

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

NO. 38.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.

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

FOR COAL

go to

J. V. McNEELY.

Corner of Adams and Fourth.

I give honor to whom it is due. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Brigh's disease and Gravel. Four of the best physicians had failed to relieve me. I have recommended it to scores of people with like success, and know it will cure all who try it. Mrs. E. P. Mizner, Burg Hill, O. Send 2-c. stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

For Toy Trunks, Ladies and Gents Satchels, Toilet Cases, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Work Stands and Work Baskets, etc., go to the TOPEKA TRUNK FACTORY, No. 412 Kansas Avenue.

C. A. Sexton contemplates going to Europe to live, when he disposes of his property here.

The grand jury will sit January 13.

A few cases of scarlet fever are reported, in this city.

Over \$700 has been raised for Bishop O'Reilly's monument.

The sugar factory will be located about four miles west of the city.

For fine display of art see the windows of almost all our business houses.

The Rev. M. C. Holman preached in Tecumseh last Sunday.

The North Topeka Baptist Sunday school numbers 196.

Real estate in the first ward is firm and will remain so.

The mail carriers will give a ball at metropolitan hall next Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Kennedy & Widener have opened a lunch stand at 110 on the Avenue, opposite Rock Island depot. They sell \$3.75 tickets for \$3.00.

Fred Rappold is charged with stealing beer, from the Turners in whose employ he was, and he in turn sues for \$5000 for defamation of character.

C. H. Widgeon was arrested for trying to break into the rooms of his wife. Mrs. Widgeon, whose little son was bitten by a rabid dog a few days ago, has left her drunken husband and is supporting herself by dressmaking.

Judge Guthrie has decided that the special tax levied by the city for paving certain streets in North Topeka, is legal and must be paid. It is an important decision as it was a test case against improvement taxes.

Frank Flemming, in jail 500 days for rock breaking for selling whiskey, was married in the city marshal's office last Sunday, Miss Belle Beeche, eighteen years old being the bride.

The plat of the Topeka cemetery having been lost without being recorded suit in chancery has been brought to secure a new survey, and to adjust the matter.

Officer Frank Summers is to be highly commended for breaking up a most disreputable colored den of infamy on Park street Sunday night. Now why do not the officers break up the two or three gambling dens in North Topeka, right in the heart of the city. They ought not to wait for outside pressure, nor stand upon the order of their doing.

To-day upon opening a package of goods purchased at the Great Five Cent Store 423 Kansas Avenue we were much amused upon reading a certificate of purchase. The same is being given away with every package of goods bought at the above store, which is an idea that originated in the fertile brain of the proprietor, F. E. Brooks. He has the largest and finest selection of Holiday Goods in this city. The following is a fac-simile of the certificate we received.

Dealer in Almost Everything.

5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Counters, Lamp and Miscellaneous Departments.



"Brother, the wife never says, 'Wish you a Merry Christmas,' and they say that."

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,

is the largest and cheapest store of the kind in the west. No. 423 Kansas Avenue.

F. E. BROOKS, Prop.

This Certificate of Purchase

ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE COUNT IN OUR CUSTOMER'S HOLIDAY PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

EXPLANATION.—One of these certificates will be enclosed in every package of goods bought at this store. Prizes will be awarded to the person who presents the greatest number of certificates up to the date mentioned below.

RULE.—The name of the buyer must be endorsed on the back of each certificate. Certificates must be put in an envelope marked with the name of the buyer, and the total number enclosed, and sent in not later than the day mentioned. Envelopes containing certificates endorsed by two persons will not be counted as one lot.

Certificates will be issued up to December 26. Certificates must be sent in by January 2, 1888. Prizes will be awarded January 7, 1888.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

SECOND PRIZE.—Ten Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

THIRD PRIZE.—Five Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

To be given to the three persons presenting the greatest number of certificates bearing their names.

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,

Dealer in

ALMOST EVERYTHING.

Articles from 2 for 1 cent to \$75.00 each.

Big Reduction.

25 per cent. discount on Millinery at Mrs. Metcalf's 803 Kansas Avenue. Some new novelties offered at a great sacrifice.

Cards are out announcing the coming marriage of Mr. Ed A. Holman, a prominent and popular member of Marshall's military band, to Miss Kate Bousier, a charming and most estimable young lady, recently of the First ward, but who now resides on the south side. The happy event will be solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents in Tewksbury's addition, on Tuesday evening, December 27.

Years ago, W. A. Herron, of Peoria, Ill., refused to keep Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, on commission, because his shelves were crowded already with other remedies. A dozen bottles were left with him, which he agreed to give away. No other advertising was done. In less than six months he sold over nine hundred dollars' worth. Could there be any stronger testimony in favor of a medicine?

John Ewing a young colored man, is gaining reputation for courage and daring achievements. He fired the effective shots which terminated the career of the rabid dog which spread such alarm throughout the First ward. On Sunday he killed another mad dog on the Kaw's brink. But Wednesday he was sent by Messrs. C. and M. C. Holman, to a place on Klein street to deliver some goods; and when he arrived he discovered flames bursting from the side of the building. He rushed to the scene and succeeded in subduing the fire, before the family, who were in the house, had fairly realized their great danger. Had not Ewing arrived at the opportune time the house must have been consumed. John received the thanks of the family.

An attempt recently made on the North side in favor of the secession of the first ward deserves the hearty condemnation of all. To begin with it is not possible to accomplish, and to attempt the impossible is simple foolishness. We do not want to antagonize those portions of our prosperous city, that are separated by the river. On the contrary no effort should be spared to bring about a still closer union, certainly not a very difficult thing to do. We want more bridges over the river. We will not get them by fostering secession nonsense. Let both sections be brought into closer union by narrowing the river (one half, and making the Kaw a deeper stream, and changing its sand bars into business blocks. It can be done by piling scientifically, and the ground thus gained will be worth all the expense to say nothing of other resulting advantages, and the reduced cost of bridges. If North Topeka can find no representative advocate able to help build up its interests, instead of firing anarchist bombs into its foundation then all are to be pitied indeed.

The January term of the Shawnee county district court begins on the 9th

It is said by those who have seen that Topeka is carrying a finer line of holiday goods than the stores in Kansas city.

The board of health are considering the advisability of purchasing a crematory for cremating dead animals.

Chicken thieves made a raid upon the premises of assistant county attorney E. N. Gunn, and the fool proceeding was successful.

"Coit" Farnsworth, of the office of the treasurer of the Santa Fe, has resigned his position to accept one in a wholesale jewelry establishment at Omaha.

The new A. O. U. W. lodge, Shawnee lodge, No. 244, which has just been organized, is destined to be the most popular lodge in the state. Although organized less than a week, it already has 135 members.

On Friday of next week the Citizens of Silver Lake township will vote to subscribe \$15,000 in bonds for the Rapid Transit. They will save money by voting for the bonds.

C. W. Harry and Will Rogers, two young gentlemen employed as tailors at W. C. Trapp's merchant tailoring establishment, were robbed in their room at the St. James hotel Monday night of money to the amount of over \$90 and notes aggregating about \$40.

Mart Mannix, living near the Santa Fe Shops, committed suicide by taking strichnine Sunday night. He had been a blacksmith in the shops, and later still, a soldier, and has been somewhat insane for some months.

Wm. Randolph was arrested Saturday night for being drunk. He became violent and declared that he could run this town, until nothing less than a club would quiet him. At the station he became bad once more and threw a chair through a window. He will work a fifty dollar fine breaking rock.

Mr. James Forgeus, wife and mother-in-law, (Mrs. Norris) have arrived home from New York, where Mr. Forgeus has been under treatment of Dr. Hamilton, formerly surgeon general of the United States army. Mr. Forgeus has improved considerably, and hopes are entertained by himself and friends that he will, in the near future, entirely recover his health.

Miss Rena Ward, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ward, 1209 Quincy street, gave a birthday party on the occasion of her fourth birthday Monday afternoon. There were present: Misses Aggie and Pearl Burdge, Ola Craig, Annie Sturgeon, Edith Holde, Edith Allen, Mabel and Della Gilman, Maud Shear, Gracie Smith, Bessie Sheetz, Blanche Rigdon, Jessie Campbell of Rossville, Emma Hewitt; Remer Billard, Louie Craig, Arthur Smith and Willie Johnson. The greatest feature of the gathering was the fine supper prepared for the little folks. There were all kinds of fruits, candies, nuts and everything that bright and happy little children relish.

KAUFMAN & THOMPSON,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

418 Kansas Avenue,

California Fruits and Canned Goods a Specialty.

Telephone 170.

WESTERN FOUNDRY

AND MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFFMAN, Prop.

Manufacturer of

STEAM ENGINES,

Mill Machinery, &c.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Mann & Co., patent solicitors, in another column. Their name is familiar to patentees throughout the country. In connection with the publication of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for the past forty years, they have made the drawings and specifications for more than one hundred thousand inventions, and their facilities for obtaining patents were never better than now.

Mr. Samuel Dolman is in receipt of a letter from his son Mr. R. Dolman who resides near Los Angeles, giving an account of a terrific electric wind storm which occurred there on the 14th instant, by reason of which two or three hundred lives were lost.

The new Rock Island depot at the corner of Kansas and First avenues, is now ready for occupancy and the general passenger department transferred to its elegant new quarters on the third floor of the new railroad building in the west. The new office is a model of elegance and convenience.

There are said to be more students in the Maine Agricultural college than ever before.

If it is desired to have the pigs fleshy, not fat, they should be allowed more exercise.

On Tuesday evening, December 27, the Kansas State Teachers' association will meet at Representative hall. The teachers of Shawnee should be present as a body to greet their brethren and sisters. Schools in every district in the county should be closed from Friday, December 23, until Monday, January 2. Let every teacher close the year conferring with his fellows in regard to the best methods of teaching and governing. Begin the new year with a large reserve force of inspiration.

H. REISNER, Candy Factory.

807 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA

Candy Cheap and Lots of it.

Toys, Dolls, &c. in endless variety.

MRS. H. WEST, Fashionable Dressmaker.

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.

127 Quincy Street, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE Empress of Brazil is about to make a pious pilgrimage to Palestine.

It is 256 years since the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in this country.

JENNY LIND gave ninety-five concerts in this country, and the aggregate receipts were \$712,164 34.

A DETROIT man has an Anarchist dog that howls night and day, and has carried off and hid every rope where-with he was to be hanged.

A PROUD father in Duquesne, Penn., has named his first son Thomas Benton Schuatterly Boyle Cleveland Genius of Liberty Flemming.

NEW YORK umbrellas must be expensive. A lady has sued a New York merchant for \$20,000 damages because he accused her of stealing one.

MRS. ANNIE TOMLIN, of Morristown, N. J., lately received in a letter a \$20 bill from a servant girl who had stolen that amount nineteen years before.

A CHICAGO physician has a collection of several hundred bullets which he extracted from the bodies of Union soldiers who were shot during the war.

THE latest craze among the girls is a hair album, made up of locks from the heads of their gentlemen friends. This is another thrust at the bald-headed man.

THE patchwork quilt presented to Jenny Lind by the children of the United States was buried with her remains, in accordance with her oft-expressed desire.

THE building for the Ramona Indian Girls' School at Santa Fe, N. M., commemorating Helen Hunt Jackson, will cost \$30,000, being arranged to accommodate 150 pupils.

AN Arctic owl was captured near Fish Point, Maine, a few days ago and measured about six feet from tip to tip. These are rare birds in that vicinity, and especially at this season of the year.

MRS. JOHNSON NEWMAN, living near Jasper, Texas, heard the dogs barking near her house and discovered that they were holding a large deer at bay in a fence-corner. She got an ax and killed the deer.

THE Grand Rabbi of India won first prize at the Rothschild wedding in Paris recently for the greatest show in diamonds. His exhibit was worn in his turban, and was valued at a quarter of a million.

ARCHBISHOP HEISS, of Milwaukee, says that of the eight million Roman Catholics of the United States three millions are German. Of the eleven Archbishops and sixty Bishops only one Archbishop, Dr. Heiss himself, and eleven Bishops are German.

SOME quick-witted genius, sizing up the crying want of Los Angeles, has shipped from Chicago a consignment of ready-made houses. They are joined, framed and painted, and all they require is some carpenter to set them up, when they are ready for occupancy.

THE oldest Consul of the United States in continuous service is Mr. Horatio J. Sprague, who was appointed to the consulate at Gibraltar in 1846, forty-one years ago. He seems to be a fixture, but his office is apparently not a sinecure, for his salary is only \$1,500 a year.

THE scheme of building a tower for the Paris Exposition one thousand feet high is likely to fall through, it being found impossible to obtain mechanics and laborers to work at such a height. It is said that the vibrations would involve serious mechanical difficulties.

ON his whaling cruise just ended, Captain Bauldry, of the steam whaler Orea, San Francisco, killed thirty-five whales, stowed twenty-eight (all he had room for) and brought into port 2,800 barrels of oil and 48,000 pounds of bone—the largest catch on record and valued at about \$266,880.

IN the first year of the existence of the French divorce law 1,240 divorces were granted in France. It must be understood though, that in many cases it was a transformation of decrees of separation into those of divorce. The last twelve months produced 488 Parisians divorced, the most being in the rich quarters.

A GRUESOME STORY.

An Undertaker's Method of Collecting a Debt—A Woman Courted by a Corpse.

A great many people are under the impression that when the breath is out of the body there is nothing animate or intelligent remaining. It is true that religion teaches us to believe that the better part of man—the soul—lives after the collapse of the mental frame. But nowhere until recently has the idea ever been advanced that a corpse can be so arranged under the ministrations of science as to preserve the intelligence and perspicacity of the natural man. It has, however, been left to an undertaker of this city to demonstrate that this very thing can be done.

Not a great while since there died in San Francisco a gentleman who was on a visit to the coast from the East. He was apparently a person who commanded sufficient means for all the ordinary purposes of life, but when he died only a small sum of money was found in his possession. His relatives were communicated with, and instructions came from his wife to have the body embalmed, preparatory to shipment to his old home in the East. This was done, and the bill, representing rather a steep figure, forwarded to the grieving widow. The sum so far exceeded her expectations that she indignantly refused to pay it, and the corpse was left on the hands of the undertaker. This gentleman had read somewhere that in a similar case down in Arizona the conductor of funerals had utilized the corpse left on his hands as an advertisement for his trade. Acting upon this suggestion he had the cadaver in question taken from the neat metallic coffin to which it had been fitted and dressed up in a Prince Albert suit, and adjusted to a sitting position in an arm chair in the back parlor of his establishment.

So perfectly had the embalming been accomplished that, with the exception of the grayish palor which overspread the face, the dead man looked as natural as life. This circumstance suggested to an ingenious young man connected with the undertaking establishment the idea of utilizing the corpse for entertaining visitors. To this end the chair in which it sat was placed against a thin partition, which had been previously pierced for the reception of a speaking tube. This was so arranged that the tube rested against the coat collar of the corpse. By speaking through this from the other side of the partition, in the dim light of the back parlor, to the casual observer it appeared as though the corpse was talking.

Fortunately, however, the upright position and graceful poise of the body of this interesting person led all who looked upon it to conclude that it was only a middle-aged gentleman sitting there at his ease. But this was not all. The undertaker's ingenious clerk had attached to the right arm of the corpse the wire of a galvanic battery, and by the proper manipulation of the instrument he could cause the arm to rise or fall, or gently curve around any object near it.

One day a spinster lady of uncertain age came into the parlor to make some inquiries relative to a prospective funeral. As she entered, the corpse, which she supposed to be a well-dressed visitor, gracefully bowed, invited her to take a seat by his side, where a vacant chair was ready for her service.

"Take a seat miss, sit here (indicating the chair); I am charmed to have the pleasure of seeing in this desolate apartment a lady of such fascinations."

"You are quite polite, I am sure," murmured the flattered fair one.

"I make it a point my dear," continued the corpse, "to note every beautiful face that comes into this room. You must know that I remain here all the time, night and day, and my only happiness consists in receiving and entertaining the occasional visitor."

"Why, how curious! You stay here all the time?"

"All the time, my dear, night and day. In fact, I never leave this chair," softly and sadly remarked the dead man.

"Are you doing a penance, sir?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, no; the undertaker is my jailor."

For a single moment the lady was frightened. The thought occurred to her that she was in the presence of a maniac, and a thrill of apprehension shot through her heart. But the calm, serene face reassured her, and when the corpse gently raised its right arm and calmly encircled her waist, she no longer doubted its sanity.

"You are very beautiful, my dear," sighed the middle-aged cadaver.

"Oh, sir, how strangely you talk," and the lady blushed to the tips of her pink-like ears.

"You see, my dear, to a lonely man like myself, condemned to sit day after day in this darkened chamber, such a lovely vision as yourself comes to me like a gleam of sunlight. I trace in your fair face some of the sweetest memories of my youth, when in long by-gone years I was loved and beloved in return. When you entered this dreary place a moment ago you seemed to bring to me a vision of the beautiful world which lies beyond the threshold. I am never allowed to pass, and my withered heart turned to you with an emotion of delight."

It must not be supposed that the lady listened to these bold words without sweet and tender reflections upon the possibilities they might lead to.

She was not very old, but she had wanted a husband longer than she cared to acknowledge, and words like these naturally raised a flood of most agreeable thoughts. Nevertheless she deprecated the dead man's enthusiasm and insisted that he was speaking unadvisedly. Still she turned upon him a tender glance, which would have had anything but a chilling effect upon the ardor as a veritable wooer. It seemed to send fire through the veins of a dead man. The arms tightened around her waist. His words grew musical and soft.

"I see in you, my dear," continued the corpse, "the embodiment of all my dreams of bliss. If I only had your sweet companionship in this desolate room, its gloom would take the radiant sunshine, and I should be content to sit here forever, warmed by your smiles and gladdened by the tender glance of your eyes."

"Oh, sir," sighed the lady.

"Can it be possible," continued the enraptured dead man, "that you reciprocate my passion; that you will be mine?"

The fair head was gently inclining to the shoulder of the corpse when the undertaker entered. The lady screamed.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed the astonished dealer in coffins.

"Oh, sir," gasped the fair one, "this gentleman has been talking very strangely."

"Talking!" shouted the undertaker.

"Why must be mad. How can a dead man talk?"

"Dead!" screamed the lady.

"Whir, yes; look at him. Lord help you! You have been courted by a corpse."

The astonished spinster cast one fond despairing look on the ashen face of her wooer, and, flinging her arms above her head, cried piteously: "Heavens! Does my beauty charm the dead?" and fainted away.—*Alta California.*

CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS.

Some Hints That May Promote the Happiness of Little Ones.

There are so many beautiful ornaments for Christmas trees to be obtained at the toy stores that it is not a difficult matter for almost any family desiring it to have this most pleasure-giving Christmas adornment. A tree of rare beauty may be arranged in this way: Choose a well-grown fir, one that is symmetrical—it may be of any desired size—and place it in a holder made of heavy wood, in the form of a cross, with a hole for the stem at the point where the pieces of wood are fastened together. The tree must fit in the opening firmly, otherwise it will not serve its purpose. Have at hand a quantity of white cotton, which has been first immersed in a solution of alum and water to render it non-inflammable and then dried. Cover the tree with this cotton until it looks as if covered with new-fallen snow. From every available place hang glass icicles by silver wires, at the end of every branch have a silvered taper holder with a white tape. Be lavish with the lights, for they are the chief beauty of the tree. Silvered bells hung all about add brilliancy to the effect, and their crystal chime is pleasant to hear. If you do not have icicles or bells you may still have an effective tree without them; or you may garland the tree with strings of white popcorn, prosaic enough in itself, but when strung together of stout linen thread producing an effect that is charmingly light and airy. A golden Christmas tree is even more dazzling. The branches are covered with gold lametta, strips of tinsel wider than stout silk. This tinsel is just thrown carelessly on. Have yellow tapers and taper holders and hang golden nuts or ornaments from the branches. The "Christ child" should be clad in golden robes and hung from the topmost branch, unless, perhaps, a golden star is preferred. If home-made decorations are to be used, begin their preparation now. Purses and bags of tulle or illusion sewn together with bright worsted may be made to hold the candy and nuts and may be gilded or silvered. Or large walnuts may be divided in halves and the kernels removed; then tiny bags made of ribbon half as long again as the nut shells may be fastened on the shells with a little stiff mucilage. Lightly applied to their inner edges. These may be filled with tiny sugar plums. The purse-silk running strings of these bags should be of the same color as the silk of which they are made. Some persons always have the Christmas tree adorned with flowers. These may be made of tissue paper, or of the new filigree, which is quite brilliant, and may be arranged to form any flower. Small cornucopias of silver and gilt paper may be made at home and filled with dates or figs. These will be appreciated by all, as after having served for decoration they may be eaten.—*Practical Farmer.*

Should be Regularly Fitted.

"It is very wrong," said an oculist, "for people to buy glasses without having the eyes examined. They might as well order medicines to be put up without a physician's prescription. The eye is a very delicate organ, and improper glasses not only cause headaches and other troubles, but often permanent injury to the sight. Glasses should be regularly prescribed, and then fitted by someone who understands the business thoroughly. This is particularly necessary when spectacles are worn."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Deep and Persistent Inquiry as to its Time and its Place.

Where can the star of Bethlehem be found? is the oft repeated question that comes from many quarters. The fact is no such star is visible in any part of the heavens. An observer with a vivid imagination fancied he had discovered this long looked for star, and announced its return in some journal of the day. The paragraph was widely copied throughout the country. The idea pleased the popular fancy, was received with almost unquestioning faith, and the sky was eagerly scanned for a glimpse of the star that once shone over the humble dwelling that enshrined the Redeemer of mankind. Even the peerless Venus was impressed into service, and was firmly believed to be the sacred star once more shining upon the earth after wandering for ages in the star depths. The history of the so-called Star of Bethlehem is simply this: Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer, discovered in the year 1572 an apparently new star near Caph in Cassiopea. When first seen in November, it had attained the first magnitude. It increased rapidly in brilliancy until it rivaled Venus, and was visible at noonday. It began to diminish in brightness in December and continued to fade away until the following May when it disappeared from view. Forty years later, when the telescope was invented a small telescopic star was found close to the spot where the wonderful star was seen. It is still there, and is probably the same. It is now classed among the variable stars, and is, therefore, liable to blaze forth at any time in the same extraordinary manner. After classifying the star as a variable, the next thing to be done was to find out its period of variability. Astronomical records were searched, and it was ascertained that about the years 1263 and 956 bright stars appeared near the same quarter of the heavens. It was, therefore, classified as a variable, with a period of about 309 years. Counting back three periods from 956, the exact period being uncertain, the star may have appeared near the time of the Christian era. Some imaginative observer for this reason christened it the Star of Bethlehem, and with scarce the shadow of a foundation, the name has adhered to it ever since. It is also known as the Pilgrim Star, and among astronomers as the star of 1572.

If one star is variable, with a period approximating in 309 years, it is now due, and liable to burst forth into sudden brilliancy at any time. No celestial event would be more welcome to astronomers. The scientific world would be wild with excitement over the substantiation of an ingenious theory and the confirmation of its hopes. Its first appearance, its exact position in the heavens, its changes from day to day, would be telegraphed all over the country, and minutely described in the journals of the day. The event of a comet, spanning the sky from zenith to the horizon, would be no account in comparison with the blazing star. Mean-time the telescopic star near Caph in Cassiopea allows no signs of any coming disturbance, and observers must wait patiently for developments, remembering that the out-burst will be sudden if it comes. It is generally conceded that the extraordinary changes of light in the stars like that of 1571 are caused by sudden outbursts of glowing hydrogen gas, which by its own light and by heating up the whole surface of the star caused the immense increase in brilliancy. The spots, faculae and rosy protuberances on the sun give some idea, on a small scale, of what may be going on in other suns on a much larger scale. Fortunately the nearest or temporary stars observed by terrestrial astronomers number only about 24, an infinitesimal number when compared with the boundless millions of stars that shine with nearly unchanging brightness. The probability is therefore small that our sun will be added to the list of blazing stars. He will probably shine for millions of years to come, as he has shone for millions of years in the past, and, if observed from other suns and systems, will be classed as a variable, with a period of about 11 years, corresponding to the cycle of sun spots. The solar surface should, according to the sun spot theory, be approaching its most quiescent condition, for it is passing through the stage known as the minimum of sun spots. The condition of the fiery orbe, however, does not always conform to the laws laid down. The sun has a way of his own that sets all the theories at defiance. An immense spot appeared on his surface on the 7th day of June. It was carefully observed by European astronomers during its whole passage across the solar disk. When first seen it was situated a little south of the equator and its greatest diameter measured 50 seconds. It was observed with the naked eye and the telescope and continued to be visible until the 17th, when it disappeared on the sun's border. The appearance of this enormous spot, denoting great activity of the solar force, is especially remarkable as occurring at a time when the sun is passing through the minimum of the eleven year cycle of sun spots.—*Scientific American.*

A Queer Present.

Little Bright Eyes—Mamma, did you know papa was going to give gran'm a present?

Bright Eyes' Mamma—No, darling what makes you ask?

"Cause I heard him tell Mr. Smith to-day that he was going to give the old lady the slip to-night and go to the club."

HERE AND THERE.

Apples are so plenty in Norwich, Conn., that a barrel filled with them is worth no more than an empty one.

In Turkey when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods they blacken the whole front of his house.

A Lynchburg, Va., teacher advertises "instruction in orthography, or the science of proper pronunciation."

A four-year-old lad named Kirch, who lives in Muskegon, Mich., is said to be able to play on the accordion any tune that he ever heard.

The first truss of the great Poughkeepsie bridge has been swung clear. The truss is 525 feet long and rests on steel towers 100 feet high.

Colonel Cody, "Buffalo Bill," will winter at Manchester, Eng. He says that he is worth \$800,000, most of which is in Western real estate.

The shipments of California fruits to the East by rail in October were over twenty-four million pounds—twice as much as in October, 1888.

It is said in New York that Senator Fair will turn over the Nevada Bank to a syndicate of Scottish capitalists, who will run it as a legitimate banking institution.

There were recently taken from one of the mounds near the Ohio River two silver crosses and thirty silver shoe buckles, the latter bearing the French crown and date of 1730.

"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard. "To drown my troubles." "And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No hang 'em! they can swim."

The total daily attendance at the schools of London is reported as 91,561. Of these pupils 38,497 go to the Anglican schools, 24,055 to the board, or public schools, and 22,270 to the Catholic schools.

A California farmer at Pasadena cut open a pumpkin to feed his cow the other day, and found within a nice little pumpkin vine growing. One of the seeds had sprouted inside of the mother pumpkin.

"I do not want to destroy all the capitalists," said a French Anarchist the other day, "for if there were no capitalists we Anarchists and Communists could get no work to do, for we would have nobody to denounce."

Colonel Williams, in his history of the negro troops in the rebellion, says there were 178,975 of the black soldiers enrolled in the volunteer army of the United States, and of this number 36,847 died in the service of their country.

The iron railroad bridge across the Missouri River a few miles below Kansas City is about completed. It is one of the big bridges of the world. It is 7,392 feet long, weight 31,275 tons, is 50 feet above high water, and its towers are 200 feet high.

Governor-elect Jackson, of Maryland, will be inaugurated on Jan. 11. His term will last four years, and his salary will be \$4,500. He will give the salary to his wife for pin money. Mr. Jackson is a multi-millionaire, and owns 200,000 acres of fine timber land in the South.

Game is getting scarce in Michigan, judging from the results of a "grand hunt" at Belleaire the other day. The results of the united skill and luck of a large number of men and dogs were forty chipmunks, three red squirrels, one partridge, and one man. The latter was shot through the foot with a rifle ball.

The oldest living native of the great State of Indiana is said to be Samuel Morrison, of Indianapolis. His parents were Pennsylvanians, who were living in the Hoosier State when Samuel was born, in 1798. The old gentleman is vigorous, and is said to be "a veritable encyclopedia of Indiana history."

Farmer O'Rourke, of Ontonagon County, Mich., was whacking away at a big hollow tree the other day, when the axe cut through the shell, and when he pulled it out it was covered with blood. Then he heard growls in the tree and knew that he had struck bear. He chopped the tree down and killed the bear.

Something is wrong with the men of Davenport, Iowa, if the news is true that during the past ten months sixteen husbands have deserted their wives, and that in almost every case the deserted women were young, good-looking, good-natured, industrious and economical. What do these men want, anyway?

Mrs. Mitchell, the widow of the late Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, is said to have quarrelled with her son, John L. Mitchell, because he decided to sell the Mitchell mansion. She will quit Wisconsin and live in California, where she will doubtless be comfortable, for she receives \$20,000 a year from her husband's estate.

The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 630 metres a second—over 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000, or even 60,000 metres per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of from 4,000 to 6,000 degrees.

The Lord Mayor-elect of London is a foreigner by birth, and a curious Britisher has looked through the records and found that in 1713 the Lord Mayor was of Italian birth; in 1716, a Fleming; in 1724, a Frankforter; in 1754, a Swede; in 1762, a Jamaican, and in 1793, a son of the Governor of the Island of Alderney was Lord Mayor.

Pope Leo XIII. is very fond of agriculture, and has a passion for planting trees. One of his first works after his election was to plant the garden of the Vatican with fruit trees and vines, and this year for the first time the grapes of the Vatican garden were turned into wine. His Holiness superintends the operation and gives the necessary orders.

A citizen of Columbus, Ill., recently removed the bodies of his wife's parents from one grove to another. The body of the mother, which was buried twenty-five years ago, was found almost turned over in the coffin, with one of the legs drawn up and the position of the arms changed. Pretty good evidence that the poor woman had been buried alive.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley G. House, of Glastonbury, Conn., was celebrated the other day in the house where they were married fifty years ago, and where they now reside. Mr. House is a lineal descendant of one of the petitioners for the incorporation of the town in 1690, and Mrs. House descends from Timothy Stevens, the first minister of Glastonbury.

DECEMBER.

December's come, and with her brought
A world in whitest marble wrought;
The trees and fence and all the posts
Stand motionless and white as ghosts,
And all the paths we used to know
Are hidden in the drifts of snow.
December brings the longest night
And cheats the day of half its light.
No bird-song breaks the perfect hush;
No meadow-brook with liquid gush
Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme
Of liberty and summer-time,
But frozen in its icy cell
Awaits the sun to break the spell.
Breathe once upon the window-glass
And see the mimic mists that pass—
Fantastic shapes that go and come
Forever silvery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring—
Of happy children happy king.
Who with his sleigh and rein-deer stops
At all good people's chimney-tops.

Then let the holly red be hung,
And all the sweetest carols sung,
While we with joy remember them—
The journeyers to Bethlehem.
Who followed trusting from afar
The guidance of that happy star
Which marked the spot where Christ was born
Long years ago one Christmas morn!
—St. Nicholas.

Ma'm Goodsell's Angels.

BY AGNES POTTER MAGEE.

The dreary prospect of a country road, stretching desolately around a hillside, with deep ruts frozen in the mud, and scraggy trees outlining its sinuous windings, seemed to have great attractions for a lad standing at one of the windows of the poor-house. He had watched the "country wagon" out of sight, and was looking longingly at the place where a bend in the road had hidden it from view.

A vague desire to get away from the place began to grow in Jerry's heart when he saw big Jake crack his long whip over the back of the patient mules, as they started down the road, and now the memory of a trip to town the summer before comes back to him, temptingly, alluringly.

This had been the one bright spot in the child's pitiful existence. He had felt as proud of the vehicle, with its dingy lettering on the side, "Poor Farm," as any prince might feel of his coach, and when Jake had allowed Jerry to hold the whip, and to try with his puny strength to crack it, a thrill of intense delight coursed through him. Poor Jerry's life had been so starved of joy and sunshine.

How pretty the streets of the town looked that day with the June sunlight spilling its golden wine over velvety lawns, and vine-embowered houses; and the children playing among the colored flowers, made Jerry think of the angles Ma'm Goodsell was so fond of talking about. She was an aged inmate, who had, in her dotting way, shown the boy almost the only kindness he had ever known.

Jerry knew that the wagon was bound for that beautiful place again, and oh! if Jake had only taken him along, how happy the child would have been. How many, many times had he stood at this very window looking wistfully down the road since that happy day, wishing, oh! so eagerly, that Jake would ask him to go and, each time the hoarse rumble of the wheels was smothered in the distance, the tears of a heart hungry despair coursed down Jerry's wan cheeks. This time he recalled the sensation of delighted importance, when he held the reins while Jake went into a store, and how delicious the stick of candy tasted—all pink and white—which Jake gave him when he returned. Many a curse, and even blows, had been Jerry's portion from this man since, but this one kindly action made Jake one faithful friend.

This is the only home the boy has ever known, and standing there, he looked the embodiment of pathos. There was a hungry, pleading look in his eyes, such as is only seen in those of an unloved child or a homeless dog. His hands thrust into the pockets of a ragged coat, played nervously with two diminutive red apples—his share of the Christmas treat doled out that morning. Jerry had looked at and smelt them numberless times, but with something of the instinct with which a miser hoards gold, had returned them to his pockets. They were so pretty he could not bring himself to eat them just yet.

The temptation to run away could not withstand any longer, and, with the desire to see once more the beautiful picture he carried in his mind, the lad turned from the window and noiselessly hurried out of the building. Just as the gate closed behind him a shrill voice arrested his footsteps:

"Jerry, you young rascal, where are you going?"

The eager light died out of his eyes, and the flush on his face was succeeded by a deathly pallor. He stopped an instant irresolutely, and then desperation leading keenness to his wits, shouted back:

"Jake forgot somethin', and t' master's sent me after him," and not waiting for a reply, sped quickly down the road.

He did not heed the wind cutting like a knife through his thin garments, but clutching the precious apples tightly, he ran on and on, until the last chimney of the grimy building was lost to view. An exhilaration totally new to Jerry coursed through his veins, and the glad sense of being free sent a joy to his heart never before known. He did not think of the consequences of his action, he only knew that somewhere in the valley lay the wonderful place where everyone seemed so happy and the children played among the

flowers; that this road led there was enough for him.

Jerry carried the June-time memory in his heart, and to him it seemed that all must be as he had seen it. No thought of the fell change that December's icy fingers had wrought, entered his mind.

One, two and three miles, and at last the hopeful little spirit became less buoyant, and the brave, expectant light died out of the old, young face. The apples were very cold now in his little blue hands, and his feet were wet and aching with fatigue.

Great, feathery flakes of snow had been falling for some time; slowly at first, but as the wind moaned and sighed through the trees, they came down faster and faster, touching the little desolate boy with a clinging caress and tangling themselves in his curls. A sob rose in Jerry's throat, followed by another and another. How far it seemed, and how tired he was! The fears that coursed down his face were wiped away with one dirty little hand that relinquished its hold on the apple, long enough to perform this service.

Suddenly the sobs ceased and a joyous exclamation succeeded them. There just ahead of him loomed the spires of the town. The sight gave renewed strength and energy to the tired little limbs as he hurried on.

A little farther and he was on the well-remembered street with its pretty houses, and tasteful grounds; but how changed! Where were the flowers, and leaves, and birds? Nothing but withered stalks, bare branches and a carpet of soft, white snow where the happy children had played in the summer sunshine.

Tempting odors of Christmas feasts floated out to this lonely wail, as he walked up one street, and down another, only accenting his hunger, and inducing another furtive peep at the treasures in his pockets. "I'll eat 'em bye-an'-bye," he murmured.

The winter twilight fell dusk and drear, and lights began to glimmer and flash from windows and street corners, and Jerry for a little while forgot his hunger and fatigue, in watching the sleighs, with their laughing occupants and clinging bells, dash by. It was so new and strange that he vaguely wondered if he should not soon awaken and find it all a dream.

A little farther down the street a magnificent church raised its imposing mass towards the sky, and as the child drew near, glad chimes rang merrily from its towering steeple. Jerry paused in the sheltering shadow of a tree opposite and watched with wondering eyes, the worshippers enter the edifice. How beautiful the light looked streaming through the stained glass windows, and falling in rainbow tints upon the snow. What visions of love, of the women were in their costly robes of fur! And the men, how brave and grand they appeared to the little outcast.

Creeping nearer Jerry stood spell-bound listening to the sweet sounds that swelled out on the frosty air. "Peace on earth," joyously chanted the choir, and the deep, rich tones of the organ rolled and swelled such a volume of delicious harmony that the boy held his breath in eagerness to catch every note. The music ceased, the massive doors were closed and Jerry—poor, trembling, homeless Jerry—was left like a lost soul shut out of Paradise.

The weary child roused himself from the numbness creeping over his frame, and started on. Reaching a quieter street he was attracted by a brilliant light in the windows of a palatial residence.

Softly opening the gate, he stole across the lawn and up to one of the windows. Never in his wildest dreams had Jerry conceived such magnificence as met his astonished gaze. The mossy carpet, the gleaming pictures and marble, the velvet chairs, and flowers everywhere, filled him with delighted surprise, almost painful in its intensity. "I've found 'em, oh! I've found 'em, Ma'm Goodsell's angels," he joyfully exclaimed as he saw some little children dancing around an object that filled him with amazement. It was only a Christmas tree, very pretty and bright with its tapers, and tinsel, and cunning toys, but to Jerry it represented the sum total of the world's beauty. His breath came in quick gasps and the precious apples were forgotten as he clasped his benumbed hands in ecstasy. This must be heaven, poor Jerry thought, and Ma'm Goodsell had not described one-half its beauties.

Crouching close to the window he watched the merry games within. All hunger and weariness was forgotten as he saw the little ones and heard their joyous laughter.

The snow still fell, and wove with magic fingers a fairy garment over Jerry's tattered coat. The lights gradually grew dim, and the children's merry shouts sounded as if far away. Jerry's face sank forward until one tear-stained cheek rested upon the cold window ledge. A delicious, dreamy languor crept over him, while strains of distant music welled to his cadences through his brain. The children swelled into an innumerable host, seemed to beckon him to join their number, his eyelids grew heavy—drooped, and at last wearily closed; the little starved body fell heavily forward, and the red apples rolled out and were lost in the snow.

The next evening's papers contained this paragraph:

"A little pauper ran away from the poor-house yesterday, and was found dead in Judge Brown's yard this morning." But we know that Jerry had found "Ma'm Goodsell's Angels."

MAKING READY FOR WINTER.

A Colony of Beavers Preparing for the Patriarch.

A writer in *The Philadelphia Times* thus describes the beavers at the zoological gardens:

"You would be surprised at the intelligence shown by these animals. Some of them seem to be almost human, they are so clever."

"And industrious?"

"More industrious than many people."

Just now they are pegging away day and night. Usually they work at night only, but this is building time, and as there seems to be snow in the air they are hustling double time to get their winter quarters in order. Just look at that fellow there trying to roll down that big log there.

And Headkeeper Byrne, of the zoological garden, leaned over the iron railing round the beaver pond, his fine face lighted up with interest, as he watched the quaint, hairy creatures so hard at work. The log was a heavy limb of a maple tree. It lay upon the bank a yard or two from the water. It was almost as thick and three times as long as the beaver who was endeavoring to move it. The animal pushed with all his strength, but vainly. He stopped, half hopelessly, walked round and round the log, then squatting resolutely on his haunches uttered a low cry. Instantly another creature poked its snout just above the water's surface and waited. The cry was repeated and the animal in the pond struck out for shore, reached it, and scrambled on the bank.

"That's old Grayback's mate," said Mr. Byrne. "The two of them will work the log together." And they tried it. But it was a tremendous job. An animal got on each side and shoved with their noses and forefeet for all they were worth. But the log didn't budge an inch. Still they pushed and tugged and tussled.

"Imagine they'll give it up," said the reporter.

"It looks like it," replied Mr. Byrne. "But, 'egad, not now; for here comes their two little ones."

As he spoke two young beavers that had been swimming rapidly across the pond clambered out on the bank and each took a turn at the end of the maple bough. All four, taking a sort of bark from old grayback as a signal, started in simultaneously. Just the "east little bit did" the log move, but enough to encourage the beavers to lash at it with a will. A little more it gave; then more and more. Presently it struck a steep decline in the bank and began to roll down. The beavers were on it, tugging and pushing. In a moment or two more it was at the bottom and lying on the narrow, flat surface round the edge of the pond. Before the momentum had altogether left it the beavers were on it again, making their last big spurt. And in another second—splash! it tumbled over into the water. The delighted beavers sprang on it all at once. For the rest was as smooth as soap, and with Graybeard leaning on one side and his mate on the other and the two little ones pushing at the other end, the big log went through the water like a fast yacht before the wind.

The beavers got it over to a hut made of boughs and mud in the middle of the stream. They laboriously pushed 'tup half out of the water, and satisfied that it was safe set off in quest of other material. The hut was nearly the size of an Indian wigwam and much the same in shape. It was made of many layers of sticks, logs, and mud. The flooring was of logs supported just above the water by other logs and stones. The boughs of trees and broken sticks were showing through the mud. But that is because the house was not completed. When it reaches a size great enough to satisfy the animals they will make one good day and night to give it a finishing touch, and walking over it will smooth out the mud with their broad, flat tails as nicely as if the work was done with a trowel.

And what is greatly to the credit of the animals, while all the beavers in the pond work upon the hut the house is really intended to be the quarters only of the grandfather and grandmother beavers in the colony. All the young ones have their own abodes, and the ground all about the pond is burrowed deep with subterranean private residences.

Two beavers on one occasion burrowed a home for themselves thirty-four feet under the pathway round the pond. When the Zoo people discovered the fact they had a hard time coaxing the beavers out of their quarters, and a still harder one filling the place up. Now there is a stone coping under ground all round the pond at some distance from the water, and when the beavers have worked their way as far as the stone they are forced to be satisfied with the extent of their dwelling.

All yesterday afternoon younger beavers, each with his mate, taking such time as they could from work on the hut, were busy at work on their own residences, hunting sticks, digging up and carrying mud and placing each element in its proper place. Some of them showed almost a mathematical nicety in their calculation. One busy fellow who wanted to nibble a large stick in two would nibble a little here and there, then walk around the stick, examining it critically, then nibble again and walk around once more. At last, when apparently satisfied with his calculations, he set to work with a will, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it seemed, had gnawed the stick through.

All the wood used in building is stripped of its bark, which forms the principal food of the animals. Now and

again yesterday a beaver, coming on a particularly fresh and juicy willow twig, would stop long enough to regale himself with the bark, first, by the way, washing the twig well in the pond. They treat all their food in the same way, and when someone threw a big fellow an apple yesterday he spun it round and round in the water before eating it. They lay up heaps of bark for winter use, and now and again when they find a fine, big log they bury it, bark and all, in the mud, nibbling off a supply as they require it during the winter days.

They take plenty of rest, however, as well as work hard, and along about feeding time yesterday several of them came up and lounged in the sunshine on the grassy bank, waiting for the keeper to come. They know him perfectly. The oldest and biggest of the colony—the patriarch—is stone blind. But somehow he, too, knows the keeper at feeding time.

Oil Quelling an Angry Sea.

A frequent cause of disaster to ships is the breaking of seas over them, and on this point the hydrographer of the United States has published within the last two years, in pamphlet form, digested from the "Monthly Pilot Chart," a list of a hundred and twenty authenticated cases in which furious seas were allayed by the use of oil; the latest proof of which is furnished by Captain Wales, of the British steamer "New Guinea," as follows:

"In January of the present year, making passage from Baltimore to Antwerp, encountered a very heavy western gale, accompanied by a tremendous sea. Considerable damage had been done to the boats and about the decks by the seas coming over and about the decks the captain wishing to avoid heaving the vessel to, if possible, decided to try the effects of oil, his attention having been called to it by the perusal of printed accounts. Two men were stationed forward—one at each closet—with ordinary soup and bully cans filled with raw linseed oil, the bottoms of the cans having been punched with two or three small holes. The oil was allowed to trickle into the bowl and thence into the sea, which seemed to the captain a wonderful effect. The oil-slick extended well out on either quarter, and so far astern that not a single sea broke on board after the use of oil was begun."

The captain described the manner in which the great white-crested seas would come roaring after the ship as if they would sweep her decks fore and aft; and how, on meeting the oil-slick, the crest of the sea would apparently be shattered into fine spray, and nothing left of the tremendous breaker but an enormous swell, over which the vessel rode easily and without taking a drop of water. The captain gave his personal attention to the expenditure of oil, regulating its flow by stopping one or more of the holes in the can when more than was necessary ran out, and in this way he succeeded in making seven gallons of oil last twenty-four hours. All this time his decks were almost absolutely dry, the only water coming on board being the fine spray from the crest of each wave as it came into contact with the oil-slick, and was blown on board by the wind. Captain Wales adds that he makes a point of using oil when even not absolutely necessary, as it adds so much to the comfort of all on board, and eases the ship. It would seem to be the part of discretion, now that the question of using oil in such cases is finally settled, that all ships be regularly equipped with appliances for casting oil on the water, just as they are compelled to carry lights and compasses. "Sea breakers," appliances for the distribution of the oil—have been patented both at home and abroad, and now used by all cattle carrying steamers and some other vessels. Special oil is now manufactured for this purpose.—Lieut. V. L. Cottman, in the Forum.

Girls Who Marry.

"I always read the wedding notices in the papers," said a Louisville citizen, "and I am surprised to observe what a large proportion of the brides are working girls. I do not use the term working girls in its commonly accepted sense, namely, that of the girls who work in a factory, but I include all those who earn their own living, working a typewriter or the other numerous occupations which are now open to the feminine sex. According to my observation these girls marry clerks young doctors and lawyers, railroad men and others, many of whom subsequently reach the greatest heights in business or the professions. Many well-to-do young men, who have either inherited or already accumulated something of a competency, marry girls who are accustomed to work."

"What conclusion then do you deduce from your observations?"

My conclusion is that the average young man of the period is a much more sensible creature than we give him credit for being. He has his fun with the society girls and enjoys himself, but when the time comes to select a wife he chooses her like Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown—not for gloss and fineness of finish, but for qualities that last. Thus the society girls get left. All our old maids were once leaders in society.

The young men thought they were not equal to the task of supporting these maidens, or the latter themselves were too high-toned to accept any but a millionaire, and hence they still prefix "Miss" to their names.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SHAKING HANDS.

A Form of Salutation as Old as the Hills but Not Properly Understood.

Although nothing is said about it in the medical journals, yet the custom of hand-shaking has grown into an epidemic in this country. Everybody is more or less infected. No man can stand up and say to all the world, "Hold I am free from this. I have never shaken hands."

There is no occasion when it is out of place. When two men stand up inside a twenty-foot ring with the intention of killing each other, the first move is to shake hands. When two bosom friends are about to separate for awhile, or when they chance to meet on the street, out go the hands and the atmosphere is more or less violently agitated.

Start out in the morning some time and notice the different hands you will shake in the course of the day. Broad, flat hands; tough calloused hands; hairy hands and smooth ones; white, black, brown, gray, yellow, red, blue and even green hands; hands that clutch at you like a drowning man clutches at a straw, and again little white gloved hands that rest in yours for a moment and then are taken away, drawing your heart with them.

There are many ways of shaking hands, some pleasant, most far otherwise. It would not be remiss to notice some of the most aggravated cases.

There is the man who reaches after your hand, gives it a dislocating jerk that precipitates you upon his bosom, and then follows it up with an impatient inquiry after your health. Some people take your hand as though it were a piece of red-hot iron that had to be touched but must be dropped as quickly as politeness would allow. Others take it as though it were an old valuable china saucer, fondle it for a moment and then let it drop softly from their grasp. The clammy hand is the most frightful—one of those nasty, sweaty, sticky paws that are cold to the touch and make you feel like you were holding a snake. "Let no such hand be trusted."

There is the cautious man, who never trusts you with more than two fingers, or three at most. Then the rural member who lifts your arm up and down two or three times, as though he had been in the dairy business and was milking his pump-cow, then suddenly lets go and leaves it in mid air to be taken down at pleasure.

Swinburne once wrote in a book this line:

"Touch hands and part with laughter.
What a novice in the hand shaking art he must have been. Let one of those great bluff, good natured, well meaning farmers take him by the hand once and make it into a bruised and bleeding piece of meat, and see how that line would change."

Who has not seen the man who shakes hands with two people at once, giving a separate hand to each, and the person who crowds a lot of hands between his and jerks them spasmodically.

For years politicians and preachers have been racing to see which could shake the most hands. The preachers have maintained a slight lead from the start. They fall a little behind during election times, but in the rest of the year they manage to overcome the politicians' spurt. Men who have nothing else to give, will always give you their hand, and the less they have to give other ways, the more hand you get. A shake of some hands is thought to possess peculiar curative properties. Many hands properly applied can cure you of any inordinate desire for hand-shaking that you have had. The shake of a president's hand will make you a prominent figure in a small town for years—especially if the grasp has been attested by two or more reliable witnesses.

Many a man has been elevated to the highest offices within the power of the people through the knowledge of how and when to shake hands. But it is an art that cannot be acquired. It is a natural gift. The handshaker is born, not made.

There are a few invaluable rules that will aid in the acquisition of this noble art. Do not despise them on account of their simplicity. They are the result of great brain sweat.

First—Never try to shake hands with a man whose hands are full of bundles or who has no hands to shake.

Second—Always take a man's hand in the same spirit in which it is given.

Third—If your hand is like a piece of sweaty dough or cold fungus always put on a glove before shaking.

Fourth—Never grasp a hand and pull your own off it like you thought you were milking a cow.

Fifth—Take a man's hand and press it warmly enough not to be thought haughty, and at the same time lightly enough not to be damned for impertinence.

Sixth—Never take hold of a hand in the street and hold on to it for five or ten minutes. It awakens distrust in the mind of its owner.

Seventh and last—Never encourage wanton hand-shaking for its own sake. Always have some definite purpose in view when you resign that useful and much abused appendage, the hand, to another's keeping.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Proud Distinction.

Every town in Nebraska claims to have the prettiest woman in the state. It is generally conceded, however, that Lincoln has the homeliest men. They are warm-hearted and nice, but they are as homely as a sorrel horse with a blazed face.—Lincoln Journal.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Dec. 24, 1887.

John Walruff succumbs at last, and is taking down his brewery at Lawrence and will remove it to Kansas City.

The Prohibition national convention is the first one to be called. It will be held in Indianapolis June 6, 1888.

The Missouri supreme court has decided that the local option law of that state is constitutional. Local option temperance work will be greatly accelerated in that state in consequence.

Before the end of another year Kansas will lead every state in the union in number of miles of railroad, Illinois alone excepted. It now stands third, with Illinois 2000 miles ahead.

Senator Cullom has his new postal telegraph bill well started. It has been referred to a committee, and will probably pass, with some modification. Topeka is one point named.

A Comanche county woman compromised with a druggist who sold liquor to her husband which caused him to fall from a wagon and break his neck, for \$500, which was more than he was ever worth.

Kansas must now suffer. The brewers of the country have resolved to buy no more barley raised in or shipped from Kansas or Iowa. Our farmers will have to raise cane in view of such a boycott—sugar cane. We will treat them sweetly.

Minister Taylor is severe on Liberia. He says the people only dress in fig leaves or their equivalent at which was horribly shocked. Then the ants eat up the man, and it is little compensation to know that they also eat up the anacondas, after they, too, have swallowed a man and become stupid.

The bodies of the four anarchists who were hung November 11, together with that of Lingg, the suicide, were taken from the vault on Sunday last, and committed to their final resting place. A large crowd attended and speaking was enjoyed, but all passed off quietly.

Sterling P. Rounds is dead. The announcement will be received with sorrow by many a newspaper man in the west. No better friend of theirs is left, no one indeed so near the heart of the craft. Many successful publishers owe their start to his counsel and generous aid.

Mr. Cleveland's revenue collector in Maine tried to keep the lists of those who take out government license from the public. The people demanded their rights, and brought the matter before the commissioner at Washington, who has decided that the lists must be open to the public, and more than that, the street and numbers of applicants must be given.

The late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the Kansas whiskey cases, is the most severe blow the saloon interests have yet suffered. It is, however, only supplemental to other decisions that have been made. Prohibition is legal and right. The highest courts in the land have declared it, and at last the liquor sellers are forced to recognize it.

Our police courts show up more drunks than we could wish. So there are more cases of burglary and murder. Still there is no more drunkenness than may reasonably be expected when so many strangers are daily coming here from other states where saloons are plenty, and where there are yet no means of prohibiting commerce in liquor between the states. So long as whiskey can be had in Kansas City by those who have the money to buy in quantity, so long will there be some drinking in Kansas.

St. Mary's Star says they have discovered a thirty-eight inch vein of coal 828 feet down.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine will have among its contributors Brander Matthews, Edgar Saltus, Albion W. Tourgee, Edgar Fawcett, Amelie Rives, W. H. Furness, John James Piatt, and Nora Perry, a brilliant list of names.

The time has past when any distinct avowal on this question is necessary as a matter of principle by the republican party. Advanced ground might have been taken three years ago, both as a matter of principle and policy.

It is certain that no prohibition plank will now take the Third Party Prohibitionists into the republican party and if it should draw some of them it would antagonize ten saloon republicans to every prohibitionist gained. So much for New York state which must be carried by the republicans if they elect the next president.

The republican party should become a party of prohibition at once, because that is one part of morality. It should be manifested now by acts rather than words. A wise statesmanship will devise new methods to meet great public demands, when ordinary methods have been rendered inadequate by superior foresight of either internal or external enemies. Failing in this defeat only remains.

Notwithstanding the opinion of Senator Palmer and the always uncertain advice of Albert Griffin, we do not believe the republican party can afford to put a prohibition plank into the next national platform. It is probable that since the impolite message of the President, the Republican party may safely take risks that would otherwise have been unsafe, but they must not venture too much, if they expect to win.

If the democratic party is defeated next year it may be attributed largely to President Cleveland's impolite message to the present session of Congress. The tariff question cannot possibly be made a national political issue without an entire readjustment of party lines. The president, by an unnecessary monologue on an impractical, because untimely question gives his enemies an immense advantage, without benefitting his own party, or showing his own devotion to principle, since the principle, in tangible form, was not, and cannot yet be an issue, either to make martyrs, or to strengthen parties.

Ohio may be another pivotal state. The situation here is peculiar. Northern Ohio is prohibition, southern Ohio is the opposite. Gov. Foraker carries a republican majority in the state by a remarkable power to hold united the republican prohibitionists in one section, and saloon republicans in the other. This would be impossible in a national campaign, with prohibition made a distinct issue in the platform. No man could ride two horses at the same time each in the extreme ends of Ohio. Foraker could have managed it only by commencing in the north, and then by suddenly vaulting to the southern steed just before the grand finale. Ohio would be lost to the republicans on a prohibition issue.

The Prohibition party may now be considered thoroughly established. It has an organization in nearly every northern state. Its national organization is complete and vigorous. It is better to admit this fact than to deny what is already apparent. Gen. Clinton B. Fiske, late a leading republican, and a gentleman of high standing and national celebrity, will probably be selected as candidate for president. At a late Chicago conference of nearly one thousand leaders of the new party, this plan was sufficiently outlined. There can hardly be a doubt but that Gen. Fiske would materially increase the prohibition party vote in New York, and this alone will almost inevitably defeat the republican party in that state, unless some means can be taken to counteract it.

A Prohibition state conference will be held in Music Hall, Topeka next Tuesday. The prohibition party has kept wonderfully in the background in this state for a year and a half. This is due to two causes; one, the want of a head, and the other the action of the last legislature in enacting the Murray law, which has proven more effective than the old law. Besides this there has been a more pronounced, and perhaps a more sincere, endorsement of prohibition by the republican leaders, since the success of prohibition has become more apparent, and since the people have become more determined in its favor.

But all this could not have prevented a more steady growth of a third party sentiment if any attempt at organization had been made. The relative growth of the party has not been great, during the last two years. In New York state the last vote showed an increase of about five thousand over the preceding vote. In some of the states the showing was not so good. But the vitality of the party is not to be estimated by this vote, nor by its apparent strength. It is better seen in its power of organization and the distinctness with which it marks the line between itself and the old parties.

Despite any advance temperance work, either by republicans in the north or democrats in the south, the work of state organization is going on and there can be little doubt as to the influence the party will have in the next national campaign. In Kansas, however, as in Iowa and Maine, the Prohibition Party will have no local significance. It will, however, show that its adherents look beyond state boundaries, and believe in alliance with a party that declares for national as well as state prohibition.

As to what will be done next week it is needless to speculate. Up to this time no movement made by this party has been considered worthy of much notice.

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Clay Center Times: The history of the Rock Island road in Kansas is an epitome of short, sharp and decisive work. Three years ago the Rock Island's western terminus was Kansas City, Mo. Its management became dissatisfied with the treatment of the connecting lines running out of Kansas City and covering the great growing western world, and applied for admission to the state, and met with a repulse from the legislature. Nothing daunted, M. A. Low, the present energetic head of the C., K. & N., again appeared before the legislature, and made his case so plain that there was no further opposition to such enactment as would give the Rock Island a fair show on Kansas soil. To-day the result is summed up in the completion and operation of 1,210 miles of road, all but about 100 miles being in this state, the remainder being in Nebraska. One thousand miles of road built and in operation in twelve months is the proud record of the Rock Island, a record probably without its counterpart in the world. Reaching out in four directions, like immense fingers, the Rock Island covers northeastern, northern, central and southwestern Kansas, preparatory to grasping Nebraska, Colorado, Indian Territory and Texas. Next week and thereafter there will be a great convention daily of its passenger trains at the state capital, where the various fingers merge into the wrist, which leads to the elbow at Kansas City. In northern Kansas trains will reach Phillipsburg, on the Denver extension, running from Kansas City—through Topeka, McFarland, Manhattan, Clay Center, Clyde, Belleville, Mankato and Smith Center. Down on the southern border the gate way to Indian Territory is reached at Caldwell by passing through Topeka, Marion, Herrington, Peabody, Wichita, and Wellington. Headed toward the land of Montezuma, the Rock Island reaches out for the Rio Grande, at present operating as far as Kingsdown, Kiowa county, to reach which point the road passes through Topeka, Herrington, McPherson, Hutchinson, Pratt and Greensburg.

Central Kansas is not neglected. Reaching out from Herrington, the Rock Island gently feels the pulse of Enterprise, Abilene and Salina. Nor is this all. Next week the track will be seen winding on the plains and through the valleys of the southwest, and soon trains will be opened to Dodge City, leaving the main line at Budland.

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Supplementary to the Stories are a number of Departments under such heads as the following: Housekeepers, Home Circle, Home Decoration, Art at Home, Mothers, Young Women, Boys and Girls, Puzzles, Temperance, Fashion, Needlework, Hygiene, Etc.

In these "Departments" are useful hints and helpful suggestions appropriate to the various headings. In the "Housekeepers," "Needlework," etc., the publishers aim to have everything thoroughly practical and capable of ready use by any ordinarily competent person. No padding to fill pages will be found in the Home, and an inspection of any copy of the Magazine will show the reader that the warm commendations of subscribers are fully warranted by this unique feature of ARTHUR'S.

We do not offer any special premiums this year, but intend to make the Magazine itself well worth all its cost. The cost of premiums and more will be put into the pages of the Magazine. In reverting to club rates of seasons prior to 1887, we can assure our readers that the slight advance over prices of last year will be more than repaid to them in the quality of the literature and the general excellence of the MAGAZINE.

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The Eclectic.

The issue for December 17th has the following interesting array of contents:

"The Three Evils of Destiny," by J. Theodore Bent; American History in Public Schools, by Francis Newton Thorpe; Day-going in Japan, by Lewis Wingfield; Extension of the British Frontier in India, from the Saturday Review; Great Britain and Russia, from Blackwood's Magazine; A note in the department of Current Thought about Items concerning Dinah Mulock Craik, by Sarah K. Bolton; Mr Childs's Shakespeare Memorial, by James Russell Lowell; William M. Thackeray, from Blackwood's Magazine; Farjeon's Novels, from Westminster Review; Arthur Gilman's "Moors in Spain," from Westminster Review; and Siam, the Heart of Farjeon, from the Missionary Review.

The Magazine of American History.

The current December number completes the Eighteenth Volume of this admirably conducted illustrated historic monthly. The Best Historical Magazine in the World. The rapidly growing interest among the reading communities of the United States in the former politics, affairs, and events which have contributed towards making our young nation one of the foremost among the nations, is a matter of pride and congratulation to this periodical—which, as is universally conceded, was the very first in the land to popularize American history. No magazine in this country has achieved a higher reputation abroad than the Magazine of American History. "It is the Magazine of the world," recently remarked a prominent English librarian, "and we treasure it as one of the most valuable of our possessions." This Magazine aims to have no superior in all points of excellence; its papers are delightfully animated and picturesque, and its authentic and trustworthy information, in all its various departments, is presented in clear, vigorous, and attractive style. It is spirited, educating and progressive as well as popular; and superbly illustrated it holds the highest rank in the current literature of the time. It is warmly commended by the ablest scholars and historians in all countries and climes.

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The price of the bound volume is \$5.00 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and \$4.50 if bound in half morocco. Address Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

The Library Magazine.

The issue for December 10th contains the following important articles:

The Catholic Revival of the Sixteenth Century, from the Quarterly Review. Science and the Bishops, by Prof. T. H. Huxley. The Theosophic Movement in India, by Herr Ernst von Weber. Rural France, from the Edinburgh Review. Also brief articles from the Saturday Review on The Future of Canada, American and Indian Wheat, Queries for Journalists, and Debts of Honor. Single copies 3 cents; \$1.00 per year. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York. The Library Magazine, supplied in connection with this paper, for the price of \$1.50 per year for the two. Address this office.

The January number, 1888, of "Peterson's Magazine" is at hand this early in the month. This opening number for the new year is a decided success. It has two handsome steel engravings, one, "Among the Roses," is a beautiful illustration story by Frank Lee Benedict. The other is called "The Young Cricketer," and will go right to the heart of every boy who loves a game of ball. There is also an elegant design printed in colors, for a stripe for chair, etc., etc., in Berlin-wool, besides numerous illustrations of dress and workable patterns. Miss M. G. McClelland, who has lately taken a front rank among young Southern writers, begins a serial in her most intense dramatic vein; and there are, besides, a goodly number of short tales by writers of first class reputation, and poems far above the average of magazine literature. Between its literary claims, its artistic excellence, and its thorough reliability as a guide to dress and fashion, "Peterson's" covers a wide range; but in no respect is there ever any failure. We never fail to recommend it most heartily to our lady friends. The exquisite premiums offered, this year, make it better than ever worth any lady's while to get up a club. Terms: Two Dollars a year, with great reductions to clubs, and elegant premiums to those getting up clubs. Sample-copies, free to those desiring to get up a club. Address, Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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You are confronted at the threshold of your legislative duties with a condition of the national finances which imperatively demands immediate and careful consideration.

The amount of money annually exacted, through the operation of present laws, from the industries and necessities of the people, largely exceeds the necessary to meet the expenses of the government.

When we consider that the theory of our institutions guarantees to every citizen the full enjoyment of all the fruits of his industry and enterprise, with only such deduction as may be his share toward the careful and economical maintenance of the government which protects him, it is plain that the exaction of more than this is indefensible extortion and a culpable betrayal of American fairness and justice.

This wrong inflicted upon those who bear the burden of national taxation, like other wrongs, multiplies a brood of evil consequences. The public treasury, which should only exist as a conduit conveying the people's tribute to its legitimate objects of expenditure, becomes a hoarding place for money needlessly withdrawn from trade and the people's use, thus crippling the national energies, suspending our country's development, preventing investment in productive enterprises, threatening financial disturbance, and inviting schemes of public plunder.

This condition of our treasury is not altogether new; and it has more than once of late been submitted to the people's representatives in the congress, who alone can apply a remedy. And yet the situation still continues, with aggravating force, more than ever, threatening financial convulsion and widespread disaster.

It will not do to neglect this situation because its dangers are not now palpably imminent and apparent. They exist and are certain, and await the unforeseen and unexpected occasion when suddenly they will be precipitated upon us.

On the 30th day of June, 1885, the excess of revenues over public expenditures, after deducting with the annual requirements of the sinking fund act, was \$17,559,735.84; during the year ending June 30, 1886, such excess amounted to \$49,405,515.20; and during the year ending June 30, 1887, it reached the sum of \$55,567,849.54.

The annual contributions to the sinking fund during the three years above specified, amounting in the aggregate to \$188,053,820.94, and deducted from the surplus as stated, were made by calling in for that purpose outstanding three per cent bonds of the government.

During the six months prior to June 30, 1887, the surplus revenue had grown so large by repeated accumulations, and it was feared the withdrawal of this great sum of money needed by the people would so affect the business of the country, that the sum of \$70,854,100 of such surplus was applied to the payment of the interest on the bonds of June 1887, the remainder of the three per cent bonds then outstanding, amounting with principal and interest to the sum of \$18,877,500, were called in and applied to the sinking fund contribution for the current fiscal year.

Notwithstanding these operations of the treasury department the representations of distress in business circles not only continued but increased, and absolute peril seemed at hand. In the circumstances the contribution to the sinking fund for the current fiscal year was at once completed by the expenditure of \$27,684,283.55 in the purchase of government bonds not due bearing 4½ per cent interest, the premium paid thereon averaging about twenty-four per cent for the former and eight per cent for the latter. In addition to this the interest accruing during the current year upon the outstanding bonded indebtedness of the government was to some extent anticipated, and bonds selected as depots of public money were permitted to somewhat increase their deposits.

While the expedients thus employed to relieve the people the money lying idle in the treasury, served to avert the immediate danger, our surplus revenues have continued to accumulate, the excess for the present year amounting on the first day of December to \$55,558,701.19, and is estimated to reach the sum of \$113.0 on the 30th of June next, at which date it is expected that this sum, added to prior accumulations, will swell the surplus in the treasury to \$140,000,000.

There seems to be no assurance, that, with such a withdrawal from use of the people's circulating medium, our business community may not in the near future be subjected to the same distress which was quite lately produced from the same cause. And while the functions of our national treasury should be few and simple, and while its best condition would be reached, I believe, by its entire disconnection with private business interests, yet, when, by a perversion of its purposes, it idly holds money needlessly subtracted from the channels of trade, there seems to be reason for the claim that some legitimate means should be devised by the government to restore in an emergency, without waste or extravagance, such money to its place among the people.

If such an emergency arises, there now exists no clear and undoubted executive power of relief.

Heretofore, the redemption of 3 per cent bonds which was payable at the option of the government, has afforded a means for the disbursement of the excess of our revenues; but these bonds have all been retired, and there are no bonds outstanding, the payment of which we have the right to insist upon. The contribution to the sinking fund, which furnishes the occasion for expenditure in the purchase of bonds, has been already made for the current year, so that there is no outlet in that direction.

In the present state of legislation, the only pretense of any existing executive power to restore, at this time, any part of our surplus revenues to the people by its expenditure, consists in the proposition that the secretary of the treasury may enter the market and purchase the bonds of the government, not yet due at a rate of premium to be agreed upon.

The only provision of law from which such a power could be derived is found in the appropriation bill passed a number of years ago, and it is subject to the suspicion that it was intended as temporary and limited in its application, instead of conferring a continuing discretion and authority.

No condition ought to exist which would justify the grant of power to a single official, upon his judgment of its necessity, to withhold from or release to the business of the people, in an unusual manner, money held in the treasury, and thus affect, at his will, the financial situation of the country; and if it is deemed wise to lodge in the secretary of the treasury the authority in the present juncture to purchase bonds, it should be plainly vested, and provided as far as possible, with such checks and limitations as will define this official's right and discretion, and at the same time relieve him from undue responsibility.

In considering the question of purchasing bonds as a means of restoring to circulation the surplus money accumulating in the treasury, it should be born in mind that premiums must be paid on a large part of these bonds held as investments which cannot be purchased at any price, and that combinations among holders who are willing to sell, may unreasonably enhance the cost of such bonds to the government.

It has been suggested that the present bonded debt might be refunded at a less rate of interest, and the difference between the old and new security paid in cash, thus finding use for the surplus in the treasury. The suggestion of this plan is not altogether new, but it depends upon the volition of the holders of the present bonds; and it is not entirely certain that the inducement which must be offered them would result in more financial benefit to the government than the purchase of bonds, while the latter proposition would reduce the principal of the debt by actual payment, instead of extending it.

The proposition to deposit the money held by the government in banks throughout the country, for use by the people, is, it seems to me, exceedingly objectionable in principle, as establishing too close a relationship between the operations of the government treasury and the business of the country, and too extensive a commingling of their money, thus fostering an unnatural reliance in private business upon public funds. If this scheme should be adopted it should only be done as a temporary expedient to meet an urgent necessity. Legislative and executive effort should generally be in the opposite direction and should have a tendency to divorce, as much and as fast as can safely be done, the treasury department from private enterprise.

Of course it is not expected that unnecessary and extravagant appropriations will be made for the purpose of avoiding the accumulation of an excess of revenue. Such expenditure, besides the demoralization of all the conceptions of public duty which it entails, stimulates a habit of reckless improvidence not in the least consistent with the mission of our people or the high and beneficent ideas of our government.

I have deemed it my duty to thus bring to the knowledge of my countrymen as well as to the attention of their representatives charged with the responsibility of legislation, the gravity of our financial situation. The failure of congress heretofore to provide against the dangers which it was quite evident the very nature of the difficulty must necessarily produce, and a condition of financial distress and absorption, since your last adjournment which taxed to the utmost all the authority and expedients within executive control; and these appear now to be exhausted.

If disaster results from the continued inaction of congress, the responsibility must rest where it belongs.

Though the situation thus far considered is fraught with danger, it should be realized, and though it presents a feature of wrong to the people as well as peril to the country, it is but a result growing out of a perfect and apparent cause, constantly reproducing the same alarming circumstances—a congested national treasury and depleted monetary condition in the business of the country. It need hardly be stated that while the present situation demands a remedy, we cannot be saved from the present condition in the future by the removal of its cause.

Our scheme of taxation, by means of which this needless surplus is taken from the people and put into the public treasury, consists of a tariff or duty levied upon imports from abroad, and internal revenue taxes levied upon the consumption of tobacco and spirituous and malt liquors. It must be conceded that none of the things subjected to internal revenue taxation are, strictly speaking, necessities. There appears to be no just complaint of this taxation by the consumers of these articles, and there seems to be nothing so well able to bear the burden without hardship to any portion of the people.

But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended.

These laws as their primary and plain effort raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles.

Many of these things, however, are raised or manufactured in our country, and therefore now levied upon foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufactures, because they render it possible for those of our people who are manufacturers to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid customs duty. So it happens that while comparatively a few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who consume the products of any of the foreign products, purchase and use things of the same kind made in this country and pay therefor nearly or quite the same enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles.

Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the great majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to that duty to the home manufacturer. This reference to the operation of our tariff laws is not made by way of instruction, but in order that we may be constantly reminded of the manner in which they impose a burden upon those who consume domestic products as well as those who consume imported articles, and thus create a tax upon all our people.

It is not proposed to entirely relieve the country of this taxation, but it should be extensively continued as the source of the government's income, and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, and well the preservation of our workers. It may be called protection, or by any other name, but relief from the hardships and dangers of our present tariff laws should be devised with especial precaution against impairing the existence of our manufacturing interests. But this existence should not be made a condition which, without regard to the public welfare or a national exigency, must always insure the realization of immense profits instead of moderately profitable returns.

As the volume and diversity of our national activities increase, new recruits are added to those who desire a continuance of the advantages which they conceive the need of a system of tariff taxation directly effects. So stubbornly have all efforts to reduce the present condition been resisted by those of our fellow-citizens thus engaged, that there can hardly be a complaint of the suspension of the tariff to certain extent, that there existed an organized combination all along the line to maintain their advantage.

We are in the midst of centennial celebrations, and with becoming pride we rejoice in American spirit and ingenuity, in American energy and enterprise, and in the wonderful natural advantages and resources developed by a century's national growth. Yet when an attempt is made to justify schemes which permit a tax to be laid upon every consumer in the land for the benefit of our manufacturers quite beyond a reasonable demand for government regard, it suits the purposes of advocacy to call manufacturers laboring industries, and needing the highest degree of favor and fostering care that can be wrung from a federal legislation.

It is also said that the increase in the price of domestic manufactures resulting from the present tariff is necessary in order that higher wages may be paid to our workmen employed in manufactures, than are paid for what is called the pauper labor of Europe. All will acknowledge the force of an argument which involves the welfare and liberal compensation of our working men. Labor is honorable in the eyes of every American citizen; and as it lies at the foundation of our development and progress, it is entitled, without affectation or hypocrisy to the utmost regard.

The standard of our laborer's life should not be measured by that of any other country less favored, and they are entitled to their full share of all our advantages.

By the last census it is made to appear that of the 17,392,099 of our population engaged in all kinds of industries, 7,070,493 are employed in agriculture, 4,074,293 in professional

and personal services, (2,984,876 of whom are domestic servants and laborers,) while 1,810,550 are employed in trade and transportation, and 8,857,112 are engaged in manufacturing and mining.

For present purposes, however, the last number given should be considerably reduced. Without attempting to enumerate all, it will be conservative to say that, by deducting from those which it includes, 375,143 carpenters and joiners, 285,401 milliners, dress-makers and seamstresses, 172,726 blacksmiths, 133,756 tailors and tailoresses, 103,474 masons, 76,241 butchers, 41,309 bakers, 23,083 plasterers, 4,891 engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements, amounting in the aggregate to 1,214,023, leaving 2,635,089 persons employed in such manufacturing industries as are claimed to be benefited by a high tariff.

To these the appeal is made to save their employment and maintain their wages by resisting a change. There should be no disposition to answer such suggestions by the allegation that they are in a minority among those who labor, and therefore should forego an advantage, in the interest of low prices for the majority. Their compensation, as it may be affected by the operation of tariff laws, should at all times be ferreted out in view; and yet with slight reflection they will not overlook the fact that they are consumers with the rest; that they too have their own wants and needs, and that the price of the necessities of life, as well as the amount of their wages will regulate the measure of their welfare and comfort.

The reduction of taxation demanded should be so measured as not to necessitate or justify either the loss of employment by the workmen or the lessening of his wages; and the profits still remaining to manufacturers after a necessary reduction of the tariff, furnish no excuse for the sacrifice of the interests of his employees either in their opportunity to work or in the diminution of their compensation. Nor can the worker in manufactures be expected to maintain a high tariff, which is claimed to be necessary to allow the payment of remunerative wages, if certainly results in a very large increase in the price of nearly all sorts of manufactures, which, in almost every instance, means a high tax upon every self and his family. He receives at the desk of his employer his wages, and perhaps before he reaches his home is obliged, in a purchase for family use of an article of domestic manufacture, to pay a high price, the payment of the increase in price which the tariff permits, the hard-earned compensation of many days of toil.

The farmer or the agriculturist, who manufactures nothing, but who pays the increased price which the tariff imposes upon every agricultural implement, upon all he wears and upon all he uses and owns, except the increase of his flocks and herds and such things as in his husbandry he produces from the soil, is faulted for not maintaining the present situation; and he is told that a high duty on imported wool is necessary for the benefit of those who have sheep to shear, in order that the price of their wool may be increased.

They of course are not reminded that the farmer who has no sheep is by this scheme obliged, in his purchases of clothing and woolen goods, to pay a tribute to his fellow farmer as well as to the manufacturer and the wool-grower. He is reminded that the fact that the sheep owners themselves and their households must wear clothing and use other articles manufactured from the wool they sell at tariff prices, and thus as consumers must bear their share of this increased price to the tradesman. I think it may be fairly assumed that a large proportion of the sheep owned by the farmers throughout the country are found in small flocks numbering from five to ten sheep, and that the price of the wool imported wool which these sheep yield is ten cents for each pound, if of the value of thirty cents, and twelve cents if of the value of more than thirty cents. If the liberal estimate of six pence is taken, the value of the duty thereon would be sixty or seventy-two cents, and this may be taken as the utmost enhancement of the price to the farmer by reason of this duty. Eighteen dollars would be the increased price of a lot of wool from twenty-five sheep at a thirty-six dollars that from the wool of fifty sheep; and at present values this addition would amount to about one-third of its price. If upon its return to the consumer, the price of the wool leaves his hands charged with precisely that sum, which in all its changes will adhere to it, until it reaches the consumer. When manufactured into cloth and other goods, and material for such articles, the price increased to the extent of the farmers' tariff profit but a further sum has been added for the benefit of the manufacturer under the operation of other tariff laws. In the meantime the wool-grower receives the benefit of the tariff, and the farmer who has no sheep is obliged to purchase woolen goods and material to clothe himself and family for the winter. When he faces the tradesman for that purpose he discovers that he is obliged not only to return to the wool-grower the price of the tariff profit on the wool he sold, and which then perhaps lies before him in manufactured form, but that he must add considerable sum thereto to meet a further increase in cost of the manufactured article, and that he has paid upon a moderate purchase, as a result of the tariff scheme, which, when he sold his wool seemed so profitable an increase in price, more than sufficient to sweep away the tariff profit he received upon the wool he produced and sold.

When the number of farmers engaged in wool-raising is compared with all the farmers in the country, the small proportion they bear to the population is at once apparent. It is made apparent that, in case of a large part of those who own sheep, the benefit of the present tariff on wool is illusory; and, above all, when the cost of living caused by such tariff becomes a burden upon those with moderate means and the poor, the employed and unemployed, the sick and the young and the old, and that it constitutes a tax which, with relentless grasp, is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman and child in the land, reasons are suggested why the removal or reduction of the tariff should be included in a revision of our tariff laws.

In speaking of the increased cost to the consumer of our home manufactures, resulting from a duty laid upon imported articles of the same description, the fact is not overlooked that competition among our domestic producers sometimes has the effect of keeping the price of their products below the highest limit allowed by such duty. But it is noteworthy that this condition is too often strangled by combinations quite prevalent at this time, and frequently called trusts which have for their object the regulation of the supply and price of commodities made and sold by members of such combinations. The people can hardly hope for any consideration in the operation of these selfish schemes. If however, in the absence of such combinations, a healthy and free competition reduces the price of any particular article of home production below the limit which it might otherwise reach under our tariff laws, and if, with such reduced price, its manufacture continues to thrive, it is entirely evident that one thing has been discovered which should be carefully scrutinized in an effort to reduce taxation. The necessity of combination to maintain the price of any commodity to the tariff point furnishes proof that some one is willing to accept lower prices for such commodity, and that such prices are remunerative, and lower prices produced by competition prove the same thing. Thus where either of these conditions exists, a case would seem to be presented for an easy reduction of taxation.

The considerations which have been presented touching our tariff laws are intended only to enforce an earnest recommendation that the surplus revenues of the government

be prevented by the reduction of our customs duties, and at the same time, to emphasize a suggestion that in accomplishing this purpose, we may discharge a double duty to our people by granting to them a measure of relief from tariff taxation where it is most needed and from sources which it can be most fairly and justly accorded. Nor can the presentation made of such considerations be, with any degree of fairness, regarded as evidence of unfriendliness toward our manufacturing interests or of any lack of appreciation of their value.

These interests constitute a leading and most substantial element of our national greatness and furnish the proud proof of our country's progress. But if, in the emergency that presents us, our manufacturers are asked to surrender something for the public good and to avert disaster, their patriotism, as well as a grateful recognition of advantages already afforded should lead them to willingly concede. No demand is made that they shall forego all the benefits of governmental regard, but they cannot fail to be admonished of their duty, as well as their enlightened self-interest and safety, when they are reminded of the many disastrous past and collective, which the present condition tends, afford no greater shelter or protection to our manufacturers than to our other important enterprises. Opportunity for safe, careful and deliberate discussion of such matters should not be denied to the time when abused and irritated people, heedless of those who have resisted timely and reasonable relief may insist upon a radical and a sweeping rectification of their wrongs.

The difficulty attending a wise and fair revision of our tariff laws is not underestimated. It will require on the part of congress great skill and care, and especially a broad and national consideration of the subject, and a patriotic disregard of such local and selfish claims as are unreasonable and reckless of the welfare of the entire country.

Our present laws more than four thousand articles are subject to duty. Many of these do not in any way compete with our own manufactures, and many are hardly worth attention as subjects of revenue. A considerable number can be made in the spirit of the tariff laws, and the tariff laws, by adding them to the free list. The taxation of luxuries presents no features of hardship, but the necessities of life, used and consumed by all the people, the duty upon such articles, the cost of living in every home, should be greatly cheapened.

The radical reduction of the duties imposed upon raw material used in manufactures, or its free importation, is of course an important consideration, and has caused by a cluttered domestic market, and the consequent increase in the price of such material, but the manufactured product being thus cheapened, that part of the duty which is levied upon such product, as a compensation to our manufacturers for the present price of raw material, could be accordingly modified. Such reduction, or free importation, would serve beside to largely reduce the cost of living in every home, and such a change can have no injurious effect upon our manufacturers. On the contrary, it would appear to give them a better chance in foreign markets with the manufacturers of other countries, who cheapen their wares by free material. Thus our people might have the opportunity of extending their sales beyond the limits of home consumption—saving them from the depression, interruption in business, and loss of employment in the domestic market, and affording their employees more certain and steady labor, with its resulting quiet and contentment.

The question thus imperatively presented for solution should be approached in a spirit higher than partisanship and considered in the light of that regard for patriotic duty which should characterize the action of those entrusted with the weal of a confiding people. In the obligation to declared party policy and principle is not wanting to urge prompt and effective action. Both of the great political parties now represented in the government have, by repeated and authoritative action, declared their opposition to our laws which permit the collection from the people of unnecessary revenue, and have, in the most solemn manner, promised its correction; and neither as citizens or partisans are we to be content with a mere promise to deliberate violation of these pledges.

Our progress toward a wise conclusion will not be improved by dwelling upon the theories of protection and free trade. This says too much of the expediency of one policy or the other, and it is a condition which confronts us—not a theory. Relief from this condition may involve a slight reduction of the advantages which we award our home productions, but the entire withdrawal of such advantages should not be contemplated. The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant; and the persistent claim made in certain quarters, that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation be the removal of all tariff duties, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration for the public good.

The simple and plain duty which we owe the people is to reduce taxation to the necessary minimum, and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the treasury through the perversion of governmental powers. These things can and should be done with safety to all our industries without danger to the opportunity for remunerative labor which our workmen need and with benefit to them and all our people by cheapening their means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comfort.

The constitution provides that the President shall from time to time give to the congress information on the state of the Union. It has been the custom of the executive in compliance with this provision, to annually exhibit to the congress, at the opening of its session, the general condition of the country, and the progress of the different executive departments. It would be especially agreeable to follow this course at the present time, and to call attention to the valuable accomplishments of these departments during the last fiscal year, but I am so much impressed with the paramount importance of the subject to which this communication has thus far been devoted that I shall forego the addition of any further details, and turn to an immediate consideration of the "state of the union" as shown in the present condition of our treasury and our general fiscal situation, upon which every element of our safety and prosperity depends.

The reports of the heads of departments, which will be submitted, contain full and explicit information touching the transaction of business entrusted to them, and such recommendations as they deem advisable. I ask for these reports and recommendations the deliberate examination and action of the legislative branch of the government.

The reports of the heads of departments, and the departmental report demanding legislative consideration, and which I should be glad to submit. Some of them, however, have been earnestly presented in previous messages, and as to them I beg leave to repeat prior recommendations.

As the law makes no provision for any report from the department of state, a brief history of that important department, together with other matters which it may hereafter be deemed essential to commend to the attention of the congress, may furnish the occasion for a future communication.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 8.

"Say, hub, I hear your folks are going to have a conversation club at your house this winter." "Yep; we got one." "Who are the members?" "Me and ma. I furnish the conversation and ma the club."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Although Concord is one of the oldest towns in New Hampshire, it has a population of only 15,000. In the west it is a very poor village that can't score more than that number of inhabitants in five or six years.

Hitherto the coffee consumed by Cincinnatians has come through New York city, but last week one of the leading merchants departed from the custom of importing direct from Java a large consignment of the delicious berry.

Unknown persons have been causing considerable uneasiness among the farmers near Lowell, Mass., by relieving them of their teams whenever they hitched them in the city. Last Saturday five teams were run off in this manner.

While a horse was feeding in a pasture near Grange Heights, Fla., the other day, the earth suddenly fell in and let him down eight feet. The animal's owner saw the strange occurrence, and soon relieved it from its predicament. The cause of the cave-in is unknown.

Notwithstanding the boasted salubrity of the climate of California, the death rate in San Francisco last year was nearly eighteen per thousand. The zymotic diseases were especially prevalent and fatal, diphtheria and typhoid fever being the leading forms. Bad drainage is charged with the trouble.

A man in Gardiner, Me., had let his wife bring water from the well for ten years; but when he needed a little water daily for his business he at once had a pipe laid and a pump put in, "to save so much extra labor." The *Gardiner Reporter* says: "A little personal experience is sometimes worth more than a large number of object lessons."

While Mrs. Robert Harrison, of Orange, N. Y., was in her cellar the other day she was attacked by a large cat, which bit her about the ankles and then climbing up her dress scratched her hands severely. Mrs. Harrison ran screaming up stairs with the cat still holding on, and it was not until the cat's head had been crushed that its teeth relinquished their hold. The woman was so frightened and lacerated that it is feared she will die.

A stranger put up at a hotel in Urbana, O., last week, and after a few days he got hard up. To an acquaintance he unfolded the information that he had a dollar of the coinage of 1864, and that it was worth \$300, but that he would sell it for \$100, as he was in need of money. The acquaintance kindly caught on, gave him his price, took the silver dollar and sent it to the treasury department at Washington. Monday he received a letter from a treasury employe informing him that he had been duped.

The residents of Oak Cliff Heights, the fashionable suburb of Dallas, Texas., are considerably stirred up over the recent purchase by the Texas African normal institute of several fine lotes in their vicinity, on which the institute proposed to erect a negro college. The agent of the institute bought the land from a company which, having discovered the object of the purchase, has seized the purchase papers and returned the money—nearly \$70,000. The institute will sue to get possession of the property and papers.

A tramp applied to the police for lodging recently at Warmister, England, and was placed in a cell under the town hall. The constable who locked him in forgot him, and it was not until after forty hours' incarceration without food or warmth that he was rescued. He was in an exhausted condition. His cries for help were heard, but thought by passers-by to be the calls of a crazy man, and it was not until some one determined to speak to the police in his behalf that his presence was made known to them. He left town all right the next morning.

The damage done by forest fires in Arkansas within the last few days, says *The Little Rock Democrat*, is almost incalculable. The damage consists in the destruction of timber, winter range, fences, outhouses, buildings, cotton in the bale and sometimes in the field, saw-mills, lumber, cotton-gins, railroad ties, cord-wood, etc. If we could get an accurate statement of all the losses entailed by these fires it would be appalling—running up no doubt into the millions. Added to all this destruction the loss in stock caused by the drying of the streams has been very considerable.

Fossil human remains are said to have been found in the Diablo mountains, a range just north of the station of Carrizo, 13 miles east of El Paso, Tex., on the Texas and Pacific railroad. The district has been very little visited until lately, when some rich silver deposits were found in the range, which led to a large influx of prospectors. The summit of the range is of limestone formation, which is honey-combed in various places by caves. In one of them have been found stone implements, bone needles, pieces of pottery, and other evidences of human habitation. Bones of extinct species of animals are numerous. Among this mass of prehistoric remains was found a portion of a man's skeleton of gigantic size, consisting of the skull and a portion of the vertebrae. The skull shows enormous teeth in a perfect state of preservation. These remains are in possession of N. A. Osner, of Carrizo station.

The "exclusive society" of Newark, N. J., is all torn up over the discovery that John Rigden Talbot, a young man who for some weeks past has been idolized by the "angels" and hui-brained women of that city, is none other than "Lori" Courtenay, the English forger and vagabond. Talbot, by palming himself off as a scion of a noble English family, became the lion of the day at Newark, and the female lovers of everything that has a title prefixed to its name made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people by tagging about at his coat tails, winning and dining him, and doing him favors that they would never think of doing to an honest American fellow. "Lord" Courtenay has been very successful in his impositions, not only at Newark but in many other cities where royalty is worshipped. In Buffalo he worked his admirers to the extent of several hundred dollars, and there are victims of his art in Montreal, Salt Lake, and Memphis. In 1880 he was arrested for swindling a Salt Lake bank with a forged check, but never underwent any punishment for the offense. His career in England was not so brilliant, of course, as it was in this country, for there he did not have the soft and productive material to work on that he found here among the "exclusive" though stupid society people.

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

FATTENING FOWLS.

ALL kinds of fowls are naturally too active to lay on fat in proportion to the feed eaten as long as allowed to run at large. Placing them in a dark room, giving light only when feeding, will keep them quiet and fatten in ten or twelve days better than a month's feeding will do without. Do not keep them penned too long, as their health may be injured and they will grow poor again.

POACHING MEADOWS IN WINTER.

Few farmers realize how much damage stock do to meadows or other grass lands by roaming over them in winter. The tramping of cattle or horses through the mud in open weather is a damage to the land, not only the following year, but as long as the field is unplowed. And if the land is intended for spring plowing the damage is scarcely less. The trampled soil turns up hard and lumpy, and it takes half the summer to put it in as good condition as it ought to be by plowing and once dragging.

DRINK FOR FATTENING COWS.

While a cow gives milk she drinks more than at any other time. When she begins to fatten she cannot be made to drink so much. If a fattening cow or steer is given roots, apples or pumpkins it will often scarcely drink anything. One reason is that the fattening process consists in part in changing the water in its flesh to fat, which is the great advantage in making fat meat richer and more nutritive than from unfattened animals.

WINDMILLS FOR FARM POWER.

It is surprising that more use is not made of windmills to furnish power. A great many farmers have them over wells, which do good service in pumping, but few think they can do anything else. It needs little extra machinery to attach the power, thus furnished to a wheel, and use this for churning, washing, turning grindstones or lathes, and various other uses to which the farmer's ingenuity will put it when once set on the right track.

MILL FEED FOR PIGS.

There is no better diet for growing pigs of any age than wheat mill feed. This is much better than bran, which is too coarse, and goes through young pigs without doing them much good. In fact, pigs will not eat bran unless starved to it more than growing pigs ought to be. If given bran in milk they will drink the latter and leave the bran in the trough. If corn meal is mixed with wheat bran the meal will be sifted out and the bran left. This pigs cannot so well do if the feed is finer.

PRESERVING EGGS.

English authorities have as yet found no better way to keep eggs fresh than by the use of salt and lime. But the name preserved egg has a stale and unappetizing sound. If no effort were made to keep summer eggs over till winter the demand would surely be far better than it is now. And we may add that if no eggs were sold but those fresh laid, the price would stimulate and pay for methods of making hens lay in winter, when the freshness of their eggs could have no possible doubt. Preserving eggs is going to work backwards. What is most wanted is to make hens lay in winter.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.

Henry Stewart, a New York farmer, argues that one ton of clover hay contains nine or ten per cent. of albuminoids, while a ton of timothy hay has only 5 1/2 per cent. of these valuable nutrients. Clover hay is always cheaper than timothy, and oftentimes thirty to fifty per cent. cheaper. Hence farmers should grow timothy for sale and clover for feeding out to their stock. Again, Mr. Stewart claims that if a ton of straw containing two or 2 1/2 per cent. of albuminoids is mixed with a ton of clover hay, the mixture contains the same nutritious substance as two tons of timothy hay, certainly another argument in favor of feeding the clover.

CO-OPERATION IN HOG-KILLING.

The greatest part of the work in killing and dressing hogs is getting ready. When the water is properly heated and fires brightly burning, a few hogs, more or less, make little difference. The cleaning of the inward makes a bad muss in and around the kitchen. Now why cannot farmers who have each two or three hogs work together in killing and dressing them? The proper way, of course, is to take turns year by year, so that the little extra labor involved in doing the work on their own premises may be divided. Or one farmer in a neighborhood might well afford to provide superior conveniences for hog killing, and his neighbors could still better afford to make a moderate but profitable remuneration for their use.

WASTING CORN ON HOGS.

There is no surer way to waste corn than to feed it in the ear, hard and indigestible, to hogs late in the fall that have been used to other and softer feed. The hogs will not eat it well, as their gums are tender and the hard kernels make their mouth sore. What they do eat gives them little good, as may be seen by examining their excrement. Kill such an animal after one or two weeks' feeding with corn in the ear, and its intestines will be found worn thin by the rough food it has eaten. We doubt whether there is ever profit in feeding unshelled hard corn to hogs at any age. It is perhaps the most convenient way for the lazy, shiftless farmers; but, like most of his

expedients to avoid trouble, there is no profit in it.

BRAN FOR BREEDING ANIMALS.

There is no more important item in Winter feeding of stock for most farmers than to have always a good supply of wheat bran. This is especially valuable for breeding stock bearing their young. Bran is rich in bone and muscle-forming elements of food, and it serves another valuable purpose in keeping the bowels open and doing away with the constipating effects of the dry food usually given in Winter. For stock not breeding rye bran is as good as wheat, and whole rye may be ground for feed with great advantage. But for animals with young, wheat is much preferable, as the ergot in rye may produce abortion. A wheat bran mash given twice a day will do more to keep stock in good health than any other food that can be furnished.

BOILED CIDER APPLE JUICE.

Farmers who have apples can provide themselves with one of the best, as well as one of the most inexpensive, sauces for winter use. All they have to do is to boil down cider, turning five or six gallons of sweet unferrmented juice into one and cooking in it sweet apples. The cider as usually made will give the sauce sufficient tartness. It should be boiled down before beginning to ferment, as this process changes its sugar into alcohol, which entirely evaporates in boiling. Boiled cider, if put in covered jars without sealing, will keep good for years, as the boiling expels all the air, and in a covered jar unmoved none is likely to penetrate it. But if it is to be left where it must be disturbed frequently, it is safer to put the boiled cider in cans and seal them.

FENCES AND SNOWDRIFTS.

Fences are downright nuisances in Winter, and in our Northern climate there is so much Winter every year that the average farmer is inclined to dispense with them at all times. Their worst offense is along roadsides in causing snowdrifts. A drift may do a good deal of damage in smothering Winter grain. It is always the best growth that suffers worst, and the loss is therefore all the greater. Fences along roadsides should certainly be of a kind that can be taken down every fall and put up again in the Spring, or if intended only to keep road animals from entering fields, the fence is better made with barbed wire than anything else. This will not cause snowdrifts, and for this reason is less objectionable for a roadside fence than any other kind.

CARE OF HARNESSES.

Those who wish for the best service of new harnesses should not use them in the rain or let them hang in the stable. The Farm Journal advises to hang the new harness in a closet or cover it with cotton cloth. If exposed to light and dust. Oil twice a year, spring and fall. This is the way to oil: Take apart and soak well in warm water, scrape with a brush, and leave until dry on the outside, but yet soft and pliable. Rub in thoroughly a heavy coat of genuine neatsfoot oil with a little beeswax and glycerine melted in it, and enough lampblack to color it. Let it dry in a cool, shady place until the oil is all soaked in. Three days are better than one. Then rub off with a rag or sponge dampened with thick castile soap suds. Never oil without having the harness damp, and never hang in the sun or by the stove to soak the oil in.

CORN-FATTENED PORK.

It is rather hard to disabuse the popular mind of ideas inculcated for generations. In this country everybody has always conceded that pork exclusively corn fed is best, because it is undoubtedly hardest and firmest. But it is not so good as pork made by feeding barley oats or wheat, for it has not as large a proportion of lean meat. The corn fed pork will not fry away and waste as will pork fed on milk, fruit, potato peelings and vegetables. But this firmness is an objection. The hog fed miscellaneous has the sweetest and tenderest meat, and if taste is a criterion in pork, as it is reckoned to be in every thing else that is eatable, the fruit fed and milk fed pork is certainly best. If greater firmness is desired it may be had by finishing off the last few weeks of fattening by feeding corn meal, not corn in the ear.—*American Cultivator.*

The Football Christians.

What, lost an eye, a leg, an arm,
And of your nose bereft?
For veterans, sir, my heart is warm;
Let's shake the hand that's left.

A comrad I am proud to see,
A comrad of the war.
Fray tell me, sir, are you, like me,
One of the G. A. R.?

I never joined the G. A. R.,
The stranger thus began,
And I became not in the war
A mutilated man.

He drew his form erect with pride,
And flushed his visage pale
As in exulting tones he cried,
I used to kick with Yale.

—*Boston Courier.*

Over-Peopled China.

From China papers of recent date it appears that the authorities of Peking have recently taken a census of the empire, and as it was for taxing purposes the proneness to disbelieve in the large estimates must be modified accordingly. The figures returned by the village bailiffs make the population 319,383,500, which, together with the estimate of five provinces omitted, makes the aggregate about 392,000,000. These figures are independent of the population of Corea, Tibet and Kashgar. The population of India exceeds 250,000,000, the Hindoos and Chinese constitute more than half the entire human race.—*Public Opinion.*

CONDENSING RAIN.

A Novel Scheme to Produce a Down-pour and Make the Deserts Blossom.

The remarkable powers and adaptability of the electric current to the uses of society have been further demonstrated by an invention which has at least the charm of novelty. This is nothing more nor less than a patent to open the windows of heaven at the will of man, and Michael Cahill, M. D., of this city, claims the honor of the invention.

The doctor returned to town a few days ago from Washington, where he went to secure a patent and bring before the notice of the Government his strange contrivance. He was seen yesterday by a *Chronicle* reporter, to whom he briefly explained the proposal.

"I expect to see the sagebrush deserts of Nevada and Nebraska under cultivation and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle in a few years," said the doctor. "Should the Government adopt my patent, by its use there need not be an acre of waste land on the whole continent."

"By what extraordinary means do you intend to tap the clouds and interfere with the laws of nature?" queried the reporter.

"Simply by a condenser or captive balloon and an electric cable placed wherever the rain is required. I have long believed that rain could be produced by artificial means, and I have worked at this hobby of mine for several years—ever since I left college, in fact. You see, first of all, vapor, as it ascends receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles or dewdrops being crowded together, become electrified and float on the air at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept these vesicles by artificial means. What I have invented is a condenser of peculiar shape and construction, and connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicles come in contact with the condenser or current they are broken up and the water forced to the ground with great rapidity. The rain will be produced by the same law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becoming chilled the layer of air next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points and thence to the ground."

"You will require a gigantic balloon for such a purpose," was suggested.

"Oh, no. A condenser of about two hundred feet in diameter will bring down something like 25,000,000 gallons a day, or as much as would irrigate almost half of this State. The volume of water can be devised or formed into rivers, whichever may be desired."

"What will be the cost of erecting and fitting up one of these condensers?"

"The condenser will be of specially prepared iron, and I have received an estimate from a well known manufacturer, who places the cost at \$2,500; another \$500 would easily fit it up."

"What are the opinions of experts on the matter, doctor?"

Well, when I brought my plan before them at first they were mostly skeptical, but I have got a great many of them round since. While in Washington I submitted it to the Meteorological Department, where I am well known, and to the heads of the Geodetic Survey, and both believed it to be practicable; indeed, the former body sent an indorsement to the Secretary of the Interior to have its efficacy tested. I expect it will be some months yet, however, before they will do anything at headquarters," said the doctor.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Some New Calendars.

The calendar, with its scraps of poetic melody and wisdom for each day in the year, whereby even the busiest man or woman may begin each day with a gleam of mental sunshine, at least, has become, it may fairly be urged, a necessity. And this year there is an improvement in those necessities to note. Whereas the torn off leaves of bygone days and years had formerly to be cast aside or treasured in their perishable form, they are now presented in a shape that makes it possible always to keep them. The quotations are compactly arranged in little books, and these are held upon the card by brass clamps, which keeps the book open, and beside it is the register of days, to be torn off and thrown away, leaving the volume to be closed up at the end of the year for future re-reading, at pleasure. Our home poets, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, etc., have been drawn upon again, and their portraits, which female figures that might be "sweet girl graduates" are crowning, form the ornamental designs for the different series. The selections from Mrs. Whitney, however, have no portrait, but, what is far more decorative, a group of four aesthetic maidens, united by a garland of flowers. The card back-grounds of these calendars have also become more pleasing in their low, harmonious coloring.—*Boston Herald.*

Something to Learn.

"Good gracious," said a new arrival in Washington to the young lady she was visiting, "the town is full of bachelors, isn't it?"

"Yes, there are several around."

"I shouldn't think the girls would stand it. Why don't you capture a few?"

"Don't be too hasty, dear," said the home girl, soothingly, "wait till you know them."—*Washington Critic.*

Forward Girls.

Not long since, in speaking of a young girl of her household, an aged mother made this remark: "Oh, we can't do anything with Clara. She does just as she pleases herself, and bosses the whole house."

She spoke in a careless, light-hearted way, and laughed as though she was telling something very commendable about the child, for the girl is a little more than a child in years, although she puts on young lady airs and speaks of her "best fellow" in a matter-of-course way. She is boldly forward and seems to have no respect whatever for the opinions and feelings of her elders. She often spends a night away from home, and while her careless mother sleeps in peaceful unconcern upon her pillow she is walking the streets with other girls of her own style, laughing and talking in a manner to attract the attention of fast young men, and bring unfavorable comment upon herself, and if she goes to ruin who can wonder?

Mothers are often blinded to the faults of their own children, and smile indulgently at the wayward acts and immodest speeches which they should gravely reprove. If mothers would only teach their girls that modesty makes them more attractive than fin clothes, and that cultivation of all the is pure and refined in their natures; better calculated to prepare them for future happiness and make them respected members of society, than merely showy outside accomplishments ever can, girls would surely be more careful how they conducted themselves, and never try to attract attention by being loud and forward.

In the majority of instances where young girls go astray the mother is most to blame, because she has failed to impress the importance of purity, not only of action but of thought, upon the mind of her daughter.

A young girl who, perhaps, at an evening party has done something which she thinks very smart, but which in reality was quite the reverse, goes home and laughingly tells her mother about it. The mother knows it was not exactly right, but thinks it did not amount to much any way, and so smiles and neglects to caution her daughter of the danger there is in the first step out of right, and the girl goes on a step at a time toward everlasting shame and disgrace because she did not know how her first mistake appeared to the eyes of the world. Her mother did not reprove her; therefore it could not be wrong.

If young girls who think themselves so irresistible to the young gentlemen of their acquaintance could only have their eyes opened to see themselves as others see them, they would shudder to gaze into the depths of the abyss yawning before them.

A great many girls who would not really do any thing which they consider bad, and who are modest-appearing at home, think that when they are off on a journey they can do any thing they like, and no one will be the wiser. A young maiden of this class went to visit friends in a distant part of the State. At the town in which I lived she stopped several hours, the trains not connecting. Many a time, when children, she and I played together with our dolls, but she did not know I was living there, and thinking she was far from every one who knew her, she went in for what she called a "good time." She flirted with the telegraph operator, and afterward told her intimate friend, who was also an acquaintance of mine, that she knew she had a "mash," when, if she could have heard what the young man said about her to his intimate friend in my presence, not knowing that I knew her, she would have hidden her face in shame. The young men were laughing and talking, when something was said about girls traveling alone, and the telegraph operator remarked: "Oh, that makes me think of a fly young miss who passed through here a few days ago. I tell you, she was a high flyer." And then he told her name and all about the "mash," he had made on her. I quietly remarked that I knew the young lady—that she was of a good family and well thought of at home. I knew that my words only partially removed the impression these young men formed of her character.

Once the bloom is brushed from the cheek of the peach no art can restore it, and once the bloom of modesty, than which nothing is more beautiful, is taken from the cheek of maidenhood, the loss is irreparable. Then mothers, wake up to the importance of your duties. Teach your daughters—also your sons—that purity of thought is the best guard against impurity of action. See that they read no trashy novels, and associate only with desirable companions. Hedge them in with love, strengthened by compulsion if necessary, and in after years, when they know more of the world, they will recognize your wisdom and thank you for what they rebel against now. Teach them that sowing "wild oats" is usually to harvest shame, and leave no duty undone toward them. The good book says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Annie Wall, in Farm and Fireside.*

The Other House.

She wasn't over 12 years old, and she on the steps reading a book when a gentleman came up the walk and said, "Excuse me, little girl, but isn't this house occupied by a widow woman?"

"A widow woman! No sir. You must want to see the widower man. He lives just over there."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHEAP ROLLS.

Take cold mush (corn meal or hominy), and knead into enough Graham flour to form a dough, just stiff enough to handle with flour; make into rolls three or four inches long and nearly an inch thick, then bake in a hot oven from thirty to forty minutes. They are best when eaten warm.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.

One cup of white sugar, a half cup each of butter and sweet milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of cream tartar, half teaspoon of soda; flavor with vanilla or lemon.

MALAGA CAKE.

Two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter, beaten to a cream, and half a cup of sweet milk; mix three cups of flour with three teaspoons of baking powder, beat the white of seven eggs to a froth, stir altogether and flavor with lemon; bake in sheets. Filling for the above cake: Whites of three eggs beaten with sugar as for frosting, leaving out enough for the top of the cake; add one coffee-cup of raisins, seed and chopped, two tablespoons of lemon sugar and on of extract of lemon; spread between the sheets.

FRIED CHICKEN.

Put in a frying pan equal parts of lard and butter; roll the pieces of chicken in cracker crumbs, dip in egg, roll in cracker crumbs again, and fry brown; mince parsley and put in the gravy with a cup of cream.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of butter, two cups of molasses, boil together; while hot add one teaspoon of soda, one tablespoon of ginger; when cool add three beaten eggs, mix stiff, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven. Good a week old.

DRESSED TONGUE.

Take a corned tongue and boil till tender; split it, and stick in a few cloves, cut one onion, a little thyme, add some browned flour. Have the tongue covered with water, in which mix the ingredients, add three hard boiled eggs chopped fine; garnish with hard boiled eggs.

SOUP ROAST.

Put some beef with a sliced onion into a stone crack and cover with good vinegar (cold), put in pepper, salt and a few cloves. Let this stand a whole day and night and the next day roast in the oven, vinegar and all.

STUFFED CABBAGE.

Take a fresh cabbage and remove the center; fill the cavity with a stuffing made of cooked veal or chicken, chopped very fine, seasoned highly, and rolled into balls with the yoke of eggs; tie the cabbage firmly together and boil about two hours.

BREAD CAKES.

A half pound of dry flour; rub into it a very little powdered sugar, one ounce of butter, one egg, a few caraway seeds, and enough milk and water to make a paste; roll thin and cut with the top of a glass. Bake fifteen minutes on tin plates.

OYSTER OMELET.

For twelve small oysters or six large ones, removing the hard part and mincing the rest very fine, allow one egg; beat very light the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs; mix with the oysters; season and beat all thoroughly; put a gill of butter in a skillet; when the butter boils skim it and turn in the omelet; stir till it stiffens and fry light brown; when the under side is brown turn onto a hot platter. If you want the upper side brown hold a red hot shovel over it.

FRIED WHOLE POTATOES.

Peel the potatoes and boil in salted water; remove from the fire as soon as done, so that they will remain whole; have ready one beaten egg and some bread or cracker crumbs, then dip the potatoes first in the egg, then in the crumbs, and fry to a light brown. Old potatoes can be cooked this way.

A Child's Laugh.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the wind on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Heard of harper tones of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters' winsome word,
Wind in warm, warm weather,
One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing are its clime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

—*Smithburne.*

Hard on the Ladies.

"One night a man gave me a \$5 gold piece by mistake for a nickel," said the street car conductor who belongs to the Emerald Beneficial association. "He came down to the barns on the run-in, and I fished his shiner out of my nickel pocket for him. He was only a poor clerk in a grocery, but he gave me 50 cents. Another day I restored \$150 which a woman had left in the car. She never even said 'Thank you.' That's the woman of it!"—*Buffalo Express.*

Back in the Market.

He (at a Chicago evening entertainment)—"Do you know that very brilliant-looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy?"

Miss Breezy—"Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you Mr. Waldo."

He—"Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady?"

Miss Breezy—"Yes, she has been unmarried twice."—*New York Sun.*

