

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XIX.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, MAY 5, 1888.

NO. 5

WEEKLY EDITION.

Subscriptions, 75 Cents a Year.
Second Copy to send away,
Fifty cents a year.

EIGHT PAGES—FORTY COLUMNS.
G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.
Paper discontinued when time paid for has expired, therefore no claims for unpaid subscription are ever presented.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.
Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

The republican county convention was more harmonious than the farmers' trust convention.

It is said that while every thing else is favorable the chinch bugs are getting in their work. We hear of one or two farmers in this county, who say they will plow up their fields in a few days if no rain comes to exterminate them, and will then plant corn.

There is hardly a necessity for all this talk about the position occupied by Senator Voochies during the war. He was an ardent Copperhead. He was bitter, violent after the school of Vallandigham. If he had lived in Virginia, he would have been a Confederate general. As it was he was an Indiana Copperhead, a Knight of the Golden Circle—the meanest kind of a Copperhead, and the most ignoble kind of a Knight. But the war is over. Some leading confederates are now leading republicans. Leading loyal Union generals and soldiers are now leading democrats. It is well enough as things go, for politicians to throw their dirt and try to blind the eyes of the people. The people, however, ought to remember that it is all bon-combe. Senator Ingalls now shies his boomerang at Voochies, the rebel Copperhead of 1862-4. But Voochies supported McClellan and Pendleton for president in 1864. So did Ingalls. Our eloquent senator was not a very strong republican then. If Voochies was pot, he was kettle; and neither one was as true as Commissioner Black.

The last Century has an article on "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle." The article abounds in facts and figures that go to show that desperate fighting was done during the late war of the rebellion, which no contest of ancient or modern times has ever rivaled. Wagram, when Marshal McDonald made his charge, or the legions of Caesar never did harder and braver fighting than did "the boys in blue" to save the union. Twenty regiments are cited which lost in a single engagement 50 per cent. of the force they carried into the battle. Among these twenty mentioned the gallant Eighth infantry of Kansas, which Governor John A. Martin commanded. It entered the battle of Chickamauga 406 strong, and when the roar of that stubbornly contested battle was over, only 220 answered to roll call, or 54 per cent. of the men who had gone into the fight never came out of it, or, if they did, they were borne on stretchers to the hospital to be treated for wounds, mortal or dangerous.

The indorsements of Clinton B. Fisk for the Presidential nomination by the Georgia Prohibition party is but one of the many indications which point to his selection as the standard bearer of that organization this year. Like the Democracy since Van Buren's time, the Prohibitionists have never given the Presidential candidacy to any man twice. The following gives the names of the Prohibition Presidential nominees, and the aggregate vote obtained by each:

Years.	Candidates.	Votes.
1872.....	James Black.....	5,608
1876.....	Green Clay Smith.....	9,525
1880.....	Neal Dow.....	10,302
1884.....	John P. St. John.....	151,809

Among others not important the North Topeka Hancock club passed the following resolutions at its last meeting:

WHEREAS, It is believed that a re-nomination to the presidency, attained through the non-interference of any persons officially related to the present national administration would be an achievement in the interest of justice and liberty; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the democrats of this club are unalterably opposed to the selection of any delegate to be sent to the state convention at Wichita, May 12, and to the national convention at St. Louis June 5, next, who are either federal officials, ex-federal officers or any persons in the employment of federal officials.

About 3 o'clock yesterday a colored man by the name of Thomas Clark fell from the third story of the center wing of the state house to the basement, a distance of fully fifty feet. The injured man was picked up and taken to his home on Tyler between A and B streets in North Topeka, where the physician was summoned. His left arm was broken above the elbow and his face was badly bruised and his leg badly mutilated. The physician said that while the injuries would probably not be dangerous they would be very painful and that it would be some time before the patient would be able to resume his work. Clark's escape was a miraculous one for had he struck one of the large solid iron rafters he would surely have been killed. He fell between two of these rafters, which were only about three feet apart. Clark was a hod-carrier and has been employed at the state house for some time.

Dr. Willis P. King, Sedalia, Mo., is one of the members of the medical convention. The doctor is one of the ablest men in his profession in Missouri. Learned in that, he is a scholarly and genial gentleman and is possessed of the rare gift of oratory. The latter, however, he misuses as it is only available to prosper democratic interests. He is one of the strong and popular men of the Sixth Congressional District of Missouri. He is a surgeon-in-charge of the hospitals of the whole Missouri Pacific system, with headquarters at Sedalia, where the company has one of the best kept and commodious hospitals in the country. Dr. King is charmed with Topeka; its thrifty appearance, signs of progress, and he talks favorably of the prohibition effects he has witnessed here—the total absence of drunkenness on the streets and the bold fronts of saloons.

Rev. J. A. Bright, general secretary announces that the 23d annual Sunday school convention will be held in Abilene, Kan., June 6th to 8th inclusive. Every effort is being made to make this the most enthusiastic and profitable convention of the kind ever held in the state. Free entertainment will be provided for all who will attend. One and one-third fare for round trip on railroad. Rev. W. F. Crafts, D. D., of New York City, the eminent Sunday school worker, and Prof. O. E. Excell, musical director, of Chicago, will both be present during the convention, besides other prominent Sunday school workers of our own state. Every county in the state is earnestly requested to send as many delegates as possible to this convention. The convention will be entirely undenominational in its character and work, but on the other hand interdenominational.

C. A. Parker has resigned as assistant general freight agent of the Santa Fe. C. W. Cook, who was assistant general freight agent of the Southern Kansas, has been made assistant general freight agent of the Santa Fe to succeed Parker who will go to Kansas City as the assistant general freight agent of the Chicago Santa Fe and California. In this connection it is rumored that Emmons Blaine will devote himself entirely to the passenger business of the Chicago line; that F. C. Gay, assistant general freight agent of this city, will be made general freight agent, and that George W. Duback of the Southern Kansas passenger department will be made assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago line with headquarters in this city.

Hon. B. F. Proctor, a prominent attorney of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Professor J. T. Williams, of Southern Kentucky Normal school, were in the city the early part of this week, the guests of Mr. G. E. Payne, of North Topeka. Mr. Payne is late of Bowling Green and has opened up a land, loan and insurance in North Topeka. He is a brother of Hon. B. T. Payne, the genial superintendent of the branch postoffice.

The resignation of Jesse Shaw, who for seven years has held the position of superintendent of the Topeka City Railway company, took effect the first of the month, and last evening the employees of the company, or at least about forty of them, gathered at the office of the company on Tenth avenue and presented him with a very fine stem-winding gold watch, on the inside of the cover of which was engraved the following inscription: "Presented Jesse Shaw, Supt. T. C. R. Co., by employees. Topeka, Kan., May, 1888."

I. T. Rice was selected to make the presentation speech, and distinguished himself as an orator of no mean ability. He cited the high esteem in which Mr. Shaw was held by the men under his direction; spoke warmly of his courteous treatment and uniform kindness towards all, while at the same time performing his whole duty to the company and closed by asking him to accept the gift and wear it as a remembrance of past associations when he should be engaged in other fields of labor and as a slight token of the esteem in which he was held by the men.

Mr. Shaw replied in a very appropriate manner and displayed considerable feeling. He improved the occasion to offer some sound and wholesome suggestion and advice. A man's occupation, he said, had nothing to do with his conduct. He had always believed that a street car driver could be a gentleman, and his long association with them had fully convinced him of the fact. All men, he said, are weak and prone to evil, and the best and surest way to live upright and exemplary lives was to ask divine help. He had resigned the position, he said, to accept a more lucrative one, and yet he should always remember when engaged in other fields of labor, the boys of the Topeka Railway company with whom he had been so long and so pleasantly associated. He closed by expressing his heartfelt thanks for the expression of esteem, and bespoke for his successor a cordial treatment.

Mr. Shaw has accepted a position with the Topeka Water Supply company. Mr. E. M. Littlejohn, the general manager, will assume the duties of superintendent. Mr. Littlejohn is from Boston, and is a man of experience in the street railway business.

At the recent meeting of the State Medical Society an appreciative memorial of the late Dr. Stormont was read. Mrs. Stormont donated to the society her late husband's valuable medical library, and in respect to the Doctors' memory it was voted to hold the next meeting in this city when the library will be accepted.

The Attica creamery, with capital stock of \$2,500, to-day filed a charter in the office of the secretary of state.

Congressman Ryan has sent to Marshall's band three fine steel engravings of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, handsomely framed, to be hung in the band rooms.

The May Century.

Mr. George Kennan will tell in the May Century how he came to go to Siberia on the Century expedition. Mr. Kennan had spent some time in Siberia already in connection with the overland telegraph scheme, and in the summer of 1884 he made a preliminary excursion to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the purpose of collecting material, and ascertaining whether or not obstacles were likely to be thrown in his way by the Russian government. He returned in October, fully satisfied that his scheme was a practical one. He therefore sailed from New York for Liverpool in May, 1885. He says: "All my prepossessions were favorable to the Russian government and unfavorable to the Russian revolutionists." He adds that this "partly explains the friendly attitude toward me which was taken by the Russian government, the permission which was given me to inspect prisons and mines, and the comparative immunity from arrest, detention, and imprisonment which I enjoyed, even when my movements and associations were such as justly to render me an object of suspicion to the local Siberian authorities."

It is estimated that to collect one pound of honey from clover 82,000 head of clover must be deprived of nectar and 3,750,000 visit from bees must be made.

One pound of seed will yield about 10,000 asparagus stalks.

Three million dollars worth of fruit and vegetables were sold on the Denver market last year.

Eldorado Kan., is shipping walnut logs to Europe.

Plow on both sides of the hedge of two yards width and harrow it down. All hedges need cultivation occasionally.

Plaster is cheap, and a handful on each corn hill will be of great advantage. It should be used on all grass crops also.

After you have harrowed the garden fine and the work has been apparently finished, harrow it again. The soil for a garden can not be made too fine, especially if small seeds are to be sown.

Pick off all the blossoms that may appear on your young strawberry vines set out this spring. Do not allow any of the young plants to fruit. It will injure their growth and lessen their productiveness next season.

Last year only 100,000 bushels of beans were produced in the whole of New England, and more than 500,000 bushels were imported to supply the demand of the Yankee people for the raw material of culture Boston alone in 1886 sold 3,500,000 bushels of beans. 70 per cent of which were raised in New York states.

The seedless raisin is produced by arresting one of the processes of nature. When the grape is one-half ripe the end of the vine is bent down buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has a delicious flavor.

A year ago the legislature Michigan passed a law authorizing a bounty of 1 cent per head for every dead sparrow, but the law has been inoperative because no fund was provided for paying the bounty. The other day the city council of Detroit set \$2,500 aside for this purpose, because the sparrow nuisance in that city has become intolerable.

Sometimes a man may make money by keeping fowls if he doesn't keep too many. One year ago Harry Artman of Kissimmee, Fla.; bought a pair of Wyandottes for \$12.10. He has sold eggs enough to pay for the keeping of the pair and their progeny and have \$9.75 over; he has \$28 worth of chickens and has twenty-one on hand. His total net profit is \$35.72 in cash and \$39 in poultry. Good interest on \$12.10.

Turn under the weeds as soon as they appear. By not permitting them to grow and seed they can be entirely eradicated in a short time.

As kerosene has been found excellent when used in the soapsuds for washing, care should be taken not to supply such soapsuds to peach trees or sprinkle it on the ground around them. Kerosene is almost instantly fatal to peach trees; only a few drops being sufficient to kill a vigorous tree.

Despite the late convention and its postponements of the matter, Colonel Walter N. Allen is determined to push along with his farmers' trust. To-day he has filed articles of incorporation, titling the scheme: "The Farmers' Confederation of the Mississippi Valley." Among the incorporators are Colonel Walter N. Allen, Colonel William Prime, Indiana; John J. Maihler, Nebraska; L. C. Haggard, Missouri, and S. K. T. Prime, Illinois. Others will be concerned in the matter. The scheme will be stocked at \$20,000.

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that have never been opened. There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes when it is very hot shuts its leaves up as early as 9 o'clock in the morning.

Farmers' Meeting.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Many animals, to whom horns are a protection, when in the wild state, find them a constant menace in a domesticated existence. Shall these horns be removed? This is the question which caused so many thinking men to assemble in the Agricultural Hall of the Ploughman Building, last Saturday forenoon. The chair was filled by President Daniel Needham, who presented the subject to be discussed in a clear manner to those assembled and then introduced the speaker, George Y. Johnson of Kansas, who is a large owner of cattle and ably fitted to speak upon the subject because of extensive experience and observation. Mr. Johnson is an extensive stock owner and knows whereof he speaks. He showed that although the days of large ranches in Kansas were over, that the small farmers on limited farms raise now five times as much as in the days of the ranches. He described the construction of the horn and dwelt on the advantages of dehorning, and to show the care with which it is performed, he illustrated the process by dehorning the head of an animal, furnished by the Hollis Food and Wool Co.) in the presence of his audience with ease, using an ordinary budding knife. The operation lasted but a moment and the pain which is occasioned by the severing of the nerve is but of slight consequence compared to the intense suffering the removing the horns in their natural state occasioned. More than two hundred people are annually killed by the horns of angry animals. By dehorning, lives of human beings, other animals and unborn calves are saved, all painful accidents to horns that are now of frequent occurrence are avoided, less food is consumed, more milk produced and in the speaker's opinion the appearance of the animal was improved.

Benj. P. Ware thought the practice barbarous when applied to mature animals and believed that the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would not permit it. With young calves it might be practiced safely. Hon. George B. Loring, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture felt that there was no occasion for debating the subject as it seemed evident that it was an advantage to animals and their owners. Remarks were made by others and a photographic record of the meeting will be made in next week's issue of the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Walter N. Allen is now going to work with his farmers' co-operative movement just as he should have done in the first place. His mistake was in calling an open convention to organize it. This opened the way for its defeat, and it was promptly defeated. All that was needed was the outset, was to formulate a plan, which he did, and then organize and incorporate. This was all to be done even if his convention had been favorable to it. All he could gain by the convention was a little prestige, and some publicity, and this would have followed as it will follow now. His confederated farmers' movement, at it is now more happily termed, will meet with opposition from the capital and monopoly interests of the country. Its success will be the entering wedge to destroy the trusts and moneyed combinations that are now siezing the profits of the industry of the nation. It is probable that their influence was in the late convention to prevent the consummation of any plan. It was natural that it should. It might have been foreseen. The present policy of proceeding quietly gives more promise of success, and is more in accord with established business methods.

The peach trees that were planted last spring should be properly shaped with the shears. The first year is the most important one for trimming the trees, as any injury received will be permanent.

A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

How these scars came, did you ask?
Tender are your tones and mild—
Can it be you do not know
That I am a drunkard's child?

Long ago one dreadful night,
He who claims a father's place,
Mad with rum's malignant power,
Threw a glass at mother's face.

But it missed its deadly aim—
I was sleeping on her breast—
Seeing these unsightly scars,
Need I tell you all the rest?

Deep within the vale I strayed,
While they watched with bated breath,
Then with lingering steps I came
Back to life far worse than death.

Better far that I had died,
Than this lonely, bitter life,
I can never hope for love,
Never be a cherished wife.

Even little children turn
From my face in fear and dread;
Do you wonder I am sad,
Often longing to be dead?

O, these frightful, hideous scars
Close all doors to love's domain!
Blighted life, and broken heart—
I can never smile again!

Now my story you have heard,
Do you wonder that I hate
Even the very name of rum
And all that can intoxicate?

—Young Folks.

Glynn Morley's Father.

BY THERBOR OHL.

Glynn was my dearest friend and schoolfellow. We had played together since our nurses had to keep hold of our short petticoats, as we jumped and crowded in baby glee at each other from their laps. Oh, the long, sunny mornings in the park; and the long, bright days of winter before the nursery fire! "Glynn and Tontine," was the way every one alluded to us, never one name without the other, and always her name first. The Morley's were quite American, but my father was a Scotchman and my mother a French woman. Such a pretty, dark-eyed woman, even in these days, and a perfect little beauty when we were babies together, Glynn and I.

Our mothers were firm friends, but my father was dead, and Glynn's papa was so rarely at home that I never saw much of him. That he was a handsome man I had learned from those few glimpses, and that he was passionately attached to his gentle, gray-eyed daughter, I instinctively read in every glance he turned upon her. What business kept him so occupied all day and often part of the night, I never knew; and when I asked Glynn one day as we grew older, she looked at me, lifting her delicately arched eyebrows, as she had a trick of doing when puzzled, in a sharp "dint" and said:

"Do you know, Tontine, I sometimes wonder myself!"

I was so astonished at this unexpected reply that I fairly gasped: "And don't you know, then, what your father does to make his money?"

"No," said Glynn, with a new reluctance in her tone.

"And doesn't Mrs. Morley know?" I persisted, not realizing my rudeness in my childish curiosity at such a state of things.

"Why, yes, mamma must know, but papa mustn't—at least, I think he wouldn't wish me to ask her what he does not tell me himself. And once, when I asked him what he did up there," pointing to one slender hand toward the other end of town, while with the other she stroked her pet greyhound, Dante, "he laughed and said 'he went to school,' he pulled his moustache, as he does when he is tired and troubled, and said: 'Papa does not like to talk of business in play time; and this is his play time with you and mamma.' Then we went in to mamma and she sang for us, and since I have never asked any more.

"I heard papa say that night, as the door stood ajar between our rooms, 'Pauline, Glynn has been asking how I earn her furbelows; what started her in that direction, do you think?' Then mamma said something in a low voice, and papa said very gravely in reply: 'Someone must do it for the sake of—here the door shut sharply, and—that is all.'

So full were we of preparation for the close of school and the dance that was to follow, that no other topic was discussed in the hours we passed together, for a few weeks but sashes and gowns, and the respective attractions of low shoes, buttoned boots and slippers "for the last day," as though we had said, "Après le déluge."

In the midst of it all, one morning Glynn's greyhound was brought home with a broken leg.

Dr. Fettes was called to set it, which he did, making comment upon the almost human patience and self-control of the dog under the operation. That evening, as we sat on the great fur rug in the study with the injured dog laid out between us where he could share our caresses, Dr. Fettes came into the inner room with Glynn's father in earnest, but subdued conversation, which in some way seemed, from their tones, to be a protest of the latter against some proposition or argument of the former, as they came forward to examine Dante's leg. The gentle creature looked up with pathetic recognition of the doctor, whom he evidently included in his list of friends, and made several efforts to lift the maimed paw for his usual shake hands. Finally he crossed the left paw under the splint, and raised both together, laid them with a satisfied air in the physician's outstretched hand.

The dog's mistress was all absorbed in her pet, who was friend and brother, and sister to her, in a way that I could never understand; possible because my sparkling little French mother quite supplied to me the brothers and sisters that Glynn, with her half-invalid mother and much absent father, longed for sorely. But while she bent over Dante with tender, nonsensical phrases I was conceiving a violent antipathy for Dr. Fettes. Something in the way he touched the almost human creature, albeit not roughly, indeed, quite the contrary, as though he were handling a precious but frail jewel, sent, in spite of myself, cold streaks down my back. I only congratulated myself that old Mr. Plover was our family physician. When the gentleman had gone back through the portiere, and only their voices in heated discussion reached us, I confided my fit of horror to my girl friend only to be smiled at with her serene eyes, and told that I was "an imaginative, little French woman."

"But," I persisted, "Glynn, I am sure your father felt just as I did, for he looked once as though he would strike Dr. Fettes' hand away when he was examining Dante's head."

"Very likely he thought Dante was being annoyed, for he knows how dear my little brother is to me. I think he would strike anyone who would hurt Dante."

We were fifteen then, great overgrown babies with braids down our backs and delightfully short dresses. Two years flew swiftly away and "Glynn and Tontine" were spoken of in Markertown in one breath, sometimes, by strangers, as Miss Morley and her friend. I had begun to dream of a tall, English lover, too, but Glynn still cared apparently for none but her parents, myself and Dante—who was still her constant companion, still "petit frère" to her.

One lovely day Glynn came rushing into my room as I was tucking a bunch of red roses in my belt, with a conscious rivalling color on my cheek at thought of the sender.

"Tontine," she cried, breathlessly, without noticing my pretty costume, as she was used to do; "Tontine, Dante is gone since morning and now Fred Dorr says that he is sure the police has poisoned him. It is dog-days you know, and that horrid boy absolutely grinned as he said he saw a man coaxing Dante along Wells street this morning! Why did he not tell us before?"

"Let me go to your father!" I cried.

"He will know what to do, and no time is to be lost!"

"But, Tontine, papa may not like us to go to the college. There are so many students he does not think it proper!"

"Oh, but, I said, 'Dante will die while I wait, and he loves him as well as you do.'"

Seizing my hat as I spoke, I hurried her out and away toward the end of town, where we had long known that Glynn's father was a college instructor. A polite janitor opened the great doors and his momentary hesitation vanished as we asked for Prof. Morley, while Glynn, with quiet dignity, asked to be "shown to his room without delay—I am Miss Morley," she added.

A moment or two brought us to swinging doors, which opened at a touch. There the janitor left us hastily in response to a bell in the distance.

"I am so glad papa is here; he will find Dante," she said, with a little smile of relief in her loving, anxious eyes, as she laid her hand upon the door and it opened. A bright light shone directly into the center of the room from wide, unshaded high windows, like an artist's easements. A group of young men stood between us and some object, over which they were bending.

Dr. Fettes stood with his face turned in the same direction, and all were listening to Glynn's father, whose face alone we could see, although he, too, was intent with eyes and hands upon the center of all their interests.

The baize door made no noise to disturb the group, and a sudden girlish embarrassment made us hesitate to speak for an instant. Then a stir among the men seemed to give us courage, and we took a step forward as the two directly in front of us moved apart and around what now seemed to be a table—something lay stretched upon it, held in place by two of the students, a great sponge smeared with blood lay near, and over the object stood Glynn's father with narrow, glittering knife, buried half-way from view.

At sight of Dr. Fettes, the old chill of repulsion seized me, but my friend seemed to see only her father, and spoke his name eagerly. At the sound of her voice, there was a strange commotion in the whole group. An oath (unmistakable) from Dr. Fettes, an involuntary relaxation of their hold by the young men, a scream of pain, terror and joy from the table, as the object upon it wrested itself from its tormentors, and with one frantic effort, dragged itself, as it fell from the low table to Glynn's feet—Dante! A shrill answering scream broke from my lips, as I recoiled shuddering; but Glynn never took her eyes from the blanched face of her father.

The dog's scream seemed to turn her to stone. An instant she stood, swayed a little, and I sprang to catch her, but, as she fell senseless, it was Prof. Morley's arms that received her. For hours we stood over her, but without the quiver of one eyelid to reward the frantic efforts of the physicians. For two days she lay in that dreadful swoon, only to awaken in the grasp of high delirium.

The second day, while I was in my own little room and mamma was explaining how necessary for human life such experiments were upon living

animals, and I was crying out "Oh, but how could he touch his own daughter's pet?" There was a noise at the door which made me start up to mamma's amazement and run to open it to—Dante's ghost? No, not to judge by the bounds and cries of canine delight, and the very unghostly marks of disreputable association in the mud upon his usually cleanly sides.

Professor Morley never knew until I took Dante home what was the keynote of the shock to Glynn. It nearly broke his heart. Mrs. Morley told mamma that a very serious case in the hospital required such unique treatment as the only hope of life; that the experiment had to be tried on some delicately organized animal, and the greyhound under the knife had never been private property, but was bought by the college from a dealer who furnished the students with "subjects." The difficulty in procuring delicately nurtured animals has caused Dr. Fettes, whose attention was called to Dante by his broken leg two years before, to urge Glynn's father in the cause of science to sacrifice the dog.

A very heated argument was the result of which I was dimly conscious at the time. It has been his great care for his daughter's tender heart, and a fear less she should, in her uncomprehending girlhood, misjudge him as cruel, should she learn of his duties as bivector in the medical school; that Professor Morley had used every innocent artifice to keep the knowledge of his work from Glynn, and now the blow had fallen in its most shocking form. It is always darkest before the dawn; and so it proved to the watchers about Glynn. Her piteous cries for "Dante," were now answered by the faithful dog himself, who would spring from the rug at her side and touch with his soft caressing tongue her hot, little restless hand, as it dropped from the bed.

Finally, came the crisis, and she grew quiet in stupor. The house was hushed. A great chair drawn to the bedside and the dog called to spring into it, to raise him to level with his mistress, "Watch her, Dante," was all they said, and withdrew beyond the curtains of the dressing-room. Accustomed to be left in charge of children who sometimes visited the house, the dog, supposing he was left alone, sat a short time with head erect looking at the sleeping girl, and then, to our relief, as we watched him furtively through the hangings, laid his head softly on the coverlet and dozed off comfortably.

So Glynn found him, when she at length aroused. We did not venture in; for this awakening meant health, or, worse than death, insanity. She stirred a little, but the dog slept on. A movement of her hand touched him. She turned her eyes weakly toward the beautiful slender hand, touched one of the silky ears wonderingly, and then, as the half-aroused greyhound responded with his pink-tongued "kisses," slow tears gathered in the big, gray eyes.

"Such a dreadful dream!" she whispered, and fell asleep once more.

"Saved," I heard Glynn's father say, with husky voice, in the hall to Dr. Fettes. "And now someone must be found to take my place. Glynn must never know that it was not a dream. I shall move to Buffalo as soon as she recovers." And he did.

Salt as a Fertilizer.

It has been proved by many practical farmers and scientific experimenters in this country that salt is often beneficial to the growing wheat crop. This seems rather strange when we remember that in many cases we see it giving a decided check to the vegetable growth, and yet thereby adding to the yield of grain. For some crops, such as the wurzel, salt is a direct requirement of the plant as food. Beans, cabbages and onions also appear to flourish with liberal supplies. The analysis of the ash of mangel wurzel, according to Tanner, shows considerable variation in the quantity of salt present. According to Way and Ogston the average of four analyses of the bulb showed a variation of from 10 per cent to 49.51 per cent of salt in the ash and an average of 25.55 per cent. The tops of the mangel wurzel, on the same authority, contained 33.96 per cent of salt in the ash. It is therefore evident that this crop in particular requires a supply of salt as plant food.

It is present in the ash of every cultivated plant, and it must therefore be regarded as generally desirable as a food for these crops. Perhaps the most important influence that salt has its power of checking the superfluous growth of rank vegetation. Taking this into consideration, we desire to offer a suggestion as to an experiment that might be tried on a small scale by farmers this year. We all know that on rich land, whether manured corn land or sod newly turned, oats grow so rank that either lodge or produce little grain to the proportion of straw. Now might not this rank growth of straw be retarded by a judicious use of salt as a fertilizer, and a greater yield of grain be obtained as a direct result of its application? We confess that this suggestion is at present based only on theory, but for all that, there is substantial reason for supposing that its correctness will be borne out in practice. We trust some of our readers will make the experiment and report to us the results. —Farmers' Review.

"I hear that Gen. Lightfoot is going to run for Governor," said the Judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the Major, with feeling, "he run from everything all through the war." —Burdette.

English Life in Algiers.

Many of the foreign residents on the heights are English, who spend successive winters in the beautiful villas, in which are combined the charms of Arab construction with the modification of English detail. Here they exchange English hospitalities under Algerine conditions, and a dinner party with European friends in the Moorish court or patio is certainly a novel and charming entertainment. An awning is stretched overhead, and in the centre of the court, paved with marble or colored tiles stands a fountain, the water playing over roses and jasmines, and trickling down honeysuckle, lilies, and green palms, and splashing on the fish in the basin below; and all this in the winter months. The table, laden too with flowers, is placed within the columns and in a circle around the fountain.

The Governor and Admiral give two or three official balls during the winter season, one at the Admiralty, situated on the ancient harbor, others at the Governor's palaces at Mustapha Supérieur and in the town. The reception of which an illustration is given took place in March at the winter palace in town; the guests were composed of French residents, civil and military, English, a few other foreigners, a dozen Arab chiefs, and the Mufti: the later dignitaries, with the native military officers, scattered among the Europeans in the Moorish interior, gave the local color to the reception. The chiefs, notwithstanding the heat of the ballrooms, wore their ample cloth pantaloons, red leather boots in black leather outer shoes, several burnouses one over the other, scarlet, black, fawn-color, pale blue. They promenaded; and a few of them danced with ladies, to whom they offered a striking contrast.

The English afternoon tea and tennis receptions are delightful, in gardens crowded with trees and bushes bearing fruit of all sorts. Besides oranges, bananas, grapes, lime, lemon, are fruits less familiar with us; the Japanese medlar, of a bright yellow, acid and very refreshing, with four big brown seeds, resembling the kaki of Japan; another (the name of which I do not recall) is very much like the mango of India, in consistence more like a thick mass of very hard cream than anything else I can think of, and with very delicate flavor, the exterior symmetrically ornamented with fish-scale design like the pineapple.

The papirus grows in these patios in the basins of the mountains. The long straight stem is three-sided like a bayonet, and can be split into fine fibres and woven.

There are few comparatively wealthy Arab families who live in this quarter, and the women are pleased to receive European ladies, and occasionally make appointments to return their calls, but with the understanding that the gentlemen of the house must keep themselves well out of the way, so that they may unveil themselves and take tea comfortably with the hostess. —F. A. Bridgman, in Harper's Magazine.

A Man With 6,000 Wives.

Muley Hassan, the present Sultan of Morocco, lives a retired life at his capitals of Fez and Morocco, and rarely ever appears in public to his subjects, while it is still less seldom than any European can obtain a view of this august person. He ascended the throne on the death of his father, Sidi Mohammed, which occurred on the 20th of September, 1876, at the age of a little more than thirty, when, already distinguished for his personal valor and good generalship, he defeated his rivals and stringently put down all attempts at revolt. He is now 45 years of age, though his commanding figure would almost make one think him a great deal less, did not his face wear lines that show not only the steady approach of years, but also sure signs of pain and suffering. He possesses 6,000 wives whom he keeps in harems at Fez, Morocco and Methuea. He also has a traveling harem which constantly attends him. His life is simple, as is all life in Morocco; but at the same time, when occasion demands, he can appear in such state as scarcely a court in Europe can rival.

Waterproofing Process for Woolens.

The following method is in use in Germany for waterproofing woolen goods: A solution is made of 100 parts of alum, 100 parts of glue, 5 parts of tannin, and 2 parts of soluble glass by dissolving alum in a moderate quantity of boiling water. The glue is steeped in cold water until it has absorbed twice its weight in water, and is then dissolved by heat. The tannin and soluble glass are well stirred into the solution of glue, to which the alum solution is then added, and the whole is stirred and allowed to cool. One kilo of the gelatinous mass is boiled for three hours in 10 to 15 liters of water, fresh being continually added to compensate for evaporation. The bath is then allowed to cool to 80 degrees Centigrade, and the material to be rendered waterproof is kept in it for half an hour, then withdrawn, and the moisture is allowed to drip from it for several hours. Finally the cloth is stretched on a frame allowed to dry at a temperature of 50 degrees, then calendered. The cloth grains considerably in weight, and is perfectly waterproof, though it impedes neither air nor perspiration.

"Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear." "Oh— and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?" —Life.

PERTINENT POINTS.

Lady physician: "Dear me, I wonder if it is ever going to clear off? A patient sent for me two days ago." —Puck.

Marion Harland, at the woman's congress, says that the coming woman will find difficulty in proving himself the author of Grant's "Memories." —Pittsburgh Post.

Ignatius Donnelly has gone to Europe. In his absence Adam Badeau will find difficulty in proving himself the author of Grant's "Memories." —Utica Observer.

"Sh-h-h, child! Young people should be silent when older people are talking." "Then when shall young people talk, mamma? Old people are never silent." —Texas Siftings.

A prehistoric dam has been discovered in Oregon. It is supposed to have been uttered by Hannibal Hamlin the first time he went out with no overcoat. —Alta California.

The more we read of the lard investigation now going on at Washington the greater becomes our esteem for crude petroleum as an article of diet. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Customer: "What's coal worth today?" Dealer: "Nine dollars a ton." Customer: "You don't understand me. I didn't ask you what you asked for it, but what it's worth." —Life.

It was a fortunate thing for Diogenes that he never went fooling around in Kentucky when he started out on his great still-hunt. Somebody would have robbed him of his lantern. —Philadelphia Press.

Half mourning is now vigorously condemned by Eastern society. The idea that a widow should say at the end of a year that she now mourns only half as much as formerly was always a matter of ridicule. —Detroit Free Press.

"My dear," said a dying man to his wife, a very fashionable woman, "when I am gone will you erect a monument in my honor?" "If you wish it," sobbed the lady; "but, John, monuments are getting to be so common." —Puck.

Temperance advocate (looking up signers for the pledge): "Brother, may I ask you to join—?" Old gentleman (who doesn't like to drink alone): "No, no. You join me first—it's my call—and then I'll join you in another." —Texas Siftings.

Tramp (piteously): "Please help a poor cripple." "Kind old gent (handing him some money): "Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?" Tramp (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir." —New York Sun.

Mrs. Leatheredge—"Pore liddle Petey's went on swallered a button, doctah!" Dr. Rhubarb—"Well, there's nothing serious about that." Mrs. Leatheredge—"Dey yain't? S'posin' I tells yo' dat de button wuz 'tached to one ob he shoes? Den whad yo' say?" —Tid-Bits.

"Excuse me, sir," said a stranger to a Boston citizen, "but can you tell me when Mr. Sullivan is expected to return from Europe?" "What's the name, please?" asked the Bostonian, bending his ear. "Mr. John L. Sullivan." "Never heard of him," was the firm reply. —New York Sun.

There are idealists who so scorn to admit that honesty is the best policy, or that the question of policy can enter in any manner into the question of honesty, but for all that there are a good many every-day folks who think that Jacob Sharp's life and death were pretty strong evidence that honesty is the best policy. —Chicago Times.

Impecunious Aristocracy.

It is a curious fact that what is called exclusive society in Philadelphia, different from exclusive society in most other cities here and abroad, is, as a whole, comparatively poor. Apropos, a day or two ago sauntering up Walnut Street were three men representing by the r joint possessions perhaps \$20,000,000, and whose names are known to the whole community, but never appear in the reports of fashionable gatherings. Just behind them were two governors of the most "aristocratic" of the social entertainments of the year—the Assemblies. One of the governors is a salaried bookkeeper and the other a salaried salesman for a dry goods house.

"One reason why the old family Philadelphia set hang so well together," said a bright and observant member of it, "is that we are all poor together, and therefore all together we may despise the claims of mere money." —Philadelphia Press.

A Complexion Dose.

"That's good gruel—tastes like the stuff my mother used to make," said Dumley, who came home late and was awfully dry.

"Gruel!" said his wife, lifting her head from the pillow, "where?"

"On the washstand, love; were you going to drink it yourself?"

"That wasn't gruel, Mr. Dumley, that was the oatmeal wash for my complexion."

"Then I'm a dead man," groaned Dumley. "I feel the arsenic getting in its fatal work. Goo' b-y-e, M-a-r-i-a, goo' b-y-e." —Detroit Free Press.

Evolution.

A little fellow not three years old paralyzed his father, in the midst of a serious conversation the two were having, by saying: "Papa, when you were a monkey did you have a tail?"

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

LOOSE STONE IN MEADOWS.
A heavy farm roller used on meadows just after frost is out of the ground will press down loose stones. It also serves a good purpose in compacting the soil around the grass and clover roots. The wire-tooth horse-rake every Summer loosens a good many stones, and in Winter frost is pretty sure to lift them out on the surface.

DELAYING SPRING BLOSSOMING.
One result of the recent cold weather, both West and East, is that fruit blossoms will be kept back. If not previously killed by cold weather, the buds will now open with little danger of being destroyed by late Spring frosts. This may, therefore, be a good fruit year for places where fruit buds are more apt to me killed in Spring than by Winter's severity.

DOUBLE POULTRY RUNS.
If hens are confined in somewhat narrow limits there is a great advantage in having two runs to be used alternately through the season. If possible these should be arranged so that a one-horse plow can be introduced and the ground be plowed or dragged over every time a change in quarters is made. A few sowings of oats, dragged in, will keep the fowls busy scratching for the grain, and what escapes them and grows will be worth even more for green food.

SOWING GRAIN FOR PASTURE.
There is little advantage in relying on sowed grain for pasture. The soil has to be loose to adopt a seed bed, and it poaches badly after every rain. Animals may walk on timothy or clover sod without absolutely destroying it, but this is scarcely possible where newly-sown grain is fed off. The only use of spring grain for feed is got by cutting as a soiling crop. For this purpose barley is preferable to oats. Its leaf is broader and it furnishes a larger growth in less time.

TURNIPS AND MILK.
The idea that any method of feeding turnips to cows, either just before or just after milking, will save the next mess from being flavored, is a popular mistake. Heating the milk will cause the flavor of the turnip to evaporate so that it will not affect the butter made from it. But there are objections to this. The butter from milk thus treated will be soft, and the milk, if used as food, will have a constipating effect which it did not before possess.

PRUNE GRAPE VINES EARLY.
The earliest time in spring when the weather is warm enough is best for pruning the grape vine if the work has not been done in the fall. The grape vine starts into growth slowly, and if the cut is exposed to the air, it will dry up so as not to bleed after the sap begins to run. Some cut and then throw the vines down on the ground. But a vine that has been exposed on trellis through winter without injury is past danger now. If the cut end is thrown on the damp soil the end will not dry, and therefore will bleed as badly as if fresh cut as the buds begin to swell.

CORN AND POTATO CROPS CONTRASTED.
The corn crop, next to the potato crop, is the most expensive that the farmer can grow. The excess of expense in the potato crop is altogether in the seed. Plowing, fitting the land, cultivation and harvesting are about as expensive for one as the other. The point that should most impress the farmers is that with the corn crop heavy manuring and high culture always secure a profitable return. With potatoes there is a risk from rot if too much manure is applied, or a wet season may cause rot anyway. The little extra labor necessary to assure a fall crop of corn is the only part of the farmers work from which he never gets cheated out of his pay.

GOOD FEED FOR BREEDING EWES.
The prejudice against too high feeding of breeding animals of any kind is in this country chiefly due to the fact that we feed so largely on corn. That is not good food for cows, which if at all well bred are naturally disposed to lay on fat. But it is no reason why other breeding stock should not be reasonably well fed so as at least to be in good order when their young are born. We are very glad to see that J. S. Woodward, secretary of the New York Agricultural Society, recommends high feeding for breeding ewes. He does not feed largely on corn, but gives enough grain to keep the ewes in high condition. A sheep does not naturally take to fat as a hog does, and only by having the ewes in good order can their lambs be brought to the right condition for early marketing.

MAKING AN EARLY GARDEN.
The late cold weather came at a time when many farmers usually begin the work of preparing beds for advancing early vegetables. In most cases the cold has hindered, and as a result the garden work must be delayed, or recourse be had to the florist's and gardener's greenhouse. This last is certainly much the best policy. The competition among market gardeners is now so great that early vegetables for outdoor planting are offered by them cheaper than most farmers can grow the few they may require. Send an inquiry to any leading market gardener, and the writer will be surprised to learn how cheaply tomato, cabbage, lettuce and other plants are furnished to those ordering by the quantity. It is often better and cheaper for farmers to buy these than to try to grow them, with the poor facilities that most can command.

PROVIDING AGAINST EMERGENCIES.
The comparatively small amount of what we have learned to consider the necessities of life kept in store in cities or families was strongly illustrated

during the recent Eastern blizzard. Many families, and those not the poorest, either, were caught with small supplies of food and coal. There was a necessary scarcity of such perishable articles as milk, that must be renewed day by day, but scarcity in other things seems hardly compatible with common, prudent forethought. It is probably true that few families in cities are as well prepared for a siege as are the majority of farmers' homes. It seems to be taken for granted in the city that anything wanted may be bought from day to day. In the country the prudent householder knows that he may be isolated several days at a time, and fills his cellars, woodsheds and coal bins accordingly.

OVER ESTIMATION OF NIGHT SOIL.
It is a common but mistaken idea to judge the value of manure by its offensiveness. This has generally led to an excessive appreciation of night soil as a fertilizer. There is no reason why, as average people feed themselves, that night soil should be richer than the excrement from well-fed farm stock. The white flour of which wheat bread is made is nearly pure starch. So are the solid parts of the potato and of Indian corn, the latter of which contains also a little fat. None of these are so valuable for fertility as oat meal or wheat bran, to say nothing of such extra rich foods as linseed and cotton-seed meal. There is considerable value for manure in lean meat; but this, especially in pork, constitutes only a small proportion of the whole. When rich people try to live high they usually do it by making plenty of rich cakes and pies, using largely of sugar, butter and other grease, all of which is chemically nothing more than carbon, a very poor material for a fertilizer. But it is none the less worth saving, aside from the necessity for frequent cleaning out of privy vaults for reasons of health preservation.—*American Cultivator.*

Our Graves.

A mound, a stone and violets,
A bird song in the air,
A child that gathers flowers and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across the hedge
Rippled by fairy hands,
A silver stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

No mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead,
A sobbing wind that ne'er forgets
Its chanting for the dead;
Beneath the stars on summer nights
That deep, blue grave, how fair,
The while upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets,
No birds, no wave, no star,
A spot where memory forgets
What spring and summer are;
Deeper it lies than deep sea graves,
From land and sea apart,
A grave, so sad and desolate!
A grave within the heart!
—*Clarence T. Urmey.*

Advice on Marriage.

Parents who have the happiness and well-being of their daughters at heart are inclined to be watchful when some young man wishes to carry off the daughter they have loved and cared for all her life; and parents generally are sensible enough to know what is best for their daughters, and can understand a man's motives far better than the girl can. If they have real reason to think their daughter is sought for mercenary reasons, they would be derelict indeed if they did not oppose.

No, it is not because the parents are any more watchful of their daughters than parents ever have been; but the daughters as well as the parents prefer to judge who are the "prizes," of which there is but the smallest number. The prizes are not those young men who smoke and smoke and chew and chew until they are so narcotized and nicotineized that they haven't an idea above a cigar or a glass of rum. The prizes are not those who pass by on the other side to avoid meeting their tailor or shoe-maker.

The reason girls do not marry is because they are better educated than girls were formerly; therefore, their perspective faculties are cultivated, and they see how the large majority of married women are unhappy. Girls are educated to be independent and self-supporting, and when a girl can earn what money she wants she is contented and does not have to marry for a home. Half the girls that do marry do so because they want homes, and because they do not know how to do anything that is remunerative.

If you will notice the list of those to whom marriage licenses are granted, the majority of the women are twenty-five years old and upward, which shows that girls are not in a hurry to marry.

Girls, don't imagine that a young man is going to do any better after marrying than before. He usually deteriorates. If he chews, smokes, drinks intoxicants, is careless, is impolite, marrying won't change him. Don't marry a man to reform him. You can't do it. He will drag you down, if possible; at least he will ruin your happiness.

Girls, fit yourselves for something useful. Learn to do something well, and do it, even if your parents are able to keep you without work. Be a success. It is your duty to work as well as your brother. There are so many employments open to women that there is no excuse for a woman to marry for a home. If a man has nothing, let him make something. If he has nothing when he is old enough to marry, it is not likely he ever will have.—*Farm and Fireside.*

"You can't reform a man unless it is a thorough reform. Therefore, in such cases I do not attempt to drive out one bad habit with a worse. I give a weak solution of cayenne pepper to relieve the burning sensation, and I give him lots of milk. Milk is, of all things, the most necessary. The great thing in breaking off a habit of this kind is keeping busy. Push the mind and body to the utmost activity to divert attention from the hankerings of the old habit. Concentrate the thought on some hobby and ride it at full speed. For mercy's sake don't think of trying to stop. Don't tell anybody how long it has been since you tasted a drop. Don't congratulate yourself that you have gone without liquor for six weeks or six months. Dismiss the subject from your mind as completely as if you had never heard of such a thing as whisky, and had no curiosity to learn about it. If a man asked you how long it has been since you stopped drinking change the subject of conversation without answering. The mind has the greatest part of the task at first. I should certainly say that a man who wants to quit drinking should stop smoking, too.

"How long will it be before he begins to feel as good as he did before he stopped drinking depends on how badly besotted he is. The most rapid gain will be in the case of the man who has made up his mind in dead sincerity that he has taken his last drink and that he will never look back with longing on the old habit. Six months ought to restore him to complete health if he has no organic disease."

"The notion that quitting suddenly is more dangerous or more difficult than tapering off is one of whisky's fallacies," said Dr. A. J. Baxter. "Tapering off is simply taking smaller doses of poison. A man can't quit taking poison too suddenly. As for bromides and all that sort of thing, if his physician finds he needs bromides, let him prescribe them; but if they are needed it will not be because the man has quit drinking entirely, but because liquor has undermined his health and made tonic necessary to pull nature through in her efforts to restore what has been lost. No man on the top of earth can say how long it will take to make a man well again."—*Chicago News.*

The West and East.

A passenger train was snow-bound in the west. The weary and hungry passengers, having hushed the songs and jests which follow such misfortunes, settled down in silence and brooded over the cheerless prospect of having to remain there for days without food.

"Don't you hear voices outside?" said a man addressing an acquaintance.

"I thought so just now. Look, lights flashing. Hello, a number of people are coming to our relief."

"Here, folks, come up all han's an' git a bite to eat. We'll put the coffee-pots on the stoves an' sorter wa'm up the occasion. Here, Miss, you shall have the first cup. Don't look like you are so mighty stout, now. Look at that little boy, will you? Hungry as a wolf, I bet. Bless his little heart, we'll fix him. Fetch that bread and butter this way. We was mighty afraid that we wouldn't reach you before old man Hunger got in a good many pinches. Under a big drift here, you see. What did you say, sir? What pay your share? Why, dram your hide, do you think we want pay? Do you take us for a lot of wolves? Here, help yourself, but don't let me hear you say anything else about pay."

A passenger train was snow-bound in the east. "If we only had something to eat," some one said, "I wouldn't mind it so much. To hear those little children cry for bread sends a prang through me. Hello, here come a lot of men."

"Sandwiches, sandwiches fifty cents apiece. Want a sandwich, mister? Only fifty cents apiece. Nice fresh bread and excellent beef. We are farmers in this neighborhood and wouldn't take advantage of people in your perilous position. Madam, your little girl seems to be hungry. You'd better buy her one of these fine sandwiches. You never would regret it. I assure you. No money, eh? So goes the world. Some people have money and some haven't. As the old fellow in Shakespeare—for his name—said, 'Put money in thy purse.'"

"My dear sir," said a miserable-looking man, "won't you please give me a sandwich? I am almost famished and haven't got a cent of money."

"Give you one! Why, I don't know you."

"But," said the famishing man, "in this case acquaintanceship is not necessary. I was hungry before I got on the train, and now I am positively starving. Can you not summon the pity of a Christian and relieve my awful distress?"

"You do not look bad for a fact," the honest farmer replied, "and while no doubt you brought misfortune upon yourself, I will not wave your folly in your face but will help you out. Haven't a cent you say. Well, here's a damaged sandwich you may have for a quarter. What can't trade? Well, now, I warrant you here's a lady that will buy it for her little boy. Damaged sandwich, madam—misfit sandwich for half price. You will take it? Thank you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Home Rule.

Visitor—"Well, Fanny, how does your mamma do?"
Fanny—"Mamma does just what she pleases."
"And how does your papa do?"
"He does what mamma tells him to."

Ladies Who Board.

What is the matter that women who have no home find it so difficult to obtain what passes for one by paying for it? What advantage has a man over a woman as roomer or boarder? I am beginning to find the burden of my woman's estate too heavy to bear. I have hitherto considered it very enjoyable and honorable, but the experience of the last three days has made me willing to change places with the veriest wretch that ever wore trousers. Now, will you, out of your own experience and observation, solve this mystery, for you do not seem like one to hold an unauthorized opinion?"

"Of course," replied the lady, "there are boarders and boarders, just as there are landladies and landladies. For my part I like the ladies in the house. Every house is pleasanter and should be the better for their presence. But the fact remains that they are more trouble than men. When they are in their rooms all day, where they have a right to be, they are generally wanting something not in the bond. They—I am talking of the careless, selfish or simply inconsiderate ones—insist upon extra service; they will ring for the girl to come up three flights of stairs to put a lump of coal on the grate, to open a window or shut it, or to find their night-dress. They'll go into the bathroom, even those who have no need to economize, and wash out all sorts of things, laces and handkerchiefs and stockings; this in time fills up the waste pipe with shreds and ravelings and the end thereof is a plumber's bill. They either wring for a flatiron or else they will come down into the kitchen with their trailing skirts and attend to the pressing out of their gowns there. They will bother the girl, want a little more fire or an ironing board, a little starch and a holder, and it will frequently end by the girl offering to do the work for them just to get them out of the way. They want a little thread, or a darning needle, or a teaspoon, or some mustard, or table salt, or camphor. It seems to me there's nothing from a pin to a porous plaster that I have not been asked for by my lady lodgers.

"They want frequent changes made in the arrangement of their room. The bed doesn't stand the right way, the curtains are too thin or too thick, the back of the rocking chair is too high or too low. They lose their pass keys and burn the gas to heat curling irons and pipe stems wherewith to curl their hair. They receive calls, properly enough, but they forget that it requires the time of the servant to answer the bells for these callers. And as women spend money less freely than men they do not consider that extra service should receive extra pay. If the truth must be told, I find it much easier and more pleasant to transact business—from small matters to greater ones—with a man than with a woman. Women are not business-like, and they will pay twenty dollars for a bonnet willingly and haggle over a wash bill. Again, in a house full of lady lodgers or boarders there are occasional strifes and envyings, jealousies and gossipings not pleasant. These are a few of the reasons why women are considered undesirable as lodgers and boarders."—*Chicago Tribune.*

DROPPED BACK AGAIN.

A New Version of the Old Gag About the Chicagoan and St. Peter.

"How do you do, Mike. I'm glad to see you well," said a Chicago preacher to the cook's betrothed, whom he found enjoying himself in the kitchen.

"Nicely, sorr, and right glad Oi am to be well ag'n, sorr," was his reply.

"You were sick with the brain fever?"

"Yes, sorr, thanks be to God that O'm alive this day!"

"You were out of your head a while, then?"

"Yes, sorr."

"How did it feel?"

"Rather queer, sorr."

"Do you recollect how you felt or what you seemed to experience?"

"Troth Oi do that right well, sorr," said Mike with a wink at the cook.

"Tell me about it. I would like to hear?"

"Well, sorr, Oi thought Oi lost meself an' went did, sorr. Oi kapt soarin' an' soarin' loike till all at wunst Oi stopped at the gates of hiven an' there Oi met wid St Peter, sorr, long loife to him!"

"And what did he say?"

"He axed me name an' where Oi came from, sorr."

"What did you tell him?"

"Mike O'Toole, Chicago, sez Oi."

"What happened then?"

"He pointed to er sign an' divil a wurrd did he spake, sorr."

"What was on the sign?"

"Paypal from Chicago plaze pass to the left."

"Well?"

"Well! Shure Oi drapped meself down agin. D'y'e take me for er fool?"

—*Denver Democrat.*

Qualifications of Authorship.

Aspiring dramatist—I see no reason why I should not write a successful play, do you?

Discriminating friend—None whatever, you have read widely, and have a capital memory.

Somewhat Dull.

She, blushing slightly—"Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache?" He, with monumental stupidity—"A headache is something I never had."

DOMESTIC HINTS.

TOMATO OMELET.

Season a can of tomatoes with salt and pepper, add an onion finely minced, and spread over a hot, plain omelet.

APPLE BUTTER PIE.

Two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful flour, one teaspoonful apple-butter, half teaspoonful allspice, and milk to fill the pie.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound almonds, after they are blanched, one cocoanut grated, three pounds of citron cut fine, whites of sixteen eggs.

HORSE RADISH SAUCE.

Take stock which has been cooked with a little vinegar, salt, butter, sugar and fine bread crumbs, and mix with it as much grated horse-radish as will be required; the sauce should be quite thick; eat with boiled beef.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Out of their own liquor into cracker meal, coat well, dip in beaten egg and then in cracker meal again; fry from four to five minutes. Oysters look twice as large as they really are when double-breaded.

BUTTER TAFFY.

Two cups sugar, one cup water, two tablespoons of molasses, four tablespoons of vinegar, one and a half tablespoons of butter. Boil twenty or thirty minutes and pour in buttered tins.

CHEAP CAKE.

Put one-half teacup of warm lard in a pan with 1½ cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, a little flour; stir well or until the sugar is dissolved, add one-half cup of water, two eggs, a little nutmeg or essence of lemon, baking powder one teaspoonful, and flour enough to suit; stir well. This will make drop-cakes if flour enough be added, and sheet-cake if left thin.

STUFFED HADDOCK.

To stuff haddock, mix one ounce of dripping with 1½ ounces of bread crumbs, add to this one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one onion, one teaspoonful of milk and a little salt and pepper. After stuffing the fish, sew it up neatly and put it into a baking pan. Brush it over with butter or melted drippings and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally.

POTATO TEA CAKES.

Take one pound of cold boiled potatoes, and mash them smooth with the rolling-pin. Add one pound of flour, half a pound of suet, very finely chopped, six ounces of currants, two ounces of moist sugar and one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little grated lemon peel may be put in if liked. Roll out to the thickness of half an inch; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, or until nicely browned. Cut into squares and serve hot.

HOP YEAST.

Boil four or five medium-sized potatoes with a small handful of hops tied in a muslin bag. When tender, pour the water (there should be at least one quart) slowly upon four tablespoonfuls of flour, one of salt, ginger and sugar. Stir constantly to avoid lumps. Allow this to boil, then add potatoes previously soaked in tepid water.

Drunkenness in Congress.

Congressman Gallinger, of New Hampshire, in a letter to the *Nashua Telegraph*, referring to a report that there is much drunkenness among Congressmen at this session, says:

I have frequently been led to remark, when this subject has been under discussion, that I doubt whether any other body of 325 men can be found anywhere among whom there is more genuine courtesy and kindness, and less dissipation and profanity.

I called the attention of ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts; Hon. J. D. Taylor of Ohio; and other prominent Congressmen to the matter, and they all gave the same testimony. Rev. D. Chickering, secretary of the Congressional Temperance society, displayed much feeling when his attention was called to it and declared it, to be a vile slander.

At a recent dinner party, where sixteen Congressmen were, seven of the number declined wine and the remainder partook of it very moderately. No man in Washington is chided because he is a temperance man, and a large proportion of the leading members of the House "taste not, touch not, handle not."

To-day the committee rooms are free from liquors, and drinking among Congressmen is certainly not more common than among men in other vocations. I have been here since 1885, and have never but once been asked to drink by a Congressman, while I have probably been asked more than a hundred times to lunch, on which occasions, with one exception, liquor has never been suggested.

An Old Book.

A facsimile reprint of the famous black-letter jest-book, "A Hundred Merry Tales," the most ancient book of its kind in the English language, has just been issued in London. The following tale is not brilliant, but provokes a smile: "A marochantys wyfe ther was in bowe parysh in london some what stept in age to who her mayd cam on a monday in lent after dyner & sayd maystres quod she they ryng at seynt Thomas of acres for ther shall be a sermo prechyd anon to whom the maystres answered & sayd mary goddys blessing on thy hart for warnyng me thereof & because I slept not wel all this nyght I pray the bryng me stole with me for I wyl go thyder to loke whether I can take a nap there whyle the prest is preschyng."

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

May 5, 1888.

The effect of building the new lines in Kansas, notably the Rock Island, has been the building up of a number of smart towns and the reviving of a number of old ones, and the influx of a large number of intelligent and well-to-do immigrants. The indications are that the next boom in Kansas will be in farming lands rather than town property. Within the past month a number of men have been looking after tracts of land of one to five sections in a body for the purpose of locating colonies, communities from the northern states. These men were not looking after government land, but preferred to buy partially improved land, and one in particular, was negotiating for a \$14,000 farm. This is a very healthy indication and means a good deal more financially and in every way to the prosperity of Kansas than the men who come in covered wagons and push on to where they can get land for nothing.

The crop prospects were never better. The ground is in splendid condition, the rains have been abundant, farmers are enthusiastic, and work is well advanced. In the southern tier of counties the corn has been plowed once, shows up well in color and with an excellent stand.

The winter wheat is looking remarkably well. Occasionally a field that was sowed broad-cast has suffered by winter killing, but the great majority of fields are looking far better than common.

In some localities the chinch bugs have appeared, but the cool weather and abundant rains will give the grain such a start that no fear need be entertained on that score.

Oats and other small grain of spring sowing are looking well, and the fruit crop, if the present prospects continue, will be immense. Peaches were killed, except in the southern part of the state, where they escaped with little if any injury, and the crop will be abundant.

There was a shortage of feed in some localities and grain was high, as you are aware, but generally speaking stock came out of the winter in good condition, and as grass is now abundant cattle are no longer any expense to the owner, and are doing well.

We have an abundance of cheap fuel and competing railroads carry it to every part of the state. If all the convicts in this state were set to digging coal, instead of making wagons, a wagon factory employing 1,000 men, could build up in this state and would run the Studebakers and Fish Brothers out of business in this state, or region of country.

When it comes to our own material, look, for instance, at the consumption of canned goods in this state. There are hundreds of carloads of New England sweet corn, New Jersey peaches, Ohio beans and tomatoes, and small fruits, sold in this state every year. There is no sense in this. We take first premiums on fruit and vegetables whenever we come into competition with the other states, and we have the capacity here, if we would only use it, to supply the union; yet we send off to the remotest corners of the country to get inferior articles and pay two prices for them.

Another practical illustration of the application of Grange business teachings is to be found in Moorestown Grange, No. 8, of Burlington county, New Jersey, one of the oldest in the state. They have always been harmonious, earnest workers, and so meet with success.

They have a fine, large brick hall, and own property valued at nearly \$10,000.

They lately received a class of nine new members, making their present number one hundred and twenty-two. One of their Spring purchases was two hundred and fifteen and one-half tons of chemicals for manufacturing their own fertilizers at a cost of \$26.50 per ton, worth, in a retail way \$39 per ton. Being large "truckers," or market gardeners, they purchase their seed potatoes every year through Grange channels (Charles W. Ford & Co.), and this year the amount is 1,700 bushels. The ladies have always taken an active part in this Grange, and to their interest can be attributed a good share of their success.

Under the name of the Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company the Patrons of New Hampshire have lately signed articles of association, and a company has been organized to insure the buildings and their insurable contents, belonging to members of the Grange who are in good and regular standing, against loss or damage by fire or lightning. Chas. McDaniel, Master of the State Grange, was elected president, with Errie C. Hutchinson, General Deputy, as secretary, and thus one more State falls into line in the matter of mutual help and organized effort in fire insurance, in which the Grange has made more universal success and fewer mistakes than in any other line of business.

Colonel S. S. Prouty has returned home from Las Vegas, after a sojourn of several weeks at the hot springs near the Meadow City. He is much improved, has regained some of his rotundity and looks so like his former self that his friends have been greeting him with an emphatic cordiality.

Colonel Prouty was pleased with his visit, but with all the health restorative qualities of the atmosphere and surroundings at Las Vegas, he makes a contrast between the New Mexico city and Topeka altogether favorable to the latter. "I," said he, "come back to Topeka wholly and emphatically reconciled to prohibition after my sojourn in Las Vegas. It is good to be in such atmosphere as surrounds Topeka, when I remember the redolence of rum in New Mexico. There are ninety-four saloons open night and day, and on Sunday in Las Vegas, a place of not more than 10,000 inhabitants. Gambling saloons are regularly licensed, and are run wide open. So they are, saloons and gambling dens, in Santa Fe.

"These open saloons called to my mind the day when they were recognized as business places in Topeka, and I could but contrast Topeka with the sights I saw there, and really wondered at myself for ever having opposed the movement that has brought about the wholesome and moral conditions that I see about me in this city."

"Any one needing conversion need only to visit the saloon towns, to come back to Topeka, to Kansas, to bless the order of things existing here. Out in New Mexico, and wherever saloons are open, good men are enticed into them; sociability gets them there, and drinking, they may get away over in their cups. The saloon is a temptation, and we are better off, healthier in mind and body without them, and the moral effect of their abolition cannot be overestimated."

"I once reasoned that their suppression was not exactly right, right in the sense that a recognized business was destroyed, but I have gotten over that by sights and scenes in Las Vegas, which, when they were the same here, I thought nothing of because they were more or less familiar."

"We see no drunken and bleary eyed men in Topeka, have no saloon rows, and I just tell you such a state of affairs is very wholesome and creditable to any community."

The president's appointment of Melville W. Fuller to the Chief Justiceship was another one of these happy surprises with which Grover Cleveland startled the country in his fortunate appointments. Mr. Fuller is, of course a democrat, but he is a democrat as the late Chief Justice Waite was a republican—a scholarly, thoughtful, conservative man of sound, patriotic views. He has been a growing man for thirty years, and will grow in his new position. The president honors himself, the nation and Mr. Fuller in this appointment.

The year 1888 will mark a grand era in the history of this state. Immigration from every quarter of the world will pour into this favored land. The temperance people are coming to prohibition Kansas; the home loving people are coming where lands are cheap; the poor people are coming where industry and economy are recognized virtues; the self-respecting working people are coming to the state where worth, not wealth, is the standard; farmers are coming where farms are cheap and soil is fertile; business men are coming to take advantage of the grand openings in a growing country. Manufacturers are coming, in fact people of all classes and conditions are coming to enjoy the blessings of this best state in the union. And still there is room.

—CAPITAL.

The Roanoke Patron, of North Carolina, is to be changed from a semi-monthly to a weekly. Another sure sign of Grange progress.

The Patrons of Kennebec county, Me., have arranged to buy grass-seed in large lots at reduced rates through the Grange co-operation.

The recent international convention of women in Washington is the subject of a breezy article in the May Cosmopolitan, by Miss Ethel Ingalls the brilliant daughter of the famous senator. The profusion of portraits of the most celebrated delegates, and the flow of clever personal descriptions combine to form a most readable paper. Another of the journalistic strokes which distinguishes this young magazine from its older companions, is an interesting illustration of the New Consolidated Exchange of New York City. Apropos of the late floods which have devastated China, W. H. Gilder, the N. Y. Herald correspondent in China in the late Chinese war, contributes a valuable account of the Hoang-Ho and its destructive vagaries, illustrated by a picture of the river and a map of its nine different courses. Some idea may be gained of the enormous calamities indicated by this diagram when we learn that in the last overflow about three million lives were lost.

The fare to Wichita convention will be one-third fare for the round trip, and tickets will be good from the eight to the 12th inclusive.

The Capital City.

From the Genda Springs Herald.

The fairest city in the state will soon have on its spring holiday attire. Topeka is worthy to be the capital of a great state. It has metropolitan airs; it has the appearance of an eastern city. It has vim, vigor, enterprise, eclat of the bouncing and booming west, but it has also much of the culture, the refinement, the adornment and taste of the east. Here and only here among far western cities are to be found miles of asphaltum pavement substantially put down upon broad and spacious avenues. Kansas avenue is the Pennsylvania avenue of western cities. Motor lines, and street car lines run in every direction. Great business blocks are constructed, and magnificent stores are established.

Prohibition didn't kill Topeka. It made it. It brought it from a den of doggeries up to a city of palaces. In place of the muddiest streets west of the Mississippi bottoms, it has given the capital state the finest paved streets in the world. It was said that with the rule of prohibition would come darkened streets and murder by night, that crime would stalk abroad in dark alleys and in deserted business houses inhabited by bats and owls. Instead we see a magnificent city lighted with electric lights. We see the most virtuous and orderly capital of the same population in the country and perhaps in the world. There are less lewd women here, less violations of law, better order and a better governed city than can be found at any capital in the country. Very much of all these good things are to be put to the credit of prohibition. Topeka is fast becoming the vigorous and active political and brain center of the state. Lawrence will always, through the State University, be a training school for boys and girls, but it is dead as a political factor or as an important brain center, entering into the living issues or impressing itself upon vigorous activities that move the masses of the people. Lawrence has some able men, but they belong to the heroic past, and the period that antedates the "Quintrell Raid." In the estimation of this historic city, all history is valueless that relates to events subsequent to the "raid."

The Alarm, the Anarchist paper, formerly published by Parsons, has suspended publication. Reason: no call for such papers in this country.

All told Dr. Burgen has damage suits against the city amounting to over \$20,000.

Saturday morning just before noon, three boys, two white and one black, aged about 16, entered the store of Mr. Brooks, on Kansas avenue, and after looking around for a while, started out. One of the clerks noticed that the negro had more with him than he brought in and so he started to investigate. This was evidently contrary to the desires of the boys, so they started to run. The negro dropped his bundle, which was found to consist of a rubber coat that he had brought with him and a coat and vest that he had taken from the store. The black boy and one of the whites succeeded in capturing the other, who gave his name as Lew Williams. He is 16 years old, and confessed that they all belonged to one gang. It is evidently a hard crowd, and it is fortunate that the officers have a grip on it before worse things are done.

Dr. J. Neely Thompson.

Esteemed, popular and well-known as a physician and patriotic soldier, when it was announced about a year ago that Dr. J. Neely Thompson had been consigned to the asylum of the insane in this city, previous to that time, the doctor had been at the Soldier's Home at Leavenworth. There his health not being restored, his mind gave way, and last November he was brought to the asylum. Yesterday he called upon Governor Martin, accompanied by Dr. Eastman. When he went to the asylum he was pale emaciated and apparently on the verge of the grave. Yesterday he looked strong, and healthy, robust. He will be released from the asylum, and return to his place among friends.

Judge L. D. Bally, editor of the Garden City Sentinel, is in the city to attend the farmer's convention. He is one of the pioneers of Kansas, having resided in the state more than a quarter of a century. He says he rode from Garden City to Topeka in thirteen hours, and he remembered the time when he could have made the trip in one month.

The farmers who come in from the country for supplies, talk very encouragingly of the winter wheat crop and are hopeful of the oats. Chinch bugs in unusually large numbers are complained of though their appearance so early in the spring is considered by many not a bad sign. A rain such as has just been experienced in southern Kansas, it is said, would make a grand corn crop inevitable.

Great interest centers in the farmers' convention to be held in this city tomorrow for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization. This movement known as the Farmers Cooperative Trust association, has attracted national attention, and is receiving the support and encouragement of the agricultural and shipping interests of the west.

There was a meeting of the union labor party at Heery's hall Saturday afternoon to nominate a county ticket to be voted for this fall. The attendance being small the object of the meeting was not consummated.

BISHOP THOMAS.

May Appointments.

The appointments of Bishop Thomas for May are these:

May 3, 4 p. m.—Meeting of trustees of Bethany college; 7 p. m., meeting of Diocese missionary board.

May 4, 9 a. m.—Meeting of trustees of Kansas theological school; 7:30 p. m., meeting of Trinity church, vestry Lawrence.

May 6, afternoon and evening—Coffeeville.

May 8 and 9, Tuesday and Wednesday, southwest convocation—Wichita.

May 10, Ascension day, confirmation—Wichita.

May 11, Friday afternoon—Iola.

May 13, Sunday morning and evening—Parsons.

May 14, Monday afternoon—Osage.

May 15 and 16, Tuesday and Wednesday, southeast convocation—Parsons.

May 18, Friday afternoon—Chanute.

May 20, Whitsunday, morning, Grace Cathedral; afternoon, North Topeka.

May 21 and 26, Whitsun week, examinations—Bethany.

May 27, Trinity Sunday, morning, Cathedral; afternoon, Baccalaureate sermon, Bethany.

May 28, 29, 30, commencement exercises at Bethany.

Annie Evans, the young woman who was burned in the Campbell fire on Friday, was an English girl, and had resided in this country but a short time. She was about 22 years of age. She displayed true heroism in her efforts to save the lives of Mrs. McLaughlin and her little girl. She has a brother in the city. Her parents and relatives reside in Herefordshire, Eng. She had considerable property in this city and money at interest. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. McLaughlin, and was caring for her through her illness. She was not a domestic as stated in the papers.

A prominent builder and contractor stated yesterday that he had made an investigation of the Shawnee county court house and he was fully satisfied that the building was very dangerous. He thinks the building is likely to collapse at any time.

There are thirty-two prisoners now confined in the Shawnee county jail.

Deputy United States Marshall George Sharritt, will go to Leavenworth this week, to take a batch of Uncle Sam's prisoners to the penitentiary.

H. C. Beard, of Monmouth township of this county, killed a mad dog, on his farm about eleven miles from the city. The dog had bitten several other animals and they also were at once killed.

The assessors of Rossville township have made their return to the county clerk. This is the first township to make a return this year.

In Shawnee county last year there was one divorce granted to every three marriage licenses issued. Probate Judge Quinton says it is a common occurrence for a man to come into his court with his wife and both apply for a divorce.

The board of health and city chemist are making a thorough analysis of the ice now in the ice houses. It is claimed that it is impure.

The low prices named for millinery must be a leadstone to attract crowds to Mrs. Barbers millinery store at 807 Kan. avenue. All day Saturday the entire force was kept busy waiting on customers, and filling orders.

General Geary, while Governor of Pennsylvania, wrote Dr. Strallenberger: "I regard your Antidote as a public benefaction. In my case, as well as many others known to me, it has proven an invaluable remedy for chills; not only prompt in curing, but singularly pleasant and beneficial in its general effects upon the system."

A collection was taken up Sunday at the Christian church for the benefit of the sufferers at the Campbell and McLaughlin fire on Friday. Colonel B. A. Campbell made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the sufferers, which touched the hearts and brought tears to the eyes of nearly every one in the church. Though the congregation is not a large one it responded generously and gave \$63.

A man named Miles Horn died of consumption at a boarding house on B street Sunday evening. He, with his wife, and three children, reached Topeka a week or ten days ago on their way to California, where they have relations. He was taken so bad that they had to stop over. The body was prepared for burial by Undertaker Gibb and was shipped to Oakland, Cal.

The meetings at the Christian church on Topeka avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, continue with increasing interest. Rev. J. S. Myers, who is conducting the services, is a clear thinker, a ready speaker, a brilliant orator, and he moves his audience as a wheat field before the storms. Large crowds greet him each evening and numbers are being added to the church. Mr. Myers is delighted with Topeka. He says there is more improvements being made here than in Omaha and that this is the Queen city of the west. The ordinance of baptism will be administered this evening and Mr. Myers will fill the pulpit tomorrow morning and evening.

Deputy Marshal Allen discovered a camp of tramps just out town yesterday morning. He gave them notice to go and they took the hint.

The Republican Flambeau club are making arrangements to go to Chicago at the time of the national republican convention and in order to raise funds to uniform the club the citizens of Topeka will be solicited to subscribe.

The barn of Henry Vesper, in the rear of Crawford's Opera house was discovered on fire Sunday night about 9 o'clock and good work by the fire department prevented a serious conflagration. The loss was small, not over \$150.

About fifty employees of the Southern Kansas offices at Lawrence, came to this city yesterday, the Lawrence offices having been consolidated with the Santa Fe offices.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CONQUERS PAIN.

Men of eminence testify to the virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, among whom Mr. New writes as follows: "From my own personal experience and observation, I cordially endorse St. Jacobs Oil." Late Asst. Secretary of the United States Treasury. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Mlle Rhea's "Frou-Frou."

The play of "Frou-frou," last night, attracted another large and fashionable audience, who manifested their enjoyment by frequent applause. Mlle Rhea as Frou-Frou realized the ideal of the part; in the different emotions she was called on to depict not once did she fall short of the highest rank of genius. The comedy in earlier portions of the play was delightfully rendered—a more exquisite impersonation could hardly be conceived. In the emotional scenes she was grand, and in the quarrel with her sister won an enthusiastic recall. Her death scene was a study; a more artistically conceived or brilliantly executed portrayal has never been witnessed here. Rhea's Frou-Frou is a revelation. Her dressing throughout the play was the theme of admiration from all the ladies.

—BALTIMORE SUN

At the Grand opera House May 9 and 10.

Poor Cement.

At last night's meeting of the council Jonas Lukens and other owners of property on Kansas avenue, North Topeka, complained that the Barber asphalt company was not using good cement for street pavement for Kansas avenue, and expressed a desire to have it tested by the city engineer.

Mr. Lukens said that he with others, had taken considerable pains to investigate the matter, and had ascertained that the cement had been stored all winter, and that it was pronounced by good judges to be not good.

Councilman Urmy said it was to be regretted that the quality had not been ascertained before the work had gone so far, but the citizens were paying for good work and ought to get it. There was no doubt in his mind, but that some of the cement used last year was not of good quality.

J. Q. A. Peyton stated that it had become necessary to tear up some of the pavement on Quincy street put down last year, for the purpose of repairing water pipes, and that the cement used in the foundation was found to be loose, like sand. It had not hardened and it never would harden. He wanted the work stopped and an investigation made.

Mr. Urmy said it was all well enough to say that the cement would be all right in thirty days, when it hardened, but if it was covered up in fifteen days no one would know whether it was good or bad.

The city engineer informed the council that he proposed to test the quality of the cement being used.

Mr. Urmy moved that a committee consisting of Messrs. Heery, Ramsey and Eversall be appointed to examine the concrete and report to the council at its next meeting. The committee was appointed.

Mrs. A. P. Goodhue and daughter have returned from visiting Mr. Goodhue, at La Junta, Colo.

W. W. Sargent, of Junction City, son of J. T. Sargent, died Saturday morning at his home.

Rev. C. Holman, secretary of the Kansas M. E. conference, has just sent out 1,500 copies of his report of the conference which met in March last.

Ed Lacey has returned from a visit to Sabatha where he met several old friends from Laceyville, Pa., his old home.

Miss Hattie Holman is entertaining her friend Miss Mollie Harbold, of Linwood, who will be her guest for a few days.

Fifteen colored people were baptised in their river Sunday.

At the parish meeting of the church of the Good Shepherd held last evening, Bishop Thomas presiding; the following were elected to the vestry—Edwin Brazier, sen. Warden, J. A. Campbell junior Warden, and F. W. Giles, R. W. Day, H. C. Bowen and Les. A meeting of the vestry was subsequently held at which it was resolved to proceed to raise funds to secure a pastor. The Rev. Alfred Brown sent notice by letter that he could not accept a call before October, as his physician orders a vacation in the sea coast. The church will not wait.

A great variety of trimmed and untrimmed hats and bonnets, at the most reasonable prices, at Mrs. Chambers 926 Kansas Ave., North Topeka.

We have demonstrated to the ladies of North Topeka that we carry the largest, finest and the best stock of Millinery in the city. We are receiving constantly the very latest foreign and domestic novelties in Flowers, Feathers, Gilt and Jet Ornaments, Ribbons, Laces, Hats, Bonnets, &c. Mrs. L. L. Barber, 807 Kan. Avenue, North Topeka.

The Hill boom is dead. The Hill boom is not dead.

The question is, Does Col. Tomlinson of the Topeka Democrat, hold in the palm of his hand the nomination of the next democratic candidate for president? Then again, is it an itching palm?

We suppose it is nobody's business if an editor putting on airs, talks about "Per Abilene," "Acqua pura" and "a strata was," but where a fellow don't know a thing about Latin it is less ridiculous not to use it.

The Associated Press did not have a word to say about the Abilene convention. The Topeka Democrat and Commonwealth were the only papers, with the exception of the Abilene papers, that gave full accounts of the convention.

Two farmers have gone crazy at Skidney, Kans., owing to mortgages being foreclosed and their property taken from them. One of them was incarcerated in the insane asylum at Topeka, a few weeks ago, and the other committed suicide at Kansas City yesterday.

From now on we will have to take all the sickening politics that the papers, in behalf of office holders and office seekers, may see fit to give us. There will be continual overflow of fulsome praise on one side, and groundless detraction on the other, and no good purpose to be served by either side.

Ex-Minister to Liberia, C. H. J. Taylor, of Wyandotte, made a little talk to his colored brethren of Topeka, last night. Mr. Taylor is a democrat, who returned disgusted with Liberia. He thinks the negro is just as good as the white man, really a little better. We notice, however, that as a politician he is no brighter. Mr. Taylor's panacea for the evils afflicting his race, is the democratic party. He assures us that Abraham Lincoln, if now on earth, could not find his party. In this he is about right. But then Andrew Jackson would be in the same dilemma, and Henry Clay would imagine himself in another world, and even Jeff Davis if he could be resurrected, would find himself in a land of strangers. The great mistake the colored man makes, may be found in the imaginary idea that one party cares more for him personally, than the opposing party. The politician wants the colored man's vote, and the negro is willing to sell it for a place on the ticket. "If there is no black man on the ticket," says Mr. Taylor, "fight it." Just so says Mr. Waller, or Mr. Currin, republicans. Give us place on your ticket and we are with you, whether republican or democrat. Such is the announced policy. It is not the policy that will bring up the colored race out of its present bondage. The only policy that will advance the colored race is to keep out of party politics, ask for no positions, and so keep free from the weight of obligations, then throw their united influence for the party that does the most for the public good. As office seekers they are doomed to grievous disappointments. No party is willing to humor them.

The death of Chief Justice Waite, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has taken from active life one who will long be remembered as a benefactor to his country. Of the many new forces that this century has developed, none have grown faster, sooner attained the size and strength of a giant, or in a more threatening manner, attempted to use its power for evil, than have corporations. Brought into existence by the people, all their rights and privileges granted them through the people's representative in Legislatures, they were not content to use, but abused the trusts with which they had been favored. Little by little as they grew in size and strength did they encroach upon the rights of the people, and when appeal, or even the force of law was used to stay their pressure, they fell back upon "vested rights," "chartered rights," etc. The farmers of the country were the first, in a resolute and determined way, to call halt. In the strength of their young and almost untired organization, the Grange, in several of the Western States laws were passed that for the first time said to corporations "so far shalt thou go and no farther" in your oppression of the people by reason of your charter as corporations. It was a new idea, this young David meeting this Goliath, with a new weapon. Test cases upon the constitutionality of such laws, that could even go behind and above "chartered rights" were carried to the Supreme Court of the United States for final action. And in the now celebrated "Granger cases," as they were first called in derision, Chief Justice Waite made his remarkable decision that will ever be his noblest monument. He said: "It is a principle too long forgotten, and ought never again to be lost sight of, that the creature is subject to the Creator." That settled it; the power that grants a charter (the people) can also control that charter, "even to its complete destruction," said the same righteous Judge in a later decision. From these decisions have come our Interstate Commerce Law, and others equally important are sure to follow.

Henry George is for Cleveland, which is one thing against him.

Secretary Bayard would like to retire from the state department and return to the senate.

W. P. Tomlinson is making capital for himself if not for his party, and it don't make much difference how they get the initials.

It appears to us that the Topeka Democrat is giving signs of an awakening in the temperance cause. We earnestly pray for its full conversion.

Cleveland will be reelected. The Democrat says so. A few weeks ago it declared the contrary. It has now more light. It came from the White House.

Whiskey would not float the Abilene capital removal convention, although, according to all accounts a vast amount was shipped in from Kansas City.

A dispatch says Senator Gray has abandoned the fight for the chief justiceship. A man who makes a fight, for such a place ought to be speedily abandoned by the president, and this is said to be the policy of Cleveland, in this instance.

The senate committee on education and labor has made favorable reports on Senator Blair's bill to restrict the sale of opium in the District of Columbia and the territories; house bill to establish a department of labor; senate joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution forever prohibiting the manufacture, importation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors in the United States.

The Knights of Labor have lost one half its membership during the past year. It was the best managed organization of the kind. Mr. Powderly was one of the safest and most conservative of leaders. The principles of the order are good almost without exception. The cause of failure rested with the membership. It was lawless, impulsive, indiscreet, ungovernable. Despite all denials, it represented anarchy, socialism, infidelity and disorder, when it should have stood for the very opposite, as its best men tried to make it.

Conkling died, it is said, a poor man. His law practice for a few years past, was worth to him only about \$100,000 a year. He was worth at his death perhaps one or two hundred thousand. And this because he did not steal himself rich when in congress, or enter into speculation as Blaine and Sherman did. The miserable influence of this kind of talk about prominent men dying poor, especially if they have been in public service, does not seem to enter into the common mind.

It is educating the public to the idea that a man with not over \$100,000 is a fit subject for the nation's poor house—in other words if he has had a little public position, at a good salary, and then dies, his wife is entitled to a pension. We have already set our boat a float in the outer eddies of the whirlpool, and if it keeps on it will not be long before we have an army of pensioners that will relieve the treasury of any amount of surplus. Let the idea be enforced with emphasis, that any man worth \$50,000 has an ample competence, and no apologies or explanations for his poverty are needed. If he happens to die, let it be known that the country will tolerate no thought of giving his wife a pension whether he were president, general or constable.

Kansas Salt.

The quarterly report of the Kansas state board of agriculture for the quarter ending March 31, contains a summary of the reports of correspondents.

An interesting feature of the report is the report of Prof. Robert Hay, of Junction City, geologist of the board, on "Kansas Salt." He says:

The salt discoveries in Kansas are as remarkable as any in the world, the supply practically inexhaustible. Kansas will speedily obtain possession of the western market.

At Ellsworth the mining company formed to drill was organized with a capital of \$10,000. It is boring a second time to test by a diamond drill the quality of the salt, to determine whether the salt shall be mined or the brine evaporated. At Lyons the position is similar, and the local capital subscribed has been increased by \$25,000, and outside capital brought in. At Kingman the capital is \$30,000, and the city has subscribed \$5,000 to the enterprise.

At Hutchinson the work of development is most advanced. At South Hutchinson, where the salt was first found, two companies, with capital going into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, are engaged in developing from a second boring. One of these proposes to sink a shaft and mine the salt, which is as pure as that of Petite Anse. The other will erect a salt block and handle brine, after the manner of the Michigan manufacturers. On the north side of the river, in West Hutchinson, the Wyoming company, a branch of a company manufacturing salt at Syracuse, N. Y., has its drilling far advanced and erects a block for using the "Granger" process, as is used in

Michigan. The evaporating pans will be 129 feet long, and the heat for evaporating the brine will be supplied by coils of steam pipe, 3½ inches in diameter, which will run through the pans. This company's works will have a capacity of 1,500 bushels of salt per day. Another company, whose capital mostly is subscribed in Chicago and New York to the extent of a million dollars, has secured land northeast of the city, and is already several hundred feet down with the drill. The salt itself is to be penetrated by a diamond drill to determine from its purity whether mining the solid salt will be better than evaporating brine. The shaft to be sunk is to be constructed so as to admit two cages at once, being 12x22 feet, and the machinery is calculated to raise 2,000 tons per day. This is the Chicago Salt company. Another company do business under the firm name of The Kansas Salt company, and its second well has reached the salt. The works which are modified from those so successful in England, consist of six elevated storage tanks, which are each 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 8 feet deep, into which the brine is pumped from the wells. Next are four wrought-iron evaporating pans, 70 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 12 inches deep. These are below the level of the bottom of the storage tanks, so that the brine will flow by gravity from tank to pan. Under each pan are three furnaces at one end, and these open into a large chamber, where the rest of the pan is supported by square stone pillars, and the heated air escapes by a huge iron smokestack—one for each pan. The brine from the pan enters the pan at the end nearest the smokestack and gradually passes to the hotter parts over the furnaces, and as it reaches the saturation point by the rapid evaporation the salt crystals form and sink, and are raked out upon a sloping platform at the side of the tank, whence, after draining for some time, they are passed into cars at a lower level and taken to the packing warehouse, where, being sufficiently dried and otherwise treated for removal of adhering impurities, the salt is put in barrels, for which storage is provided to the number of 12,000. With these appliances the quantity made in a day will be from six to eight hundred barrels. Coal will be supplied to the furnaces from a railway switch passing in front of them, and another switch runs up to the warehouse and carries away the salt for export. The actual outlay of capital, exclusive of that required for wages and other current expenses, is over \$80,000. The works occupy over three acres of land and are adjacent to the immense meat packing house of Tobey & Booth, which is now using English salt. The State reformatory is within a quarter of a mile to the northeast.

Thus we see that at Hutchinson there is being provision made for an immense production of salt. All the various methods of its manufacture will be there illustrated and every method that the ingenuity and persistence of western men can use will be brought to bear in selling the product in and out of the state.

The residence of A. D. Campbell, Thirteenth and Lane streets, was burned to the ground yesterday afternoon, and two human beings perished. The occupants were the Campbells and Jas. McLaughlin and wife and Annie Evans.

About 4 o'clock Miss Evans was filling the tank of a gasoline stove while burning, when an explosion took place. Mrs. McLaughlin and her 6 years old daughter were in the room.

Miss Evans put the can down and followed Mrs. McLaughlin out doors, but hearing the child screaming, she went to her rescue and got her out of the kitchen and into a south room. A second explosion then took place and the rooms were filled with flame and smoke. People on the outside saw Miss Evans and the little girl sink to the floor, enveloped in flames which rapidly spread and the entire building was on fire.

It was hoped for a time that Miss Evans and the child had escaped during the excitement. For some time no search could be made for the bodies. About 5 o'clock some one discovered portions of a foot and leg; and after considerable difficulty the bodies were extricated from the ruins. They were burned and shriveled so as to be hardly recognizable as human forms. They were taken charge of by Undertaker Barkley.

Mr. Campbell is a commercial traveler for the Forest City Baking Powder company, Chicago. He estimates the loss at about \$2,000. He had no insurance. Mr. McLaughlin is a carpenter.

The only relative of Miss Evans in this city is a brother. Her parents are in England.

Deputy Marshal Currier, brought in W. A. Garrett, of Sumner county, who was indicted by the last grand jury on a charge of extortion under the colors of the United States officer. Garrett's bond was placed at \$500.

Seven Topeka horses have been entered for the fall meeting of the Kansas Association of Trotting Horse Breeders.

P. H. Coney has received pensions recently for Marv Harbert, widow of Obadiah Harbert, of this city, and for F. Shaffer, of Eudora, Douglas county, Kansas. These claims were secured in the shortest time that any claims were ever secured in Kansas.

Peter Heigh 43 years old who died at his home, 448 Clay street on Thursday was buried yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

A new porch is being put on the front of the Windsor in place of the old one.

The Rock Island Company have laid off about fifty men in the shops and roundhouse at Herrington. It is rumored that this is result of a quarrel between Mr. Herrington, the founder of the town and the company, over the sale of town lots. Herrington is one of the most thrifty, prosperous and beautiful towns in the state.

Nellie Davis, who is enjoying an extended visit in California, is expected home in a few days.

Postmaster Payne took a trip into the country yesterday morning. He reports the farmers all very busy and crops looking very well. He saw wheat a foot high and very fine for this time of year.

Messrs. Geo. B. Payne & Co. have opened a real estate and insurance office at 810 on the avenue, E. T. Mathews' old stand. Mr. Payne is an old insurance adjuster, and is thought up in the business and the firm have a full line of companies. Mr. Oscar Bischoff is a member of the firm and is two well known to need introduction. Mr. Payne is a brother of postmaster Payne and is recently from Kentucky.

Warrants have been sworn out by the city attorney for the arrests of George Brown, J. Haskell and W. H. Bradbury, milkmen, charging them with selling adulterated milk. Some of these parties claim in extenuation that they purchased their milk of other milkmen, and one of them stated that the dairymen from whom he purchased the milk which he sold had been watering their milk for a long time. Why he continued to purchase of him and retail it to customers does not appear. The sample of milk taken from Brown's wagon was not only watered but showed other adulterations, so the city attorney states. City Attorney Bird declares it to be his intention to prosecute all vendors of impure milk. Other arrests are likely to follow, and as the city ordinance now in force governing the sale of milk is concise and plain, and provides severe penalties for violators, they will be dealt with severely.

W. B. Rambo, an old resident of Topeka, has been in the city for several days, settling up business matters. He is now engaged in the hardware business at Westmoreland.

A large gray eagle is mounted and on exhibition in the front window of Rowley Bros' drug store. It is a noble specimen of the national bird, measuring six feet from tip to tip of his wings. His talons are two inches in length. It was killed on the Diamond ranch in Chase county, by H. R. Hilton.

Mrs. Isabella J. Burgen has sued the city for \$10,000 damages.

In her petition she sets forth for a cause of action the facts that on the 30th of April, 1887, she was riding in her buggy across the Kansas river bridge when it was run into by the hoodlum wagon, which caused her to be thrown out, the buggy crushed and wrecked and plaintiff to be dragged some distance. The driver of the hoodlum, made no effort to stop his horses after the disaster he occasioned by his recklessness, but kept on unmindful of the wrongs he had done plaintiff. At the time of the injuries complained of, plaintiff was pregnant, and a premature birth ensued.

The result of the accident was the shattering of plaintiff's health which to restore she expended \$1,000, but remains and always will sickly, she having been pronounced incurable.

This case is one with which the people of the north side are well acquainted. The plaintiff is the wife of Dr. Bergen and the details of the fearful accident are fresh in the memory of all. There are few women in Topeka who would take the chances for life in a like collision for the damages asked by Mrs. Bergen. If any claim of like character is ever just it is so in this instance.

Deputy United States Marshal Leggett has been found guilty of extortion in the United States district court.

What is called German measles is prevailing among the school children of both Quincy and Grant schools.

All winter long the papers have been full of the "popular" Birmingham balls at Metropolitan hall. The season closes with the alleged elopement of the fellow Birmingham with the buxom wife of a railroad man, who has been one of the attractions of these tony affairs, and the breaking up of a family and the coming to grief of a young lady engaged to the prime actor. Altogether it illustrates the character of "society" that monopolizes the columns of the modern newspaper.

C. Livermore of Clay Center, a long-time resident of Kansas, gave Marshal Allen yesterday an account of a robbery of \$200 perpetrated on himself yesterday forenoon. He was on the Rock Island train coming west from Kansas City, and while asleep between here and Lawrence, he was awakened by a stranger who asked him if he could change \$20. He drew out a roll of bills amounting to \$200, but was unable to change the stranger's bill. He then again fell asleep and on waking up about ten minutes later discovered that his money was gone.

It is always humiliating to the legitimate profession when a pretended journalist uses his columns to gratify personal spleen. There are publications that exist almost entirely by levying black mail. A man who will not advertise comes in for personal abuse. His character is assailed; his business derided, and if he cannot be robbed in this way, no stone is left unturned to injure his business with the public. Such papers sell themselves for a show ticket or a railroad pass if they cannot do better. They put an extravagant value on "complimentaries." A ticket to a dime museum they will buy them. If they can not have this they will have revenge, by abusing the proprietor. They belong to a class of sponges for which there is no earthly use, and are without the respect of legitimate publishers as well as in contempt with the intelligent public.

Mrs. J. Barratt, who has been visiting friends during the week at Carbondale, will return home on Monday.

Palaces on Wheels

The first train on the Santa Fe's new Chicago line will leave the Kansas City union depot at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, another will leave at 6 o'clock Sunday evening, and the first will arrive from Chicago at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. The trains will be the finest ever seen in the west, and are an improvement on the famous Pullman vestibuled train. Each train consists in its makeup of one baggage car, a mail car, a second-class coach, two first-class coaches, a composite, or parlor smoking coach, one dining car and two sleeping coaches, or thirty-six vestibule coaches in all. The Pullman company have been engaged for six months in the construction of these trains. They have electric lights and are heated by steam from the locomotive, thus guarding against the danger of fire. The sleeping cars, sixty-nine feet long, are furnished in Louis XV design, with mahogany and English antique oak. They are elaborately upholstered in peacock blue silk glaze plush, and, in brief, contain all modern improvements for comfort and convenience.

The composite or parlor smoking car is in two apartments, the reading section containing a library, writing-desk, etc. These cars as can well be understood, are also finished with exquisite taste in silk glaze plush and gold brown, with easy lounging chairs, sofas, ottomans, etc., as well as with movable wicker settees. The wood work is of English antique oak in Moorish design and elaborately carved.

The dining cars are gems of comfort and luxurious ease. They are furnished in French antique oak, elaborately carved. In addition to the other conveniences, these dining cars contain inclosed sections for private parties. They also possess very elaborate bouffe and wine rooms. The kitchen, perfect in all its details, is of metal, no wood being exposed, thus again evidencing the great care that has been taken to guard against fires.

The train throughout is equipped with Pullman vestibule and safety device to keep the cars in line and to absolutely prevent telescoping. The trucks are of the latest improved standard, with forty-two steel-tired paper wheels. The entire length of each train will be about 600 feet, the longest vestibule train ever seen in this or any other country. The system of lighting is by electricity. This system comprises a small brotherhood engine and dynamo which is placed in the baggage car, occupying a space of about three feet by five, and from which the wires are led through the train, thus charging the storage batteries that are carried under the cars.

The first-class coaches are furnished in mahogany, with high backed sofa seats, upholstered in the finest maroon and old gold and mohair plush. Each coach has gents' toilet, also ladies' toilet and dressing rooms. A unique feature in the interior arrangements of the car is that the heat is cut off from the body of the car by heavy portiere curtains.

The second-class coach is equally well arranged and furnished. The latter is in native ash with Moorish designed ceilings rattaned sofa-seats, and closet and toilet rooms.

The baggage and mail cars are constructed on the newest principles and furnished with all the details necessary for comfort, convenience, and efficiency. By this arrangement each car is electrically independent of the others and should a car be detached for any purpose it still contains a self-sustaining supply of electricity. Each car has also its own system of switches, so that the light can be turned on or off at will.

The interior trimmings of these vestibule cars are silver plated and most elaborate and pleasing in design.

The exterior, including the breaking attachments, are of solid bronze and are also very striking in appearance.

J. A. Campbell was surprised when our contemporaries announced that he performed a solo on the piano at the entertainment at Mrs. R. W. Day's Wednesday evening. He stoutly affirms that he could do any such thing, unless it was turned out with a crank. Several other solos failed to materialize, but a grand good time was had, and all went home hoping that something similar would soon occur again.

In the United States district court yesterday, the jury in the case of C. C. Maitland, who was charged with conducting an illicit distillery, brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Deputy Marshal Currier will leave today with W. S. Snodgrass, for Parkersburg, West Virginia. Snodgrass is wanted there for obtaining illegal pension fees. He was transferred to the district of Virginia for trial.

The Copeland office is newly kalsomined and looks as neat as a new pin.

J. T. Bradley has commenced a suit against Jesse McDowell, of Clay county, and asks for judgment for \$1,000 for attorney's fees due him from the defendant.

A general holiness meeting will be held at the corner of Third and Jefferson May 6, at 3 p. m.

In the revival meetings at the Christian church the subject to-night is, "The Good Confession, or the Creed of the Church." The ordinance of baptism will be administered at the close of the service.

The funeral of Myrtle Lidell aged 10 years who died yesterday of diphtheria took place this afternoon at two o'clock from the residence of her parent on the north west corner of Morse and Jackson streets to the Rochester cemetery. Rev. E. P. Riley conducted the services. The death of this little one is peculiarly sad, as she had hardly been considered dangerously ill, or at least the danger was thought to be over, when she threw up her arms and said, "O mamma I believe I am going to die," and in a few moments she was dead. Her little schoolmates have draped her vacant seat in the schoolroom in mourning in memory of their playmate they miss and mourn.

G. C. Clements has been retained by the butchers of the city to defend them in court. They will make a determined fight against the occupation tax as it now stands.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

SENATOR PAYNE smiles frequently, but seldom laughs.

SENATOR EDMUNDS never laughs out loud, and Sherman but seldom.

GEN. HUGH EWING has written a novel called "A Castle in the Air."

SENATOR EVARTS seldom laughs loud enough for any one else to hear him.

SENATOR VANCE laughs like a boy, and his rollicking ha! ha! can be heard a block away.

THE tallest man in the United States Senate is Blodgett, of New Jersey, who is six feet four.

REV. MR. GAMBLE, of Harrisburg, Pa., predicts that the world will come to an end in 1900.

CHINA now furnishes a third only of the tea used in England. India furnishes the greater part.

AN elevated riding school is an innovation in New York. It is located in the third story of a building.

LUDWIG BARNAY, the German tragedian, was a bricklayer's apprentice in his boyhood and was dismissed for incapacity.

ALL the arsenic in the United States on the 1st of January was in the hands of twelve druggists who are trying to force up prices.

THE Duke of Marlborough returns to this country in June, it is said, to continue his wooing of a young and a very wealthy American widow.

ONE of the most gorgeous turnouts in Washington this season is the drag of Congressman Morse, of Massachusetts. It has brilliant scarlet wheels.

ROSS WINANS, the noted American sportsman, intends to give up his deer forests in Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, which extends over about 260,000 acres.

HON. A. E. JUDEVINE, of Hardwick, Vt., has given by will one-fourth of his estate to the university at Burlington. The bequest is thought to be worth \$200,000.

THE late Joseph W. Drexel was one-third owner of the Philadelphia Ledger, and his shares will now be divided with his brother Anthony and George W. Childs.

ONE of the old timers in political life is Senator Isham G. Harris, who was Tennessee's war Governor. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1849.

MRS. OSCAR WILDE is making green the only color of her garments. She has suits of half a dozen shades of the verdant hue, with bonnets hats, gloves and parasols to match.

A DUDE who was visiting friends in the country complained of the eggs. "They seem," said he, "lacking in flavor, compared with our city eggs; they are rather insipid, aw!"

A MONUMENT to John James Audubon is to be erected in Trinity Cemetery, over looking the Hudson River, N. Y., at a cost of \$10,000, for which the American Ornithologists' Union has sent out an appeal to the public.

AN old couple in Lichieres, France, after celebrating their golden wedding, took to quarrelling, and the man finally threw his wife in the fire, killed her with a heart stab, and cut his own throat.

A SHREWD gambler took a room at a New Haven boarding house, gave the boarders to understand that he was a clergyman, got acquainted with a number of Yale students, finally engaged in games of poker with them and skipped the town \$500 or \$600 richer.

THERE is in New York city a remarkable blind man who sells cigars for a living. It is said that he can go over every variety of goods in his case, explain its merits, name the brand, tell you the price, converse about its shapes and sizes, and give the name of the kind of wrapper, filler and binder with facility and accuracy.

DONN PIATT is in the Providence Hospital, Washington. The Colonel is noted for the illegibility of his handwriting, and when he sent a note to a friend the other day the friend was shocked to read a postscript which read: "I am in a blamed hornet's nest." After some further study it was discovered that what Piatt had really written was: "I am in a blessed haven of rest."

FROM THE CLOUDS.

A Michigan Aeronaut Drops 10,000 Feet With a Parachute.

He Reaches the Ground in Safety Three Minutes After Jumping From the Balloon—The Best Record Broken.

Jackson (Mich.) special to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "It is claimed by the balloonist Baldwin that he has dropped five thousand feet from a balloon with a parachute. I shall drop at least ten thousand feet, and shall attempt what no balloonist ever did. I shall drop with the chute closed, leaving it entirely to the air to open the chute."

So said Edward D. Hogan to a group of newspaper men who had assembled this morning on a large vacant lot northwest of town to see him make his foolhardy venture. Hogan is a local aeronaut, and lives with his family at No. 421 Van Buren street. He was for fourteen years employed in a planing mill here, and only during the last four years has devoted himself to ballooning as a profession. He has studied the subject thoroughly, however, for many years, having from childhood taken the keenest interest and delight in the science of sailing air ships. He rigged up a workshop at his home, and there he spent every spare moment experimenting in construction of balloons, and on every possible occasion had made an ascension, frequently going up to considerable height. During the past few months he has given his attention to parachutes, and on February 9th last announced, as soon as the frost was out of the ground, he should ascend to an altitude of ten thousand feet and drop from the car.

"There is no use," he said, "of my attempting to do anything unless I can beat all previous records, and fall further than any living man. A few hundred feet less or a few hundred feet more will count nothing for me. I must at least double the distance."

PREPARING FOR THE PERILOUS TRIP. He repeated this talk this morning when getting his car ready, and at 9:35 the balloon ascended. As the balloon left the earth one of the guy ropes holding the chute broke.

To describe this particular "chute" it is only necessary to imagine a white globe twenty feet in diameter cut through the center; in this way you have two parachutes, the professor only having one. It contained one hundred yards of stout cloth. It is not unlike a mammoth umbrella without a stick, the braces being flexible cords running down twenty-five feet, and fastening to an iron ring two feet in diameter. The other cords all run clear up to the seams of the "chute," so they can not give way. This parachute was fastened to the outside of the hot-air balloon in a perpendicular form by the cord. When the balloon was at the proper height the Professor intended to take hold of the iron ring, swing clear from the balloon, depend on the air to inflate the "chute," and take his chances of reaching terra firma in safety. The balloon was inflated by sixty thousand feet of hot air, balloon, parachute and apparatus for inflating the balloon all being of Mr. Hogan's own manufacture. As he stepped in the car and gave orders for the ropes holding the balloon to the ground to be cast off, the Professor said to the correspondent, who took what the latter believed to be final leave of a daring and reckless man:

"My balloon ought to take me up two miles at least. The parachute won't inflate inside of three hundred feet from the time I leave the balloon. This distance will occupy three seconds of time, after that I expect to come down all right inside of one minute and thirty seconds. Let her go."

THE ASCENT. At the word the ropes were cut and the monster went sailing upward.

"The chutes guy has broken," cried Hogan almost instantly. "I'll have to come down and start over." As soon as possible Hogan descended. "I'll go up again in an hour," he said.

The second trial was a success. The balloon shot up almost straight to a distance of fully ten thousand feet. It then settled about four hundred feet, and hung like a ball in the heavens. The anxious and excited crowd of people on the ground watched the balloon with bated breath. The reporters were provided with powerful glasses, and saw Hogan make ready to jump.

"He'll weaken," said some one. "No," cried another watcher, "he is getting out."

The chute was closed. Hogan drew it up till he reached the ropes to which he lashed himself. He did not expect the chute to open for the first two or three hundred feet, and he was afraid he might be shaken off the bar by the rapidity of the fall unless he took the precaution to fasten himself. When he stepped on the edge of the car to spring off into space some of the spectators grew pale and sick. Surely this daring man was going to certain death.

THE TERRIBLE LEAP. A shout of terror goes up. Hogan has jumped. Down like a cannon-ball he fell five hundred feet. The chute had not yet opened. He was falling like a meteor, and the spectators shut their eyes while still keeping their glasses elevated. Suddenly a shout goes up. The chute has caught the air. It opens like the wings of a monster eagle. Hogan's flight downward was almost stopped with a jerk. Then the

chute settles down to a steady journey earthward with its passenger, and in three minutes from the time the reckless man left the balloon he landed safely in an open field some little distance from where the ascent was made.

The *Globe-Democrat* correspondent was almost the first to grasp the hand of the aeronaut.

"I lost my breath," said he, "when I shot down so fast, but I caught it again after a time. It was a great jump, wasn't it?"

Prof. Hogan was smeared with smut. He had never seen a man jump with a chute. He was much disappointed at the slow time made, expecting to come down in ninety seconds. The chute was twenty feet in diameter. Oscillation was guarded against by means of a four-inch hole in the apex. He was overwhelmed with congratulations, and is quite the hero of the hour.

HOGAN'S CAREER.

Mr. Hogan came to this city eighteen years ago from Ypsilanti, where, as a boy, he made his first ascension in the summer of 1886. The man who first put ballooning into the boy's head was W. M. Clayton, who followed circuses during the summer and made trips in hot balloons. He lived in the family with Ed all winter, and when spring came the future balloonist was as full of vistas as a boy who is to see his first circus. That summer Clayton came to Ypsilanti with a circus, and was to make the ascension, but Ed persuaded Clayton to allow him to go up instead. The matter was kept secret between the two men, and when the leaky old hot-air affair sailed up in the atmosphere, Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, sitting on their stoop a few rods from the scene, waved their hands at the boy, supposing he was Clayton. The next day the papers told the story, and Ed got a good thrashing, but it didn't cure him. The future balloonist then began to study and save, always declaring that so soon as he could get money enough to build and inflate a balloon he would go up. No amount of talk ever had any effect on him. He was bound to rise in the world, even if he came down hard.

He made his first notable ascension in May, 1890, leaving the ground hanging by his toes to a piece of gas-pipe, which he called a trapeze. The balloon was up two hours and twenty minutes, landing at Stockbridge, eighteen miles north of this city. That trip made him "Prof." He has saved a snug little sum, built a couple of nice houses, has a healthy bank account and twenty hot-air balloons. He has now fallen further than any other man and escaped unharmed.

How to Win Fame.

"I can't do it. I haven't time enough."

"Yes, you have."

"Don't see how you make that out," replied the first speaker who was discussing with a friend the advisability of taking up a certain course of scientific reading. "I work at my desk from nine o'clock to five o'clock every day except Sunday, and I must take recreation in the evening."

"I'll prove to you that you can. You get up at six o'clock, say, have breakfast at seven and finish at half past seven. This gives you an hour to study before you go to work. You have an hour for your luncheon, and then you manage to spend another hour every afternoon over your pipe and newspaper don't you?"

"Yes."

"With less time than Garfield became a classic scholar. Gladstone became one of the most widely read men in the world. Disraeli made himself a famous author and Edwin Arnold wrote his 'Light of Asia.'"

"Yes, but they were men of genius."

"True; the genius of hard work. I will cite another case of which I have personal knowledge. Some years ago I knew a bright young man named Leslie Bulgrove. He was a post-office clerk in Indianapolis, Ind. He was one of the most accomplished men I ever saw. He devoted his three hours of leisure every day to various pursuits. He divided them with unvarying method. This is what he did in five years. He had read and committed to memory all of Shakespeare's plays. He could read Latin, Greek and French fluently. He was an expert flute player. He was one of the best natural historians I knew. In addition to this he was proficient in every line of fencing and marksmanship, and although he did not weigh more than 130 pounds he could strike a ninety-pound blow with his fist. He simply in turn devoted half an hour a day to each subject. He kept this up unremittingly for five years and finally attained such a degree of proficiency in each that he might have been called a master. The secret of his success was hard work. He wasted no time. It is true that he might have devoted his time to more profitable studies, and had he done so he might have made a great name for himself. I only instance his case to show you that you and almost every man of your acquaintance waste enough time to make him great had he devoted it to its proper use."

New York Mail and Express.

Painfully Sweet.

"Did you prick yourself, dear?" she asked anxiously, as he suddenly withdrew his arm.

"Only a trifle," he tenderly responded, sucking his thumb; every rose you know, darling, has its thorn."—*Epoch*.

Battling With Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is the most dreaded of all zymotic diseases. It does not yield readily to treatment and the medical fraternity and health scientists in general are yet comparatively in the dark as to its cause. In its last annual report the State Board of Health of Wisconsin speaks of diphtheria as a disease "which claims annually a larger tax in the way of human life than any other disease;" and the New York State Board in its report 1887 says that for three years past almost exactly one-third of all the mortality from contagious diseases has been due to diphtheria.

Isolation and disinfection have been effective in preventing the spread of the disease whenever it has appeared in Wisconsin, and in Michigan, also, good results have followed this course of procedure. In the latter state the Board of Health enforced the policy of isolation and disinfection 116 outbreaks in 1886, in which there were 332 cases and 77 deaths; but in 102 outbreaks where no restrictive efforts were made, there were 1,650 cases and 339 deaths.

Diphtheria is supposed to be caused by germs which effect a lodgement in the throat and develop a membrane, or a fungoid growth that obstructs the breathing of patients and frequently chokes them, or causes blood poisoning. Prof. E. A. Borge, of the Wisconsin State University, in a paper on "Diseases Germs and Germ diseases" read before the State Board of Health at its last annual session, said: "No other animal than man has a disease exactly resembling diphtheria;" therefore the difficulties of the case are very great. He says, however, that "two germs have been found connected with diphtheria which may be the cause of the disease; one of these creates a somewhat similar affection in calves, the other in pigeons."

All the evidence afforded in the subject by the New York Board of Health bears out the theory that the germs of the disease may be carried by persons who have been in contact with the sick; that the germs remain in the clothing, the bedding, the carpets, and other hangings, and retain their vitality and power for mischief for a surprisingly long time.

It has also been generally established that disease is promoted by lack of drainage, contaminated water, and the presence of filth near dwelling places; and that unclean cellars are largely responsible for outbreaks of diphtheria in both city and country. Therefore, health boards are turning their energy in the direction of sanitation, with encouraging results.

As to the treatment of the disease, the doctors are never idle. Diphtheria is discussed at almost every assemblage of medical men, and medical publications promptly report every discovery of value by investigators as to cause and cure. In a recent issue of the New York Medical Journal Dr. J. Corbin, of Brooklyn, reports remarkable success in the treatment of diphtheria with the fumes of black oxide of mercury and the mild chloride of mercury which he volatilized with an alcohol lamp under tents which he constructed over his patients. Other physicians who had become aware of Dr. Corbin's success applied the same treatment in cases which came under their care, with equally happy results. Dr. Corbin shows a record of thirty cases, of which twenty-five ended in recovery and five in death—a mortality of 16 per cent., which the doctor says is an exceedingly good showing, even if the five deaths had resulted from a failure of the method of treatment—which in his opinion they did not.

General publication should be made for the benefit of mankind of every success in the treatment of diphtheria, so that physicians by studying the various methods may eventually arrive at some rational course of procedure which shall effectually subjugate the terrible malady.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Fortune's Freaks with Twins.

Some suggestive figures are given in the report of the registrar general of births, deaths and marriages in Scotland for the year 1885, just issued. During the year in question, 1,437 women in Scotland bore more than one child at a birth of which 1,423 were twin cases, and 14 triplet. The number of mothers bearing children during the year was 124,649, of whom one in every 83 bore twins, and one in every 8,903 bore triplets.

On inquiry into the occupation of the fathers of the twins, it is found that in 331 cases they were workmen of various kinds, as carpenters, masons, plasterers, smiths, etc.; in 300 the occupation was that of a farmer, steward, plowman, laborer, or those connected with the working of land; in 114 cases mining was the work of the fathers; 10 were fishermen or seamen, 79 merchants and shopkeepers, as grocers, bakers, etc.; 75 were engineers or connected with such work; 68 were clerks, travelers, agents, etc.; 85 were factory hands; 64 grooms carters, and others connected with horses; in 20 cases only the male parent belonged to one of the various "learned professions;" 25 were shoemakers or saddlers; a like number being hotel-keeper, brewers, waiters, etc.; 23 were tailors; 21 soldiers or policemen; 4 were watchmakers and 3 printers, while in 86 cases the births were illegitimate, and the vocation of the fathers not known.

It certainly seems a strange irony of fate that twins so often appear in families least able to give them a cordial welcome.—*St. James's Gazette*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The newest veil is made of fine wire gauze.

Donnelly's great cryptogram will be published May 1.

This week 700 Hebrew families will leave Jassy, Russia, for America.

Claus Spreckles will erect a \$3,000,000 sugar refinery in the Quaker City.

Mrs. Cleveland employs a secretary now to write all her autograph letters.

President Monroe was the last President who carried a cocked hat under his arm.

Snow has just fallen in Formosa, China, for the first time within the memory of man.

Bessemer, Alabama, is just one year old and has between three and four thousand inhabitants.

One hundred thousand butterflies of all sizes, shapes and colors are to be put on exhibition in New York.

A Battle Creek, Mich., man recently naturalized, who couldn't get to the polls sent in his ballot by mail.

A few years ago cotton seed was thrown away as worthless, but to-day the seed is as valuable as the lint.

Mr. John B. Fry, who was once private secretary of Henry Clay, is living at Sidney, N. V., nearly 70 years old.

Mrs. Cleveland always confines herself to Apollinaris water at dinner and wears no bustle when she goes to church.

Professor A. J. Devoe, the New Jersey weather prophet, says that August 2, 3, and 4 will be the warmest days of the summer.

Miss Olive Green and Mr. Ivory White were wedded in an Iowa town recently, the Rev. Mr. Black performing the ceremony.

More than \$200,000,000 of capital is said to have been invested within the last twelve months in southern enterprises and lands.

The heirs are still contesting the will of the late Vice President Wheeler. He leaves about \$35,000 to charity and \$10,000 to relatives.

Murat Halstead is now spoken of as the very worst writer in the country. His chirography is worse than was that of Horace Greeley.

"I guess we have so many things to learn at our schools that we don't have any room to understand them in," said a little girl pathetically.

Mrs. Senator Hawley takes her full share of her husband's large correspondence, and is acquiring familiarity with American political platforms.

The observant Mrs. Grundy remarks that "the typewriter as an invention for catching husbands becomes more and more successful everywhere."

A Philadelphia firm of soap manufacturers have a kettle that holds 471,000 pounds of liquids and six kettles that hold 150,000 pounds each.

A bill providing for a monument over the body of John Gray, the last Revolutionary soldier, who died some years ago, has been introduced into Congress.

Roswell P. Flower was one of nine children born to a poor country tailor. He started, in life on a salary of \$5 per month, and kept his expenses within his income.

Gov. Hill spends nearly every Sunday in New York, and it is hinted that just now he is more concerned about his matrimonial prospects than his presidential boom.

Pattison Jolly, the oldest printer in the world, died recently at Dublin, Ireland. He was 104 years old, and printed the first sheet of the *Edinburgh Journal* more than 70 years ago.

A young lady of Fort Valley, Ga., recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him come to church wearing it as a cravat.

Pope Leo has ordered that the walls around the Vatican palace be heightened. High buildings have been erected in the neighborhood which overlook the garden in which the Pope takes his daily walk.

Mr. F. M. Osterhaut, of Tunkhannock, Pa., aged 80, has been sued by Caroline M. Coon for \$40,000 damages for breach of promise. This is a case in which the Coon seeks to make the hunter "come down."

The richest child in America is said to be May Sharpless, a little miss of 9 years, who is worth \$9,000,000 in her own right. Ex-Governor Leon Abbott, of New Jersey, is her guardian, her father being dead.

One of the oldest religious edifices in the country is the Old Swede's church at Wilmington, Del., which was built in 1693. In the church yard rest the remains of the wife and daughter of Secretary Bayard.

Bald Mountain, in North Carolina, is showing signs of a commotion in its interior. People living near it think that it is really a slumbering volcano, and expect some day to see it burst out with a flood of lava.

Queen Victoria has showed no desire to receive Queen Natalie of Serbia, who is also staying at Florence, and in the vicinity of her English Majesty's villa. The Serbian Queen is considered to be of color by her royal sisters.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of John Elliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," in Elliot square, Roxbury, Mass., and unveil it at the two hundredth anniversary of his death, which occurs in about two years.

Says Mrs. Frank P. Blair, apropos of her two-thousand-dollar a year pension: When my husband died his estate, which had once been valuable, was estimated at \$500, he having spent his private means to equip his regiment."

Professor Hermann, the prestidigitator, has challenged Mme. Diss Debar, the spirit medium, for a test in calling up the old masters to make pictures. For \$1,000 Professor Hermann offers to produce the same kind of pictures Mme. Debar does and expose her tricks.

The cast of the late Emperor William of Germany's head, taken after death, was intended for the Empress Augusta alone, and the mould has been broken by command of the family, in order that only one example shall exist. The cast shows how curiously small the Emperor's head was.

THE CRUCIFIXION RELICS.

Where the Cross, Lance, Nails and Sponge Are.

The Holy Shroud's Depository—The Holy Stairs Preserved in the Basilica at Rome—Origin of the Society of the Holy Face.

The relics of the crucifixion are objects dear to every Christian, but few know of their history and present location. To the pious Helena, the mother of Constantine, the world owes much for the discovery of the cross. She visited Palestine in the year 320, and, razing to the ground the temple that had been erected to Venus over the tomb of the Savior, began a search for the precious relic. After much excavatory proceedings the workmen came upon the sepulchre, near by which were discovered three crosses. The inscription, "I. N. R. I.," was detached and lying convenient. Which was the cross of the Savior was ascertained by the working of a miracle, and was soon after enshrined in a silver case, with the exception of two pieces, one of which was sent to Rome and the other to Constantinople.

Jerusalem was captured by the Persians in 614 and the cross was conveyed to Persia. Heraclius vanquished the Persians in 628 and one of the conditions of the peace sued for by the Persians was the return of the cross. When the Arabs took Jerusalem they endeavored to obtain possession of the portion of the cross recovered by Heraclius, but the Christians divided it into small pieces, which they sent to various places. Thus it was that so many churches obtained relics of the True Cross, the largest portions being in the Basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome and in the Cathedral of Paris.

The tablet on which is the well-known inscription I. N. R. I. (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews), is preserved in the Basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome, which was especially built to enshrine the relics forwarded to Rome by Helena. As to whether there were three or four nails to the cross found by Helena, there is much doubt. History says that one was thrown by Helena into the sea to calm a storm. In the Church of the Holy Cross is a portion of a nail which is said to have been presented by St. Helena. It is believed that the missing part was cut off and placed in the crown of Constantine, which is now known as the celebrated Iron Crown of the Kings of Italy. This is made of gold, lined on the inside with a very thin plate of iron, forged from the missing portion of the sacred nail. The third nail is in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, and at Monza, near Milan, is another nail whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

The body of the lance that pierced the side of Christ is at Rome and the point is at Paris. The sponge is at Rome in the Basilica of St. John of Lateran. The principal part of the crown of thorns is preserved in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, but it is devoid of thorns, pieces of which have been granted to a great many churches. The relic, with a fragment of the cross, is borne in triumph by twelve canons or cures of Paris in the solemn procession which is held at 8 o'clock, Good Friday night in Notre Dame. The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is in Rome, in the Church of St. Praxedes, since 1223. The other part is in Jerusalem, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The City of Turin rejoices in the possession of the shroud, or winding sheet, in which Joseph of Arimathea enveloped the body of our Saviour. According to tradition, it was brought thither from Jerusalem, and at a feast instituted by Pope Julius III. in 1506, is celebrated in its honor on the 11th of May. This precious relic is preserved in a chapel called the "Holy Shroud." There is even a confraternity bearing the same title. Lisbon and other places also claim to be in possession of the Holy Shroud. It is probable they have only fragments of it, or cloth that merely touched it. However, as it was customary for the Jews to envelop the dead in several winding sheets, it may be that these relics are genuine.

The Catholic Church treasures in Rome the towel of Veronica, bearing the imprint of the face of Jesus. The story runs that the Emperor Tiberius was afflicted with leprosy, and hearing from Pontius Pilate of the many wonders wrought by Jesus in Judea, sent ambassadors to him to obtain a cure; but when they arrived at Jerusalem Jesus had been crucified. Having made inquiries into the circumstances of His life and death, they learned, amongst other things, that He had left the impression of his face to a holy woman afterward known as Veronica, and that many persons had been cured of various maladies by its means. Veronica was visited by the ambassadors. She acknowledged that she possessed the sacred relic and offered to accompany them to Rome, affirming that at sight of it the emperor would be cured. Her offer was accepted, and the event justified her prophecy; for Tiberius did actually obtain his cure after beholding the impression of the divine countenance.

The Society of the Holy Face has branches in many cities. One of its historians says: "Veronica placed the towel which bore the imprint of the sacred countenance of Our Lord in the hands of St. Clement, St. Peter's coadjutor, and afterward his third successor; and it thus became the heritage of the

Church, and has remained in the possession of Rome ever since. At the present day it is in the Vatican Basilica, where it is treasured as one of the most precious relics in the whole world. The Sovereign Pontiffs have always watched over it with jealous care, reserving to themselves exclusively the right to allow it to be inspected."

The largest memento of the crucifixion is the Scala Sancta or holy stairs, which, it is popularly supposed, Christ ascended while being brought into Pilate's presence. The memento is composed of twenty-eight marble steps, and is located in the Church of the Passionists, beyond the walls of Rome. One of the visitors to the Papal jubilee thus writes of these stairs: "No one is allowed to go up them except on their knees, a task arduous and painful, for the climb is a steep one. The Pilgrims, however, undertook the duty with celerity and devotion. From step to step they proceeded, halting at intervals to recite loud prayers and invocations. When the summit was touched some of them could not use their legs for a while because of the pain consequent upon this novel mode of locomotion. The chapel on the landing at the top was in its day a private one for the Popes, and has stored in it many relics of the Passion of the Redeemer, which fact gave rise to the inscription over the altar in Latin, 'There is not in the whole world a holier place than this.' The descent is by easy passages on both sides of the Holy stairs, each terminating at the base with striking pieces of statuary. One of these represents the betrayal of Jesus. The expression of the thick puckered lips of Judas, in the act of kissing the cheek of his Master, is admirably carved. The outer group is a renowned 'Ecce Homo,' with Pilate presenting Christ bound with ropes to the populace.

These stairs were taken to Rome in the year 326 by order of Empress Helena. They are protected by a covering of wood from the wear to which they would be subjected were not such precautions taken. They are five feet long and treasured as relics beyond price.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

Death of an African Potentate Who Understood How to Make His Sovereignty Pay.

The death of the sultan of Zanzibar is a bad thing for British influence on the east coast of Africa, says a cable dispatch to *The New York Sun*, and may cause friction with Germany, which has been very active in those regions of late. The sultan years ago had a misunderstanding with England about the slave trade, and narrowly escaped having his palace brought tumbling about him by shells from British men-of-war anchored in his own harbor. Later he saw the error of his ways, and winking at human traffic, took no part in it. His physician and commander-in-chief of his queer army were Englishmen, and he was fond of giving dinners in what his chief was pleased to style English fashion. He would freely lend horses and carriages to officers of the British men-of-war, and the humblest midshipman was always sure of a good time when ashore at Zanzibar. The sultan must have died rich, for he enjoyed an income of over \$1,000,000 a year, and used to let his idle war-ships on hire as freight steamers. He also made a good thing out of the religious fervor of his subjects, by converting from Zanzibar to Jeddah in his own steamers the pilgrims bound for holy Mecca. The sultan was a free-and-easy sort of Mussulman himself, but he didn't allow the newfangled European doctrine of liberty of conscience to apply to members of his own family. One of his sisters managed to elope with a German employed in a merchant's office at \$20 a week. She became a Christian, and was left a widow almost destitute. Over and over again the poor princess applied for help to her royal brother, but he refused either to see or to forgive her.

Patent Applied For.

A young, handsome and rich bachelor, who is a member of the House of Representatives, is very anxious to get a bill through Congress providing for a handsome public building in his home town before the convention to nominate his successor shall meet next summer.

He made a scientific study of every one of the committee on public buildings, found out which would be for the bill anyway, or with very little urging, discovered what was the "particular vanity" of each of the other and more scrupulous fellows, and sedulously devoted his time, efforts and money to meeting the wishes of each. One of these men, for example, had a daughter who was not receiving as much attention as her fond parents thought her due. Our young and brilliant representative became her most diligent and acceptable admirer, sent her flowers and bonbons, took her to the theater, danced with her, and so won her father's vote and her fancy. Needless to say, his bill was favorably reported in both Houses, and it has not already passed, is certain to do in the near future. This business of "congressing," as the Hon. "Tim" Campbell calls it, demands ingenuity and versatility.

He (a blood)—"Won't you have some wine, Miss Keepstill?" She—"Oh, no, thank you sir; it makes me giddy." "Then for Heaven's sake take some; I'll do you good." (Now they never speak.)—*From a New York*

Dried Human Heads.

In the National Museum are two shrunken heads, with nearly perfect features, long, glossy hair, and having the mouth closed by means of a long fringe of cords. There is a doubled braided cord fastened to the vortex for suspension, and others hanging downwards for the attachment of colored feathers.

There seems to be some confusion in literature about these heads, and I write this note partly to state what I have learned and partly to ask for light.

Dried heads are preserved by many South American tribes. Fletcher and Kidder ("Brazil," 473, illustrated) says:

"The Tamoyos dwelt formerly in the provinces of Rio Janeiro and Minas Geraes, but, being harassed by colonists, were persuaded by the eloquence of Chief Jappy Assu to emigrate north. They migrated more than 3,000 miles to the mouth of the Madeira. Their descendants are now between the Topajoz and the Madeira, among the lakes and channels of the Tupinambas. They are now called the Mundrucus, the most warlike Indians in South America. They live in villages, in each of which there is a fortress where the men sleep at night. This building is adorned within by the dried heads of their enemies decked with feathers."

But the Jivaros, who dwell on the Napo river in Ecuador, do more than dry the heads. They remove all the bones, and shrink the heads until they are no longer than a lady's fist, and are as hard and glossy as polished ebony.

There is an account which says that these people, when they had killed a brave enemy, cut off his head, pounded it with clubs until all the bones within were beaten to a jelly, then removing the bones and smoked the head until it shrank to its present proportions. This has always seemed unreasonable, because the pounding would also destroy the skin.

Mr. Charles K. Knight, an American citizen, went to the Napo country, 180 miles east from Quito, in 1871, and spent five years there in business. He procured one of these dried heads, which is now in the United States National Museum, from the Achualas, a band of Jivaros, through an old Indian who had seen the preparation. The heads thus treated are always trophies taken from a slain enemy. An incision is made quite through the skin around the neck, well down towards the shoulders. The skin is then drawn off over the head, just as one would do in flaying an animal, cuttings being made whenever muscular adhesion made it necessary.

The features are thus left intact. The skin is then soaked in an infusion of some kind of herb, which Mr. Knight did not procure. The second step consisted of filling the skin with hot pebbles and sand, over and over, until it is quite shrunken and dry. The soaking in the decoction and the shrinking and drying are alternately practiced until the trophy is reduced to the desired proportions. The mouth is then sewed up, a cord is passed through the top of the head and the specimen is hung up in the smoke, —*Science.*

Economy of A. T. Stewart and Mrs. Astor.

A story has lately been told that illustrates A. T. Stewart's noted economical spirit. He had given a dinner and a theater party, and instead of taking his guests to the theater in carriages, as they had expected, he hailed a stage and democratically hustled them all into it. Judge and Mrs. Hilton were of the party. While paying the fares Mr. Stewart dropped a piece of money, and during almost the entire trip kept turning up the straw in the bottom of the stage in search of it. Judge Hilton, who was sitting near him, took from his pocket a nickel, and, passing it to the millionaire said: "For heaven's sake, Mr. Stewart, put this in your pocket, and don't kick up any more dust with that straw."

And here is something similar about Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who died not long ago. One night, when the candle by which the servants lighted their way to bed gave out before the allotted time, Mrs. Astor said to Justine, the old French woman who had lived with them some years: "Sprinkle salt around the wick, Justine, and it will light you to bed."—*New York Sun.*

Why the Manuscript Came Back.

Seven times a sketch came back to my address and seven times I placed it in a new envelope and started it out in search of a resting-place. The eighth editor accepted it. Let me say right here that in those days I used an elegant white envelope, with a blue interior, for mailing manuscript, and enclosed one, stamped, for its return. One week after its acceptance I received the manuscript back, without one word of explanation. Dazed, disappointed, I turned it over and over in my hands, and there on the back of the last sheet I saw what enabled me to fathom the mystery; fourteen faint, crooked blue lines crossed and recrossed each other in intricate design. Each time the manuscript had been mailed the moistened inside of that envelope's flap had left its tell-tale mark on the back of the last sheet, until it looked like a mosaic design for fret-saw work. Even editorial judgment was not proof against that.—*C. N. Hood, in March Writer.*

Was Accommodating.

A weary traveler stopped at a wayside clapboard store, among the East Tennessee mountains, and addressing an old fellow who nodded at him, said:

"My dear sir, I am exceedingly hungry, having ridden all day without anything to eat. What have you got?"

"Wall, I dunno. Ain't took stock lately."

"Got some cheese, haven't you?"

"Did have some, finest you ever seed, but the rats got a foul uv hit."

"You surely have crackers?"

"Did have 'bout er ha'fer box uv about the finest crackers in this yere country, but my ole hen got ter layin' in the box, an' now she's a-settin' on the aigs an' has got sich a good start that I don't want ter interfere with her."

"Very singular."

"Don't know that it is, fur I've kep' sto' fur er good while, an' I have noticed that a hen would rather git in a box an' lay on the crackers than putty nigh anywhar else. Seems like she ken lay better. 'Pears ter be suthin' erbout the crackers that inspires her."

"You have some dried crackers I suppose."

"Yes, some uv the finest I ever seed but, you see, the cat has got in the habit uv draggin' them over the flo' at night. She chaws a little bit on one an' then on another, an' has made some uv 'em look sorter wusted, still, ef you think you ken find one that's above suspicion, w'y, go 'round thar an' he'p yo' se'f."

"I don't care to take any chances."

"Jest ez well not, I reckon, fur the flo' fur er good while, an' I'm putty sartin' that she's drag the most uv them fish around even ef she hain't nibbled at 'em much."

"Have you any fresh eggs?"

"Wall, I did have some uv the freshest I ever seed, but I wouldn't like to risk 'em now."

"Great goodness, can't you give me something?"

"Thar's a middlin' uv meat over thar. You might cut you off a few slices and br'ile 'em here on the coals."

"I thank you for the suggestion."

The traveler cut off several slices of meat and soon had them broiled. After satisfying his hunger, he said:

"I don't know what I should have done had it not been for that bacon."

"Comes mighty handy when a feller's sorter hangry."

"Yes, and although I have eaten many a better meal I must say that I never enjoyed one more. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothin' a tall."

"You are surely very accommodating, but you cannot afford such liberality."

"Oh, yas, in this case I could, fur you see the meat wa'n't no use ter me. Old Bill Hinsley's dog drag it outen the smoke-house tuther day an' wuz draggin' it 'cross a fiel', when one uv the boys made him drap it. The meat was fotch back ter me an' ez the dog went mad the next day I was sorter 'feerd ter be snatched, stranger. Wall, good-bye. When you are passin' drap in."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Died of Love.

A Chicago trick elephant has died of a broken heart, owing to the death of an elk which the elephant was partial to. Love seems to have the same effect even upon the humblest of God's creatures. Imagine a strohg, able bodied elephant stricken with the tender passion, and pining for a sign of recognition from the elk in the menagerie. Observe the two animals, with eyes for no other animals, just contented in each others company. Love looks love to eyes which spake again, and all that. Imagine the jealousy of the elephant if polar bear should wink at the elk, or throw a kiss with his great paw at the elephant's ownest own. Only a chain around the elephant's leg, and the cage of the bear, would prevent a tragedy. And then think of the suffering of the elephant when his beloved elk was pining away from having swallowed the wire band that came around a bale of hay. At first the elk, perhaps, was only pale, and refused food. The attendant would fix up a bran mash, and some delicious cut feed, warm with steaming dish water, but the elk would smile his thanks to the attendant, and decline to eat. The wire was getting in its deadly work on the internals of the doomed elk, and the loving elephant could only wait for the end, giving such loving attention to the stricken as the rules of the menagerie permitted. Those who visited the show and saw the mechanical way, perform his tricks in a mechanical way, little knew the burdened bore. His thoughts were with the dying elk, and when his duties were at an end, how he hurried back to his beloved elk to hold her in his strong embrace as life went out. Tenderly he laid her down, and then she went to work to die on her own hook. The cheers of the audience had no charms for the elephant after the elk was dead, and he laid down and breathed a sigh, gave up the ghost, and both were buried in the same grave. Come to investigate the case a little futher, it seems that the elephant was a female and the elk was a male, but there is no use spoiling the story for a little thing like that. If the reader will read "she" when reading of the elephant, and "he" when the elk is spoken of, and exercise a little imagination, there will be no difficulty understanding that love is terrible when the animals get sick and die just the same as humans.—*Peck's Sun.*

HIS FALSE TEETH.

How by Manipulation of Them an Englishman Struck Terror Into the Hearts of Savages.

These "noble savages" proved to be exceedingly numerous, and they were known to be dangerous; at this time the Masai were doubly dangerous, says Joseph Thompson in *Good Words*. The cattle, which formed their sole means of substance, were daily dying in thousands, struck down by a deadly disease. The whole country was one huge stinking Golgotha, and the people were in despair, many indeed lying of starvation. No more dangerous time could have been found to enter the country. Like most savage they could not understand a natural origin of disease. It could only be produced, they believed, by Ngai (God), or men assisted by black magic. On my appearance among them I was at once seen to be a phenomenal being, and, therefore, by simple logic possessed of phenomenal powers. I was dubbed forthwith the lybon niebor, or white medicine man. This was all very gratifying at first, but my pride in my new name was speedily turned to dismay on discovering that the Masai were divided into two camps in their opinion of me. There was that of the El-Moruu or married men, who held that I was a benign lybon, and would by my supernatural gifts, speedily cure their cattle. The second division comprised the El-Moran, or warriors, all young men, to whom the cutting of throats and smashing of human skulls were the dearest enjoyment on earth. These held that I was a malignant lybon, and reality the cause of the terrible epidemic, and therefore the sooner I was done to death the better it would be for themselves and their cattle. Here, indeed, was a terribly ticklish and dangerous position to get into. How was I to play the role of the magician in such a way as to encourage the El-Moruu and in their faith and undermine the suspicions of the El-Moran and impress them with a belief in my supernatural yet benign powers? Happily, by a very lucky chance—or should I say by special providence?—I was the happy owner of a few false teeth (the originals having been knocked out when I was a boy), and by the skillful manipulation of these I was enabled to strike terror into the hearts of my enemies and strengthen the beliefs of my friends.

A Vote of Thanks.

[Scene, Kentucky legislature.—] Member from White Oak County—"Mister Speaker, I promised my people, sah, that when I come here I would do something for the over-burdened taxpayers. With coon-skins sellin' slow an' feeble at ten cents apiece, and with taxes as risky as a young widder, it pushes us mightily to git along. We ain't disposed to complain, but jest want to state a few facts. When the hog cholera come putty nigh depperlatin' our neighborhood, we didn't beg the government to help us, like the folks down on the Mis'sippy river when they git overflowed, but tuck our medicine with a silent grin, in which thar wa'n't mirth. Mr. Speaker, my folk's have hearn that thar's a good deal o' money banked up in the treasury—in fact, we have hearn that we have got a surplus, an' now, sah, we don't want that money to lay thar an' rust. We want the surplus o' the great commonwealth o' Kaintucky, sah, to be devoted to the building o' more still-houses an'—"

Sergeant-at-Arms (jabbing the floor with his painted spear).—"Mr. speaker, message from the governor."

[Speaker takes the message and reads.]

"To the General Assembly—Gentlemen: It is my painful duty to announce that Colonel Dick Tate, our state treasurer, is a defaulter to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, that we no longer have a surplus and that the treasurer has run away."

Member from White Oak County—"Mr. Speaker, ef that is the case, my remarks with regard to the disposition of the surplus air null an' void. I now move you, sah, that a reward be offered for Colonel Tate."

Member from Hoss County—"Mr. Speaker, I understand that Colonel Tate has five hundred barrels of whisky stored in a warehouse, and—"

Member from White Oak County—"Mr. Speaker, I recall my motion about a reward bein' offered for Colonel Tate. In puttin' away that much whisky he proves that he knows how to provide for his household and shows us that he haint wasted the state's money. I ther'fo' move you, sah, that a vote o' thanks be giv' the colonel fur his fursightedness."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Yellow is the Breakfast.

The pink tea now has a dangerous rival in the "yellow breakfast." At a recent yellow breakfast, served, by the way at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the table linen was of yellow and white damask; beautiful scarfs of yellow china silk were draped effectively over the backs of the dining-chairs. The floral decorations consisted of daffodils and narcissus, and the hostess herself wore a gown of buttercup-yellow plush, which almost lost its identity in billows of filmy lace. The pale yellow lights of the lamp blended in perfect harmony with the golden sunlight of the afternoon, and illuminated an effect as striking as it was novel and picturesque.—*Washington Letter.*

When a tree or berry cane has made but little growth do not allow it to fruit but stir the soil around it and apply wood ashes.

John A. Anderson has been renominated for congress in the Fifth District, which was just the proper thing to do. Judge S. R. Peters has also been renominated for the Seventh District.

Farmers should consider that corn is not a proper food for young stock. It will fatten, them but does not encourage growth. A young animal should be made to secure bone and heavy frame, not fat. It can be fattened after maturity; it is simply wasteful to feed corn to young stock.

We note that one old friend, W. J. Underwood is again at the helm of the News-Democrat, of Belleville, Ill. Its columns already show his handiwork. The News-Democrat is the leading supporter of Wm. R. Morrison, in his district, and is now doing strong work to secure him a place on the ticket with Cleveland.

Senator Ingalls flourished his battle-ax again yesterday, attacking Fitz John Porter, Hancock and McClellan. Porter and McClellan were denounced as soldiers and politicians; Hancock praised as a soldier and condemned because he was a democrat. The eloquent senator evidently did not know so much about McClellan when he supported him for president against Lincoln in 1864, as he knows now. It is well for Grant's good name that he did not die a democrat.

It is exceedingly brassy in Ex-Gov. Glick, holding the office of Pension Agent under President Cleveland, to desire to be sent a delegate to the national democratic convention. It was one of the commendable efforts of the president to prevent this sort of thing. It was an evil that had grown up under republican rule to be one of the most glaring and obnoxious features of our machine system of politics. Good republicans and democrats alike condemned it, and all heartily wished the president the most complete success in his efforts to a needed reform. The democrat, now in official position, who would brave this wise policy of his chief, simply ought to be remanded back to private life.

The members of the Grange in California have run a bank successfully for many years. The last issue of the California Patron says:

"The Grangers' bank will complete its 14th year of existence next month. The last statement of the directors shows that the bank has a paid-up capital of \$600,000, with a surplus of \$40,000. It has paid dividends every year since its organization, and the dividends amount in the aggregate to over half a million dollars, equal to fifty dollars for each share of stock issued. By its policy it has been of great aid to the farmers of the State in spreading abroad a better idea of agricultural credit, in facilitating the work of the grain-grower by loans on locally stored grain at much lower rates than formerly were exacted, and in many ways has aided California farmers to a better position in financial circles. It has been a practical embodiment of Grange principles, and is a credit to all who have maintained it."

A few other illustrations of practical work of the Grange in a business way will tend to prove that farmers are able in an organized capacity to look after their own interests in an economical and satisfactory manner. The Southern Cultivator says: Here is what the Grange has done in Randolph county: It has saved to Grangers and planters around Shellman alone between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in the purchase of fertilizers for the year 1888. So writes Bro. Tison. The member will yet see that a great deal of good can come out of co-operative action. The secretary of Brooksville Grange writes us that his Grange has saved from 25 to 60 per cent. in the purchase of farm supplies for the present year. Our Harris county Grangers have bought 500 tons of fertilizers for the present year. Their co-operation exists not only in the purchase of guano, but in every other farm supply, and it gives them an influence and power which dealers, manufacturers and legislators respect. It is well to remember that "in union their strength."

Arbor Day was more generally celebrated by members of the Granges in many States than ever before. In several States the Masters of the State Grange issued an official proclamation offering suggestions for the observation of the day. Thus through organized effort many thousands of trees have been planted. Along the roadside, around school-houses and about the homes of farmers. A spirit of improvement has been stimulated, a love of the beautiful and ornamental cultivated, and the great work the Grange has in view of upbuilding and improving the condition of the American farmer in every way has been advanced. Outside farmers noticing these practical applications of Grange teachings, the actions, that speak louder than words, are coming more and more to see in it one of their greatest helps towards success.

When the milk foams and froths in the churn the probability is that the temperature is not correct; hence always use a thermometer when churning.

The opponents of Walter N. Allen's Farmer's Trust movement were able to postpone any organization at the convention yesterday. Not a very large number attended, and very few outsiders of this immediate vicinity. A series of resolutions introduced caused a good deal of discussion, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of one from each state represented, which committee will meet on July 5, and report to an adjourned convention to be held in Topeka on the third Tuesday of next November.

Mr. A. A. Hopkins, one of the ablest of the third party prohibition leaders says:

"I agree with those who think that Prohibitionists must not grow unduly partisan. I am aware that there may be times when and where it is well to cast down party lines and mass in solid phalanx for the best man. I recognize that in town and municipal affairs an independent citizens' movement is often wise and imperative."

Prof. Dickie, the chairman and leader of the party, after visiting Kansas, declared that if the other states were as advanced in prohibition as our state, there would be no call for a third party. This is the evidence of all candid men. The prohibition party has secured all that it asked four years ago when the party was organized.

The May Magazine of American History is filled with good things. Its frontispiece is an elegant and life-like portrait of the late Alfred S. Barnes, and its opening paper a sketch of his interesting career by the editor, who gives a graphic account of the way in which he founded his great school book publishing-house in 1838, bridging the whole half-century since with glimpses here and there of his work and its character, his progress and his success, attended with admirably executed illustrations of his several beautiful homes. It is a story with a moral which every young man in America might read and consider to advantage. A scholarly study follows of "Ancient Society in Tennessee," in which General G. F. Thruston, of the Tennessee Historical Society, shows very conclusively that the mound builders were Indians. This is one of the ablest articles on the much-discussed subject ever presented to the reading public in popular form and it is destined to be an authority in all the future. The third paper of the number is the continuation of Prof. Hopkins' five charming series of papers, "Between Albany and Buffalo," in which the views of Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau, Fanny Wright, and others on our early methods of transportation and travel, are deftly introduced. Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman contributes an entertaining paper, "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln." George Stewart, Jr., D. C. L., president of the Historical Society of Quebec, writes forcibly on "The Fisheries Treaty—A Canadian View," a paper which will command wide attention at this crisis. Extracts from the "Englishman's Pocket-Note-book in 1823" are continued; James W. Gerard contributes a sketch of a quaint New York debating society in 1815 called "The Forum"; Hon. William L. Scruggs introduces a criticism called "Are We a Nation without Citizens?" Richard B. Contant discusses a quaint old document, "Lessons to makepeace"; and the several departments of this valuable publication from a small compendium of history in themselves. Price, \$5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

Judge S. B. Isenhardt, police judge has declared the license ordinance, or, the occupation tax ordinance, invalid. The meat men, who were the defendants in the case, were discharged. The case was argued at length last week by G. C. Clemens, counsel for the meat men, and the court took the matter under advisement and did not deliver his opinion until yesterday. The effect of the decision will be that no more revenue will be collected under the ordinance until it can be remodelled. The point on which the case was decided was that it conferred on the mayor the discretionary power of fixing the amount that a man could be taxed under the ordinance. For instance the butchers shall be taxed from \$10 to \$30, leaving the amount to be named by the mayor, who, if he is so inclined, could exercise a very unjust and dangerous discrimination, when the common law does not contemplate should be conferred on any public officer.

Two young fellows went into Chase's shoe store yesterday and while one purchased a pair of shoestrings the other put a pair of ladies' fine shoes under his coat. When they left the store the loss was discovered, and a clerk overtook the one who had the shoes. He informed him that he could have the shoes, put the price was \$5. The young fellow paid \$2 and promised to call and pay the balance and get the shoes.

It is now confidently expected that the doubt about the north Topeka rapid transit will be cleared away this week. For some days past changes have been going on, and finally the management is in the hands of men who are able and disposed to put the enterprise through. It is probable that Mr. Edwin Brazier formerly connected with the Topeka rolling mills, will leave this week for the east, commissioned to buy the iron necessary for the road. Meanwhile the work on the road bed will be pushed with the utmost vigor, so as to complete the road to Silver Lake by July 1st. In time to secure the bonds voted by that township.

Robert Wells, the postmaster of a small village in Wyandotte county, was brought here this afternoon to answer a charge of withholding a letter from the mails. Wells denies the charge. He has not his examination and his bail has not been fixed. The defendant is a prisoner in the county jail.

The Kansas State Medical society met in twenty-first annual session at Representative hall at 8 o'clock last evening. The hall was comfortably filled with members and spectators. There were quite a number of ladies present. The session will close Thursday evening. The meetings are open to the public.

The Campaign Weekly Globe-Democrat will be sent to any address in the United States as follows:
From May to December 1st, 50 cts.
From June to December 1st, 40 cts.
From July to December 1st, 30 cts.
From Aug. to December 1st, 20 cts.
From Sept. to December 1st, 15 cts.
From Oct. to December 1st, 10 cts.
All Postmasters and News Dealers will receive subscriptions. GLOBE PRINTING HOUSE, St. Louis, Mo.

Fires.

A fire occurred about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the residence of a colored woman, Belle Bravant, 1014 Jefferson St. supposed to have caught by sparks from a locomotive. The building and contents were totally destroyed loss being about \$300.

The second fire occurred about 5:30 o'clock, between Seventh and Eighth, four blocks west of the city limits. The house belonged to a man by name Dawley, and the mechanics were finishing up the inside. Though outside the city limits, the fire department responded promptly. The run was a long one, but was made in very good time.

Owing to the distance it was difficult to do much with the fire. Nineteen hundred feet of hose was laid, and the pressure light. Notwithstanding this Chief Wilmarth and his men were able to get the flames under control in a very short time, and the front part of the house was saved. The loss is about \$2,500. In making the run to this fire both the chemical engine and the hook and ladder truck met with accidents. The axle of the chemical engine was badly sprung and the forward axle of the truck was broken.

About 12 o'clock last night fire broke out in the Santa Fe lumber yard. The Santa Fe department, departments No. 1 and 2, and the chemical engine of No. 1 turned out and soon subdued the flames, which at one time threatened the whole lumber yards. The fire was in the big shed in the lumber yards used by the Santa Fe for a saw shed. This shed is in the east part of the yards, and as the wind was blowing from the east the flames were directed towards the lumber. The building valued at about \$300 was destroyed, and some machinery in the building worth probably \$200 was damaged. Had this fire not been at once placed under control, it would have spread to the large stacks of lumber which surrounded the shed, and the result would have been a terrible fire, destroying not only the lumber yard but all the property in that locality. The cause of the fire is not known, though it would seem that it was incendiary.

Yesterday afternoon a young man by the name of Richard Spicket, employed in Thomas' planning mill, had the flesh torn from his hand in a horrible manner while feeding the planer. His hand was taken through the knives and all the flesh taken off the bone. The young man resides at 116 Curtis street.

While the blasting was going on yesterday in the sewer excavations, a large rock was thrown high in the air, and lit on the roof of a house occupied by Mr. McKnight, on the corner of Seventh and Tyler streets, and broke through, doing considerable damage, but fortunately injuring no one. The house is owned by Mr. Kenderine.

Capt. Curtis lost a valuable gold ring on Kansas avenue between Sixth and Seventh streets yesterday. Anyone finding the same will be rewarded by returning the same to the sheriff's office at the court house.

Prof. Stearns, formerly of Washburn college, but now the Boston agent of the Kansas Loan and Trust Company, is visiting in the city for a few days, renewing old acquaintances.

Work on the east side circle railway began yesterday, twenty-five teams and thirty-five men making the dirt fly.

The democratic county convention will meet at the court house on Saturday May 12 to elect delegates to the state convention to be held in Wichita May 17th.

Miss Dixie Haywood, the pretty Alabama girl whose strange and unaccounted for physical and mind reading powers have attracted such wide attention, will give an exhibition, at the Grand on Thursday evening. Though she does not weigh 100 pounds, she possesses the strength of several men.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS

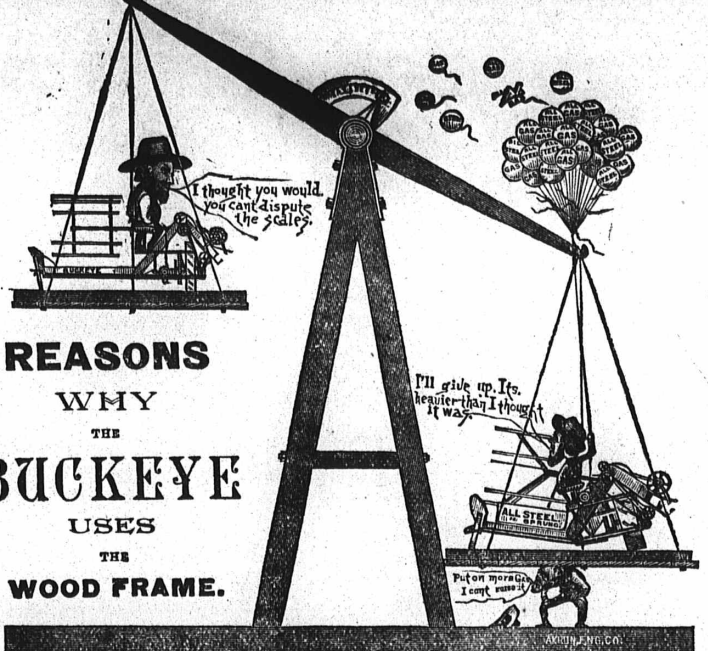
The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world.

Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequalled excellence of their organs, the fact that at the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim for their pianos, that they are superior to all other pianos. They recognize the high excellence achieved by other leading makers in the art of piano building, but still claim superiority. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in the year 1852, and now known as the "Mason & Hamlin Piano Striking Note," by the use of which great increased capacity for standing in tone, and other important advantages.

A circular, containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and tuners, sent together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.

Pianos and Organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.



REASONS WHY THE BUCKEYE USES THE WOOD FRAME.

WHY? WOOD IS 15 TIMES LIGHTER
In Proportion to Size than STEEL!
A Wood Frame Harvester will not bend out of line when it comes into contact with an irresistible force. Or if it should yield it will at once spring back to its original shape. Steel under like circumstances will bend, and when the steel frame of a Binder is once sprung it remains bent until straightened at the shop, or is replaced by a new one. In order to give the requisite strength to a Steel Frame Machine, the weight of the machine must necessarily be increased over the wood parts. If this is questioned, let the farmer find that steel is the heavier. Or if it is not, it will be found to lack the required strength. Then, to test the strength, put the wood and steel in a clamp under equal pressure, and there will be no difficulty in the farmer deciding to his own satisfaction without the aid of any smooth-tongued agents.

THE BUCKEYE BINDER has a wood frame, and is manufactured by
AULTMAN, MILLER & CO. AKRON, OHIO.



WELL DRILLS, FOR EVERY PURPOSE, SOLD ON TRIAL.
Investment small, profits large. Send 20c. for mailing large illustrated Catalogue with full particulars. Mfg'd by
GOULDS & AUSTIN, 167 & 169 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CATARRH Sample Treatment FREE
We send enough to cure chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, H. S. Lauderbach & Co., 773 Broadway st., Newark, N. J.

OREGON The Willamette Valley, in Western Oregon, 50 miles wide, 150 miles long; remarkably healthy; best fruit country in the world; grass always green; no cold winters; no crickets; no failure of crops; rich prairie and timber lands cheap. Ten acre fruit farm, worth a section in wheat. Send 10c in stamps for illustrated pamphlet to President Board of Trade, at Salem, the beautiful Capital City of Oregon, located in the heart of this valley.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Classes of 100 at Baltimore and 1005 at Detroit. 1500 at Philadelphia, 1113 at Washington, 1216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauque, etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, E. H. Cook, Principal State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus sent free from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching humors. Sold at Druggists.

HINDER CORNS.
The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, etc. Stops all pain. Brings comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 10 cents at Druggists. Huxco & Co., N. Y.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the Great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. 800 pages 8vo, 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed, illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medical Awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. box 1985, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man, Office No. 4 Suffolk St.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
100 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs. How life is perpetuated, death avoided, diseases induced. How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion. How to apply Home Cure to all forms of disease. How to cure Croup, Whooping Cough, Rheumatism, etc. How to make a happy marriage & have prize babies. Send THE CURE for new book, MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE. A mélange of wit and wisdom, 96 pages, half of them given in newly illustrated, and 400 "doctors' drills" makes "not too phony but just phunny enough" to cure liver torpor and melancholy. **TAX THE LAUGH OVER.** Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 25th St., N. Y.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.
The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron and Wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Strainer and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address
SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

In the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas
ELIZABETH BOGGS, Plaintiff, vs. **HENRY BOGGS, Defendant.** April term, 1888.

You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Shawnee county, Kansas, the petition of the plaintiff, Elizabeth Boggs, praying for a divorce and dissolution of the bonds of marriage heretofore, and now existing between herself and the said plaintiff, and unless you appear thereto and defend on or before the 4th day of June 1888 a default will be entered against you, and a decree rendered thereon.
ELIZABETH BOGGS, Plaintiff

By COLLIER & SALTER, her attorneys.