and what to do with it are such
as no lady can afford to neglect.
The literary contents of the number are
above criticism. Mrs. Croly writes on
"Successful Women," as well she may,
who has succeeded so conspicuously. She
has surrounded herself with a galaxy
of able contributors, among whom we
may name Rosamond Dale Owen, Eliz-
abeth Greenleaf, C. G. Throop, and Charles
K. Bolton. The poetical, musical, and
artistic contributions are first-class.
The practical articles and hints on home
management, decoration, health and work
are such as will be enjoyed and prized by
all who are fond of making home beau-
tiful, healthful and cheerful.

The attractions, general and particular,
are such as commend this magazine to
the people of the homes of America. It
is gratifying to know that the circulation
of GODEY'S is rapidly and largely increas-
ing. The inducements to new subscribers
and to those who get up clubs are extra-
ordinary. Prizes and premiums of solid
worth are offered on such terms as nobody
ought to refuse. The price of GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK is only two dollars a year.
Write to the Croly Publishing Co., Phila-
delphia, Pa.

For the latest and most fashionable
millinery, and newest designs in art nee-
dlework and embroidery material, go to
Mrs. Sty, two doors south of the Fire sta-
tion, on Kansas ave., North Topeka.

Mr. Cyrus Flanders died last week at
the home of his son, Hon. E. W. Flanders,
two and a half miles southeast of the
city. Grandpa Flanders, as he was fa-
miliarly known to all the neighborhood,
was a very earnest Christian worker. He
founded and for a long time conducted
the Sabbath school at the Flanders school
house, and was largely instrumental in
organizing the library there and contrib-
uting to the book purchasing fund. He
never lost an opportunity to show his in-
terest in the welfare and instruction of
young people, and will be greatly missed
by them as well as by a large circle of
old friends.

Many of the old settlers of Kansas will
be pained to learn of the death of Mr. and
Mrs. James P. Carson, of Topeka. About
three weeks ago they left this city in fair
health for people of their age to visit re-
latives and friends at their old home in
Perry, Jefferson county. Soon after their
arrival Mr. Carson was taken very sick.
Friends were summoned in anticipation
of his immediate dissolution, but they
found themselves beside the death bed of
Mrs. Carson instead, for she had been taken
suddenly ill, and died at 12:30 o'clock
Monday, Sept. 19, and was buried in the
family cemetery, at Perry, on Tuesday.
On Wednesday the 21st, at 12:30 o'clock,
just forty-eight hours after Mrs. Carson's
death, Mr. Carson died, and was laid to
rest by the side of his devoted wife.

Mr. Carson settled on a claim adjoining
Oskaloosa, the present county seat of
Jefferson county, in 1854. He continued
to reside in Jefferson county until about
three years ago when he came with his
wife to be near their only children, Mrs.
J. B. Johnson and Mr. L. G. Carson, a col-
lector on the Santa Fe railroad.

The American Agriculturist for Octo-
ber, 1887, offers to its readers a great
variety of instructive and interesting
reading. Over 40 writers, many of whom
are prominent experts in their special
branches of agriculture and horticulture,
contribute to its pages. The front-page
engraving presents a life-like Indian
Summer Scene; another full-page engrav-
ing illustrates types of various little
known cattle. Among the smaller en-
gravings are noted farm animals, poultry,
plans of dwellings and greenhouses, new
plants and fruits, and labor-saving im-
plements and contrivances for the farm
as well as for the household. The Boys'
and Girls' Columns are even more enter-
taining and richly illustrated than usual,
and in the Humbug Department new
and old frauds are handled with ungloved
hands. Price \$1.50 per year, English or
German; Single numbers, 15 cents. Ad-
dress American Agriculturist, 751 Broad-
way, New York. See our club offer else-
where.

We have on hand, ready for immediate
delivery, a quantity of "Dr. Foote's Hand-
Books and Ready Recipes."

It is a book, paper cover, of 128 pages,
containing information of the utmost
importance to everybody concerning their
daily habits of eating, drinking, sleeping,
dressing, bathing, working, etc.

It also contains many useful sugges-
tions on the management of various dis-
eases; recipes for relief of common ail-
ments—including some of the private
formulas of Dr. Foote and other physi-
cians of high repute, and directions for
preparation of delicacies for invalids as
pursued in the best hospitals of this coun-
try and Europe.

It is most assuredly one of the most
valuable books for the price ever offered
to the public.

We give one copy of this book to every
new subscriber when requested.

The council has at last determined
that some action must be taken at once
in reference to the Sixth street viaduct.
Their directions to the Missouri Pacific
and Santa Fe roads are to build at once
and to stand not upon the order of the
building.

The October number of THE ECLECTIC
MAGAZINE gives the place of honor to
Prince Krapolline, the celebrated Nihil-
ist, who contributes an article entitled
"The Coming Anarchy," in which he ex-
emplifies his expectation of the means by
which the philosophy of history will solve
the difficult problems now before us.
"Ireland's Alternatives," by Lord Thring,
is an admirable presentation of the Anglo-
Irish question—the most complete and
judicial we have yet seen. The poet
Swinburn, in a paper, which he calls
"Whitmania," severely attacks the claim
made for Walt Whitman by his friends.
Wagner's "Letters to Frau Eliza Wille,"
throw light on the great composer's life
and character, and are of great interest
in themselves. Arnot Reid compares the
English and American press, and Mr.
W. H. Mallock continues his suggestive
papers on "Wealth and the Working
Classes." A second article by the great
painter, Holman Hunt, finishes his in-
teresting description of his painting one of
his greatest pictures, and his Syrian ad-
ventures therein. The two closing arti-
cles are among the best in an excellent
number. "The Roman Matron and the
Roman Lady," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton,
a capital study of the status and character
of women in old Rome; and "The Island
of Serk; a Sermon in Stones," by Sophia
Weisse, a charming description of one of
the most wild and picturesque of the
Channel Islands. The shorter arti-
cles are well selected and the editorial
department of ordinary interest.

THE MEDICINE CHEST.

An Article That Should Be In Every
Household.

In a scattered country neighborhood,
where it is impossible to summon the doc-
tor very quickly, the medicine chest is an
absolute necessity. It should be well ar-
ranged, so that every thing may be found
without loss of time. And it must, most
emphatically, be out of the reach of children.
Every house-mother should learn enough
of physiology and disease to prescribe sim-
ple remedies for ailments and accidents,
though this should never prevent her from
sending for a regular physician when
she has reason to suspect serious illness.

Another point to be avoided is indiscrim-
inate dosing. One is very apt to fall into
this error if one is the possessor of a cute
little homeopathic medicine chest. It is easy
to order little sugar-coated pellets for all
the ills that flesh is heir to, until it becomes
a regular habit. The less medicine one
takes the better, sugar-coated or otherwise.

In the closet where medicines are kept,
one should always have sponges, lint, band-
ages and plaster. As soon as any material
gives out it should be promptly replaced, or
it may result in serious inconvenience.
There are few poisons which need to be
kept in the family materia medica, for
many time-honored remedies of a poisonous
nature may be replaced with some drug
equally useful and less dangerous. When-
ever poison is kept, it should have the most
efficacious antidote written or printed on
the label. Some druggists do this—they all
ought to—but if the seller neglects this, the
purchaser should mark the bottle thus:
"POISON—POISON; antidote, white of egg. In
the country, a mother is most often called
upon to dress cuts, insect bites, etc., and in
addition to this, she should familiarize her-
self with the proper treatment for sun-
stroke and apparent drownings. It is aptly
every woman can not join the emergency
classes giving instructions in first aid to the
injured, but the family physician will gen-
erally be ready with information about sim-
ple ailments, and will be the best person to
consult when stocking one's medicine
chest.—*Natural New Yorker.*

A curious mistake has been made
in Mexico. The people of that country
have mistaken a Frenchman named
Thiers, who is visiting the republic, for
the late President of France. The pre-
siding officer of the Mexican Chamber
made him an address and a dinner was
given in his honor. The Jockey Club
had fun with him also.—*N. Y. World*

Not So Easily Won.

"You seem comfortably sure of her, Tom."

"Well, why not, my dear Jack, when I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine? I'm immensely taken with her, but I've hung off about—"

The dip of advancing oars drowned out the rest of the sentence, but Miss Daisy Campbell in her hammock behind the alders had heard enough to destroy her peace. Fearful of betraying her presence by the movement of a finger, the girl lay rigid as marble, watching with strained eyes two fragrant blue wreaths of smoke gliding past her retreat, till through an opening in the bushes farther up the brook she caught a fleeting glimpse of a birch canoe beneath the smoke, and of the smokers, two gay, sunburned youths with guns and fishing-rods. Tom Raymond sat in the stern, tall, handsome Tom, who had but now boasted of his easy conquest of herself. In that moment of wounded pride and fierce indignation Miss Daisy thought that she could have cheerfully seen him drown.

"Oh, she's a daisy," hummed Jack McKean; and as the mocking tenor smote her ear the quivering listener thought she could have seen Jack drown too—the saucy, idle tell-tale! Why need he proclaim to the birds of the air and the fishes of the water that the lady in question, Tom's little lady to be had for the asking, was no other than herself, Mrs. Blunt's city niece, little Daisy Campbell? How indelicate, outrageous!

And yet the song hurt her far less than Tom's words. If Tom, Tom Raymond, could speak so lightly of her, why might not Jack sing what he pleased, and all Oakland listen? So that was the way Tom was in the habit of talking about her! She had heard before that young men by themselves were excessively free in discussing their lady friends, and now she had proof of the fact. Unmannerly, detestable creatures, especially Tom!

"I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine," those were his very words, moaned hapless little Daisy, hiding her hot face among the hammock cushions in an agony of humiliation. She had always felt that if Tom had a fault it was self-conceit, but she wouldn't have believed he could be so conceited as this. What had she said or done to warrant his boastful assertion? She would challenge Aunt Abby, she would challenge Tom's sister, to say that she had ever been silly with Tom. If there had been any silliness it had not been on her side, unless—truthful Daisy winced at the recollection—well, perhaps she did let Tom hold her hand an instant longer than necessary the day he helped her over the fence, and she wished she had not clung to him in the thunderstorm. But at 18 what girl likes to be a prude? Though, for that matter, had she not more than once during their summer's acquaintance snubbed Tom for trying to make love to her? Still, he'd only to ask, and the little lady was his. That was his version of the story, and he had gloated over it to Jack. Daisy lifted her tousled brown head defiantly, and sat bolt upright.

"I won't be crushed—I will not!" she cried aloud, dashing her tears right and left. "I'll go to 'Pinafore' to-night just as if I'd overheard nothing, and if he choose to ask for the little lady, why, he may. She's sure of her own mind at last. She'll have her answer ready."

Springing from her hammock, Miss Daisy walked with martial tread through the garden into the kitchen to help Aunt Abby shell the peas for dinner.

"You must have been lying in the sun, child," said the lady, glancing up from the pan in her lap. "It's bad for your eyes, and bad for your complexion. I don't believe that's a good place for the hammock."

"It's a horrid place!" responded Daisy, falling savagely to work. "I'm going to ask Abram to hang it where it was before."

Abram was the intermittent help of the Blunt establishment, who carried on the farm and came night and morning to milk the cows. From the day she became a visitor in the household he had been Miss Daisy's willing slave, and now that Mr. Blunt was temporarily absent the honest servitor took it upon himself to look in at odd hours "to see if Miss Blunt and that posy-faced little niece of hers needed doing for."

"Maybe fresh buttermilk will help that sunburn, pursued Mrs. Blunt, still misinterpreting the cause of Miss Daisy's heightened color. "I'd try it. You'll hate to go to the Falls as red as a hollyhock."

Despite her chagrin, Miss Daisy smiled at the misuse of pronouns, knowing perfectly well that if she were to look like a fright her aunt would regret it more than she. For a sensible woman, without undue personal vanity, it must be admitted that Mrs. Blunt had a most complacent enjoyment of the beauty of her stylish niece from the city.

"I hate to leave you alone so late in the evening, Auntie," said Daisy, throwing a handful of empty pods at the chickens by the doorstone. "I'm afraid you will be nervous about the tramp that called this morning."

"Nonsense, my dear; I'm not one of the nervous sort. I always stay by myself nights when your uncle goes to his lodge meetings. If I get tired and

sleepy, I lock the doors and go to bed. When I lie on my good ear I can't hear a sound, you know, and your uncle can come in without waking me.

"But how does he get in?" "Oh, he takes a key; we have two for the front door. There's the extra one over the clock. You'd better have it to-night; then, if I don't feel like sitting up for you I won't. You won't be likely to get home before 12."

By twilight Miss Daisy's turbulent crimson had softened into sea-shell pink. Aunt Abby flattered herself that she had never seen the child handsomer than when, in flimsy draperies, she floated down the piazza steps to Tom Raymond's waiting phaeton.

"The infatuated boy looks as if he was beholding an angel from heaven," mused the pleased lady, who dearly loved Tom. But she said, prosaically, "Do drive carefully Tom. Daisy, did you take the key?"

"Yes, auntie; it's in my pocket."

"Pocket?—can they put pockets in seafoam?" laughed Tom, tucking the linen laprobe about the young lady's billowy flounces. "I feel myself quite inadequate to the care of this fluff elegance, Mrs. Blunt, I do assure you."

"But it's his; he has only to ask for it and it's all his!" thought Miss Daisy, scornful, as she bade her aunt a gay good-by.

In the whole region round about there was not a lovelier drive than this five miles between Oakland and Oakland Falls. Taking it by moonlight on a perfect evening, with a fascinating young lady by your side, and a spirited horse obedient to his will, Tom Raymond mentally acknowledged that the conditions were favorable for enjoyment. He had been planning this tete-a-tete for days; indeed, he had gone so far as to formulate certain momentous speeches to be delivered on this occasion, but with the strongest desire to lead the conversation into sentimental channels, he was continually baffled by an intangible something in Miss Daisy's manner. He spoke of a lovely bird he was mounting especially for herself, and she discoursed of the swallows in Abby's chimney; he hinted at man's craving for affection, and she deplored Abram's craving for drink; he quoted "Aurora Leigh," and she cited "Mother Goose." She sang nasally like Deacon Shed, mimicked Squire Eddys Fourth of July oration, and, in a word, was as captivating, frivolous, and reckless as a heavy-hearted-girl well could be. As she passed Grace Raymond in the hall, that young lady whispered to Jack McKean that Daisy Campbell was the belle of the audience.

"With one exception, of course," amended gallant Jack. Proud, sensitive Daisy! She pretended to listen to the music; but from the First Lord of the Admiralty to Little Buttercup the entire company seemed to her to be chanting "I've only to ask, to ask, to ask—I've only to ask for the little lady."

Her very fan kept time to this refrain. She was thankful when the opera ended. For all that, on the homeward drive she wished herself back in the hall. It was so hard to meet Tom's loverlike gaze with indifference, to school her warm, wayward heart against his tenderness, so precious but yesterday! At first she strove bravely to maintain her former vivacity, but her liveliest sallies fell unheeded. The slogan was in the air. Daisy knew Tom had something particular to say. Ah, well, for that matter so had she. Clasp her cold little hands together resolutely, she waited in silence.

"Daisy I've been thinking—" "Dangerous symptoms, my young friend; let the doctor prescribe." "I'm going back to the medical school next week, Daisy."

"So soon?" in a tone of cool regret. "And I want to ask you, Daisy—" "I've only to ask, and the little lady's mine," prompted taunting memory, kindling in Daisy's eyes a dangerous fire.

Notwithstanding his vaunted assurance, Tom hesitated over the vital question, fidgeting with the reins till the horse rebelled and started off at a canter. Having soothed the animal's ruffled feelings, Tom began afresh. "Daisy?" "Well, Mr. Raymond?" "Now, Daisy, you promised to call me Tom."

"Did I? It isn't half so pretty a name as Mr. Raymond."

"I'm glad if you like my name, Daisy, I wish you would take it to keep."

"You're too generous, Tom. I'm not a strong-minded woman. Shouldn't want to be called Mr. Raymond."

"Don't be serious, Daisy. You must know I've been in love with you from the first day I saw you."

"Ah," thought Daisy, with curling lip, "if I hadn't eavesdropped, what a happy little simpleton I might be!"

"Serious, Tom?" she said aloud; "I'm literally serious as the grave. You've made my stay at Oakland very pleasant, you've given me glorious drives and sails, and I'm no end obliged. But in regard to this new favor you propose to confer upon me, no, no, Tom; I must decline it, thank you."

"Favor! Really, Daisy, I fail to see how I've provoked that sarcasm."

"Let's not talk about it, Tom. Ah, we're nearly home."

"But, Daisy, I must talk about it, pleaded Tom, seizing her hand. "Do you mean you never can care for me? Oh, Daisy, don't say it!"

His manner was eager, his tone periously sweet; though now at the door, he made no movement to alight; it seemed as if he could not let Daisy go till she had promised to love him.

"Don't be absurd, Tom," cried she, almost beside herself with the fear least she might yield in spite of every-

thing. "I'll never marry you—never! never! Why, Tom Raymond, I'd as soon marry that hencoop!"

To do Daisy justice, she hardly knew what she said. Bent on convincing her otherwise lover that she was not his to be had for the asking, she had hurled the hencoop into her sentence simply for emphasis. It wounded Tom beyond all expression. To offer himself to a lady as a husband, only to be rejected by her as a hencoop—this he felt was too much for human nature to bear. Without further dallying he helped Daisy dismount, and drove away with a curt adieu.

Wretched Miss Daisy gazed after him with lack-lustre eyes, feeling as spiritless as a glass of yesterday's soda-water. How angry he must have been, to have left her to unlock the door for herself! And, oh dear! what ailed the key? Would it never turn? Oh, for strong fingers!—Tom's fingers! Presently it dawned upon Daisy that there must be some obstruction in the lock. By the aid of the moon she peeped in at the keyhole and saw the trouble. In locking the door on the inside Aunt Abby had forgotten to remove the key! Daisy pulled the bell frantically till the peals echoed through every room, pulled till she broke the wire, but no sound of answering footsteps came. Far away in the north chamber Aunt Abby was laying on her good ear, sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

"She never hears anything when she's on her left side," groaned Daisy, "and she may not turn over for the night. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She tossed pebbles at her aunt's casement, and shouted her name again and again, then desisted in sudden terror. What if the tramp was still lurking in the neighborhood, and should appear at her call! She fitted around the house like a midnight ghost, only to find every door and window fast. She looked in at the lighted dining room, and the appetizing lunch reminded her that she was faint and had eaten no supper.

Hungry and homeless at midnight in the country where tramps were, and where police were not! Here was a situation for a girl delicately reared and naturally timid! The only light to be seen in the village was at Dr. Raymond's, a quarter of a mile away. Daisy knew it must have been left burning for Grace and Tom. Grace could not have been home long, for she and Jack had come the long road by the mill.

"If I can only get there before the lamp goes out!" murmured Daisy, speeding along the street. What could she do better than to beseech the Raymonds to shelter her? She knew no other family so well, and, besides, no other family was awake. After what had passed, she shrank from meeting Tom; but she shrank far more from meeting the tramp whom her excited fancy was perpetually evolving from the shadows. What with fear and haste, she reached the threshold breathless. Pushing open the hall door, little vagrant that she was, she stole in upon Grace, busy in securing the parlor shutters.

"Hush, Grace; don't scream—don't rouse anybody," she cried in a hysterical whisper. "I thought may be you'd let me sleep with you. I'm locked out."

"Locked out, poor dear?" "Yes; I'll tell you all about it presently. Can't I go upstairs first? I'm so tired!"

"You're white as a sheet, birdkin. Run up to my room. I'll follow as soon as Tom comes in. He's at the stable feeding Lady."

"Lady?" "Hasn't Tom told you of his little Lady, the lovely colt Uncle Ezra has given him? She came while we were at 'Pinafore.'"

"His little Lady?" "Papa thought Uncle Ezra had better keep her till Tom was graduated; but Uncle Ezra said, and he said Tom might as well have her at once."

Daisy heard the closing of a distant door, and fled to dream dreams too confused for record.

As she was tiptoeing out of the house in the early morning she came upon Tom looking glum and sleepless.

"I beg your pardon, Tom, for what I said last night—about the hencoop, you know," she whispered in dimpled confusion. It was awfully naughty. I take it all back."

"And will you take back all the rest, Daisy, implored Tom, cheered by her blushes.

"Hush! Can't stop, Tom," said she, with an evasive laugh. "I must take myself back now to Aunt Abby."

"You must do no such thing, Daisy Campbell," said Tom, stoutly, his clouded mind precipitately illuminated by the coquetish sparkle in her eye.

"By your leave, madam I shall take you to Aunt Abby, myself, and I shall ask her to lock you in next time and keep you for me. Come, the carriage is ready. We'll ride with the little Lady."

—Penn Shirley.

The Club System.

This club system is growing apace in the cities of America, and is a considerable factor in the decline in matrimony among the wealthier and more aristocratic young men. The latter are disposed to contend that the girls are all to blame in the matter. They say that the American girl of a certain social position enters society with a superficial education; with no domestic acquirements (which she has learned to scorn), and with a marked propensity to expensive and extravagant dressing and entertaining. "We can't afford it," is the cry of many young men with salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year. —Baltimore Herald.

A Few Stock Liars.

"I said in my haste all men are liars," remarked the Psalmist. That there are more liars in the world to-day than there were in David's time goes without saying, because there are more men. And with this increase of population there has sprang into being a new line of stock liars, with whom David was unacquainted, fair average liars, who do a plain, everyday business, and only go on in star parts when the star liar of their combination is sick or tired or something. Among these steady professionals may be mentioned:

The man who "never reads the newspapers."

The man who never sees the editorial cutting him up until "attention has been called to it."

The candidate who is "out of politics and wouldn't take the nomination if it was offered to him."

The man who "never had a days sickness in his life."

The man who says the captain told him "it was the worst storm he had ever experienced."

The family who was in Europe three weeks, "and went everywhere and saw everything."

The professor who tells you that in all his life he "never knew a child with one-half the marvellous talent for (music) (drawing) (elocution) (mathematics) (anything else) which your child has already developed."

The man who "wouldn't have taken \$100 for that dog."

The man who "made the mistake of his life when he didn't read (law) (medicine) (theology) (go on the stage)."

The man whose wife "doesn't appreciate him" (a great deal more accurately than he knows.)

The man who "whipped every boy he ever fought with at school."

The man who says "he wants you to tell him just what you think," and "never feels hurt at candid criticism, no matter how severe it is."

The man who "could take the text and preach a great deal better sermon from it" (than his pastor did).

The man who "told (somebody you never heard of) the day before (Cleveland) (Garfield) (Blaine) was nominated just what ballot the convention would break on and how it would go."

The man who "never made but one mistake in judging character in his life."

The man who can remember "the only lie he ever told."

The man who "was offered \$900 for that horse the day before he went lame."

The man who "could turn a double handspring from the ground backward or forward when he was a boy, but hasn't tried it for fifteen years." Sometimes, with a redeeming impulse of gracious and beautiful truth, this liar will add that "he doesn't believe he could do it now." —Burdett.

The Rattlesnake's Awful Eye.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think till a few days ago, a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie-dog within a few feet of him which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie-dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage and began sounding his rattles. The prairie-dog for some time seemed bemused, hardly capable of motion, but grew better and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure; a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do, indeed, charm or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists?

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals but men with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and felt with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it more than a moment. —Forest and Stream.

Most Economical Man.

The most economical man has been heard from. He tried to pawn a coat of tar and feathers, the gift of his neighbors. —Burlington Free Press.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Colorow tips the scales at 300.

Murat Halstead is home from Europe.

The Vanderbilt will be in the courts again.

The Romans knew nothing of the modern cravat.

Chicago claims to be the third largest city in the country.

The Hawaiian revolution has left Kalakaua king in name only.

A morning hand bath in cold salt water is delightfully invigorating.

Do air brakes brake? is an interesting question now before railroads.

Warm salt water inhaled through the nostrils cure cold and catarrh.

Canning and evaporating factories are being established all through the South.

The report that Ruskin is insane is denied by his friends. He is only eccentric.

John Swinton, whose labor paper failed, is now an editorial writer on the New York Sun.

At eighty-six Louis Kossuth is in perfect health of mind and body. He works steadily every day.

T. H. Carruth, the humorist of the defunct Dakota Bell, has been engaged by the Chicago Tribune.

The Pennsylvania railroad has joined the New York Central in the abolition of the deadly car stove.

Hon. Simon Cameron, who was born before Washington died, was a voter while Monroe was president.

The author of "Baby Mine" didn't live long after the man who wrote "Grandfather's Clock" pegged out.

About 1,300 men are employed at the Schenectady locomotive works, a greater number than ever before.

Charles Lamb's description of convivial drinking: "To mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness."

Electric lights in New York cost twenty-five cents a night, and render burglarious operations almost impossible.

A celebrated physician has said that the weak and valetudinary ought to view regular exercise as one of their moral duties.

Plato says "he is truly a cripple who, cultivating his mind alone, suffers his body to languish through sloth and inactivity."

An old Scotchman mourns the times when every honest man in Scotland went to bed drunk. That was in the last century, though.

Ben Butler is in favor of distributing the surplus among the veterans of the war. He thinks a portion of it should go to Confederate veterans.

It is reported that the Le Roy clergymen have formed a "combine" against Sunday funerals. People in that region will have to stop dying on Friday.

The Jailer of the Pueblo County Jail, Col., permitted one of the prisoners to play the violin evenings. The other night the scraping began at an early hour and was kept up continuously and vigorously until late, when it ceased. In the morning the Jailer found that under cover of the music four prisoners had sawed off a portion of a window casing, worked a big stone out of place and escaped.

"Coot," reports The New Bedford Standard, "have been flying in the vicinity of Plymouth for a fortnight in small numbers. On Tuesday the first flock of teal and wild duck appeared, and there is a prospect of good shooting. An immense school of mackerel has struck on in Plymouth bay. On Monday, the schooner Canopus, of Gloucester, took 335 barrels. This is the largest catch of the season, and, with the present high prices for prime fish, is valued at \$6,000.

The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: The cotton-gin, the planing machine, the grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing-press, navigation by steam, the hot air engine, the sewing-machine, the India rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand-blast for carving, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice-making on a large scale, the electric magnet and its practical application, the telephone.

The evils that accompany a great fortune are frequently illustrated. A son of Ex Senator Bourne, of New York, who inherited nearly \$1,000,000 a few years ago, is lying at a hotel in Newark, N. J., with a broken leg and nearly penniless, according to the New York Mail and Express. He admits that he spent \$800,000 in eight years. Since dissipating his fortune he has worked in a stable and on a farm for subsistence. He was aided for some time by the Young Men's Christian Association, but it now refuses further help.

A telegram from Hamburg, Germany, to a London paper reads: "If is announced here that a severe outbreak of 'trichiniasis' has just occurred. In one house alone nine persons are suffering from the disease. The authorities have seized a number of living hogs as well as a quantity of pork, believed to be infected with the dangerous parasite. The outbreak is due to the German habit of eating uncoked ham, and often fresh pork in a half-raw state, while the trichinae are all killed if the meat be thoroughly cooked."

Mrs. Andrew Todd, of Calais, Me., has been in the habit of carrying her money in several secret pockets in her underskirt. Last week she deposited in them a note for \$500 and two \$100 bills. Friday she sent the underskirt to the laundry, and forgot for a time all about the money. As soon as she thought of it, however, she hastened to the laundry and searched through the garment, only to find that the money was not there. The laundress was arrested, gave a confused and dubious denial, and was bound over to the October term of court.

It is a common remark that farming doesn't pay, but The St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian has some sample facts to the contrary. It says: "Beginning at a farm a half-mile outside the limits of this village and following that line all the way to the next town, a distance of twelve miles, there are eleven contiguous farms. On every one of these farms the owners have not only been able to get a living, but all have laid up money, and the owners of every one are now what might be called forehanded. Several of these men are worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000 each, while one of them is worth \$30,000 and this has been made off the farms on which they now live.

ONE MAN'S WEDDING OUTFIT.

No Wonder that Many Young Gentlemen Don't Marry.

There was a time when a trousseau was exclusively a woman's privilege, says *The Haberdasher*. In those days the appraising of a groom was not considered at all, or of any consequence whatever. "Times have changed, and we have changed with them," as some old Latin duffer or other has remarked, and with these changing times the groom has grown to be of so much importance as the bride in the matter of dress.

There are still, perhaps, some obscure nooks where a new necktie, three pairs of "socks," a clean collar, and one-third of a dozen of new shirts are thought amply sufficient to start upon married life, but such is not the case in New York. Nowadays, no less expense is incurred on behalf of the groom, but it falls upon himself, and he, too, must pay a part of the expense of a fashionable wedding.

No fashionable young New Yorker could get married in anything but silk underwear, and of this he must have suits of light and medium weight, of some delicate tint, such as shrimp, pink, pearl, heliotrope, or rose. Six suits of each will be enough, at a cost from \$30 to \$50 per suit, or an average cost of \$40. To these he can add just as many suits of fancy lisle or balbriggan as he wishes, but he will probably prefer to stick to silk as being more exclusive and "tony."

His hosiery must match his underwear, and therefore must be of silk. He must have at least one dozen pairs to match each suit of underwear, and one dozen pairs of black for evening wear. If his six suits of underwear are all of different colors, as they probably are, he must have seven dozen pairs of silk stockings, at an average cost of \$60 a dozen, but we will set the number at the lowest point that necessity will allow, and say he can worry along on four dozen pairs.

He will require a dozen full-dress shirts of plain linen, with embroidered fronts, at a cost of \$10 each, and for day wear he must have two dozen of various kinds, costing from \$48 to \$72 per dozen—say an average of \$60. Two dozen collars of fancy brands will cost \$4 a dozen, and two dozen cuffs will cost \$6 a dozen.

A white silk vest for full-dress wear will cost about \$25, and three white pique vests, also for full-dress, will cost \$10 to \$15 each. About \$25 will be the sum required for neck-wear, although a good deal more money than that can easily be dispensed. Three dozen linen handkerchiefs, at \$18 per dozen, are necessary, and six silk handkerchiefs, at \$3 each, while not absolutely needful, are desirable. There must also be a pair of bridal suspenders, made of the finest white satin, handsomely embroidered, and costing say \$10, and several pairs of ordinary suspenders, costing from \$2 to \$5 each.

Coming now to outer garments, we will suppose that the young man already has a full wardrobe of these, and only requires a moderate addition to make him presentable to his bride, in which case the following would about describe his requirements: One dress suit, \$125; business suit, \$85; afternoon suit, \$100; driving suit, \$50; overcoat, \$95; top coat, \$60; hats and caps for all occasions, say eight, at \$4.50, \$36; foot-wear, including slippers, etc., \$55.

Now comes the large, wide, and expensive items of sundries. Under this head will come four handsomely-embroidered white silk night-shirts, costing from \$15 to \$40, averaging say, \$25; a bath-robe at \$20; four pajama suits at \$18 per suit; smoking-jacket and cap, \$45; dressing-suit of light silk, similar to pajamas, \$30; three mufflers at \$10; inside vest, to be worn with full dress, \$25; leather shirt-case, silver-mounted, \$30; handkerchief-case, \$20; traveling-robe, \$25; waterproof coat, \$30; English hold all, \$15; gold-mounted cane and umbrella, \$50 for the two.

Gloves are an uncertain item, but for a new dresser they come very high. No young swell with a proper regard for himself will wear a pair of evening gloves more than twice, and his street gloves will be shed as soon as they look the least dingy. The expenditure for these is large and constant, but suppose he wanted to start with a fair supply of all grades, there would be six pairs of pearl self-stitched at \$2.25 each for evening wear and six pairs of various colors for the street at \$2.50 a pair.

The item of jewelry is also hard to estimate. Gentlemen do not wear much jewelry nowadays, and what they do wear is very modest, but still they do considerable scope for expenditure in such articles as scarf-pins, link buttons, studs, etc., and \$150 would quickly be spent for these articles.

Let us now recapitulate, and see what the total is:

6 suits silk underwear at \$40.....	\$240
4 dozen pairs silk hose at \$50.....	200
12 dress shirts at \$10.....	120
2 dozen plain shirts at \$60.....	120
6 dozen collars at \$4.....	24
2 dozen cuffs at \$5.....	10
1 white silk vest.....	25
3 white pique vests at \$12.....	36
Neckwear, say.....	25
3 dozen linen handkerchiefs at \$18.....	54
6 silk handkerchiefs at \$3.....	18
1 pair suspenders.....	10
3 pair suspenders at \$3.....	9
1 dress suit.....	125
1 business suit.....	85
1 afternoon suit.....	100
1 driving suit.....	50
1 overcoat.....	95
1 topcoat.....	60
Hats, etc.....	36
Shoes, etc.....	55

4 silk nightshirts at \$25.....	100
1 bath robe.....	20
4 pajama suits at \$18.....	72
Smoking jacket and cap.....	45
Silk dressing suit.....	30
3 mufflers at \$10.....	30
1 inside vest of silk.....	25
1 leather shirt-case, silver-mounted.....	30
1 leather handkerchief-case.....	25
1 traveling robe.....	25
1 waterproof coat.....	30
1 English hold-all.....	15
1 cane and one umbrella, gold-mounted.....	60
1 dozen gloves.....	30
Jewelry.....	150
Total.....	\$2,245

Of course there are many things besides these that an exacting taste would demand, but this is a fair estimate of what a gilded youth of Gotham would think the proper thing for a bridal outfit. The cost of little trifles like these has no terrors, but there is one item whose cost we have omitted that frequently proves a paralyser. This is a wife.

"Aw, no, old chappie, I'm not a marrying man. The women are so doosid extravagant, don't you know?" And it is because the women "are so doosid extravagant" that marrying is somewhat sparingly practiced nowadays.

Stock Doctoring.

How long will it take intelligent farmers, who seem to be willing to learn on every other subject, to understand that stock require in a considerable measure the same kind of treatment that they would give themselves or their families? We long since learned that we can treat the sick in the human family without the old-fashioned purge and bleeding. And why cannot we make the same progress with stock. The general mass of farmers are willing to believe in and try almost any kind of a ridiculous remedy for sick stock, and if by accident they happen to get well the virtue of the remedy is never forgotten. Boring a hole in a cow's horn for the hollow horn, bleeding a horse to fatten him, giving stock unhealed-of mixtures for no reason except that some one said so—and the more ridiculous the more faith there is in its curative powers.

I remember a neighbor who once had a cow that by some carelessness one of her teats became obstructed just after she had calved. In a couple of days that side of her bag had swelled considerably. A neighbor who kept considerable stock was called in. He decided that the best way to keep down the inflammation likely to ensue was to cut a hole low in the neck in what is sometimes called the shaky piece and put in a rowel. Two large pieces of poke root were inserted under the skin to help start up an inflammation. It succeeded that far at least. In three days the cow's neck was in a fearful condition.

Another neighbor poulticed the bag and teat one night with a good warm bran-poultice, and in the morning took a sharp darning-needle and carefully passing it through the bottom of the teat passed through the obstruction; by the time the cow's neck got well inflamed the teat came out all right, the bathing in warm water and rubbing after the teat was opened being continued. The first man always claimed, and I suppose does yet, that he cured the cow. I confess that I have very strong doubts of his remedy having helped the matter in the least. This is only an example; very few farmers have raised stock without seeing as absurd doctoring as this is; even worse. If cholera is in the neighborhood and from any cause a hog dies, cholera bears all the blame, and the same with any disease with other stock. If stock are sick and you cannot tell yourself what is the matter and consequently find it necessary to call in some one else, by all odds go to some man who has devoted at least a portion of his time to the study of animals and their diseases. Better pay a fair price for advice that will be of some benefit than risk the loss of the stock by following free advice that will in many cases prove worse than worthless.—N. J. Shepherd, in *Practical Farmer*.

The Door-Slamming Fiend.

He may be the best-natured person in the world, but he is in a tremendous hurry; he bangs his door, and tears out his key, and rushes down the hall as if the world would stop rolling before he reached the elevator. It makes no odds to him that the occupant of the room next door may be all but a dying man, to whom sleep or quiet is the thread by which he holds existence; he never stays to think or to inquire how that may be; slam goes his door as he goes into his room, bang goes his door as he goes out of it. Is it not his room? Is it not his door? Shall not a man do as he will with his own? Did he come to a hotel to be lectured about genteel manners? Is not this the free American continent? Does not every one do the same thing in hotels? Slam! Bang!—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Bad Lookout For George.

Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college)—George writes that he is taking fencing lessons.

Mr. Hayseed—I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a diggin' post-holes when he gets home.—*New York Sun*.

Ohio Ears.

An Ohio man is going to live on an ear of corn a day for thirty days. If they are as large as the pair he evidently has on his head it won't be difficult.—*Binghamton Republican*.

HENRY VILLARD'S CAREER.

How He Made and Lost \$5,000,000—Again on His Feet.

Few men who have had the pluck and energy to acquire a fortune have the courage and ability to regain a fortune after having lost it, says *The New York World*. Many men acquire wealth, but after having once lost, it is seldom that a man can regain it. Yet our local history contains a number of instances of men who have made and lost and won again great wealth. The most recent instance, and perhaps the most interesting, is that of Henry Villard, who in ten years made a fortune of \$5,000,000, lost it in a few months, and now appears in the financial world again, not, indeed, with his old standing entirely regained, but still as a power in Wall street, as the representative of millions of capital and with the probability that he will before long be at the head of the very corporations with which, less than four years ago, he was identified, and whose control he was obliged to relinquish when his wealth vanished.

Mr. Villard resigned the presidency of the Northern Pacific railroad on Jan. 4, 1884, and on the same day made an assignment of his property to William Endecott, Jr., and Horace White. Last week Mr. Villard purchased \$6,000,000 of Oregon Navigation securities for the German syndicate he represents, and on the 15th inst. it is understood that he will be elected a director of the Northern Pacific, and it is not unlikely that he will soon succeed Eljah Smith as president of the Oregon Transcontinental company, a position he resigned Dec. 18, 1883. Mr. Villard's collapse was the first sensation of that most remarkable year in Wall street history, 1884, and that in less than four years he should so nearly recoup his broken fortunes and reappear as a factor in the railroad and financial situation is so remarkable that an account of the man who could so soon climb the ladder of fortune again after having been hurled headlong from the top will not be uninteresting.

Henry Villard's name is an assumed one. His real name is Heinrich Hilgard, but the other one was assumed many years ago, when, a poor immigrant, he found himself in New York without money and friends. Since then he has made several efforts to return to his real name, but there were many difficulties in the way, and it is stated that even his wife, at the time of their marriage, opposed his return to the old name. Prof. Hilgard, of the United States coast survey, is a cousin of Mr. Villard. The latter was born fifty-four years ago in Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria, his father being the presiding judge in the district court of Zweibrücken, where Henry, who was the only son, received his first schooling. He afterward attended a French college at Pfalzburg, in Lorraine, and in 1853 graduated from the gymnasium at Speyer. Members of his family had already emigrated to this country and settled in Illinois, and their letters home and the stirring incidents of the German revolution in 1848 made a profound impression upon the boy's mind. He thirsted for liberty and grew hungry for other scenes and a land where larger opportunities were presented for obtaining fame and fortune.

So on a day in 1853 Heinrich Hilgard landed in New York, where he was destined to build one of the handsomest private places in the world. But at that time, without money and in a strange land, he sought whatever employment he could find, and it may interest persons who only knew Mr. Villard as a man who has controlled and still continues to control millions, that about thirty-four years ago he was a book canvasser. It was at this time that he changed his name from Hilgard to Villard. His father was a judge in Bavaria; it would not do to have it known that his son was a book agent in New York. In 1854 he found his way to his uncle's residence in Belleville, Ill., where he began to send contributions to German papers and get his first taste of journalism. For a time also he studied and worked in a law office in Chicago, but he tired of the law, and, having obtained a pretty thorough mastery of English composition, adopted journalism as a profession.

Mr. Villard is noted to-day for his avoidance of newspaper men. He is one of the most difficult men in America to interview, and is sometimes quite brusque and harsh in his treatment of men who seek to obtain information from him, and yet for twenty years Mr. Villard pursued the life of a hard-working reporter, correspondent, and editor. In 1858 he reported for eastern papers the famous debates in Illinois between Lincoln and Douglas which resulted in establishing the fame of the former and his election as president two years later. He then reported the legislative proceedings at Indianapolis for *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and this man, who has since shown himself to be so sensitive to public criticism, was at that time actually expelled from the reporter's gallery on account of some severe criticisms on members of the legislature. He then made a memorable trip through Colorado for *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and his articles were afterward published in book form. He lived in St. Louis during the winter of 1859 and 1860, and in the latter year reported the proceedings of the famous Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln.

He reported the campaign that followed for *The New York Herald*, and

after the election of Lincoln followed him to this city and Washington, where he established himself as correspondent. When the war broke out Mr. Villard did not remain long at Washington, but made for the seat of the conflict, and he reported many of the stirring scenes of the civil war. He followed the campaign of Gen. Buell in 1862, and afterward joined Gen. Burnside in the Army of the Potomac. He was on the Ironsides with Admiral Dupont, and was the only correspondent that participated in the attack on Charleston. During the war he was at different times with Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Garfield, and he followed Gen. Grant in the battle of the Wilderness and the siege of Petersburg. He established at Washington, with Horace White and A. G. Hill, a news bureau. Mr. White has ever since been identified with Mr. Villard in his various enterprises.

In 1866 he married at Boston a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, the famous abolition leader. In the same year he reported the war between Prussia and Austria for *The New York Tribune*, and afterward sent descriptions of the Paris exposition, and interviewed John Stewart Mill. On his return to this country he wrote editorials for *The Boston Advertiser* and was elected a member of the American Social Science association. In 1873 he reported the Franco-German war, and in the following year began his notable career as a financier. While in Germany in 1874 he interested the capitalists there in American investments and was intrusted with their money. Having in his journalistic career become acquainted with the Oregon region, his attention was drawn in that direction and it was not long before he was in control of the property. His subsequent career is so well known that it is not necessary to go into details. The famous "blind pool," conducted by Mr. Villard, stands unrivaled in Wall street history. From \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 was placed in Mr. Villard's hands by capitalists who were not permitted to know the use to which it was to be put. The utmost confidence was reposed in Mr. Villard. He was permitted to use the money as he pleased and to hand over the profits, if any. Mr. Villard did not abuse the great trust reposed in him. The blind pool was successful. The investors received their profits and Henry Villard laid the foundation of his great fortune.

The result of the blind pool was that Mr. Villard and his associates were put in command of the Northern Pacific and the Oregon system. Mr. Villard became president of the Northern Pacific, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation, of the Oregon Improvement company, and of the Oregon Transcontinental, a company organized to own a controlling interest in the other corporations, and which spring directly out of the operations of the blind pool. Before this, however, Mr. Villard had the street a taste of his ability. When a receiver of the Kansas Pacific railroad he succeeded in getting something the better of Jay Gould.

The success of the blind pool, however, so dazzled that it placed Mr. Villard at once in the very front rank of financiers, and for two or three years he ruled with despotic power the corporations of which he was president, and was blindly followed by his associates.

Mr. Villard then pushed the Northern Pacific rapidly to completion, and in 1883 arranged a magnificent excursion to the northwest to witness the driving of the golden spike which finished the great undertaking. The excursion was the biggest thing of the kind in railroad history, and its cost is estimated to have been from \$100,000 to \$250,000.

At the very time the golden spike was driven, however, signs of weakness had appeared in the Villard securities. The Wall street bears had made a determined attack upon them and the price of Northern Pacific stock had fallen from par to 70 and of Oregon Transcontinental from 90 to 60. Mr. Villard made heroic efforts to sustain the value of the securities. Had he not enlisted the money of his followers in the enterprises, and was he not in honor obliged therefore to do all in his power to sustain their stocks?

At this time Mr. Villard was worth about \$5,000,000. He was just completing on Madison avenue, opposite St. Patrick's cathedral, a magnificent residence having a frontage of two hundred feet, the two wings divided by a beautiful court eighty feet square. The mansion is of light grayish stone, rather plain outside, but the interior was fitted up in the most magnificent manner. Mr. Villard occupied this mansion only a few months. In order to sustain the prices of his securities Villard poured out his millions into the market, but he was unable to stem the market, the bears triumphed, and after the battle Villard found himself stripped of his fortune, in debt to the Oregon Navigation company and the subject of cruel criticism on the part of the men who in the days of his success, were his most ardent flatterers. Broken in health as well as in fortune, he resigned his presidencies, made over his palace to two friends for the benefit of his creditors and not long after sailed for Germany. He found that confidence in him was not broken there. Capitalists were still willing to intrust their millions to him, and a few months ago he returned to New York as their agent, and is now believed to be backed with an immense amount of foreign capital, while he has also to some extent recouped his private fortune. It is a singular fact that the two men most prominently identified with the Northern Pacific were ruined by it, but have since landed on their feet again.

PITH AND POINT.

The small feet of American girls are out of all proportion to the immense largeness of the country.—*Puck*.

At this season of the year your son has a mashed thumb, by attempts to crack green hickory nuts.—*Atchison Globe*.

As the camp-meeting goes out the county fair steps in, and the politician keeps the run of both.—*Baltimore American*.

The garden of finance should be weeded. The Napoleon weeds are choking out the useful plants.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Funny that when a man says anything with bark on it he usually wants his name withheld from the public.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The man who plants advertising now insures an abundant yield. Drought does not affect that sort of product.—*Lafayette Journal*.

When a friend comes in and invites you to take a drink, just as you have finished writing an article, you jump at a conclusion.—*Puck*.

It isn't the pauper oil of effete Europe that has played smash with the oil men of Pennsylvania, thank heaving.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

When our people begin to see snakes in the air it has become high time that more of the saloons should be closed.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*.

The leading man who is always trying to mash some of the girls in the audience might properly be called a lecher-artist.—*Washington Critic*.

None of the New England fisher men are in favor of the international commission. What they want is not arbitration, but bait.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Florida spiders are said to capture large numbers of snakes in their webs, but boots still hold the lead there as a popular snake-trap.—*Burlington Free Press*.

It is said that 250 people daily visit the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon. But a vastly larger number in Chicago are interested in bacon.—*Peoria Transcript*.

The old-fashioned American tornado wakes up and thrashes around when he hears of his bravest deeds outdone by a braggart British theater fire.—*Buffalo Express*.

The Chinese make a sacred rite of paying every cent they owe before beginning a new year. The Chinese are incorrigible heathen and they must go.—*Lowell Citizen*.

China never has a bank failure. This is probably owing to the fact that there is no Canada handy, and that the government chops off the heads of those who steal.—*St. Joseph Gazette*.

An exchange stupidly suggests James Brown Potter as a manager for Mrs. James Brown Potter, when it has been shown over and over again that he can not manage her.—*Louisville Commercial Advertiser*.

Twenty-five hundred doctors attended a medical convention in Washington city. Who ever saw a crowd like this of the same character? It is a regular blue mass of doctors.—*Peoria Transcript*.

The author of a novel relating to the romance of the life of a needle-woman named the book "The History of a Sewer," and was pained to find it catalogued among works on drainage.—*Ala California*.

Omaha received its title from the fact that when the first white man went there he was at once scalped, whereupon he cried out in agony and surprise, "O, my ha'r!"—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The interstate commerce bill does not prevent theatrical combinations from carrying good actors. The fare for a stick is the same as for an artist, and the stick should be left to walk.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The next time the New Yorkers want Mrs. Cleveland to come over and present some flags to anybody they will invite Mr. Cleveland to come along, too. Mrs. Cleveland has taught them a lesson in etiquette.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mr. Jacob Sharp is still out of the penitentiary and the Chicago anarchists unhung. What this country needs is more law. A few more volumes, legally construed, would make crime a virtue and criminals saints.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out all right.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

The English doctor who told the crown prince of Germany that his cancer was a wart has sent in a bill for \$11,000. His highness will try a plebeian horse-hair on the next wart and jerk it baldheaded without asking leave of the physicians.—*Boston Globe*.

An Oshkosh preacher made a contract to supply spiritual comfort to a church for ten years. The congregation stood it as long as they could, and the gospel broker has sued them for \$15,000 damages for breach of contract. The fight will be tooth and toenail to a finish. An angry Christian is the angriest thing that grows.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"How is your summer record?" asked the Air Brake of the Wooden Bridge. "Well, I had a pretty good showing," replied the latter, "until the Theater Panic came along and knocked me out." "Never mind," said the other, consolingly, "when my ally, the Car Stove, gets to work we'll keep up the reputation for the railroad."—*Buffalo Express*.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Oct. 1, 1887.

The gallant boys in blue had a very wet time of it this week for the great reunion.

The Lawrence Tribune calls for a real "souser." If it is rain that is wanted, it is hoped they are satisfied.

It is not often that Kansas has so cold and wet a month as September has been. Probably we have two months of delightful fall weather before us.

Col. Tom. Anderson painted all St. Louis red the other day. He did it with blushes, when the Globe-Democrat called him the handsomest man in Kansas, for he is also the most modest.

Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, is, fortunately, not the man to interfere with the courts in such an outrageous case as that of the Chicago anarchists. Outside a little band of lazy tramps, mostly foreigners, there is not a man in all this broad land who does not believe these men should hang, or capital punishment be abolished.

The extreme notion advocated by some, that all convict labor should be abolished, is as senseless as many other so-called reform ideas. The convicts should be made to labor industriously, for the benefit of the state as to save the taxes that would otherwise be necessary for their keeping. If there is any class that should be made to support themselves, it is the criminals. There may be a question as to the best manner of working criminals.

Prof. W. H. Carruth announces the organization of the Kansas lecture bureau, and furnishes a list of twenty-nine Kansas men, including most of the professors of the state university, who will lecture the coming season if addressed through the bureau. Prof. Carruth has also secured Miss Lillian Spencer, the well known reader, and will furnish musical entertainments by Professor Aldrich and pupils, Prof. McDonald and pupils and by J. H. Bell and Prof. McDonald. For information address Prof. W. H. Carruth, State University, Lawrence, Kansas.

J. R. Hallowell, writing from Wichita, says:—"We have just got through with one series of prohibition cases, and have nine of the fellows locked up in jail sentences ranging from sixty days to seventeen years and four months, and fines ranging from two hundred dollars to twenty thousand eight hundred dollars. We have convicted in each and every case we have tried. The machinery of the law seems to be sufficient, and the people of Sedgwick county make as good jurors as can be found in any county of the state.

LAWRENCE TRIBUNE: "We shall be mistaken if the fact is not emphasized at St. Louis this week that as the days and the years go by the names, the memories and the immortal deeds of our glorious, patriotic soldiery grow brighter and brighter every day. The old vets, sometimes think they are neglected; but the fact is the soldier sentiment is stronger to-day than it ever was. The old vets are more warmly loved than they were fresh from war. The farther we are removed from their imperishable works the tenderer grow our sentiments toward them. As their faltering steps grow feeble with age, the love of the people for the nation's heroes grows stronger. He who trifles with this noble, just, generous patriotic sentiment, does it at his peril. The old vet is the coming man. He is here to stay. Whatever an appreciative country can do for him, he has but to command."

To protect her farmers France has a Tariff so high on beef, pork and grain that it is prohibitory, and last Winter the French Congress increased the Tariff on raw sugar at the very time our Congress was discussing "free" raw sugar (and all "free" raw materials). Spain increased her Tariff on cereals last Winter 25 per cent. Statistics tell us that over sixteen million dozen of foreign eggs (largely from France) landed in this country last year and free of all duties. If France and Spain, by Tariff, close their markets for our beef, pork and grain, let us close ours in the same way against their pauper hens. Let us try a tariff of 75 per cent. on eggs (the average on manufactured goods) and see if we cannot build up this "American Industry."

The ignorant and worthless Vrooman boy, who has been sponging a living out of Kansas people for three or four years, by lecturing on phrenology and socialism, and who was arrested in Kansas City some time ago as a common nuisance, has drifted to New York, and recently appeared at a meeting of anarchists, the only American born specimen on the stand. He was, probably for this reason, made chairman, and addressed his audience as "Fellow Wage Workers," when he is not known ever to have earned an honest dollar as a laborer. The boy is now about seventeen years old, and in the years that he should have been at school he has shown wonderful ability in living by the sweat of other people's brows, and growing up in ignorance, a social weed, whose vaporings were not worth telegraphing over the country. The little upstart may safely be ignored.

"The prosperity of the South is with out doubt confined almost exclusively to the cities. The farmer's condition does not improve."

This item from a Southern paper really gives the condition of affairs over the whole country. As proven by the U. S. Census and all later statistics, the depression of agriculture is growing greater with every passing year. The value of the farm and its crops is constantly shrinking. And yet the country was never increasing in wealth so rapidly as now. Why should agriculture be the only interest that is going backward? What are the causes? What the remedy? These are questions that should be discussed by every Grange in the land. Would it not help if farmers were as well organized as the manufacturers and other city interests? Would not "protection" for our products in proportion to the protection given other industries help us? If "protection" has built up these other industries and made them prosperous, would it not be well to build up agriculture in the same way and put good tariffs on fruits, hides, eggs, vegetables and other products now admitted "free" and larger tariffs on hay, lumber, potatoes, wool, tobacco, sugar, etc? True we have a large surplus revenue now. If more than is needed for expenses of the National Government, why not divide it up among the States to run the State Governments (as was done when Andrew Jackson was president) and so save State taxes, or, if necessary, divide again among the counties and so save county taxes? Some recommend Free Trade, but would it help farmers to pull manufacturers down to the farmers' depressed almost Free Trade basis?

KANSAS musicians took things by storm at the Lindell and Southern last night. The Modocs, twenty in number, led by Maj. Tom Anderson, Post Department Commander of Kansas, and reputed to be the handsomest man in the Sunflower State, woke the echoes in the rotunda with their war songs and plantation melodies, to the immense delight of the assembled listeners, who crowded the lobbies and packed the stairways. When they had finished, after several encores, Manager O. K. Swayze brought out Marshall's Military Band of Topeka, and under the direction of Prof. Marshall the forty men composing it took up the tuneless strain and rendered several instrumental pieces of a difficult but pleasing character. These two organizations, which have accompanied the Kansas Department to all the National Encampments for a number of years past, have come to be almost as closely identified with the Grand Army gatherings as the old veterans themselves.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

The Winchester rifle is the superior court of New Mexico.—*Buffalo Express*. Maine's young boddler has evidently gone through to China.—*Boston Herald*.

The butcher is hard up indeed when he can't raise a steak.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Politicians and oysters are getting themselves into a stew.—*Brockton Gazette*.

What is an infant? Something that makes a pocket of its mouth.—*Troy Times*.

You shall know the returned Bostonian by the Browning on his cheek.—*Boston Herald*.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait.—*Merchant Traveler*.

It would seem as if our boiler inspector had not been sufficiently blown up.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

It really looks as if that pennant had ordered its baggage checked through to Detroit.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Still it worries a man who calls himself a violinist to be known outside as a fiddler.—*St. Joseph Gazette*.

The man who runs a faro bank never finds any a difficult in associating with his betters.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.—*Popular Science*.

Men may declaim against corsets, but it's a brave man who would take his wife to a party without one.—*Puck*.

Wanted: A fool who will go through the Niagara whirlpool and not live to tell the tale.—*Louisville Commercial*.

A woman sometimes can keep her temper when she is moving. A man isn't expected to.—*Somerville Journal*.

A cow-patch is not as bright as the moon or stars, but it is a "milky way" just the same.—*Charleston Enterprise*.

Cleopatra dissolved pearls in liquid and Boston does the same with her base-ball nine.—*Springfield Republican*.

A poet dolefully exclaims: "Ah! Where are the girls of long ago?" He will find them in the ballet.—*Troy Times*.

There are some banks that people are always "hooking" from. The fishing banks, for instance.—*Boston Commercial*.

The memory of a look from a woman is often enough of a magnet to draw a man across a continent.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

The girl who is afraid of lightning is pretty likely to make a thunderbolt when a storm comes up.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The policeman who never arrests anybody but little boys might be called a variety of collarer infantum.—*Washington Critic*.

When a young man deceives his best girl and she finds it out, it usually leads up to a serious cry-sis.—*Charleston Enterprise*.

To keep a woman out of sulks, the easiest way is to keep her in silks. Only a slight difference, between U and L.—*Boston Transcript*.

The great secret yet to be revealed is how to suspend the law of gravitation when the aeronaut falls out of his balloon.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Just look at that trade dollar! It has limped round remarking, "In God we trust," and its faith is rewarded by redemption.—*San Francisco Alta*.

Chicago bands do not play "The Bonnie Blue Flag" any more. They know it will wave over Detroit ball ground next year.—*Detroit Free Press*.

If the base-ball interests of this country want to make the sport truly democratic, they will bore more holes in the high fences.—*Baltimore American*.

The tax rate of Manchester-by-the-Sea is not \$4.40 per 1,000 this year. Now is the time to get up excursions for Boston's tax-dodgers.—*Boston Globe*.

People are apt to feel proud of all the good traits their children show, and wonder where in the blazes they got all their bad ones.—*Somerville Journal*.

If it is fully proven that it was Bacon, and not Shakespeare, Chicago will paint another streak around the dome of her literary culture.—*Baltimore American*.

This passion for new hats is a dangerous one, even for millionaires. It has gradually led many a good citizen into betting on elections.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Second Hand.

"I see, Jack, that Bill Grover isn't living with his wife now, and has only been married two days. Wonder what's up?"

"Well, you see Bill married a second hand woman, and he wanted second hand furniture to match, and she wanted new furniture, and that's the cause of separation.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EARLY LIMA BEANS.

It is a good plan to save the lower pods of Lima beans for seed, as they are always the earliest. Like begets like in this respect. Some seed growers have obtained in this way Lima beans so much earlier than the common kind as to merit the claim of being a distinct variety. It is a good plan to begin growing Lima beans by planting this early kind.

OATS AND PEAS AS GREEN FEED.

It is the practice of some milkmen to sow a mixture of oats and peas in succession for green feed. The oats are cut just as they are coming in head, by which time the pea vines will be pretty well podded. Though the bulk is not so great as from sowed corn, the cows eat it readily, and it makes a richer and better milk-producing food than does most sowed corn.

PROTECTING FRUIT FROM WINDS.

It seems every Fall as if there is greater prevalence of high winds, and it becomes therefore more important to have fruit trees in places where there is some natural protection against them. A block of woods or a high hill on the windward side of the orchard is a valuable feature, and adds enormously to its productiveness. If these are not already provided, a wind break of evergreens should be planted, so as to protect the orchard on the side most apt to be exposed.

SEED AND PLANTS IN FLOWER-POTS.

More inexperienced persons fail from sowing or planting in flower-pots than in any other way. As used by gardeners, they are plunged in moist, warm earth, and with a good deal of care to keep the temperature even they are all right. But the flower-pot is porous. As it stands on the shelf exposed to winds at all seasons the moisture in the earth inside passes off, leaving the plant to perish. A wooden box is far better for plants; and even the soil in it should be mulched.

SAVING STRAW FOR FEED.

Straw has considerable nutritive value if rightly used, though to try to Winter any stock on it alone is such an abuse of it as to make the possession of a straw stack an absolute injury to any one who attempts it. At present prices of grain and meal one or both may be fed in connection with straw, the latter giving bulk and all the nutriment of which it is capable. If fed alone stock will not eat straw readily, and their digestion will be so poor that they cannot get full benefit of what they do eat.

PROPPING BEARING TREES.

It is better to use props under overloaded fruit trees than to have limbs break down from weight of fruit. In most cases, however, these overloaded trees may be better saved by judicious thinning of the crop. The prop may be knocked out, and the sudden jar will then surely break the limb dependent upon it. Possibly the thinning may have to be done twice, as it makes a great difference in size of the remaining fruit. Usually, however, at the second time of thinning the fruit will be large enough to use.

JERSEY SWEET APPLE.

For a delicious Summer baking apple there is nothing better than the Jersey sweet, when it grows to perfection. It is rather small, but sweet almost as honey when ripe, either raw or cooked. It bakes soft, and, having small cores, may be eaten almost entire. Baked apples and milk are a luxury that ought to be within reach of all. The Jersey sweet bears every year, one full crop and the off years half a one. It is in prime only in August and September, its short duration being the greatest objection to growing it extensively.

CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLES AND FOR SEED.

Few men can do more than one thing well—trying to excel in several opposite points, they fail in all. The poor cucumber plant, expected to produce cucumbers for seed, for cutting up on the table and for pickling, is in this same predicament; it is not a success in anything. Anyone who has tried it knows quickly the ripening of one seed cucumber will exhaust the vine so that it will not produce any pickles worth mentioning. It is better to grow one or two plants purposely for seed and save only the earliest well-grown specimens. This will help to retain the early-producing quality in the variety.

SWEETNESS IN SOUR APPLES.

Most people can at once distinguish the difference in taste between sweet and sour apples. The latter term is, however, a misnomer. The apples, if high flavored, are not absolutely sour, but only tart, their sweetness being obscured by the acid they contain. The fact that so-called sour apples have considerable saccharine matter in them is shown by their making good cider vinegar, which they would not do if entirely sour. The more sweetness there is added, either in the form of sugar or molasses or sweet apples, the

stronger and better the vinegar will be, and the more rapidly it will ferment after this process is once well begun.

DRAINING WET LANDS.

The latter part of Summer is in some sections the only time when swampy places can be drained to advantage. The excess of moisture at other seasons make it impossible to get on the ground, and though the soil to be thrown out is easier worked when somewhat moist, all excess of water greatly increases the labor. But the drain if begun now should be finished and covered before Winter, and wherever a ridge has to be gone through to drain the swamp it is good policy to get as great depth as a good uniform fall will allow. In all cases see that the fall through the ridge is perfect, as an obstruction here is especially difficult to repair afterwards.

TURKEYS UNDER COMMON HENS.

Turkeys' eggs are so much more valuable than those of the common barnyard fowl that the latter are generally used for breeding the first or second litters, leaving the turkey hen to follow with the later final brood. While young the turkeys are safer under a foster-mother, as their own mother gads about too freely; but as they become older the young turks thrive better to range everywhere. They should be fed only at night or early in the morning. This will accustom them to return to the same place for roost. During the middle of the day turkeys with free range need no extra feeding. They are extremely active in catching grasshoppers and other insects.

WEIGHT OF FODDER PER ACRE.

An acre of ground contains 43,560 square feet. Two tons of dry hay are considerably above the average yield, but it is only about one pound to every eleven square feet, an amount so small on such an area that it would seem hardly worth gathering. Grass in drying into hay loses both bulk and weight, especially the latter. A crop of twenty-two tons per acre, as has been grown of fodder corn and sorghum, is only a trifle more than one pound per square foot. But greater weight though not bulk has been produced in England, in the enormous growths on such soils of mangelwurzel ruta-bagas. When we realize fully the size of an acre of ground, some of the biggest stories told in the papers about large crops will not seem quite so incredible. The greatest weight even of fodder corn is not secured by having every square foot of soil covered with plants; there is a greatly increased tendency upward if they are left far enough apart to allow cultivation between them. This is still more true of root crops. A small excess of plants in those almost entirely destroys their value. A crowded root, which is obliged to grow upward for lack of room to grow any other way, is practically worthless. Two roots side by side are the worst kind of weeds for each other, as each wants the same kind of food.

WORKING DAYS IN THE YEAR.

Excluding holidays and Sundays, there is a trifle more than three hundred working days in the year. Comparatively few people, however, work nearly as many as this. In cities many take vacations of one, two or more weeks during hot weather. On the farm in our northern climate there is a long Winter, when little out-of-door work can be done. Besides, as every farmer knows, there are many rainy days even during the busy season, when out-door employment is not possible, and these wet days add largely to farm expenses, making weeds grow while it is difficult to get at them, also adding to the labor of turning over and setting out harvested grain. The help hired by the month is practically useless at such times. Men may be set at some indoor job, but it will rarely amount to enough to pay their board. It is this fact that induces so many good farmers to hire as much as possible by the day. One man, or, on a large farm, two, may be employed through the season, yet as a rule, their help will be really more costly than that given by the day laborer at a higher nominal rate of wages. The latter, if a householder, can usually find better pay for the work he can do at home nights and mornings on rainy days than most farmers can afford to pay him for these odd moments or days when he has little for them to do.—*American Cultivator*.

Why He Didn't Marry.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—I wonder, Uncle Rastus, that you don't marry again. Your wife has been dead over a year, hasn't she?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, but I see too conscientious fo' ter marry agin under de circumstances.

Gentleman—How is that?

Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' see, sah, I see nebber paid fo' de gravestone yet.

—*New York Sun*.

PATRONSO' HUSBANDRY.

Cumberland Grange, No. 2, Rhode Island, has just conferred the degrees upon fourteen new members.

Manchester Grange, Connecticut, received fifteen new members at its last meeting.

The new Grange Fire Insurance Company of Massachusetts, with its over \$500,000 of insurance, had its first loss, by lightning, and it was paid in less than nine hours.

The recent report of the Arkansas secretary of agriculture makes the following facts known: The amount of timber at present in the state is estimated at 250,000,000,000 feet, board measure, hardwood and pine, of which 80,000,000,000 feet is merchantable pine; the number of railroads in operation twenty-nine; length 2,000 miles; of navigable waterways 3,470 miles; number of counties with both rail and river outlet 39; number of counties without river or rail outlet 23; superficial area of the iron fields 1,500,000 acres; number of acres of United States land, approximately, 7,000,000; number of acres of land for sale by the state 1,500,000; area of the marble district, 2,300 square miles.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST: The average product of the seeds per acre of sunflowers is about 500 pounds and these contain about 15 per cent of oil. The only commercial use of the seeds is for expressing the oil, which is used for burning, soap-making, etc. A small quantity of the seed is used as a dietetic food for horses, and as poultry food. The supply for these uses is generally home-raised and does not enter into commerce. The chief obstacle to the profitable culture of sunflower seeds in this country, is one not mentioned in the French objections above stated, namely: that we have in cotton seed, formerly nearly a waste product, and one which, being produced incidentally, must always be cheap, a material which produces a vastly better oil than sunflower, and one which no crop, grown especially for its oil, can profitably compete. Besides these obstacles to the profitable culture of the sunflower in this country, there remains the fact that even a fair yield can be attained only upon the richest soils, and as it is one of the most exhaustive of all known crops, the stems containing an enormous amount of potash, which is the constituent our soils most need, our farmers can not afford to grow the sunflower, save in a small way for domestic use. We can not see a single favorable feature in sunflower culture for the American farmer. It is a case of "don't."

The Capital Iron Works.

Among the manufacturing industries of this city which are building for themselves first-class reputations for excellent work, and displaying on the part of their management energetic business ability, none are more noticeable than the Capital Iron works.

Within the last three months improvements of such a substantial and important nature have been added to the plant, that they are enabled to fill successfully any order in iron work, either wrought or cast, that may come to them; new and improved tools have been added to the machine shop, enabling the corps of skilled mechanics employed there to do as fine work as can be done anywhere. The foundry has been rearranged with a view to turning out first-class architectural work as well as heavy or light machine castings. The heavy stove branch of the foundry has been retained; in this department the Santa Fe road is now having most of their heavy caboose and office stoves made, as well as all their way-bill presses. The blacksmith shop is well equipped, using constantly two large fires, one for heavy forging such as well-drill tools and the other for light work.

The management of the Capital Iron works is under C. H. Rodemer, general manager, and T. M. Comstock, superintendent whose policy of employing only the best skill and acting upon the theory that good work is the cheapest, is sure to place it in the front rank of their class of institutions. Mr. Comstock is well known as a practical mechanic and draughtsman; it was his talent which furnished the idea of the machine for raising stone on the state capitol; this machine makes available the electric

motor for many purposes from which its great speed had debarred it.

In addition to the improvements that have been made, a department for brass castings will be added within the next thirty days that will make the Capital Iron works the most complete plant in the state.

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome illustrated and interesting youth's paper called **GOLDEN DAYS**. It should find a welcome in every home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.

Dr. John Puntin, who has been in charge of one of the departments at the insane asylum, has tendered his resignation to the state board of charities. The doctor has held the position for a long time and his work has been conscientiously done. The resignation will take effect October 15th.

The Rock Island trains no longer arrive and leave from the Union Pacific depot, but from their own.

The Barber asphalt company which is putting down so much paving in Topeka, is said to represent a capital of \$20,000,000.

Governor Crawford will put an electric passenger elevator into the new building to be erected on the corner of Jackson street and Fifth avenue.

For Sale or Trade for Real Estate.

A fine Millinery & Hair Goods Business. Nice central locality and a large established custom. Enquire at this office.

For every thing in the drug line call on Dr. Herring's No. 616 Adams Block, North Topeka.

The Cooke locomotive works at Paterson N. J. are preparing to build ten rotary steam snow-shovels, two for the Union Pacific.

All of the parties arrested on suspicion during the continuance of the state fair in Topeka, who have been confined in the city prison, were released Monday afternoon and sent immediately out of the city.

The new passenger service of the Rock Island, between Topeka and Kansas City, went into effect last Sunday, the first train starting from here to Kansas City at 3:55 p.m. The trains are well equipped, and new reclining chair coaches will be added. The time table between Kansas City and Topeka will be as follows:

Leave Topeka.....	4:00 a. m.
Arrive at Kansas City.....	6:15 "
Leave Topeka.....	3:55 p. m.
Arrive at Kansas City.....	6:00 "
Leave Kansas City.....	9:55 a. m.
Arrive at Topeka.....	12:00 m.
Leave Kansas City.....	9:05 p. m.
Arrive at Topeka.....	11:10 "

The Central National bank has purchased the splendid business lot on the southeast corner of Seventh and Kansas avenue for \$32,500, and will at once proceed to put up a magnificent building four stories in height, and 150 feet long, that will be an ornament to the city.

Order your new fall hat or bonnet of Mrs. Metcalf if you wished to be pleased. Remember her new rooms at 803 Kansas avenue.

\$250 IN CASH! 3 Worcester's and 3 Webster's Dictionaries, worth \$89, and 4 Dictionary Holders, worth \$15.50, given as PRIZES for best essays answering the question "Why should I use a Dictionary Holder?" For full particulars, send to La Verne W. Noyes, 99 & 101 W. Monroe st., Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders. Or inquire at your book store.

The city schools opened Monday morning at 9 a.m. The attendance was much larger than ever before, notwithstanding the inclement weather. All the teachers were at their posts on time, except Mrs. Frink, of the Quincy school, who is indisposed. Her place is substituted by Miss Lulu Moore.

Last evening a lady was heard to remark, "I don't see how I could keep house without Demorest's Monthly;" and as we found the October number of this publication on our desk this morning, we gave it a more careful examination than usual to see what makes it so popular. It is certainly very beautifully gotten up, and the handsome illustrations are not chosen alone for their beauty, and to merely "fill up," but are made for a purpose, either to instruct or amuse. But even greater than its artistic merit is its helpfulness; and after going through its numerous Departments, we can well see what a friend it must be in the household for it has information and amusement for every member of the family. If you are undecided what to take the coming year, send 20 cents for a specimen copy of Demorest's Monthly and let it speak for itself. Published by W. JENNINGS D MOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Salvation army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss.

A white coon is on exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from \$30 to \$50 a week.

Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand.

There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

The corn crop of Mississippi is estimated at thirty million bushels.

Fig trees are bearing a second crop of fruit near Tallahassee, Fla.

The Gila and Salt rivers, in Arizona, are reported to be very full.

Dressed frogs sell at \$2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

Twenty cotton compresses will be operated in Mississippi this year.

The landlords of Birmingham, Ala., have raised rents 50 per cent.

The sum to be raised by taxes in New York city this year is \$31,803,174.

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

A tree planted to the memory of Charles Darwin in Cambridge was recently stolen.

The October exhibition at Little Rock, Ark., will enclose exhibits from seventy-five counties.

The Indians of the first canton of the state of Jalisco must begin wearing pantaloons after Sept. 1.

A mill-owner at Ripley, Tenn., ships weekly 300,000 feet of poplar and oak lumber to northern markets.

The Salt Lake Tribune thinks ground will be broken for the railroad into Nevada within twenty days.

One of the sights at Coney island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and flashy necktie.

The melograph is an invention by which persons can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded.

There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

It has been discovered that eight out of every ten boys in Dayton, O., carry a revolver, dirk, or slungshot.

What is the difference between a high churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles and the other dips.

A dispute over 25 cents ended in the death of Jesus Leon at the hands of Filomena Kulz at Tucson, Nev., Sunday.

One million bushels of edible oysters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island sound during the past year.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

The martins at Martinsville, Va., have made systematic war upon the English sparrows, and completely driven them out of the place.

A cashier takes the bookkeeper's place at Warren, O., after serving five years in the penitentiary for stealing \$100,000 from the bank.

The less business a California town has in these times, the more it feels the want of a board of trade, says *The Virginia City Enterprise*.

In a Hebrew school: Teacher: "What crime did Joseph's brother commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

The night watchmen of the city of Queretaro, Mexico, struck for back pay last week. The strikers lost their positions, and were locked up in prison.

Reports from Lake county, California, state that the hop crop in that vicinity is greatly damaged by hop vermin, and in many cases the picking has been abandoned.

A watermelon weighing sixty-two pounds was among the crop of big melons raised on mining slickens ground on H. B. Nichol's ranch, Nevada county, California, and without irrigation.

Funeral director is the name now given to the undertaker. A call has been issued, so it is said, for the assemblage of all of those in Richmond in September to form a state association.

A church member in Oakland was rebuked for doing a real-estate transaction on Sunday. He excuses himself by saying that if land, like bread, will rise on Sunday it must have attention.

Newspapers are so fond of praising dead men that any man of prominence gets a good notice the moment he departs this life. In this way some mighty mean men may possibly get to heaven.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy floats up over one million pounds per year. How fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

A Tennessee 5-year-old was taken by his mother to witness a hop at a hotel for the first time in his life. Noticing an elderly musician playing on a harp the youngster looked into his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, is that David?"

A little 6-year-old, doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read about the creation of the stars and the animals, and came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it grandpa!" It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

PUDDING SAUCE.

Beat together four teaspoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of butter; stir in a teacup of boiling water; flavor to taste.

POP-OVERS.

One thoroughly beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, a little salt, one cup sifted flour. Drop in hot gem irons and bake quickly.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg, one cup sweet milk, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one quart flour.

CORN-STARCH CUSTARD.

Put a pint of milk in a frying pan, let it come to the boiling point, then add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Serve with sugar and cream.

SUGAR COOKIES.

One cup butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

JELLY CUSTARD PIE.

Four eggs, whites beaten separately, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat well; add one cup nearly full of jelly; last thing add the whites of the eggs; bake on thin pastry.

FRUIT CAKE.

The yolks of ten eggs, ten ounces butter, one pound flour, one pound citron, one pound raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, 2½ cups of flour. Bake about forty minutes. Eat with sauce while warm.

GINGERSNAPS.

Boil slowly for fifteen minutes two cups of molasses; add one-half cup of butter, cool and add two spoonfuls of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and flour to roll.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

Take four pounds of fruit, put into a kettle with two pounds of good coarse sugar, and set over a slow fire, gently boiling it for one hour, occasionally stirring it to prevent burning. When done put in jars and seal.

GOOD CAKE.

One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and coffee, one teaspoonful each, even full, of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg grated, three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the coffee, flour to make a stiff dough; add the last thing two cups of raisins chopped. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRIED ONIONS.

Have frying pan hot, put in a good sized piece of butter (or meat fryings after frying meat), put in the onions sliced; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour in just a little hot water, cover closely, let cook twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour in a little milk and when it boils it is ready to serve.

SPONGE JELLY ROLL.

Four eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder; beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites, and stir easy, put it in and bake. Spread and roll as quick as you can.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.

Two eggs and their weight in butter, sugar and flour. Have the butter soft and mix it with the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and mix with the butter and sugar; add the grated peel of half a lemon, and stir in the sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pan, filling a little over half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

A Tiresome Evening.

Omaha Girl—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?
Omaha Youth—I noticed you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"

"I found it very tiresome."

"Tiresome? O you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."

"It Might Have Been."

Pat—Moike, th' fellers m'az ez have quit worrukin in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous?

M ke—Dan gerou? Well, be gobl I believe if I had worruked there t'll now I'd a be'n dead a year ago.—*Life*.

Even So.

The man who blows into the muzzle of a gun to see whether it's loaded or not generally finds out, but he doesn't seem to remember it long.—*Washi-g-ton Critic*.

The Personal Devil.

Do I believe in a personal devil, son?

Don't I? I don't know of any creature in the universe more given to personality than this same devil to whom you allude.

I believe in demoniacal possession. I myself have seen men possessed with devils exceeding fierce. I have seen a child which had a dumb spirit. Why I myself have been grievously vexed with a devil. Not once, my son, but many times; not only 25 years ago, but yesterday, possibly to-day; more than likely to-morrow.

Why, my boy, did you never get up in the morning with a demon of ill humor, of perversity, of hatefulness, in full possession of you? You feel strong, vigorous, well; your head doesn't ache; your vision is clear; your debts are paid; the day is bright, sunny, beautiful; nobody gives you a cross word; everybody in the dining-room speaks pleasantly to you as you come in, and the bitter, mean, waspish devil of perversity that has possession of your snarls out a hateful answer the minute you open your lips to speak; makes you say something you never intended to say; puts into your mouth words that make your own heart ache as your eyes see the lips that you love quiver with pain at your harshness.

Have you never maintained a surly, mean, cruel humor while a brave, loving face, looking up into your clouded brow, was cheerily trying to cast out the evil spirit? Have you never done some mean thing at which your better nature revolted? Never been ill tempered all day when you had no cause, no reason for it and were torturing yourself even as you tortured those whom you most dearly loved?

Al, yes; you have writhed in the clutches of these devils of perversity, obstinacy, ill humor, unreasoning and unreasonable meanness, fiercely craving out against the love that would cast out the evil spirits.

But this, you say, is owing to physical and mental cause. The body is in ill-health, and there is in the human organism an integration and co-ordination of different vital actions, which—There; that will do; I always feel one coming into me when I hear you talk in that way. Physical health has nothing to do with it, because some of the greatest sufferers the world has ever known have been entirely free from this demoniac possession, while some of the meanest men I ever knew have lived in perfect health to their eightieth year. You know yourself that when you feel that way you are possessed of a devil.

Do I believe in him? My boy, it doesn't make a particle of difference whether a man with the "jumping toothache" believes in the toothache or not; he's got it; the toothache is in possession just the same. And, between you and I and the man named Legion, he acts for all the world as though he d.d believe in it.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle*.

A Bad Spell.

A few months ago and old gentleman was seen nailing a notice on a fence on the South side of Aust avenue, says *The Texas Siftings*. A friend passing, said:

"Why don't you have the notice put in the daily paper, where people can read it?"

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "if I took it to the newspaper office them newspaper fellers would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody would think I d.dn't have no education."

The notice read: "Howze fur rent inchoir on preymesis."

Wanted Protection Against Water.

"Can you assist me to a few penies, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"I kin give ye some breakfast," said the woman, "but no money."

"I've had all the breakfast I want," he said, "I'm a very light eater."

"What d'ye want of money," the woman demanded, "to buy licker with?"

"No, ma'am, the nature of my profession keeps me from under shelter most of the time, and I am trying to raise money enough to buy an umbrella."—*Tid Bits*.

A Poor Shot.

A.—"What are you still alive?"

B.—"Yes, it looks like it."

"Didn't we throw dice that the loser should shoot a bullet into his head, and didn't you lose?"

"Yes, that's all so."

"Then why d'd you not as a man of honor comply with the agreement?"

"I did try three times, but I missed myself every time. You have no idea what a poor shoot I am!"—*Texas Siftings*.

"Bear with me a little," said the grizzly as he hugged the hunter.—*New Haven News*.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

PROF. PROCTOR, the astronomer, thinks of settling in Florida and becoming a steady gazer at the luminous southern stars.

THE composer Paladilhe has received from the French Academy of Fine Arts the Reynaud prize of 10,000 francs for his opera "Patrie."

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS will go to the national capital again this winter to gather more materials for his promised novel on Washington life.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S famous necklace of pearls, which went around her neck in sixteen strings, is now for sale at the shop of one of the principal jewelers in Berlin.

MISS CALDWELL, whose munificent gift for the foundation of a Catholic university is reported to have been withdrawn, is living temporarily at Manchester, Vt. She is an accomplished horsewoman, and may be seen every pleasant day riding over the fine mountain road with Bishop Spalding, of Illinois, as her only escort.

SIR CHARLES YOUNG, author of "Jim the Penman," whose death is announced, was descended in the female line from Henry Lawrence, who served as lord president of Cromwell's council in 1753. He was the seventh baronet of his name. The third was Sir William Lawrence Young so famous as Disraeli's opponent during the parliamentary elections in 1836.

THE story is current in English journals that at a recent garden party given by Mrs. Burdett-Coutts a gentleman, speaking of Christine Nilsson, called her "the Swedish nightingale," and that a thin old woman jumped up in a rage, and, pointing her finger at him, exclaimed, "You are wrong sir; you are grossly wrong; I am the Swedish nightingale; I am Jenny Lind!"

A WORK in the Paris Mont-de-Piété tells of a pawned umbrella which was annually "renewed" for forty-seven successive years. The director of the state pawnbroking establishment at Brussels has had in his keeping for more than twenty years the diamonds and other jewelry of a once famous prima donna who has somehow fallen into poverty. Every year the interest is punctually paid, but the trinkets have not once been taken out of pawn. More than once large sums have been lent by the Brussels Mont-de-Piété upon the regalia of impecunious German princes.

SUPERSTIOUS people, says *The New York World*, may be interested to learn that another person connected with the trial of Charles J. Guiteau is dead. John Palmer, of Saratoga, N. Y., formerly proprietor of the Circular Street house in that place, died Monday. He was a witness against Guiteau at the famous trial. Guiteau had once cheated Mr. Palmer out of a board bill. At the time of the trial Mr. Palmer was in good health and in comfortable circumstances financially. Soon after he began to decline in health and lost a great deal of money which he never recovered.

MME. PATTI, the Paris *Figaro* says, has a fan on which are the autographs of all the sovereigns of Europe. Here follows a selection of some: The czar, "Nothing is so soothing as your singing." The emperor of Germany, "To the ever-singing nightingale." Queen Christina, "To the Spanish woman from a queen who is proud to have her as a subject." Queen Victoria, "If King Lear is right in saying that a sweet voice is a precious gift in a woman, you are the richest of women." The emperor and empress of Austria have merely signed. M. Thiers, at the time he was president of the republic, wrote, "Queen of song, I stretch forth my hand to thee."

It is said that Prince Ferdinand's manners toward officers in the army have not been found so pleasing as Prince Alexander's were, says the Vienna correspondent of *The London Times*. His highness has not been bred in the school of equality. He has that cold politeness and that high respect for all forms of etiquette which distinguish Austrian princes, but to be affable, except on occasions, for a brief time and with a fixed purpose, is not his nature, and the free-and-easy ways of Bulgarian officers toward their superiors must seem absolutely shocking to him. It is said that the prince contrived to huff M. Stambuloff in his second interview with him, and that it was owing to this that M. Stambuloff remained at Tirnovo.

Miss Minton's Master.

Miss Minton was regarded by all her friends as a model woman, save for one eccentricity. To begin with, she was pretty, with a red-lipped, hazel-eyed, rosy prettiness that admitted of no question; her temper was admirable, her intelligence fair, her attainments were more than respectable, her family was good, and her fortune comfortable, though not unwieldy.

Then, too, as a daughter, neighbor, friend and hostess, she was allowed, even by the most captious, to discharge the whole duty of woman—latterly more, for after her father was stricken with paralysis of his right arm he would trust his business to none but Grace, who, having a clear head, and ready pen, proved herself an efficient substitute, and won golden opinions from all with whom the arrangement brought her in contact, and they were not few nor simple, for Minton bred pure-blood horses that went pretty well all over the south country; in fact, his 600-acre farm, with its velvet pastures and clean-limbed, glossy herd, had a reputation almost national, and was quite the pride of Rowan County, where it lay; so, first and last, Miss Minton saw and knew much more of the great outside world than falls to the lot of most home-keeping, provincial maidens.

Maplewood lies in a region of softly swelling hills, well wooded and watered by small, clear creeks that run down to the near river. The country is three-fourths cleared and largely set in grass. In fact, blue grass grows there quite as well as in the "Blue-grass region." A fair and smiling land, full of roomy, handsome houses, big barns and tall, clear fences, with hard, white turnpikes winding through and through. One of them ran past the gate of Maplewood, cutting off from the main farm a hundred acres of pasture, through which a thread of bright water wound its laughing way, under shadows of elm, ash and sycamore, past banks of clear pebbles or green, flowery turf. Hither in mid-May came the glossy yearlings from the home pastures, there to develop strength and speed, and stay, on fair water and lush grass, throughout the bright, hot Summer; and hither Grace Minton, riding in her father's stead, slowly, with rein well in hand, and bright, close-looking eyes, found an animal that, after his fashion, showed fairly beside her thoroughbreds.

A tall, young man, lithe and well made, with wet golden hair and a look of patient hunger in his well-cut face, sat bareheaded on a gray rock in the full sun blaze, a wet shirt so clinging to chest, arms and shoulders as to show the physique of an athlete. On the grass back of him lay a wide, soft hat, a coat well cut and of good material, but frayed and worn, and a small Russia-leather bag, open and empty, save for a few papers peeping from the inner pocket. A tramp, evidently, whose nomadic life had not obliterated the instincts of cleanliness or decency, as he had deemed it safe in this solitude to wash himself and his clothes, and who at the sight of the young lady sprang up hastily, and flushing through all his sun-tan flung his coat about him and looked with dumb apology into her face.

Grace's first impulse was to ride away in silence, as though unnoting, but somehow the look of those deep blue eyes arrested and held her, and pulling up sharply, she said, with an unmistakable proprietorial accent: "How came you here?"

The man bent his bare head and answered literally: "Through the gate on the turnpike. It was unlocked, and it looked so cool and pleasant down here, and I was so tired and dusty, I was tempted into trespassing. Pardon it, please, and let me stay until the sun gets past noon, and I will go away without harming anything. The road is blistering now."

"I know it," said Miss Minton, curtly, "but that is no reason for you to stay here hungry. Come on with me to the house and rest there. Have you had breakfast?"

He shook his head with a faint smile, and she continued severely: "That is very wrong. You should have had it three hours ago. You insult the country you are passing through when you thus slight our hospitality."

He looked up straight into her face and answered:

"Dig I cannot, for no man will hire me; and to beg I am ashamed. Can you give me work?"

"Anything indifferently, nothing well."

"Can you handle horses?"

"A little," with the shadow of a smile behind his long, fair moustache. "Can you ride colts?"

"I have done it; I think I might again."

"Very well, I will get my father to take you for a week on trial; if you suit he will take you all Summer, though we have never hired a white hand before."

"What shall I have to do?"

"Anything you are told to; chiefly break horses to the saddle. Uncle Ned, our head-groom, is too rheumatic for it this Spring, and his boys are too impish to be trusted. You will work under him?"

"Certainly, if I can thereby earn my bread."

"Of that there is no doubt. My father will pay you well, if only you are competent."

"Yes, if only I can be competent; and as you are so kind, let me tell you my name—Kenneth West, once an Englishman, now a citizen of the world."

Three months later this was the sum total of what Maplewood and vicinage knew of Kenneth West's past. Of his present, it knew very well that the Minton had in him a treasure; as, for breaking, training and conditioning horses, his equal was not in all the countryside. Then he gave himself no airs, and at hard manual labor, though untrained, made muscle answer in place of skill.

It soon came not to be required of him. Uncle Ned, the coal-black stable boss, after watching him master and control a powerful young stallion, declared to his old master, "Twas er shame ter put plow er hoe handles in dat man's hands; he ought ter be holdin' de leathers from mornin' t'well night," and always thereafter addressed his subordinate as "Mars West." And Squire Minton himself soon found that his new employe had such culture and intelligence as made him not merely a welcome companion in his leisure hours, but also doubly valuable in his own sphere.

And Grace, too, soon developed a cordial liking for the young man, who, she discovered, was two years her junior, and for whom she delighted to do, unobtrusively, small womanly kindnesses, for which he showed liveliest gratitude, though he never presumed on them in the faintest degree. In fact, it angered her somewhat that he never seemed to forget his place as hiring and stranger within the gates, though but two people ever tried to make him conscious of it, namely, Mr. Hector Highland, the most irritable of the brother-in-law, and his cousin, Jack Bell, who for six months or more had laid hot siege to Miss Minton and her money.

It was under the hunter's moon, shining round and full through the soft October air, that Grace at least heard the story of her founding. Though unusual it was not startling, with only the pathos of dead hope and the tragedy of crushed ambition. He was, in full, Kenneth Westmoreland, one of a generation of younger sons, who twenty-five years before—had come out to the Rugby Colony full of youth's high purpose, and after the stranding of that venture had drifted aimlessly out away into whatever current of the moment bore him on, always to ill-fortune. Irregularly educated, and with but desultory training in anything save riding, shooting and athletics, he had sought work and found none, till money, hope and courage were utterly gone, and on the May morning when Grace had encountered him he had made himself ready to lie down and starve quietly, having eaten nothing since the morning before, when his last garment was bartered for bread.

It did not matter much, he thought; he was alone in the world, that had evidently no place for him; it was even better starving in solitude than in the crowd he had left behind. From that Grace had saved him, but there the matter seemed to end. He showed no other thought or purpose than to keep his place—go on and on, the trained, and trusted hireling, who never dreams of looking beyond his present sphere. In fact, so acquiescent was he in fate's harsh dealings, Grace grew fairly angry with him, and vowed inwardly to waste no more thought or care upon his future, which she was sure might be a notable one, if he only had the energy and ambition so to will it.

And this landable resolve she might, and doubtless would, have kept, but for the marplot brother-in-law, Highland, to whom went Mr. Bell, in high dudgeon over a curt dismissal, and who straightway rode over and demanded of Squire Minton that he bring his daughter to "hear reason" that is, accept Mr. Bell.

"A man of substance, the best chance in the county, and the master she has always needed."

Squire Minton heard him through, nervously rubbing his helpless hands, himself strongly inclined to Bell's suit; but his nerves were not strong now, and he could not bear to cross Grace, who has been so long his stay and companion, as well as daughter; so he temporized and counseled patience, intimating that one "no" was not final—in fact, that often one such negative was more than half equivalent to an affirmative. But on this Mr. Highland burst in hotly:

"Wait! Oh, yes, wait! Wait until she disgraces herself with that tramp stable-boy, who ought, I've no doubt, to be hung. I saw her watching him at the training track, and would have brought her away only I wanted to see you alone, and try and open your eyes. They have been philandering and love-making ever since he came. I'll bet my head—"

"And lose it! but that will not matter; in fact, will be an improvement," Miss Minton said, stepping through the French window and facing her assailant with flushed cheeks and fearless, flashing eyes. Just behind her walked the cause of the war, cool and impassive as ever, yet with fingers clutched about the stock of the hunting whip he carried. Miss Minton went straight up to her father and asked:

"Father, do you believe that man?"

"No, daughter," was the tremulous response, while a hand was laid fondly on her shoulder. She raised it to her lips, and still holding it, asked:

"Did I ever lie to or deceive you in any way?"

"Never, my good child."

"Thank you. And you believe it is too late for me to begin?"

"Quite too late."

"Then hear what I have to say. Up to this hour Kenneth Westmoreland and faithful servants, full of simple, loyal gratitude for the kindness we have been able to show him; and more than our equal, he has never once forgotten or overstepped the limit of his place, though I confess he often might have done it without the slightest presumption, and henceforth—"

Her voice somewhat choked, and the red got hotter in her cheeks. Like lightning Kenneth was beside her, and flinging his arms around her, he said, with eyes bravely uplifted to the stupefied faces before him: Henceforth he means to be, not as in the past her hopeless worshipper, but her lover, her defender—"

"And master, I see," said the father, with an indulgent smile that well might send Mr. Highland into apoplexy. "And Grace," putting the head buried in Westmoreland's breast, "it seems your prince, too, has the motto, 'I serve'; and I hardly believe any other could have won you."

Grace Westmoreland is the model and pattern of obedient wives, and a very happy woman, maugre the sneer of the brother-in-law in conclave: "She broke him to stand henpecking as a hireling before she dared to marry him; an what all Bell was, she knew he would be master."—*Frank Leslie's*.

Observations of a Hole.

I am a hole. I'm a sociable, good-natured hole, and, although I have been very nearly everywhere, I can't help feeling rather dazed at having sneaked into print. But I hope you won't think any the less of me for that. You will find a great many worse things in print than holes.

My importance in the world is greatly under-estimated. People never think of me until they need me to crawl into. And when I do offer my services I am repulsed with scorn. A man will dig two days to produce me when he wants a well in his garden, and yet when he finds me right in his pocket he is not satisfied, and gets rid of me as soon as possible.

I am a very modest hole, too. I always try to seclude myself from the public gaze. Last summer I hid in the surf at Atlantic City, but a big fat man, who was going to bathe, fell right into me, and instead of apologizing as a gentleman should, commenced swearing at me. I then squeezed myself very small and took refuge in the bottom of an ocean steamer, thinking I would be out of sight there, but I was found out and driven away by the ship's carpenter. We holes lead terrible lives.

All the great inventions of the world are largely indebted to holes for their utility. Cannons and rifles would be entirely useless if there were no holes to put the ammunition in, and even then would be harmless if they couldn't make holes in what was shot at. Yet nobody ever gives holes credit for their usefulness. On the contrary, whenever a man gets into trouble he blames it on us and says he is "in a hole."

Although I look very innocent at the bottom of a flower pot, I am exceedingly dangerous when I start out on my travels. I once stopped over night in a tin roof to study astronomy, but it rained very hard that evening and a man asleep in the room underneath got wet. He jumped up in a rage and actually began blaming me, as if I, and not the rain, had wet him! A plumber came next day, and the man chuckled and thought he was rid of me.

But he soon learned differently. I ran along under the bricks as he went to his office that morning, and the mud squirted all over him at every step he took. I then hid in one of his back teeth and he nearly went wild. The dentist couldn't dislodge me and the tooth had to come out. I took pity on him after that and let him alone.

Well, I have an engagement at the bank to-night, as some professional friends of mine want to get into a safe deposit vault, and they will need my services and a little gunpowder to accomplish their purpose. So I must bid you good-bye. But you will always find me during the summer at the small boy's corner of the ball ground fence.—*Ed Bits*.

Kissing as a Punishment.

Kissing as a punishment was to me quite a new idea, but it was certainly a very ingenious and, as the event proved, a very successful one. A little fellow came to me one day and said: "Mr. M., won't you make Frank B. stop kissing me?" "Why?" said I, "don't you like to be kissed?" "No, I don't," said he, very decidedly. Not being able to get any more information from his pouting lips, I called up Frank, who was a sturdy, square set boy of 12, and asked an explanation. "Why, you see, sir, he's been getting in my way and troubling me, and, as he is too small for me to hit I just told him that every time he bothered me I'd kiss him; and so I did, and, as he hates it like poison, I think it will cure him." I presume it did cure him, for I never heard from either party afterward.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

HERE AND THERE.

There is a 6-week-old colored boy in Little Rock, Ark., who can walk.

"Not covered with cockroaches" is a new way of saying a man has "no flies on him."

At Hudson, N. Y., a Chinese laundryman is trying to get a divorce from a German he married some time ago.

Probably the oldest postmaster in this country is the gentleman at Cleveland, Ga., who claims to be over 90 years old.

The people of Stratford, Canada, woke up the other morning and found that some one had painted every dog in the town a pale pink.

New York city consumes two million barrels of potatoes every year, a large part of the supply coming from Washington county, New York.

A high wind has caused \$100,000 damage in Niagara and Orleans counties, New York, by blowing apples, pears, and peaches from the trees.

In one week in New York thirty-two dry-goods clerks lost their situations because it was ascertained that they frequented pool-rooms.

An American woman is said to have recently given an Indian pipe of peace to Bismarck as a token of the prince's services in preserving European peace.

A resident of St. Louis, who wagered \$50 that he could tell margarine from butter nine times out of ten, when put to the test failed in seven cases out of ten.

An imported Russian sleigh, placed among the furniture of a house in New York, was considered, even by the seekers after new things, a queer sort of bric-a-brac.

The largest book ever bound is owned by Queen Victoria, and measures eighteen inches across the back and weighs thirty pounds. It contains the jubilee addresses of congratulations from members of the Primrose league.

An immense school of sardines recently appeared along the beach at Santa Cruz, and the sands were covered with fish stranded by breakers. The fishermen made great hauls. An enormous flock of seagulls followed the school.

The parents of a 9-year-old lad who disappeared from his home at Wilmington, O., one year ago, recently received a letter written by their son at Cape Town, Africa, in which he started out with \$90, and has resolved to make a tour of the world.

The new water-works just completed at Mobile, Ala., cost the city \$935,000, and has a capacity of 30,000,000 gallons a day from Clear creek and an auxiliary supply of 60,000,000 more from Red creek, both within ten miles of the city.

In a Pittsburgh theater the other night a citizen arose in his seat and violently hurled a potato at a dude who was examining his (the citizen's) wife through an opera-glass and thereupon three or four hundred persons vigorously applauded the husband.

"After all the gibes and guys that have been poured out on the Cogswell fountain, it is pleasant," says *The Boston Transcript*, "on the abstract principle that one likes to have his estimate of human nature raised, that the doctor and his wife have given \$1,000,000 for the establishment of a technic school, where youths will be taught the mechanic arts gratuitously, in San Francisco."

Maurice Thompson suggests some compensations for the hunter who does not find his game. He says: "Take my advice: Leave off a sentimentality that stops at your palate and go, quail-shooting just for once. Tramp four hours in the fields, climb fences, wade through briar patches, breathe pure air. If you find no quail, my word for it, you will find an appetite that will make you glad to eat bacon."

Last week, near Blackfoot, Idaho, two girls and a man were drowned. Two daughters of William Thompson were in a boat in a slough, when it capsized. One was a good swimmer, but gave out before reaching the shore and sank. The other could not swim, and in her fright drew down a rancher who went to her rescue, and he perished with her. The two girls were about 18 and 20 years of age.

The Tucson (Arizona) Citizen says: "Quite a lot of rings was found in the robbers' cave in the Rinco mountains, but evidently they had not been taken on the last haul made by the freebooters. It is true that among the goods taken was an invoice of rings for a San Diego jeweler, but they were billed as 14-carat gold, whereas the rings found were 18-carat fine. There were about four dozen of them."

There are points of similarity between the failure of two Dansville, N. Y., banks, Bradner and Faulkner were pioneers, and married sisters. In the course of time they quarreled and each established a bank, which was conducted safely and prosperously during their respective lives. They were sterling men, of sagacity, energy, and ability. Dying they left their business and property to their sons and now both have failed.

One of the probable effects of rapid transit in Brooklyn will be the lowering in value of residence property in New York city. Real-estate owners are closely watching events. Those in Gotham are apprehensive of a decrease in their holdings, and those in Brooklyn are expecting a boom in all the unimproved lots of the City of Churches. Another result that is likely to come from Brooklyn's elevated roads is an unusual development toward the ocean.

At Sumter, Ga., the other evening, two gentlemen walking up the railroad track toward the station, where one of them was going to take the next train, were much surprised by the whistling of two pistol balls past their ears. One of the gentlemen pulled his own pistol and shouted: "If that's your game, I'm in." Then a third gentleman emerged from the gloom and apologized he had mistaken them for tramps tampering with the rails, and had opened fire on them under that misapprehension.

The keeper of a leading hotel at Saratoga says he gets very tired of hotel fare at times. "Once in a while," he says, "I go and hunt up my steward or some other employe who has his family with him in the village, and I say: 'May I go to your house to dinner to-day?' I go there, and as I eat the corned beef and cabbage or Irish stew, or whatever the wife puts before me, I think I never tasted food so good. After that I eat all my meals at the hotel for a while, and then I hunt up another old-fashioned dish in some simple little home."

FARM TOPICS.

One-Crop System.

1. A real objection to the one-crop system is that in our climate we can never be positively certain that our crops will not fail. A frost or hail may kill corn. The season may be too dry for potatoes, and they fail to grow, or too wet, and they rot. No one who has a family to support could depend upon apples alone, and so with any single crop. The fruit specialist raises all kinds of small and large fruits; if one kind fails, he falls back on the others. The market gardener doesn't confine himself to cabbage or lettuce, but grows every kind of garden truck, and so is safe against ordinary accident.

2. Another objection to a single crop is that it would give the farmer and his hands employment only a small portion of the year. Potatoes, for instance, not more than six months. Hay only a few months, and other single crops in the same way. But the different crops being sowed at different times, and maturing at different periods, the farmer has the opportunity of caring for several as easily as for a single one.

3. A single crop exhausts the ground much more quickly than a rotation of crops. The richest Western Prairies only raise a few valuable crops of wheat. The corn crop soon falls to one-half or one-third, and so do all other single crops. The barrenness of the South at present is largely due to this system of farming.

4. Farming is a business which brings in at best but a small amount of cash. This the farmer must use with great care if he would amass any thing. He and his men have the time to raise all that they and the stock consume. This time they can use in no other way; hence it is turned into money by raising provisions.—*Professor G. G. Groff.*

Farming That Pays.

Every farmer should aim to raise all the farm products needed for domestic use first. The independence of family lies right here. He grows every supply for his table, so far as his soil and climate permits, under his own eye. He is dependent on no one for the necessities of life or even for the luxuries of his table. Every variety of fruit suited to this locality should be produced for his own use, let him live near or remote from the city. Then let him increase the acreage of every variety that pays in the market to his ability to handle it without loss, his losses will often overbalance his profits. It is not wise for the grower to put himself at the mercy of others. If he does, he will often find their tender mercy cruel. They will let his perishable property go to waste unless they can secure the lion's share of the profits.

Besides grain crops and stock growing as a branch of farming, every farm adapted to it should have growing on it an orchard of every variety of fruit demanded by the market at paying prices. Do not run so much to one kind of fruit that would suffer heavy embarrassment if it failed. All kinds of fruit seldom fail in one year.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Best Food for Young Pigs.

A choice quality of bacon and hams will always sell at high prices. The meat should not be fat on the outside, but of fat and lean mixed evenly through the mass. This is made from young pigs fed on muscle-making food from birth. Skimmed milk is the best food of this kind for pigs, and if mixed with boiled potatoes and barley-meal will make six-month-old pigs weigh 150 to 180 pounds, or nine-month-old ones weigh 200 to 250 pounds. Such pigs produce the sweetest meat, which in European markets brings 50 per cent. more than common pork. Here it is most probable that it would bring easily double the price of distillery-slop and corned meat and make a most profitable product for farm dairies or dairy farms. Pigs so fed are never troubled with cholera, trichina, tapeworms, measles and other common diseases of swine which subject ordinary pork to so much suspicion. It is now a good season for young pigs to be put up for feeding, for fed meat is much better than fattened meat, and the best is that which is made by full consecutive feeding from birth with such food as will produce the mixed fat and lean meat.—*New York Times.*

Best Breeds.

"The most profitable breed of poultry is the most popular one. No matter how large or handsome, or what grand egg records they have made, if they are not the fowl that is on the top wave of popularity it will be impossible to realize the greatest profits from them. It was not the innate excellence of a trio of Plymouth Rocks that made them bring \$10, nor the intrinsic value of a sitting of eggs from Partridge Cochins that made them sell for \$25, but their popularity. No doubt the purchasers of these fancy priced birds and eggs made money by their investments, but it was not by selling eggs at six cents per dozen nor chicks at a "bit" apiece. They struck while the iron was hot, and while the craze ran in that particular channel. We can not all be fancy breeders, however, and the next best thing to do is to do the best we can. Have a specialty and stick to it. If it be eggs, get the best egg producers the country affords; if broilers, the earliest maturing birds, or if dress-

ed poultry be the aim get some of the large breeds. The one point we insist upon is, keep nothing but pure-breed fowls, let the breed be what it may. Select only the best for breeders. Let your standard of excellence be high and breed to it. One with a pen of pure birds can always sell a few, at least, at fancy prices; besides, there is no advantage whatever in keeping up a flock of mongrels.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mistakes of Orchardists.

In a paper read before the Maine Pomological Society, D. P. True says: "One of the most common mistakes made by some of the best orchardists is in having too many varieties, making more work in harvesting and not so desirable. In some cases a number of varieties have been placed in one tree. This is one of the worst mistakes. Different locations require different varieties to get the best results. Big mistakes in the selection of varieties have been made. One of the great questions with the orchardist is, what is the most profitable variety to grow and meet the wants of the present and future market? Mistakes are quite common in the distance of planting out trees. This question is largely one of circumstances. If one has more land than money, it may be best not to set so near. Where land is more costly, trees may be set twice as thick as needed, and when the trees cover the land one-half of them may be removed.

"One of the saddest of mistakes is where one puts trees in old worn-out grass fields, and wholly neglects them and expects to raise an orchard. All such cases end in miserable failure. Another mistake is in placing mulch so near the trunk of the tree and in such quantity that it will heat and kill the tree. The writer can testify to the loss of fifty valuable trees killed in this way.

"Losses may occur from mice and the borer. Some have had whole orchards destroyed by one or both of these enemies. Careful pruning is necessary, but some have made mistakes in this direction; the leaves are to the tree what the lungs are to the body. Extreme cutting should be avoided.

"In grafting, orchards in some cases have been nearly ruined by sawing too large limbs or hubs, setting poor scions, grafting limbs in the center of the tree, using poor wax, neglecting to look after the scions after the work has been performed. These have been the cause of much damage. Turning sheep and lambs into a young orchard without taking the precaution to coat the trunks of the trees with manure has caused a big loss in some cases. Oxen and large cattle have proved very fatal to young trees when turned into the orchard. Allowing trees to overbear and break themselves down is a mistake. Thin the fruit, but do not prop the limb.

"If one has dwarf pears, as the quince root is fibrous, do not let ground remain in grass; if you do you will make a mistake. Paying big prices for new varieties has in some cases proved a mistake."

Horns On Cattle.

"A pair of beautiful horns, carved, very sharp horns" no doubt set off a bovine and add to its appearance very much; and if the bovine would only keep these ornaments for show there would not be a word to say against them. Years ago the human dandies carried bright, sharp, gilded and jeweled swords and daggers about with them, and many a bloody death happened in consequence until the law forbade the practice and made it a crime. Even now the practice of carrying deadly weapons causes many murders every year and untold unhappiness and misery and crime. If a reasoning man can not be trusted with a deadly weapon, why should an unreasoning, headstrong and irritable "bovine" be so trusted?

When I saw a pet Devon heifer with a pair of the prettiest waxed, curved horns attack my wife at an unguarded moment and throw her down and thrust a horn clear through her clothing, barely escaping impaling her through the body, I became an advocate of dishorning all the calves, and since then, sixteen years ago, have been continually writing to urge the removal of the horns from calves when it can be done with the least pain. Now, after so many years, the bread I have been casting on the waters is returning, and perhaps the general dishorning of cattle may be accomplished in good time.—*Henry Stuart, in Rural New Yorker.*

Farm Notes.

Pull the beans before the pods get dry enough to split open by handling. Several farmers around the natural gas wells in Indiana harvested their grain by gas-light, and thus escaped the heat of the sun.

A man in California has discovered that corn-cobs, dried and ground fine, make an excellent powder to pack fruit in. He has applied for a patent.

Farmers of Flint Township, Genesee County, Mich., complain that English sparrows have almost destroyed the wheat crop.

A generous feed of corn in the evening will induce the turkeys and ducks to come home to roost. Let them go off in the morning with a light breakfast.

The stomach of the plant is the soil. Here the food is dissolved and prepared, if not digested, for absorption by the absorbent vessels of the rootlets,

which collect and convey it into the general circulation of the plant.

There are now at least 100,000 families in Dakota; to keep them warm and cook their food will require an outlay of at least \$60 to each family, or \$6,000,000 for fuel alone, the value of nearly one-third of her entire wheat crop in 1886.

Mr. Thomas Armstrong, of Milton, Ind., has harvested and threshed fifty-six bushels of wheat from one bushel and one peck sowing. This wheat was drilled on two acres of land, being one-half bushel and one half-peck to the acre.

Learn the art to be preferred above all others, of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits, in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment.

Fields of grain stubble, where a crop of weeds is going to seed, may be benefited by plowing now and sowing turnips to keep the soil shaded, and if the roots are not worth harvesting, let the sheep or cows eat them on the ground this fall.

Water, when filtered, that stands in a metal tank or silver pitcher, without porcelain lining, is dangerous to drink, from the metallic salts it dissolves. Water that stands uncovered in any living or sleeping room is no longer pure, for it absorbs very quickly whatever is deleterious in the air.

The kind of food best adapted to milk production is the best of manure. One hundred dollar's worth of cheese takes from the farm less than one-seventh the fertility taken by \$100 worth of grain, while \$100 worth of butter—if the skim milk is fed on the farm—takes nothing from the soil.

There are not a few houses in which pen, paper and ink are so rarely used that when wanted they are scarcely to be found, and if found, the paper is yellow, the ink pale and the pen rusty. A place should be provided for them. Every member of the family should be encouraged to use them.

All seeds must be carefully cured before storing, and even then should be closely packed into bags. Choose a bag considerably larger than one would think would be needed for the amount of seeds. Label it plainly with the name of the flower so there need be no guesswork as to its contents.

The acreage of wheat in Manitoba has increased from 20 to 25 per cent. this year, and the crop from present prospects will be a good one. The farmers expect to have about 9,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this fall, and if the prices are even at a moderate figure, a good profit for their labor will be realized.

If the calves and pigs were compelled to forage for a living, like the hens, they would soon become a nuisance and fail to pay, yet the hen is sometimes expected to lay under the most adverse conditions. If she is to pay a profit she must receive the attention necessary to enable her to perform all that may be required of her.

Modern Innovations in Mexico.

Nothing could possibly be more appropriate and becoming to these dark-eyed Mexicans than their wide sombreros, short jackets, and silver bedecked breeches and gorgeous silken sashes; and for beautiful women of the Spanish and Indian type the graceful lace mantilla draped about the head and shoulders. But now every woman of fashion must have a hideous hat or bonnet—a *la Americana*; and the men of wealth no longer promenade the plazas in those distracting Spanish cloaks, with one satin-lined corner tossed over the shoulder, which are warranted to make the plainest and most unromantic of men look like a veritable *Romeo*. Now, they insist upon London made garments, as nearly like those of northerners as possible, regardless of the vast difference to the make-up of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. The broad-brimmed, silver-laden sombrero, too, so prettily adapted to the eternal sun-shine, and so becoming to swarthy skins and midnight eyes, must give place to the stiff little hats in vogue among Americans in many instances, I grieve to add, those incomparably ugly silken tiles which make the handsomest Mexican look like a fool of the first water. Even the lower classes are fast discarding the *serape* that most picturesque and convenient of wrappings, and adopting in its stead any kind of shoddy overcoat for evening wear. Formerly one of the charms of every rural gathering was the vivid coloring produced by the multitude of bright-hued *serapes*, each ranchero and half-breed wearing one over his shoulders, and regarding it next to his sombrero, as his most precious earthly possession. The names of the streets are rapidly changing from the poetical or intensely religious to nomenclature the most prosaic; as, for example, "the street of the sad Indian" and "Crown of Thorns street," are now respectively Fourth avenue and Diaz street. With characteristic poor taste, the government is doing all in its power to aid and abet these innovations. First it silenced the cathedral bells, which in the good old days were constantly calling the faithful to prayers, then it abolished all conventual and monastic orders, and forbade the wearing of priestly habits upon the streets, so that now the cowl and kempen girdle, the dear old shawl hats, and the black and grey robes of hooded nuns no more lend picturesqueness to every scene.—*Troy Times.*

Old Age.

Young people frequently look upon aged persons with pity, and think of them as deprived of most things that make life desirable. Yet, as a general rule, old people cling to life as earnestly as any others, and that, too, not merely as shrinking from what lies beyond death, but for the mere pleasure of living.

They are cut off, to be sure, from some sources of enjoyment which they once had, but others are open to them. The ambition is less keen, and the cares of life bring less anxiety than they once did. There is even a certain satisfaction in receiving that respect for age which is paid to them by younger people, in accordance with an impulse which is as universal as it is noble.

To youth hope makes the future bright—brighter, often, than events will make it; to the aged memory makes the whole past, stripped of its gloomier features and filled with pleasant pictures, a part of the unchanging present.

Our inherited constitution has much to do with the length of our lives. The late Mrs. Cleveland Clark, who died in Springfield, Mass., not long ago, at the age of 102, was an illustration of this fact. She is reported to have enjoyed life greatly to the very last, and maintained a constant and happy interest in all the affairs of the world.

Her father lived to be over ninety, and her mother almost attained the age of 105. She leaves a brother who is over ninety, and a sister of ninety-seven. The Rev. Charles Cleveland, long known in Boston as a city missionary, a member of the same Cleveland family, died only a few days short of 100.

Such cases are not merely the result of chance. A sifting process is going on all the time. The weakest are sifted out in infancy and early childhood, and while strength does not ensure a child or youth against death, it is usually the stronger who survive.

Long-lived heredity is not simply a physical tendency to live. It is also a tendency to the habits of life, conduct and thought that preserves constitutional vigor, and hold in check or eradicate whatever might hamper nature's recuperative power.

This suggests the practical lesson we would enforce. By the voluntary cultivation of good habits those who have reached, say the age of thirty, in sound health, may hope to live to a good and happy old age.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Decline of Hoops.

By the end of 1787 hoops had almost entirely gone out of fashion. In England I find that at court the wearing of these precursors of crinoline, by ladies attending the royal drawing-room, was compulsory until so recently as 1814, and one of the inducements held out to the Princess Charlotte—a rare tomboy, who hated any restriction of her strong young limbs—to marry the Prince of Orange was that hoop petticoats were no longer worn at court at The Hague. Perfectly plain skirts in all but wedding dresses seemed to have been the vogue in France in 1787-8, and the comparative exigency of the gowns led to a corresponding diminution in the quantity of material required. In December 1787, the queen had a gown of *grand velours noir*, and six yards seem to have been the average of stuff allowed for the skirt of a dress. It must be remembered that velvets and brocades were woven much wider in the last century than is the case at present. There is one entry, however, of ten yards of green taffeta for the lining of a gown green gauze; the taffeta was probably narrower in width than the velvet. The Marquise de Chastelux had only seven yards of white crepe for the petticoat of a grand habit with flounces. The really economical nature of the queen is shown in an invoice for September, 1788, where she is charged with trifling sums for shortening the ends of three muslin cravats and retrimming them, and for "doing up" an old petticoat of brown poul de sole. In December, 1788, the Princess de Lamballe paid ready money to the extent of 12 livres for a pair of court cuffs of worsted lace (known in modern times as yak), a pair of sabots, and a pair of "barbes" in black worsted. Almost simultaneously a whole bevy of court ladies gave order for "sabots," "barbes," and cuffs of worsted lace. In January, 1789, the year of the Revolution, Mme. Eloffe furnished the Princess de Solers with a sumptuous court dress of white taffeta trimmed with satin and white jet, with a rich bouquet or spray of roses and sweet peas, and, for a wonder, a hoop. The distended dress with its embellishments cost nearly 1,400 livres.—*Said, in The Fortnightly Review.*

Family Pride.

Lincoln Boy—My father's been laid up sick for a week.

"That's nawthin'; my dad's been laid up two weeks."

My father has a felon on his finger as big as a thumb.

(A pause.)

"That's nawthin'; my father has a carbuncle on his neck bigger'n a goose egg."

(Another pause.)

"The doctor says my father won't be able to work for a month."

"And the doctor (triumphantly) he says my dad'll likely die."—*Lincoln Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PEAR MARMALADE.—Skin the pears and boil till very tender; weigh them; take half their weight in sugar, put it in a saucepan with a little water and boil it, skimming it well; boil till a thick syrup is made; add the pulp of the pears and a little essence of cloves. It is very nice for filling tartlets.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash the cranberries, and put in the preserving kettle, with half a pint of water to one quart of berries; now put the sugar—granulated is the best—on the top of the berries; set on the fire and stew about half an hour; stir often to prevent burning; they will not need straining, and will preserve their rich color cooked in this way. Never cook cranberries before putting in the sugar. Less sugar may be used if you do not wish them very rich.

TOMATO SOUP.—One dozen ripe tomatoes, about one quart of weak soup stock. If the stock is strong use less, adding water to make the required amount. Boil about one hour, together with one onion cut up. Just before taking up rub two heaping tablespoonsfuls of flour smoothly into a little water and stir carefully into the soup; allow it to boil until it thickens. Strain all through a wire sieve; season with a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and red pepper. Slice a lemon very thin, put it into the bottom of the tureen and pour the soup over it. Serve at once.

COLD CATSUP.—Chop fine half a peck of tomatoes, two roots of grated horseradish, one small cupful of salt, half a cupful of black and the same of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one cupful of onions chopped fine, one tablespoonful powdered cloves, one of mace, one of cinnamon, one of celery seed, one quart of nasturtiums, half a cupful of sugar and one of vinegar. Mix all together and put into jars. Cork tightly; it will keep until tomatoes come again, and is excellent.

SCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.—Boil until tender, then cut into neat clusters and place in a neat pudding dish with the stalks downward. Make a soft paste of a cupful of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls cream; add salt and pepper and one egg well beaten. Place this over the cauliflower or broccoli, cover the dish closely and bake for six minutes in a quick oven; remove the cover and brown in five minutes. Serve very hot in the dish in which it is baked.

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES.—To one gallon of ripe tomatoes, peeled, add two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two of black pepper, two of allspice, one of salt, one of cloves; all the seasoning must be ground; cover them with vinegar, let them stand but not boil three hours. Be sure to select good, firm tomatoes for pickling.

PICKLED PEARS.—Pare and halve the fruit; take seven pounds of fruit, three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, put all together and boil slowly for a short time. This recipe is good for either pears, peaches or plums.

WHOLEBERRY PUDDING.—One quart of berries, one pint of molasses, one cup of milk, a teaspoonful of soda, one pound and two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one nutmeg; boil two and a half hours. Serve with butter sauce.

Buying a Carribean Indian Girl.

Many of their young women were very good-looking. They are reared for sale, but upon account of general business depression, the Chief said, prices were low. "Here is my daughter," he remarked, pointing to a bright lass of sixteen, tawny brown in color and beautifully formed. "I will sell her for two maracottas and a half." A maracotta is a Venezuelan for an American twenty-dollar gold-piece.

"No," said I, "I do not care to buy her. In my country there are no slaves; besides, what would I do for her? She can speak only your language. We could not talk."

"That is nothing," eagerly; "she will learn your language in a month. Besides, she can cook your food, and I must sell her—times are hard."

"No, it would never do," I replied. "I am not going home direct, and don't care about buying to-day."

"Take her at two maracottas—one and a half! No? Well, then, caballero, you shall have her for one. See, she is young, strong and can work."

But no inducement was of avail, and the Chief reluctantly gave me up as impracticable.—*American Magazine.*

Rules of the Sanctum.

Opie P. Read says that he lately saw, pasted over the desk of the city editor of a Georgia paper, the following instructions:

"All brides are lovely, beautiful and accomplished, except they be old and tough widows, and then they are amiable and accomplished."

"All merchants who advertise are enterprising, wide-awake and a credit to our city. The names of those who do not advertise must not appear in our paper."

"All old lawyers are able and worthy of a place on the supreme bench. Young lawyers are promising and silvery-tongued."

"Conductors on passenger trains are gentlemanly and courteous."

"Doctors are eminent."

"Farmers are intelligent."

"Candidates who put their announcements in our paper are gaining ground every day. Those who do not announce are likely to be defeated."

AN UNDESIRABLE HABIT.

A Word of Advice to Young Ladies About Their Correspondents.

A habit very common with a number of our thoughtless young ladies, who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home—a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation—is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentlemen be married or single. The young ladies who find pleasure in this habit use their pens on any pretext that turns up, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not really sure, says *Harper's Bazar*, that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin; for there is an indecency about it quite amounting to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself or who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

These young letter-writers, however, generally get a fit reward for their thoughtlessness or their culpability in the end. For if their correspondent is a man of systematic habits, their letters are docketed and ticketed, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he is not a systematic man, then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time in reading them. And if their correspondent is a married man, then his possession of their letters, even of the most trivial kind, places the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later, too, in that case, the letters fall into the hands of his wife; his wife, who, long after the brief correspondence has been done with, usually remains mistress of the situation, reads the folly or the wickedness with clear eyes, and holds the writer not only in contempt, but in her power. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing himself with her; and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them and does not reply to them, not from interest in her, but merely chivalry.

And when the writer has recovered from her folly, or forgotten about her idleness, there is the letter, in all probability still extant, in the possession of somebody, she knows not whom, ready to rise, like an awful betraying ghost, after she herself has possibly undergone a change that will make her face burn, branded with shame, should the letter even chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocence at the time, but it is left forever under doubt; and in fact, except in the baldest business affair, there can be no excuse, and therefore no innocence, in the matter of a young girl's writing letters to any man not her personal relative or guardian; for about most of these letters there is an unmaidenliness almost amounting to indecency, and in the end her correspondent himself never thinks other than lightly of her on account of them.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

Some Sensible Suggestions About Securing Means for Daughters.

E. Shuster, in the *North American Review*, makes the suggestion that if parents would lay by some money for their daughters' education, they would be doing them a great service. The woman who does not know how to do anything and has no money to live on or start a business with would be ended. He says: "My proposition is meant, not for working-women only, but includes every family of moderate means blessed with daughters."

"All over Germany exist what are called 'Sparcassen' (savings banks), which correspond in a measure to the endowment plan of the American insurance companies. The best known is the 'Wilhelmskasse,' named after the Emperor, who is its patron. At the birth of a girl the father and mother insure her (kanfen sie ihr) in such a case for as they are able to bestow on the future of their new-born baby girl. The amount is paid annually. The case lays out the money in behalf of the insured, at interest, chiefly in real estate. In this way the money accumulates, and at eighteen, on her majority, the girl is the possessor of a snug little capital. This will serve her to study any favored profession, go to some good conservatory, or start in business; and last, but not least, pay her trousseau, if she has a chance to follow woman's true mission. Now, why can not well-to-do American women establish such a way of providing for their less fortunate sisters? What a blessed gift from a godmother to a poor little girl such an insurance would be."

"I truly believe it would give zeal and encouragement to many true, poor parents, if by this small economy they could help to provide for their dear ones. It is better than a life assurance, for it takes away the sting of death—all may live and enjoy the fruit of their economy. How much better a yearly outlay would be, for people in moderate circumstances, than in costly toys and extravagant dress, by which children are brought up to expectations."

There is no great capital needed for this 'Casse,' only the help of some well-known woman. The 'Casse' itself would afford employment to many intellectual women, for I advocate the exclusive management by women. This 'Casse' established, women who now slave for large factories at starvation prices could, with the help of their few hundred dollars, establish a work-room of their own, and, through thrift, again provide in the same way a future for their daughters. And for all classes it would help to solve the puzzling question:

"What shall we do with our daughters?"

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 crooked posts in the ground, rest a rail or piece of timber in the crookings 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*.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father or mother. —*George Eliot*.

Why is a boot-black like a deer? He improves each shining hour. —*San Francisco Call*.

JAMES WATT.

The Inventor of the Steam Engine—His Boyhood Days—Always Studious and Industrious.

In a small cottage at Greenock, near Glasgow, in Scotland, there was living, about a century and a half ago, a very bright but delicate boy. In many ways he was quite unlike other boys of his age. He was very fond of books, yet he disliked going to school so much that, being feeble in health, his parents kept him at home. He was a very truthful boy. When any dispute took place between him and his playmates his father would always say: JAMES WATT.



"Let us hear what James says about it. From him I always get the truth."

When this boy was seven or eight years old a neighbor said to his father: "Why don't you send this lad to school? He is wasting his time doing nothing here at home."

"See what he is doing," was the father's reply, "before you say he is wasting his time."

The neighbor looked down at James, who was seated on the hearth. He was not amusing himself with playthings, but was very busy drawing triangles and curves and other mathematical lines. "You must pardon my hasty words," said the neighbor; "his education has not been neglected; he is, indeed, no common child."

Not far away from his own home lived an aunt of James, with whom he often staid. One day the aunt found him in the kitchen studying her tea-kettle. He was bent over it, and was closely watching the steam which puffed from its spout. Then he would take off the lid, hold a cup over the steam, and carefully count the drops of water into which it was condensed. The aunt roundly scolded him for what she thought his trifling. She had deemed that the boy was taking his first lesson in a science by the pursuit of which he was destined to change the whole character of the mechanics of the world, and win for himself an immortal fame.

James Watt's predilections and tastes, indeed, from earliest boyhood were very different from those of other lads. His father kept a store for the sale of articles used by ships, and it was a favorite recreation of James to spend his time there among the ropes, sails and tackle, finding out how they were made, and to what use they were devoted. He was often found in the evening, too, sprawled at full length on the board of the hill near Greenock, gazing for hours together at the stars. Already an ambition to learn the great secrets of astronomy had arisen in his mind.

When he was fifteen years old young Watt was known in his neighborhood as a prodigy of learning for his age. He had only been to school for a year or two, and had ardently studied mathematics and natural philosophy. At the same time he had earned a great deal about mineralogy, chemistry, botany and physiology. Not only had he learned a great deal from books, but he understood how to apply his knowledge in many ways. He had become a good carpenter; he knew how to work in metals; and he took great delight in making chemical experiments in a little laboratory which he had fitted up at home. But perhaps the most wonderful thing that he did was to construct a small electrical machine, which astonished every one who saw it.

But the triumph of his life, bringing with it world-wide renown and ample wealth, came at last. Just a hundred years ago Watt set up his first complete steam-engine at London. It saved labor, and in many industries at once took the place of man and horse-power. All the world saw after a while what a wonderful machine it was; but no one then could have foretold to what vast uses the idea of Watt's engine was to be put. We, who live in the days of steamships, railways, great mills, elevators, and a thousand other results of Watt's invention, can more clearly see of what enormous benefit it has been to mankind.

James Watt lived to a happy and prosperous old age, crowned with honors and revered by all his countrymen. He pursued his labors and researches to the end, and many were the ingenious devices which he invented. A fine statue of him stands in the museum at Glasgow, near which the little model of his steam-engine, made by himself, was long kept for every one to see. The visitor to Westminster Abbey may see among poets, statesmen, and the most famous of Britain's sons another statue of Watt, in a sitting posture, with an eloquent inscription by Lord Brougham.—*Harper's Young People*.

Rob's Turkey.

Rob's mother had been expecting the old setting turkey-hen to hatch. One sultry morning he came to her sitting-room, bearing the dead bodies of some very wee, baby-turkeys stretched upon a board.

"Why, my son! where did you get these?" she questioned.

"I broke 'em out of the eggs," he explained. "They was so hot in there, and I et 'em out to cool, and now they've just gone to sleep."

It is needless to add that they never swam from their slumbers.—*Youth's Companion*.

Treatment of Insect Stings.

The stings of insects, such as gnats, mosquitoes, etc., says *Le Pharmacien Populaire*, are often painful. In such a case apply spirit of hartshorn or volatile alkali to the part. Spider bites are not only painful, but often venomous, and it is necessary to wash them with salt water or diluted vinegar. The sting of the bee is harmful only when the sting remains sticking in the wound. So the first thing to be done is to press the wound in order to make it bleed, since the blood that flows will carry along a portion of the poison. Then suck the wound and wash it well with water and then with a solution of lime powder. This latter, which is much used in England, consists of three parts of lime to eight of common salt. An ounce of this powder is to be dissolved in a tumbler of water. If this composition is not to be had, Goulard's extract may be used. For the stinging of the scorpion volatile alkali should be used, and after the pain subsides, an emollient cataplasm may be applied.

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, no! What's the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York.—*Tut-Bits*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Items of Scientific Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

Spots may be taken from gilding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

A weak carbolic acid solution rubbed over the skin will, it is said, effectively drive away mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

Fiberite is a new insulating material made from wood pulp, and is being used for storage coils and by various electrical concerns. It is said to give satisfaction.

The intensity of the strain of city life is suggested by the fact that while from 1852 to 1883 the population of Chicago increased 3.1 times, and the death-rate 3.7 times, the deaths from nervous disorders increased 23.4 times.

The *Chronique Industrielle* gives the following recipe for a polishing paste that will remove rust and not scratch the finest polished surface: Cyanide of potassium, sixteen grams; soap, fifteen grams; chalk, thirty grams; and water sufficient to make a thick paste.

Indian hemp, in doses night and morning of one-half grain, and increased, if need be, to a grain, and continued for some time, is spoken of by Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, lecturer on medicine at the London Hospital, as the most valuable remedy he has met with in the treatment of persistent headache.

An insulating plate, which, while very thin and light, is absolutely impermeable to moisture and to air, may be made by taking two leaves of tinfoil coated with a thin layer of gutta percha solution (dissolved in benzene or carbon bisulphide) and placing them face to face, separated by a leaf of this paper of close texture. This suggestion is due to M. Bandsept.

Any good photographer can easily become an expert sketcher in pen and ink. Let him make a silver-plate from his negative, go over the outlines of the subjects on it with ink, shade them, pour a solution over the print, and let the photograph be eaten away and the pen-and-ink sketch left in its stead. Thus very artistic results may be produced by a simple chemical process.

A new building material called stone-brick, harder than the hardest clay brick, is made from simple mortar, but a scientifically made and perfect mortar—in fact, a hydraulic cement; and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state—including also some alumina, which is naturally present in sand and the subsequent heating by steam, giving the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cement at present in use.

The fifteen great American inventions of the world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton-gin; 2, the planing-machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the india rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand blast for carving; 11, the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; and, 15, the telephone.

The discovery of a new gas is a rare and important event to chemists. Such a discovery has been announced in Germany by Dr. Theodor Curtius, who has succeeded in preparing the long-sought hydride of nitrogen, amidogen, diamide or hydrazine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at isolation, is now shown to be a gas, perfectly stable up to a very high temperature, of a peculiar odor, differing from that of ammonia, exceedingly soluble in water and of basic properties. In composition it is nearly identical with ammonia, both being compounds of nitrogen and hydrogen.

It is found that cloth may be finished by preparing a mixture of finely pulverized metallic zinc and albumen, of about the consistency of thin paste; this to be spread with a brush upon linen or cotton cloth, and by means of hot steam, coagulated, the cloth to be then immersed in a bath of stannic chloride, well washed and dried. By running the cloth through a roller press the film which has thus been imparted is said to take a fine metallic luster. Designs put in stout paper, letters, numbers, etc., when laid between cloth and roller, are impressed upon it, and it can also be cut in strips, corners, etc.

Soldering Cast Iron with Tin.

Many ornamental articles are made of cast iron, variously decorated. The smaller specimens of this kind break very easily if carelessly handled. Then the question arises of how to mend the broken article, a question that has puzzled many, as it is so very hard to firmly unite pieces of cast iron. It is hard to find a simple method, because cast iron has but a slight affinity for tin solder. The soldering can be made much easier by first cleaning the faces of the broken parts from all impurity, which is not necessary when the fracture is of recent occurrence and the broken parts are perfectly clean on their faces. With a brass wire scrubbing brush, the faces of the fracture are continually scrubbed until they finally appear perfectly yellow, thus in a certain sense being "dry plated" with brass; the rough cast iron rubs off brass from the fine wire very quickly. The brazed surfaces are then just as brass is tinned, and then with no greater difficulty the parts can be soldered together.—*Der Metallarbeiter*.

How They Telegraph in China.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "The Chinese Government officials have lines of wire from Shanghai to the north and south well established and in good working order. Since 1873 there has been a cable between Hong Kong and Shanghai. Other lines are in working order. It requires about 7,000 characters to construct the everyday ordinary transactions in Chinese mercantile affairs. A book containing these characters, numbered from 1 to 7,000, has been printed by the telegraph authorities, and if a man wants to send a message he simply wires numbers representing the characters, and the receiver marks down the number at his end of the line. Reference is made to the book and the characters are ascertained. This system has been working for the past thirteen years, and has given great satisfaction."

The greatest sorrows of the world are in the homes of people of affluence, who are so much envied by those who struggle in daily toil for bread, says the *Philadelphia Times*; but if the skeletons of the homes of the honest sons of labor could be compared with the skeletons of the homes of the rich, both would learn that there is no happiness in idleness; no wealth but the content of industry.



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ROBT. W. DAY, PUBL. vs. A. MORRIS, DEFT. To the clerk of said court: You are hereby notified that you have been sued by the above named plaintiff, before M. M. Hale, Justice of the Peace in and for the city of Topeka, Shawnee County, Kansas, on the 21st day of September, 1887. That a garnishee summons has been served on the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railway Company, on the 21st day of October, 1887, at 3 o'clock A. M. of said day, judgment will be rendered against you for the sum of one hundred and ninety-five (\$195.00) dollars and costs of suit. JOHN E. DOLMAN, Atty for Plff.

Why pay \$1.25 or \$1.50 for a Topeka weekly paper, when you can get the Spirit of Kansas and the Leavenworth Weekly Times, the leading weekly of the state, both one year for \$1.00. Now is the time to provide for your next year's reading. Before doing so, call at the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas avenue. Don't forget it.

Take of flour six ounces, of molasses one-half a pint, and of water one pint and a half, and boil as usual for flour paste. Or, dissolve two ounces of resin in one pint of alcohol. After the tin has been coated with the solution, allow nearly all of the alcohol to evaporate before applying the paste.

All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly till they take root in our personal experience.

—At Orangeville the women crusaders visited a hotel and tried by praying to induce the proprietor to close the place. It is said that the proprietor invited the ladies to seats and asked them to pray, and he himself offered a prayer, in which he dealt very severely with the follies and vanities of women.—*Toronto Globe*.

—Professor Bascom:—It is exercise that we need. We are too effeminate as a people. We ride when we ought to walk. Attentive patient—Well, doctor, no doubt you are right. But you are not going up in the elevator, are you? "Why to be sure. You don't think I'm such a fool as to climb five flights of stairs?"—*Philadelphia Call*.

The news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.—*Boston Transcript*.

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