

**—YOUR—**

# CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY  
FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT  
Flush 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.,

26-30 Humboldt St., • Brooklyn, N. Y.

ERTELSVICTOR HAY PRESS  
CHIEF ENGINEER  
ON THIS PLANT TO OTHER  
PLANTS IN THE EAST  
AND WEST



ERTEL & COMPANY, INC.



**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 uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

A Missouri man recently died after eating fifty cents worth of pie. Germany and the American pie are working sad havoc with hogs this year.

On an average there are thirty-five more boys than girls born in New York City every week. On the average fifty more males than females die. So the female population grows more rapidly than the male.

A WELL-KNOWN Irish judge is reported to have said of a personage who had an apparently congenial indisposition to deviate into veracity: "I only once knew him to speak the truth, and then I could tell it by the natural embarrassment of his manner."

NEW YORK's theosophical society is made up of all kinds of religious believers. Spiritualists have sat side by side with hard-shell baptists and dignified churchmen of every denomination. The meetings are opened with the reading of an old Hindoo book.

THERE are many patriotic and intelligent people who declare that owing to the dropping of English grammar too early in the public school course, and the attention devoted to the high schools to other languages, the worst English is to be found in the high schools.

BREAD and milk is one of the most popular dishes served for lunch at the Congressional restaurant in Washington. Glasses of pure cream or of half cream and half milk, are greatly in demand among the Congressmen who come from cities, but they are avoided by the rural members.

THERE are always people who must make a noise without knowing what the noise is about—and then others must make a noise because they hear one. One fool newspaper can make more trouble in a town or city than a runaway mule, or a frantic Texas steer—and these two disturbers of nerve centers are proverbial for efficiency.

OBVIOUSLY the native of the Dark Continent is not regarded as a "man and brother." He is not referred to as a "colored gentleman." In fact he is not referred to at all in taking an inventory of the property conveyed in this great land deal. No man is asked if he would prefer Victoria or William for a ruler.

THE custom of a water boy to carry ice water through the cars began on Connecticut railroads during the war, when water was carried through the cars to sick or disabled soldiers, and it so commended itself to the public that in 1864 a law was passed making the service obligatory on all roads running through the state.

SEVERAL orthodox clergymen and laymen have come to the conclusion that they can no longer unite in singing the beautiful hymn, the burden of which is, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." What is worse, they cannot remain in church while it is being read or sung. The complaints against it are that the author of it was a Unitarian, and that the hymn itself contains no reference to Christ or the atonement.

THE French government proposes to tax betting, the revenue accruing therefrom to be used in relieving indigent laboring men. The plan is to prohibit betting in smaller amounts than five francs, and to compel betting men to pay a tax of 10 per cent on all bets of that amount and upward. The French are even more persistent and reckless betters than the Americans, and the tax would undoubtedly produce a large return.

THE Standard Oil Company commenced with the business of refining crude oil, a business in which several concerns were engaged. But it soon bought up all the patents on processes for doing this work. It then monopolized the business of transporting oil and all the products of crude petroleum. It next engaged in the business of making barrels and tanks. It now owns vast forests of trees suitable for making cooperage, and most of the oil fields in the country. It owns railroads and pipe lines. Its agents are in every place where companies or individuals are boring for oil. It can, at will, render the best flowing oil in the country unprofitable. It can in a moment deprive the people of the United States of one of the bounties of nature, for such is the substance stored up in the bosom of the earth.

## THE MARTYR BUSINESS.

SELF-ELECTED LIVER TINKERS BAF-  
FLED BY A NEW DISEASE.

The Experience of a Patient with Amateur  
Doctors who Would Poison for a Pas-  
sime.

When I wish to become a martyr and wear a weak, flickering halo which gives no adequate protection to the thin spot on the back of my head where the soil seems to be poor, I will advertise for the job. As I feel now, it will be a long time before I do the advertising. I never had any ambition in that line for I well know that the martyr business pays no dividends. Besides, even if I went into it and made a fair success, the boys would come around and have fun with me and try to annoy me. I think it would crack my sainted martyrdom to be obliged to borrow a match every half block or so, and go around the corner out of the wind to relight the halo. I don't want to be looked upon as a backslid saint, and therefore I am combating Mrs. Jones' efforts to martyrize me. My combating record is growing, and at the same time it is sapping my young life. It is causing me to go around with an appearance which is wrecking the reputation of the Jones family physician. Kind-hearted ladies give up their seats in the



LIGHT THEIR CIGARS ON THE HALO street cars to the poor sick man, alias myself. I am no longer blithe and gay, and when there are no murders in the papers some of my morbid friends call around to hear me give a groan racial, just by the way of pastime.

It is this state of patent medicine health which has made me acquainted with a trait of humanity which makes me feel like associating with sea serpents, pink rats and other dumb animals which are not sympathetic. I have discovered that next to love, money-making, running for office the greatest human passion is that of amateur doctoring. You may meet ten homeless, peaceable, law-abiding citizens who pay their taxes without talking anarchy, and out of that number there will be nine who have the clothes of gentlemen but the souls of dog-poisoners. Just why the average man wants to try his pet medicine on all his friends, regardless of the possibilities of a wild, volcanic misfit, is something for which scientists can not account. It is also surprising how many men drink rancid hair dye behind their office doors three times per day before meals, and whose vest pockets bulge with pills. As soon as I got into the habit of coming down town looking like a man who needed an antidote I learned all this without reading it in the papers. My first bout was with a long-haired stranger, who does not exactly fall under the class of amateur Lucrétia Borgias, who has been chasing me around to try variegated drugs on me. He looked at me a long time before he made his attack until I grew restive under his gimlet gaze.

"Young man," he commenced, "you have something on your mind. I can see it in the lines of care which are furrowing your brow. I take a great interest in you young men, and so you will pardon my solicitude. I haven't had anything but solicitude to eat for over two days. If you would but reform you will be happy. Please reform, and loan me a dollar, a half, a quarter, or a dime. Do you catch my drift?"

I thought I did and I told him to go and fill up on doughnut holes and charge the same to my account. This gentleman's solicitude furnished a sort of tip that I would have to rouge if I cared to maintain my old-time buxomness. But the real shock came when I met a fine, frank old gentleman with whom I was on a speaking acquaintance. "My boy," said he, "you look bad. You won't live

long if you don't do something right away. Who's your doctor?"  
"Doc Janders."  
"Homy-pathy?"  
"No."

"Ally-pathy, hay? Well, see here, you're a dead man if you go along this way taking hoss medicine. You don't know now whether it's the original disease or the drugs that's keeping you down. Come with me right now and I'll introduce you to my doctor. He's homy-pathy and he's a daisy. You can't live taking so much drugs."

"But I'm taking no drugs."  
"What in thunder ails you then?"  
For an answer I took him aside, drew a small package from my pocket, showed it to him, and whispered a few words in his ear. His face blanched, tears came to his eyes, and he said with a voice husky with emotion:  
"I didn't know it was as bad as that. Facewell—I'll help on your obsequies. I hope you're carrying a good block of insurance. Good-by."

The next friend I met was one of the loud, boisterous sort, who slaps people

on the back perfectly regardless of the possibilities of boils.  
"Sick again, I see. Don't you try to deny it now with me, I know you! Come and take some of my medicine. It's the greatest stuff on earth. I was just like you and a half a bottle fixed me right up. How's your liver, anyway?" and



HOW'S YER LIVER?

he stabbed me with a finger which had to be extracted by a muscular bystander before we could go on with the conversation. I told him my liver was staying in nights and behaving itself pretty well considering its associates, and he also wanted to know what was the matter. I took this gentleman aside, showed him the little package, whispered in his ear as before, and a solemn calm came over his whole demeanor. "We are not as good as we might be, but we mean all right. If I am not very much mistaken we will meet again in the hereafter. Good by."

When acquaintance number three saw me he was overpowered with plain, every-day shock. "Why I am worried every day. You better give up those baby doctors and their confectionery remedies and do something for yourself. Go to Dr. Systemeer; he's the man for you." Then I told him I was beyond help, and showed him my little package and divulged the secret of my malady. He was more hopeful than the rest. "You need a change of air. Go to Canada or the woods." It couldn't be and he gave me up.

During the last week I have been severely handled by two or three kind-hearted but rough young men who wished me to join them in merry rounds of capsules and cough drops. One friend sent me what appeared to be a suit of armor of about the eighth century, with an importunate demand to try electricity. The clothes were made for a fat man, and I am no longer so, besides, I am averse to carrying around boiler castings for raiment as long as my trousers tains his innocent, trusting days I, Rose, wouldn't you like I have been advised to diet, to that show?" chicken feed and also to go yes, but Sam won't take me. The hat's bad, Rose, fur they've got worked at me two days to ind of hosses."

I had some second hand street car plaster offered me in a spirit of if you marry me I'll take you. I was told to take and avoided a while, and says, says she, within the period of one miserable stay to the concert after in the ordinary affairs of life try



THE REMINDER.

my mind and ruin my constitution merely for the pleasure of using me for the deugster dog. But they wept salt tears when I told them what ailed me. "Great heavens! so young, so fair and yet there can be no escape!"

It wasn't much but it has wrecked strogner man than I. It was simply this: Mrs. Jones two weeks ago gave me a commission to match a section of baby blue ribbon and buy a yard and a quarter more of the same. It is this trying to patch up her incomplete job of shopping which is undermining me. I industriously forgot it during the first week after which to aid my intellect she tied a large, gay bow on my forehead. As soon as I got out of sight of the house I removed the bow and put it back when I return. At the present writing it is difficult to tell which will wear out first, the bow or myself. This is how Mrs. Jones is trying to thrust an unsought martyrdom on me as indicated above.—  
Confagration Jones, in Inter-Ocean.

## Paris Street-Sweepers.

There are 2,600 men and 600 women employed as street-sweepers in Paris, besides 3,500 more workmen engaged in draining, paving, planting, and similar service. The foremen of the sweepers get \$1 a day, their deputies 80 cents, and the rank and file about 75 cents for ten hours' work. The women work shorter hours and get about 45 cents per day. They all have to find their own tools. It is now proposed to increase the wages of the sweepers, and to retire them on a pension of \$100 per year when they reach 65 years of age.

## "Conjuring" a Mule

A Thomaston (Ga.) negro tried to take out a warrant for another sable brother for "conjuring" his mule, and was much disappointed when told that no such offense was recognized.

## IRRIGATING DAKOTA.

ARTESIAN WELLS TO BE USED TO  
WATER THE ARID LANDS.

Three Hundred and Fifty Artesian Wells  
in South Dakota, Many of Them  
Powerful Gushers.

One of the practical questions now attracting the attention of Congress to North and South Dakota is the subject of irrigation and the application of artesian wells to this purpose.

Wells have been drilled in great numbers in South Dakota, but thus far they have not been used for irrigation purposes. Congress will be asked to appropriate half a million dollars for the purpose of irrigating the arid lands of the northern part of South Dakota and a



ARTESIAN WELL AT YANKTON.  
A portion of the State of North Dakota. It is anticipated that 10,000,000 acres of land can thus be made to yield a good crop annually.

Probably in no other locality in the Union can there be found so many artesian wells of as great force and supplying so large a flow as those of South Dakota.

The artesian basin has been found to extend from Jamestown, N. D., to Vermillion, S. D., the eastern wall being found to be nearly parallel to and about one mile from the Iowa State line which runs out to 376 feet. Through the artesian well the water rises to a height of 3,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Has the size of antelope antlers after antlers in there wanches in telopesaller wells range ate pen-save the where a nate bells found

Even the close to per min-vere k penetrate these hat force final or 3,500 enough I having body c reservaturn deadl the last looked of the with th is even ing a grigation. him at e supply his gunered by energy. on Coun- tions praign not was seen there Again they per- with the

When s, those and othe at 3,500 gallons per minute; Huron, 2,500; Woonsocket, 3,000; Columbia, 3,000; Aberdeen, 3,500. In comparison with some of the noted wells in this country and Europe the wells of South Dakota are wonderful. The largest well in the world, at Paris, 2,350 feet in depth and 3.12 feet in diameter, throws little over 1,000 gallons per minute.

In South and North Dakota the limits of the artesian basin are clearly defined on the north, east, and south, and it is believed that the western boundary extends a considerable distance west of the Missouri River, although no wells have yet been drilled upon the west side.

A chemical analysis shows that some of the wells flow soft water; others pour forth extremely hard water, while it is impossible to drink the water from some of the wells, so highly is it impregnated with mineral properties. One well was found to produce salt water and had to be abandoned. Artesian water is mineralized to a great extent from having dissolved the soluble constituents of the strata through which it percolates. In South Dakota these constituents are such as have imparted to the water undoubted hygienic remedial properties, and are in no wise to be considered unfortunate, although the water is not always pleasant to the taste.

The Senatorial Investigations Committee has recently completed an exhaustive investigation of the uses of artesian wells for irrigation purposes, and has recommended the expenditure of half a million dollars for experimental purposes in this direction.

## A Real Down-Easter.

"Where do you come from?" asked the lady addressing the girl in the intelligence office, who was an applicant for a cook's situation. "Sure an' I'm a Down-easter, ma'am," replied the girl in a decided brogue. "A down-easter? Why, I would take you to be an Irish girl by your tongue." "Well, it's true I'm Irish, but I came from the County Down, and that's east of here, so I call myself a Down-easter."—Boston Courier.

## MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

Statistics Showing Various Sides of the  
Old, Old Story.

The Berlin register's office gives some very interesting details on life's most interesting subject—marriage—and the *Daily Telegraph* of London makes a summary of them: "During last year 15,792 couples were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony. 13,786 were bachelors, 1,532 widowers, 424 had been divorced from their wives, 14,860 were spinsters, 1,055 widows, and 877 had been previously divorced from their husbands. It is noteworthy that three-fourths of the total of husbands had passed the age of 24. Of youthful marriages there were only two in which the husband had only reached the age of 19, while not more than 3,580 took the fatal leap between the ages of 20 and 24.

"The oldest Benedict to approach the altar of Hymen was 82, and there was one case of a bachelor who had resisted the allurements of female charms till the age of 75, but as the former espoused a maid approaching fifty and the latter a spinster close upon 40, it can only be supposed that each held it to be the duty of every man toward the other sex to rescue at least one maid from the bonds of perpetual virginity or that they submitted to a marriage de convenance from egotistic reasons.

"The youngest Gretchen was 15 years of age, while there were only thirty of the age of 16. After this the ages vary in a long series up to 69. In 11,062 cases the husband was the elder—twenty-nine being over 30 years older, and fifty being between 25 and 30 years older than their wives. Of the remaining 4,730 marriages, in which the husband was younger, there were 301 in which the wife was from ten to thirty years older, and thirteen cases in which men between 20 and 35 married women between 50 and 55 years of age.

"Looking at the list from another point of view, I find that 635 bachelors married widows, some of whom had married twice and three times already, and that 1,185 spinsters confided their happiness to widowers who had already disposed of from one to three wives. It is also remarkable that 247 bachelors married divorcees, and 321 maidens were not frightened to try their chances with husbands who had been through the Berlin Court of Arches. In several of these cases the husbands and wives had been divorced twice and three times already, but it must be noted that divorce is much easier in this country and is granted on much more trivial grounds than with us. Four couples who had been divorced were remarried, one after the lapse of two years, one after three years, one after fourteen years, and the last after twenty-three years of separation.

"I notice, also, that among the widowers who remarried, 596 did so during the first year after the deaths of their wives; 357 had waited nearly two years; while 2 had remained alone for twenty, 1 for twenty-seven, and another for thirty years before again submitting to the yoke. On the other side of the picture it appears that 72 widows sought consolation during the first year of widowhood, 74 had waited from ten to twenty years, and 4 between twenty-one and twenty-four years.

"As regards consanguinity, there were 108 marriages contracted between first cousins, and in six cases an uncle married his niece. This is permitted in Germany."

## People With Prejudices.

Persons without prejudices are generally insipid. They are very nice people morally, but usually lack force of character.

We like men who have decided opinions of their own on all important subjects, and who make a stout fight for them even when in the wrong, for in the sharp attrition between minds of opposite prepossessions many a brilliant spark of truth is struck out.

Every human being is, or ought to be, prejudiced in favor of his native land, according to the *N. Y. Ledger*. We have no sympathy with the cosmopolitan who says that all countries are alike to him. It is not necessary that the Englishman who loves England should hate the French, or that an American who insists that the United States is "the most enlightened nation under the sun" should depreciate the "mother country." To believe that there is no place like home is wholesome, Christian partiality; but to laugh another man's home to scorn because it is not a fac simile of one's own is illiberal and ungentlemanly.

There is no harm in being prejudiced in favor of one's country, one's family, or one's friends; but your people who will quarrel on the ninth part of a hair, out of sheer obstinacy and litigiousness of spirit, we most cordially despise.

## He Never Had.

In an Omaha church recently, Sam Jones shouted: "Is there a man present who never spoke a cross to his wife?" The silence was becoming oppressive. People looked here and there. Every husband present wanted to get up, but did not dare to. But the sadness that had possession of Jones' face vanished a moment later when a round-faced, good-natured man rose from his seat. "Thank God!" exclaimed Sam, "there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "No, sir, I never did. I'm a bachelor." Then he put on his hat and calmly walked out the door.

It discourages a young mustache to be called down.



## ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

Important Archaeological Discoveries That Have Been Made During the Last Few Years.

Recent excavations on the Acropolis of Athens have resulted, says the N. Y. Sun, in important discoveries, rich in information for archaeologists and students of the history of art and at the same time of great general interest. The first comprehensive account that we have seen of the explorations of the last six or seven years is furnished by M. Maxime Collignon in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

About ten years ago a French architect named Lambert began to dig on the Acropolis in the neighborhood of the Erechtheum. Two years later another Frenchman, M. Blondel, scratched the surface of a mine of archaic art treasures in a mass of debris covering part of the rock between the Erechtheum and the western rampart. The quest of the Frenchman was hampered by the jealousy of the local authorities, and some trifling accidents, such as the breaking of window-panes in the town below by rubbish thrown over the wall and the hitting of a child with a stone, were made pretexts for the suspension of the work. It was subsequently resumed by the Greeks themselves, under the direction of Mr. Stamatakis, and since 1865 by Mr. Cavvadias, the present ephor of antiquities. His systematic and vigorous efforts have changed the whole face of the sacred rock, as it has been known to travelers or to scholars, revealing structures whose existence was previously unsuspected, throwing much light on the topography of the Acropolis previous to the destruction of its temples by the Persians, and filling the museum at Athens with most interesting examples of Greek sculpture before the classic period. Surprise has followed surprise, until now it is believed that the Acropolis has delivered all of its secrets.

The plan with which Mr. Cavvadias began was to clear the hill entirely of the Turkish, Byzantine, and Roman ruins which here and there cover or obscure the purely Hellenic constructions. This project has provoked a lively controversy in Athens, where one archaeological faction supports the ephor, while another protests against the mutilation and effacement of the more modern monuments for the sake of a remote classic antiquity. An Athenian newspaper has gone so far as to publish an article headed "Save the Acropolis!"—treating Cavvadias as if he were a second Xerxes.

Broadly stated, the recent excavations disclose the Acropolis of the sixth century before Christ—that is to say, the Acropolis of Pisistratus and the Pisistratide, as distinguished from the later Acropolis of Pericles, Ictinus, and Phidias. One of the most sensational results was the discovery in the space between the Parthenon and the Erechtheum of the ruins of a temple of Athena, previously unknown, which was the predecessor of Pericles' Parthenon. It was built by Pisistratus of limestone from the Piræus, covered with a fine stucco, and surrounded by a Doric colonnade with six columns on each facade. A coarse marble was employed for decorative purposes, and the edifice represents the architectural transition from limestone to marble. This structure was pillaged and burned by the Persians in 480 B. C., when they captured the citadel; and the diggers found fragments still bearing distinct traces of the flames of the memorable conflagration started by the soldiers of Xerxes.

The accumulated debris of the edifices destroyed by the Persians filled up what was originally a great depression in the rock of the Acropolis near its northwestern corner. This has been carefully overhauled by Mr. Cavvadias. There and elsewhere he has turned over every cubic foot of material. He found the rubbish as full of treasures as a pudding is of plums. The great find was in February, 1886, when the workmen of Cavvadias, in the presence of King George, exhumed near the Erechtheum seven wonderful statues in succession, all female figures of marble, dating from before the Persian invasion. In 1888 the excavators brought to light a series of sculptures still more archaic in the whitish limestone or tufa quarried at the Piræus. Fragments have been patiently matched until the restoration is complete of several groups of figures in very deep relief, originally forming parts of the decorated friezes and frontons of the older temples. As compared with the art of the later and classic period, these interesting figures are grotesque and almost barbaric.

But the great interest of these relics of early Attic art is in their vivid coloring, marvelously preserved during 2,800 years. They throw a flood of light upon the vexed question of the extent to which pigments were used by the Greek sculptors. In the limestone figures the entire surface of the soft, porous stone was covered with a polychromatic coat of paint in tones of violent and unnatural brilliancy. A startling red, a blue with the intensity of ultramarine, as well as yellow and green, were the colors which the sculptor applied to supplement the work of his chisel. On a man's head, for example, the flesh parts are painted red, the eyeballs yellow, the irises green, the pupil black, and the hair and beard a lively blue. The bull attacked by a lion was painted blue all over, streaked here and there with red to indicate the streams of blood that poured from his wounds. The serpent tails of Typhon were painted in alternate rings of red and blue. The effect is surprising. The artistic taste of the limestone period was less refined in the matter of color than in that of form.

The seven female figures of marble already spoken of represent the next step in the development of Attic art toward its perfection in the age of Myron, Polykleitos, and Phidias. These statues date from the time when the artists began to be less lavish with their gaudy pigments. It was as if they instinctively respected the finer texture of the new material. There is still paint and plenty of it, but it is not everywhere as on the tufa. The nude flesh is not colored at all, or is merely touched here and there with red to enliven the pure white. The contour of the lips is marked with the brush, the iris is painted, and the pupil of the eye is jet black. But the costume is elaborately decorated with colors, faithfully reproducing those of the stuffs represented. On one statue the robe is adorned with a wide band of interlaced patterns with reds and greens; the peplos is strewed with seven-leaved flowers, alternating red and green; the diadem on the forehead is painted with palm leaves and lotus flowers, and the hair is reddish brown.

From the period of these recently discovered marbles the use of color probably decreased steadily. The function of polychromy became less to give the sensation of living reality than to break the uniformity of the white surface, to line out details not wrought with the chisel, and to emphasize accessories. Nevertheless the brush was still employed as late as Praxiteles, who a century after the Persian wars gilded the sandals of his Hermes and painted the locks of the god a bright chestnut.

## THE BEAUTY OF THE MATRON.

At What Age Does Woman Reach Her Full Splendor.

The notion still held by certain shallow women that maturity is ugliness is one of the most incomprehensible pieces of nonsense of the time. Here is a fair muddler in one of our contemporaries complimenting Mme. Albani on having overcome her matronliness and on the renewed girlishness of her appearance. From this I should judge that women who live on public exhibition fear nothing so much as development. If they can only stay all their lives in a lisp and glutinous sweetness and not grow, they are satisfied. To get on in appearance, or in character, or in strength is a calamity. In this extraordinary view of things a green codling is better than a ripe pippin. Women who exhibit themselves have only one standard of merit—and that is youth. Poor creatures, they do not know that the pretty girl ought to become the handsome woman, and never reaches her full splendor until she is a matron. They cannot comprehend the fact that a fixed beauty has no existence except in death, and even then only when the embalmer has put in his work. The law of beauty in life is the law of development and attainment, and the beauty of a matron and the beauty of a miss differ from each other as one star differs from another in glory—and, curiously enough, the older the star the more beautiful it becomes.

Women who think of nothing but how they shall stay young, are women of characterless minds. All things considered, the greatest woman is she who can grow old gloriously, and defy time with something better than enamel. But your woman who is professionally on exhibition has got to bring to the market what the public most desires. And it is a patent fact that the mob would rather look at the pasty-ness of youth than at the perfection of personality. It is this popular instinct that makes exhibiting women starve themselves, enamel themselves, prison themselves, restrict their functions, suppress their minds, and crucify their bodies.—N. Y. Truth.

## Irish Poets.

From Charles de Kay's article in the *Century* on the "Old Poetic Guild in Ireland" we quote the following: "The long training of the people in verse-composing and verse-reciting predisposes them to the composition of poetry of some degree of excellence. Irishmen and Irishwomen as a rule have a knack of writing if they receive any education at all, and are natural journalists and writers at an early age. The last remarkable poet of the file kind known in Ireland was Carolan, the blind bard of the last century, whose portrait, and some of whose verses, translated and in the original, were published by James Hardiman. He was as peripatetic as Homer is said to have been, blind also, and certainly a fine if not a great poet. Though the race is not extinct, little except the most ordinary verse is published in Irish to-day, the audience being too small to tempt the most ardent patriot. With all its inherited shortcomings, and with the evils that befall it owing to circumstances, the poetic guild of ancient Ireland did the world a great service in keeping from destruction historical and national data lost from other parts of Europe. It also added not a little to the world's stock of tragic, of noble, and of comic fiction."

## Prohibition in Samoa.

The king of Samoa is a prohibitionist, as witness the following: "No spirituous, vinous, or fermented liquors or intoxicating drinks whatever shall be sold, given, or offered to be bought or bartered by any native Samoan or Pacific islander resident in Samoa to be taken as a beverage. Any one who will be found guilty of the violation of this provision shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$100 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or by both fine or imprisonment, and the liquor not yet consumed shall be confiscated.—N. Y. Sun.

## A BOY'S LIBRARY.

How It Was Got Up by a Juvenile Literary Club.

It is not an imposing city library, not a learned college library, nor a busy public library, but a genuine boy's library, says Jean, Halifax in the *Ladies Home Journal*, and how much comfort the owners, take in those shelves that are slowly but surely filling as the months go by.

It is a sunny corner room on the first floor of one of the boy's homes. When it first began it was in the room just over the family sitting-room; but if you had vainly attempted to read, write, talk, or even sew, with the Library club in enthusiastic session directly over your head, you would not need to ask the reason for the removal to other quarters.

The room had a polished floor and rugs; the present apartment is gay with a bright rag-carpet, and underneath a generous stratum of straw. If you ask why the straw, etc., it is a self-evident truth that you are not the mother of several active boys, each of whom has a special boy companion in his play and romps.

Not that the Library club do not try to be very quiet; they think they are (opinions differ) and they try their best to be a model society, we know very well. But I am obliged to confess that their efforts are not always crowned with success.

The club members are boys from 10 to 16 years of age, all dear neighbors and fast friends. Several years ago one of the mothers, seeing what an interest clubs have seemed to hold for boys, and knowing that Young America has a special enjoyment in what is peculiarly his own, suggested to her growing boys that they should start a library of their own, adding to it as their spending money increased. Of course this involved a club from a boy's standpoint.

When the neighboring mothers found out how every penny that could possibly be saved or earned went toward the growing library, and that the club were no longer willing to spend 1 cent foolishly, they were fully as anxious for their boys to join the new society as the would-be clubites were themselves.

As the club have not yet a patent on it for the benefit of those who would like to try a similar plan I will explain the "Library" both in regard to the making and the filling of the shelves.

Jack and Kenneth, two of the members, by rooming together were thereby able to provide a place for the library, and in their leisure hours made the shelves, the cost of which was less than \$4.

The boys used simply smooth pine shelf boards, from 3 to 9 feet long, according to the space between the windows and doors. The shelves I am describing have a walnut staining. I strongly suspect that the reason for the club's unanimous vote for walnut staining was because it is so easily put on. It comes ready mixed in cans. No varnish, however, should be allowed where the books touch the shelves.

The top piece is 10 inches wide, the side pieces and the five shelves 8 inches. The shelves are screwed to the side pieces, in which shallow grooves, wide enough to receive them, were cut about ten inches apart. The top piece projects two inches at the ends and front, but not at the back. Coarse cloth was tacked to the back of the frame-work, as the mopboard did not allow the shelves to rest against the wall of the room, and helped to keep the dust from finding a permanent lodging-place. And so, with the addition of the gray-flannel curtains, with their garnet bands, a bit of feminine daintiness, of course, due to interested elder sisters—the library stood forth in all of its glory, the center of the universe, just then, for the admiring clubites.

The boys already possessed between them all quite a number of usual favorite juvenile books, and these were put first on the shelves. Then all the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, the paternal and fraternal relatives for two generations, are aiders and abettors of the plan, and every Christmas and birthday records an addition to the growing library in the shape of another book. One of the mothers has made out a list of the books calculated to interest and help the boys, and from that number, as the anniversaries pass, the gifts are chosen. Otherwise the growth of the library would be much slower, for school-boys have less time for earning money than they sometimes wish they had.

Many of the books were obtained at from 50 to 60 cents each, as the catalogues of different firms were closely watched from year to year.

## Shoes Are a Blunder.

"Few people know how to take good care of the feet," said Miss Moffet, the physician chiropodist of Detroit, as she sat in a low, cushioned chair and held a lady's foot in her lap. "All feet are not perfect by any means, but it is always the bad fit of a shoe that produces corns, bunions, and other injuries which afflict the feet. I do not believe that it was ever intended that shoes should be worn. The ancients believed this for their sandals."

"Why should sandals be worn?" "So that the toes shall have room to breathe. The great toe, you see, is on a line with the arch of the foot, and should stand out separate from the others. The ball of the foot and the heel serve as two pillars to balance the arch, which is a bridge to the body. Every step that we take that arch elongates like the springs of a buggy. A high-heeled shoe throws the whole

structure out of balance because we can not raise one part without making a false foundation. We are taught to consider the pointed shoe beautiful, but how can it be beautiful when the foot is thrown out of proportion? People can not walk, they can only hobble."

"Have you many customers with mal-proportioned feet?"

"All my patients have trouble with their feet or they would not need my services. A lady will come in and say: 'My foot has been abusing me all day.' I at once ask: 'What have you been doing to your foot?' It is a very elastic member, filled with nerves and blood-vessels, and is capable of doing a great deal of work. Look at the foot of a dancer and see what it can accomplish. The Germans call the toes the foot's fingers. It is recorded of the Germans that in a certain memorable battle they removed their shoes and braced themselves with their bare feet in order to successfully receive the charge of conflict. My foot is so sensitive that I can tell by walking across the floor if the carpet is clean."

"A rounded, well-molded foot is a good one. It must be in proportion with the size and weight, and also shaped to support the ankle. The shoe should be longer than the foot. It is the short shoe that does all the mischief."

## How He Won the Jewel.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the governor of Tennessee, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes, but I thought that she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit-rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mighty downcast, for I thought that wa'n't no use in buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose loved that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten-mile bridge tower. When we got to town, lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therfore we can't go. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone I says, says I, 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'"

"Yes, but Sam won't take me." "That's bad, Rose, fur they've got a world of hosses."

"Then she turned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show; that's certain, but if you marry me I'll take you.' She studied a while, and says, says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert airter the big shows over?'"

"An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?"

"Fibby sho."

"An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?"

"No, swar I won't."

"An' when the show's over will you let me look at the monkeys agin?"

"Yes."

"Nath,' said she, puttin' her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yours.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n a half hour we was dun married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, governor."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

## Rats!

"Grandpa, what makes a cat tread softly?" asked little Tommy Findout of his aged relative as the pair sat down to improve their minds when the evening lamps were lighted.

"It is a faculty provided by an all-wise creator, my son, which enables the cat to walk softly," replied the old man as he laid down his paper and beamed on the youthful seeker after knowledge.

"All members of the cat tribe are endowed with a noiseless tread which greatly facilitates their capturing their prey. You have doubtless noticed that the pedal extremities of the feline are furnished with soft, velvety balls or coverings instead of hoofs. These balls extend below the claws, which are drawn up when not in use, enabling the cat to walk across a board floor without the slightest noise."

"Oh, that isn't what makes a cat tread softly," said Tommy, when the old man had finished.

"No? What is it, then?" asked grandpa.

"Rats," replied the boy, while a happy, happy, smile lit up his ingenuous face.

Shortly after that Tommy went to bed and the sound of sobbing was heard far into the night.—*Chicago Times*.

## The Wrong Address.

Among some old papers sent to a Texas jail for the entertainment of the inmates was the election circular of one of the local candidates. One of the prisoners, who has been in jail for over a year, looked at it and said: "Look here boys, this is not intended for us. It is addressed 'To the people at large.' That don't mean us."—*Texas Siftings*.

In China the man who lives nearest the scene of a murder is accused of the crime and he must prove his innocence or stand the punishment. Consequently, if he is innocent he rattles round pretty lively to discover the criminal.

## DISGRACEFUL SPORT.

A Slaughter of a Herd of Antelopes in a Barbed Wire Enclosure in Wyoming.

A story of an antelope hunt comes from Wyoming, which, though interesting, is by no means cheering to the sportsman who dreads the utter destruction of all game by useless slaughter. It appears that a large ranch in Wyoming was managed by an Englishman and owned chiefly by Englishmen, although there was some American capital invested. The ranch included eighteen sections of land, and was laid out three miles wide by six long. The whole was enclosed by a five-wire buckthorn fence of the most substantial character. Large breadths had been sown to wheat, and so last spring, after warm weather came, the antelopes gathered from great distances to eat the young grain.

To the mind of the English manager of the estate this called for a violent remedy. He therefore sent to his friends around about, and a party was gathered as if for a wolf hunt. Mounting their horses, they formed a line across one end of the plantation and rode slowly toward the opposite end, intending to corner the game and then shoot it down comfortably, just as the natives in Africa drive game into a V-shaped corral and butcher it.

This was made possible, with skillful management, by the fact that antelopes, although they easily jump a fence when entering a field, get so excited when chased by a whooping gang of horsemen that they run hither and yon along the fence, until at last they charge back among the advancing butchers.

The line in this case was fortunately not well managed, though the slaughter was bad enough. The men in line were armed with repeating rifles. Before more than half the ground was covered two or three of the party became so excited over the appearance of the game that they opened fire. Antelopes that were from 1,200 to 1,500 yards away were shot at with the effect of alarming them and causing many of them to stampede back through the line before it had closed in sufficiently to make the slaughter complete.

A little later, when the game was being driven toward a corner, a bunch broke back through the line, and two of the men got down off their horses and shot three dead. It happened that this killing was done in a hollow where the rest of the men in line did not see it. So the line kept advancing, and, luckily for the antelopes, a widening gap was left in the center of the line where the two men had dropped out to cut the throats of the game shot. Through this gap more than a score of the antelopes escaped.

Having finished with the three dead antelopes, the two men galloped on after the line. When they overtook it there were still nearly a hundred antelopes enclosed within it, and the long-range shooting was still serving to save the lives of some of the unfortunate beasts.

Eventually, however, the men got so close to the game that five antelopes were killed from one bunch. When these had been attended to, the grand final onslaught was made. Curiously enough, it happened that the main body charged on a man who had been reserving his fire in order to make it deadly at short range. His associates looked on as the game approached him with the liveliest anticipations of seeing a great slaughter, but only to see him at last working the pump-handle of his gun with desperate but unavailing energy. He went through all the motions properly, but no flash nor smoke was seen nor was any report heard. Again the pump would be worked but with the same result.

When the game had all scattered and other men in the line had killed three head only, they gathered about the luckless gunner. He declared that he had somehow forgotten to charge his magazine, and he was in a state of great excitement over it until some of the party went to the place where he had stood trying to fire. There they discovered a magazine full of cartridges lying on the ground. An examination showed that the cartridges had been reloaded by the gunner himself, but he had forgotten to remove the old caps from the shells and put on new ones before reloading.

In all eleven antelopes were killed in the round up, and it is supposed a dozen more were wounded, but escaped. That was bad enough, though not so bad as other roundups which were probably held afterward were likely to be. It seems particularly unfortunate that an animal like the antelope should be slaughtered in such a merciless fashion, when it is remembered that save in western Texas and in two or three districts in the northern part of the country the species is extinct.—N. Y. Sun.

## Ingratitude.

A gentleman was the possessor of a noble St. Bernard dog who constituted himself the companion, playmate, and protector of all the children in the vicinity of his home. One summer afternoon some of his little friends were playing on the edge of a pond, a few miles outside of the city and one of them fell into the water. The dog was after the child in an instant, and unquestionably saved his life, but in doing so his teeth broke the skin on the youngster's arm, and the parents (dog cranks) actually asked to have the dog killed. This request was not complied with, but it recalls something that happened once on, or rather in, Jamaica pond. A young girl who had been saved from drowning while skating complained bitterly that the rescuer had pulled her hair.—*Boston Post*.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**KIMBALL PRINTING CO.,**  
Payments always in advance and papers stop  
ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.  
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.  
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as  
second class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 12.

#### The Prohibition Party.

The third party prohibitionists in this state ought to reorganize or throw up the sponge. It is a most miserable farce they are playing. The party in other states is respectable, if not large. It is not yet certain that it has not a future. It is certainly able to do much for the cause of prohibition. It is not true that the republican party has done all that has been done, or that it shows any inclination to do any more than it is forced by circumstances to do. If congress passes a supplementary act because of the recent supreme court decision in regard to original packages, it will add nothing to the credit of the republican party. Such an act is demanded as much by the high license republican states and by democratic local option or license states, as by those, that, like our own, have state prohibition. So far, there is nothing to indicate that the republican party except here and there, favors prohibition. In some localities, under pressure of public sentiment, it declares for prohibition. Even the democratic party does same.

Nationally, neither of the parties favor prohibition. Perhaps the nearest approach to truth would be found in the statement that one favors high license and the other free liquors. Neither one of these positions can long remain tenable. The original package decision, if it does nothing else, will make prohibition a national issue. It cannot be long until this issue be made. Therefore the prohibition party stands nationally in better position than it ever stood. It is reasonable to expect that in many states it will be greatly increased this year.

It cannot be true in Kansas. There was, a few years ago, the nucleus of a strong party. Its strength has been lost by gross mismanagement. Circumstances, it is true, have had much to do with it. The enactment of the Murray law, and its rigid enforcement drove the saloon out of the state and gave prestige to the republican party. No true prohibitionist could do otherwise than approve of this. Good leadership in the third party, while approving of these results and turning them to its own purpose, would have consolidated its forces, strengthened its organization, worked in harmony with other prohibition elements in the state, and have held up the hands of party friends in other states.

Instead of this the prohibition party fell into small and incompetent leadership.

It was not obliged to fawn upon and flatter the republican party. Such policy would have been unwise, even while it was constantly telling what a genuine success prohibition was in Kansas, after the adoption of the Murray law, when the infamous saloon drug store had been driven from the state. But it could and should have ceased its bitter personal warfare upon republican officials, and upon the republican party. It might have strengthened its own lines. It might have pledged prohibition democrats and prohibition republicans alike to unite with the prohibition party in national issues, at least, provided their respective parties, in national convention, refused to recognize the issue. Such efforts were really made by some persons in the party but an ignorant and narrow policy prevailed. There was more hatred against the republican party than love for prohibition. They were angered and ill-natured because the saloon was driven from the state by the republican party when they had said that party would never do it.

A few days ago a small remnant of this party met and put forward a state ticket. It contains some good names and the state committee contains still more, but there is evidence that little improvement has been in the general management. The spirit of the party is really broken. Great numbers whom a wise policy would have retained, have gone over to other parties. Those who are left are without inspiration for work. Meanwhile the farmers' Alliance movement is full of vigor and expectation. Whether it becomes a more permanent factor than the farmers' movement of sixteen or eighteen years ago remains to be seen. It is generally in sympathy with prohibition as one of the leading reforms of the day.

It is not probable, therefore, that much in the way of reorganizing the prohibition party could be done in this state. The work whenever it is done will be more difficult than if no such party had existed. Until after the fall elections it will not be worth the trying. More good can be done by throwing all money and effort that will be wasted in that direction into the Nebraska campaign in favor of the Amendment.

#### Mr. Blaine's Faux Pas.

Mr. Secretary Blaine's protective tariff policy may be likened to Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton which was so ill-fated from the time it was first on the hoof until it was served at table. Nothing but ill has attended it. A class of truckling politicians, attempted to fan it into popularity, with some apparent success.

At the same time an effort was made to interest all the South American nations in our trade. A Pan-American Congress was called. Leading representatives from South and Central America attended. They were wine and dined for months; were taken around over the country in magnificent style and shown the wonders of our land. But when they returned to their homes after a session of conference they did not hesitate to declare that if the United States desired to make itself a kind of close communion jug with the handle on one side, they were not bound to assist, for no other reason than that they too, happened to be west of the Atlantic.

But according to the foreordained notion, the McKinley bill was generated and worked through the house after much difficulty. Meanwhile natural and inevitable results were developed at home and abroad. There were not lacking statesmen in our own country who saw portending evil. Unlike blind partisans, they were able to look dispassionately upon both sides.

At length as thick skinned a statesman as Mr. Blaine began to be touched in the quick. Having some of the diplomatic sentiment, he is not all stubbornness. He can dodge in time to save his own credit even at the ruin of better men. So when he saw the failure of his much vaunted protective policy, it was without compunction that he could turn upon McKinley and upon Senator Allison and others. Over their shoulders he could whip his own bantling unto death. And he proceeded to rend his own child into pieces. His substitute was a reciprocity policy. Of course this is not new. But Secretary Blaine believes himself able to make old things new. The idea totally ignores the policy of protection to American manufacturers. The two things are utterly inconsistent with each other. Then came retaliation from the other side of the Atlantic. If America is to shut out French goods, France will shut out American corn. Other European nations threaten to do the same. The McKinley tariff bill will probably not be pressed in the senate, and Mr. Blaine will probably claim additional credit for brilliant acrobatic feats in statesmanship.

However there is nothing more appropriate than that Blaine's leg of mutton tariff policy should be thrown to the dogs.

Louisiana has sold itself to the lottery swindle.

Going to a Fourth of July picnic is a thing to repent of on the following week.

Some of the political prophets are predicting that the farmers' alliance will be nipped by the first autumn frosts.

It is said that J. G. Cannon will not be a candidate for Congress again, and that he is frightened off the track by the farmers' alliance, who will run Col. S. T. Busey against him. Almost at the beginning of Mr. Cannon's congressional career, Col. Busey was his opponent, run by the democrats and grangers. Illinois farmers are stirring, it would seem.

If you are about to go to the mountains to enjoy the Summer seasons, do not forget to protect yourself against the millions of enormous flies that may make your stay intolerable. Of course you will cheerfully undergo a hundred martyrdoms just for the sake of being able to say you spent the summer in the mountains, especially if this is your first season. It is just as well however to guard against some of the afflictions that are before you.

While we declaim against the Louisiana Lottery, it may be as well to bear in mind that in all our larger cities, and in some not so large, we have petty swindles not a whit less honorable. The men who lounge around the streets loaning money to people at from three to ten per cent. a month. It is not a whit better to rob a man when he is down, than it is to knock him down and then rob him. These curbstone robbers curse every town.

The prohibition party in Kansas is about worn out. It held a convention in McPherson a few days ago, where a few ministers sang hymns and imagined themselves to be political experts. No political party, not even the greenback or the labor reform party, ever committed such self-abuse as the third party prohibitionists of Kansas. The result was predicted four years ago. Yet there is a strong prohibition party sentiment in the state. It will probably survive. In the nation it is gaining, and will be assisted by the late supreme court decision.

## DENTISTRY

Teeth Saved—Not Pulled. Crowns, Clean and Strong, on Broken Teeth.

S. S. White's Teeth on Celluloid Plates. Best and Strongest Made. Whole and Partial Sets.

EASTERN PRICES.

**J. K. WHITESIDE,**  
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)

Over Fish's Tea Store,  
East Sixth st. TOPEKA, KAS.

### The Place House, I

LAWRENCE,  
Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.  
**J. M. STEPHENS, M.D.**  
Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the best \$1.00 House in the city. A free barn to patrons of the house.

**ST. JAMES HOTEL.**  
S. S. HUGHES, PROP.

118 West Sixth Street,  
TOPEKA.

The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

It is full time that it be understood that numbers do not make a successful town. It is probable that Topeka indulges in more nonsensical gush on this matter than is healthy. Just now the capital city is suffering great humiliation because the census shows only 31,000 population when some expected 50,000. There is no more depressed town in the state, all circumstances considered, than Topeka, and the fault is her own. For three years there has been one continued effort to get people into the city. A year ago there were from 5,000 to 8,000 more residents in Topeka than today. But there were no means for their support. They had been induced to gather at the capital by foolish and exaggerated representations. There are now more than one thousand people in the city unable to find work. There are too many people for the work to be done. They are still leaving every day. It is business that makes a town and not people only. Unemployed citizens are a burden and not a help. Still the Topeka papers harp on the idea that crowds are all that is needed. One wild north side weekly predicts an increase of 120,000 population in the next ten years. Such random scribbling is positively injurious. If Topeka wants success it is only necessary to provide means for the support of the people. Until this is done it is folly to seduce persons into the city by misrepresentation. It is not often necessary to urge people to settle in cities. Create a demand for labor and it will flow in. Build up manufacturing and a wholesale trade and the rest will take care of itself. Put down the ordinary boom and all stimulating means not built on solid foundations. Speculation cannot be avoided, but it is a matter that should be simply a result. When it gets to the front it becomes an impediment to growth, by diverting capital into non-producing channels.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of the News will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature to do its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Idaho comes in as state No. 43. A few more to come in and then what a complete fellow Uncle Sam will be. The present administration will be noted for the numbers of new states admitted.

Mr. James R. Bettis, Publisher, Little Rock Democrat, in an address before the Arkansas Press Association, said—  
"Newspapers directories are of the highest importance to publishers. Without them the Newspapers of the smaller cities and villages—the great majority—would be wholly unknown and inaccessible to the general public. Without them, it would be almost impossible to obtain foreign advertising outside of the agencies. Such being the case, it is important to the publisher that he be fairly represented in the directories—if they do fairly represent him—the directories are entitled to his patronage," and he further adds, "the Ayer directory would be my choice, because it has always to the best of my knowledge fairly represented our publications in its columns. It has compiled and published, at considerable expense, the most complete list extant of the Press Associations of the country, their officers, times of meeting, &c., thus showing a kindly interest in the prosperity of our organizations."

## CENTRAL MILL.

**J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.**

FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY,  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, AND COAL.

### SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

Terms Cash. Telephone 318.  
COR. KANSAS AVE. & A ST. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

### INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

**PAGE, NORTON & CO.,**  
—NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS—

## Millers and Grain Merchants

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

## Western Foundry —AND— MACHINE WORKS.

**R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.**  
Manufacturer of Steam Engines,  
Mill Machinery, Shafing, Pulleys,  
Gearing and Fittings, Etc.  
**WRITE FOR PRICES**  
Topeka, Kans

### Books and Magazines.

In Harper's Young People Walter B. Peet presents some suggestions for "The Training of a Boys' Boat Club," accompanied by a full-page illustration.

Olive Thorne Miller will contribute to Harper's Bazar July 12 another of her studies, entitled "Catbird Tricks"; and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop a story with the suggestive title, "His Engagement."

The Authors' Publishing Company of Springfield, Mass., is the latest publishing enterprise. It begins with a new novel, by Charles J. Bellamy, author of "An Experiment in Marriage" This last novel, "Were They Sinners," will appear July 1st.

Charles J. Bellamy, whose "An Experiment in Marriage" has reached its 12th thousand since January, has a new novel almost ready for the market. It is entitled "Were They Sinners?" and will be issued July 1st. It will bear the imprint of The Authors' Publishing Company, a new house located at Springfield, Mass.

Harper's Weekly publishes a supplement giving views of London in 1616 and in 1890. Old and new London are placed side by side, and the changes which have taken place in the city during the last three centuries are graphically presented to the eye. "The Last of the Buffalo," relates some facts in the history of the American bison, and its extinction, accompanied by two pages of illustrations.

"Were They Sinners" Charles J. Bellamy's new novel, is announced to appear July 1st. It is a study of the limitations placed by the accepted institutions of society on the passion of love. The author regards it as a sort of complement to "An Experiment in Marriage" which described an imaginary state of society where there were no limitations of the sort.

The Art Amateur for July is an excellent number, with two fine color plates of birds and flowers, its practical serial articles on Flower and Fruit Painting, Types of Trees and Sketching from Nature. Every issue of this magazine seems adapted for the month in which it appears for the student. The interests of the china painter are especially looked after this month—the wants of the wood carver and the artistic needlewoman are kept in view, and the department of Home Decoration and Furnishing is maintained. Price 35 cts.; \$4.00 per year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

### The Christian Endeavor Movement.

The statistics of the Christian Endeavor Societies on record to June 1 have just been completed in preparation for the international convention at St. Louis. It has been found that societies exist in every state and territory in the union and in every English speaking land in the world. In all there are there 11,013 societies and 680,000 members, a gain of 3,341 societies and 135,000 members in eleven months. This is by far the largest gain ever recorded in the same length of time and equals the entire membership of the society during the first seven years. New York leads the list with 1,735 societies; Pennsylvania follows with 818, then comes Massachusetts with 813, Illinois with 809, Ohio with 681, Iowa with 494, and Michigan with 408. So far as can be ascertained an average of about seven from each society have joined the evangelical churches during the year or a total of 70,000; a number equal to about two-thirds of all the associate members at the beginning of the year. An interesting development of the movement is the "Floating Christian Endeavor Societies" recently formed on some of the revenue cutters and other vessels. From cutters "Dexter" and "Gallatin" come excellent reports of work already done.

Charles Lagrange pleaded guilty of bigamy at Hutchinson and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

Established in 1879.  
**J. H. LYMAN & Co.,**

## PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA—

## THE ODELL Type Writer.

\$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER and CHECK PERFORATOR, with 78 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE ODELL, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to dealers.

For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address

**ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,**

Bookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

### Peerless Steam Laundry

E. WHITMASH, Manager.  
South side Works, 112 Eighth st. North Side, at Warner's Barber shop.

Office at GEO. H. McMILLAN'S

Tel. 332. 509 Kans. Ave.

Agents wanted in every town



**Tickets**  
ON SALE

TO ALL

## PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST,  
NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—  
Topeka - Kansas,

**H. B. HARRINGTON,**  
City Ticket Agent,

525 Kansas Avenue.  
J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent.  
R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas

At McPherson the Alliance Mercantile company, capital \$50,000, will open a store about August 1. Hutchinson boasts the only complete lawn tennis grounds in the state, as well as some of the poorest players.







# The Sailor.

Oh, the lark sang loud an' sweet, as he  
abund the wheat,  
Wi' the dewdrop on his bonny breast still  
clinging;  
Oh, the lark sang sweet an' loud frae the white  
edge o' the cloud,  
And the world awoke to listen till his sing-  
ing.  
A' the valley mile on mile rippled ower wi' a  
smile,  
And the burn croodled low amang its  
heather!  
And the rosy milking maid lifted canny as she  
glad,  
For joy o' the merry May weather.  
But my heart fell wae and chill as we dropped  
below the hill,  
And the capstan song rang in my ear sae  
deary,  
As we crossed the harbor bar, 'neath the lone-  
ly morning star,  
And a wet wild in the sheets aye sae weary.  
For I was leaving there a lass was never one  
more fair,  
And her kisses on my cheek were still burn-  
ing;  
But when I come hame again o'er the wild  
and fickle faem,  
She'll still be watching fain for my return-  
ing.  
Oh, the lass sae sweet and meek! It's wet, wet  
was her cheek,  
And the word she could na' speak as we  
parted;  
And the tears were on my ain, for my heart  
'maist brak in twain  
To leave her a' her lane sae dowie-hearted.

Oh, the night fell chill an' mirk as we lost sight  
o' the kirk,  
And the loughshore lights fell far and faint  
to leeward;  
And the thoughts within my breast, oh, I could  
na' gar them rest!  
And the wind aye eouching sad frae the sea-  
ward.

But I'll think when winds are loud in halyard  
and in shroud,  
And the gale is like to heel the good barque  
over,  
One is thinkin' o' the ship, in the watches o'  
her sleep,  
Wi' a prayer on her pure lips for her lover.

And, oh, but I'll be fain when the ship is hame  
again,  
I'll heed na' how the life may veer or vary;  
A' my cares I shall tyme, and a blithe heart  
will be mine,  
Wi' a purse o' silver mine for my Mary.

She'll hae tears, but na' for care, and they'll  
make her still mair fair,  
And she'll be na' the mair for my roam-  
ing;  
And the joy will dance my ee at the kisses  
she'll gae me;  
'Neath the briar abbene the kirk in the gloam-  
ing.

—Good Words.

## SEVERED BY PRIDE.

"Where have you been?"  
"To the lake, Aunt Esther." The  
questioning voice was harsh and cold;  
the answering one young and sweet.

The aunt, wrinkled and shrunken as  
a withered leaf of autumn, sat among  
the soft pillows that lifted her time-  
wrecked form in an invalid chair.

The niece, fresh and bright, with  
sunny touches on the brown of her hair,  
and a somewhat daring spirit shining  
from her dark eyes, stood near the  
fireplace, where ruddy light flashed up  
and swept across her and showed the  
slim, girlish figure clad in heavy cloth  
and fur.

"What were you doing at the lake?"  
"Skating. The ice is like glass there,  
aunt, and I was practising for to-night.  
You know we are to have a skating  
party on the lake to-night, and—"

"And you are no going to it!"  
"Not going! Why?"  
"Because you are under my care and  
control, and I forbid you to go!" cried  
Esther Claremont, sharply.

"But I have promised—I will be  
called for!" began Vera Claremont,  
piteously.

"Who is to call for you?"  
The bent figure of the old woman  
straightened suddenly, her shrunken  
hand was put out and laid on the girl's  
arm.

"You need not tell me. I know!"  
cried Esther Claremont, with passion-  
ate anger in her sunken eyes, "I am  
lying here day after day helpless and  
crippled, and you would fain deceive  
me, but you cannot! I know who is  
playing at love with you, who is teach-  
ing you that love is sweet, and truth  
and honesty only words—idle words!  
That fair young face of yours has  
brought you what fairness and youth  
brought me at your age; but your life  
shall not be wrecked by it as mine has  
been. I will save you though I have to  
use bolts and bars to keep you safe!  
One Claremont is enough to be blighted  
by a Damarel, and the lying lips of the  
son shall not bind you to him heart and  
soul, as the false lips of the father  
bound me when I was a credulous  
young thing like you."

She paused, panting, Vera had  
grown pale, but she could not remove  
her eyes from those burning ones be-  
low her.

"Speak!" cried her aunt. "Is not  
Lee Damarel trying to win your love?"  
"Yes!"—slowly and falteringly. "He  
has said he loves me."

"And you believe him? Tell me!"  
"I believe him."

Esther Claremont laughed—a quick  
mirthless, laugh—and suddenly loosing  
her hold of Vera, pushed the slight  
figure from her.

"So," she cried, jeeringly, "I am too  
late! You love the son of Conrad  
Damarel! You have given me no con-  
fidence; I owe you no consideration—  
you, you, whom I took into my house  
when you were a homeless child; you,  
to whom I have been kind for ten long  
years!"

"Never kind, Aunt Esther," spoke  
out Vera, clearly. "You clothed and  
fed me, you allowed your roof to  
shelter me, but never in all these ten  
years have you even said one kind word  
to me."

"Ingrate!" hissed the woman.  
"Not that," Aunt Esther, "for I am  
grateful to you for what I have re-  
ceived."

"Prove it! Prove your gratitude,  
then," cried Esther Claremont, fiercely.  
"Give up this lover of yours; never see  
his face again!"

Poor, pale little Vera! Where did she  
get the strength to stand straight and

fearless before the woman whom she  
had always feared before?  
"I would rather die!" she said, below  
her breath.

"Die? As if it would be hard to die!"  
her aunt exclaimed, harshly. "To live  
requires courage—to live loveless,  
friendless, unable to put faith in one  
human being. But let me tell you why  
the name of Damarel is hateful to me.  
You never heard the story?"

"I have heard it, but not from you,"  
answered the girl, gently.

And she stood in an attitude of deep  
interest, as with the brief winter day  
dying, and the shadows gliding to her  
chair, Esther Claremont told her story.

"I loved Conrad Damarel," she said,  
her voice pulsing with feeling; "I loved  
him with my whole heart, and he—  
he played at love. He never truly  
loved me, or he would have made a  
few impatient words of mine sufficient  
excuse for breaking with me. I did  
not mean them—God knows I did not!  
But they were spoken, and he made  
them his excuse. He left me standing  
in the sunlight out there."

She lifted one thin, tremulous hand,  
and pointed to where a vast sheet of  
white-covered lawn might be seen  
through the window.

"That was the love of a Damarel!  
He went away and forgot the girl he  
had won, and married some stranger;  
and I, through all the years that have  
gone by since, have remembered—re-  
membered till, heart and soul grew  
sour and warped."

The girl went and knelt beside the  
invalid-chair, and drew one of the thin  
hands to her cheek. On that soft, fair  
cheek tears were lying.

"Aunt Esther, let me tell you what  
Lee told me—let me tell you what his  
father's dying lips told him," she said,  
brokenly. "You were so wrong—so  
wrong! Conrad Damarel loved you all  
his life."

"It is false! He left me because of a  
few angry words. He was glad to be  
set free!" cried the woman fiercely.

"He loved you; but when you bade  
him go—when you told him you could  
live without him—that you were tired  
of him and his affection—he left you.  
Do you remember his parting words to  
you, Aunt Esther? If you wanted to  
see his face again, you would recall  
him. You never did. He waited for  
five years, hoping. You sent neither  
word nor line. He then met a fair,  
sweet girl, whose heart went out to him  
without the asking, whose tender nature  
he knew could never wound him, and  
he outlived him."

"Aunt Esther, he has lain under the  
earth for seven years, and dying, he  
gave the story of his love for you to his  
son. That son has come to me, loving  
me as his father loved you, and I—I  
will not make his life a sorrow, will not  
break my own at the very root.

"Hear me out—be patient yet a mo-  
ment. No human being should be  
allowed to sever loving hearts—no  
human power can part Lee's and mine!  
But, Aunt Esther, you will not try to—  
you will not—"

"Hush!" cried Esther Claremont,  
hoarsely; "hush! Go—leave me! If I  
have wrecked my own whole life—  
wrecked it by my own fierce temper,  
my own unholy pride! Oh, God above!"

Vera saw her lift her hands and cover  
her face.

Then in the winter twilight, the girl  
arose and left her there—left her to face  
remorse and regret as best she might  
in the very winter of her life.

An hour later the following note was  
put in Vera's hand's by a servant:

"Child, do what you will with your life,  
with your love. When you return from skating,  
bring Conrad's son to me."

"ESTHER."

And Vera went with the skating  
party, and was happier than ever be-  
fore, although now and then, even as  
she sped like a swallow over the ice, a  
pitiful thought for the lonely, loveless  
woman she had left in the twilight was  
with her.

"We will be nearer after to-night,"  
she told herself; "and when she has  
seen Lee, she will not wonder that I  
love him."

Returning in the starlit cold of the  
night, she led her lover to where that  
frail figure lay back among the pillows.

"Aunt, I have brought Lee, as you  
bade me," she said, softly.

No answer.

She bent over the still face, looked a  
moment into it, and shrank toward her  
lover with a cry of terror.

Aunt Esther was dead!

\$3,000 a Week in Postage.

"What do you think of a man's  
spending \$3,000 a week in postage,"  
said a clerk in the stamp department  
of the postoffice to a N. Y. World re-  
porter. "I know an advertiser now in  
this city whose stamp bill is often that  
much. He pays \$20,000 office rent for  
the quarters in which he carries on his  
various businesses too. As soon as he  
gets a company or thinks up a new  
specialty; or what purports to be one,  
rigs up a high-sounding name for it  
and for the concern which it is sup-  
posed to manufacture and sell gets a  
new office, and sends out quite a batch  
of circulars and advertising books and  
pamphlets. Of some of his pamphlets  
he orders 10,000,000 copies. Where  
does he get a list of names long enough  
and reliable enough to justify such an  
expenditure for printing and postage?  
Well, he owns every city directory and  
every blue-book, red-book, and elite  
book published in North America. He  
also owns hundred of dozens of old  
letters, which he makes a business of  
buying up all over the country where-  
ever he can get hold of them, just for  
the sake of the names and addresses  
they contain and suggest. Does he  
make money? You may infer an  
answer from the fact that he paid  
\$390,000 for a country home at Islip,  
L. I."

## STIMULANT FOR TIRED SHOPPERS.

A Lecture to a Pretty Girl, Overheard in  
Restaurant.

"Oh, I'm exhausted with this shop-  
ping," exclaimed a well-dressed woman  
as she dropped into a seat in a  
restaurant that caters to the tastes of  
shoppers. "What shall we order?"  
she added, to her companion. "I'm too  
tired to eat anything heavy; let's have  
an ice, a chocolate eclaire, and some  
soda water. I must eat something or I  
shall look forty when Charlie meets us  
at the matinee."

"My dear child," said the elder com-  
panion, "let me give you a word of ad-  
vice. The chief aim of every sensible  
woman to-day is to keep healthy. With  
health the preservation of good looks  
is a comparatively easy task; without it,  
a useless struggle. Your body is  
exhausted now by shopping, and you  
have no appetite. If you want some-  
thing that will nourish your flagging  
powers, without overloading your  
stomach, order a glass of milk and  
order it hot, as hot as you can sip it.  
You may not like it while you are  
drinking it, but after you have once ex-  
perienced the soothing effect, it soon  
has on your nerves, and the added  
strength it seems almost immediately  
to impart, you will not be deterred  
from using it because of its peculiar  
taste."

"Now, don't swallow it so fast and  
in such big gulps," she added, as her  
companion was drinking the hot milk  
which had been ordered, just about as  
one would toss off a glass of soda wa-  
ter before the effectiveness was all  
over. "Sip it slowly. Take four min-  
utes at least to finish that glassful and  
don't take more than a good teaspoon-  
ful at one sip. My husband is a doc-  
tor, you know, my dear, and I have  
had to listen to a good many disserta-  
tions on the chyme and the chyle and  
the gastric juice and all the other trou-  
blesome and unpleasant things which  
go to aid the disagreeable, but indis-  
pensable, function of digestion; for I  
was once a fearfully fast eater myself,  
but he cured me of it, and I am going  
to give you a little lecture now."

"When that milk goes into your  
stomach it is instantly curdled. If you  
drink a large quantity at once it is  
curdled into one big mass, on the out-  
side of which only the juices of the  
stomach can work. If you drink it  
in little sips, each little sip is curdled  
up by itself and the whole glassful  
finally finds itself in a loose lump made  
up of little lumps, through, around,  
and among which the stomach's juices  
may percolate and dissolve the whole  
speedily and simultaneously."

"Many people who like milk and  
know its value as a strength-giver  
think they can not use it because it  
gives them indigestion. Most of them  
could use it freely if they would only  
drink it in the way I have described,  
or if they would, better still, drink it  
hot. Hot milk seems to lose a good  
deal of its density; you would almost  
think it had been watered, and it also  
seems to lose much of its sweetness,  
which is cloying to some appetites. If  
the poor only knew and appreciated  
the value of milk taken in this way, I  
am sure there would not be so much  
beer-drinking among them. There are  
thousands of hard-working scrubwom-  
en, washwomen, factory girls, and  
even shop-girls in this city who drink  
beer with their meals because it gives  
a little stimulant to their tired bodies,  
and don't understand that it is only ap-  
plying a whip to a weary horse instead  
of giving him oats. If they only knew,  
they would find in this simple draught  
as much real strength as in a barrel of  
beer."

"In fact, hot food generally is com-  
ing more and more into favor among  
sensible women who are wide-awake  
as to the effects on their beauty of  
good health. Ices and indigestion go  
hand in hand, cold drinks and dyspep-  
sia lie down together, and warm bouil-  
lon is getting to be as common a tea  
at receptions, at home, and 6 o'clock  
teas."—N. Y. Tribune.

## Will Deal With His Own People.

A thrifty but obtuse German, who  
owns a small farm out in Jefferson,  
has decided recently that he will only  
deal with his own people in the future.  
Not long ago a Connecticut man pur-  
chased a farm next to his, and one day  
he bought a sheep of his German neigh-  
bor, agreeing to pay him for it in thirty  
days. About two weeks later he  
called on the German and traded him  
the sheep for a hog. At the end of the  
month the German went around after  
his money. "Money for what?" asked  
the Yank. "Vy, fer de sheep," replied  
the German. "Why, you've got your  
sheep," said the Connecticut man. "I  
traded him with you for a hog, didn't  
I?" The German nodded and then  
asked for pay for the hog. "Why  
should I pay you for the hog?" asked  
the Yankee, "when I traded you the  
sheep for him?" The German looked  
bewildered and said he must have pay  
for the sheep. "Now, why should I  
pay you for what I haven't got?" asked  
his neighbor. "Vell, den I vant pay  
ver my hog." The Yankee smiled  
compassionately. "Didn't you trade  
me the hog for the sheep?" he asked.  
The German nodded, looked tired, and  
said: "Dot's a — of a way to do biz-  
ness!" Hereafter he will deal with his  
own people.—Chicago Herald.

## Magnetic Needles.

A manufacturer of magnetic needles  
relates that a few years ago he had  
prepared a large number of magnetic  
needles, all made from the same plate  
of steel, all made by one man, the best  
workman, and as nearly alike as possi-  
ble. Yet in the testing the readings  
differed by from nothing to a whole  
degree. The result was a surprise and  
a mystery.

## KNOTT GOES FISHING.

His Colleague Jim McKenzie, Put up a  
Job on Him.

Many stories are told about Proctor  
Knott's career in the house. He was un-  
doubtedly one of the brightest men who  
ever came to congress from Kentucky.  
His Duluth speech reads almost like an  
inspiration. He is as ready with his  
pencil as with his tongue. He is a born  
artist as well as a born orator. The light  
and shade in his drawings equal the  
light and shade in his speeches. In long  
and wearisome debates he amused him-  
self by stretching his arms over his desk  
and sketching scenes in the house. He  
could take a pen and ink photograph in  
three minutes that would be recognized  
by every member on the floor.

In the Forty-fourth congress he had  
the well-known Jim McKenzie as a col-  
league. Jim is full as bright as Proctor  
Knott, but lacks Knott's artistic gift  
with the pencil. One day in a dull de-  
bate Knott sketched a little pond sur-  
rounded by a fence. The pond was filled  
with ducks. He drew a jackass whose  
head was stretched over the fence look-  
ing at the ducks.

He had hardly finished the sketch  
when a little page came down the aisle.  
The boy caught a glimpse of the picture.  
The pages were always eager to secure  
Mr. Knott's drawings.

"Oh, please, Mr. Knott," said this lad,  
"may I have that sketch?"  
"Yes, my boy," the Kentucky con-  
gressman replied, "you're welcome to it."

The boy thanked Mr. Knott and  
rushed down the aisle with the sketch  
in his hand. As he neared his mouth  
Jim McKenzie caught his arm and said:  
"Here! what's that? Let's see what  
you've got."

The boy passed him the sketch. He  
gazed at it, and smiled. Then he wrote  
beneath the picture.

PROCTOR KNOTT FISHING FOR DUCKS.

The page seemed hurt. He ran back  
to the author of the sketch and, with  
tears in his eyes, said: "Oh, Mr. Knott,  
see what McKenzie's done to your  
sketch."



Knott took the drawing and read Mc-  
Kenzie's explanation of it. As quick as  
a flash the lead-pencil came from his  
pocket. He leaned forward upon his  
desk, and drew an accurate picture of  
himself standing on the inside of the  
fence. Under his pencil a fishing-rod  
quickly appeared in his hand with a line  
and a float or "dobbler," near the ducks.  
Then he amended Jim McKenzie's de-  
scription as follows:

AND HIS FRIEND, JIM MCKENZIE, LOOK-  
ING ON.

This made the whole legend read:

PROCTOR KNOTT FISHING FOR DUCKS.  
AND HIS FRIEND, JIM MCKENZIE,  
LOOKING ON.

The page started down the aisle, and  
was again stopped by Jim McKenzie.  
He glanced at Knott's additional handi-  
work, and threw up both hands. A  
minute later they were both on their way  
to the restaurant, while the page was re-  
telling the incident to his fellows.—  
Chicago Times.

## A-I-t-c-h.

Aitch is the peculiar name of a post-  
office in Huntington county, Pennsylv-  
ania. The origin of the name, as one  
might suppose, is at the bottom of a  
curious and interesting story. Within  
a few miles of this little mail dispensary  
reside five prosperous, well-to-do farmers  
named, respectively, Anderson, Isenberg,  
Taylor, Cram, and Henderson. When  
it became known that Uncle Sam had  
decided to extend the mail facilities to  
that portion of "Penn's Woods" a rivalry  
sprang up between the above well-to-  
do and prosperous farmers, each desir-  
ing to give his name to the forthcoming  
postoffice. Numerous meetings failed  
to settle the matter, until at last some  
peace-making genius proposed to the  
rivals that each, in order as given above,  
contribute the first letter of his name,  
and thus form a word heretofore un-  
known in the geographical glossary.  
This was done according to suggestion,  
and behold! the new work Aitch sprang  
into existence.

## Ben Butler Meets His Match.

Gen. Butler is one of the dry smokers  
of the United States, and in this sur-  
passes Gen. W. T. Sherman. He will  
take a Havana cigar, and putting the  
lighted end in his mouth will suck and  
chew and think and talk, and think and  
suck and chew and talk for hours at a  
time. Now and then, as he becomes  
animated, he will take the half-chewed  
cigar from his rosy lips and gingerly  
lay it down upon the table while he ut-  
ters a paragraph. At the close he picks it  
up, blows at it to remove any particles  
of dust that may adhere to it, and puts  
it back home between his teeth. Gen.  
Butler has little respect for the divinity  
which hedges the judges of the Supreme  
court, but he has not tried a dry smoke  
in the court-room in the last three years.  
He tried it once, but Marshal Nicolay  
made him take the cigar out of his  
mouth, and, though Butler said he was  
not smoking, he would not permit him  
to chew it while in the court-room.—  
Tribune.

## PARSON READ'S PORTABLE PULPIT.

One of a Number of Curious Antiquities in  
a Connecticut Homestead.

At an auction of the old Augustus F.  
Read homestead in the country town of  
Lisbon, Conn., the other day, a queer  
old-time, open-and-shut pulpit was  
offered for sale, but no one needed a  
pulpit, so the family decided to keep it  
in the family.

The Read homestead, which is a mile  
west of Jewett City, eight miles north  
of Norwich, has been in the Read  
family for more than 160 years, and  
there are lots of queer things on the  
premises. The pulpit is the queerest  
one. It belonged to the pioneer Read,  
the Rev. Amos, who was the first  
Baptist clergyman in Eastern Con-  
necticut, and he had it made expressly  
for him in portable shape, so he could  
trot it about the country on horseback  
on his extensive spiritual trips.

Towns were big in square miles in  
those days, and Baptist clergymen  
extremely scarce, and often Elder  
Read had to travel forty or fifty miles  
to preach to a little Baptist hamlet or  
administer baptism to a rugged old  
farmer who wanted thorough work in  
his case and no dainty "dipping" pro-  
cess. The open-and-shut pulpit was  
almost as handy a thing to take along  
on a journey as is a modern steamer  
trunk. The pulpit opens and shuts  
with hinges like a chest. Its lid is  
very much larger than the body part.  
Shut, it is a box of portable size;  
opened, the lid stands straight in front  
of the preacher, a pulpit standard, on  
which he lays his Bible and hymn book,  
while he discourses, mounted on the  
other part of the box. The part on  
which he stands is several inches thick  
and similar to the raised platform that  
is an adjunct to the modern pulpit.

The Rev. Amos Read, when he set  
forth to preach in distant parts, just  
strapped his pulpit, balanced it on his  
horse's back, and so journeyed across  
country, carrying church and Gospel  
along with him. In his travels, if he  
chanced upon a dusty and peregrinat-  
ing sinner, he merely halted and  
hitched his steed to a tree, set up his  
pulpit "Ebeneszer" by the roadside,  
and, mounting it, called the sinner to  
repentance then and there, with the  
blue vault of the sky for the ceiling of  
his temple and the caroling song birds  
for a choir. It didn't cost itinerant  
sinners a cent for pews in Parson  
Read's peregrinating church, and the  
choir didn't quarrel about the hymns  
or charge anything for climbing the  
musical scale. Mr. Read didn't preach  
a great deal by the roadside, however,  
for every farmer was pious in those  
times, and delighted to let the elder  
have his best room for a neighborhood  
meeting. There was still another use  
to which the pulpit was fitted. After  
preaching from it for three or four  
solid hours, the Rev. Mr. Read spread  
it wide open, fastened the joints taut,  
and then had a very convenient and  
satisfactory communion table. The  
Read family will now preserve the  
relic as an heirloom. It will be useful  
to hang bric-a-brac or tidies against.

Still another curiosity treasured by  
the family is the old sign that used to  
swing in the wind in front of the Read  
House when it was a tavern in 1768.  
The sign is more ancient than the  
famous Gen. Israel Putnam sign, which  
hung at the tavern that "Old Put" kept  
in Windham County. Inscribed on  
the Read sign are "1768" and "Enter-  
tainment for Man and Horse." In the  
days of the Rev. Amos Read Lisbon  
was a part of Norwich, and in the  
Read Hotel, it is said, troops were re-  
cruited for the French and Indian  
wars.

## A Monster Tombstone.

The largest tombstone in the world  
(monuments erected to distinguished  
persons excepted) is probably that of  
the late Henry Scarlett, of Upson  
county, Georgia. Scarlett was very  
wealthy, and noted for his misan-  
thropic tendencies. He led the life of  
a hermit. Why, no one knew, but it  
was hinted that he was a victim of dis-  
appointed love. Several years before  
his death, which occurred in the  
spring of 1888, he selected a monster  
boulder, a miniature mountain of  
granite, 100x250 feet in dimensions,  
for a tombstone, and had it appropri-  
ately lettered by a marble cutter. A  
cave fitted up as a roomy tomb was  
excavated under the huge boulder,  
Scarlett himself superintending the  
work. After his death neighbors, re-  
latives, and friends carried the re-  
mains and deposited them under the  
rock according to ante-mortem direc-  
tions, and to-day the mortal parts of  
Henry Scarlett repose under the most  
gigantic tombstone in the world.

## Florida Fisheries.

The Florida Times-Union suggests  
that New England fishermen should  
turn their attention to the productive  
fisheries of the Florida coast. Not  
only Tampa bay, but all the 1,800  
miles of Florida coast, teems with mul-  
lets and other species of fish. At Key  
West there are untold millions of  
supply. Last fall, by seines and gill-  
nets, 45,000 mullets were taken in  
Tampa bay, which were worked into  
50,000 cans of Spanish mackerel. Then  
the "grouper banks," which extend  
along the coast, afford facilities for  
gathering incalculable quantities of the  
finest fish, which can be taken and can-  
ned at a handsome profit.

## Fathers of Twelve Children.

The number of applications to the  
Quebec government from fathers of  
twelve children for the offered free  
grant of 100 acres of land is exciting  
surprise, notwithstanding French Cana-  
dians are proverbial for large families.  
Up to the present time 145 such appli-  
cations have been received.



## LUCK IN THE DIGGINGS.

### Instances of Sudden Ups and Downs in the Fortunes of Miners.

It is impossible for any one at all familiar with mining adventures in the Rockies from 1860 to 1870 to deny the existence of that mysterious and capricious influence on men's lives and fortunes known as luck, and it seemed to attach itself mainly to those who knew the least and were accepted as the fools of the camp, thus illustrating the old proverb, "a fool's luck." Old and experienced miners quit locations in disgust after months of labor, and these were afterward taken by men who scarcely knew the difference between a shaft and a level. After a week's scrambling work the latter became rich men. One instance I can give:

A man named Relf, a forty-niner, opened a prospect hole on Goose Creek, within a mile of the Idaho border. It seemed to pan out well at first, and he spent \$6,000—all he had in the world—in development; but the vein began to pinch out, and Relf gave it up. Another man took it with the same result. Then one of the best miners in the Territory put in \$3,000, and after months of hard work shot himself in despair at his ill-fortune. The location was thereafter dubbed the "Last Chance" by neighbors. It lay a year, when a man named Gadsden came to Silver City. He was looked on as a harmless and decidedly weak-minded fellow, and he annoyed Col. James Fisher, a well-known mine owner, by constantly asking his advice about locating, until Fisher told him to try the "Last Chance," adding: "You're just fool enough to have nigger luck."

Gadsden started off to get a team and supplies, and amid the jeers of the camp left for "Last Chance." Four days afterward his team was seen coming into camp on a dead run, and it stopped at Col. Fisher's office. Gadsden, with a bag on his back, entered, and, drawing a chunk of rock, laid it before Fisher, who examined it and said: "Well, Gadsden, you have the proverbial fool's luck. That will assay \$3,000 a ton. You've struck it rich this time." An examination of his mine showed that only a foot of rock lay between the last owner and uncoined wealth, and this Gadsden broke through the first day.

A syndicate was formed and Gadsden sold out for \$55,000. The new owners took out \$25,000 in three weeks and then struck a mass of porphyry rock that it would have taken all the money in San Francisco to remove. No trace of the lost treasure was ever found, and the "Last Chance" was permanently abandoned. Gadsden's good luck followed him. He left the mountains, bought a home in Missouri, and saved his money.

The history of the firm of Bowers & White is one of the romances of the mining camp. Sandy Bowers came into the Washo district about 1860. He cooked for a party of freighters, and his wife, a tall, bony woman, told fortunes, sold lucky numbers, and interpreted dreams for the credulous miners. With some of the money made in this way her husband took up a claim and made money, and for the next ten years had continued good fortune. He was grossly illiterate and no business man, but still he prospered. He broke all the gamblers in the Territory, and no one cared to play with him.

His partner, Lorenzo D. White, was a different kind of a man. He neither drank nor gambled, but was mad as a hatter on the subject of religion, believing himself to be John the Baptist. In business matters, however, he was shrewd and enterprising, and his luck was phenomenal. Whatever he touched turned into gold. It was noted that whatever Bowers sold turned out well for his customers, while it was reversed in White's dealings, although he was believed to be an honest man. The mystery was as to what he did with his gains. He depleted his bank account every now and then, drawing out large sums in coin and then disappearing for a time. It was believed that he buried his wealth in the mountains, and he was followed and dogged by the camp ruffians, who would have taken his life for a dollar, but it was part of his good fortune to escape.

The end came at last. Sandy Bowers got involved with a party of Eastern adventurers and lost \$800,000. After this he went down hill rapidly. He had at one time half a million in the Bank of California but this all went. He became a drunkard, and one day got together a few dollars to buy an outfit. With a borrowed mule he started for Nevada, and was, no doubt, killed by the Ute Indians, as he was never heard of again.

White was not known to have any serious losses, but he, too, disappeared. He was supposed to have gone back to Maine, his native state. Inside of a year he came into the little mining town of Mercedes, on the Rio Grande River, Colorado, in rags and exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He was followed by a shaggy Mexican burro, about as big as a Newfoundland dog. This carried his miner's outfit—a pick, pan, and shovel. He was at once recognized and relieved. He went to an assayer and showed a large mass that looked like burned limestone, but which evidently contained gold. The assayer astonished the expert, and he declared that the specimen showed 80 per cent of gold.

In an hour's time the camp was wild with excitement, and this was the beginning of the craze known as "White Cement Mine." At first the old man refused to tell the location, and some of the ruder spirits advocated hanging, but, after much persuasion, he agreed

to pilot a party to the spot. The next day Mercedes was deserted. Everybody joined the procession. After eight days' rugged travel they reached Green River Valley, in Utah. While ascending a narrow ravine a volley of rifle balls, fired from the chapparal, killed three of the foremost of the gold hunters and stampeded all the animals. The Ute Indians had been awaiting them. In the confusion White escaped and the party broke up. From time to time White would reappear in mining camps with a fresh supply of his gold-bearing cement, but his mind was clearly gone and he could give no information that was of the slightest use.

About 1870 a party of prospectors on their way through the Colorado River Valley, in Southern Utah, found in the wildest part of the mountains the body of an old man with a beard reaching to his waist. Around him were a number of specimens of his gold cement and a quantity of gold coin. He had evidently died of starvation, as there were no indications of food to be seen. By means of a large diary on his person he was identified as the once millionaire, Lorenzo D. White. This diary contained numerous directions to find landmarks, but these were unintelligible to the readers, and his mine and buried gold may still reward some fortunate seeker.

Mr. James Titus, of Sacramento, Cal., who is now head of one of the great hydraulic mining companies in that state, owes his fortune to the following circumstances: In 1864 he was working at his trade as a stone mason in St. Paul, Minn., when a man named Eldridge failed, owing him \$175 in wages. This debtor left the city, and a year after Mr. Titus went to Carson City, Nev., where he met Eldridge, who told him that he had not prospered and had no money, but could get some mining stock for money due him, and this he would give Titus in satisfaction of the debt.

Mr. Titus took 100 shares of Comstock Mine, valued at about a dollar a share. It was original stock, and in a few months the great deposit of silver that was to make the fortune of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, and John Mackay was discovered. The stock began to go up and Mr. Titus sold out for \$3,000 per share. In two years he was a millionaire by fortunate investments in Crown Point.

But success of this kind was demoralizing to most of the pioneers. Johnny Skey died as Sandy Bowers did, a broken-down prospector, after rioting away five millions, and Comstock, the original discoverer of the Virginia City Eldorado, died a poor man. If we are ever to produce a distinct and national school of fiction—the inspiration can be best found in the wonder-working history of the Western mining camps of twenty years back.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## "TOO MANY OF WE."

The Little Girl Who Was So Thoughtful for Her Mother.

"Mamma, is there too many of we?" The little girl asked with a sigh, "Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see, if a few of your child's should die."

She was only three years old—this one who spoke in that sad, strange way. As she saw her mother's impatient frown at the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood, and the mother was sick and poor. Worn out with the care of the noisy brood and fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place—For the little one, least of all; And the shadows that darkened the mother's face O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care, And pondered in childish way How to lighten the burden she could not share Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Claire, In her tiny white trundle-bed, Lay with her blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low, Feeling tears that she could not see—"You won't have to work and be tired as When there ain't so many of we."

And the dear little daughter who went away From the home that for once was still, Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day, What a place she had always filled.

—Woman's World

## The Typewriters.

Now that ladies are so generally employed as stenographers and typewriter operators the columns of some newspapers are burdened with coarse attempts at humor in which the pretty amanuensis and her alleged flirtations with the business man are the inspiring theme. Perhaps these jokes, on account of their insipidity, are harmless and do not deserve the dignity of a remonstrance, but nevertheless we enter our protest against any attempt to place in a ridiculous or improper light the honest and worthy occupation of a woman. All honor to the girl who has the energy and pluck and determination to qualify herself to be self-sustaining and make herself useful in the great world of business. There are enough actual follies, weaknesses and foibles of men to laugh about without making innocent women the subject of ridicule by making them figures in incidents entirely the product of an impure imagination. The shafts of ridicule should be aimed only at those who deserve punishment, and wit and humor lose their charm when indulged in at the expense of anything that is good or useful. A woman's reputation is too delicate to be roughly handled, and any light treatment of her occupation injures her who is identified with it.—*Western Plowman*.

An Irish farmer was so anxious that his attempt at suicide should succeed that before jumping into the bog he tied his legs together.

## PATENT RIGHTS.

Some Cautel Information Regarding This Much Misunderstand Subject.

The word "patent" means "open," and it was first made use of to describe the open letters, or "letters patent," by which a sovereign granted to a citizen or subject a monopoly of the exclusive use or sale of any article.

The word is now, in a sense not originally intended, applied to the secret of an inventor which has by him been made open to the whole public in consideration of a right for a limited period to make and sell the thing invented.

The original patent was often for a monopoly of a commodity which the people already freely possessed. The king of England, for instance, granted to individual subjects the exclusive right to sell such articles as salt and vinegar.

Such monopolies as this have been declared wrongful in England, and have never existed in the United States. The only patentable thing with us is a useful invention or discovery which has never before been possessed by the people.

The theory of the patent right is this: The inventor possesses a secret likely to be useful to the people, which secret he reveals freely to the government, for the benefit of the general public. In return for his service in revealing his secret, the government grants him the exclusive right, for a limited time, to make and sell the thing which his invention covers.

The patent, therefore, is simply a contract between the inventor and the people, in which the latter grant the former the sole right for a time to the profits from this invention, in consideration of having the free possession of the invention later on.

In this country a patent lasts only seventeen years. After that time all are free to make full use of the patented invention without payment of any fee or royalty—unless, indeed, the patent is extended by special act of congress. This extension is rarely granted, and only in cases where it is held that the patentee has failed to get the benefit of his patent.

The term of a patent was formerly fourteen years, and it was renewable by the patent office for seven years more. This privilege of extension by the patent office was abolished in 1861, and the term made seventeen years.

There is much misapprehension of the extent and character of the privilege which a patent really grants.

The government, in giving a patentee the right to the exclusive possession of his invention, does not undertake to guarantee him in that right. The invention, during the term of his patent, his property; but he must defend it before the law in the same way that any other property must be defended.

The possessor of a horse, for instance, even if he has bought and paid for the animal, cannot keep possession of it if some other person can prove that it belongs to him. The holder of a patent may lose his right to it in several ways; and if he does lose the right to it, those who have bought of him his commodity have no more right to use it further, or to be identified by the government for the loss of it or its use than the innocent holder of a stolen horse has to be protected in its possession.

It is possible that some other person may prove that he was in advance of the patentee in the possession or use of what the latter has claimed as his secret or invention. The patentee may have used fraud in obtaining his patent; or he may be selling, as his patented article, something which is not exactly what his application described.

If the government should undertake to guarantee to a patentee, against all comers, the exclusive right to and possession of the thing patented, it would be granting a wrongful monopoly, because this would be a denial of the equal right of all citizens to sue and be sued, and to obtain judgments in accordance with equity and right.

A thing already freely made and used cannot be patented. The right to use it is common to all the people. And on the other hand, the liability of the purchaser of a patented article to lose the right to use it, provided it is proved to infringe some other person's right, is a part of the defence of the equal rights of all.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Walking With a Lady.

It is a generally conceived opinion that a gentleman walking with a lady should walk on the outer side of the sidewalk. This idea does very well for a country town, but in a great city where thousands upon thousands of people, all in more or less of a hurry, are continually passing, it is a very poor rule to follow. One writer on the subject says: "The duty of a gentleman is to protect the lady he is walking with; to take all the hard knocks, jostles, and possible umbrella tips to himself, shielding the weaker vessel from many disagreeables, and to do this she must invariably be on the gentleman's right side, where she can promenade at her ease guarded by his manly form, and not being obliged one-half of the time to take all the buffets and rebuffs constantly recurring in a crowded thoroughfare." Now, if some of the social leaders of this city were to take the establishment of this custom into their hands it would not be long before Boston could boast of a fact that would be a great benefit to the ladies of the community, and one that I hope to see a recognized custom in the course of not a great number of years.—*Boston Traveler*.

## SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Stanton's Views on the Responsibility of Parenthood.

Writing in the *Arena* on the subject of "Divorce Versus Domestic Warfare," Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: The first step toward making the ideal real is to educate our sons and daughters into the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of married life and the responsibilities of parenthood. I would have them give at least as much thought to the creation of an immortal being as the artist gives to his landscape or statue. Watch him in his hours of solitude, communing with great nature for days and weeks in all her changing moods, and when at last his dream of beauty is realized and takes a clearly defined form behold how patiently he works through long months and years on sky and lake, on tree and flower; and, when complete, it represents to him more love and life, more hope and ambition, than the living child at his side, to whose conception and antenatal development not one soulful thought was ever given. To this impressive period of human life few parents give any thought; yet here we must begin to cultivate the virtues that can alone redeem the world.

How oblivious even our greatest philosophers seem to the well-known laws of physiology. Think of a man like Darwin, so close an observer of every form of life, so firm a believer in the laws of heredity, venturing on marriage and fatherhood while he was the victim of an incurable hereditary disease. That he thought of this while raising a large family is plain from his published letters, in which he deprecates his condition and groans lest his physical afflictions be visited on his children. Alas! who can measure the miseries of the race resulting from the impure and unholy marriages into which even intelligent men and women so recklessly enter!

The fetich of our time is the legislative enactment. It is considered that men should be more moral, more temperate, immediately a party arises in the state, clamoring for a law to legalize its theories.

But unfortunately progress can not be obtained by an act of parliament. Development is a plant of slow growth, and the only soil in which it will flourish is that of broad human culture. Harmonious progress is not to be secured for the individual or society by hasty methods. You can make men hypocrites by prohibitory laws; you can not make them moral.

## Broader Education Required.

The moral torpidity of our educational system in the past is being felt in numerous ways. The embezzling bank cashier, the dishonest alderman, the corrupt official are by no means the most impressive illustrations of the failure of a purely literary education. In the selfishness of capital, which is indifferent to the fact that every year 20,000 working girls in New York city alone are driven to lives of shame, we see one startling phase of this training of intellect at the expense of ethical education. In the formation of vast trusts, syndicates, and monopolies for the confessed purpose of controlling and increasing the prices of life's necessities, or, as in other cases, for reducing vast armies of laborers dependent on the few for a livelihood to practical slavery, and in the increase of insanity, which our present selfish and morbid condition of society is fostering, we see a few of the deplorable results which spring largely from our defective system of intellectual training and which so imperatively demands a broader and truer conception of education, one which will include ethical and industrial training, whereby each and every child will be taught, by precept and example, those great fundamental principles of right and wrong about which there is no controversy; justice, fraternity, self-respect, sincerity, spirituality, and heroism will be so impressed on the plastic mind of childhood that it will at once perceive the beauty of the good, and there is no reason why this can not be brought about.—*Arena*.

## He Must Catch His Mule.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Commercial* relates that while himself and a doctor were traveling in Virginia they came upon an old colored man whose mule, attached to an old two-wheeled vehicle, was in the dumps and wouldn't go. "Dis mule am balked, boss," said the old man, "an' I'll jist gib a dollar to de man dat can start 'im." "I will do it for less than that, uncle," said the doctor. He took his case from the carriage and selected a small syringe, which he filled with morphia, and then injected the drug in the animal's side. The mule reared, gave a loud bray, and started off at railroad speed. The negro gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and, with a loud "Whoa!" started down the road after the mule. In the course of ten minutes they came up to him, standing in the road waiting. The mule was nowhere in sight. "Say, boss," said the dandy, "how much is dat stuff worth you put in dat mule?" "Oh, about 10 cents," laughingly replied the doctor. "Well, boss, yo kin squirt 20 cents' wut in me right away. Heah am de cash. I must ketch dat ar mule."

## The Coming Man-of-War.

Admiral Albini of the Italian navy says that the man-of-war of the future will have double screws and a helm at each end so that it can turn around without losing any time. Its sides, he says, will be unarmored.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Lady Customer—This is such a very small bonnet. Man Milliner—Ah, yes, madame, but ze price is large.

Life is too short to spend precious moments raising up people who would sooner walk on all fours.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Querist—You say that the man is a social outlaw. Is he a tramp? Sociologist—No. "What then?" "A millionaire!"

It takes staying out late and an angry wife to make a man know how it feels to be the corpse at an inquest.—*Atchison Globe*.

It's a curious phase of labor troubles that the walking delegate is the one that does most of the riding.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

In this country, where justice is meted out with an equal hand to all, even a dead man has his rites.—*Binghamton Republic*.

Smith—What age must a man be to be president of the United States? Brown—Thirty-five. Smith (aged 40) That lets me in!

Florist—"And how would this lyre suit?" Widow Berry—"Werry well, werry well; Dinns did dabble some in polyticks."—*Brooklyn Monthly*.

English Gossiper—The prince of Wales has grown quite deaf. American Ditto—Good thing. "But why?" "He can't hear what's said about him."

Minerva—"What would you answer to the question, 'Is life worth living?'" Helen—"O, I don't know. It depends so much on the weather."—*Lowell Citizen*.

"That cigar you smoke has its advantages." "Like it?" "No; that's just it. A friend doesn't feel hurt if you don't offer him one."—*Washington Post*.

Mr. Bashful—"I do love Boston bread, you know." Miss Waiting (seizing her chance)—"Now, do you know, I am Boston bred."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Briggs—"Tompkins is engaged to a widow, I hear." Briggs—"Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do any of the courting."—*Terre Haute Express*.

"You say you have gotten completely shut of that nuisance, Jones? How did you manage it?" "I loaned him a 'tender' and he is now—" "Wat?" "An X-friend."

The man who prophesies evil will always have a sympathetic audience. The man who prophesies good has hard work to get a hearing.—*Somerville Journal*.

"That artistic artist, Crayon Mahstick, has all the elements of a genius." "By what signs do you so conclude?" "He can see no merit in any one's work but his own."

Lake—"What did I tell you? The bustle has gone, and now the corset has got to go!" Squeers—"You mistake. The corset has got to stay!"—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

Young Minister (to his wife)—"Did you understand my sermon this morning, dear?" Young Wife (wistfully)—"I tried awfully hard to, Edward."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Briggs—"Sometimes I wish I could be a hermit and not have to associate with my fellowmen." Briggs—"You can get practically the same effect by eating onions."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Miss Fussanfeather—"Are you going to Saratoga next summer?" Mrs. Overgatter—"No, I think I will stay at home and use ice. It will be quite as expensive, I fancy."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Bunting (to policeman)—"I understand you secured the discharge of Officer O'Brien for sleeping on duty. That was right." Officer Mulcahy—"Yis, sorr. Yez see, me an' O'Brien had a nice corner to go to shlope in ivery noight; but O'Brien snored that loud Oi cudn't shlope at all, so Oi reported him."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Willie (coming home from church)—"Papa, they hadn't learned how to pray very well in Bible times, had they?" Papa—"I suppose, my son, people could pray then as well as they do now." Willie (positively)—"No, they couldn't. The Lord's Prayer is only a minute long and our minister can pray for a quarter of an hour."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Dolly Feeble—"Aw, what's the matter, me dear fellah? Y' appear awfully excited." Gussie Silley—"Just prewented aw fellah from having his brains blown out." Dolly Feeble—"How, me bwave boy?" Gussie Silley—"Why—aw—beastly man up the street said if I didn't give him me—aw—watch he'd blow me bwains out, and I—aw—gave him me watch."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Well, Mr. Fickleby, were you at church yesterday morning?" "No, I staid at home and took a nap." "Ah, you should have been at church, grand sermon we had." "Yes, but I dreamed I was in church, and I guess it's all right. Between you and me I'd rather stay at home and go to sleep and dream I'm in church that to go to church and go to sleep and dream I'm at home."—*Buffalo Courier*.

An Austin merchant says that Col. Harris Cheever, a member of the Texas legislature, is the champion impolite man of Texas. "What did he do that was so impolite?" asked a friend who overheard the remark. "I met him on the avenue," replied the merchant, "and he did not lift his hat to me, and it is the identical one that I sold him on credit during the last session of the legislature, and which is not paid for yet."—*Texas Siftings*.



## Jokes and Jests.

To keep your head above water, my son, put nothing but water in your stomach.

A survivor of the famous "Light Brigade" is a plumper at Indianapolis. He says he hasn't forgotten how to charge.

Practice makes perfect, but a man can drop a hot plate with as great accuracy and dispatch the first time as the second.

A little boy was asked, "How would you go from New York to San Francisco by water?" He replied promptly and with the utmost assurance, "In a boat."

The boarder makes the butter fly; the blacksmith makes the fire fly; the jockey makes the horse fly; but the bustling real estate agent makes the ordinary house fly.

"But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well."

"Madame, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."

Judge—"Can you give any reason why you can't pay your debts?" Delinquent Debtor—"I have nine reasons, your Honor, a wife, a mother-in-law, six children and an empty pocketbook."

"Now children, who was the strongest man?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. "John L. Samson!" yelled a little fellow whose knowledge of sacred and profane history was somewhat mixed.

The other day a little fellow entered a store and said, "I want a dog's muzzle." "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper, who saw that the boy made no offer to pay for it. "No," said the customer, indignantly, "of course it isn't! It's for our dog."

Clark county has 3,065 acres of castor beans this year.

L. J. Snell, a prominent old farmer living near Lincoln, died from the effects of a horse kick.

There is nothing in sight now of the promise of the Oswego people to build a new county jail, but a hole in the ground which is full of water.

Two little children were smothered recently in a grain bin at Little River. They were playing about the elevator and had been covered up some time before they were missed.

The costliest string of pearls in this country belongs to a New York lady and cost \$51,000.

Mr. Marquand is the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was \$26,000.

Sir Donald Smith of Montreal is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It cost, when landed in Montreal, \$27,000.

Mr. J. W. Mackay furnished about \$75,000 in weight of silver, and paid \$120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents \$195,000.

"Idlewild," formerly the home of the poet N. P. Willis, at Cornwall, has just been sold. A private insane asylum will be established there.

Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest priced painting in Canada, "The communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale, \$45,000.

J. H. Coates, who now runs the passenger elevator at the St. Louis Custom House on a salary of \$600 a year, went into the war a private and came out a brevet brigadier.

The last wave of the rising tide in favor of education for women comes from the ancient city of Prague. All the Czech Women's Associations are about to address a monster petition to the Austrian Reichsrath in favor of the admission of women students to the University of Prague.

Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, Utah.

The famous health and pleasure resort, Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, Utah, 18 miles from Salt Lake City, and reached only via the Union Pacific "The Overland Route" is now open for the season.

This is the only real salt beach on Great Salt Lake, and is one of the finest bathing and pleasure resorts in the West. Great Salt Lake is not a sullen, listless sheet of water, beating idly on the shore, but on the contrary is as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found anywhere. It is 21 per cent salt, while the ocean is only 3 per cent, and the water is so buoyant that a person is sustained on its surface indefinitely without the least effort on his part. Experience has proven its great hygienic effects. Owing to the stimulating effect of the brine on the skin, or the saline air upon the lungs the appetite is stimulated, and after a bath, the bathers are ready for a hearty meal, and feel greatly invigorated.

Fine bath-houses, accommodating 400 people, have been erected at Garfield Beach, in connection with which there is a first-class restaurant and a large dancing pavilion built out over the lake, all of these are run by the Union Pacific, who guarantee a first-class resort in every respect.

The Union Pacific has made low rates of fare for those desiring to visit Salt Lake City and Garfield Beach.

For complete description of Garfield Beach and Great Salt Lake, send to E. L. Lomax, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, for copies of "Sights and Scenes in Utah," or "A Glimpse of Great Salt Lake," or call on nearest agent.

## A Man Without a Country.

The San Francisco Examiner tells this story: In the early days of California a Chinese boy came to San Francisco. For some reason he divorced himself from all associations with his countrymen, assumed the garb and habits of an American, and learned the painter's trade. He took the name of Joseph Allman, and settled himself in San Leandro, where he pursued his calling, and was generally respected. Many years afterward his old father came to this coast and hurried up his son. Then there occurred a scene believed to be unique in the history of the country. The son was compelled to converse with his father through an interpreter. By reason of lack of association with people who spoke Chinese Allman had entirely forgotten his native tongue, and his father had not been long enough in the country to pick up any English. After a time Allman sought to take out citizenship papers. He then found that he was actually a man without a country. On account of his race and color he was prohibited from becoming an American, and as he had lost the language of his parents he could not claim China as the country of his home yearnings. Repeated efforts to become a citizen of the United States have resulted in failure.

## Old Lace.

Many of our girls do not know why old lace is so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, that the old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the four Gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrine, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and today specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

"Will you marry me, Ethel?" said the youth. "My family is all that one could wish for." "Then why do you want me?"

"Can you show me the grub that makes the butterfly?" she inquired, sweetly. "Buckwheat's the grub, but 'taint in season," answered the horrid, ignorant farmer.

Mrs. Watts—Her grief for him is simply overwhelming.

Mrs. Potts—It is, indeed. I understand that she spent half the life insurance money for a mourning suit.

Mother—Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl?

Jennie—Well, mamma, God sent you the best children he could find and, if we don't suit you it ain't my fault.

Count Pinchbeck—Your father is a political reformer, Miss Rox? Miss Rox—Yes, nothing but an honest count will suit him. Count Pinchbeck—Then I wish you a very good evening.

Jack Pott (presumably in love with his employer's daughter)—Is Mr. Calico in?

"Yes." Pott (horribly disappointed)—Well, I'm glad to hear it. He might catch cold outside; beastly weather.

Hudson—Do you believe in the insane theory of the transmigration of souls?

Henry—Not exactly, but I believe that when a man has been dead and buried 100 years, he becomes a century plant!

"Is there a drug store around here anywhere?" "Yes, there is a place below where they sell cigars and soda water." "I don't want cigars nor soda water, young fellow. I want to look at a directory."

Outside Agent—This town seems to be dead. No building, no growth, no new ground laid out for occupancy, no—Resident—Hold on! You're wrong there. We've just laid out an addition to our cemetery.

Mrs. M. Pyrie—I wonder if the editor would say a good word for our cremation society if I asked him?

Golly—I guess so. Nothing pleases him any better than giving somebody a roast.

Arabella asks: "What is the difference between an artist's model and a pugilist?" The difference, dear, is that the artist's model puts himself in a striking attitude, while the pugilist puts himself in an attitude to strike.

## MEN OF NOTE.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia is one of the most reckless gamblers now in Paris.

The new German Chancellor is an inveterate smoker and a moderate drinker.

The deafness of the Prince of Wales is incurable. It is something of very serious moment to the future ruler of England.

William Penn Whitehouse, who has just been appointed to the Supreme Bench of Maine, was a law student with Senator Hale.

The well-known brass founder of Canada, M. Chauteloup, left his entire fortune of half a million dollars to his former employees.

Count Julius Szapary, the new Prime Minister of Hungary, is fifty-eight years of age, and belongs to one of the old noble families of the country.

Sie Fou Ching, the new Chinese Minister to London and Paris, is now installed with his family and suite in the Chinese Legation in the Place Victor Hugo, Paris.

King Malletoa of Samoa has become quite "chummy" with Robert Louis Stevenson, who seems to be enjoying himself very much on the faraway Pacific island.

Joaquin Miller is credited with the worst penmanship of any educated man in the United States, and his spelling is far from being according to Webster or Worcester.

P. T. Barnum has presented to the public library of Bridgeport, Conn., a scrap book containing all the illustrations and comments of the London papers on his show while it was in that city.

Senator Brown of Georgia is a devoted member of the Baptist Church. He has given \$50,000 to the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and \$10,000 for a new Baptist Church in Atlanta.

The Hon. Bayless W. Hanna, late United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, has been in failing health since his return to his home in Indiana, and his friends are exceedingly anxious about him.

Stout officers are unknown in the United States army. No man weighing over one hundred and sixty pounds can join a cavalry regiment, while officers in the general service are liable to be retired for obesity.

A Connecticut apothecary has adopted the excellent device of placing poisonous medicines in a cabinet and attaching an electric bell. When the door is opened the bell rings, reminding the compounder that he is handling poisons.

W. Clark Russell, the nautical novelist, is a son of Henry Russell, the famous composer, and was born in New York in the year 1844. His mother was Miss Lloyd, a relative of the poet Wordsworth and in his early life he was a midshipman in the British merchant service.

"Uncle Billy" Powers, formerly a Baptist clergyman, is the only living Georgian who cast a vote for Lincoln in 1860. One other voter in the state was for Lincoln at the time, but he was killed during the war. Powers was a Blaine elector in 1884, and is now a census supervisor.

Rubber merchants discredit Henry M. Stanley's statement that the Aruwimi, in Africa, will in time become the great rubber center of the world. They say there are vast rubber forests all over the continent quite as productive as those about the Aruwimi forests, but that there is great difficulty to get at the rubber.

According to information gathered at Peking, the Emperor of China in his early childhood had more than four hundred attendants, among whom figured 80 nurses, 25 fanbearers, 25 palanquin bearers, 10 umbrella holders, 30 physicians and surgeons, 7 cooks and 23 scullions, 50 servants and messengers, 50 dressers, 75 astrologers, 16 tutors and 60 priests.

## The Young Siamese.

The children of Siam have their heads shaved with the exception of a lock on the crown. This is not allowed to be touched until they reach manhood, and the ceremony of cutting it off is one of the greatest events of the child's life. The hair-cutting of a prince of the royal family costs thousands of dollars. A great feast is given, and the barber who does the work receives a valuable present. He clips the locks with a golden scissors, and shaves the spot with a gilded razor. When the hair apparent to the throne is shaved in this way the whole nation rejoices. There is a grand festival, in which the royal white elephants take part, and feasting goes on for days. Poorer children have this hair-cutting done in a Buddhist temple, and the priest acts as barber. The Buddhist priests all over the east shave their heads. All the males in Siam are supposed at some time in their lives to become priests, and everywhere you go you see these bare-headed, bald-headed, yellow-skinned anatomies stalking about with yellow sheets wrapped round their bodies.

Kansas gets \$8,456 of the \$400,000 appropriated by congress to be distributed among the states for "arming and equipping the militia."

**THE NEW DISINFECTANT "PURITY."**  
It destroys and prevents bad smells. It arrests putrefaction and prevents contagion. It can be used with advantage for private and public places, in Fish and Provision Stores, Cellars, Night Chairs, Sinks, Vauls, Urinals, Drains, Water Closets, Markets, Slaughter Houses, and for all sanitary purposes.  
**POWERFUL—SAFE—ECONOMICAL.**  
**GREAT SANITARY PREVENTIVE.**  
Applied in Quart-Bottles, Jugs, Kegs and Barrels at reasonable terms.  
**"PURITY" IN THE SICK-ROOM.**  
Can be used with perfect safety. The unhealthy atmosphere of the room will be purified by suspending large sheets wet with a dilution of one pint of "Purity" in ten of water, which will remove all bad odors and keep the room pure.  
**EGYPTIAN DISINFECTING AND DEODORIZING POWDER.**  
INSTANTANEOUS, ODORLESS.  
Resistant and decomposable, does not simply disguise them.  
**USE IS UNIVERSAL.**  
**EGYPTIAN CHEMICAL COMPANY.**  
Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo.  
**FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.**

**BICYCLES!**  
**ALL SIZES, STYLES & PRICES, FOR PEOPLE OF ANY AGE OR SEX.**  
**SEND FOR CATALOGUE!**  
**LARGEST BICYCLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.**  
**AGENTS WANTED.**  
**CHAS. F. STOKES MFG. CO.,**  
293 and 295 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

**ORGANS** \$35. Pianos \$130. Catalogue free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

**DEAFNESS & NOISE** cured by the use of the "PARKER'S HAIR BALM" in the ear. See advertisement on page 10.

**DETECTIVES**  
Wanted in every County. Shaved men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience and necessary. Penalties from German Detective Bureau Co. 44 Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Freely used on the scalp and hair falling out, and get it to grow again.

**HINDERCORNS.**  
The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Brought comfort to the feet. See at Druggists, HINDOX & CO., N.Y.

**Dr. Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic PLASTER.**  
Gives quick relief from pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

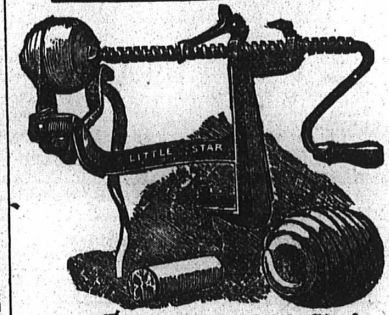
**HIRES' ROOT BEER.**  
The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME. THE BRANCH DRINK in the world. Delicious and Sparkling. TRY IT. Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it. C. E. HIRES. PHILADELPHIA.

**HELPMATE SEWING MACHINE.**  
A MARVELOUS SUCCESS. MODIES EVERY DESIRABLE IMPROVEMENT. MANY OF WHICH ARE EXCLUSIVELY ITS OWN.

**SEE OUR AGENT OR ADDRESS WILLIAMS MFG. COMPANY, (LTD.)**  
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y. AND MONTREAL, CANADA.  
A Live Agent wanted in every town where we are not represented.

Mrs. Michael Hoynes, wife of a farmer living west of Salina, was burned to death Sunday. She saved her children and home, but lost her own life.

**"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 Parer. 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 dealers 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. \$10.00 per day can easily be made. Send 75c. 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" PARE.

**FREE**  
OUR NEW Solid Gold Watch Worth \$1,000.00. Free to all who send for it. Send 75c. 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" PARE.

"Why don't you eat, Mr. Bliven?" said that young man's landlady. "You seem in doubt about something." "I am." "What is it?" "I can't make my mind whether that is a very small piece of steak or whether the servant simply forgot to wash the plate."

Dashley—How do you like Irving's acting in the scene where he sees his father's ghost?

Cashley—Tremendous. I have never seen such a subject terror expressed on a human countenance.

Dashley—You haven't? Well, you ought to see little Deadbroke when he meets his tailor in the street.

Old Gent (testily)—Horrible! Phew! Lawyer—What's the trouble, Mr. Gangrene?

Old Gent—There's a dead cat outside your door and I don't see how you can stand it.

Lawyer (relieved)—Oh! Is that all? I don't mind a little thing like that. I have an office boy that smokes cigarettes and I'm used to it.