

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS,
EVERY SATURDAY,
Topeka, - - - Kansas.
Sixty Cents a Year in Advance.
Or Two Copies One Dollar.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS aims to be a first class family journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscribers will be 75 cents, or two copies \$1.25. Clubs of five or more 50 cents each.

Some drunken fool started the lie that Miss Frances E. Willard claims to have had a vision from heaven.

Absconding and defaulting Republican postmasters and other officials are returning up with alarming frequency. Turn the rascals out.

John A. Logan was elected to the United States Senate by the vote of the fellow Settlers of Chicago, a regular saloon bummer, and an irresponsible whiskeyite.

The Leavenworth Times is positive that the Republican party of Kansas has freed itself of the burden of Prohibition. If the tail does not go with the hide next year what will be the fate of John A. Martin then.

The Republicans of Leavenworth elected Judge Crozier, the enemy of Prohibition, who decides the Prohibitory law unconstitutional. Judge French, of the Fort Scott District, who does not agree with Crozier, was elected in spite of Republicans over their regular candidate. Still we must look for Prohibition through the old Republican Fraud party. Out upon such inconsistency.

Dr. Canniff requests us to say, that on his election as Secretary of the State Central Committee, at its meeting on the 20th, in the place of Pitt Ross Esq., resigned, he expressed an intention to hold the position temporarily, but on reconsideration of the matter, he has concluded to continue in the service of the committee until released by a subsequent committee.

At the last meeting of the state Central Committee, Dr. H. J. Canniff of this city was elected secretary. There is no member of our party in the state more capable of doing work than the Doctor. He is a natural organizer, and has had half a century of experience in political work, but is still active and bids fair to see the final triumph of the National Prohibition party.

Some of our contemporaries are a little sensitive about receiving credit for their items. Now the Spirit may have something to say that our friends will want to reproduce. If so, they may credit what is too outspoken for them to endorse, for we shall not be mealy mouthed. Every thing else they can make their own freely. Give the people the truth, and who cares where it comes from.

It was a blessing in disguise when A. B. Jetmore declined a nomination he had sought—that of Governor on the St. John Prohibition ticket. He is better known now, and is doing good work for the Prohibition Party. Both the Republican papers at Lawrence condemn his partisan attack upon St. John in the speech he tried to make there, and endeavor to shirk the responsibility of his presence. We have the names of several heretofore Republicans who will hereafter be with us. We hope the Republicans will keep him busy.

Two Men.

Martin Van Buren Bennett is holding Prohibition Third Party Meetings every week, some times two or three a week in Cherokee and neighboring counties. Compare this man's work with that of A. B. Campbell. Two years ago they were working together for the State Temperance Union, as all honest men suppose, a strictly non-partisan union. Campbell as president, enjoyed a big salary and Van Bennett realized a moderate amount for his services, from means contributed by temperance people of all parties, the same who passed the prohibitory amendment according to official republican authority.

But when the crucial test came Van Bennett, once a Democrat proved true, and Campbell, always a Republican, a traitor. He turned the influence of the Union over to the Republican party, neglected to call the usual annual meeting for election of officers, at the appointed or regular time, but put it off until after the election.

Campbell hung upon the party for office. At first he would be Attorney General but failed. He was put off until Gov. Martin, after much delay, and very reluctantly gave him the supernumerary office of Adjutant General, an office with good pay and no other good about it.

Campbell made his work pay. He is a prohibitionist for revenue, and when the Republican party goes to smash next year, he will be found hanging around the commissary of the Prohibition Party, and will enlist if he can get an office of profit.

Van Bennett sacrificed large business interests and was true to principle, and is yet hard at work, while Campbell rests at ease in a house built by contributions from Sunday Schools.

And there were those who distrusted Van Bennett because he was a Democrat. Between the two give us the Democrat every time, and as between the two old parties, as they are give us the Democratic and let the Republican die the death.

The woman suffragists of this country owe a debt of gratitude to A. B. Jetmore of this city. When Gail Hamilton furnishes such a mass of twaddle as her essay in the June North American Review on "Prohibition in Politics," and when Mrs. John David, whoever she may be, supplies such a mass of political ignorance and falsehood as she sends to a Pittsburg paper, there is great reason to doubt woman's capacity to comprehend the simplest questions of politics, and to presume on her utter ignorance of political philosophy. But just here a presumptuous Topeka lawyer comes in with a two column article in the Inter-Ocean showing that he has no clearer comprehension of our political history, and the tendency of the times than these poor women. Mr. Jetmore restores the equilibrium of the sexes by proving that man may be as weak as woman, and the distributives of these two females must fall as harmless as the lawyer's.

The Republican politicians are now doing what the Sunday-schools did a year or two ago in support of the non-partisan State Temperance Union. It is said that Gov. Martin dropped a \$200 plum into the contribution box.

The good work goes bravely on. St. John is mobbed in Illinois by Republicans of course, because Democrats do not mob their friends, and Republicans say he is working in the interest of the democracy. In the same inconsistent breath they tell us we can get Prohibition only through the party that mobs the great Prohibition leader and burns his effigy.

The Capital swallows the Ohio Republican platform, whiskey plank and all.

If you wish a No. 1 article of Pure Ice Cream call on Mr. J. Groshong at Parker's Bakery 406 1/2 Kansas Avenue North Topeka. Cream sold by the dish or quart. Orders for parties filled.

The Republican party of Ohio in the state convention on Thursday, nominated Foraker for Governor and plainly declared in favor of regulating the liquor traffic in direct opposition to the principle of Prohibition. This will make it easy to thoroughly organize the Prohibition party of that state on the first of July.

We have been asked why it is that we so oppose the Republican party. We will answer this question, editorially in our next issue. Meanwhile we suggest to our friends who are sensitive in regard to that party, that they read the Spirit of Kansas carefully for a few months and study without prejudice the questions it discusses.

The time was when to say a man was a prohibitionist meant far more than to say he was a temperance man. Now, in Kansas at least, when one speaks of a prohibitionist, if he belongs to the Republican party, means anything but temperance. Under Republican protection, as some delight to call it, a Prohibitionist may mean one who drinks like a fish, and who votes for and favors the closing of saloons, but is sure to leave a way so that he can get plenty to drink on his own applications at the drug stores.

Less than one year ago, A. B. Jetmore, a very crude but egotistic politician, was seeking the nomination for Governor of Kansas on the Third party state ticket headed by St. John for President. Jetmore is one of those presumptuous aspiring demagogues afflicted with mental inflation. He aspires to leadership, but has so very few qualifications that when ever he opens his mouth he puts a foot into it and is forced to double and twist to get it out. Last fall he begged a nomination and then refused it. A few days ago he attended a non-partisan meeting in Lawrence, and so attacked St. John as to disgust the Republican organ of Douglas county, the Tribune, which takes him roundly to task. We are assured that he really made St. John and the Third party many friends. It is not the first time the Republicans have been tired of Jetmore, and it is not likely they will let him go out to any more such meetings. It is hoped they will not choke the fellow off. The more he says the better we like it. He is a good hand to make political fodder.

—New York City is situated on an island, known as Manhattan Island which is thirteen and a half miles long, and has an average breadth of more than a mile and a half. This island is not artificially constructed but was separated from the main land, in the ancient geologic ages, by the action of natural forces.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Our wonderful increase of population and marvelous growth of cities and villages are developing thousands of local markets, and giving great inducements to market gardening. As we near the millennium there are valid reasons for supposing that even farmers' gardens will be improved by the small-oring influence of the age.

—Carpet should be shaken often. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. But do not sweep them offener than is absolutely necessary. Take a brush and dusting-pan and remove the dirt in this way, and your carpets will wear enough longer to pay for your labor.—Boston Globe.

—The highest-priced clock in America is owned by a Wall-street broker in New York. It cost \$34,000, and was made in that city.—N. Y. Star.

HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS! Cheaper Than Ever.

Gasoline Stoves of the latest improved patterns; Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Chain Pumps, Iron Force Pumps, Wind Mill Pumps, Roofing, Guttering, Spouting, Fence Wire
In fact every thing in the Hardware line, at Prices lower than ever.

H. I. COOK & CO.
166 Kansas Avenue.

Our Drink and Tobacco Bill Compared with Other Items of Expenditure.

We pay annually in the United States the following bills:
Drink.....\$60,000,000
Tobacco.....60,000,000
Bread.....56,000,000
Meat.....303,000,000
Iron and Steel.....230,000,000
Spoken Goods.....174,000,000
Sawed Lumber.....233,000,000
Cotton Goods.....210,000,000
Books and Shoes.....104,000,000
Sugar and Molasses.....125,000,000
Public Education.....85,000,000
Christian Missions.....5,500,000

11-2 Billion for Liquor and Tobacco. 2 Billions for Necessities Education and Benevolence.

Three-Sevenths of all our Substance Wasted on that which is Worse than Useless. DOES IT PAY? Liquor, Tobacco, Meat, Iron and Steel, Woven Goods, Sawed Lumber, Cotton Goods, Books & Shoes, Sugar & Molasses, Public Education, Christian Missions, Home & Foreign.

It does no good for a man to sneer at the agitation in regard to the liquor traffic. The subject is altogether too important to be laughed down, ignored, or passed over without any serious attempt to settle it. Aside from the law-defying spirit which it has elicited, aside from all its moral and religious aspects, the question considered purely as one of dollars and cents, in its effects upon the National prosperity and wealth, is one of the most important that can be named.

Directly and indirectly, this country spends in the liquor traffic every year, a sum exceeding half the National debt. The cost of that traffic to the country, direct and indirect, is greater than the profits of all its capital not invested in real estate. It costs every year more than our whole Civil Service, our Army, our Navy, our Congress, including the River and Harbor and Pension bills, our wretched local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this Nation pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?

There is certainly spent for drink in this country more than \$800,000,000 and the entire sum raised by taxes of all kinds, National, State, county, city, town and school district, is not more than about \$700,000,000.

But the cost of the liquor drunk is not by any means the whole cost of the liquor traffic. An official report, prepared with much labor, by the Bureau of Statistics of Massachusetts, under authority from the Legislature, states that 84 per cent of all the crime and criminal expenses in that State comes directly from the abuse of liquor. There is at least one in twenty of the able-bodied men in this country who is rendered idle by his habits, or incapacitated for work. These persons, at the ordinary wages of workmen, would earn, if industrious and safely employed, over \$200,000,000 yearly. The proportion of persons in hospitals, who reach them because of excess in drink is very large, but cannot be definitely ascertained.

A traffic that costs in actual payment and in loss of productive labor more than half the National debt every year, is not to be ignored by the economist. It may be assumed that the loss to the country of the country has risen from \$30,000,000,000 in 1870, to \$50,000,000,000 in 1880, about one-half being in real estate. Probably that at that rate, the yearly interest on all personal property of all kinds is over \$1,000,000,000, and the direct or indirect cost of the liquor traffic must be greater.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel reports that two men who served on a jury at a trial in Utica the other day, after they retired, voted on a verdict in direct opposition to their real sentiments because they did not know the difference between the terms "plaintiff" and "defendant" in the case.

—The American rocking-chair and stove are making Rome howl with delight.

THE CENTRAL MILL. North Topeka, Kas.

The Central Mill has been recently thoroughly remodeled by J. B. Billard, and is now prepared to supply straight grade of Burr and Roller Flour, Meal, Graham and Rye Flour of the best quality, a specialty. All kinds of grain bought and sold.

CUSTOM WORK DONE.

J. B. BILLARD.

Kaufman & Thompson,

—DEALERS IN—

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
Flour and Produce;
No. 128 Kansas Avenue, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

FIVE CENTS A DAY.

The Cumulative Power of Money Religiously Set Aside.

The cumulative power of money is a fact very generally appreciated. There are few men living at the age of seventy-five, hanging on to existence by some slender employment, or pensioners, it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends, but might by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them to maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small sum of five cents, which we daily pay to have our boots blackened, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what the value is in the course of years.

We will suppose a boy of fifteen, by blacking his own boots or saving his cherished cigarette, puts by five cents a day. In one year he saves \$18.25, which, being banked, bears interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, compounded semi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of sixty-five, having set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less than \$3,893.18. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of thirty our hero had \$393; at forty, \$977; at fifty, \$1,667; at sixty, \$2,962. After fifteen years' saving, his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double in thirty-five years it is four times as much, in forty-five years it is eight times as much, as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is \$912.50; the difference between that and the grand total of \$3,893.18—namely, \$2,980.68—is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures!—Baptist Weekly.

—Everybody knows how the sudden cessation of a thundering band of music causes remarks to be shouted out in a tone like a locomotive whistle. The other night at a hop the band crashed out a few final bars and suddenly stopped, when the voice of a lovely little thing in pink was heard screaming at the top of her lungs: "Don't miss bustle hang nicely!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Big Drive FOR A GOOD MAN.

WANTED

To Lease, Rent, or Sell

21 Town Lots in Topeka, Kansas, on the side track of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. A part of these lots front on Eighth Avenue, east. All have a front to the side track in good locality for manufacturing purposes of all kinds, or for storage. I will rent or lease one lot or all of them at the party may desire, or sell the same way. Better call and see me at 249 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

C. DUNN.

I will also rent lease or sell any part or

All of 320 Acres of Land

situated thirteen miles from Topeka, and one fourth of a mile from the U. V. Depot at Kingsville, and two and a half miles west of Silver Lake. This farm is all under cultivation, with good buildings and well watered. Will be sold in 5 or 10 acre lots for gardening purposes, and part on time.

Topeka, Kansas. C. DUNN.

—To cure a felon: Saturate a bit of wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and apply to the affected part. A sufferer who tried the above plan says it relieved the pain at once. In twelve hours there was a hole to the bone and the felon was destroyed. The turnip was removed; the wound dressed with a healing salve and the finger soon became well.—Boston Budget.

—A young lady in New York recently paid five hundred dollars for a pair of shoes. They were made of white satin, embroidered with pearls. And here you see the advantage of living in New York. For a similar pair of shoes, a Chicago girl, for obvious reasons, would have to pay about ten thousand dollars.—Boston Transcript.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending June 13, 1885.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

The Republican Party to go into History as a Provisional Party.

The Republican party has frittered away its opportunity. Its error is beyond remedy. It passes into history as only a meager, temporary, provisional party.

Its possibilities were great. It was founded in broad principles. Its conceptions were humanitarian and national. While opposition to the extension of slavery was its cardinal thought in its early days, it grew to be more than a party of one idea. It was, at one period, conservative and contained many elements of a true democracy. The time was when we proudly hoped to see it pass into history as the great national party. It met a trying emergency and passed through the terrible ordeal triumphantly. It gained victories in war, but the triumphs of peace were too much for it to withstand.

The Republican Party could not be progressive. It could not conquer success, and went down as whole nations have gone down, because of its pride, its corruption, and the decline of sturdy virtue as the spoils of office robbed it of its patriotic ardor.

We must need have more than one party. There must be counteracting forces in politics as well as in nature. But one of these may be founded in a few fundamental principles, and though it may sometimes be led astray will return to its normal state. It will be the permanent, leading party. Its opponents will be transient, ephemeral, and pass away. They are the provisional parties. They serve a temporary purpose and then die away leaving a few traces only of their existence. The work they do may be important, but the instrumentality through which it is done is soon forgotten. Then the old party swings back into place, rejuvenated and improved, perhaps, by its experience.

In our history this permanent party has been the democracy. It is fundamentally sound. It is based in the great principle of popular liberty. It has the grandest theories of government of any party ever known in the history of our world.

But it was not perfect. It met with checks and reverses. The Federalists were temporary. The Whig party gained a few triumphs and passed away. Other factional parties sprang up, gained considerable power, controlling states but never reaching national control, and also passed away.

Then came the greatest of these provisional parties—the Republican. It partook largely of the elements of the Democratic party differing only, or mainly on the one question of slavery. That evil wiped away the Republican party should have supplanted the Democracy, and have made itself the permanent national party.

This was the opportunity it lost. It was not equal to the demands of the hour and now it drifts back into obscurity to take its place in history beside the Federal, the Whig, the Know Nothing and other Secondary parties some of them barely remembered and others altogether forgotten.

Had the Republican party heeded the admonitions of Abraham Lincoln; had it listened to the warnings of the Liberal Republicans in 1872, and of others before that date; had it listened more to the words of Sumner, and Greeley and Julian at one stage of its life, to the mugwumps of a later day, and to the advice of Blaine, and St. John and Frances E. Willard still later, it might not perhaps, have survived but the chances were largely in its favor. Certainly it would not have died the disgraceful death of a moral coward.

But the Republican party is dead and it died ingloriously. It is well that its end has come. It is now better that the democratic party remain in power, until opposing forces are again reorganized.

Another party of the people is rapidly coming forward. It will antagonize and defeat the democracy after it enjoys a brief reign. Prohibition and Anti-Monopoly are gathering forces. The new party is already organized. By its aid the Republican Party was overthrown last fall. In the North and in the South it is marshaling its strength for the overthrow

of the liquor traffic and in defense of the rights of labor. The Democracy, although the first to pass prohibitory laws, is to be its opponent.

The new party will be another Provisional party. The advantages offered the Republican party to become the great permanent national party in place of the democracy will probably not again be presented. But the temporary work of the Prohibition party will be great. It will free more men and women than did the war of the Rebellion.

So let the Provisional Republican party lie buried where it is, unhonored in its death, although gratefully remembered in its youth and let be written over its tomb:

Those saddest words of tongue or pen,
Sad epitaph, "It might have been."

Historic Parallels. No. 1.

The Republican party was in 1858, several years younger than the National Prohibition Party is today. Its first presidential campaign was that of 1856. Two years later it had assumed very considerable proportions, and bearing in mind the great national triumph it secured in 1860 any one would now say that a Republican leader who would have advised the abandonment of his party in 1858, because of delusive hopes held out by its enemy to prevent, or check the disintegration of his own party, was either short-sighted or false to his professed principles.

It was at this period that the Democratic party was struggling to avert its doom. Among other things, Stephen A. Douglas, although he had frequently declared that he did not care whether slavery was "voted up or voted down," was compelled by the sentiment of his constituents to take ground in opposition to the Lecompton Constitution.

This was considered so important a defection from the pro-slavery democracy that many leading Republicans advised the abandonment of their party and the joining with Douglas Democrats. The New York Tribune was induced to lend its influence to this backward movement, and urged the disbanding of its own party when but two years from national victory, a step that practically contemplated a sacrifice of the great principle for which it had battled for nearly a score of years. But the Tribune had many followers, but they were not among the Republicans of Illinois, who brought out Abraham Lincoln to oppose the Little Giant. Then followed that remarkable debate that brought Lincoln into notice, and made him President two years later.

Every one now sees the folly of the Tribune in consenting to a surrender when fidelity to party principle was most needed. But the Tribune occupied the same position then as those Prohibitionists now do who advise the abandonment of the Third Party, and the going to the Republican party. Douglas had said he did not care whether slavery, which Horace Greeley was opposing, was voted up or voted down.

This was more than the National Republican party has ever said. What ever it has said on the question has been in direct opposition to Prohibition. The clear cut whiskey platform of 1872 has never been revoked, but has been re-affirmed, and even approved by the party in this State within the last twelve months.

The true Prohibitionists of the country will not be beguiled into such a party by false pretences, but will remain true to the new party, as the Lincoln Republicans did in 1858, while the Jetmores and Legates of that day were willing to turn back when victory was almost in view.

Gail Hamilton has about as intimate a knowledge of history in connection with "Prohibition in Politics" as she has of husbands. She comes to the indirect aid of Mr. Blaine in a terribly distorted essay in the June North American Review. It is wonderfully strange why it is that persons of so much reputation are not better able to grasp this question of Prohibition and to understand its relation to our political history. It must be that Gail Hamilton has been as much overrated as cousin Blaine.

The politicians who seemed to think that Prohibitionists will be alarmed at the prospect of aiding the democratic party want to be made to know that this thought has no terrors. We would quite as soon that the Democratic party were in power as the Republican. In fact, we recognize in Cleveland's Administration a very decided improvement and foresee much good to come from the change. On the other hand we do not see but Glick's administration was just as creditable as Martin's.

—A man at St. Albans, Vt., was heard to remark that he would give twenty cents for a cat. The next morning twenty-two boys were on hand, each expecting to go away twenty cents richer.

THE COMING OF THE ROSE.

The star-gemmed gates, which are never seen Except by elves on the dewy green,
Were rolled apart at a touch to-day,
And all the roses are on their way,
Coming to fill the land with light,
To crown the summer with garlands bright.

Sweet within sweet and fold on fold,
Crimson and white, and cloth of gold—
This with its glory heart aglow,
That with the luster of falling snow,
See them both on the prickly hedge,
See their foam on the meadow's edge.

Blooming as fair by the roof of thatch
As where a princess may lift the latch,
The clasp of pure and sweet
On the dusty road or the thronging street,
Bathing the grasp of a rude desire,
By the jealous watch of the country briar.

Everywhere is the fragrance poured:
Earth is a garden of the Lord,
Pride of the bow and light of the lance,
The rose is tuned to a merry strain;
Music and perfume, joy and peace—
Nothing is jangled or out of tune.

Birds sit on the jeweled spray
Weaves the roses in his rollicking lay;
The clasp of pure and sweet
Never was half so glad before;
Little wren in the hidden nest,
Chirps of the pleasure that fills her breast.

Which is the lover, bud or rose,
The clasp of pure and sweet
Fairer and braver hour by hour,
Till we gaze entranced on the perfect flower?
Somewhat when the bud is sweet,
Dear little questioner, must reply.

I, as I stoop to your rose-bud lips,
Gates through which innocent laughter trips—
I, as I bend with a kiss to meet
The clasp of pure and sweet
Know that the bud so fresh and free
Is the dearest thing in this world to me.

—Margaret E. Schuyler, in Harper's Young People.

CUPID AND CUT RATES.

A New York Scalper's Romantic Love Story.

THE SCALPER'S NARRATION.

They say that "all is fair in love and war." The railroad companies have found out that there is a good deal that is not fair in this war of cut rates. You may think this is a joke. If you've got any such foolish idea as that into your head, just tackle the first stockholder you meet and see if he don't tell you it's cold, hard truth. This sort of funny business between the trunk lines—you cut my throat and I cut yours, so to speak—has made it lively for us. Too lively, to be honest with you, when we come to figure up the profits. I'd rather see less people here in my Broadway office and more money. Don't you see for yourself that it is less wear and tear on the nerves, not to speak of the future, to sell twenty tickets a day at a clean commission of three dollars a ticket, than to sell one hundred on a fifty-cent margin, not to speak of having to turn ourselves inside out as a universal railway guide and bureau of information for two hundred more people, who finally go to some other fellow's shop to buy their tickets?

The theory of our side of the railroad business and the basis of our success—when we have said that half the world wants to get something for nothing, something for less than it is worth, something cheaper than the market price. So you see, we don't have any very altitudinous opinion of the class of folks who mostly patronize us. Our best customers are fellows who could just as well afford to pay full rates and never know the difference. Of course, though, a good many poor people come here, and in helping them a dollar or two, I feel as though we are regular out and out, died-in-the-wool philanthropists.

Funny customers? Do we have any? Do we have anything else? I would like to ask you. Some of them are regular, but mostly transient. I'll tell you about one of my regular customers if you'll keep it to yourself. If it should get out the boys would have the grand laugh on me, from Canal street to the Astor House. It was about six weeks ago—just six weeks ago to-day if you are so particular about dates—that a young woman came in and asked:

"What does a ticket to Chicago cost?"

"Seventeen dollars," I said.

"Without another word she walked out—except, I believe, she did say: 'Thank you' in a very low tone.

The next day she came again and asked the same question and got the same answer. The third time she came, which was the day following, I noticed her more closely. She was very plainly dressed, but somehow her dry goods looked better than some that cost a pile of money. She knew how to wear things like a lady. She might have been a saleswoman or a school-teacher or anything of that sort that a lady might be who was down in her luck. She looked pale and sad, but there was something brave in her eyes that made a fellow respect her. At any rate, it made me pull off my hat and lay my cigar down—and there are mighty few folks I ever do either for in business hours.

"What is the price of a Chicago ticket to-day?"

"Sixteen dollars," I said.

There was just a little glad streak came into her tired face at the drop of a dollar that made me wonder how glad she would look if the tumble had been five times as large. But she only said: "Thank you," and walked quietly away as before. I wondered if she would come again. At the next day she was here at about the same time. Prices had stiffened up again, and I felt like a brute when I had to say "Seventeen dollars" instead of "Fifteen," which I would much rather have said, and I believe I should, and pocketed the loss, if so many other people had not crowded around.

She opened her large, blue eyes at me as though she thought I must be mistaken. After she had repeated the question to make sure, and had received the same answer—I hadn't the courage to look her in the face when I said "Seventeen," and so made believe I was terribly busy with some letters—she walked away more slowly than usual.

The next three days running the rates stood still at seventeen dollars, and "My Customer"—I'd got to calling her

so in my mind—came and went regularly at the same hour.

Then early the next morning we got news of a big break. Prices were all at sixes and sevens, but we started in at fourteen dollars to Chicago. When she came—I suppose it does not cost any more to put in a capital than a small "s"—I felt a little nervous about telling her. To tell the honest truth, I was afraid she would buy a ticket and that would be the last I would see of her. Then I thought to myself: "It's none of your business, anyhow. What do you care—what right have you to care?" And I had to answer back: "Not any."

And besides, it was evident she was so anxious to go that I would rather she would go if it would make her the least bit happier. It was rather a got-used-to-being-disappointed sort of a tone in which she asked her regular question, but there was plenty of life and snap, and it sounded good to hear the way in which she said: "Oh, I thank you!" when I told her "Fourteen," just as though I was responsible for it and made all the rates for the whole country. But she didn't buy a ticket that all the same, and it may be foolish for a scalper to say—and a scalper who is not in the habit of getting left—to own up, fair and square, that I was downright relieved when she did not plunk down fourteen dollars on my counter.

It was fourteen dollars the next day, and she asked me if I thought it would go any lower. I told her everything was so mixed up it was impossible to tell but the chances were that tickets would yet sell for twelve dollars and perhaps less.

"Do you think they will get as low as ten dollars?" she asked.

And then I knew her figure and what she was waiting for, and I was glad to size up her pile at last.

"I wouldn't wonder if it got down to ten," I said, "but I don't know how soon it will be, and I hope you are in no hurry about going."

When that fly clerk of mine heard what I had said about hoping she wasn't in a hurry, having seen her coming in or going out every day for two or three weeks, he thought I was trying to be sarcastic, and the continental idiot laughed.

First she looked at him and then at me with those great, blue eyes, and then, without a word, she walked away, and somehow I felt as though I had never seen her again. I haven't got the ugliest disposition in the world, but I believe I would really have enjoyed choking that fly clerk until he was half dead. As it was, I told him in cut-rate terms the profits would not allow the luxury of two clerks, and as he was the last to come he should be the first to go, and that he could look for another place at the end of the week. When he turned pale and said he had a sick mother and two little sisters to support on his ten dollars a week, of course I could do nothing but keep him; but I gave him some advice about laughing in the wrong place that he won't forget to his dying day.

She didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I was getting nervous and too cross for any earthly use when, on the fourth day after my fly clerk laughed—I say the fourth day after, because he hadn't laughed since—in she came at the usual hour.

"Tickets are eleven dollars to-day," I said, before she had time to ask her regular question, and I could not help showing that I was glad to see her again, although for the life of me I dared not say so. And then, without giving her time to speak, I rattled on:

"You've had so much bother and trouble waiting, though, that I will make it ten to you if you are in a hurry to go."

I did this to make up for the rudeness of my fly clerk, but it was an effort that took nerve, I tell you, for I was sure this would be the last of her, and that, of all things, was what I didn't want to see.

"I thank you very much," she said, "but I am able to pay the full price when I buy a ticket."

When she was gone I was rather glad to know that her pride had prevented her accepting my offer of a dollar's discount, for it gave me still another chance of seeing her, even if ten dollars should be the next day's rate.

It was selfish, I know, and I own up to it, but I felt as near like a fellow who is sentenced to be hanged and then gets a reprieve for twenty-four hours as I hope I ever will feel when I found the next day's rate was twelve dollars. For two days this was the ruling price, and then the cut rate fell to ten dollars. And now my only thought was:

"Will she come here once more, or will she buy her ticket of some one else?"

She did come.

"I see by this morning's paper that the price of a ticket to Chicago to-day would be ten dollars," she said, very demurely. "Is that correct?"

She handed me ten dollars in silver, mostly dimes, and it took me a long while to count it. I knew I would not see her again, and I was in that state of mind that I wanted to do something for her which she could not refuse.

"You have made a mistake," I said. She turned pale, and I saw her little hand tightly grasp the edge of the counter as she asked:

"Is there not money enough? Is there not ten dollars?"

"Oh, yes, enough, and more than enough; here are twelve dollars—see?" Then I counted out before her the ten dollars she had paid me and the two dollars in quarters that I had hastily slipped in with her money, and then handed back to her two dollars. She was about to say something further, but I said:

"Excuse me, but I am too busy to bother about change. What train do you wish your ticket for?"

"Eight o'clock to-night," she said, hesitatingly, still holding the two dollars in her hand.

I made a memorandum of the number of her ticket—3,684—as I stamped it, put it in an envelope and handed it to her.

Still she hesitated and was about to say something more, and again I said: "Excuse me—your ticket is all right—please don't bother me about that change again. I wish you a very pleasant journey and hope I may have the pleasure of selling you a ticket again some time."

Without waiting to hear a word I rushed out, catching one farewell

glimpse as I passed, and dropped in at the rival cut-rate office next door to talk over the situation. But for the life of me, if I were called into court to testify, I couldn't tell one single word that was said. When I went back to my office she was gone, and I didn't care whether Chicago tickets sold for ten dollars or ten cents—or didn't sell at all.

Now I am a business man, a practical man, a cut-rate man, a scalper, but a sudden inspiration dawned on me when I looked at the number of the ticket she had bought. I knew the train on which she was going. I, too, would go to Chicago on the same train and if in any way I could serve her—if I could win her confidence to the extent of being allowed to do something for her there would be the profit of my trip that would be bigger and more comfortable than any profits my books ever showed.

THE CONDUCTOR'S CHAPTER.

Queer experience a conductor has? You are just right he does. There are cranks of assorted sizes on every train till it makes me tired, and I ain't one of the tired kind. I've been railroad—train boy, brakeman and conductor—twenty-two years, and I've seen things to make a fellow laugh till he splits, and tragedies—real tragedies—to make a white man's heart ache. But sad and glad, first and last and all along between, I have never had anything strike me more in a heap than the other night when I had one of them Broadway-out-throats—I mean cut-rate, scalping fellows—on my train. He swung on just as I did, as she was pulling out, and went direct to the smoking car and took a seat, although he had a whole section in the Chicago sleeper and is well fixed. Our Pullman conductor put me on him as a scalper or I wouldn't have known who he was from a side of Illinois sole leather. When I came through punching tickets the scalper says to me in an off-hand sort of a way:

"Say, conductor, keep an eye out for ticket No. 3,684, and when you come back let me know where it is located," handing over a first-class cigar as he spoke.

"All right," said I, thinking there's a woman in the case, or else some fellow has put up a job on him about that ticket and he is laying for him.

When I found 3,684 it wasn't a woman or any job—only a poor, hump-backed cripple, fit to make your heart ache to look at. A bright face and all that—too bright for the kind of a body size it was hitched to—just the sort of a face to make a fellow want to kick up a row with all creation that such things could be. He wasn't in a sleeper, neither, but in a day car, all wrapped around with shawls and made comfortable-like as though somebody loved him, and had fixed him to go through with as little bother and shaking up as possible. Well, I went back after I'd been through the train, and said to the scalper, who was puffing away nervous like:

"I have found your 3,684."

"She's in the Chicago sleeper, ain't she? She's comfortable, isn't she?"

"Well," I said, "you'd better see for yourself. She's in the fifth seat from the front on the left-hand side in the next car back."

He threw his cigar away and hurried into that car. A moment later he came back, looking black and ugly.

"What do you mean by monkeying with me?" he said. "Where is the young lady with Chicago ticket No. 3,684?"

"I don't know your racket," said I, "but if you think I'm fooling about it just walk back with me and I'll soon convince you."

He followed, and when we had reached the cripple's seat I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but is your ticket for Chicago?"

With that he reached down, and hauling out his pocket-book handed me ticket No. 3,684. The scalper stood close by and I held my lantern up while I looked so that he could see plain at the same time. There was a vacant seat behind the cripple and the scalper, without a word, sat down in it. I went ahead to smoke. When I came through next time the scalper had the cripple in his arms and was carrying him back to his own section in the Chicago sleeper, while the train boy followed with the cripple's things—a shawl, a bag, a pillow for his back and a big envelope box full of lunch. The cripple was put into the scalper's lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper, and that's all I know about them, except that I thought then, and I think now, and I ain't ashamed to say it, that whoever and whatever that cripple was, it was a kind act the way that Broadway scalper treated him.

THE SCALPER RESUMES AND CONCLUDES.

It was a great piece of good luck on my part, as I am sure that you will agree, that I found Her brother on the train. He is unfortunate in having a crooked back, but his head is so level and his brain so bright that no one ever thinks he is deformed. At first I was disappointed in not finding Her; but after all it was better in every way that I met Her brother. It was for him she had saved up money that he could go to friends in the West who are able and willing to help him, and not for a trip for herself. He was good enough to take pity on me, because I was so lonesome, and consent to share my sleeping-car section with me. I never rode with a more agreeable fellow in my life, and we parted great friends when I finally was obliged to leave him in Chicago and come back. He also sent a message to his sister here in New York, which he said I must deliver personally, and as he made such a point of my doing it in person I couldn't refuse.

Now it just occurs to me you have been too inquisitive all along, and I didn't stop to think who I was talking to; and so I will not, under any consideration, tell you who she is or what a grand, brave struggle she has been making for her invalid mother and her unfortunately gone on as far as I have.

I don't suppose it can do any real harm to say that, whatever her name may be now, a week from to-day it will be the same as mine, and I'd like to give everybody a free ride to wherever they want to go, or do anything in reason to make everyone as happy as I am now, regardless of the fact that if cut rates save money to some people, they have given me—or will in a few days give me—a mother-in-law and a lame brother-in-law to care for, not to mention a wife too good for the best and squarest scalper who ever drummed up business on Broadway, and so I go in for cut rates to the end of the chapter.

—Detroit Post.

LATE FASHIONS.

Some Interesting Intelligence Concerning Dresses, Bonnets and Other Female Varieties.

Watered Irish poplins are displayed. Brocaded moire antique is again a fashionable fabric for elegant toilets. In white these superb materials are much used for bridal toilets.

Some of the new bonnets and hats of cactus-lace straw are wonderfully light and comfortable, and so loosely braided as to show the gay linings beneath. In other fancy braids are heather-mixed straws, with brims styled with mock pearl, sapphire, opal or jet beads.

For traveling and riding the camikard, or French refugee wrap, made of dove-gray pongee, dark cardinal surah, fawn-colored vigogne, or cashmere, is considered very stylish abroad—so reports an importer recently returned. A silk embroidery in one color, or rows of narrow silk braid, is the usual decoration of these long protective mantles.

A pretty change easily afforded to those who already possess a dress of plain white veiling or cashmere made last year is the purchase of about five yards of double-width goods matching the hue and fabric of the skirt portion, but embroidered or brocaded with small dots or other figures in mauve, pale blue, brown, etc. The costume as a whole will look a rich and dainty one, while the cost for sufficient quantity of the new figured material to make a round waist and apron overskirt, or a long polonaise, will be really very little.

Some of the newer fishwife poke bonnets are more rounding in shape, and not so narrow about the ears, or so high and peaked in the crown as formerly, making them much more becoming to the general effect of face than the towering peaked shapes as first introduced. These bonnets are now chosen and appropriately worn by ladies of every age, and they are shown in every size. The more exaggerated shapes gives a quaint and piquant look to the faces of pretty blooming young ladies, while the larger modified styles impart a certain stately and high-bred appearance to matrons of mature years. Altogether, the fishwife bonnet is a favorite. Over many of the white toilets of silk, satin or materials of lighter, diaphanous material are draped very beautiful hand-embroidered scarfs of silk, etamine canvas, crape, grenadine or tulle. These are very wide and form the drapery in the back. Some of these scarfs are embroidered with pure white silk alone; others are richly wrought with small flowers and foliage in Oriental colors in which shaded silks, arrasene and pearl, ruby, amber and emerald beads are deftly intermingled.

Bodices of lace, high in the neck, to be worn over low-necked waists of silk or satin, promise to be a leading fashion for dressy toilets the coming summer. The sleeves to these are half long and lace-edged. This style of corsage is far prettier and more becoming than the regularly low-cut bodice which displays the bare neck and arms, and added to its graceful effect it is a fashion which will prove most comfortable during the sultry summer season.

New jersey bodices are imported, made of chenille and silk canvas, with glints of gold showing the wool. A handsome dancing dress was a pale blue silk and chenille jersey attached to short skirts of soft blue Ottoman. A Louis Quinze scarf of silvery blue silk etamine bordered with an elaborate embroidery of golden wheat, and sprays of long-tine notes, and convolvulus, is added. The skirt is covered with fan-plaited flowers, veiled with narrower plaitings of the silk canvas. The bodice is cut square in the neck and trimmed with the embroidery. A very narrow strap of this canvas answers for a sleeve, and the strap is edged with dainty double frills of pale gold lace and soft blue lace, laid one above the other.

The new Russian riding boot, which has become very popular, is made of soft black kid with patent-leather tops. They are cut to reach about three inches and a half above the ankle, and are fastened with tiny round buttons of French gold.

A new variety of costly lace is imported, which very much resembles the designs of Duchesse lace, except that around the edges of the filmy leaves, flowers and delicate vines is a hand-wrought tracery of fine silk cord, which veils the leaves and outlines each exquisite bud and blossom. The narrow widths of this lace are sold at eight dollars a yard, and the wider patterns for flounces cost forty dollars a yard.

Some of the new French polonaises of plain Lyons satin, Victoria silk, or heavy Ottoman cord, are fashioned in front to form a slender vest. The sides lengthen into wide panels, which reach quite to the bottom of the dress skirt, and the full drapery falls in rich undraped folds in the back. One handsome costume of bronze brown satin shot with gold, shows the panels bordered with a rich passementerie of arrasene, tufts of silk chenille and shaded silks in gold and bronze. This costly trimming also covers the entire vest and adorns the sleeves and high standing collar. Summer silks of every description are also made in this style, the trimmings being bands of velvet ribbon laid in straight rows. —N. Y. Evening Post.

The planting of our native trees to a larger extent is recommended by *Vick's Magazine*. The value of these trees, it says, in their ornamental aspect, is sufficient to warrant a considerable effort to procure and plant them.

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We also have on hand Afflicts Farm Record and Account Book, a very valuable book for farm use, containing a place for Daily Record of passing events for every day in the year. Maps of Farm, Garden and Orchard Records of every thing raised, receipts, expenses, increase of stock, everything bought or sold, blank pages for receipts and contracts, balance sheets, &c., with several pages of useful recipes, information and reference tables. This book has been sold largely for \$3.00 each. Our readers are invited to call and see it. We have a limited number, and while they last we will give one copy to any one getting us ten subscribers to the Spirit at the club price of 60 cents each. Or we will give one copy and the Spirit one year for \$2.50.

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Dr. EDWARD B. FOOTE as a representative of Eclectic Medicine, as a writer of popular medical literature, and as a physician stands prominent and is perhaps throughout the world, better known by his writings than any other medical writer who has directed his teachings to the people rather than the profession. Born and raised among Connecticut settlers, on the "Western Reserve" in Ohio, he early began the work of many self-made men. Starting at the age of sixteen as "printer, devil" in a newspaper office, he worked his way to the editorial chair, and was severally connected with the most prosperous weekly of its time in Connecticut, and the first successful morning paper of Brooklyn, N. Y., but his main impulse had always been toward the study of medicine, and to this end business enterprises were sacrificed until in apprenticeship with a noted botanical specialist, and a course of study finishing with graduation, found him prepared to follow out the bent of his life to its completion. He was among the earliest of those who advocated the publication of anatomical, physiological and hygienic books for the masses, and his success in interesting and popular books has been conspicuous. His first and best known book, entitled "Medical Common Sense" reached a circulation of 250,000 copies, probably because of its originality and novelty in a new field; and his subsequent writings have been mainly in the same line, "Science in Story" having been written for the purpose of providing a readable book for children, and one which should make plain to their comprehension the facts which he considered it necessary for them to know concerning their own bodies.

In speaking of the late Prof. J. S. Smith, of Oxford, London, NATURE remarks: "It has been said that in scientific thought, the best and most original ideas have always been conceived before the age of thirty." This is probably true, also, of the original of this portrait. His most radical thoughts were published in his first work, written before he was twenty-nine years of age, and though his pen is never long idle his first success has not yet equalled by subsequent work, though his "Plain Home Talk," a revision and enlargement of "Medical Common Sense," seems likely in time to obtain a circulation rivaling that of its predecessor.

In practice Dr. Foote has always been independent, progressive and original, always a foe of old-fogism and trade-unionism in medicine; once a disciple of the old Temperance botanical school, as opposed to mineral and blood-letting practice, and now a staunch supporter of Eclecticism in all that the name implies. He has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession for thirty years, and as the portrait given herewith is from a recent photograph, hard work appears to agree with him and he looks equal to twenty years more of it.

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CHEWING GUM.

The Complicated Process Indulged in by the People of Patagonia.
To fit it for use the natives make it into pellets, then hold it on the point of a stick over a basin of cold water; a coal of fire is then approached to it, causing it to melt and trickle down by drops into the basin. The drops, hardened by the process, are then kneaded with the fingers, cold water being added occasionally, till the gum becomes thick and opaque like putty. To chew it properly requires a great deal of practice, and when this indigenous art has been acquired a small ball of mafen may be kept in the mouth two or three hours every day, and used for a week or longer without losing its agreeable resinous flavor or diminishing in bulk, so firmly does it hold together. The mafen chews, on taking the ball or quid from his mouth, washes it and puts it by for future use, just as one does with a tooth-brush. Chewing gum is not merely an idle habit, and the least that can be said in its favor is that it allays the desire for excessive smoking—no small advantage to the idle dwellers, white or red, in this desert land; it also preserves the teeth by keeping them free from extraneous matter, and gives them such a pearly luster as I have never seen outside of this region. My own attempts at chewing mafen have, so far, proved signal failures. Somehow the gum invariably spreads itself in a thin coat over the interior of my mouth, covering the palate like a sticking-plaster and inclosing the teeth in a stubborn rubber case. Nothing will serve to remove it when it comes to this pass but raw suet, vigorously chewed for half an hour, with occasional sips of cold water to harden the delightful mixture and induce it to come away. The culmination of the mess is when the gum spreads over the lips and becomes entangled in the hairs that overshadow them; and when the closed mouth has to be carefully opened with the fingers, until these also become sticky and hold together firmly as if united by mafen. All this comes about through the neglect of a simple precaution, and never happens to the accomplished masticator who is to the manner born. When the gum is still fresh occasionally it loses the quality of stiffness artificially imparted to it, and suddenly, without rhyme or reason, transforms itself into the raw material as it came from the tree. The adept, knowing by certain indications when this is about to happen, takes a mouthful of cold water at the critical moment, and so averts a result so discouraging to the novice. Maken-chewing is a habit common to everybody throughout the entire territory of Patagonia, and for this reason I have described the delightful practice at some length.—Gentleman's Magazine.

HEADGEAR FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Kind of Bonnets and Caps the Children Will Wear.

For little girls the straw pokes that are not usually becoming to older faces are immensely popular. They are generally very becoming to the little folks, giving a quaintness to the face and entire costume. Tam O'Shanter caps are now made of straw, in imitation of those made of cloth. Many of the new spring hats, especially those with high crowns, are trimmed with quantities of satin or velvet ribbon. Some of these are in the showy fancy plaids in high colors; some of these are of Ottoman texture, of very heavy reps, in two colors or two shades of color, corresponding in effect with the "round-and-round" in straw bonnets and hats, and some are of basket or armor shades of solid texture. The moyenage scarfs and handkerchiefs trim hats most effectively, arranged in large, full knots in front, with their pointed ends spread upwards against the crown to show the quaint design to best advantage. A new bonnet is a revival of an old idea. It has no foundation, but is drawn on the head. Even in silk it is evenly light. For the summer it will be in muslin, with Terry ribbon to match dresses and will be worn by ladies as well as children. A great many China straws are to be seen; the varying colors makes them useful to accompany costumes of different shades. The capote, or modified form of the granule's bonnet, is still a favorite, chapeau for baby girls; it is made of surah silk or some very light material. The trimming is simple, a large bow of ribbon filling in the space of the open brim in front; two loops of this bow fall on the hair on each side. On the front of the crown a second larger bow is placed or loops of ribbon mixed with feathers.—Philadelphia Star.

FUEL CELLAR GASES.

Methods That May Be Relied Upon to Secure Purify.

Ordinarily, those who are intelligent and thoughtful will have looked after the cellar, removing decayed vegetables and the like, early in the season. Indeed, most of this class will wish to ventilate the cellar often during the winter, that the gas which flows down from the sleeping apartments, etc., may be removed about as fast as it accumulates.

It should be remembered that breathing and combustion, as well as fermentation, putrefaction and decay, evolve this deadly gas, which is heavier than the atmosphere, flowing like water, into the lower rooms and cellar, there to be disposed of in the best possible way, or it will prove a source of harm to the family. At this season of the year, when the usual warm weather materially hastens decomposition and putrefaction, these gases are rapidly emitted, and in their most deadly forms directly producing croup, diphtheria, fevers, malaria, and later in the season, aided by green fruits and vegetables, it may be, the dreaded cholera. As strange as it may seem, in Massachusetts, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, cellars may be still found that have received no special attention up to this time, cellars which have not been cleaned, it may be for years! We should not be surprised to learn that there are cases of sickness most of the time, not as the result of a mysterious dispensation of "Divine Providence," but of a want of decent cleanliness—"next to godliness." If we attempt to make a trip to such a room, noisance we shall find it needful to take a light, for there is not a single window—darkness and filth prevailing. The head may scarcely reach the upper stratum of the so-called air of this place, where the most of the family food is kept, before a tingling sensation in the nasal passages and throat will convince us that there is ammonia here. A little farther on we are reminded of the odor of very stale eggs, and we feel sure that sulphureted hydrogen gas has, in some way, found its way here, while the dimness of the light of the lamp indicates the presence of no small amount of carbonic acid gas! Where shall we find the sources of these deadly gases? On our right a part of a barrel of decayed apples may be found, left in the early part of the winter, when the best ones were used in cooking, while on the left is a quantity of potatoes, in a similar plight, a heap of decaying cabbages, turnips, beets, etc., saturated with filth. In other parts are pieces of mouldy bread and cake overlooked months since—bones and pieces of stale meat, taken out of the pork barrel last fall, the remains of a few rats, poisoned soon after they came in the cellar in the fall, all in the active process of decay and putrefaction, filling the cellar with the seeds of disease and death. Yet, here in this pest-vault, this poison-crowded, filthy place, the family milk and cream are kept, the bread, cake, cooked meats, puddings, even the more liquid foods, those more easily absorbing these foul gases, the family literally living (sickening and dying) on filthy and poisonous foods, wondering perhaps why they should be so fearfully cursed by a bad climate and fickle weather.

What shall be done? Prepare a place for at least two windows, and open the doors on the first windy day, allowing the pure air to rush through for two days, when it may be safe for the men to commence a general renovation, with hoes, shovels, rakes, removing everything, that the light of the sun may scatter the foul gases, every box, barrel and dish to be thoroughly aired. The scrapings from the bottom will make excellent fertilizing garden materials, while the older and more filthy boxes, etc., may be burned. Then the walls, posts, all should be thoroughly whitewashed twice, the beautiful alabaster serving a similar purpose in the upper part of the house. The bucket of whitewash serving a good purpose, occasionally changed, kept in the cellar at all times, as a means of keeping it pure, absorbing these gases. Pure and free air, by the great law of diffusion, serving to attenuate and dilute foul gases, robbing them of their potency, the light of the sun, and whitewash or slacked lime in the cellar are the more valuable and cheap means of securing purity on favorable terms.—Golden Rule.

ON THE FARM.

The Fuel Question—Oil Stoves—Vegetables and Fruits.

"It is a great saving of time, money and patience to get wood enough cut for the summer and have it all nicely piled up in the wood house and door yard." Two of my neighbors are very similarly situated, each has a wood-lot and both burn wood through the summer. One prepares enough in winter to last the entire season, and one is obliged even in harvest time to stop and cut wood. Now if we observe the farming operations of these two men we shall find the same difference in their work throughout. We shall notice a foresight of coming necessities and a preparation for them on the one hand, and trusting to luck on the other. We shall find one has laid plans and provided for all the details, the other has simply decided what he will undertake to do without any definite idea of the best means of doing it, and without counting the cost. One will be in easy circumstances, the other hampered with debts he can not pay, and while he could have avoided with a little more judgment and foresight. As to the question of wood there is one point the thrifty farmer should learn as quickly as possible, and that is, it is folly to permit his family to do their cooking and other work over a hot stove in summer, when they can do it so much cheaper and easier over an oil stove. It does not cost as much for the oil as the cutting of the wood is worth, on the supposition that the wood is already at the door, and four feet long. With a good oil stove a woman can gather breakfast while she is making the wood fire, and blow out the fire as soon as the cooking is done. This saves heating the house and the labor is much less.

PERSIAN POETRY.

Its Characteristics Pointed Out and Their Relations.

Persian poetry had its birth in a country conspicuous for natural advantages; a country distinguished for the mildness of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains; a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened with the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, where the palms of the South met the pines of the North, was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree ingenuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired reputation as a people of taste, invention and artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and rarest carpets and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The art never discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations, producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. The very figures of floor cloth on which the Shah Mahmoud walked in the tenth century, the shawl patterns that adorned the heroines of Jamini of Hafiz are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day. In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the middle ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities showed splendid palaces, filled with gems of art and sparkling with jewels, and stately mosques with white or azure domes.—North American Review.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Cut warm bread or cake with a warm knife.

—It is much better to be a good farmer than a large one.

—A tablespoonful of vinegar in the pot will make tough meat of chicken tender.—Philadelphia Press.

—Horses soon become very fond of sunflower seed, if fed to them in small quantities with oats.—Chicago Journal.

—The best preventive against insect enemies, remarks the Western Rural, is to keep all plants in a healthy, vigorous condition.

—For sugar-beets the ground should be well prepared, plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized. The roots require a deep soil, and the portion that grows underground contains the most saccharine matter; but none of the beet will grow above ground if the soil is mellow enough to permit it to penetrate it.—Boston Journal.

—Linen umbrella cases, either double or single, are decorated with etchings and mottoes. One of the designs for the top portion shows two childish figures, that of a little girl curiously holding a newspaper and questioning: "Do it say rain?" Among other mottoes are, "Take Me," "Wet or Dry, a friend am I," and "Weather Wise," in connection with an owl perched on a weather vane.—N. Y. Mail.

—When you are tired of plain boiled or fried eggs, try this way of serving them for breakfast: Butter a pie plate and cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs, then break enough eggs for your family and drop them on the plate and cover with a layer of bread crumbs; sprinkle pepper and salt over this and put some little lumps of butter over it. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes.—Boston Budget.

—Where only few cows are kept the ream-pot should have its contents stirred daily. This is partly to expose the cream to the air to allow it to oxygenize. This even ripening of cream will insure more butter, and with succulent feed will enable the owner of a dairy to make nearly or quite as good butter in winter as in summer. With cows long in milk, however, the butter in winter will come slowly.—Prairie Farmer.

—Mrs. Edgar J. Bliss, who received the first premium for dairy butter at a recent fair, made the following statement of her way of making it: The milk is set in pans upon slatted shelves, and after twenty-four hours, skimmed and churned in a barrel churn at a temperature of sixty degrees. The butter is at once put into a wooden pail with ice water, salted and washed, handled with a ladle only. This process is repeated twice and the butter packed or balled, as required, also salted to suit, but never touched by the hands.—Chicago Journal.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. Livermore was the first woman to ever speak before a Harvard College assembly. She spoke there recently.—Harvard Post.

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly \$5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

—The New York Advocate claims that the Methodist Church has had 40,000 persons added to its membership in the past three months.

—The Boston Latin School has celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is spoken of as the pioneer institution of the public school system of America. It is a year older than Harvard.

—Fourteen States have now adopted laws requiring temperance instruction in public schools. The additions the present season are Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin, Alabama, Maine, Missouri and New Jersey.—Chicago Journal.

—Although Costa Rica is burdened with a public debt of about ten dollars per capita of her population, the Government supports a university and public schools in every city and village. The schools are free, except an enrolling fee of two dollars for each pupil annually, and teachers are paid from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month.

—The Roman Catholics claim about 100,000 colored members in the United States, two-thirds of whom reside in the States of Maryland, Kentucky and Louisiana. The St. Joseph's Missionary Society began systematic work among these people about thirteen years ago, and held its first general chapter at Baltimore ten years ago.—N. Y. Sun.

—A clergyman desiring contributions for a special object, fitted up an ox horn at the church door. Upon this he inscribed his aspirations to this effect: "This 'orn was once on the head of a hox, and now hit his missionary box." It might have been the old jingle, and it might have been the old Englishman's zeal, or a combination of the two, but certain it is that this special missionary box attracted contributions in an extraordinary manner.—Chicago Times.

—Prof. Blackie is not the only eccentric master the young men of Edinburgh University have had over them. Prof. Christison—whose son became eminent in Edinburgh Medical School—once having caught a student winking in his Latin class, ordered him to stand up and speak as follows: "No smiling, no smiling, and, above all, no tipping of the wink; for such things are hurtful to yourselves, baneful to the republic, and will bring down the gray hairs of your parents with sorrow to the grave. Hum! by the way, that's a very pretty sentence; turn it into Latin, sir."

—The Chautauqua (N. Y.) Literary and Scientific Circle, recognizing the demand for education in the practical pursuits of life, and encouraged by the wonderful success of its former efforts, has decided to add to its great school another branch, to be called the Chautauqua Town and Country Club, and to be devoted to the practical study of agriculture. The most novel feature of the club will be the programme of work. All members will be expected to select from a prepared list one or more pieces of work to be done on the farm, in the garden or in the house; to perform the work carefully and thoroughly, and to send in a written report of the work.—Buffalo Express.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A man running a race looks not at the admiring witnesses, but only at the mark.—Y. M. C. A. Watchman.

—Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but at the same time best know how to prize them the most.

—As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent, for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

—It was somewhat embarrassing for Aunt Jane when Johnny, a few evenings since, at a gathering of friends at his mother's home, asked: "Didn't you know the real Noah, Aunt Jane?"

—We are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner." If there is anything we dislike it is to sit opposite a pickled walnut at dinner and not be on speaking terms with it.—Philadelphia Press.

—A Western citizen who had been worsted in a fight was told that he could collect damages. "I did collect damages," he replied mournfully. "I collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; I couldn't find those."—N. Y. Times.

—"A scientist says that the way to sleep is to think of nothing," read Mrs. Smith in a newspaper. "If that be true I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear," said her husband. "No doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great deal of you."—Chicago Tribune.

—Grandmother—"I'd like to go to the rink with you, Johnny." Johnny, who doesn't want to be bothered with the old lady—"Certainly, grandmother, I'll be glad to have you go with me; but you will have to own up to the door-keeper that you are over fifteen years of age." Grandmother—"Then, I guess I'll wait a while yet, Johnnie."—Texas Siftings.

—A man having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said he, smiling, "what shall I do with the earth I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied: "Have the pit made large enough to hold it all."—N. Y. Independent.

—Young Featherly, who was dining with the family, was unremitting in his attentions to the eldest daughter. "Don't see that sister is eating any salt," ventured watchful Bobby. "Never mind what your sister is eating, Bobby," interposed the father in alarm. "Little boys should be seen, not heard," "Well, she ought to eat salt," insisted Bobby; "cos ma told her las' night that everything that her las' Featherly said to her must be taken with a grain of salt."—N. Y. Times.

