

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XX.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$5.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies. Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Judge Baird, of Emporia, aged 80, died on Monday.

The Santa Fe Company is still cutting down expenses.

Pike's Peak will next year be reached by railroad, so any one can reach the top without muscle.

Gen. A. B. Campbell was only a Major when he got to Washington. He has returned without an office.

The Winchester Herald complains that some parties at that place conduct themselves in a manner unbecoming to a model town in a prohibition state. Probably they live too near the Leavenworth pontoon bridge.

A Cincinnati cable car broke loose on Tuesday, and rushed 2,000 feet down a steep incline. The car was literally smashed, and out of the nine inmates five were killed, three wounded, and one escaped, with slight injury.

Judge Guthrie, of the Shawnee county district court, delivered a very lengthy charge to the grand jury on Monday. It was as long as a president's message and quite as able. He dwelt upon the prohibitory law of the state at considerable length, testifying to its gratifying results. He portrayed its great benefits to the laboring men, and declared that the saloon is forever banished from the state, and urged the complete enforcement of the law.

H. J. Case brought a large beet into our office this week that eclipses any thing we ever saw. It weighs exactly twenty-five pounds and measures thirty-six inches in length and twenty-seven inches in circumference. It was raised in his garden in Effingham, and Mr. Case says that if you will come to his garden he will show you fifty more fully as large. He has sixteen rows in his garden one hundred feet long and thinks he will have a crop of one hundred and fifty bushels. He digs them and cords them up like a person would logs. They are of the sugar beet variety. —Effingham Times.

Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia.

Splendid speed recently marks the progress of Alden's great Manifold Cyclopedia. The sixteenth volume extends from Galvanized Iron to Gog and Mogog. This odd beginning and ending illustrates the magnificent scope of the work, taking in as it does the very latest discoveries, of science and the remotest traditions of antiquity, and all between, including an unabridged dictionary of language as well as a cyclopedia of universal knowledge. The small handy volumes, contrasting so remarkably with the usual unwieldy quarto or octavo volumes of other cyclopedias, the large handsome type, the numerous illustrations, the excellent printing and the neat, strong binding, are features which everyone can appreciate; and not less will the majority of readers appreciate the wonderfully low price; 60 cents a volume for cloth binding, or 85 cents for half Morocco, or, if ordered immediately, the publisher offers the sixteen volumes for the reduced price of \$7.50 for cloth binding, or \$10.70 for half Morocco. At these prices it is sent prepaid, by mail or express. A sample volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago or Atlanta.

F. M. Grover, the Topeka blind Justice of the Peace, writes a letter on the education of the blind and the deaf and dumb, which deserves attention. His comments are free from invidious criticism as regards the present management of our own state institution for the blind. He insists, however, that the system under which the state controls both its school for the blind and for the deaf and dumb is wrong, and that it does great injustice to those who attend those schools, in that it places them at the mercy of the politicians. Mr. Grover suggests that a plan of public agitation be adopted, and that such plan be tenaciously adhered to, which shall have for its purpose the rescuing of those institutions from the grasp of the politicians who have always held them at their mercy. Every teacher in Kansas would be with the agitators in such reform. These schools should be removed from the pale of charitable institutions and placed where they belong—on an equal footing with other educational institutions of this great state. We should not insult a blind, or a deaf and dumb person by sending him to an "asylum" to be educated. What he wants, and what the state intended, is a chance to have an education whereby he may become self supporting. As teachers, we should not teach that the pupil who attends such a school is an "object of charity." He is no more such than the student who attends the state university or any other of the educational institutions of the state. Teach that these last are "objects of charity" and in five years those schools would be obliged to close their doors. Many teachers have wrong impressions concerning the blind and the deaf and dumb schools, and hence give out wrong impressions to their pupils. If these could be corrected and the public agitation referred to above, begun in the school room much good would be accomplished.

The political situation in Douglas county is completely demoralized. The republicans are divided into factions, and if the citizens outside of Lawrence could take hold and beat them both, they might do the county a service. A regular republican ticket is in the field, nominated of course by the power that always does these things—the ring as some call it. Yet it is the regular ticket and those who kick against it may expect to be kicked in return. The Journal, including the Tribune, which is the Journal's tailpiece, support the regular nomination. Watkins' new paper, the Record, bolts the ticket, and is avowedly the organ of Farmer Funston, as well as the new Watkins railroad which is seeking special aid from Congress. If the bolters win this time there will be ample justification for the other fellows to bolt next year if Farmer Funston should get the nomination. That is if the ring or clique, is beaten this year, it may bolt next year and no one can question its loyalty to the party. The situation is the natural outgrowth of personal politics. No questions of principle are involved. It is divorced from any semblance of statesmanship. Like the politics of this day almost everywhere, nothing but personal interest is involved. To put it mildly, the whole situation is a burning disgrace to the county wherein it is situated, the great university of the state. There are minor reasons why one may sympathize with either faction, but as a whole, one can only wish that it might end as a fight of Kilkenney cats.

Milton S. Alderfer, once a student of the Topeka high school, has gone to the penitentiary for fifteen months, for obtaining money under false pretences by mortgaging a drove of other men's cattle to W. A. Sells for about \$500 a few months ago.

THEIR LAST WORDS.

The Dying Sentences of Men Noted in History and Literature.

"A death bed's a detector of the heart; Here tried dissimulation drops her mask, Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,

Here real and apparent are the same."

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.

"I must sleep now."—Byron.

"It matters little how the head lieth."

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"Give Dayrols a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"What! is there no bribing death?"

—Cardinal Beaufort.

"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Mme. de Staël.

"Be serious."—Grotius.

"Into Thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.

"It is small, very small, indeed?"

(clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.

"I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"I resign my soul to my God—and my daughters to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.

"It is well done."—Washington.

"Independence forever."—Adams.

"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."

—Taylor.

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V., of Denmark.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."

—Franklin.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."

—Charles II.

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"It grows dark, boys; you may go."

—Dr. Adam.

"God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.

"God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dora?"—Wordsworth.

"Now it is come."—John Knox.

"Dying, dying."—Hood.

"How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to Heaven!"—[The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying.]—Humboldt.

The cattle barons of Wyoming have given way to the flockmasters, says an exchange. Sheep will nip the grass in the future where cattle roamed in the past. The country is better suited to sheep than it was to cattle.

L. S. Coffin, of Iowa, came pretty nearly getting hooked to death by a cow the other day. If we are not mistaken, Coffin has been a red hot opponent of de-horning. We shall wait to see how he regards the practice.

We heartily extend an invitation to the public to visit

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Many of the creameries and cheese factories started in the Northwest during the past two years have not been financially successful, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. It is rarely that an enterprise of this sort pays the first year or two. Farmers have to learn about the business.

There is considerable stir in regard to the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest. The man who works his horses all day and drives them at night and Sundays, should take part in this Sunday movement.

The winter term of the Lawrence Business College begins November 4. This popular school is having the largest attendance this year it has ever had.

Great mistakes are often made in trying to economize. It is a safe rule to follow that the best is always the cheapest. A cheap physician may cost you your life. If you have malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable, but unfit to work. Lost time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shallenberger's Anodyne will cure you in twenty-four hours. Sold by Druggists.

Spokane Falls New Line.

The Union Pacific Railway, having completed its line to Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, is running its trains direct to that point, thus forming the most desirable route from the East on account of its Pullman Palace sleeping cars, Pullman Dining cars, and Free Pullman Colonist Sleepers.

Spokane Falls is situated in the Palouse country and is the distributing center for a section of the Northwest, the resources of which are unlimited. An illustration of 50,000 bushels of wheat have been raised from 1,000 acres of land. Another feature of the country greatly conducive to the raising of crops, is the rainless harvests, no rain falling while crops are being harvested.

Many desirable farms may yet be had in this remarkably productive region on reasonable terms, and a more favorable opportunity for procuring a farm cheap will not soon present itself again.

For pamphlets descriptive of the country, or for rates, time tables or maps pertaining to the Union Pacific Railway apply to your nearest Ticket Agent, any Agent of this Company, or the undersigned.

E. L. LOMAX.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unsold for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THIS is the season when the shrewd money-lender talks so glibly about the scarcity of money and the movement of crops.

DR. OLIVER Wendell Holmes is quoted as saying the other day that "death bears as pleasing a face to an old man as sleep to one who is tired."

A LEADING peach grower in Delaware says the peach belt in that state is moving southward. Those interested ought to buckle the belt up another hole.

THE total cost and loss of the Haytian civil war is stated at \$10,000,000. This ought to convince the Haytians that it is much better to quit raising insurrections and go to raising sugar.

A BASHFUL young man of Wellsville, N. Y., offers a \$5 silk umbrella to the young lady sending the best proposal of marriage. Points to be considered are composition, spelling, writing, brevity, and reasons for wishing to be married. Maiden ladies over 75 are barred out.

LOS ANGELES has rejected a proposition to build a sewer to the sea, twelve miles distant. More than three-fourths of the city has no sewerage system, and the soil is said to be so saturated with filth that children are dying from diphtheria and other causes traceable to unsanitary conditions.

No man who pursues what is called sport, though in fact it is intense, absorbing, wasting application, can escape moral decay. He rots down. Useful neither to society nor to himself he becomes a foe to the family he should cherish. The law against public gambling ought to be enforced.

WILLIAM TELL is still honored by the Swissers as if no doubt had ever been cast on his existence. A grand Tell monument is to be erected by public subscription at Atdorf, near Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, where the patriot shot the apple off his son's head. The federal council have promised a handsome contribution.

THE Manchester woman informs the Sun that her theory is that the majority of parents love their children too much to punish them severely. She thinks they can be more effectively punished by frightening them than by subjecting them to physical correction. She therefore offers her services as a bugaboo. Fee, two shillings.

THE youths of Belfast, Me., are having great sport in dipping the small herring that swarm the cove. A long combustible torch is extended some six or eight feet over the bow of the boat, and when all is ready, the torch is lighted and the word is given to "pull hard, boys," and in a few minutes the water is alive with the fish.

ANOTHER man has discovered a system to beat roulette, faro, and all other games of chance. Of course it is an arithmetical-progression scheme and works to perfection in theory, just as all the other so-called sure systems do. Somehow or other systems come and go, but the man with a percentage in his favor keeps right on getting the mathematical people's money.

THE danger of poetic people grappling with the international conundrum "Is life worth living?" was exemplified in France the other day. A beautiful and very rich widow concluded there was nothing in life for her but a final bath in the Seine and she jumped in, only to be pulled out by a poor fellow she has since married. The cold water had a wonderful effect on her opinion of life. So did the engineer who pulled her out.

SAYS a prominent New England clergyman who has recently been visiting in the west: "In the west I find more wealth, more generosity, more enthusiasm and aggressiveness in church work, and believe me more genuine culture than in the east. But I do miss a historic background. I miss the old. I miss, on the banks of the Mississippi, what one misses who comes from Old England to New England—a good deep stratum of history."

A NEWS paragraph says: "A Waverly, Mich., man saw his wife's foot sticking up above the lower end of the bed, and thinking it was a burglar he shot at it. His wife now limps." This induces curious speculation as to the size of the women's feet in Waverly, Mich., and recalls the story of the Indiana man who had such big feet that when he died they buried him standing up, because the grave wasn't deep enough to put him in the other way.

THE GIRLS OF CUBA.

They Understand the Art of Flirting and Keeping Comfortable.

The Houses in Havana Are Built With an Eye to the Girls—The Windows Are Barred to Prevent the Romeo and Juliet Scheme.

Special Havana (Cuba) letter.

Life in this island whether in January or July is an unending struggle to maintain an agreeable temperature. The Cubans achieve this important object by never exposing themselves to the sun, sitting indoors or in shaded piazzas, riding in covered victorias, providing themselves with large parasols, placing awnings over the sidewalks, and even stretching canvases



across the narrow streets. Curiously enough shade produces coolness as Cuba enjoys constant winds, blowing softly but steadily, by which the people are fanned and cooled. In direct conflict with the sun's rays, these breezes amount to nothing; it is the shade which makes them so cooling, that stepping out in the sunshine in Havana, is like going from a New York sidewalk into a cellar. Nobody walks in the daytime. Ricketty, tumbledown victorias are so numerous that there always seems to be a vehicle in front of every fourth or fifth house. The ever sleeping drivers must be aroused with blows and endearing epithets when one desires to use a victoria for shopping, sight-seeing, making calls or even going from a hotel to a cafe only two miles distant.

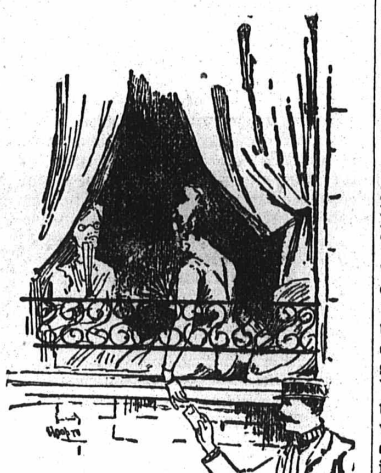
Old Sol prescribes the style of architecture as well as the mode of life, to such an extent, that were the Cubans not Christians, they would doubtless be sun worshippers. Cupid, too, has a hand in this important matter. Every afternoon a Cuban town resolves itself into a beauty show. As soon as the sun's rays slant enough to throw the streets into shade, the girls, wearing their lightest costumes, lounge in picturesque attitudes in the windows to enjoy the street scenes and the admiration of the passers-by. These windows are Cupid's own. They are as large as stable doors while the cool marble sills composed of China tiles, are as wide as ordinary sofas, and a foot or two above the sidewalk. Here the large orb, languid beauties repose at half length, resting their bodies on the window frames, displaying their high art shoulders, and perhaps an inch or two of gay silk hose and manifest an entire surrender to dreamy indolence and chronic languor, killing time with an ease and grace that defies Northern competition and rivalry. But though so near, the belles are yet distant, for they are caged. Whether with or without glass, the windows are protected with possibly ornamental iron bars, which give their seats a prison like aspect. Every afternoon witnesses an amatory campaign that the beaux call "doing the bear," and in which the slaves of beauty walk up and down the opposite sides of the streets, like bears in a cage, in order to attract attention and possible smiles of the fair ones, and the smitten swain seeks an occasion to look his desire that his enslaver grant him an estate in her thoughts. The winner of a smile, after repeated success in the preliminary skirmish, will suddenly approach, and dart to one side, and flattening himself against the wall, will edge up close to the corner of the window bar, where senorita is sitting. Nor is he empty handed, but presses through the bars a box of bonbons into the dimpled hand stretched out to receive it. With this he reaches up on tip toe, and whispers in her ear a sentence or two, which causes her to smile and nod her head, while she replies to a question addressed to her by some member of the family. He will



SHE MAKES A PRETTY PICTURE. continue whispering to her for some time, while she joins in the conversation of her relatives with an air of pretended interest that an actress might envy. One never sees a woman reading in Cuba, and for that matter nobody weakens their eyes by such an amusement. Every club has its library, but

the collection of books is slender and the volumes are dusty and abandoned-looking. By eight o'clock in the evening, the main streets of a Cuban town hum with activity. On the clear and cool evening air the ladies come out in full force, accompanied by their husbands, mothers or duennas on their way to the theatre, or to sit in one of the parks and listen to the music of the military band. Here the beaux and belles meet again, and exchange shots with the missiles of the eye. At the band concerts the swains "do the bear" as assiduously as in the afternoon, while senorita never fails to look charmingly unconscious that a young man has taken a seat exactly opposite, although the swain stares at her intently as if he feared that she would suddenly vanish, and he was resolved not to lose the last sight of her. At length the concert concludes, and the grand rush of ladies and gentlemen to their carriages begins, during which the timid maiden may perhaps drop her head by her side to have it pressed just a little by somebody, or to have a note left in it by the bold wooer, who squeezes through the crowd to do so. The thin and withered men with dark skins and hair almost invariably black, who have dyed their systems with incessant coffee drinking, and tanned themselves with sunshine and tobacco, contrast strongly with the pink cheeked beauties who are nearly all on their way to stoutness. Tobacco has not dried, nor coffee tinctured, nor sunshine baked those faces, necks and arms in the windows, in the darkest of which there is no hue, except that of the blending of the olive and the rose. But there is a love of mischief in those orbs, which for the stranger are full of revelations in the possibilities of the pastime of flirtation, which Cuban girls have reduced to a science.

The flirting girl smiles behind her fan, allows the young man to see the mischievous expression, and then hides her face in confusion. Imagine a rough laughing glance at the top or side of a fan quickly replaced by the view of a demure round face resplendent with its coal black eyes and ruby lips, turned calmly in another direction, and wearing the expression of a statue. There is probably more flirting in Cuba than in any other place, but this is doubtless to be attributed to the fashion the woman have of looking in the windows, which is taken advantage of by the young men, and has led to a curious custom.



THE WAY IT IS WORKED IN CUBA. If a youth is smitten by a maiden's charms, and does not know her name, or how to become acquainted with her, he walks by the window of an afternoon, passing and repassing, and directing side glances at the object of his admiration. She is quick to notice this, and if inclined to encourage him, she remains in her seat. In time, he may venture to speak to her, and may secure an invitation to call upon the family, after a few whispered chats at the window, or will have a way pointed out to him for a formal introduction. But if his manners and looks are distasteful to the young woman, she waits until she is certain that he sees her and then quits the window with a show of great displeasure, frowning into the room and banging the window shutters behind her. Cuban girls may not go into the street on shopping excursions, to make calls or for any other purpose unless they are attended by a servant or an elderly person.

Thus does the Cuban belle, from whom the flirtatious American girl may learn so much in her favorite art, pass by many but easy gradations up Cupid's stairway. The heated term is gliding swiftly away and with the advent of September, the absent bells are returning to the city with an infinite unconsciousness and self-complacency of manner, that savours of a falling mercury and coming marriage. May they repose in the reflection that the past is secure, and quaff the cup of assured expectation until the flowers fade, till winter, or perhaps till Easter, when they may finally scale the heights of happiness by the ladder of love.

A Legislator's Snake. Mr. Gordon, a member of the Georgia house of representatives, created a sensation in the legislature. While talking to several members he suddenly drew a live snake from his pocket. As the reptile darted its tongue toward the representatives there was a dispersion that eclipsed the dispersion after the flood. A shout and burst of laughter followed that endangered the gravity of the house. One of the members said that a snake was an uncanny sort of a jest. It carried with it an insinuation not pleasant to a member who had been up late the night before.

A CHARMING YOUNG EDITOR.

The Work of a Brave and Energetic Young Woman of Alabama.

At the recent national editorial convention held in Detroit, the labors of the delegates were lightened and the various meetings and excursions were brightened by the presence of many beautiful and talented women from all parts of the country, says the Free Press.

One of the brightest, wittiest and most charming of these editorial ladies was Miss Virginia Clay, of Huntsville, Ala., and in the hope that a few words about this energetic young southern woman may encourage those who are in trouble, or strengthen those who may have suddenly to meet difficulties and disaster, the Free Press gives an account of her entire to newspaper life. The Huntsville Democrat was founded in 1823, and was owned and managed for many years by J. Withers Clay. Four years ago Mr. Clay was stricken with paralysis. The war had left him, as it left so many thousands of others, in poverty, and at the time that paralysis overtook him he was recovering in a measure from the disasters of that conflict.

Mr. Clay has four daughters. The eldest is Mary, and the youngest Miss Elodie, Virginia and Susie coming in between. The youngest was a clerk in the postoffice. The eldest devoted her entire time to taking care of her father. Mr. Clay had been given up by the physicians, who said he had only a few days to live. Miss Mary, who herself was an invalid, tried massage and all the advanced methods of treatment. She made a study of the subject and devoted herself entirely to her father. The result has been that Mr. Clay has partially recovered from the effects of the stroke. He is able to walk around and understand what is said to him, although he cannot write or speak. Yet the girls manage to understand what he desires them to do. It is a remarkable fact that when Miss Mary began to nurse her father she was herself an invalid and a very slim, delicate girl. The results of the four years' care have been that she is now robust and better than she ever was in her life before. The two girls, Virginia and Susie, bravely took charge of the paper. Miss Virginia had some trouble with the employees at first, who thought that they could do as they pleased, now that a young girl was at the head of the affairs, but she speedily brought order out of chaos. One remark that she made will illustrate her energetic qualities. One of the employees had said that Susie was a printer's devil, and this remark gave great offense to Miss Susie. Miss Virginia blazed out at the person who made this remark.

"You will have to treat Miss Susie with respect," she said. "I want you to understand that I am the devil in this office, and so you can govern yourselves accordingly."

She promptly discharged those who were rebellious, reorganized the office, did everything from writing the whole paper sometimes to setting type, and when that was done went out as collector and gathered in the shekels due. As collector Miss Virginia was a great success, and those who met the charming young woman in Detroit will understand the difficulty a man would have in refusing to pay a bill that was due. She collected debts that no man could have collected, and she and her sister have made a great success of the paper. Personally, Miss Virginia Clay is a handsome, tall and rather slim girl. In conversation she can more than hold her own in any company, and all in all she is an excellent example of what the ladies of the New South can do when they try.

Recorded in the Bible. Apropos of the opening of school, says the Boston Budget, the following story is told: Among the applicants for permit was a very young child, accompanied by his Scotch mother. The committeeman objected to granting the child requisite authority for entering school on the ground that he did not appear to have reached the required age for admission. The mother stoutly affirmed that the child was five years old, but could not give the year in which he was born, her memory not being a reliable one so far as dates were concerned; still she argued that the child was old enough to go to school and should be given a permit. At last the committeeman, wishing to be assured on the point of the child's age, told the mother that she would have to bring the bible containing the record of the child's age to him before he would feel free to decide. The next day, armed with the desired authority in the shape of a cheap edition of the testament, she triumphantly led the little fellow again into the presence of the committeeman, and handing the latter the book with the air of one who had borne down all opposition, pointed to a fly-leaf on which was scrawled, "Sandy is 5 years old." The child got a permit, for there was no denying so ingenious a mother as that.

A Sweet Girl. "May I have the pleasure of accompanying you on the straw-ride, Miss Green?" said the young man hopefully; "your mother is going to chaperon the party." She hesitated a minute before answering. "Don't you think," she replied at length, "that if mamma is going as chaperon it would be much nicer to sit on the front piazza while mamma is away."—Boston Beacon.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Republics were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps and then punch their heads.

He—"Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antique? She—"I don't know; how much have you got?"

Guest—"You seem musical. I always hear you whistling. What is your favorite song?" Waiter—"Remember me, sah." He got a quarter.

It is a curious fact that while women are reticent about their own ages, they have no hesitation about publishing the ages of other women.

If grown men only knew as much as their mothers think they know when they are babies the world would have no further use for cyclopedias.

Humorist—"I suppose this little joke will go at regular rates if accepted." Editor—"Yes, I guess so. It is too old to travel for half-fare any longer.

Clara (patronizingly)—"It is a good plan for a person in society, to try at least to look wise." Debutante—"True! But don't you sometimes find it hard to do so?"

Head clerk—"I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir." "So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. That must be done in their own time."

His Only Failing.—Miss Charity—"Is your husband addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants?" Recipient of alms—"No, indeed, mum, not he; his only failin' is drinkin'."

The kind and correct thing to say to the comer home is: "I hope you feel rested from your vacation." Nobody says "rested by your vacation" except those who haven't had any.

Mother was victorious. Jimmy Brown—"Has your mother been whippin' you, Billy?" Billy—"I don't care to answer. It's sufficient for you to know that she got the upper hand of me."

Needed coaching. Young farmer (apologetically)—"I know I'm a perfect bear in my manners, Miss Edna." Sweet sixteen (hesitatingly)—"No, you're not;—you—you—you—have never hugged me yet."

English as She is Spoke.—Miss La Mode (looking into Farmer Fleece's garden)—"You asked me to stop some day and see your fine lettuce heads. Are these they?" Farmer Fleece—"Them's 'um."

A man of family. Prodley—"I hear you have been getting married." Tooker—"Yes." Prodley—"Whom did you marry?" Tooker—"Milly Jones, her mother, her step-father, and two maiden aunts."

Nowadays the young men of the period don't go down on their knees in nervous agony before their future wives. They hold a solitary diamond ring above their heads and the girls jump for it.

What general event happened in 1876?" asked a Boston school teacher, referring to the Centennial Fair. Whereupon a bright boy answered: "The National Base Ball League was formed then."

Old sportsman—"Ah, I see you've got a partridge. Did you use bird shot?" Amateur sportsman (sarcastically)—"Of course I did. How do you think I killed him? S'pose I caught him in a barn, and clubbed him to death?"

Fond mother—"Johnnie, did you give the bigger apple to Charlie, as I told you to?" Johnnie—"No; you see I ate his apple up first by mistake." "Did you give him the other one then?" "Oh, no; you see that one was mine."

A flaw in the law.—Client (in Chicago)—"I want a divorce." Lawyer—"On what grounds?" "My wife cannot make good coffee." "I am sorry, but the law is not broad enough for a man to get a decree on mere coffee grounds."

Disgraced Bertie—"I heah Cholly has been expelled from the club for vulgarity and bad form." Gussie—"Yas, we had horrible evidence against him, y' know. Bertie—"What was it?" Gussie—"One of his tailor bills receipted."

Didn't know beans: Little Willie (to his sister's beau)—"You can't guess what I've got in my pocket, Mr. Blinker." Mr. Blinker—"No, I can't guess. What is it, Willie?" Willie—"It's beans. Mamma said you didn't know know beans, but I thought I'd try you."

Judge—"You are a freholder." Prospective jurymen—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Married or single?" Prospective jurymen—"Married three years ago last month." Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?" Prospective jurymen—"Not since I was married, three years ago."

Mr. Goodcatch (calling on the eldest sister)—"Why, Johnny, how you are growing? You'll be a man before your sister, if you keep on." "You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being twenty like she has for the last five years." Then there was trouble in the household.

Softpate—"Whether thinks of the dawg, Miss Sprightly? Fine dog that." Miss Sprightly—"He is a splendid creature." Softpate—"I have refused a cool thousand for him—fact, I assure you. Would it surprise you if I told you that dawg knows as much as I do?" Miss Sprightly—"Not at all."

Nephew—"There, aunt, that is the residence of one of our richest citizens. Handsome place, isn't it?" Aunt—"Yes; but how vain are the efforts of the camel to pass through the needle's eye. The house is fine, 'tis true; but who knows but it is built upon sand?" Nephew—"It is—he's in the sugar business."

HEROES OF THE SURF.

How Uncle Sam's Life Savers Brave Death and Danger.

A Hazardous Calling and Poorly Paid—The Life Saving Drill and the Reality—The "Cart" and its Burden, the Metallic Life Car and the Breeches Buoy.

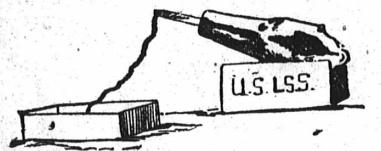
"Bear away, men; bear away! Now then, jump her!" cried Capt. Wm. H. Reinhart, chief of the Government Life Saving Station between Rockaway and the new aristocratic settlement of Arverne, on the Long Island coast.

It was the life saving drill, and six brawny seamen responded with a will. Out of the little station sped the "cart," impelled by strong hands. Across the heavy sand it went over to where the surf was roaring, and then the work began in earnest.

"Out with that No. 7 line!" called the captain, whose sturdy form and long flowing beard, once yellow, but now tinged with gray, made him a conspicuous figure even among his own hardy fellows. "Now, the gun. In with the shot and ram her well home, and see whether she won't carry the line a full five hundred yards."

The sand anchor was taken out and the shot line attached; then it was fastened to the loop in the long shot, and the latter, with a cartridge was rammed home into the little brass gun which was placed in position for a supposed vessel a distance of a quarter of a mile away. Boom! went the Lyle gun, and amid smoke and noise, one could see the long, slender bar of metal hurtling through the air almost in a straight line from the mouth of the piece. It fell into the sea, a considerable distance beyond the breakers, and was picked up and made taut by the surf boat.

"Now then, jump her again!" cried Reinhart; and a hawser was quickly attached and all the paraphernalia of the station brought into use. The "crotch" was elevated and the line kept well out of the swirl of the surf. Then the breeches buoy was rigged up to the tackle and looped on to the hawser, along which it ran smoothly out as far as the boat and back again. Every movement was performed with the utmost skill and celerity, the heavy rollers meanwhile washing up to the feet of the crew.



THE GUN.

Drill hour among Uncle Sam's coast guardsmen is always interesting, but it is the merest child's play to the reality, when, amid the fierce gales that ravage the Atlantic coasts, the crews are summoned to the rescue of the sailors or passengers of some imperilled vessel. Day and night the shore is patrolled, the boat on either side of a station usually extending for from three to five miles. At the first signal of danger, the men at the life station are alert and stand by ready to act the moment an opportunity offers. A ship is seen drifting to leeward, with the certainty of going ashore unless the wind providentially changes. All chances are against her.

This cart is a unique affair, and its load is one to make a landsman open his eyes. It is a long, strongly built wagon, with four wheels, those in front being much smaller than the rear wheels. On the back part is a good-sized square box in which are the lines, the cartridges and other implements. On it also are the gun, rammer, a pickaxe, two shovels, a breeches buoy, a heavy sand anchor, and a wooden "crotch" to keep the ropes out of the surf. Four men grasp the ropes in front and, looping them over their shoulders, give a "heave-ho!" while two others push from behind, and off she goes. They pull the cart along the beach until a favorable point is reached from which to open communication with the distressed vessel.

Now the Lyle gun is sighted and primed. The projectile is a bar of metal about ten inches long and weighing nineteen pounds. At one end is a ring to which the shot line is attached, and this end projects from the mouth of the little cannon. A flag is waved to attract the attention of those on board the ship, and communication is opened by means of the International Code of Marine Signals. An answering flag runs up on the vessel showing that the signal has been understood and then the Life Saving crew send the message:



SAVING A WRECK.

"Stand by for the short line." A moment later there is a puff of smoke and a loud report tells those on board that the line is coming. All eyes eagerly watch for it, and the moment it strikes across the ship, it is tight and made fast.

Now the line is aboard the ship and tensioned, and the station men set about

sending out the "whip" line, or guide to the hawser with which the real work is to be done. The surf is rolling in great seething breakers and the vessel is every moment getting into shoaler water. She may careen, or even go to pieces; and as lives are in peril no time must be lost. The sand anchor is made fast a little distance back from the cart and the "whip" line is reeved through a pulley which is fastened to the anchor. This leaves it free to run from the coil. The hawser is attached firmly, the ship is again signaled and the great heavy rope begins to move out slowly through the white, heavy surf. At last it reaches the vessel and is firmly secured.



THE BREECHES BUOY.

Next comes the adjustment of the breeches buoy, for when the surf is so heavy the buoy is the only practicable means of rescue. It is only in the very heaviest seas that the metallic life car is resorted to, and it is so unwieldy and hard to manage that seamen are shy of it. The breeches buoy secure, the hawser is raised by the use of the "crotch," and with the buoy swinging on the thin "whip" line, and running along the hawser on a pulley, it makes the first trip to the sinking vessel. One man stands by the "crotch" during the trip, to see that it works safely; for a slip of the "crotch" while the buoy is in transit, would inevitably mean the drowning of the passenger who happened to be in at the time.

Slowly and laboriously the buoy reaches the ship. An age seems to elapse before the signal is given to those on shore to "Haul away!" When it does come, the life station men pull with a will. As the buoy approaches the shore, the figure of a man can be seen in it. Elevated as it is by the tall "crotch," it is still none too high for the greedy breakers to reach, and the surf breaks over it again and again; but the men pull with redoubled vigor and presently land the first arrival from the wreck.

The trips of the buoy are repeated until the last soul is taken ashore. Should there be a large number on board, and the danger be imminent, the surf boat is used. It is a heavy boat, twenty-seven feet long, about eight feet wide, and weighing 1,100 pounds. It is built of the best materials and fully equipped with floats and life preservers for the use of the crew and those passengers who may be taken aboard. In the boat house, it rests on a light wagon which is easily run out to the surf, and the boat is launched from it into the waves, the crew leaping in as she glides out. The surf boat has a capacity for carrying at least a dozen persons conveniently, besides, her crew of six men.



THE METALLIC LIFE CAR.

"It is a life of danger and very poorly paid," says Captain Reinhart. "The married have practically to keep two homes off their little wages, for they have to find their own food here at the station. Their quarters are furnished and the government allows us \$7 per month for the keep of a horse, and supplies us with our fuel. Then, while the first uniform is supplied to us, we have to pay for all the others, and as we have to keep two suits, it is rather expensive. The two cost me about \$60 and the men about \$40. They consider it a great hardship."

"Does the Lyle gun ever fail you, Captain?"

"Well—no. It is the best projectile yet devised. Of course it does not throw a line very far, only about 450 or 500 yards, but it throws it very accurately and that is a great thing when life is at stake. You see, the vessels that come ashore generally come within reach of the Lyle gun, unless the coast be a rocky one, and then I doubt whether any projectile would reach them."

As the writer left, the old Captain was standing on the shady porch of the Life Station, scanning the windy horizon, in an attitude such as might have been assumed by Vanderdecken on the poop of "Das Fliegende Hollander," his long beard grasped in his hand, while the stiff breeze sang and whistled about the building and shrieked between the tall poles that stood in front of the station, from which are hung the night signals to distressed vessels out at sea.

The great water power at Niagara Falls has been at last turned to use, in the manufacture of freaks.—Philadelphia Record.

A MYSTERIOUS UNDERGROUND RIVER.

The Queer Fossils and Footprints Found in Its Bed.

The party that went up to Rocky canyon on Yulupa mountain a week ago, to investigate the phenomena following the recent earthquakes, says the San Francisco Examiner, has returned.

There were seven members of the party, which was headed by James Bordwell, the coal burner, who first brought the news to El Verano of the strange actions of the waters in the old quicksilver mine in Rocky canyon.

Yulupa mountain lies about twenty miles northwest of El Verano, and is the loftiest peak in the range of Sonoma mountains. Its sides are very steep and rocky, and are covered with a heavy growth of pine, redwood, manzanita and madroña, which, during the last two years, has been turned into charcoal by venturesome Americans, Italians and Portuguese.

The trail up this mountain is sinuous and rough, it being absolutely impossible to get within five miles of Rocky canyon on horseback or without any kind of conveyance. The coal burners are obliged to carry the product of their pits to what they term a "landing" in sacks and long baskets hung at the ends of poles resting across their shoulders, where it is taken in small and strongly built wagons drawn by mules to the railway stations in the valley below.

The party of explorers went up this trail as far as possible in the saddle. After a weary climb of two days they left the horses in charge of an Indian boy who had accompanied them and started to cover the rest of the distance on foot. Each man carried a pack of provisions and a heavy stick in his hand, which answered the purpose of an alpenstock, and in many instances these staffs, armed with a sharp spike at one end, saved a man an unpleasant and perhaps a fatal tumble down the side of the mountain.

It was a day and a night's journey from the horses to the coal pits, and the explorers labored up the trail without sleep, stopping only to unstrap their packs and lunch on the contents. It was a wild country, and three times was the progress of the party impeded by bears, which in each instance were laid low by a bullet from the rifle of Bordwell, the guide. The nights on the mountain were made bright by the light of the moon, but the wild screams of mountain lions, and the weird hoots of owls tended to keep the ghost of slumber from the eyelids of the explorers, who were men unaccustomed to the strange sounds of the mountain wilderness.

The coal pits of Bordwell were reached on the morning of the third day about 2 o'clock. These coal pits were located on the north side of Rocky canyon, which is a deep cut or defile in the side of the mountain, running from a narrow point near the top to the valley below, where it broadens out in the proportions of a narrow valley, rich in vegetation and valuable grazing ground for stock.

At the head of this canyon are several ever flowing springs, whose waters unite, forming a stream of considerable proportions that flows through the canyon into the valley, and at last debouches into Sonoma creek. Near these springs years ago a party of Spanish prospectors discovered and worked a quicksilver mine, only abandoning it when they had penetrated the mountain nearly 200 feet, and were driven back by a relentless flow of water. For thirty years the shaft of this mine had stood full of water, until the recent earthquake, when it gushed out in a torrent, as described in a previous issue of the Examiner.

When the party of explorers visited the shaft on the morning of their arrival there were no indications that water had flowed from its mouth within the past twenty-four hours, as the earth was dry. From within the shaft came a murmur as of escaping steam in the distance; a sort of a muffled, protracted hiss, with now and then a swash like the slopping of waves against the face of a cliff on the seashore.

When the proposition was made that the shaft be explored, but four of the party decided to enter it. These were Bordwell, the coal burner, Dr. Ordwell, Charles Westover, a merchant, and the Examiner correspondent. The prospect was rather dubious, but the party had come a long way for the purpose of solving the mystery of the mine, and it would not do to turn back with simply having looked into the shaft, so, enveloped in suits of rubber and armed with pikes, the party of four descended into the darkness of the shaft, each man carrying a lantern.

As the party advanced toward the bottom of the shaft the hissing and swashing became more apparent, and it at last became necessary for the members of the party to shout at the top of their voices while conversing in order to make themselves heard.

The floor or bottom of the shaft, which ran into the mountain at a decline of about 45 degrees, was wet and covered with slime that had probably accumulated during the years that the water had stood in the shaft, and lizards and mud-jumpers glided up the slippery walls when the light from the lanterns dissipated the darkness.

About 100 feet from the mouth of the shaft Dr. Ordwell struck his foot against something half buried in the mud, which upon investigation proved to be a portion of what was presumably once the jawbone of some gigantic animal, measured 10½ inches in

length, and into it were set four cylindrical teeth 1½ inches long. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and from the way in which it was buried in the mud, it was undoubtedly driven outward from the bottom of the shaft by the waters as they rushed out. With this specimen carefully secured, the party moved on. Splendid specimens of petrified wood, some of them 3 feet long, were found scattered over the ground, and the petrifying bodies of a peculiarly shaped fish were found as the fish were about 13 inches long and flat in many respects resembling the jointed body of the tape worm. Their eyes were set in a broad, flat head, and there were three fins on each side of the body between the head and the tail, which was long and thin, like the tail of a sparrow. The fish were light in color and their bodies appeared to be transparent as the light was held near them. Their decaying bodies filled the shaft with an almost unbearable stench, and the party, with the lower part of their faces buried in their hands hurried out.

At the farther end of the shaft was found a wide crevice, extending from the bottom upward toward the top. The crevice was about six feet wide, and evidences indicated that the earthquake shock had rent the wall of the mine, and through this aperture had rushed the pent-up waters of the subterranean river until their force was spent. Through this crevice came the hissing and splashing sound, and carefully on their hands and knees through the mud the explorers crept through the stream and sliding down a short decline, found themselves standing on a narrow ledge of rock that extended out into a torrent of water, the width of which could not be ascertained. Opposite this ledge a sharp spur of rock extended out of the darkness, and against this the water rushed, giving out the swashing sound that could be heard at the mouth of the shaft. Holding their lanterns aloft the explorers beheld a sight that brought an exclamation of surprise to every lip.

About fifteen feet above their heads hung the arched roof of the cavern or channel through which the water was rushing, and in the light of the lanterns it threw back a dazzling shower of coruscations. It was like a vast grotto, the roof and sides being covered with jagged crystallization blending the delicate tint of amethystine blue with the pure white of the pearl. In the glare of the lanterns the roof and walls flashed like the walls of a crystal palace. The water that came out of the darkness and rolled by at the feet of the party was of a whitish tint, and to the taste gave the impression that it was strongly impregnated with alkali. Hundreds of the strange fish seen in the shaft were attracted to the ledge by the light of the lantern, and their bodies twisted like serpents as they held their own against the tide and glared at the lanterns with their bulging eyes.

As the party moved slowly along the edge to the left it gradually widened. About seventy-five feet from the crevice through which the party had entered the cavern the river had taken a sudden turn and rushed with a loud roar over what appeared to be a spur of rock and down a deep declivity. Further investigation in this direction was prevented by a wall of rock that ran across the end of the ledge, evidently turning the water from its course. A strong draft of wind swept through the passage at intervals threatening to extinguish the lights of the lanterns. The lanterns were held aloft at the edge of the ledge, but nothing could be seen at this point but the most intense darkness. The ledge on which the explorers stood was of a hard, flinty nature, and in it, at intervals of about five feet, appeared curious imprints, as of the feet of some strange animal.

As the party proceeded along the ledge to the right of the crevice it gradually grew narrower and the roof of the cavern descended so that it became necessary for the members of the party to stoop down as they advanced. After going in this direction about fifty feet the roof was so low and the ledge so narrow they were obliged to return.

The imprints in the ledge were closely studied and there were found to be two varieties. One was made up of three toes like that of a great bird, the middle toe measuring seven inches. The other impression was like the hand of a man in shape, but of enormous breadth, measuring eighteen inches across the palm. These imprints resemble those of the labyrinthodon, an antediluvian animal supposed by scientists to have resembled a huge frog.

After an hour's stay in the cavern the party came out and returned to the camp. The conclusion arrived at by those who visited the shaft is that there had been a subterranean reservoir beyond the end of the shaft for years, and that the earthquake rent the wall, giving liberty to the waters that flowed through the crevices into the shaft and down the canyon until the surplus was exhausted.

The same convulsion of the earth probably widened the bed of the river, and the river now flows steadily on from its source to its mouth, wherever they may be. It is evident from the formation of the cavern, the footprints and other indications, that at some day in the past there has been a terrible upheaval of the earth at this point.

It is instinct that prompts a girl who knows nothing of the world to ask to drive when you strike a lonely road.—Lawrence American.

A bootless attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.—Philadelphia Ne.

FEED FOR THE GIRL.

A Healthy Bill of Fare in a Harrowing Tale.

A series of short stories under the caption, "Boomerang Wit; or, Hit by the Recoil," would give the world a faint idea of how many promising young men annually get funny and lose good jobs. Everybody knows how hard it is to get a strong, healthy job and also how easily a rugged job will pine away and die for want of proper care. A printer who is now busily engaged looking for work relates his experience in this line.

"I had a job," said he to a Chicago Times reporter, "in a Munroe street fiction foundry—one of those print shops where they published stories of the 'Skeleton Hunter's Last Gurgling Gasp' order by the cord. It is the rankest kind of rot, and is liable to give a printer blood-poisoning if he handles much of it. It is the sort of literature that induces little boys to get up in the night, steal the old man's pocketbook, and start out west to rescue the imperiled maiden from the lair of the robber chieftain and restore her to her agonized parents."

"There were twenty printers and six liars, each a full-fledged Ananias, working in the place. The liars sat at a table in one end of the room grinding out those unwholesome stories as fast as we could put them in type. One day I got a wad of copy that was positively sickening. It was about a lovely girl who had been captured and torn from her home by a heartless white desperado and his band of blood-thirsty Apaches. The girl was in a desperate fix. She either had to marry the villain or become his wife, he didn't care which, and he was then on his way to the cave in the mountains, where he was going to have the ceremony performed."

"That night they camped in a rocky gorge 200 miles from nowhere and bound the unfortunate maiden to a tree with the usual buckskin thongs, which cut deep into her tender wrists. Then they all laid down and went to sleep. In the meantime Old Zeke the Hairy Scout, who was on the trail, sneaked up just at daylight when people sleep the soundest. Zeke sailed in and killed twenty-five or thirty Indians with the butt-end of his trusty rifle. He didn't want to shoot for fear he would wake the others. Then after he had cut a notch for each corpse on his gun stock and hung the coarse, black scalp-locks to his belt, he released the girl, hoisted her under his arm, jumped into the saddle, and rode away."

"He rode at full speed for forty-eight miles without stopping. When night closed in the bold scout pulled rein and went into camp. First he picketed his horse, then built a fire, fixed a cot of leaves for the girl, and got her something to eat out of his saddle-bags. This was where I got in my work."

"The first thing Zeke took out of the bags was several thick slices of fresh Vienna bread with honey on them. Next came cold, boiled ham, cut thin, an apple-pie with a short, crispy upper crust, and last a tender spring chicken roasted a delicate brown. Mind you, he had all this stuff in a pair of saddle-bags in the wilds of the Rocky mountains, 800 miles from civilization, in the year 1836. It made me sick, but I resolved that the poor girl should have one good feed if I died for it. So I shoved in another paragraph like this, completing the bill of fare:"

"After getting the girl started Zeke reached into the saddle-bag and pulled out a bowl of steaming hot consommé and a broiled fresh mackerel, some deviled crabs, cold slaw, potatoe salad, a half-fry, veal cutlets breaded, with tomato sauce, green corn on the cob, some clam chowder, stewed turkey, a portion of rice pudding, two cups of chocolate, pork tenderloin, Rochefort cheese, and a bottle of Buss' ale, Saratoga chips, a plate of vanilla ice-cream, a Chinese paper napkin, sliced cucumbers, some California grapes, and a nickel-plated nut-cracker."

"Did it go?" asked the interested listener.

"No, it didn't," said the printer sadly, "but I did. The boss came to me next morning with a proof slip and wanted to know who was writing that story. I said the author was making a stagger in that direction, but wasn't giving the girl a fair show."

"That may be," said the boss, "but if he wants to run a cafe in connection with the story we'll hire a cook and make things easier for you."

"Then he told me that I was too smart to be a printer and had better go out where the cool air would strike me. I went."

Two Kinds of Suspense.

A murderer under sentence of death had a number of influential friends who were exerting themselves to secure a respite from the governor. The sheriff believed in capital punishment, but he was a charitably disposed man and had been doing a good deal of running around for his doomed guest. One morning he returned from such a trip and went to the prisoner.

"Well," said the man eagerly, "what did the governor say?"

"My dear sir, he hasn't said anything yet; he wants time to think."

"Great heavens, man! This suspense is terrible!" exclaimed the criminal, dramatically.

"Don't mention it," responded the sheriff in a cheerful tone; "it ain't anything to what it will be if the governor doesn't interfere."—Sussex (N. J.) Register.

"Noiseless powder" never has been much of a success. It has been known to speak louder than words when discovered on the lapel of a man's coat.—New York Commercial.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

South Dakota majority for prohibition was over 6,000.

It would not be like modern Boston to send slugger Sullivan to Congress.

The Hutchinson high school building is made of Topeka pressed brick.

The first farmers' alliance in Dickinson county was organized last week. It numbers 100 members.

The American Missionary association will hold its forty-third annual meeting in Chicago, October 29-31.

There are splits in the republican party in Douglas and Shawnee counties, but Leavenworth seems to be solid.

The colored people of Topeka are getting up a colony to settle in Africa. We wish them the most abundant success.

Now that Corporal Tanner is down there are plenty of those to throw bricks at him who were sniveling over his knees before him a few weeks ago.

Hon. J. K. Rankin has returned to Lawrence from a trip to the Indian territory, where he went to bring Haskell a company of Indian girls and boys.

It was supposed some time ago that the Kansas crops were all matured. But we observe that not only the corn, but the wheat crop also continues to grow.

The famous Brooklyn tabernacle, of which Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is pastor, was on Sunday for the second time in its history, totally destroyed by fire.

The 9-year-old daughter of C. S. Brown, a prominent farmer living near Herrington, fell into a vat of boiling sorghum Monday evening. The entire body was scalded and she died in the greatest agony a few minutes after the accident.

The people of Kansas can do better than return Ingalls to the United States senate. Then again it might do worse by taking some of the aspiring politicians who have bull's eyes on the place. Everywhere the cry goes up that this country needs statesmen instead of meagre politicians.

Richard Ridgely was arrested in Lawrence Saturday night. He is a colored footpad who has been attacking ladies on the street, and robbing them if he finds them out alone after sunset. He robbed two that night, one opposite the Windsor hotel, under the glare of an electric light. He is a prison bird and should be returned to the cage for life.

The yearly meeting of the Friends in Lawrence was one of unusual excellence. Very eminent men and women were present and broad ground was taken. The subject of education was treated liberally. The need of a better ethical education in connection with our common and higher schools has received new attention, of late, in many quarters. The Friends in Meeting go further and urge the need of better education on religious topics. Dr. Marvin now pastor of the M. E. Church and former chancellor of the state university, was in attendance and spoke approvingly of the work of the Friends. Dr. Richard Cordley of the Congregational church, also expressed great delight at what other speakers had said. Our best minds are coming to understand that the best education is that which develops the whole man, and not the intellect alone.

The buildings going up at Ft Riley are, many of them, of enormous size. The new mess hall, or dining room, just completed looks like one of the big white stone Santa Fe shops at Topeka, being built of the native white limestone, abundant near the fort. It is 180x186 feet in dimensions and cost \$45,000. It is by far the largest and most elaborate mess hall in the United States. The interior of this great hall, without a supporting pillar to break the view, overhung by a lofty ceiling of yellow pine and redwood, is imposing. One thousand men can be seated at the tables. As a banquet hall it has few equals in the world, so far at least as capacity is concerned. Immense bakeries and pantries are attached to the building, and in the monster kitchen are copper kettles holding eighty gallons each. Everything is on a gigantic scale, and 6,000 men can be fed there every day if necessary. The great dining hall and its auxiliaries will be one of the wonders of Kansas.

The burial services of the late Bishop Thomas H. Vail, were conducted at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon at Grace Cathedral guild house, on West Eighth avenue, Topeka. Promptly at that hour Bishop Thomas and the clergy, wearing surplices, walked up the main aisle, the bishop reading the opening sentences of the burial service. They were closely followed by the pall bearers, the vestrymen of the cathedral, who bore the casket containing the remains. The older members of the clergy occupied seats in the sanctuary, while the younger clergymen and ministers of the various local churches were seated in the main part of the church; in fact the entire church had been reserved for the family, faculty and students of Bethany college, intimate friends and relatives of the family and the clergy. The pastors of the city had assembled at the United Presbyterian church, corner of Eighth and Topeka avenue, at 2:30 o'clock, and they came to the funeral in a body. The services at the church consumed only about an hour's time, and the burial services at the cemetery were also short. The attendance was exceedingly large, and hundreds of people from abroad were present. The clergymen of the state and many from the eastern states who had known the bishop in his younger days, were also present. Bishop Vail left Topeka just three weeks ago for New York to attend the national triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal church. He became slightly ill at Kansas City, worse at Chicago and when he reached Philadelphia he was too feeble to travel farther so he stopped at the residence of an old friend, Mr. Andrew Wheeler, at Bryn Mawr, a residence suburb of Philadelphia. He grew worse, and died Sunday morning, the 6th inst., of an old complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys. His funeral was probably the largest ever witnessed in Topeka.

There is a wide difference between modern politics and statesmanship. It has grown up. It is an artificial production. By statesmanship is meant the science of government, and government in the interest of the people. By politics we now mean simply a struggle to get into power for personal and party ends. Politicians deny this and affirm that there is no difference. They have a purpose in this deceit. Our politics has come to be the most stupendous swindle of the age. It is disreputable, dishonest and contaminating. Politicians, therefore, wish to attach themselves to anything that is respectable in order to shield themselves. Who are the active politicians in our county seats and political centres? All will at once admit that they are not our best men,—not our men of intellect, not our men of morality, not our men of culture, but tricky, scheming, lazy, second or third class men in all that goes to make up true manhood. Even our political lawyers, nine times in ten, are our second-rate pettifoggers.

The difference between statesmanship and politics is how recognized by the highest independent authority—our scientific, literary and critical journals. For some years past careful statisticians have been kept in several European countries, showing the effect of liquor consumption upon crime. The lately published result has been startling. It will probably do more for the cause of temperance than anything that has occurred of late years. It shows that crime increases with the greater consumption of alcoholic liquor, whether it be wine, beer or whiskies, and decreases with its reduced consumption. In referring to these facts, the Scientific American remarks, that evidently the regulation or suppression of the liquor traffic must be taken out of the hands of the "politician" and be turned over to "statesmen." Mr. T. L. James, former postmaster general under President Arthur, and a republican of high character, writes an able article in the Forum, that must be gall and wormwood to the "politicians" of all parties who demand the spoils of office as rewards for petty political service rendered, not in any way to the country, but to the small politicians who have got in to congress or other places. The Farmers' Alliance will not, we trust, go into politics, but we do hope that it and the Grange, and the W. C. T. U. and all other good organizations will take a lively interest in statesmanship.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO.

LUCAS COUNTY, S. S.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. '86.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
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Millinery Notions & Dressmaking

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.

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North Topeka, Kansas.

Kansas.

Ozage City is to have five miles of water mains and fifty-five hydrants.

Texas cattlemen will feed 12,000 head of cattle in Reno county this fall.

The cotton crop of Chautauqua County this year is the largest and best ever raised in the State.

John Bright University at Wichita, a Quaker institution, will soon become heir to \$150,000.

Miami County farmers who have tried it claim that raising tame grasses pay a handsome profit.

A Mitchell County man claims to have made \$2,000 out of watermelons and vegetables this year.

The cannery factory at Council Grove is canning from two to three thousand cases of tomatoes a day.

A farmer living near Parsons took a load of clover seed to that place recently, and received \$180 for it.

A Sumner County farmer paid off a \$3,500 mortgage the other day with the proceeds of this year's wheat crop, and had some money left.

Peaches are so plentiful in Harper County that hundreds of bushels are going to waste. The choicest only bring twenty-five cents per bushel.

It seems to be the opinion of all cattle men, packers, commission men, ranchers and feeders, that cattle will be a better price next spring.

A man who came to Rawlins County in 1880 with only \$3 and a suit of clothes, now has 480 acres of land, six horses, and thirty town lots, but he still has only one suit of clothes.

"Kansas," says the New York World "is the poor man's home. She is a little over twenty-five years old, and more people have risen from poverty to affluence in that State than in any other State in the Union."

Counting corn, wheat, oats, sorghum, fruits and vegetables, stock, grass, dairy and poultry products, and the rest it is not too much to say that the selling value of the farm output of Kansas this year will approximate \$200,000,000.

Geo. Harran, living near Gaylord, has raised two crops of corn on the same ground this year. The first planting was early; the second planting was later, and between the rows of the first, the first crop is cut and in shock, and the second is just nicely in tassel. Either planting will make a good average crop.

Kansas this year produced nearly one-tenth of all the wheat raised in the United States. Our corn will be considered more than one-tenth of the total for the United States; oats a little less than one-tenth. Altogether, the Sunflower State will produce in these three staples just about one-tenth of what the whole country will yield.

Kansas produced only 13,000 bushels of salt in 1880. This year she takes her place among the large producers. And it is rock salt that is the main source of supply, though other sources are to be utilized soon. The rock salt was struck first at Ellsworth, at a depth of 730 feet, in August, 1887; at Hutchinson, north of the Arkansas river, a little later, at a depth of 420 feet; at Kingman the same year at 765 feet; December 5th, at Lyons, at 785 feet; the same month at Anthony at 925 feet. In 1888, salt finds were made at Nickerson, Great Bend, and Sterling. All the towns named are either making salt or erecting salt "blocks."

It is believed that all salt used for ordinary purposes west of the Mississippi river will be supplied by Kansas. All in all, the material prospects of the State are excellent just now.

Call at Madame Marmont's,
corner Fourth and Kansas Avenue,
for the latest styles and lowest
prices in millinery.

Harvest Excursions via the Union
Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y takes pleasure in announcing that it will run Harvest Excursions to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana on the following dates:—August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th.

For these occasions a great reduction in rates has been made, thus giving you a splendid opportunity to visit nearly every place in the great west. Do not miss it. It affords the business men, stock raisers, mining prospector and farmer an unequalled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country.

For tickets, rates, pamphlets, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

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They do the work more thoroughly, have greater capacity, built stronger and heavier and better finished than any other mill. Six different sizes, two for Farm Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers use.

The Land Rollers are the BEST and CHEAPEST for the money. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

Write for Circulars and Prices before buying.

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Western Farm News.

Ellsworth has an eighty acre watermelon patch.

Wabunsee county is putting a large acreage in wheat.

Alma has great expectations with its ten feet of coal.

Inside of two years John Baker, of Holton, has bought and shipped from Jackson county 1900 horses.

How shall we purify the city, is the leading question in all our large towns.

The Mexican government has sent two stenographers to Washington to report the proceedings of the Pan-American congress.

Gov. Humphrey's letters, papers and speeches are painfully lacking in the strength and vigor for which Gov. Martin's were noted.

Douglas county politicians are getting to be very much wrought up. The Funston faction have bolted the county ticket and the other fellows would do just as bad, if occasion offered.

The Scientific American publishes some very interesting statistics on the ratio of crime with increased liquor consumption, including wine and beer in several European countries. The result shows that crime increases with increased use of liquor, and the American predicts that statesmen will have to take hold and suppress it.

The ignorance of some people who really do have some information is at times very unaccountable. Not long ago Senator Ingalls confessed to having never heard of Mary A. Livermore, who has been so prominent in this country for thirty years. Now, one of the bright Wichita editors claims that he never heard of Geo. H. Vibbert, who has been a prominent lecturer for twenty years and has a world wide reputation.

James Goss, a student in a Catholic convent at Marienfeld, Tex., presided over by Fathers Peters and Andrews, charges the priests with murdering a student named Lorenzo Esser last August and secretly burying the body at night. Goss says that other murders were committed in the convent. Father Peters has disappeared. Father Andrews was arrested and bound over to the grand jury.

Prof. J. H. Canfield has returned from a trip to St. Paul, Minn., where he met the chamber of commerce, educational boards and local committees. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting of the National Educational Association at that place July 8-11, 1890. At Chicago he met the officials of a number of railroads and transportation rates were agreed upon. The people of St. Paul are making every preparation to attract people to their city next July.

CROP REPORT.

Secretary Mohler of the state agricultural department, issued the following crop report:

The correspondents of this board in their final estimate just received at this office of the average product of winter wheat per acre, raise that product over the estimate of one month ago, one and one-half bushels.

As wheat threshing progressed through out the state it was found that the actual yield per acre in most cases was higher than the estimate previously placed upon it.

One month ago the average product per acre for the state was estimated at 21 bushels. It is now placed at 22.58 bushels per acre.

This is believed to be a conservative estimate, and raises the total aggregate product of winter wheat of the state to 35,080,048 bushels.

On the other hand the average yield per acre of spring wheat for the state is reduced from 16 to 13.46 bushels, giving an aggregate product of spring wheat for the state of 1,888,803 bushels, and a grand total product for the state of 36,218,851 bushels.

CORN.

It is yet too early a date for the final estimate of the corn product of the state, as that product can only be determined accurately only after a considerable portion of the crop has been harvested.

It is believed, however, that the estimate of a month ago will be fully sustained. This estimate, on an area of 6,820,603 acres, gives a total corn product for the state of 276,541,338 bushels.

CONDITION OF LIVE STOCK.

With the exception of hog cholera, reported in a mild form in twelve counties of the state, stock of all kinds is free from disease, and is reported in good condition.

During the month of September the condition of ground for wheat sowing is reported good generally in the eastern portion of the state, while in the central and western portion it has been dry, in many cases too dry to plow, and in consequence wheat sowing has been greatly retarded, while in those counties which had sufficient moisture wheat sowing was well advanced October 1.

In nearly all the counties of the state our correspondents say that an increased acreage of wheat will be sown this fall over that of last year.

In a number of counties, however, where September drought prevailed, the acreage sown will depend on the rainfall during the month of October.

What Should the Farmer Do to Protect Insectivorous Birds?

[Read at the session of the Douglas County Farmer's Institute and County Horticultural Society, October 5, 1889, by N. P. Deming.]

How perfect are the laws of the Divine nature! Each living thing upon this earth has a work which only itself can do, and each has a given instinct of what this work is, and a given power to perform this work. And how evenly balanced are nature's laws! One living object preys upon another, so that none will predominate, and each depends upon another for its livelihood.

Some insects obtain their living from fruit and grain fields, and if having no check, would soon destroy our crops. But nature has provided a remedy for this. There are certain birds that prey upon these injurious insects, causing their number to be greatly diminished. Now, should these birds be destroyed, the insects would increase and soon over-run our crochards. Many men and boys shoot these birds merely for sport, food, or adornment, therefore, nature over balanced, the insects predominate.

What shall the farmer do to protect these birds?

First. Obey the laws for the protection of game.

The country has enacted laws prohibiting the hunting of friendly birds, and prescribes punishment for the violation of same. Every individual should know and obey these laws.

The State Horticultural society has done a noble work in fixing these. Chapter 115, Session Laws 1886.

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, at any time excepting as herein after provided, to catch, kill, trap, shoot or ensnare, or to pursue with such intent, any wild bird except the wild goose, duck, hawk (excepting the harrier), crow, blue-jay, snipe, crane, plover, piper, bittern, heron, crane and wood-pecker.

SECTION 3. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, at any time to shoot, hurt or pursue after any wild game upon the occupied or improved premises of another, or upon any traveled or public road that adjoins such occupied or improved premises, without having first obtained permission or consent of the owner or occupant of such occupied or improved premises.

SECTION 5. Any person found guilty of violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof before a justice of the peace, shall be fined in a sum of not less than five nor more than twenty five dollars for each and every offense, and costs, together with the attorneys fees of ten dollars, and shall be committed until paid.

Second. Allow no hunting on your place. Can this not be done otherwise, have the sheriff appoint a game keeper, who shall have authority to arrest any one whom he shall find hunting on forbidden ground.

Third. Protect and encourage the birds.

Put boxes around in the trees for the building of nests. The blue bird, wrens and various other birds will build nests in boxes. Protect dry trees where the wood-pecker has its nest. Teach the boys that the killing of these birds is the means of increasing the insects. Do not allow them to rob their nests, or destroy the birds with guns or slug shots.

It seems a pity that our friends, for such they are, should fall victims to the folly of thoughtless people.

I speak in behalf of the birds; let us contrive some plan for their protection; let us put our energy in this line, for the surest, best and quickest way of ridding our orchards and grain fields of the small insect pest.

"First Impressions of America"

The contents of this week's Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper are as attractive as ever. Sir Edwin Arnold's "First Impressions of America" will be interesting to all, as will also be the article on "The Eleventh Census," describing methods of work in the Census Office; also others on Evansville, Ind., and Moline, Ill. The representative society lady whose picture is given this week is Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, and her fair face is most pleasing. Pictures of the Visit of the Veiled Prophet to St. Louis present many grotesque and suggestive sketches.

There is one very fortunate circumstance that keeps some of the very small men of Kansas out of office. Whenever there is a vacancy there will surely be two applicants from Kansas, and between their hauling and pulling neither one gets it.

A large, illustrated catalogue of the Lawrence Business College, containing complete information regarding the institution will be mailed to any address free.

Address,
E. L. McIlvray, Pres.
Lawrence, Kansas.

A TRUTH TELLER FROM TEXAS

He indulges in One of His Characteristic Little Pleasantries.

A party of men were talking in the Palace Hotel court recently about the liars they had known. Mr. More of Pasadena, said he knew the most picturesque prevaricator on the Pacific Slope. "His name is Martin, Wobbly Jaw Martin," said Mr. More, "and he works on my ranch. He'd lie about the size of half a dollar, and there never were any black crows where he came from."

"Where's that?" asked Senator Fair who has a reputation of his own to sustain.

"Texas, and that's where Martin had most of his astounding adventures. He has told one story of a stealer with a Texan steer until I think he has forgotten that it is a lie. He says he was working in a packing house at Bryan, and had charge of the cattle that came to the killing house. One day according to this weird romancer, a steer fell down about a hundred yards from the house, and seemed to be too badly injured to move another step. Martin grabbed an ax and went out to kill the animal. When he was ten feet from the steer, it jumped up, made a rush for the boss liar of the boundless West, and hooked him. One long horn went through his clothing, grazed his back, and passed out under his collar at the back of his neck. Martin says he had on a new suit of oilskins, and that he was carried 300 yards on the steer's head, shouting for the people to get out of his way, and banishing the ax.

The crazy steer bolted in among the other cattle, stampeded the herd, and bellowed in a way that nobody but this dandy liar ever heard before. Suddenly the oilskins gave way, and Martin the monumental came to the ground, but he swung his ax as he fell and killed the steer with one blow. He wasn't hurt a bit, and when the boys ran up to him he calmly said: 'You bet I ain't no slouch.' Now that man is the best all around liar I ever knew. Show a better and I'll treat."

"Did he mention the name of the man for whom he worked at Bryan?" asked one of the party.

"Yes he did. He always gives names, places and dates as straight as a string. Let me see. The man's name was Alexander, I think."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. G. W. Alexander, the one who asked the question, "I'm the man for whom Martin was working, and he tells the affair exactly as it happened. I remember it very well, and if ever a man escaped certain death in this world, Martin did that day."

"I'll do as I agreed," said Mr. More. "Come in, gentlemen, and have some wine with me."—San Francisco Correspondence Philadelphia Item.

Senator Cameron's Daughter.

The Pennsylvania delegation will not come to the front socially until after the holidays. The family of the senior Senator is somewhat scattered just now. Mrs. Cameron is in New York on a brief visit. Miss Mary Cameron is at Harrisburg, Miss Margueretta is at Newark, N. J., visiting her married sister, Mrs. Bradley, and may remain there several months. The marriage of this beautiful and accomplished young daughter of Pennsylvania and one of the belles of the Senatorial circle to Mr. Clark of Newark, son of the opulent "O. N. T." thread manufacturer, will be one of the society events of the coming Spring. One year ago Miss Margueretta was the guest of Miss Clark, the sister, for a several months' cruise on the yacht of the paternal Clark among the charming isles of the Greater and the Lesser Antilles and the Bahamas. The prospective groom was one of the party. The tenderness which grew into love found its inspiration then and the betrothal followed soon after the return to their homes.—Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.

A Chess Champion in Russia.

In America there are ladies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady, known to English chess circles, who, to use an Americanism, beats them hollow. She is a chess-player whose father, once a wealthy land-owner of the South of Russia, lost all his fortune over the chess-board. His daughter, now Mme. Lavroffsky, when still a young girl was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled assiduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master—or mistress—therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She has since then amassed a considerable fortune, playing for large stakes, and lately married M. Lavroffsky, also a lover of chess, and is now coming to St. Petersburg to be lionized.—St. James's Gazette

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

Progress of Inventions since 1845.

In the year 1845 the present owners of the Scientific American newspaper commenced its publication, and soon after established a bureau for the procuring of patents for inventions at home and in foreign countries. During the year 1845 there were only 502 patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, and the total issue from the establishment of the Patent Office, up to the end of that year, numbered only 4,347.

Up to the first of July this year there have been granted 408,413. Showing that since the commencement of the publication of the Scientific American there have been issued from the U. S. Patent Office 402,166 patents, and about one third more applications have been made than have been granted, showing the ingenuity of our people to be phenomenal, and much greater than even the enormous number of patents issued indicates. Probably a good many of our readers have had business transacted through the offices of the Scientific American, in New York or Washington, and are familiar with Mun & Co., mode of doing business, but those who have not will be interested in knowing something about this, the oldest patent soliciting firm in this country, probably in the world.

Persons visiting the offices of the Scientific American, 361 Broadway, N. Y., for the first time, will be surprised, on entering the main office, to find such an extensive and elegantly equipped establishment, with its walnut counters, desks, and chairs to correspond, and its enormous safes, and such a large number of draughtsmen, specification writers, and clerks, all busy as bees, reminding one of a large banking or insurance office, with its hundred employees.

In conversation with one of the firm, who had commenced the business of soliciting patents in connection with the publication of the Scientific American, more than forty years ago, I learned that his firm had made application for patents for upward of one hundred thousand inventors in the United States, and several thousands in different foreign countries, and has filed as many cases in the Patent Office in a single month as there were patents issued during the entire first year of their business career. This gentleman had seen the Patent Office grow from a sapling to a sturdy oak, and he modestly hinted that many thought the Scientific American, with its large circulation, had performed a mean share in stimulating inventions and advancing the interests of the Patent Office. But it is not alone the patent soliciting that occupies the attention of the one hundred persons employed by Mun & Co., but a large number are engaged on the four publications issued weekly and monthly from their office, 361 Broadway, N. Y., viz: The Scientific American, the Scientific American Supplement, the Export Edition of the Scientific American, and the Architects and Builders Edition of the Scientific American. The first two publications are issued every week, and the latter two, the first of every month.

Great foresight was shown by Demorest's Family Magazine in publishing, ten years ago, when an International Exhibition was then talked of, a map of the identical site that has now been chosen by the New York Committee for the World's Fair of 1892. In the November number of this famous Magazine (just issued) this plan is reproduced, handsomely executed, and on extra fine paper. It includes all the buildings and the laying out of the grounds, and, to make it more comprehensive, a map of New York City is also given. The description that accompanies these designs gives a better idea of the site than anything that has yet been published. Everybody should possess this number, if only for this feature. The same enterprise is shown throughout the entire Magazine. "Woman- Novelist of America" contains some fine portraits of those with whose names and books we are so familiar. The opening chapters of a serial ("Friend or Fool?"), by J. H. Connely, are given, promising to develop into one of the best of that well known author's wonderful stories. An interesting article on "Pearls" is beautifully illustrated by J. Carter Beard; and there are, besides, numerous other articles and stories. Fine illustrations constitute a feature of this Magazine; and in the November number there are over one hundred of them. It is certainly the cheapest \$2.00 Magazine in the market. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Topeka has another divorce case on hand which goes to prove that what the reporters call "society people" do not make the best husbands or wives. Society circles are mostly shoddy. Our best manhood and highest womanhood shun what is now designated as "society."

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Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia.

Volume XV. of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia includes the titles from Fluctuate to Galvanism. Following the same general lines as its predecessors it is, in some respects, a marked advance upon them in solid worth. We notice with pleasure the large number of practical topics which are treated, and the thoroughness and accuracy with which they have been handled. There is also the same thorough treatment of scientific matters and of the more abstruse subjects which naturally belong to such a work. Other publishers have demonstrated the possibility of making costly and elaborate cyclopedias which are invaluable for professional men, but far above the range of ordinary life. Alden has shown, in the Manifold, how to make for a low price a cyclopedia which shall serve the needs of the great majority of scholars and also be especially suited to meet the everyday wants of the masses of reading people. The merchant, mechanic, farmer, gardener, and laborer, as well as the student and the college graduate, can here find a vast amount of valuable information. Among the thousands of topics treated in this volume we notice that Food and Drink has 9 pages; Erce, 12 pages; Forest Laws, 2 pages; Forms of Address, 4 pages; Fruit, 13 pages; Fuel, 6 pages; Fungi, 5 pages; Galvanism, 35 pages. There are also biographies of Rear Admiral Foote, Archibald Forbes, Benjamin Franklin, General John C. Fremont, James Froude, Robert Fulton, Galen, Galileo, and many other prominent men. The pronunciation of the words is another prominent and useful feature—especially in the case of proper names. This important work will be sent by mail prepaid for only 60 cents a volume in cloth or 85 cents in half morocco binding, or the entire 15 vols. now ready, if ordered at once, are offered prepaid, in cloth binding for \$7.00, or in half morocco, for \$10. The price is advancing slightly with the issue of each new volume. A sample volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

We have the September number of the Golden Era, of San Diego. From friends in that city. It is largely filled with illustrations of the city, with ex ensive letter press descriptions which almost starts one off for southern California

YOUTH AND AGE.

In those who wad of equal age.
It oft times seems that love grows colder,
Can this be true! Thus say the sage:
"Women love more, as men grow older."
If thus it be, gray hairs are naught,
Wrinkles and fears we fain must carry,
Real love must be in freedom sought,
How few so love—how many marry.
Does soul to soul, a meaning give?
Can mind to mind convey a feeling?
Can years and youth together live?
Can love in old hearts e'er be stealing?
Yes! Alhald to Heloise
The secret tells—the truth discovers,
We know their lives—and see in these
That youth and age, are oft times lovers.

THE WIFE WHO COULD NOT COOK.

Arthur Morton was very proud and happy when he won Irene Lee's hand and heart, and when the first year of their married life came to a close they had not had the slightest disagreement.

But at length, Arthur met with several pecuniary losses in rapid succession, and the result was, that, almost unconsciously, he grew nervous and irritable.

This reacted on his wife and made her nervous and irritable also. In fact, the domestic atmosphere became highly charged, and a tempest was not long in coming.

One day, Arthur went home to his dinner feeling decidedly cross and uncomfortable.

Unfortunately, the meal was late; but he said nothing, until, on sitting down to the table, the beefsteak proved to be badly burned, and the potatoes had an unpalatable look.

"I wish you would make your cook give one something fit to eat," he exclaimed. This beefsteak is burned to a crisp, and the potatoes are like mush."

Irene looked at him in surprise.
"Can't you speak?" he cried, vehemently.

"I don't see that the potatoes are much worse than usual," said the wife.

"Perhaps not, for they are nearly always poor."

"They are not always good, I know. I spoke to cook this morning. She says it's the fault of the potatoes."

"She knows that you will believe anything she tells you. You know no more about housekeeping, cookery especially, than an Indian chief."

"Indeed?"

"I've kept silent as long as I could; but even a saint's patience must give way at last."

"Do you call yourself a saint, Arthur Morton?"

"You are what the world calls accomplished, yet you are an ignoramus," the young man went on, ignoring his wife's sarcastic question.

"You never broiled a beefsteak, I'll be sworn. Perhaps it isn't altogether your fault—girls are not brought up to do anything useful. But we've been married over a year, and I think it's time for you to have an interest in the affairs of your kitchen."

Irene rose from the table, and rushed from the room, banging the door behind her.

By this time, Arthur had no appetite. His anger had begun to subside, for it had found vent in words, and that is always a safe-valve. He started up, and paced the floor uneasily for several minutes.

"Arthur Morton, you are a fool!" he said aloud, "and you better go up stairs and ask your wife's forgiveness."

So he went up stairs and entered Irene's pretty sitting room. She was there, reclining on a lounge, with her face buried in the cushions.

"I've been a brute, dear," he said, earnestly. "Can you forgive me?"

"No; I cannot. Please go away."

"Don't be cruel, Irene. I'm very sorry that I talked so."

"Will you go away?"

Slowly he went back down stairs, declaring to himself that he would not again seek a reconciliation.

Weeks passed, and the husband and wife were very miserable. Irene reasoned that Arthur no longer loved her. True, he was kind to her; nothing of the old watchful care was wanting, but the tenderness seemed gone out of it. Yet, perhaps all would have been well had she not repulsed him so coldly when he had asked her to forgive him. And now they were drifting away from each other, and foolish pride prevented her from confessing how she regretted her folly.

One afternoon, she found upon his writing-table, an open note. Mechanically, she took it up. Part of it had been destroyed. That which was left ran thus:

"Remember, the steamer leaves at three. Do not fail me."

It was written in a woman's hand. What did it mean?

Would her pride allow her to ask an explanation? Had she the right? She found herself looking with a new impatience for his coming.

When it was nearly five o'clock, the door bell rang, and her little waiting maid announced "Mr. Williams."

Mr. Williams was Arthur's cousin. He was an unmarried man of about thirty, and his handsome face bore unmistakable marks of dissipation. Irene greeted him, coldly.

"I came to offer you my sympathy," he said. "Surely you will not assume the mask of happiness, now."

"What do you mean?" she questioned, haughtily.

"Arthur sailed for Europe two hours ago."

"It is false, or some cruel mistake!"

"I beg your pardon! I saw him

standing on the deck with a lady, a few minutes before the steamer drew anchor, and know that he was among the passengers."

She put out her hands, blindly.

"Dear Irene," he began, but paused as she turned her face toward him. Her cheeks were crimson; her eyes were flashing indignantly.

"Leave me, sir, at once," she said, hoarsely.

"Very well; I will follow the example of your husband," he said, as a last cruel taunt, a low bow accompanying his words.

Alone, Irene stood one moment erect.

"It is true," she said aloud—"it must be. My God! my God!"

The room grew dark, and without moan or cry she sank senseless on the carpet. With the morning's dawn she regained consciousness, but only to lapse into delirium. When its shades cleared away, she looked up to meet her husband's anxious gaze.

"Arthur," she cried, a great joy in her voice, "you are here! You have not deserted me! Oh, my love!"

When she was calmer he told her of the error—how he had gone to see some friends who were on the point of sailing, and for whom he had promised to transact some last commissions of importance; how the steamer had carried him off until he found himself far from land, and was obliged to wait until he could signal a pilot to take him back to the shore; and how he blamed himself for being so careless, and causing her so much anxiety.

And of course that long-to-be-remembered quarrel was alluded to, and everything was satisfactorily explained and settled.

We may add that Irene became an excellent housekeeper, and often prepares delicate dishes for her husband. And Arthur loves her more than ever for this, and she declares she is happier than when she seldom entered her kitchen.—Yankee Blade.

Manners in the Schools.

If the object of a school education be to fit children for useful and successful lives when they become men and women we can think of no part of their instruction upon which more stress should be laid than upon that which relates to deportment. This is the opinion of the Philadelphia Times.

When there are a dozen applicants for a position in a business house, the best mannered boy or youth of the lot is invariably selected. Well-mannered boys rarely remain long in the messenger service in our cities, for the reason that business men offer them better positions and secure their services.

The best mannered salesmen and saleswomen sell the most goods, and are in greatest demand. Good-mannered men make their way in politics, in the professions, in business life and in society to a far greater degree than the boorish and uncouth, though the latter may be equally diligent and quite as competent in all respects save that of deportment. These indisputed facts show clearly that the child who is not instructed in manners is being deprived of the most important part of an education. It is true that manners should be taught at home. But in many homes the parents would need teaching first before they could teach their children.

To the children of such homes the school affords the only opportunity they will ever have of learning the rudiments of common politeness. If the school fails in its duty in this respect these children must grow up as boorish as their parents. The children of cultivated homes will likewise be all the better if required to practice in school the politeness they are taught at home. Parents who have been careful to teach their children good manners at home have frequently found cause to complain that their efforts in this direction were largely neutralized because no stress was laid upon this subject in the schools. There are a few old fashions that are better than the new, and one of these is the fashion of teaching children to be courteous and polite at school. It is a fashion that has lately fallen into decay and it should be revived at once. A school education that does not include this is vitally deficient and in this day when education is within the reach of all it is scarcely less than criminal to allow boys and girls to graduate from school as rude in deportment as a lot of young savages.

A Novel and Cheap Elevator.

A Berlin inventor has devised a simple and inexpensive elevator for private dwellings, in place of the ordinary staircase, which may suggest to some inventor a better means of accomplishing the same object. The Berlin invention is on the same principle of the inclined railway, and the motive power is the city water which is applied in the cellar; each flight has its separate chair, so that for example, one can ascend from the first to the second story while another is on his way from the second to the third, or still another is descending from the fifth to the fourth. The chair being only of the width of the human body, leaves a free passage for any one who wishes to walk up or down instead of riding. It is set in motion by a simple pressure of one of its arms, and after it has been used it slides back to the bottom step, its descent being regulated in such a manner that the passenger is carried with entire safety. The motive power is, of course, more or less expensive, according to the cost of water; this being, it is stated, at the rate of a little more than one-tenth of a cent only for each trip.—Scientific American.

CARL DUNDER.

He Begins to Understand America a Little Better.

"Hello, Mr. Dunder! I thought you had hung yourself or gone back to Germany," saluted Sergeant Randall as Carl Dunder entered the Wood-bridge-street station.

"Sergeant, I vvas pooty near all right now," was the reply. "I understand all about her petter ash I did."

"That's good. Any thing new?"

"Vell, not so werry mooch. I learn to understand America a leedle more eafery day. I vvas pooty green ven I first come oaf'er here, eh?"

"I should remark!"

"Eaferybody make some fools of me all der time, and I vvas discouraged. I vvas hayseeds, eh?"

"Yes, you were."

"Und more ash one million flies vvas on me?"

"Yes."

"Und I vvas so green dot cows like to eat me oop?"

"Exactly."

"Vell, dot makes me laugh ven I think about her, but my eye-teeth vvas all cut off now. I vvas on to all der games now."

"I see."

"A feller comes into my place two days ago to make me his victim. I spotted him so queek you can't wink. He says he likes to show me a new puzzle. It vvas called 'Now you see him and now you doan' see her.' He takes der shack of spades, der ace of hearts und der queen of clubs und throws 'em all around, und den likes to bet me I can't pick out dot shack. I pick him out five times right off, und dot feller says I vvas lightning."

"But you didn't bet?"

"Oh, no."

"It was lucky you didn't. That puzzle, as you call it, is the three-card monte business. I warned you about that a year ago."

"Oh, he doan' catch me on dot. If he belief I vvas a sucker he finds out deerferent. But I vvas a leedle mixed oop, und I like you to explain."

"All right—what is it?"

"In about two hours later an oldt man mit a white beard comes in und says vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. I vvas verry glad to see you, Mr. Dunder. I hear about you in Toledo, Cincinnati und Chicago. Eaferybody says you vvas sharp as some razors. Did some young man come in here mit a puzzle? He did. Did he beat you? Not much! Vell, dot vas all right. He was a sharper, und if he doan' beat you dot makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha!"

"And I suppose you set up the beer?" queried the Sergeant.

"Vell, if he vvas my frendt I like to use him nice, you know. Pooty soon he sits down und pulls out three cards und says he explain dot puzzle. He throws 'em so und so und so, und den tells me I can pick out der shack of spades. I put my finger on dot shack, und dot oldt man says I vvas shain-lightning."

"And you tried it again, of course?"

"Yes, I pick dot shack outt four times."

"And then—?"

"Vell, next time he says he likes to bet me five dollar, und I took him oop so queek as wink."

"And it wasn't the jack?"

"No; he vvas der ace! I like you to explain how he vvas mixed oop like dot."

For answer the sergeant took Mr. Dunder by the hand und led him to the door, und dropped him off the step und pointed to the river.

"How you mean?"

"Go ash jump in!"

"Vvas I some haystack?"

"Yes, a dozen of them!"

"Und I vvas shwindled again?"

"The worst way."

"Um! Foll, good-by. If sompody drags oop my body I like der papers I say I vvas poor but honest, und dot I did trying to understand how she vvas in America. Oldt frendt, farewell!"

After.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaver.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful seed;
After the fight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waiting need;
After the shadowy river—rest.

Boxing as a Beautifier.

"Do you see that girl?" said a lady to her escort at the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening. "She is rather plain, and ordinarily might attract no attention on the street, but as she is usually seen promenading Broadway, half the men admire her beautiful complexion. And it is natural, too. Every afternoon before taking a walk she and a friend put on the boxing gloves for an hour. They whack each other over the cheeks and necks till their faces are crimson, then dress hurriedly, as dressing in haste goes with women, and walk up and down the street while the color is on. Before the complexion has become normal in its tint they return to their home. Gradually they have made a reputation for having the rosiest cheeks of any women in New York. As they sit there in the front row now you can see how pale their cheeks are naturally and how white their cheeks are on the street they are the healthiest-looking girls in New York."

SAMSON.

Some Feats Performed by the Strongest Man on Earth.

There are many Dillahs, says the Pall Mall Budget, but only one Samson. and he is performing at the Royal Aquarium at present, where his feats of strength are certainly of an original and marvelous character. The spectator, as he watches, feels that it is better to be friendly with such a man.

With a blow of his fist he breaks an iron chain that will bear a pressure of 3,000 pounds. With two hands grasping a short chain of 2,500 pounds ascertained pressure, he makes a momentary effort and pulls the chain to bits, and in what seems the most wonderful feat—namely, fastening two tight iron chain bracelets or armlets round his biceps—the spectator may view the process from beginning to end. One hears the strong man take a long breath, sees the muscles of his arms growing bigger and bigger, the cords of his neck swelling with the sustained effort, his face crimsoning, and then, in the silence, those nearest the stage can hear a curious little underling snap; it is the double chain armlet that has broken, and that the next moment falls rattling to the floor. When Samson's fist is clinched and he is ready to strike the measurement of his upper arm round biceps and triceps is nine-teen and a half inches, which, we may casually remark, is considered a tolerable waist for a young lady.

Among some of his minor feats—if such displays can be called minor—Samson took a penny piece from one of the audience and at one trial bent it with his fingers as one may bend a railway ticket, held it up to view for a second, and then deliberately broke it in halves and returned the pieces to the owner. A very little practice will convince amateurs of the hopelessness of breaking pennies with finger and thumb. The strong man next bent a four-foot iron gas-pipe around his neck and cheerfully straightened it again by repeated blows on his left arm, such arm being for the nonce a species of anvil. Fourteen men came upon the stage, by invitation to pull against him, but Samson, not deeming them enough, or sizing up their athletic capabilities with a professional eye, expressed a wish for four more. These men he divided into nine a side, the two sides nearly a width of a man's stretch apart, and each side being provided with and grasping a strong and lengthy iron rod. Before placing himself between them, Samson stimulated their ardor by promising £100 to them if he failed to move them, and apparently there was a grateful determination on the men's faces to win the pourboire. Then there was a short, sharp struggle; the men held their ground for a brief space, were pulled together, and the next moment thrust apart, and finally, swaying as they went, were carried away by the intensity of one straining man in their midst.

Samson is a man of 31, of French origin, a native of Alsace-Lorraine. He comes to us from America, and this is his first appearance in England. At 15 years of age he entered the circus Ranz as an athlete and pulled against horses and elephants; at 18 he commenced to wrestle and from that time till the present he has left untied no means whereby he can maintain, train, and develop his extraordinary strength.

What She Said.

He was a San Franciscan in the played-out city of London, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He came from the west, where he had developed that independence and self-reliance which, combined with good looks and \$20 gold pieces made a man superior to all Europe. He strolled with graceful dignity into a gilded bar, over which presided a divinity of superb physical form, but still a woman, with that air which only an English barmaid can possibly put on—an air of mingled conceit, pride, coquetry, and humility. She awaited his order. He was dressed in the latest fashion. He threw the lapel of his coat back with a proud gesture, and fixing his fascinating eye on the bar beauty he said:

"Tell me my pretty maid, what can you suggest for a man who ate a Welch rabbit last night and does not feel well this morning?"

She did not smile; she did not appear to be affected by the appearance of his swelling chest or wicked eye; she simply said:

"Why didn't you heat two Welch rabbits, and let 'em chase each other?"

Association, the Order of the Day.

I notice how more and more the individual by himself is ceasing to be of any account in affairs, says Myron W. Reed. He stands in the great factory and makes a sixty-ninth part of something. In a trade he is in a company and the company is in a trust—to do good or evil.

A man today must ally himself with other men. He cannot truin by himself and accomplish anything. He must fall in and ride with the troop, knee touching knee. The hope of the world is not in this man or that man, it is in collective mankind, waked up and fused together. I have seen what I call a dangerous class—rich men's sons and daughters raised to be idlers. Their fathers and mothers remember from experience what work is. But these loafers of both sexes have no experience of work and therefore no sympathy. The beach of the Atlantic is lined with them. There must be some kind of readjustment. That it may be a peaceful one all good men will pray.

WINGED MISSILES.

M. Eiffel makes \$3,000 a day out of his tower.

Senator Evarts returns home with his eyesight entirely restored.

The law of Sweden compels you to eat while you drink intoxicating liquor.

Postal cards were first used here in 1873. Now there are 100,000,000 per year used.

Marshall Field is rated the wealthiest man in Chicago, with a fortune amounting to \$35,000,000.

Mrs. Henry S. Kimball, of West Philadelphia, is receiving the credit of originating Memorial Day.

The Woman's National Press Association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes, in Washington.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is engaged to be married to Miss Eva Sara, a well known Norwegian singer.

John Wanamaker is said to carry the heaviest life insurance in the United States. It amounts to \$1,200,000.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently remarked that death bears as pleasing a face to an old man as sleep to one who is tired.

"Aunt" Kell, who claimed to be 110 years old, died in Atlanta a few days ago. She leaves a daughter 70 years of age.

An Austrian railway official has invented a portable telephone for speaking from a railway train at any point stopping to the nearest station.

When a family at Berlin cannot pay rent they can go to the "City Shelter," a big building where they are fed and kept till work is obtained.

Edward Bellamy, the novellist, is described as a slender, rather good-looking man, whose appearance does not suggest anything "literary."

An electric spark has been photographed by means of a special camera, in which the sensitive plate rotated at, it is said, 2,500 revolutions per minute.

In Helgium bakers, milkmen and hucksters make dogs draw their carts. The animal works under the cart between the wheels. Some sell for \$45.

A most patient research has revealed the fact that our language can boast of no less than 827 different terms, all of which express the state of being in love.

The Empire of Japan has 37,000,000 inhabitants who are slowly but surely adopting Western customs in dress as well as in civilization and methods of research.

The Chicago Tribune advertises for twelve healthy boy babies. It wants to rear them in absolute seclusion and ignorance for a jury on the Cronin case.

The Philadelphia electricity exhibit at the centennial exposition in 1876 was very small. To-day \$300,000,000 is invested in the 3,000,000 lamps and 109 railways.

Mrs. James Clark arrived a few days ago in Shamokin, Pa., from England. She is likely one of the oldest persons who ever crossed the ocean, being born in 1733.

There is a huge vine at Haugsdorf, in Lower Austria. It is nine years old and bears no less than 2,000 bunches of grapes, which are expected to yield four hectolitres of wine.

Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by electric lamps inclosed in seashells of the greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a glowing refulgence over the whole apartment.

Probably the longest word in the German language is in the last edition of the official journal of commissions. Here it is: "Mettamidomethylmethylbenzylidiamidophenylcarbinol."

Nova Scotia is remarkable for the number of its old people. It has a larger population of centenarians than any other country, there being one to every 19,000 inhabitants, while England has only one in every 200,000.

A large number of famous men were once book agents. Among them were George Washington, Longfellow, Bret Harte, Jay Gould, ex-President Hayes, Daniel Webster, Gen. Grant, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Prince Bismarck.

"Volt" means the inducing caused by an electrical current, bearing the same relation to electricity that "points pressure to the square inch" does to steam or "head" to water. "Ohm" is the unit of resistance by a wire or other conductor to the passage of an electric current.

Few persons, if any, now living, will again date a document without using a "9." It now stands on the extreme right—1899. Next year it will take second place—1890, where it will remain three years. It will then move into third place—1900, and there will rest a century.

Henry Bach is the name of a hunter who recently made a remarkable shot on Beaver River in the Adirondacks. He saw two deer standing in the water no more than ten yards apart. He fired and his bullet passed through the first deer and inflicted a mortal wound on the second.

A boy in Maryland found a small snake having two perfectly developed heads. When teased, it will strike viciously, sometimes with both heads and sometimes with one. Each is perfectly independent of the other and is attached to the body about three-quarters of an inch back on the neck.

A London statistician figures that 30,000 Americans have landed in England this summer, the expenses across averaging more than \$100 each, and that upon the lowest calculation they have circled \$3,000,000 in Europe on railways and at hotels, without counting the money spent in purchases.

An eccentric bibliomaniac, who died recently in England, leaving a highly valuable library, refused to allow a book in it over a certain size, and absolutely excluded anything written either by a clergyman or a woman. They had no business with literature in his opinion, and were incapable of achieving success in it.

The latest kind of thieves that New York has produced are men who make a business of stealing toothbrushes. They lounge around the cashier's desk in large hotels and restaurants, and when no one else is looking, press their hands on the toothbrushes, which are standing end up, and then withdraw their hand into a convenient pocket.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Common Sense on the Farm.

Common sense, as it is generally accepted, is needed every where and by all, which being generally conceded makes it, says the New England Farmer, almost axiomatic to say that it is peculiarly essential on the farm.

It has been said too frequently to require repeating, that so-called "common" sense is in reality the most uncommon, good sense being extremely rare. But it stands for that intelligence which comes naturally, without any special training or system of education and enables the individual to act sensibly without the help of precedent or instruction. The farmer is obliged to deal constantly with varying conditions. He may understand thoroughly every rod of soil on the farm and treat it sensibly, and then with the variety of pests sure to visit him and the continually changing conditions in the weather, he can be but partially certain of results.

For this reason he must have constantly on hand an abundant supply of common sense. For instance, if potatoes fail on a certain piece of ground this year, he must be able to consider wherein the fault lies, and not conclude too hastily that potatoes are not adapted to that special place and cannot be raised successfully. He may note whether the fault is due to excessive rains which could not be foreseen, or to the visitation of some pest which he has not yet determined how to deal with, or some other exceptional cause, that might make him justified notwithstanding this year's failure, in planting potatoes on the same field again.

He must also be sensible enough to feel that the failure of one crop is often compensated for by the success of another and balance up accounts on the right side, taking consideration of every thing pertaining to the result and judging wisely.

The education received at colleges devoted to agriculture on the farm under the tutelage of an experienced farmer, while helpful and necessary, goes for nought unless accompanied everywhere and always by common sense. With it, under the most adverse circumstances, farming is a success, and without it, though nothing else be lacking, it is a most disastrous failure.

How to Secure a Fast Walker.

Recognizing the fact that the fast walker is always desirable and more valuable than any other, the question is how to secure this trait in all the colts. There must ever be differences in speed, no matter whether walking, trotting or running, but these are each largely matters of education, and it is to this we would call attention. In the first place, the colt must be got bridle wise, as early as possible, and the earlier this is attempted the easier for both owner and animal. When fully under control, the harness should be gradually added, and the use of the reins in guiding in every direction. This work cannot be too thorough or systematic, for here is the foundation for the future. He should be made to go every way at the will of the driver. This much gained, the walking gait comes next. The aim must go to encourage the natural action in walking, without allowing the colt to trot. If this is attempted, bring to a full stop at once and begin again. In this way he will soon catch the idea that it is fast walking, and not trotting, that is desired, and improvement will be seen. Gradually urge an increased speed in walking, until the habit becomes fixed. This may be tiresome to the breeder, but in this way only can this very desirable trait be established. It is of the highest importance, and the breeder who fixes this characteristic in his family will always find a ready sale for his colts at prices that will repay for all trouble. The work accomplished in an individual renders it much easier in the next generation; and soon it becomes a trait in the family. Here is where the greatest compensation comes in to the breeder. These advances gained in a single animal pave the way for still more later, and add to the worth of all stock. These questions are repeatedly urged, not alone with reference to present results, but with the thought of future possibilities. They all run in the practical line, where the farmer with one breed mare can secure as much advantage as the breeder with twenty.

Farm Notes.

Do not color butter too much when adding artificial coloring matter. Overly colored butter looks as mean as an article perfectly white.

A large number of horses have died in Chicago, it is claimed, from drinking impure water. What about the effect upon the cow of what stagnant water she is drinking, friend?

Granular butter is made by stopping the churn as soon as the butter is in a granular state. Then draw off the buttermilk. A few gallons of weak brine is sometimes added and drawn off.

The texture of well-ripened golden-rod honey is not quite equal to clover, but thicker than the average of what is denominated the yield from fruit bloom—the product of orchards and gardens.

The New York Tribune says that lard softened with kerosene until it will just flow in summer heat makes as good oil for mowers, etc., as that sold by dealers at 100 per cent. profit—much better than some of it.

Give winter protection to the small fruit. The thing to do is to select the best varieties, even if tender, and then

go to the trouble of protecting them. Hardy varieties are often like the scrub cow, tough, but mighty unprofitable.

They get at the real value of a cow in Sussex county, New Jersey, by selling her at so much a quart. Thus if a cow gives 20 quarts of milk daily she is worth \$2.50 a quart or \$50. The purchaser keeps the cow on trial for a few days.

An apple or cherry tree is much more valuable if it shoots out low. Trim from the top, as they will cause the lower branches to grow out. June is the best time for trimming, as the wounds will soon heal and gardeners are less busy than in May.

No rule can be laid down for salting butter to make it the most satisfactory to the consumer. Tastes differ. Some want a great deal of salt and others none. Unless you are supplying a private customer, therefore, salt from three-quarters to an ounce per pound.

National Stockman and Farmer says: Prof. Tracy put five cows into the hands of a poor milker for two weeks, and then gave them to a good milker for the same time, neither milker knowing that a comparison was being made, and got 224.5 pounds (44.9 pounds per cow) gain in quantity of milk by the change.

A Michigan subscriber writes to the American Agriculturist that the following is the Lake Superior method of holding a cow's troublesome tail while milking: Draw the bush of the tail into the inner bend of the left knee when sitting down on the milking stool, and hold it firmly clasped by keeping the knee closely bent.

A Nebraska paper declares that the great need of the west is more stock to consume the grain surplus. That is true, but as it further avers the stock must be of higher grade than the average which now exists in the west. With cattle at present prices, even with extreme low prices of corn, there is no money in anything except the best quality. In dairies and in good sheep, say of the middle woolled variety, which are profitable for both wool and mutton, and in strictly first class beef cattle, there is a fair profit. In eight-month pigs that will weigh 200 to 250 pounds, and two-year-old steers that run from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, there is good profit. But there is nothing in scrubs. Better to sell corn even at fifteen cents than to feed such.

A writer says that "an exceedingly delicate and fine flavored butter may be made by wrapping the cream in a napkin or clean cloth and burying it a foot or more in the earth for from 12 to 20 hours." We mention this plan for the benefit of the boy who has to do the churning. He can bury his cream and play marbles till the "butter comes." That will beat the new fangled butter-separator.

Some kinds of seeds may be kept a long time and a very large per cent. of them will grow; another class will germinate fairly well, while others but a very small per cent. will grow. Some lose their vitality the second year. Wheat retains its vitality for a long time, and can be used when more than one or two years old, but it is not advisable, only when fresh seed cannot be secured. But rye must be fresh.

In regard to cutting off the seed ends of potatoes and throwing them away, J. M. Smith says: Last spring I saved a bushel of the seed ends and planted them by themselves right in the middle of a piece of two or three acres that I was planting; and I found, when we came to dig them, that the yield was about just the same, and the potatoes about the same size. But those coming from the seed ends were nearly a week earlier than the others.

Prof. B. D. Halstead finds that the common asparagus is heliotropic, i. e., follows the sun in its daily course. In early morning the shoots are nearly upright, but when the sun is two hours above the horizon the same stems lean unmistakably to the eastward. At noon the stems are leaning somewhat to the southward and at evening they point westward. The curving is most prominent with averaged-sized stems which have escaped the gardener's knife, and are between one and two feet in height.

W. Brazelton tells in Hoard's Dairyman how he kills the horns on his calves. He says get a stick of caustic potash, then when the calf is, say 10 days old, take it by both ears, stand straddle of it, then let an assistant have a rag around one end of the caustic, rub the other end on the horn spot. It being wet, will dissolve enough of the caustic to cause a dry scab to form. If thoroughly rubbed for, say a minute, one operation is all sufficient. Mr. Brazelton's calves six months old thus treated have no sign of a horn.

The Household.

APPLE JELLY.—Quarter the apples without peeling or coring them. Put them in a sauce-pan with just enough water to cover them, and then let them boil about five minutes. Then put them into a bag and let it drain until next day. Put half a pound of sugar to a pint of liquid and boil it as currant jelly.

APPLE MARMALADE.—A peck of apples not all ripe, but full-grown; quarter and take out the cores, but do not pare them. Put them into a preserving-pan with a gallon of water, and boil moderately until the pulp will allow itself to be squeezed through a cheese cloth, only leaving the peels behind. To each quart of pulp, add one pound or more of loaf sugar, broken up in small pieces. Boil together for forty minutes, keeping it stirred. It keeps best in large pot.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

How the Virgin Mary Helped a Painter of Her Portraits.

A certain young Spanish friar, a skillful painter, especially delighted in devising new aspects of blessedness and beauty for the Virgin and in setting forth the devil in the most repulsive and extravagant ugliness. Satan bore this as best he could for some time but at last he determined to be revenged. He assumed the disguise of a most lovely maiden, and the unhappy friar, being of an enormous disposition, fell into the trap. She smiled sweetly on her shaven woeer, but would not surrender her beauty at a less price than the rich reliquaries and jewels of the treasury of the monastery. In an evil hour the poor painter admitted her at night within the convent walls, and she took from the antique cabinet the precious things she desired. Then, as they wound their way through the moonlit cloister, the sinful friar, clutching his booty with one arm and his beauty with the other, the demon lady suddenly cried out, "Thieves!" with diabolical energy.

Up started all the snoring monks and rushed in disorder from their cells, detecting the unlucky brother making off with the plate. Him they tied safe to a pillar, leaving him there till the next day should determine this punishment, while the brethren went back to their pillows or their prayers; and then the cruel devil appeared in his real shape to the poor painter, taunting and twitting him and making unmerciful mockery of his amorous overtures in his prayers, advising him now to appeal to the beauty he had so loved to delineate in his canvasses. The penitent monk took the advice, and, lo! the radiant mother of mercy descended in all her heavenly loveliness, unbound his cords, bade him fasten the evil one in his place to the column and appear among the monks the next morning at matins, which he did, to the great surprise of the brethren. He voted for his own condemnation, but when they went to the severity and found every thing marvelously correct in its place, and when they went to the column and found the devil fast bound, they forgave the erring brother and administered a tremendous flogging to the devil. The monk became not only "a wise and better man," but a better artist; he was now able to paint the Virgin more appallingly ugly than ever.—London Globe.

A STRAY FORTUNE.

A Young Man Surprised by an Inheritance.

One morning, while the air was raw and gusty and the dust of Johannesburg, after being purged of its gold, was blowing furiously into the eyes of those that ventured out of doors, says a Kimberley (South Africa) letter to the New York Sun, a young man was met by a messenger of the Standard bank with the welcome tidings that £10,000 had been wired to his credit from London. The youth, unable to recall any aged relative who was in possession of such a sum, and knowing well that his largest dealings were usually in the old jewelry or watch line and that he could not possibly have had a transaction implying the transference of so much coin, modestly repudiated the idea that the sum was for him. This happened April 10. The authorities of the bank, whose reputation for liberality is not great, pressed the sum on him, saying that it was his and no other's. What could the young fellow whose name was Gallewski, do but accept the windfall? In due time it was transferred to his account at the Johannesburg branch of the bank, and from thence to the pockets of those who helped to minister to the indulgence of youth.

But a day of reckoning came. The bank discovered that it had made a mistake; that the telegraphic message, instead of being for "Gautch," which was meant for Ben Gallewski, should have read "Gaud," a different person altogether—a mistake only discovered when the cable was followed up by the letter of advice. They then called on Ben to disgorge. By this time the bulk of the money was spent, consequently there was no chance of recovery. So the case has been taken to court and heard before the judges of the Transvaal. What may be the issue of it one can not tell, but it is certain that the bank will not be able to recover from him who has not, and that such a romance has rarely occurred in the real life of our old-world community.

Bits of Wisdom.

There is no secret of success but work.

The mind of a good man is a kingdom to him and he can always enjoy it.

Many run after felicity like a man hunt for his hat while it is on his head.

Take pleasure in your work. A task which appears distasteful at first sight soon becomes pleasure.

Endurance is more valuable than cleverness. It is the patient, steady plodder who gains and keeps fortunes.

When benignity and gentleness reign within we are in least danger from without; every person and every occurrence is beheld in the most favorable light.

A graceful behavior toward others is a constant source of pleasure; it pleases others because it indicated respect for their personality, and it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves.—Washington Post.

SAMBO-LAND.

A Vast Unexplored Section of Central America to be Penetrated.

An expedition is to be led into the unexplored wilds of South America, on the Wanks river, by Mr. A. J. Miller, a newspaper man from Evansville, Ind. He has gone to the continent together with companions for that purpose, and will be absent many months. The great river, Mr. Miller says, traverses a wild and unexplored country, inhabited by roving bands of Sambos and other savage tribes, who maintain independent tribal governments and perhaps indulge in all of their ancient orgies and heathen practices.

Amid all of the wars of the early Spaniards which led them, in their mad carnival of blood, to devastate nearly every known section of the new world, the interior of northern Nicaragua and southeastern Honduras was never penetrated, and even to this day has remained an absolute blank to the outside world. That it is a wide and perhaps agriculturally rich expanse of territory, habited by warlike Sambos, is all that is known. The origin of these black barbarians (for such are the Sambos) has been the subject of much research and controversy. But it is known that Vasco Nunez de Balboa found on one part of the isthmus a race of black men as early as 1512. They lived apart in a separate nation and showed evidence of having lived there for ages. Las Casas, the historian of the period, repeats a tradition, then prevalent among them, that their forefathers came from beyond the sea. Certain it is, at any rate, that these Sambos are a part of these same black barbarians, observed by the early Spaniards, not only at Darien but at Santa Martha (now Venezuela) and among the Caribbees. They are a very bold and courageous tribe, of fine physique and capable of great endurance. They have certain generic and radical identities with the African, in a black skin, bushy hair, big feet and thick lips, but other physical and mental features are widely different. Polygamy is practiced among them and they have been accused by some writers of the horrible practice of cannibalism. From information gleaned from one of the chiefs, they worship the sun, moon and stars, torture their bodies as penance, and have a blind faith in witchcraft. In fact, they are pure and simple pagans, whose unknown customs and manners will form an interesting theme for primary exploration.

In answer to the question as to the primary object of the exploration of this section, Mr. Miller said: "It has a double purpose, of course—the first being to serve my newspaper connections with interesting and novel experiences and observations, while its results may serve an immeasurable advantage to commerce. To ascertain the character and extent of the natural products of that unknown and undeveloped section and the best means of securing their transportation to the coast, will certainly be of immense service to commerce. There must be found there an endless number of virgin forests of mahogany, cedar, rubber, fustic and logwood, besides vast quantities of other dye woods and medicinal plants. The consumption of these valuable woods along the coast has very nearly exhausted the supply, and attention is already strongly directed to undeveloped parts of the interior for future commercial uses. The lower Wanks region certainly presents the most inviting field, not only from its supposed abundant supply of these woods, but the possible easy method of transportation by means of the Wanks and its numerous tributaries. Besides this, as I have intimated, the world at large is curious to know something of a strange people, so isolated, while surrounded upon every side by active commercial classes, who are in daily communication with the rest of the world. It is the same interest which has inspired so many monster enterprises to central Africa, and which will never diminish until every part of the known world has been explored."

Good-Morning.

"Good-morning, world!" On the window-seat

She balanced her two little timid feet;

She clung with her dimpled hands and stood

Framed in like a picture of babyhood.

The clambering vines hung low and green

'Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen.

As she stood with beauty and light impaled

And bade "Good-morning" to all the world.

"Good-morning, world!" and the great world heard—

Each rustling tree and each singing bird.

The dancing flowers and the fields of grass

Nodded and waved at the little lass.

And the far-off hills and the sky overhead

Listened and beamed as the word was said.

And the old sun lifted his head and smiled.

"Good-morning, world!" "Good-morning, child!"

Woman's Journal.

Lots Left for the Next.

Every year famine, flood or epidemic kills off from 100,000 to half a million inhabitants of Persia, but they don't raise any fuss over it or go around asking whether are we drifting. They've got lots left for the next thing that comes along.

The Grand Old Law.

If a robber, in seeking to rob the town treasurer, should be shot by a citizen it would be all O. K. If the same robber, in seeking to rob a citizen, should be shot by a spring gun the law could punish the owner of the gun severely.

A CHEMELEON BATTLE.

A Kaleidoscopic Contest in Deadly Earnest.

As soon as they catch sight of each other they remain perfectly still for a moment. Then they nod their heads up and down three or four times, as if to work themselves up to the right pitch for a fight. I've seen chickens do the same thing many a time. Then they swell out their dewlap or throat pouch, until it becomes a beautiful light scarlet. All this while their color is constantly changing in a manner marvelous to behold. Before they saw each other both wore a gay golden green coat and a white shirt bosom tinted with green, but in an instant this holiday attire vanishes and they don their fighting suits one after the other, dark brown, light brown, olive green, slate color, some plain, some spotted, but the puffing out of the dewlap is the last of these preliminaries, and now, like a flash, the tussle begins. And such a tussle it is, to be sure! No fun or play about it, only deadly earnest. I have watched these lilliputian combats more than once; one especially I recall between two unusually fine specimens, regular anolis dudes, and a fair lady (I suspect she was at the bottom of the trouble, too) sat on a leaf close by and looked calmly on, ready, no doubt, to greet the victor with sweet smiles. The antagonists seized each other by the jaws—their teeth are very tiny, just big enough to feel rough to one's finger—but they managed to hold on to each other, and their heads moved to and fro, their long tails lashed, they advanced and retreated up and down the stem of the evening jessamine, which they had selected as their battle ground, and for ten minutes they kept hard at it, their dewlaps swelled like beautiful scarlet balls, their hues constantly changing, their whole aspect instinct with rage and determination. At the end of that time one of them had lost half of its tail, but he fought bravely on until another sharp jerk deprived him of the remaining half. That was the "drop too much;" and he did not "turn tail and run," simply because he had none to turn, but he did run as fast as he could go, leaving the victor to swallow the writhing stump of his tail, which he did with evident enjoyment. The conquered hero escaped the same fate only by flight, for it is the fashion among the anolis tribes to devour their conquered enemy. — Philadelphia Times.

A Paper Offered in Evidence.

"I offer this paper in evidence," said Attorney Boltheart of counsel for Florence Blythe. And then he displayed a piratical scowl, incurred unconsciously by infection from Attorney Billfist's May-morning smile.

"I object!" shouted Attorney Hulkley of counsel for unassorted claimants.

"I shall have to read the paper," Judge Caffolay remarked, "in order intelligently to pass upon the objection."

"Certainly," said Mr. Boltheart.

"Certainly," said Mr. Hulkley.

"If I find by reading it that it ought not to come before me to influence my mind—"

"We will consider it as returned to us unopened," interrupted Mr. Boldheart blandly.

"I'll see that you do not consider it," sneered Attorney Nailer of counsel generally; "but that is not enough. In the event supposed we must ask your honor's knowledge of the existence and contents of the paper not to have any effect upon your honor's judgment."

"Certainly," assented the court.

"Certainly," assented Mr. Boltheart.

"With that understanding," his honor said, "I will now read the paper."

Deeply and silently, like a steep sun-beam thrust into the sea, the meaning of that document penetrated the profoundest hollows of the judicial mind, lighting that unthinkable under-world with a bleak, uncanny fire. Then he folded the paper and lifted his eyes in sign to speak and seventy-one attorneys for forty-two plaintiffs and defendants caught back their breath to hear. He spoke:

"I admit this paper [cries of 'We except! We except!'] for what it is worth. [A cry: 'The court is assuming that it is worth something; that is prejudgment!'] This paper is [Except! Except!] a manuscript copy of the multiplication table." Attorney Bolt-heart smiled his own bright, haunting smile.

Never Take a Lady's Arm.

"The question is often put to me," said a lady, whose opinion in matters of etiquette is wholly competent, "whether it is ever permissible to take a lady's arm in acting as an escort on a promenade." Unhesitatingly and peremptorily, no. Not after nightfall, nor by daylight, nor at any other time.

An invalid may lean upon a young woman's arm; a grandfather, if he is infirm, may avail himself of a similar support, and a Broadway policeman seems to have acquired the right to propel his charge in petticoats across the thoroughfare by a grasp upon the arm, but these are the only persons so privileged. For an acquaintance, a friend, or one who aspires to a still nearer place, to take the arm of a young woman when walking with her on a public highway is inexcusable. You may be sure that nothing will so quickly offend. To see a young woman pushed along, a little in front of her escort, by his clutch upon her arm, reverses all preconceived ideas of gallantry. Offer her your arm, young man, every time, and do not commit the offense of taking hers.—New York Sun.

