





# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the Week Ending Aug 15, 1885

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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## PROHIBITION STATE CONVENTION.

### Camp Meeting and Kansas Day.

During the Camp Meeting at Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, on the 25th day of August, 1885, there will be a State Convention of the Prohibition Party of Kansas, at which time and place all who believe in National Prohibition and are in sympathy with its platform and principles, are most cordially invited to meet with us and participate in the deliberations of the Convention.

We especially invite the W. C. T. U. from all parts of the state to be present with their suggestions, advice and reports.

A grand old "gala day," is expected where we may meet face to face, and discuss those moral and economic questions so dear to every good and sympathizing heart.

Come one, come all and from every precinct in the state, and help plan for the glorious triumph of our principles in the near future. Some of the best speakers in our state and nation will be present to entertain and instruct us.

By order of Committee,  
H. J. CANNON, H. P. VROOMAN  
Secretary. Chairman

Newspapers favorable please copy.

### The Ottawa Camp Meeting.

Dr. Krohn, Griffin, and Campbell, Republicans have been invited to meet the Prohibitionists at the Ottawa Camp Meeting and prove to the people, if they can, the folly of a third or Prohibition Party in Kansas. Dr. Boole and others will take the opposite side.

We don't expect they will do it, and if they do they will be wound up. The fact is, the Republican prohibitionists of Kansas, who have an idea worth a tin whistle are to day doubting Thomases, if they do not already see the need of a separate party.

The spirit of Republican prohibition is withered, if not dead. The Capital by endorsing the Ohio policy and the inaction of Gov. Martin has practically surrendered to the Resubmissionists.

Campbell knows it, but he has an office and a padlock on his lips.

Griffin knows it and is a violent kicker, and last Saturday the Commonwealth gave two columns of his attack upon the Capital, to which that paper replies.

Dr. Krohn is Gov. Martin's man Friday, and he has doubtless heard of Dr. Hatfield's discomfiture at the Decatur, Ill., Camp Meeting last week, and he will have no desire to be plucked in the same way. So we do not look for game in that net.

The truth is that light is breaking, and the truth is coming to Republican prohibitionists. It will burst up on ten thousand more before that Camp Meeting is over. We would like to have that discussion, but do not expect it.

The Santa Fe and Southern Kansas Roads will carry passengers at one and one third rates for the round trip.

Only twenty two counties in Georgia remain to be brought under prohibition.

In Texas the Republican party has entirely disappeared, and the only parties known there are Democratic and Prohibitionist.

Mr. Stephen Merritt, the undertaker who had charge of Gen. Grant's remains, is a prominent New York City Prohibitionist.

Mr. G. A. Weller, formerly of the Wamego Agriculturist, is about to start "The Prohibitionist," at Granville, N. Y. We wish it much success.

We extend a welcome hand toward Bro. Griffin of the Manhattan Nationalist and offer to take him in if he will agree to be content as a small fish in the pool.

Mr. M. V. B. Bennett has been called to Illinois. He will electrify the people of New York and Ohio during the season, and we predict he will be recognized as another bright light from Kansas.

The absurd course of the Topeka Capital, the State Temperance Union, Republican-Prohibition-Organ, in supporting the regulation and taxation policy of Ohio is making itself the laughing stock of the community.

## State Items.

The Prohibitionists of Ness County will meet on 27th of this month, to nominate a county ticket.

The Prohibitionists of Lyons county will meet in Emporia to-day—the 15th—to elect delegates to the Ottawa Convention, and to organize for county work. The call is made by R. L. Lotz, member of the Central Committee for the Fourth District, and the other counties are also called on to meet and organize.

The Prohibition Central Committee of Dickinson county met on Saturday the 8th, and appointed delegates to the Ottawa Convention on the 25th, and decided to hold a county convention to nominate a full county ticket. Mr. R. J. Finley writes that the Prohibition Party sentiment is growing rapidly, and that Dickinson county will be well represented at Ottawa.

The Prohibition Central Committee of Lincoln county have called a Mass Convention to meet in Lincoln Centre, September 12, to nominate a county ticket. The Lincoln Beacon gives literal reports of all meetings. The Beacon, by the way, has more of originality and thought in every single issue than can be found in all the issues, daily and weekly, of all the Republican papers of this city.

To Dr. D. M. Gillespie of Salina, much is due for the good work that has been done in Saline county for the Prohibition Party. There was, last fall, very little feeling in that county for a new party, but the Doctor was a power of heaven and kept at it and now he has scores of helpers. We hear every week something of his correspondence with friends in neighboring counties. Such work is quietly revolutionizing the political sentiment of this state. One such worker in each township and we will elect our own Governor next year, and we expect to do it anyhow.

Pennsylvania Prohibitionists meet on the 25th in state convention to nominate a state ticket.

There will be a million prohibition votes cast in 1888, and in 1892 we will elect a president.

We call upon Ohio Prohibitionists to do their full duty, and stand by their ticket, and let consequences rest with a higher power.

Over one thousand speeches have been volunteered by leading Prohibitionists for the campaign in Ohio. St. John gives ten.

The Chicago Tribune says that Prohibition is a proper question for towns and counties, but not for states to act upon. What subtle analysis; what depth of reasoning!

We can no more secure national prohibition through either of the old parties than the abolition of slavery could have been had through either the Whig or Democratic parties.

Mr. E. L. Dohoney, of Paris, Texas, is planning to say a word at Lake Bluff about the progress of Prohibition in Texas, and it is looking as if he was going to have something interesting to say.

Petitioning Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia did not secure it, but it kept up the agitation. Similar petitions might not secure prohibition, but it would keep the subject alive.

Prohibition Republicans who expected to reach political prohibition through that party, and burned the bridges behind them, will show their sagacity by once more putting them in repair. A retreat may be necessary.

Republican Prohibitionists would do well to relax just a little on their party grip. Let them conclude that possibly the party in National Convention may follow the example of Ohio, and repudiate prohibition, in which case they will want to leave the old party and join the new.

If some of our good Prohibition Republican brothers expect to secure Prohibition through their party, they should at once go to work and suppress the Chicago Tribune, Globe-Democrat, Cincinnati Commercial Gazette and some other of their leading papers.

The Galveston News says the temperance men of Texas cannot be Democrats and Prohibitionists at the same time, although in the south most of the prohibitionists are Democrats. So we say to Kansas temperance men, you cannot be Republicans and political Prohibitionists at the same time, although in Kansas they have generally been Republicans.

Organize your county and bring out a straight ticket of your own.

We shall try to give you the prohibition news from Kansas and other matter of state interest. But you ought to have a good Prohibition paper for general information and argument. The Lever is a great dollar paper of eight pages. We furnish it and the Spirit for \$1.25 a year. Send in subscriptions by the score.

The Chicago Tribune says that Prohibition is not a political question. Then why does it favor license? We had an idea that all questions that come up for legislation are political and especially if more than any other they involve the criminal interests of state or nation. Politics is simply the science of government and legislation is part of the machinery of government.

Frank B. Sanborn's long expected Life of John Brown will be ready in about two weeks. It will attract wide attention and be wanted by every one interested in Kansas history. It contains a vast amount of valuable matter, and sells for \$3.00 by agents only. Persons wishing agencies in Kansas or Missouri, may address this office until further announcement. It may enable some of our friends to secure an agency in advance.

Mr. Bushnell, Chairman of the Ohio Republican Central Committee, in declining to have Judge Foraker meet Dr. Leonard in joint discussion, declared that Prohibition is not an issue, and that the Republican party is neither for nor against Prohibition. This statement is making trouble, the saloon men saying if that is the case they will go with the democratic party, while prohibition Republicans say they may as well go over to the Prohibition party.

We notice that our old friend L. H. Leach, who graduated from the state University class of '84, is now one of the proprietors of the Stockton News.

In the University he was more noted for his oratory and scholarship, but was never able to keep away from the newspaper offices, toward which he always seemed to have natural affinity. We are glad to see that he is where he belongs. He is by nature a Prohibitionist and in due time will be heard from in the ranks of the new party. There is no help for it.

## Dr. Boole.

"I was completely carried away in listening to Rev. Dr. Boole's lecture the first time I heard it at Conference and fully as much delighted in hearing it again in Cleveland. All who have heard it pronounce it unanswerable. So thoroughly delighted were the audience that they, by a rising vote, asked for its repetition. He is to return to Cleveland and repeat it in the Great Tabernacle."—Rev. J. R. Mills, Sec'y E. Ohio Conference.

Mr. Boole is a finished elocutionist, and this added to concise and forcible language, and a subject of unusual interest, made his address a rare treat. It was so full of pithy, pointed sentences, so closely linked throughout, that a fair synopsis is almost impossible. Asbury Park, N. J. Journal.

Rev. Mr. Boole's lecture was a masterly effort and struck square at the root of the evil, namely the legislature which pretends to control it. The orator carried conviction with every word.—Staubenville—Ohio—Press.

To attempt to give even a synopsis of Dr. Boole's masterly lecture would be utterly impossible. His arguments were the most conclusive and exhaustive as well as unanswerable ever given to this public on the subject of temperance. His flights of oratory, and genuine heart-eloquence will stand beside Gough's best efforts, and gain by the comparison.—Staubenville—Ohio—Gazette.

Dr. Boole will be present every day at the Ottawa Camp Meeting.

## Who will Help us?

Editor Spirit of Kansas: The above question has been asked and harped upon so often, that I wish to Heaven somebody would furnish a tangible answer, and "let us have a rest." Dr. Gillespie's article on that subject, published in the Spirit, August 1, is very much to the point, but more should be done. While my income is very limited, and all I can earn above my family expenses belongs to other people, yet I will be one of one hundred agreeing to pay five dollars a year for Prohibition purposes, and I know one thousand at least, in Kansas, can do it easier than I can. I hope the State Convention on the 25th instant will devise a tangible plan, and stop this eternal "Who will help us."

## WIT AND HUMOR.

One evening last week a lady answered a ring at the household telephone and received the following message, clothed in a good, rich County Clare brogue: "Wad ye plaza tell Mary O'Brien that Bridget McCaffrey wants to know is she goin' to the wake to-night?" Mary O'Brien was summoned to deliver her answer in person.

An ambitious Galveston doctor was complaining about the ingratitude of the public toward his profession. He said, bitterly:

"Statesmen, generals, artists and scientists all get monuments erected to their memory, but who ever heard of a doctor having a monument?"

"Why, doctor, don't you count those monuments out in the churchyard? Don't they mean anything?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A Galveston lady, who teaches a select school, in looking over the copy-book of little Sarah Mullins, discovered an envelope addressed to that little girl, who is only eleven years of age. "I hope, Sarah," said the mistress, holding up the envelope, "that this does not contain a love letter." "What are you thinking about?" exclaimed Sarah. "Why, I have outgrown that foolishness years and years ago."—*Texas Siftings.*

Strawberry shortcake ranges about as usual this year, from the heavy varieties to the light, fluffy specimens that taste like dreams of sweetness and deliciousness. The crop is now getting nearer and nearer to us, advancing from Florida over the country, and already the strawberry festival has opened the season. The cake is panning for its tender layers, and will soon smother with whipped cream the best assorted natives grown not too far away.—*Boston Journal.*

At Lafayette, a day or two since, Judge Boise was seated between two honest grangers, such as he imagines himself to be. One of them was reading the *Oregonian*, and turning to the judge, he said: "The thunder cloud of war looks very dark in the eastern political horizon." "Yes," said the judge, "the clouds look very black."

"Well, judge," said the second farmer, who had only half comprehended the matter under discussion, "we need rain."—*Portland Oregonian.*

"You ought to have your baby baptized, 'Rastus,'" said a member of the church to a colored father.

"Yes, sah, but I can't afford de cost."

"I don't cost anything." "I know it doesn't cost nuthin' 'fo' de money set of baptizin, sah, but yo' see I owe de minister \$3 for performin' de weddin' ceremony a yeah ago, an' he mought object, sah, to baptizin' a baby dat had'n't never been paid 'fo'."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"You have not put down where you came from," remarked an Austin hotel clerk to a newly-arrived stranger, who had registered himself and wife. "That's so, and I don't propose to put down where we came from," replied the stranger, who was on his bridal tour. "What is the reason you don't register the name of the place you live at?" asked the clerk.

"Because if I put down that we are from Chicago everybody will think that we are not married." The clerk smiled incredulously, and dropped the subject.—*Texas Siftings.*

First Elderly Maiden—"How do you like the new minister?" Second Elderly Maiden—"O, ever so much. His sermons are so beautifully worded. Don't you like him?" First E. M.—"Not very well; his whiskers are so straggly, you know, and he doesn't wear any mustache."

Second E. M.—"I was so interested in his sermon, I didn't notice how he looked. By the way, they say he is a single man."

First E. M.—"M'm, m'm! Did you notice what splendid eyes he had? He seems to be just the man we want; don't you think so?"

He Couldn't See.—A gentleman who had once been a member of the Texas Legislature, and who had been re-elected several times, was asked by a friend, "How do you like the new minister?"

"I like him very much," replied the legislator, "but I don't think I shall marry him."

"Why not?" asked the friend.

"Because," replied the legislator, "I don't think I shall marry him."

"Why not?" asked the friend.

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"Why not?" asked the friend.

## Chaff and Grain.

"Each story of a soul is great; but who shall write it, for who knows what makes the greatness?"

Or, who can sift it and bring out the grain, Winnowed and clean from the concealing chaff?"

Who can the dross discover from the gold? Who estimate the little or the great? Even in one human world? Or who shake out The folded feelings of a human heart?

Of one unkind the one hour's ravelled thoughts? Of one poor mind even in its latest day?"

"The balances of man are all untrue; His weights and eyes deceitful. He may write The story of a pebble or a rock."

The annals of a beetle or a worm; The hills and valleys of his own vast being; The life made up of but a few short years, And buried in its troubled round Tempests and tides and changes, failures, conquests.

In daily flux and reflux without end."—*Horatius Bonar, in Every Other Saturday.*

## After the Rain.

All day above the tired earth had lain, Useless and gray, the funeral pall of cloud; All day the sudden sweeps of chilling rain Had broken, fitful, from the lowering shroud.

All day the dreary sobbing of the breeze Had sounded sadly from the yellowing trees. And once the wailing wind rose high and high, Rousing to flash and foam the sullen sea; And the great forest, like a giant lyre, Whipped the key-note of the harmony; It lurled the clouds before it like a tent, And lo! the sunshine dazzled from the rent.

And all the wet world gladdened to the ray, As tear-dimmed eyes gleam to a loving smile.

Answering his call out-laughed the weary day, As a fond slave springs joyful to her lord, Forgotten chill and darkness, doubt and fear, "Absent, I droop—1 joy, for thou art here!"—*All the Year Round.*

## "FOR LOVE OF HER."

"To-morrow I go." The speaker said this softly, sitting upon the piazza of the Swan hotel, which overlooked the lake. Beside her sat a man, young, handsome, romantic, and evidently, to the most prosaic spectator, deeply in love with her. Within the windows a cantatrice and quavers. One by one the other guests had crossed the sills of the piano. Only these two remained—the woman and the young man.

He was years her junior, and she was the object of his first passion. Had you told him her color was not all her own, that she had "done something to her hair" to change its brown tint to gold, he would have given you the lie direct.

To him she was the only pure, perfect, and beautiful woman in the world. Men love like that at one-and-twenty. "To-morrow I go," she had said, as if she were sorry for it.

And the youth had answered: "Don't go, Miss Chalmers. Why do you go? Must you?"

"Yes, I must," she said. "I do not want to leave this place. One could stay here for ever, if it were summer for ever. But I must, Mr. Lester."

"For ever?" said the boy. "Do you know what I should do if I could? You would not be willing, perhaps, but I would stop Time just here, and we two should sit alone together on this piazza for ever. The moon over the water yonder, its light on your face; the music within there—I—Oh, you ought to be able to read my heart! You know I love you."

"Poor boy! I'm afraid I do," she answered.

"What I do not know, and want to know, is, whether you love me?" he said. "Whether you love me enough to be my wife? Will you try to love me so much?"

"It's not a question of how much I could love you if I tried," she said. "I need not try much, I believe, to love you a great deal. But you say enough to marry you. Don't you know? Don't you read the society papers? Haven't you been told of the engagement of Miss Charlotte Chalmers to the man of three millions? You surprise me! In three days I shall marry old Mr. Totty. We have been engaged a year. He is eighty years old. He is richer than even people think. Mamma is so greatly pleased. We are in debt everywhere. Poor old Totty! He is not half bad."

Her eyes went out across the water again.

The boy made no reply. She waited for his answer, and, in surprise, looked towards him again.

She saw only an empty chair.

How he had gone, when, or where, she did not know.

"So much the better for me," she said.

She sat and thought strange thoughts: how women had married old men, and how few widows very soon, and had married old lovers who had cared for no one else.

She went to her bed in a sort of dream.

At breakfast someone said to her that young Leonard Lester had "gone off somewhere without settling with the landlord."

"He will come back and settle with him," she said, adding to herself, "when the coast is clear of me."

Mr. Totty met her with his carriage at the station. A coachman drove a fine pair of horses; a footman folded his arms on the box beside him. Mr. Totty was a florid old gentleman, with a little white hair still left at the back of his head.

When they arrived at her mother's door, that old society lady met them smiling. She was for ever anxious now lest there should be some slip between the lip of her handsome daughter and that cup brimming over with gold which the millionaire offered.

She smiled and flattered, and spoke to the son-in-law who was to be, as though he were a gay young man. He liked it all the better because she was twenty years his junior herself.

And now began the excitement that an approaching wedding-day brings to any fashionable household.

Dressmakers, milliners, caterers, were at the door; crates of china, basins of wax; then a crowd of neighbors' children stared at the carriages which drove from before the striped awning with the wedding guests, the bride's relations, the bride herself.

They returned, and there was a breakfast, and a pretty figure in silver-grey travelling-dress entered a carriage, followed by an old gentleman. A small cab received a waiting-maid within, a valet on the box by the driver.

The bride was off on her wedding-trip. It was Mr. Totty's wish to go to Swan Lake hotel. There they created

a furor. Mrs. Totty was so lovely! Mr. Totty was so rich! The hotel flourished at a time when its glories usually departed.

The newly-made couple took a fine suite of rooms. The maid and valet lived like prince and princess. Troops of friends came down, all entertained at the expense of Mr. Totty.

All went merrily as a marriage-bell until that morning when Mr. Totty spoke to the landlord of a fishing-party at the head of the lake.

The landlord agreed to everything, promised everything. The party started off in high glee. It was a warm day, but not a scorching one. A few little fish were caught.

At last the cloth was spread on the grass. Champagne-bottles were opened with jolly little poppings of corks. Mrs. Totty's health was proposed, and he arose to respond.

As he opened his mouth, a shriek of horror froze the words upon his lips. It came from Mrs. Totty's maid, who sat on the rocks beside the lake.

"What the deuce is the matter with Therese?" he cried, as she came flying towards them, followed by the valet.

"What is it, Moore?" asked Mr. Totty.

"A dead person, sir—a drowned gentleman, I'm afraid. He's in evening-dress. The ladies had better not go down. It would be best, sir, not to let the ladies know, if you'll excuse me. It's very terrible."

But the ladies had heard—one of them had gone to the shore.

"It is Leonard Lester!" they heard her scream.

Mrs. Totty clung to her husband's arm. "Take me home—take me away!" she sobbed, shivering and hiding her face from the others.

So ended the fishing-party. The coroner went down from the village shortly afterwards. Leonard Lester was identified. The verdict was "Found drowned."

The bride heard slow wheels come up the path from the lake after dark, and knew they brought the lover who had died because of his love for her. She knew they had telegraphed the news to a home of which he was an idol. She knew that peace would be hers no more, for in every way that a practiced woman of society could, she had led that poor boy to his death in the moonlight lake.

Again the moon shone white and at her full. Again that long bright track lay upon the water. Wrapped in white, she leant back in her chair in the same spot, and near her, just where Leonard Lester had been seated, sat her husband. He was anxious about her.

"The fright has been too much for you," he said. "My pet, you ought to go to bed."

"Let me stay here," she said. She felt too ill to move, too faint and strange. He took her hands. They were cold in his own.

"Shan't I get you some wine?" She answered "Yes," then put her hand up, and drew her head down.

"Kiss me," she said.

He kissed her—oh, so fondly. He felt very happy, very glad; he said to himself:

"It was not all my money; she loves me."

And he went away to get the wine. Happily he could not see into her heart. He did not know that she was thinking how she had said to herself that her young lover when this her old husband lay silent as the dead boy now lay upstairs. He never knew, thank Heaven!

His heavy footsteps crossed the tiled hall, and she heard them fade away. Her eyes wandered out on the track of light to the moon, no longer round and fair to her, but a mere blurred and wavering light. She recalled it, and saw Leonard Lester sitting beside her in the chair her husband had just left.

"What I want to know is whether you love me," he said. "Do you?"

"I do," she cried. "Oh, Heaven, I do!"

The old man, returning with the glass of wine, heard her cry.

"Lotty, my dear," he gasped "Lotty!"

But his wife made no answer. She was dead.

A Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar was one day on guard with another officer, who unluckily fell down a precipice 400 feet, and was killed. Non-military readers should understand that in the guard reports there is a small addendum, viz: "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting." Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident, and some hours after the brigade Major came to his quarters on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation. "You say, 'N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when your brother officer on duty has fallen down a precipice 400 feet and been killed." "Well, sir," replied he, "I didn't think there's anything extraordinary in that; if he'd faun down a precipice 400 feet and no been killed, I should have thought it very extraordinary, indeed, and wad hae put it down in my report."—*Cardiff Mail.*

The telescope stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude, and their number is reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

—Jones—"I understand that you are an artist. Do you paint portraits?" De Bonbon—"You mistake, sir. I claim to be an artist in my line, but I am not a painter."

—Jones—"What is your line?" De Bonbon—"I am a maker of French candles."

—Jones—"You are a worker in clay." Philadelphia Call.

—Carpet should be shaken often. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. But do not sweep them often; that 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.*



## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**TO ADVERTISE**—To meet with success in the value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed ad, as well as to enable you to advertise **CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS** NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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John Wand, Prescription Druggist, Windsor Drug Store.

H. J. Canniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North Topeka.

Millinery at your own price at Mrs. Metcalf's. Over 500 hats to be sold out regardless of cost.

We are prepared to do the newest kind of commercial and small job printing and can discount any office in the state in price.

Will you go to work and get up a club for the Spirit? We depend upon Prohibitionists in every part of the state to give it a wide circulation.

Scribners Lumber and Log Book, and Fisher's Grain Tables, for 50 cents.

Either one of these books will be mailed post-paid for 30 cents, or the two for 50 cents. Send money to the office of the Spirit.

See advertisement these books on last page of this paper.

All kinds of Summer Millinery at half price at Mrs. Metcalf's. 239 Kansas Avenue.

We are making prices to close out seasonal goods.

E. A. TAFT & CO.

### Webster's Dictionary Free!

Get five subscribers at 60 cents each, and we will send you free the Webster's Dictionary, advertised elsewhere. Send us One Dollar and we will send the Spirit one year and the Dictionary besides.

Go to the 10-cent emporium corner of Sixth and Jackson, and see for yourselves the great variety of useful articles for the low price of 10 cents each. Articles that are really worth several times that amount are sold for that small sum.

Dr. McChesney referred to "funeral obsequies."

W. P. Tomlinson is now telegraph editor of the Commonwealth. There's one man on the paper of some newspaper ability.

### AGENTS WANTED.

To sell the Best Life of Grant that is to be published in this generation. The uncertainty attending the publication of Grant's Memoirs leaves this work the most important and the nearest to the great soldier that will appear for some time to come.

Ready early in September. Send 80c for canvassing book and begin at once. For circular and particulars write to us.

We have had our choice for this state of all the "Lives" that are now in press and am sure we have the best.

Address G. F. KIMBALL, Topeka, Kansas.

Charles J. English is lecturing and organizing clubs in the Fifth District.

S. L. North & Co., were heavy losers by the fire in Leavenworth on Monday night. They will have the sympathy of many friends.

The hard times are now changing to good times. Failures are growing fewer and business prospects are brightening all along the line.

In an interview, at New York, on August 10, with Col. Frederick D. Grant, he gives the following as an associated press report:

"I think father's book will appear before long. We don't yet know exactly what or how much manuscript there is. The last pages my father wrote, have not been looked over, and there is a large amount of matter not in form for publication. On my return to Mount McGregor, I shall devote the next four weeks to looking over the manuscript. I shall make copies of all his papers and preserve originals. I am not yet sure whether or not there will be enough matter for two volumes or not, but what there is will be published with as little revising as possible. The story will be brought down to my father's death and when this has been done whatever there is will be printed."

## A Big Drive FOR A GOOD MAN.

### WANTED

To Lease, Rent, or Sell

2 1/2 Town Lots in Topeka, Kansas, on the side track of the A. T. & P. 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 as the party may desire, or sell the same way. Better call and see me at 249 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

C. DUNN.

## All of 320 Acres of Land

situated thirteen miles from Topeka, and one fourth of a mile from the U. P. depot at Kingville, 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.

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## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—East Tennessee capitalists are preparing to develop some of the marble beds of that region.

—The cataracts of the Nile are due to granite veins, which the river, while working a way through the sandstone, had been unable to destroy or remove.

—In Massachusetts in 1860 there was one divorce to every fifty marriages, in 1876 one to every twenty, and in 1883 one to every fourteen. In New England two thousand families are broken up by divorce every year. —*Boston Journal.*

—The German and Dutch books printed in dark blue on a pale green paper have not given a satisfactory result. It was confidently expected that the combination would prove restful to the eye, and diminish shortsightedness.

—It appears that they grow to a green old age in Surrey, England. Recently a widow of eighty-four, married to a widow of eighty-seven. The bridegroom was attended by a grandson, and the bride by a couple of great-grand-daughters.

—The consumption of alligator-skin leather is said to have fallen off to almost nothing. The demand for it has been such that as many as two hundred and fifty thousand skins have been tanned in a single year in America and Europe. —*Chicago Times.*

—A firm in Northborough, Mass., recently received from Baltimore a cargo of rags, and in the center of one of the bales was found an old-fashioned pocket-book containing a twenty dollar Confederate note, a gold chain and some small change. —*Boston Post.*

—A fire-escape idea, and a good one, is seen in Massachusetts hotels. All the staircases and landings are marked out plainly by red lights. The bewildered traveler, in case of alarm, has not to grope about or lose precious time in taking the wrong turning for the stairs. They are always to be discovered by the red lanterns. —*Boston Herald.*

—The difference between an imitation and a genuine amethyst can be easily distinguished. Just put them on your tongue alternately, and you will find that the spurious feels warm and the genuine icy to the touch. The stone which has had the greatest run of late is tiger eye, which has a peculiar, dull fire. It is only a piece of petrified wood, turned, smoothed and polished. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The word pen, in Holy Scripture, refers to either an iron style or to a reed, the latter being the earliest form of pen used in writing on papyrus. One of the earliest attempts to make steel pens is attributed to William Gabbury, England, who, for his own use, constructed a clumsy article from the main spring of a watch. Steel pens were first brought into use about the year 1803. —*Chicago Herald.*

—Two years ago several large iron spikes were for some purpose driven into a very old apple tree near Clyde, N. Y., that for years had been next to barren. Last year it was filled with large, fine apples, and now the blossoms are plentiful enough to warrant a good supply of fruit. The owner believes that the spikes restored to the tree its original prolific qualities. He is now trying the experiment on other trees in the orchard. —*Buffalo Express.*

—It is said on good authority that cyclones always originate in equatorial regions, but never occur within eight or ten degrees of that line. Another thing that is peculiar is, the whirl is from right to left in the northern and from left to right in the southern hemisphere. Masters of sailing vessels caught in one of these cyclones by knowing the laws of its direction can easily sail out of its course. —*Philadelphia Press.*

—British Burmah is anxious to become a crown colony, independent of India. This proposal, which has the support of the Chamber of Commerce, is founded upon the belief that the province is starved, and that its wants are neglected by the Indian Government, while its surplus revenue is drained away to meet the wants of other provinces. It is also urged that neither in language, religion nor people has British Burmah anything in common with India.

—A socialistic society called the Harmonists, at Economy, Pa., near Pittsburgh, which once numbered thirteen hundred members, has dwindled to thirty. The survivors are all ages, and none of them will probably be alive ten years hence. The property of the society is estimated at fully one million dollars for each member, and what will be the final disposition of it is known only to a small circle. It is said that many of the members have never handled a penny in their lives, and would not know a piece of money if they saw it. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A few days ago a farmer living near Howe's Cave was plowing in a field about half a mile from the cave's mouth. He stopped for a few minutes to rest himself and horses under the spreading branches of a tree. Moving on a little distance he turned and looking back was dumfounded to see that the large tree was gone. He ran back and almost fell into a large chasm which had swallowed the tree and a plot of ground. It is believed that this will lead to the discovery of an outlet from the rear of Howe's Cave, and should this theory prove correct the field will be more valuable to the farmer than before the shade tree disappeared from view. —*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—The cure of one actress-smitten man is reported. He had been for many years an inmate of an insane asylum. He became a furious lover of Ristori, on her recent farewell tour, had become a middle-aged woman, with none of her personal beauty left, the physician decided to take his patient to see her. The result was astonishingly successful. There was enough of the former Ristori to convince the man that she was the same individual; but he was so thoroughly disenchanted that recovery was almost instantaneous. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

## TELEGRAPHERS' PARALYSIS.

A New York Operator's Theory of the Cause of the Disease.

A majority of telegraph operators sooner or later become "paralyzed." There seems to be no specific cause for the complaint, though it is generally attributed to overwork. It certainly cannot be due to dissipation alone, as there are hundreds of cases where men who have been hard drinkers for many years still rank as experts in the profession, while on the other hand men who have led a strictly moral and temperate life have lost entire use of their arms after a comparatively short experience in the business. Nor does disease—nervous or otherwise—seem to be the prime factor, as it is very common to see a strong, robust man suffering from it. It is a fact that many operators have been troubled with it from the moment they commenced to learn, and there is no doubt that it has resulted many from becoming "first-class" operators. It has been said that paralysis is the cause of many of the blunders made by good men. To a certain extent this is surely true. It must be understood that the so-called paralysis from which operators suffer is really a weakness of the muscles and nerves generally from the elbow to the ends of the fingers. In its early stages it takes the form of cramps, causing great pain in the wrist and hand, or a numbness of feeling such as one feels from bad circulation of the blood. It gradually develops until the fingers seem to lose the sense of touch, and, without warning, they will "dip up" and utterly refuse to be governed by the mind. Now, if these "flips" or paroxysms should occur very often while an operator is being "rushed," it is bound to cause him a great deal of annoyance. He will get behind, say ten or fifteen words, and if he has the reputation of being a good man his pride will keep him at it until the sender is finally so far ahead that he is compelled to open the key. In the meantime he has possibly left out a word or half-spelled one, which, if he is careful, can be corrected, but has "caught up," and he casts but a rapid glance over his copy and commences the struggle once more. Thus, through inability to form the letters and words as fast as he formerly did, he makes errors unconsciously, through giving behind, while at the same time giving the work his entire attention. The only remedy for him is to "break, break, break," or take some second-class wire, with a reduction of wages and a loss of his professional reputation as a "fast one." This is a hard thing to do, and many a man is to-day called "first-class" who has seen his best days as an operator.

There is another reason why first-class men make errors: Although the words are sent letter by letter, the operator receives them apparently in their complete form only, frequently having several words in his head at one time. Thus, the sender has sent "fish" in his fingers he is unable to form the characters with his former ease and precision, and will very often change the word entirely by the substitution or omission of a letter. For instance, "think" will be made to read "bought," "bought" will be made to read "think," and other common errors. Of course, the misspelling of words is mostly caused through ignorance, but cases of this kind occur where the men have had long experience and are well educated. The most common reason why first-class men make errors is that they are generally overworked. After working hard for seven or eight hours, if they are partially paralyzed, their arms become heavy and tired, and no doubt the brain is also affected. Every word is put down with an effort, and it is a wonder there are not more mistakes than usually occur. —*Cor. Chicago News.*

## THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Conditions Likely to Make It the Great Winter Sanatorium of the United States.

From my own observations, and from inquiries made on the spot, I am of opinion that the Yellowstone National Park possesses, in a high degree, all these essential conditions. In elevation above the sea it surpasses Davos; the great plateau of the park is between seven and eight thousand feet above sea-level, while it is stated that not one of the narrow valleys dips below six thousand feet. The mountain ranges, partly surrounding and partly within the park, rise to heights of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. I should anticipate, therefore, that all the advantages which, as a winter resort for invalids, Davos possesses from its elevated position, would be enjoyed even in a greater degree in the Yellowstone Park. The period of permanent snow is longer, so that invalids could remain there probably until the end of April, whereas the melting of the snow generally compels them to leave Davos early in March, when the climate of the valleys is peculiarly unfavorable for chest complaints. It is to be expected, from its greater elevation, that a still clearer sky and a larger proportion of sunny days would be experienced in the Yellowstone Park, while the wholesomeness of the air would be still more marked, owing to its comparatively greater freedom from zymotic matter. —*Prof. Edward Frankland, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—A lady in Brunswick, Ga., found a nest of half grown mocking birds in her yard recently. She succeeded in capturing them. They were put in a temporary cage, and the cage put in a room. During the day the mother bird flew into the room and was readily caught and placed in the cage with the brood. She began instantly to feed them with the food which was in the cage, and did not seem to notice the imprisonment. On the day following the male bird flew into the room, and offered no resistance nor showed any signs of flight when the lady captured him. He was put into the same cage, and the lady now has the entire family. They seem contented and happy. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

## A NOTED REVIVAL.

Scenes at a Great Camp-Meeting in Kentucky in 1799.

Two young men began the work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by fasting, and praying, and singing, and hearing sermon, prepare themselves for the reception of the sacrament on Sunday. At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke the people were deeply moved, tears ran streaming down their faces, and one, a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone the crowd lingered, and were loath to depart. While they tarried one of the brothers was irresistibly compelled to preach. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach; that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips aroused the people before him to a "pungent sense of sin." Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor to use his own words, was "covered" with the slain. Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away "spiritually wounded," and suffered unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men fitted their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground, and hear him preach. The idea was new, hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. At the Cane Ridge meeting 20,000 were encamped. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new stump, now gathering around some unfortunate who, in their peculiar language, was "spiritually slain." Soon men and women fell in such numbers that it became impossible for the multitude to move about without trampling them, and they were hurried to the meeting-house. At no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a live fish out of water. Many laid down and rolled over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting "Lost! lost!" into the forest. —*McMaster's History.*

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

Why Girls Should Be Taught Self-Control as Well as Boys.

If boys require to be taught self-control, doubly so do girls. Having by nature weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully should they be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing, and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly as a matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed upon them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights and if need be lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and fills the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, but those dainty bodies, who are so utterly useless at any emergency, or, as their friends plead, "so highly endowed with sensibility" (those who are not their friends make unpleasant references to "follies" and "hysterics"), are generally selfish and self-absorbed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with and comprehension of suffering. But the sick-room is not the only place where presence of mind is required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less regret it. Thank goodness, the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still, even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated. —*Exchange.*

## Not Because of Lonesomeness.

"So you went to that party with Mrs. Elbertson, did you?" asked a wife of her husband.

"Yes, as you were away, I thought it would do no harm, as Elbertson asked me to, being detained at home, and not wanting his wife to be disappointed."

"Well, I don't believe in loaning my husband to anybody."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because it is not good, according to the Bible, for a man to be a loan."

—There is a colored preacher who lives near Jasper, Ga., that rules his horse by butting him. If the horse is fractious or stubborn he takes the kinks out by deliberately seizing it by the ears and butting it squarely in the forehead until it falls to its knees. This is generally done at the second or third butt, when the old parson steps behind and drives ahead again. —*St. Louis Post.*

## CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.

Efforts Made to Raise a Home-Bred Stock.

In many parts of Australia are large tracts of arid country—deserts, we might call them—over which, especially in times of drought, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but the aborigines to travel without the assistance of camels as carriers. Owing to the great increase of population at the antipodes, it has become a matter of some importance to have all possible facilities for opening out new districts; and in South Australia attempts not altogether unsuccessful have been made to raise a home-bred stock of camels. At the present time there are some two thousand or more of those useful animals in that part of Australia alone. These are greatly in demand, and regular market prices are quoted for them, the value of a good pack bull being sixty pounds, and a pack cow sixty-five pounds. Camels for harness are even more valuable, selling from sixty-five to seventy pounds, according to sex, whilst those used for riding purposes fetch from seventy to seventy-five pounds.

Camels were not imported into South Australia in any number until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder entered into the enterprise with a determination to establish a herd, and succeeded in landing one hundred and nine, which shortly increased to a hundred and twenty-five. Soon, however, the little herd was attacked by a kind of mange, and the camels suffered so much from this disease that at the end of six months their number was reduced to sixty-two. In time, however, by the most careful treatment, the disease was stamped out, the herd then thrived well, and has now largely increased.

It was not until about 1883 that the settlers generally began to see the great value of camels in certain districts, and then the demand far exceeded the supply. In that year, Messrs. W. R. Cave & Co., made a trial shipment of six, and this venture proved so successful that in 1884 six hundred and sixty-one camels were imported. In India great losses have been sustained from foot-and-mouth disease and tuberculosis; it has been therefore deemed necessary, as a protection to what has now become a very important interest in South Australia, that all imported camels should be subjected to a rigorous veterinary examination; and regulations to that effect were published in the *Australian Gazette* in December last. Those camels which have become acclimatized or the home-bred are particularly healthy; but the imported ones, as a rule, suffer greatly at first from skin diseases of a highly infectious order (scabies), and many have died from this cause. The remedies for the disease are ointments of sulphur and carbolic acid; tar and fat; and, indeed, any of the usual sheep dressings of which sulphur is an ingredient.

For purposes of exploring, surveying and carrying stores, camels have proved invaluable aids; and in the interior of Australia they are firmly established as most valuable stock, and are turned to many and varied uses. In that country there must always be large tracts of land over which it will be difficult to travel; and there can thus be no doubt that the enterprise of the importers and breeders of camels will be rewarded. Should we, some years hence, have the misfortune to be engaged in another Egyptian campaign, we may perhaps be able to produce that absolute essential of desert warfare, a stock of camels, from our colonial friends. —*Chambers' Journal.*

## A SILVER SUNRISE.

The Splendid and Peculiar Pageant of Morning in Southwestern Georgia.

Poets have sung of rosy dawns, of orange sunsets waning low, and of that later hour when large Hesper glitters through the rosy spaces, while mid-silent spheres rises the deepening night. But the poet is yet to be who will tell in numbers worthy of the theme the story of that magical drama of nature, the silver sunrise in the South, or in that part of it known as the Cotton Belt of Southwestern Georgia. There the isotherm is semi-tropical. The almost flat, slightly undulating landscape is, or was twenty years ago, under the high cultivation of the slave system, a sheet of verdure breathing incense in the month of March, April, and May. The tall cypress, the thick-leaved ambrosial live-oak, the heavy-scented magnolia grandiflora, form the upper foliage, belling the clear dark ponds that dot the low, flat level tracts. Around their sedgy borders the cranes and curlews call, on their dark bosoms swim the broods of mallard and teal ducks. All the beauty and picturesque charm of nature do not belong to mountain lands alone. To the lover of nature in all her phases and moods this pond land is full of beauty as of bloom. It is lively at all seasons of the year, all hours of the day, but especially when seen under a silver sunrise.

Not every morning of the whole year round is this wonder witnessed. It takes peculiar conditions of the atmosphere to produce the phenomenon. To the savant belongs the task of telling what the conditions are that produce a silver sunrise. The effect I will try to describe. In April or May, when the early spring rains that have soaked the porous soil and filled the ponds, and given the lush and lusty green hues to the earth, have ceased to fall, when the atmosphere is rarified by a heat that makes the young cotton plants grow visibly under your eye; in the darkness of a morning that is only slightly cooler than the night in which you have watched the motions of the constellations in the cloudless heavens, you may rise, as I have risen, morning after morning, to catch that fleeting first scene in the first act of the spectacular drama of a sunny day in the sunny South.

Do not wait to hear the clock strike or look at your watch, but when dawn is near, the swift-pastings dawn of that latitude, which you will know by the low murmur of insects and bird life around you, rise and hasten forth. You

can see the white sands under your feet, but barely note the long, gray mosses that hang like stalactites from the branches of the trees above your head, only faintly in the gloom made visible by starlight, and the swift-moving dawn. In that latitude twilight and dawn are matters of only a few minutes. The stars blaze out, as it were, in the beam of the rising sun. In the negro parlance of the old times: "It is broad day before you know what you are about." The sedgy rims of the ponds, the tall cypress and oaks, the heavy trailing creepers of the vines, the light swaying banners of the moss, every tiny blade of grass and leaf of plant and weed, every flower petal and wheel of field cowbird is gemmed with beads of dew, but it does not drip. It looks almost or quite like hoar frost spread over the ocean-like expanse of land and water, like a white veil blending and making more beautiful the darker verdure of the foliage around the ponds, and the glowing emerald and color shades of the cotton and corn fields.

A thousand mocking birds are all of a sudden cleaving the blue vault above you with such strains of unpredicated art as skylarks never dreamed of. In fact, if one of the Southern mocking birds ever hears the song of one of those English skylarks which the late Isaac W. England found a home for in the meadows of New Jersey, he will beat him so badly in his own song that the British warbler will hide his head under his wing, poor thing, and die of grief and shame.

Afar off from thickets and leafy cover comes the cooing of a thousand doves, the soft whistle of as many quails, the shrill cries of the redbirds, the shriller calls of the catbirds, and the notes of many another feathered songster, whose names you must learn from Mr. Audubon. The thrushers, too, hardly less musical than the mocking birds, sing from the leafy boughs and shrubbery near by.

While bathed, as it were, in this outburst of liquid melody, this first diapason of the opera of the day, suddenly, without warning, with no rosy glow to herald its coming, up from the white misty horizon bursts the sun, a blaze of silver light bigger than the biggest cart-wheel that ever was made, dazzling, as if composed of ten thousand burnished silver mirrors flashing electric light through panes of crystal, flooding the landscape with silver lace dotted with diamonds and powdered with sparkling silver dust. The sense of the exquisite coloring of the scene is lost in the wondrous radiance shed over a landscape that stretches miles away, until the dazzling view is lost in the silvery haze of the horizon. It looks as if all fairy land had met to do battle on a field of jeweled silver, panned in silver mail, and every shield and every spear decked and tipped with gems. Not one moment is there rest in this wondrous scene, which lasts but a few minutes, for the first breeze of morning waving the sparkling banners of long mosses sweep the first warm kiss of the sunbeams sweep the glittering pageant all away. —*N. Y. Sun.*

## LOOKING AHEAD.

A Useless Creature is the One Who is Always Behind.

The most useless man in the world is probably he who is always a few minutes behind time. His life is a record of opportunities missed, and his motto, the words that the poet has pronounced to be the saddest "of tongue or pen." In the voyage of life, whatever the character of that life may be, whatever the channel may be, the pilot must look ahead. Still this is occasionally more necessary in some lines of life than others, and while in a few they are exceptional, a man has to look ahead for years, the stock farmer must at least look ahead a good many months. Whatever he does to-day is done, or should be done, with reference to a future date. In breeding, indeed, the breeder looks forward to the offspring for generations, but if he take only the care of the cattle and other stock actually on the farm, his interests make it necessary for him to always look forward to the ultimate destiny he has assigned to each. Is this horse to be kept on the farm, and for what special purpose, if any? Is that to be sold? What call is to be kept, and why and which to be sold?

What is for reproduction? what for the market? are questions to be put in regard to all kinds of stock, and that man is never a success who never gives either an answer till the time for action has arrived. In summer the prudent stockman thinks of and prepares for the forthcoming fall and winter. He is always forearmed, and in case of a long, dry season, he has him with pastures prepared, burned in the early fall, the resources provided in case of emergency are available. His stock enter winter quarters in a good condition, having made all the gain possible during the summer months when that gain could be secured the cheapest, and are sure to continue it during the winter, so that all the winter fodder supplied to them may not be just so much waste. Ever long he will know for just how much stock he can make good winter provision, the chances of a long, bleak spring, like the last, being duly considered, and he knows what to get rid of and what to retain. If you would succeed, look ahead. —*National Live Stock Journal.*

## Why They Were Out.

Mr. Henpeck looked down at himself as he stood before the stove in his office and remarked, partly to himself and partly to his book-keeper: "Well, well, I guess I'll have to be getting a new pair of pants."

"Why, it hasn't been any time since you got a pair, has it?" replied the economical book-keeper. "Not very long."

"How do you get away with them so soon?"

"Oh, easily enough. I'm not very hard on them myself, but you see my wife wears the pants when I'm home, and between us we manage to give the tailor a good deal of business."

—*Merchandise Traveler.*



