

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Industry.

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NO. 5

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Kansas News Co.,
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies
\$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest
rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of
four lines, or less, [25 words] with Spirit of Kan-
sas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than
three months.

Fort Scott is to have an ice man-
factory.

The Marion Record hazards the
guess that corn will bring 25 cents
by June 1.

Tonganoxie has a school for train-
ing cats. It is managed by an En-
glish company.

Surveyors of the Chicago & North-
western railway have reached Caw-
ker city with a preliminary survey.

Atchison Globe: If anybody
beats Harrison Kelley in the Fourth
district, it will be D. C. Metaker.

The Atchison Patriot predicts that
the time will come when there will
be only two morning papers in Kan-
sas.

Three years ago Syracuse elected
the first woman council of the state.
At the last election not a woman
voted in the town.

The Douglas County Farmers' In-
stitute, at their Saturday's meeting
this week will discuss the National
Bank question.

They keep two bears at Bismarck
Grove to frighten off the boys.
They are allowed to run loose with-
in the grounds.

Never slight the work of prepar-
ing the garden. Vegetable seeds
and cloths never get along well to-
gether.

Judge Crozier, of Leavenworth,
has decided that a woman is not
obliged to pay for a set of false teeth
that do not fit.

Pittsburg is to have a cotton mill
employing seventy people. The
board of trade will donate the site
and a building to cost \$10,000.

The population of Leavenworth, as
shown by the recently finished cen-
sus of the city assessor, is 20,578, a
falling off of 228 in the last year.

Governor Humphrey says he will
be unable to listen to the resub-
missionists on May 7, in their formal
request for a special session of the
legislature.

Hon. D. W. Wilder, state superin-
tendent of insurance, has presented
the State Historical society with a
handsome framed life-size photo-
graph of the late John A. Martin.

The Masons of Girard, Pittsburg,
Weir City, Cherryvale, Cherokee
and Parsons are arranging for a
grand basket picnic on the banks of
the Neosho river, near the latter city
on June 24, St. John's day.

The Rev. Embree, in his remarks
Sunday night on "Why Leavenworth
Is Going Down Hill," claimed that
there are 300 open saloons in that
city and that one hotel on a recent
Sunday sold ninety kegs of beer.

PERRY.

Albert Copley came down from Topeka
Saturday morning.
For pure paints and oils call at
Spangler's drug store.

Smith has a contract to shell 2,000
bushels of corn for J. F. Goepfert.

John Gillfillen is working for C. L.
Thompson at Thompsonville.

F. M. Schell shipped six cars of corn
and four of wheat from the Perry eleva-
tor this week.

The carpenters are at work on N. J.
Stark's new store building.

J. F. Goepfert guaranteed Bob Eakin a
boy, but as it is a girl we do not know
how they will settle the matter.

Mrs. Kimball, of the News Co., was a
Perry visitor Tuesday.

G. W. Norwood and G. W. Smith were
over from Leocompton Saturday evening
to attend the Odd Fellows' anniversary.

The Baptist Sunday school has changed
their hour of meeting to 3 o'clock in the
afternoon.

The decision of Collector Leland, that
dealers in Hop Tea Tonic must pay the
U. S. Malt Liquor tax, is causing quite a
commotion in some places.

Mrs. Alldredge was in town visiting
friends last week. She departed for
Richland Thursday.

The Japanese Wedding given by the
M. E. church choir at the opera hall a
week ago Wednesday evening, was well
rendered. Notwithstanding the bad
weather, the door receipts amounted to
fifteen dollars. In consequence of the
bad weather keeping so many away,
they concluded to repeat it Thursday
evening of this week.

We have heard it said that R. E. Haynes
had tendered his resignation as agent of
the U. P. railway at this place. We would
like to see him remain as agent at this
place. He does his work well and has
given better satisfaction to the patrons
of the office than any other agent the
company has had here for a long time.

J. H. Baker's team became frightened
Tuesday at Dave Stone as he was riding
along the road, and ran away, breaking
the lister and harness. We have not
learned the amount of damage. Dave is
in the habit of hallooing and making a
noise as he rides along, and that is what
scared the team.

Mrs. Jennie Siebert and daughter-in-
law, Mrs. S. I. Siebert, spent Thursday
and Friday in Topeka visiting friends.
The ladies purchased many beautiful
flowers while in the city.

The warm weather is making the
weeds grow, but you should keep them
cut down as long as Fauble will sell you
a good steel garden hoe for 20 cents and
upward.

Spring is on hand and you will want
lumber and other building material.
Call on Frank Stark before you buy, as
he will sell you better material at a
lower price than you can get elsewhere.

The subject of Rev. J. G. Henderson's
sermon at the M. E. church Sunday even-
ing, will be "The Relation of the Middle-
Aged and Older People to the Sunday
School."

The Perry public schools closed this
week. The teachers, W. H. Riblet and
Ollie Fauble have given the best of satis-
faction, and there is a universal desire
in the district that they may be employed
again next year.

There is talk of reorganizing the Ma-
sonic lodge in Perry and that they will
occupy the upper story of N. J. Stark's
new business building.

Always buy hand-made tinware. It is
the best and the cheapest. Call on Fau-
ble, compare them and see the difference.

H. O. McGill came up from Lawrence
Saturday, took in the I. O. O. F. celebration
and supper and shook hands with old
friends.

Rev. Samuel Warren, of North Law-
rence, preached Sunday morning and
evening at the Baptist church. He
talked to his hearers in that plain,
simple style, of which we need more.

The most potent remedies for the
cure of disease have been discovered
by accident. The first dose of Dr.
Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria
was given, as an experiment, to an old
lady almost dying from the effects of
Malaria, on whom Quinine acted as a
poison. One dose cured her; and a
single dose has cured thousands since.
It is the only known Antidote for
the poison of Malaria. Sold by
Druggists.

Books and Magazines.

The Magazine of American History for
May presents a superb picture of Colum-
bus explaining his theory of a New
World to the Prior of the old Convent
where he stopped to ask for bread for his
little son. The handsomely illustrated
opening article is of special interest, en-
titled "Spanish Pioneer Houses in Cal-
ifornia," by Charles Howard Shinn. It is
followed by the "Portrait of Philip Living-
ston, the signer," the admirable illustra-
tion being new to the public. One of the
best articles is on "The Constitutional
Aspect of Kentucky's struggle for Auton-
omy, 1784-1792," by the president of
Miami University, Eichelbert D. Wardfield,
and represents a vast amount of scholar-
ly and critical research; a sketch of "Col-
onel William Grayson," of Virginia is
most readable; "The Massachusetts Bay
Psalms Book, 1640," is a choice bit of his-
tory such as one likes to preserve; "A
Century of Cabinet Ministers," by George
M. Faby, is a novel and important statis-
tical contribution to the sum of human
knowledge; and Mrs. Lamb's description
of the frontispiece, giving the romantic
experiences of Columbus at the old
Spanish Convent and his subsequent
summons to the Court of Queen Isabella,
is truly delightful. Among shorter pa-
pers are, "Chauncey M. Depew on Wash-
ington Irving," and "Glimpses of the In-
terior of Africa," by Professor Henry
Drummond. The issue also contains a
valuable list, recently prepared, of the
"Historic Societies of the United States,"
and eight varied departments are crowd-
ed with good things. This popular peri-
odical enjoys the well-earned distinction
of being the foremost publication of its
character in the world. \$5.00 a year.
Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The Emporia Republican has ab-
sorbed the News-Democrat. The
News was founded by Senator Plumb
and was the oldest paper in the state.

TOPEKA.

The Rock Island company is put-
ting in a new switch to the new Skin-
ner ice house and Billiard's central
mill.

J. M. Goodman, whose foot was
badly hurt on the Rock Island some
time ago, is now out on the street
on crutches.

A number of "original packages"
have been received at the express
office, and the supreme court de-
cision will be appropriately cele-
brated.

Dr. N. M. Hendershot, dentist of
Washington, Kan., will probably re-
move to Topeka. He is a friend of
Hon. J. H. Fought of the north side.

Charles Hill & Co. have disposed
of their bakery and confectionery
store, and as soon as a suitable lo-
cation can be found will go into the
grocery business on the south side.

News was received yesterday of
the burning at Silver Lake of Charles
Oliver's house and a greater part of
the contents. Cause unknown. In-
surance covers about one half the
loss.

Park Kimball 11 years of age,
was bitten in the left leg by a dog
Thursday belonging to Willie Gos-
horn. Dr. Miner attended to the
wound.

The Methodist congregation at Sum-
merfield laid the corner-stone for a new
church edifice a few days ago. The night
following some vandals overturned the
stone, removed the covering and destroyed
almost every article in the box.

A casket containing diamonds, pearls
and other precious gems, identified as
the gems stolen from Mrs. Johnson on
the train a few days ago, was found by a
farmer beside the Rock Island track near
the village of Sala.

Four years ago a traveling man's
trunk was stolen from the front of the
Byram hotel at Atchison and the owner
received \$200 for the loss, saying it was
filled with cigar samples. The trunk
was found on a sand bar recently, and
was found to contain a lot of printed
stationery and advertising matter.

Sunday School Convention.

The following is the programme
for Silver Lake township Sunday
School Convention to be held at the
M. E. Church in Silver Lake, on
Sunday, May 11th, 1890, from 2 p. m.
to 5 p. m.

OPENING SONG.
PRAYER, by Rev. A. J. Martin.
MUSIC.

ADDRESS—"The Sunday School
Work of the County," by J. H.
Foucht, president of Shawnee county
Sunday School Association. Time,
10 minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"How to Prepare a
lesson to Teach it Effectually," by
Rev. W. B. Stevenson; time 10
minutes. Discussion by S. A. John-
son, 5 minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"How to Teach the les-
sons to Our Classes," by Dr. A. G.
Magill, 10 minutes. Discussion by
Benj. Smith, 5 minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"How to Promote
Spiritual Growth in Our Sunday
Schools," by Rev. J. M. Whitehead,
10 minutes. Discussion by Josiah
Ashpole, 5 minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"How to Teach Ef-
fectually in Primary Classes," by
J. M. Clayland, 10 minutes. Dis-
cussion by Miss Nellie Dick, of
Topeka, 5 minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"How to develop a
Love for the Bible in the Children,"
by Rev. A. J. Martin, 10 minutes.
Discussion by A. K. Rodgers, sec-
retary of the county association, 5
minutes.

MUSIC.
ADDRESS—"The General Sunday
School Work," by one of our ex-
presidents, Irwin Taylor, of Topeka.

MUSIC.
Election of officers for the ensuing
year.

A collection will be taken during
the exercises for county and state
Sunday School work.

DOXOLOGY.
BENEDICTION.

Mrs. Pauline Soldner, aged 61,
living east of Lincoln, committed
suicide in eighteen inches of water
in the Saline river.

Two young women left a baby
under the seat in a train near
Kinsley Monday night, and went
back into the sleeper. They are ar-
rested at Hartland.

The Atchison Globe complains
that a man was recently in that city
and sold numbers of "Rainbow"
plants at 75 cents each, while a lo-
cal dealer finds it hard to effect sales
at 50 cents per dozen.

After investigation the jury in the
case of William Harmon, whose
body was found floating in a creek
at Eureka, returned a verdict of
death from unknown causes. Many
still believe he was murdered.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they can not
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure Deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed con-
dition of the mucous lining of the Eu-
stachian Tube. When this tube gets in-
flamed you have a rumbling sound or
imperfect hearing, and when it is entire-
ly closed Deafness is the result, and un-
less the inflammation can be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal con-
dition, hearing will be destroyed forever;
nine cases out of ten are caused by cat-
arrh, which is nothing but an inflamed
condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for
any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh)
that we cannot cure by taking Hall's
Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

John R. Tuttle,

THE Spot Cash Grocer.

Will give to patrons, May 28,
1890, the following presents:
One Gents' Gold Watch,
Elgin Movement
One Ladies' Gold Watch,
Elgin Movement.
One Antique Oak Sideboard.
One Domestic Sewing Machine.
And Nine other useful articles.

With every ONE DOLLAR's worth
of goods purchased at one time a
numbered ticket will be given, and
the distribution will be determined
by a drawing under the control of
the ticket holders.

14 lbs. Fine Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
50 lbs. Best High Patent Flour.....	1.25
50 lbs. Good Flour.....	.90
4 cans Good Corn.....	.25
5 cans Sardines.....	.25
Can Salmon.....	.10
1 gallon Best Gasoline.....	.15
Beaumont Oil, per gal.....	.15
Best Crackers by the box.....	.06
3 Packages Oat Flakes.....	.25
Bottle Vanilla or Lemon Extract....	.05
2 Fancy Bottles Catsup.....	.25
Bottle Mustard.....	.05
1 Good Broom.....	.15
3 Sacks of Salt.....	.10
2 Papers of Best Carpet Tacks.....	.05
1 lb. Gun Powder Tea.....	.30
1 lb. Ground Coffee.....	.20
8 lbs Raisins.....	.25
6 Bars of Ivory Soap.....	.25
6 Packages Pearlina or Soapine.....	.25
Sack of Graham Flour.....	.25
20 lbs. Bucket Jelly.....	.90
Can Fine Apple.....	.10
Can Gooseberries.....	.10
Can Peas.....	.10
4 cans Blackberries.....	.25
Plug Tobacco, per pound.....	.25
Sweet Chocolate Cake.....	.05
3 Bottles Bluing.....	.10
5 cakes Toilet Soap in Box.....	.10
1 lb. can Royal Baking Powder.....	.40
1 lb. can Price's Baking Powder.....	.40

A coffee mill given away with a
can of baking powder.
Gilt Edge Butter always on hand.

JOHN R. TUTTLE.

Telephone 168.

332 Kans. Ave.
TOPEKA.

Live Merchants! Dead Flies!



KILLS them by the MILLION!
**DOES AWAY WITH DISGUSTING
FLY PAPER AND PLATES.**

For sale everywhere. Sample sent pre-
paid to any part of the United States on
receipt of 20 CENTS.

Cheaper than Fly Paper.
Will Last All Season.

THE
RILEY-OSBORN MFG CO.,
HUGH MOORE, General Agent.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the paper. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

A FOURTH of July fire-cracker does not have as patriotic an attraction on the 5th. Neither will the World's fair in 1893.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY has become what the schoolboy calls "sulky." He has wholly abandoned his literary and political ambitions.

HOLDING the world's fair in 1893 instead of 1892 will deprive a great many the privilege of visiting it. The mortuary roll call must be obeyed.

THE Italian faster, Succ, who is said to have abstained from food for over 160 days, is the attraction to the medical authorities in London now.

ASTRONOMY teaches that the sun is nearer to us in winter than in summer. It is only a severe reverence for educational science that makes us accept it.

THE man probably spoke, "full of sad experience," who said, "A man is like an omnibus, when he is full of drinks he thinks there is room for one more."

"WE know of no such stone as a black diamond," says the Chicago Herald queryman. He evidently never lived in the west and paid \$17 a ton for hard coal.

AN eastern belle took umbrage at the young man who declared his intention of going west to see the Cherokee strip. Disrobe would have been more refining.

To prevent the smell of cabbage permeating the house while boiling, place on the stove a dish containing vinegar, or asafetida, or onions, either will do.

FARMER DALRIFFLE, of Dakota, has 30,000 acres in wheat this season. Nothing short of anarchy will ever enable the ten acre farmer to meet such competition.

PERU, judging from late dispatches, is still not much in advance of what it was when Pizarro conquered and plundered it in the interest of civilization. More lives have been lost in one skirmish in a political campaign in Peru than sufficed to mark the overthrow of an empire in Brazil.

SENATOR ALLISON says the proudest moment of his life was when, as secretary of the National Republican Convention in 1860, he counted and proclaimed the votes which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. The chances are, Mr. Allison's moments are just as proud over it now as they were at that moment.

AN electrician, writing recently on the action of electricity on the human body, says that just what takes place in the human organization to produce death from an electric current seems to be an unsolved problem. One of the theories sometimes advanced concerning it is that when a being suffers death from electric shock it is a pure case of internal rupture or explosion from the generation of gas or vapor.

A WASHINGTON man has discovered that tall, slender girls take to greyhounds and dogs of similar build, while short, plump girls are invariably seen on the streets with pugs, poodles, and canines of kindred shape. This is natural enough. It springs from the feminine love of symmetry. A short, pudgy girl would appear doubly so by the side of a lean, long greyhound. A tall, thin girl leading a pug would look like a broomstick.

LAWYER ARMAN who recently died in San Diego sprang into fame in a singular way. He was defending a Chicago baker on a charge of murder by putting poison in his bread. The defense had in court a lot of the biscuit in which they claimed was the same kind of poison. Arman as a desperate resort seized and ate several of the condemned biscuits with zestful relish. His client was acquitted, and the name of Arman was written high on the bar's escutcheon.

A CHICAGO architect has submitted a plan for the World's Fair building in that city, which is somewhat noticeable. The World's Fair, if this plan is adopted, is to be compressed within one building of a circular shape, containing an area of 160 acres. In the center of the building is to be an iron tower 1,492 feet in height, to mark the year of the discovery of the new world. Thirty acres of plate glass are to be used in the construction of the roof. The walls of the circular building are to be 50 feet in height, of brick or stone.

HUNTING THE SEA OTTER.

Queer Method of Obtaining Fur that is More Valuable Than Sealskin.

It is not generally known that some of the most expensive fur-producing animals are killed off the coast of the new State of Washington, and it is remarkable that the extent of territory where these animals are taken is so extremely limited, being on from Damon's Point, at the northern entrance, to Gray's harbor up the coast, to Point Greenville, a distance of about twenty-four miles. The animal referred to is the sea otter, the fur of which is manufactured into the robes of the potentates and Princes of the Old World.

Unlike that of the seal, the fur of the sea otter requires no plucking of hair or coloring; in fact, the most valuable skins are those which are speckled throughout with a silver-tipped hair, which is known as the silver-tipped fur, the addition of this hair adding 25 to 50 per cent to the price of the skin.

There are now several hunters engaged in killing sea otters at the place referred to, says a writer in the Portland Oregonian, and the modus operandi of taking them was very interesting to me.

The hunters build for themselves derricks about forty feet high by taking three slim poles or pieces of timber, each about forty feet in length, and bolting them securely together at one end for the top, they then spread them about twenty-five feet apart at the bottom, giving the appearance of a huge tripod. These are set on the ocean beach, about midway between high and low tides, the foot of the poles being embedded in the sand from two to three feet. The structure is then thoroughly braced, and a ladder built to the top by nailing pieces at convenient distances crosswise on the inside.

About eighteen inches below the top of the tripod cross timbers are secured to the legs, and upon these cross timbers a floor from four to five feet square is laid; and on the oceanward and two adjoining sides walls are built up from three and a half to four feet in height. On the land side a door is constructed to allow the hunter easy ingress and egress to and from his "crow's nest." On the top of the tripod, which extends about eighteen inches above the floor, a seat is constructed and around the inside of the wall a row of shelving is placed.

At low tide, when the wind is propitious, the hunter lies himself to his crow's nest, armed with a good pair of glasses, a Sharp's rifle, a lunch, and a little something to keep himself warm, and for six long hours he scans the line of the ocean just outside the breakers, where he most expects his game to appear. When the tide first begins to flood his range is about 600 yards, but as it runs in the range is shortened to 200 or 300 yards. Even at these latter distances it requires close calculation to know just how to shoot to overcome the rise and fall of the ocean swell and the effect of the wind upon the bullets. It is said that not one of the 100 shots of the best marksmen is effective. The shoot is generally done on a flood tide, so the animal, when killed, will wash ashore, and even then it is sometimes three or four days after it is killed before it is beached. Undoubtedly many others are killed and never do come ashore.

Each hunter marks his bullets with a mark known to the other hunters, and when an otter is found on the beach the first duty of the finder is to look for the bullet and ascertain who is the rightful owner, for this is respected among the hunters as sacredly as marks and brands are among stockmen. When an otter comes ashore with no bullet in him, as frequently occurs, the bullet having gone clean through the body, and no notice having been given, it is regarded as a "slick-ear" in stockmen's parlances, and belongs to the finder.

Sometimes an otter, on receiving a death-shot, sinks; but the hunter generally knows when he has hit his mark. By observing the water with his glasses, he can discern, even at the greater distances which they shoot, the coloring of the water from the blood of the animal; and if he does not come ashore on that tide, notice is at once given to the other hunters, who are then on the alert to find him. But I opine that beach combers, in the shape of stealthy Indians, get away with many an otter killed by the white hunters. I have had occasion many times to pass along the beach at daylight during the hunting season, but I always found the flat tracks of the siwash just ahead of me, printed there since last high tide.

The Indians hunt the sea otter in canoes, going out and coming in through the surf, sometimes they go fifteen or twenty miles to sea and stay out several days. But when they hunt along within a mile or two of the shore, then there is blood on the face of the moon, and the white hunter "waxeth wroth" for the Indian scares away his game. When taken, the otter is skinned whole, as it were, by cutting across the haunches and stripping the skin down the body and over the head. The skin is then turned the fur in, and a board shoved through it. It is then tightened by driving a wedge-shaped piece down on one side between the board and the skin, and another contrarywise on the other. All the grease is then carefully removed, and the skin is dried and laid away ready for the market.

An average skin is about five feet long by twelve inches wide (double), when cut, twenty-four inches wide, and, in the hunter's hands, is valued at from \$90 to \$120, but these prices

leave a handsome margin to the fur men who handle them. In Russia an overcoat made from these same otter skins bring from \$1,000 to \$2,000, while in China even more is sometimes paid.

The season for killing sea otter extends from May to October, and so scarce is this game becoming that four a season is considered doing well by any hunter. In fact, some pass the season without taking any.

The hunters have a rule among themselves—which is strictly observed—that only one derrick can be allowed within a range, i. e., about a half mile, thus giving the whole beach a regularity of appearance not elsewhere observable.

Compliments from Various Sources.

When the great Duke of Wellington said "He always slept well when Stapleton Cotton was on guard," he paid a sterling compliment which must have gratified that officer—if he heard it—as much as promotion in rank would have done.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: "Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man."

Mrs. Moore, the wife of the poet, was noted for her benevolence to the poor in the vicinity of their country residence. On one occasion a guest observed: "I take it for granted that no one is dying in our neighborhood, or we should not be favored with Mrs. Moore's company."

Not long ago, when a brief matrimonial engagement was broken off, a near relation of the gentleman, one who fully appreciated the high qualities of her from whom the sometime lover was sundered, said to the young lady: "You have only lost an ideal; he has lost a reality." A sweet compliment this, under the circumstance, it seems to us.

A husband's compliment to his wife: They were visitors for a few days at a country house, and on being shown in to their room the lady, who was nearer 40 years of age than 30, prepared to take off her bonnet. Now, be it observed that looking-glasses vary very much in quality; some distort and some flatter the countenance.

These different qualities in glass-making are no new things, for we may remember that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she asked for a true glass, into which she had not allowed herself to look for twenty years. The glass that was on the dressing-table on the occasion to which we refer was a delightful one—that is to say, a "flattering" one—and as the lady saw herself reflected in it she merrily exclaimed: "O, what a charming glass! I look about 18 in it." "It is just like my eyes, then," the husband promptly replied.

A Genuine "Character."

On almost any rainy day, if the St. Louis Republic's Man About Town calls at the public library, he sees a shabbily dressed Irishman intently reading the "heavy" magazines and quarterlies—the *Political Science Quarterly*, *North American Review*, and the like. Pat's fingers are stubby and hard and his shoulders broad. He is a common laborer, and says that his wages are \$1.75 per day. The Man About Town ventured to make his acquaintance, and was pleasantly greeted in the richest, broadest of brogues. The acquaintance soon ripened into partial intimacy, and then The Man learned that he had discovered a genuine "character." This laborer can think clearly and consecutively. He says that his daily wage suffices to supply all his wants, and that "his joy of life is to find out things from books." He is always delighted when a heavy, steady rain sets in, for that gives him leave to take the whole day at his books.

"What use do you make of your reading? I would suppose that a man of your intelligence and learning could find something better to do than shoveling dirt or laying granite pavement."

"Oh, yes, O' coud do that, but thin me wages are big enough; a mon who gets his moind pestered wid tryin' to get rich can't kape his thoughts on his studies. Sure an Oi have all that heart cud desire, barrin' a wife. Look at me healthy body. Did yez ever see a graduate of Trinity college, Dublin who was a better animal than Oi? It's Emerson who first said that 'man's first duty was to be a good animal'; an' Oi think Oi have filled the bill. Where's the professor who can study ten hours on a stretch? Oi can do that."

Suitable Legs and Feet.

Every creature has the kind of legs best suited to it. Birds living in marshes have long, slender legs like stilts and some of them are called "stilt birds." The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get some of their living in the water, as beavers, otters, swans, ducks and geese, are born with paddles on their feet. The mole, again, is born with spades on his forelegs, so that he may dig his way through the ground, and the camel has his feet carefully padded and his legs of sufficient length to lift his head high above the sand waves so that his eyes may be protected from glare and dust.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Had a Sure Thing.

During the progress of a guessing match at the weight of a bull at Allentown, three men surreptitiously removed the animal from the stable and had it weighed, and by betting accordingly bagged the prize.

COURT LIFE IN TUDOR TIMES.

Wealth in Amazing Stores of Silver and Gold Plate.

The brilliant court life of the later Tudor times was a new thing in English history. In earlier days it had not been the fashion for the great landowners to forsake their estates and live at Tower Hill or Shoe Lane with a following of 100 or 200 gentlemen in livery and white frieze, lined with crimson taffetas, and to spend two or three times their yearly income in a merry life of dicing, card-playing, and hunting in Gray's Inn Fields, Islington, and Highgate, and in buying dresses fine enough to adorn court pageants and processions where the greatest nobles of the land accepted the honor of bearing the Queen's litter.

The country noble or gentleman of the time of Edward IV. and Henry VII. had other business and other ambitions. He was not, indeed, a home-keeping man; he had to be away at French wars, or fighting on the Scotch border, or leading levies hither and thither to put down a rebellion or to set one going, or to make a raid on his neighbor's property. But whether he was a successful soldier, or "a good Cotswold shepherd," or a prosperous lawyer, or a wealthy Judge, he remained a true provincial in heart and in interests. Booty was to be had in France, even in Scotland; there was none in London. On the contrary, a journey to the Capital needed the one thing that nobles and landowners never had—ready money in the purse. If a country Lord had to attend Parliament a supply of oats and corn was carried for the horses "to save the expenses of his purse"; his wife managed the big household and estates in the country, and from London an army of servants rode backward and forward, continually to fetch provisions from fields and ponds and salting-tubs at home, so that he need never go to the market or to the baker to buy for money.

It was in the provinces that the noble kept his true state. If his journey lay through any town all the bells were set ringing "to give notice of the passage of such eminency," and the burghers stood to watch him pass in his robe of scarlet twelve yards wide, with pendent sleeves down on the ground, and the "furrur therein set," worth perhaps £200 or £300 of our money, while his attendants came after, anxiously holding up with both hands out of the filth of the medieval streets the wide sleeves that trailed at their sides.

The great oak chests of the country houses were piled up with splendid robes; cloth of gold, figured satins, damask, and silk, and velvets, and fine cloths were heaped together with rich furs of marten and beaver. Sir John Fastolf had thirty-five coverings for his head—hoods of satin, russet, and velvet, straw hats, hats of beaver lined with damask gilt, and the like, to suit his various robes. Chains of gold of the "old fashion" and the "new," collars of gold covered with "roses and suns," precious stones, women's girdles of cloth of gold harnessed with gold or with silver-gilt worked by famous foreign makers, made fully as brave a show in the fifteenth century as in the one that came after.

But the real wealth of the nobles lay in their amazing stores of gold and silver plate. Fastolf had laid up in his treasure tower and in the safe rooms of monasteries vessels that weighed over 16,000 ounces, besides the plate in his butler's pantry. We read of ewers, and goblets, and platters of gold, great chargers of silver, weighing 200 ounces or more; a flagon of silver or 351 ounces; others with gold verges and enameled chains about them; gilt basins, with antelopes; gilt cups like fountains, with enameled flowers; salt-cellars like towers; "basins of 180 ounces, covered with silver of Paris touch and over-gilt, pounced and embossed with roses, and with great, large enamels in the bottom, with certain beasts embossed standing within a hedge of silver and gilt upon the said enamels;" great gallon pots having the edges gilt and wreathed with poppy-leaves; gilded goblets with columbine flowers and the like. At the funeral of a lady of Berkeley, early in the sixteenth century, the plate was brought out to give "a drinking" to the Mayor of Bristol and his brethren, "and I thank God," wrote the steward, "no plate nor spoons was lost, yet there were twenty dozen spoons." Such was the wealth upon which the spendthrifts of Elizabeth's court "fed and feasted" till ruin overtook them, and on which "Jack of Newbury" and his fellows prospered and laid field to field.—*Mrs. A. S. Green in the Speaker.*

A Reasonable Suggestion.

Representative Allen of Mississippi was requested the other day by one of constituents—it was a colored "friend and brother"—to give him a recommendation in writing by means of which he hoped to secure a situation as watchman or something equally important. Mr. Allen complied with readiness, as he new the man to be capable and trustworthy. In fact, the "certificate of character" was so exceptionally complimentary and set forth Sambo's qualifications in such glowing terms that, turning to Mr. Allen, he said:

"Look heah, Marse Allen, can't you gi me something to do youself on dat recommendation?"

It took some time on the part of Mr. Allen to explain to the colored "friend and brother" that just now he possessed not much "inffluence."—*Washington Post.*

John D. Rockefeller, Sec. Tracy and ex-Senator Platt were schoolmates.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

The sultan of Morocco has thirty-seven wives. His domestic affairs are more troublesome than his foreign relations.

The prince of Naples, heir apparent to the throne in Italy, will spend the coming summer in a tour of the European courts looking for a wife.

It is said that the natural gas of Indiana has been the means of bringing into that state more than \$20,000,000 in capital and fully 10,000 mechanics.

A horse fell into an abandoned shaft at Silver Fork, Nev., on Jan. 19 and lived nineteen days without food or drink. When rescued the animal was able to walk, and in a few hours was able to move about all right.

The largest tree in the world is reported to have been recently found in California, measuring 176 feet in circumference at a distance of six feet from the ground. This would give a diameter of about sixty feet at that point.

General Boulanger is growing weary of his retirement on the Isle of Jersey. But no one cares much where he is. He has ceased to be a disturbing factor in the politics of France and is no longer an interesting figure.

When P. T. Barnum said farewell to a well known English circus manager the latter remarked: "We shall meet again in heaven, my dear Barnum." The American looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "Yes, if you are there."

Humor has had an illustration in the south. A minister announced to his congregation one Sunday that on the next Sunday he would preach on "Looking Backward." A large audience assembled to hear him when he discoursed to the people on Lot's wife.

The intelligence of animals became one of the subjects of discussion at a little dinner party. An enthusiastic advocate of the dog was asked: "Do you mean to tell us that there are some dogs with more sense than their masters can boast of?" "Certainly; I have one."

In a cemetery near Detroit are the graves of three husbands of the same woman all in a row. A suggestive feature of the group is the headstones. The first departed received a very handsome and expensive stone, the second exhibits a considerable reduction, and the third is a very cheap affair.

Dr. Francis H. Brown, of Boston, has devised a plan by which six deaf persons who formerly heard nothing of the sermon now hardly miss a word of it when they attend church. A loud sound-receiver stands near the preacher, and branch speaking tubes run, by way of the floor, from it to each of the deaf persons.

It is said that the French government has just given to the government of Russia the secret of its new smokeless powder, and that the Russians are about to begin in the manufacture of it upon a large scale, using imported workmen and being careful to exclude Germans and Jews from the factories. The basis of the powder is said to be sulphuric ether.

Sam Jones seems to have been more offensive down in Texas than usual. Perhaps he thought the people down there required something ruder than elsewhere. At Tyler he said "dancing girls look like tadpoles and fashionable girls look no more like God Almighty's women than a Chinaman looks like a salt mine." He is always an ardent seeker after notoriety.

The German emperor having issued an order suppressing the use of all French words in the postal service, the czar has antagonized it by a circular which declares that all letters, telegrams and packages sent abroad must be addressed in French, and the Russian authorities will not be responsible for the transmission of any mail matter that is not addressed in that language.

The dagger with which Ravaillac assassinated Henry IV. of France has been found by a Berlin antiquary. He bought a curious thick cane from a peasant and on examination the stick proved to be hollow and to contain an ancient poniard and tiny snuff box. In the latter was a paper stating that the owner of the stick had carried off the historical dagger from the Paris Palais de Justice in 1815.

Shakespeare is well appreciated by the higher educated natives in India, and last year a large number of his plays were published in the vernacular. "As You Like It" and "The Winter's Tale" were translated into Tamil and Telugu for Madras; "The Taming of the Shrew" came out in the Punjab, and "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Comedy of Errors" were great favorites in the north-west provinces.

Scott Keltie, librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, says that, reckoning the whole territory where British influence is paramount, the dominion includes about ten million square miles, or very nearly one-fifth of the total land surface of the globe. This shows the British empire to be nearly three times the size of Europe and only about a million acres less than Africa. At least a fifth of the whole population of the earth are British subjects.

At average speed a man walks three miles an hour, or four feet per second; a horse trots seven miles per hour, or ten feet per second; a steamboat moves eighteen miles per hour, twenty-six feet per second; a moderate wind blows seven miles per hour or ten feet per second; a storm moves thirty miles per hour, fifty-two feet per second; sound travels 743 miles per hour, 1145 feet per second; light moves 192,000 miles per second, and electricity 238,000 miles per second.

A remarkable telegram broke up the entire establishment in a big Broadway store recently. The head of the firm received a dispatch conveying the information: "A mesquite ill to-day. Can't come down." He called in the other partner and chief clerks for a consultation. They had no cipher that fitted the telegram, but after a while light dawned upon one of the party. A bright young man in the store rejoices in the name of Amos, and, being under the weather, his mother wrote this telegram: "Amos quite ill to-day. Can't come down."

THE KINGDOM OF CERES.

Fresh Twigs from the Bowers of the Daughters of Saturn.

Paint on the Farm—A Lesson of Frugality—Cooked Food Preferable—Developing the Home Market—Wholesome Hints and Seasonable Recipes Applicable and Useful.

Farm Losses.

Every cattleman in the west has worked for low wages or lost money during the last four years. The depression seems to be over, cattle sell for good prices—that is, good cattle. One consolation comes to the stock farmer who has had a severe time of it during the depression—his acres were getting better. His farm is in condition to yield now that the markets have touched bottom and are rising. This leads to the reflection that he must keep cattle, whether they pay or not. It is observable that well-stocked farms yield best; that grazed land improves in fertility. The stock farmer has not only the satisfaction of seeing his acres improved, says the Des Moines Register, but he has no doubt improved his animals. There is a rush now to get stock cattle. Grass must be fed off, and stockers are scarce. The well-stocked farm furnishes its own stockers; better ones every year. The farmers who held steady hands and did not sell off their stock during the years of craze to sell, now have great advantage over those who sold for what they could get, and now must buy again.

We wish to make this point. A farm requires stock of various kinds just as it requires a farmer. No selling off is permissible, unless the selling of fat stock, surplus young stock or bad stock. A good cow and her descendants should have as certain a right to the farm as the owner. So should the right mare and progeny. It requires long study and experiment to properly stock a farm. It requires growing knowledge to steadily improve, but once a farm is stocked with paying animals it is financial suicide to change. Now that the time has come when we must farm for the future, as well as the present, nothing will stand by us better than reliable stock of good farm animals. So many cows, for sale to no man, at any price. Such mares, not to be parted with, and so on. The stock and the farm will sustain each other. The one will improve the other, if you do your part. We must get entirely over this uneasy desire to sell out, farm, stock or anything. No man can do well moving from farm to farm, from stock to stock, from here to yonder and back. The steady fellows are getting into the best shape—are there now.

Bites and Stings.

Commonly, bites may be treated as lacerated wounds. But poison bites should be promptly treated to destroy the poison. Hot water, the hot iron, nitric acid, nitrate of silver, though heroic remedies, in such emergencies, says the American Agriculturist, may be applied even by the uninitiated. The sooner the applications are made after the accident the better. Where poison bites are suspected on the extremities, the venous blood flowing to the heart may be retarded by a cord, band, or handkerchief tightly tied around above the wound. A cloth dipped in boiling water applied to the bite destroys the poison, and is not so painful as the hot iron. If the latter is used it should be heated to a white heat and pushed deep into the wound, and swept over the lacerated surface. A stick of nitrate of silver should be applied on a fine stick or skewer. After either of these applications, hot or cold applications, by means of wet cloths, should be made. Stings of bees, wasps, or other insects, are best remedied by applying aqua ammonia by means of cloth soaked in a solution of two ounces of ammonia to a quart of water. Carbolic acid, one ounce to a quart of water, is a good application to either burns or bites. It is rarely necessary to use opiates for stings, as the local applications soon relieve pain.

Painting Farm Buildings.

Every farmer ought to learn how to use the paint brush. Then at odd times he can do much at home improvement that without this accomplishment would certainly go undone. Paint itself is not so expensive as its application. Country life, especially, would be brighter if old and young on the farm took their turns at brightening it with paint. Wagons, tools and farm buildings of all kinds are more durable when painted frequently, and painted they will not be, as experience proves, unless the farmer does it himself. The division of labor that in most other things works well is a mistake here. In the country at least, each man may do some painting with benefit to himself, and preventing the entailment of misery and early death on a class of professional painters. Good and cheap paints are now furnished ready mixed, so that this greatest difficulty of painting by novices is done away with.

Take Care of the Tools.

Stanton Hitchcock, Orleans Co., Vermont, writes: Repair broken tools and don't leave it to be done in the hurry of work. Broken tools may be seen lying beside the road, which could be rendered available at slight cost. Plows, harrows, crowbars and other tools are often left in the field where used last, and when wanted the farmer will be inquiring for them

and exclaiming that some neighbor has stolen them. He afterwards finds them where he had left them. It pays to take good care of tools, repair them when necessary, and house them when they are not in use.

Cooked Food For Pigs.

Many coarse kinds of food, especially roots, will be only freely eaten by pigs when cooked. Raw potatoes will barely keep pigs from starving. When cooked the same vegetable will fatten the pig. Even the potato peelings should be boiled a few minutes before putting them in the swill tub. After boiling and cooling, it is still better to give the peelings to the pigs separate from the swill, as partly decaying potatoes, if put in the barrel, soon make the swill very offensive, if not absolutely unwholesome.

What Ails the Pear.

E. W. Reid says: "A pear tree which blooms, but bears no fruit, is making too much root growth, and recommends digging a trench eighteen inches deep below the circumference of the first limbs, filling it half full of compost manure, and returning the soil on top of it. This will check root growth and start the tree in bearing."

Developing Home Markets.

The fruit grower, who uniformly grows the best fruits is the man who can successfully develop a home market for the same. Good fruit never goes begging for a market. It is salable anywhere. On the other hand, it is the great quantity of poor fruit in every market that makes a glut, and often makes low prices even for the best.

Poultry Waifs.

103 is the proper temperature of hatching eggs.

It is wrong to remove the chicks before all are hatched, as their removal reduces the temperature of the remaining eggs, the animal heat of the chicks assisting to hatch the others.

In selecting eggs for hatching or for use in an incubator, reject all rough or misshapen eggs. Use no extra large ones or very small ones. The eggs should be of normal size, well formed, and as uniform as possible in every respect.

Lean meat from the butcher is the best egg-producing food that can be given poultry, as it is rich in nitrogen and supplies the albumen of the egg, which is the most difficult to obtain. One pound of meat fed to twenty hens, three times a week, will not be expensive compared with grain and the results to be obtained.

The secret of success in the poultry yard, says the Maine Farmer, is not in hatching, but in feeding. How to raise the broods is a problem of magnitude, and for this no fixed rule can be applied. Here the breeder, who has clung to one variety year after year, will be best prepared for the work, because he will best appreciate the conditions as well as wants of the flock.

The Douglas Mixture, a valuable adjunct to the poultry business, is composed of the following ingredients: Two gallons of water, one pound of copperas, one gill of sulphuric acid. Mix a few drops with the daily supply of drinking water. It is a splendid preventive of poultry diseases and should always be kept on hand. A supply of iron is a good thing in drinking water, and satisfactory results may be obtained by keeping a couple of iron nails in the bottom of the drinking fountain.

Wholesome Hints.

All fancy hosiery should be put into a strong solution of salt and cold water before wearing.

Scratches in varnish are removed if a coarse cloth well saturated with linseed oil is laid over them.

Never use the first water that comes from a pump or hydrant; it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and it is not healthful.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water, rubbed on with a stiff brush, is used to renovate old clothes. It is said to leave no smell.

Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by kerosene rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing with a little cologne water, rubbed dry with another cloth.

For ingrowing toe nails use equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and white sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the centre.

Rub lamp chimneys with newspaper on which has been poured a little kerosene. This will make them much clearer than if soap is used; they will also be less liable to crack.

There should always be plenty of good kitchen aprons, which protect the dresses so much. Long-sleeved and high-necked sack aprons for children should be kept on them while at play or at the table.

To clean coats: take of ammonia two ounces, soap one ounce, soft water one quart, and a teaspoonful of saltpetre; shake well and let the mixture stand a few days. Pour enough on a coat to cover the grease spots; rub well; wash off with clean cold water.

Carbolic acid has become so generally used in households for antiseptic purposes, and so many serious results have followed its accidental internal use, it is well to know that soap is considered to be the best antidote. It should be taken at once and freely.

The council of hygiene in Paris, it is said, is about to take steps to suppress the use of old magazines and newspapers for wrapping up foods. The Austrian government has prohibited the use of such papers, and also of colored papers to enclose articles to be eaten.

A JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE.

The Terrific Bursting of Nature's Gigantic Subterranean Boiler.

Around Bandai all was calm and peaceful when the day dawned on June 15, says the *Cornhill Magazine*. Columns of white steam floated dreamily in the cool mountain air as the invalids repaired to their early bath, and all around was beautiful on that bright summer morning when, at 7:30, there occurred an earthquake shock so violent as to leave no room for doubt that some mischief was brewing. Fifteen minutes later this was followed by a second and yet more severe shock. Another brief interval of about ten minutes and the earth began to heave like a tossing sea, rising and sinking so that houses collapsed, totally wrecked, and people were violently thrown down and became actually sick, as if at sea. As standing was impossible they tried to crawl on all fours to whatever suggested shelter, but they soon realized that all places were alike unsafe.

The earthquake was immediately followed by an appalling and unearthly sound as of the roar of a thousand thunder-claps, blending with the shriek of all the steam-whistles and roaring steam-boilers of earth, and ere the terrified and deafened human beings could recall their bewildered senses they beheld the whole mighty cone of Sho-Bandaisan blow bodily into the air, where it overspread the whole heavens with a vast, dense pall of ashes and mud-spray, blotting out the light of day and turning all to thick darkness. Ere these had time to fall back to the earth there poured forth dark clouds of vapor and such stifling gases as well-nigh choked all living creatures. Then leaping tongues of infernal flames, crimson, and purple seemed to flash right up to the heavens, and after appalling earth-throes were succeeded by showers of red-hot ashes, sulphur, and boiling water, accompanied by fearful subterranean roaring and rumbling, and by a rushing whirlwind of hurricane force uprooting great trees and hurling them afar.

Another moment and there poured forth floods of boiling liquid mud, which swept down the mountain side with such velocity that within a period variously estimated at from ten to fifteen minutes the seething torrent was rushing past the village of Nagasake, on the brink of the Nagase river, having traveled ten miles from the crater more rapidly than any express train. Probably much of this fluid mud was hurled direct through the air, as was certainly the case with many hundreds of millions of tons which were blown up with the first explosion. Evidently the earthquake must have rent some subterranean fissure, through which a great volume of waters suddenly poured into the internal fires, generating a stupendous volume of steam, which must have continued to increase and so become more and more compressed as volcanic fires and subterranean waters continued their awful struggle, converting the foundations of the mountain into a cyclopean boiler, which finally exploded, with the result, a million times magnified, of the most awful boiler explosion ever known above ground.

The convulsions of the mountain rent great chasms from which uprose jets of flame, ashes, and boiling water, and many of the wretched fugitives were caught up by these awful fountains and hurled on high with terrific force, to fall back to earth all blackened and boiled. Some of these poor corpses were found caught on the boughs of trees, scalded and mangled beyond recognition. Others were battered and crushed by the red-hot stones and rocks which had been hurled from the crater to the clouds, and fell back to earth with awful violence.

The eruption continued for about two hours. By 10 a. m. its violence was spent, though for hours afterward the ground trembled and quivered, as well it might after so appalling a fit of passion. But in those two hours the whole face of thirty square miles of

country (in the formation of a vast fan extending to a radius of five miles from the central crater) was totally changed. Of the mountain cone thus suddenly transformed into a steam boiler, there remains now only the back—a rugged, overhanging precipice, rising to a sheer height, variously estimated at 600 or 1,000 feet above a bottomless crater of about a mile in diameter. Thence with ceaseless roar rise dense clouds of suffocating sulphurous steam, which sometimes clear off sufficiently to allow adventurous climbers a momentary glimpse of the seething mud below. Those who have ascended that remnant of the mountain from the slope behind it, and so have reached the brink of that precipice, have beheld such a picture of desolation as seems scarcely to belong to this earth.

All that was Little Bandai now lies outspread in a thick layer of horrid mud, varying in depth from 10 to 150 feet—deep enough to efface every accustomed feature in the whole area—and itself partially coated with layers of pale-gray ashes and black stones and rocks, which seem to have been ejected to such a height as not to have fallen to earth until the awful mud-wave had poured itself out. It is now described as a wild chaos of earth, rock, and mud, in some places resembling the concrete blocks of some cyclopean breakwater, in others rather suggesting a raging sea whose gigantic waves have suddenly been congealed. Of all that made the scene so beautiful and pleasant not a vestige remains—not a blade of grass where lately the mountain was clothed with springy turf; not a green leaf, not a sign of life, nothing

but absolute desolation, with a horrid smell rising from stagnant sulphur pools.

The Nobleman's Daughter.

There was a great and powerful nobleman, says the *Detroit Free Press*, who had the awfulest, beautifullest, sweetest daughter that ever tried to get a \$20 bill changed on a bob-tailed street-car. Whenever she rode out she was received with admiration and applause, and when she walked in the castle ground about 400 spoony young men sat on the fence and longed to call her their all-wool, gilt-edged, full-jeweled angel.

Now this girl, whose front name was Mirabella, was afraid that some of the scores of chaps who had proposed marriage wanted her for her cash and good looks, instead of a helpmeet to split wood, build the morning fires, and keep track of the meal tickets. One day therefore she started out for a walk into the country, taking a basket of eggs on her arm, as if going to market. By and by she came along to where an Abe Lincolnism looking young stranger was splitting rails and busting a suspender at every blow. She put her finger in her mouth, looked very shy, and stubbed her toe, so as to have an excuse to sit down and be spoken to. He caught on and queried: "Priethee little gal, but who art thou?"

"I art Mrs. Smith's cook," she liefully replied.

"Canst thou cook a dish of pork and beans—make johnny-cake—build a pudding, and fry fat meat?"

"Aye. Excellently well."

"And how about patching and darning—making soft soap—milking a kicking cow, and feeding the pigs?"

"Tis my delight, kind sir."

"Then you are the piece of calico I have been looking for. Suppose we line?"

"Art sure thou lovest me?" she shyly asked.

"Better than gum."

"Then it's a go."

And only after they had been married a full week did she take him by the hand and lead him home to her castle and say to her father:

"Paw, this is my husband, who married me without a thought of my government bonds and bushels of diamonds. Make him admiral of the treasure fleet."

And it was so done, and everything went off according to the programme laid down on the small bills.

"Wish He Wouldn't"

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't!" said a dear girl, as she opened the box and for one long moment of pure delight drank in the exquisite beauty and perfume of the great cluster of velvety "Jacks."

"They're lovely and so is he, but I do wish he wouldn't!" she repeated as she lifted out the great bunch and thrust them with the most elaborate and artistic carelessness into a great cut glass rose bowl.

"Why shouldn't he, if he wants to?" asked her listener.

She flushed a little, but answered bravely: "Because he can't afford it."

"You see," she went on hurriedly, "I know the dear fellow cares for me—know it just as well as if he had told me so, and I—well, I wouldn't feel distressed over this if—You see young men are so foolish about these things. A flower seems to them the very apotheosis of a gift to a girl, and so it would be if we lived in Arcady and roses were to be had for the plucking. But we don't; we live in New York, where every bud costs a big round dollar, and the poetry of flower-giving resolves itself into the decided prose of earning the dollar to pay for them."

"I know Tom's salary, of course, but I know it isn't ten thousand a year, and here's \$25 worth of Jacks, I am sure, if he only would be content with less! But just because I am one of the girls whose fathers can buy them a hundred Jacks every day in the season if they want them, he thinks he must do no less. But he's so foolish! I am sure I should be just as happy with a dollar bunch of violets, and I'm not sure but I would admire him the more for his independence in daring to send them."

A Curious Episode of The War.

A veteran of the ——— Connecticut Regiment of Volunteers keeps at home a handsome uniform of a Confederate officer which was never worn but by himself, and to which he owes some months or years of liberty, if not life itself.

He was a tailor before the civil war, and when he was captured on a Southern battle-field this fact reached the ears of the commander of the prisoners' barracks.

"Egad! I'll have the Yankee goose-pusher make me a new suit," said the officer, gazing at his dingy uniform.

The fine gray cloth, gold-lace, and bright buttons were brought to the tailor prisoner, who worked cheerfully away at the welcome employment. On the evening the suit was to be delivered, however, a bright idea occurred to him, and soon what was to all appearances a spruce Confederate officer walked past the guards, and was seen no more in that part of Dixie. History kindly draws the veil over the expostives vented on the "nutmeg Yankee" for not only gaining his liberty—he earned that—but for taking that precious suit, which cost so many hundred dollars of good Confederate money!—*Harper's Magazine*.

Americans in St. Petersburg.

An American just returned from St. Petersburg says there are only fifteen citizens of this country resident in that city.

A BLOOD-SUCKING PLANT.

The Strange Vegetable Growth Found in Central American Swamps.

Leroy Dunstan, the well-known naturalist of this city, says a New Orleans letter in the *Philadelphia Times*, who has recently returned from Central America, where he has spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots or fibres, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling more than anything else the branches of the weeping willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife Mr. Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fibre. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion.

In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging clasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish-dark tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, every powerful and nauseating to inhale.

The native servant who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call la sagedas de diable, the devil's scene or snare, and were full of stories of its death-dealing powers. One of these stories was of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamp a few years before, lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and, inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and, in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly embrace.

Another story was of an escaped convict who had hidden in the swamp and whose bones had been found in the folds of the sagenas only a short time before Mr. Dunstan's visit. These stories, remarkable as they may seem, are fairly believed in by the people, but the only three specimens which Mr. Dunstan was able to find were all small ones, though the meshes of the largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly if not quite 100 feet. He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with the loss of skin and even of flesh, but, as near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food.

The gum exuded seems to serve the two-fold purpose of increasing its tenacity and of overcoming a victim by its sickening odor. The plant is found only in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and while dormant seems only a network of dry, dead vines covering the black earth for several feet, but coming into contact with anything will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible, life-like manner, breaking out with the gum-like substance spoken of before, and envelop the object with a celerity that is almost incredible.

If the substance is animal the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown in in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality. Mr. Dunstan attempted to bring away a root of the sagenas, but it died during his return voyage, growing so foul with a strong odor of real animal corruption that he was obliged to get rid of it.

A Funeral in Naples.

While traversing one of the narrow streets I was fortunate enough to see a funeral, writes a Naples correspondent. Of course, I was sorry for the deceased, but I was glad, since there was a corpse, that I was there to see the funeral procession, as it is one of the most curious of sights. The corpse is placed in a highly decorated receptacle on a raised platform, which is carried high over the heads of the eight bearers. Then come about a dozen of the Brothers of the Misericordia in their grotesque costumes of a white flowing sheet, with heads entirely concealed by the same, save the large holes out for eyes and mouth—looking like ghosts of the past. After them came about twenty old chaps dressed in black with huge black hats of ancient make. After these came the relatives and friends, the Brothers of the Misericordia and the solemn old chaps who are hired for the occasion. No funeral in Naples would be complete without them.

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SATURDAY, MAP 3.

One half the newspapers of the world are printed in the English language.

Miss Mary Abarr has left the Kansas City Evening News and taken the position of city editor of the Pittsburg (Kan.) Smelter.

In all our booming cities like Topeka, Kansas City, Denver, &c., there are lots of fellows ready to kick themselves because they didn't buy a few lots ten years ago, at \$100 each, that are now worth \$2,000 or \$3,000, and in ten years more they will feel the same way because they did not buy in 1890.

The United States Supreme Court has decided, in the case sent up from Iowa, that a state prohibitory law cannot interfere with the taking of intoxicating liquors into the state in original packages in absence of any act of Congress on the matter. The state can regulate or prohibit the sale of such liquors. Judge Brewer, against whom the prohibitionists have been so bitter, was one of the three who dissented.

A few days ago Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, introduced a joint resolution appropriating \$150,000 for the relief of those left destitute by Mississippi floods in the south. At this Mr. Bland, of Missouri, asked the authority for such action. Mr. Cannon's reply was prompt, pointed and humane—it was in the starving demands of 350,000 persons. The resolution speedily passed both houses, and was at once signed by the president. The incident, however, was eminently characteristic of democratic conservatism. The old spirit that was unwilling to save a nation without precedent, is still unwilling to relieve dying thousands until precedent has been found and a sufficient amount of red tape removed.

That Senator Ingalls is capable of doing more for the people in the senate than any other man who can be returned there, can hardly be questioned. His ability no one denies. Whether he has the qualities of a great statesman need not be asked. He has power. He commands recognition. He has ability. His influence would be greater than that of any new man who can be returned to the senate. The pertinent question is, will he use his power in the interests of the people. He has not done so. He has been at best blindly partisan. He has shown brilliancy but not broad statesmanship. But there has been a limited field for statesmanship outside of party. In other words, party feeling has been so strong and bitter with the people that their representatives have had no encouragement to show independence, often the very first requirement of statesmanship. Independence is always dangerous to the personal interest of a politician unless he is able to carry the people with him. Few can do this when it conflicts with strong, popular prejudice. There are indications that the people are tired of the narrow and bigotted paths they have been treading. A broader reason seems to be prevailing. This cannot fail to loosen the shackles that senators and representatives in Congress have felt. It may even enable them to view matters in a clearer and a truer light. We will not say they may be more conscientious, for men in Congress, as in other positions, are more or less the creatures of circumstances. In all the walks of life men see clearly today where all seemed blank darkness at some time in the past. We have no pride in the past career of Senator Ingalls as a politician. It is not by any means certain that the Farmer's Alliance did not do a wise thing in acting as it did in condemning him. It is also uncertain if they can do more for the people than to return him to the senate. It largely remains with Senator Ingalls himself. Has he the power to develop with the occasion?

The Chilean representative to the late Pan-American Congress gave no little umbrage to some of our politicians, a few days ago, by his plainly expressed opinion of the protective system as advocated by some of our politicians. He says it is calculated to build up a wall all around the United States and to make this country commercially unknown to the world. He would go back to Chili and his country would soon forget that the United States existed. Those who desire to do so may treat lightly this idea, but it is not without foundation in reason. It is well to give it more than passing contemptuous notice.

This country is able to close all its ports to all the world and still prosper. It is able to open them free to the world and still be the envy of all nations. The varied resources to be found within its own limits would enable it to supply every rational want independent of all nations. The same diversity of resources enables it to bid defiance to all competition.

Materially speaking, the tariff question is purely one of policy. Broadly speaking, it is also one of policy, but of policy in its grandest sense. A wise statesmanship will as seriously consider the moral and intellectual interests of the people as its material interests. The nation, as well as the man, that is always studying and planning how to make the most money, regardless of means employed, will dwarf the moral and intellectual characteristics of its people. The United States might close its ports to the world and become a hermit nation. Its material wants might be well supplied. It might grow in wealth, but it would retrograde in intellectual acumen and probably in morals. The tendency would be to dwarf the finer human sentiments. It might regulate admission to its ports with a sole view to profit, and the result be even worse.

The moral and intellectual effects of exclusion are not often taken into account by political economists. Free traders and protectionists alike usually look only at the material side. Of the two, protectionists are perhaps the more sordid. But free traders fail to make full use of the argument afforded by a broader philanthropy, as if they feared to be charged with engaging in missionary work. But broad statesmanship looks well to all national interests. The history of a nation that treats only of its wars, is not worthy of its name. A statesman who looks only for the success of party, is simply a bigotted politician. If he seeks only the material interests of the people his statesmanship is narrow and unworthy the name.

One remarkable difference between republicanism and democracy was well illustrated in the resolution offered in Congress by Mr. Cannon, to relieve southern sufferers. Republicanism is always ready for emergencies. It makes precedents when necessary in the interests of liberty and humanity. Democracy gropes its way while evils work their destruction as it hunts up authorities and precedents. Republicans respect precedents and authorities, but where immediate action is necessary it does not hesitate to decide for the people. This has always been considered statesmanship. It is political genius. Democracy never had it. When the rebellion broke out it was paralyzed by conservatism, even where it was loyal.

E. W. Longshore, chief clerk to Secretary Martin Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, has been appointed statistical agent for Kansas of the government agricultural bureau, succeeding Hon. William Sims, who resigned the position when appointed treasurer, recommending Mr. Longshore for the honor. The duties of the position require little time, and Mr. Longshore, consequently, can perform them without interference with his duties as chief clerk. The position pays \$720 a year.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat and some other sheets are still rattling away about "honest money." This time they are attacking the free silver coinage bill. This "honest money" idea is one of the humbugs of the age. When this government says that only gold is money, it gives the country what is as near dishonest money as it can.

Books and Magazines.

"The New York Ladies' Club" is the subject of an article by Mary Gay Humphreys published in the number of Harper's Bazar issued May 2d. The same number contains a story by Julia Schayer entitled "One Standard."

A new serial story by John Russell Coryell, entitled "Prince Tommy," begins in the number of Harper's Young People published April 29th. The story will be illustrated by W. A. Rogers. This number also contains a poem by W. H. Hayne—the son of Paul Hamilton Hayne—entitled "King and Clown."

Lippincott's Magazine is showing remarkable enterprise in securing all the greatest novelists at home and abroad to contribute to its pages. The May number contains a novelette by Bret Harte entitled "A Sappho of Green Springs." That Mr. Harte's residence abroad has not dulled his genius for depicting Western scenes and character is abundantly proven by his latest story, which is one of the brightest and cleverest products of his brilliant pen.

"Trying to Convince the President," is the title of the frontispiece of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week and forcibly illustrates the caution prudence exercised by our Chief Executive. Evidently President Harrison is examining very carefully both sides of the knotty question presented to him by the two prominent statesmen. There can be no doubt that this decision will be a wise one. A full page is devoted to illustrations of the opening of the base-ball season in New York. Various character sketches are given which depict the universal excitement attendant upon this favorite sport.

It is not uncommon for Kansas City folks to make money on the bluff.

The weather bureau is somewhat like Kansas. It is daily becoming celebrated for its Misses.

Words are the cheapest commodity in which the politician deals. Promises cost little and explanations no more.

Prohibition will not be set back by the late decision of the Supreme Court, but will be fortified and made stronger in its weak place.

The jury in the case of Woodruff, late assistant postmaster of Lawrence, failed to agree. It is doubtful if the government prosecutes the case any farther.

Farmers who were able to hold their corn made money by it. Those who had to sell for what they could get were the ones who most needed the money. It is another illustration of the way that money makes money. The man in debt is always at a disadvantage.

The exposure of Senator Quay's rotten and corrupt political methods astonishes some of the innocents. While everything political is not corrupt, there is so much that is vile and damnable, that no one need be astonished at whatever may be unearthed. The very worst is possible in our politics.

There is the usual scramble for office in Oklahoma. The administration should be firm, and appoint no one to positions who is not an actual bona fide resident of the territory. The custom of giving places to those outside is an insult to the residents of the territory, and the practice has been one of the abuses of our political spoils system.

Each state must be allowed to protect itself in its own way. Congress will no doubt recognize this right and protect it. In view of the late supreme court decision, each prohibition state should ask of Congress protection against spirituous liquors in violation of state law. No Congress can refuse to protect each state in such a demand.

It is too early to pass a general service pension act. It is not too early to provide the best care for the sick and needy soldier or for those dependent on him. The government should be liberal, and also discriminating.

Oklahoma is a little over a year old and able to go alone, and the President ought to allow it to do so, and not go outside for men to fill its offices. The young territory has just as good material as any state in the union.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court allowing the importation into states, of liquor in original packages, will rejoice the liquor dealers and the whiskey element generally. It will not dishearten prohibitionists but will unite them and spur them on to greater effort. The whiskey demon must go. The evil must be put down, and the more protection it gets by interpretation of law the more determined and effective will be the effort to remedy the law. The decision of the court is possibly good law at present.

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Western Farm News.

Breed draft horses and you will make a profit. The demand for that kind of horse is permanent.

Feed middlings and skim-milk to the shoats. Feed middlings anyhow. Of course turn them in the pasture.

Beauty in animals is something that is desirable, but it is not always the most beautiful animal that is the best one.

One great advantage in grinding food is, that a much better opportunity is afforded of making combinations that will not only lessen the cost, but add to the value as a ration.

Experiments have reasonably well settled the fact that for fattening hogs at least whole grain will give a better proportionate gain than meal. One objection to feeding meal is that it is not thoroughly masticated and in consequence is improperly digested, and in consequence the animals fail to derive the benefit that they should.

The business of horse raising is increasing west of the Mississippi, and there is demand for the best of all popular breeds. While prices of inferior animals are low, and average prices relatively low, the grades of the Percherons, Normans, Clydesdales, Cleveland Bays, and English Shires command high prices. Fine teams of heavy draught horses are sold at \$400, \$500 and \$700 per pair. It will still pay to grow the best.

The condition of winter wheat, April 1, as reported by the department of agriculture, averages 81 for the entire breadth. The averages of condition of Illinois is 75, Missouri 83, Kansas 88. The report of condition of farm animals make the average as follows: Horses 97.4, cattle 94.1, sheep 93.7, swine 96.6. The percentage of losses of farm animals by disease, winter exposure or otherwise, as estimated, average: 1.64 for horses, 3.64 for cattle, 7.3 for sheep, and 7.6 for swine. The reports indicate the loss by exposure throughout the country of more than 1,000,000 cattle and still larger losses of sheep.

Animals require a certain amount of food to keep them in condition, called the food of support, and it is the food eaten beyond this food support that gives the increase, and this is called the food of production; but when we reflect that two-thirds of a full ration is used merely as the food of support without adding anything to the weight or value of the pig, then this practice of keeping pigs without constant growth seems absolutely indefensible, and every week that a pig is kept without growth the feed is worse than thrown away; because it takes time to overcome the unthrifty habit and all the food is lost till growth begins again.

Many still believe that a young, growing animal may be half starved and no loss sustained. When feed is dear it seems to many to be economy to feed but little. They think that the loss can be made good by feeding good afterwards. Such fallacy! An animal, no doubt, can be made to grow faster by high feeding and extra care, but the defect caused by arrested development can never be removed by high feeding and extra care. Animals must be fed well from their birth till they are done growing. This gives them a constant, continuous growth, and they attain a size that can not be attained by them after arrested development. This constant, continuous growth cannot be obtained by lax methods in vogue among reckless farmers. It is true that animals after arrested development can be made as fat as could be desired, but they are not nearly so large when compared with well-bred and well-cared for animals, as animals that have been fed well from birth.

Those who listen to discussions among even the most intelligent and most successful farmers must be impressed with the radical differences of opinion, founded on experience, which they express. For obvious reasons no other business men are likely to find as many different ways of doing the same thing, and none need a wider range of available information. A realization of this has done more to give to the agricultural press so high a degree of usefulness than anything else. It is found that the discussions of one season can hardly, in these days of development, be taken as absolute authority for subsequent seasons, and that those who would avail themselves of every aid within their reach must lose no opportunity of becoming possessed of the new points constantly developing. This has created an ever increasing demand for a cheap means of keeping farm interests ever fresh before the eyes of farmers. The demand is met, and we believe in no case does the purchaser get more for his money than when he invests in current agricultural literature. —National Stockman and Farmer.

Dairy Notes.

For fall feed for dairy stock, few things are better than the ordinary cow peas.

Remember this: The well-fed summer cow makes the most profitable winter cow.

The improved creamers, the separator, the automatic ripening cream vat and fermenting can are powers in the dairy.

A good pasture, with a little grain morning and night—if the cows will eat it, and they generally will—is what they require for a spring and summer food.

In case of pasturage drying up from drought, we should be prepared with some green food, in order to meet it. Corn is probably the best crop to grow for this purpose.

John Speir, the noted Scottish authority on dairy matters, says: "Cows giving milk during winter are generally kept very warm, and have no out-of-door exercise; this, coupled with the forced feeding to which they are subjected, may so lower their vitality as to make them a ready, easy prey to tuberculosis."

Filtering milk through a series of sponges, after it is received at the creamery, is a custom that is coming into vogue. It is said that after strict cleanliness has been maintained in the process of milking, and in all vessels used, that the amount of foreign matter retained by the sponges is surprising.

We notice, says the National Stockman, that a lot of butter dealers in an Irish city lately held a meeting at which they all solemnly declared that they had not dealt and would not deal in American butter. This was done to protect themselves with their English customers, as American butter had been shipped to Ireland and presumably sent from there to England as Irish butter, in order to make it sell for a higher price. That is quite a severe condemnation of American creamery butter!

It is not always so important to have a new dish, to provide a novelty for the palate, as to have familiar dishes well prepared and neatly served.

Kansas dentists met in Topeka on Tuesday.

Seven thousand catalogues of the state university have been distributed this year, a thousand more than heretofore.

The Emporia Republican has absorbed the News Democrat. The News was founded by Senator Plumb and was the oldest paper in the state.

Senator Ingalls has introduced another service pension bill, regulating pensions according to length of service, but not applying to any one worth \$5,000. These qualifications at least are good.

Such papers as the Winfield Nonconformist do not help the cause of any reform. Just now the Nonconformist is supplying some considerable dynamite for those who oppose the Farmers' Alliance. Real good sense is better than wordy tirade when it comes to convincing people that a wrong exists.

In making a pound of butter you take just the same constituents from your land as in making a pound of beef fat and yet the one will average a shilling or more per pound, while the other will not average more than fourpence per pound. The difference between the price of good butter and that of an inferior article is so great, and so much has been said up and down the country of late as to the methods of manufacturing good butter, that it is some what surprising that one-half or even three-fourths, of the butter made at the present day is of very inferior quality, and does not realize so much as it should.

Judge Everett is a great admirer of horses. He looks after his horse flesh as carefully as a man can, and when his men are at work in the fields, he requires them to take a barrel of water out for the horses as well as a jug for themselves. He thinks the practice some people have of driving their horses from early morning until noon without drink, causes the death of many a good horse. When they do get to water they drink so much that it injures them. The man who holds the plow will drink a dozen times during the morning; why shouldn't the team that draws the plow be given water occasionally?

Avoid all books which try to excuse crime. It is to bad that so much fine binding is wasted to make attractive. When you paint a crime, paint it writhing in the pains of the hospital. Cursed be the books that make iniquity decent, cursed be the authors who write them.

Household Hints.

So much depends upon a woman's health that I wonder young wives do not consider it more. Let your physical well-being be a chief consideration. Let nothing deter you from taking your daily walk. Have plenty of sunshine admitted into your house. Spend as much time as possible in the open air. While generally speaking, early rising is healthful, yet if you feel that you cannot get up at the regular hour, do not do so. Nature never makes mistakes, and if she demands another hour of slumber you will be the gainer by yielding. Above all things, keep cheerful. Do not let trifles ruffle your serenity. I am satisfied that cheerfulness does more to promote health than all other efforts.

Dried Lima Bean Soup.—Soak one quart of Lima beans over night; the following day boil them until tender; drain and press them through a colander; put them over the fire with a pint of veal stock; put a pint of milk on the fire, and when it boils thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into one of butter, stir until it thickens, and then add it to the stock, and season with salt and pepper; let it boil up once; add the beaten yolks of two eggs and serve.

Stewed Onions.—Take very young, tender onions, cover with cold water and remove the skins. Put them in a saucepan, cover with a little soup stock, and stew slowly half an hour. When done, drain and lay in a vegetable dish. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and fry until brown; then add one tablespoonful of flour, mix well, and add half a pint of the water in which the onions were cooked; stir until it boils, add salt and pepper, pour over the onions and serve.

All grained work should be washed with cold tea and wiped with a soft flannel cloth. For windows and picture frames soft, flannel cloths with soap suds, and, after wiping dry, polish with chamois leather, is far better than anything else. They leave no lint and better than paper, which often scratches glass—and if you would best rid your walls of dust, wrap a cloth round a broom—while a solution of hot water, salt water, or hot alum water, will drive away all sorts of insects.

Early Cabbage.—Cut a firm head of summer cabbage in slices, put in a saucepan with boiling water, let boil fifteen minutes, drain off the water, and make a dressing of half a pint of vinegar, an ounce of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper a teaspoon of made mustard and one tablespoon of salad oil. Set on fire, let boil, add a teaspoonful of cream and one beaten egg. Mix the cabbage in the hot dressing and boil five minutes.

Lamb Chops.—Cut a loin or neck into chops, dip them into beaten egg and bread crumbs, mix with minced parsley and lemon peel, and season with pepper and salt. Fry them a light brown, in good dripping. Make a sauce with the trimmings, thicken it with butter and flour; add a little lemon juice and mushroom ketchup. Garnish with fried parsley. They may be served with or without gravy.

In pasturing cows, better results can be obtained by dividing the field, and pasturing alternately.

Strips of old carpet can be utilized by spreading in the kitchen, wherever you are most accustomed to walk. They will lighten the labor of scrubbing, if your floor is uncarpeted; and if it is, they will save the carpet from speedy destruction. A strip running from the stove to the table, etc., will be found very convenient.

Never tax your eyesight. It is better to delay important matters than to injure the strength of the eye. It is one of the most delicate members of the body, and yet receives much harsh and careless treatment. Too much care cannot be expended upon them. A man who has lost a leg or an arm, or even two of those members, may be able to support himself; but for the totally blind there is small hope for independence. Especially is this true of persons who have lost their sight after reaching an age at which they could appreciate its value. Those born sightless may be taught to help themselves or others; but it is an extremely difficult and almost hopeless task to teach one who has enjoyed the gift of sight how to do without it.

A Lady's Perfect Companion. Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness and many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private companion. Cut this out: it will save you great pain, and possibly your life. Send two-cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

To have cows do their best, they must have good food, and plenty of it, all through the season.

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Spring cleaning is upon us and a few hints to the busy house-wife may not be ill received.

Ammonia in water cleans glass and paint much better than soap.

It costs less to have badly soiled rooms repainted than it does to have them scrubbed and scoured.

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A small bag of charcoal hung in a barrel of rainwater purifies it thoroughly.

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THE HOUSEHOLD, Braintree, Vt.

The woman who goes to a drawing society when she would prefer cards and conversation; who is perplexed and doubtful, through a performance of A Doll's House when Little Lord Fauntleroy represents her dramatic preference; who reads Matthew Arnold and Tourgueneff, and now and then Mr. Zola, when she really enjoys Owen Meredith and Biondell's Baby and The Duchess, pays a heavy price for her enviable reputation. So says Agnes Repplier in an article on "Literary Shibboleths," which is one of the cleverest things in the May "Atlantic." She also makes a plea for the people who resemble that "unfortunate young woman who for years concealed in her bosom the terrible fact that she did not think 'John Gilpin' funny." It is a plea for an honest confession of our real tastes in literature, and a warning against being carried away by literary fashions. "Henrik Ibsen: His Early Literary Career as Poet and Playwright," is the opening article of the number. It shows the formative period of Ibsen's development, without a knowledge of which one cannot understand his literary character, or his later career as a dramatic poet. Sir Peter Osbourne, father of that Dorothy Osborne whose letters to Sir William Temple made some stir in the literary world a year or two since, is the subject of a picturesque sketch of a sturdy old Royalist in his island castle. Mr. Morton gives us his second paper on "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." Mrs. Deland's serial is continued, and Mr. James' "Tragic Muse" is concluded in a manner which is more of a conclusion than Mr. James usually vouchsafes us; while Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," flushes this always entertaining series of papers with some charming little verses called "I Like you, and I Love You." The short stories of the number are the pathetic sketch called "Rudolph," and part first of "Rod's Salvation." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

An article on the "Opening of the Baseball Season of 1890," accompanied by twenty-eight portraits of leading players, and other illustrations, forms the Supplement to Harper's Weekly published April 30th.

M. C. LANDREY. E. L. WOLFE.

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THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening that a light snow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a closed carriage rolled along the boulevards, spinning like a zebra. It was so loaded with trunks that you would have thought an actress was starting out on a journey.

Worse. Within was a valetudinarian, large and fat, one of those whom a trifle disturbs, and who think their final day of reckoning is near when they have a cold in the head. This one imagined he had weak lungs. So at the approach of cold weather he bundled himself with furs and fled to Nice.

He was a bachelor. Although he could have married at any time, for he had 100,000 francs in stocks, and therefore suited many young ladies, he had been unwilling to dispose of his right hand. Next to himself, the one he loved best was the cook—not for herself, but for her cooking. No one took better care of No. 1. Under no circumstances would he have disturbed himself to do a favor. He would not have lent 5 sous to his father in the street, for it would have been necessary to unbutton his overcoat to take out his purse.

He was indeed the most extravagant crank to be met with. His most insignificant acts were on system; he slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took medicine with his watch in hand. Many curious stories were told at his expense. For instance, he was so nervous, so irritable, that he detested the songsters in the court-yards. The porter had to drive them away with a broom. To persons who persisted in singing in the street he quickly threw a half-franc on condition that they would leave. Now every time the porter lacked the price of a drink he put on a false beard and went under the window, tapping on a pan as a prelude to a dance. Immediately a half-franc was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides, for there are people who cannot help laughing.

At Nice he always put up at the great United States hotel, where for fifteen years the same magnificent room, well exposed to the sun, had been reserved for his use. It was the only one he fancied, and he occupied it until April 2 at noon precisely, the hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not attempt an explanation, but everybody smiled whenever he was introduced. He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in the evening. He partook of an excellent dinner—a bouillabaisse aux langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail, asparagus, and a bottle of Chateau la Rose. With this he hoped not to die with hunger. Then, after having smoked a good cigar to settle his coffee and champagne, he retired to rest.

It was nine o'clock when he esconced himself in bed. He extinguished the light, and stretched himself out, anticipating sleep like a doormouse.

But scarcely had he dropped into a doze when a flute was heard in the next apartment playing the air from Faust:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

The tone was sweet and silvery, so the first impression was charming; but the flutist cut short the melody at the fourth measure and repeated it several times, and then rested for five minutes and resumed in like manner, stopping at the same point.

"What is the matter with him?" said M. Jaune to himself.

The other continued without a sign of trouble.

At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing so agreeable as not to weary at the end, M. Jaune tapped on the partition wall. The flute was silent.

Satisfied he took a potato from his night-table and closed his eyes. It was 10 o'clock. The hotel was almost empty, the greater part of the guests not having yet come in. Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the flute.

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune grew excited.

"Whew! He is getting to be a nuisance. If this is for an extra attraction I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out: "Will you stop? If you don't I'll gaze upon your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got angry he forgot the dictates of politeness. There was silence again, and he began to get drowsy.

Suddenly:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

He rang for the chambermaid.

"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I have for a neighbor?" he asked.

"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a vacant air. "Why, M. Jaune, you are dreaming. The chamber is empty."

M. Jaune dared not reply. The surmise obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning to have delusions. Besides, so long as the chambermaid was at hand the flutist could not be heard. But scarcely was she gone, crack:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

And so on about once a minute. M. Jaune floundered about and sank under the bed-coverings exhausted.

At 11 o'clock he heard some one enter. Under the partition door he saw a gleam of light. He heard the rustling of garments and preparations for bed. Afterward quiet reigned, and he slept, as usual, until the next noon.

On this second day, after having taken a walk on the Promenade Des Anglais for a sun bath, passed a little time at the club and dined composedly, he went up to retire at 10 o'clock.

He commenced undressing. Suddenly—just so—you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

Forgetting his grotesque appearance in his night-cap, half undressed, he rushed down to complain to the master of the house.

"M. Favioli, why do you furnish lodgings to musical artists in a house which I thought so commendable?"

"Truely, M. Jaune, I do not know what you mean. I beg you to believe that I have regard enough for my interests to refuse those people."

"Then you have one without knowing—a flutist—at No. 10, next me."

"I beg your pardon, M. Jaune, at No. 10 is a most sedate lady, Mme. Kissmicouick of the United States, and at No. 6 is Miss Whiterose of London."

"I repeat that there is a flutist at No. 10. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into the wardrobe when any one goes in."

"I beg your pardon again M. Jaune. Mme. Kissmicouick enjoys an irreproachable reputation. No landlord in Nice would be willing to receive a doubtful character. Mme. Kissmicouick is a mature widow. If she flirted it would be seriously, and as she weighs some 200 pounds it would not be with a flute. She would take at least a clarinet. This lady goes every evening into the best society, and returns at 11 o'clock."

M. Jaune, disconcerted went back to his room. However, his head was scarcely on the pillow—crack! you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Flute again!" exclaimed M. Jaune. He rang for the chambermaid.

"Ask your master to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listen, pray," said M. Jaune. M. Favioli endeavored to hold his breath. Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a caterwauling on the balcony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to each other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in. "Be patient! The flute will begin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against the wall, while M. Favioli burst into loud laughter.

"I have it, M. Jaune—I have it. I present you to the artist. Please follow me."

He took a light, and opening Mme. Kissmicouick's door with his pass-key, he pointed to a cage on the table in which a bird similar to our blackbirds was moving his head about and singing without a semblance of fear.

"That is Mme. Kissmicouick's flute, M. Jaune—an Australian nightingale. These birds learn an air perfectly, and in the night charm the neighbors."

Somewhat calmer, for it was folly to get angry with a bird, M. Jaune said: "Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 francs, that I may have the satisfaction of wringing its neck."

"Well, M. Jaune, I will speak to her this evening."

M. Favioli complied with his promise, but Mme. Kissmicouick sent him walking.

"Five hundred francs!" she cried. "I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that I will not sell my bird for \$500, for it is a souvenir of my husband."

The word "fellow" touched M. Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the face and threatened retaliation.

As Mme. Kissmicouick was accustomed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon he scraped on a violin, 200 times in succession, the first four measures of "Returning from the Review."

Unfortunately for his plan Mme. Kissmicouick was deaf of one ear. She lay on the other and slept with the serenity of a marmot.

In the evening, still in a perspiration, delighted with having silenced the bird, if not the mistress, he promised himself a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence, crack! you have it. No, you don't have it.

The bird, which had it appeared, a prodigious memory, began to sing: "Returning from the Review," without prejudice. Instead of one annoyance M. Jaune had two.

Under such provocation he stole with the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissmicouick's door. By chance she had not locked it. He hurried to the cage, and with a heart full of bitterness threw into it a biscuit dipped in arseniate of potash and tripped back again to his room.

But, far from making away with itself, as the cruel lordling hoped, the bird sang twice a minute instead of once, and then as though it had two throats, it warbled the two airs together, "Let Me," and "The Review."

Furious, M. Jaune ran again to the door of the American lady. She had now come in and looked it, but it gave way under the impact of his shoulder.

"Madame," cried he, "your conditions, no matter what they are."

"Indeed, sir," she replied, "you have sufficed with blushes, 'you have broken into my domicile with a high hand. Save my honor! Marry me!'"

"Beelzebub may take you first!" exclaimed M. Jaune, without any French courtesies.

"Then I shall appeal to the law."

Pestered by the endless troubles which pursued him M. Jaune was finally brought to say:

"I consent if you let me kill that miserable parrot."

"I will hand him over to you willingly on the day of the nuptials, dear M. John." She thought that his name was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme. Kissmicouick to the altar in a few days afterward.

"I will be so disagreeable," said he to himself, "that she can not endure me and will hurry off to her own country."

Now, on returning from the review—excuse me, I mean from the church—he promised himself the inhuman satisfaction of having the nightingale fricassee and served with his dinner. Nevertheless Mme. Jaune-Kissmicouick graciously handed him the cage.

Zounds! What a surprise! It was a stuffed bird which a Paris artisan had mounted as a singing-bird. In order to keep the wheels from rusting the lady wound it up every evening before going out.

The other nightingale, which M. Jaune had taught to sing the "Review," was that of Miss Whiterose at No. 6.

In face of such contempt M. Jaune has entered a complaint to annul the marriage for error of person—or rather for error of bird.—Translated from the French for the San Francisco Call.

Her New-Year's Gifts.

She tossed them over with eager hands, Boxes, packages, large and small; And then 'mid her treasures forlorn she stands And whispers, sighing, "Can this be all? What are these bangles, and toys, and rings When the heart is hungry for dearer things?"

"So poor, so proud! If he only knew How I hate my wealth—what a weight it seems! He might have sent me a flower or two, But of course, dear fellow, he never dreams Of the pang and heartache I feel the while I pass him by with a nod and smile."

Yet somehow I thought the bright new year "Love, what can I say before your feet? Only my faithful heart," he said, "I longed so for some little token, dear, To keep forever and ever mine!" Then breathless, blushing, she sees, half hid, A sealed white letter her gift amid.

She kissed it thrice ere she smiling read "Love, what can I say before your feet? Only my faithful heart," he said, "Must I seal and send to your keeping, sweet, 'Only your heart? But your heart,' said she, 'Is the dearest gift in the world, to me!'" —M. S. Bridges.

A Lesson in Self-Reliance.

Mr. Depew told me an anecdote. A good many years ago a young freight clerk was employed at one of the country stations on the Erie Railroad. He was a farmer's boy, who had nothing but a common school education, but was regarded as a pretty bright chap. He vindicated this youthful reputation by his management of the little freight business to which he had to attend, and was soon transferred to a more important place near Buffalo. There he began to reveal the genius that was in him by suggesting certain new methods of dealing with freight, and there he came under the eye of Commodore Vanderbilt.

Some time later after the consolidation of the Hudson River and New York Central Railroads the old Commodore desired to get a man to take charge of the freight business, and thought of this young man. He sent for him and offered him a salary of \$15,000 a year to assume the duties of master of freight transportation. The clerk was a rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired young man, who at once accepted the offer with such confidence in his abilities as to please the old Commodore, who hated a man who had no self-confidence.

Not long after he took charge a very complicated and difficult problem in freight transportation arose. It puzzled the young fellow so that he could not sleep nights. If he made a mistake he felt that it would be fatal to his reputation, probably to his career, while if he succeeded he would simply accomplish what he had been hired to do.

At last in his anxiety he ventured to call upon the old Commodore, stated the difficulty to him, and asked advice. The old man looked at him a moment and then said:

"Jim, what does the Central hire you for?"

"To take charge of the transportation."

"Well, do you expect I am going to earn your salary for you?"

That was the young man turned on his heel and left him. He went out and acted on his own judgment; acted with unerring foresight, and was soon promoted to the Vice-Presidency. Later on he succeeded William H. Vanderbilt as President of the New York Central system. That was the career of Jim Rutter, Mr. Depew said, and he characterized Rutter as one of the greatest railroad geniuses that the age of railroading has produced.

Rutter killed himself in the services of the Depew by overwork, a habit which Mr. Depew neither encourages by his own example or favors in any of his employees.—Philadelphia Press.

Always Carry a Bible.

A clerk in one of the Third street banks made himself solid with the president of the bank some years ago, probably by accident, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He lived up the road and carried a good-sized basket, in which he brought his lunch in the morning and took out his marketing and groceries in the evening. One day after finishing his lunch he left his basket on a desk in the bank. The president came along after awhile and accidentally knocked it off onto the floor.

In the fall the basket came open and a Bible fell out. "What are you doing with a Bible in your basket?" asked the president. "I read it every day on the train going to and from the bank," answered the clerk. The president immediately increased his salary and told him that his place was secure so long as he remained president. The president retired several years ago, but the clerk still holds his position in the bank.

Rifles for Modern Warfare.

Modern warfare now calls for small-bore rifles, having an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second.

The Care of Lamps.

The commonest mistake, and one of the worst, is to permit the draft of the burner to become clogged with charred wick, pieces of burned matches, etc. Some people do not seem to know that the flame of the lamp requires a clear draft, as does a fire. Without it there is imperfect combustion, flickering smoking, and bad smell, which are usually charged to the oil, the lamp, the burner or the chimney, when in fact the fault is in the user. Keep the inside as well as the outside of the burner clean and keep all openings completely free from even the least obstruction.

More mistakes are made in trimming the wick too often or not often enough, too much or too little. It is not always necessary to trim it every day. Usually, indeed, every other day is sufficiently frequent, if the lamp has been fully supplied with oil. Be guided by the amount of use. Do not cut off all the charred portion. Leave a thin coat of the char on the end of the wick.

It is next to impossible to get an even, well-shaped flame from a fresh-cut wick. Slightly round the corners to prevent the flame spreading too wide and over-heating the sides of the chimney. Do not let the wick get too short.

When it does not touch the bottom of the lamp it is time to get a new one, and it should be done at once. Never seek to lengthen it by sewing on strips of cloth. See that the wick exactly fits the tube, but not tightly. In putting in a new wick be careful not to let a thread of the wick catch in the teeth of the ratchet and pull out; it will make trouble ever after. A wick should be discarded and a new one substituted after a year's use, even if still long enough.

Of course, the wick must be perfectly dry when put in, and in starting a new lamp that has been washed or an old one that has been cleaned, the utmost care must be taken that every atom of moisture has been dried out before the oil is put in. Be sure to give the wick time to fill with oil before lighting it; or if haste is necessary, turn the dry wick far above the top of the burner and dip that end in the oil in the lamp; turn it back, reverse the burner, screw it in place and the wick is ready to light.

Make sure that the chimney fits close at the base. Occasionally a chimney will be found slightly rounded on the bottom so that there is always a little crevice on one side or the other. This causes a side draft, makes the blaze unsteady and often puzzles the housekeeper to discover "what ails the lamp."

One more error is to burn the lamp with the oil in the reservoir too low. This not only causes imperfect combustion of oil and over-burning of the wick, but is dangerous. At the very least the oil should not get below an inch in depth, and it is much better to keep the lamps nearly full. Never fill it quite full up to the burner socket. Leave a small air-space, for safety and to allow for the expansion of the oil when warmed. It is usually cold when put in, and if the lamp be completely filled, and left in a warm room, it will soon be found flowing over the top. Use only the best oil. Cheap oil is much the more expensive, besides being unsafe.—Good Housekeeping.

The Stove is the Cheapest.

Modern methods of heating include the use of open grates, stoves, fire-place heaters, hot air furnaces, steam and hot water heaters. Of these devices the stove is the cheapest and the most economical of fuel. Of the various forms of stoves and surface-burning, base-heating construction gives the largest proportion of heat for the coal consumed. This style, commonly made with sheet iron bodies, are most largely used in the East, while base-burners are more largely used in the West.

Base-burners are convenient because they require filling with coal but once a day, and are not far behind surface-burners in economy of fuel. The latter have the merit that more frequent opening to put in coal, and letting the door stand ajar to check the fire materially aids in ventilating the room. Base-burners may now be had which take fresh air from out of doors, warm it and discharge it into the room, and which also have exhaust flues to take the foul air from the room, thus largely overcoming the greatest objection to close stoves. Wood-burning stoves of improved reversible flue construction, and stoves for burning soft coal with little smoke, soot or dirt, may now be had of all dealers. Surface-burners had of all dealers. Surface-burners and base-burners are now artistically ornamented, so that they are among the most attractive of house furnishings. Wood and soft coal stoves are also now made in scarcely less ornamental patterns. Stoves must, on account of their cheapness and economy, always remain the means of warming the dwellings of the mass of the people.—Good Housekeeping.

About Your Age.

One of the commonest mistakes made is by people in answering a question as to their age. You meet a young man who announces with an invitation to come and smile with him that he is "twenty-one years old to-day." In "twenty-one cases out of twenty he is, as a matter of fact, but his age from a birthday, not from his first anniversary. I have no doubt that thousands upon thousands of young men have marched to the polls under the impression that they had reached the requisite twenty-one years and were entitled to vote who were lacking of citizenship by a year or the greater part of it.

WINGED MISSILES.

King Humbert has given \$200,000 to erect a monument to Mazzini.

The "model husband," it has been discovered, are the men who never marry.

The first appearance of river in the Bible is in the second chapter of Genesis, tenth verse.

A new mill for the manufacture of paper from moss has been recently established in Sweden.

Tennyson still occasionally smokes the pipe, which has always been his favorite style of using the weed.

Announcement is made of the wedding engagement of Gen. Rosecrans' daughter to Gov. Toole of Montana.

Roast pork and apple sauce continues a standard dish in fashionable families in town "brought up" on a farm.

An extraordinary amount of snow fell on the Italian and Swiss Alps during December, January, and February.

The new avenues and streets opened in Rome and Naples bear the names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini.

Switzerland has a touch of the Eiffel Tower fever, too, and there is a project to build one in Geneva to add to the attractions of the city.

With increasing years Labouchere's democracy becomes more and more pronounced. England may yet have to thank him for starting a republic.

Emile Zola has cleared a hundred thousand dollars from "Nana," first issued in a newspaper in 1879. It has been translated in every European language.

The introduction of foreign and mineral waters as table beverages, it is estimated, has had the effect to decrease the use of wine nearly one-third at entertainments and dinner parties.

It is claimed that wall paper can be made in such a way that the passages of low-tension electric currents will heat it moderately warm to the touch and diffuse throughout the room an agreeable temperature.

Several French generals have been recently "disciplined" by M. de Freycinet on account of violent public speeches, in which they impeached his fairness in overlooking them for promotion, and bluntly called him an ignoramus in military matters.

The following is said to be the shortest sentence in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size." The whole sentence contains less than twice the number of letters in the alphabet.

Pope was not a surface thinker. He never wrote anything truer than the following: "Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve."

Insanity in Paris has increased 30 per cent within the last sixteen years. Drink and extravagance are the two chief causes—numbers of persons going mad from worry caused by living beyond their means. Women become insane more frequently than men, especially through drink.

In the Medical Museum, Washington, there are two skulls all cracked up like a couple of egg shells that had been knocked together. They formerly belonged to a couple of Norfolk, Va., negroes who butted each other to death because a woman couldn't decide which of the two she liked best.

The Theatre d'Application in Paris is about to begin a series of literary and dramatic causeries. Coquelin is to talk about Moliere and Shakespeare; Sarah Bernhardt will give the result of her researches and studies upon the role of Joanne d'Arc, while Copper, Richepin, Anatole France, Sarcy and other well-known writers are to discuss various literary and dramatic problems.

A Florida fisherman recently baited his set hooks with small green frogs. He left his hooks in the water all night floating, his hooks in the water all night floating, and he expected to return next morning and find fish by the dozen. He returned, and to his surprise all of his baited hooks were sitting out on the banks looking at him, and as he came close to them they would jump back into the water "kerchunk."

According to information gathered at Peking, the emperor of China in his early childhood had more than four hundred attendants, among whom figured eighty nurses, twenty-five fan-bearers, twenty-five palanquin-bearers, ten umbrella-bearers, thirty physicians and surgeons, seven cooks and twenty-three scullions, fifty servants and messengers, fifty dressers, seventy-five astrologers, sixteen tutors and sixty priests.

It requires from 512 to 540 vibrations a second to produce treble C. Helmholtz's theoretical pitch, adopted by the Society of Arts, is 528 a second. The difference between 512 and 540 is almost exactly a semitone. For middle C 264 vibrations a second are required. The following is a statement of the vibrations a second required for the C notes in music: C 2, 165; C 1, 33; C, 66; C, 132; C 1, 264; C 2, 528; C 3, 1,056; C 4, 2,112; C 5, 4,224.

Garrett R. Van Sickle and Robert Thompson, who have been under treatment at the New York Pasteur Institute, of which Dr. Paul Giber is the head, have been discharged, after having undergone a series of inoculations. Dr. Giber thinks that a cure has been effected. A rabbit that had three drops of a solution containing some of the brain matter of the mad dog injected into its optic nerve died only eleven days afterward.

The Esquimaux of Greenland can now boast of a newspaper. It is called the Reader, and the editor thereof, one Lars Moller, sets up and prints the paper. He also designs and engraves the illustrations, which, it may be explained, are not remarkable for excellence. His printing establishment was only a makeshift, but the members of a Danish literary society, having heard of Moller's difficulties, sent him new type, printing ink, paper and a larger press than he has been using.

TOLD BY A WOMAN LEPER.

The Strange Confession Heard by a Visitor in Molokai.

The difficulties in the way of the seeker after information at Molokai are numerous and great, but I finally managed to overcome them, and induced a number of the white lepers to talk about themselves. One of these is a woman nearly 50 years old. Though she has been at the settlement a number of years, she is almost entirely free from any visible taint of the dread disease. Her face is without blemish, and she would be even handsome if one could forget while one looks upon her that she is a leper. Moreover, she is a highly intelligent woman, and it must be believed from her own story that she was not many years ago a society lady of influence and popularity in a city not a great distance from San Francisco.

"You must not mention my name," said she, when she finally yielded to persuasion and consented to tell her story, "for, though I have a husband and several children, to say nothing of a large circle of friends, in the United States, there is only one person, if, indeed, she be still alive, who knows anything of my condition or whereabouts."

"I propose to talk to you frankly," continued the unfortunate woman. "I have sinned—sinned grievously, and sometimes I think this is my punishment. Be that as it may, I am here and must remain for life. I care not how soon the end comes; the sooner the better—but to my story."

"My father was a Methodist minister in a Connecticut town. I was educated at an Eastern college. When I was nearly 20 I accompanied my parents on a visit to Washington, D. C. It was there I met my husband, or, to be more accurate, the gentleman who was to be my husband a few months later. He was a New Yorker, but had been to California, where he then had valuable mining and landed interests. Within a year from the time we met we were man and wife, and settled down in one of the cosiest little homes in all the West. The town in which we lived grew rapidly into a city of importance. My husband became a very wealthy man."

"Four sons and two daughters were born to us, and we were the happiest family in the world. I went a great deal into society. My husband hated the social world, but that did not deter me. I went just the same; and I led— I ruled the highest circles."

"It had been fifteen years since a lady, a friend of mine, induced me to accompany her on a visit to some of her acquaintances at Honolulu. At that time a trip across the ocean was not what it is now, but nothing daunted, we started on the journey and in the course of time reached our destination. At Honolulu I met a man and I sinned, as I have said. It was the first crime of my life. The shame of it, the horror of it seized upon me, and, forcing my friend to cut short her visit, we hurried away across the sea again."

"My husband and children met me with open arms and loving kisses. But I skulked among them, a wretched traitress to every trust, my load of shame heavy on my heart. I shunned society and held my polluted self aloof from all my friends. My life was a prolonged misery, and I longed for death. I don't know why I didn't, in that sore trial, cut the thread of life and set free my sin-laden soul."

"Throughout all this I never blamed any one but myself—never until years after my return home, when I made a discovery. Oh, that was worse than the bitterest misery; it was utter damnation! I fled from home in a frenzy of excitement and rage which was utterly new to me. The friend whom I had accompanied across the sea years before now bore me company across the same watery waste. But it was not a trip for pleasure this time. A thirst for vengeance filled my heart. It was a mission of murder."

"My real object was not confided to my companion until we were far out at sea. I then told her all. At first she sought to dissuade me from my purpose, but failing in this she soon fell in with my design (or seemed to at least. Sometimes I think she deceived me.)"

"On the day, nay the hour, of our arrival at Honolulu I veiled my face, caught up a pistol, hailed a passing hackman, and was driven straight to the business house of the man who had wrecked my life and willfully chained me to a living, loathsome death. I fairly gloated over the prospect of a quick revenge."

"I sprang from the cab at the door, and, hurrying into the house, called aloud for my victim. The place was changed. The faces were new. A man came running after me, asking who it was I wanted. I breathed the cursed name. At its mention the man seemed thunderstruck. 'Him!' he cried: 'why, he fled the country long ago, to escape Molokai. He was last heard of in Italy.'"

"They told me that night at the hotel that I had swooned and remained unconscious for hours. All the next day I laid in bed, half oblivious of all about me. When night came my scattered senses returned, and, taking advantage of a short absence of my friend, I hastily dressed myself and hurried from the hotel. I left a note for my friend, saying:

"To-morrow I shall be at Molokai. Fate has damned me and there is no escape from the harsh decree. I must suffer for my sin. Invent any story which seems plausible. Say that I have gone to Japan—anywhere, but let no living soul know what has been the fate of yours trustingly."

"And so," concluded the poor woman, "I suppose I am the only inmate of this terrible place who did not have to be dragged here by the authori-

ties. I came of my own will. Have I regretted it? Look around you and you have my answer."—Philadelphia Press.

MOSE WAS AWE STRUCK.

A Live Lord Visits "One of the First Families."

Several years after the end of the war a once wealthy family living in a certain region of Virginia, conceived the idea that they were related to a noble family in England, and opened correspondence with those they believe to be of the same blood. Their letters were promptly answered, and by a comparison of facts and patching together of fragments of family history, it was proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that they had sprung from the same strain.

In a few years Lord—having determined to visit the United States, concluded to seek out his Virginia cousins and wrote to them informing them of his coming. Although reduced in fortune, and their family servants scattered in distant States by the curiosity aroused by their new-given freedom, the spirit of their ancient and traditional Virginia hospitality had not flickered and died out of their honest breasts. They made haste with spade and hammer and paint brush to repair the wastes of time and put their house in order for the noble kinsman who was on the way. There remained as servants only two or three of their former slaves, and one of these was old Moses.

Mose, as he was better known, had always been a fieldhand and had never discharged the delicate duties for old master of passing "the bottle when he was dry," and brushing "away the blue-tail fly." Mose was pressed into service at once and hurriedly drilled and disciplined for his untidied task of butler. Time was short and Mose's development in the courtly art was a hot-house growth.

At last the awe-inspiring guest arrived. Mose had been given his final instructions and received the last finishing touches of his rapid and enforced education as a house servant. Breakfast was the meal at which he was to put into practice the lessons he had learned. The final and vital injunction, repeated to him for the hundredth time, was that he must not address the distinguished visitor as mister, but as my lord. Mose thought he had learned his lesson well and smiled with confidence. With occasional stumbling, the dropping of a plate and the breaking of a glass, Mose went otherwise successfully through his duties.

But his doom was sealed. Returning to the breakfast room with a plate of smoking buckwheat cakes he advanced to the noble guest, but suddenly awestricken by the presence of such greatness and excited by the fear of making a mistake, he was seized with a fit of utter demoralization and yelled at the top of his voice in frightened and piteous tones. "My Gawd, won't you have some cakes?" So complete was his confusion that he dropped plate, cakes and all and fled in terror from the august presence of the majestic apparition from over the sea. Days afterwards Mose crept back to his work, but there had withered in his heart the ambition to be a butler bold and pass the wine around.—Richmond State.

An Interesting Old Man.

There is living in Bolivar, Pa., an old gentleman named William Reese, who was born in England on June 15, 1778, says the Medical Record. He has always enjoyed excellent health, the only illness that he can recall being a slight attack of sciatica a few years ago. His hearing is impaired, but his eyesight is still good, and he can read without the aid of glasses. He was always very temperate in every way, having made it a rule to rise from the table unsatisfied, and although he is a pretty constant smoker, his method is to go out on the porch for a few whiffs and then return to his seat at the fireside. He is a very interesting old man to talk with, and steadily declines all assistance but that of his cane in going about. His father and grandfather are both said to have lived to be over a hundred years old, and his mother also had passed the century line at the time of her death. He has had five sons and five daughters, all of whom lived to maturity, but the special strength of constitution seems to have been inherited only in the male line. Of the sons but one is dead, and he was killed in the war, while of the daughters three are dead, one from phthisis, another from cancer of the breast and the third from ovarian cyst.

A Youthful Brigadier.

The senior Brigadier-General of the Army is the youngest general in the service—Nelson A. Miles. He, though the length of time he has been in the army, compared with others of his rank, so short a time that it isn't according to custom to say it, but he is a "character" after all—a noble character. If the old saying, "man is the architect of his fortune," was ever verified, it has been so in the career of Nelson A. Miles. A Bostonian, but not of the Beacon street aristocracy, he started as a beardless youth during the war of the rebellion, and before the fuzz on his face needed the application of a razor he was commanding a brigade, and at the close of the war, or during the terrible conflicts just preceding the interview under the famous apple tree of Appomattox, "Paddy Miles's boy," as he was affectionately called, commanded as a Major-General the Second Division of the Second army corps, Hancock's fighting corps. Kansas City Globe.

DUTCH SCHUTTERS.

The Queer Drilling of Holland's Happy-Go-Lucky Militia.

Holland is becoming exceedingly fidgety about her militia affairs, says a letter in the N. Y. Tribune. The national defenses are in a disorganized condition, and the Dutch would be unable to offer much resistance to any invasion. Reform is the cry on every hand, and universal conscription is advocated on all sides; but no one seems to feel disposed to carry the matter through. As things now are, no Dutchman need serve in the regular army if he can pay for his substitute. The consequence is that the rich are opposed to universal conscription, because they do not want to serve, and the poor are against it because they would no longer receive the large sums which their children earn by serving as substitutes. Every man, however between the age of 25 and 40 is forced to belong to the militia, or schutterij, as it is designated in Holland. The latter numbers about 2 per cent of the entire population. But it is quite harmless, and partakes to a certain extent of the nature of the opera comique.

Nothing can be more amusing than to watch the schutters on their way to drill late in the afternoon of summer and autumn days. They can scarcely be described as presenting a martial appearance in their blue and red uniforms, with their shakoos perched rakishly on one side of their head, the chin strap barely reaching down to the nose, a cigar or pipe in the mouth, and an antediluvian-looking old musket carried over the shoulder, butt end upward. At the close of his drill the bold militiaman, whose portly figure causes him to dislike any violent exercise, sends his gun and bayonet home by a porter or dienstman, who is often as not his corporal or sergeant, and then adjourns to a beer-garden. There he spends the remainder of the evening with a number of equally martial blades, washing down the accumulated dust of the mimic battle-field with copious libations, and consigning the founder of the schutterij to the darkest depth of hades.

In winter when it rains or snows the monthly drill at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and other important cities, usually takes place under cover in the bourse after the business of the day is over. The drill sergeants, however, dislike this; for it doubles their work, since the schutters devote far more attention to the figures of the afternoon stock quotations, still chalked upon the board, than to the figures of drill. Thus, for instance, when the sergeant shouts out: "Schutter Jansen! What do you mean by standing there like that? Keep your feet together and your stomach in!" Jansen, who is lost in the contemplation of the board, exclaims by way of response: "Herr Gott! Ninety-six and a half per cent! I am in a nice hole!"

The officers of the militia regiments are exceedingly gorgeous creatures, with their long, gleaming sabers, their plumed hats, and their profusion of gold lace. Their knowledge of things military is but one degree superior to that of the men under their command, for they have been forced to drill for two hours a week during a period of six weeks with the regular line regiment. Under ordinary circumstances they manage to fulfill their duty after a fashion, but during the annual maneuvers they are subjected to great trials. A schutter captain will be standing in front of his company, when a corporal acting as orderly approaches with the following message: "The enemy is close at hand. The colonel sends you his very best compliments and wishes to know if you would oblige him by leading your men to attack." All at once the latent patriotism and military ardor of the captain blaze forth. He draws his sword, and calling on his soldiers to follow him, rushes to meet the imaginary enemy. Suddenly his advance is checked by a shallow ditch filled with muddy water.

This causes his fierceness to abate, for he would not for all the world soil his uniform. He pauses for a few seconds. All at once a happy thought strikes him. "Fire by volleys!" he cries to his men. Immediately the ramrods are heard to rattle in all the enormous barrels of the old muskets, and a minute later the hammers fall with a clicking noise of old metal. For the militiamen are not only forbidden the use of gunpowder, but are even denied percussion caps. In the middle of all this the adjutant of the regiment, who is invariably an officer of the regular army, dashes up on horseback and exclaims in frantic tones to the captain:

"Good heavens! man, don't you know that in case of volley firing the officers must not stand in front of the muzzle of their men's guns?"

Nowise disconcerted, the captain pulls his hand-book of military regulations out of his pocket and, after carefully glancing over several pages, replies in a nonchalant manner: "Well, I don't see anything about it in here."

The face of the adjutant becomes scarlet, he gulps down two or three big oaths, and finally ejaculates: "Here give me the book. See there! It is page 48." And then, with a look of despair and a shrug of his shoulders, he dashes off to some other equally well-informed schutter officer.

Meanwhile the captain has leisurely returned his sword to its scabbard and has inscribed in his notebook the following memorandum: "In case of volley firing it is better for the officer to keep to the rear of the front, so as not to come into contact with the muzzle of his men's guns."

The majors, the lieutenants, and the colonels of the "schutterij" are all out out of the same cloth as the captain above portrayed; always ready to argue the point with their superior officers, and producing the drollest effects by their utter ignorance of military tactics. There is even a "schutter" general, who is a retail tea merchant. None of the officers or men are acquainted with the mechanism of a modern rifle, and there are probably but few of them who would venture to handle one if they knew it was loaded. One word more to complete this brief sketch of Holland's gallant defenders. As soon as the hour appointed for the drill strikes at the town hall clock the officer in command takes a sand-glass and turns it upside down. He then waits until the sand runs out, that is to say, a quarter of an hour, before giving the roll-call to proceed. Anybody arriving after that time is subjected to a small fine.

Two Womanly Women.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's, concocting and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing, and scratching, and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow." That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder, at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow." One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words.

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; "why didn't I think of it before. I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is and add, 'Yours, very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.—Washington Critic.

Anticlimax.

I walked a city street, and suddenly I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind howled fitfully, and all the air above the clear-cut outline of the buildings tall seemed full of knives that cut against the face.

An awful night among the unhoused poor! The boy was tattered; both his hands were thrust For show of warmth within his pocket-holes. Where pockets had not been for many a day. One trouser-leg was long enough to hide The naked flesh, but one, in mockery A world too short, tho' he was monstrous small.

Left bare and red his knee—a cruel thing! Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness And pity for the wail; to think of one So young, so seeming helpless, homeless too, Breasting the night, achiver with the cold! Gaining a little, soon I passed him by. My fingers reaching for a silver coin To make him happier, if only for An hour, when—I marvelled as I heard— His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise, And in the very teeth of fortune's frown He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune! And I must know that all my ready tears Fell on a mood more merry than mine own. —Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Magazine.

About the Opal.

The absurd superstition held by so many that the opal brings ill-luck to its owner, as if there were a compelling power or genius residing in stones, would not seem to be shared by those who rate the two opals belonging to the French crown jewels at \$15,000, or the famous one sent from Hungary to the first world exhibition at \$20,000, or by those who protect the delicate and friable edges of very brilliant specimens by a thin lamina of quartz. The Hungarian merchant who takes the pains to export the opal to the east by means of Greek and Turkish agents, from whence they return to European markets as oriental gems, are hardly intimidated by the existence of the superstition; nor could Humboldt greatly have regarded it when he brought to the polite world, the first specimens of the superb stone known as the Mexican first opal, too precious to be owned, with its red and flame-colored splendors, by many with less than imperial purses.—Harper's Bazar.

Senator Stanford, of California, has given Susan B. Anthony \$500 for the benefit of the woman suffrage cause. Five thousand pamphlets will be distributed in South Dakota.

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is easy to bear the aching of another man's corns.—Texas Siftings.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women want to ride on top.—Texas Siftings.

An idle of the sort—when an editor takes a day off to ride out a free pass.—Elmira Star.

It is the man who can't sing that seems anxious that every one should know it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sunday-School Teacher—"What is more to be desired than great riches?" Chorus of Scholars—"Nothin'!"—N. Y. Herald.

"You say that drinking is one of your husband's failures?" "Failures?" O, no. It is one of his successes."—N. Y. Ledger.

The dude is regarded as in some respects the most elegant of the many patterns of cigarette-holders.—Washington Post.

Sometimes the office seeks the man, but generally the man knows when the office is on his track.—Rochester Post-Express.

Artful Dodger—"Quite a spell we're having?" Officer (putting on the handcuffs)—"Yes, quite a cold snap."—Boston Herald.

"Are you still out in the country?" "Out! I should say I was. I am out just the cost of my farm and two years' taxes."—N. Y. Sun.

"Her feet flew," read Ichabod, but Jonathan spoiled the climax by saying, "Then she must have had soar toes."—Binghamton Republican.

Orderly Sergeant to Recruit (who has his mouth wide open)—"Be good enough to show your reporting apparatus."—Fliegende Blatter.

It generally turns out that, sooner or later, every "Napoleon of Finance" bumps up to his sorrow against a Wellington of Justice.—Philadelphia Press.

The real autocrat of the breakfast table wears a big apron, carries a tray, and doesn't bring in the coffee until he gets good and ready.—Washington Post.

There are few things in the world really worth getting angry about, but there are lots of things that justify a man in getting mad.—Somerville Journal.

"They say all good Americans go to Paris when they die." "Yes, all except the messenger boys." "Where do they go?" "To Philadelphia."—N. Y. Sun.

Briggs—"So you got the cook fired, did you? How did you work it?" Bragg—"I pretended to find a resemblance between her and first wife."—Terre Haute Express.

Cholly—"I am practicing on the typewriter every day now." Mollie—"I thought there was a remarkable improvement in your cowering here lately."—Terre Haute Express.

"How would you like to sing in our church choir?" asked the deacon. "Thank you," she replied, sweetly, "but I never had any ambition in the way of light opera."—Washington Post.

A man has to have moral courage to refrain from looking sideways at the letter his next neighbor in the horse-car is diligently reading. A woman can't do it, anyway.—Somerville Journal.

"What is 'Old Probabilities'?" asked Willie, who had been listening to the conversation about the weather. "It is a glaring misnomer," replied an old gentleman with a sigh.—Washington Post.

At the Theater Box-Office: "Is everything full already? Haven't you even one seat for me?" Cashier—"Don't be troubled. If you will wait till the second act there will be plenty of room."—Fliegende Blatter.

"I am from Philadelphia," remarked Mr. Chestnut as he took the pen to register at a New York hotel. "All right," replied the clerk; "I'll send a boy to your room with you to show you how to turn off the gas."—N. Y. Sun.

He—"How frank it is for Miss Hardhead to own to being 35 when she would easily pass for 20 years of age." She—"She isn't more than 19. She gets \$17 a week for ascribing her good looks to Peaches' soap."—Terre Haute Express.

New Girl—"There's one thing I don't like about the master. He keeps calling me 'my dear.'" Mrs. Fig—"O, you mustn't mind that. It's only a habit of his. Why, he even addresses me that way sometimes."—Terre Haute Express.

Brown—"Old Pecksniff is the most religious man I ever saw. He kept dinner waiting over fifteen minutes today while he said grace." Merritt—"Yet I know when he holds a fellow's note he doesn't give him a moment's grace."—Epoch.

Mamma—"Well, Nellie, what did you learn at the Sunday-school today?" Nellie—"That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give 20 cents to buy a present for the superintendent, and—that Noah built the ark."—N. Y. Herald.

Old Friend (unexpected arrival)—"And so this is your daughter's coming-out party?" Practical Mother—"Yes, and if I hadn't put my veto on those dressmakers she would have been out a good deal further than she is."—N. Y. Weekly.

Dolliver—"What a peculiar book-reviewer Razzle is! Did you ever notice how confused his ideas seem to be?—how rambling and incoherent?" Pom-pom—"Yes; I've noticed it." (Struck with an idea.) "Perhaps he reads the books he reviews!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Great 5c STORE.

Five Tons of Glassware

IN OUR
GLASSWARE SALE!

SIX DAYS ONLY.

We call your attention to a few of the thousands of bargains that will be offered during this sale:

Dish (sauce) 4 inch, each.....	.01
Dish (sauce) 4 inch, footed, each.....	.04
Dish (sauce) 4 inch, footed, engraved each.....	.09
Dish, Butter, covered (large).....	.56
Dish, Pickle, a large variety.....	.05
Bowls, Berry, 10 inch, a beauty.....	.49
Bowls, Sugar, covered, large.....	.05
Bowls, Finger, colored.....	.16
Goblets, 4 styles.....	.04
Goblets, 2 styles, colored.....	.04
Wine (engraved).....	.05
Tumbler, a good one.....	.03
Tumbler (engraved).....	.05
Tumbler, engraved, blown glass.....	.10
Mugs, colored.....	.03
Chimneys, Lamp, 3 for.....	.10
Peppers, platted tops.....	.04
Salts, platted tops.....	.04
Salts, individual, per doz.....	.15
Butter, individual, per doz.....	.17
Pitchers, Syrup, plain glass.....	.10
" Milk, holds 1 qt., heavy.....	.05
" Cream, a good one.....	.05
Stands, Cake.....	.19
Tea Sets, large, per set.....	.20

This week we shall also continue to sell the following goods at last week's prices:

Chair Seats.....	.09
Collar Buttons, Gent's, per doz.....	.04
Ice Chests, each.....	5.00
Refrigerators, each.....	8.00
Linen Collars, Gent's, each.....	.03
Flower Seeds, per package.....	.08
Soap, Laundry (Mascot) 7 bars for.....	.25
" " " " 80 bars for.....	1.00

The Great 5 Ct. Store.

F. E. BROOKS, Prop.
423 KAN. AVE.
TOPEKA.

The 11-year-old son of D. P. Mallott, of Parsons, has run away or been carried off by tramps.

Cookinham & Sitz, grocers of McPherson, have failed with \$11,300 liabilities and unknown assets.

The merchants of northeastern Kansas are complaining of an unusual amount of counterfeit money.

Mrs. M. E. Brown of Parsons has been arrested charged with having set fire to a house which burned recently.

Mrs. Thomas Robinson of Wichita was arrested Saturday on charges by the fire chief of having set her house on fire.

They adjourned the city schools at Leavenworth to enable the children to attend a matinee of "The Battle of Gettysburg."

A boy 10 years old was found on the streets of Lawrence dying from cold and hunger.

Samuel Faulkner, an old and highly respected citizen of Garden City, committed suicide Friday night because of despondency over his arrest on a charge of criminally assaulting a little girl.

Great preparations are being made at Mankato to entertain the editors of north-west Kansas at their annual meeting there on the 15th of May. An excursion to Galveston is on the programme.

A company with a paid up capital of \$300,000 has been organized for the purpose of mining and manufacturing salt of all grades at Kanopolis. The works will have a capacity of 1,000 tons per day and employ 200 hands.

A mysterious murder has been unearthed at Wichita by the discovery of the body of a woman secreted in a deserted barn in the outskirts of the city, where it had evidently lain several months. There is no clue to the identity of the body.

John Lane, a farm hand living near Edwardsville, while intoxicated Saturday night drove his family out of doors with a knife and shotgun, and then took a dose of rat poison and drank a large quantity of water. He is in a very critical condition.

Detectives are looking for W. H. Baldwin, agent of the Santa Fe at Lovelle, who absconded Friday with \$1,000. Baldwin was in the company's office at Denver Saturday looking for work when he heard the order for his arrest come over the wire and he ran out.

Poultry Notes.
Pure water prevents disease. Fresh eggs are heavy and will readily sink in water.

As the grass grows less feed will be required for the older poultry. An old hen is often too fat to lay. Never so with a pullet. Feed them liberally.

Turkeys cannot be raised successfully in a small yard. They want a good range.

Setting hens should have food and water supplied conveniently. Feathers on the legs of Plymouth Rocks is a swindle to purity of stock but it denotes the right kind of fowl for the broiler business.

April is the best month in the year to set a hen, so that by May, when bugs and worms are plenty, the chicks will be ready to receive them. The White Wyandotte and white Plymouth Rock are becoming very popular. It is a craze that will probably last, as it is based upon real merit.

Pullets sometimes are risky settlers. Never place high-priced eggs under them, as they are apt to desert the nest. A two-year-old hen is better.

In saving eggs for hatching, either place them in an egg crate, or wrap each one up separately in paper, so as to prevent their touching each other.

How to teach chickens to eat sunflower seed—hull a few seeds and throw them down with the unhulled seed, and some of the chickens will learn to eat them in a few minutes. and this will teach the balance.

The ovary of the hen is said to contain six hundred embryo eggs. About twenty of these mature the first year, one hundred and twenty the second, one hundred and thirty-five the third, and a decline follows as the hen grows older.

Fowls can't possibly thrive and do well if they have to stand around in the mud and filth all day long. They must have a place to scratch and exercise. The horse stable is a most excellent place for them to range in if allowable.

Have no square corners in your brooders or chicken houses. Convert all such to a circular form by using card board, zinc or other material suitable for the purpose. This prevents crowding and hurting each other in various ways.

Fowls that feather slowly are usually hardy. For instance, the Brahmas. It is owing to the fact that the drain on the system occasioned by quick feathering does not weaken them. Slow feathering while growing is an indication of a hardy bird.

Those who haven't all the space they desire to carry on the poultry business, can help matters by providing coops for the hens and their broods, and placing them about through the garden. By confining the hen in the coop the chicks can almost make their living in picking up insects.

Pekin ducks are gradually coming to the front. They grow rapidly and at two months old they are ready for market, and will, if well fed, weigh nearly or quite twice as much as chickens, and will sell for about the same price per pound. The white breeds are the best for market as they make the best appearance when dressed, while in addition the feathers are white and will sell for the best price.

Does cock crowing annoy you? It is admitted, says a writer in the London Gardener's Magazine, that in the act of crowing a bird stands up and then stretches its neck to its fullest extent. A small lath loosely suspended about eighteen inches above the perch will obviate this. It in no way interferes with a bird's roosting, but the moment chattering contemplates a nuisance, the swinging lath comes gently into contact with his comb and effectually stops him. I have a dozen birds and none of them presume to crow till the moment I let them out.

Under the heading of "Handling an Incubator" an expert poultry-keeper says that no one should attempt to improve on the directions sent by the manufacturer. Many persons have been wrecked with incubators for knowing too much. The manufacturers have only by repeated failures learned to operate them correctly and any innovations by beginners always end disastrously. No matter how well regulated an incubator may be, it is best to watch it, as the best of them will sometimes get out of order. An incubator is a safe investment if it is rightfully and carefully managed, but otherwise it soon causes disgust and is laid on the shelf.

The annual meeting of the Odd Fellows of southeastern Kansas at Parsons had a large attendance and was a very elaborate affair.

Horticulture.
Douglas County Horticultural Society met Saturday at the University. A general rehearsing of fruit and all its bearings and prospects, was the general topic.

ORCHARDS.
The subject of orchards was extended to a great length. It has been an unsettled question whether orchards should have the entire freedom or whether crops should be allowed to grow therein. Kansas soil produces weeds to an alarming extent. Some contend that clean culture without crops of any kind should rule in the orchard, while others contend that crops are not injurious. One thing is settled, weeds should not grow anywhere.

PRESENT PROSPECTS.
A general hearing was had from Douglas county, pointing to a sure crop of all kinds, even peaches. Small fruit never put forth better. With these prospects a better quality of fruit will follow; the enemies will have more to destroy, and more fruit will escape.

L. L. Siler, formerly of Nebraska, was present and read a paper on "The Aid of the Press to Horticulture." The paper was read before the Nebraska Horticultural society some time since, showing the advantages of the press to fruit growers as well as consumers. Fifty years ago Horticulture was almost unknown in this country, and the American press was then in its infancy. Fruit growing has come into notoriety as the press has given notice from time to time. About a quarter of a century ago the New York Tribune sent out to its subscribers some plants of strawberries which has since given to that berry a wide notice. To the press of the land is indebted the success of the success of the fruit grower.

ENTOMOLOGY.
N. P. Deming not being present sent in the following communication:

Mr. Stiner, secretary of the Douglas County Horticultural Society: "I send you this report, as my deafness prevents me from hearing all that is said. I feel sad, but accept my misfortune, for God has been good to me by giving me health and prolonging my life. I like this Society and will add my mite in helping the good work along.

About five years ago my attention was called to the apple maggot, making inroads through the apple. Mr. Thos. Pierson was the first to mention it; since then it has spread through many orchards.

The first I found was last year. I took the apple to Prof. Snow, who pronounced it the apple maggot. This year I find quite a number of the worms in the apples. Dr. Newman complains of these insects as being numerous and doing considerable damage, and asks for a remedy. The following is a description of the fly, by S. Finley."

"The perfect insect is a two-winged fly, from one-fifth to one-fourth of an inch long and is easily recognized by black bands across the wings, russet red head, black eyes, white spots on part of the throat and white bands on the abdomen. The flies appear in the latter part of June or July and soon begin depositing their eggs on the apples, which are at this time 1-3 to 2-3 grown; being too large for safe application of poisonous insecticides. As a preventive measure, destroy all windfall apples and infested fruit by feeding them to cattle or hogs. The larva passes the winter in the pupa state, near the surface of the ground beneath the tree. Probably deep spading beneath the tree, or if the orchard is in grass, simply burning over the surface in the spring will destroy many of the insects. They do not emerge from the fruit until the apples are nearly mature, there they enter the ground where they remain till the following spring."

The next meeting will be held at the (Poor House) grove, four miles south of Lawrence, one of the most charming groves to be found in the state of Kansas.

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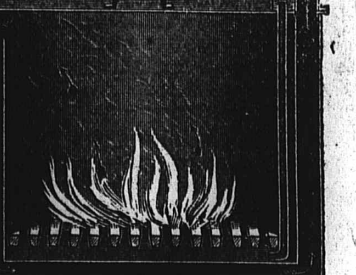
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