

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Householdry.

VOL. XIX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JULY 7, 1888.

NO. 14.

WEEKLY EDITION.

EIGHT PAGES.—FORTY COLUMNS.
Subscriptions, 75 Cents a Year.
Second Copy to send away,
Fifty cents a year,
ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.
Paper discontinued when time paid for has expired, therefore no claims for unpaid subscription are ever presented.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.
Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

Prohibition National Ticket.

For President CLINTON B. FISK, of New York.
For Vice-President, JOHN A. BROOKS, of Mo.

The Presbyterians will elect the next president.

The prohibition state convention, will be held in Hutchinson, July 18, to nominate state officers.

The republican state convention will meet in Topeka, on Wednesday, July 25, to nominate state officers.

Ingalls voted with Harrison in favor of admitting Chinese, skilled labor, and who will say he was not in accord with the true republican idea.

The delay in acting upon the nomination of Melville W. Fuller for chief justice, will result in injury to the republican party. The country is in no mood for such trifling.

We notice that the railroads are offering commutation rates to the State Prohibition Convention at Hutchinson, as they did to Indianapolis. They never did this before.

Whether the Democrats gain or lose by the nomination of Judge John Martin is a matter of no consequence. His nomination was a triumph, an overwhelming triumph of the best element of the party. It was the only way to future success, whatever may be the effect this year. This policy was just the reverse of that of the republicans in national convention.

The democrat state convention could not help firing of that old chestnut, about sumptuary laws. It is a brilliant bit of pyrotechnics that always brings down a democratic house, because it is meaningless. We assure the democrats of Kansas that there is no law in Kansas to prevent them from wearing brass buttons, chestnut bells, or swallow tail coats.

Is it not rather humiliating, that a convention of liquor dealers have the courage to pass a far stronger and better temperance resolution than the Anti-Saloon republicans. And then the absurdity of Albert Griffin boasting of the little bawling born out of time, and calling it a "rousing temperance" thing. Albert ought to be serious about these days not indulge in levity.

The personality of candidates will have very little influence in the coming campaign. It is not probable that republicans will duplicate the scurrilous tactics of four years ago, in portraying Mr. Cleveland as a henchman, a moral leper, and a weak man as shown by illustrated measurements of the brain. Nor will the democrats attack the personality of Mr. Harrison. The issues involved are vital to party life, and have little relation to individual candidates except in their representative capacity.

Albert Griffin has issued an address to temperance voters throughout the union, taking the position that the action of the republican party is amply satisfactory on the question of temperance. He gives as reasons for his advice, that the platform commits the party against the national whiskey ring, protection tax, that Harrison is a pronounced anti-saloonist, and that a rousing temperance plank was after all added to the platform.—Commonwealth.

Albert Griffin is a comminuted temperance fraud. The position of the republican party on the temperance question may be amply satisfactory to him, but it is not to temperance people who are not wrapped up in green hide of party and the skin allowed to dry around them.

We have not seen his circular, but if he says the republican platform commits any thing or any body to prohibition, or against the whiskey traffic, he proves himself to be a creature that he would have held in contempt, but three or four years ago, simply proves that he is sinking deeper and deeper in the quicksands of imbecility and party blindness.

He started out to commit the great republican party against the saloon, in all forms and shapes. He was an ultra prohibitionist. Within six months he fell to looking complacently upon the cup when it was red with high license, and now he calls a silly little platitudinous, a "rousing plank." Let us read it again:

REPUBLICAN TEMPERANCE PLANK.

The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people, and purity of their homes. The republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality.

Does any one question the desirableness of virtue and sobriety? Then what is the need of saying anything about it? Why did they not affirm that moral people don't steal, and lie, and that good boys don't go a fishing or play base ball on Sunday. And why did they declare their sympathy with all wise and well directed efforts to promote temperance and morality? Could any one doubt their sympathy as thus expressed. We know the democratic party is in full sympathy with the idea without saying it, and we do not know of any organized body that is not. Even horse thieves, burglars and all associated criminals must use what to them are such efforts.

An unsteady hand is not a dead shot, and honor is promoted among thieves.

Why the National Liquor Dealers Association in Chicago, in the fall of 1886 adopted the following:

LIQUOR DEALERS' PLANK.

We most earnestly favor temperance and most strongly condemn intemperance, and appeal to every member of the trade to make proof of this declaration by his daily life and the daily conduct of his business.

It is a very scabby saloon that does not endorse this, and it is certainly a more pointed, and a more "rousing temperance plank" than the one that Griffin admires. It is one, that every reputable, legalized, high licensed saloon will enthusiastically endorse.

The people will not be gulled by any such bosh, as Griffin's rousing dishwater.

Answer to Correspondents.

DEAR SIR:

I have received sample copy of the SPIRIT in which I find it stated that one of the publishers of the late LEADER said that "the prohibition party of Kansas is a farce and a fraud." I wish you to give me his name, as I suspect at least one in connection with the said paper to be a fraud himself. I am also inclined to think with you that new life might be given to the party by the selection of a new and younger head, at the next state convention. Would also like to know if you now propose to run a straight and aggressive prohibition party paper.

We have not time to reply to the above and other letters, in the usual way, when we can reply to all, and perhaps answer many unwritten questions in these columns.

We say nothing of the late Leader of our own knowledge. What we published was from other papers. The attempt to establish that paper, however, was in itself a fraud upon the prohibitionists, as any other attempt will be that contemplates a salaried force of men, and the expenditure of any considerable money. A capital of \$10,000 would not suffice for a paper run as its managers contemplated, nor as any inexperienced enthusiasts would be inclined to manage it.

There must be a change in the management of the party, or rather it must have management. It has had none for three years and for that reason the Emporia Republican and other papers imagine it has declined. Many of the old workers have seen the fruitless results of their efforts and have dropped out. New blood has been added, but has become indifferent after its first enthusiastic efforts, because there has been no organization. A new head is necessary if the body is to be saved.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS was the first paper in the state to come in favor of the Prohibition Party. It will support the National Prohibition ticket, and the state ticket, also, if the state convention gives promise of active work. But if we are to have no organization and no political knowledge and skill at the head of the party, it will be useless to waste effort in that direction.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS is and will continue to be, an aggressive Prohibition party paper. It will be plain, outspoken and independent. It does not aspire to be an organ. It will be a support to state committee that has life and political capacity. To a dead committee, it, too, will be dead.

To answer other letters: We will probably not go to the state convention. We have no choice for chairman of committee, so that a live, competent man is selected. H. Clay Needham, of Arcadia, would make a good one. Perhaps there are others who would be better.

We have a very few printed copies of the Plan of Organization from which The Conditional Membership, published last week, was taken.

The advantages for such organization do not exist now as they did three years ago. There was no presidential excitement then, and prohibitionists were more free. No such pledges could be asked or would now be given. The republican party, beaten this fall, will hereafter occupy a very different place from what it does now, or did three years ago. It will be glad enough in four years more to save it-

self or to revivify itself by declaring for prohibition or any thing else.

Three years ago, and from that time on, we could have pledged thousands of republicans to the prohibition party as we proposed to do, as readily as the anti-saloon movers did, and we could have held them up to the mark as they did not, instead of allowing them to fall off and agree to high license. It must be remembered that this work was proposed before Albert Griffin began his anti-saloon farce.

The opportunity we then had has been lost, hence the greater need of judicious work from this time forth. A daily prohibition paper has been issued from the office and by the publisher of the SPIRIT OF KANSAS for over six months.

The July CENTURY has for a frontispiece a portrait of Pasteur and his granddaughter.

This picture is printed in connection with a timely article on "Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them," a footnote to which article gives a brief sketch of Pasteur's interesting career.

The opening illustrated article is in Mr. Edward L. Wilson's series connected with the International Sunday School Lessons, and is on "Sinal and the Wilderness."

Appropriate to the Gettysburg Reunion are the poems by a Northern and a Southern soldier; Colonel Higginson and Will H. Thompson. Colonel Higginson's poem does not refer directly to Gettysburg, but Mr. Thompson's is a tribute by an ex-Confederate to the bravery of the Union Mr. George L. Kilmer of the Grand Army, in an article entitled "A Note of Peace," gives a carefully prepared account of the reunions of the "Blue and the Grey." A curious story by Brander Matthews, entitled "On the battle-field," also has relation to Gettysburg.

A supplementary paper in the War Series deals with the career of the Confederate ram "Albatross."

The two great illustrated serials of THE CENTURY, Life of Lincoln, and Kennan's Siberian Papers, are continued in this number.

In the installment of the Lincoln History the relations between Lincoln and McClellan are described, and an astonishing incident relating to a call by President Lincoln upon General McClellan is here authoritatively described for the first time.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's cathedral article is this month on the Lichfield Cathedral. An English paper remarked recently upon the strange fact that England had to look to America for the best descriptions and illustrations of its own cathedrals.

St. Nicholas for July, 1888.

The distinctively Fourth of July story is "Ring in the Fourth," by Huldah Morgan, a thorough "boy's story," illustrated by the frontispiece and other strong drawings by W. H. Drake. "Two Little Confederates," Thomas Nelson Page's serial, increases in interest, and the same may be said of "Drill," by John Preston True. Julia Magruder completes her child-sketches from George Eliot, by the second part of "Tom and Maggie Tulliver," "Rodney's Ride" is a stirring Revolutionary ballad, by Elbridge S. Brooks. In "Dogs of Noted Americans," Gertrude Van R. Wickham gives charming sketches of the dogs owned by John Burroughs, T. B. Aldrich, and Frank R. Stockton the portrait of Mr. Stockton's dog being drawn by the hand of his owner. Willis J. Abbott is able to add to Mr. Julian Ralph's story of "A Pig that Nearly Caused a War,"—(the War of 1812.)

H. Albert Johnson, a graduate of Annapolis, in "Recollections of the Naval Academy," gives a full and interesting account of how our naval officers are educated; and the article is fully illustrated by the author. An anecdote of the Prince of Wales is told in "For their Country's Sake," by Mrs. C. Emma Cheney.

The Fourth at the Reform School.

The four families of boys at the state reform school celebrated the Fourth in the right way. They had sack racing, a running race, wheelbarrow race, jumping, etc., for which prizes were offered, and of course each family tried to win one of the prizes. A good dinner was served, and the boys had all the lemonade they could drink. In the evening there was a good display of fireworks, which concluded the day's celebration.

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Trouble, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad taste in the Mouth, etc.—You need suffer no longer—

Warner's SAFE Pills

will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They possess these points of superiority: sugar coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation; and for these reasons are especially the favorites of women. Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

Every month shows a decided improvement in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The July issue is particularly interesting. While maintaining its high literary standing, preference is given to the class of matter which is appropriate for summer reading. Wilfred Patterson has a well-written and finely-illustrated article on the famous Walters Art collections; Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the eminent brain specialist, contributes an entertaining paper on "Spiritualism and Like Delusions," in which are many statements that Spiritualists will not like to read, inasmuch as the doctor evidently considers them of unsound mind. Among other things, this paper shows how chemicals may be used in producing spirit pictures.

A feature is a story of Southern life during war times, entitled "Pother Miss Norie," by Mara Ellis, a young writer who makes her first bow before the literary public. The story is forcibly and gracefully told, and has a refreshing flavor of originality which is becoming so scarce. It is profusely illustrated.

A stroke of enterprise is a symposium discussion, by eminent American authors, of the Chace International Copyright Bill, which is now awaiting the action of the House. Some of the views are remarkable, especially those of Eugene Field, who claims that America should have a literature to protect before setting about protecting it.

William Elroy Curtis has a second paper on "Ecuador and her Cities," which is fully up to the high standard of the first, and brings out much information of that part of South America which is not generally known.

Washington Hensing, one of the leading Germans of the country, says the Boutelle plank in the republican platform, coming from a prohibitionist means everything, and the Germans and anti-prohibitionists are advised to leave the party, and go to the democracy. On the other hand the prohibitionists say the plank means nothing, and was adopted under protest, in order to save the prohibition vote. Such motives, and such action they say are unworthy a party pretending to champion moral ideas, and all good citizens are advised to vote the prohibition ticket, that boldly says what it means.

Prof. Montgomery, who has had his copy of "Christ before Pilate" at the Chautauqua assembly at Ottawa, was invited by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Kansas City, to exhibit his picture and deliver his lecture in the Second Presbyterian church in that city Wednesday evening. Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, also invited him exhibit his picture in his church in St. Louis. Dr. Duryea highly commended it as a work of art.

While Major Johnson was in the crowd Wednesday evening, some one picked his pocket. He advertised it in this morning's Capital, and going to his room about 9 o'clock found his pocket book with the following note, which had been thrown through his transom—"I may be compelled to steal, but steal from the poor, and a friend of the poor, I will not. So here is your pocket book and money and all. Yours Truly, A STRANGER."

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope;
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophecy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants virtue;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.
—Lucy Larcom.

The Ghost of the Enrique.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

Eight years ago I shipped on board the Enrique. Capt. James. Our voyage was to Hilo, Sandwich Islands, and back to Pudget sound, whence we sailed. The captain, officers and crew were, when I joined, Americans and West Indians, but, as another hand was wanted besides myself, I persuaded Tom Martyn, an Englishman, with whom I had become friendly, to fill the vacancy. Tom was a fine-looking fellow, very jovial, and had lots of information, which he knew how to use; but, though he talked and dressed like a sailor, he had not been long on board ship before it became plain that he had not been brought up a salt.

Our captain was a Tartar, and no mistake; and as he had the eyes of a hawk, no fault committed by man or boy escaped him. This was specially unfortunate for my English shipmate. He had shipped on able seaman's wages; but his deficiencies were so many and glaring that our captain, who seemed to watch his movements more carefully than the rest of the crew, often inflicted upon him punishments painful to witness. I had a strong attachment for Martyn and stood his friend whenever I could by taking some of his duties along with my own; but I was not always on hand to help him so he fell oftener than others beneath the captain's displeasure.

One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose into a gale. The captain came on deck and set all hands to reef topsails. The men were manning the halyards to hoist away when poor Martyn, instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard, fore and aft. By luffing up smartly, however, we managed to get checked without carrying anything away. But Capt. James, frothing at the mouth, swore he would tan the foolish lubber's hide who had done so clumsy a thing. Saying which he rushed at poor Martyn with a piece of ratline, which he brought down upon his head and shoulders, giving them a fearful cut. He was in the act of raising it again, when a voice from aloft roared out:

"Stay your hand!"

The voice was wonderfully loud and clear, seemingly coming from the maintop. The captain fell back, and, looking up, cried in a great rage:

"Aloft there?"

"Hello!" was the answer back.

"Come down on deck," was the captain's imperious order.

"Come up here and see how you will like it," was the contemptuous response.

"Come down, I say, on deck!" foamed the captain.

"Come up and fetch me," returned the voice from aloft.

"Who is up there, Mr. Scott?" cried the captain, appealing to the first officer.

"No one, sir," was the reply, "so far as I can see. All seem present on the deck."

The captain's rage was terrible to witness.

"All seem present, Mr. Scott? What do you mean by that sir? I ask you again, who is up there?"

"No one known to me," returned the mate. "All are present; all are on deck."

Such was the case. But the second mate, without awaiting orders, sprang up the rigging and looked over the top-rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the masthead, and then reported himself alone.

"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the chief mate.

The captain thereupon dropped the rope's end which he held in his hand and went below. It was evident that he was strangely affected by what had occurred. And so my fellow-countryman escaped further punishment that night.

But in a few days our skipper had

forgotten his fears and looked about for another object upon which he could vent his spleen. I had the ill fortune to feel his wrath. He ordered me to make a knot in the end of an old jagged rope to be used in making a lash. In a little while I returned, saying I had made the best job I could out of a rope which was quite fagged out.

"Well," said he, "it that's your best you are as much of a lubber as your friend Martyn. But I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's wages."

I tried to show him that the rope was too much worn to make a neat piece of work of it.

"Indeed," I said, "it is sadly fagged."

"Fagged, is it?" cried he, scornfully. "Then I'll finish it over your lubberly back."

"No you won't!" roared out a voice from behind the longboat.

The captain rushed in the direction of the sound, but failed to discover the speaker.

"Who was that?" he cried in a storm of wrath. "Let me know who it is, and I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!"

"Will you? Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, dropping seemingly from the maintop.

It was broad daylight when this took place, so we could see that there was no one up there. I was as much startled and mystified by the occurrence as the captain; but neither he nor I, nor any of the crew to whom he applied, could throw light thereon. But whoever or whatever uttered the words, my purpose was served as was Martyn's on a previous occasion. The irate captain went below, filled more with fear than rage, throwing behind him, as he stepped from the cabin ladder, the rope's end which had so vexed him.

Sailors, in general, are superstitious beings. Whatever cannot easily be made out or accounted for on natural principles is laid to the account of the supernatural. Our captain was no better in this respect than his crew, for he was as illiterate as they, except in the matter of navigation, and as rough and untutored. He evidently believed his ship was haunted, and that a spirit from the vast deep had a mind to torment him by its interferences. His fears were increased not many days after. On returning to rest at the end of his evening's watch his slumbers were disturbed by a loud and fearful cry, which seemed to enter the cabin by the side light, which was left open for ventilation. The cry was heard by the second officer on the quarter-deck and by Martyn, who was at the wheel. Neither of them could throw any light upon the incident to the captain, who had rushed on to the deck in a state of terror, and demanded in vain for the production of the offender.

From that day it was clear to all hands that Capt. James was tormented by apprehensions of coming disaster. An idea was fixed in his mind that his ship was visited by a spirit from the invisible world, which preferred to make itself heard rather than seen. And this idea was strengthened by the fact that when he was on deck and became angry at the conduct of any of the men, especially when his anger was made manifest in oaths or blows, the unseen but ever vigilant visitor from the afar world, perched apparently on the top of the mainmast, uttered the insolent laugh or solemn warning. On these occasions the poor man would rush off to his cabin with blanched cheek and tottering limbs, and there abide until the gale in his moral sensibilities should subside. That it was angry with no one else but the captain was clear, from the fact that it never took notice of the conduct of any other person. The mate or the boatswain might act as they liked or the men might give and call each other hard names; no matter—the voice was not heard—neither laugh nor moan fell upon our ears.

But most of those who lived in the fore-cabin were far from being happy; many of them shared the fear of our skipper, and I saw that they would rather have braved his wrath than to be tormented as they were by the "voices of the night" or day. Martyn and myself were exceptions. What his opinion was I could not say; he met all my questions by adroit evasions. As for myself, I had no explanations to give. Thus matters went on until we were within two days' sail of the islands. All the while our captain had been kept from tyranny by his fears of the voice; but now exasperated by some fault in seamanship on the part of Martyn, and being the worse for liquor, he hurled a belaying-pin at him which struck him on the head. Clapping his hands to his head, he rushed to the fore-cabin. It was evident that the skipper expected to hear the voice, for he looked nervously aloft, but all was silent in that direction. His courage returned and he desired the second officer to call Martyn back to the deck. Getting no answer to his call the mate went below, where he found the poor fellow delicious. Returning to the deck he reported him to be in a dangerous condition. This filled the captain with fear. He ordered that every attention should be paid him, which was done. That night it became necessary to have all hands on deck to reef, and while we were on the yards an awful cry, like that of a maniac, arose from the bow of the vessel and the next moment several of us saw a human form on the rail near the fore-cabin and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee. The captain and chief officers who were on deck rushed to the side. A hat was seen for a moment bobbing on the crest of a wave, the maniacal cry was repeated, when Capt. James, himself uttering a loud cry, fell sense-

less on the deck. The mate then hailed us who were on the topsail yard, "Come down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought he was as near beside himself as was the captain; and so he was for the moment, for when we gained the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was awful beyond expression; the wind and water raging wild; it was impossible for a boat to live on so rough a sea, so, making a virtue of necessity, the search for the poor, maddened fellow was abandoned amid vows of vengeance against the captain and tears for our poor, lost messmate. Forty-eight hours after this we entered Hilo. A vast change had come over the crew. The captain, knowing their peculiarities, had supplied them with money and copious libations of whisky; so, instead of reporting him to the consul, as they declared they would, they were ready to shout his praise all day long. In this, however, I did not agree; but unable to bring the tyrant to justice single-handed, I resolved to quit the Enrique. I did so. After hiding in the woods several days I was caught and brought back to the ship. As my adventures as a fugitive are not essential to the unfolding of my story, I pass them by and take up the thread of my narrative.

We set sail on our return voyage. Capt. James was an altered man. He abstained from liquor, he controlled his temper, and this, with the addition of a fine steady breeze, made our lives on board happy. But alas! we were doomed to a sad ending of the voyage. Keeping near the land, and a squall laying hold of the ship, we were drawn on a lee shore. It was just after midnight when we struck, and the darkness was terrible, and leaping out of my hammock I ran on deck. I could see nothing save the wild waters racing over the deck. I cried out to my shipmate but got no answer. It was not possible to reach the after part of the vessel where the lifeboats were kept, so, acting on the impulse of the moment, I leaped into the sea. Catching hold of a friendly dock I was saved. Daylight came after a weary waiting. The first thing I saw was the ghastly corpse of poor Capt. James, and not far from it that of our Chinese cook. The rest were saved. We made our way to Portland, where we were paid off; thence I proceeded to San Francisco.

I had often asked myself whence came those strange voices and fearful words, which had so alarmed our captain and put most of the crew in terror, and had so opportunely saved me from the captain's vengeance. But it was beyond my power to answer the inquiry; neither could the mate or any of the survivors throw any light thereon. Had we known what ventriloquism was, we might have had therein a solution of the mystery, but I had never heard of an adept in the art, neither had any of my shipmates. Poor Martyn, when with us our most intelligent shipmate, seemed to be as much in the dark as the rest of us, although he was not the least put out by the occurrence.

Strolling along the streets of San Francisco one night, about a year after the wreck, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my eye caught a large poster which announced the wonderful doings of Prof. Smithson, "the unrivaled and world renowned ventriloquist."

This, thought I, shall be the source of my evening's amusement. Turning my face in the direction of the "Hall of Science and Emporium of Amusement," I was soon seated in a snug corner of the building and was not long in being carried away by the wonderful sayings and doings of the professor. At last he told us he would hold an imaginary conversation with a person up the chimney. He did so. When in the midst of a dialogue the person in the flue gave a derisive "Ha! ha! ha!" I was startled. I sprang to my feet. "Lord," said I half aloud, "that is the voice and tones and words which more than once came from the maintop of the Enrique." And while I was staring at the professor with eyes ready to leap from their sockets he came to the front of the stage to perform his part. Then, in spite of his flowing beard and other decorations, I saw in Prof. Smithson the identical Tom Martyn, who, over twelve months before, we believed to have leaped in a fit of madness into the sea and was drowned.

"Martyn!" I cried out in my excitement.

"Sit down!" cried one. "Put him out!" said others.

In the meantime I had come to my self and resumed my seat, but not before I had received from the professor a sign of recognition. When the performance was over my old shipmate—for it was he—beckoned me to him and taking me to his private room he grasped my hand in all the fervency of ardent friendship.

"How came you to be saved from a watery grave on that dreadful night when you jumped into that raging sea?" I asked impatiently.

"I did not jump overboard," said Martyn, laughing. "neither was I any less sane than I am at this moment. The entire plan was a trick of my own invention to frighten the captain and then get away from his clutches. My madness was a sham and the man overboard simply a bundle of old toys, topped by my old hat. The moment I pitched them over the rail I slipped down into the forepeak, where I lay hid until the night after the ship entered port, when I stole out and went on shore. I had taken care to lay up plenty of junk and I managed to avoid detection until the Enrique sailed. The tales which you heard from the main-

top, from behind the long boat, in the cabin, I need not explain."

"No," said I, "all is made clear by the doings of this night."

"Exactly so," said he. Then he continued: "I had performed as a ventriloquist in most large cities and towns in Europe before you knew me; but becoming somewhat restless in my habits, and having squandered all my earnings, in a fit of recklessness I took to the sea, and in the capacity of a sailor found my way to Puget Sound. But I had not in me the stuff of which sailors are made; so after my adventure on board the Enrique I went back to my old profession, in which I have done so well. My wild oats are all sown, I hope; and having learned wisdom by bitter experience, I shall stick to that line of life for which I have capacity—a better thing than splicing old ropes or taking in topsail reefs on a blowing night."

"I should think so," I said, "but you nearly killed the captain with fright while you caused us many a headache at your supposed loss."

"For the latter I am very sorry," said Martyn, "but I cannot say I pitied the captain. His cruelty to me was dreadful, and he would probably have ended by killing me, but for the fortunate gift of ventriloquism. 'All's well that ends well.'"

"True," I replied, "and I rejoice that you are alive to say so. You kept your secret, for neither Capt. James nor any of the crew ever suspected that incapable Tom Martyn was the ghost that haunted the Enrique."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A PAIR OF DUCKS.

How They Were the Cause of a Live-ly Quarrel in a Church.

A small country town in the southeastern part of this State, says the Boston Traveller, is at present enjoying as lively a church quarrel as often falls to the lot of towns its size to have, and it all has arisen over a pair of ducks.

It happened in this way: A clergyman from a large city in the State of New York went to this town to take charge of one of the local churches, and, as later events proved, he was not well versed in the ways of the country. After he had been in his new location for about two months, one day he was walking along the street when he saw two ducks walking down the street. He liked the looks of these birds very much indeed, and he thought that they would make at least one good meal for him. No sooner had he thought struck him than he acted upon it, and taking a duck under each arm he started on his way home.

Arriving there he chopped the birds' heads off and had them cooked for his dinner. He ate and was happy, but not many days later a negro neighbor put in an appearance and said the ducks were his and wanted to know by what right he had taken possession of them. The clergyman only pleaded innocence and offered to pay for the birds he had eaten. The colored owner said that they were trained decoy ducks, and that he would accept \$10 for the birds but bemoaned their loss. The clergyman, however, would or could not appreciate the value of decoys, and declared he would only give the negro \$2.50. The negro finally accepted this amount under protest. The story, however, soon spread throughout the village and caused no end of talk. Some of the minister's parishioners talked pretty loud, and one woman declared that it was a shame that a clergyman should go through the street and steal a poor negro's ducks, and declared that the minister was no man if he did not pay the man \$10.

Those words came to the clergyman's ears, and great was his wrath thereat. He declared that unless the woman took back her words and came and apologized to him he would expel her from the church. But her woman's temper was up and she reiterated her statements concerning her spiritual adviser, and declared that he had no right to expel her from the church. Thus it went on until Easter Sunday he declared at the morning service that Mrs. — was expelled from all further rights and privileges in the church. Since this time some of the other clergyman, have become interested in the trouble, and are now endeavoring to heal the breach and quiet the disturbed waters. How their efforts will succeed remains to be seen.

But it shows the tremendous power of ducks at times.

Woman in the Sleeping Car.

It is one of the inscrutable mysteries of life why the slowest and most "pernickity" and most selfish of women generally obtains possession of the dressing room first, and holds it until the patience of every one in the car is exhausted. Regardless of the comfort of others she washes, and powders and puts up her hair, and lets out her bangs and brushes her teeth and manicoines her nails, arranges her collar and cuffs, all the rest of it with a calm deliberation of one who has nothing to do but loaf, and the whole day before her to do it while her suffering sisters are waiting—waiting with unkempt hair and growing ire at her painful selfish slowness. From all these and many minor miseries of a sleeping car—women pray to be delivered—though, by the way, they should do something more effective than praying. If nothing better could be devised in the way of accommodations, one great improvement could be easily put into practice, and that is to have a car for women to themselves. That alone would reduce the disagreeableness of night travel considerably. —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

FANCY'S FREAKS.

Whisky is expensive. It costs a man dollars and sense. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Milk River, Montana, is probably so called because of the water it contains. —*Puck.*

The faith cure will not cure love. Want of faith is the thing for it. —*Boston Courier.*

A buckwheat cake and a home-run depend largely upon the batter. —*Boston Bulletin.*

It seems to us that their ought to be a brand of cigars called "The First Baby." —*Puck.*

If you don't want to be robbed of a good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella. —*Exchange.*

Bad nominations are like the itch—they set a good many people to scratching. —*San Francisco Alta.*

The members of a Sugar Trust know pretty well how to manipulate the sugar scoop. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sailors must be poor cooks. Whenever they attempt to get up a meal they make a mess of it. —*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The man who puts a \$10 collar on a ten cent dog may think he is smart, but he'll never know enough to run a hotel. —*Hotel Mail.*

Kentucky distillers have organized a trust to limit the output of whisky. Now, will the public organize to limit the input? —*Toronto Globe.*

The editor of the Marlboro (Mass.) Times is out with an elaborate defense of Judas Iscariot. But if he really means what he says let him name his next boy Judas Iscariot. That's a fair test. —*Burlington Free Press.*

Taking the temperature—She (at the races)—"What's the trouble on the judges' stand, George?" He—"There is some dispute over the last heat." She—"Aren't their thermometers all alike, George?" —*Texas Siftings.*

A commercial traveler says "the best egg nog in the world is made in Indiana." The explanation is easy. Everybody has the ague out in Indiana, and they can do anything well in that State that only requires to be shaken. —*Rochester Post-Express.*

Locomotive builder (on a railroad train)—"The reason we are kept waiting here is because the engine has broken down. I have examined it, and if I only had the proper tools I could fix it in half an hour." Helpful wife—"Here's a hairpin, dear." —*Omaha World.*

A certain family in Lincoln consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one granddaughter, and there are only six persons in the family. —*Lincoln Journal.*

Inter-Planetary Communication.

A European astronomer, M. Perrotin, has recently made the positive discovery, as he supposes, that the planet Mars is inhabited. It may not be the home of men and women like ourselves, but unless the astronomer is much at fault, its inhabitants are beings possessing a high degree of intelligence, civilization and scientific development.

It has long been known that the surface of the planet is cut up by long and narrow seas and correspondingly long and narrow strips of land. This must make marine commerce rather indirect and inconvenient for the planetary merchants. A glance at Mars shows that a few great interoceanic canals would be of immense benefit to commerce. These great canals are now being constructed according to M. Perrotin. Sundry straight lines on the surface of the planet as it appears to us through the telescope, and which have only recently appeared there, are the evidence on which M. Perrotin relies.

If it be true that the next planet to the earth in point of distance from the sun is indeed inhabited by beings capable of undertaking these stupendous feats of engineering, it is entirely probable that they are not inferior to ourselves in general civilization and scientific knowledge. It follows that they are, in all probability, already aware of the great works of engineering on the earth, like the Suez Canal, the Panama and the Nicaragua canals, and the Tehuantepec ship railway. Indeed, telescopes only a little more powerful than those we possess would reveal to them a ship like the "Great Eastern" as a moving dot across the earth's disc.

Thus, unless M. Perrotin is greatly mistaken, the first word of inter-planetary greeting has been spoken. It tells each of two planets that the other is inhabited by intelligent beings. —*Boston Globe.*

If Not One, Why Then the Other.

"Kin I git a marriage certificate, mister, with the gal's name left blank?" inquired an agriculturist.

"I guess so," was the reply; "what's the trouble?"

"None yit; but gals is like everything but death an' taxes, mighty unsartin. There's goin' to be a weddin' though, mister, an' don't you forgit it." —*Epoch.*

The General Opinion.

Mistress: "Bridget, I don't think the flavor of this tea is as fine as the last we had."

Bridget: "Faith, mmm, an' me consins are of the selfsame opinion. They said last evenin' that the army were basted." —*Epoch.*

Pertinent Points Regarding Farm Management.

Much has been written during the past few months in advocacy of planting trees designed to furnish timber, posts, and fuel on land so poor that it is of no value for producing crops. Farmers have been reminded that the pine, larch, and hemlock are often found on land where nothing else will grow. Their attention is also called to the fact that rocky hills are generally covered with maple, beech, birch, and hickory trees. They, too, are informed that the swamp oak, American larch, willow, and poplar do best on

"Botany?" she exclaimed. "Mercy I don't know a cryptogram from a polycarp!"—*Boston Transcript*.

The clergy, and especially the Episcopal clergy, who are bound by strong ecclesiastical traditions to England, show this interest in things English in their speech and dress. Many of them have adopted the remarkably broad sound of the letter "a" that is supposed to be so "awfully English." They are very careful to give the open sound to the letter "u" in such words as "tune" and "Tuesday." Indeed I have recently heard an Episcopal clergyman go so far as to give these words the pronunciation of "chune" and "Chuesday"—which to an American ear is simply atrocious. And I know a delightful little Ritualistic priest, whose whole aim in life is to be Anglican when he is not Roman, and who defines the Trinity in his people as "three Parsons and one God." Moreover, in the Episcopal church it is getting so that the clergyman who says "A-men" and "either and neither" is a marked man. He may possibly succeed in getting a parish which is not up in religious aesthetics but if he wants to be in the ecclesiastical swim he must say "Ah-men" and "th-her." and "ni-ther."—New York Tribune.

Mrs. DeShoddy (of New York)
"Who's them folks what calls the
luggage 'baggage?'" Mr. DeShoddy
They haint no 'count; some o' these
wild westerners, I fancy. I hear
'em call a lift an 'elevator'" — *Oman*
World.

A "corner" in barrels — Whisky — *Low*
Citizen.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

July 7, 1888.

There are now very few patriots who ever were for Blaine.

It will save a good deal of mental and possibly some physical wear and tear, to every one who will accept the fact that it will really not make the difference of a picayune, which candidate is elected president.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, has offered a resolution in the Senate for the appointment of a select committee of five Senators to examine fully all questions touching the meat product of the United States, and especially as to the transportation of beef and beef cattle, and the sale of the same in the cattle markets, stockyards and cities, and whether there exists, or has existed, any combination of any kind by reason of which the prices of beef and beef cattle have been so controlled or affected as to diminish the prices paid to the producer without lessening the cost of meat to the consumer; the committee to be permitted to hold its sessions during the recess, at such times and places as it may determine, with power to send for persons and papers, to employ a stenographer and sergeant-at-arms, and to report at the next session.

The "beef corner" or "trust" is to be investigated. An Illinois Senator states that last year five Chicago firms bought over 1,800,000 cattle at an average price of \$50.28 per head, and realized a profit therefrom of \$30 per head, thus dividing among themselves the enormous sum of \$54,000,000, a profit entirely disproportionate to that made by the farmers and cattle breeders. Notwithstanding these enormous profits, the prices of live cattle have been falling steadily for years, and farmers and ranchmen now get but scanty returns, finding beef growing unremunerative. With the heavy decline in the price of live cattle the price of beef to the consumer shows but slight falling off. Either the beef ring, the railroads or the retail butchers are realizing a larger proportion of the profits of the business than belongs to them, while the stock grower fails to secure his share. In fact, the producer's profits have been reduced, to the minimum, rates are kept up on the consumer, and evidence exists of an organization among the middlemen, which is really oppressive both to the producer and to the consumer.

"The buying and selling of 'futures' is a species of speculation which injures not only the unsuccessful trader, speculator, or gambler, as you may choose to call him, but when the products of the soil are the subject-matter of the transaction, it injures both the producer and the consumer, and it seriously interferes with the regular and legitimate exchange of these commodities through the established channels of commerce. Combinations representing millions of dollars of capital are formed. Some product of the soil, sometimes one and sometimes another, is accumulated in the hands of the combine, and soon after they begin operations they virtually fix the price at which the producer must sell by bringing their own purchases in competition with his product when he enters the market, and depressing prices until he is forced to sell. They come between the producer and the consumer, and by shrewd manipulation they fix the prices for both. With the combined power of combined capital they dictate to the producers in detail the market prices of their products, and then in turn they dictate to the consumers the price which they shall pay for the product by virtue of the same power. They break the market by flooding it when the producers would sell, and they force it up by withholding their accumulations from the market after the producers have parted with the great bulk of their crops. These are the actual transactions where delivery is actually made, but the actual transactions constitute only a small part of the business of one of these combinations. The fictitious trades afford the richest part of the harvest, and they represent every year many times the aggregate any and of all of the products that are made the subject of speculation.

We suggest the following as a plank to be put in the Democratic state platform. It might be done without the least violence to any position yet taken by the party, and is one to which no person will object whether prohibitionist or whiskeyite. It would be good as a catch-all.

The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of their homes. The Democratic party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality.

A Georgia railroad of 140 miles has just been finished. It was begun last December, and has been the fastest work of the kind ever done in the south.

Louisiana hogs are dying of consumption.

One year ago hogs were quoted at \$4.85 to \$5.25, against \$5.40 to \$5.75 to-day.

Sheep of the better class are fifty cents per 100 lbs. higher than at this time last year.

Douglas county democrats seem bitterly opposed to Judge Martin, in which their folly becomes manifest.

The worms are after our maple trees and the sparrows are after the worms. The sparrows may yet redeem themselves.

Now and then we hear of a little rifle on the surface of the Union labor, or some such movement. The three or four tickets of that kind now out do not often make noise enough to be heard.

Everything in life is judged in relation to something else. The young man comes to the city from a remote country district, and "accepts" a position as a butcher's boy, or striker in a blacksmith shop, and believes he has "accepted" a aristocratic position.

It is proposed to give Blaine a royal ovation on his return. A fleet will go out to meet him, and extra trains will run into New York from all directions. Have we become a nation of man worshippers, and have we lost our democratic simplicity? It will do good to ponder the question.

The managers of the prohibition party have been getting some pretty hard knocks of late, and they were not undeserved. When they again attempt to go into the newspaper business it will be well if they turn it over to some one who understands the economical management of newspaper business.

Compared with the quotations of one year ago, present prices for prime beef cattle look high. The best cattle were not salable at over \$4.50 to \$4.60 at this time last year; to-day the same grades are bringing \$6 to \$6.10. Common cattle show less difference. The latter are not more than twenty-five or fifty cents higher than then.

The republican ticket will command the support of the whole party. If it fails it will be because the party is not strong enough to win. The result will be to settle the question as to the relative strength of the two parties. Mugwumps will not exist, but will become absorbed, some in one and some in another party.

The suggestion that Mr. Bonebrake allowed the Ingalls letter to become public, so that it might appear that he had correspondence with the Senator, could only come from some obscure fellow who has never gained a place in intelligent society. A man who has himself ever been recognized would be foreign to such a thought.

The Wichita Republic, whose editor was one of the dozen or more who met with J. F. Legate, A. P. Jettmore and others four years ago, and began the new third or prohibition party, has like the above named and others not named, returned to the republican party. This week's Republic comes out with a new heading, and endorses the republican nomination.

Four years ago, three years ago, two years ago, one year ago, Albert Griffin and the Anti-saloon men, all prohibition republicans, did not believe there were any "wise and well directed efforts" in the temperance line that did not mean suppression and real prohibition. Their idea of prohibition then, was the suppression of the saloon, and on this point Griffin was one of the most radical of the radicals. Now he thinks he has won a victory, and that the anti-saloon men have triumphed by the adoption of a plank that every liquor man is free to interpret to suit himself.

C. J. Holt, one of our ablest organizers, writes us from Cannon City, Colorado, that he is having good meetings in Colorado and that prohibition sentiment is growing. Mr. Holt will make it grow wherever he goes. We need him just now in this state, we cannot supply the demand for local option organizers, and Mr. Holt is a very fine organizer, and does good work wherever he goes. The people of Colorado will do well to keep him actively employed.—Marshall, Mo. Conflict.

We well remember when C. J. Holt signed the pledge. He was a young man who had spent a fortune in riotous living, and was in a condition of chronic drunkenness at the time, so that the act was ridiculed by his companions, and the consciousness of the step, distrusted by many who prayed for his reform. It was not until the next morning that he fully appreciated what he had done. But he manfully resolved to stand by the pledge he had taken. He joined the Good Templars and soon began in a modest way to talk and to organize. For about twelve years now he has stood firmly for prohibition, and given his time to the work, with wonderful success.

More Conscience.

On Monday last the same day in which the city treasurer received \$80 conscience money from Los Angeles, California, Judge Foster of the United States court, received a neatly written note enclosed with which was a \$20 bill. The note read: "Judge, please hand this to Mr. Ludington, your father-in-law."

The envelope was post marked Los Angeles, California. Judge Foster was at a loss to know why the money was sent through him and not direct. He was at first inclined not to make the matter public, but knew of no other possible way of acknowledging to the unknown correspondent the receipt of the communication. It is his impression that the sender, whoever he may be, reads some Topeka paper. He is at a loss however, to form any idea who the person is. The handwriting would indicate that the sender is a woman. The money and letter were sent to Mr. Ludington by Mrs. Foster.

County Wealth.

The total taxable property of the county is \$16,812,558, an increase of \$3,450,009.67 over last year.

The abstract of personal property contains many interesting items and conveys some information that will be regarded as rather singular. It is somewhat surprising to know that there are more gold watches owned in this county than silver ones. The assessors found that there 1,087 of the former of an average taxable value (one half) of \$21.82, while the number of silver time pieces is put down at only 576, assessed at \$7.22 each.

The assessed value of the pianos, 575 is \$51,285, to say nothing of other musical instruments. Evidently there is still room for the efforts of the enterprising dealer in musical instruments. The goat industry is evidently not one of "our things" as there are but fourteen of them six months old or over, but there are no statistics to show how many there may be under six months old.

If the item "all interest on bonds of the United States" shows the full amount, it is evident that possessors of money in this neck of woods do not seek that line of investment, probably for the reason that more profitable investment is easily found.

The total valuation of personal property in the county, foots up \$3,995,398. Deducting exemptions, the total taxable property for 1888 is \$3,425,798.

The Assembly.

The Chautauqua Assembly convenes at Garfield Park on the 10th of July and continues nine days. Any one can afford to travel 1,000 miles to hear Dennis Osborne, the orator of Asia, who has been engaged for the Chautauqua assembly at Topeka. The secretary, L. A. Rudisill, is quite enthusiastic as to the success of the enterprise. Daily programmes are being mailed, and orders for tents received; all the tenting space on Logan avenue except room for five tents has been engaged, also half of the space on Ninde, Wilder and Chautauqua avenues.

The hours of study are arranged this year so as to secure the results. At the request of the manager of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, daily meetings will be held at 1:30 p. m., in the interests of this organization. These meetings will be in charge of Mrs. Henry Bennett, of this city, assisted by the Topeka society.

Among the popular speakers to be present is Rev. Dr. Hammond, colored of Topeka.

Caught.

Information was yesterday filed against Scott Murphy charging him with the offense of keeping and maintaining a common gaming room. A warrant was issued commanding the sheriff to search the rooms of the defendant at 125 Kansas avenue [old number] up stairs.

Sheriff Fuller and his deputies Disbrow and Kuykendall made a search of the premises and captured a table, several packs of cards and four or five hundred red, white and blue poker chips which were taken to the jail yard and burned. Scott Murphy was placed under arrest. He gave bonds in the sum of \$200 for his appearance at the next term of court.

Professor Larimer in his lecture upon the constitution is needlessly severe upon the officials that happened to belong to the opposite party. It seems hardly the place in a public assembly of teachers to cast reflections of a personal character upon the presidential candidates and shows extremely bad taste to say the least.

Anglomania in Paris has had one good result. It has developed a fashion for walking among women. A constitutional is all the fashion, and the morning walk to the Bois is a brilliant sight to see. It might be a good thing for Anglomania to develop in that direction among the ladies of North Topeka.

George Stone, the young Topeka artist is now traveling in Switzerland and will sketch during the summer in Venice. Sims Firestone, four year old son of William Firestone, of Mission township, had one leg cut off just below the knee by a mowing machine. The other leg was horribly mangled. The young man driving the machine did not see the boy who was standing under a tree.

The state house will be thrown open to the public Sunday after 12 o'clock, n. the same as last Sunday. The people evidence their appreciation of this action by visiting the capitol in large numbers, and viewing with interest the sights there.

Passengers from the west yesterday complained that the dust on the way through Kansas was something frightful. The water from the late rains has already all absorbed and evaporated.

A colored republican club was organized last evening at the court house with sixteen members.

The city Marshal was instructed to confer the Salvation Army and other organizations in the habit of parading on Kansas avenue with fifes, drums, etc., and urge upon them that they change their routes especially on nights on which the city council held its meetings.

From one end of the state to the other, over deserts, sand hills and all, comes the report that immense crops are growing, such as never before were known in Kansas.

Mr. J. M. Monroe, vice president of the Leader company, said last evening.

"The Leader is not a defunct paper. On account of the utter failure of Horace J. Newberry, business manager of the company, to successfully manage the affairs of the company, it was necessary to suspend publication for a week or so. Mr. Newberry has now resigned as business manager and secretary and the paper will hereafter appear regularly from the city of Topeka. The affairs of the company are in such condition as to insure its continued publication."

The above from the morning CAPITAL no doubt contains a very unjust reflection upon Mr. Newberry, beyond question the most competent and experienced newspaper man in the outfit. It is not easy to manage successfully when there is nothing to manage.

St. Mary's will give a free pass to every one over the bridge for the Fourth of July. How could they do less and have practical independence. The Topeka street Railway company will do nothing of the kind although the new management is only a short time from the shadow of Bunker Hill monument.

Have you paid your poll tax? If not the collector is after you with a sharp stick.

The Brush Electric Light company received yesterday from the home company at Cleveland, O., another dynamo, more lamps, wire for three miles, etc., the express charges on which were \$98. The company expects to light Garfield park on the 4th of July.

Thirty-five prisoners are under the sheriff's care at the county jail, of whom twenty-one are county boarders and the other fourteen are United States victims. Some four or five of the latter are to be tried for their offenses at the next term. The United States prisoners are divided among the cities of Leavenworth, Wichita and Topeka.

Rev. Mr. George and wife, of California are visiting at the residence of Mrs. Anna Palmer on Van Buren street.

John Nystrom and family left yesterday noon for Osage City, on a visit of a few days.

The Topeka Mill and Elevator company's mill will be remodeled. The work has been let to E. F. Allis & Co., Michigan. The changes to be made will cost \$10,000. The capacity will be increased to 400 barrels per day.

The Journal must have the city printing regardless of expense. Well, we hardly feel like it is a nonsensical driving thing on account of its good luck, but extend to it our congratulations.

On Thursday evening about seven couples from North Topeka drove out to Pleasant Hill to attend a social given by the Pleasant Hillites. The seven couples went in seven carriages from which during the evening the seven respective whips were stolen.

Hon. C. P. Bolmar, living about six miles out of Topeka, is prospecting for lead on his farm and has unearthed a very good specimen of galena ore which he was showing to friends on the north side. Mr. Bolmar has hope of finding a rich deposit of the ore.

At the council meeting last evening a resolution was prepared by Mr. Gunn, relative to the city printing, instructing the city attorney to prepare a legal form establishing the rate at 25 cents per square for each insertion. It was passed and the city attorney was so instructed.

Squire Hale yesterday heard the case of the State against Wm. Downy of Menoken, the defendant being charged by his father, Timothy Downy, with threatening to burn down his house. The son on hearing that his father, who is about 70 years old, intended to get married, declared that he would burn the family homestead near Menoken. Hon. E. N. Gunn represented the state and M. E. Matthews defended Downy. The trial occupied the entire afternoon, beginning at 1 o'clock. The squire discharged the prisoner.

St. Mary's has a forty feet vein of salt, and no one can tell how much coal.

The daily Wamegan has been revived. E. G. Shull announced for county superintendent.

Allen Sells will build a first class hotel immediately south of Rock Island depot.

Work on the Rapid Transit goes night and day.

Railroad Contractor Grace, well known here for having constructed the Rock Island station on the south side, left yesterday for southwestern Kansas.

Five more carloads of iron for the track of the Rossville rapid transit arrived yesterday and the work of laying the track was progressing with all possible speed.

Vicks Magazine for July is full of goods things.

Josiah Jordan would make a good county superintendent.

Perhaps John Gilpatrick of Clifton is the champion Maine bear-killer. He has killed fifty-four during the last twenty-five years.

Mrs. Louis H. Thompson of Lebanon, New Hampshire, has just died at the age 94. She was a grand niece of Gen. Putnam.

One of the most pleasant Commencements recorded this year was that in which the papers were limited to three minutes each.

H. C. Spalding, the inventor of the Spalding glue, once worth \$80,000 recently died a drunkard's death in an almshouse.

It often happens in the courts of New Mexico, not a single jury man can speak English, and the proceedings are conducted in Spanish.

A husband acknowledged in a divorce suit in Sacramento, that he had contributed for the support of his family only seven dollars in seven years.

Steel magnets are permanent, and by motion relatives to a iron armature, may impart current of electricity to a copper wire.

Pure iron cannot be made permanently a magnet, but its magnet only lasts while a current of electricity is circulating around it and it is called an electro-magnet.

Iron is a constituent of most soils, and is found food crops. Oats, barley and rice contain much more iron than wheat, corn or beans. Nearly four per cent of the oat grain is iron.

The St. Mary's Falls Water Power Company has been organized with the view of utilizing the immense water power of Lake Superior.

Tempering steel for springs, tools and other purposes, depends on its property of assuming various degrees of hardness, from ordinary iron to a state almost as hard as the diamond, by heating, cooling slowly or rapidly.

Miss Lydia F. Wadleigh, Superintendent of the City Normal College, receives \$2,400 annually for her services, and is the best paid teacher in New York.

Iron is so important that physicians often prescribe it as a tonic.

It has been estimated that an American city of 200,000 inhabitants expends \$25,000 a week yearly for drinks. This sum aggregating \$1,300,000 in a year, comes largely from daily laborers.

The most disastrous fire that has occurred since 1870, at Lawrence destroyed the buildings of the Manchester Print works on the evening of June 12.

Steel is iron with from one-half to two per cent of carbon. It was formerly prepared by heating wrought iron with carbon till it took up the proper quantity. It is now made on a large scale by the Bessemer process of burning out the carbon and silicon of cast iron by forcing a blast of air through the molten metal.

According to a St. Louis physician the dangers of cocaine are as yet not half estimated.

After a tornado in South Carolina bugs to the depth of an inch were left on the earth's surface. They died soon after touching the ground.

It is estimated that there is two million dollars worth of fences in the United States, and that it annually costs \$100,000 to keep them in repair.

Belgium has a fit punishment for drunkenness. The offender is punished by being obliged to sweep the street crossings for two hours after becoming sober.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Salisbury, of Big Stone City, Dakota Territory, have been married seventy years. He is 99 years old and she is but two years younger.

Bran fed in summer will increase the milk product in cows that are being pastured in the fields.

The agricultural bill appropriating \$1,150,860 has been passed by the house committee.

A cross cow should be disposed of as soon as possible, lest the herd be permanently injured.

More than half the cheese consumed in Great Britain is produced in the United States and Canada.

The May report of the Department of Agriculture gives the wheat crop as only 73 per cent. of an average.

There are fifty-five cheese factories in Chautauqua county, New York. Last year their total product was \$744,521.

The best remedy is probable white hellebore. By the prompt use of this and be sure to get white hellebore—the insect can be subdued. The powdered roots as it is sold at the drug

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

July 7, 1888.

Republican Anti-Saloon Plank.

"The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of their homes. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

"WELL DIRECTED EFFORTS."

M. M. Estee, of California, the permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention, is the second largest wine producer in the United States.

The California delegation to the National convention took with them to Chicago, 1200 cases of wine, and an assortment of other liquors, and during the convention kept an open bar, with several white-aproned attendants in the most approved style. For illustrations see Frank Leslie's and other papers.

Herman Raster, the author of the famous Resolution of 1872, says to a reporter, "The Chicago Journal says of the platform, 'it is a platform of rock and rye.' It is a liquor and personal liberty platform. Why the Anti-Saloon men asked that My Resolution of 1872 be repudiated. It was not repudiated, and it may fairly be considered as reaffirmed. The phraseology is much like that of the Raster resolution. Personal rights and liberties are respected."

Again Mr. Raster says:

"I confess that it gives me some satisfaction after 16 years, in which temperance men and women have been heaping all sorts of abuse upon me as a malinger of the Republican party, to see that my position in '72 remains impregnable. This platform was made to keep the German Republicans in line. If anything, it means more from the liquor standpoint than the Democratic platform."

The St. Louis Globe Democrat of June 30, gives a portrait of Mrs. Harrison with a sketch from the New York Press, which declares that the next lady of the white house, is famous for her "claret punch," which she serves to friends.

So far as yet interpreted "wise and well directed efforts" for the promotion of temperance and morality by the Anti-Saloon republicans, simply means that every one who will vote for Harrison and Morton, can hold just such opinions as he pleases on the whiskey question. To be on a drunken spree once a month, when one might go off every week, may rationally be considered a wise and well directed effort in temperance reform. Can this be the stuff our poor deluded, Albert Griffin's prohibition is made of?

If the republican convention had been able to make a nomination the day after the platform was adopted, it would have ignored the liquor question entirely. The delay brought up a howl from the country, and so the evil directed temperance plank was added, which was so gross an act of cowardice as to be worse for the anti-saloon faction than if nothing had been said.

There is no sense in attacking Ingalls for writing the letter he did. It was a plain common sense letter, containing nothing not true. The annoyance to republicans comes from its publication which gives the opposition an insight into the enemies camp. It has the same value to the democrats, as the papers and drawings captured by a spy, has to the general of the opposing army.

The republicans and prohibitionists both favor the repeal of internal taxes on liquor, but as the Prairie Farmer says for very different reasons. The one favors free whiskey, and the other demands that government shall not tax, but shall prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. On the tariff, the prohibitionists and the democrats more nearly agree, and on principle too.

The emblem of the democracy is a bandana handkerchief; that of the republicans, the picture of a log house, while the prohibitionists will carry a white rose.

It is not sensible to talk of any party favoring free trade. No platform now before the country, and no party favors free trade. There is a demand for a revised tariff and that is all.

Gen. Hancock was a gallant soldier, a very gallant soldier, but that did not make him president.

Harper's Weekly cannot support the republican ticket. It cannot stand free whiskey and tobacco.

Charles Francis Adams was the son of one president, and the grandson of another, but that did not make him president.

Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Cleveland are strong temperance women, but Mrs. Harrison, the New York Press says, is famous for her claret punch.

Who is to decide what are "wise and well directed efforts" for the promotion of temperance? Why every man for himself. The bar-keeper for himself, the old toper for himself and Bro. Griffin for himself. Can any unity of action be secured in this way? Well, yes, just as much as was wanted.

Where will the mugwump go? It is a puzzle. It is said by one republican paper that they will all come back into the fold, and therefore New York will be sure for Harrison and Morton. Another authority says they have used Blaine only as an excuse for voting against the republican party, and that now they will show their true color, and all go over to the democrats.

Henry George and his Communist land theories has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The free thought and intelligence of the great mass of the American people generally come out all right in the course of time. One man was so carried away that he left him by will \$10,000 for the "cause," but the following item shows the general sentiment now prevailing: "Vice Chancellor Bird, of New Jersey, has decided that Henry George cannot have the bequest left him by Hutchings, a wealthy Gloucester literateur. The judge says that George's ideas are neither religious, charitable, benevolent, nor educational, but are pernicious, and in direct violation of the laws of the land. He therefore, directs that the Hutchings estate should revert to the natural heirs."

This being the year of a Presidential election, and therefore lively times in matters of politics, it is well that farmers and others not members of the Grange should understand its position in that direction. The Grange has passed the danger of its earlier years, of becoming a party organization, or of being used by designing politicians as a stepping stone to position. They who try to use the Grange as a cat's paw to draw the political chestnuts from the fire, generally get their own paws burned instead. Still the Grange is having an influence and an influence for good in all parties. J. H. Hale, Master of the Connecticut State Grange, has lately well stated the case in an address to the Patrons in his State, and a few of his points will be given this wider circulation.

"I have but little patience with those who talk of the 'German vote,' the 'farmer's vote,' or the 'Irish vote.' Every man who votes in this country should do so as an American citizen, not in a selfish, clanish way. And yet the sense of power and the feeling of brotherhood which the Grange nourishes may well be used to defeat the schemes of selfish or dishonest politicians, and to secure for the agricultural interests a fair representation in the councils of each and every political party, and the only chance we have to secure just recognition is to begin now. * * * Patrons, I beg of you, think of these matters. Attend the caucuses, and see that the ring men be not sent to the conventions, but that men go who can be relied on to throw off the yoke and nominate true and honest men, who will represent the people, and see that our agricultural industry has due consideration."

"The Grange is a non-partisan organization. Its fundamental law prohibits any discrimination between its members on account of party relations, and the obligation of all its officers includes the promise not to use the power confided in them to influence, in any way, the partisan or sectarian opinions of any member of the Order. Our membership is made up of members of every political party, working in one common brotherhood for the general advancement of the cause of agriculture, our country, and mankind, and in this association we have learned to honor and respect the opinions of our brother members, and thus exerted a powerful influence in moderating the heat and bitterness of party strife. And yet it seems appropriate thus early in the season of the year that is to witness an election of the highest importance, which is sure to be sharply contested, and the result of which will greatly effect our industrial and agricultural interests, that the Order should remember the obligation that rests upon them all to thoroughly respect each other's political opinions, and guard the Grange against the

intrusion of partisan questions. Yet, while many of the evils we complain of cannot be righted, or the reforms we suggest be carried out, except through the ballot, it is a mistake to infer that the Grange refrains entirely from the consideration of questions of a political nature, or from the exercise of a direct influence in their determination."

The grasses that make a real sod cover but a small portion of the earth's surface. Take down your atlas, reader, and trace a line starting below Richmond, Va., and running westward to Kentucky and dipping to the south into Tennessee, across the Mississippi, say, at Memphis, into Middle Kansas, thence northward to the British Possessions and back to the Atlantic, and you have practically compassed the sod-grass area of our own country. Though this area bears a large proportion of the population of the country, it is small in extent relatively. Outside of these boundaries we find, it is true, many varieties of grass flourishing, but very few that will form a sod and none that will give the smooth, even carpet of the blue grass. Our Southern Atlantic and Gulf States and the States and Territories west of the 100th meridian do not possess and probably never can have grasses that will form a dense turf in the field as we have them. Only where summer rains prevail and the heat is not so intense and continued can the sod grasses flourish, and these conditions do not prevail at the West; so that the whole country west of the meridian named has an entirely new aspect to the Eastern tourist. The Buffalo and other grasses of the plains growing in the little tufts and bunches start up vigorously after the annual rains, and for a few weeks the plains are green, though not forming a sod as with us. A few weeks after all is brown again, though this dried up grass is full of nutriment. The Psalmist wrote "All flesh is grass," and yet David did not live in a sod-grass country, but one where the vegetation must have been much as it is in California to-day. Could he have seen the glorious green that carpets all our Northern States at this season of the year his exclamation might have been even stronger than he put it, if that were possible.

The Liquor War in Wyandotte.

Since so much has been said in the Topeka papers, and by Attorney General Bradford himself, we think best to give place to the following, from the Argentine Advocate, published in Wyandotte county:

Attorney General Bradford is a puzzle to the people of Wyandotte county. They want to treat him with fairness and courtesy, but his utterances through the Topeka papers provoke such emphasis in speaking of it as to amount almost to profanity. Instead of the close of saloons in this county, there are probably not less than fifty in full blast. The particular case spoken of in Argentine is that of Steve Hayes, convicted of selling intoxicating liquors, which is such a broad farce as to provoke mirth rather than indignation. Mr. Hayes is not only not in jail, but is known to have visited Chicago during convention week. His sentence, we are informed, has been suspended on condition that he sells no more. The place however, in Argentine, known as Steve Hayes' saloon, is in as healthy condition as ever, together with some fourteen others, from which the city government derives a regular revenue of \$15 per month each.

What is the use of Attorney General Bradford uttering such stuff as he does in the Topeka papers? Is it politics? We call it intentional misrepresentation. Bradford knows, if he knows anything, that there has not been a saloon closed in Wyandotte county. We mean closed effectually.

The Hoosier ratification last night at the Grand opera house was a grand success, they were out in full force, and the way hurraed for Harrison was acclamation. The meeting was under the direction of the Hoosier republicans of Topeka, but others were permitted to participate. The opera house was crowded, the audience including several hundred ladies. The stage was decked with beautiful flags, with a portrait of General Harrison occupying a conspicuous place in front. The enthusiasm displayed throughout the meeting was something remarkable. Whenever the names of the republican nominees were mentioned there was a burst of applause. It was a grand ratification.

The Chautauqua of the West.

Among the rare attractions of western entertainments offered the citizens of Kansas and adjoining states is our assembly, located at the capital of the state. Topeka is a bright, beautiful, attractive and growing city of 46,000 people; with its street car lines running in all directions, by horse and steam power, it offers opportunities for sight seeing and pleasure riding.

Garfield park is a most beautiful blue grass grove with no large trees to render it dangerous in case of high winds. Among the parks known in the west, none offer more eligible tenting, privileges. The boating on Soldier creek is all that could be desired. A commodious, safe and swift running boat lies at the wharf at the foot of an avenue and driveway ready to carry all who enjoy boat riding over the placid, silvery waves of the quiet stream, out into the Kansas river.

The programme has been wisely and adequately arranged for both entertainment and instruction. To mention such names as Governor Cumbuck, of Indiana; E. M. S. Hammond, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., the celebrated colored orator, whose words have thrilled the multitudes who have been favored with hearing his lectures, addresses and sermons; Robert McIntyre, D. D., D. H. Muller, D. D., and Dennis Osborn, D. D., of Bombay, India, and Eurasian by birth, one of the most eloquent speakers of the whole church—a man well acquainted with the life and habits of India. The mention of these names is a sufficient guarantee of a rare treat to all lovers of elevated thought, put into good English, and presented in are eloquence. The management, under the direction of Dr. Jesse Bowman Young of Kansas City, Mo., aided by his staff of G. W. Hoss, L. L. D., A. Schuyler, D. D., L. L. D., James Marvin, D. D., LL. D., William Quayle, A. M., and others of equal ability and fame, will inspire in all the hope of constant variety and efficiency. No young minister or Sabbath school worker can afford to forego the opportunities this assembly affords.

The courses of theological, oratorical and normal instruction will well pay all who desire aid in these directions. The music and chorus drill will gratify and benefit all lovers of this art. The M. O. does and Marshall's Military band never sing and play to small audiences, for when announced upon any programme everybody rushes eagerly to hear them twenty times or more. They are pledged to do their best at the assembly. The grand march of the Sunday schools, under the direction of Mr. I. I. Tabor of Holton, promises to be one of the great attractions of the occasion. All is being done that can be to make the assembly one of the very best.

The secretary of the Kansas Chautauqua assembly, L. A. Rudisill, had a busy time yesterday mailing programmes, answering correspondence and renting tents and tenting grounds. The several committees are actively engaged arranging for the great gathering.

Messrs. Wooley Bros. will have charge of the Park Grocery store, and will have a good supply of fresh bread, dried meats, canned fruits, fresh milk, butter, etc. W. I. Davis, Esq., will have charge of the ice-cream and lemonade corner and the assembly management will run the boarding halls. First class cooks and help are being engaged.

A large force of workmen will commence on July 5 to pitch tents, and the work will be pushed forward so as to be ready for use by the evening of July 9th. Several parties expect to occupy their tents on the 9. The Park grocery will be opened on Monday, 9th.

The Laugh Cure.

All sorts of isms, pathies and "enures" have had their day, their disciples, and more or less success, but the Laugh Cure we have always with us, or ought to have, for it is sure to benefit even where it may fail to cure. Since the most ancient "chestnuts" will often provoke the heartiest laugh, especially when served up in a new dress, we can afford to forgive the man who has collected many old books called "Medical Sense and Nonsense," for ten cents. Illustrated. It is confidently offered as antidotal to the "blues" stimulating to the diaphragm, and accelerating to the blood circulating, and is served out by mail, "on receipt of price," by the Murry Hill Publishing Company, 129 East 28th Street New York.

Col. C. W. Fisher, formerly with the Rock Island has been appointed General manager of the Union Pacific.

A good paper may not be a companion but solitude in which we lose ourselves and all our cares. Take the Kansas City Weekly Journal. The best family paper in the West. One dollar per year. Send for sample copy.

Shallenbeger's Antidote for Malaria is the cheapest remedy in the world in proportion to the work it does, because it is certain to cure even the worst cases if taken properly. One bottle of thirty pills will cure any ordinary case, and one dose will stop the chills, but a number of doses and a little time are required to drive all Malaria from the system. Sold by druggists.

W. H. Kent arrived yesterday from Laramie, Wyoming, to assume his old position of city editor of the COMMONWEALTH.

The July Magazine of America History is fully up to the high standard of excellence long since reached by this noble periodical. One of its important features is a graphic and instructive account of the career of chief justice Morrison R. Waite, from the pen of the Editor, with a full-length frontispiece portrait of the great jurist, the best picture ever made of him in his robes of office. The reader will find in this timely paper many of the personal characteristics of his distinguished subject, with glimpses of his domestic life, illustrated with the most interesting picture being that of the library where his opinions were written. The second paper of the issue is an able and scholarly essay on "The Continental Congress," by Judge William J. Bacon, of Utica, abounding with information that would do good service if placed in the hands of every youth in the land. Then comes "Personal Recollections of Andrew Johnson," a readable sketch by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman; "East Tennessee One Hundred Years Ago," by Senator Joseph S. Fowler; "A Chapter in the History of Spain," by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Madrid; "Washington's Diary for August, 1781," from the manuscript collections of General Meredith Read, now in Paris; "Extracts from an Englishman's Pocket Note-book, in 1828," Part IV, in which the traveler leaves New Orleans and reaches Vera Cruz; "The Mound Builders were Indians," an important contribution by the antiquarian scholar Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D.; and "Pioneer Work of Jared Sparks," by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University. The themes are all well-chosen, and the writers are able and entertaining. The number is spirited, educating, and delightfully readable. This magazine is the only one extant where back numbers are in as great demand as current ones. The nineteen volumes now bound, are prized in libraries above any other series of historical papers that has yet seen the light. As usual, the current number is a specimen of typographic beauty unexcelled in the magazine field. Price, \$5.00 a year. 743 Broadway, New York City.

The Soldier Township "Republican League."

Met for drill on last night, after which the house was called to order by President "Overton" Mr. Joe Ensinger addressed the Club, followed by W. W. Wiley, Lewis, McDowell, Overton, Johnson and others. Johnson moved to indorse—

W. E. Sterne, Joe Ensinger, W. W. Wiley and M. Overton as the candidates for the offices for which they are candidates. The motion was seconded by Mr. McDowell and passed with 58 yeas and no Nays.

Meeting adjourned to meet Monday night next.

Mr. George B. Payne showed us this morning a very interesting relic of the early days. It was the original deed to a large tract of land in Fayette county Kentucky conveyed by Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, to his grand-father. The deed is printed on sheep skin, with proper blanks and description of land in writing and bears the autograph of "P. Henry," and is dated June 25, 1786, in the tenth year of the commonwealth.

Rev. Mr. Pipes has quite a number of birds in his aviary at his home on Polk St. Blue jays, turtle doves, brown thrushes and a pair of beautiful Australian love birds are in the collection; besides a couple of tame crows that come and go at will. Mr. Pipes says the show is free, and it is well worth a visit.

Dr. Tefft reported Harry Blakesley as being worse last evening. The physicians in charge, Drs. Tefft, McClintock, Ward and Jones have done all that was possible to restore their patient and nothing is known to the medical profession but what has been brought into requisition in this case. Several very delicate operations have been performed on the fractured skull without which death would have ensued ere this. The many friends of the family hope that he will rally and recover from his serious condition.

Timothy Downy was arrested Sunday for threats against his son William, and was bound over in \$500 to keep the place.

The Baptist people enjoyed an excellent discourse Sunday evening by Rev. George, professor of physics and astronomy at San Jose, who with his wife are visiting Mrs. Ann Paramore. They leave for the east to-day, stopping in Chicago a few days before starting for Europe.

At our election for Ruling Elders held, on last Sabbath in the Presbyterian church, the following persons were duly chosen to fill the office, Messrs. John C. Doorn, Sam'l Miller, Sam'l Tracy and Thos. Page.

Vestibule Trains To Chicago.

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

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

PRINCE OSCAR, of Sweden, and his bride have gone to Carlserona, their future residence, in the south of Sweden. They are now known as the Prince and Princess Bernadotte.

A CHICAGO burglar overlooked \$80 in a bureau drawer, and the papers announced it the next morning. He returned the next night and not only secured it, but a suit of clothes besides.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., is soon to have an orphan home for both sexes, combined with an educational and technical school. The endowment amounts to \$2,000,000, and was subscribed by four citizens of San Diego. The city has also given one hundred acres of land, which is estimated to be worth nearly \$1,000,000.

THE ups and downs of a speculator's life were splendidly illustrated the other day in the case of a man in New York, who made \$42,000 in two days. He put \$50,000 with it to make \$450,000 in three days, and lost the entire sum in six hours. In the morning he lived in a palace. In the evening he was out looking for apartments.

ADOLPH SUTRO, the California many-millionaire, who is preparing to make a present of his handsome property at Cliff House to the City of San Francisco, was poor and unknown a few years ago. He conceived the idea of Sutro Tunnel, succeeded in borrowing enough money to interest capitalists in the venture, formed a company with a capital of \$30,000,000, built the tunnel, and is now worth several millions.

GEORGE MULLER, celebrated throughout the world as a worker for the good of his fellowmen, is now eighty-two years old, and as full of zeal and activity as ever. He has just returned to England after a preaching tour of thirty-seven thousand miles through Australia, China, Japan and other countries. Two thousand children greeted him at Bristol upon his return, the little ones being inmates of his orphanage in that city.

THERE was an Ohio man in Americas, Ga., a few days ago looking around, who, it is said, walked the entire distance between the two sections a few weeks since. That he only walked for the "fun of the thing" is proved by the fact that immediately upon his arrival there he deposited \$7,000 in one of the banks for safe keeping. He drew the entire amount out when the desire to walk again overcame him, and left for other fields.

THERE is a grave in Pine Island Cemetery, Norwalk, Conn., that is not less than ten feet long. It is that of Mrs. Mary Tittus, a widow who was laid to rest there on February 5, 1769, a little over 119 years ago, in the nineteenth year of her age. Tradition has it that Mrs. Tittus was a giantess, which fully explains the enormous length of her grave. It is situated in a remote corner of the large burying ground, and its existence had been almost forgotten. A few days ago it was discovered by some people visiting the city.

A MAN dropped in at an auction of unclaimed freight in Boston, and purchased a box, of the contents of which he was ignorant. When he opened the box, he found that he was the owner of about 2,000 manuscript sermons. The clergyman had written along the margin of his pages such curious suggestions to himself as the following: "Deliver this passage in solemn tones;" "Scornful smile after the word 'never';" "Pause long enough to count 25 after this passage;" "Close Bible with violent slam after this passage;" "Contemplate ceiling in attitude of adoration at this point;" "Sarcastic wave of hand," etc.

Mrs. ELIZA GEORGE, of Louisville, Ky., has broken up a contemplated marriage between Madeline George and Henry Stevens, Jr., by causing their arrest in a justice's office just as the knot was to be tied. In order to accomplish her object she made a remarkable explanation. It is that she was married in early life to Henry Stevens and had two children. Her husband then left her, and she took her daughter Madeline with her and resumed her maiden name of George. Her husband took the son and reared him on an adjoining farm, and the two grew up together without ever having their relationship explained until they fell in love and were ready to be married.

RATTLESNAKE AND BURGLARS.

A Night's Adventure of a Naturalist—How His Property Was Saved.

By dint of careful handling the massasauga, in time and with injury to no one, was comfortably installed in my lodgings, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*. Its home was a flat, strongly-made wooden box with a thick glass top, which to secure the best sunlight, I brought into my sleeping apartments and set on a stand by the window. I did not intend to keep permanently so dangerous an inmate, but eventually to kill it with chloroform and stuff and mount the skin. The time was near at hand when these snakes change their skin, and I wished it to be invested in the brighter colors of its new integument before carrying my plan into effect.

As I had but few visitors, and seldom disturbed my captive myself, beyond what was requisite in the study of its habits, the massasauga led a quiet, inert life enough, and, though it seemed to a casual observer to pass most of its time in sleep, its eyes never closed, but gleamed ever watchful with a glint like that of a dull black gem.

When the sultry, depressing weather of dog days came, near the last of July, I noticed that its skin was becoming dry and rough, and seemed to give uneasiness to the reptile, whose sluggishness and irritability at the same time became more marked. This condition of the skin increased until it was stiff and lifeless, and enclosed the body like a tight garment ready to burst from the expansion within.

A film came over the eyes until the snake was evidently blind. Its temper was now at its worst, and the snake would rear and strike in the direction of any sound in its vicinity. At this time it presented its most horrid aspect, as with crackling skin and clouded eyes it would at any unusual noise lift its head, open its wide jaws, showing the swollen poison-gland above and behind the deadly down-curling fangs, and reach forth blindly in the endeavor to follow the sound to find an object to strike. I had placed some stones in the box, and after awhile I observed the reptile when undisturbed had begun to spend much of its time gliding slowly back and forth between them, rubbing among them and against the side of the box.

Presently I saw that the old skin had burst at the neck and the snake in a new skin, fresh and bright in color, was working out of the old one. It emerged by degrees, like a grub from a chrysalis, and in a few hours was at liberty, and its eyes resumed their clearness. The reptile, apparently greatly relieved, was lying beside its discarded cuticle, which preserved much of the shape of its former wearer, and at a hasty glance might be taken for another snake.

On one September evening I had gone to bed, and fallen asleep as usual. On the day previous I had drawn from the bank a considerable sum of money, which was then in my room. I was awakened a little after midnight by some one stirring in the apartment, the door of which I had locked on retiring. I opened my eyes, but lay motionless in order to verify my impressions without indicating that I was awake, for I thought I detected the muffled footfalls of two persons; then some one cautiously crossed the room and leaned over my bed. I was surprised, defenseless, and knowing it to be no use to stir, lay still with closed eyes, feigning sleep, as the flash of a dark lantern was thrown full on my face. I remained perfectly quiet, and breathed perfectly easily and naturally. The man, after a long look, was evidently satisfied of the genuineness of my slumber. He "till stayed by me, but spoke in a whisper in thieves' slang to his companion.

"He's kipping fast enough. Take the darkey and go ahead, and I'll pipe him."

As he spoke I felt him lay a heavy bar convenient to his hand on the counterpane. I could hear the other moving about softly, lifting and searching my clothes, opening drawers, and by the light of the dark-lantern examining every part of the room. Presently he turned and came back to the other.

"I've looked the room over and got the trinkets, but can't find the leather with the dust in. I'll try if there's anything under the pillow. If he moves stop him." I felt a hand stealing under my pillow moving about stealthily, and my package of bank notes was presently found and withdrawn. I could hear my gold repeater ticking from a bag the burglar held in one hand as he bent forward over me.

"I've got the stuff," he whispered, "I'll just take another look around the room. There's a box here that looks like a jewel-case."

He moved across the room and came near the box which held the snake. Through my half-closed eyes I saw him cast down the light from his lantern on the glass.

"I can't make it out, Bill. I can see the sparks inside, but I can't find any lock. Had I best take the chances to bust her open?"

The man beside me took up the heavy bar he had laid on the edge of the bed; and I felt him poise it over my head.

"Go ahead," he said. "If he wakes I'll put him to sleep."

I could hear the man lay the bar on the floor, and then followed the quick cutting sound of a diamond passing over the glass. Then came two or three quick taps and the fall of a piece

of glass into the box. The rattle of the massasauga was rustling dangerously within, and the sound quickened as the man put his hand and arm in the aperture he had made and felt about the interior of the box. Then something moved quickly within, and the man started back with a cry of pain and alarm and pulled out his arm with such force as to throw down the box. He drew forth with it the massasauga fastened to his hand, which he wrung in pain and terror. The snake dropped writhing on the floor, coiled and kept up his rattle, which had not stopped.

At the man's exclamation the one at my bedside demanded angrily, "What's the matter, you fool, yelling out like that? Do you want to raise the house on us?"

"Jim, I'm a dead man. I'm snake bit. Look out for rattlesnakes. The floor is covered with them."

The snake was getting in his work with his rattle in good shape, and made the room resound. The man beside the bed got nervous. The other man, with a moan or two of pain, had groped his way out of the room, and his retreating steps could be heard on the stairway. The man at my side muttered a curse.

"He can't be such a fool as to have left the swag. Anyway, I'm not going to look for it in a room that's a den of rattlesnakes."

The rattle reverberating sounded as though the room was full of snakes. The burglar could stand it no longer, but stepping high and long as he crossed the room, precipitately followed his comrade down the stairs, shutting all doors as he went after him, as is the custom of burglars. As the noise of their departure died away, the snake quieted and I heard him no more that night.

In the morning I found the snake still coiled up on the floor, and beside it lay the bag dropped by the burglar, and which held intact all the plunder of the household. On account of the service he had done I changed my plan for the destruction of the massasauga, and, having extracted his poison-gland, gave it to a public museum which desired to add a live rattlesnake to its collection. When I last visited the museum, a year or so after the event, the snake lay in apparent content in a den among a silent coterie of its fellows. It was wholly unmonstrative, and did not give me so much as a rattle of recognition. The burglars were never heard of again by me, and whether the wounded man lived or died remains unknown.

Eternal Fitness.

A sailor for sea,
A splinter for tea,
A lawyer for talk, and a soldier for fighting;
A baby for noise,
And a circus for boys,
And a typewriter man to do autograph writing.
A banker for chink,
And a printer for ink,
A leopard for spots, and a wafer for stick-
ing,
And a crack base-ball flinger,
An opera singer,
A shotgun, a mule, and a choir for kicking.
—Burdette.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

John Appelt Makes a Ludicrous Mistake in Searching for a License.

When John Appelt, of No. 3522 Dashiell street, appeared in the city clerk's office and edged his way between two fair ones, with poodles in their arms, to get to the dog-license window, his face was wreathed with smiles. He was in a hurry, hence the ladies excused his apparent rudeness.

"Your name, sir?" asked the clerk, as he squared himself to fill out a blank form.

"John Appelt."
"Your residence?"
"No. 3522 Dashiell street."

"What is your pet's name?" continued the clerk.

"Taffitz," replied the Bridgeporter, as he tried to suppress his blushes.

"The sex, if you please?" was the next question.

"Female," the youth replied, but his answer came very slow, and he acted very much as if he felt that the clerk was inclined to trifle with him.

"Here is your tag," next came from behind the counter, and with it the embarrassed individual was handed a brass tag to tie around his dog's neck.

John grabbed the bit of brass, and paying \$2 for it was given a receipt. He lost no time in getting away, but a few minutes later came back. The ladies he first met were going through the ordeal he had just passed, but undaunted he broke in on them.

"I say, Mr. Clerk, you have made a mistake. I wanted a marriage license, and you gave me a dog's license," and he laughed as he spoke.

"It is your mistake, sir, replied the clerk. You gave the dog's name as Taffitz, the sex as female, and answered all the questions."

"Ha, ha," rejoined the Southsider, as he went on to explain that his intended wife's name was Taffitz, and that the only mistake he had made was in coming to the wrong place for what he wanted.

The laugh went around as Appelt returned the brass tag, whereupon the clerk refunded him his \$2 and directed him to the county clerk's office for a marriage license. —Chicago Times.

Here and There.

The preacher turned upside down the hat that was handed up and reversed the lining. Then he said: "Bruders an' sisters, de collection of de saints up in hebbun am milliums, and milliums, but de collection ob dis congregation am only 11 cents. Try'er agin, deacon." —Tid Bits.

STRANGE FREAKS OF BABIES.

A Startling Mania Which Seems to Have Taken Hold of Little Ones.

Within the past three months the police have reported a number of cases where children not over 13 years have either attempted or did kill themselves, says the *Philadelphia Telegraph*. Three of these cases resulted in death, and were subjects for a coroner's inquest. The evidence adduced before Coroner Ashbridge in these three cases has been carefully analyzed, and proves that a suicidal mania is now prevalent among children of tender years in this city.

A most remarkable circumstance connected with these inquests is the fact that nearly all the infantile suicides are girls, whose ages range from 11 to 13 years. The last attempt occurred on Wednesday night, when 13-year-old Florence McClelland, of 2526 Mutter street, tried to take her life by swallowing a dose of laudanum. The little girl not only attempted to kill herself, but actually begged an elder sister to take her life at the same time. The elder sister, named Mamie, was instrumental in driving the thought of suicide from Florence's erratic mind.

The first attempt at suicide brought to the attention of the police occurred on March 9, when 12-year-old Annie Niblick, at 2911 E street, was found dead, hanging in a room at her home. She, prior to her death, was a playmate of Florence McClelland. An inquest held before the coroner proved conclusively that the youngster had deliberately taken her life. The facts in this case as brought out by the coroner were to the effect that the girl had stolen a number of handkerchiefs, and, being afraid of chastisement from her father, which was threatened if she did not return them to the owner, caused her to take her life. Not long after that Florence McClelland, as stated above, attempted suicide and left a note addressed to her mother, stating: "I am going to join Annie Niblick." She swallowed 5 cents worth of laudanum, but the timely arrival of the stomach-pump saved her from death.

Only three days elapsed and then George Simon, aged 13 years, of 1905 Gerhardt street, was found hanging to a tree in the outskirts of the First ward by a policeman. An inquest was held, when it was shown that the lad was incorrigible, and had ended his life in preference to chastisement.

Two months passed by after the suicide of young Simon before 11-year-old Katie Kearney, of 2620 Hope street, was found dead hanging by a picture-cord to the wall in the third story of her home. She and a number of companions had introduced a new pastime called "playing hanging," which resulted in Katie's death on Saturday last. Coroner Ashbridge gave this death considerable attention, and thoroughly investigated it. The evidence adduced before him showed that Katie had no reason whatever to take her life, but was accidentally strangled while engaged in a pastime which she and her playmates had originated. A few hours later another little girl named Fitzgerald attempted to take her life at the rope's end, but was discovered in time to be cut down before death ensued.

In speaking of these deaths and explaining his theory as to the cause of them, Coroner Ashbridge this morning said: "I have never ordered post-mortem examinations in any of the cases referred to, because I did not think it necessary. From my experience and personal observations I believe that dime novels, trashy literature and even newspaper sensations have a great deal to do with it. The youngster Simon, no doubt wanted to be a hero, while the little girls who have met a sad fate thought they were taking the part of heroines. The parents of the children, in some instances, are to be blamed for reading the sensational newspaper accounts of these tragic deaths to their offsprings. Children of these tender years should not be told or allowed to read such nonsense, as it is liable to affect their minds and cause them to attempt rash acts in play, which otherwise they would never think of."

It Was Either Way.

A west side gentleman joined the lodge of Elks recently, and has had occasion several times to remain out till a very late hour. His good wife was very much against this kind of work, and not only blew him up every time, but sat up for him on each occasion and commenced her blowing the moment he entered the house. A few evenings since, he broke the news gently to her at the supper table, that it was lodge night, and she immediately began her little song, keeping it up through the entire meal. Being a trifle huffy, he decided not to go at all, and while his wife was in another part of the house, he quietly sneaked up stairs and went to bed. As the evening wore on, the lady grew very cross, and mentally rehearsed the little lecture that she intended giving the noble Elk upon his return. Hour after hour crept by, and still no sign of the heartless brute, and along about one o'clock, the lady was in a mild way, furious. As the clock struck three, she rose from her chair, threw a book at the cat, and went to bed, where she found the object of her wrath, innocently sleeping the sweet sleep of the just. He would probably have never known anything about the vigil of his wife, had not she aroused him and told him what she thought of his outrageous actions. Hereafter, he intends to go to every lodge meeting, for he says he gets scolded any way. —Pech's Sun.

HERE AND THERE.

Chicago has about 2,000 Chinamen. Mummy cloth is revived for dresses. Julia Ward Howe is at San Jose, Cal. Clara Louise Kellogg is in poor health. White hats are numerous in New York. Miss Mather cleared \$36,000 this season. Ellen Terry never plays the same part twice alike.

It is said an imitation maple syrup is patented. Ice cream served in natural tulips is a fresh way.

Rings worn on the thumbs are becoming very stylish.

Mind Reader W. Irving Bishop has started for Australia.

Dr. Mangold, of Kiel, is going to rescue Henry M. Stanley.

John L. Stoddard is writing up for his tenth lecture season.

A novel just issued in Chicago is entitled "A Pure-souled Liar."

"A cool and rainy May is good for grain and hay," is an old-time saying.

The notorious Jose Mansfield is not dead, as reported, but is living in Paris.

Dr. Holland, Monticello, Ga., has worn his Marseilles vest forty-eight years.

It cost Buffalo Bill \$12,000 to bring his "Wild West" back to New York.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor is on a visit to Henniker, N. H., her native town.

The Detroit tower electric lights can be seen at Romeo, forty miles distant.

The largest diamond pin in New York coruscates on Marcus Mayer's shirt.

It is said that Kentucky is the only State which has no State Bar Association.

There are 40,000 reptiles in one room in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Truants in San Francisco are punished by having a mustard plaster put on their backs.

There are twenty-two papers in Milwaukee published in German and only six in English.

Now is the time when Mrs. Paul Pry wants to know what your plans are for the summer.

Miss E. M. Barrett, of West St. Paul, Minn., has made \$60,000 as a real estate broker.

A correspondent in the columns of a contemporary speaks of pure water as a "rare avil."

The other day a St. Louis father returned his son's overcoat, twenty-four years after he had borrowed it.

The barking of a faithful dog in San Francisco awakened its master, who found the building on fire.

A few days ago a bear killed a large cow near Bayview, Fla., and dragged it to a swamp that was near by.

Minister McLane says of Boulanger that he is not a revolutionist, but simply a clever and popular politician.

A letter addressed to a person at "Salt Sent Mree, Mkegaine," reached the right man at Salt Ste. Marie, Mich.

An insane convict escaped from the penitentiary at Decatur, Ill., and walked thirty miles, wearing his handcuffs all the way.

Fragments of the big raft that was broken up while being towed from Nova Scotia to New York have been encountered 1,800 miles east by north of the place where it was lost.

A Kentuckian who won \$3,000 on a horse race figured up his odd debts and found he would have just \$22 left after paying them. He therefore skipped the country with the money.

A woman residing in Maplewood, Mass., and said to be worth \$30,000, was recently refused the privilege of riding in the horse cars of Malden on the ground that she was too uncouth in appearance.

Mrs. William M. Hathaway went out with a revolver at Grand Rapids the other day to make a hole through the rabbit that was eating her garden truck, and succeeded in planting a bullet in her own foot.

William Spencer entered in his fourth matrimonial venture recently at the age of seventy-eight, while his bride aged seventy-four, is indulging in her sixth. Both are in robust health. They live at Shelbyville, Indiana.

The average wages per month of laborers in Michigan without board are \$35.20 and with board, \$16. In 1879 it was \$22.88 without and \$12.76 with board. The average day wages in harvest are \$1.80 without and \$1.40 with board.

There was a Baltimore girl in the party, and when this conundrum was given: "Why is a kiss like the earth?" she skipped the authorized answer and scored one for Baltimore hospitality by announcing: "Because it goes round."

Miss Kate Bishop, an actress in Australia, wears a silver bracelet on the left arm night and day. Her only sister locked it there before she sailed for America to get married. The ship went down with all hands, and the key is with the drowned girl.

The longest tunnel in the world, according to the Bauzeitung fuer Ungarn, is that at Schennitz, Hungary. It is over ten miles long, has been building many years, and has cost about \$5,000,000. It is used to drain the extensive mines in that region, and saves in pumping about \$80,000 a year.

A wonderful landscape on exhibition in Paris has been executed in European and foreign insects. Every desired tone is supplied by 35,000 coleoptera in the foreground, and 4,000 varieties of the insect tribes for the remainder of the pictures. The work required four years of the artist's time.

People who are more or less whimsical may find a certain support and comfort in a report made by a Boston man the other day to a friend who reproached him with being crochety. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I know it, I like it. I cultivate crochets as at once the cheapest and the most fruitful source of amusement open to me."

A recent deer hunt near Martin, Tenn., came to a queer end. After the sportsmen had chased the deer for several miles, and the hounds were close at its heels, the frightened animal turned suddenly, and running up to one of the hunters, tucked its head under his arm, as if for protection. No one had the heart to kill the pleading animal, and the hunt was abandoned.

THE PONY EXPRESS.

Ben Holliday's Jockeys and Their Daring Unrivalled Rides.

"For years after the completion of the Union Pacific railroad the speed averaged less than twenty miles an hour, and this gave the iron horse but about eight hours a day advantage over the four-legged steeds employed by the pony express run by the famous Ben Holliday."

The speaker was Richard Berry, a Canon City (Col.) miner, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "A letter would be sent from Sacramento to Nebraska at the rate of two hundred and seventy-five miles a day. When it is remembered that this was done over an almost desert country, without good roads, and that two great mountain chains were crossed on the trip, the feat appears in its true proportion."

"Every thing depended upon the riders, and Holliday managed to collect a force of jockeys which has probably never been equaled in the world. They were all light men, one hundred and thirty-five pounds being the outside limit as regards weight, and were required to possess a thorough knowledge of the country over which they rode."

Four hours was a day's work, during which time four horses were used. In the mountain regions the stages were each ten miles long and from twelve to fifteen on the plains. An hour between the stages was the time fixed as a maximum; although the distance was generally ridden in less.

"When I lived in Virginia City my office was just opposite that of the Pony Express Company, and I used to watch with great interest the adventurous horseman who set out every day. Four o'clock in the afternoon was the time fixed for the departure of the mail. At five minutes before that hour the rider made his appearance. He was lightly clad, wore English top boots and sharp spurs. A saddle of very light weight was placed on his horse, it being provided with two sharp hooks in the cantle upon which to hang the bag. Bit, reins and every thing was made as light as possible. Holliday being firmly of the opinion, generally held in racing circles, that the weight of a stable key would win or lose a race."

"At 3:50 the mail agent appeared at the door with the little mail-bag in his hand. The rider mounted and the bag was fastened to the saddle. The moment the clock struck the key was turned in the lock, and after that there was not money enough in Virginia to get a letter in that bag."

"Away the horseman went at full gallop, dropping into a sharp trot when he struck the steep up-grade half a mile from the city, and breaking into a gallop as soon as he reached the top, which was not interrupted for ten miles. At the end of the first stage his remount was ready, an attendant transferred the bag from one horse to another, and after a delay of less than ten seconds the mail was again under way."

"Just before eight o'clock the same rider would return to Virginia City, bringing the return mail, having ridden forty miles and a little over in the interval. This constituted his day's work and for it received ten dollars."

Horrors of an Asylum.

A joint committee of the New Jersey Senate and Assembly, after a two weeks' recess, yesterday continued its investigation of the management of the State Insane Asylum at Morris-town. Several witnesses swore that tainted meat, rancid butter and stale eggs had been used in the asylum, while others testified that such things had never come to their notice. It was clearly demonstrated that the ill-feeling existing between Warden Monroe and his followers on the one hand and the medical staff and their subordinates on the other had frequently resulted in the neglect of patients.

Charles A. Fisher, a man-of-all-work at the asylum, testified that one of his duties was to inspect shipments of meat to the institution. He never allowed poor meat to enter the institution. When questioned about some calves that were said to be bad he declared that the meat merely looked bad because it had been bruised. The witness denied all knowledge of any bad meat being buried on the farm. He stated that before coming to the asylum he had been a member of the New York Stock Exchange and that he had also been in the Custom-House.

Samuel Nunn, an assistant butcher, said he had seen various kinds of bad meat used at the asylum during the past year. One lot of veal was green and sticky, and the forequarters smelled rank. Bad carcasses were frequently thrown in the bone heap. Meat had been sent to the asylum which was not fit to eat. Then he was asked:

Q. Why did you cut it up if it was not fit? A. I simply obeyed orders. Once sixty-five sheep came, part of which were bad. Another time 125 sheep were on hand so long that they spoiled. Generally the mutton had to be trimmed a good deal, and on one occasion it took thirty-five sheep to make a meal where twenty-five would have been sufficient had they been sound.

Roger Fort, an employee in the storeroom, said that he had frequently sent out bad butter to the patients. Some of it was sent back and that he saved for cooking. In a lot that came about two months ago there were about thirty tubs that were bad.

Elizabeth Bell, for nineteen months an employee in the kitchen, who gave damaging testimony against Warden Monroe at a previous hearing, was recalled. She testified that the Warden

discharged her last Sunday, telling her that he had more help than he needed. Then she told this:

About three weeks ago Mr. Monroe told me to testify so as not to injure him. He told me that I could give damaging testimony against him, but that I might give it in a way which would not injure him.

A written statement purporting to have been made by Miss Bell in Warden Monroe's office was submitted by Monroe's lawyer. In one sentence Miss Bell was reported as stating that Mrs. Monroe, the Warden's wife, always tried to get the best of food for the patients. This and other like statements Miss Bell forcibly denied having made. She gave an instance where Mrs. Monroe had refused to fill out a requisition for fruit, claiming that there was none in the storeroom, when, in fact, there were grapes and bananas there. On another occasion hot milk has been ordered in a hurry for a sick patient, but Mrs. Monroe had refused to furnish it till she was given a written requisition.

Several witnesses testified to seeing worms and maggots in the oatmeal at different times, and it also appeared that cockroaches were numerous. It was stated by several that since the investigation began there had been an improvement. A good deal of evidence was given relative to "sour hash" and "sour soup." The cook who made the soup said he put wine in it, which made it taste sour. Several witnesses were produced who had known attendants to eat "special diet" which had been ordered for sick patients. Michael Rice, employed as a nurse at the asylum from September, 1885, to March, 1887, told how an attendant named Buck hid a whole turkey, intended for ten patients, under his pillow and later invited his friends in to feast with him. Robbery of this kind, he said, was carried on systematically by some attendants. The Supervisors sometimes knew of these occurrences, but they were never reported.

Martin Madden, now a watchman, but formerly an attendant, testified to clothing belonging to patients being mixed up with that furnished by the asylum. He told of declining to carry out Dr. McFarland's orders when the latter had directed him to mark a lot of clothing that was private property. —New York World.

Millions in It.

Among the great men who are off their base in the matter of health, is Jay Gould, who is worth several hundred million dollars. He was out west with his private car, and a private doctor or two, and got sick, run back to Kansas City after medicine, and then started for Colorado with a case of stomach trouble, brain difficulty, insomnia, and a few things like that, his condition being so bad that he had to have his car sidetracked at night so he could sleep. Probably Mr. Gould would give a check for a hundred million dollars, if he could secure good health. That would be the largest check ever given, but he would give it cheerfully if he could be as well as he was when he used to travel around Vermont with a one-horse wagon, selling tin ware and mouse traps, and taking pay in paper rags and old junk. Money has been a curse to him, because it has made him almost a lunatic on the subject of accumulating more money. He has never had any real pleasure, what a poor man would consider enjoyment, since he became so rich. He is afraid for his life, afraid that some person who has been impoverished by his manipulations, will kill him. He is afraid of the dark, and does not know what it is to have any fun. He has laid up so many millions that to lose it will kill him, and to leave it will very likely ruin his boys, or break down their health, to take care of it. And what does it all amount to? Such wealth makes a man uncomfortable. It is like a slim man becoming fleshy. When a slim man weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, accumulates ten pounds of flesh, he begins to think he is something of a fellow, and when his weight gets up to 175 pounds he thinks he is a great man. But when he gets his weight up any higher, every pound hurts him, and at two hundred and fifty pounds he wants to die. He has got to much of a good thing, and he hates to look at himself in the glass, and he sees heart disease, dropsy, and a dozen other diseases staring back at him. Like the millionaire, he does not know what to do with his wealth of fat. Poor Jay Gould! He is unhappy, worn out with care and anxiety, and it is only a question of a few weeks or months when he must leave all these millions to the boys. A year ago he decided to have a little fun, and he had a yacht built at an expense of half a million, which required a crew as large as an ocean steamer, and then he was sea-sick and remained in the cabin while the crew enjoyed themselves all over Europe. Had he built a hundred dollar scow and taken one companion for a trip down the Mississippi, shooting and fishing, he would have enjoyed it, but he was so rich he had to build a floating palace that he couldn't sleep in to save his life. What he ought to have done was to buy a shot-gun and a spike tailed dog twenty years ago, and gone off and tried to keep up with the dog across the continent. A palace car may get there sooner, but it is health that goes with dogs, across lots. After a man begins to break down it is no time to have fun. —Peck's Sun.

Surprising Corroboration.

Amy: "I like Charlie; his kisses are so nice!" Belle (with enthusiasm): "Aren't they!" —Tid-Bits.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Certain Obnoxious Methods in Domestic Partnerships.

The fretful partner is like an incurable disease, and should be run off to the hospital for incurables just as soon as the case has become chronic, says the Woman's Magazine. Fretfulness clogs the wheels of the whole domestic machine and dampens the genial atmosphere that belongs to the home; clouds the sunshine that should warm and brighten it. It is an intolerable evil, and, if it can not be abated by mild methods, it should be indicated as a nuisance. The extravagant partner never counts the cost of anything that is desired, but plunges headlong into all sorts of foolish purchases. He is a veritable Toodles. The penurious partner goes as reprehensively in the opposite direction, and his parsimony makes the other half of the firm miserable. The lazy partner seeks to throw the entire cares of the bread-getting upon the other, and yet expects to fare as well. Happily we have no domestic firms in this country in which the weaker partner is degraded by the slavish labor imposed upon her, as it is in some countries, where the woman is seen doing or assisting in the work of an animal—a beast of burden—while the noble husband performs some easier task. It is well that public opinion would not tolerate such a barbarous spectacle here. There are cases, no doubt, where the wife suffers enough of indignity and neglect without that. Of course all of these domestic firms can not be wealthy ones, but all can and should be equal in the division of the profits that accrue from their joint efforts to keep up the reputation and promote the prosperity of the concern. The average woman, among the class of people who depend upon employment for their being, does full as much work, of her own kind, as the man, and, as a rule, does it with less grumbling; she spends less out of the general fund for beer and tobacco, and yet receives less dividends than he does. Such partnerships are glaringly inequitable, and though sanctioned by custom, should not exist. Man—must I say it—is an egotistical animal, and though we have a hard-working partner in his wife, almost invariably speaks of "my farm" and "my house," even if his gentler partner has contributed largely toward acquiring it. In many of these domestic partnerships the woman makes far the longer days, working, perhaps, till bed-time, while the other smokes his pipe and reads his newspaper, and yet he hugs himself with the idiotic delusion that he is supporting this weary creature, who does a hundred things that never enter his obtuse brain. In his conceit it is only he who toils, while those frailer hands and more thoughtful head are doing far more than he to build up and strengthen this domestic establishment.

A Notorious Paris Tavern.

Pere Lunette, or "Old Daddy Goggles," the proprietor of one of the most infamous taverns in Paris, has just gone to join the majority of villains and cut-throats whom he had often supplied with fiery potato brandy to fortify them in their progress toward La Roquette and the guillotine. His establishment (the Daily Telegraph's Paris correspondent says) was well known to detectives, slummers, students of low life, and even inquisitive tourists. It is situated in the Rue des Anglais, in the notorious Quarter Maubert, but will soon be pulled down. The interior of the tavern and the doings of its frequenters have often been described, and it was there that Gil Nana, the actor who created the role of Coupeau in the "Assommoir," studied his prototype in the person of one of Pere Lunette's customers, who was subject to fits of the "blue devils," after he had partaken copiously of the liquor dispensed. Of late years, however, the nauseous tavern was a comparatively quiet place; for the locality surrounding it had been cleared of much of its rascality by the police. The cut-throats, "er-b-crackers," and general marauders of Paris nowadays inhabit Aubervilliers and other dingy suburbs of the metropolis, and only visit places like Pere Lunette's or the Chateau Rouge when they have little to fear from the police. Nevertheless Pere Lunette and local Bonifaces like him always had a stock of retired blackguards on hand to show visitors or tourists. These "lions of crime" had all qualified themselves for exhibition by bloodthirsty deeds which they had expiated legally by long terms of imprisonment in the hulks or in New Caledonia, and they were generally to be seen in their haunts engaged in playing cards, smoking foul cigarettes and imbibing poisonous beverages.

Why She Wept.

Political stump speaker (coming home in a great rage): "My dear, look at me! I have been egged again." Wife (weeping): "Oh, John, I—I wouldn't care so much, but you know yellow isn't a fashionable color this year." —Burlington Free Press.

Seaside Ecstasy.

She (looking at the sea): "How grand, how glorious, George, it is to watch the angry waves as they lash themselves against the shore!" He (with equal ecstasy, but less fluency): "Yes, and—and—how damp it all seems!" —Life.

A Superstitious Old Man.

"Old Pete Dempsey," as he is familiarly called, is a queer looking old man with a frost-bitten expression of countenance, who enjoys considerable popularity in Austin, Texas, on account of his skill in predicting bad weather and in doctoring horses. Sam Randle is a comparative stranger in Austin, being a new arrival, who is skeptical about religious matters, and is noted for the insulting candor with which he expresses his opinions. These two, with several others, were seated in the shade in front of a livery stable discussing such matters of national importance as the dusty condition of the Austin boulevards, how the negroes were going to vote next election, etc., etc. Finally, the conversation drifted to Bob Ingersoll, spiritualism and kindred topics.

"Some folks," says old Pete, "believe in omens comin' true, and when I think of the many miraculous things I've seen I don't wonder they believe in 'em."

The stranger smiled scornfully and observed that there was no coincidence about omens which was very remarkable. Uncle Pete asked what particular coincidence that was.

"When I hear an ugly old man with a wart on his chin say that he believes in ghosts and the like, it is always a remarkable coincidence that it ain't long before he lands in the lunatic asylum. Believin' in omens is a sure sign that softening of the brain has done set in."

As the stranger looked straight at old Pete, and as the latter had a wart about as big as a thimble on his chin, the remark savored of personality. However, old Pete did not resent it. He was as quiet as a bowl of clabber.

"Well," said the old man, "I don't suppose one omen amounts to much, but when there is a concatenation of two omens—I mean when one omen comes at perihelion with another omen, as we astronomers say; that is one omen charges a man in front and simultaneous-like a second omen charges him at the rear—then he is a gone coon."

"What sort of drivel is that, anyhow?" asked a stranger, with a sneer.

"Wall, I'll give yer an instance. About twenty years ago there was a man named Smackers stoppin' with me. He was as healthy a man as you ever see. He was eatin' his breakfast one Friday mornin'. He happened to knock over the salt-cellar. That's two omens in perihelion. 'They concatenate, you see, and before night that man was dead.'"

The listeners had become interested. "Drop dead of heart disease?" asked one.

"No."

"What killed him, then?"

"The omens was the cause of it, but he fell off a scaffold and broke his neck."

"Couldn't that have happened on any other day?"

"No; that was the day set by the judge."

"What judge?"

"You see the unfortunate man was under sentence of death when he knocked over the salt. He was eatin' his last breakfast. I was the sheriff, and the day before I saw a rabbit run across the road and I knew—"

"You are a fraud," said the stranger, jumping to his feet.

In less than five minutes Old Pete had mauled that stranger so that his own mother might have passed him on the street in the broad glare of the noonday sun and not recognized him.

"Yes," observed Old Pete, calmly, as they removed the injured man to the nearest drug store, "I was afeared somethin' unpleasant was goin' to happen, for last night I dreamt about snakes, and that always means trouble." —Texas Siftings.

A Murderer's Pet.

For some time Deacons, the condemned murderer of Mrs. Stone, has had a companion in his cell. It was a mouse that he caught some weeks ago, and finally succeeded in taming and training. He had taught it to walk a tight-rope—a string stretched from his cell door to his hand—to sit upright on top of his ink bottle, to come at his call and to go through many other performances of which the ordinary mouse has not even the faintest conception. Deacons has always seemed fond and proud of his pet. It slept with him every night, making a warm nest for itself under the edge of his pillow, and was his constant companion. The bright-eyed little animal seemed to have entirely conquered its natural timidity, so far as its master was concerned, and showed its fondness and gratitude for kindness in every way it could. For some time past Deacons has been trying to get another mouse, having planned to construct a miniature carriage and train the two to draw it. This idea had taken strong possession of his mind, and he talked constantly about it. But yesterday when the attendant entered his cell a dog belonging to Sheriff Hodgson followed him unobserved, and before he could be prevented had caught and instantly killed the little beast. Deacons' emotion was genuine and unstrained. Nothing that has occurred since his sentence seems to have moved him so much. He is still greatly disturbed, and every one about the jail sympathizes with him. —Rochester Democrat.

He Uses the Smaller Word.

Miss Ada: "How do you pronounce M-e-p-h-i-s-t-o-p-h-e-l-e-s, Mr. Smith?" Mr. Smith: "I never pronounce it. I simply mention his home address." —Tid-Bits.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Astors own 8,000 buildings in the city of New York.

Exporters claim that shipments of Indian wheat are increasing.

A pound of pennies is worth \$142. A pound of five-cent pieces is worth \$455.50.

A planter at Brooksville, Fla., cleared \$10,000, off a cabbage patch of 100 acres.

Three steamships brought 2007 immigrants to Castle Garden, New York, on Saturday last.

Since 1861 the Government has paid to retired army officers the total sum of \$16,550,000.

New York city has a storage capacity of 1,000,000 barrels of flour and dock room equal to 2,000,000 barrels.

During the month of May 23,645 emigrants went out from the United Kingdom. Of this total 4443 were from Ireland.

The new hatching house at Plymouth, N. H., will be twice as large as the other, with a capacity of 2,000,000 eggs.

In Cuba the long-expected rains have at last become general, and will do much towards hastening the termination of the sugar crop.

From Montreal the total exports of cheese since Jan. 1 to June 2 were 24,875 boxes, against 33,175 in 1887, 33,544 in 1886, 43,000 in 1885, and 35,810 in 1884.

Included in the total shipments from New York city during the week ending June 2, were 716 live cattle, 7,445 quarters of beef and ten live sheep.

The first shipment of watermelons reached New York on Tuesday. There were two carloads. They were quickly sold to the leading hotels at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per melon.

During last August, September and up to the middle of October, between 75,000 and 85,000 lambs and sheep were slaughtered by one company in Aroostook county, Me.

The average acreage of productive vineyards in France for the past ten years was 5,815,435 acres, while in 1887 it was only 4,804,262 acres, a deficit of 511,167 acres.

Maryland's oyster output comes from about 200 miles of fisheries. The annual production is over 10,000,000 oysters, worth about \$5,000,000, of which about \$2,000,000 is made by the 55,000 employes.

There was such a glut of Southern vegetables in the New York market on last week Tuesday, that thousands of crates were emptied into the harbor. This was done to secure a demand for the next arrivals.

The harvesting of the honey crop in California is now in progress, and will be continued through June and July, sellers want six cents, but dealers think the yield so large that 5½ cents should be the price.

The question of the hour in France is the extreme depression which has fallen upon agricultural interests, and the steadily increasing embarrassments which now weigh upon proprietors and cultivators of the soil.

At one time Great Britain, besides supplying her own wants, exported butter to France, but during the last fifty years she has imported both butter and cheese, foreign supplies increasing at much greater ratio than the population.

The four-year-old Shorthorn bull Crown Prince, bred in England, has been sold to New York parties for breeding purposes. He was got by Shapinsbury, and out of a member of the Lovely family, and has done excellent service in the Beauford herd.

Advices from Newfoundland state that the outlook for the fisheries this season is anything but favorable. The whole coast has been blockaded with ice, which has remained longer than the oldest resident remembers it to have ever done before.

The movement of hogs the past week has been somewhat enlarged, the total packing in the West reaching 215,000, against 185,000 the preceding week, and 205,000 for the corresponding week last year, the total since March 1 being approximately 10,000 hogs in excess of a year ago.

The English snarrow makes enemies wherever he goes. He has become domiciled in Mobile, and his tribe is increasing so fast there that a note of warning is raised that unless the birds are exterminated they will soon create havoc in the gardens and farms of that section.

The little cluster of Islands in the Pacific, just off the Patagonian coast, furnish forage for 400,000 sheep. There are no bushes or trees of any kind on the islands, and the entire surface is covered with a bed of peat which would supply the world. Over the peat is a thick growth of short but very nutritious grass, on which the sheep thrive wonderfully.

A correspondent in the west writes that fine weather from this time on will do much to improve the condition of the crops, and will give us a larger yield of spring wheat that will go toward counteracting the falling off in the winter wheat crop to some extent, but the season is backward throughout the west, and the general situation of supplies points to higher rather than lower prices.

The bulk of eggs that find their way into the New York market are shipped from Iowa, Nebraska, Canada and a few from Dakota. Most of the Southern States, principally Virginia and South Carolina and Kentucky, ship to New York, but this quality of eggs is not so fine as those which come from the more northerly climates, and hence do not find as ready a sale nor bring as good prices.

Of the old stock left in California at this date there is a fair supply of evaporated apples and plums. Apricots, both sun-dried and evaporated, are practically exhausted. Sun-dried peaches, unpeeled, and evaporated peaches, both peeled and unpeeled, are practically exhausted. The drying of apricots will commence about the middle to the last of June, and of peaches about the middle of July.

The Illinois state entomologist, Prof. Forbes, has written to the agricultural board that he finds out worms more numerous this year through central and southern Illinois than he has ever known them before. The fact is due, doubtless, to the dry weather of the last three years. The root web worm is also especially abundant, and likely to join with the cut worm in doing serious mischief when corn is planted after grass.

