NO. 30

THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS.

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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other courtry
weeklies. weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, [25 words] the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

Five thousand pounds of sugar are made daily at the Topeka sugar works, and the work will continue until New Years.

We are just now crossing the stream, and Abraham Lincoln declared that at such a time it is ot good policy to swcp horses.

Gov. Humphrey strengthened himself by his bold move in casting out the Leavenworth police commissioners when they showed their whiskey colors, and if he calls an extra session of the legislature he will be stronger still. A whiskey infliction of three months would be unendurable.

Chicago is going in to make the most of the World's fair. Speculation is running wild. The commissioners too, are booming the salary business, throwing around ten, twelve and fifteen thousand dollar salaries with such recklessness that Secretary Windom has felt constrained to hint that congressional appropriations were not made to be fooled away.

be in sympathy with illicit liquor selpronounced prohibitionists, among them Dr H B Callahan, for six years democratic antecedents. This action is greatly commended by all except the whiskey crowd-

The November St. Nicholas, 1890.

ST. NICHOLAS has completed seventeen successful years, and begins its eighteenth with this number.

From the first it has had a policy of its own and has adhered to it without wavering. The magazine seems to stand alone as a representative of the growing modern conviction that influence and example are better than preaching and teaching, and that cultivation of good taste is no less important than training

The new volume will, it is announced

begin in this number and are full of wholesome interest.

Besides the longer prose attractions noted, we may speak of "Little Vemba Brown," by M M D, illustrated by Wile's beautiful frontispiece drawing; "A Story I Told the Pirate," a humorous bit of child nature; "The Mules and the Electric Car," a. ve-ra-clous ancedate; "Jack and Jill Reynard," one of Mr Holder's sketches of animal life; "The Sequel," a fanciful story by Tudor Jenks, with Bensell's pictures,; and "The 'Gator," by Clarence B Moore.

There are still many features besides

There are still many features besides the departments to mention but no read-er will overlook any of them.

Patriotism above Party.

The Spirit OF KAWSAS Was the first Third Party Prohibition paper in the state. It supported St. John for President in 1884. It has stood firmly for the principle of prohibition, and has used its best efforts against the insincere policy of the republican party towards prohibition and has eyer since that time advocated third party organization whenever it appeared necessary and wise.

Circumstances, in which the third party movement has had no little influence, have compelled the republican party of the state to become more and more aggressive until at last it is nearly purged of its hypocritical element. The resubmissionists have left it, and are no longer professed prohibitionists for party's sake, so that to day the only political hope of prohibition, for the present at least, lies with the republican party.

We are glad to see that our third party prohibition workers are recognizing this fact. Early in the season it was not so apparent as it now is, and at that time a full state ticket was put in the field. We consider it in the highest degree patriotic that several of these candidates have lately wifndrawn. Among these D. W. Kent, for attorney general, was the first. His letter is strong and sensible, R.J. Finley a former democrat, candidate for lieutenant governor, also withdraws. C. H. Branscombe, a former candidate for governor, also supporting the republican ticket, as so is Gov. Humphrey, finding the board I. O. Pickering, St. John's former of police commissioners which he partner and a prominent leader. So lately appointed for Leavenworth to too is Dr. H. B. Callahan of Leavenworth, a former democrat, and one of ling, very promptly removed them, the soundest third party men since and has appointed a full board of un- 1884. Judge Eldridge of this city also announces this to be his purpose, and writes an open letter to A. M. a third party prohibition leader of Richardson, candidate for governor. asking him to withdraw.

We desire to congratulate these gentlemen and the many others who have come to the same conclusion. It shows a spirit of devotion to principle that is worthy of the men. Parties are as nothing unless they serve a purpose. Principle is every thing. Nor can we omit to mention the personal gratification we must feel in this practical endorsement of our own position. It will not be understood that we become members of the republican party. The issue in our The new volume will, it is announced contain a number of serials by prominent writers for the young. J T Frowbridge, author of "The Tinkham Broth ers' Tide-Mill," a continued story of great interest and lasting popularity among boy readers of St. Nicholas, and their sisters, will contribute a long serial entitled, "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford"; and Noah Brooks, whose exciting book, "The Boy Emigrants," is well remembered, will write a similar and yet different serial, "The Boy Settlers," the scene of which is the Territory of Kansas during the border troubles. Both of these stories begin in this number and are full of wholesome interest. state is clearly defined. There are forced upon us and cannot be avoided. Any attempt to do it will jeopardize the other reforms that they demand, as it must be at a sacrifice of public confidence in their professions.

> Chillicothe Normal, Actual Business and Short Hand College

Is the largest, least expensive and best school of its kind in the west. It has the largest and the strongest faculty—26 members,—and largest, best furnished and most comfortable building of the kind in the State.

The Pope's Beggar.

A beggar who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome has just died suddenly from apoplexy as he was leaving the Basilica. The Rome correspondent of the London Standard reports some curious circumstances in connection with this man, whose name was Pietro Marcolini. He was the only mendicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself, Pius IX. having granted him that privilege. Leo XIII. confirmed it later, and, like his predecessor, granted an audience to the beggar, who was lame and afflicted. When Marcolini was received by Pius IX. he complained of the cold he felt within the church, whereupon the Pope bestowed upon him an old warm dressing gown of his own. This garment, however, the beggar wore only on great occasions and the more solemn festivities of the Church. He had been repeatedly offered large sums for it by foreigners, but always refused to part with it. It is said that Pius IX., when he went into St. Peter's, was always highly amused to see the beggar seated there, majestically wrapped in his old dressing gown. The garment will, presumably, descend as an heirloom to Marcolini's children, together with the snug little fortune of 50,000f. which he had accumulated during thirty years of begging.

Station Master:—"Come, Come, my good man! You must not walk on the track! "The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?" asked the tramp, discontentedly.

Daughter—, Mr. Slim and I were discussing which was the preferable, 'He will go,' or 'he shall go.' What do you

Pa (looking at his watch)—"As it is 11:30 o'clock I should say 'He must go' was the correct expression. Ragge_"What is the diffe

a male and female poet?"

Caggs—"The difference! Well, one is a man and the other a woman." B .- "That's not the answer. The male

male poet is both born and maid. "Wanted-reliable men." read Mrs Baseom from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her for head, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of

centuries yet before it gets 'em." Fred—Why, Charlie, I thought you were getting on so well with rich Miss De Hoofe! She's cut you dead.

Charlie—Yaas; she told me at Christ-mas I might send her enough candy to fill her slipper. I sent her four pounds, and she's never spoken to me since!

"Salem! Salem!" called out the conductor, as a train rolled into the station ductor, as a the other day.
the other day.
"What!" said an old lady, turning to

"What!" said an old lady, turning to the Judge, "is this the place where they hung witches:"
"Yes, yes," replied the Judge, with a twinkle in his oye, "but be calm, madam, they don't do it now."

"Do you think Fred is in earnest, about our daughter?" asks father. "Sure of it," says mother, with conviction. "Well, I'm not so sure." "You silvy old goose, look what the boy has given her a music stool, a set of silver backed half brushes. a gooleery book, and I don't brushes, a cookery book, and I don't know what else; he's doing a little pre-liminary furnishing in carnest. Oh, you men, what dull heads you are!"

Miss Twenty-eight (coyly)—"I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. De Peyster. I dreamed—only thinkl—that you and I were married and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed." Did you dream the same thing,

too?"
- He (firmly)—"No, Miss Twenty-eight,
I did not. In fact I haven't had the nightmare now for a good many years."

mare now for a good many years."

Mrs. Hayseed, (at big city hotel):—
They is awfully attentive at this tavern, and they?" Mr. H., seed.—"Yes, siree; theyre bound to give us the worth of our money, I guess. Them errand boys has been in a dosen times in the last half hour to see if I wanted anything. What are you working at the ce, Marier?" "I've been tryin' for the last half hour ter see what this ere button in the wall is for."

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& Co.. Box 512, Portland, Maine The contents of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUS-

The contents of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper; this week are so varied that every person who reads it, or looks at the beautiful pictures, will find something in which to be interested. Among the illustrations are "The Smallest Theatre in the World," "Incidents of the Campaign of the People's Municipal League of New York," "Big Trees in Humbolt County, Cal.," and a fine picture of Field-Marshal von Moltke.

Do unto Others as You would have Others

"Shakey."
"Yes, fader."

"Dis is your pirthday. You was eight-een years old. Come into the pack room. I want me to dalk some tings mit you." Jakey had been very attentive to the of late, so he expected his father would do something handsome for him when the day came around. In fact, he behaved specially good before the old man, ond now he was to receive his re-

Dinkleman took from his money draw. er a crisp ten dollar bill. "Here, Shakey," he said, "take dis, and may it be the corner-stone on vich to build a fortune."

orner-stone on vioh to build a fortune."

The young fellow was dumbfounded.
"All this for me?"
"Every gent, and besides, you can enjoy a holiday to-day. And, Shakey, in giving you this I make you happy and I make myself happy. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Remember dot."

member dot."

Jakey left the store with a light heart and walked down town and was induced by a friend to go to the races, and the re-sult was that he cause back to the store penniless and heartbroken. 'Vat for you look so sad?" asked the

old man when he came in.
"Fader, vill you kiel: me?" "Yat you mean? Vas you crasy?"
"Almost. I lost dat ten dollars. If
I could kick myself hard I would. Vill
you kick me hard?"
"No."

Jakey thought a moment, then he jumped on his father. "I don't like to do it," he said, "but I promised you fader," and then he began to kiek old Dinkleman under the coat tails in the liveliest

"Mein Gott, Shakey, vat for you do dot?" he shrieked.
"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, don't it?" said Jakey. Odd Humanity.

A curious human being died at Siegor Island, N. B., a few days ago, of whom the outside world know nothing, but was wonderingly spoken of in her own neighborhood as "the girl who sewed with her mouth."

This "girl" was fifty years old when

with her mouth."

This "girl" was fifty years old when she died. Her name was Mary Goodine, and she had no arms, hands, legs or feet. She learned when quite young to perform with her mouth the offices usually filled by the hands in cutting and sewing, and pieces of patchwork done by her are now held by neighbors as memorials of her surprising accomplishments.

She lived with a brother and sister, and once refused an offer from Barnum because her brother did not care to accompany her.

Her body was of full size and she was of ordinary intelligence.



It's almost ten years since we were married. Sit down: let's have an experience meeting. How's the wife?"
"Oh! she's so-so, same as usual,—always wanting something I can't afford."
"Well, we all want something more than we've got. Don't you!"
"Yes; but I guest 'want will be my master.' I started to keep down expenses; and now Lill says I'm 'mean,' and she's tired of saying and never having anything to show for it. Leaw your wife down street, and she looked as happy as a queen!"
"I think she is; and we are economical, too,—have to be. My wife can make a little go further than anyone I ever knew, yet she's always surprising me with some dointy contrivance that adds to the comfort and beauty of our little home, and she's always 'merry as a fark.' When I ask how she manages it, she always laughs and says: 'Oh! that's my secret!' But I think I've discovered her 'secret.' When we married, we both knew we should have to be very careful, but she made one condition: she would have her Magazine. And she was right! I wouldn't do without it myself for double the subscription price. We read it together, from the tille-page to the last word it egether, from the tille-page to the last wend in mortant events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of

the stories keep our hearts young; the synopsis of important events and scientific matters keeps me posted so that I can talk understandingly of what is going on; my wife is always trying some new idea from the household department; she makes all her dresses and those for the children, and she gets all her patterns for nothing, with the Magazine; and we saved Joe when he was so sick with the croup, by doing just as directed in the Sanitarian Department. But I can't tell you half!"
"What wonderful Magazine is it?"
"Demorest's Family Magazine, and—"
"Whit! Why that's what Lil wanted so bad, and I told her it was an extravagance."
"Well, my friend, that's where you made a grand mistake, and one you'd better rectify as roon as you can. I'll take your 'sub,' right here, on my wife's account: she's bound to have a china tea-set in time for our tin wedding next month. My gold watch was the premium I got for getting up a club. Here's a copy, with the new Premium List for clubs,—the biggest thing out! If you don't see in it what you want, you've only to write to the publisher and tell him what you want, whether it is a tack-hammer or a new carriage, and he will make special terms for you, either for a club, or for part cash. Better subscribe right off and surprise first in six months. Or send 10 cents direct to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest. 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a specimen copy containing that Premium List."

A good-looking girl when asked to give bail for her appearance said: "You can gamble on my appearance being what it ought to be."

A Miffin (Pa.) young man broke his eighty-year-old uncle's skull in a dispute over a fence. Moral-Uncles and nephews should not miff even in miffin.

Staten Island women complain of being terrorized by a monkey, which peeps in at their windows nights. And yet there are doubters of Darwin's theory.

Popinjay—They say that Mrs. Bigsby makes things hot for her husband. Dempsey (who has breakfasted with Bigsby)—That certainly doesn't apply to his coffee.

An old soldier applied for a pension. He had been injured at a battle. On examination it was found that he was injured. He ran away so hard that he

"And this is where you teach the young idea how to shoot?" remarked the visitor to the pretty schoolma'am. "Yes, sir," she replied; "we ten

trigger-nometry here."

FOR THE FARM AND HOME

A HALF HOUR WITH THE HUS BANDMAN.

Some Suggestions About a General Service Sheep-Advantages of the New Method of Setting Milk-Farm Orchards, Stock Notes-Household Hiuts.

Sheep Husbandry.

A general purpose sheep is a pet hobby with many farmers, the same as a general purpose horse and cow, and as no two can agree as to what a general purpose sheep is, each one trains and develops his own after ways peculiar to himself. Some buy one breed and another some different kind; they cross and re-cross until there are nothing but mongrels left. The general purpose sheep is one that will do well on almost any kind of food, and that will thrive well whether it has good care given it or not. Such sheep are never found, and so with careless habits and improper attention the flocks containing such sheep never pay much. It does not cost much to keep them, and so there is a little margin for profits. But the question is can they be made to pay double for extra care and attention bestowed upon them? Undoubtedly they can. The nearest approach to the general purpose sheep is the two-purpose sheep—a mutton and wool cross. As a rule the heavy fleece producing sheep are not good mutton makers, and any cross that will combine the two is the one that thousands of farmers need. They are not strictly sheep-raisers, but they make this business a profitable adjunct to their other farming. They cannot give the necessary amount of intelligent care and attention to their flocks to make them produce the extra fine fleece, nor the very highest mutton that is sent to market. They need a medium between the two, one which can produce a fair amount of wool, and a standard carcass for the

A New Method of Setting Milk.

The past summer has been one that will be remembered by dairymen as an era in useful discovery. Ice has been exceedingly scarce, and dairymen have had to get along without it. Necessity has thus become once more the mother of invention, and the new process of setting milk for cream, which has been brought into use, has certainly afforded a wonderful relief to butter makers. This process consists in adding water to the milk in certain proportions, so as to dilute and thin it, and reduce its viscosity, so that the cream may rise more rapidly and more completely. At first, hot water at 120 or 130 degrees was added in the proportion of one third. This was improved upon by adding cold water, and this again by reducing the water to one-fifth or 20 per cent. The addition of the water enables the cream to rise in 12 hours, or 24 hours at the most, and the proportion of fat left in the skimmed milk has been reduced from 0.84 per cent., or 81 parts in 1000 lbs. of milk, to 0.35 per cent., or 31 parts in 1000 lbs. of milk. This is vouched for by Prof. Hills, of the Vermont experiment station, who used one third water at 135 degrees to mix with the milk. The loss of butter by this method was something less by the usual most effective deep setting with ice, and a temperature of 45 degrees. Prof. Ladd, formerly of the N. Y. station, found that 20 per cent., or one-fifth, of water at 55 degrees was more effective in raising the most cream in the least time than the hot

This process very much simplifies the process of raising cream for making butter. It dilutes the milk onefifth certainly, but for feeding calves and pigs that is a small matter, as a handful of corn meal thrown into the milk will restore the nutriment, and in general, in the summer, the excess of water will be useful to the calves, that very frequently suffer for want of water when being fed upon milk.

Read the Paper.

There is no time so profitably employed by the farmer as that which he gives to reading the papers giving him a knowledge of the current news of the day, and especially the news of what is going on in the agricultural world. The successful farmer of this decade is not merely one who can plow and drive a reaper. He must be able to do this and to think besides, and the man who keeps an eye on the world, as history is daily and weekly made, is the better farmer for it if he is fit for a farmer at all. A farmer cannot know too much. We hear of educated fools, but there is no telling how much bigger these fools would have been without education. It is not the men with knowledge, but "the men who know so many things that are so" that disgust the world with men who claim to be wise, but are only so in their own conceit. The farmer who "knows is all" is just as big a nuisance as no valid claim for sympathy. The

other men who know it all; but the farmer who keeps his eyes and ears open and is ready to learn from anybody or anything, is very apt to grow and broaden into a wise man, becoming a better neighbor and citizen, as well as a more successful tiller of the soil.-Northwestern Agriculturist.

Science of Wool Growing. A French contemporary directs attention to the influence on the quality of the fleece of the food which the sheep eats, and dwells on the following four points: (1) To obtain the right quantity of good wool the sheep must be well fed; (2) if the sheep receives too much food, or food which is not sufficiently nutritive, the wool lacks strength, is destitute of grease and becomes in consequence flabby, rough to the touch, dry and harsh; (3) regularity in the distribution of food is very important; faults in this matter affect the quality of the wool; (4) there is a difference of opinion about the action of certain food on wool. All, however, agree in ascribing a marked influence to fertile pastures. The wool of sheep that enjoy such pasturage is abundant; the fibre is long and is characterized by its softness, whiteness, lustre and strength. Sturm, who is a high authority on the subject, has proved that all the foods which promote perspiration produce a fine wool.

Continuous Good Feeding. The man who said, perhaps in fun, that he would feed his pig one day and starve him the next did not thereby yet the streak of fat and streak of lean that he had expected. On the contrary he took the best possible method of destroying the animal's digestion and thus removing from it every chance to fatten. Every check to growth in a young animal is a positive injury. It is not best for growing animals to fatten, but this can be prevented by feeding abundantly of food that makes bone and muscle rather than fat. It is harder for American farmers to feed growing stock judiciously because in most parts of this country corn, from its cheapness, is the staple food.

Indigestion of Pigs.

If a pig does not eat well the probabilities are that it has been poorly and irregularly fed, or fed on material that does not supply what the pig needs for growth. So long as the pig is growing, corn is not adapted to it. Corn is a fattening food, with too small a proportion of the nutrition that makes bone and lean meat. It does not make much difference whether the trouble is indigestion or the failure of digested food to supply what nature craves The pig is stunted in either case.

Poor Harness.

There is a great difference in the quality of harness, and this largely depends upon the leather. Only that which is thoroughly tanned should be used. The sweat from horses working or hotly driven eats into the best leather fast enough, but for that poorly structive. In buying harness it is true economy to pay a higher price and get

Farm Orchards.

In too many farm orchards the trees are almost wholly neglected. They are set, occasionally a worm's nest is removed, but too often it is let alone, a little pruning is done in the spring, and at intervals of several years a little manure is spread upon the land. There are a great number of farm orchards in this country upon which no work or expense of any consequence are bestowed except what is involved in gathering the fruit in bearing years. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that such orchards are not very profit able. Farmers do not expect a totally neglected cornfield to produce a large crop and do not look for a heavy yield of hay on land that has been long cropped without being manured. Yet it would be just as reasonable to expect good crops of corn or hay without cultivation or manure as it is to look for fine crops of fruit while doing nothing to produce them. And, to make the matter worse than it appears at first glance, most of the land ostensibly devoted to trees is kept in grass and a crop of hay is removed from it every year. Every one who attempts to grow fruit, either for home use or to sell, needs to keep prominently in mind the fact that fruit trees need to be fed and cared for as well as plants and he can rest assured that they will make good returns for all the care and fertilizers they receive.

When a man who has carefully and regularly pruned his trees, kept them free from insects, given them all needed cultivation, and used fertilizers liberally-when such a man complains (if such a one ever should complain) that his orchard is unprofitable it will be in order to give him a careful and respectful hearing. But most of us who find fault with our orchards can make

trouble of which we have so much to say is due far more to our imperfect methods and our general neglect than it is to any defect in the trees or say inherent difficulty in the business of fruit-growing. For one I propose to give my trees a good deal more attention than I have yet done before I make any public complaint that they are unprofitable. -- Exchange.

Stock Notes.

A farm that can not afford the best and most liberal feeding at all times for the live stock is overstocked, and that mean loss all round.

The best fodder should not be put way solely for spring use. Good feed is wasted on animals that have been half-starved. But an animal that be gins the winter well can more easily get through the latter half on inferior rations if that is found to be necessary.

It is not the expectation that every animal reared from pure bred stock will surpass its progenitors in value which gives value to a high bred animal, but the comparative certainty that the pure blood will double the value of the common stock in the first generation that makes it profitable for farmers to use a pure bred sire.

The successful stockman must give his whole mind and heart to his special business, keeping wholly to it, for better or worse, so long as he may live. This is the whole secret of success in any line of stock-rearing. Every succussful stockman has been a devotee to his chosen line. But "unstable as water," a stockman can never excel.

The use of chloroform to render operations painless is coming into use in England. It is due to the kind heart of a lady that this valuable reform in animal surgery is being introduced. Our Experiment stations might very usefully turn their attention to the popularizing of this humane system, and the veterinary instructors might give lessons in its practical application.

Hints to Housekeepers.

If your sofa stood by the wall during the winter, place it corner-wise this season. A large easy chair and fancy table may take the old place of the sofa.

Paint the tongues of your fever patients with glycerine, says a physician; it will remove the sensation of thirst and discomfort felt when the organ is dry and foul.

The nice red astrakhan apple is now in market. When cooking them do not cut the skin; it is the best part of them. Cooking softens it, and it has a peculiarly agreeable flavor.

A simple and effectual remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe affected parts two or three times during the day, and the next morning little trace of the poison will remain.

The old-time gimp loops for lace curtains are passe. They are seldom in perfect harmony, their affection for seen any more, the curtain being each other being unmarred by a sincaught back by bows instead, or, in gle cross word. Thoroughly unselffact, in any graceful way as long as ish, each has vied in her intentions you avoid the conventional gimp.

A remedy for hives: Take of aromatic spirits of ammonia about fifteen drops in a little sugar and water. If necessary, repeat the dose in two or three hours, or oftener. Salt water is also a good external application. As hives are caused sometimes by indigestion, particularly after eating certain kinds of fruit, attention should be paid to this matter, and articles of food avoided that are supposed to in-

duce it. Laundry bags are convenient house hold articles. Ticking, feather-stitched awning cloth or a washable cretonne are serviceable fabrics. A good pattern consists of two widths of cretonne. each a yard long, which are slit near the top, bound with braid around the slit, and laid together with a piece of the same size of stout lining in Turkey red twill or any other suitable material laid between them. The edges of these three layers are bound together with braid, and the bag is shirred at the top over a flat, smooth stick or lath about half a yard long and an inch wide. When hung up this makes two bags, one on each side of the lining.

Overdone Politeness. "Help!" cried Colonel Kaintuck, who had fallen into the Ohio River at Louisville. "Help! I shall drown!"
"No, you won't," said a man on the bank. "Hold on to that log, while I

get a boat and help you out." "But the water is getting into my mouth!" yelled the colonel, despera te-

All the bystanders immediately rushed to his rescue. -Light.

Deceivers Ever.

"Yes, Charlie," she said on Christmas eye, "I will marry you just three months and one week from to-day."

And Charlie was transported with delight, until he stopped and reckoned up just when the wedding day would come.—Somerville Journal.

SAILORS' FRIEND.

A SECOND IDA LEWIS IN IN-DIANA.

Miss Harriet Colfat, the Brave-Hearted Little Woman Who for Thirty Years Has Performed the Duties of Light Keeper at Michigan City.

What sailor on the lower lakes does not know the Michigan City light, and how many times during the past quarter of a century has the mariner's heart been relieved of its burden of care when the steady glow from the beacon light caught his vigilant eve and he made sail for the harbor that promised him shelter from the threatening storm?

For nearly thirty years this warning signal has been under the care of a woman who in fair or foul weather during all this time has never once neglected the duty imposed on her in 1861, when she was appointed light keeper at this port through the influence of her cousin, Schuyler Colfax, afterward Vice President of the

United States.

At that time Miss Harriet A. Colfax was a pleasant-faced young woman of twenty-five, with soft, light brown hair and gray, trustful eyes. Her petite figure seemed peculiarly unfitted for the position, and there were not wanting those who sneeringly remarked upon this, and hinted that if a wax doll had influential relatives it might just as well have been appointed light keeper at Michigan City as Miss Colfax. But time has disproved all these unkind statements and innuendoes, and after thirty years of continuous faithful service the verdict is unanimous that a wiser choice for so responsible a place could not have been made.

Miss Colfax is a native of Ogdensburg, N. Y., but as she migrated to Michigan City in 1853 it is fair to state that she is a western woman, especially as her visits back east have been very few and far between. Her brother, Richard W. Colfax, was at that time editing the Michigan City Transcript, and as a steady compositor was a rara avis in the little village. At that period the young lady learned to set type in order to help her brother get out his paper when printers were scarce. She is proud of the fact that the second year after her arrival she

set up the governor's entire message alone, her proofs being so clean that the corrections were all made inside of twenty minutes. After her brother died Miss Colfax

gave music lessons, about this time she formed a life partnership with Miss Ann Hartwell, a bright, cheery little school ma'am of Michigan City, who is also a native of Ogdensburg. For upwards of thirty-three years these little women have dwelt together to the other, and, as a result, they have lived as hapily as two doves with no serpent in the form of man to create a discord in their lives. When Miss Colfax went to live at the lighthouse, of course Miss Hartwell accompanied her, and, although this was not until 1861, the little ex-school ma'am-for she has discontinued teaching-declares, with a saucy toss of her frost touched curly hair, they have been light-housekeeping together for thirty-three years notwithstanding.

For a number of years there was a beacon light at the extremity of the raised walk, near the outer breakwater, which was also under the charge of Miss Colfax, and until it was finally carried away during a severe storm eight years ago it was her duty to light that beacon every evening at sundown. It was neither a pleasant nor easy duty to perform, but until the department finally allowed her an assistant the brave little woman faithfully made her nightly trip over the slippery walk, and, lantern in hand, climbed the beacon ladder and lit the warning signal. Many and many a time toward the close of navigation the waves would dash across the narrow walk, sending the freezing spray in all directions and wetting the brave keeper to the skin as she performed her dangerous task.

The beacon lamp was fed with lard oil at that time, and it was often necessary on cold nights to heat the oil before carrying the lamp out to the west pier. On one very cold, stormy night when the waves dashed incessantly over the raised walk and it was only by waiting for a temporary lull that the passage could be made. Miss Colfax warmed the lard oil and started forth on her hazardous errand. Twice she was driven back before she gained the beacon, and when at last she reached the structure she found to her dismay and annoyance that the lock had been lampered with and obstinately cofused to open. In her desperation she finally broke a pane of glass, and,

crawling through the aperture, inserted the lamp in place, but so much time had been lost that the oil congealed and all attempts at ignition proved futile. But the beacon had lighted and the woman never for one moment flinched. Lamp in hand, she started back to the lighthouse through an icy shower, slipped, fell, rose and slipped again, but at length reached the end of the pier in safety. The oil was again heated and again she started out for the beacon, this time accomplishing her task, but returning with a bruised body and in a thoroughly soaked condition. Men said who knew of this performance that no amount of money could have tempted them to make the journey the second time as she did, but Uncle Louis' daughter never hesitated in her duty, and the sailors at sea muttered a prayer for the brave keeper when they caught a glimpse of the beacon light.

The Michigan City light has never failed in its mission. Like the beacon, it was formerly fed with lard oil, but now only the purest grade of gasoline is used. There are two lamps in the lighthouse; one of these is filled and placed inside the great circular reflecting glass at sundown when the curtains are removed from the turret windows and the white light sheds its beams across the waters of the lake. At midnight the little woman in charge mounts the narrow stairway leading to the observatory with the second lamp primed and trimmed for duty. This she lights and rapidly exchanges for the first one that began burning in the early watches of the night. For thirty years Miss Colfax has been doing this and has never once retired until the change was made and the new light in place. She may not have performed any noble deeds of heroism like Ida Lewis, nor is she so well know to the American public, but the light keeper at Michigan City has discharged her duties faithfully and intelligently, often in the face of great personal danger to herself. Changes of administration have not affected her, for no one was base enough to ask her dismissal. She may stay there at the lighthouse earning her modest salary for many years to come if she choose, but the little keeper is growing gray in the service and it is hoped that before many years Uncle Sam will recognize her years of faithful attendance and retire her on a pension, to which she is so well entitled.

Her Accomplishment. She cannot mend, she cannot make: To save her life she couldn't bake A simple loaf of bread or cake: At housework she cannot assist. In all such things she takes no stock: She don't know how to darn a sock: A cradle she could never rock-But she's a fine flirtationist.

She cannot make a plate of hash, But she can dress to cut a dash; She knows just how to make a mash And has a dozen on the list. The man who marries her will get, A perfect jewel richly set, For though she may be worthless, yet

Poison Golden-Rod.

I had occasion to go into the parlor, aid a New York physician in speaking of a peculiar case of sickness which he had treated, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was that bunch of golden-rod. It then dawned upon me as plainly as day the cause of the trouble, and I informed the patients that they had been made sick -poisoned-by that flower. Its exhalations had poisoned the atmosphere, and by inhaling it had produced the results above described. It is needless to add that that golden-rod went out of the window in a hurry.

The poison of the golden-rod arises from a fluffy or powder-like substance which the flower produces as it begins to decay, which increases day by day, and sends forth its poison around, entirely imperceptible, and the peaceful sleeper inhales it to such an extent as to lay him up for several days. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike la grippe. It irritates the throat, produces violent sneezing, makes the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight, and de-presses the patient to such a degree that he hardly cares whether school keeps or not.

Some Dog Bit Me. Two colored brethren were holding

a little religious convention between themselves. Said Elder Jefferson: "Now, Bruder Jones, just what am youa besettin' sin?"

"Well, elder, if I must confess I recon my settin' sin am lub for de female sect."

"Ah, ah, ah!" "What for you larf so, Mars Jeffer-

son? "Well, jist dis, Bruder Jones, some

dog bit me."
"Is dat so?"

They shook hands and the conven-

THE FAIR AGAIN.

ANOTHER EFFORT TO BOOM THE BIG SHOW.

Timely Action by the National Commit-tee—The Site and Director General— Possibilities and Dangers of the Great Enterprise.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

It is pleasant to state that the World's Fair committee has at last got things in such shape that the preliminary work of preparing for the great exhibition will ioon be undertaken.

It is no credit to Chicago that a delay

of six months has occurred in selecting a site and completing an organization, as the fault lies wholly with the local com-



NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION

The national committee had wrestled with local jealousies and party personal squabbles until its patience became exhausted. They at last resolved upon a vigorous course of action. At a meeting of the committee at the Palmer House last week the local authorities were given a vigorous shaking up, and a resolution was adopted that, unless speedy action was taken to settle the fight over locating the fair, the national committee would report to Congress that Chicago had failed to provide a proper site, and recommend the withdrawel of the resolution authorizing the fair in this city.

This had the desired effect, and the people of this city are in hopes to see substantial progress made in constructing the buildings before another year.

There is some kicking over the selec-tion of Colonel George R. Davis as di rector general, not because he is not competent, but because he is a Chicago man. It is claimed that, to make the fair truly national, the director general should have been taken from some other State. I think myself that an Eastern man would have been better.

There is no ground to doubt Colonel Davis's full capacity to fill the position, however. He was the most active citizen of our city in securing the location of the fair here, and his energy and enthusiasm will prove desirable in the administration of the important duties of his position.

Colonel Davis is well known in politics, having for six years represented the Second Illinois (Chicago) district in Con-He was born at Palmer, Mass. in 1840, and abandoned the practice of law to enter the Army during the rebellion as captain in the eighth Massa-chusetts infantry. He afterward became commanding officer of the Rhode Island cavalry, and served in that capacity during most of the struggle. He was attached to the regular service at the close of the war, and remained with General Sheri dan at New Orleans and Leavenworth. He was also with General Sheridan in the Indian campaign of 1868-'69, and was in General Custer's command in the battles on the headwaters of the Washita. He was wounded three times, once at the battle of Pleasant Hill, and twice during his service on the plains.

In 1871 he resigned from the army and went into business and politics in Chicago. His first movement as a practical politician was in 1876, when he ran for Congress in the west division of the city of Chicago. He was defeated then, but was elected in 1878, and subsequently in 1880 and 1882.



THE DIRECTOR GENERAL

After retiring from Congress he reentered business in Chicago, and assisted in the reorganization of the Republican party of that city. In the fall of 1886 he was elected treasurer of Cook county, and has since had full control of the Republican party in Chicago. He was a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1884 and 1887, and is now the member of the Republican national committee for Illinois.

Colonel Davis has begun his administration by declaring emphatically that

politics shall not enter into his actions, as he is aware his constituency is com-posed of half Democrats and half Re-publicans.

Colonel McKenzie, of Kentucky, who is as pronounced a Democrat as Colonel Davis is a Republican, will be his lieutenant.

Now, let the great fair begin to move is the ardent wish of all good citizens of this city.

The present purpose is to utilize the lake front and Jackson Park as the site for the fair. This will afford a truly magnificent space for the great exhibition in the very heart of the city, with a magnificent water front, and affording unrivalled opportunity for convenience and embellishment. The wonder is that there should have been any delay or doubt about selecting this beautiful site.

The public will await with natural impatience for some hint as to the design of the buildings. It is here that our critics have predicted failure, but there would seem to be no reason for any blunder. The architectural talent of the world is at the command of the managers, and it is scarcely conceivable that they will let money or jealousy stand in the way of securing the best design possible. Let us hope not. WILL STANLEY.

RAILROADS MUST RUN.

The Central Hudson Takes Care of Its Property.

Whatever sympathy existed in certain quarters for the Knights of Labor engaged in protest against the Central Hudson Railroad in behalf of men whom it had discharged lias greatly diminished and pretty nearly vanished in the presence of a violent and deadly assault on the passenger trains of the road. For the public must and will travel, and when "Labor" seeks to forward its cause by the hands of sneaks and ruffians and by making war on innocent men, women, and children who are passengers, such methods will be denounced and such murderers will be punished. The temper of the people ought not to be misunder-stood, for it is expressed unambiguously. It is not necessary to prove that train wreckers are acting under commands issued from the headquarters of their order; to know that they are members of that order is enough to injure the order almost irretrievably in the minds of all men who love justice and fair play. If necessary to peaceful occupation and sion, the public will turn out and guard the road against these lawless



GUARDING THE CENTRAL HUDSON TRACKS. marauders. Nobody will think or care presence of this impudent menace, and confidence in the Knights of Labor will not be restored till the menace is at an end. Meantime, the great railroad has

taken measures to guard its trains. EDUCATIONAL.

Simon Yandes has given \$100,000 to Wabash college. Mr. Yandes is a Hoosier cut on a highly admirable plan.

The Workman's School conference of New York is gathering statistics to show how many poor children go to school without breakfast or without lunch. The society demands more school

M. Fallieres, the French minister of Education, has ordered that all reference to Henry IV be omitted from French historical text books, and that the events of that period be passed over dots being placed in the books to indicate the omission.

The government of Siam has sent six of its brightest young men to be educated at Westminister College, Penn., a United Presbyterian institution located there. The young men come from the highest caste and royal line and the king himself will defray their expenses.

The students of the University of Montpellier (France) invite such of "their comrades of the American universities, as can do so, to be present at the cele-bration of the alma mater's six hundreth birthday. The fetes begins on May 28d and are to last through the week.

Contracts have been closed by which a new Methodist college, to be known as the University of the Northwest, will be erected at Sioux City, Iowa. The university is to have an endowment fund of \$300,000. Funds sufficient to erect the buildings are at the command of the board, E. C. Peters alone having given property valued at \$100,000.

The President of Roanoke, Randolph-Macon, Hampden-Sydney, and Emory and Henry Colleges have memorialized the Virginia Legislature, asking that the Uuniversity of Virginia, and other institutions supported by State bounty, be not brought into competition with the other colleges, but be confined to technical and professional training strictly.

WILL YOU BUILD A LOG CABIN? Fashienable Fad Sure to Be Popula

Next Year. [Special New York Letter.]

The late Professor Louis Agazziz used to take special pleasure in dilating on the scientific principle known as "atavism.' In biology this is a term used to desig nate the tendency of both plants and animals to return to the original type.

The original American occupied a log cabin. Just now the modernized American has been seized with a mania for building log cabins. It is a pure case of

Young George Gould this summer has built a log cabin that cost him some \$85,000. The fashionable world is evi-

dently bound to "boom" the log cabin, regardless of cost, and next season will e the entire "four hundred" taking to the woods. The log cabin possesses one striking merif. It can be built for \$35,000, as young Mr. Gould has demonstrated. It

can be built also for \$35, with the aid of

an axe and a strong pair of arms.

I have just returned from a trip to the most original settlement probably in this country. It is known as "Winnisook." It is located in the Catskills, on the grand peak known as the "Slide." The "Slide" is the highest mountain of the Catskill range. From its summit some 400 or 500 (I do not care to be particular about figures) other mountain peaks can be counted.

This curious settlement was organized by ex-Public Printer Benedict, who pre-



pared betimes about 1886 for a safe escape to the "woods" in case of political defeat in 1888. As a matter of fact, the Winnisook Lodge Company is a regularly incorporated association, and has taken up several hundred acres of land in the wildest and most inaccessible part of the noble Catskills, and here the members have built a big log cabin, which they call "Winnisook Lodge," and a number of members have built smaller cabins for their personal occupancy.

A number of prominent New Yorkers are connected with the association, among whom may be mentioned Judge Parker, ex-Secretary Maynard, and ex-Chief Clerk Youmans, of the Treasury, and other prominent and sociable gentle men. These gentlemen and their friends spend the hot months of the summer in their mountain cabins, where they can sit before a roaring log fire every day, and gather icicles in the morning. Here they invite their friends, also, and many jolly parties have visited the lodge this

The thermometer at "Winnisook" never goes above 70 degrees, and drops to 50 degrees or lower about every night. Sickness is never known at this elevation. "Lodge," and not an hour's sickness has been experienced by the hundreds who have visited the charming spot.

The members have good times in their mountain aerie. I may write about their doings at some other time. Just now the question is, "Do you intend to be fashionable and build a log cabin next summer?"
The "four hundred" have decided that the log cabin is the thing, and you can't be fashionable without it. JEROME.

The Jewelers' Latest Ornament. The gift of almost any foolish, dang-ling bit of jewelry makes a woman happy, but if some one chances to give her just now a funny little gold heart, like the old-fashioned carnelian ones our mothers wore, she slips a fine gold chain through the lover's knot that makes the loop, and hangs it about her neck, if it's a locket, or pins it on the front of her gown if it's a brooch, and feels herself just the happiest woman in all the world. For, you see, she has the very latest ornament that the goldsmith

It may be of gold without ornamentation, unless her name be engraved on one side and some pretty sentiment on the other, or it may have (and then she is blest indeed), a moonstone set in the center and be rimmed about with brilliants or pearls, or it may even have a big pearl or diamond in place of the moonstone, if she really prefers to have is so, and can have it. But it is just as well if she can't, for the moonstone is quite as pretty and quite as fashionable

has devised for making her pretty and

Barefooted Priests. There is little real difference between Confucianism and Shintoism in oriental life, except as a matter of externals priests of the Shinto faith are very particular about appearing in all their regalia whenever they appear in pub-lic. No matter how imposing they may be as to head and body, the feet are left uncovered. To a westerner the contrast is striking, ludicrously so, reminding one of inmates of lunatic asylums that glory in nothing so much as leaving off a very important article of dress.— Pittsburg Dispatch.

WINTER ON PIKE'S PEAK.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF SIGNAL SERVICE MAN

le Tells of a Lonely Vigil with His Companion Dying—Burled Him in the Rocks with His Own Hands — A Fearful Experience.

I had been in the signal service but little over a year when I was sent to Pike's Peak, which is considered by the men in the service the most disagreeable station in the whole country. In summer it is not so bad, when there are numerous visitors up every day from Colorado Spriugs and the weather is comparatively pleasant. But from the middle of October until about the middle of April it is very different. Then it is almost impossible to get either up or down the mountain, and the only communication with the outside world is by wire. One man takes charge of the station in summer and two in winter. My duties were to begin with the winter season. I reached the station the first day of October, where I found my companion for the winter awaiting me. His name was Harry Sands.

The station is located just a little below the extreme top of the peak. It is a low, one-story log building about twenty feet square. Around it on three sides is stacked at that season, almost as high as the cabin itself, the supply of wood for the winter. To keep the roof from being blown off, rocks are laid upon it in different places, and two immense chains are strung across and fastened to the ground at either side. The interior is divided into two rooms by a rough board partition. In the larger one the men eat, sleep, and do their work. The other is used as a store-room.

One morning in the latter part of January, Harry got up looking very pale. He would not eat any breakfast, and before dinner time he was back in bed again, complaining of a terrible headache. By evening he was in a raging fever, So delirious did he soon become that at times it was as much as I could do to hold him in bed. I gave him such medicine as I thought he needed, and many an hour I spent poring over the book of instruction accompanying the chest in search of a proper remedy. But nothing I gave him seemed to do him any good. One day early in February I went outside to remove some sticks of wood the wind had blown against the door. I left Harry sleeping soundly, and, I thought, more naturally than at any time during his sickness. Returning a few minutes later, I found him sitting in front of the telegraph instrument with his hand upon the key. But the effort had evidently been too much for him; his head lay upon his chest, and he was trembling all over with weakness. I had hardly gotten him back to bed when he began to sink rapidly, and in less than half an hour he was dead. As soon as I had recovered a little from the shock I started to telegraph the news to Colorado Springs. I gave the customary signal upon the key, but received no answer; I repeated it, still no answer. I thought it very strange.

knew the operator at Colorado Springs was always in his office at that hour. Again and again I tried, but with no better success. I made a careful examination of the instrument, the batteries, and all connected with it, but could find nothing wrong. Then came the awful thought, "the wire was down or broken somewhere on the mountains." It was not long before I was compelled to admit that such must be the case. Burying my face in my hands, I wept like a child. The prospect certainly was a terrible one. The probability was I should be cut off from all communication with the world for two full months or more.

The next morning I wrapped up Harry's body in a couple of blankets and buried it a few yards from the cabin, among the rocks in a protected part of the peak. My loneliness then began in earnest. Such days and nights as I put in. My only diversion was reading and taking observations. Every day at the customary hour I would try the telegraph instrument hoping that communication might possibly have been established. Every day the same disappointment. My great fear was that I should lose my

One night about three weeks after Harry's death, I was wakened up by what sounded like the distant howling of some wild animals. For a moment or two the sound was lost. Then it returned louder than ever. The next minute I remembered one of the men in the service telling me, when he heard I was going to Pike's Peak, to look out for the coyotes. I had never heard them before. My opinion was that the keen-nosed brutes had scented Harry's body and had come to devour it. Instead of stopping at the place where Harry was buried, they made a bee line for the cabin. A series ordering five pounds of flour.

of most diabolical yells announced their arrival. Then I heard something thump, thump against the cabin door. The door was a strong oak one and I felt confident would resist any effort they could make. However, to make it doubly secure, I pushed two great heavy government chests against it. Suddenly their howls ceased. Breathlessly I waited developments. So long did the silence continue that I began to think that they had taken their departure. But I was mistaken. I soon heard them upon the roof. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment at this change in their tactics, I heard one of the rocks that held down the roof roll off to the ground. Terror stricken, I jumped to my feet, believing nothing now would keep them out. If they could roll off one of those rocks, the boards of the roof would be nothing to them. I picked up a gun that hung upon the wall and raised it toward the roof. Soon I saw one of the boards begin to move; but a little at first, then more and more until the starlight was plainly visible through the crack. Then it was suddenly wrenched from its place, and a dark object appeared in the aperture. I fired. The same moment I was dashed violently to the floor by something heavy coming from the direction of the roof. The next thing I remembered was finding myself lying upon the bed. To my surprise I saw the cabin door was open and the sunlight streaming in. I started to get up, but fell back exhausted. Wondering what could be the matter, I made another attempt, As I did so my heart almost stood still at the sight of a man standing in the doorway. Could I be dreaming? I rubbed my eyes tremblingly with my hands. The man, apparently divining my thoughts, said:

"Don't be afeared; it hain't no ghost, but it might have been if you'd shot me that night, as you tried to." "Shot you?" I gasped.

"Yes, shot me," repeated the man, and if I hadn't thrown you to the floor when I did you'd shot at me the second time."

"But the coyotes?" I asked. "Coyotes?" repeated the man in

I told him my story. He laughed reartily.

"It warn't no coyotes or nuthin' as you heard. It war me and the other fellows a-hollerin'. You see, we busted both our lamps, and we were a-hollerin' for you to make some light so we could see where the cabin war. You see, you war clean out of your head with the fever and you 'magined all these things." He then told me that I had been lying ill with a fever ever since that night some three weeks in all, and that I had been delirious the whole time. While he was still talking two other men came into the cabin.

"That's a nice way to be a-treatin' people as is sent to your rescue," spoke up one of them. "And after bein" rearly frozen to death on the way," added the other one.

"My rescue? What do you mean?" I inquired, not a little puzzled.

"Ain't your name Harry?" asked the first speaker.

"No, I said, it isn't." They all looked at one another

strangely. Then the same man said: "Why on the 5th day of Fe bruary a elegram came from a man up here aenyin' that the fellow as war a-stayin' with him had got lost, and he hisself war a-dyın'.''

"February fifth," I thought. "It was the day Harry died." In a moment I saw through it all. Harry's business at the telegraph instrument that morning was explained. Getting awake while I was out taking away the wood from the door, and not seeing me, he thought in his delirium I was lost; hence his message to Colorado Springs. It is still a matter of wonder to the people out there how the rescuing party ever got up the mountain. It was a feat never attempted, much less accomplished, at that season of the year.

Some time afterward I met the man who had told me about the coyotes. He laughed heartily when I related my experience. He said that what he meant by coyqtes were the fleas that fairly swarmed up there at certain seasons of the year. They were so big and bit so hard that the men in the service nicknamed them "coyotes."-New York Sun.

The Missing Ingredient.

She-I think I shall make a cake this afternoon, Alfred. I have ordered the sugar and eggs and citron, but—I feel sure there's something I've forgotten.

He-Why not look in the cook book? She (after five minutes' absence)-Alfred, dear, would you mind stopping at Sandham's on your way down as

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bayments always in advance and papers stoped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices, antered at the Posteffice for transmicond class matter.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Original package saloons are mak ing thousands of republican votes.

J F Willitts has been proved to be unworthy of the office of governor. Prohibition is now the only issue in

the state, and yet a great portion of the prohibitionists threaten to switch off on to side issues. The late great meeting of the

Reader, it rests with you to a great extent whether or not the saloon shall district court, Judges Foster and remain in Kansas. Consider well Philips, one a resubmisson republican your duty and act firmly.

most successful convention ever held

by the association.

The Bapcist assembly recently convened in Topeka was the most satisfactory ever known in the state. Every one went away greatly refreshed in spirit.

Within six hours after the first saloon of Topeka was opened under cost the people of Shawnee county the last infamous decision of resubmission Judge Foster, there was a grand drunk and stabbing affray as a direct result in the first ward.

paign. Cast aside every besetting political bias and see that not a man who is not a prohibitionist, has your vote. Since the death dealing saloon has again been thrust upon us, this state committee of the people's party, is the only issue.

The Farmers alliance should pick their flints, purge the party of its anarchists and all unworthy members, and not evading any great issues, try it again It is never wise to sacrifice principle for policy. An early victory often goes before final defeat. Stand by prohibition.

An extra session of the legislature might cost \$25,000. But the saloons charging the republican party with will cost more than that in court expenses alone every month they are allowed to run. In Shawnee county pocrisy was ever before seen. It is alone they have piled up costs of \$5,- one of those unconscionable speci-000 the first week, One murder within six hours.

No labor reformer who has any comprehension of the reform needs of the day, can now hesitate as to his it certainly ought to settle the peogreatest known enemy of labor, and retire forever this incompetent bit of was visited on some days by over 35, a vote for any ticket except that of the republican party is now a vote for the return of the saloon. No greater calamity than this could befall the state of Kansas.

The republican party will probably learn by this campaign's experience, that it is better not to advance cians can make our politics. We any more such prohibitionists as L U Humphrey and Bill Higgins. Under to yet do much good. The vast majorhydraulic pressure they may serve the ity of the Farmer's alliance are true. cause to some extent, but hereafter They have done well to break away the republican party of Kansas must from party ties and become indepenbe prohibition from the heart's core-

bill as passed, the real changes made sold out to anarchy leaders, whiskey will be proved to be far less than is perjarers, and imbecile, but aspiring generally supposed, and some of demagogs. There is no issue in Kanthese are for the better. There are sas but prohibition. All parties exsome objectionable features, such as cept the republican are playing into were opposed by senator Plumb and the hands of the saloon. There is congressman Kelley, but on the but one right way to vote. whole, it is not probable that any marked change in average prices will follow, except such as are made artificially on a plea of necessity by some dealers. And this can only be temporary.

It is no longer a question how to vote. The saloon has come back under the late U S District court decision, declaring our prohibitory law null and void without re-enactment. The next legislature will be called upon to do it. The issue is straight between the democratic and republican parties. The people's party, which we have heletofore been inclined to favor, now becomes simply an assistant to the democracy. Much as we dislike some of it, the republicant ticket is the safer one.

A Matter of Taste.

A few folks like old fash oned things, old clothes, old houses and old pooks. Others want modern articles. The latter class is in the majority. There are a few old fogies who prefer slow trains, light rails, hand brakes and big smokestacks. The rest of manking enjoy traveling close to a mile a minute, on steel rails, in vestibule cars, with every home comfort at hand.

The Santa Fe Route between Kansas City and Chicago is a modern line for people of the 19th century.

G T Nicholson, G P & T A, Chicago

The people's party started out in this state with pretensions to superior morality. It claimed to be above the usual partisan methods, to be above the low demagogism that has claim, with the known need of reform on this line, commanded the sympathy of many plain honest men. At the time of the state convention there were many who were not satisfied that the prohibition question was dodged, but were willing to yield their own ideas of what was wise in hopes that no harm would result. Then followed the resubmission-democratic combination, with its endorsement of the alliance candidate for attorney general. It appeared that the union labor faction of anarchists and whiskeyites had obtained control YMCA at Leavenworth, was the of the alliance and that practically the whole movement was playing into the hands of the whiskey power. All this was speedily followed by the late decision of the United States and the other a Missouri democrat. that the Kansas prohibitory law was null and yoid, because it was enacted before the passage of the Wilson bill.

The saloons were reopened in Topeka, and within six hours a murder followed as a direct result, that will not less than two thousand dollars. Witnin twenty-four hours the police courts were crowded and all the evils that Satan sends through the doors of saloons, with their money cost to Only one week more of the cam- the people, were thrust upon the state.

It was under such circumstances as these that one, Chase, calling himself the chairman of the gets down to playing the most contemptible political trick on record. No party demogog ever got lower than this man Chase in trying to make capital for his party out of this whiskey outrage that has been forced upon the state. The party managers have refused to endorse prohibition. Within the past week they voted to take no action on the question. Yet this prince of demogogs issues a circular being responsible for the return of the saloon. No such barefaced hymens of meanness that can never come from men of judgment and ability, no matter how depraved. It ple's party for this campaign and bition in Edinburgh, Scotland, which city have no place in party leadership. We had hoped that the people's party would prove true to the people's interests; that it would not at once become as low as ward politihave not lost confidence in its ability dent voters. Never again should they become party slaves. Nor should Upon examination of the new tariff they now permit themselves to be

> Judge Foster is the best republican campaigner in the state.

> It will be well to remember that indebtedne s is not always an indication of coming bankruptcy nor even of poverty.

> > A Matter of Taste.

The people's party is not yet organized on a bias to insure national unity. It is indeed far from it. And in Kansas we have local issues that are all important, and that demand

Action on some of the important questions of the day must be postponed at this election. Good judgment will dictate that we should not let go of that which we have not. Prohibition is as much a question of the day as any now before the people's party. We should see to it that it loses no ground in an uncertain attempt to gain something else.

Mr Judge Foster with his decision restoring the saloons to prohibition states, hit the democratic and resubmission parties a severe blow, and Mr Chairman Chase struck the people's party an equally hard blow by his foolish manifesto. The people's party, which ought to be the coming party, must beware of blundering leaders.

For a birthday or Christmas gift

you can never be at fault if you give a delicately scented violet sachet. No feminine belongings can have too many of these dainty adjuncts to the toilet. The faint, delicious odor of violets that is shaken from a woman's draperies—that conveys just a soup-con of her presence as you open one of her notes—that you notice as you pick up her glove or her handkerchief—very delicate and subtle—the merest breath or suggestion of persent fume—all this is very fetching; and it requires a great many sachets for underwear, veils, gloves, lingerie of all kinds, notepaper, and boanets and and hats. So such a simple present never comes amiss. Be careful, however as to what you fill it with, as nothing is more vulgar than strong perfume, whereas a delicate, transient breath of violets is decidedly indicative of refinement. A large, flat sachet, to lay at the bottom of a drawer, is always welcome, and may be made of soft china silk, or silkoline, at 15 cents the yard. Get the very best Florentine violet corris, and sprinkle it thickly between a layer of cotton wadding, which you split open for that purpose. Cover up the material, tacking it here and there like a quilt. For baby's dresses a large sachet, made portfolioshape, will keep them delicionsly est breath or suggestion of per-fume—all this is very fetching; and a large sachet, made pertfolio shape, will keep them deliciously sweet. For your notepaper nothing is better than the long envelopes with the pretty bunch of violets painted in their own colors, which can be bought at the leading druggists for 25 cents. Mouchoir or glove cases can be made as elaborate as the fancy dictates. Large or small, simple or elaborate, they are always welcome if filled with carefully chosen, good

Our Maize Abroad.—It is pleasant New York. It was designed to illustrate in a practical manner the nutritious qualities of maize as a cheap and palatable article of human food The pavilion was fitted up with American cooking stoyes, and there, in the presence of visitors, the corn meal was made into various forms of human food. In connection with the pavilion was a pop-corn stand.

Slate pencils, 20 for 5c; rubber tipped pencil, 1c; jet ink, 3c; tablets, 4c; cedar pencils, 4c per dozen at the "RACKET," 805 Kansas Ave., North Topeka.

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LUCAS COUNTY,

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

FRANK J CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, D. 1886.

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SEAL Notary Public

A.Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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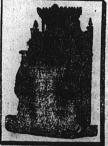
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Experiment stations ought to show the world before long wast are the best modes for wintering apples:

The hens that are shedding their

feether in the season of the season of the season of the process is debiliating, and often results fatally.

While corn is, perhaps, the cheapest graff that can be fed to negt yet it is not the best. When maddlange and bran make better pork than will corn.

The potato bestle has twanty five parasitic enemies. Let notwith standing these and all the poisons, how heroically it stands up and defies annihilation.

Parchment raper is the right thing for wrapping, butter in ... It will not stick us air proof, tasteless and odorless, besides being cheaper and cleaner than cloth.

The farmer who grows grass has

The farmer who grows grass has the most valuable aid to be desired. With grass a foundation there should be no limit to the capacity of a farm to produce crops.

It is said that wheat will aprout at a temperature of 40 degrees. Fairenheit in six days, at 50 degrees in three days, at 57 in two days and 65 in one and one-half days.

If you have window boxes sow a few seeds of nasturtium in them and train up the sides of the window. They are brilliant, good growers and

Persistent in bloom.

Notwithstanding hay is plenty and good, do not waste your corn fodder. It is valuable feed with more nitrogenous material, and an early fall and late spring may render it needful.

Stagnant water kills a great many fruit trees, and still they need a great deal of water. A well-drained soil, through which an excess of water readily passes, is the best, undoubtedly, if well cultivated.

Pine tar is harmless and costs but little. Apply it to the troughs from which sheep drink. A small quantity of it on the noses of sheep will defend them against the gad fly

Leave a patch of turnips in the ground for a supply of spring greens. If covered with straw and cornstalks Ore the turnips will keep in the ground all winter and pegin growth early in the spring.

Current bushes should be hoed, which not only cleans out the weeds and grass, but renders the new growth vigorous. A shovelful of well-rotted manure, worked into the soil, will prove beneficial.

Fruits that propagate from suckers should always be planted where the grower can get all around them, never against a fence or in a garden corner. Neglect of this caution will soon insure a thicket.

High prices for good animals are not confined to any class. Imported dogs have cost \$1000. Three buff Cochin fowls sold at New York last February for \$100, and an Oxford Down ram sold a few years ago

To prevent insects from depositing their eggs upon plants when in flower, spray the latter with a solution of one part of vineger to ten parts of water. This treatment has given ex-cellent results at the School of Arboriculture at Lyons.

Ripening cream does not mean rotting it. Cream that stands until the whey begins to separate is simply rotton cream, and butter made from it is spoiled beforehand, and of course has neither quality or life. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The enterprising fruit-grower will visit other orchards that his own as opportunity offers. When he finds things better than at home it inspires him to greater effort; when his own orchards appear the best it makes him feel satisfied and contented.

Do not sell off a poor or inferior animal until it is prepared for the market. To attempt to sell poor stock is but little better than giving it away. Make it fat, thus increase ing the price per pound as well as securing a great many more pounds.

Remove all surplus honey at the close of the honey season if intended for market. Comb honey will become solid if left on the hives during the summer. The upper stories or surplus chambers should be left on the hives throughout the hot weather and until feeding is done in the fall.

It is not always the best and most It is not always the best and most elaborate pountry houses that shelter the choicest stock. Success, however mainly depends on warm, dry coops, with proper care and management and freedom from overcrowding. The latter treuble is often the cause of ill-success. If you wish a healthy flock keep few in a pen.

The guinea is a very useful fowl, notwithstanding their peculiarities. In their wanderings over the farm they destroy numerous insect enemies and weed-seeds, and do little damage to crops by scratching and eating. They lay a large number of eggs, which, though small, are of good quality and nutritious.

Rural Notes. Favorable fall for farmers A poor soil yields poor feed. Shoot the sheep-killing dog. Let's see how as to dry fuel? Get ready for Farmers' Institutes.

Granberries promise a full supply. Do not let the little colts get poor. Hurry up, and head off Jack Frost. Have you joined a Farmers' Club? Fewer ordored bars and more gates. The fruit crop falls in England,

Vermont is baying Western ap-Take extra care of young stock

Prepare for a tough Winter, any Grape culture is increasing in Can-

Boys, now for the coons and squir-

Good roads belp make high-priced A paint brash is handy in oiling

harness If you must strike a cow count one

hundred first. The orchard needs more manure than the grain field.

Have you made your plans for late Make water farrows from the low places in your fields.

Grub out the sick tree and plant healthy one in its place.

Do not allow grape vines to cumber trees. It is bad for both.

"The best race course for the far-mer is the home-stretch." Burn no refuse that will add to the value of the manure pile.

How about setting out strawberries and raspherries this Fall?

"Illinois raises more corn than any other State"-except lowa.

Those who did not spray their grapes are troubled with rot and mildew.

As the weather becomes cooler more corn may be fed to the young

Oregon is reported to have a large crop of potatoes, and is shipping to Texas. Cotton growers are feeling cheerful

over a big crop and prospective good

per dozen. Cnaff, cut straw or sawdust make excellent litter for the floor of the

duck house. If a young fruit tree blows over set it up as quick as you can, and fasten it to its place.

There are about one bundred subordinate Granges in Connecticut, most of them live ones.

During the rainy days this month repair the tools, oil the harness and fix up the cow stable. The National Grange will com-

mence its twenty-fourth annual session in Atlanta, Ga., November 19,'90. Grape seed for planting ought to

be saved from well-ripened fruit and buried in moist sand until Spring. According to the census office re-

ports the crop of Georgia water melons will this year number 8,000, The banded farmers of America in their several organizations now num-

ber over three millions of members The big hay crop and all the corn fodder will be valuable to supplement the short grain crops. Save the fod-

This is a good time to open up the ditches or to put in the tile from that sink hole that makes ugly jogs in all your work.

It is a good plan to pot early all plants designed for house adornment his Winter. It gives them good time to get well rooted.

Campanini's first and exceedingly readable article on "How to Train the Voice," in which the famous tenor: gives many a good hint to singers, leads a bewilderingly number of good things in the November Ladles' Home Journal. "Liberties of Our Daughters" is a very good article by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, while another on "Can Women Keep 'a Secret?" by Junius Henri Browne, is as keen as it is entertaining. Susan Cooldige tells a bright Thanksgiving story; "why I Never Married," gives the reasons why women decline proposals of marriage, and is a thoroughly enjoyable article; Dr. Talmage describes the Thanksgiving Day of his youth; Mrs. Margaret Bottome's Department for "The King's Daughters" is apparently a complete success; "Side-Talks With Girls" is bright reading for every girl; Mrs. Lyman Abbott has her Department; Mrs. Rorar, Anna. Alexander Cameron and several other anthorities on cooking give Thanksgiving menus, and altogether the November Journal is a perfect model magazine for women. It could not be improved upon. And for ten cents a single copy, or one dollar a year, it becomes the cheapest, as well as the very best of all domestic periodicals. Published at 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Poultry Notes. Many prefer duck eggs for cook Keep the weeds down around the

Stimulate exercise by scattering the grain.
Enough should be raised every year to take the place of the old Generally old stock of any kind will be found unprofitable.

An organional change of feed is always reliahed by fowls.

The safest plan is to close up the doors of the poultry houses at night and leave open the windows.

Cook the scraps from the table and feed to the towls every day.

Know why everything is done. Raw meat fed to the fowls will often oure them of egg eating, if commenced in time.

Very young chickens need to be fed often if a good start in growth is secured.

No one breed of fowls possess the two most desirable qualities perfectly and in getting one the other must be sacrificed to a more or less extent.

Cabbage and clover are among the best of the green foods that can be supplied to the poultry both in winter and summer.

Those who make a specialty of poultry claim to average a dollar profit for each hen, but this is rather above the average that is made by the farmer.

Geese need more water than ducks hence, they should only be kep where there is either good ponds or a running stream to which they can

A cheap cutting box can often be used to a good advantage in prepar-ing the feed for the poultry, all green feed as well as oats and clover hay to be fed during the winter can be cut before feeding.

Receipts.

Quick Buscuit .- Two cups flour, one tablespoonful mixed lard and butter, one cup milk, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt. Handle little, roll and cut quickly, and bake in a steady oven.

Chocolate Icing.—Allow one pound of icing sugar to every two ounces of chocolate; grate the latter into a saucepan, and mix with it eight table spoonfuls of water; stir well, and let it cook gently for ten minutes, then Under the new tariff eggs from it cook gently for ten minutes, then Canada must pay a duty of five cents add the sugar, and use while warm.

Puree of Celery.—Boil two heads offcelery in plenty of salted water with an onion, a blade of mace and some whole pepper. When done drain them and pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in

crs in a buttered earthen dish.

Potato Soup .- Three pints of rich milk, one pint of mashed potato, two tablespoofuls of butter, salt and pep-per to taste. Boil the milk, add the potato and boil again, stirring frequently, that the potato may be thoroughly dissolved, and season just before serving. Serve very hot.

on. Particularly wholesome and nutritious, especially for children.

Lemon Sauce —Mix a tablespoonful of corn starch with three tablespoonfuls of cold water, stir into a teacupful of boiling water, boil till clear and thick; add grated yellow rind and the juice of one lemon with a cupful of granulated sugar. Simmer two minutes. Beat one egg, add two tablespoonfuls cold water, pour the boiling mixture into this, stirring rapidly, return to fire, remove soon as it begins to simmer.

Plain Pie-Crust.—Three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of lard—or if preferred part butter and part lard may be used—three fourths of a cup-ful of cold water, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Have the ingredients in a cool place until you are ready to put them together. Cut the lard through the flour with a knife, and mix as little as possible with the hands, as that heats the mixture. Roll it out pretty thin, and get it in the oven as soon as possible. If it is necessary to let it stand after it is rolled out, put it in a cool place.

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drain them and pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix a little flour with it, then the celery pulp and work it well on the fire, adding a little cream of milk and some of the gravy of the ducks.

Baked Rice with Cheese.—One pint of boiled rice, half a cupful of grated cheese, place in alternate laycrs in a buttered earthen dish.

Bordeaux Sauce.—One gallon of chopped green tomatoes, two gallons of chopped cabbage, one cunce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one cunce of cloves, one cunce of clery-seed, mustard-seed, one gallon of chopped green tomatoes, two gallons of chopped green tomatoes, two gallons of chopped cabbage, one cunce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one cunce of cloves, one cunce of clery-seed, mustard-seed, one gallon of chopped green tomatoes, two gallons of chopped cabbage, one cunce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one cunce of cloves, one cunce of clery-seed, mustard-seed, one gallon of chopped cabbage, one cunce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one cunce of cloves, one cunce of clery-seed, mustard-seed, one gallon of chopped cabbage, one cunce of black pepper, three-fourth pound of brown sugar, one cunce of cloves, one cunce of cleves, one cunce of cloves, one bage and tomatoes, turn into a porcelain-lined kettle, and simmer gently twenty minutes. Put away in glass jars.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—For this choose large, ripe cucumbers. Pare, remove the seeds and grate. To every pint of this pulp allow onehalf pint of cider vinegar, one-quarter teaspoonful cayenne, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish.

Graham Pudding.—One cupful sweet milk, one egg, punch of salt, one half cup of sugar, one-half cup molasses, one level teaspoonful soda (uissolved). Mix in order giveus Steam three hours. Eat hot with lemon sauce. Vinegar with a little nutmeg may be substituted for temon. Particularly wholesome and nuther than the serving of the same as pepper mangoes. The flavor of tomato mangoes is improved by placing here and there in the jar a pepper mango.

the jar a papper mango.

LEMON PICKLES.—For this, choose small LEMON PICKLES.—For this, choose small fruit with a thick rind. Rub the rind well with a piece of flannel; then slit them down the quarters, but not quite through the pulp, fill these slits with salt and press them together. Stand the lemons upright in an earthen dish for four days; by this time they will be partly covered with brine. Turn them every day for three days longer in the brine. Drain. Add to this brine sufficient cider vinegar to cover the lemons, add one Jamaica pepper, and one ounce of, green ginger-root cut into small pieces, bring to boiling-point, skim, and and then stand salde to cool. When cold, pour it over the lemon and put away in glass jars.

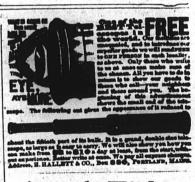
TOMATO CATSUP—Cut ripe tomatoes in-

TOMATO CATSUP-Cut ripe tomatoes in to thin slices; then put into a stone jar a layer of tomatoes and a lager of salt, and stand saide for three days. Then press through a sieve, and spice to taste, bottle and seal.

The Fall of the year is a trying time for stock. See that it is wellfed and not unnecessarily exposed to stormy and cold weather.

It is not necessary to weight your silo, if it is otherwise right. A foot or so of straw or swale grass makes a good covering. A few loose boards may be laid on this.

Chillicothe Happy Over its Grand Normal and Business College, Nearly 100 in the commercial department alone. The actual business exchange with the Electric City Busi-ness Colledge of St Joseph places this de-partment ahead of anything in the west.



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A STATE OF A STATE OF

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 uncalled for, is primar facie evidence of intentional praud.

NEARLY seven million pounds of dates were imported last year. What prodigies we would be if our memory for dates were as good as our appetite for 'em.

A BUTCHER in San Francisco has been arrested for selling shark's meat under another name. He is hardly as bad, however, as the meat sharks who whose tempting islands Ulysses got lost. If one had a steamboat at his call he are grinding the people with a big

WHEN labor unions dissolve, they will dissolve themselves. They will live until their time of usefulness is If there was as good fishing in every bay passed, and the interior sustaining and river everywhere I fear that lying force has gone out of them, but they will never be exterminated.

A SCIENTIFIC paper says: "The Fiske position finder at Fort Hamilton shows an error of less than one-third of 1 per cent in determining the distance off of a target of any well-established point in the lower bay." The Fiske position finder ought to be a great thing for officeseekers who as yet have failed to find a position.

BISMARCK is an enormous eater. His supper usually consists of a big Hamburg steak, a lot of Weiner sausages, a large dish of sauerkraut, a number of Limburger sandwiches and plenty of beer. At the close of this light repast he might well say with Macbeth, "I have supped full with horrors."

A BALTIMORE preacher puzzled his congregation the other Sunday by remarking without any further explanation that they reminded him of the moon. Perhaps, with thoughts of the meager contribution box in his mind, he meant that like pale Luna at times they appeared to be at their last quar-

THE Sioux Indians who are looking for an Indian Messiah are under the leadership of an old medicine man named Red Shirt, who is believed to be over one hundred years old. He gets his name from the fact that he has always worn a red flannel shirt, and his extreme old age is inferred perhaps from the evident antiquity of that garment.

A CANADIAN well-digger has been sent to jail for pouring water down a well which he was digging for a farmer on a contract which called for so much money when water was struck. If the unsophisticated fellow had only poured the water into some corporation stock it would have been a much more profitable swindle, besides being absolutely safe-and honorable.

"As THE sun's spots remain for two or three months on the average before disappearance, we have been able." says H. Clements, in the Newberry House Magazine, "to determine the time that the sun takes to revolve on its axis. These spots travel from the eastern to the western edge of the sun in such a way as to show that they form part of, and are really attached to, the sun's disc. The average time taken by a great many has been found, giving about twenty-five days as the period taken by the sun in making one revolution on its axis."

PREACHERS have been heard of before now who had the faculty of putting their hearers to sleep while expounding the gospel from the pulpit, but a clergyman in Pennsylvania presents the singular phenomenon of preaching when he is sound asleep himself. He is known as the sleeping preacher, and while lying in deep slumber on a bed he delivers an olo quent discourse of which he remembers nothing on awakening. There are times, perhaps, when a sleeping preacher is not as desirable as a wideawake preacher, but at least he ought to be rather popular with people who like to take a snooze during the sermon without being seen by the

THE comparatively high prices fixed by their owners on the best animals shown at fairs are not "fancy," and should not discourage any from attempting needed improvements of their own stock. The pure-bred stock in many cases produces enough more from the same feed to warrant a large part of the price demanded for it. The rest is abundantly justified by its ability to reproduce its valuable characteristics in its progeny. It costs comparatively little for any farmer to grade up his stock in any desired direction, and this will always pay. When his grades show the unexpected improvement, and begin to pay, it will

IN THE QUODDY ISLANDS.

NOT NECESSARY FOR THEIR FISH ERMEN TO LIE.

Proffut Goes to Campobello - The "Points" of the Winthrop Sea Mule— Cool Even in August—No Good, Hotels, Beston Folks Who Don't Know How to Enjoy Themselves—Is It Beans That Does It?—A Mad Lawyer—Go in Crowds or Not at All.

[Our New Brunswick Letter.

This Passamaquoddy Bay is a vast and splendid archipelago, bigger and finer than the archipelago of Greece, among could, I suppose, travel a month here without going the same trip twice.

It is so full of fish that the truth answers very well indeed, and lying about the day's catch is almost unknown here.



OUR PET STEAMER.

The great trouble with the region is that it is not easily accessible. Steamboats run occasionally, but they are a tough lot of vehicles. From what I have seen of them I judge that they are the boats that New York long ago got through with and sent to limbo—the refuse boats, so to speak, of the metropo-Between Bar Harbor (the end of the railroad) and here the "Winthrop" runs; and it is very rough indeed for steady old John Winthrop to have such a jig gling craft named after him. For the first two miles out I thought she was going to roll over upon us and mash us into the trough of the sea, but she contented herself with cutting up every other kind of dido that is practiced by the Mexican broncho. She indulged in various caprioles. She took the flying jib boom in her teeth, stood upon her hind legs and snorted and pawed the at mosphere. She bucked till we had to seize hold of the pummel, the bellyband, the crooper, and every other part of the harness to keep from soaring into blue empyrean. She sat down and tried to slide us off behind. But she did not turn summerset. When we walked out through the gangway we smiled and said "thank you" with a good many mental reservations. Iforesee the awful doom that awaits the "Winthrop." Some passenger will get so disgustingly sick on some of these passages that he will crawl down into her hold at midnight. bore a two inch auger hole in her bottom and let the Atlantic Ocean in.

It is cool here. We wear assorted blankets on us at night, after sitting by a wood fire all the evening, and then we get up and eat strawberries for break, fast. Some mornings it is uncomfortably cool, so that we have to pile on all our wraps to keep comfortable if we take a ride across the island to Herring Cove. The roads of Campobello are passably good, so that the summer visitor has his choice of 25 or 30 miles of

them. to spend the two sizzling months, if it were not for one drawback; there are no good hotels for tourists. This, it will be seen; is a monumental drawback. port, situated on a lovely island, facing the cool sea, has not yet shown enterprise enough to build a first class hotel. And there is not one at Grand Menan-a superb cliff surrounded by seals, whales, and eagles, and blown upon by all the salt winds of heaven. There ought to be fine hotels at both places, and there doubtless will be pretty soon.

I hear that St. Andrews, at the mouth of the St. Croix, has erected a thoroughly modern and spacious summer resort, but I have not been there and can not vouch



GOOL IN AUGUST.

Campobello ought to have a good hote for summer travelers, but it hasn't. It has a good house, but it is not for the public. The trouble is that it is owned by a bevy of Bostonians who regard it as their own private preserve and look upon all other guests as intruders. Fugitives from the heats of Manhattan Island may come here and stay a day, a week, or month—they will not only not be spoken to, but they will not be looked at. They may be rich, cultured, high in their professions, it makes no difference. be comparatively easy to begin pur-chasing and breeding thoroughbreds. Boston female platoon holds the fort,

ing hall, and persistently ignoring all

others as interlopers.

Fortunately I was with a party of five, so that we had abundant resources of our own, and needed not even the civilities of ordinary human life at the hands of others. But while we were there dozens came and speedily went-driven away by the rudeness and the sepulchral away by the rudeless and the septicinaria gloom. A prominent New York lawyer, as he fled, said to me, "I can stand it, but my wife can't. She's frozen out. She is treated as if she had broken into a private house. I am merely treated like a confidence man, but I am little in the house.

These Bostonians are exclusive," I said, apologetically.
"No," he said, "they are not exclusive.

They are merely provincial and boorish. "They do not make acquaintances readily," I suggested. "Perhaps they are a little too conscious of their alleged

Puritan ancestry. "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "It is not acquaintances my wife wants. She has now more than she can manage. It certainly isn't friends. Nobody makes either friends or acquaintances at such a place as this, and nobody ought to. But human recognition every decent person has a right to. The Sioux or Bedouins would concede it to a stranger coming into their wigwams. Even on a transatlantic steamer passengers speak to each other, and it would be intolerable and bar-barous if they didn't. They do not often make friends, of course; there is a tacit rule that persons who speak on a steamer or at a summer resort shall not thereafter know each other except by specific agreement to that effect. The fact is that these Bostonians do not understand the world's etiquette. They are narrow and ill bred and have not traveled. They protest too much. They imagine that they will commit themselves to undesirable acquaintances if they allow themselves to be betrayed into word or nod.

Common. So, good bye. We shall go back to Bar Harbor." I cornered one of the stockholders of the place and asked him to explain the hostility shown to travelers.

They are rude and their knowledge of

the world's busy life is limited to Boston

"Well," he frankly said, "to tell the truth, this hotel is regarded as a private summer home, and strangers are not welcomed here. I think the stockholders would actually rather have it all to them selves. They do not expect to make money from the hotel, but from the oc casional sale of lots to cottagers



A BOSTON LADY'S DEFARTURE.

"In that case," I asked, "doesn't it strike you that it is getting money un-der false pretenses to advertise the charms of the island and entice people to comhere with the impression that they will be treated as guests are at all other tels in the world?"

"I imagine it is not pleasant to strangers," he acknowledged. "The stockhold ers' families form a coterie. They come here and stay all summer. They do not see tourists at all. But they are fond of each other. Observe what a fuss is made when one of them must go before the season closes.

I said I had noticed it. This letter is written for more than a million readers, and to them I can not say too much in praise of Campobello Island as a summer resort. It is continuously cool-not one hot day or one warm night from May to October. There are many picturesque drives. The fish ing is like fishing in a stocked pond or like hunting steers in the Chicago cattle yards. The excursions presented by the dentate shores and the reaches of the Bay of Fundy, are divine. The hotel is admirably kept by a man who has re duced catering to a fine art. But, dear reader! don't go there dependent in the least on human society. Go as you would go to a picnic, or as you would go to a ball in Arkansas where a vendetta prevails-go with a crowd big enough to

hold its own or else keep away.

W. A. CROFFUT.

No Discount on Pat's Lies. An Irishman who had just come to New York and was not remarkably well pleased with the weather last week, or with anything else in America, was be-littling everything he saw to his friends, who were showing him the sights. They visited the Eden Musee and he had his picture taken by the nickel in the slot camera. "Well, Patsy, did ye ever see the like of that, now, before?" he was asked, "Did I ever see the lolke of that?" replied Patsy in great disdain. "Bedad we have one in Dublin that, if you just squint into it and drop in a farthing will take your picture in three different positions—sittin' down, standin' up, and vid yer babyon yer knee."—[New York Tribune.

A Changeless Purse.

An empty pocketbook is a man's most constant friend. Others may grow cold, but he will find no change in the purse. -[Norristown Herald.

NO VOTE NOR VOICE.

Washington Ruled and Taxed Withou the Cousent of the Governed. [Special Washington Letter] This city is a good deal misunderstood.

A vague notion prevails in the country at large that the 200,000 people of this capital city have a very nice and easy time of it.

The New York Tribune only recently remarked, "Washington is a beggar, sup-ported by the bounty of the nation." And the Sun spoke of our having "no

taxes to pay."

How such dense ignorance can prevail n metropolitan editorial rooms passe my comprehension. Let me outline the

I. The people of Washington have no vote nor voice in governing themselves. They cast no ballots for any officer of any sort. We call no caucuses. We hold no conventions. We never hold a political meeting to discuss our affairs. We have no partisan press. We are governed wholly—our streets, our schools, our jails, our police, our hospitals, our property, and our persons—by a board of three commissioners appointed by the President. In control they are as absolute as the satrap of a Persian province. One of these has just resigned, and Mr. John W. Ross, our postmaster, has been appointed to the vacancy.

JOHN W. ROSS.

II. According to law one half of the entire expenses of the city are paid by Congress and the other half by a tax levied on the prop-erty of citizens. These taxes are levied arbitrarily, and without concurrence of the taxpayers. Is taxation without representa tion tyranny?

The result of such an un-American system is that vast sums of money are spent which ought never to be spent, and taxes are collected which ought never to be levied. Two years ago a commissioner-one Major Lydecker, of the United States Army-shamelessly and criminally squandered some two millions of money by digging a hole in the ground which he called an aqueduct and allowing the thieves who were hired to construct it to steal the appropriation. He was called before the President, tried by court martial, found guilty, andfined \$100! Instead of being driven from the service in disgrace, he was sent to enjoy the summer at the somewhat lux. urious station at Portland, Ore.

Ah! this city is roughly used by its guardian, Uncle Sam, and there is no room for the envy of her mural sisters, whose citizens are permitted to spend their own money. Townsen
Why the Leaves Change Color. TOWNSEND.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, the causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the trees ceases, oxidation of the tissues takes Under certain conditions the place. green of the leaf changes to red, under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green issue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure, and soil. A dry cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of Scotland and England. There are several things about leaves that even science can not explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a vellow tint are questions that are as impossible to an swer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have brightest

Wedding Anniversaries.

A venerable couple at Huntington, Ind., celebrated the seventy-fifth anni versay of their marriage—their diamond wedding—the other day. Here is the commonly accepted table of wedding anniversaries.

First year-Cotton wedding. Second year—Paper wedding. Third year—Leather wedding. Fifth year—Wooden wedding. Seventh year—Woolen wedding. Tenth year-Tin wedding. Twelfth year—Silk wedding Fifteenth year—Silk wedding.
Fifteenth year—China wedding.
Twentieth year—China wedding.
Twenty-fifth year—Silver wedding.
Thirtieth year—Pearl wedding.
Fortieth year—Ruby wedding.
Fiftieth year—Golden wedding.
Seventy-fifty year—Diamond wedding.

Her Thoughts. Mamma (to little 5 year old daughter)
-What is my little Nellie smiling about

so prettly?

Little Nell (with a wise look)—I's jest finkin' of my fhoughts, mamma; zat is all.—[The Epoch.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MR. PORTER'S LITTLE LIST. What is your age? Where do you live? What do you drink for tea? Who is your mother? Who is your brother? When do you go to sea?

Which do you favor—the Players or League? How will you vote next year? What do you take for a jumping toothache? What do you pay for beer?

How do you live on a thousand a year? What do you think of our mayor? How old will you be in the yoar '93? Do you wear your own natural hair?

How many teeth have you got in your head? When do you pare your nails? What's your chest-measure when boxing for pleasure? Do you attend bargain sales?

What do you pay for the red on your cheeks?
What do you pay for a shine?
Do you take mustard along with your custard?
Do you fish with a net or a line?

What do you say when you call on your girl?
Are you stuck on her—Gee-whiz!
Come off, or I'll holler—hey! leggo my collar!
Remember it's "government biz!"
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

A game law-"Three of a kind beat two pairs."—Washington Post.

Those who get through the world by making the worst of it work hard for poor pay.—St. Louis Trader.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken job off his hands.—Binghamton Leader.

"Have you a good cook?" "She's very good—goes to church four times a week. She can't cook, though."— Baltimore Herald.

"The man's a brute. He threatened to put a head on me." "And you let the opportunity slip? You foolish boy."—N. Y. Sun.

Wibble-"How hard it is for a poor man to be honest." Wabble—"Maybe; but it's no job at all for an honest man to be poor."—Terre Haute Express.

"We are going to have a picnic,!" said Mamie to her brother, "So am I," said he. "How?" "By staying at home from your picnic,"—Washington

"Clara," said he, "Clara-" "Thomas," she whispered. "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken? This is Friday night, and I am Sarah."— Harper's Bazar.

It is all up with the baby when he takes a notion to cry at midnight. Perhaps it is necessary to state that it refers to the household in general.— Terre Haute Express.

The time passed very pleasantly in the parlor and it was not till the clock and the neighboring bells struck one that the lateness of the hour struck two. -Philadelphia Times.

Western Man-"Now, candidly, sir, what kind of a country is New En-gland?" Boston Man (enthusiastically)—"It's God's own country, but (sadly) the devil's own climate."

Weeks-"A town out West has discovered a brand-new wrinkle in the faith philôsophy." Simpson — 'Indeed!" Weeks—'Yes; they're curing hams by prayer!"—American Grocer. Wife—"John Jones, you're a fool!"
Husband—"You didn't seem to think
so when I was single." Wife—"No,
you never showed what a big fool you
were until you married me."—Epoch.

"That's the porcupine, isn't it? What an ugly-looking creature!" "Yes. It isn't what you would call an attractive animal. Still it has a great many fine points about it." — Chicago Tribune.

"This egg, madam," said the pro-fessor, with asperity, "is not fresh." "Sir," said the landlady, graciously, "it was laid just one week after you made your last payment."—Harper's

"Get under that ball!" velled the captain, as the batter knocked a high fly to center field. "All right!" replied the fielder, running forward and then stopping, "I under-stand."—Harvard

Husband-"You say I passed you on the street without speaking?" Wife — "Yes." Husband—"I assure you I didn't see you." Wife-"I suppose not; I am not somebody else's wife."—Light.

Charlie-"What an intelligent dog Wildfire is, Miss De Witt. I actually believe he knows as much as I do." Miss DeWitt—"Yes, indeed; I wouldn't wonder if he knew more than that Mr. Featherbrane."--Bostonian.

A man's capacity for endurance in some respects change after marriage. The lover that never grumbled at holding a 130-pound girl for hours grum-bles if he has to hold a ten-pound baby two minutes.—Philadelphia Times.

Young Peduncle (trying to be agreeable)—"So you've resigned, have you? You are not the President of the Shakerag Literary Circle any longer, but just plain Miss Kajones." Miss Kajones.—"Sir!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Maria, you will please start the him," called out the parson from the stairway at 11 p. m., and young Doodely, who had accompanied the parson's daughter home from church, took the hint and left.—N. Y. Herald.

Mudge—"I was robbed of my good name this morning." Yabsley—"Who did it?" Mudge—"The census taker, of course." Yabsley—"Well, he will get two cents on it, and that is more than you could do."—Terre Haute Ex-

Jarrett—"Peterson is absolutely the meanest man I ever met! Do you know what that fellow did when he was married?" Garrett—"What? Declined to fee the minister?" Jarrett—"Fee the minister! Why, sir, the ushers took up a collection at the wedding."—Life. Jarrett-"Peterson is absolutely the

THE PRESIDENT IN KANSAS.

His Reception at the Reunion at Topel Senator Ingall's Speech.

President Harrison's reception in Kansas was of the nature of an ovation from the time he entered the borders of the state until he again crossed the state line at Kansas City. He was greeted at Atchison, Nortonville, Valley Falls and other points on his way to Topeka, by large crowds of people proud to de honor to the executive head of the nation.

people proud to do honor to the executive head of the nation.

Arriving at Topeka the president and his party were received by a large concourse of people. He was escorted to the state were received by a large concourse ople. He was escorted to the state by Governor Humphrey and staff, After lunch at the Copeland the president received the veterans of his old brigade and prominent citizens, state and city of-dials, etc.

At the fair grounds in the afternoon welcoming address was delivered by the governor, to which the president respond-ed as follows:

"I am strongly tempted to omit even the attempt to speak to you to-day. I think it would be better that I should go home and would be better that I should go home and write you a letter. (Applause.) I have been most profoundly impressed with the incidents which have attended this tremendous, and I am told, unprecedented gathering of the soldiers and citizens of the great state of Kansas. No one can interpret in speech the lessons of this occasion. No power of description is adequate to convey to those who have not looked upon it, the spirit and power of this meeting. This assemblage is altogether, too large to be greeted individually; one cannot get his arms about it. (Laughter and cheers.) And yet, fso kindly have you received me that I would be glad if to each of you I could convey the sense of gratitude and appreciation which is in my heart. There is nothing for any of us to do but open wide our hearts and let those elevating suggestions take possession of them. I am sure there has been nothing seen to-day that does not point in a direction of a higher individual, social and national life. Who can look upon this vast array of the soldiers who fought to a victorious consummation the war of the Uniou, without bowing his head and his heart in grateful reverence. [Great cheering.]

who fought to a victorious consummation the war of the Uniou, without bowing his head and his heart in grateful reverence. [Great cheering.]

"Who can look upon these sons of veterans, springing from a patriotic ancestry, full of the spirit of '61, and coming into the vigor and strength of manhood to take up the burdens that we must soon lay down, and who, turning from these to the sweet-faced children whose hands are filled with flowers and flags, can fail to feel these institutions of liberty are secure for two generations at least? [Great cheering.] I never knew until to-day the extent of the injury which the state of Kansas had inflicted upon the state of Indiana. [Laughter and cheers.] Never until I looked upon that long line of Indiana soldiers that you plucked from us when the war was over by the superior inducements which your fields and cities offered to their ambitious toil. Indiana grieves for their loss, but rejoices in the home and prosperity they have found here. [Cheers.] They are our proud contribution to that great national reputation which your state has established as the friend as well as one of the bulwarks of liberty, should choose to find homes in a state that had the buptism of martyrs' blood upon its infant brow [Prolonged cheering].

"The future is safe if we are but true to ourselves and true to these children whose instruction is committed to us. There is no other foe can stall, obstruct or hinder our onward progress, except treason in our own midst—treachery to the great fundamental principle of our government, which is obedience to the law. The law, the will of the majority expressed in constitutional methods, is the only king to which we bow—but to him all must bow. Let it be understood in all your communities that no selfish interest of the individual, no class interest, however intrenched, shall be permitted to assert their convenience against the law. [Cries of "good," "good" and cheering.]

"This is a good American doctrine, and if it can be made to prevail in all the states

the law. [Cries of "good," "good" and cheering.]

"This is a good American doctrine, and if it can be made to prevail in all the states of the Union, until every man, secure under the law in his own right, is compelled by the law to yield to every other man his right, nothing can shake our repose. Now, fellow citizens, you will excuse me from the attempt at further speech. [Cries of "Go on," "go on."] I beg you again to believe that I am grateful, so far as your presence here has any personal reference to myself, grateful as a public officer for this evidence of your love and affection for the constitution and the country which we all love.

"I hear there is some grumbling in Kansas and I sometimes think it is because your advantages are too great. [Laughter.] A single year of disappointment in agricultural returns should not make you despair of the future or tempt you to risk unsafe expedients. Life is made up of averages and I think yours will show a good average. [Cries of "good."] Let us look forward with hope, with courage, with fidelity, thrift, patience, good neighborly hearts and a patrictic love for the flag. Kansas and her people have an assured and happy future." [Prolonged cheering.]

SENATOR INGALLS' SPEECH.

At the conclusion of the president's address there were loud cries for Senator

At the conclusion of the president's address there were loud cries for Senator Ingalls. Yielding to the popular demand, the president pro tem of the United States senate spoke as follows:

tion. Less than a generation ago, Jefferson City was the furthest western point reached by a railroad. It seems as if the great column of migration in its majestic march across the continent had paused to erect in these tranquil valleys and upon these fertile plains a fabric of civilization that has no precedent or parallel in the history of mankind. A community embracing 1,500,000 free men, a community which is rich in every element of prosperity, but far richer in every prophecy of future greatness and renown, a community in which there is no poverty that is not voluntary [applause.], a community in which every man, black or white, rich or poor, can vote once and have that vote honestly counted. [Applause and cheers.]

vote honestly counted. [Applause and cheers.]
"Fellow citizens, there is, I am happy to say, in this greeting salutation to the chief magistrate of the Union no partisanship of class. We are not here as Republicans, not as Democrats, but as citizens of the state of Kansas. There is no state line in our greeting salutation. There is no North, no South, no East, no West in our greeting and salutation. We greet him as the foremost citizen of the republic and bid him hail and farewell on his journey eastward." [Great applause.]

Ex-Governor Anthony and several other gentlemen of distinction addressed the vast audience before the meeting adjourned.

audience before the meeting adjourned.

Mount Adam's Ice Caves.

Away up 4,000 feet above the Columbia River, at the base of Mount Adams, whose symmetrical cone-like peak is covered with perpetual snow, lies a beautiful little lake surrounded by broad meadows and fed by a stream of purest water, taking its rise in the snow fields ten or twelve miles away. The caves are within a few miles of Trout Lake, for so this mountain gem, like hundreds of others in this wonderful country of lakes, is called, for the reason that trout-filled basins are so common that the discoverer, avers to taxing his brain for an original name, has seen fit to dub his find with his first thought. As yet only six large caves have been discovered, but as the whole country gives forth a hol-low, reverberating sound to the heel tap of the hobnailed mountain shoe of the visitor, it is highly probable there

are many more.
One of these ice caves, the largest one, is used by the farmers as a cold storage warehouse for butter and milk. and certainly answers the purpose admirably. The entrance is like into a cistern, and the adventurer lowers cistern, and the adventurer lowers himself into the chilly atmosphere by means of a rope. The interior of the cave is composed of one large apartment about eighty feet square. The cave is walled with ice around, above, and below; with huge icicles of stalactite and stalagmite formation, obstructing a complete view, as well as forming obstacles to exploration, but affording the most gorgeous pic-tures in the light of a flaming pitch

torch.

The effect is simply indescribable, but at the same time most fascinating, especially when seen on a hot August day. The huge pendants of pure, translucent ice reflect and scintillate the ruddy glow of the torch in a bewil-

the ruddy glow of the torch in a bewand dering maze of color and a thousand rays of light.

The air is a clear, dry cold, even on the hottest day. There is no dampness or moisture; the ice is not melting but is hard and cold and dry, as in midwinter. A few moments in the cave and one's very blood is chilled, a fact which is as yet, no doubt, the cause of a thorough exploration of the cave never having been made. There are, perhaps, other and adjoining caverns, which very probably open out from the main apartment and form an Icelandic labyrinth. — Spokane Falls Review.

Cures for Obesity.

'The number of nostrums for the reduction of obesity which have been put upon the market during the last two months," said the manager of an upper Broadway drug store, "is almost without limit. Here, for instance, are four remedies, all designed for this particular ailment, and every one of them has been turned into our hands for sale within the month." He placed two bottles, a pill-box, and a tin can full of powders in a row on the show-case. They were all incased in neat wrappers, and every one of them had a name which suggested corpulency, but did not use the word fat. "All of these remedies," said the old druggist quietly, "are claimed to be made of special ingredients, but they are nothor the other. We never recommend them, but we have to keep them on sale owing to the steadily increasing demand for all medicine of this sort. It is not that they are especially deleteris not that they are especially deleterious. They simply have the same weakening effect that Epsom salts have it taken every day for a month or two. Naturally they reduce the weight, but the flesh comes right on again as soon as the salts are stopped. You can imagine the prices the public pay for these things when you reflect that our profit on this bottle of stuff is 60 cents. It is sold for \$1, and I have no doubt that the manufacturer clears \$0 cents on every bottle."—N. Y. Sun.

HABITUAL SWEARING.

How to Effect a Cure of a Bad Habit-What Com stitutes Bad Language!

There is in one of Dr. George Macdonald's novels a very good little boy who has never said a naughty word in his life. Unfortunately, this is a feature in his character which fails to elicit the profound admiration of his school-fellows, and a wicked plot is concocted to force the good little boy to swear. He is held head downwards over a stream, from which painful position he is not suffered to escape until he has more than satisfied his tormentors by the unexpected strength of his expletives. What particular lesson Dr. Macdonald attempted to teach by this story we do not know, and should be afraid to guess. He could hardly have intended this moral that boys ought not to be so good as to attract the envy and mischievousness of their fellows; and, as far as moral guilt goes, it is obvious that the youngster, who, when upside down, came out with a solemn "Domn" in broad Scotch, was not responsible for remarks uttered under such circumstances of coercion. The question of what constitutes "bad language" is rather difficult to determine. There is a borderland of vigorous exclamations which can hardly be dignified with the title of oaths.

The reform to which we have called attention of course enamates from America, and the plan for curing habitual swearers is the copyright of Baptist minister who has a chapel in West Twenty-fifth street in New York. Unlike the owners of copyright, how ever, this gentleman invites the whole world to make use of the property in his invention. The beauty of the most of great discoveries lies in their simplicity, and nothing can be more delightfully simple than the clergyman's method of banishing bad language from society. When he is unexpectedly stung by a wasp, or encounters a nail on the floor when denuded of stockings, or barks his shins badly against the leg of a table, he at once remarks in a loud voice, "Beefsteak and onions!" proceeding directly afterward to observe. "Ham and eggs! and if the tendency to swear has not by that time passed off, he adds, Bread and butter and a plate of ice cream!" The reverend gentleman assures the world that, armed with this simple weapon, nobody need in future ever swear at all. "Just as much satisfaction," he quaintly observes, "is derived from saying "Pork and beans," as from emitting a sting of swear words."

If the essence of an oath is the calling on outside powers to witness a remark, or to assist the speaker, then it cannot be contended for a moment that "Great Cæser!" or "Great Hailstones!"-both American ejaculations -are really to be confounded with ordinary "swear words." A favorite transatlantic exclamation is "By Golly!" borrowed originally from the negroes; but can it be said that calling upon a non-existant and entirely chimerical divine of this sort of person is really guilty of invoking outside powers? The same thing may be said with equal truth of "By Gosh!" Still, it will be allowed that these exclamations have a somewhat unpleasingly suggestive sound about them, and we therefore, can heartily commend the nautical exclamation "Shiver my toplights!" as a good substitute, especially for naval men. "Jiminy Cripps!" and "By Hickory!" are also ejaculations for which a good deal may be said. They do not err on the side of excessive intelligibility, but they perhaps sound a little less trivial than the "Beefsteak and onions!" of the reverend reformer. - Buffalo Commercial.

Grant Suited Lincoln.

Lincoln did not often speak plainly about the hard time he had with his generals, says the N. Y. Tribune, but once in a while he did, and Colonel is not that they are especially deletersenate spoke as follows:

"Governor Humphrey, Comrades of the G. A. R., Ladies and Gentlemen;—It gives me pleasure to say to you that the state of Kansas has always been renowned for its hosyficiality. Upon this concessors when as outcome the present of the presented to us to-day could occur nowhere cles within the civilized world. Whenever a Kansas man is told that a thing is impossible, he goes and does it."

[Great laughter], and the speciade which whenever a Kansas man is told that a thing is impossible, he goes and does it."

[Great laughter and applause.]

At this point one corner of the speaker's stand began rapidly settling with the great mass of humanity upon it, and President Harrison warned Senator Ingalls that the manufacturer clears 30 cents of the pressure.

"The is the second platform," said Senator Ingalls that the manufacturer of the star of very 112 persons.

"The is the second platform," said Senator Ingalls that the manufacturer of the pressure.

"This is the second platform," said Senator Ingalls that the manufacturer of the pressure of the pressure.

"The is the second platform," said Senator Ingalls that the manufacturer of the pressure of the pressu Van Buren gives the instance. It was

waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were 15,000, or thereabouts, up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he should make infantry of 'em or discharge 'em. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."

WILL MAN EVER FLY. Glance at Natural History Indicates that He

Will Not. The giant birds of geology, such as the dinornis, the extinct moa of New Zealand, some of which stood more than ten feet high, were most of them wingless, just as still the great ostrich is a running, not a flying bird. The albatrosses and the condors, giants among the winged fowl of the present day, are only relatively gigantic, says the Edinburgh Review, since the weights of their bodies are trifling compared with those of human beings, and their lofty flights, even if matched by the ascending powers of balloons, are unsuited to the respiratory faculties of man.

Helmholtz has observed that, though many small birds which are granivorous fly swiftly the great birds that are potent on the wing are fish and flesh eaters, not needing extensive organs of digestion for their concentrated food. He thinks it therefore probable that in the model of the great Alpine eagle nature has attained the utmost limit that can be attained, with muscles for the working organs and conditions of nourishment as favorable as possible for the size of a creature which is to raise itself by wings and maintain itself for any time high in

Under these circumstances he concludes that it is scarcely to be considered probable that man, with the most skillfully contrived mechanism, to be moved by his own muscular power, would ever be able to raise his own weight into the air and sustain it there for any time worth speaking of. When vessels filled with gas lighter than air are employed to supply the lifting power, and yet other vessels are employed with some stored force to take the place of our own muscular resources, the consequential increase of bulk and weight in the complex machine must indeed greatly discourage human aspirations and longings for the invention of artificial wings.

The desire involved, however little it may be formulated in those aspirations, is for the capacity to cleave the air like a merlin or to skim over the waters like a swift, and for ability to do this or something like it freely on the impulse of the moment, not after consultation with the gas works and a fee to the electrical engineer.

A Hanthem.

Two old British sailors were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral, and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His ship mate listened awhile, and then said:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean o say you don't know what a hanthem

"Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer. 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike, ahmen, ahmen, Bill, giv me that 'andspike, spike, ahmen!' why that would be a

hanthem." Pious Appetites.

A friend of mine (says W. W. Story) who was giving a large dinner once, called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands.

"Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-com-

"Certainly," said my friend; "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh," says old T., "if they's clergy men and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"-Exchange.

Of all passions that can take posses sion of the heart or brain jealousy is the worst. For many generations the chemist sought for the secret by which all metals could be changed to gold and through which the basest could become the best. Jealously seeks exactly the opposite. It endeavors to transmute the very gold of love into the dross of shame and crime. -Robert STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

▲ Toledo Man Lives Through an Age in Thirty Seconds.

A Toledo Bee man was sitting in an office on Adam street recently chatting office on Adam street recently characters with the occupant, a well-known young with the occupant, a well-known young lawyer, when the conversation turned to dreams and the rapidity with which the brain worked during sleep. "Yes," remarked the legal gentleman, "the brain is a marvelous contrivance. If that fact ever skipped my memory it was brought forcibly to my mind several days since. I will tell you how it beautored. I was suffering with a happened. I was suffering with a thamping toothache, and resolved to have the offender out. Accordingly I made for the nearest dentist's while made for the nearest dentists while my determination was strong, and, dropping into a dental chair answered to his Will you take gas?' in the affirmative. It was my initial experience with the fluid, but I inhaled it without experiencing any peculiar sensation at first. sensation at first.

"I noticed presently, however, that the office clock ticked abnormally loud; in fact, it soon was pounding away like one of Krupp's giant hammers. Finally I drifted away into another state and found myself in a strange city. Several months passed and num-erous trivial things happened which I remember vividly, even the minutest details. Somehow or other I got in with a fast crowd of young men. and ene night, during a quarrel over a game of poker. I shot and fatally wounded one of my companions.

"I was arrested, and after the usual preliminary proceedings my case came up for trial in the Court of Common Pleas. The trial was a long one. I remember well the district attorney's supplies up and the attorney defense. summing up and the strong defense my attorney made in my behalf, but without avail, for the court sentenced me to be executed by electricity, a strange and fearful death. My lawyer got a stay of execution of the sentence, and the case was conviced to the tence, and the case was carried to the Circuit court. Another lengthy trial ensued, concluding by the judge confirming the decision of the lower court. and I again became reconciled to the and again occame reconciled to the thought of being executed. My law-yer was untiring, and finally made another attempt to save my life, carrying the case to the Supreme court. I think execution with a supremental suprementation of the suprem think something like a year and a half clapsed before the case came to trial for the third time.

'However, its conclusion bore no fruit to my liking, for I was again sentenced to an electrical execution. I spent many weary days in prison, and it was a relief when the day set apart for my death came around. I awoke early, bathed, ate a hearty meal, and at 10 o'clock when the turnmeal, and at 10 clock when the tent the key beckoned me to follow him to the death-room I was wholly prepared to depart this life. I seated myself in the somewhat clumsy chair and my arms and legs were strapped tightly down. A dampened sponge was placed on my head, and although I didn't look up I knew well that the connection was made that would soon make mach human conductor. I closed my me a human conductor. I closed my me a numan conductor. I closed my eyes, but opened them just in time to see the jailer drop a white handkerchief. At the same instant the current was turned on. A dreadful wrenching, burning pain shot through my system and then—and then I came. my system and then and then I came to. The tooth had just been pulled. I was under the influence of gas just thirty seconds. Yes, the human brain is a rapid worker."

"Old Exception."

In Atlanta, Ga., says a Cincinnati commercial Gazette reporter who has just come back from a trip through the south, there is an old business man, with snow-white beard and hair. whom everybody calls "Old Excep-ion." When Sherman's army invested Atlanta Sherman issued an order that all non-combative confederates should leave the city within twentyfour hours. This man who was founder, called at Sherman's head-quarters. "I want," he said, "to remain in Atlanta. I am a business man, and had no hand in hostilities." "Didn't you cast guns for the rebels in your foundry?" Gen. Sherman inquired. "Yes," was the reply, "I did, but I had to do it. I have large interests here, general, and I wish you would make me an exception; I'd like to stay and look after my property."
"Yes," said Sherman, grimly, "I'll
make an exception in your case." The
Atlanta man's face brightened, and he
started to tell a story. "Orderly," Gen. Atlanta man's taory. "Orderly," Gen-started to tell a story. "I've concluded to make an exception in this man's case. The orders are that all citizens shall eave Atlanta within twenty-four hours. This man must leave here within an hour. If he doesn't, shoot him." Ever since the war this old man has been called "Old Exception," and the reporter said that it was a perilous thing to ask him what he thought of Gen. Sherman.

Vienna Chimney-Sweeps.

Vienna is in danger of becoming asgrimy and as sooty as London; for the journeymen chimney-sweepers have begun a general strike, and it is impossible to find any one possessing the qualifications necessary for the performance of their duties. Indeed, the geography of the old Vienna chimneys is so intricate and wonderful that it requires years of appenticeship to become even an ordinary sweep.

Queen Victoria, having completed the fifty-third year of her reign, has now reigned longer than any English monarch, excepting Henry III.; George III.'s sixty years on the throne being left unconsidered, as it was so insterrupted with regencies. Georgia Moonshiners.

The people of the mountain section of North Georgia are mostly descendants of the old pioneers who came from North Carolina and Virginia and settled in that part of the State when the Indians were yet here. Some of them are descendants of the noblest and most, patriotic families of Virginia, and they are a people who love liberty and freedom with an honest and an earnest love only second to that which they have for their God. A man who is dishonest or who will lie. in their estimation, is the lowest and meanest creature of God's creation, and such a man is ostracized and stigmatized as not being worthy to associate with honest men. They are an honest people and make their bread by the sweat of their brow, and they love hard work. They are stout and healthy and are inured to hardships. They have a high respect for women, and the roughest mountainer is very gentle in the presence of ladies, and they will not allow any man to insult or even treat any lady with the least unkindness in their presence. They consider man the natural protector of women, and a lady is perfeetly safe among them. They are the most hospitable people living. They look upon a stranger with suspicion, but when they are convinced that he is no spy and is a frient to them they will take him in, give him the best they have, and very few of them ever charge him a

They hold the laws of Georgia sacred, and without the least scruple abide by them; but they think they have an inalienable right to do a they please with the proceeds of their own labor, and any law that molests them in exercising this right they consider tyrannical and oppressive, and will fight it even unto death. They are a hardy, brave and fearless people, and, without the least hesitation, will fire upon revenue officers, for they consider them a nuisance to the country, and think it is doing their country a great service to put as many of them as they can out of the way.

The first gun that was fired at revenue officers in the mountain sections of North Georgia was fired at James Fendley and his posse in the northern part of Lumpkin County, in June, 1875.

Illicit distilleries had run in that section ever since the War until that time without molestation. Jacob Sane had run an illicit distillery for twelve years, within two hundred yards of the public road, without being molested, and everybody in the country knew that he was stilling there, too; for it was as public a place as a country store at a crossroads. But, at the above time mentioned, James Fendley, at the head of a posse of men, came and arrested Sane.

When they came they found him in the distillery at work. They got there about 10 A. M., and Sane was running off a doubling. They staid until he had finished the doubling, so it was about 8 P. M. when they left the distillery. carrying the whiskey, still and Sane with them; but they did not destroy the beer. They had not gone more than a mile when they were startled by a sharp, crashing sound, and the leaden balls of forty mountain rifles whistled round them so near that some of them left signs of their trace in several of the officers' hats. Fendley's horse was shot dead under him and he was left on the ground with two bullet holes through one leg. The sound of the rifle had not vet died away upon the air when it resounded with the hideous yells of forty mad men; and they, seeing that they had not accomplished their design, ran across a field, came in ahead of the officers, and fired another voiley into them. The officers only saved themselves by keeping their prisoner on a horse behind one of them and the others riding near to him, so that they could not kin them without killing the prisoner. The n. onshiners followed them on until they were in sight of Dahlonega, but did not get within gunshot of them after the second volicy.

The moonshiners captured the whisky and still, carried the still back, put it in the same furnace that the officers had taken it out of, and stilled out the beer they left there, while not less than eighty men, well armed, guarded the road toward Dahlonega, and that still to-day is in the possession of those moonshiners, and they make it boil, too.

The moonshiners thought that the officers would reinforce themselves and come again; so they appointed a Chief Commander, and he appointed subordinate officers, and sent out squads to take up advantageous positions along the road for three miles distant, with orders to let no stranger pass without knowing his business, where he is from and where he is going, and to fire on any squad of armed men who should attempt to come up the road. They guarded the road this way for three weeks, but the officers did not return for months, and then they just dashed right through and went back another way, and it is well enough for them that they did go back another way, for the chief had his men posted along the road to take them in as they came back.

These were real war times in that sec tion, and the lives and property of any who were suspected to be unfriendly to this band were placed in jeopardy.

It was a division of this allied force that beseiged Stewart of Morgantown in his house, burned his outbuildings and tried to fire his house to drive him out so they could kill him; but he and his son kept them beat back with their Winchesters, and thus saved their lives. For months after this these men never slept or ate in houses, but staid in the woods and slept with their rifles in their hands.

At another time the officers dashed in. caught some men and dashed out another way. As soon as it was known that they had secured the men and were gone, a division of the moonshiners shouldered their rifles, walked sixteen miles, waylaid the road between Dahlonega and Gainesville, and remained there until it was reported to them that the men had been taken out of jail and were free.

His Day of Trouble.

A traveler in the central part of Kentucky, while riding through a woods, saw an old fellow standing with his back against a tree, striking matches and holding his finger in the blaze.

"What on earth are you doing there?" the astonished traveler exclaimed.

'Go on an' mind your own business.'

the old fellow replied. comfort me. My light has dun went out." pathy nor words of wisdom that kin on, stranger. That sin't no human symwire fence and and killed binself. Go bedand a mign mur 3loo truff ... i benuit he had struggled with himself, he conanother match. After awalle, and when -" He broke down and had to strike me so much joy an' pride-that cold that awake over-that colt that had brought day? That colt that I had been kep' finger, continued: "What tuck place next match, and as he applied the blaze to his the next day?" . He struck another pride had come. But what tuck place myself that the day of our stren'th an' their congratulations, an' I 'lowed around an' almost smothered me with come pome an, the neighors erowded sn, the joy of the wife of my bosom. thar I stood the pride of the community won the race as smooth as a ribbon, an' chester the next day after I got him an' dear old soul buried till that colt was lars, an' they hadn't more than got the an' dies an' leaves me three hundred dol-

mine. I rid him at a race down at Winany great desire till my old uncle he ups couldn't see no way to git the objeck of much money an' was in debt anyhow, an' that I couldn't sleep none at night for thinkin' about him. Wall, I didn't have I wanted mightly-wanted him so bad feller. Some time ago I seed a colt that pear to be a putty sympathatic sort of a tions round, but I will tell you as you "I don't like to be paradin' my 'fle-

mind off it. Come, tell me what it is." at your peculiar method of taking your "I am not smiling at your trouble, but other side of yo' mouth." don was in my fix you would grin on the

the native. "It may look funny, but if ing. "Oh, it's nothing to laugh at," said in spite of himself, could not help smilfinger in the blaze The traveler, amused He struck another match and held his HEVET WAS IN SUCH & HX."

"No, I reckon not, for mebbe you "I don't see what it can be." I .. Oh, no, it's much worse than that."

"" May I sak if it is a family affair?" certhly help now." " No. don't think you can. Am beyond

paps I can help you:" "Tell me what the trouble is, and per-"Yes, that's about it." take your mind off the trouble?"

"Then you are burning yourself to unger in this blaze to take my mind off it." "It is so great that I am holdin' my " What is your trouble?"

atten to live no longer." great trouble has come on me, an' I ain't A" : belid his finger in the blaze, replied : "A He struck snother match, and as he "But why destroy yourself any way?"

"Jest as well destroy myself this way as any other way." want to destroy yourself that way." " Yes, but I want to know why you

Waiting for an Opportunity. "Give me the opportunity and I will show you what I can do!" thousands are

saying every day. Just what kind of an opportunity these men want, would be a difficult matter to and out. Some have had collegiate educations which they obtained through the self-denial of their parents. Others, with common school education, have gone behind the counter, and both to-day are calling for opportunities whereby they can Surprise not only themselves, but their frier.'s. It will never come. Why? Because they have not the ability to suc-

A The world to-day is full of examples of men without education; men who by the sheer force of their own determination have Lushed themselves to the fore ranks of every department of life. These men created opportunities; they did not sit and build air castles, and dream the day away; they did not complain that the world was unfair an. partial; they fought, they worked, if necessary, twenty out of twenty-four hours. In other words, they hustled: and the result to-day is that these very men are the men of the day. .

Books and Magazines.

William Elliott Griffis contributes to Harper's Young People for October 21 a biographical sketch of that popular writ-er of young people's books, Charles Car-leton Cofflu. The article will be accom-panied by a portrait of Mr Cofflu.

Among the numerous attractions in Among the numerous attractions in Harper's Bazar, October 24, is a timely article on "The Wedding Season," by Mary Gay Humphreys. Mary E Wilkins will contribute one of her characteristic stories, entitled "A Solitary;" and Lizzie P Lewis will tell "How I met the Crowns Definease."

Alphonse Daudet's latest work. Por Alphonse Dandet's latest work. Port Tarascou, translated by Henry James, is announced by Harper & Brothers as near ly ready for publication. The volume will contain nearly one hundred and fifty illustrations. "The only defect in the story," says Henry James, "is that it leaves no more to come; it exhausts the possibilities." possibilities.

The complete novel in the November number of Lippincott's MAGAZINE is contributed by Mrs. Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, the clever author of "fhe House of Rimmon." The story is entitled "A Laggard in Love." and the scene is laid in England, principally in what is known as the "Black Country." The homes and characters of the rustic people dwelling therein are described with a wonderfully graphic pen, for Mrs Bettany possesses graphic pen, for Mrs. Bettany possesses a touch and genius something akin to that of George Eliot, which enables her to weave a thrilling romance out of the lives of humble people. The birth and development of an evermustering pasdevelopment of an overmostering passion in the heart of a young country maiden, and the tragic force which it be comes, is pictured with the hands of a master. A great variety of characters, representing different phases of English life, are introduced and all are capitally portrayed. Without obtruding itself, the moral of the story is a strong and healthy

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November, 1890.

finely illustrated paper on "Henry M Stanley: his career and Achievments" by George C Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society, makes Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for November an exceptionally interesting number. For a graphic review of Stanley's eventful career, and the Emin relief expedition in particular, from an American stand-point, Mr. Hurlbut's article surpasses anything that has as yet appeared on this fascinating topic of the day. In the same number Felix Oldboy propounds and answers the question, "Who was Charlotte Temple?" bringing forward some hypotheses and revelations which will startle the thousands of romance-levers who have strewn flowers which will startle the thousands of ro-mance-lovers who have strewn flowers on the mysterious grave in the Trinity Church yard, New York city. There are illustrated articles on: "Buenos Ayres," by John Stanley; "Coon-hunting in South Carolina," by H M Howard; "Great Pah-chulakan, the Western Niagara," by W D Lyman; "Some Copte in Old Cairo" (second appar). by A L. Pawson: "The Emperes paper), by A L Rawson; "The Empress
Theadora," by A C Townsend; "A Vermont Island and its Iuhabitsats," by Nelly Hart Woodworth; and a "History of
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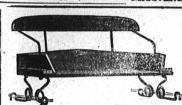
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