

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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#### City Improvements.

All future improvements made in this city should be substantial. An eye should always be had to the wants of the future. More should be provided than enough to supply present necessities.

It is said that a move is contemplated for a horse car line to the reform school. The age of horse railways for such extensive lines is past. They are used and will continue to be used in cities where established, for some time to come, but they will mostly be supplanted ultimately by something better.

The time is not far distant when all cities of the size of Topeka will have means for rapid transportation, not only into suburbs, but to smaller neighboring towns, in all directions. Such lines will reach out on all sides into the country districts for ten to fifteen miles, and will be the legitimate successors of the old pikes and plank roads of many well settled neighborhoods. They will afford the means by which the urban and rural elements of society are to become more assimilated. For this purpose the common railroad is too expensive; the common horse car too slow. The light less expensive, and more speedy and practical rapid transit or some modified motor will meet the demand.

The April statistical returns to the department of agriculture relate to the condition of winter grain and of farm animals. The season for seeding was long three months in some of the states, and the appearance in winter wheat was uneven, although the plants were rooted. In the states affected by summer drought there was slow germination in soils not well pulverized, causing thin stands in such areas. Hence a superficial impression of the condition was made which our trained correspondent saw at once was deceptive, and that the impairment of status was slight. Later rains improved the prospect. In southern Illinois the soil was in good tilth, and full growth generally good. In the middle states the seeding season was moderately favorable though in some places the soil was dry. In California, with some exceptions a very favorable season for seeding and germination is reported. Drought in Oregon delayed the planter. Only a partial protection was enjoyed in the northern belt. The variable temperature of March seriously injured the plant in the central states of the west, and some loss from winter killing appears even in Texas. On the Atlantic coast winter injury was very light. South of Maryland the temperature was mild and favorable; the present appearance of the crops is quite favorable. As spring is late and the present growth of late sown comparatively small, favorable spring weather might make a material improvement.

The condition of farm animals is comparatively good. There has been some disease among horses, and hog cholera has been somewhat prevalent during the last year in its usual habit. The estimated losses from the disease and casualties are averaged as follows. For each 1,000 animals—Horses 18; cattle, 29; sheep, 46; swine, 78.

The venerable John Spear is writing a series of articles on early Kansas history for the Commonwealth that are very interesting. John Spear is one of the characters in the his ory of the state that has done more for Kansas than it has ever done for him.

Frank C. Fegley, the salvationist whose undesirable character was exposed by the Hutchinson News, has skipped that town.

Cloud county has a little girl 2 years and 2 months old who it is said possesses extraordinary powers as an elocutionist.

The funeral of John Puterbaugh occurred at Hutchinson a few days ago. Col. J. R. Hallowell delivered an address. Many prominent men were present.

Three children of Fred Leis were found dead on the prairie eight miles north of Brockville Wednesday. They had been herding cattle and were poisoned by eating wild parsnips.

Fargo Springs is reported to be moving bodily, business houses as well as residences, to the new town of Liberal on the border of the neutral strip and at present terminus of the Rock Island railroad.

The Troy Chief says: "In our opinion, in order to make the publishing of country newspapers pay, the blacksmith and butcher who are running fully one half of them 'had ought' to go back to their legitimate trades."

Kansas City Star: The Wichita man who had to be sued by his washwoman for 50 cents, and the Wellington man who gave a dollar to the newsboy who found and returned to him a pocketbook containing \$15,000, have agreed to flip.

The Globe intimates that a Democratic Sunday morning paper will soon be started in Atchison.

When milk sells at 3 cents per quart the price corresponds with that of butter at 25 cents per pound. The butter, however, takes no fertility from the farm, while the sale of milk carries off all the mineral and organic matter of its composition.

The most porous land will stand the drouth best. The increased earliness of fruits and vegetables on well drained land is well understood. They will be at least four days earlier on soil of the same condition and exposure where it is well drained.

Feed stock at regular intervals. Feed them only what they will eat up clean. Waste no feed whatever—there is no use in it, and all food wasted is money wasted. Never overtax the digestive organs by overfeeding, and thus these organs become stronger.

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The earliest sweet corn makes but little growth of stalk. Often the ear is produced not over one foot from the ground on the stalk. The Cory variety is one of the earliest, and also the Pearl. The soil should be rich and kept loose around the plant.

For wounds made on horses or cattle, by barbed wire fences, there is nothing better than a composition made of carbolic acid half an ounce glycerine eight ounces, and water eight ounces. A syringe is a good thing to eject this medicine into the wound.

Early maturing corn is liable to be badly injured by a worm that bores into the ears of corn. But as a rule it is safer to depend for a crop on early corn than late corn, the seasons in the south being usually more favorable to its growth, maturity and development.

It is not the wear of summer, but the rust of winter, that ruins agricultural tools and machinery.

#### The Farmer and His Labor Alliance

The following we find in the American Agriculturist; Farmers are deeply interested in all labor movements. They are pre-eminently the "laboring class." The census of 1880 gives the total number of farms as a little over 4,000,000. The number employed in agriculture was 7,670,000; in manufactures, mechanics and mining, 3,837,000; in professional and personal service, 4,074,000. In this last class the "laborers" are put at 1,859,000, with the remark that many of these are "agricultural laborers," and should be added to the class of those engaged in agriculture, which would, at a reasonable calculation, carry that number above 8,000,000; or about one-half of all employed. The unions and societies formed by those who labor are mostly in cities and towns, and are largely recruited from the classes engaged in mechanical, manufacturing, mining, transportation, trading, and allied pursuits. The agriculturist, as a body, are not "organized" in this way, partly owing to their comparative isolation, and partly to the fact that a definite number of hours for a day's work is hardly compatible with the ceaseless toil of the farmer. Nevertheless farm workers must feel an interest in the welfare of other laborers, particularly as it is an axiom with the specialists in the labor problem, that an increase in the profits of labor on the farm will cause improvement in the wages of labor generally. If this is so, and if the granges and other organizations among farmers are the means of profit and advancement to those for whom they are conducted, a brief statement of results in the most important labor organizations in this country will be of interest to the farming community.

Before doing this, however, it is well to note the progress of the "Farmers Alliance" in some parts of the country. This organization makes a specialty of co-operative buying and selling. In Texas it is estimated that the farmers have saved \$1,000,000 in cotton ginning alone this last year. There are twenty thousand members in that State. In Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan and Minnesota the Alliance has doubled and even tripled its numbers. Ohio increases local Alliances at the rate of a dozen a week. Thirteen hundred Alliances have been chartered in farming regions where there were none a year ago. The Minnesota Farmers Alliance, at its February meeting, passed strongly sympathetic resolutions in regard to those who work in the shops and in mines, and marked with approval the efforts of workers to advance and improve their condition. They also denounce the organization of the great "trusts," which are reaching out for the monopoly of so many of the essentials of life, and invoked in this the aid of the labor organizations, of which there are forty-four National Unions in the United States.

Major Sims, president of the state board of agriculture, says that to the close observer the outlook for a successful crop year in Kansas is better than it has been before for years. The excellent rains of this spring, have given the ground a large latent moisture to draw upon, and he thinks that with no more rain than fell last year after seeding, that there would still be a good crop raised. The outlook for wheat, Major Sims thinks, is the best he ever saw, and there will be a good crop of fruit with the exception of peaches.

Uncut potatoes are less likely to rot than those that are cut, hence potatoes planted early ought not to be cut up much; and if it were not for the expense of seed it would be better not to cut them at all.

## W. W. CURDY'S SPECIAL SALE OF WHITE GOODS, MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 16.

At which time several thousand yards of white goods will be placed on sale at prices never before named.

Some at one half, some at one third and some at one fourth value.

## NEW SPRING GOODS FILLING EVERY DEPARTMENT.

New Carpets, Straw Mattings and Oil Cloths.  
New Dress Goods, Shawls, Jackets and Parasols,  
New Hats, Overalls, Shirts, Gloves and Socks.

Everything that is new, and  
Clothing, Boots, Shoes and  
Slippers,

At prices to close lots. It will pay you to visit our store next week.

## W. W. CURDY.

#### Judge Martin's Visit to Tennessee.

Judge John Martin has returned from a visit to Tennessee, his native State. It is his first visit for thirty years. He has spent the past month in that state and visited many of the leading cities. He says there has been great changes. Northern people are going there, and it seems to be infused with new life, and with energy and push. They are developing rapidly, and especially in manufacturing. Next to Topeka, Nashville is about the finest city in the country. It is quite an educational center, having some half a dozen or more Colleges. He says that Tennessee is in almost as good shape on the temperance question as Kansas, although they do not have prohibition. They have a local option system, and there is a provision in the law that there shall be no saloon within four miles of an incorporated educational institution. Whenever the people desire to get rid of their saloons they incorporate an academy or college and the saloons are then obliged to close up.

Judge Martin spent a good portion of the time in central Tennessee which has a large negro population. The negroes, he says seem to take very little interest in politics, and not more than half of them vote.

When Judge Martin lived in Tennessee it was a vast forest. He says that a stranger will at once notice that the timber has been cut out. A great deal of it has been destroyed without cause.

The saloon keepers of Kansas City will test the constitutionality of the Sunday law, and if they are beaten they will see that it is enforced against all others. Such retaliation will not be very severe even if they carry out their threats. It is just as hard to kick against the pricks as it was long time ago.

False blossom or "rose blossom" on the blackberry (peculiar to the Wilson especially) is caused by a worm hatched from eggs deposited by a winged insect. The canes should be cut below the enlargement caused by the worms, in the fall, and burned, in order to destroy the insects.

Our great and good morning contemporaries are warring bitterly. What one favors the other opposes. It is very naughty in them to quarrel. Brothers should dwell together in unity. Why cannot some good peace maker take Bro. Hudson by the hand and lead him down to Father Baker, and induce them to kiss and make up. To see them in one loving embrace, the Major's face pillowed on the venerable breast of the good old man, would be a scene to make the politicians of Kansas weep for joy. Why can we not have this little heavenly picture here below? Is it because they are too much ingalls for it?

If republicans court defeat they will nominate some such man as Leland Stanford, or Jay Gould. A report says Stanford has consented to the use of his name.

## SEED CORN.

MILLET, All kinds of GRASS and CLOVER SEED, FRESH

## GARDEN SEEDS

AT  
Topeka Seed House,  
304 Kansas Avenue.  
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

## BUILDER'S HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND GARDEN TOOLS.

Farm Implements, Cutlery  
Pumps, &c.

—AT—  
**BABCOCK & PRATT'S**



## The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

FATHER TAAFE, a Louisville priest, has become insane from the excessive use of cigarettes.

THE woman who is always threatening to give another a piece of her mind is one who, as a rule, has no mind to spare.

In olden times it was the martyrs who were burned at the stake. Now it is the steak that is burned for the martyrs.

PREACHERS never strike for higher salary. They are generally too busy trying to get what has already been promised them.

THE ambition to be a millionaire is a low one. If a man waits to be rich before he does good he is apt to get out of the notion of goodness.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL has brought out in London his play called "The Man Who Hesitates." Its companion piece will not be acted. "The Woman Who Hesitates" is lost.

THE attempts to employ dogs in the sentinel service have so well succeeded that it has been decided to extend them to the whole army in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Consequently the dogs are being trained this winter so as to be able to be employed in the great maneuvers in the summer.

In the office of the recorder of deeds, Philadelphia, is preserved a justice's docket over one hundred years old. One of the entries in the volume is as follows: "Commonwealth agt. Stephen Blunt, July 24, 1778. Charged of drinking damnation to General Washington and all his army. Defendant held in £200."

A SINGULAR freak of nature, originally discovered in western Australia, is likely to remain unexplained. It consists of nine fine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft and one on each side of the second pearl. A suggestion is that a fragment of seaweed in the shell of the oyster formed the frame on which the cross was built.

THERE is a Chinaman in Philadelphia who proposes to organize a class composed of his friends, the Sunday school teachers, to learn the Chinese language. He professes to be able to teach it so that one can speak good Chinese with seven months' study. He says that the pleasure of being able to read a Chinese book in the original will fully compensate his pupils for the task in learning the language.

THE Germans recently attempted a "minor mobilization" experiment near Metz. The railroad stationmaster received at 1 o'clock an order to prepare coffee for 2,800 men at 4 and a dinner for the same number at 6:30. At 1 o'clock 2,800 men came in, had their coffee and took the train for another station, and at 6:30 the next 2,800 promptly appeared, dined and went to the next station, where they had coffee, and both parties returned to their quarters the next morning. The attempt was highly successful.

ACCORDING to a scientific journal flame may be produced from snow in the following manner: When a small piece of potassium the size of a grain of corn is dropped into a tumblerful of water some of the oxygen of the water leaves the hydrogen owing to the intense heat which the chemical action produces and combines with the metallic potassium, causing a violet, bluish flame. When the piece of potassium is placed on the wick of a coal oil or alcohol lamp the flame produced by touching the potassium with a bit of snow or ice or a drop of water will inflame it.

Nor a great way from Monterey, in Mexico, is the famous Carthusian table, one of the greatest natural curiosities on the continent. It is a table land, 1,400 feet high and 2,500 above sea level. The figure of the table land is an almost perfect crescent, running east and west, and on its summit is more than 80,000 acres of perfectly level land, abounding in running water. The only way to reach the top is by a perilous road five feet wide and three miles long. This singular mountain was named for the Carthusian monks by a former tribe of Indians who occupied it and were taught by the fathers. It is now owned as a summer resort by Senor Don Patricio Melmo, a rich banker of Monterey, a lucky Irishman, who in his native land was known as Plain Pat Mullens.

## SATAN IN MODERN SOCIETY.

The Debauchery of Our Social Life Attacked by Dr. Dix.

Trinity Chapel was nearly filled with people of the highest fashion last night at the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix's Lenten lecture. Most of those there were women, many of them prominent in social life.

Dr. Dix said that he had to talk upon a subject which it was at once most necessary and most unpleasant to discuss. Impurity of mind and body was one of the most dreadful of human sins. Love was noble and lofty, and the Bible everywhere inculcated it. But the best thing, when corrupted, became the worst, and of all vile and abominable things the vilest and most abominable was the horrid passion which took the place of the sacred flame. To the pure all things were pure, but to the lustful nothing was pure. Desire was natural and good in its place. "Oh, God from the whom all holy desires proceed," were the blessed words of the collect. But the will of the flesh was substituted to the will of God.

"When Adam and Eve sinned," said Dr. Dix, "they were ashamed, for they knew that they were wicked. But men have become hardened now, and have set up the lust of the flesh as a special and worthy desire. Schools of philosophy teach this frightful doctrine. Poetry idealizes it. Painters and sculptors delight to picture the nude in lascivious forms. The carnal has been exalted with a cultus called religion. It is a noticeable fact that this sin, which theology has named concupiscence, goes hand in hand with infidelity. St. Clement of Alexandria has depicted the shameful things of paganism in words which I shall not repeat, but which, if I did, would drive you from your seats with horror. The characteristic of paganism has always been licentiousness. The battle which Christ began is still on—the church against the world, against pagan philosophy and habits. Wherever pagan philosophy is, its followers adopt the horrid pagan practices as much as they can, and look wistfully back to the panorama of pagan lust and corruption in the old days.

"The devil has a double-headed propaganda on foot to-day—of infidelity and of impurity. He is at work everywhere. The missionaries of the cross find the heathen naked, indolent and licentious. And in France we see in this age a political propaganda of atheism and a social and literary carnival of indecency. There flourishes a literature which is unequalled for licentiousness in any time or age, and a school of art whose motto is to display the naked human body in every lascivious and filthy attitude. Nowhere is there a more easy field for this devil's propaganda than in America, and the signs of his handiwork are on every side. We see the public journals pandering to an unwholesome appetite by feeding the public mind with the filthy details of criminal and licentious deeds. We see a popular school of fiction, the plots of whose books are mostly adultery, murder, seduction and suicide; whose heroes and heroines lead immoral lives and make a jest of purity. We see a poetry which seductively stimulates animal passion; dramas which whet a sensual appetite and glorify murder and shame; salacious and licentious figures used on every hand as advertisements, and pictures imported from a foreign school I am ashamed to say, of a shocking lascivious character.

"And what is the state of society in which these things are? The poorer classes, living in crowded tenement houses in which it is impossible to be decent! Girls among the higher classes taught to cultivate the attractions of their bodies and to lure men by these—young girls with their lurches of a dozen courses and half a dozen courses of wine—shamefully attired at the opera and fondled by the hands of careless men, and holding supper parties afterward, where champagne and the liquors flow—listening to broad speeches and filthy gossip and unclean stories which make them lose all faith in virtue and manhood of men—when married, so accustomed to flattery and flirtation that their husband comes to occupy a second place in their affections until separation or divorce follows!

"These are the commonest things to-day. We see men in high social places whom no self-respecting woman ought to admit over the threshold of her home—flirtations carried on by people, each of whom has plighted his or her troth, probably, to two or three persons scandal and disgraceful stories about households, with strange hinting at mysterious and immoral doings in high places the common gossip; married men with the devil's look in their eyes and their adulterer's desire in their hearts running after young girls, and all biding the men and women hold their tongues who dare to cry out against the horrid business.

"If these are the things in sight in the open day, what in heaven's name are the things out of sight? Think of the sin and shame which one night in New York hides! In the slums and fanbores, dance houses and ballrooms the theatres, with naked women on the stage and naked women in the boxes—with men behind the scene, dallying with the actresses—men who invent a story of business and absence for the ears of loving wives and daughters at home; the adulterer stealing forth and saying to himself, 'In the twilight no

man shall see me?' I have said all that dare to say.

"The drift of the age is towards even greater license and indulgence. There is a school gaining ground which teaches that passion is natural and is to be obeyed. Oh, how great is the need of Christian women! What influence might they wield for the better—some whom I see before me? Oh, women bethink you of your duty and your power! You know how young women are tempted, what books they read, the gossip they hear, the fool jests of evil-minded men which are poured into their ears while other women stand by as chaperons—the very life they lead, so that one season takes the bloom from the face and the modest look from the eye. Oh, will you help to do away with these things?"—*New York Sun.*

## Why Girls Go Wrong.

That the daughter of a millionaire has eloped with a coachman is in the daily prints as regularly as the accounts of the sea serpent. That the daughter of the best family has wedded a worthless fellow is talked about in every village, and town, and city as universally as the international Sunday-school lesson. That girls like bad boys best, and that they will forsake father and mother, disregard the advice of their truest friends and bring desolation to the hearts of all, rather than denounce a dissolute fellow, are facts too patent to require proof. What is the cause of this? In well-to-do families the girls are spared every effort and deprived of every opportunity to exercise their will power, and constantly grow up wholly unprepared to exercise their judgment decision and action. The sentimental, poetic, delirious period arrives. The emotional nature, under the stimulus of awaking faculties, now becomes supreme, and the girl is wholly under its control. If this neglect of her intellectual and volitional nature is the cause, then the remedy is readily suggested. Let her intellect be exercised like that of her brothers. Let her study mathematics, history, government, science. Try to make her sensible instead of accomplished. Feed her mind on strong sensible thoughts of good books, and do not starve it on the slop of the fashion magazine and sensational novels. Give her something to do that will require judgment, decision and stability of purpose. Expose her to the hardships of child-life rather than shield her from them. There should be no difference in a girl's and a boy's life until they are ten years of age. She ought to be the equal of her brother in out-of-door sports. Until they are fifteen years of age they ought to have the same training in school. As much ought to be expected from her as from him. After that time their education should differ, according to their different spheres of action.

A true affection is an anchor to character, and if a girl's life were securely anchored at home she would not so easily be driven out to sea. The father rather than the mother, is or can be a favorite with the daughter. If a father wishes to fortify his daughter against folly, let him retain her love and confidence. Not simply respect and esteem but love. And to do this he must feed the love of the child until that love ripens into the genuine affection of a woman. Many fathers deceive themselves. They think their daughters do love them. They will think this when they cannot remember ever to have had a confidential interchange of thoughts, aspirations and secrets, such as we have only with those we love and fully trust. They cannot remember when they had a caress or anything but a formal kiss; and yet they think their daughters love them. Does your daughter reveal her heart to you? Does she really enjoy being with you? Will she forsake the society of others to be with you? If your daughter has loved you from infancy and found in you that true friend that she ought to find, do you think that she will forget all this and go contrary to your wishes? She will not fall in love deliberately, and her father, who has her confidence, can counteract the leading if convinced that she has made a mistake in her choice for life.

## English and American Kitchens.

A Philadelphia lady who has just returned from a long visit to London was recently discussing certain domestic points peculiar to England and comparing them with relative matters here. "We all know," she said, "as housekeepers the worry we have if our kitchens are in the basement, though they have elevators and dumb-waiters, stationary wash-tubs, hot and cold water, are carpeted and fitted with every conceivable convenience. In a London house the kitchens are always in the basements—no elevators, no wash-tubs and by no means any 'frivolities' in the way of conveniences. But an English kitchen is a picture, nevertheless. The bright tins and coppers, the burnished silver covers ranged in sizes, the well-stored cupboards, the many tables for every conceivable purpose, the range of the most perfect make and large size and the entire absence of the dirty part of the kitchen work which is confined to the adjoining scullery, make a contrasting picture of aggravation to us, who, while we adore all these kitchen virtues, seldom arrive at them. Though our kitchens in Philadelphia be large and airy, our help, as a rule, are incapable of sustaining the dignity of an English cook, who is a person of dignity and respectability. We pay high wages, give great privileges and are not allowed to order our own diners and, at any rate, are not expected to re-order the remains."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## DRIVING A HERD OF SEALS.

A Hundred Thousand of the Animals Secured by the Aleuts Within About Forty Days.

The driving of fur seal inland is not uninteresting, says Frederick Schwatka in *Women for March*. A number of Aleuts having gotten between the animals on the shore—most of them probably asleep—and the water's edge, the latter awakening and finding their retreat to the surf cut off, scramble further up on the land. The Aleuts, probably a dozen in number, form a sort of funnel shape skirmish line and approach the animals which keep retreating before them. To prevent their being overheated by exertion, which might effect the skin if not immediately stripped from the slain animal, they are seldom driven much faster than half a mile an hour, and often allowed to rest. As far as possible the selection is made from male animals about 3 or 4 years old when the fur is in the prime; but as the maximum strength and belligerency is not reached for a few years after this it is easy to see why the best animals for fur have not the best places on the rockeries, but are found skulking off by themselves. So numerous are they, and so easy to drive to the killing grounds, that the Aleuts have no trouble in securing the whole 100,000 in a week or ten days over a month's time. There is an object in hurrying the work, as the skins are better earlier in the season, but if there is much warm weather during this time the driving is slower and all other work is correspondingly retarded.

The seals having cooled off two or three hours, they are killed in herds of about 100 to 150 strong by striking them on the head with peculiarly-shaped clubs made particularly for this purpose. If the day is warm they skin the animals rapidly, killing but few at a time, but if cold they can kill even 1,000 or so before beginning work in the skins. It takes about five minutes to skin a seal, a work that is very severe, although in cases it has been done by very active men in a minute and a half.

## Value of Life in Mexico.

"I was at one of the large hotels in the City of Mexico, and had gone to my room intending to go to bed. My room looked out over the main entrance of the hotel. It was about 11 o'clock, and the theater goers and others were thronging into the hotel restaurant. I could hear the women laughing and the chatter of the men. All at once there came a little extra burst of sound; not much of a disturbance, but still enough to make me curious to discover the cause. I walked to the window and looked down on the street. I saw a group of five or six men; they were no longer talking noisily, and they separated in a minute or two when a couple of police officers appeared. Then I saw that a man was lying on the ground. The policemen took the recumbent man and dragged him away. I was too sleepy to care about going down stairs to find out what had occurred.

"Next morning I asked some of the gentlemen I knew in the hotel about the affair. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'a mere trifle. One of the waiters in the cafe had been paying too much attention to a gentleman's wife. The gentleman called to see the waiter last night and when he came to the door slipped a knife into him. That's all.'

"'Was he badly wounded,' asked I. 'He's dead,' was the laconic response.

"At the suggestion of a friend I attended the judicial inquiry into the killing before the magistrate. The aggrieved husband was there—he had been arrested and told the court how he had warned this waiter to stop calling his wife more than once, and finding that words would not cure him of his passion, he put an end to the affair with his knife.

"The magistrate nodded his head in approval as did everybody else. Under like circumstances they would have done the same. The husband was congratulated on his executive ability and allowed to part with honor."—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

## A Costly Smoke.

"Will you not smoke with me?" said a preacher who was supplying a church that Sunday with a view to a call. The father of that young man, thus offered a cigar had quit the use of tobacco for fear that his son might take to it. That cigar, handed out by the preacher, turned the scales, and he was not called to that church. The mother of the young man said: "We are not extremists, but we prefer that our sons should not use tobacco. How can we keep them from it if our own pastor uses it?" That was a three-thousand-dollar cigar—we mean that it was a three-thousand-dollar salary which the cigar turned into smoke."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

## A Good Deed in a Naughty World.

Two respectable and clever ladies, Miss Mary Carson and Miss Fannie Merritt, live on a little farm about seven miles from Athens, in Sandy Creek district. They had secured a lot of rails for the purpose of building a fence which were strewn along at different points. Unknown parties repaired to the farm in the moonlight and put up the fence, over one hundred panels in length, leaving the occupants of the farm in blissful ignorance as to who it was that performed the kind act."—*Athens (Ga.) Chronicle.*

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

### VINEGAR CANDY.

Three cups of sugar, half a cup of water, two-thirds cup of vinegar. Boil, without stirring, till brittle.

### BROILED SARDINES.

Take large sardines, wipe, roll in flour and broil. Serve on toast, with slices of lemon for garnish and relish.

### WHITE CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of corn starch, one cup of butter, whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda.

### COOKIES.

Four eggs, 1½ cups sugar, one tablespoonful good vinegar, one tablespoonful soda. Flour to taste. Beat butter and sugar together, add the beaten eggs, vinegar and the dissolved soda.

### BAKED MACARONI.

Cook the macaroni tender in broth, and take twice its weight in minced chicken or meat, adding two well-beaten eggs, three ounces of butter, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Mix the ingredients well, put them in a deep dish and bake until a light brown crust is formed upon the top.

### CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Line the inside of a plain round mold with savory biscuits, cutting and placing them at the bottom to form a rosette, standing them upright and close together; fill with any flavored cream, but omitting the fruits, place the mold in ice; let it remain till ready to serve, turn over on a dish, and remove the mold.

### ROAST PIGEONS.

Pick, draw and truss them, keeping on the feet; chop the liver with some parsley, add crumbs of bread, pepper, salt and a little butter; put this dressing inside; slit one of the legs and slip the inside through it; skewer and roast for half an hour; baste them well with butter. Serve with bread sauce.

### FISH CHOWDER.

Take any large fish, and cut it in thin slices, lay some slices of fat bacon at the bottom of the pot, and then a layer of fish, onions, cracker dust, red and black pepper, salt and butter; then more layers until you have used all the fish. Cover the whole with water and cook until done.

### LYONNAISE POTATOES.

Slice a quart of cold boiled ones. Fry to a nice yellow a tablespoonful of onion chopped fine in three tablespoonfuls of butter; add to this the potatoes and a tablespoonful of minced parsley, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Stir carefully so as not to break the potatoes, until they are well browned, when they are done. Serve hot.

### LIGHT PASTE FOR CHEESE CAKES.

Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth; mix with it as much water as will make three-fourths of a pound (leaving out a little for dredging) of flour into a stiff paste. Roll it very thin; lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in small bits. Dredge it with some of the flour left over and roll up tight; roll it out again; put on the same amount of butter, and so on till all be worked up.

### CHARTREUSE CAKE OF VARIOGATED FRUITS.

Line a charlotte mold very tastefully with various kinds of fruits (such as stoned cherries, strawberries, pieces of peaches, apricots, etc.) by dipping them into jelly, forming some designs at the bottoms of the mould, and building them in reverse rows up the sides, having the mold previous placed in ice; when well set, terminate as in the strawberry charlotte.

### BLANC MANGE.

To one quart of milk add one ounce of isinglass, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg, half of the peel of a lemon and a bay leaf. Simmer over a slow fire, stirring till the isinglass is dissolved, pass it through a napkin into a basin and pour into a mold. This can be made any color or flavor that will not curdle the milk; the milk of bitter almonds may be added to flavor it.

### In Silken Hose.

In silken hose and powdered hair,  
And gay pumps twinkling at the toes,  
He had no vulgar flesh to spare  
In silken hose!  
His cheeks were like Moore's laggard rose;  
And though he breathed Parisian air,  
Lascivious wrinkles were his woes.  
Time planned for him no sudden snare.  
But plucked age—his worst of foes—  
Laid all his imperfections bare!  
In silken hose!  
—Century.

### Our Home Heathen.

An 11-year-old girl, complainant against her drunken father in Brooklyn, testified that she had never heard of God, nor ever known her mother to speak of him. Yet Brooklyn is the City of Churches, and the A. B. C. F. M. people are still wrangling about the question whether in attempting to save the heathen it is necessary to tell them that their parents are forever immerged in the utter darkness. To some petty spirits it may seem that there are heathen enough in every city in America to demand the instant efforts of philanthropists and missionaries."—*New York Sun.*

### A Calculating Fancy.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," Oh, it does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the sort. It turns to the thoughts of how he's going to get in about five thousand hours of four-hundred-dollar-a-week fun into fourteen days of ten-dollar summer vacation."—*Puck.*



## WALKING HOME WITH MARY.

In all the changing scenes of life,  
Scenes that so widely vary,  
I've never spent a happier hour  
Than walking home with Mary.

How often as a boy, when life  
Was young and glad and hearty,  
By starlight I have seen her home  
From singing school or party.

We knew not then how good they were,  
The hours we passed together,  
As hand in hand, with lightsome hearts,  
We strolled across the heather.

Though since those days from Mary's side,  
To distant lands I've wandered,  
The time I've spent away from her  
To me seems vainly squandered.

Last night, once more I saw her home;  
The stars were blinking blindly  
Through rifted clouds, but into mine  
Her eyes were beaming kindly.

We talked of all the happy past,  
Of pleasure long departed,  
And both confessed that oft since then  
We had been heavy hearted.

And ere we reached her father's home  
I told her how I'd missed her,  
And while we lingered at the gate  
I stooped and fondly kissed her.

Before we parted 'twas agreed  
Our paths no more should vary;  
No more afar from her I'd roam,  
I'm going to marry Mary.

—New York Gazette.

## Lena's Beggar.

BY LEONORE NIECE.

Lena Brooks was working briskly away, in the small cosy kitchen, one pleasant morning, when a loud rap was heard at the kitchen door.

"I wonder who it can be," soliloquized Lena as she hastened to open the door.

"Please, miss, could you give me a piece of bread?" said a pleasant voice.

Lena took one glance at the boyish form in the tattered garments and decided at once that he was not a bad looking beggar. Then, in her genial, warm-hearted manner, answered:

"Certainly, just come in and sit here beside the table," indicating the place.

"Here is a hot cup of tea and some biscuits and butter," placing before him a plate of flaky biscuits, some golden butter, together with the tea of which the boy was not slow to take advantage.

"I was just preparing mamma's lunch," continued Lena. "She always likes it punctually, for she is an invalid, and has been ever since I was a little girl," and then, all at once, it struck Lena how absurd it was to be telling their private affairs to a stranger, and a tramp at that, and she wondered what her sister Edith would say if she knew it.

But there was no time for further thought, for the boy had finished his meal and sat gazing at the pretty picture Lena made, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, showing to perfection the plump white arms, her nut brown hair tucked coquettishly under one of the house-maid's caps, while the heat had added a warm glow to her usually pale cheeks.

Lena thought she detected a smile on the boy's lips as he rose and said:

"Thanks, miss, for the vitals. All people don't treat beggars that way."

"Oh, that is nothing. We always help the needy. Mamma always says 'no matter how poor we are, one piece of bread will not be missed,' and, then, you know," in a reverent tone, "our blessed Lord says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of my brethren, ye did it not to me,' and that means we are to help the poor people."

The boy did not know, but he listened in respectful silence, the smile (if it was one) disappeared, as he perceived how earnest was the speaker.

"Thank you, miss. You've done me a heap of good," and then like a flash he vanished, leaving Lena to think it had all been a dream, but she was roused to reality by a querulous voice calling:

"Lena, Lena, are you ever coming with my lunch?"

"Coming, mamma," cried Lena, as she arranged it temptingly on a tray, and then proceeded to her mother's room.

The scene of our story changes now from kitchen to parlor, where Lena sits in the gloaming before the ruddy blaze of the wood-fire, for it is blustering March, her feet on the fender, thinking of her morning's adventure.

She is interrupted by her pretty sister Edith, who skips into the parlor in high glee, exclaiming:

"Oh, Lena, just think. We are both invited to Madame Campbell's party on Thursday evening, and mamma says we may go," handing Lena the perfumed missive. Lena read:

"Mrs. Campbell presents her compliments to the Misses Brooks, and requests the pleasure of their company at the party to be given on Thursday evening next.

Monday, March 5th, '85."

"You will go, won't you?" persisted Edith, "and, by the way, Lena, who was that you were talking to in the kitchen this morning? Mary says it was a young gentleman, but, if so, why did he come into the kitchen?"

"To see me, of course," laughed Lena.

"Do you or do you not mean to tell me who he was?" demanded Edith, impatiently.

Feeling that she would astonish her sister, Lena made a long pause, cleared her throat, tied the bow of her slippers, and then, with provoking coolness, replied:

"It was only a beggar boy, whom I gave something to eat. As for telling you his name, it is impossible, because I don't know it myself."

"Wasting your time talking that way to a beggar!" sneered Edith. "Well, Lena Brooks, I am astonished, but

then, your taste never was very refined. No doubt, in the meantime, he was eyeing the silver, and we are likely to be robbed one of these nights. I shall tell Mary to see that the doors and windows are securely fastened hereafter."

Lena laughed merrily at her sister's fears. "We are in no danger of being robbed by that boy. Why, Edith, he was so pretty and, indeed, if he had been dressed in good clothes he would have looked as good as Franklin Bertram, and I am sure he was as well mannered."

Edith swept out of the room with a haughty air, not disdaining to notice the comparison of the elegant and fastidious Franklin Bertram of Bertram Hall, with a beggar.

When Thursday evening arrived the two girls were in high spirits about the party, and had forgotten all about their little disagreement.

No sooner had Lena and Edith entered the dancing hall, than the latter was at once claimed by Mr. Franklin Bertram for the first dance, Lena in the meantime watching her sister and thinking how gracefully she danced.

So absorbed was she in watching the gay throng, that she did not perceive the arrival of her Cousin Jack.

Giving her a playful tap on the shoulder, by way of attention, he said: "Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. March. Mr. March—Miss Brooks."

Lena bowed graciously and then started, for there was something in the brown eyes and bronzed face that seemed familiar. Where had she seen it before? Then all at once, memory came to her rescue, and in the well-dressed, elegant young man, she recognized her beggar boy. To say she was surprised would scarcely convey to the reader Lena's feelings.

Not so with her companion. With apparent ease he seated himself beside her, and to her astonished and questioning look, simply said:

"I know; but come have this dance with me and then we can talk."

"I never enjoyed a waltz better," confided Lena, as her companion led her to a secluded nook, where they could talk uninterrupted.

"Won't you hurry with your story? The fairies must have been at work with you."

"Yes, a blue-eyed one," with a meaning look at Lena, and then he continued:

"You may call me a wicked sinner for trespassing on your hospitality in such a gross manner, but I can't help it now. We two, my chum and I, had nothing to do, and our three months at home made us miss our school pranks more than ever. On that morning we were just in the mood for mischief and it was Jim who suggested the plan of begging. We had tried it at school once and had such fun.

"We rigged ourselves up in the attic, and then set out in different directions to beg."

"I fared best because I got a good meal and a lecture besides. Jim came near being taken to the poorhouse for a real beggar, and found it difficult to make the man believe he was not one. And now Lena, please—"

But that young lady was not listening. Her frame was shaking with laughter, brought forth by the thought of that morning. Then her dignity was aroused, and she declared he ought to be ashamed of himself. "Hope you have profited by my lecture."

"I think I have. Please forgive me, Lena, and take me into your good graces again," said Mr. March, in a meek tone.

Lena assented, and they are now good friends, ere long to be changed to a truer and warmer attachment—that of husband and wife. —Yankee Blade.

## The Convicts' Kiss.

A more or less amusing incident is told at the expense of Miss Lelia Robins on, a woman who has some notoriety by her persistence in pushing herself into the ranks of the legal fraternity of the state. She was assistant counsel in a case in which an important witness was a man who is in the Massachusetts state prison on a life sentence. The unhappy wretch had not been out of durance for seventeen years, and the sight of a bit of the world, even though that bit was no more cheerful or attractive than the court room, filled his whole soul with a wild joy. He was so thoroughly delighted that in a moment of rapture he threw his arms about Miss Robinson and kissed her fervently, as a means of expressing his appreciation of the distant glimpse of liberty he had through means of the summons to the witness box enjoyed. The lawyer who was senior counsel in the case naturally felt called upon to defend Miss Robinson, since even admission to the bar does not confer upon women the strength to fight her own battles, when the convict disarmed his wrath and brought the blushes to the cheek of the maiden barrister by saying:

"I am glad she is your wife, because you will excuse me for kissing her. You see I couldn't help it."

The incident ought to be true, and is told as a fact. It illustrates the beautiful and refined influence of woman in the court-room, the jail, or wherever she may find herself. No doubt the convict is from that day a changed being. If he is not, he ought to be or the story has absolutely no moral whatever. —Boston Letter.

Livery man—"Shall I put in one or two but-faloes?" Dude—"Well—er—I think if you could just let me have a horse, it would be better. You see I have never driven a buffalo, and I would be rather timid, don't you know."

Harper's Weekly.

## The St. Lawrence and the Rio Grande.

I cannot get *en rapport* with these fisherfolks. I always like to mingle with the people of the country I am visiting. In my youth I was told that I should do at Rome, as the Romans do, and I usually try to do so; but should I make the attempt here I would have to saturate myself in codfish, talk codfish, eat codfish, smell of codfish, and sing "God Save the Queen" on the slightest provocation. So I know I never could be any thing but a tenderfoot here. Now it was different in Texas. When I went there, I got "acclimated" before I was in the state two days. One could conform to habits, customs and surroundings there without affecting one's physical comfort or knocking the hoops of one's conscience. I don't think I ever told you about how I became a Texan in two minutes.

Well, this would be about as good a time as any other to tell it. I would much rather write about Texas than about this ragged and ugly looking country. Wish I was on the back of a mustang now, out on the western plains, instead of sitting here on this hard rock on "a foreign strand."

When I first went to Texas I was accompanied by an obtrusive English accent and a pair of speckled trousers that invited harsh criticism. It was at a place called Columbus that I made my debut as a tenderfoot. Besides my accent and the ostentatious trousers, I carried with me a very high estimate of myself, and I considered it to be my duty as a subject of Victoria Dei gratia, to let the hordes of Texas barbarians know that I was a person of importance.

At Columbus I wanted to buy a horse, as it was my intention to ride from that place to the Rio Grande. While sitting on the veranda of the little wooden hotel, I dropped my haughty patrician for a time and conversed with a number of cowboys, who were stopping at the place. I did not hesitate to express my contempt for the Texan horses I had seen. I made facetious remarks regarding the ungrateful manner in which the Texan rode, and I was sarcastic in the matter of the Texas saddle. In Texas fools sometimes rush in where desperadoes fear to tread.

The cowboys asked me what was the best way to ride, and what kind of horses did we have in my country. I told them that I rode with a long stirrup. I related exploits wherein I figured as winning a steeplechase across a stiff country in the west of Ireland, and I told of some horses I had owned—phenomenal horses, with pedigrees running away back to the dark ages. Even to this day, whenever I think of an ass I demonstrated myself to be on that occasion, I make an effort to blush.

The cowboys seemed to take all I said good-naturedly, and they made no comment. The head cowboy, however, looked tired and asked the others to take a drink. He invited me to join them. When we arrived at the bar I said I would take a glass of claret.

"Jim, he says he'll take care. Maybe he'd like it in a silver goblet, with a strawberry or an oyster in it, as he's accustomed to in his ancestral castle at home. Oh, he's a daisy, I tell you. Barkeeper, the tenderfoot'll take some whisky, same as the rest of us. I reckon that's what he'll take."

A still small voice within me whispered that whisky was, under the circumstances, the thing for me to take, and I took it.

"Want to buy a horse, you say, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I want a good steady horse."

"Oh, no, you want a bucking broncho that'll throw you want."

"What is a bucking broncho?"

"Don't know, eh?"

"No."

"Then that's ee-kzactly what you want. Ain't it, boys?"

Chorus of boys—"You just bet your sweet life."

The result was that the chief pirate sold me a dismal looking plug, a saddle and a bridle for \$50. When I got ready to leave the boys were all standing around to see me off. Sarcastic remarks were made about me being a "steeplechaser 'way back," and the crowd was requested to give me room to spread myself. I got into the saddle and was gathering up the reins, when the wretched parody of a horse rose in the air, bent his back like a bow, and came down again with all his four feet in a bunch under his centre of gravity. I did not at that moment seem to have any centre of gravity of my own. There was a vague idea in my brains that the earth in its diurnal whirl had slipped a cog, or in its wild climb around the sun had stumped its toe. These thoughts were simultaneous with the sensation of being hit with something. I knew in a moment that it was the earth on which we live, for nothing smaller than a globe 25,000 miles in circumference could have given me such a cold, harsh, stunning bat on the ear.

When I got to my feet, shook the sand out of my hair, and hung a horse blanket around my splintered garments I discovered my bucking broncho was gone. The cowboys were pointing him out to each other as he could be discerned scooting across the scenery. Turning to the crowd, I said:

"What was it that animal—that bucking broncho—did to me?"

"He bucked you; that's what he did."

"That was a bucking, was it? Well

I'm thankful he didn't broncho me, or it might have gone hard with me.

I slipped out into the yard, and cast my imported English accent into the well. I had dropped some of my self-esteem when the broncho bucked. When I came in again I said: "Gentlemen, have something on me." They seemed surprised, but they took it. Then Jim stepped out took my hand, and, leading me into the middle of the room said:

"Pardners, the man that'll git bucked as premiscus as this chap has, an' then, in plain United States language, sets up the drinks an' do it hearty, is no tenderfoot, an' the man that sez he is, is a liar."

At that moment I graduated. I ceased being a tenderfoot and became a Texan.

Seems to me that there is not as much about yachting in this letter as I might have written, but as it is about the regulation length it must go as it is. Armed with a gun, I am going to spend this afternoon bearding the wild goose in his den.—J. Arroyo Knox, in Boston Herald.

## FEATHERED MESSENGERS.

The Homestead Postmaster Employs a Carrier Pigeon to Supply an Empty Stamp Drawer.

Swift stamp clerks, nimble postmen, and lightning mail trains had their records of rapidly severally and collectively discounted by a brand-new ally to Uncle Sam's glorious P. O. D. yesterday, says *The Pittsburg Post*. A complication of wants—pressing, burning wants—developed themselves in the village postoffice at Homestead.

Something had to be done and that quickly. When Postmaster Schmidt sid back the general delivery door and opened up the stamp box for the morning's business he found there were not enough postage-stamps in the box to last the forenoon through. The thought of what would ensue when the supply was entirely gone brought visions of irate citizens and summary discharges before its mental vision, and great beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead. What should he do? Then a happy thought flooded his intellect, and the quickstep he executed in the exuberance of his feeling change the dates on all the mailing stamps.

Be it known that Schmidt has a boy; one of those youngsters who populate the house with white mice and convert the hay loft into a habitation for all manner of fowls of the air. Among the latter was a pair of carrier pigeons which had already performed some wondrous feats of aerial annihilation. With these pigeons Schmidt determined to save the day.

An hour later the Homestead postmaster alighted from a Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston train in this city. He clutched a bird-cage in one hand. With mighty strides made for the post-office, and was soon closeted with Postmaster Larkin. A moment later a window looking upon the court yard was raised and a beautiful dove fluttered out. Swift as the wind and as straight as an arrow the bird soared upward, and then, by the wonderful instinct possessed of its kind turned its course toward Homestead and home.

Mr. Schmidt hurried to the telephone. Central was somewhat tardy and the wires working a little bad and it was several minutes before he got communication with the Homestead postoffice.

"Watch for the pigeon and telephone as soon as it arrives," was the message.

Scarcely had he replaced the phone and sunk into a chair when "ting-a-ling-a-ling!" sounded the bell. An answer already! Schmidt hastened to the phone and listened. "Pigeon just fluttered in at the stamp window; the stamps are all right, and were badly needed, for I had just sold the last one," came from the clerk at the Homestead office. Schmidt had tied the stamps to the pigeon's foot in a neat little package and let instinct to the rest. By actual count the bird had made the trip in eight minutes. Homestead is a fraction less than nine miles distant from the Pittsburg postoffice. Rapid? Well, rather.

## We Consume 500 Tons of Pills a Year.

"There are eleven and one-half tons of postage stamps sold at the New York Post Office every year," remarked a manufacturing chemist to a *Mail and Express* reporter this morning. "Now guess how many tons of pills are sold in this country every year."

"What have postage stamps to do with pills?"

"Nothing whatever, save that each is useful in its way. I only cited the post office vend to give you an idea of the great weight of small things when considered in bulk. Give it up?" Well, as nearly as can be figured they will amount to over fifty-two tons a year. A ton a week is a fair estimate. In England alone there are 2,000,000 consumed every year. That reduced to tons would make about forty.

How many are used in other countries it would be hard to say, but the total estimate would not come far from 450 tons. Say five hundred tons are used a year by the entire world. The habit of pill taking is ancient. It is the most convenient form for carrying and taking, and is the most popular. Formerly they were made by hand. Now they are produced by machinery.

There are a few manufacturers who make 1,000,000 pills a week. Big business, isn't it.

## HERE AND THERE.

The coming orange crop of southern California is expected to be much larger than last year.

Savannah, according to a census made for its new city directory, has a population of nearly 53,000.

The smallest people of the world are the Ahkias of central Africa. The average height of both sexes is four feet five and one half inches.

America has, during the past few years, imported nearly 2,000,000 bushels of potatoes a year, at a tax of fifteen cents a bushel. In 1883 Scotland did not export any potatoes to America, nor Ireland in 1882.

Cincinnati *Price Current* estimates stocks of wheat in farmers' hands March 1, 1888, at 106,860,000 bushels, against 122,266,000 bushels last year, and 159,000,000 in 1886; corn, 500,000,000 bushels, against 608,000,000 in 1887 and 773,000,000, bushels in 1886.

During the last 20 years the Dutch have added 1,000,000 acres of land to the area of Holland by reclaiming it from the sea. The work is still progressing, and it is computed that eight acres of land are daily restored to cultivation in that wonderful little country.

Do not hurry to uncover roses, strawberry and other plants that you have protected over Winter. A few bright, warm days in March is no indication that Winter has completely retired; the frosty, searching winds of March are more injurious to plants than is the zero weather of January.

Messrs. Smiths, Powell & Lamb of Lakeside Stock Farm, Syracuse, N. Y., write as follows: "In testing seventy-seven Holstein-Friesian cows of Lakeside here for butter, we find that the entire lot averaged one pound of butter from 19.3 pounds of milk, their average butter records of seven days being 18.47 pounds.

The assessed value of the farmers in Dakota is about \$200,000,000, and the value of the farm products in 1887 was very nearly \$1,000,000. There are still 24,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in Dakota subject to homestead and pre-emption laws, each settler being entitled to 160 acres of Government land without money and without price.

Smelts are found more abundantly in Maine coastwise waters than anywhere else. In one small town opposite Bath, Me., over 300 tons of the little fishes have been captured within the past three months. The catch in smelts for the past two years has been heavier than for some seasons past. For many days in succession five tons of smelts were shipped to Boston and New York.

The great snowstorm which has prevailed in New England and New York State during the past week is certainly the most severe one known to New England for twenty years. Since the early part of the week thirty trains were stalled in various parts of Connecticut and New York, and New Hampshire traffic is badly blocked. Never before in the last two decades have Boston and New York been isolated for the period of two days.

From reliable sources, the quantity of sugar remaining for export from Germany and Austria, Feb. 1 to Aug. '31, is 364,377 tons, against 517,757 tons same time last year. France will be an importer rather than an exporter during the same time. In Mr. Licht's February circular he estimates the next beet crop to be 2,325,000 tons, based upon estimated increase, say of ten to fifteen per cent, and a yield equal to the last ten years.

Outside of Alaska, there are now 490,000 acres of forest standing in the United States, which is over eight acres for each man, woman and child. The area of forest lands is increasing in some of the New England states, and under the fostering care of tree-claim laws, and the interest of individual owners of land in the newer states, it is said that 100,000 square miles of almost treeless prairies have been reversed since their settlement.

In a recent lecture on Dakota, Thomas W. Bicknell says that there are 600,000 people in the Territory, and over 5,000 miles of railroad, nearly twice as much as Massachusetts. In 1886 it expended \$1,017,238 on 3,900 public schools. The wheat crop of 1887 was 60,000,000 bushels against 30,000,000 in 1886. Dakota is now the greatest wheat-growing Territory on the continent of America. The corn crop of 1887 was 30,000,000, against 15,000,000 in 1886.

It is reported a stock company is being formed, which expects to control the entire sorghum crop of the country through the use of a new patent process. This company claims to be able to produce sugar from sorghum cheaper than cane sugar, even if the latter could be admitted free of duty. In addition to the sugar works now at Fort Scott, Kan., the company during the coming Summer will erect three new factories, one of them at Topeka.

Central Europe has still some immense tracts of uncleared forest lands. In some Austrian provinces, such as Croatia and Slavonia, the proportion of woodland is so great to the population that if it were divided among the inhabitants nearly two acres would fall to the lot of each person. In the three principal wood-producing districts there are nearly 4,000,000 acres of forests, the yearly increase of which is valued at more than \$2,500,000. The export of wood is a large item in Austrian trade.

S. T. K. Prime, the Western reporter of crops writes: "The general conditions seem to indicate all over the Northwest an early and favorable Spring. The body of snow now on the ground in Dakota seems to point to plenty of moisture for the early-sown Spring crop. The depth of frost, twenty-four to thirty-six inches all over the corn belt, argues well for the ground being in excellent condition for plowing. The large acreage of land prepared for Spring crops does away with any fear that may arise from a wet season."

The total consumption of sugar in Europe during the year 1887 was on an average of 17.35 pounds per head. Estimating the inhabitants at 357,700,000, England shows the highest consumption per head, being 66.57 France comes next with 23.53, Switzerland 21.87, Holland 19.94, and Germany 18.64 pounds per head. The United States with a population of 60,000,000, consumed 1,392,000 tons in 1887, an average of fifty-two pounds per head. This shows that the people of the United States, next to England, are the largest consumers of sugar in the world.



## TOPEKA, KANSAS.

April 14, 1888.

The Leavenworth Times is active in the game of "Anthony over," as some of the boys call it.

The decrease in the public debt for the month of March is estimated to be nearly \$10,000,000.

A bill passed the Senate providing for the extension of the southern and western boundaries of Kansas.

The laborer who attempts to control the labor of other men by violent means, makes a mistake every time. This is the year when political hopes will be cruelly dashed to earth. Blessed is the man who does not seek office.

Mrs. Chaska, formerly Miss Fellows refuses \$5000 for a ten weeks engagement with a show, offered her by telegraph. She considered it an insult.

The Senate has passed for the third time a bill for the enlargement of Yellowstone National Park and the protection of its forests, game and natural wonders. The bill will now go again to the House.

The bill in aid of the Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge, and to secure the Washington headquarters mansion and grounds occupied by the Continental army of 1777-78 has passed the Senate.

An endless number of special pension bills are now before congress. Since Mrs. Logan is to be paid a most bountiful pension there is no reason why they should not pass. The widow of Gen. Stone, and the widow of Robert Anderson should not be snubbed now.

What a fruitful source of local and personal items the Oskaloosa reporter will have. At every meeting of the city council he will dilate upon the blondes and the brunettes, the style in which the mayor's hair is done up; the dress of the alderwomen, and other similar items such as give a newspaper popularity with the majority of people.

President Cleveland has approved the act granting a pension to Mrs. John A. Logan, and increasing that of Mrs. Blair. While Mrs. Logan will now get \$2000 a year, which is not necessary to secure her the comforts of life, there are thousands of widows and children of other soldiers who suffer for want, or labor unceasingly to keep the wolf from the door. The principle is a bad one.

The Capital delights to tell what the republican party of Kansas cannot afford to do. Now there is just nothing it cannot afford to do. The republican party, like the democratic party, has no being outside of a lot of scheming politicians. There is in this year of grace, no great inspiring principle actuating either party, such as will give it body and life when one goes beyond the machinations of individual schemers. They are the bosses that we hear about, and they can afford anything that is essential to their success.

Has editor Tomlinson, of the Democrat, forgot his cunning? He is reported as saying at the late meeting of the central committee very bluntly, that "The nomination of Cleveland means defeat." "It means that he will not carry a northern state." A skillful leader never makes such confessions, even if he thinks them, unless he is ready to sacrifice his party, and politicians must be terribly disgruntled to want this. These words will come up to give the speaker the nightmare if Cleveland should be nominated.

Denmark has fulminated an edict against the American hog, and Belgium demands that the lungs of the dressed American steer shipped into that country shall go with the carcass. It is not on the principle that the tail should go with the hide, but they will inspect the lungs to see if the animal was sound. The innocent fellows over there don't seem to think a smart Yankee, if he sold them diseased meat might easily substitute the lungs of healthy animals shipped elsewhere. It might be a good idea to put a prohibitory tariff on Belgium goods. It would touch a vital spot, since her manufactures are her life.

If congress should pass a general pension bill giving a pension to every soldier who fought in the union army, and to all surviving widows graded according to service, or degree of disability, there would be no reason to complain of justice. But when the widow of one man, is selected and given a higher pension by special act, than is now paid to the most disabled soldiers, it is a precedent that cannot be too severely condemned. If this people expect to preserve their liberties, they must protest against and rebel against the idea of personal favoritism and its recognition by Congress. Gen. Logan was a valiant soldier after he once decided to cast his lot with union, and Mrs. Logan is a deserving woman, but there were other soldiers just as valiant, and there are ten thousand other women just as deserving of pension. Let class legislation stop right here.

Leavenworth expressed a choice for governor in D. R. Anthony.

Democrats will nominate a candidate for governor July 4, in Leavenworth.

"Shall we have an opera house?," This is the question that Leavenworth is wrestling with.

The late international woman's convention in Washington compared most favorably with any convention of men ever assembled. The United States congress does not show superior ability in any respect, and Kansas women ranked high among the assemblage of remarkable women.

Woman suffrage is on trial in Kansas, and it is proving to be an unalloyed blessing. We only want a good deal more of it, enough to put more towns under the control of women. The election of a woman for mayor of Oskaloosa, supported by a city council of women, will test the question, and test it favorably.

The egotism displayed in Badeau's letter to General Grant and continued in his reply to Col. Fred Grant, is simply disgusting. It is big I from beginning to end. The idea that Gen. Grant was not able to write his book without his clerk's aid has been pretty well answered by the book itself. Badeau ought to retire to a nunnery.

It is one of the planks in the Grange platform to bring the members "to calculate intelligently upon probabilities," and farmers are learning more of handling and selling their crops. Here is an item from the American Cultivator showing the result of Grange education in Vermont:

"We are pleased to note the establishment of an exchange or State board of trade by the Vermont butter cheese and maple sugar producers. Such co-operative enterprises must work to the advantage of the producing classes, and in the end to the benefit of the consumers, by insuring to the latter legitimate and genuine products. Thus the State of Vermont annually produces 25,000,000 pounds of butter, 10,000,000, pounds of maple sugar and 7,000,000 pounds of cheese and if some organization which enjoyed the confidence of sellers as well as buyers could undertake the management of this, much unnecessary expense now incurred could be saved and the business of distribution facilitated. As regards maple sugar, a State board of this character could prevent the adulteration of this desirable luxury. We believe their is a grand field for the establishment of some regular system of marketing the butter, cheese and maple sugar products of such States as Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire."

Queen Victoria is traveling under the title Countess of Balmoral.

The Sultan has prohibited the exportation of Arab horses from any part of his dominions.

The coronation of Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria as King and Queen of Prussia is expected to occur at Konigsberg in June.

A dispatch to the New York Times says that the new Kaiser is working as hard as strength will permit on plans for a new Constitution for Prussia.

The Russian Government, on the advice of the governors of Irkutsk and Amoor, proposes to send the majority of Russia convicts to prison instead of deporting them to Siberia.

Heavy floods throughout Germany have caused awful suffering and death and done tremendous damage to the country. Nearly a hundred villages are submerged. Thousands of peasants are left without homes or food. The total damage is not less than \$50,000,000.

An English justice discharged a housemaid who pleaded guilty to stealing a cloak, a muff, a fur boa and a handkerchief belonging to her mistress. The judge explained his leniency by saying that the girl was only "wearing" the clothes, and that was "a thing that servants did every day."

On the proposal of the Minister of War, President Carnot, acting on the unanimous advice of the officers who conducted the court-martial, has signed a decree placing General Boulanger on the retired list of the army. The proposal had previously been considered by the Council of Ministers. Boulanger does not propose to stay retired, however.

The Chamber of Deputies, Paris, by a vote of 268 to 237, despite the opposition of the Government, voted for urgency for the Extrem Left bill providing for the revision of the Constitution. The Government thereupon resigned. President Carnot accepted the resignations. The ministers, however, will conduct the affairs of their several departments until their successors are appointed.

FED makes breed, even before the calf is born.

Too early pasturing injures both grass and cattle.

Better till a dozen acres well than skim over fifty.

"One man is [not] as good as another" when selecting farm help.

### The White Man's Government.

The rabid spirit of hatred and bitterness that has been so frequently alluded to as characteristic of the south of to-day is found in its fullest measure in the following from a recent editorial in The Raleigh (N. C.) News:

"The supremacy of the white man must be maintained in this white man's land, and further united effort is necessary to that end. Let the white man who forgets that he owes the best interests of his state, and consorts with the negro in any way for the purpose of influencing his vote or maintaining the solidity of his vote apart from that which is best for the whole people, be branded politically with the brand of Cain. He has betrayed his race brethren. He has deliberately slain the principles he should hold dearest. There should be no place for such a man anywhere at any time among white people."

We find the above in one of our state papers. Similar articles are constantly appearing in northern journals, as if the very same sentiment therein expressed did not exist in the north. These items are published for political effect only.

The feeling is as prevalent north as it is south that this is a white man's government, as it is tritely expressed. The negro has about gained the summit of his political recognition, both north and south, except perhaps in some localities in the south, where the race is in great majority and where it is united.

It is clearly settled in the north that the colored man is not wanted for office—he will not be tolerated as an office seeker—not even in Kansas.

He may yet secure now and then unimportant positions, just to keep up a show, and to bait the colored vote, but that is all. There is nothing partisan about this growing sentiment. We may talk and moralize all we will about race prejudice, but it exists, and will inevitably show itself whenever a colored man is put up for office, and among those too who are supposed to be on the most friendly terms with the colored people. It is certain that very few colored men will hereafter find themselves regularly nominated candidates. If nominated they will be slaughtered as examples of the inability of party managers to control the popular vote.

Herein lies the significance of the late defeat of G. I. Curran for police judge of the city of Topeka. The people did not want, and would not have a colored police judge, although he came much nearer a nomination than would have been the case if the democrats had not unwisely made a strong party fight, thus inducing a great many republicans to favor him, when they would otherwise have voted against him.

The aspiration of a colored man for this office, even here in Kansas, was considered by his party friends, a piece of presumption that they resolved to rebuke, and did rebuke. The fact that he secured a regular nomination was as humiliating as it was surprising. The weasel was caught asleep. He made the best of it and escaped with a sore head. The negro in Kansas will hereafter be treated liberally with taffy, but it is doubtful if he gets upon a ticket of either party.

And this accords with general public sentiment. It is sham and hypocrisy to talk otherwise. It is not just to the negro, nor calculated to elevate him morally. The sooner the negro learns the absolute fact the sooner and the better prepared he will be to work out his own destiny.

The Kansas Industrial School. The Kansas Industrial School and Home for children, opened on Fillmore between sixteenth street and Euclid avenue, April 2.

The Home is new, has eight rooms, and the location is good—has thirty scholars to begin with. The matron is a lady of experience.

The society is composed of Topeka ladies, who worked this school up under great embarrassments, for no other purpose than to assist Topeka's poor.

We anticipate many advantages in this grand work. It is open for needy children at a nominal cost. It is open for orphans at all times free of charge. About soliciting, we intend to beg until we get enough to make the home self sustaining, and a state institution.

This work does not belong alone to the city.

We record every donation even the smallest, the \$10 given and the five acres of land given by Harry Rice. The cow which he also donated has not come up yet to be milked, and to feed the wee baby at the home.

In conclusion, the school will be called the "Kindergarten," and we hope to have as many outside scholars as possible, to instruct.

NEITHER pork nor profit grows any longer on trees, but a good deal of both can still be realized from the well-kept pen.

A new organization, the Eastern Nursery-men's Association, has just been formed at Rochester. The Secretary is Wm. Pitkin.

## ST. JACOBS OIL FOR NEURALGIA.

The venerable BILLA FLINT, M.P. Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada, suffered for a long time with neuralgic faceache, caused by a defective tooth, and writes over his autograph herewith as follows:

"I found St. Jacobs Oil to act like a charm."

CURES RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, SPRAINS.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The Bridge. The supreme court decided the question as to the ownership of the Kansas avenue bridge and the liability for maintaining structure. A few weeks ago the district court gave a decision that the county and city were equally liable.

The supreme court reverses this decision and says that the city is wholly liable. This decision is in effect also that when a new bridge is built it must be at the expense of the city, and that the county will bear no part of the cost of building the structure.

The bridge cost \$100,000, of which \$30,000 was paid by the city in municipal bonds and \$50,000 by the county in county bonds; the city and county exercised joint authority over the bridge; all of the expenses of repairing the bridge were borne equally by the county and city up to January 11, 1882, when the county refused to pay any of the expenses necessary to keep the bridge in repair: since that time the city has expended \$2,304 in the maintenance of the bridge and suit was brought to recover that amount.

Sheep. Late advices show a weaker tone in nearly all foreign wool markets, for which no special reason is assigned.

The importations of wool at Boston since January 1, have been about twenty per cent less than in the same part of 1887.

About two-fifths of the wool sold in the recent London sales was kept in England for home manufacture, and about one-fiftieth sent to the United States.

The market for fat sheep show these days very clearly that the man who remembers that carcasses as well as fleeces are sold from his flocks is the shepherd who is going to win.

When the farmer begins to estimate the value of sheep from the standpoints of meat, fertility and general advantage to the farm, he will not allow the market price of wool to determine whether or not he will raise them.

The way to build up the sheep industry is to weed out the flocks, go for greater capacity for mutton and increase in the individual, and put a small flock on every farm, where they will pay their way, even if wool isn't worth a cent a pound.

The Texas Stockman thinks that if the free traders would devote as much energy in efforts to strangle the pools, the trusts, and other forms of monopoly, as they expend in attempt to throttle protection, they would do the country a great deal more good.

Don't try to raise turkeys with chicken hens unless you wish more trouble than the young ones are worth. Let their natural mother do the sitting, and keep her cooped for two weeks after the hatching.

The Farmers' Alliance is now organized in fourteen States.

The Sultan has forbidden the exportation of Arabian horses.

PHILADELPHIA is quarantined on account of pleuro pneumonia there.

New Secretary Dutch Belted Cattle Association, H. B. Richards, Easton, Pa.

The new Agricultural Experiment Stations do not send reports outside their respective States.

Twenty years ago women could not vote anywhere. To-day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States; New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon and Wisconsin.

The Rock Island depot will have a lawn with blue grass, flowers, gravelled walks, etc.; also a handsome fountain, all of which will rest the eyes of the weary passengers as they gaze from the south windows of the gentlemen's waiting room, or from the car windows.

### A Place For Every Thing

The importance of having a place for every tool and article about the farm and never failing to have that place filled is only realized by the man, who has observed that habit closely for sufficient time to calculate upon the saving thus occasioned. To drop a tool where it is last used is a habit sure to result in serious injury. It is told of a certain man, as a fact, that coming home late one evening he took the harness off of the horse in the yard and threw it on the ground. He put the horse in the barn, left the carriage out-of-doors as usual, and went to sleep, perfectly sober, but very tired. During the night a storm came and the snow blew into great heaps. When it was necessary to ride out the sleigh was found in another corner of the yard, (the only carriage house on the farm) the uncombed horse brought from the barn, but wide search revealed no harness, and it could not be remembered when it was last used or left. An old harness was brought into use and it was not until Spring suns had melted the snow that the harness was discovered, where it had rested during the Winter. The bars are down on his farm and everywhere one stumbles over something that remains near the place, where it was last used. The farm is an eye-sore and if but on the market to-day, though in excellent location, would find it difficult to get a purchaser.

Another farmer is recalled by way of contrast, who started with poorer prospects than the one just considered. He kept an orderly tool-house and each child, or employee, was strictly charged to see to it without fail, that a tool when used was promptly cleaned and restored to its place. He was an indulgent father, and the children feared but one thing, the misplacing of any tool, which would be certain to incur their father's displeasure. This habit has its beneficial results. It has saved money. It has saved time, and to-day if the farm, though but ordinarily situated was announced as for sale it would bring a high price. "Order is heaven's first law" and the sooner the farmer or any other person puts himself in harmony with it the better.

A large one story brick is being built by Joseph Black, of Detroit, at Nos. 1006, 1008 and 1010 Kansas avenue. The building will have a frontage of 75 feet.

A small wreck occurred on the Santa Fe about noon yesterday. As a freight train was approaching the bridge over Soldier creek the trucks of one of the cars broke, letting the car drop on the wheels and in this way the train ran across the bridge and about fifty feet this side. No damage was done except to the trucks. The car was gotten out of the way in time to let the incoming passenger train pass.

At 12:30 Friday the temporary floor of the first story of the state house connecting the east and west wings, gave way under the weight of several tons of brick piled upon it, precipitating the brick and flooring to the ground. Luckily no one was injured, though Fred Stonestreet, the colored engineer, had passed under the floor just a few seconds before it fell, narrowly escaping being killed. The only damage is to the brick, the greater part of which were broken to pieces and rendered unfit for use.

The board of education has just received twenty five maps of the United States for the use of the various schools of the city, from the interior department at Washington. The maps are the latest published from the government surveys, are the most perfect ever gotten out. They are five by seven feet in dimensions, showing the Indian and military reservations, government land offices, signal stations and many other things not given by other maps. The maps are furnished to the schools of the country at \$1.50 each, and one will be placed in each school building in this city and one in the offices of the secretary and the treasurer.

In a suit for divorce a New Hampshire court recently decided in favor of the husband's claim for alimony. A similar case was decided by the supreme court of this state on Saturday when the court refused it, holding that an action for alimony cannot be maintained by the husband against the wife, and says that the domestic relations will have to be readjusted by the legislature and an obligation cast upon the wife to support the husband before such an action can be maintained.

The Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska, of the great Rock Island route, is going to do considerable construction in Kansas during this season. Saturday the company and the authorities of Norton entered into an agreement, which it is expected will be mutually beneficial. The company has engaged to give Norton a good railroad and depot facilities, and Norton in return proposes to hand over \$12,000 worth of bonds to the company.

The recent issue of the Kansas Home, published by Geo. W. Watson, is one of the best advertising papers for Topeka that has ever been sent out. It is a pictorial paper, giving views of many of the prominent buildings in the city. Mr. Watson issued 20,000 copies this month of the paper and any person wishing to send papers east to friends can have them free of charge by calling at Mr. Watson's office on the corner Sixth and Kansas avenue.

The corner lounge who hangs around waiting a place on the jury is not yet extinct.



The civilized world should enter its protest against bull fights.

When woman meets woman at the ballot box then comes the tug of war.

Will the negro take his medicine carefully and be thankful it is so bitter.

The festive blizzard is still playing its pranks around the northern part of our great country.

It cannot be denied. Woman is coming to the front. But so far she has usually presented a false front.

There was a heap of spring bustle in that Oskaloosa election. Never in Kansas has the thing been equaled.

The colored men came out of the contest whole, and while no bones were broken there are lots of them awfully sore.

If the colored troops did not fight nobly on Tuesday they feel like doing it to day, and they seem to be nursing their wrath to keep it warm.

Jacob Sharp, the New York Boodler's appeal has been heard, and his case taken to a higher court. He died last evening.

The tariff discussion is not nearly so exciting as was predicted. When it comes to that all the parties are artful dodgers.

Gov. Hill, according to reliable reports, is determined one day not to be a candidate for president, and the next day is just as determined that he will be.

When Grand Master Powderly sends out his manifesto against strikes he shows his own good sense, but he will probably not find his advice approved by the majority of Knights of Labor.

A small body of men, hardly enough to fully organize a meeting held at Convention at Fredonia, a few days ago, and nominated a third party prohibition candidate for congress in the third district. It is child's play.

The Kansas City Times says: "If the prohibition craze sweeps over Missouri, its supporters will have the organized saloons of Kansas City to thank for it. Their foolish and shortsighted opposition to democracy and the enforcement of the laws has given prohibition a big boom already."

California has organized a prohibition party, which has adopted a state platform. It condemns the manufacture of wine from its grapes, and declares in favor of woman suffrage and government control of railroads and telegraphs, all of which is sound doctrine.

The colored men who are now inclined to affiliate with the democratic party, because they were lately sold out by the republicans will find out that the democrats will be no more ready to give them office. The negro can work harmoniously with either party if he will not ask to be elected to office.

The Capital accuses the Atchison Globe of being a democrat paper. It is almost impossible for an independent paper in a strong republican state not to get that reputation with republican leaders, just the same as it gets credit for being republican in a democratic state. The party in power naturally enough comes in for the most criticism.

One party to the tariff discussion always leaves the inference that its opponent favors absolute free trade, while the other side conveys the idea that its opponent is for extreme high tariff. The fact is that with few exceptions both parties are for scaling down the tariff, and the difference between them is simply as to the amount of cutting that shall be done.

The executive committee of the national prohibition party met in Indianapolis this week, to arrange for the National convention to be held in that city May 30. Outside of a few states, Kansas, Iowa and Maine, there is a strong prohibition following, and Chairman Dickie anticipates a convention of 1800 delegates and alternates. Sam Small will enter the field as an organizer in the Southern states. If the republicans declare for high license or even if they ignore the temperance question it will have a marked effect in favor of the new party.

"The time for doubting in regard to the benefits derived from the Grange is now past, as all will admit who know of what they talk, and we believe that the same wisdom and forethought which have placed the Order in its present position before the world will insure for us still greater rewards as we advance to higher and nobler positions in the Order. Starting as the Grange did, with so humble a beginning, and having made for itself a name in so short a time, should encourage us to great and lofty aims for the future."

Rhode Island which held its state election on Wednesday, went republican by fair majorities that insured the return of a republican United States Senator.

In the late election in Rhode Island the prohibition party vote fell off from last year over 600; the democratic vote also fell off, while the republican vote increased over 5000.

Jay Gould and James Gordon Bennett are hurling facts at each other with a vengeance. The one who says the worst about the other will be considered the best fellow and will come nearest the truth.

Oskaloosa is now getting more free advertising than any other town in Kansas, all because they elected women to govern the city. As an advertising scheme it double discounts any thing the Topeka board of trade can advise.

The anti-saloon republicans have a great deal of trouble in getting their conventions set so as to stick. They usually have to try two or three times. The time for their National conference in New York has been changed to May 2.

Most of the agricultural papers are making liberal mention of Walter N. Allen's proposed Farmer's Trust scheme, some with favor and some otherwise. The Western Rural of Chicago, does not think it covers the field, beside which the Farmer's Alliance takes in all that Mr. Allen proposes and more too.

All the attempted great strikes fail. Their success necessarily brings disaster more or less wide spread. It is against public sentiment and is condemned by public policy. Forced and violent remedies are not efficient. The labor market must be regulated as other markets are, principally by supply and demand.

Senator Ingalls might explain why when he was candidate for lieutenant governor of Kansas in 1864 he ran on a platform of which the following was a conspicuous plank:

"That we hereby ratify the nomination of George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, for president, and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for vice president, and we pledge them our hearty support."

That we hereby ratify and adopt the Chicago platform as understood and construed by General George B. McClellan in his letter accepting the nomination of the Chicago convention for president of the United States.

According to his own definition, in 1864 Mr. Ingalls was "an ally of the Confederacy."

"The most cultured and best educated men are those who have constant association with their fellow-men. They find this interchange of ideas absolutely essential for continued and healthy progress in their different lines of thought. If this is true of men of culture and learning, who have unlimited opportunities for reading and meditation, it must be emphatically true of that class of men, like farmers, whose opportunities in this respect are often limited in the extreme. The Grange gives a farmer not only opportunity for frequent contact with others of his own class and expansion of thought, but also for learning things of practical value. The farmer's calling is such that it requires large experience and close calculation to make a success of his business. Much of this experience can be gained from others, with a great saving of time and money. The Grange affords just the opportunity needed for obtaining this experience in the best possible manner."

#### Farm Help.

It is a truth not necessary to repeat that the best policy is to keep the same farm help throughout the year, as thus a more genuine interest and concern is felt by them for the farmer's interest, and the work is done more intelligently and helpfully.

If this cannot be, it is then essential to engage the season's help early, before the best has been taken and only those who nobody wants is left, so that the choice is that of Hobson. Many think an able-bodied person with good habits is all that is needed. But better than strength is educated intelligence, and essential is a good kind heart. A heart that will not allow injury or neglect to any animal, an intelligence that prompts to action; then with a good moral character and fine physique your ideal is gained.

When help is hired it is necessary to remember that the service is all that is paid for. More is needed, regard and respect. This will come only as the help feels themselves "help" and not "slaves." When they see that their religious opinions are respected, their mental cravings satisfied by food from books, papers, and conversation, their human weakness remembered and their share of the work made consistent with their strength and ability they will prove themselves real help. A man may be known after a time by the help he keeps.

The following is a synopsis of the forthcoming report of the Kansas state board of agriculture for the quarter ending March 31, 1888.

Wheat area sown in the state in the fall of 1887, as compared with that sown the previous year 101 per cent, which gives a total area for the state of 1,315,828 acres, is an excess of 17,206 acres above the acreage of the previous year; winter killed or destroyed from other causes 8 per cent; general condition of crop as compared with a full stand and unimpaired vitality 92 per cent.

Rye—General condition as compared with the average, 100 per cent.

Horses—Condition generally good, but in many counties thin of flesh in consequence of the scarcity and high price of grain; no prevailing disease.

Cattle—Notwithstanding the fear and anxiety of farmers throughout the state last fall cattle have gone through the winter in fair shape, as a rule, and the percentage of loss is less than it has been for a number of years. In general they are thin, but in good health and have sufficient strength to carry them through to grass. Only a few counties report losses and these are mostly in the extreme western portion of the state and are attributed to cornstalks and other dry indigestible food.

#### THE PROSPECTS BRILLIANT.

Hogs—Farmers generally, on account of the light corn crop, sold their hogs off close in the fall and those remaining are for the most part thin in flesh. There will be few pigs this spring. In a few counties hog cholera is reported, but generally in a mild form, and it is no doubt only the remnant of that fearful scourge which played so much havoc among the hogs of Kansas the two preceding years.

Tame grasses—All varieties of tame grasses suffered more or less from the drouth of last season, and as reports vary in regard to them it is difficult to determine which variety has withstood the drouth best; but timothy and clover, especially for eastern and alfalfa and orchard grass for western Kansas, seem to give on the whole the best satisfaction.

Fruit—Buds of all varieties with the exception of peaches are reported in good healthy condition and promise a good crop.

The season is reported generally throughout the state as about two weeks late, but the ground without any exception is in excellent condition for spring crops. The subsoil of Kansas is reported as more thoroughly soaked by the March rains than it has been for many years. Altogether the situation in Kansas at this time is most hopeful and the farmers throughout the state are in good spirits and not without reason are expecting a bountiful yield from the seed that they put into the ground this season.

The Empress Victoria shows a right womanly and queenly spirit when she says that her foremost and most sacred duty will be the care of her suffering husband.

She is conscious of the task devolving upon her as Queen and Empress, and will accomplish it to the best of her ability. At the same time she is reminded that she has other social duties. The moral and intellectual education of woman, the sanitary condition of the laboring classes, and the improvement of the facilities by which women may earn a livelihood will constantly be her care. The noblest vocation of a sovereign, she says, is an untiring activity in work of ameliorating the sufferings of people.

Snow, of university, in his weather report for March says: "A cold, cloudy and wet month. The rainfall was extraordinary, being more than two inches greater than that of any preceding March on record, and nearly three times the March average. The first dog-tooth violets were observed on the 18th. The rainfall, including melted snow, 5.47 inches, which is 3.33 inches above the March average. Rain or snow, or both, in measurable quantities, fell on ten days. There were four thunder showers. The entire rainfall for the three months of 1888 now completed has been 7.67 inches, which is three inches above the average for the same months in the preceding twenty years."

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions have appointed a sub-committee to take under consideration and report to the full Committee on the various bills now before Congress looking to the repeal of the limitation clause in the Arrears of Pensions act. Gen. Black, Commissioner of Pensions, has estimated that it will take between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 to pay all claims for arrears of pensions should the clause be repealed.

The April Number of THE COSMOPOLITAN (published April 7th) will strongly sustain the standing of that bright young magazine for the timeliness of its subjects and the crispness of its varied contents.

The leading article is a delicate description, by the poet-critic George Edgar Montgomery, of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Nights Dream," as produced at Daly's Theatre, copiously illustrated by portraits in character, and many of the exquisite scenes (printed in color), which have made this play a conspicuous event in the dramatic season just closing in New York. Other timely articles are Moncure D. Conway's "Reminiscences of Kaiser Wilhelm" (with illustrations) drawn from his frequent contact with the Emperor during the Franco-German war, when he was Murat Halstead's comrade as special war-correspondent; and Lucy C. Lillie's article upon Louisa May Alcott. Among the prominent contributors to this number will be found also Max O'Rell, John Burroughs, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, May Riley Smith, J. Breck Perkins, and E. P. Roe with his Southern serial story "Miss Lou," making all together an exceedingly attractive number.

The April number of the FORUM, the monthly Review of live topics published at 97 Fifth Ave. New York contains two notable political articles. Mr. John Ford, an independent, who was formerly Editor of the New York Times, maintains that Mr. Blaine could not carry New York this year or receive as large proportion of the votes in that pivotal State as he received in 1884. He makes this showing by study of the statistics of the elections held since 1884. Mr. Waterson, writes on the "Hysteria of Sectional Agitation," shows that the Union is now than ever before, and that no partisan agitation can again estrange the sections. He pays his compliments vigorously to Mr. Murat Halstead, and quotes election statistics to prove Mr. Halstead's error.

There are two articles that bear on the Roman Catholic Church—one by the eminent Belgian scholar, Prof. Emile de Laveleye, who shows how powerful a factor the Pope is in European politics and in British politics in particular; and the other by Monsignor T. S. Preston, who writes specifically against Henry George's books, and in effect declares that they will in due time be put on the Index.

The April number of THE CENTURY closes the thirty-fifth half-yearly volume. The first article is Edward L. Wilson, the well-known photographer, and is descriptive of the natural and other features of Palestine from Dan to Beersheba. The article has a great number of illustrations, mainly from photographs, and will be of special interest to teachers and students of the International Sunday-School Lessons.

The paper is unusually vivid both in letter-press and illustrations. An illustrated article on "The American Invention of the Telegraph" tells the inside story of the invention.

Two articles of especial literary interest are Henry James's paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, and a brief essay by the Rev. T. T. Munger on "The Works of Elisha Mulford."

Dr. Eggleston's story of "The Graysons" has some very exciting chapters; and James Lane Allen's story, illustrated by Kemble, is a pathetic account of "Two Kentucky Gentlemen of the Old School."

The present installment of the Life of Lincoln is on "The National Uprising" for the preservation of the Union; the political and military relation of Baltimore to the situation is also fully described. A further chapter is devoted to the condition of things in Washington itself at the outbreak of the Rebellion. In the chapter on the city of Washington occurs a most pathetic passage describing Lincoln's anguish of mind at the extraordinary dangers menacing the country and the capital.

Mr. George Kennan's article is on the Russian Penal Code, the astonishing feature of which is that the ocher used in the United States is imported, the native article heretofore discovered being too impure to come into general use. Mr. Tyree, we learn, has opened his ocher banks at some four or five points, and has found the vein uniform in thickness and quality, thus assuring him of millions of tons of this valuable article; Quenemo is considerably excited over the big find.

There is a great deal of complaint about the engine which pumps sand at the foot of Kansas ave., being under the bridge. Its puffing and smoking scares horses badly. Some ladies, yesterday, had to get out and lead their horses by it. Can't this be remedied? Yesterday George Sullivan, a switchman in the Rock Island yards, had two fingers of his left hand lacerated so badly by being caught between two bumpers of freight cars that they had to be amputated.

imaginative power, that the plot is exceptionally strong and original, is that the character of the heroine, especially, is drawn with surprising vividness, that the love passages are full of passion and color, will be generally admitted. After reading this remarkable novel one turns with renewed interest to the biographical sketch "Some Days with Amelie Rives," which is contributed by an intimate friend under the pen-name of J. D. Hurrel. The fourth instalment of Judge Tourgee's serial, "With Gauge and Swallow," tells a remarkable story of sleep-walking under the subtitle of "The Letter and Spirit." This series of short stories, bound together by a connecting link of interest, is exciting great attention among legal and lay readers. Joel Benton puts in a plea for "The Endowment of Genius," and Thomas Learing discusses "Western Investments for Eastern Capital" in a plain, practical, business way. There are poems by Daniel L. Dawson and R. T. W. Duke, Jr. The first of these, entitled "Verzenay," is by the author of "The Seeker in the Marshes," a poem which attracted unusual attention in a former number of LIPPINCOTT'S, and "Vetenay" will increase Mr. Dawson's reputation. In "Our Monthly Gossip" a great deal of curious information is given in answer to queries, and the Prize Questions are continued with a fresh instalment of twenty. Book-Talk discusses Realism and Idealism and reviews current novels.

#### G. A. R. Ladies.

The second annual convention of the Ladies' auxiliary G. A. R. of the Department of Kansas met at the Lincoln Post hall yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The business of the convention is conducted with closed doors, but without hesitancy the members tell of the more important transactions, are permitted to do so.

There are some sixty-five delegates in attendance from the seven Circles in the state.

The secretary then read the list of delegates.

Mrs. Wade of Meriden, made a report of the work for the past year.

Mrs. Slosson of Sabetha, reported verbally. The department president, Wood, made her report. The secretary gave a detailed report of the standing of this organization through out the state. The treasurer received during the year \$338.80; expended during the year \$234.77. The report of the department chaplain, Rev. J. B. Sabetha, was touching and beautiful. This was followed by the report of the advisory council.

The department inspector made report of her work during the year, commending very favorably on the work of balloting for candidates, by Lincoln circle, which now numbers over 180 members.

The department librarian reported that she had sent on an average, fifty newspapers per week, and about 200 books and magazines to the Soldiers' home at Leavenworth. She also sent three boxes of jelly.

The reception given the delegates and visiting members, last evening was a delightful affair. The department of Kansas, G. A. R. Ladies, is on a sound business basis with no salaried officers, and the prospects for a growing organization are good.

The most shocking and painful accident occurred in the yards of the Rock Island round house at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. George Sullivan, a switchman, in attempting to do some coupling, had one of his fingers caught between the bolts, and the member was severed almost completely from the hand; only the chord not being cut, and this was torn from the arm almost to the shoulder. An accident of a similar nature is rarely experienced. Mr. Sullivan said the pain in his arm was very severe but the flow of blood was not excessive.

Lieutenant-Governor Riddle, State Auditor McCarthy, State Treasurer Hamilton, and Attorney General Bradford, of the state board of railroad assessors, returned last evening from Leavenworth, having made a trip over Leavenworth, Northern and Southern. They will leave to-morrow for a trip over Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern and Rock Island.

A train load of Mormons passed through here yesterday over the Santa Fe, bound for Utah.

Mr. John Tyree has discovered on his farm near Quenemo, a deposit of yellow ocher, the equal of which is not known to exist any where. The vein is eight feet thick, and the deposit covers at least twenty acres. The specimens are entirely free from sand or grit of any kind, and being absolutely pure is, as a matter of course, very valuable. Most of the ocher used in the United States is imported, the native article heretofore discovered being too impure to come into general use. Mr. Tyree, we learn, has opened his ocher banks at some four or five points, and has found the vein uniform in thickness and quality, thus assuring him of millions of tons of this valuable article; Quenemo is considerably excited over the big find.

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## THE CHALLENGE.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

I heard to-day upon the street,  
Where beggars sang a careless song,  
A note, a tone, so wondrous sweet  
That I stood silent in the throng.  
But, ah, I saw not those who sang;  
I heard not their wild madrigal;  
A thousand voices round me rang,  
And sweeter still, one maiden's call,  
For which I'd change the fame of men.  
My load unloosed like Pilgrim's thrall;  
I fed my hungry heart again;  
I saw my boyhood home and all—  
And heard the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their tender songs of evening!

Clear, martial call of buried hosts!  
How sure thy challenge passed the years!  
I saw like sentries at their posts  
A myriad forms; the pines like spears  
Shot through the after-sunset's red;  
The darkening fields; the gleam of panes;  
The murky dusk, star-panoplied;  
The lazy kine along the lanes;  
The school-house dun; the village spire;  
The home-bent, dusty harvest folks;  
The cornfields flamed with sunset fire;  
And in our trust beneath the oaks,  
We heard the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their songs of evening!

Thus, Angel of our later days,  
With ever-hovering, unseen hand  
Are flashed upon our blinded ways  
The hidden shrines we understand.  
We climb the rugged steep of Truth,  
And falter. Lo! thy helping bring  
The lesser to the larger Youth!  
A note, a tone, the humblest thing,  
Sweeps irresistibly all between,  
And there the Now prays with the Then  
Where once our heaven was lived unseen,  
We hear the blackbirds, nestling, sing  
Their tender songs of evening!

—New England Magazine.

## My Dusky Friend.

BY A. S. BURROUGHS.

We—that is, the little party of emigrants of which I was a member—decided to camp in a lovely little ravine near Bijou Creek, a beautiful tributary of the Platte river, which we had encountered in our journey toward the far-famed land of gold—California.

It was yet early in the afternoon, but the temptation to tarry awhile amid so much of nature's rugged grandeur was so strong, our horses were so jaded from their continuous, exhausting travel, that our wonted set custom of "from dawn till dark" was for the nonce set aside, and within a few minutes the line of dingy prairie schooners had been drawn up in a circle, a fire started in the enclosure, and the horses picketed near by upon a luxuriant grass plot.

We had for several days been traveling through a country infested with roving bands of marauding Indians, where it would have been indiscreet, if not dangerous, to discharge our rifles, and, as our supply of game was in consequence running low, I resolved to venture forth to see if I could not get a shot at some of the fine mountain grouse, of which we had seen large numbers in the near vicinity.

I therefore sallied forth with my gun, following the course of the stream toward a denser timber belt some distance away, where I believed I should find an abundance of the much-coveted grouse.

It was a bright, balmy day, the air laden with perfume of countless wild flowers and blossoms, and with sweet songs of thousands of happy birds, as they played hide and seek among the leafy tree tops.

In fact, it was one of those bewitching days when Nature seems to conquer the will by her enrapturing power of supremacy and cause frail humanity to bow in subjection before her entrancing shrine.

Under this mesmeric force I was impelled to the verdant, grassy bank of the stream, where, in blissful ennui, I found myself reclining upon the soft, shaded bank dreamily listening to the music of the birds above me and watching the playful minnows as they sported about in the sun-lit waters rippling at my feet.

All thought of the errand which had lured me from camp passed into oblivion; my senses seemed charmed by the magic spell under which I was enchained, and in this mood I fell—not into the water below me but fast asleep.

And while I slept I dreamed.

Perhaps the original intention which caused me to start out had something to do with suggesting the thought, for in the vision that came to me in my slumber, I was once more in the role of a hunter, and before me stretched a wide plain upon which roamed endless herds of beautiful antelope.

My pulses thrilled with excitement, and selecting one of the finest and sleekest of the timid herd, I raised my rifle and fired.

The sound of the report awoke me, and, springing up, I half expected to see the fat animal at which I had shot lying dead upon the plain, and the frightened herd scattering frantically away over the broad tract; but it was not so.

My gun lay several feet from me where I had left it, and instead of the wide prairie, I beheld before me the same sun-lit waters of Bijou Creek which I had left ere my flight to dream-land.

Something else caught my eye, too, as I gave a hasty glance about me upon awaking.

It was a little curl of bluish smoke issuing from a clump of bushes a few rods to my right.

The truth flashed upon me in an instant. I had been fired at by some treacherous redskin lying in ambush.

The experience I had gained while passing through the Indian country told me how to act, and in less time

than it takes to record the movement, I had got possession of my gun and was behind a convenient tree, just as a bullet went whizzing close to my head and imbedded itself into the tree behind which I had taken refuge.

I soon realized that my position was a most critical one, with the chances decidedly against coming out of the affair alive.

I was completely surrounded; and as many as a score of murderous-looking Cheyennes could be seen skulking from tree to tree on every side of me.

My first impulse was to open fire on them and sell my life as dearly as possible, but when I recollected that I had brought my shot-gun instead of my rifle as being better adapted for grouse-shooting, and that there were twenty against one in such a contest, I resolved to accept the truth of the axiom that discretion is the better part of valor, and withhold hostilities.

It was well I did, for a moment afterward one of the painted warriors stepped out from ambush and intimated that if I would put aside my gun, my life would be spared.

I cannot say I was particularly cheered by the prospect of captivity among that villainous band of savages or, perhaps, some barbarous death at their hands, but I looked at the matter philosophically and accepted the terms upon the ground that a live man might escape whereas a dead man could not.

Two minutes after I had signified my acceptance, the hideous-faced horde had taken possession of my weapons, bound my hands upon my back, and were ready to start toward their village with me.

For the next hour I was dragged along at a rapid pace over the rough country until, at last, a large aggregation of tents and huts appeared before me, making it evident that my destination had been reached.

Our approach to the village was hailed by a ceaseless barking of numberless half-starved dogs, urged on by the yells and ki-yi of about as many half-dressed papposes of both sexes, who made a mad rush toward us the moment we were sighted entering the gorge.

With this yelling addition to the party comprising my escort I was marched into the village, and secured in a central location when I would serve as the cynosure of all eyes; then a long pow-wow was held between the warriors, doubtless to determine what disposition should be made of their hated captive.

While the council was still in session, I was approached by a trim, olive-hued maiden, whose shy manner and graceful form quite captivated me from the moment I saw her.

I was also impressed with the beautiful cast of her round face, and the color and texture of her long, flowing hair. It was of fine texture and instead of the raven blackness common to the Indians' locks, was a beautiful wavy chestnut hue. But for her dusky hue she might have passed anywhere for other than an Indian maiden.

She came up closely, cast a quick glance toward the council-lodge to see if her actions were observed, and then in a soft, musical voice said:

"Me white man's friend. Injun want to kill you; me save pale face—sure!"

She turned about quickly and tripped back among the other swarthy women before I could find an opportunity to speak to her.

The incident made a profound impression upon my mind—so much so, in fact, that when the council dispersed, showing by their exuberant spirits that some torturing death had been decided upon as my portion, I was but little disconcerted by the threatening clamor around me.

I was taken into a small hut—the only one in the village—and with two armed savages guarding the doorway, my bonds were cut and I was left to my meditations.

It was now nearly dark, and soon after I had been domiciled in the cabin, an old Indian woman brought in my supper.

From that time until toward midnight, hour after hour dragged by wearily without a single incident to relieve the tiresome monotony.

Then I began to feel less secure. I had, for some vague reason or other, put almost implicit confidence in what the Indian girl had told me, but when midnight came and no sign of my professed friend had been apparent, I began to lose heart and regard the girl's words as but the mere declaration of one who was willing but powerless to render me aid.

From what I had been able to glean from the excited jargon of the savages, the next morning at sunrise had been the time set for my death—and that death was at the stake; so, as might be imagined, I was not in a very cheerful mood when I realized that but six hours intervened between the present and the hour of my dissolution—or rather of my cremation.

I looked about me for some means of escape. There were none. A solid bank of rocky earth formed the rear wall; solid oak logs served as the other three walls, and two armed men sat or stood at the doorway, eager to perforate me with bullets at the slightest attempt to make my exit.

I sank down upon the earthen floor, utterly dejected and hopeless, and was deeply absorbed in my despairing thoughts when I became aware of a slight movement behind me.

I turned, half-frightened when to my infinite surprise one of the boulders comprising the rear wall was gone, and I could look out upon the star-lit scene without.

What did it mean—escape? or was it some fiendish device to assassinate me before my appointed time?

All doubt was removed the next instant when the pretty face of my dusky friend appeared at the opening, and a beckoning nod enjoined me to follow her.

Making sure that the guards had not observed what had occurred, I lost little time in slipping through the aperture.

The girl awaited me in silence until I had emerged, then rolling back the boulder in its place, bade me follow her.

I did so—silently, swiftly, until fully a mile had been put between us and the Indian village. Then she paused and spoke.

"You are safe," said she, "They will not miss you until morning, by which time you can, if you wish, be far away."

I started and peered closely into her face.

"You are not what you seem to be!" I cried excitedly. "Your speech betrays you! You are a white girl!"

"Yes, I am a white girl, although I have been among these savages for more than a year, dying my skin, complying with their customs, in order that I might some day escape without exciting their suspicions. This is the first opportunity in all that time that has occurred to give me hope. Are you one of a party of emigrants in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, and you shall go to our camp!" cried I, warmly.

"I was going to ask for your protection," she said, confusedly. "I do so much wish to leave this horrible place."

"Then come!" said I, drawing her arm within my own. "We must not lose a moment; we must reach camp and have our train well beyond this neighborhood by daybreak."

We pushed on with all possible speed, routed out the members of the party and started at once, and when the sun rose upon the scene where it was decreed I should meet my torturing death, we were twenty miles away.

The rest of the way to Fort Bridger was without startling incident, except by that time my dusky friend had developed into a white girl of startling beauty, overflowing with happiness, and the life and soul of our little party.

There remains but one thing to tell, and—But, as I write, a pretty, radiant face peers over my shoulders and says:

"No, dear; don't tell. Let the readers guess what followed."

It is my wife who thus speaks, I will do as she bids.—Yankee Blade.

## The Sons of Malta.

"The Independent Order of the Sons of Malta" extended all over the country, and flourished for something over a year about 1861, though even then it was only a revival of a similar order, which, under another name, had lived and prospered at intervals from about the last part of the year 1, or the early part of year 2, A. D. The organization necessarily had an ephemeral existence because it exhausted the material on which it could work, and two or three generations will of necessity pass by before it can be revived with new subject for organization. It would be impossible to describe the details of the initiation, for in this respect the ritual was very elastic and it was left to the intelligence and capabilities of the principal officers to conduct it according to the peculiarities of the individual persons. It may be said that the whole theory of the instruction of the initiation was to make the candidate understand how little a man could rely in this life on his own individual capacity.

Finally, after all the candidates had, by appropriate means had all the starch self confidence, conceit and base purposes in joining the order fully developed, their blinders were removed and the Grand Chancellor proceeded to instruct them in the history of the order, the point of which was that every man was a jackass, unless modified by the aids which society, as exemplified in this body, furnished to the individual.

The proceedings of the evening concluded with the display of an enormous punch bowl containing about ten gallons, together with some more solid refreshments calculated to bring an even state the pulse of the candidates whose equipoise had been more or less disturbed. While all the candidates realized the value of the lesson received and manifested their approval of its wholesomeness, they particularly displayed their zeal in an anxiety to dispense the blessings of the order amongst their friends not members, and the institution had a remarkable career, as long as there was the proper working material in the community to instruct.

One neophyte was of a very quick temper, but was soon over it. He came up to the lodge-room wearing a shiny, new silk hat, which he hung up with great care. During the evening he lost his temper many times, but always had more to lose when the occasion demanded. During the evening some joker took the lining from the new hat and placed it in a disreputable looking one that hung near. When the meeting adjourned the irascible man sought his hat, but seeing a different lining inside would not take it. Then the bad hat was shown him with his lining in it; his temper was gone in a second, and, seizing the new hat, he dashed it on the floor and kicked it. The around the room, remarking: "The man that owns that shan't get the best of me. When the true state of affairs was explained it was evident the owner of the hat had got the best of him."

Providence Journal.

## The "Lawd" Was With Him.

A man named Bill Dick Packer, who was noted in the neighborhood of Lick Skillet for his activity in jumping from one religion to another, lay ill of fever. The preacher who had last taken Mr. Packer into his fold was sitting under the front shed of the cross-roads store, smoking borrowed tobacco, when a man came up.

"Good morning, brother Atcherson," said the preacher. "Can you tell me how brother Bill Dick Packer is this morning?"

"Mighty low jis whiler go," brother Atcherson replied.

"Was there any preachers about him?"

"No, there want none about that I seed."

"Had there been any round there lately?"

"Hain't hearn uv none."

"Well, I've been might'ly pestered," said the preacher, "for fear some preacher of a contrary denomination would slip in and snatch Brother Bill Dick Packer over to his side. The preacher that finally gits him will be a made man in this here neighborhood."

Just then another man came up. "Brother Foster," said the preacher, "do you know whuther or no any preachers have been hangin' round Brother Bill Dick Packer's? I woulder been ther myself, you understand, but my jints have been sorter stiff this week. Feedin' the hogs the other day an' my ole white sow hemmed me up in the corner of the fence an' give me a few sich rounds that I hain't hardly been able to bend myself sense. Did you say thar was preachers round thar?"

"I ain't said nothin' yet," Brother Foster replied. "You axed me a question an' kep' on er talkin' like you didn't want a answer. I wuz over at Bill Dick Packer's jest now, an' thar wa'n't a preacher in sight."

"Air you shor thar wa'n't er Free Will or Up-The-Creek-Methodist slippin' round' summers, ready to git in thar work?"

"I am pretty certain."

"Air you shor thar hain't been none foolin' round thar in the last day or two?"

"I am shor."

"Wall, how is Brother Bill Dick this mornin'?"

"He's dead."

"Thar!" exclaimed the preacher, "Thar the thing's settled. I've won two bushels of seed corn an' a saddle. Bet with some of the bretherin that Brother Bill Dick would stick with me, an' I've come out ahead. Brother Foster, I hain't superstitious, but it do pear like the Lawd is on my side."

—Arkansas Traveler.

## Cursed by Wealth.

But the poor devil who, in the midst of a great city, without money, home or friends, decides that the best road for him leads through potter's field may derive some small consolation from the fact that riches, too, sometimes lead to a voluntary funeral and a hole in the ground. The political economist and the anarchist may extract a double kernel from this nut of city life and mammoth fortunes, for suicide among the young sons of wealthy fathers is reaching a point which calls for reflection. To be sure, the coroners' inquests in these cases are "doctored" by an adequate outlay of cash, and they go upon the official records generally as accidental death. Nevertheless, they are cases of self-murder, and the public know it, while wondering at the causes which should lead a youth, the heir apparent to a million or more and untold luxury, to take his own life.

The very wealth is at the root of it all. The boy is indulged in money and the disposition of his time. He plays billiards and cards all night, smokes immoderately, drinks whisky in proportion, indulges in other pastimes and vices, and bribes the servants to lie about his comings and goings at home. The father, engrossed in large affairs, frequently has a young drunkard sitting opposite him at dinner without being aware of the fact, and the mother's love is too blind to observe. The boy's health is damaged, his morals strangled, and his pocket mortgaged. He gets into all sorts of scrapes that he is ashamed of, until finally one more outrageous than usual, and perhaps with a female attachment, drives him, with a mind weakened by debauchery, to despair. Then he shoots himself, and he's usually drunk when he does it.—New York Letter.

## Electricity Not a Source of Power.

We continually hear electricity spoken of as a motive power, and the prediction frequently made that it will soon take place of the steam engine; that it will be employed to propel vessels across the Atlantic, and the like. But such a view of the matter is wholly without scientific basis. Electricity, in its important application to machinery, is never in itself a source of power. It is merely a convenient and easily manageable form of energy, by which mechanical power is transferable from an ordinary prime motor, as a steam engine or a water wheel, to a secondary motor which is employed to do the work. It performs an office precisely analogous to that of a belt or line of shafting, which, however useful in conveying power from one point to another, can, under no conceivable circumstances, be capable of originating it.—Franklin Leonard Pope, in Scribner's Magazine.

## PITH AND POINT.

The gentleman who is painting his nose thinks that alcohol used in the arts should be free.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Curiously enough after the purchaser had paid for his gun he said he would like to have it charged.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The country don't stand so much in need of a ballot-box that can not be stuffed as it does of voters who can not be stuffed.—Leader Rapids Gazette.

It is usually the case, when you find a woman starting out to reform the world, that her real object is to catch her husband in the haul.—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. Isabella S. Clark-Kerr advises women to go into pharmacy. A great many of them do—when they want postage-stamps.—Rochester Post-Express.

A Hungarian in Pennsylvania earned over a dollar a day and lived on two cents. He was taken with scurvy, and there are hopes that he may die.—Omaha Herald.

The persistence with which the average mature girl sticks to her undertaking makes the old bachelor think leap-year has a glue-me outlook.—Duluth Paragapher.

"You will join our society for the suppression of slang, will you not?" asked Ethel of her friend Madge. "Why, cert!" was the ready reply.—Baltimore Home Journal.

San Francisco should erect a monument to the Yellow river. It has removed enough Chinamen to entitle it to some sort of recognition from the Californians.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A professor in Montreal has set himself to work and has now mastered twelve new languages; and yet we don't imagine he dares to open his mouth when his wife wants to know why he staid out so late.—Rochester Post-Express.

Genius gets a black eye when it is picked too young. It is better to die in the cradle than live to be a prodigy like Hofmann's little Joe, who is fed on excitement and nursed from the speculation bottle.—New Orleans Picayune.

There is a growing impression that an agricultural society in Oil City that will give as large a premium for a draft-horse as it will for a billy goat or a spotted dog would be appreciated by the farmers of Venango county.—Oil City Derrick.

"I was married four years ago to-day." "Is that so?" In leap year, eh?" "Yes, and, by the way, my wife proposed marriage to me." "Had the advantage of you?" "Yes, but I got even. I was the first to apply for a divorce."—Lincoln Journal.

A Boston woman caught a burglar in her house one day last week, and proceeded to capture him. She got a revolver from her bureau, and tried to shoot the man as he stood in the closet and begged for his life, but with the proverbial aim of a woman she wounded herself, and the burglar got away. Had she tried to kill herself the chances are she would have killed the burglar.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## A FORTUNE IN CATS.

A New Yorker Who Has a Novel Scheme for Getting Wealth.

"How to Make a Fortune Out of Cats" is the title of a new book which is to be placed on the American market in a short time, says The New York Herald. The author is an enterprising New Yorker, who has made and lost several fortunes, and who has finally come to the conclusion that the easiest and safest way to amass filthy lucre is to breed cats on a stupendous scale. Exactly how he proposes to heap up for himself treasures on earth was fully explained by him to a reporter yesterday.

"There is an island about thirty acres in extent on the New river, in West Virginia," he began. "This island is partly cleared, and can be purchased for \$1,000. I propose to form a stock company for the purpose of buying this island and starting a cat farm on it."

"If you will think a moment you will see that there are millions of dollars in cats. Say we start with 100,000 cats, of which 25,000 are to be black, 25,000 white, 25,000 Maltese, and 25,000 of the common domestic breed. In the course of a year the number of cats on the island will be increased to 500,000."

"When the animals are a certain age they will be killed and their skins will be dried and sold in the market. At present a cat's skin is worth 10 cents. We fully calculate on being able to kill 1,000 cats daily."

"The intestines will be sold to dealers in musical-instrument strings, and the carcasses will be put into big vats, boiled, and given as food to live cats. The bones can, of course, be converted into glue and afterward into bone fertilizers. In one year we can kill 300,000 cats, whose skins will net us \$30,000. Their bones will be worth at least \$20 a ton, and their intestines and carcasses will also be worth a good deal of money. Remember too, that by using the dead cats as food for their live brethren we are spared the expense of cat food."

"Just think, too, how beautiful a rug or carpet of white catskin, with a border of Maltese, would look, and how charming combinations could be made of various colors! Why ladies would buy them by the thousand, and I am positive that with an outlay of not more than \$5,000 at least \$50,000 could be made in a single year."



## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

### WIRE FOR GRAPE TRELLISES.

In putting up trellises for grape vines, wire is much better for stringers than boards or slats often used. Wire costs less, is stronger, and besides can be easily grasped by tendrils of the young shoots. The trellis also in winter is less likely to be racked by winds, as the wire offers little obstruction.

### EWES THAT LOSE THEIR LAMBS.

It is possible sometimes to make a ewe that has lost her lamb own another and allow it to suckle. If this cannot be done unless the ewe be especially valuable on account of its breed, it is best to fatten it and sell it to the butcher. A ewe that loses its lamb one year becomes too fat the following summer, and is seldom worth much for breeding thereafter.

### USING FROZEN EGGS.

If a frozen egg is thawed out in cold water and used immediately it is a little injured. It is at least better than it can be again. The freezing of the egg and cracking the shell admit air, and this very quickly changes the character of the egg. Frozen eggs left a week or even half that time in a moderately warm room, lack flavor and are worth little or nothing.

### ASSORTING POTATOES.

Whether potatoes are kept in the cellar or in pits, if in considerable bulk they will require considerable care about this season. Get them out of the dark and probably too warm place where they have been confined, expose them to light, and if possible keep a temperature varying from 40° to 45°. This is especially necessary if the potatoes are intended for planting. If for use as food avoid exposure to sunlight.

### FARMERS VS. SPORTSMEN.

Farmers on Long Island are vigorously protesting against a proposed law to allow sportsmen to kill robins on their premises during certain months in the year. The robin is a great benefit to farmers, destroying many insects and doing no harm except taking a few cherries in their season. Aside from this it is the common mistake of legislators enacting game laws to suppose that owners of land have no rights as against sportsmen prowling around their premises.

### LOCATION FOR CHERRY TREES.

The cherry tree is very impatient of wet. Land can scarcely be too hard and dry for it to thrive. It is quite common to have cherry trees near the house. This is very well if the soil is well drained, as it should be around a dwelling. But if it is the habit of the women folks to throw washing water and other slops at the back door, it will be apt to kill cherry trees located near there. This is often an unexpected reason why cherry trees in such places mysteriously die while others escape.

### THE IDAHO PEAR.

Undoubtedly the extreme Northwest, where very low temperatures prevail, will be obliged to originate varieties of fruit hardly enough to endure their climate. A step in this direction is taken in the Idaho pear. It has been grown the last twenty years in a latitude 46° north, where the thermometer usually touches 20° to 30° below zero every winter, and often even lower. The tree fruited the fourth year from seed, and as the fruit is of good quality it may be desirable for Eastern orchardists to try it. In season it is a little later than the Bartlett.

### ALSIKE CLOVER HAY.

Alsike is a true clover. It shows by analysis the large proportion of albuminoids that makes clover hay richer food than that from timothy or other grasses. It generally grows a much finer stalk than either the medium or large red clover. Hence it is less apt to be injured and discolored by heating while in process of curing. Alsike hay mixed with timothy is becoming a favorite in most hay markets. Alsike should always have timothy seed sown with it, as the alsike dies out after the first crop is gathered. Then the timothy will cover the entire surface and yield a heavy crop, its roots feeding on those of alsike decaying in the soil.

### STRAIGHT RAIL AND POST FENCES.

Farmers whose old rail fences are growing poor can yet keep their fields well fenced by using posts and stakes for holding the rails in place. The post should be set below danger of the frost heaving it out. The stake beside it may be driven down and be almost of any material. Sometimes an old rail will be decayed at one end but the remainder will be good enough to split into several stakes. The first rail may be elevated from the ground either by wire or by a stone of suitable size. For large stock the rails need not be very close together. Four or five firmly fixed between the stake and post, with a barbed wire surmounting the latter, will be sufficient to turn almost any horse or cattle.

### TESTS OF JERSEYS.

At the Briar Cliff Farm, New York, various butter tests have been made from time to time for the purpose of ascertaining the actual working capacity of the animal tested, and some excellent results have been attained, in some instances fifteen to twenty-one pounds of butter per week. The feed has been the same as that fed to the rest of the herd in full flow of milk, with the addition in winter of eight quarts of wheat bran twice a day. The usual daily rations in winter at this farm for cows in milk consist of two to three bushels of hay and corn fodder mixed, with eight pounds corn meal, four pounds wheat bran, two pounds wheat middlings and two pounds oil meal. In summer the cows are turned out to pasture, which is supplemented by some

soiling crop, principally corn fodder, and four to eight quarts of wheat bran.

### DELAYING FRUIT BLOSSOMING.

Whenever danger is feared of trees putting forth their blossoms too early, the evil may easily be averted. While the ground is frozen or covered with snow draw manure, or even straw, and spread as far as the tree roots extend. The more snow is covered the better the effect will be. Whenever the season is too long for fruit, ripening is too early to keep well, this plan is especially recommended. The effect of the mulch extends long after the ice and snow have thawed. The ground under it is cool and moist until mid-summer or later, as mulch checks evaporation. In this way late-ripening varieties of apples may be grown so as keep several weeks longer than they would without this precaution. It is an especially good plan for pears, as a cool, moist soil without much manure is promotive of healthful growth and fruitfulness. A mulch of straw applied now will keep down grass, and do away with the need of plowing under pear trees.

### WINTERING MULES.

It is a mystery to many who see the hundreds of mules on the Erie Canal where these animals go to when the season of navigation closes. Farmers near the line of the canal might possibly answer this conundrum. Boarding canal mules is only a fairly profitable business. The mule is less fastidious about his diet than is the horse. He also requires less care. The usual way is to turn them loose in the barnyard, with no other stock, let them have a run at the straw stack and give hay once a day, occasionally varied by cornstalks. If the boating season has been poor the hay is often omitted, and on this deficient feed there is necessity for a special bargain as to who shall be responsible for losses. Sometimes the mule is kept for \$1 or \$1.25 a week. At this low rate the boat owner does not expect to get back his full number in the spring. The canal mule in the fall is usually badly run down, and needs good feed to bring him up. Towards spring, if the boat business promises to open well, the mule is better fed, and gradually put into condition for another season's hard work and harder usage. Possibly the mule can endure this treatment better than a horse; but every mercifully minded man will rejoice to see insensate steam power supersede both horses and mules in propelling boats on the canal.—*American Cultivator*.

### Woke Up the Wrong Man.

A few nights ago Levi D. Stevens, aged 75, was married to Mrs. Amanda Stevens, aged 16, widow of the bridegroom's brother. A large party of young men went to the residence of the bride and groom, and with tin horns, pans, horse fiddles, and other discordant implements, began to give the couple a serenade. After it had lasted half an hour the bride groom told his serenaders that he appreciated the serenade, but unless they went away within ten minutes, he would come out and chastise them. The band agreed to the old gentleman's remarks and warning with a howl of derision, and began to play.

Promptly on the expiration the ten minutes' grace the groom came forth. He seized the leader of the band, jerked from his hand the tin horn he was performing on, and planted his fist between the leader's eyes. The leader went down stayed down. Then the blissful bridegroom, as described by one of the serenaders, who early in the game took a fence, swept the tin horn right and left and two more of the serenaders went down like reeds before the wild wind. But the tin horn was ruined. Then the bridegroom's dander rose. He clutched a youth who had some local reputation as knocker-out and doer-up, but who on this occasion was developing surprising talent as a horse-fiddle virtuoso. He clutched this youth and raised him clear off the ground and hurled him bodily against a surprised but previously noisy young man who had been throwing his soul on the evening air through the medium of a large stick and a tin horn.

By this time the band was satisfied that the slumbering lion in the 75-year-old groom was really roused, and there were not points enough in the compass to indicate the directions that they took to escape the old man's displeasure. One unfortunate fugitive was not speedy enough, and he was grasped by the collar as the fence he yearned for was yet just beyond his grasp. The bridegroom saved that flying minstrel the trouble of climbing the fence. He tossed him over it.—*St. Louis Dispatch*.

### The Most Effective Gymnasium.

After the Detroit preachers' meeting Monday some of the brethren indulged in an informal talk about physical culture. Some appliances for promoting bodily vigor were mentioned, such as the health-lift, Indian clubs, dumbbells, etc. We wish to add to the list another appliance highly recommended by a medical cotemporary, one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—a whole gymnasium all by itself. It is a piece of steel, notched on one side, fitting tightly into a wooden frame, and, after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise of a sawbuck. This simple little machine, if used with due moderation, is warranted to knock endwise the most stubborn case of ministerial blues on record.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

## ONE MINER'S GREAT LUCK.

### A Dizzy Story From the Sage Brush Region.

Joseph Grandlemeyer, a mining expert from Nevada, gives the following description of what is called the dance of the giant: "Great cylinders of sand, from 8 to 20 feet in diameter, and sometimes immensely tall, come careening across the desert with a whirling, waltzing motion that is very graceful. I have often seen them when they must have been two or three miles high, for their tops reached up into the clouds. But oftener there will be one big column with a lot of little columns attending it, all waltzing along together. The effect is the strangest thing imaginable. It is both sublime and grotesque. It inspires you with awe, and at the same time fills you with the desire to laugh at the odd performance. And if the man is superstitious the weird, fantastic sight can make him feel mighty uncomfortable. They were never seen except in the summer time, and are most frequently in July. They have their beginning in some little incipient whirlwind, which snatches up a handful of sand while the surrounding air is still, and then they keep on growing and moving onward.

"They are not like the cyclones further east, for they move with very little noise, and instead of being funnel shaped, are of the same size from top to bottom. The motion is the same, being both circular and advancing. They draw up into the cylinder fabulous quantities of sand, tons of sage brush, and sometimes good-sized stones. How far they travel nobody can tell. The very big ones must have waltzed along in their silent majesty over the lonely deserts for a long distance. They must travel the whole of the White Pine Valley, 350 miles, and sometimes they come down through Spring Valley from Idaho to the Panhandle Valley.

"Joe McCann, one of the pioneers of White Pine, solemnly declares that he owed his richest strike to one of these waltzing giants. He was plodding through the valley, leading a pack mule laden with his prospecting outfit, when half a dozen sand columns came dancing silently along. Joe tried to dodge one of them, and got right in the way of the biggest one of the whole gang; it picked up him and the mule as though they were feathers and packed them across the valley in the loveliest waltz Joe ever shook a leg in. He got so dizzy that he couldn't tell where he was going, and he had just about made up his mind to be smothered in sand and carried to heaven by this dancing dervish of the desert when his feet struck solid ground, and after whirling about a few times, he fell into the bed of a creek that was almost dry. When he picked himself up there was the mule kicking solemnly and methodically at a shower of sand that was falling around him. The waltzing column had struck a side hill and collapsed, as they often do, and the upper part of the column was just coming down. Where the foot of the column struck the bed of the creek it had torn up the gravel to the depth of three or four feet, and exposed some of the richest pockets of small nuggets that Joe ever saw. He staid with the claim about two months, and cleaned up nearly \$60,000. Then he started to go back to the states, and blew in the whole pile at a faro bank in Pioche. Joe has wandered through those Nevada valleys for years since then, but hasn't had the luck to be picked out for a partner by another waltzing giant."—*Baltimore American*.

### Killed by a Ride on the Cars.

Samuel Gilmore, a colored man, aged ninety-seven years, died at the residence of his son, George Gilmore, this afternoon. The death of the aged man is surrounded by peculiar circumstances. Some time ago Geo. Gilmore, a well-to-do colored man of this city, decided that he was able to take care of his aged parents for the rest of their lives. He accordingly went back to the old home at Lynchburg, Va., which he had not visited since the war, after his old folks. His old mother returned to this city with him, but his father refused to come. He had never been on a train, and didn't care to get on one. He said at the time, however, that he might walk over to Knoxville some day in the near future. Later on, however, the son persuaded the old man to come on the cars. He came, but the shock of the novel experience was too much for him, and he slowly gave way under the breaking up of his nervous system until his death.—*Nashville American*.

### A Blizzard Episode.

The old man, muffled to the ears, was shoveling off the snow; the pitiless blizzard howled dismally through his whiskers, and he was mad all the way through.

"My dear," came a voice from an upper window.

"My dear, nothing," he shrieked back. "Let me alone! I'm busy! and he went on shoveling, and down slammed the window.

Half an hour later the same voice from the same window came in earnest, pleading tones:

"My dear!"

"Well, what in thunder do you want?" he shouted. "Is the house on fire?"

"No, John," wailed the voice. "the house is all right, but you are shoveling off the wrong walk."

Then the blizzard turned and fled.—*New York Sun*.

## The Old Office.

The other day I went into a little printing office at Hobsville, Ky. Years ago I went into that office to learn the printers trade. I did not do this with any hope of becoming a Horace Greely, but because the type was set in the shade. I had come from a farm, and brought with me a long standing dread of the sun. I thought all work performed in the shade was mere play; and, like my neighbors in the country, believed that, from rust of passive condition, all town people were lazy. I went to town knowing that all my old friends would issue advance sheets of their censure and denounce me as lazy even before I should have time to rest myself after I got to the shade, but this did not worry me, for to tell the truth, I was lazy. Am now, for that matter.

The printing office was on the top floor of the only three-story building in town. My first duty was to carry green cord wood up stairs. I felt proud of my position, knowing that I was advancing toward an editorial career, and, staggering under a green chunk that would have made a steer sway-backed, I pictured the time when, sitting in my "sanctum," I could, with determined head write "Uncle Billy Potter was in town yesterday." Dave Spreens is out again after a severe attack of flux, and other glowing sentences. I carried two cords and a half of wood the first day, and at night I felt a sort of emotional pride in the fact that my work was finished, but the next morning, before breakfast, a farmer drove up in front of the office and threw off another cord and a half of wood. Some of it was green sycamore, and it seemed to me that an ordinary chunk of it would weigh a ton. I carried it up stairs, and at evening, thoroughly worn out with my day's work, I had sat down to steal a few puffs from a cob pipe when one of the boys came up and said that the editor wanted to see me. A thrill, like the juicy sting of a ripe peach, shot through my system. I knew that the time for my first promotion had come and I hurried to the editor. His countenance did not beam in compliment upon me when I entered the door, but without the least sign of emotion he told me that a load of old rails had just arrived, and that to guard against a theft the rails must be cut up that night and safely housed up stairs. I had caught the thrilling perfume of a rose as I was bounding up the stairs; the sickening odor of dog-fennel came to me as I went down. The moon was shining when I went to work. The old axe, whose edge was familiar with the stones of the square, rebounded from the rails with angry jumps. The drug clerk, the dry goods man and the driver of the "city" express wagon, sat on boxes not far away, and between their loud bursts of laughter I could catch the droning recital of an old joke. Around the square the store doors slammed, one by one, and the lights went out like red eyes closed in the last stiff wink of death. I hacked on. The last train came in, and a knocked-neck negro, carrying the carpet bag of a commercial traveler, passed on his way to the hotel, and that midnight gloom, that gloom which finds its most impenetrable depth on the square of a country town, hovered like a vulture, setting in sullen incubation on the eggs of night. I hacked on. A freight train rushed past and jarred the town, the town cow lowed dolefully down an alley, an old sow, whose back bore the marks of many a scald and burn, lifted a frail gate from its hinges, went into a yard and grunted with satisfaction as she rooted up a rosebush. My work was completed when morning came, and to show his appreciation of my devotion, the editor told me that I might pull the hand-press all day.

Many years have elapsed since I set up "small picn" in that office, and when I crossed its sacred threshold the other day, I lingered near the door until I felt firm enough to speak to the printers who stood at the cases. There was the same old unabridged dictionary lying on the stone, and there stood the same old press—and what! the same old editor advanced to meet me! When I had last seen him, he was running his fingers through his hair, after the manner of a country lawyer, but now he could hardly reach back far enough into the past to touch his hair. Red veins, like an illuminated map, crossed each other on top of his head, and his two front teeth, stained with tobacco, looked like yellow fangs.

"I am delighted to see you," said he, when I had made myself known. "Sit down. By the way, we had a wedding in town the other night, and I want you to write me something funny about it. Bill," addressing a young fellow as an old man entered the door, "get Uncle Ham Boyson's paper for him. Walk back, Uncle Ham. You know this man, don't you?" He introduced us.

"Oh, mighty well, might well!" Uncle Ham exclaimed, as he shook my hand. "Mighty well. Eat a many a meal o' viduits at my house."

Never was in his house in my life. Strange that some old men will persist in being such liars.

"Yes," Uncle Ham continued,

"many a meal. You must come out an' see us 'fore you go back. My folks never will fergive you ef you don't."

Uncle Ham withdrew, and after promising the editor that I would make his office my headquarters during my stay in the "city," I went down. In the street, near the side walk, there was a large pile of green wood, and while I was thoughtfully looking at it, a gawky boy came down from the printing office shouldered a chunk and staggered upstairs.—*Opie P. Read, in Arkansas Traveler*.

## A BADLY CUT-UP BOY.

Only Twelve Years Old, but Has Wounds Enough to stock a Regiment.

A San Francisco correspondent of *The New York Sun* writes: Battered and scarred like unto a veteran of many wars is Oscar, the 12-year-old son of Axel Smith, an engineer, who lives over in Oakland. The boy has had as many dangerous cuts and wounds as he would ordinarily get in two or three lifetimes. His mother estimates that he must have lost by this time at least a barrel of blood by his various accidents, and that about three out of his twelve years have been spent in bed recovering from his wounds. His latest escapade, performed two or three weeks ago, was to jump from a barn loft fifteen feet into a mow below. In his descent he struck the slivered end of a fork handle standing erect in the mow, and a fragment penetrated his thigh about four inches. He tried to draw it out and broke it off in the wound. The doctor probed for it and brought out a piece of fork handle three inches long and as large as one's finger. He will soon be out of bed again and ready for another adventure.

About five years ago he and another boy got hold of an ax apiece and went to work facing each other, on a log which lay between them. Oscar leaned forward a little to far, and received on the top of his head the full force of a blow from his companion's ax. The effects came near being fatal, but in a few months he got around again and had two toes cut off by a mattock in the hands of another boy. Soon afterward while monkeying with a knife, he managed to cut off two of his fingers.

Another time he ran upon a garden rake and drove two teeth through his foot so that they stuck out above the top. His mother, hearing his screams, ran to his rescue, and, holding the rake down with both feet, by a desperate effort drew his foot from the teeth. As it came off the blood spurted so high that it struck her in the face. This wound confined young Oscar to his bed in a delirious condition for two weeks. As soon as he was about again he planted the other foot on the same rake, though he did not get quite so bad a wound as before.

The next thing he did was to jump off a seven-foot fence, and, striking on a broken bottle nearly cut the heel off his left foot. As soon as he was out of bed he jumped off the same fence again, as he never does things by halves, struck the other foot on another broken bottle. This time he cut the middle of the sole of the foot to the bone, and narrowly escaped bleeding to death.

While dressing himself one morning he was trying to balance himself on a stick of stovewood, when he fell forward upon a red-hot stove. He burned a stripe across his abdomen the size of a beef's tongue, and this kept him in bed for six months.

Two years ago he took a plank and started out to be a pirate. He took a half dozen sandwiches, lunched his plank, sat down contentedly on it, and floated off with the out going tide. He was having a jolly ride and rapidly getting out toward the billowy ocean when an incoming schooner picked him up, very much against his will, and saved him for still other hairbreadth escapes. Another time he tried to hang by his toes to the outside window ledge of a second story. The result was three broken ribs and a cracked collar-bone.

His parents have come to consider it the regular thing for Oscar to show up with a cut or a broken bone, and are much more astonished if bed time finds him safe and sound than they are if he has to be probed, sewed up, or banded. They think of getting a steel-plate armor for him which will incase him from the crown of the head to the sole of his feet. But they begin to think he has a good lucky following him in all his misadventures, which is taking care of him quite as well as an armor would.

## Undesirable Immigrants.

A writer in *The Andover Review* calls attention to the fact that there is marked deterioration in the class of immigrants from Europe to this country. Once we got the best—educated men, skilled laborers, with sufficient money to start life with. Now we get the lame, the halt, the blind the decrepit, and imbecile in a proportion larger than ever before. This writer says that "of the 92,000 persons in American insane asylums in 1880 there was one in 662 of the native-born population of the country and one in 254 of the foreign. Of the 67,067 paupers in our poor-houses there was in 986 of the native-born and one in 291 of the foreign. Of the 56,255 criminals in our prisons, jails, and work-houses there was one in 983 of the native born and one in 518 of the foreign. Of the 89,601 persons convicted of crime in New York state in 1886 those of foreign birth were proportionately to their number in the state three times as many as those of native birth."

## Why He's a Bachelor

"Well, for my part," said Fenderson, "I don't think much of your smart women. If other men want to marry them it's no affair of mine; but none of them for me, thank you. I don't want a wife that knows more than I do."

"And so," remarked Fogg, "you remain single."—*Boston Transcript*.



Leavenworth is greatly excited over the report of a large oil find. Some democratic papers talk of Judge John Martin for governor. The state could do no better than to elect him. It will probably not do so well.

The late rain was general in the south and west, and was of value incalculable. It will start a Kansas boom, and it followed by others until a successful harvest is reached Kansas will doubly boom.

Thomas Little of Leoti, writes the Capital removal committee: "I think Kansas has outgrown her swaddling clothes." Just so. They have just begun putting her in petticoats. Arzon, Oskaloosa and Syracuse have them on.

The emperor Fredrick is reported as resting well. Reports concerning Mr. Blaine are conflicting. Roscoe Conkling is probably near the end. It is hardly probable that any one of these men will live two years, and Mr. Conkling may die at any moment.

It is said that the Rev. Bernard Kelley declares that Albert Griffin shall not be sent as a delegate from Kansas to the republican convention. Bernard and Albert are both notoriety seekers and Albert is a good many points ahead. That is about all there is in the cocoanut.

The Capitol removal question has been spung again. Letter writers are at work removing it to some good point in the center of the state, where it may become a commercial city. Now capitalists don't often make good commercial cities. Boys get down your maps and look up state capitals and see how few of them have any commercial or manufacturing importance, and then if you want a good live town one hundred miles or so west of Topeka, go to work and build it. There's just lots of room for it.

Some one signing himself "Sol Gray," tickles the Democrat by writing in reference to the late city election, that "the service rendered by the Democrat cannot be over-appreciated." The Democrat cut no figure, whatever, in the campaign except to decrease the majority of Isenhardt. The republicans alone defeated Curran. Isenhardt was not by any means the strongest man the democrats could have named, but he carried the full democratic vote, and no one could have done more. Republicans did not stand by their nominee, but no one will pretend it was the influence of the Democrat that made them rumpwumps. If the Democrat had suspended publication the day Curran was nominated the republicans would have skinned him alive, so to speak, instead of beating him by a small majority.

#### A Farmer's Trust.

It is announced that a move has been made in Kansas to form a farmers' trust. The plan contemplates, first, the establishment of ten central agencies, to wit: Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Louisville—these agencies to do all the selling for the members of the association, for which they shall be paid stated salaries. Second, the territory tributary to these commercial points to be divided into eight principal districts and subdivided into subdistricts by counties. Third, the principal of each central agency, together with a general superintendent of the association, to be appointed, shall constitute an executive board, with power to regulate and control shipments of produce upon the markets, and to do any and all things that shall in their judgment appear to be to the best interests of the association.

One of the funniest things about human conduct is that it is as likely to drift into a totally or comparatively impractical channel as in one that is clearly open to achieve desired results. The desire upon the part of some that the government should own the railroads is an illustration. With nothing at all in the way of the government's assuming full control of railroads and having them operated directly under its close supervision, thus securing all that it could secure if it owned the roads, there are some who think that after all these years of effort to settle the government's right to do this, we should throw the whole thing aside and start on some other plan which promises no additional advantage. We do not know that we have any serious objection to government ownership of the roads, but we do not want to spend the time necessary to settle questions which would arise in connection with the attempt to establish such ownership, while just as good a plan has been established. And now this proposition to form a trust in the face of the fact that the Farmers Alliance has been widely established, and, if universally established, might do all that a trust could successfully do, is very much like throwing aside an estab-

lished railroad plan to adopt some other that is no better. Indeed this trust movement is somewhat worse than that, for it contemplates a great deal of expensive machinery. Further than that, it does not reach the bottom of our difficulties. Our hope of justice is in our political influence and power. Anything that overlooks that is to a greater or less degree impractical. It is like establishing the office of Secretary of Agriculture, but having it filled by the politicians. We first need to concentrate our power to the end that the government shall be compelled to recognize and respect agriculture; and then agriculture will take care of itself. What we need is fewer trusts and not more of them. What we need is a government that will burst all trusts, and we shall get that whenever the same degree of energy that would be needed to organize this proposed trust shall be used to establish an Alliance in every school district. We believe in going to the root of these matters and not simply scaling the surface. We want to see some sort of an organization through which the farmer can protect every right which belongs to him, and that cannot be until there is an organization that can make its voice heard by our public office; and as we have so many times said, when such an organization exists, its will will be obeyed, even without its making an effort.—Western Rural.

#### State News.

South Hutchinson is paying off her old debts by bonds.

The Lyons pottery works are nearing completion.

The proposed Newton sugar factory does not seem to progress very fast.

Kansas has the highest price of any kind in the Illinois markets.

A new military company has been organized at Winfield with sixty-three members, including officers.

Sterling's street railway has been started and a broom and canning factory are being talked up.

Argonia and Oskaloosa, Kan., now have women mayors and Oskaloosa and Syracuse have women for council.

The McPherson Republican rejoices in the fact that smallpox has gone and the new opera house has been commenced.

A girl in Finney county ate arsenic to beautify her complexion. Those who attended the funeral said it was a handsome corpse.

A question has been raised at Arkansas City regarding the right of the Cleveland club to ring the fire bell to call its members together.

The Seneca Tribune, one of the best Republican papers in the state shows its deserved prosperity in the fact that it has purchased a new press and steam power outfit.

In the city election at Anthony there resulted a tie between two candidates for the council. The Republican says the tie will be settled by the two candidates drawing lots.

The Salina Republican will soon issue an illustrated edition advertising the town. The citizens have taken 50,000 copies for eastern distribution. This shows good western newspaper get up.

Atchison Globe: There is a man in Atchison so nice and fastidious that before drinking a glass of the muddy water which comes from the Atchison hydrants, he rolls up his pantaloons.

In Chautauqua county the farmers are just as busy as they can be planting corn and other spring crops. A very large area of corn has been planted during the last ten days and if the weather remains favorable the planting will be finished by April 20.

Annelly, a town twelve miles southeast of Newton, was visited by fire about 11 o'clock Thursday night. The occupants of one house had a narrow escape from death in the flames. The total loss in the town will be in the neighborhood of \$12,000. The cause of the fire has not been learned.

Arbor day was observed by the students at the academy in Tonganoxie, in setting out a large number of trees, shrubs, and flowers. During the afternoon the students read essays etc, pertaining to the day. The work done on that day/afternoon, will serve in after years to much beautify the grounds.

The following is a "news item" from the Harper Sentinel: A sorrel-topped hen, two hands high, belonging to Dan Cole, came off her nest yesterday with a brood of thirty-six pinto chickens. It would take expert judgment of the contest court to tell whether they are male or female, however, it is believed that twenty-one of them are male.

The Globe Democrat says that the Chicago & Rock Island have abandoned the scheme of building to Colorado Springs but will build directly up the Arkansas valley to Pueblo.

#### County Teachers.

The monthly meeting of the county teachers was held at High School room Saturday afternoon about 100 present. Miss Nona Wood, of the association, occupied the chair.

E. Simmerwell, who was to read a paper on kindergarten work in the primary schools, was absent. The subject was discussed by several teachers. Mr. Mac Donald said it was impossible to keep children from 5 to 8 years of age busy six hours a day on readers, spellers and slates. He therefore thought kindergarten exercises should be sandwiched between the other recitations. Otherwise, the school room would become wearisome. All the studying and reciting a child of that age should do, could be done in two hours.

Mr. E. T. Barber said there was a cry abroad in the land that the schools were not doing practical work. He believed there was cause for it. The question is not how knowledge the child can get, but how well he can use it. Children asked to draw lines 1 inch or 1 foot long draw lines ranging from 1 1/2 to 2 feet long. This is because the eye and hand were not educated. The kindergarten taught the child these things. He had expended \$5 for kindergarten materials for the Rossville primary and it was money well invested.

Mr. Larimer opposed kindergarten schools. They emasculated children. They were taught the false doctrine that work was play. His experience was that children who came to the public schools from kindergarten institutions were much more difficult to teach than other children. The public schools were practical in their work. They are constantly improving. Nearly all the opposition to them comes from jesuitical societies. Our schools make practical men and women.

Mrs. Stiers said she had tried kindergarten work two years in primary grades, and she found it successful in every respect.

F. H. Ayres took charge of current topics. The death of the German emperor; resignation of the French cabinet; death of Chief Justice Waite; Chinese treaty, and other important events were named and talked about.

Mr. Larimer gave the seventh lesson of the course in English literature. His subject was Macaulay. He gave an interesting sketch of him; giving illustrations of his style and a brief account of his life work. His greatest work he thought was not his history; far less his poetry, but his reforms in the administration of government in India. Mr. Larimer read with fine effect an extract from Macaulay's description of Warren Hastings's trial; also the passage on the Catholic church in the essay on Ranke's history of the popes.

Mr. MacDonald gave his report as critic. He made several grammatical and other criticisms.

Prof. J. W. Wilkinson of the State Normal school spoke briefly in regard to teachers' excursion trains to the National Educational meeting next July. He hoped two carloads would go from Topeka. Mr. Barrett of the Santa Fe railroad gave detailed information as to the routes going and coming.

We take the following from the Daily Times, published at Bowling Green Kentucky.

This morning at 10 o'clock Mr. George B. Payne and family left for Topeka, Kansas, where they will in future make their home. They have contemplated this move for some time, Mr. Payne having made two or three prospecting trips in the past year or two. A large number of their friends were at the depot this morning to bid them farewell and many a tear was shed, for Mr. Payne and family have been life-long residents of this place and it was with the deepest regret that their friends bade them good bye. While we feel that we are losing some of our very best citizens and we regret it very much, we commend them to the good people of Topeka, and congratulate the latter upon securing such an addition to their social circle as Mr. and Mrs. Payne and their family of splendid children. The TIMES hopes that they will be happy and prosperous in their new home.

Mr. Payne is a brother of Post-master Payne, of this city. We hope neither he nor any of his family will ever regret leaving their "Old Kentucky Home," for sunny Kansas. Mr. Payne has taken the Mathews house on Jackson street, near his brother, and is moving in to-day.

Louis Heck jr., has left for Europe. Over forty cases are set for trial in the United States District court this week.

Will C. Knox, one of the most enterprising of Topeka's business men, is having published 50,000 copies of a neat pamphlet, which will contain a fine write up of Topeka and Kansas, and the cover of the book will be a fine lithographic cut of the new building, which Mr. Knox is now erecting on west Sixth street. The cost of the pamphlet will approximate \$2,000. They will be carefully distributed all over the United States.

The old city council met last night and transacted some routine business when the new councilmen were sworn in, and preceded to ballot for a president. After thirty-nine ballots were cast B. M. Curtis was elected, and then the mayor treated both old and new to an oyster supper.

A party of fifty ladies and gentlemen representing the Harmonic Singing Society of Wamego, made an excursion to this city, Saturday, arriving at 4:10. They were met by a committee of the Arion society, and escorted to the society hall, Kansas Avenue. After they had rested and greetings exchanged among members of the two societies, the strangers were conducted about the city and the many public places of interest, the newly and well paved streets, the myriad of improvements and countless sights of interest were pointed out to them. Many of them expressed surprise at the greatness, prosperity, beauty and manifold advantages that Topeka presents to the individual seeking it for the first time, while all agreed that there was every evidence that the city is flourishing and bound to grow and succeed. In the evening, a concert was given at the Arion society's hall.



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#### Religious Notes.

Last year there were six M. E. pastors stationed in Topeka. This year there are seven.

Dr. S. E. Pendleton, of this city, who was appointed presiding elder of the Atchison district, will for the present reside in Topeka.

Rev. L. H. Holt commenced the publication of the Topeka Baptist Visitor, which is published in the interest of all the Baptist churches of the Capital city.

There will be services every Sunday hereafter, at the Church of the Good Shepherd. It is not yet definitely known whether or not the Rev. Alfred Brown will be able to accept charge of the church.

Rev. S. G. Griffin, the new pastor at Lowman Hill, is one of the most genial men of the conference and a good preacher. This year the Hill has preaching both morning and evening.

Rev. George Winterbourne, pastor in South Topeka, is at work raising funds for the erection of a church and is meeting with liberal responses. Over \$2,000 was secured last week.

Rev. G. S. Dearborn, lately of Manhattan, has been appointed presiding elder of the Topeka district of the M. E. church, and will in a few days move to this city. He is one of the ablest ministers in the state. He has just completed his forty-fifth year of continuous work in the ministry. Only four others are now in the ministry in Kansas who were in at the time Rev. Dearborn joined the Kansas conference.

#### METHODIST STATISTICS.

The following statistics showing the strength of the Methodist churches of Topeka have been compiled.

The First M. E. church has 1,043 members; its church property is valued at \$50,000; during the year there were thirteen deaths in the church; nine children were baptized; fifteen adults were baptized; the Sunday school has 950 pupils and 85 scholars; the sum of \$1,176 was contributed for missions; \$512 for Woman's Foreign Missionary society, and \$3,442 salary of pastor, presiding elder and bishop.

The Kansas avenue M. E. church has 341 members and 106 probationers; it has had five deaths; two children and fourteen adults have been baptized; the church property is valued at \$15,000; the sum of \$701 was contributed to missions, and \$1,292 for support of pastor and presiding elder.

Lowman Hill M. E. church has 185 members and sixty probationers; its church property is valued at \$7,000; there is an attendance of 400 at the Sunday school, \$1,050 is contributed for pastor's and presiding elder's salary.

The Mount Olive church has sixty members and four probationers.

The Globe intimates that a Democratic Sunday morning paper will soon be started in Atchison.

Frank C. Fegley, the salvationist whose undesirable character was exposed by the Hutchinson News, has skipped that town.

Cloud county has a little girl 2 years and 2 months old who it is said possesses extraordinary powers as an elocutionist.

The funeral of John Puterbaugh occurred at Hutchinson a few days ago. Col. J. R. Hallowell delivered an address. Many prominent men were present.

Three children of Fred Leis were found dead on the prairie eight miles north of Brockville Wednesday. They had been herding cattle and were poisoned by eating wild parsnips.

A few cranky citizens who know nothing about the newspaper business at Concordia, imagine they can run a metropolitan newspaper in that city and freeze out the Blade with a capital of \$10,000. This is a mistaken idea. They should give their support to the Blade and they will get a better paper for it. It takes lots of good money to make a good newspaper.

Good afternoon Judge Isenhardt. May your labors for the future be extremely light.

Notice is given that a convention, to take into consideration the question of the establishment of the capital of the state in a central location, is called to be held in the city of Abilene, the 24th day of April. This call is issued under the authority of the general committee appointed for this purpose, and at the request of a large number of citizens throughout the central and western part of this state.

C. K. Holliday has filed an appeal from the report of the commissioners who were appointed to and did condemn lands belonging to him for a right of way for the East Side Railway company, together with a certified copy of the commissioners' report. He has also filed an appeal bond in the sum of \$1,000. By this action the whole case will be reopened and be for trial in the district court. The value of the land taken, and the damages accruing, the commissioners assessed at \$500, while the amount claimed by Holliday was \$10,000.

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