

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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NO. 14

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$5.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.
The Kansas News Co. also publishes the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Marion county wheat will average twenty-five bushels to the acre.

The Franklin county teachers' institute will be held at Ottawa July 14.

Judge Phillips will withhold his decision in the Topeka original package cases for two weeks.

Wheat of this seasons crop was marketed at Leavenworth the latter part of last week.

The president has approved the act for the erection of public buildings at Salina, Kansas.

William Moore was drowned in the Kansas river near Edwardsville Sunday evening while bathing.

It appears from The Art Amateur that Millet's "Angelus" remains the highest priced of modern paintings.

The Abilene Reflector remarks anent Henry Booth's retirement: "Some men go out of politics and some are pushed out."

An effort is being made at Leavenworth to induce business houses to close at 7 o'clock for the benefit of overworked clerks.

An authentic approximation places the number of dogs in Kansas at 179,000. Every dog has more than his day in that state.

There will be a meeting of farmers at Lyndon Saturday for the purpose of organizing a farmer's mutual protective insurance company.

Congressman Turner recently appointed his brother postmaster of Hoxie. As a candidate for mayor last spring the gentleman received one vote.

Ella G Shields of Wichita is engaged in the laudable work of collecting statistics concerning silk worms and silk culture in Kansas, which has never before been attempted.

A prize fight had been arranged to take place in a vacant building three miles north of Wichita, and everybody was on the ground when Sheriff Cone arrived and stopped further proceedings.

An original package outfit opened out in a livery stable at LaCygne last week and a citizen of the town who had a horse there indignantly took it out. He said he wouldn't let his horse stay in such a place.

It is noted that David J. Brewer of Kansas, who was recently appointed associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, is just 52 years old, is the fifty-second man elevated to that dignity, and was confirmed by a vote of fifty-two senators.

Judge Foster sends the Lawrence liquor seller back to his infamous business. The Judge married into a Lawrence saloon keeper's family and always delighted in helping his father-in-law get even with prohibitionists.

As the required 3,000 horse power has been subscribed the Topeka dam will be speedily built. With the water power dynamos will be run and electric power distributed through the city.

The Topeka Chautauqua has been a melting affair.

It is not so much revolution as it is evolution, that is the order of the day.

The colored folks are preparing for an immense gathering at Bismarck grove, August 1.

Chicago is said to be living on baked steaks. Chicago's digestion is equal to that of an ostrich.

Candidates for Congress come from all parts of the state to Topeka to drive their pins and take notes.

It will strike most persons that Gov. Humphrey is a little too liberal with his pardons for liquor sellers.

Charles Jackson, aged 10, was drowned while bathing in the Missouri near Leavenworth. His body has not yet been recovered.

Last year there were 102 steam threshing outfits in Sumner county, and this year the number will be largely augmented to meet the increased demand.

C W Pattison, a painter committed suicide at Council Grove by jumping from a tree into the river. Liquor was the cause.

The daughter of Rebekah of Natick lodge, Topeka, have opened a free dispensary in the rooms of the Kansas medical college.

La Grange, the alleged theatrical man who is in jail at Hutchinson for bigamy, has been identified as having served two years in the Arkansas penitentiary for the same offence.

Judge Foster, who was shown by his colleague Judge Caldwell to have very imperfect knowledge of law, can be relied upon to decide in favor of whiskey sellers every time, law or no law.

The political farmers have established headquarters in Topeka, and will at once enter into a state campaign. It is not likely that the third party prohibitionist will be so extravagant.

Nathaniel Smith, formerly of Marysville, drank poisonous liniment in a private asylum in Atchison, where he was confined, Friday night and died Saturday.

The Emporia Republican beams the torrid weather, but adds: "We have from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 bu. of wheat in Kansas this year, and it must be taken care of."

Citizens of Haysville became angered because of their failure to get all passenger trains to stop at their station, and Saturday fired a volley of sticks, stones and pistol shots into a passing train. No one was seriously injured.

The Salina Republican, in a storm of righteous indignation, remarks: "Yes, there are old soldiers in Salina capable of attending to the post-office, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding." And some of them are applicants.

Ertel's Victor Hay Presses advertised in another column, are warranted to be the most economical, fast and neatest balers in use. Should any of them fail to come up to these recommendations the money will be refunded to the purchaser.

Ertel's Presses have stood the test of over 24 years and are now in use in every civilized country in the world, and give the utmost satisfaction. They are the only manufacturers whose entire plant is devoted exclusively to the making of Baling Presses. For circulars and all particulars desired, address, Geo. Ertel & Co., Quincy, Ill., and London, Canada.

And now comes Salina with a vigorous kick on the census enumeration.

Paola people listened to the declaration of independence read by a woman, Miss Townsend.

It is said that the Wichita & Western road will soon be built from Hurlinsville to Dodge City.

Mrs. Lucy M. Easton, the first white child born on the Pottawatomie reservation died, Saturday aged 42.

The Fort Scott city council has passed an ordinance licensing the vendors of "hop tea" in the sum of \$50 per month.

Kansas is ever hopeful. Step up to a Kansan and remark the oppressive heat and he will tell you that it is splendid corn weather.

PERRY.

Mrs. Kunkel and daughter Ida, visited the Chautauqua Assembly at Oakland on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Gushard & Rorabaugh of Excelsior Springs, Mo., have bought the stock in the corner store of Swafford Bros.

W T Smith has a nice little family now of eleven children. The youngest one is a daughter, who is quite youthful.

Sam Sweeney commenced threshing wheat for Wm. Goepfert last Saturday. A sample brought to town tested sixty-three pounds to the bushel.

A little daughter of Thos C Kirby who returned home a short time ago from Olathe sick, is improving, although badly affected with an abscess on the stomach.

As James Johnson of Newman was taking a load of lumber home from Perry Tuesday, his team ran away at the west end of the Delaware bridge, throwing Mr Johnson, hurting him severely.

Harvey Cool's little boy fell off a lounge last week, and sprained his shoulder. It is feared it will cause one shoulder to be lower than the other. The accident occurred at their home in Rock Creek.

Elijah Winston returned from Colorado last week to attend the funeral of his mother. He will remain in Perry until his step father makes arrangements for the future.

Candace Ann Simpson died at her home in Perry, Sunday June 22, 1890, of heart disease. She walked from the church to their house, but a short distance, sat down exhausted and was dead in a few moments.

The funeral services were conducted June 26, 1890 by Rev. Martin, of Lawrence.

B F Empe, I B Brown, H D Larimer and H O McGill with their wives attended the Chautauqua at Oakland Sunday, going to Topeka Saturday evening and returning Monday morning. Mrs. Pendroy went up Saturday evening and returned Sunday afternoon. Empe thinks he caught all the chiggers in the country.

The city council met Tuesday evening with Mayor Merritt in the chair. A full council was present. A petition for new sidewalk on the south side of block 29 was read and Councilman Walker moved to postpone action until next meeting, which motion was lost. Councilman Brown moved that the petition be granted and the sidewalk be ordered; this motion was carried. There was a general understanding that if the hot weather continued, the 30 days limit will not be insisted upon. Councilman Swan moved that bids be received for the building of sidewalks front of the Wilson property in block 5, which motion prevailed. The mayor announced that arrangements were about completed to enforce the dog tax.

PERFUMES

MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE
LAND OF FLOWERS!
DOUSSAN'S

Sweet South

In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles,
EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES:

LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST!

LUNEA! NEVADA!

IMPERIAL PINK!

ROUSSEL ROSE

EDEN BOUQUET!

LILY OF THE VALLEY!

ALL 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label.

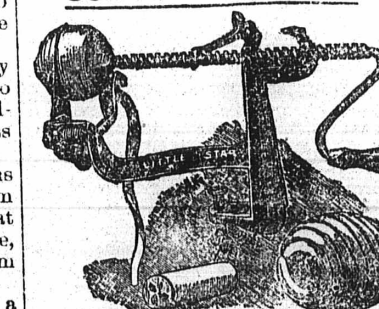
"Delicate as a cowbell, Lasting as the hills."

If your druggist doesn't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid.

DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO.,
46 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

"LITTLE STAR" Apple Parer

CORER AND SLICER.



"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Little Star', How I wonder what you are!"

I'm a little Apple Parer.

Oh, I'm just a little teener.

I can PARE and CORE and SLICE,

And you'll think me awful nice.

At the Hardware Store you'll find me,

Just three "quarters" then will buy me.

If your hardware man don't keep me,

Don't with others let him cheat thee,

But send for me direct, or go

To Messrs. C. E. Hudson & Co.,

Leominster, Mass.

P. S.—This is the machine used by fruit drovers all over the country. It pares, cores and slices the apple at one operation. It is so simple a child can use it. Agents Wanted in every State. \$2.00 use it. Agents Wanted in every State. \$2.00 use it.

per day can easily be made. Send \$1.00 and I will forward to any address, one sample machine, prepaid. Regular price, \$1.00. 70,000 machines already sold. Call for the "Little Star" Pamphlet.

Within the past few weeks the attention of the public has been largely directed to the winner of the Suburban, "Salvator," which has also won a second race run by himself and Tenny. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for the week ending July 5th gives an excellent picture of the horse, and also a view of the second race. These illustrations are sure to attract great attention.

The present dry weather is telling on the growing corn.

Farmers are marketing their crop of wheat at 60 cents per bushel.

Farmers on the high prairies say their wells for stock are being affected by the dry weather.

The Abilene waterworks company has forbidden patrons the use of lawn or garden hose as the water supply is running low.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

USE
SEED'S
REVERSIBLE
SKIN-CLEANING



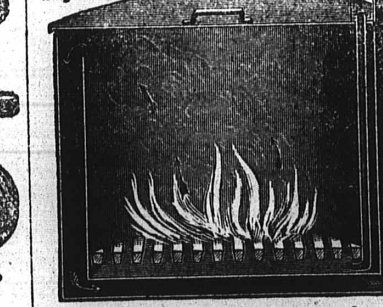
Agents Wanted.
J. H. SEED, 28 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

TANK HEATER.

A GREAT SAVING

TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price. Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



COSTS FROM 2c TO 5c PER DAY. 4 SIZES.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES.

O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO.,

LAFAYETTE, IND.

—YOUR— CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY

FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT.

Push Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches.

For \$3.00

As fine as any Artist will sell for \$10.00.

(ALMOST ANY DEALER CAN SHOW YOU ONE.)

BY SAVING 25 COUPONS OF

PROVOST'S

Cream Washing Powder.

ONLY COSTS 5c PER PACKAGE.

One Coupon in Every Package.

Unexcelled in Quality and Quantity.

Ask Your GROCER For It.

If he does not have it write to us and we will see that you get it.

WARREN PROVOST & CO.,

2630 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



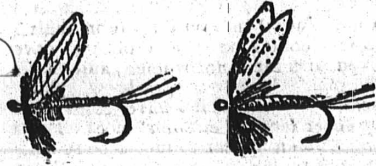
EVOLUTION OF ANGLING.

SOMETHING NEW FOR AMERICA'S FLY FISHERMEN.

Material Used for the Fly Must be Arranged to Represent Animal Life.

The sporting world is on the eve of a new era in fly fishing.

The fact is not generally known, nor is it yet appreciated save by a few American anglers, that the manufacture of the artificial fly in this country is not only crude and inartistic, but also founded on a theory than which none could be more



SCALE WING MODIFICATION. ENGLISH QUILL.

at variance with scientific teaching, and, perhaps it would be pardonable to say, with common sense.

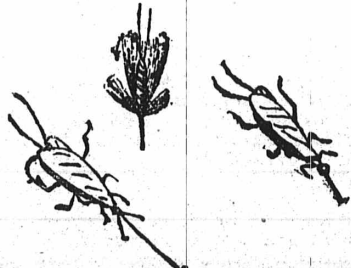
A glance at a collection of flies, ordinarily to be seen at the tackle-makers, reveals the fact that they are attracted by color or an admixture of certain tints. We gain also by our inspection another important item, the flies that profess to be imitations of the natural insect reveal by their nomenclature that they are modelled from European ephemerids in fact copies of English manufacture.



FLAT WINGED STONE FLY, IMPROVED IMITATION AND ORDINARY IMITATION, WITH FEATHERS.

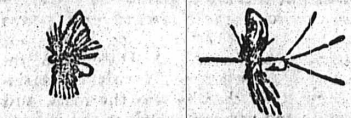
Our anglers may be divided into two distinct classes—those who hold the opinion that color and its admixture is the attractive element in the artificial fly, and those who maintain that the exact imitation of the insects upon which the fish feed is the great desideratum. Now if the first supposition were a correct one, feathers of different colors might be tied haphazard upon a hook, the result being precisely the same as if arranged to imitate an insect. This undoubtedly has proved to be a failure, and the fact that the material must be so arranged that in some degree it represents an animate object gives to the theory that "imitation is the true guide for the fly maker," an argument difficult to overcome. Couple this with the fact that realistic movement must be imparted to the inanimate object and we can readily see how little significance can be attached to the argument of the colorist.

Among the professional anglers of both England and America the axiom, "it matter not the kind of fly, provided



imitation of the blue bottle fly, a natural movement is imparted to it," is believed and accepted. This is undoubtedly correct. I am not prepared to deny the fact that color does not act favorably upon the nervous organization of the salmonids, and especially of the salmon, but it does so conditionally. First, when it assumes the form of an animate object. Second, when life like movement is imparted to it, the latter condition being paramount to all the rest. An expert angler and a close observer of nature can alone accomplish this most difficult of tasks, and as from want of opportunity and practice the professionals must always constitute the minority, I advance the proposition that the inexperienced angler of the future will look to the fly maker to furnish him with an artificial fly so realistic in appearance that it will in a great measure compensate for his lack of skill.

To gain a clear and comprehensive idea of this subject we cannot deal with it superficially, but we must carefully



ENGLISH FLY, MADE FROM CALCAROUS FISH SCALE.

consider the conditions under which the feather fly is and has been a success. It is absolutely and actual certain that wild animals become shy and wary in proportion to the amount of hunting and that this instinct is transmitted in an intensified degree to each succeeding generation, is equally a matter of fact. The same rule applies to the salmon fontinalis, in proportion to the amount of fishing in like ratio, can we measure the intelligence to avoid a lure. The large and clumsy fly of America is comparatively useless in the clear chalk streams of England, simply from the fact that fish are cognizant of the danger that lurks in a glittering object. The American trout is already beginning to evince a decided antipathy to the large and gaudy fly. Brilliant colors no longer transmit pleas-

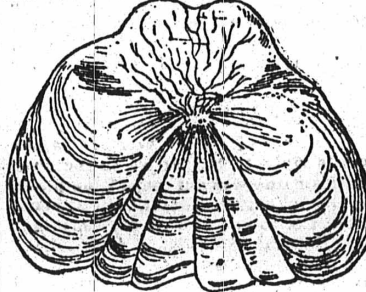
ant sensations through his nerve centres, evinced by a desire to grasp the object. On the contrary, while yet it may continue to be attractive, reflex action, dependent principally upon inherited distaste, is superceding the pleasurable emotion by a more than counterbalancing sensation, the outcome of which is distrust. To illustrate this assertion. A



CORK BODIED, FEATHER WINGED, FLOATING MAY FLY.

fish is said to "rise short" when his impetuous career is suddenly arrested, just at the moment he is about to seize the fly. It is so instantaneous that will power cannot possibly be the controller; just as instinctively the human eye closes to avoid the entrance of a noxious body, the movement is one beyond the power of volition. Reflex nervous action is throwing its mantle of protection around the American trout, and it is easy to conjecture that certain modifications must be made in the artificial fly in order to keep pace with his increasing susceptibility.

The feather fly owes its reputation to the fact that in the past it has been successful, and yet continues to be so, in waters far removed from civilizations. There is yet something to be added that tends in a great measure to bolster up its already waning reputation, dependent upon a peculiarity in the fish, the explanation of which, I think, has never been attempted by any writer on the subject. I refer to what I may be allowed to term nervous overflow. At times trout are seized with an irresistible and insane impulse to seize upon anything animate or inanimate. This continues a short time and ceases instantaneously, a clear indication that it is paroxysmal in its character. Laughter in the human being is one of the evidences of nervous overflow; it is paroxysmal, and rapidly communicable from one to another. In the fish nervous overflow assumes the character of playful jumping and grasping at any floating object. In this particular case the feather fly will of necessity play a conspicuous part.



TARPON SCALE.

To construct the appropriate fly we must estimate the present condition of fish. In my opinion in most of the American rivers he is getting tolerably well aware of the fatality of the brilliant and inartistic fly, and is rapidly approaching the condition of the English congener. The time has not yet arrived when it would be wise to entirely abandon the feather fly, nor will feathers ever cease to be of the utmost value in constructing a certain class of insects, of which the moths occupy a prominent place. An artistic fly can undoubtedly be constructed with a feather wing, and the illustration represents one, difficult, if possible, to improve upon, as regards its killing properties.

But we must take into consideration that feathers very indifferently represent the appearance of a large class of insects, the favorite food of the Salmonids. I refer to the Ephemerids. The beautiful transparent wing, the smooth and lustrous body is not to be imitated by fur and feather. I hazard the statement, that the correct imitation of a fly upon which a trout is feeding is a better lure than some hideous nondescript, resembling nothing in the material world.



IMPROVED, ORDINARY AND NATURAL.

To meet the requirements of the scale wing and realistic fly, the rod, the line, and the cast must undoubtedly be modified. The tackle must be fine and almost invisible, the rod proportionately modeled, to meet the exigencies of the occasion. It must ever be remembered that, however perfect the imitation, its effectiveness is in a great measure destroyed by imparting to it unnatural movement.

The present system of fly casting is totally at variance with the habits of insect life. The Ephemerids constitute by far the larger class of insects upon which the Salmonids feed. They are children of the stream, floating lightly, gracefully and without a struggle on their native element. The failure of the angler is due to the fact that inartistic teaching counsels the tyro to impart to the artificial fly a struggling movement



FLY MADE WITH FISH SCALE, MEMBRANE AND IMITATION OF A MOTH.

and a succession of uneven and aimless jumps, at once destroying its effectiveness. The fly fisherman of the future must become an entomologist, with that grand old master, Nature, for his guide.

It will add a new pleasure to the angler's life.

He who loves the smiling face of nature and the music of the rippling stream will find ample enjoyment in the study of the beautiful creations that people its surface. The manufacture of an artificial fly will become in reality a work of art. The study of nature by its elevating influence must bring us in close communion with nature's God. "Sermons there are in stones," and volumes, I may say, in an insect that lives but for an hour. The beautiful imitation of an Ephemerid, furnishing us with a brief season of enjoyment, can fittingly remind us how like to human life is the destiny of its plumed and dazzling prototype. To-day, sailing with expanded wing, for a transient hour in the sunshine of prosperity; in a moment dashed by a rude blast of adversity into a resistless stream, bearing it away to an ocean without a shore.—Harry Goss, in N. Y. Herald.

BATHS FOR WOMEN.

A Plea for Their Construction Below the Level of the Floor.

I crave room, says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to ask that some little consideration be shown for women by those who fit up the baths in our houses. It will be found that there is not one bath in 1,000 or in 10,000 in the placing of which regard is evidenced for convenience and comfort in getting in and out. With few striking exceptions modern baths are placed at far too high a level with regard to the floor line. Ease on the part of the architect, builder, and plumber too often goes before due consideration for the bather. It is no uncommon thing to find a height of little less than three feet from the floor to the marble or wooden top of the bath. The athletic male clammers over this with alacrity, if not dignity, but to womankind it makes bold to declare this arrangement is simply barbarous at the gray dawn of the twentieth century. Fancy an academy picture, "Venus Entering the Bath," exhibiting an undignified climber of Brodingtonian stride over near the three feet of mahogany paneling. Even a salon artist, passing clever as he may be in this line of composition, would be nonplussed in his endeavor to portray graceful posing of the figure.

To permit true ease and comfort in entering and leaving the bath must be sunk below the level of the floor and approached by steps. This is the true type of bath. Thereto the goddess of beauty may approach with that enchanting grace of action so lovingly depicted by painters of antiquity and no less affectionately by those of our own times. Being somewhat expensive and constructed in many positions with some little difficulty the completely sunken bath can not be the proud possession of all; but every one may have the step or stepped platform round the ordinary high level bath. A little forethought and a few shillings' expenditure by our builders at the time of fitting up the baths makes the difference between inconvenience and comfort. In the name of humanity let me plead for the step—only one step. Compared with the low-level baths the comfort attendant upon this simple—and for that reason neglected—addition to the ordinary bath is but little

The Jersey Jumping Place.

A section gang were working on the marsh west of Jersey City the other day when a N. Y. *Sun* man, who had been sniping, came along and called the attention of the boss to some singular looking spots beside the road-bed, and asked the cause. These spots, looked as if the end of a heavy beam had struck the earth, and here and there was a ragged furrow in the dirt.

"And you don't know what them spots is!" exclaimed the boss, as he looked up and down the track.

"Well, you'll find them for half a mile each way from this, but this is the favorite spot. All of those were made between dark and daylight last night."

"But how?"

"By tramps jumping off of freight trains. Back there is where the whistle blows for Jersey City. About here is where she slackens up to four miles an hour. Then the tramps begin to leave the bumpers. They jump straight out, and come down with a squash, and though they leave a big hole in the soft ground they receive no hurt. I've seen ten leave the train right here. Blessed good thing for dead beats that the Lord put this marsh so close to town. If we had clay ground here there'd be need of a big hospital, too."

Great Minds At Sea.

Many of the greatest minds of the world have been upon the ocean, but how few great thoughts have been conceived at sea, says the *Ocean*. Men of the highest genius seem to be transformed as soon as they get at a distance from land in a rolling vessel. There is an inability to control the mind while at sea, a difficulty in concentrating the attention on the task of even writing in one's diary, or reading even the most trifling fiction. From this experience the best disciplined minds are not free. When at home on land they can, without friction or disturbance, carry on mental operations even while many are talking or playing about them; their faculties are so well poised that they obey the word of command, but at sea they can do nothing with the intellect. Were it not for the impossibility of controlling the intellectual forces a ship on a long voyage would be the best conceivable retreat for those who wish to think, or write, or read.

A Hunter's Adventure.

J. B. Blocker, a locomotive engineer on the Colorado Midland Railway, took out the work train recently, and while the crew were working between Florissant and Hayden's Divide he left his engine in charge of his assistant, and, with a fine shotgun, started along the base of the mountain in search of game. The first and only game he found was a mad cow, which promptly disputed his right to intrude upon her solitude.



With a vicious toss of her head, and without the formality of an introduction, the bovine rushed at him, putting him to flight instantly. So close was the race that the cow caught him by his clothing, splitting the back of his coat from waist to collar, and tossing him in the air.

THE COW CHARGED AGAIN.

Getting to his feet as quickly as possible after alighting, Blocker discharged both barrels of his gun into the irate brute, which only tended to increase her aggressiveness. She again charged upon him and succeeded in tossing him in the air three or four times. Not having time to reload, he clubbed his gun, and, as the enraged brute made another dash at him, he struck her over the head, with no other effect than to break the stock of the gun off just back of the lock. Matters began to look desperate about this time, but Blocker fortunately secured shelter behind a tree, and, notwithstanding the crippled condition of his gun, he succeeded in slipping a cartridge in each barrel, and at short range sent both charges into the animal's head just back of her ear. This stunned her so that he was able to escape and return to his engine, severely bruised up, but without any broken bones. He is of the opinion that there is not much choice between a mad cow and a gizzly bear when it comes to a rough-and-tumble set-to.—Colorado Springs correspondence of the *Globe-Democrat*.

An Empress in The Harem.

The Empress Victoria Augusta had in Turkey one experience not to be matched in any other place in Europe. To be received as a guest, but by men alone; to be entertained with perfect devotion, but exactly as if her host was a bachelor; to find not a single woman on the premises in any capacity, and then, after twenty-four hours of this kind of life, to be taken through a side door into a walled-up section of the palace, and there, in the midst of waiting women innumerable, and of unsurpassed magnificence, to be introduced to Madame the First Wife, Madame the Second, Madame the Third, Madame the Fourth, etc., etc., must of course impart a slight impression of limited hospitality to the favor of the entertainment previously offered in the halls outside of the real household. This is what happened to the Empress of Germany. The impression produced by the passing glimpse of the real home of the Sultan was heightened by the fact that in Turkey etiquette forbids speaking to a man about his wife. The subject is very properly tabooed. The man who has fallen into multiple entanglements of the heart does not care to be addressed concerning them any more than he wishes to be talked to about any other weakness or failure of his life.

The ladies of the harem, says a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, have had one revelation in this connection, even more startling to them than this opening of the harem door and the taste of its democratic life could have been to the Empress. The rumor that their Imperial master had taken the Empress on his arm, and had driven through the streets sitting by her side in his own carriage as no one of them could possibly do, was in itself sufficiently amazing. But to read in all the daily papers the account of the visit of the Empress without her husband to the city, when the Turkish sailors manned the yards of the fleet in her honor, and when salutes were fired for her sole benefit, was a most unexpected disclosure of the heights of dignity to which a woman may attain in some parts of the world. Not one of the harem is known even by name to the nation, much less honored by the nation, as this stranger from Germany has been honored.

Female Customs Inspectors.

The greater part of the women inspectors in the New York custom-house were dismissed because there were so many complaints of ladies about their officiousness. "Men," say the ladies who travel, "make the best inspectors." They will do the work with more consideration for the feelings of the owner than one woman is likely to have for another.

Superstition.

A superstitious quarry foreman at Pottstown, Pa., spent a whole night recently in revolving a wagon-wheel, thinking that the operation would bring back the thief that stole his powder.

Thackeray's Father.

There is a picture we used to look at as children in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now, as it hangs upon the wall. It is a water-color sketch, delicately pencilled and tinted, done in India some three-quarters of a century ago by Chintery, a well-known artist of those days, who went to Calcutta and depicted the people there with charming skill.

This picture represents a family group—father, mother, infant child,—a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. Long before Raphael's wondrous art was known, this particular composition was a favorite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be, from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of his first home, which lasted for so short a time. My long, lean, young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair, in tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was Mr. Richmond Thackeray, of the Bengal Civil Service, the then revenue collector of the districts called "the twenty-four Perganas." My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two and twenty summers, stands, draped in white, with a certain nymph-like aspect, and beside her, perched upon half a dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly, dark hair, an innocent face, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same indeed after a lifetime; neither long years of work and trouble, nor pain, nor chill winters of anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.

He used to take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water-color. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say; but if his father, in the picture, could have risen from the chair he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of the legs there depicted. My own father used to tell us he could just remember our grandfather, a very tall, thin man, rising out of a bath. He could also remember the crocodiles floating on the Ganges, and that was almost all he ever described of India, though in his later writings there are many allusions to East Indian life. In "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," for instance, there is enough meaning and intention in the names and Hindustanee to show that he still retained something of his early impressions.

A year after the sketch in question was painted, the peaceful home in India was broken up forever. The poor young collector of the twenty-four Perganas died of a fever on board a ship, where he had been carried from the shore for fresher air; this was about 1816, when my father was five years old.

Richmond Thackeray was himself little over thirty when he died. His young widow remained in India with her mother, and married a second time. Two years after her first husband's death, her little son came back to England with a cousin of the same age, both returning under the care of an Indian civilian, Mr. James McNabb, who had promised to befriend the children on the journey home, and of whose kindness we were often told in our childhood.—From Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in *St. Nicholas*.

A Ludicrous Blunder.

An amusing mistake of a telegraph operator, which might have been attended with unpleasant results, was brought to my notice recently, says the *Brooklyn Citizen*. The son of a well-known gentleman living on the Heights had been seriously ill, and the father was, of course, anxious about his condition. When he left the house in the morning he left instructions that should the condition of Amos, his son, become worse during the day a telegraphic dispatch should be sent to him. Amos grew worse and the following dispatch was sent:

"Amos quite ill. Come home at once." The Brooklyn operator sent the dispatch, which, when it reached New York, read like this:

"A mosquito ill. Come home at once."

The father received the message, and, as he did not understand it, did not go home. At night the father made inquiries at home about the meaning of the message, when he learned the mistake of the operator. He determined to find out who was responsible, and made a complaint to the president of the telegraph company. The matter was investigated and a volume of correspondence was the result. It was found that the number of words in the message delivered were counted the same by both operators. The New York operator said that he asked the Brooklyn man three times whether the first word was mosquito or not, and received an affirmative reply three times. The matter was settled by the discharge of the offending operator.

Eagle and Crows.

A large gray eagle trespassing upon the feeding grounds of a flock of crows at Fishkill, N. Y., was set upon by a dozen or more of the crows and driven bleeding from the field after a battle of half an hour.

HOW HE SAVED HIS LIFE.

SERENE AND QUIET, BUT A MAN WHO WOULD NOT HURRY.

Nothing but Spanking Would Induce the Old Man to Run from the Raging Mississippi.

The water was rising rapidly in the lower Mississippi. Heavy rains had been falling above, and the strain on the levees had become so great that hundreds of planters were fleeing to the highlands. Enormous trees swept down the surging flood, and an occasional cabin with some one on the roof could be seen bobbing its way towards the gulf.

Late in the afternoon a man riding a horse drew up in front of a cabin near the river, and seeing an old fellow sitting on a soap box lazily greasing a pair of shoes, thus addressed him:

"Why, what can you be thinking about, sitting here so unconcerned, when the water is rising so fast? The levee has broken up at Cane's bend, and it won't be long until the swamp back yonder will be entirely filled up. What are you thinking about?"

"Wall, he responded, as he dabbed a handful of tallow on the shoe. 'I was thinkin' about several things. Was thinkin' that I would go to meetin' tomorrow to hear that new feller that they 'low kin fling down any man on the circuit, an' then I thought that I would go over and whale old Rodney Bales. Rod an' me has been mighty good friends, but tuther day I tuck up the idee that he shot my dog an' he's got to be whipped. I'm a little sorter curia thater way. When I take up a notion that a man has shot my dog it don't make no difference whuther he has done it or not; I jest kain't help from whalin' him. My daddy was thater way, an' I jest took after him. Whicher way air you travelin'?"

"I am going to get out of this infernal bottom. I came down here day before yesterday, and if I get out you may rest assured that I'll never come back again."

"Much obleeged to you, fur I allus wanner rest. Makes no difference whuther I rest ashored or not. What I'm after is the rest."

"How far is the nearest high ground from here?"

"Oh, you kin find high ground all along the river here. Land right down thar is putty high. Couldn't buy it, I don't reckon, fur less than \$50 a acre. Mighty fine land. Cotton stalks grow as high as a boss."

"I mean a hill; for Heaven knows I don't care what the land is worth."

"Wall, lemme see." He put down the shoes and wiped his hands on the bosom of his shirt. "Thar's a hill 'way out yander summers, but I don't know how you kin git thar from here, but if you was way over at the Abner place, w'y you'd be right thar."

"How can I get to the Abner place?"

"Wall, I hain't been over thar in some time, an' I did hear that old Abner had moved away."

"What difference does that make? The place is still there."

"I don't know about that. Places don't allus stay thar in this country."

"I'll find my way out all right, for I have a good horse; but what worries me is to see you remain here so unconcerned. I am a member of the American Humane Society, and it is my duty to urge you to save yourself."



GREASING AN OLD BOOT.

"Don't fret about me, podner. 'The Bible tells me not to worry, an' that's one part of the good book that I foller out."

"I am really interested in a man so peculiar. How long have you lived here?"

"Mighty nigh all my life."

"Why don't you move away?"

"Feered I mout not have good health."

"You surely have chills, for you are as yellow as a pumpkin now."

"Oh, yes, have lots of chills. Have one mighty nigh every day. Wife an' Tib, an' Bob air in thar now a-shakin' with chills."

"You surely could not live in a place more unhealthful."

"Yes, think I could. None of us ain't dead, but lot of folks that lived up on the high ground is. Some folks mout not like chills, but then some folks don't like pie. I tell you that on a right hot day when the heat dances down the road like somebody shakin' a mosquito bar, a chill is a mighty fine thing. You see a man gits tired of one sort of weather, such as they have in the hills, but down here he kin have two or three seasons in one day. In the mornin' he's jest a little

warm; 'bout dinner time his chill comes on and then he is cool; an' when the fever sets in, w'y he's jest about as hot as a white man wants to be."

"You beat anybody I ever saw."

"No. I don't beat nobody. Did beat a ferryman onct by wadin' the river, but that was a long time ago an' I have jined the church since then."

"Have you ever been run out by the high water?"

"Many a time."

"Then why don't you go now, for you must know your danger?"

"Wall, I am a man of fixed habits an' no matter how fast the water is rising I never make a break for the hills till the water comes up an' wets my pants."

"Then I know it is time to move, an' I holler for the folks an' we strike out. W'y, it so much of a habit with me not to take action in the matter till my pants air wet that one day last August, when we hadn't had a drop of rain for six weeks, a feller that wanted me out of the neighborhood come along through the truck patch whar I was grabblin' some potatoes, and jest as I stooped over he spanked me with a wet board, and I called the folks an' struck right out."

"Look here now, that's too much to believe."



SPANKING HIM.

"All right, but I reckon a man ought to know what his habits air. If you have confidence enough in me to tell me of your habits, w'y I wouldn't dispute you, for I wouldn't know, an' a man ought to be mighty keeful about disputin' something he don't know anything about."

"Well, I'll have to leave you, but I almost feel like committing a crime in doing so."

"Oh, don't take on about me, cap'n. I'll set round here a greasing' of my shoes an' plough gear, an' the folks will be in the house a enjoyin' themselves with thar chills an' atter while the water will come up an' wet my britches, an' then we'll all strike out for the hills. As the water is risin' putty peart, maybe I'll overtake you, for I don't reckon you kin ride through the woods so mighty fast."

"Good-by, for I see that I cannot save you."

"You could do it, but I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"It would be no trouble whatever to me. Follow my advice is all I can ask of you and advising is all I can do for you."

"But you forgot my habits."

"Nonsense; what are you talking about?"

"You know I told you what the feller done while I was grabblin' potatoes. Jest git a wet board an' spank me an' I will holler out."

"I would be willing to take an oath that you are the biggest fool I ever saw."

"Not a fool, but jest a man of habits. It's little enough to ask of you, I am shore."

"All right," said the stranger, as he dismounted; "where is your board?"

"Yonder is one, good an' wet."

"The stranger took up the board and spanked the man of habits—spanked him so hard that it made him grin. "All right," said the convert, as he rubbed himself, "we'll mosey. Murf oh, murf!" he called, turning toward the house, "come on now all han's, for it is time to bustle for the hills."

A moment later the family, evidently waiting to hear the tidings of deliverance, came pouring out of the house.—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. World.*

A Lost Oil City.

This letter is dated at Pithole, but there is no town here, no postoffice, and not even a building left on the site of what was once Pithole City, which in point of postal business transacted was the third city of Pennsylvania.

This was in 1865-66. Since then the town has literally disappeared from the face of the earth. It is doubtful if the history of the world furnishes any other such strange romance as this town of Pithole in one corner of the Pennsylvania oil regions. To get into Pithole the *Globe-Democrat* correspondent was obliged to "let down the bars," as the territory once covered by a town of perhaps 100,000 inhabitants is now devoted to pasturing cattle. No census of Pithole was ever taken and any estimate of its population must be based on the amount of postal business.

From Sept. 25, 1865, the date of the first publication of the local paper, to Feb. 13, 1866, over 20,000 letters were advertised. The total receipts of the Pithole office for the first quarter were \$4,325.04. A population of 100,000 is probably a low estimate, although it was largely "floating." To-day the place is a pasture field.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Hold on, my friend, don't shoot; I'm a Judge." "Waal, s'posin' ye are! Judges ain't no more count than de law is nowadays. Ye can't hang a feller, ye can't lectify him, an' my lawyer kin appeal's fast as you kin sentence. Shell out!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOW TO TRAIN DOGS.

Some Interesting Facts About the Way to Teach a Game Dog to Fight.

A well-known dog and chicken fancier was exercising a twenty-eight-pound bull terrier dog the other day when a *Sun* reporter happened along. The fancier when questioned as to the mode of training generally adopted in conditioning dogs for a fight, said:

"The time generally occupied in fitting a dog for a contest is sixty days. The objects to be obtained are to remove all superfluous flesh, get him into a perfectly healthy condition, and develop his muscles and his wind so that he can fight a long time without stopping to rest. His muscles are hardened, his wind made strong, and extra flesh removed by hard work, which should be as systematic as a man training for a fight."

"The apparatus used for training consists of a wooden disk balanced on a center pin so that it will turn. The dog is put on top of this disk. The trainer sits facing the dog, starts the disk so that it will tend to take the dog away from him, and the dog has to run while the disk turns so as to maintain his position near the trainer."

Again, there is the old-fashioned tread power which a dog is put into and made to work. But there are dogs that will neither run on the disk nor work in the tread power, and these are sometimes chained to a buggy and taken out on the road. The distance is generally increased, and by the middle of the training season the dog should be able to run twenty minutes without hanging out his tongue. Then the exercise is gradually decreased until it has reached the minimum again, just before the fight. After each run the dog has his breakfast, then bathed and blanketed, his feet oiled and he is put in a clean bed. Most trainers object to running a dog behind a wagon to work off flesh. They claim that walking and rubbing are better methods, because the running behind a wagon fills a dog with dust. After an hour or two of sleep during the forenoon the trainer gets him up and walks him around until dinner time. After dinner he is allowed another short sleep and then exercised. Some trainers fight the dog with boxing-gloves to strengthen his jaws and muscles of the neck.

"To do this the trainer gets a pair of six-ounce gloves, puts them on, and stands up before the dog. After a little training the dog will jump at the gloves and the trainer will attempt to keep him off by blows. Another method is to swing the dog by his grip on a straw bag or a stuffed cushion. By this means a dog is so trained that in a fight when he gets hold of an antagonist he can keep it."

"When a dog is in perfect trim he should be able to run thirty miles without showing that he is tired, and should be able to go into a ring and fight from one hour to one hour and a quarter before he loses his wind. Everything is done with clock-work regularity, and the work the dog is required to do must take off the extra flesh without reducing the daily allowance of food. He must be bathed and rubbed every day, have a clean bed and plenty of fresh air. Dogs that are generally put into the pit would be better fighters if they had not been subjected so much to the fumes of the saloon."

A Week Too Late.

A young man about 23 years of age, dressed like a farmer, had his feet on the car seat in front of him and was reading a novel, says a N. Y. *Sun* writer, when one of the boys went over to him and observed:

"I've just made a bet of \$5 on you."

"On me? What is it?"

"I've bet \$5 that you will suicide within a week. I've been watching you very closely for the last half hour, and all signs indicate melancholy and despondency. Have you selected any particular line of killing yourself—poison, the rope, drowning or hanging?"

"Did you actually bet \$5?" anxiously asked the young man.

"I did."

"Pay if you lose?"

"I have to."

"That's too bad. I wish I could have seen you last week."

"Why?"

"Because I then had the ager every day right along—two cows were sick on my hands—my girl had gone back on me, and I expected a windmill man was going to beat me out of \$400. I did kinder think of suicide."

"But now?"

"All is changed. Cows got well—ager all gone—gal has set the day for next Wednesday, and the windmill man is straighter than a board. Durn my hide if I hain't going to try and live 5,000 years!"

Sorrows of the Photographer.

Baldheaded (and very homely) old gentleman to photographer—Drat such pictures! Can't you make me look any better than that after five sittings?

Photographer (thoroughly exasperated)—I think I can, sir, if you allow me to take the back of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blamed sight prettier.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Not a Pleasant Place to Live

An English scientist says that if we were to visit the moon we should find the days and nights a fortnight in length, and if we "survived the scorching during the day we should certainly be frozen to death during the ensuing night."

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

An Artist's Experience in Posing the Two Great Captains.

In an interview recently with Mr. James E. Kelly, an artist who made sketches of some of the greatest Generals of the civil war, that gentleman spoke of his experience in posing Generals Grant and Sheridan. Of the latter he said:

"I was introduced to General Sheridan by a staff officer. He had a soft, low voice, though he has too often been represented as a loud-mouthed, swaggering bully. He had a peculiar, soothing, quieting way about him, and when he finished a sentence would partly close one eye and drive his idea into one with the other. It was the only eye among all the officers which seemed to comprise the whole head, the most remarkable eye known to my experience. He had very fine, expressive hands and a graceful way of using them; but toward the end these became fat and fluffy. In photographs the expression of his face always looked set, because, I suppose, the muscles of his forehead were always moving. I had to catch his expression as I might the movements of a fly on a horse's leg."

"He posed splendidly, and exactly as he was told—a military trait. He once sent a man after me on the run, who said that General Sheridan desired to see me in haste. When I entered his hands were filled with the dispatches, and an orderly stood behind him. He said that in fifteen minutes he was to start South with General Grant, and in that time his posing must be completed. Then he adjusted his eyeglasses, began reading his dispatches, and dictating replies. He would hold a dispatch in one hand, read it, and pass it to the orderly over his shoulder with the other. Still he managed to divide his glances with me. Strange to say, the sketch completed under these circumstances brought out a kind word from General Warren, whom Sheridan relieved of his command on the field in almost the last battle of the war and within sight of Appomattox Court House. Warren said it was the 'ideal Sheridan.' At the time, General Sheridan supposed I was merely making a picture of him, and was greatly pleased when Mr. Ward sent word to him to come to the Academy of Design and see Kelly's very meritorious statue, 'Sheridan's Ride.' I requested him to make some suggestions for alterations before the statue was cast. He had 'nothing to criticize,' he said, and, instead, approved the work over his signature."

"On the outside cover of Sheridan's 'Memoirs' there is a reproduction of Kelly's statue in gilt. No credit whatever is given to the artist in the book, and his name was cut out of the plate. Mr. Kelly says: 'I demanded of Webster & Co. to know why my copyright and General Sheridan's instructions to them were ignored. They replied that he had given no instructions. I then asked to see the photograph of the statue which accompanied the manuscript. When produced, there on the back of the photograph were instructions written by the General to credit the artist. Webster's people then said if I went to law about it, it wouldn't come out for their pockets, but Mrs. Sheridan's.' I then replied that they were perfectly safe to go ahead."

"I first met General Grant at the Fifth Avenue Hotel during 1881. He agreed to give sittings, and I began on him the following morning. I found him perfectly immovable and unresponsive. My first attempt was a failure. Tearing up the picture, I asked him to smoke. He lighted a cigar and then seemed to unloose himself somewhat, though not enough. Suddenly I sprang to my feet to arouse him, and said I would like to make a series of sketches showing where his personality decided battles; that I desired to represent him as he appeared when he rode up the lines at Donaldson and ordered the advance; at Belmont, where his horse was shot from under him; at Shiloh, etc. Then he completely awakened, crossed his legs, and began to detail events, holding meantime his cigar in one hand and using the other by way of gesticulatory illustrations. He elaborated on many scenes in his 'Memoirs,' which he afterward said he had never done previously. He gave such details as he could remember of his dress, etc., referring to General Hawley for matters in doubt. This sketch, of course, made while he was enthusiastic, was successful. So much so that he signed it on the spot, even using the title of 'General' at the bottom, although he remarked at the time, 'I have no official signature.' He was then neither President nor officer."

"Once roused, General Grant talked incessantly. During this time his little Japanese servant was bobbing all around us, greatly astonished at the process and its results on paper. The General was not in the least annoyed by the boy's antics and allowed him full rope. Indeed, while with him, General Grant apologized at some length to a bell-boy for calling him unnecessarily. The General having no horse left over from the war, it was somewhat difficult to get an animal which would answer to pose my 'Grant on Horseback,' which is nearly completed in plaster. Happily, Captain William H. Gunther's horse 'Don,' probably the most perfect charger in the country was available, and his action I secured on the track in Central Park. Of course, I have Grant covered in detail by numerous sketches and designs in plaster. He had two prominent profiles, one very narrow and one very long. While not possessing either of the strong characteristics of Sheridan or Sherman, his outline from the bridge of the nose up was more per-

fect than either. Neither had he so many individualities. While his hands were remarkably fine and full of expression, his face depended on the circumstances of the moment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stanley on Womankind.

A very curious letter, in which Henry M. Stanley gives his views on love and the ladies generally, has fallen into my hands, writes Mr. Theodore Child. The extract shows Stanley in a new light. The letter is dated from Jermyn street, London, where Stanley lived before his departure for his last trip into the heart of the Dark Continent, and it is dated Aug. 1, 1884. It is addressed to a poet, who shall be nameless, and brings out in all its fullness the upright, manly qualities of the great African explorer. He says:

"For the life of me I cannot sit still a moment when anything approaching to love comes on the tapis. I have lived with men, not women; and it is the man's intense ruggedness, plainness, directness that I have contracted by sheer force of circumstances. Poets and women appear to me to be so soft, so very unlike (at least what I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels by talking to them that he must soon feel by speech and drawl, or affect a singular articulation lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman? If my recollection serves me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I can not compare the manner of it to anything better than that of a strong man handling a baby—tenderly, gingerly. So! But my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act, and be affected, and parody myself for no earthly reason, but because I think with other men, that to speak or act otherwise would not be appreciated. It is such a false position that I do not care to put myself into it."

Stanley then goes on to qualify his strictures by saying that there is one lady, a friend of the poet to whom he writes, to whom he can speak, because "after the first few minutes of strangeness have gone, she soon lets you know that chaff won't do. Therefore," he adds, "please say a hearty friend wishes her daily enjoyment of her life."—*Woman's Cycle.*

"Do I Look Like a Lady?"

About thirty years ago, says the *Youth's Companion*, a young girl in a western city was given charge of a Sunday-school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in a school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches, wearing their hats, puffing vile cigars, a defiant leer on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed:

"Well, sis, you goin' to teach us?"

She stood silent until the laugh was over and then said quietly:

"Do I look like a lady?"

An astonishing stare was the only reply which she gave.

"Because," she continued, gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off and the lads were ranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding-houses for sailors, and reading and coffee rooms for laborers, and founded an order of honor, the members of which strove to lead sober, Christian lives themselves and to help their fellows to do the same.

A Lone Ballot.

The statement that Mr. Breed of Lynn received a vote in the Massachusetts republican convention recalls to the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* the anecdote told years ago of an ambitious Pennsylvanian named Green, who was a candidate for an office. He received one vote. His mortification was intense, and to make it more bitter his neighbors all insisted upon worrying him by pretending to suspect that he cast that vote himself. This annoyed him so that he offered a suit of clothes worth not less than \$50 to the citizen who would come forward and prove that he was the voter whose lone ballot was cast for Green. A Dutchman responded to the appeal, furnished satisfactory proof that he was the man, and claimed the reward. "How did it happen?" asked Mr. Green, "that you voted for me?" The Dutchman hesitated and disliked to answer. Being pressed he said: "Ef I told you don't go back on dem close?" "Oh, no; you shall have them sure." "Vell, den, I dells you, I make a mistake in de teeket."

A Glass Pen.

A foreign exchange gives a description of a pen made of glass, which, it says, steel-pen manufacturers will not look upon with a favorable eye, as its merits are such as to insure its adoption in lieu of the steel pens which have so long held the field. With the new pen, says the writer, one can write as freely as with a pencil, and on the smoothest paper, while its durability is so great that, unless the pen itself be broken it is indestructible.

er on the Pacific coast.

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 unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

The salt trust is said to be dead for the present. All of the arrangements making the people pay dear for their salt failed. So a big pile of salt will continue to be exchanged for a "mite of money."

A FRENCHMAN has written a pamphlet on: "How to Reach the Moon." That's all very well in its way, but the real thing is how to behave after a feller gets there. Let's hear from some old traveler.

THERE has not been a large fortune built up in legitimate trade in all the length and breadth of the land that was not won through the merits of liberal advertising. Intelligent advertising will surely pay.

It is pleasant to know that one-fourth of the railroad passenger cars of the United States are now equipped with steam heating apparatus. The chance of making an unbasted roast of the unhappy tourist is thus reduced by twenty-five per cent.

The American Analyst gives fifty-three reasons why a man should wake up with the headache in the morning. In other words there are fifty-three causes for headache, every one of them all wool and a yard wide. The man who can dodge 'em is a good fellow.

The time has come when the east must bow to the west in commerce and politics, both. It is no longer a question of North against South and vice versa. The Mason and Dixon's line of to-day runs north and south, through the state of Pennsylvania close to its western border.

The Indian policy of the United States government proceeds on the theory that it is cheaper to feed than to fight the savages. Money enough is appropriated annually to feed all of the red men, and if they starve it is because the government's agents are careless or corrupt.

A MAN named Willis has taken up his residence on the coast of Florida for the purpose of killing sharks, and he kills them by exploding giant powder in the water. In one month he has done for over 100 of them, and he says he shall make the number 1,000 before he stops. A shark bit his wife in two, and this his revenge.

NO RAILROAD should permit its employees to become habitués of drinking places. They cannot prevent the location of saloons near their shops or switching points or round houses. They can supply the men with clean and comfortable reading rooms, with coffee and sandwiches, and then forbid their visiting drinking places while on or off duty.

SOME people seem to think newspapers are published just for fun, and that the publisher can stand off the paper maker, the ink man, the inexorable postoffice department, the "jour" printer and the devil just the same as the non-paying subscriber indefinitely postpones the payment of subscription. But a newspaper cannot be run without ready money.

The loss of life incidental to the summer season is very great, but as a large part of it is due to avoidable as to unavoidable causes. If people would abstain from heavy, rich food, stimulating liquors, stale vegetables and too rich fruits, the mortality from sickness would be greatly reduced, and if they were to exercise the most extraordinary care with regard to boating and bathing, the death lists would be still shorter.

THE belief appears to be general that the evils of drunkenness would cease if no civilized nations sent liquors to Africa. But there is little to warrant such a conclusion. No continent contains so many advantages for making all kinds of liquors. It is the home of sorghum and of true sugar cane, from both of which rum can be made by means of very simple and cheap apparatus. It is much easier to convert cane juice into rum than into sugar.

WHAT the people want to be told is that eternal vigilance and manifestation of a lively interest in everything that pertains to election, from the caucus to the vote, are indispensable requisites to the choice of pure and of able men. The worst system with these can be made to give us honest and capable servants. The best system cannot give us such servants without the vigilance and the interest. The method is of small importance if the people really and earnestly want reform.

When I Go Home.

When I go home, when I go home to him!
I like to picture to myself his way
Of greeting me, and what his lips shall say,
And mine reply; and will his eyes be dim.

With mist of joy-tears? Will my coming be
As dear a boon to him as he has dreamed?
Will all the glad bewilderment that seemed
So sweet in fancy find its verity?

When I come home? Or will some fancied
change
Of speech, or look, or mien the one transform
Who used to wear for him a nameless charm,
Tempering his joy with shadows, new and strange?

With shadows darkling for a little space,
And then, O, sweet beyond imagining,
The cadence, half sob, half song, will ring
With the old music, hallowing the place.

My glad heart has no room in it for doubt,
The morning glories clambering at the door,
With leaves and blooms, and tendrils leaning
ing o'er,
Fleeting the sunshine, cannot keep it out.

I love to fancy the felicities
That shall be mine upon that day of days,
The old endeavoring names, and tricks of
phrase,
And smiles that haunted all my reveries.

If rain or sunshine be, or gloom or gleam,
The day of my return, sweet epiphany
Of gladness flooding mood and circumstance
Shall smile across the mists with rosy beam.

When I go home again! When I go home!
My feet have strayed upon these journeyings,
But my heart never; all my longing clings
To the old haunts; always my fancies come.

Back to the old abiding-place to rest,
How'er I wander under alien skies;
And find forever there their paradise,
Love's very self answering my heart's highest.

LITTLE JIM'S FUNERAL.

Little Jim's death has caused a good deal of talk.

Of that there was no doubt. Every motherly person in that portion of South Brooklyn known as the "Patch" has been talking about it for the last week, for Jim was one of the celebrities of that locality.

It is not alone of his death they are talking, however, for that had been anticipated for some time, and besides deaths are so common there that but little is thought of it. Mrs. Moriarty, one of the leading ladies of the "Patch," expressed the general opinion tersely but fairly when she said recently: "Sure the worst thing about dyin' is that betchune the doctohers, the wake, the undertakers, an' the buryin' it's chaper to live"—a rather mixed statement, the meaning of which is clear, however.

No, it was not the death of Little Jim that caused all the talk before referred to.

Not at all. It was his funeral that gave rise to all the talk. It was one of the most remarkable funerals ever seen in south Brooklyn.

No one who knew Little Jim in life would have supposed that he could command such honor in death. Jim's life was not one that even the ordinary street arab would naturally envy.

The locality in which Jim lived and died does not include among its inhabitants any whose names figure in any elite directory. There are a sprinkling of longshoremen, some junkmen and truckmen, some ordinary laborers, and some people who neither toil nor spin. There are the usual dingy rum-shops that are more prosperous than any other kind of shops. There are pigs, and goats, and dogs innumerable, that always seem to be engaged in breaking city ordinances and getting their owners into trouble. Taking it all in all, it is a unique locality in more respects than one.

Tradition in the patch has it that at one period Jim had a father and mother. Now, society at the Patch does not ask for much, but it would seem that the parents of Jim did not come up to the social requirements of even this easy-going locality, so that there was no regret when Jim's mother died after a prolonged spree, and his father left the Patch never to return. This did not occur, however, until after. In some friendly brawl, one or the other, or both of them, had in some manner, injured Jim so that he remained a cripple until the day of his death.

It was about this time that Timothy Murphy, longshoreman, coming home from his work one night, and being thirsty, directed his steps to a resort for the bibulously inclined, known as the Hole in the Wall. He was just quenching his thirst when he saw a dwarfish form enter, partly with the assistance of an improvised crutch.

The gentleman who presided in the establishment leaned over the counter. "Well, what is it?" he demanded. "I'm lookin' for me fadder," was the reply.

"Well, yer fader an' here, so you'd better get out."

"Hold on," said Mr. Murphy, longshoreman, at this juncture. "Come here, me lad. It's meself that knows yer blaggard of a fader, an' it's me opinion ye'll see him no more, an' sorra the much loss."

The boy set up a whimper, and then the big longshoreman put his broad hand over his mouth.

"Whisht," he said, "come with me," and the burly longshoreman and the little cripple left the store together.

A few moments later Mr. Sullivan, longshoreman, appeared in his own domicile with Little Jim.

"It's that bye of Flaherty's Mary," said he to his motherly looking wife, "Give him a sup an' a place to sleep. We've enough av our own to feed, but we've more'll make little difference. If we've a feast we'll not miss what he eats. If we've a famine sorry bit av me but thinks that he's used to the same."

And that is the way Jim became

domiciled with the Murphys. Hard enough times the Murphys had of it, too, for there were days and weeks when Murphy, longshoreman, had enough to do to keep his family in bread. Yet the ugly duckling that he had taken in got as good as the Murphys did. The warm heart of Mrs. Murphy went out to the little forlorn cripple, and she treated him as though he had been her own child.

Nor was Jim ungrateful. He developed a variety of talents that brought many a penny into the treasury of the Murphys. He was errand boy for most of the Patch, and spite his crutch could perform a mission more quickly than most other boys and with more intelligence. He also picked up somehow the art of writing in a queer spider-like fashion, and wrote letters for those denizens of the Patch who could not write themselves. There is a formula followed in writing such letters as these, for the writer always starts out with the rather superfluous announcement that he "takes his pen in hand" and always ends by "wishing this will find you in good health as it leaves me at present," regardless of his actual condition of health. This formula is as immovable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and by his fidelity to it Little Jim added to his popularity and his income.

Then Jim had a little, cracked voice, with just a little sweetness in it, and he sang two or three songs in a manner that the people of the Patch considered as being extremely artistic. Jim's repertoire was not extensive. He sang "Only a Picture," and warbled about the Scotch lad Gordie, who left his Jean to fight with the Scotch brigade and never came back, and he sang about a letter that some one had received from Ireland. In addition he somehow learned to play several airs on an old accordion that belonged to the Murphy family.

All last summer Jim used his accomplishment in various directions and picked up a good many dollars. Most of these went into the Murphy treasury, but one day in rummaging about his bed Mrs. Murphy found an old handkerchief, and tied up in it were several dollars in small silver.

"Lord love the boy, it's savin' up for somethin' he is," said good-natured Mrs. Murphy. And she tied up the money and placed it where she had found it. She said nothing to Jim about it, but afterward came to the conclusion that bit by bit Jim was adding to his hoard.

One day Jim, who seemed to have something on his mind, surprised the good woman by abruptly asking: "Where do the people in the Patch be buried when they die?"

"Arrah, Jim, what's the matter? What questions are you askin'?" said the astonished woman.

"I asked you where people that dies around here are buried," said Jim sturdily.

"Where, sure, but in the cemetery," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"And if I died where would I be buried?" said the persistent Jim.

"The Lord forbid ye should die, Jim; but if ye did the old man an' meself has wan lot in the cemetery where our weeny wans is buried, and ye should lay there, Jim."

Jim looked both relieved and thoughtful, and left the house without asking any more questions. Mrs. Murphy, in her perplexity, told her husband of her conversation.

"I dunno, Mary," said the longshoreman thoughtfully, "they say children can look ahead, an' the bye is too knowin' to live. That cough av his, too, is bad. But don't borry trouble."

It was certain when the winter opened that Jim was getting thinner, and that he had a painful cough, which was growing worse. The people of the Patch had enough to do to live, and yet there was not a house in it where Jim was not welcome, to whatever there was. His conversation with Mrs. Murphy about burial had been quietly circulated, and among these simple superstitious people it invested him with new interest. Another thing about Jim that caused much comment was the manner in which Jim hung constantly about the shop of the good-natured Irishman who buried most of the persons who died in the Patch.

One day the latter was astonished on entering the shop to find Jim following at his heels and making mysterious signs to him. Drawing him to one end of the counter Jim produced a small bundle from his coat. Untying it, he dumped out a pile of silver.

"How much is a funeral?" he demanded sententiously.

"Why, Jim, what do you mean?" asked the astonished undertaker.

"How much is a funeral?" Jim again demanded.

"Well, that depends on who it is for," said the undertaker, hoping to draw the boy out.

"Well," responded Jim, "it may be for me an' it may be for some one else. There is \$16. When I have more I'll give it to you. When I want it to be a funeral I'll want it bad. I want it to be the real thing. Black horses an' them things on top of the hearse an' all that. You'll tend to all that, will ye?"

"Yes, Jim; of course," said the still bewildered undertaker.

"All right, then," said Jim marching out, leaving the money on the counter.

"Well, if that don't bate all," muttered the undertaker to himself when the boy had gone out. "That gosoon bargainin' for his own funeral. It bates the fairies."

The queer bargain that Jim made was soon talked about, and he became

a greater object of interest. It was plain now to all who knew Jim that his days were numbered. It seemed strange that the forlorn, neglected child should have his heart set upon having a splendid funeral, but he had, and the undertaker with whom he had made his agreement had let it be known that the boy should have a funeral equal to any that ever left the Patch.

A couple of weeks ago it was plain that the end was near. Jim was forced to lie in bed very quiet; and thin and pale he was, too. Up to this time he had said nothing further about burial to Mrs. Murphy. Finally he called her to him.

"It's all right, wot you said about the grave, an' it!" he asked.

"Yes, Jim," was the tearful answer; "but ye may get well yet."

"I won't," said Jim with a touch of his old obstinacy, "an' when I'm dead I want everybody to come in an' see me." Here Jim delved under his pillow very painfully and brought out two or three silver pieces. "Here, ma'm. You kin get some pipes and tobakker an' snuff. They always has them, don't they, at real funerals?" he asked somewhat anxiously, and seemed relieved when he was assured that the articles named would be procured.

"You needn't worry about the funeral, ma'm," continued Jim. "I saved up money an' bought that myself. I've been thinkin' for a good while that I'd need it. I'd like to see that chap wat I brought it from, though."

Half an hour later the undertaker was at Jim's bedside. Jim looked up with a wan smile of recognition. Then he reached under his pillow again and found a few more silver pieces.

"They're the last I have," he said, as he put them into the undertaker's hand, despite the latter's protest.

"Is that funeral most ready?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, with a weak smile, "I'm most ready for the funeral. The hearse and them things on top, is they all right?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"An' the carriages, an' the black horses, an' all that?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"All right, then," said Jim, a little wearily, "I'm a little tired now, an' I guess I'll go to sleep."

And he did! When they came to look at him some time later he was sleeping his last sleep with a smile on his face.

And the Patch honored him in death as it honors few in life. The undertaker more than kept his word with Jim. The Murphy cottage was small and the undertaker had the body of the dead moved to his best room, where it lay in state for two days, during which time all the Patch visited the rooms. Nor did Mrs. Murphy forget her commission. The tobacco and the pipes and the snuff were there.

And the funeral! That was a revelation to the Patch. The hearse had waving plumes, to the surprise of some of the natives who had thought that no one lower in the social circle than an alderman or a prosperous liquor dealer could be so honored. The black horses were there, and the undertaker in person superintended the funeral instead of delegating this duty to an assistant.

It was a proud day for Mrs. Murphy, who wore her black beaded cashmere dress, bought many years ago ready-made and only worn on state occasions. With Mr. Murphy and the young Murphys she had the carriage next to the hearse, and there were some twenty other carriages. Even the proprietor of the "Hole in the Wall" was fain to bow to the exigencies of the occasion and rode to the funeral in solemn state, while several local politicians, with an eye to the main chance, also attended.

Mrs. Murphy, in speaking of the matter, wiped her eyes as she said:

"I feel as though wan av me own had gone from me; but there's wan comfort. Little Jim was buried like a gentleman."

One of the younger inhabitants of the Patch had something to say about the matter, too, when he was seen. "You kin say that our Jim is goin' to have a monument," he said. "We're raisin' the money an' it's goin' to be a dandy. We're goin' to have somethin' on the stone, too, that'll kinder tell wot kind of a feller little Jim wuz. Some of the boys wuz a thinkin' about somethin' like this," said Jim's friend, producing rather a dirty piece of paper on which was written:

"Our Jim.
His legs wuz crooked
But he wuz straight."

"It may not be in just that style, but them's about our sentiment's," concluded Jim's friend.

And so, while Jim in life was of little consequence, after death he has been honored. The same can not be said of the great ones of the earth.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Queen Victoria's Eccentricities.

One of her peculiarities is her jealous care about everything pertaining to her late husband. His personal property is in the same condition in which he left it. His horses died in their stalls without having been mounted after his death. His slippers and dressing-gown are every night placed in their accustomed position, while the Queen sits on the opposite side of the fireplace and thinks of the days gone by, and, it is said, believes that his spirit is present to commune with her.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Eleventh Commandment.

George Francis Train says he has been long enough in Boston to learn that the eleventh commandment in that city is "Thou shalt not get caught."

WIT AND HUMOR.

The wings of the house were surprised when the chimney flue.—*Maryland Gazette.*

Something that speaks louder than words—A 50-cent tip to the waiter.—*Boston Gazette.*

Something attractive in the way of a cigarette-holder—A pretty girl's mouth.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Courtesy doesn't cost much, but it pays a mighty big interest on the investment.—*American Commercial Traveler.*

If women were elected to our legislatures there would be no scarcity of candidates for speaker.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Jags—"Pawnbrokers are ornery cusses." Baggs—"Yes; but you have to put up with them."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

When the face of the small boy has a set look it is evidence that mischief is about to be hatched.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"The bustle is a thing of the past," says a fashion exchange. It always was a little behind.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"My life has been a chased one," remarked the hardened criminal when he had been run down at last.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Though it blooms on many a patriot's nose, the rum-blossom cannot quite yet be called the national flower.—*Binghamton Republican.*

There are plenty of champions of women's rights in this country, but very few defenders of women's wrongs.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

In Mexico forty-eight languages are spoken, not including the one in common use by people who miss the trains by only a few minutes.—*Troy Press.*

Do not imagine that the boy who joins the church about this time is concerned about the future. It is the present he has an eye to.—*Terre Haute Express.*

When a woman gets angry you can generally depend on her saying frankly what she thinks—or, at least, what she thinks she thinks just then.—*Somerville Journal.*

When you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know how, and they tell you, but that does not effect the cold.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Caller—"Has your daughter's married life so far proved a happy one, Mrs. Vernon?" Mrs. Vernon—"Very. Her husband, you know, is a traveling salesman."—*Epoch.*

We have at last solved the mystery why tailors put buttons on the cuffs of coat sleeves. It is to tear out overcoat linings and get themselves a job.—*Burlington Free Press.*

If a man wants his wife to believe that he is a genius his wisest plan is to persuade her of it before he gets married. He will generally find it easier then.—*Somerville Journal.*

One of the heathen customs which lady missionaries have to get used to is not to look pleased when natives tell them their babies look sweet enough to eat.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Before marriage, when there is plenty of love, they make it, and after marriage, when a little of the ante-nuptial folly would be desirable, they cease to make it.—*Binghamton Herald.*

"I don't see how Jones has ever made such a success," said one of his friends to another. "He never says anything." "May be that's the reason," was the reply.—*Somerville Journal.*

Newwed—"Do you ever give your wife any jewelry?" Oldwed—"I gave her a piece of jewelry once, and I've regretted it ever since." Newwed—"What was it?" Oldwed—"A wedding ring."—*Epoch.*

Hinks—"They tell me there was a fire down to your girl's house this morning." Gibbs (walking with a limp)—"That so? Hadn't heard of it. I knew there was one last night."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear. "What were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry. "O, Charlie, I thought of you!"—*Binghamton Republican.*

Brown—"You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?" Robinson—"Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife."—*Epoch.*

It is one of the strangest things in life that not one of those sweet tempered, soft voiced, gentle hearted, and velvet handed women we see about us daily ever reaches the distinction of being a mother-in-law.—*Binghamton Leader.*

First Politician—"They say that you never would have been elected if you hadn't given the boys full swing at the bar of the hotel." Second Politician—"Well, what of that? Nothing partisan about me. I'm inn-dependent."—*Boston Transcript.*

Jinx—"Did the Slasher accept your story?" Binx—"No. They said it was unfit for publication." Jinx—"Why, there was nothing in it to bring a blush to the most innocent cheek." Binx—"That's why it was unfit."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Blifkins Pere (reading from his paper)—"I see they have a choir of surprised girls in a Brooklyn church." Blifkins Mors (slightly deaf)—"Isn't that nice! I knew they'd find something for the surplus girls to do."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Suggestions and Timely Hints for Busy Folks on the Farm.

If You Raise Horses, Do It for Profit—The Growing Sugar Beet Industry—Deceptive Incubator Advertising—Value of White Clover for Pasture.

Horses for Profit.

Profits in horse raising are variously understood and misunderstood. The demand for good horses of every description in this country shows that there is a good field open for those who enjoy raising animals for profit. Probably there is no more profitable stock to raise than good horses. To compute the cost in a rough way, one is astonished to find the small expense attached to the work. It costs more to buy a good horse than to raise a good one. During the first four or five years the colt is a dead loss to the farmer, but no more so than the steer. At that age the colt will sell for nearly twice or three times the price that the steer will bring. If kept on the farm the colt will from the fourth year on pay its own way, while its value increases for a time.

But all of this pre-supposes good colts, which can only be raised from good parent stock, and by the expenditure of some time and labor. It pays to get a good thing in horses, and then to try to improve the stock.

Sugar Beets.

The interest in the manufacture of sugar from the sugar beet is constantly increasing in this country. There is every reason to believe that the production of sugar from the beet will be one of the important industries of the future in this country, and that farmers will devote more of their land to the cultivation of this vegetable.

The climate for good beets rich in saccharine matter must not be too severe, and the soil best adapted to the vegetables is a deep, rich, light, well-enriched sandy loam. If the soil is too gravelly the roots become tough and fibrous, and lose much of the sugary qualities. On cold, wet, clayey soil they lose their sweetness and strength, and become unfit for table, beasts, and sugar factories. Good sandy loam can be improved by fertilizers of salt and composted barnyard manure. If these cannot be procured a good substitute can be had in guano, super phosphate of lime, or bone-dust. A surface-dressing of wood ashes is frequently beneficial. Coarse manure produces misshapen roots.

Incubators.

A great many farmers think the incubator must go. And as far as the ordinary farmer is concerned, it has proved an expensive and unsafe luxury. A few years ago somebody tried to boom the incubator. An advertisement was placed in a church paper stating that a woman in New Jersey had an incubator made that would hatch five hundred chickens and gave a description how to make it, and claimed she had hatched it three times full by the middle of June. A great many went to work and made one after the description, and in every instance found them to be a fraud. While there are some incubators that the poultry man can make a success of, for he can give his whole time to the business and it will work well, the ordinary farmer that counts the poultry as one of the products of the farm, had better stick to the old hen, for there is not one in fifty that can make it work.

Rapid Decay of Posts.

A farmer who has long cultivated a sandy farm remarks as one of the expensive incidents of this land the increased cost of fencing it. Posts set in sand rot out much more quickly than in heavier soil, mainly because, as with every rain the water settles down, and it is exposed to constant changes. Sand soil is through the summer, generally warmer than other land, and this promotes speedy decay of anything in it. The farmers had once set posts that did not last more than eight years before they were rotted off, the decay occurring just at the surface of the ground. Posts of the same kind set on heavier soil, wet most of the season, were good after fifteen years of service.

Value of White Clover.

Much more pasture can be got from a field well seeded with white clover among other herbage than its appearance indicates. It is a creeping plant, and does not show for all it is. Besides, it springs up quickly when eaten off, thus making new supplies of fresh, rich herbage at times when grass roots are drying up. A white clover pasture is one of the very best for butter making, and from its blossoms the bees make the choicest honey. Where white clover is once seeded, it is very persistent, as seed forms on uncut heads all summer, and spilled upon the ground is brought up with every new plowing, so that as farmers used to think it grew without any seed from which to start.

Hens Growing Too Fat.

The Asiatic breeds of hens, after two or three years old, begin to fatten, and naturally lay fewer eggs. It is best then to kill them, though a few may be saved for setting, as they are more careful with eggs and chicks than younger hens. The business of setting also prevents the formation

of fat, and after rearing their brood they will usually go to laying again. We have sometimes thought that in summer, with hens naturally inclined to fatten, as many eggs would be produced if time were taken out for at least one sitting and rearing of a brood.

Southern Oats.

It is evidently a mistake for southern farmers to try to grow oats. The climate is unsuited to this crop, and four years out of five the heads are only chaff. What is called blasting is the drying up of the crop from heat, and the rust which almost always fastens upon it, as it does in the scattering stools of oats that are sometimes grown in corn fields. Southern farmers can sell cotton and buy oats cheaper than they can raise this grain.

Live Stock Notes.

Overfeeding is the cause of scouring in calves. Three quarts of milk twice a day is enough for a calf until it is a month old.

Clean mud offers a healthful bath for the pigs. It is a natural instinct for all the pachyderms or thick-skinned animals to bathe in mud. It is an antiseptic, a purifier, and a protective against attacks of flies and insect vermin.

A dollar's worth of Buhach (insect powder) used in the stables at night will make twenty or fifty dollar's worth of comfort, rest and extra work for the horses, by preserving them from the savage attacks of the blood thirsty stable flies. These are so much like horse flies as to mislead most people, but they are blood suckers and bite like a lancet, making the horses kick the whole night through.

Poultry Pickings.

Fowls swallow their food, broken or not, and it enters the crop or first stomach, and remains in it until it has become softened more or less, when a small quantity at a time, just as grain runs into a gizzard mill, is forced into the gizzard among the gravel stones. This gizzard is a strong muscular stomach and plays night and day, when there is a grist to grind, similar to bellows in contracting and expanding, thus forcing the gravel stones into the grain and breaking it into fragments, and triturating the whole mass, after which it is a suitable condition to be quickly digested.

When a chick has the gapes give a drop or two of turpentine in the food; when a lamb pines from a similar cause give it 20 drops in a tablespoonful of new milk; when a calf coughs—a dry husky cough—and becomes thin and poor, give it a teaspoonful of the same in a pint of linseed gruel. All these ills are caused by the same pest, the thread worm, which is destroyed and ejected by the fumes of the turpentine.

A Few Sheep Wrinkles.

Mark those ewes that have disappointed you; don't be fooled twice by the same sheep.

Mix a little sulphur with their salt; it enriches the blood, and disagrees with ticks and other parasites.

Dip them thoroughly in some approved sheep dip, and there is nothing better than a preparation of tobacco.

Do not overstock; better keep too few, rather than too many. If a flock of 100 sheep could be made as profitable as a flock of ten, shepherds would be "clothed in purple and fine linen."

Old, broken-mouthed ewes are dear at any price. If they cannot be sold to the butcher feed them to the crows in the fall—they will get them anyhow before "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

All sheep are subject to both internal and external parasites. Feed them occasionally a little hardwood ashes or finely pulverized tobacco, which will free them from worms and improve their general health.

Keep a well trained Scotch terrier in the sheep barn; he will clean up the rats and give notice of the approach of prowling curs or thieving tramps. The sheep will soon become familiar with his presence, and he may run between their legs or over their backs without exciting them in the slightest.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Grease may be removed from silk by applying magnesia to the wrong side.

Well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

Lemon juice and salt will take spots of iron rust from linen, which should be left in the sun to bleach.

To clean tan shoes, soft soap, well rubbed in, answers very well, and also keeps the leather quite soft.

Apply linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts with a soft cloth to the white spots on your furniture.

A few pieces of horse radish root put among pickles will keep the scum from rising on top and improve their flavor.

Soft soap is said to be excellent for shampooing the hair, and a mixture of lime water and glycerine, strange to say, is vouched for as a tonic that makes it retain its color and glossiness. There is always something new under the sun, though this last remedy appears, at the first glance, to be given out to keep gray hair from turning yellow.

All grained or varnished wood-work should be cleaned with tea, made of medium strength, and strained, after which it should be rubbed over with a small flannel cloth dipped occasionally in boiled linseed oil, and wiped thoroughly with a dry flannel cloth. Nothing is more convenient than a wooden skewer for cleaning out crevices and corners.

WINGED MISSILES

A photographer paid Stanley £1,000 for a portrait. Armed with a pitchfork, a woman of Pike county, Pa., drove away six tramps from her barn.

A 300-pound turtle and 1,000 eggs were captured at Melbourne beach, Fla., by a party of fishermen.

A wren in East Bradford, Pa., built a nest in the sleeve of a garment that had been hung up in the yard to dry.

Lewis Ralston, a Cherokee, is the first Indian to be granted citizenship under an act of congress approved May 23, 1890.

Swinburne is the chief unmarried literary man in England. At the same time he is a great admirer of handsome women.

A white lobster was caught by a fisherman in Penobscot Bay, Maine, the other day, and sold to a Boston museum for \$5.

A bank is an institution into which you put your confidence and money, and draw out your confidence.—Philadelphia Times.

A gold nugget worth \$700 was taken from a mine in the Big Bend district, Arizona, recently. It is now on exhibition at Prescott.

Some liquor sellers in Boston think of trying to circumvent the law by selling under the bar, as selling over a bar is only prohibited.

An investigation into a number of cases of sickness on Staten Island has shown that they were due to poisoning by canned corned beef.

Walter Haynes, of Brimfield, Me., who celebrated his 100th birthday nearly a year ago, spent his spare time last week riding a horse to plow.

The professors and tutors of Columbia College were gowned at examinations for the first time this year, in accordance with a vote of the faculty.

A pet dog at the Missouri penitentiary gave birth several days ago to twins. This is said by those who are up in natural history to be of very rare occurrence.

The announcement of the double engagement of members of the graduating class at Boston University shows that coeducation is often a factor in matrimony.

Miss Kate Kane of Chicago has been admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the United States. She is the eighth woman who has attained that distinction.

Wheat is to have another rival. A German chemist is certain that good bread will yet be made from wood. Most people will continue to prefer the old wheat variety.

The wealthiest man in Alabama is probably Josiah Morris, of Montgomery. He has a fortune of \$3,000,000 that was made for the most part from operations in real estate.

Stanley says the director of a Dutch house recently told him that his firm now has thirty steamers on the Upper Congo, and that their house had bought \$1,500,000 of ivory in the last two years.

An African craze prevails in Germany. The foreign office is flooded with applications, largely from army officers, but including all sorts of people, asking for government employment in Africa.

A troupe of about fifty Persian singers, dancers, wrestlers, boxers, conjurers and equestrians, nearly all of whom have been forced from their native land for highway-mannery, are about to make a tour through Europe.

Horses could not stand the compressed air which the men breathe while working in the Port Huron tunnel and mule power was substituted. The mules get fat and sleek on it and do not seem to mind the pressure.

Mrs. Chandler, widow of "Old Zach" is building an elegant house in Washington, the materials of which are white marble and Milwaukee brick. Mrs. Chandler's house will be one of the largest in the city, and is to cost nearly \$100,000.

Melbourne, Australia, and Birmingham, England, are competing for the honor of "the best governed city" in the world. But there is our own Salt Lake City, which has no debt and the lowest rate of taxation ever known in a city of 50,000.

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 interrupted with regencies.

The Austrian and German press are hot with hostility to the introduction of English fashions for men. The German masher, who in Berlin is known as a "patent-falke" and in Vienna as a "gigeli," is the victim of Anglomaniac, and his press is trying to save him.

The chief chemist of the London Gas Company has succeeded in making from the refuse of a gas retort a perfect emerald. The cost of making the gem, however, was many times greater than that for which a natural stone could be purchased at a jeweler's.

The fifth sewing machine agent had called and the lady said, "No, I don't want a machine and I don't want to be troubled any more. There have been no less than five agents here already this morning." Said the agent, calmly, "Only five. Some of the boys must be sick."

A Boston clergyman said in his sermon recently that "there were never more beautiful women than now, when Helens and Cleopatras are produced by the thousands." Heaven help our morals if these thousands of women are Helens and Cleopatras in anything but beauty!

A farmer's wife living near Dover, N. J., broke a duck egg in a frying pan a few days ago, when out rolled an egg of smaller size. The larger egg was of ordinary size, and contained a perfect yolk. The inner egg was about one and one-half inches long, with a perfect shell and normal in every way.

Henry Melick, a rich farmer of Harmony, known all over New Jersey as the "blue man," died suddenly on Thursday. The neighbors report that when a young man he was almost drowned in the Delaware River. His skin ever afterward, they say, had a deep blue tint. Physicians were unable to account for the phenomenon.

LITTLE WOMEN'S PENS AND PENCILS.

Many Children May be Artists if They Make a Trial.

Jules Goodman, the artist, and his wife (who writes as well as he designs) are well-known people in the world of letters and art. What child who loves a good old-fashioned circus, with the daisies growing all about the fresh-made ring and the grass carpeting the ground, over which tiers of seats have grown like Aladdin's palace, does not delight in such stories as that which the Goodmans made with pen and pencil a week or two since in *Harper's Weekly*—a story of the old-fashioned country circus in all its glory?

These talented folks have a little girl who already, at the age of 7, makes pictures of people—and good pictures too. Not long ago she sat down in her mother's parlor, while her parents were talking to a friend of theirs, and drew on a sheet of white paper a likeness of their friend which was so true it seemed to speak. She sent it to him in a letter and he sent her a book in return. This is her answer:

"WEDNESDAY.

"MY DEAR MR FLORENCE
"I thank you very much for your book. I read one of your stories. I like it very much. I am going to see the rivals. I hope to see you again soon."

"GLADYS GOODMAN."
Gladys may make a famous artist after a while. She draws much better than she writes. Her friend is William J. Florence, the popular actor, who plays with Joseph Jefferson.

When Mrs. Cleveland, who lived in the white house before Mrs. Harrison went there, was a little girl named Frances Folsom she wrote a little story called "Little Moll," of which this was the plot:

A young writer on a famous New York paper has to write every day in the criminal courts. The ferreting out of crime and the arrest of criminals and their daily punishment are hour by hour reported by him. Stories of crime black and foul as were ever written are unrolled before him until his belief in human nature nearly perishes. But his faith is preserved through meeting a poor news girl who comes and goes daily to the office for copies of the journal on which he serves. The sequel can be imagined. The reporter steeped as he is in visions of the world's iniquity and in daily danger of his life (since he had incurred the enmity of criminal classes), has his life saved by "Moll." In return he places her at school and ultimately marries her, after which he leads a life of happiness.

How many little girls can draw pictures and write stories if they will only try.

Just Like His Grandfather.

Congressman John Allen of Mississippi was the central figure of a pleasant group of southern gentlemen at the Hoffman house yesterday, says the *N. Y. Star*. The witty southern representative is always at his best when telling an entertaining story. In talking about the amusing incidents connected with political campaigning in his congressional district he related several stories in the negro dialect, among the best of which was the following:

"I had just returned from making a political speech," said Mr. Allen, "when I was met at the door by old 'Aunt' Allison, an aged negro woman who nursed me in childhood. With her big, black, good natured face all wreathed in smiles, she said: 'Bless ma soul, Mass'r John, but how yo' do! remim me o' yo' deah ole gran'-fa'r. Yo' walk like him, talk like him, an' am jes' like him in politicks, too.'"

"Why, auntie, I never knew that my grandfather had been active in politics," I said.

"Oh, 'deed an' 'indeed he wah. Mass'r John. He wah jes' like yo'self in dat pa'tic'lar."

"In what way, auntie?"

"Oh, he wah all de time a holdin' office."

"What office did grandfather hold, auntie?"

"Jes' de same as yo'—candidate."

The Match is Off.

A certain well-known New Yorker, who has to hustle for his bread and molasses, this summer fell in love with a girl, and ever since August has been on the eve of proposing to her. His income is \$2,500 a year, but he wanted to be certain that he could pay all the expenses before rushing into the fray. He estimated that the rent and running expenses of a suburban residence would cost \$1,800 a year. He allowed \$350 a year for his personal expenses, and thought the girl could get along on a like sum. To be sure, he didn't expect to save any money while living at this rate; but like other young men had abounding faith in a special providence which would cause a long-forgotten uncle or other relative to die some time and leave him a fortune. So he asked an intimate friend of his lady-love how much the latter spent on her wardrobe during the year. The friend said: "Why, she told me only day before yesterday that her clothes cost \$1,600 a year, but she did think she could get along on \$1,500." The engagement has not yet been announced.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Lightning Vehicles.

The latest development of the electric light is likely to prove of great use for vehicular traffic. A small incandescent globe and reflector are placed on the forehead of a horse, and insulated wires are carried along its body to a small battery stowed in the trailing vehicle. The current is turned on at pleasure, and an unmistakable blaze of light illumines the murky surroundings.

ROAD RUNNERS AND SNAKES.

The Ratlier Was Surrounded by a Wall-Cactus and Then Goaded to Death.

There is a strange bird of the pheasant family, peculiar to Southern California, Arizona and Mexico, whose habits have long been a puzzle to naturalists, and has furnished much amusement and interest to sportsmen in these localities. The name of this bird is the road runner.

It is built somewhat like an English pheasant, being of a dull brownish color and having long tail feathers and short, thick legs. It derives its name, no doubt, from its ability to get over ground at a rapid rate, as well as from the fact that it is more frequently seen on the country roads than anywhere else. It is a wary bird and is seen but seldom. It rarely takes flight when approached, but will run along the ground, with its head down, at a remarkable rate of speed.

This peculiar bird appears to be an inveterate enemy of rattlesnakes, which abound in great numbers in the localities before mentioned. It is said that the birds first kill and then eat the snakes, but of this latter fact I am not certain. Their methods of killing the snakes are at once peculiar and ingenious, and will best be illustrated by the following incident:

Some three years since I was camping on the Gila River in Arizona. I had accompanied a prospecting party, who had gone to this region in search of silver and copper, which were said to be abundant in this section.

I was seated one day at noon near a number of cactus plants, and getting such shelter from the noonday sun as a small cluster of manzanita bushes would afford. I had not been seated long when I observed lying asleep about twenty yards off a large rattlesnake.

Seizing a stick, I was about to make an attack on the sleeping reptile, when I noticed a pair of large brown birds standing under a clump of bushes, and apparently watching the rattler with interest. As they had not seen me I resolved to keep quiet and watch for developments. I knew the birds were road runners, and having heard that they never let a rattler escape when once they saw one I was anxious to see how it was done.

One of the birds cautiously approached the snake as if to satisfy itself that the reptile was really asleep. The bird then walked deliberately up to a small cactus plant and broke off a piece of the thorny substance, which it carefully laid down about a foot away from the snake. Piece by piece followed until the snake was fairly walled in by a circle of thorns, from which it would have been very hard for the snake to have escaped without serious injury.

The next movement on the part of the birds was even more curious than before. The snake had remained asleep all the time, but at this point one of the birds, uttered a sharp note, jumped into the ring, gave the reptile a sharp nip with its beak and was out again almost before his snakeship was aware of what had happened.

To coil itself for a spring was the first act of the serpent, and when one of the birds approached within what appeared to be striking distance there was a sharp, quick dart forward. As quick as a flash the bird was out of harm's way, and equally sudden was the movement of the other bird, which seized the snake from the rear before it could again assume a coil.

Every time the snake launched out at the birds it was pricked by the thorns until it became perfectly frantic with rage.

At last, smarting under the pain inflicted and unable to reach the birds, which kept jumping in and out of the ring with lightning-like rapidity, the rattler turned and bit itself again and again.

At this the birds seemed to suspend operations and very soon the body of the snake began to swell, its movements became slower and slower and soon ceased altogether. The snake was dead.

What might have further happened I am unable to say, as just at this stage of the proceedings I jumped to my feet and thereby attracted the attention of the birds, who scampered off and were soon lost to sight. The snake was a large one of its kind and had thirteen rattles, beside the "button" at the end. When I told them in camp what had happened I was informed that this was by no means an uncommon occurrence, and that after killing the snake the birds invariably made a meal of their victims.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Curious Chinese Proclamation.

An official at Nigpo, China, has a curious proclamation to agriculturists in metre of six syllables in behalf of the frog and the sparrow. Of the first it is said: "Frogs are produced in the middle of your fields; although they are little things, they are little human beings in form. They cherish a lifelong attachment to their natal soil, and at night they melodiously sing in concert with clear voices. Moreover, they protect your crops by eating locusts, thus deserving the gratitude of the people. Why go after dark with lanterns, scheming to capture the harmless and useless things? Although they may be nice flavoring for your rice, it is heartless to slay them. Henceforward it is forbidden to buy or sell them, and those who do so will be severely punished." Sparrows "sing at their seasons sweetly in the trees," and are "not like wolves, tigers, or leopards," which do harm to man. Their capture is alike forbidden.

Nobody wants an ocean bed or the rheum.—*Boston Herald*.

