

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Household.

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Judge Galloway is an enterprising manager, but he missed fire on his mortgage scheme, though. Poorly planned and poorly executed.

St. Louis has opened up subscriptions for the yellow fever sufferers and already over \$5,000 has been subscribed. Why can't Topeka do something?

John L. Sullivan, the big Boston bruiser, is very sick. We hope the usual success will attend the doctor in charge and yet we don't wish John any especial ill luck.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, is trying to explain what he meant when he said that the President's message was "a challenge to the protected industries to fight against extermination." Vest is no fool.

Cleveland is not much of a hand for letter writing. He will delay his letter of congratulation to Hill about as long as he did his letter of acceptance. *Lether go Galloway* ought to be expressed on to Cleveland.

At the Downs meeting Judge Martin introduced a bottle of "sour mash." It may have been sour grapes for the democrats in the audience and then we are quite positive it was not free whiskey, either, unless it was presented to Mr. Martin by a democratic distiller.

What a nice thing it would be for Cleveland if he could only hold a reunion of his old regiment. But alas, the poor fellow is dead, and his nameless grave alone can testify the devotion of his distinguished employer to the government, under which he now holds the highest position of trust.

The New York Times declares that the renomination of Gov. Hill "was determined in advance by retail rum-sellers, gamblers and political vagabonds." This goes to show, among other things, what kind of company the Times has been keeping since it left the Republican party.

The Democracy is having a very hard time this fall, "explaining away." Editor Watterson, in a recent New York speech, declares that he was not a free-trader, but in a recent editorial in the *Courier-Journal* declares that "the Democrat who is not a free-trader should go elsewhere." "Henry" do you remember the old adage of "Consistency, thou art a jewel"?

The Topeka Capital says since Judge Martin has declared himself unequivocally in favor of resubmission, the chances are that he will carry Leavenworth county, if there is one thing the democracy like over there, it is a democrat who stands up and demands a resubmission of the prohibitory amendment and a return of the degrading saloon.

When Mr. Mills, of Texas, spoke to a New Haven audience, last week, he told them that cotton goods could be produced cheaper in Rhode Island than in England, and he also said that if manufacturers in this country had free raw material, they could command the markets of the world. Thereupon a gentleman in the audience asked why the cotton manufacturers of this country did not command the markets of the world for their products, and Mr. Mills answered him with a crushing argument. He said: "Go home and take a bath."

### Condensed News.

Sept. 21.—An overloaded elevator drops five stories in San Francisco and ten people were injured.—The wreck on the Wabash road near St. Louis, was spite work and was intended for a Burlington train.—Conrad Stark, agent for Frank Fellers brewery, was murdered and then robbed at Scottsburg, Ky.—Kansas City box and basket factory destroyed by fire; loss, \$50,000.—A riot between soldiers, in which thirty were wounded, occurred in Dublin.—A Greek vessel was seized at Chios recently and the Greek government has ordered several warships to put to sea within two days.—It is semi-officially announced that Bismarck will not retire from public life.—The yellow fever is spreading northward.—At East Winona, Wis., a passenger train was run into by a gravel train and one person fatally and six persons seriously injured.—Deputy sheriff Rodgers, of Crook county, Wyo., captured five horse thieves and recovered 200 horses.—A saw mill boiler exploded near Blair, Neb., and killed two men and injured five.—Gen. Boulanger is in Tangier.—R. Q. Mills is in Indiana.—Yellow fever has broken out in Jackson, Miss.—A real estate clerk in New York has swindled his firm out of \$264,000 in five years.—A purse of \$20,000 was presented to Archbishop Corrigan on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood.—The switchmen are in session at St. Louis.—Over 1,000 Odd Fellows are in session at Los Angeles. Topeka is spoken of as the next place of convention.

Chief of Police Parker took a gold watch from a crook at the fair grounds which had been nipped. The fellow gave it up without a kick and soon left the ground behind him.

A cent a mile to the reunion. The four railroads centering in Topeka have it in their hands to make our state reunion a much larger affair than it will be without their aid.

The cavalry exhibition and drill to be given by General McCook at the reunion will take place inside the half-mile track. The stakes and posts will be removed.

The republicans of the forty-eighth district are well pleased over the nomination of J. B. McAfee.

General McCook is having practice drills at Fort Leavenworth of the soldiery that he intends to bring to the reunion. The tenth annual meeting of the W. C. T. U., will be held at Wichita next week.



LOG CABINS are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in the American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herb remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

### State Fair Notes.

Among the North Topeka people who have taken premiums are Miss Williamson, for painting from nature and specimens of Hammered Brass. Mrs. E. D. Small, best collections of Oil paintings. Historical picture in Oil, and painting on Glass. Miss Birdie Allen, animal in Crayon. Several premiums on preserves and jellies, were awarded Mrs. Emma Pack. Mrs. Geo. H. Hughes a first premium of \$20.00 on best display of preserves. Frank Sachs first premium of \$20.00 for best and most effectively arranged display of Flowers in Pots. The display of canned Fruits by the Kansas Preserving Co. was awarded Honorable mention by the committee.

W. F. Ripley, the manager of the concern, has arranged a very pretty display of the products of his manufactory, which is situated on north Kansas avenue. The display consists of a pavillion of jellies, jams, sauces, fruit butters, and catsups, in glasses, bottles and buckets. This is one of the industries which go to help make Topeka what she is. The goods manufactured by this firm are considered by all who have ever used them as very superior.

Geo. H. Hughes takes a number of premiums for English Rabbits, and several varieties of pigeons.

Mrs. John Kemp a premium of \$2.00 for ornamental Hair Work.

Mrs. W. W. Jackson, Point lace collar premium \$2.00.

Down among the live stock John Kemp's drove of improved Chester White hogs attracted no little attention and admiration. Mr. Kemp is a North Topeka man, his stock farm being about six miles north of the city. He has made a specialty of breeding the improved White Chester, and has on exhibition twenty fine hogs that cannot be equalled for size, cleanliness and hard solid flesh. Peter, the boar of the drove, is a superb, strong limbed and well filled out hog weighing 800 pounds. "Betty" the big sow of the drove, is a splendid animal. Mr. Kemp has his stock all registered. They are of the Seth H. Toad, White Chesters, are easily raised, easily fattened, hardy and healthy.

Joseph Chrisman shows a case of horse shoes that he may well take pride in. They are all executed by hand and are in one sense works of art. Mr. Chrisman's shop is on Jackson and Norris streets, North Topeka.

E. Nyström returned yesterday from Randolph, Riley county, where he has been attending a five days session of the Free Missionary conference. He reports a splendid time. Rev. Princell, of Chicago, delivered an address on the works and aims of free missions, and his remarks were listened to with interest. Eight different speakers delivered addresses.

The peculiar interpretation of Christ's teaching made by Count Tolstoy and his example in renouncing his former military, social and literary habits of life for the life of a Russian peasant, have made as deep an impression on the thought of the time as his great novels. Is this the proper interpretation of Christ's teaching and is the Christian world in error? Canon Farrar has answered this inquiry in a review of Tolstoy's writings and religious faith and manner of life in an essay, which has both a literary and a deep religious interest. It has been procured by the Forum and will appear in the number for October.

### THE COLLEGE

—OF THE—

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### READY REFERENCE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**Agricultural Implements,** AKEROYD BROS., Dealers in Wagons, Buggies and all kinds of Agricultural Implements. Steel goods and nails. 818 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.

**Drugs,** ARNOLD & STANSFIELD, 817 Kas. Av. A large assortment of everything in this line of the best quality always on hand at the lowest prices.

**Groceries,** BERNSTEIN BROS., 834 Kansas Avenue. North Topeka, Kansas. Dealers in Staple & Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods, Produce, Etc.

**Hardware,** G. W. M. WHITE, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves and Tinware. 812 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

**Photographer,** H. M. ATHERTON, 905 KANSAS AVENUE, NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

**Watch Repairing,** Stop when coming over to the south side at 413 Kansas Ave., and have F. A. Hayden, THE PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER. Repair your watch. He also carries a full line of diamonds, jewelry, watches, etc.

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N. B. His carbonated Mineral water is furnished in cases or cans and is highly recommended by physicians.



### Fall Term

—OF—

### Topeka Business College.

Commences September 10, 1888 and continues throughout the year. The year is divided into five terms of ten weeks each. Three terms are necessary for a person of fair education to complete either the Business or Shorthand course, or four terms to complete both, taking the two at the same time.

The following branches are taught: Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Business Practice, Arithmetic, Writing, Political Economy, Civil Government, Commercial Law, Letter Writing, Spelling, Rapid Calculation and Typewriting on the New Model Crandall, Hammond or Remington Machines.

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### CLEVELAND AND THURMAN

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## Barren Honors.

Have you ever known poverty? O, my reader. I have, the saddest poverty of all, which tries to keep up appearances. My mother was left early a widow, with five children, all girls. We inherited nothing from our well-born ancestors, save well-formed noses, white hands, and low, cultivated voices. My mother was a proud and courageous woman, and if I am forced to impute blame to her, let the reader never imagine that I am ungrateful for the love and care which she gave to my childhood, or unmindful of the terrible temptation which assailed her. So scarce was money with us that we early learned to rise from a daintily-served dinner cruelly hungry, and darn, and re-darn our spotlessly clean, though simple dress. Poor mother, hers was a stern rule, but I think of the long hours during which she played the part of housekeeper, governess and seamstress and marvel at her strength of mind and body.

We lived in a country village, for any city residence would have been beyond our purse, and notwithstanding poverty had the entree of every great house in the country. If mamma seldom availed herself of such privileges it was that no decent clothes were forthcoming wherewith she might clothe herself and us.

When I was 17 I was invited to spend a few months with our father's cousin, a Mrs. Beaumont, who lived in great style in London. She was that most selfish of beings, a hypochondriac, but to drive in Hyde Park, or even Regent Park, was bliss to me, and when I had settled my face into an expression meant deeply sympathetic I felt free to turn but an inattentive ear to my companion's long list of "sinking sensations" and sudden "spasms," with which according to her own account, she was constantly and mysteriously seized. That I might do her some credit, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a suitable outfit for me, and fine clothes and good food soon transformed me from a pale, stooping, dark-eyed strip of a girl, into a tall, upright, handsome young woman. She was too hopelessly sunk in self to observe the change, and it was not until her favorite nephew came on his annual visit that the admiration which his young face too plainly showed, opened her eyes to the fact that I was that dangerous specimen of humanity—a peniless beauty.

A scene was troublesome, therefore my hostess contented herself with declaring herself very much worse, and ordering her doctor to prescribe sea-air. Jack Beaumont was requested to accompany her to the Isle of Wight, and I was packed off home. I shall never forget my mother's start of surprise when she saw the change in my appearance. All that evening she remained very thoughtful, and I began to fear that my unexpected return was hardly welcome, until two days later, when, with her sweetest smile, she informed me that I was to put on one of my most becoming dresses, and behave my prettiest as she expected an old friend to luncheon. My younger sisters were ordered off to partake of a cold dinner in the school-room, while all things completed, with a view to impress our guest with the idea that we fared sumptuously every day, my mother and I awaited Lord Silurian in the drawing room. I knew him to be one of the oldest, as to title, of England's peers, and I had heard a whisper that mamma might have been his countess had her youthful beauty been made more attractive by the hundred thousands of pounds sterling which the lady that he eventually married had brought him.

He came, a grim-faced, stiff old gentleman, who put up a double eyeglass and scanned me closely. A glance of mutual intelligence passed between mamma and his lordship, which did not tend to put me at my ease. However, I smiled and talked as well as I could, with a beating heart. After luncheon I was ordered off for a walk with the others, and that evening my mother kissed me, saying: "Lord Silurian will bring his son, Lord Trenton, to call on Wednesday." There was something in her look and tone that sent me to my bed with a "sudden sinking" of heart, much more real than any of poor Cousin Beaumont's.

What need to dwell on the wretched details of the next few weeks. Lord Trenton came, saw, and, as it eventually proved, conquered. I thought him a most vacant youth, but my mother explained that he was much struck with me, and "such a dear, simple shy boy, notwithstanding his great wealth and high position."

I made a brave fight, for I was no Iphigenia, but mother's stern reminder of all I owed her, of the wretched future which opened before my four young sisters, of the long struggle with sickening poverty which had made up the sum total of her life, finally wore out my desperate opposition, and I burned the half dozen dried flowers Jack Beaumont had given me, and received congratulation of the county on my elevation to the rank of a future countess. Mother, triumphant, wrote announcing my speedy marriage to Mrs. Beaumont, and still Jack made no sign.

The wedding day came, and I had seen my bridegroom but twice. On these occasions his father and mamma had been in the room. Lady Silurian had not seen at all; her husband brought me a magnificent tiara, necklace, ear-rings and bracelets of diamonds—the Silurian diamonds were

famed—and regretted that his wife was too great an invalid to present them in person.

I have small recollection of the ceremony; but I remember that my father-in-law bent over and guided his son's hand when he signed the registry, laughing, and calling him a nervous fellow. I wrote my maiden name, Olive Chase, for the last time, and immediately after I was hurried into a carriage and, accompanied by my father-in-law and husband, began the twenty-mile drive which brought us to Limestone Towers, the home of the Silurian family.

During the whole of the drive Lord Grenton never opened his lips. His father made few remarks concerning the weather, offered me sandwiches and sherry, and never took his eyes off his beloved son until that individual, muttering something to me unintelligible, sank into a profound slumber.

A host of servants lined the hall through which I passed on my husband's arm; but the aspect of the towers struck me with a cold dread. I was thankful when Lord Silurian intimated that my presence at the dinner table would not be expected, and that my introduction to my mother-in-law would take place the following morning.

I made a hasty dinner alone, in one of the magnificent rooms which had been set apart for me, and slipping on a gorgeous wrapper I tried to forget my woes in the pages of some of my favorite books. Ere long my tired head fell back on the sofa cushion and I slept.

I awoke with a cry, and a sense of terror. A number of wax lights shed a soft radiance over the handsome room, the perfume of rare flowers filled the air, and bending over the couch on which I lay, his hot breath fanning my cheek, was the man I had married, with an expression on his face and in his evil, shifty eyes, which God grant I may never see on any human face again. For a moment I was paralyzed with a feeling of sickening terror, then I rose from the sofa and moved towards the table.

"Where are you going?" he cried. "Not so fast. Don't you know you are mine now?"

In an instant he had me in his arms, and was holding me so tightly clasped in his embrace that I panted for breath; while he went on: "Yes, you're mine, safe enough, now. I've got away from that old devil who's been standing between us. He thinks I'm safe with Black. He's a deep one. O, I know all about it; he wants an heir. Yes, you're mine, and I can kiss you until you die, and tear your great, sad, black eyes out, or pinch your white flesh, or bite you until the red blood comes and streaks your beautiful limbs."

One struggle I made, only to find myself held all the firmer, and borne swiftly to the couch from which I had risen, while he held me down with his strong arms, and floated over me, with the same fearful expression which had met my gaze on awakening.

"Shall I tell you how I made the old devil get you for me? I told him that I didn't want you, that I'd do what I was told, and never speak to you except when I was all right. I am all right sometimes, d'ye know. That's the way I got you; and now I can tear you limb from limb if I like," and he laughed with his head pressed close to my breast, the unending, joyless laugh of madness.

What I did I know not; I think that I prayed, a despairing, voiceless prayer, that I might not lose consciousness then and there, or die in his loathed embrace. I tried to scream aloud, but at the first sound his hand covered my mouth.

"No! no!" he cried, with all the cunning of madness in his sometime vacant face. "We want no one here. You know that you are my wife, my own. I've never had anything of my own before, and I'll show them how I treat my belongings."

"Oh," I gasped, "if you are mortal, and not a friend, take me to Lady Silurian; take me to your mother."

My words called forth the wildest laughter.

"Lady Silurian," he cried, "you'll never see her, she's mad, as mad as a hatter; curse her, that's where I get it from. We're all mad but that old devil of a father of mine, and he'd be mad too if he was not the devil. Your mother wanted the money, you see, and she's got it; she's got £50,000, and I've got you. The old man didn't care if I had a wife or not, not he, the old villain, the old scoundrel, the old fool; but he wants an heir. I'm going to have my wife, beautiful Olive, but he's not going to have his heir, O, not much!"

The look which he cast on me froze my very blood, but by this time I began to see all too clearly the nature of the snare into which I had fallen. I had still enough strength left to look him in the eye, steady my trembling voice and say, "If you want to annoy him just take me to him and say that you'll have nothing to do with his plan; that you want to choose your own wife."

I tried to rise as I spoke, but he clasped my garments firmly in both hands.

"Oh, but I won't do that, he'd take you from me. I know the old fellow too well for that."

"Only let me go to him and tell him that we refuse to be made his victim," I urged.

I moved forward as I spoke, but he seized my dress, tearing it from off me, and dragging me to my knees he placed one hand over my mouth, and made his teeth mark in my white, round shoulder.

The pain was so intense that I al-

most fainted; my knees gave way and I fell to the floor.

"By God!" he cried, "dead already!" The exclamation gave me an idea; what if I were to feign death? I acted on it, and presently heard him moving about the room, muttering to himself. When I knew him to be at some distance I half opened my eyes, and saw to my horror that he appeared to be trying to open the window. Suddenly he desisted, and I heard him murmur, "No," this side won't do. I want her to fall into the moat and then he won't find her. The bed-room window's the one."

Again he approached me. I hastily closed my eyes.

"Dead, as dead as nails," he said, in a triumphant whisper. Again he moved away and this time he turned his steps toward the bed-room which adjoined.

Time was everything. I sprang to my feet, gained the door which opened into the hall, as I supposed, and found myself in a long, dark corridor. Down this I ran until I reached a narrow staircase leading upward. Agonizing fear lent wings to my feet. I gained the upper floor, and spying an open door I entered and crouched behind the door. My terror was somewhat abated when I knew the room to be occupied. Some one moved heavily on the bed and a man's gruff voice asked, "Who's there?"

I made no answer, for in that moment my determination was made. I would manage to leave the house unseen, and escape forever from the vile and degrading influence of such a marriage as had been forced upon me. The law, I knew, would free me, but to the law I could not resort without exposing my mother's guilt.

I was evidently in the bedroom of one of the men-servants, and he was fast asleep again, as heavy snoring testified. Evidently, too, I had not been followed. Either my escape alarmed the wretched lunatic or I had passed from his mind.

With the first glimpse of dawn I crawled from the room and made my way towards a broader stairway than that which I had ascended the previous night. I went swiftly down a long corridor which ran the length of the opposite wing of the house, hoping to find some maid-servant door ajar, for it was impossible to leave the house in my present dress, or, rather, undress.

Fortune favored me. At the far end was a large closet, or, more properly, small room, around the walls of which were hung the servants' Sunday dresses. I appropriated one of these, a black shawl, and plain bonnet, the veil of which would serve to mask me well.

I felt no fear as I glided down the three long flights of oaken steps which led to the back entrance hall, for I was convinced that Lord Trenton had escaped from his keeper, Black, and that finding me down he would return to his own apartments. In ten minutes I gained the high road, which skirted the park walls, and sat out relieved and bravely for my three miles walk to M—, where I could take the earliest train for London. Here I knew I could dispose of one of my plainest rings to enable to pay my fare to the great city; perhaps the best hiding place in all the world.

In M— I posted one line to my mother. "When I can forgive you," I wrote, "you shall see me again."

My disappearance was hushed up; but I afterwards learned that Lord Silurian, my mother, and one other moved heaven and earth to find me. Two handsome rings, by which I might have been traced, I sold immediately I arrived in London and long before the money I thus gained was exhausted I had been introduced by a young woman who lodged in the same house with me to a manufacturer of artificial flowers. He gave me work and thus I lived, if such an existence may be called living, for three years.

Strange to say my landlady came from—shire, and through her I learned the gossip concerning the Silurian family. I learned that the heir was not generally supposed to be "queer" at times, and always dull, brutal, and heavy, that his unfortunate mother had been mad for years; and that some poor young lady had finally married Lord Kenton, but had left him the next day never to return.

One evening, more weary and down-hearted than usual, I was dragging my tired limbs slowly homeward, after the day's work, when a passing hansom stopped suddenly, from which sprang a young man, who seized my arm, crying, "Thank God, Olive, you are found at last."

It was Jack Beaumont. Jack, good, dear, handsome as ever.

"O, Jack," I cried, breaking down, and sobbing pitifully, "tell me all about them, mamma and the girls, only don't tell them where I am else they will want me to go back to Lord Silurian, and I can never forgive him, never."

"Old scoundrel! I should think not. But he can't molest you dear, Olive; now that his miserable son is dead, he has no more authority over you than I have."

"Dead Jack," I cried.

"Yes, three months ago. Ah, Olive, naughty girl to hide from me. If you knew how I have suffered."

On my twenty-first birthday I became Mrs. John Beaumont. My mother to this day thinks herself the aggrieved party; and has to remember that my purchase money enabled her to find suitable husbands for all her girls before she can forgive me for refusing to profit by her excellent bargain.

—*Eliza M. Moore in Weekly Wisconsin.*

twist of the shoulders he said, half-impatiently, "I didn't do nothin' worth makin' a fuss about. Pshaw, what's the use?" after which rather ambiguous sentence he signified his desire to close the interview by sliding toward the door, with the evident intention of making a sudden break for the outer air as soon as sufficient distance should be placed between himself and his uninvited guests.

One morning, a few days later, on coming down to the breakfast-room, Jack found in the hall a beautiful bicycle, with a card attached bearing the inscription, "For the boy whose courage and presence of mind saved his little playmate's life, and with the hope that this steed may never prove unruly. From his friend, W. T. Walters."

The events related in this story occurred some time ago, and it is said that Jack has improved considerably of late, inasmuch that one old lady in the neighborhood was heard to remark not long since, that "that Thompkins twin was getting to be quite a decent boy, and he might make something yet, if he lived to be as old as Methuselah."—*Lillian Pillsbury, in The Idea.*

## LIGHTNING WON'T KILL HIM.

Experience of a Man Who Has Four Times Been a Target for Thunderbolts.

Mr. E. S. Coykendall of Deckertown, N. J., is thought to have the most peculiar experience with lightning of any person living, says the Philadelphia Press. He has been in four tussles with the electric fluid, each time however coming out successfully. He is an old man now, hale and hearty, and delights in telling of his hairbreadth escapes.

The first experience was about fifty years ago, when he was a mere lad. He, with his parents, was visiting Mr. Isaac Coursen. While there the worst electric storm ever known came up, and the house of Mr. Coursen was struck and torn into fragments, parts of it being scattered over a field ten acres in extent. Mr. Coykendall had retired for the night, and becoming frightened called to his parents. They had reached the head of the stairs when the bolt came and they were both killed. Young Coykendall was fished out of the ruins in an unconscious state. A physician was summoned and it was found that the bolt had struck him on the forehead, crushing the skull and paralyzing every nerve. It was necessary to take out a portion of the skull and insert a piece of silver as a substitute. The piece inserted was a Spanish 25-cent piece, and a large scar now marks its location.

Not long after he was riding on horse back near the village during a shower when there was a blinding flash and he was thrown from his horse. The horse was killed instantly, but Coykendall was only stunned and recovered after a time.

A few years later, while sitting in front of his stove at home, a bolt descended the chimney and, pursuing its course down the stovepipe to the stove, again knocked him senseless, at the same time scattering the fire, stove-lids, and ashes in every direction. He was picked up unconscious and bleeding and badly injured from pieces of stove metal, but he soon recovered.

His fourth and last experience was on a farm. He was in a hay-mow when it struck near him. He was knocked senseless and the mow was set on fire and he came near being burned to death, but with careful nursing came out all right.

Mr. Coykendall now thinks that it will take a stronger agency than "Jersey lightning" to kill him.

## Talis est Vita.

Never, I ween, was girl so fair;  
Long and soft was her golden hair,  
And I am sure her clear blue eyes  
Were bluer than the azure skies.  
We loved to walk along the sand;  
I used to hold her little hand,  
And near the rippling deep blue sea  
She promised to be true to me.  
But now she's gone, and we no more  
Walk hand in hand along the shore,  
And not her eyes, the sea or sky  
Are half as blue, just now, as I.

## It was the Same Flour.

A wicked Dover groceryman played a trick on a "fussy" woman of that vicinity recently. She had bought of him a barrel of flour that was not of her favorite brand. The flour didn't suit. It was heavy, coarse, black, sticky and wouldn't rise. The grocer, whose opinion of the flour was different from that of the lady, carted it back, took off the head of an empty one that had held the lady's favorite kind, and sent the same barrel, thus "doctored," back to her. It suited to a charm that time.—*Lewiston Journal.*

## Utterly Discouraged.

Hobson—So the cable car company has discharged your brother?

Jobson—Yes. The poor fellow is in an unfortunate mental condition, too.

Hobson—How so?

Jobson—Lost his grip, you see.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

## In the White Mountains.

Miss Begonia—I love music; do you play on any instrument, Mr. Smith?

Smith (who acted as college-waiter last summer, absent-mindedly)—Only the gong.—*Time.*

## HERE AND THERE.

Gamblers work card for a living.  
Shear nonsense—clipping a horse.  
Welding by electricity has come to stay.  
Senator Hoar looks like Horace Greeley.

An ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture.

Ex-President Hayes is in his sixty-sixth year.

Simon was the first circus man; he was a leper.

Women bookmakers have appeared in Liverpool.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

It is the butcher who has his choice of wethers.

The time is never lost that is devoted to good works.

We respect ourselves more if we have succeeded in life.

Wisdom and manners have always come from the east.

A household that has a baby has no need of an alarm clock.

O'Hogan is acknowledged to be the best piper of Ireland.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fireplace.

Sleeping-car porters generally give a fat man a wide berth.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Lord Colin Campbell is going to India to try and practice law.

To be ashamed of one's trade is the very essence of vulgarity.

A man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to act one.

Claus Spreckles will introduce the beet sugar industry in America.

Gounod is hard at work writing his new opera, "Charlotte Corday."

Irrigation has produced a great crop of mosquitoes at Los Angeles, Cal.

The French propose to send pigeon messengers from ship to ship on the broad seas.

A French laundryman cleans linen without soap by rubbing it with boiled potatoes.

The Billings family of America will have a reunion at Springfield, Mass., on September 14.

Pauline Lucca is said to have signed an engagement for the approaching season at New York.

Harriet Beecher Stowe continues to receive \$1,500 a year in royalties on "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A wire gun recently designed weighs only 25 tons and drives a 350 pound projectile twelve miles.

It is proposed to build a three-foot wide slender path between New York and New Haven for bicycles.

The grave of Richard Wagner, at Bayreuth, is in a deplorable condition. Weeds cover the marble monument.

The deaf often hear conversations when music is going on, which they could not hear when there was no music.

A Butte (Cal.) man, who began farming on rented land ten years ago, has this year \$61,300 worth of wheat to sell.

Within the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the arctic region there are 763 kinds.

Mr. Bloodworth, of Griffin, Ga., has grown this year twelve ears of corn upon one stalk, and fourteen squashes upon a single arm of vine.

Sherman, Sheridan, and now Schofield—the S's are having a long inning at the head of the army, where Scott stood for so many years.

An order to an encampment of British volunteers is, "all hair to be cut quite short, and where possible the mustache only is to be worn."

Krupp's works have begun the production of aluminum according to the Netto system. It can be produced for 12 marks a kilogramme.

The late M. Duclerc, who was a senator and for a time prime minister of France, was in boyhood a "printer's devil" in a newspaper office.

Wilkie Collins is a great sufferer from gout, but is nevertheless busily engaged upon a new novel, which is to be published in a few months.

Clarke Russell is a martyr to rheumatism and gout, it is said, so that he can not write his own manuscript. His son is his amanuensis.

Strauss has nearly finished a new opera which is to be called a "Kiss in Honor," for which the poet-diplomat Ludwig Von Doczy has furnished the libretto.

The Royal College of music, which is but a few years old, has received a donation of \$30,000. It now possesses £150,000, an income of £13,000, and 59 pupils.

In a paper entitled "Memories of Some Contemporaries," Hon. Hugh McCulloch will present in the next Scribner reminiscences of many famous Americans.

Gen. Sherman, who has lived for a long time at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, has finally bought a house on West Seventy-first street, and will move into it next month.

Confucius Dierael, who is still at Oxford, has a strong physical resemblance to his illustrious uncle. He is an enthusiastic musician, and talks of devoting his life to its study.

One of Dierael's favorite peacocks has recently died, and Ralph Dierael has had the tail feathers made into a fire screen and has given it to the Queen, much to her gratification.

The Elizabethan Society are collecting funds for a statue of Christopher Marlowe, as Mr. Swinburne calls him, the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse.

A man in Finland who evidently wanted to be on the safe side, willed all his property to the devil. The Finland courts uphold the legality of the will. In this country young men generally send their property to the devil before they die.



## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Care of Animals.

Said a farmer, who lately read a paragraph in some agricultural journal that animals repay the cost of food and care bestowed on them: "Last year I bought a horse that proved older even than I thought him, and was generally so inefficient that I regretted my purchase. When the winter came I fed old Whitey because it suited my principles; but I really grudgingly fed the old fellow every out he got and much of the hay. My wife took his part, and that settled it—the pony had to have rations. When spring came he was in good order and felt well, but I felt almost sorry he was alive, and often said I would almost give him away. Whitey came out of the winter finely, and in due time I set him at work. Everybody says: 'How your pony has improved,' and I among the rest. He is worth all he cost, and will be a good horse for years to come. The facts are that he was abused by his old owners until he was diseased, and was turned out to die as an account. The man who sold him to me made a speculation, for he let him winter as he could. When I got him he suffered for the want of winter's keep, and having been taken good Christian care of last winter, he came out in the spring another kind of horse from what he was in 1887. The \$10 worth of worth of feed he ate all winter made him what he is, and was well invested.—Portland Oregonian.

### Preserving the Frog.

Reference is here made to that very important cushion beneath the horse's foot—the frog, so called. If, in seeking a horse, we take up the foot and find the frog well-preserved, the cushion, so to speak, wide, full and soft, the probability is that the remainder of the foot will be in good order. There may be an exception to this in the case of a used-up horse having been turned out to pasture for a period long enough to permit the frog to take on new growth. If the frog be fully protected and well maintained, the hoof will be found but little if at all contracted, for the very good reason that the hoof can not readily contract if the frog be up to its normal size in every way. But it is the smith, the horseshoer, who ruins the frog; that is, very many of them do this. During the many years that the writer has driven horses he has always made it a rule to be present during the shoeing, and has never permitted more than the slightest trimming of the frog, nothing more than the trimming off of insignificant parts, already nearly detached. The smith can mutilate and seriously damage the hoof by the use of the rasp, but, fortunately, the frog is proof against attacks by this instrument, and even the knife requires to be sharp, else the peculiar nature of the frog will resist. Fever in the foot is a prolific source of injury to the frog, and should be overcome at the earliest possible day. Confinement upon a dry, plank floor is damaging by keeping up too complete a state of dryness. Cutting the frog away at the time of shoeing, then setting the foot upon caulkings in such manner as to prevent the frog from pressing upon the ground, will, sooner or later, interfere with its development and usefulness. The most important function of the frog is to lessen the shock to the foot in its contact with the ground. This being the fact, it should be so maintained and the shoe be so constructed that at every step the frog can come in for a share of the pressure upon whatever substance the horse is required to tread.—Rural New Yorker.

### Scab and Foot-Rot in Sheep.

Somebody has said, "Nothing succeeds like success." So long as there are good results men work with energy and judgment; but when trials come, and there are no profits to encourage effort, they become careless, indifferent and neglectful.

In sheep-raising this is as true as in anything else. When good care of them is easy to take, good care of them is easy to take, and in less time than any other stock on the farm. At such times there is a real joy and enthusiasm in sheep; sheepmen seem never tired of attending to and talking about their sheep; they carry wool in their pockets to show to each other, and it is pleasantly hinted that they have "wool in their teeth." But when the depression comes sheepmen are mum on sheep and wool topics. And if you will go to their sheep barns you will find that they have gotten careless and the sheep are doing badly. The owner will declare to you that he can not see why his sheep are looking so badly; he will declare he feeds them the same as he used to, but all to no purpose; he can't understand what ails them. The sheep can not tell, and only an old sheepman knows that they have not been paying, and consequently have been neglected.

Scab and foot-rot always follow depressions in prices of wool. As soon as prices begin to come up, somebody begins to ask how to cure these ills. While these two ailments are serious enough, they are by no means the worst known to sheep, provided the flock has been well fed and kept in good health. They can be cured by any one who will take the time and give the attention and go to the trifling expense. No one ought to buy a scabby or foot-rot flock at prices of sound sheep. Such flocks are not held at such good prices, either. They are often sacrificed on account of their

diseased condition. Had I such a flock, they should be cured, and not discounted in. Were I buying, though, it would be another thing altogether; then experience and skill should be worth something to me; these were bought and paid for years ago, when young in the business. A careless man, who would allow his flock to become thus diseased, deserves to be the loser. And the man who proposes to give time and pains to fitting up a diseased flock ought to make some money by it.

Just here, be it remarked, we need severe laws on the subject in every state. Australia has a law on scab that is a model. Southern latitudes need such a law more than northern, but there is needed a statute on this everywhere. Foot-rot depends upon soils a great deal. Rocky and alkali soils will cure foot-rot. Yet in Vermont many flocks have foot-rot, and it is a shame to their owners, for there ought to be none there. It is due to carelessness there, and everywhere else.—Practical Farmer.

### Some of the Advantages of Fall Rye.

Rye is a crop that can be made to render more service to the farmer and dairyman than any other, yet it is more frequently overlooked and discarded than it should be. It is a plant that not only endures the cold of winter and heat of summer, but it will grow on the richest soil or the poorest sandy land. In some sections it is really the clover of sandy soils, for without its aid the advantages of green manuring would be unavailable, and as it can be made to impart more to the soil than it takes from it there is no risk in growing it under any conditions. Even the seed is cheap, while the cultivation necessary is very little compared with other crops. As a profitable grain crop it is behind oats, wheat, barley and corn, but the straw is more valuable than that of any other crop for which it is sometimes grown alone.

Leaving out the value of rye as a grain crop entirely it still ranks high in more ways than one. The fact that it can be sown in the fall, and made to produce a late supply of green food after other grasses have ceased growing, should prompt farmers to devote a space to rye every season, but its usefulness extends further. The severe cold of the hardest winters will not injure it, and early in the spring, long before grass begins to grow, rye appears in its green condition to afford a supply of succulent herbage to the stock at a time when it is most needed. It allows the stock the privilege of eating off the early growth, and when grass appears and the eye is no longer required, it will grow out again and make a crop of grain. It can then, in early spring, if preferred by the farmer, be plowed under instead of being allowed to seed, and it will provide an excellent manure for the corn crop.

In one respect rye is a cheap crop because it requires no land for its growth, to a certain extent. That is, if the seed is sown in the fall on land intended for corn in the spring, and the rye turned in before planting corn, the rye simply holds the land that would otherwise be unoccupied during the winter. It is also excellent on land intended for potatoes, and as it assists in keeping down weeds, it saves much labor in that respect.

As rye can be pastured at nearly all stages of growth, and can be turned under as a green manure agent at any time, the farmer who fails to sow it will deprive himself and his stock of a most valuable plant, and as it can be seeded down at any time at this season, the land for that purpose should be prepared without delay. Of course, it thrives best on rich land, but even the poorest soil should be sowed to rye rather than to leave it unoccupied.—Philadelphia Record.

### Farm Notes.

Hay should be of the best quality. Grass is more valuable for hay when cut in the bloom. If allowed to seed it loses a portion of its feeding value. Hay should never be overripe.

Soapbuds are valuable. For celery there is no liquid manure superior to it, and as an invigorator for melons, squash and cucumbers it is excellent. Cultivation of the corn land should not cease until the crop is harvested. Then the land should be plowed and seeded to rye.

Lift the sweet potato vines where they have rooted at the joints, and keep the ridges well killed up. Lime, in a fine condition, sprinkled on the vines and around them, will greatly assist in protecting cucumber and squash from bugs. Salt-peter (a teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of water) is also a protection.

Now that the turnip crop is growing the young plants must be kept clean and the soil loose. The crab grass will quickly destroy the crop if allowed to root among the young turnip plants.

A crop of colts, a crop of early lambs, plenty of the best of butter to each cow and lots of pigs to sell must be the foundation of our future farming. Prepare for it this season. Make the stables warm and grow fodder corn and turnips.

Farm horses should be worked steadily. A horse that is kept at steady service, and not overworked, will last much longer than one that is given periods of rest. A good horse should not be fat, but should be in good condition. If fed on nutritious food there need be no fear of the horse losing flesh if kept at work.

The muscles will become hard, and the animal will be better enabled to stand service. Old horses should be given ground grain in preference to that which is whole.

### The Household.

**BLACKBERRY WINE.**—Coddle the berries in a stone jar; set in a kettle of boiling water; when the juice runs freely strain it; add to each quart of the strained juice two quarts of water; allow 3 pounds of brown sugar to every gallon of the mixed liquid; set it away to ferment; skim it every day for three weeks, and then put it in a keg or jug. At Christmas it may be drained off and bottled for use. This recipe will serve for grapes, except that hot water is used in the proportion also of one pint only to a gallon of the juice.

**TO PURIFY A ROOM.**—Set a pitcher of water in the apartment, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respiration gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pint of water will absorb a pint of carbonic-acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence the water kept in a room for awhile is unfit for use.

**TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.**—Choose such as are white, close and compact; cut the stalk off close to the head, and wash and place in salted water for two hours previous to cooking; which will draw out all insects; put into boiling water with a full tablespoonful of salt for each two quarts of water; boil briskly fifteen to twenty minutes over a good fire, keeping the water several covered, skimming the water several times. When boiled tender, take up, drain, and if the heads are large place them upright in a dish and serve with plain melted butter, pouring a little on the flower, or a white sauce or drawn butter may be used with it.

**BAKED CALF'S HEAD.**—Scald the head until the hair can be easily scraped off; clean nicely, divide the head and remove the brains; soak over night in cold water, then boil until the bones slip out readily. When you have removed the bones lay the head on a clean meat-board in as flat a position as possible; and a layer of fresh parsley leaves, dust with salt, white pepper and nutmeg; on this lay some very thin slices of ham, over which put the yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; add more seasoning, add more seasoning, roll up the head, tie in a cloth, boil three hours, then remove the cloth and brown in the oven. Hold the roll in place with clean twine. Serve cold.

### The Master and the Reapers.

The master called to his reapers:

"Make scythe and sickle keen,  
And bring me the grain from the uplands,  
And the grass from the meadows green;  
And from off the mist-clad marshes,  
Where the salt waves fret and foam,  
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges  
To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,  
We will bring thee the yellow grain  
That waves on the windy hillside,  
And the tender grass from the plain;  
But that which springs of the marshes  
Is dry and harsh and thin,  
Unlike the sweet field grasses,  
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!  
For many a weary day,  
Through storm and drought, he had labored  
For the grain and the fragrant hay.  
The generous earth is fruitful,  
And breezes of summer blow  
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,  
Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land  
Hath never a plough been set,  
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves  
The shivering soil is wet."

### A Dangerous Business.

"You were in the war then Captain McKillom?"

"Oh, yes ma'am; fought all through it."

"Is there not," she said hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in battle?"

"Well, yes," the captain replied, reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around, you know, and so much careless handling of firearms, as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very unsafe."

Miss Lilliput shuddered and then resumed:

"Are not people severely injured at times?"

"Yes," the captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days."

And then she said there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature of Ohio contemplated some such action at its next session.

### How to Cure Poor Memories.

Visitor (to idiot asylum some years hence).—"What is the matter with that man?"

Superintendent—"Softening of the brain, we believe; can't tell. He appears to be as wise as any one, but his personal history shows that his memory is liable to such bad lapses that it is not safe for him to be at large."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was a city official once, but when called on to testify against other officials in some boudier cases, it was suddenly discovered that he could not remember anything at all. The courts ordered him sent to this asylum for treatment, and he'll stay here until he recovers."—Omaha World.

### How He Was Cured.

I was sitting one summer evening, not many years since, in front of the Planter's hotel, in St. Louis, in company with Colonel Dan Rice; the veteran circus man, and three or four gentlemen of the newspaper fraternity, when a well known compositor, and an occasional writer as well, joined the party. He had recently arrived from Indianapolis, but was acquainted with all in the company except Colonel Rice. Upon being introduced, he observed:

"Delighted to meet you, Colonel Rice. I am always especially pleased to make the acquaintance of circus men."

"Ah!" said the colonel. "And why especially the circus men?"

The man from Indiana was in for it, and being pressed by every one of the party to tell the story of what he called "an afternoon's terrible experience with a circus company," and it was about as follows:

"Several years ago, soon after the close of the war, I held 'cases' on an Indianapolis daily. For several months preceding the annual state fair, I had been working very steadily; and, as I could put together a good 'string,' had accumulated quite a stake. About the second day of the fair I put on a 'sub.' I also put on a new and nobby suit of gray clothes and a white plug hat and started to see the sights, do the fair, and 'have a time.' I hadn't looked into the bottom of a tumbler for months, but as I sauntered down, Washington street I met an old friend, and after imbibing several times, hired a buggy and started with my aforesaid friend for the fair ground.

"Now it happened that our route took us by a hard place kept by one Wes Wright, known as 'Hell's Delight,' and there we stopped. I noticed that my friend appeared to know everybody in the house, and it was filled by a rather motley-looking crowd.

"I had invited several to whom I had been introduced to join us in a drink, and we appeared to have become the center of an interested and admiring throng. One after another the introductions followed, until the long bar was filled with men drinking at my expense. It had become monotonous.

"However, we all drank, and it was at about the moment the glasses were drained that I turned to my friend and inquired:

"Who are all these people to whom you are introducing me? What are they? Where are they from?"

"His reply was: 'They belong to Robinson's circus, which is showing here.'

"Then the whisky that was in me spoke and said, in a very insidious manner: 'Well, if you please, I don't want to make the acquaintance of any more circus people this afternoon.' The man nearest me was a gymnast named Davenport, and he lost no time in hitting me square between the eyes. The words were scarce spoken when the blow came. I was comparatively young then, had some sand, and returned the blow as quickly and as vigorously as I could. I might have held my own with one man; but I was one against fifty. My friend, soon as the fracas commenced, sneaked out of the front door, jumped into the buggy—the buggy I had hired—and drove off. The accommodating saloonkeeper leaped over his bar, looked the front door to keep out the police, and let the fight go on.

"The engagement became general, with the odds all on the side of the circus. How long it lasted, I have no idea. I remember that I was knocked and kicked from one end to the other of the big saloon, and back again several times. It seemed that a rallying cry had been sounded; that every member of that circus company had been called up to give me a lick or a kick—to assist in my utter destruction. Finally, I knew nothing. The fracas began about three o'clock in the afternoon. When I came to it was after night. I was lying on a billiard table, surrounded by sympathizing friends, with a layer of beef-steak spread over my bruised face. There wasn't an inch of my body that wasn't sore. I was a terrible-used up man; my new suit was bloody and dirty, utterly ruined; my plug hat was gone, and so was my watch and my wallet. It took four dozen leeches to cure my black eyes, and it was two weeks before I could relieve my 'sub.' I was informed afterward that when the men, including the big canvas crew, had got tired of mauling me, the ladies of the company passed in procession by my dead body and each gave it a kick.

"It was a good lesson to me, for since that afternoon I have not even smelled a cork, and consequently have not been in condition to make insulting speeches, and thus get into difficulty. Now, gentlemen, you can understand why I express myself as especially pleased to make the acquaintance of circus people. I feel that in a manner, I am greatly indebted to them."

Colonel Rice afterwards became a temperance lecturer, but whether he ever repeated the typo's story, I do not know. I remember that he chuckled while it was being related, and remarked that, as a rule, when a circus man got into a difficulty the whole company would rally to his assistance.—Meredith, in Arkansas Traveler.

### Happy is He Who Owns a Coal Mine.

Coal is about to jump along another bit. Happy is he who has his bin filled at summer prices.—Hartford Post.

### WHY DID HE WEEP?

A Large Number of Very Good Reasons Given.

"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—Gen. 39:11.

The following are the different explanations which we have collected from various reliable sources:

He wept because it was not time to kiss her again.

He wept for joy because the kiss was so delicious.

Jacob wept because Rachel threatened to tell her ma.

The young man wept because the damsel did not kiss him.

He thought that she might take his brother instead of him.

A mistake—it was not his eyes but his mouth that watered.

He was a fool and wept because he did not know what was good for him.

He knew that it was time to weep—the time had come and he dared not postpone it.

He thought that she was fast colors, and cried when he found the paint came off.

The reason why Jacob wept was Rachel's refusing to let him kiss her the second time.

When he lifted up his voice he found it heavy and could not get it so high as he intended.

How do you know but Rachel slapped his face for kissing her, and he cried in consequence?

Jacob wept because Rachel encouraged him to kiss her twice more, and he was afraid to do it.

If Rachel was a good-looking girl and kept her face clean we cannot see what Jacob cried for.

We believe that Jacob wept because he found that kisses were not half so good as they were said to be.

He was trying to touch her feelings because he wanted to borrow five shillings, and upon her refusal he wept.

Weeping is frequently caused by excess of pleasure, joy and over happiness; perhaps it was so in the case of Jacob.

We are of the opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept because the time was lost.

It is very evident that the kiss was one calculated to turn his stomach and force the brine out of his eyes. Rachel was extremely fond of onions, and just after the kissing mania she observed (not breathlessly) yet full and fragrantly—"Vhoooooooooo's that?"

Peace, all of you! Is there anything beneath the starry firmament or the golden orb of day, in nature or in art, equal to the first kiss in sweetness and entrancing felicity? Our word for it, there is not; and as Jacob had never kissed a pretty girl before, his first enjoyment of the most delightful pleasure of life fairly overcame him, and he wept for joy and blissful happiness.—Chicago National Weekly.

### An Old Traveler in Jerusalem.

"When I was a young man," said a Pittsburg iron manufacturer yesterday, "I traveled very extensively with two or three others. We visited every continent on the globe, and spent five months in the Holy Land.

"Jerusalem was just such a city then that it is now. Its inhabitants were disreputable and dirt, and always on the lookout to beat a traveler either by fair or foul means. The walls of the ancient city had crumbled and its only decent street was the Via Dolorosa, over which Jesus passed on the way to Calvary. But what I wish to say is that I don't believe a skeptic ever visited a place in which Christ lived but that he came away thoroughly convinced of his divinity. There is the doorstep on which he sat for a moment to rest under the burden of the cross, and if I have gone over the road to Calvary once while I was there, I am sure I have walked it twenty times. Such a flood of feeling invariably took possession of me that it is useless to try to describe it, but I know my visit there changed the course of my living. It led me to think differently.

"I went down into the Holy Sepulcher thoroughly skeptical, but with the rest of my companions, none of us the most reverent of mortals, I found myself involuntarily kneeling, and I kissed the stone. If any man had told me before that I would have performed this salutary act, in all probability I should have laughed in his face. While I remained in Jerusalem I lived with the monks. They never charge anything, but one is at liberty to give them what he thinks is right, if he can afford it. I learned to love the order, and I always carry with me to this day a pack of snuff, which I offer them, should I chance to meet any."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Little Pitchers Have Big Ears.

"Mamma, what is 'her jags'?" "I don't know, dear. Why?" "I heard papa say, 'wait till her jags goes to the country and we'll paint the town red.'" "Who did he say it to?" "The new maid." "Ah! 'Her jags,' dear, is the new maid, and papa won't have to wait long before she goes."—Cartoon.

### Asleep All Over.

They had retired. Mrs. Dusenberry was talking a streak about Mr. D.'s foibles. "Gracious!" she suddenly exclaimed, my foot's asleep." "Then keep quiet, my dear," said Mr. D., "and perhaps you'll fall asleep all over."—Cartoon.



## TOPEKA, KANSAS.

September, 22, 1888.

"Cal" Brice asserts that the prospect in Illinois is encouraging. "Cal's" first name must be Calvin; he's trying to work so many reforms.

The republican postmaster at Cawker didn't respond to Galloway's polite request for \$56, his campaign assessment for democratic stimulant or November.

Some of the eastern papers have called Thurman an "obelisk." There is one sure thing and that is, that no one can, understandingly translate any of the figures which he is covered over with, from base to apex, unless it be the (SEEN) ALT itude—75.

Governor Hughes, of Arkansas, has offered all of the magnificent sum of \$200 for the arrest and conviction of Pulaski ballot box stealers. Cleveland gave \$200 to the Jacksonville yellow fever sufferers and that's quite a raise from his Charleston bid.

With Henry George stumping for Cleveland and uttering free trade sentiments the London Chronicle remarks that "Mr. Cleveland may give his tariff reform any name he likes, so long as we know it is a crusade of free trade."

Governor Hill of New York puts Cleveland in with accord with himself by saying that he don't care for individual success but only wants to stand or fall by the success or failure of the whole ticket. We think that Hill will strike the decline about November and travel down the declivity with the speed of a Tuxedo Park toboggan.

Joseph Hoffman, the ex-union soldier who resides in Mills' district in Texas, and who recently testified before the senate committee at the risk of his life, paid the penalty for his rashness and for waving the "bloody shirt," by his death. He was shot and killed by a band of men who object to have their ways of conducting a southern election, aired before a committee of honest Northern men, be they Democrats or Republicans.

It seems remarkable what a funny backward movement, our Democratic contemporaries have lately evolved over the returns from Maine. They quote whole columns of figures and percents to show what they did and how they did it, especially the defeat of Tom Reed. (?) The fact remains nevertheless, that the majority of the 19,000 of Republican candidates over the Democratic, is a Republican victory, pure and simple, and that too, in the face of the most desperate contest ever held in Maine.

If twenty years ago, one had predicted that a United States senator would rise in his place and declare that participating in the secession movement was as noble, as high and holy a purpose as ever inspired the heart of man, such prophet would have been regarded by the people of the north as an idiot. A few months ago was not the first time it has been because Lamar, now an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States by the grace of Grover Cleveland and the something like treachery of two Republican senators, did that nearly ten years ago in a fit of anger and at a time when his associates were sure that they would carry the next election.

But a short time ago, two United States senators—two of the ablest on the Democratic side—Morgan of Alabama and George of Mississippi took occasion to glorify those who led the movement to destroy the Union, and to say that the cause of the confederacy was the only righteous cause. Both those men declared that their effort to destroy the Union was not treason and George said that he was thankful that he was as guilty of treason as was Jefferson Davis. Morgan declared that Jefferson Davis could not have been convicted of treason because he had not committed that offense and went so far as to say that the government did not dare to try Davis for treason because Chief Justice Chase would have ruled that he was in no way guilty of it.

Thus the southern senators declare their belief in the right of states to secede and that there can be no higher political duty and no nobler purpose than to make war upon the national government if those who engage in it can convince themselves that their states are not securing their constitutional rights. These senators express just the same sentiments that they advocated before the rebellion and they stand up in their places and extol the lost cause which cost the people of this country so much blood and treasure. To them today as in 1861, the lost cause was the grandest cause that they ever knew.

The history of nations will be searched in vain for such an exhibition of effrontery.

If Benedict Arnold had appeared in the continental congress and gloried in his treason, he would have stood in the light as did Morgan and George.

The Democrats in the east are saying that the campaign in that section of the country will be run "with money without Brice."

The parade of Barnum Friday was a good deal like the Bourbon procession this fall—there were a few men and a few animals, but the principles will be lacking.

Saturday was a busy day for General Harrison, who spent most of the time in welcoming delegations from Missouri, Texas, Indiana and Illinois. Next March he will be still busier welcoming the delegates from about thirty-eight states.

St. Louis and Kansas City have had their side shows, but the big performance commences to-day at Topeka with the opening of the state fair. We don't have to howl for a cent a mile or give, because the railroads realized the metropolitan character of the city, etc., and offered, without having to be asked for, special rates.

In the fatal scourge that has been depopulating Jacksonville, there is a lesson, fraught with interest, for every householder and every Board of Health in every large city. The old adage of "cleanliness is next to godliness" has been exemplified by the 118 deaths in Jacksonville, simply because refuse was allowed to lay in festering heaps and breed malaria and diphtheria germs and finally, yellow jack.

The State Journal.—The Kansas City papers find cause for remarks because a live rattlesnake was found in the streets of Topeka, but this is nothing to the very much alive skunk captured in the heart of Kansas City.

We think that it must have been the Kansas City Times that was trying to divert attention from the skunk, who made his headquarters near a newspaper office on 9th and Main, to a rattlesnake, who merely came in to Topeka to see our public improvements.

Atchison Champion: Here is the record of the state and national leaders of the union labor party: Street is a millionaire, having made his fortune by loaning money at high rates of interest. P. P. Elder, candidate for governor of Kansas, has been a money-lender for years, and is very wealthy. J. W. Breidenthal, chairman of the state central committee, is a member of the Neosho Valley Land and Mortgage company, of Chetopa, one of the most extensive note shavers in Kansas, and very wealthy. E. R. Ridgeley, of Girard, is a banker, a close-fisted, hard-hearted money-lender, and very wealthy. C. B. Hoffman, of Dickinson county, is president of the Kansas Millers' Trust, is worth fully \$150,000, and runs a bank. Jacob Campbell, of Franklin county, has been a banker and speculator for years, and is very wealthy. A. J. Grover, the labor candidate for congress from this district, is one of the richest men in this section. Judging from the above financial standing of the leaders of the union labor party, it certainly looks as if it was an outfit manipulated by a gang of Shylocks for anything but the good of the "poor laboring men" of the country.

Peterson's Magazine for October comes along, looking fresh and bright. From an artistic point of view, the number is of exceptional merit. The steel engraving, "A Revere," is one of the loveliest girl-faces we have seen in a long while. The full-page wood-drawing, "A Wind of Fate," is charming, and so is the story by George Grant, which illustrates it. "A London Success" is concluded—it has proved a capital serial; and the second installment of Miss Bowman's "Esculapius in Acadia" is a gem of word-painting. Indeed, any article in "Peterson's" this month, is worth the year's subscription. "La Bell Maduse," by Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, is as original as it is striking; and "At Break of Day," by Frank Lee Benedict, is a very powerful tale. "Talk by a Trained Nurse" is a valuable contribution. There are fashion-plates and descriptions without stint, and valuable information on household and medical subjects. In short—it is an admirable number of a most excellent magazine, and we advise all our readers who are not subscribers to examine it; they will be sure to take "Peterson's" next year. Send for a sample copy. Terms: Two Dollars. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We congratulate the young president of the Democrat Printing Co., Mr. C. K. Holliday, Jr., on his recognition by the president of the United States, in his appointment as secretary of legation at Caracas. He is a young man of worth and we wish that no earthquake may prevent his returning again to Kansas.

**LARGE ROCKERS, 75c. O. K. FURNITURE STORE, 215 KANSAS AVENUE, SOUTH.**

There is always a wide difference in peoples estimates of great crowds. Some reports give the number at the late reunion at Columbus at 350,000, others place it at 100,000.

### Christ Hospital.

It is a great roomy house done in brown, and looks much older than it really is. Topekan living here the last decade remember well when it was erected; remember the generous donation of Bishop Vail and his good wife, and how they worked and prayed for the noble work. A hospital guild was formed, composed of the charitably inclined people of the city, members of all churches and members of no church. This guild meets the first Friday of every month and reports their month's work and plan how they can profitably advance the cause in the future. Bishop Vail is president of the hospital association and has a care over the institution as devoutly tender as a loving father.

Rev. Sydney Smith is superintendent and is ably assisted by a corps of careful attendants. Dr. Dixon is a physician in charge.

The hospital grounds contain fourteen acres, four of which are used as a garden, the remaining ten acres a smoothly cropped lawn. The location is on a slight rise of ground, being but a few feet lower and in the range of the airy suburb, Potwin Place. The location gives the building plenty of fresh air and sunshine those two most necessary adjuncts of good health and to the recovery of those who are sick or wounded.

The building stands two stories above the basement. The basement is used for kitchen, dining room and laundry. The first floor contains four wards, the office, dispensary, bath room, nurses' kitchen and chapel. The wards contain seven single beds, all clean and neat. The floors are uncarpeted for scientific and sanitary reasons. The windows are shaded by restful tinted blinds, and the walls are adorned with pictures, while vases of flowers lend their cheer. In two wards are surgical patients, who when strong enough while the long hours by reading. The third ward contains the fever patients, and the fourth the women. The chapel is also used as a reading room where are stored books and magazines contributed by good people of the city.

The upper story is divided into private rooms and wards.

The charges are \$7 a week for ward patients and \$6 for convalescents. Patients who occupy private rooms pay \$10 per week. These charges do not cover the expenses incurred, especially in severe surgical cases, but no expense is spared to make the patients comfortable and forward their interest.

The employees of the Santa Fe and the Rock Island roads are not charged but the expenses are paid by the roads. The employees of the Santa Fe are taxed from 25 cents to \$1 a month according to their salaries. The Rock Island pays outright for their patients. Patients who come and are utterly destitute are cared for free of charge. Such ones of course must be passed upon by the committee. There are four endowed beds. One of these is the direct charge of Mrs. Vail who dictates the patient who shall occupy it. The endowment fund now amounts to \$14,000 and the annual donations are about \$2,000.

There are twenty-seven patients in the hospital at present, twenty-three men and four women. A large part of the patronage is from the two railways. The most of them are wounded patients and only the worst cases are placed in their care.

The patients during the past year were from fifteen to twenty different nationalities. Of these 132 were Americans, forty-one Irish, twenty-two Germans, fifteen Swede, two Norwegians, two French, two Canadians, nine English, one Hollander, one Polish, six Scotchmen, one Bavarian, two Italians, four Africans and one Swiss. Among these twelve religious denominations were represented sixty-two not holding to any religious faith; one was a member of the Salvation army; two Dunkards and seventy-one Catholics.

Thirty-four charity patients, were entered. Of these nine were members of the Lutheran church, eight Catholic, three Baptist, three Methodist, and three Protestant Episcopal. It will be seen by this, that the patients, like the patrons, are of all nationalities and of all religions.

There were sixteen deaths recorded during the year, four of these occurred in less than twenty-four hours after the patients were brought in.

Among the advantages of the institution are light, sunshine and fresh air. The building is so arranged that the smell of victuals does not spread through the house. The ventilation is good, the place is kept clean and the patients receive the most painstaking care and attention.

The institution needs contributions of money, bandages, towels, sheets, pillow cases, and all kinds of bedding, jellys, and other palatable edibles for the sick or convalescing, books, papers, pictures, anything you would take to a sick friend, would be worthily bestowed on this noble institution.

Honors were heaped upon Miss Della Stearns on Saturday. She was made the democratic candidate for county superintendent, and it must be said it was the best nomination they made. She was also made secretary of the county teachers association.

**BED SPRINGS, \$1.50 O. K. FURNITURE STORE, 215 KANSAS AVENUE, SOUTH.**

HACKETT, ARKANSAS, AUG. 20, 1887.

Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir:—I wish you to send me a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria, which I see advertised in the Methodist Advocate, Chattanooga, Tenn., and which I cannot get here. Fifteen years ago my mother had third day chills and after trying the doctors and other medicines without relief, a friend recommended your Antidote; she tried it, and one dose effected a permanent cure.

Truly yours, J. S. EDWARDS, Pastor M. E. Church.

The Fair association was offered \$2,000 for the wheel of fortune privilege at the grounds, but refused it.

### County Teachers.

The County Teachers' association met in the High school room. There were forty-five present. E. A. Summerwell, the vice president, was in the chair.

The following named persons were elected officers for the next three months: President, E. A. Summerwell; vice president, John E. Davis; Secretary, Miss Della Stearns; treasurer, Miss Maud McKirahan; committee on programme, John MacDonald, Josiah Jordan, Misses Della Stearns, Viola Troutman, Mrs. Florence Graft, E. G. Shull, J. D. Miller, Superintendent J. M. Bloss, H. G. Larimer. The committee will meet in the county superintendent's office next Saturday at 9:30 a. m.

Mr. MacDonald talked to the teachers on their duty in establishing district libraries this winter. If the tax had not been levied the teacher should begin work at once giving entertainments for the purpose of raising money. He then distributed among the teachers the list of books recommended for district libraries by the county association. Mrs. N. A. S. George of the Topeka board of education, was present and on invitation said a few words. She suggested that not only on the programme of the association, but in all the schools place should be given for discussion of the lives and work of eminent men and women of our own day. She had done that work when she was teaching, and had found it profitable and interesting. Mr. MacDonald stated that the future governor of Kansas, U. S. Senator, had been a pupil of Mrs. George's in the high school at Mission, Ohio.

The teachers who got married since the last meeting of the association were called upon to give an account of themselves. Charles Kulz and Arthur Jordan responded with much emotion, and advised all others to go and do likewise. (Applause.)

H. G. Larimer, having been vociferously called for, came forward and discoursed on his California trip. He spoke of the sublime scenery, and the inspiration of the National Educational society meeting.

California was a fair, a beautiful state but the universal drinking of people was a curse. No man who had ever seen the drinking on the Pacific slope could come back and say that prohibition did not prohibit in Kansas.

Mr. MacDonald stated it was the wish of Superintendent Bloss that the city teachers unite with their country brethren in these monthly meetings. He would like to hear from him.

Mr. Bloss said these meetings were for the purpose of raising teachers to a higher plane. What benefited country teachers would benefit city teachers, and he, therefore, heartily favored co-operation.

The association then adjourned to meet on Saturday, October 6. After adjournment it is the custom of the teachers to give about thirty minutes to social chatting and handshaking. This is not the least valuable part of the meetings.

### A Declining Convention.

The democrats held their county convention Saturday and nominated the following:

For county Commissioner, Allen Sells. District Judge, M. E. Matthews. State Senator, W. P. Tomlinson. Representative 47th District, Jacob Smith.

Representative 46th District, D. F. Neiswender.

Representative 46th District, W. M. Douglas.

Probate Judge, J. J. Hitt.

District Clerk, Furman Baker.

County Attorney, J. T. Ward.

County Superintendent, Miss Della Stearns.

Col. Tomlinson declined the nomination for Senator.

Col. Frederick also declined.

Michael Heery also declined.

Geo. W. Clark also declined.

In desperation A. J. Arnold was then nominated, and being absent he could not accept, but will probably do so as soon as he returns home.

Jacob Smith then declined the nomination for representative, when to prevent the rest of the ticket from declining the convention adjourned.

But it was no go. The county committee met for organization and then Matthews withdrew as candidate for district judge and J. H. Mass was substituted.

The Shawnee county democracy is clearly on the decline.

**LARGE FEATHER PILLOWS, \$1.50 A PAIR. O. K. FURNITURE STORE, 215 KANSAS AVENUE, SOUTH.**

State Journal:—In a letter to a St. Louis campaign club, dated June 23, 1888, Senator Vest said: "Mr. Cleveland by his message, for which I sincerely honor him, has challenged the protected industries of the country to a fight of extermination." You see, we all understood it right, in the first place. It is a fight on American industries "to extermination."

John Carter says that Topeka can lay out anything between here and Columbus in the matter of handsome new buildings, fine streets, and an efficient police force.

Attorney General Bradford says that the republicans will roll up the usual 60,000 majority in Kansas this year.

A juvenile Good Templars society has been organized in this city. It is composed of children between the ages of 6 and 16.

Judge John Guthrie, the republican candidate for judge of the Third judicial district, is one of that type of men who make republican government a success. A good citizen, a brave soldier, a wise legislator, and an able jurist, in his every relation with his fellow citizens he has made credit and character for himself and won their admiration and esteem.

The county commissioners in special session ordered the trustee of Soldier township to repair the bridge on the Grantville state road. This was all the business done.

A liberal dressing of wood ashes, as far out on the ground as the branches extend, is strongly recommended for pear trees that are bearing crocked fruit. At the same time washing the trunk of the trees with a strong soap suds.

It is a good plan as soon as the leaves have dropped from the currants and gooseberries, to cut out about one half of the new growth of wood. Better fruit and more thrifty plants can be secured in this way than if the plants are left unmolested.

Banking up celery for use should be kept up, if this plan is followed. It ought to be done at least five weeks ahead of the time it is wanted for use. What is intended for storing for winter, if desired to bleach, should be pulled up five or six weeks before frost.

Before frost is a good time to clear up the garden, gathering and burning up the weeds and grass, and making a general clearing up. The garden should, as a rule, be thoroughly plowed in the fall, and whatever manure is needed should be applied and harrowed into the soil.

Many prefer to prune grape vines in the fall, as the wounds heal up quickly and the vines do not bleed. Then there is less danger of making a vigorous growth and a failure to properly ripen the wood before cold freezing weather. This is especially the case with those varieties and in sections where it is necessary to lay down and protect during the winter.

Use a little salt in the food for the stock the same as you do your own. It increases the flow of milk and improves their general health.

No grain should be sown with the grass seed. It will pay in the end to give the grass seed the best chance. It is not a temporary crop that we want, but a permanent one.

A dip for scab composed of twenty-five pounds of tobacco, with five pounds of sulphur extra, in 100 gallons soft water, is highly recommended and is considered entirely non-injurious by a sheepman in Montana, who has tried it.

There should be, for a strong permanent seeding, two bushels of orchard grass, two of red-top, two of blue grass, and one of meadow fescue. These grasses should be put in on land made as mellow as possible, and free from clods and lumps.

With many varieties of plants that have been mulched during the summer as a protection against drouth, it will be found a good plan to take away the mulch at least for a time, so as to induce the plants to stop growing and ripen the new growth of wood. Many trees are seriously injured by growing too late in the fall and not having time to sufficiently mature the new growth before cold freezing weather sets in.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for October contains many interesting and valuable articles, all freshly written and brightly illustrated. The continued story, "Genevieve," opens the number. It is a story of the Huguenot troubles in France. Mrs. Alexander contributes a very touching story, "Faithful in Duty," and "Rubens," by C. B. Todd, is a story about an intelligent and faithful dog. The illustrated articles are, "Pioneer Missions in Central Africa," by Emma Raymond Pitman, with portraits of celebrated African explorers; "Marseilles," by L. E. C.; "Dolls and Doll-makers," "Francis Scott Key," by Walter Edgar M'Cann; and "Mme. Dieulafoy and her Travels."

A vigorous sermon by Dr. Talmage, entitled, "The age of Swindle," will provoke thought and comment. The poems and short articles are numerous and good, and there are a number of full-page engravings of much beauty. It is a specially good number of this favorite family magazine.

Emporia has not had a trial in police court for three weeks and she is now twitting Topeka about it.

Alex. Crone of Meriden, is sinking a shaft on his farm ten miles north of the city, where he has a twenty-inch vein of coal. The Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska railway has agreed to build a spur to his place as soon as he begins taking out coal.

The report of the National Educational association will be printed in this city this year.

The Ladies Library and Educational association tendered the free use of their hall to Rev. George Winterbourne during the fair and soldier's reunion for the benefit of the South Topeka M. E. church.

We hear rumors of an approaching struggle upon the part of some of our street railroad companies for the possession of Topeka avenue. Property owners will probably interpose serious objections to having their street so used.

Go to Citizen's Coal Company, J. V. McNeely, 519 E. 4th street. For the best quality of coal At the cheapest prices.



## TOPEKA, KANSAS.

September, 22, 1888.

Topeka leads all the cities in the United States this week in her increase as shown by the clearing house reports.

The terrible scourge is still rampant in the south, and there seems no prospect of its abatement until the November frosts.

The democratic county convention of Saturday was a good deal like the German language—too many declensions and all in one mood.

Mr. Vest, in a spirit of candor says, "as a matter of course I can say frankly that I am not an idiot." There must be a screw loose somewhere.

Here is a proposition so plain that a blind man can see it. What will it profit an American laboring man if he gain the markets of the whole world and lose his own wages?—Capital.

William B. Tascott is worth \$20,000 to the wife of Amos J. Snell, the banker whom he murdered. Cleveland, in a moment of civil service reform, has offered \$10,000 for another four years.

Dr. Mary Walker and George Francis Train both want to go south to fever infected Florida. Let them both go, for between them they ought to stop the growth of the plague, if not vegetation.

The terrible scourge in Florida is increasing and at the same time the need of assistance is increasing, but the people of the North are responding nobly. Philadelphia has sent \$10,000 and the Y. M. C. A. of New York \$1,500.

Our democratic contemporaries have lately been addicted to columns of figures as a sort of clincher. Here is something to chew on and it doesn't occupy a column either: It has taken \$95,000,000 more to run Cleveland's administration than it did to run Garfield's and Arthur's.

A married Mrs. instead of a marriageable Miss, was to have acted as sponsor at the christening of the new steel cruiser, Baltimore, which was to have been launched Saturday, but naval aristocracy, of the Bourbon genius, protested strenuously against this shocking innovation. They will either supply a new cruiser, or a vestal virgin will do the act. A weeks postponement is announced, to give Washington people time to consider whether a woman's a woman for a' that.

The Rev. Mr. Lozier, who was once a candidate for governor of Iowa on the prohibition ticket, in a recently published letter said that he felt that he could do the cause of temperance more good by sticking and voting with the Republican party, and he asked his friends to cast their votes where they will inevitably strengthen and perpetuate in power the party that is the enemy of the saloon-keeper.

Twenty-four Swedish maidens, ranging in age from 19 to 25, arrived at Castle Garden on the steamer Hekla. They came first cabin on the vessel, and were put through the garden as a mere matter of formality. It was learned that all had come to this country under contracts to marry. The entire party left the garden, four going to prospect for husbands in Brooklyn, and the remainder out west. The engagements were made by the aid of photographs and considerable correspondence.

Talking with a reporter the other day about how he came to write the campaign life of General Harrison, Lew Wallace said:

"Gen. Harrison is my friend, and I am his great admirer. I thought I knew him so well that I ought to write his life. In my opinion he is the ablest man in this country. He is a self-contained man, who cannot be driven, who has abundant courage, and I think he has a speaking faculty excelled by only one person whom I know anything of in this generation, and that is Gladstone. It is a marvelous thing to me to see Harrison in action making a speech.

Gen. Hugh Cameron, of Lawrence, one of the pioneers of Kansas, and very influential with the workingmen of the state, has come out for Harrison and Morton. He holds an important position in the Knights of Labor, having been one of the founders of the organization. He says that it is to the interest of laboring men in America to support Harrison and Morton.

Parsons Sun.

Gen. Cameron was the first chairman of the third or prohibition party central committee of Kansas. Of those who met in A. P. Jettmore's office July 17, 1884, to organize that party in this state, Van Bennett is now the only one supporting the prohibition party, if J. C. Hubbard is excepted, who, with H. P. Vrooman, was then a member of the greenback party and both nominees for office, on that ticket. All the others are now supporting the republican party. Gen. Cameron was formerly a democrat.

The Governor of South Carolina, in a recent speech said that "the great problem which God had given to this state is how to rule 600,000 blacks with 400,000 whites." The fact seems to be that the southerners' besetting fear of "negro domination" is a very powerful and sturdy plant and very deeply rooted.

The Globe Democrat says the death-roll of the Grand Army of the Republic during the past year reached 4433. President Cleveland may congratulate himself as a sound and consistent Democrat that he did all he could to increase this loss by vetoing bills designed to provide disabled veterans with the means of living.

Protection and free trade had a fair, stand-up fight in the district of Congressmen Reed, of Maine, in the recent election. Reed is the leader of the protectionists in the House, and the Democrats "pitched in" with vigor to defeat him, and this was the result: While his plurality was 117 in 1880, 317 in 1882, 916 in 1884, and 1326 in 1886, it was about 2700 last Monday.

The Secretary of the state democratic committee made a big Galloway bull of it when he sent to the republican postmaster at Cawker City, a request to forward his assessment for party purposes. Now he has made another big bull in sending out to good loyal democrats a circular asking for certain mortgage records from each county. His "private and confidential" circular fell into ruthless republican hands who let the whole feline out of the sack. Here is a case of a Galloway in a china shop.

One of the several reasons why a Republican victory is assured in New York this fall, is, that although the Democratic papers may say there is the utmost cordiality existing between the gubernatorial candidates of New York and Cleveland, at the same time it is well known that Hill was not Grover's candidate and any time that Hill can insert a blade between Grover's ribs, without laying himself liable, he is going to do so. Another thing is acknowledged by Democratic papers and that is if there is such a falling off in the prohibition vote of New York, as has been noticed in several States, Cleveland's chances in the Empire State are very slim.

Although it has been decided that the Chinese and the bustle must go, the corset still proposes to remain a friend which sticketh closer than a brother. At the recent meeting of the British Association at Bath, a paper was read by a Cambridge professor of pathology in which a decided opinion was advanced and maintained by illustration and precedents that "the slight pressure involved in wearing stays had a beneficial effect, and reasonable lacing increases mental and physical activity." True, this view was strongly opposed by several of the medical men present, but Miss Lydia Baker, a well-known scientific woman, in supporting the professor of pathology, maintained that "a moderate degree of tight-lacing conduces to woman's comfort and improves her appearance."

On the appointment of C. K. Holliday jr. to the position of secretary of the legation to Venezuela, by the president, Senator Ingalls writes the following characteristic letter:

UNITED STATES SENATE, September 11.—Dear Mr. Holliday: Your nomination as secretary of legation at Venezuela has just been sent in by the president, and I shall lay it before the senate at the next executive session. It will be referred to the committee on foreign relations, to whom I shall with pleasure say that you should be properly confirmed.

Of course you will want to start as soon as possible, for we shall put some clever young republican in your place next March. I hope you will have a pleasant winter on the southern continent.

Your friend,  
JOHN J. INGALLS.

The Chicago dynamiters' trial has been postponed till the October term of court.

At Liberal, Kans., Sept. 17, M. S. Parsons shot and killed W. D. Denson, on account of some dispute over a board bill. The killing of Denson was entirely unjustifiable.

The McCoy-Hatfield war has again broken out with the usual fatal results.

At Ville Platte prairie, Sunday morning, a crowd of armed men surrounded the cabin of two negroes and forced them to surrender. and then shot them.

The motion to reconsider the Chinese bill was defeated yesterday in the senate, and it now goes to the president for his signature.

It is thought that the Fester brothers, of Syracuse township, Montgomery county, Kans., who have been missing for several days, have been murdered. It was known that they had a large amount of money about the house at the time of their disappearance.

### Clean the Horse's Skin.

It is not enough that the groom should merely clean off the dry deposits that remain from the sweating process through which the horse may have gone. This it is true, removes the apparent foulness, but it is far from meeting the work that comes under the head of "grooming." There is no way in which one can do the horse more real service in the way of keeping him healthy, than by washing his skin with water as hot as the hand will bear. Whether this is done immediately after a drive when the horse is perspiring freely, or when at rest and the skin is perfectly dry, a large blanket should be provided to cover the animal and keep it covered during the process of washing, keeping it on the shoulders while the hind quarters, and vice versa.

Provide yourself with a large sponge and a piece of good soap, or, instead of this, an ounce of aqua ammonia. Put this into a quart of water if it be of the highest strength, and into a pint if it be of low grade, and after moistening the hair and skin with the hot water, with a sponge rub the surface over with the ammonia water, seeing to it that it reaches the skin. Then wash the hide and hair thoroughly, scraping the water out of the hair with a wooden or other scraper having a thin, smooth edge. Rub dry with a woolen cloth and cover with a dry blanket, keeping the horse out of a current of air, if this be cold. Be especially careful if the horse is exhausted by having had a hard drive.

Merely cleaning the dried sweat from the hair of a horse is a small item in the process of thorough grooming and cleaning. It should be remembered that it is the skin, and not the hair that carries on the process of eliminating such secretions as the body requires relief from: that is, such as escape through the pores of the skin. The intestinal tract and the kidneys and bladder present but a limited surface for the elimination of refuse from the body, as compared with the skin, yet when a horse gets sick how ready men are to say, "give him a physic"—salts or aloes or "give him a diuretic"—neither or pumpkin seed tea. An ounce of prevention is, as often stated, worth a pound of cure, and if, in conjunction with care in feeding—feeding enough and not too much, and of the right kind—that portion of the duties of the stable that comes under the head of grooming be carried out as here indicated, we would not so frequently as now need the internal agents referred to.—Rural New Yorker.

### Condensed News.

Sept. 17.—John Dillon has been unconditionally released.—Three persons will hang in November at Wichita.—The railroads have agreed upon rates west. There will be no war.—Delegations from Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky visit Harrison.—Carlyle renominated for Congress from Kentucky.—The sixteenth reunion of the national association of ex-prisoners of war is in session at Indianapolis.—The Manitoba wheat crop is estimated at 10,000,000 bushels.—Two highwaymen killed near Gordonville, Ky.—Congress will probably adjourn on Oct. 1.—Total number of yellow fever cases to date at Jacksonville 1,203, and total deaths, 153.—The Lawrence Lard wire factory began work on a government contract for the Indians.—The deputy postmaster of Artesian City, Kan., John Murphy, was arrested for stealing \$10,000 four years ago in Ohio.—The president has pardoned a Kentucky counterfeiter, who was dying.—The quarantine against New Orleans by Texas is off.—Boston sends \$6,000 to Jacksonville.—Congressman Peters is spending a week or two in the state. He thinks congress will not adjourn for some weeks. No quorum is present and democrats filibuster to prevent business.—The Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association have failed to renew their lease from the Cherokees, which throws their immense improvements into the hands of the Cherokee nation.—Official returns complete give the republican plurality of Maine at 18,495.

ASHLAND, WIS., September 17.—At 10 o'clock the switchmen on the Central yard went on a strike. They want \$2.25 and \$2.50 per day. The strikers "killed" two engines and Superintendent Allen had six of them arrested.

WASHINGTON, September 17.—A bill to authorize the president to appoint General W. S. Rosecrans a brigadier general, on the retired list of army, was introduced by Senator Henderson to-day.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., September 17.—Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., the largest milling firm in the world, have just finished a division of \$40,000 among their employees. This has been made in pursuance of a profit sharing plan adopted four years ago. For two years there have been no profits to divide, but the past year has been profitable and the firm keeps its promise. This is believed to be the largest amount ever divided under the profit sharing system.

A number of people on the North side are complaining of chills.

Out at Roundbush's farm there were fifteen tons of hay which teamsters went out with two wagons to haul in. They decided to camp there and accordingly fixed their beds under the wagons. While watering their horses, Mr. E. Dayis came along and noticed one of the wagons and the hay loaded on it, on fire. The wagon and contents consisting of the hay, harness, and clothes belonging to the men, which were in the haystack, were lost. No one knows the cause of the fire. The entire fifteen tons of hay were destroyed.

County Superintendent John McDonald has had the list of books selected by the committee chosen for that purpose, most suitable for a district library published, and distributed them among the teachers Saturday afternoon. He will supply other teachers who apply to him for them, and suggests that where the library tax has not been levied in a district, the teacher begin at once giving entertainments to raise money for the purchase of a library.

Capt. Lanhan says the log cabin is a greater curiosity in Kansas than in Ohio. That is quite true, but as much can hardly be said of the dug-out.

We do not underrate anything in Kansas. We prefer to help blow the Kansas horn. Nor do we consider it wise to make invidious comparisons against other states as some are doing, who have just returned from Ohio. One of them belittles the Ohio state house. A few years ago the Columbus state house was considered the finest in the west. It is not so to-day, and in ten years, after the Kansas state house is finished it will be "nothing to brag on." So far as we know we say it for the first time, but the Kansas state house will be far in advance of the wants of the state. It will be no remarkable structure then, even for Kansas. The rotunda will be small and the main halls are narrow and stairways cramped. We are willing for this judgment to go on record and do not want to be considered a growler for making it.

At the Kansas Avenue M. E. Church last Sunday about forty united with the church, and thirteen were baptized at the communion service. In the evening Dr. Buck preached an excellent sermon to a crowded house.

R. L. Coffran, of the Western Foundry of this city, exhibits several engines of his own make, that are first class.

Last Friday two young men went to Garfield Park and hired the boat "Kid" for one hour. When the hour was up they did not return. Suspicion was aroused and it was feared the boat had been stolen. Yesterday word was received from Lawrence that a boat answering the description of the "Kid" had passed through that city. This morning two attaches of the park started in pursuit of the boat, but they had little hopes of overtaking them as they had several days start. The boat is valued at \$40 and is one of the best at the park.

The Columbus fellows bit off more than they could chew, or more than soldier veterans would chew, when they put the price of meals at fifty cents instead of twenty five.

The great state fair is in progress this week. It is a great success and shows the fallacy of attempting to keep up two western or state fairs in Kansas. The exhibits of all kinds are very complete, and all considerable portions of the state are represented, while in the larger departments of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., the leading stock raising states and territories are represented. The exhibition is one that does credit to the great state of Kansas, and surpasses that usually seen in larger and older states.

Deputy United States Marshal George Sharritt arrived in the city on a delayed train at 3:30 o'clock, having in charge seventeen United States prisoners, all chained together and convicted of various crimes. They will be removed to Leavenworth in a few days.

The Orange Judd Farmer is a new agricultural paper just started in Chicago. Or rather it is the development of a small Minnesota farm paper into a practically new paper by that old agricultural editor and publisher, Orange Judd, formerly of the American Agriculturist, and four years past of the Prairie Farmer.

One man in Byers, Colorado, has Southdown lambs not more than six months old that will turn the scale beam at 140 pounds each. They were brought from Canada, and it is estimated that they will clip twelve pounds of wool at least by the time they are fourteen months old.

If a bushel of old corn returns you about forty-nine pounds of meal at one trip and forty-seven at another, don't jump to the conclusion that the miller has taken too much toll. Corn that is new will waste by evaporation nearly two pounds to the bushel more than corn that is old and well dried. Sheep manure contains from 90 to 95 percent of the plant food contained in the rations consumed by the sheep. It is, therefore, a very rich fertilizer, as experience has shown. It is especially rich in nitrogen in its available form, and for that reason is excellent for use as a starter in the hill for corn and potatoes.

Mr. J. H. Sanders says that these times it may be questionable in many cases whether even good cattle can be fed at much of a profit; but if there is any money at all in beef production it can be made only through the best cattle. There is no one seeking to get rid of good cattle, but on the contrary, there are thousands of present opportunities to fit themselves out with better animals than they have heretofore owned.

Why cannot Topeka reporters learn that to-morrow never "is"? There is still work enough for the school master.

### State Fair Notes.

The magnificent horticultural display from Douglas county, which is located in the west wing of exposition hall, is in charge of Sam Reynolds, president, and B. F. Smith, secretary, of the Douglas County Agricultural and Horticultural society.

The exhibits of blooded stock have seldom been equalled and never surpassed in the state, is the unanimous verdict of those informed upon that subject. The sheep, swine and poultry displays draw immense crowds and the races on the almost perfect half-mile track are as exciting as any ever held.

In the children's department, which is presided over by one of the accomplished members of the U and I club, is the collection of articles of embroidery, crochet work and water colors of Miss Olivia Bischoff, the 13-year-old daughter of Hon. Oscar Bischoff, of North Topeka. This exhibit is remarkable and indicates unusual artistic ability.

A bloody fight occurred yesterday morning at the fair grounds, in the poultry house, and was between a turkey gobbler and hen. Blood was spattered all over the coop, and but for the timely arrival of an attendant, the hen would have been killed.

Mrs. Fannie Smith, a resident of Graham county, made an exhibit of linen work woven by herself from flax of her own raising, at the fair this week. Mrs. Smith is nearly 70 years of age.

Topeka sustains her reputation for hospitality during the State Fair.

C. H. Rhodes of the north side has at the State fair one of the finest exhibits on the ground of Black Cochins fowls. There are seven or eight tries of fowls with all the best points of their breed. At the national poultry exhibit in Cincinnati several years ago a Cochin cock of Mr. Rhodes' made the highest score on record and secured the first prize. At several other national exhibitions, Mr. Rhodes' entries have borne off the highest prize.

There are no fortune wheels or gambling of any character. The association was offered \$2,000 for the privilege of running a fortune wheel during the week, but they refused it.

Woodson county has a 4,000 pound steer on exhibition, and Butler county goes her one better with a steer weighing 4,475 pounds.

Wichita county exhibits samples of sod corn which averages forty bushels to the acre.

The A. B. Whitting Company's display of oils, paints, colors of all kinds and handsome stained, lead and crystal glass was very fine. The exhibits were all in order yesterday, and the place being just to the right of the main entrance, it was a place that attracted much attention accompanied with words of admiration. The exhibit of glass of varied tints was especially fine, and the crystal glass, stars and prism caught the light and reflecting it made the space about the exhibit glow with a chromatic brilliancy. In the department of fruits and flowers every available foot of space was taken, and the long tables and shelves were covered with as fine apples, pears, quinces, grapes, etc., of all varieties, as were ever shown anywhere, and as seldom equalled. The display this year is more extensive than ever before.

### City Council.

At last night's meeting Councilman Urmy introduced a resolution requiring the superintendent of public works to proceed at once to tighten the taps and bolts of the Kansas river bridge, supplementing the resolution with a verbal explanation of the necessity for such action.

A numerously signed petition of the people of the First ward, calling attention to the fact that the vacancy caused in the police force of the First ward by the death of Officer McKee, has never been filled and praying that the same be filled at once, pleading urgency, was read and placed on file.

Considerable discussion ensued upon a resolution introduced by Councilman Urmy, instructing the city attorney to prepare an ordinance to submit a proposition to vote \$500,000 bonds to build a stone arch bridge, but the resolution finally passed. The majority of the councilmen were plainly of the opinion that the city did not want to vote so large a sum nor to build a stone arch bridge, but they concluded that the resolution would do no harm in its present shape. The ordinance could be changed as deemed best, when it was submitted for passage.

A full blooded Indian from the Pottawatomie reservation, north of the city, was on the streets yesterday. He was fixed up with beads and other ornaments and attracted the attention of the children, as he passed from store to store begging for something.

The Union Pacific train for the west yesterday brought in a big crowd of people to attend the fair.

John Lavelle, one of the most popular young men of Lawrence has received an appointment in the mail service. His run will be from Kansas City to Pueblo.

—Exchange.

We congratulate John. He is a good boy and deserves his good luck.

A young man named George Simmons was instantly killed at Carbondale, Monday, while at work in the strippings, by the bank caving in upon him.

The annual conference of the Swedish Baptist church will be held in this city, commencing this evening and continue over Sunday.

The widow of Dr. A. E. Dettlor has received \$2,000, the amount of an accident insurance policy which the doctor had.

E. P. Karr of the Commonwealth is back from his wedding tour, and has resumed his duties on the north side.

Cashier Smith of the citizens' bank is expected back in a few days from Indiana and Ohio where with his family he has been on a jaunt for a week or so.

The Kansas University of Embalming will meet in this city to-day. A three-days' session will follow.



## The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

CUSTOM-HOUSE officials should be aware of the opium habit.

BOULANGER has the same effect of a French mob that a red rag has on a bull.

CANADA is quietly but persistently fishing for an invitation to come over here and be annexed.

Now, there's Tupper—78 years of age and still sound and hearty. Who says that chestnuts are unhealthy.

Mrs. ALICE J. SHAW, the whistler, is coming back from Europe. No, nothing can be done to prevent her.

THE Paris police have discovered an anarchist plot. It is quite certain that John Bonfield is out in Colorado.

MARY ANDERSON's brother Joseph is to marry Lawrence Barrett's daughter Gertrude. As to Mary herself—well, she is wedded to the stage at present, but she has got her fine blue eyes or an English lord all the same.

THE London newspapers are rather flippant in their comments on President Cleveland's Canadian retaliation message. They shouldn't be. It is only a question of disposition whether the United States will pick her up.

It is again rumored that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Secretary Endicott's daughter are to be married. As the rumor has been revived in London it is probably intended to check the warlike feeling that prevails in the cabinet just now.

A FLUCKY little miss named Florence Morse aged 12, has succeeded in safely making the perilous ascent of Mont Blanc. This is supposed to be the highest point ever reached by a female since Mother Hubbard swept the cobwebs out of the sky. The sex is climbing.

TWO YOUNG ladies of St. Paul horse-whipped a lawyer of that city because he made some disparaging remarks about them. The disparaging remarks which will be made about them now will not be confined to the lawyer nor to St. Paul. The use of a horse-whip doesn't set a young lady right before the world.

COUNT ANDRASSY is dying of disease of the kidneys. He was in his day one of the greatest of European diplomats and would have been the equal of Bismarck had he had a master like William L. Andrassy's brain and Andrassy's pluck have saved the Austrian empire from disintegration more than once.

On being asked if it was true that Queen Victoria intended to confer a degree of knighthood upon him, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, a formerly popular western railroad man, now vice president and manager of the Canadian Pacific, replied: "Oh, the devil! It's all silly rot. It's nonsense to talk about knighting an American citizen." Certainly it is, and Van Horne is too proud an American citizen to stoop to the acceptance of a foreign title even if it should be offered him.

THE *Journal of United Labor* says: "The order of Knights of Labor is extending into all countries of the earth. There is already one flourishing district assembly at work in England, and the general executive board recently granted a charter for another district assembly in the same country. Inquiries are being made from Ireland, Scotland, Wales—from all the chief centers. France, Germany and Belgium already have local assemblies, while Australia, South America and New Zealand are among the probabilities during the present summer season."

PROF. GROSSMAN of the Massachusetts Experiment station sums up some pig feeding experiments as follows: "First, a gradual periodical change from a rich nitrogenous diet to that of a wider ratio between the digestible nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous food constituents of the feed is recommendable in the interests of good economy. Second, the feeding effect of one and the same diet changes with the advancing growth of the animal on trial. Third, the power of assimilating food and of converting it into live weight decreases with the progress of age. Fourth, it is not good economy to raise pigs for the meat market to an exceptionally high weight. To go beyond from 175 to 180 pounds is only advisable when exceptionally high market prices for dressed pork can be secured."

## HIS FATE FORETOLD.

The Death of a Missouri Man Plainly Foreshadowed in a Vision.

A number of citizens of Ozark were discussing the mad-dog sensation that still prevails in Lincoln township, Christian county, says a letter to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, that J. J. Brown, an old and well-known attorney of southwest Missouri, told the following remarkable story of a case of hydrophobia that came under his personal observation many years ago.

"In 1858 I lived in Fulton county, Arkansas, then a young man of 20 years. The country at that time was sparsely settled, and hydrophobia was a thing seldom heard of in that region. One of our highest neighbors was Jacob Oxford, constable of the township, a young and healthy man about 28 years old. He lived but a mile from my mother's, and our families were very intimate. My mother was a woman who had a good practical knowledge of the simple treatment of diseases and took the place of the professional physician in ministering to the sick of the neighborhood in those early times. In this capacity she always visited Oxford's family when any of the household was sick. In the month of April, 1858, Jacob Oxford dreamed that a small, spotted dog, apparently lost, came to his house late in the evening. The dog seemed tired and distressed. Oxford fed the dog and allowed it to remain at his house all morning. Next morning he fed the dog again, and he seemed well and contented and friendly he concluded to keep the animal. In order to strengthen the dog's attachment for his new master Oxford began to play with the animal. The dog received these friendly attentions for a time with apparent delight, and then bit Oxford on the finger and immediately left the house and was never heard of again. Oxford then dreamed that he took hydrophobia and died."

"Oxford told his dream to his wife next morning and seemed much troubled about it. Several of Oxford's neighbors, including myself and mother, heard the dream in a few days and it became the common talk of the community. Oxford was so much impressed by the dream that he told it to everyone he saw and seemed deeply troubled about the matter. He was in good health at the time, but would brood over the dream and regard it as a warning."

In about ten days after Oxford had this dream a small spotted dog, an exact copy of the animal seen in the nightly vision, did come to his house late in the evening. Oxford recognized the dog as the very animal he had seen in his dream. His wife knew the dog at once as the same one her husband had described the morning after the dream. The size of the animal, its peculiar marks, tired, homeless appearance, hunger, readiness to remain after being fed, as well as the hour of evening, all corresponded exactly with the details of Oxford's dream, and the man seemed at once paralyzed at what he regarded as unmistakable foreshadowing of his doom. So completely did the prophetic character of the dream fascinate the mind of Oxford that he would not allow the dog to be driven away, but regarded the animal with a kind of superstitious reverence."

"The dog was well-fed at night and appeared to have no inclination of leaving Oxford's. The next morning the dog was fed and Oxford began to fondle the animal, just as he had done in the dream. After seeming to enjoy the caresses of his new master for a while the dog suddenly and without any provocation whatever bit Oxford on the fore-finger, inflicting only a slight flesh wound. As the dream had foreshown, as soon as the dog bit Oxford it left the place and was never heard of again. Oxford made diligent inquiry for the dog in the direction it went away, describing the peculiar marks of the animal minutely, but no further trace of the mysterious visitor could ever be discovered, though the event was the prevailing topic of conversation through the country for several weeks."

"Oxford told his wife as soon as the dog bit him that he would die of hydrophobia. He said his dream had been literally fulfilled so far and that the hand of Providence must be guiding the whole affair. He told everybody that he was approaching a terrible death, but prayed earnestly that he might do no violence to his family or friends when the fatal malady should develop. He was very religious and seemed reconciled to what he regarded as his doom, only dreading the violence that might result from his expected madness. Oxford continued to perform his official duties till some time in August, showing no signs of illness except that settled melancholy anticipation of hydrophobia that had possessed him since his dream."

"One day in August, about four months after his singular experience with the dog, Oxford had been out in the township serving some papers pertaining to his office, and came home at night complaining of a pain in the finger that had been bitten. He said that the pain was very severe, and that the dreaded malady so long expected had undoubtedly begun to develop itself. His wife and friends persuaded the unhappy man that his fears were without foundation, and the pain in his finger only the result of imagination, but Oxford would not be comforted in this way, and prayed constantly that he might be spared only the worst horrors of hydrophobia. He was willing to die if he might only retain his reason

to the last and do no violence to his family or friends."

"In about five days from the time he felt the pain in his finger Oxford began to show unmistakable signs of madness. My mother waited on the man through his entire confinement and witnessed every symptom of the mysterious malady as it developed. Several days before his death Oxford began to have those violent spasms that all medical authorities say are characteristic of hydrophobia. He did not, however, excepting in his paroxysms, lose his reason and never attempted to do violence to anyone. On about the tenth day after feeling the pain in the finger the man died."

## WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Removal of a Twelve-Inch Snake from a Sick Man's Stomach.

Prince Edward Island papers publish particulars of a wonderful surgical operation, recently performed by Dr. McVale. The patient, a young man, was suddenly seized some time ago with severe pains in his stomach, in the form of a creeping sensation. Alternating with the pains there were violent convulsions. The doctor at first did not understand it, but after a careful consideration of the symptoms he said: "There is a living animal in that man's stomach, and I will take it out." Accordingly he proceeded to operate.

He had diagnosed the animal to be located in the right extremity of the stomach. An incision was made across the epigastrium. The stomach being contracted was overlapped by the liver. Accordingly the latter first presented itself. Anticipating trouble in securing the animal the operator designed to provide for free manipulation. The liver was drawn up and carefully stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall. Then the stomach was drawn up and the edge of the incision was neatly stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall.

After a few days, to allow the stomach to form a connection in its new locality, he opened the organ. Then a most remarkable sight was presented. A snake fully twelve inches long lay coiled up in the suspected locality. Having observed light through the stomach wall it was ready for action. As soon as the opening of the stomach was made it sprang at the hand of the operator. Missing its aim it changed its tactics. An attempt was made to escape by dashing through the pyloric orifice, but in this it failed, for the gallant operator seized it by the tail and drew it back. Having eluded the grip of the forceps, an attempt was made to escape into the esophagus. Its passage there was not interrupted. Finally it merged through the mouth and the patient was thus relieved of his torment. The young man remained weak for a long time, but finally he completely recovered.

## The Newsboys of Mexico.

Our contemporaries are making many suggestions as to the material of which the clothes of the newsboys should be made. Some think leather suits would be advisable in view of the short time the striped suits presented by the city government lasted, while others urge tin as the material. The discussion enables newspaper men to air their wit, but it really seems unnecessary. The city government presented a given number of newsboys with uniforms with the understanding that the boys would replace them at their own expense when worn out. These suits have long since served their time, and been discarded, and not a single one has been replaced by its owner. Unless the city government intends to clothe outright the urohins who sell papers in the streets our contemporaries are wasting their time in discussing the kind of material that should be used for their uniforms, for there is no legal way of compelling the boys to buy the clothes that may be designated as proper for them by the authorities. To deprive a boy of the right to earn an honest living because he cannot or will not dress in a prescribed manner is not practicable in a free country.—*Two Republics, City of Mexico.*

## The Queen of Scarecrows.

A lady living near Norwich, Conn., has made a scarecrow that is the envy of the whole country. In figure the scarecrow resembles a petite young lady with a slim waist and a certain air of suppleness, which the summer breeze intensifies when it rustles up from the meadow now and then, and sets the garden girl's sailor suit adrift. Only a fashion artist would be able to fly describe her garb. She has a basque, a skirt, and an overskirt, as all young ladies do, all of navy blue, and the overskirt daintily looped; the skirt is modestly lifted an inch, permitting the eye to catch a glimpse of a white underskirt. A ruffled fichu above the shapely bodice, a snowy white collar, a bright ribbon around the neck and a broad-brimmed straw hat completes the breeziest and most bewitching costume in Norwich. Of course the rain would spoil such a masterpiece, so its owner takes it in every rainy day and puts it in a corner of the parlor. Every strange young man has tried to flirt with the scarecrow while riding past the field, but the scarecrow has as yet given no word of encouragement.

## Negro Gentlemen.

In Livingston's travels he is continually referring to the dusky females of Africa as ladies, but it is very seldom that explorers have occasion to apply the word gentleman to the men they meet. Among the great tribes north of Victoria Nyanza, however, are a few chiefs to whom Mr. Samuel Baker, Emin Pasha, Stanley and a few other white men think the word filthy applies. Baker said for instance, that Katagrus, was the only gentleman he met at the big King Kabrega's court, and Emin Pasha is equally complimentary. He says that while he was in the society of Katagrus that chief never once asked him a question, and he received very politely and with every appearance of pleasure the few insignificant presents the white man was able to give him.

Before Emin Pasha met this gentlemanly person he visited Chief Anfini, with whom he became quite friendly and whom he describes as "the only negro gentleman" he had met in four years' wanderings in Africa. Anfini is one of the chiefs under King Kabrega and he rules a district of Unzoro. Dr. Emin describes this remarkable person as a portly well-dressed man of middle age, who is possessed of inborn tact, never asks for presents and is not inquisitive about the private affairs of his guests. Since the Arabs began trading in this country Anfini has been able to procure many articles of European manufacture.

Dr. Emin says that Anfini is the only negro prince he has met to whom clothing and whatever other civilized appliances have found their way to his country have become indispensable. He dresses in English flannels and is scrupulously clean. He is the only native in the central regions of the dark continent who habitually uses plates and metal spoons at his meals. When Dr. Emin was his guest, bananas and other food were passed around in Chinese dishes. His people never presume to appear in public in a nude condition, but all are decently rapped in skins and bark clothing.

Both Stanley and Emin Pasha spoke highly of the personal qualities of King Mesa's katikiro or prime minister. Dr. Emin says he "must be placed among the few negro gentlemen of my acquaintance." It was this man who had raised himself from the lowest rank to the highest place in Uganda next to the king, who asked Stanley if he could give him some quick poison with which he might make way with himself in case he should ever lose the favor of the king and his life should in consequence be in peril.

## The Preacher and the Press.

The Nation's Capital has a young preacher who is trying to bloom out as the most sensational pulpit orator in this part of the country. He bears the peculiar name of Ed. Hes Swem, and is at present in charge of one of the Baptist churches. He gave notice a few weeks ago that he would commence a series of Sunday evening sermons on Washington wickedness. His opening shots were scattering, as if he wanted to be certain that his new style of preaching would take with the press and people. In a general sort of way he told his hearers in effect that the Capital City was worse than ancient Babylon, and promised details later. Only one paper here noticed his sermon. The parson is young and has a judicious appearance. A few days after his first effort he was around on Newspaper Row leaving his card, and incidentally trying to discover if any of the outside papers had referred to his first sermon. Indeed, he said that he had been told that one of the London papers had an account of his first sermon. He was told that no London publisher had become crazy enough to order by telegraph a Washington sermon. The last effort of Rev. Ed. Hes Swem was aimed directly at editors, correspondents and reporters. He pictured them as a horrible class of citizens, and said that the reporters would gladly lie for their editors and that they got their orders from their superiors. The Post has taken hold of this clerical stripling, yearning for notoriety, and has published one of his letters making a request that a reporter be sent with out fail to write up his sermon. Such a man as this can't last long as a preacher.—*New York Graphic.*

## Diversions of Great Men.

Small happenings attract great men. The most commonplace street incident will serve to whet their curiosity. If a car horse falls on Market and Chestnut street, bankers, merchants and professional men will drop all sorts of business and wait to see the animal regain his footing and the car jog on. If a danger sign is placed on the sidewalk in front of a building and a tackle arranged at one of the windows a crowd will form immediately, and there will be more men of prominence than street urchins in it. A quiet observer said yesterday: "I have seen such men as Director Stokely and Austin Corbin, president of the Reading road, watching fixedly the simple card manipulations of a fakir who was trying to attract possible purchasers of 'something new in tooth powder, only 5 cents a box,' and on another occasion I saw Senator Quay and Mr. Kemble, the Traction's president, gazing at a lineman climbing a telegraph pole, when, as a matter of uncontrovertible fact, there wasn't the slightest thing about the man on the pole to make even a countryman lift his eyes."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## MINOR MENTION.

A Nebraska man named Mickelwait, who is traveling to Washington, weighs 40 pounds, and has to be carried in the baggage car, being unable to enter a passenger car. He is in robust health, but is fasting to reduce his health.

A new kind of strike occurred in a female seminary at Nashville, Tenn., the other day, where a class of young ladies indignantly struck against instruction from a text-book on history which recited the old story of Jefferson Davis' capture in female attire.

The Mexicans are hard at work on the banks of the Rio Grande opposite El Paso Tex., building wing dams and willow mattresses to prevent their territory from being washed away by the turbulent river. They have lost much in past years in this manner.

A California paper says that a party who ascended Mount Lassen recently became electrified, the hair of their heads standing straight out and sparks of electricity flying from the ends of their noses and fingers. The phenomenon was occasioned by an electrical storm.

A brilliant idea struck John Bauer, a Nebraska man, recently. Wishing to clean out a powder keg he put a little powder in it and then applied a lighted match. He was picked up several rods from the explosion, and is now in bed wondering what became of the keg.

While Kate Wilson, aged fourteen, and her brother Robert, four years her junior, were playing on a dock at Jersey City, Wednesday, the boy fell overboard. His sister, who cannot swim, screamed for assistance and jumped after him. When he rose to the surface she seized him and kept him above water until fishermen rescued both.

A tin mine near Durango, in Mexico, is to be opened by a Pittsburg company, who have a capital of \$1,000,000. An expert who has assayed the ore says that it will yield from 25 to 35 per cent. of tin, which is said to be the largest percentage of any tin ore in the world. A number of factories will be started soon to manufacture the tin.

A crowd of over a thousand people gathered in New York recently to watch an escaped parrot, which had flown through an open window and alighted on a wire. They continued to demonstrate how slight a cause will bring a multitude together until some one put a pole out of a window, attracted the bird and quickly drew him in.

Kansas is anxious to annex the strip of land called "No Man's Land," adjoining the State. Not, the newspapers say, "for boom purposes," but for protection. Every thief and murderer who commits a crime in western and southern Kansas makes a break for No Man's Land, where he is as safe as the manslayer of old in the city of refuge.

The King of the Belgians hates tobacco, never wears gloves, and goes bareheaded as much as possible. He is fond of bathing, but does not swim. Geography and language are his favorite studies, and he has traveled in almost every Asiatic country. He is a handsome man, slightly built, but muscular, with blue eyes and a big brown beard touched with gray.

Mr. Christopher Chancellor, who lives in the Spoon River brackes, Louisiana, was digging a stock well a few days ago, and when eighteen feet below the surface he found 123 petrified rattlesnakes. They were heavy as stone and the largest one measured eight feet in length and twenty-eight and one-half inches in circumference, and had forty-three rattles on it.

The will of John Robinson, the veteran showman, was probated in Cincinnati Tuesday. He bequeathed property valued at \$1,000,000. To two grandchildren, sons of his daughter Kate and Robert Stuckey, the famous bareback rider, is left \$15,000 each in trust. The rest of the estate goes in equal shares to the testator's three sons—Gilbert, Charles and John.

Weddings on water are growing to be quite the fashion. One was lately reported from the Red River region, where the bride and groom were pushed out in a buggy into deep water, and there wedded according to the laws of Indian Territory; and now Dr. Hill and Miss Pitt, of West Point, Ga., have got themselves wedded in a yawl at sunset, "chitting over the waters of the yellow Chattahoochee."

Mr. Varner Hurt dropped in at the post-office in Cumming, Ga., the other day and bought ten cents worth of postage stamps. He told the postmaster that it was the first purchase of the sort he had ever made, and that in all his life—he is over seventy-six now—he had never written or received a letter. "He is a man of considerable property," notes the astonished reporter.

The Honiton lace industry, in England, is said, in a recent parliamentary report, to be falling into decay on account chiefly of the duties imposed upon the lace by foreign countries, and the lace-makers want government aid in the way of the establishment of a school to teach the art of making the lace, with prizes and other inducements to lead young people to take up the trade.

The roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Penn., is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue steel for some distance after it comes out of the pipe. Solid masonry twelve feet thick surrounds the well to hold the cap on. When in drilling the gas was struck tools and rope, weighing 5,000 pounds, were thrown out as though they were feathers.

Mrs. Susan Tope, wife of a farmer of Devonshire, England, while out driving with her husband, was struck accidentally just below the left eye with the lash of the whip and a slight wound was inflicted. Little notice was taken of it, but a few days afterward Mrs. Tope's face began to swell, and subsequently a small knot of cord was removed from the wound. Lock-jaw set in and she died in a short time.

A European keeper in a jail at Lahore, India, heard knocks at his door at a late hour at night, and thinking there were thieves about went out by a roundabout way to catch them. Seeing nothing, he returned and found a large baboon seated at his round table, warming himself by the lamp light. The animal attacked him, and a desperate encounter resulted in the death of the baboon and the dangerous wounding of the warder.



## THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.

Don't be Meddlesome or Argumentative with Other People's Affairs.

The person of even average moral sense, says a writer in *Daughters of America*, has a general understanding of the fact that his neighbor's house, trees and material goods are objects towards which he should show respect by the simple process of letting alone. The right to alter the color of his house, to order the pruning of his trees, etc., are recognized to be matters solely under control of their owner.

But in matters less material, yet more personal, there is a great lack of respect shown in our dealings with one another.

Persons would resent being called discourteous, persons who in the main are kind of heart and even generous with their money, are often sadly wanting in charitable judgment of their neighbor's opinions and a proper sense of their peculiarities.

Too commonly the fact is ignored that a man's opinions and convictions are his private personal matter, with which no one else has a right to meddle.

A man may hold with all the fervor of heart and strength of mind of which he is capable the principles of Protestantism, but that is no reason why he should assail the belief of his Catholic neighbor. Indeed, it is an excellent reason why he should not do so, but, instead, should extend the toleration supposed to be a part of his religion.

A man may believe in homeopathy to the highest degree, but that belief does not entitle him to the privilege of calling his neighbor to account because he chooses to seek relief by means of mercury and quinine in as heroic doses as he may fancy.

So in politics, the spending of money, in social life, in dress and education, each one should scrupulously avoid acting as censor of others who may differ from himself.

Least of all is one privileged while a guest to attack the opinion of the family whose hospitality he enjoys. When, for any reason, he cannot acquiesce in the family regulations let him depart, and not try to reform the family to his standard of propriety.

By calumny, personal arguments or by the force of example, one may try to convince another that his way is the better, but a true courtesy requires that he shall not unasked present his opinions where to do so would wound and not alter in the slightest degree the course of his opponent.

Nor let any one flatter himself that because a man is loud of voice and blunt of speech, ever ready with cruel judgment of others and free with advice on all matters, that he will pleasantly accept such treatment from others, for he is quite as likely to resent interference with his affairs as the man of gentler speech and greater charity.

It is so easy to form the habit of meddlesomeness, and to persuade one's self into the belief that one's mission is to be a "private investigator and public advisor," that one is apt to forget that in the regulation of one's own conduct life presents enough perplexing problems without trespassing upon the rights of others in a mistaken zeal to convert them in a better way.

In short, let no one be so intent upon the mote in the eye of his neighbor that he will forget the beam in his own.

### Kalakaua and His Army.

The struggle between the people or their representatives and their king is one of the most venerable chestnuts in history. It began, we believe, with the first king, and it will only end with the last. Sometimes the king comes out on top and sometimes the people. In the struggle many ancient king went into exile or captivity, while Nebuchadnezzar, to adopt the simple but graphic style of a prize-reporter, was sent to grass. To descend to more recent days, Charles I., of England, couldn't see why one man didn't constitute a majority when that man was himself ruling by divine right, and lost his head in consequence, as did Louis XVI., who labored under a similar delusion. King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, has been repeating the ancient struggle in a mild way for several years now. The people haven't cut his head off yet, but they have cut off very many of his privileges, and recently—most unkind of all—they cut down his army. If there be anything that a king does take pride in, aside from a new brass sceptre and fresh ermine trimming around his robe of state it is his army. It is nice to feel that it is standing about in the vicinity of the palace ready to defend it when the police are off on their annual picnic. And what royal breast does not swell with pride to have his army drawn up in review when a neighboring potentate comes to visit him. Formerly Kalakaua had an army of 400 men, which was quite a respectable showing. And he rejoiced in a formidable navy of one ship with overawe the United States, which hadn't as much as that in good repair. Recently the Hawaiian people through their representatives in Legislature assembled reduced their king's army to sixty-five men and a small but exceedingly warlike brass band, and abolished the navy altogether. This is a severe blow at the king that has been dealt recently, and the other crowned heads are breathlessly waiting to see what Kalakaua is going to do about it.

*Texas Siftings.*

## Heavenly Wonders.

The San Francisco *Alta* acknowledges the courtesy which permits the printing of the following extracts from a private letter, from Prof. Holden to a gentleman in that city, giving many details regarding the first astronomical observations made at the observatory with the great telescope. The observatory, as has been previously published, is now in working order, and will be open to visitors every Saturday night from seven to ten o'clock.

The Lick observatory is beginning to present a very different appearance, both by night and by day, from the one it lately had during its period of construction. At night the windows which have been so long dark show the lamps of the astronomers gleaming through them. The shutters of the observing slits are open, and the various instruments are pointed through them at the sky. The actual work of observing has begun, and the purpose for which the observatory was founded—to be "useful in promoting science"—is in the way of being accomplished. Prof. Schaeberle, late of Ann Arbor, has commenced the long task which has been assigned to him, namely to fix with the very highest degree of precision possible to modern science the position of the "fundamental stars" with the Repsold meridian circle. The time service for railway use is now conducted by Mr. Hill (late assistant of Prof. Davidson), which leaves Mr. Keeler free to make the necessary studies of the great star spectroscopy, which is one of the most important accessories of the 36-inch equatorial. Mr. Barnard is assiduously observing comets and nebulae with the fine 12-inch equatorial, and getting the photographic appliances in readiness to be used with the great telescope. He has already discovered twenty new nebulae, found in the course of his sweeps for new comets. To show you some advantages of our situation here, I may tell you that Prof. Swift, of Rochester, has a fine 16-inch equatorial by Alvin Clark, and has discovered many faint nebulae by its use.

Two nights ago Mr. Barnard was examining some of these excessively faint objects by means of the 12-inch telescope (which gives only a little more than half the light of Prof. Swift's), and in the field of view where Prof. Swift had mapped only one nebula Mr. Barnard found three, two being, of course, new. This is not only due to the observer's skill and keenness of eye, but in great measure to the purity and transparency of our atmosphere here.

The eastern astronomers have given up the observation of Olber's comet, which is now only about 7-100 as bright as last year, but Mr. Barnard has succeeded in following it up to last night, when it finally became too faint to be seen even here. These observations, which are several weeks later than those of other observatories, are of real value, as they determine a larger arc of the comet's orbit and enable its motion to be fixed with a much higher degree of accuracy. Mr. Keeler is just reducing his observations of the faint satellites of Mars, made with the large telescope during the last month. You can gain some sort of an idea of the immense advantage of the great telescope in such observations when I tell you that the brightness of the satellites as observed by him was only about one-sixth of their brightness at the time of their discovery. We can then make satisfactory observations of objects which are six times fainter than those very minute satellites of Mars when Prof. Hall discovered them in 1877 with the great telescope at Washington. I am becoming familiar with the performance of the large telescope, and learning how to get the very best work from it. It needs particular conditions; but when all the conditions are favorable its performance is superb. I am, as you know, familiar with the action of large telescopes, having observed, for many years with the great refractor at Washington, but I confess I was not prepared for the truly magnificent action of this, the greatest of all telescopes, under the best conditions. I have had such views of the bright planets (Mars and Jupiter) nebulae, the milky way and some of the stars, as no other astronomer ever before had. Jupiter, especially, is wonderfully full of detail that I had not begun to see before. The discs of his moons can be readily noted in smaller telescopes; but here they are full and round, like those of planets. I am almost of the opinion that the curve of Jupiter's shadow might be seen on the surfaces, under favorable circumstances, when the satellites suffer eclipse.

There is reason to believe that the satellites of Jupiter, like our own moon, present always the same face to their planet. This can be studied here to great advantage if the discs present any of the markings which are reported by other observers. The milky way is a wonderful sight, and I have been much interested to see that there is, even with our superlative power, no final resolution of its finer parts into stars. There is always the background of unresolved nebulosity, on which hundreds and thousands of stars are studded—each a bright, sharp, separate point. The famous cluster in Hercules (where Messier declared he saw "no star") is one mass of separate individual points. The central glow of nebulosity is thoroughly separated into points. I have been especially interested in looking at objects which are

familiar to me in other telescopes, and in comparing our views with the drawings made by Lord Rosse with his giant six-foot reflector. Theoretically his telescope should show more than ours, for his collected the most light. But the definition (sharpness) of his is far behind our own, as we constantly see. For example, the ring nebula in Lyra is drawn by Lord Rosse with no central star. At Washington, one small star can be seen in the midst of the central vacuity, but here we are sure of seeing three such at least. These are interesting on account of their critical situation in the nebula, not simply as stars. The great Trifid and Omega nebulae are wonderful objects here. Not only is a vast amount of detail seen there which cannot be seen elsewhere, but the whole aspect of them is changed. Many points that are doubtful with other telescopes are perfectly simple and clear here. I have always considered that one of the great practical triumphs of this telescope would be to settle, once for all, the doubts that have arisen and that will arise elsewhere. Now, I am sure that we shall be able to do this, and in a way to end controversy.

### At Seven.

I take up a little emerald dress Trimmed with ruffles and edged with lace, And a dainty can with a cobweb frill, But where is the baby face!

And here is a pretty petticoat, Embroidered flannel, scarcely worn, And a blue worsted sacque that Auntie knit, But where has my baby gone!

There's a big, rough boy in corduroy pants, With blue eyes all ready to wink, And a patch of dirt on his dimpled cheek, A study in India ink.

His strong arms are around my neck, He kisses mamma with a will, And I lay down my dainty things and smile, For he is my baby still.

—Marie E. Ritter.

### A Great Institution in Paris.

There is not much fashion in Paris just now. The world of Paris is taking its pleasure elsewhere, but there are crowds daily at the Bon Marche, buying gloves for one franc, ninety-five centimes (thirty-nine cents.), that are buttonless and very "swell," or regular Suedes in six or eight-button lengths. This, of course, is an "occasional," and an "occasion" at the Bon Marche is an event to all Paris. A short time since, this house, which is more remarkable in its internal system than in its external size and complexity, had an "occasional" exclusively for the sale of white goods and garments. The one day's sale netted eighteen hundred thousand francs and took one hundred vans eight days to deliver.

The Bon Marche feeds its own employees, 3,600 every day. The kitchens are a wonder and its staff of cooks equal to those of several hotels. The whole region is a miracle of cleanliness and order, and the most perfect system. A hundred men are employed in washing dishes, and a second staff exclusively in cleansing knives. The food is of the best quality and is cooked deliciously. The pots are huge, copper cauldrons, the baking pans larger than the top of an ordinary stove. Everything shines; and the glass, silver and china would compare with any ordinary hotel. One hundred girls are lodged in the house. They each have a room to themselves, of good size and very nicely furnished. They are those who have no parents or relatives living in Paris; and Madame Boucault took the space from her own dwelling, to provide for them, when the problem of their proper protection presented itself. Their wages, over and above their living, are obtained from a percentage on their sales; and they often save enough to provide themselves with a "dot" or marriage portion.

The system of the Bon Marche is unique and the results a marvel. By the death of the founders, the enormous business has passed into the hands of directors, chosen by the founders from old employees, who in turn choose a council, from which directors will be taken to supply the place of such directors as reach the age of fifty; at which period they retire, by the terms of the will, from active directorship, but with abundant means. In this way the interests are carried on, on precisely the old lines, of giving the best possible thing for the least possible money, and the employee a share in the rewards.—*Jenny June.*

### Picayunes.

When second childhood comes a man forgets he is old.

The modern widow's cruise is a voyage for a husband.

The man who hunts in the swamps should wear duck pants.

It is good for a man to love his enemies if he can do so without injuring his friends.

The man who abuses himself and liquor both is one who drinks not wisely but too often.

There are any number of party platforms. All they want is to have some party adopt them.

The boy who commences to steal his mother's preserves, may end by having his father's jim-jams.

The saying that every dog has its day, does not discourage the dog. The average dog is satisfied with a day that belongs to any other dog.

Speaking of soldiers, Walt Whitman says: "The bravest pressed to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown." Others, it seemed, not the bravest, lived to hold office and talk about themselves.—*New York Record.*

## Supplying Extra Feed to Help out Short Pastures.

Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station writes: We are now entering what in my judgment, is the most critical time in the dairy season, and one that brings out, whether or not, a person is really a good dairyman, and willing to risk feed in order to get back milk and butter. During August, the first half of September, and sometimes later, feed in the pastures runs short; with this, and the scorching sun, and pestering flies, the cows have a sorry time of it, and their troubles are accurately measured in the lessened flow of milk and the decreased number of gauges of cream recorded to our credit by the cream gathered. Were the trouble to end as soon as fall rains bring back the grass to its natural greenness, and cooler days bring comfort to the cows, matters would not be at all serious, for just now butter and cheese rule in price, (though better at this time than usual for the season,) and the loss from shrinkage would not seem so very great, measured in the money returned. But the trouble is that when a herd of cows has dropped in milk yield from such causes, it is practically impossible to get it back again to the normal flow. The loss is a double one, for with the abundance of fall feed a proportionate amount of milk is not secured, and there is a heavy loss from not securing the better prices usually obtained later on.

No man really should call himself a dairyman, or regard himself a good feeder of dairy cows, or stock of any kind for that matter, who will not watchfully and willingly provide an abundant supply of forage for his herd, when pasture is short. Soiling has long been recommended by agricultural writers, but is really not practical, in my judgment, on most farms, with the present high prices for farm help and low selling price of dairy products.

On the other hand, partial soiling, especially supplying extra feed to keep up the milk flow, pays so well that no one can afford to neglect the practice. Just now, all over the northwest, we have a grand oats crop already harvested, or being harvested; a sheaf of oats thrown before a cow, or even divided between two, at milking time, morning and evening, will be thankfully received, and pay a better dividend than if stacked, thrashed and the grain sold at usual prices. Corn is now so well along toward maturity that it can be used with excellent results. It can be fed in the barn or even in the pastures and do good service. It is an unwarranted practice to hold all the corn until it is matured and husked. An acre, or two, of corn fed to cows when pastures are short, in August and September, will pay twice as well as later on when not so much needed.

There are dairymen who succeed in their business; it will be found almost invariably that such are heavy feeders, and supply feed to their cows with a prodigality that seems to threaten bankruptcy. Experience and observation have taught them that the cow pays generously for feed and that to do her best she must not receive a check or set back from any cause. There are thousands of cows in the northwest that in the next two months will be so pinched by short pastures, that they will not recover again this season, while adjoining the pastures lie ample corn fields in many of which the corn fodder will not even be saved for winter feeding. He who has once observed the good effects of supplying extra feed to help out short pastures will never abandon the practice.

### The Last Confederate.

In 1861 William Kennedy left Sumter county with Capt. King's company in the 9th Georgia Regiment of the army of Northern Virginia. He went through the war, and shortly before the surrender of Lee's army, was wounded and laid up with his wound in a farm house six miles from Richmond, and was nursed by a pretty Virginia girl. The young maiden learned to love him, and before the year 1865 ended she was his wife. They lived together happily, and while fortune did not favor them, they were contented with their lot, until last April, when Mr. Kennedy had a burning desire to return to his old home in Georgia. He had not visited it since he left as a soldier, and had not heard from there in sixteen years. His mother and father had died, and when he last heard from there his brother and sister were living.

On April 5, he placed his family, consisting of wife and ten children—nine boys and one girl—in a covered cart and headed his only steer toward Georgia. Yesterday he passed through Macon, and in a few days he will be at the home of his boyhood.

The ten children are rosy-cheeked and hearty, and only one of them has been sick since leaving Virginia. At one time the old steer was sick, and it was gloomy times for the family until it peeped up. Now and then, when the stock of provisions ran low, Mr. Kennedy stopped and worked, picking cotton, pulling fodder or doing anything that fell in the way toward earning a little toward feeding a dozen mouths dependent on him. But in spite of his poverty and privations, Mr. Kennedy kept up his spirits and looks forward with sweet anticipation to the day he will land with his steer and family at the place he left as a young soldier twenty-seven years ago. He is probably the last of the straggling soldiers who shouldered arms when the first tocsin of the war sounded.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

## A DESPERATE OUTLAW.

His Pursuit by a Nerve, Cool-Headed Detective.

A Canadian officer at Calgary, N. W. T., tells a *New York Post* correspondent this story of an adventure with a desperate whisky trader: "I have had some close calls with whisky traders in my time and still," he added, meditatively, "I never had to shoot one yet." After a moment's pause he continued: "One of the most desperate men I ever arrested, for having whisky in his possession was Blank. It was in the fall of 1886. He had a four-in-hand load of whisky, gin and brandy that he was running across, and he and his partner were both riding in the wagon, Blank having no saddle-horse. This cargo was all he possessed in the world, and he knew that if he was caught he could not pay a fine of \$400, for this was his second offence, and of course his four horses, wagon and liquor would be confiscated. When I first caught sight of them they were about three miles off, and I at once rode toward them to see who they were. As soon as they saw that I was after them they whipped their horses up to a gallop, but my horse was fresh and a fast runner, and before they had gone far it was plain to see that I was gaining fast time on them. As soon as Blank saw this he stopped, cut off the leaders, and mounting one of them, galloped off; but by this time I was within half a mile of the wagon.

"When I rode up alongside I saw at a glance that it contained whisky, and also that the man who remained with it was not its owner. I dismounted and made him my prisoner, telling him to remain there with the wagon until I returned. 'Look here, stranger,' said he, 'don't follow that man he won't be taken alive. He is armed with a Winchester and a Colt's revolver, and to prove to you that he won't be taken alive, I'll tell you who it is. It's Blank.'

"That's the very man I want," said I. I jumped on my horse and put the spurs to him and rode after Blank. I caught up to him about a half a mile further on in a coulee, where he had dismounted and was trying to hide. I galloped up to him so fast, and pulled up so quiet, that, in stepping back to avoid my horse, he caught his heel on the ground and fell. Before he could regain his feet I had dismounted and covered him with my revolver. He sprang to his feet and tried to draw his revolver. I laid my hand on his shoulder, telling him that he was my prisoner, at the same time holding my revolver close to his head. By this time he had his partly drawn, and, seeing this, I pressed the trigger until the hammer of my self-cocker was as far back as it could go without snapping. He told me to shoot and be cursed, and at the same time sprang forward, so that the barrel of my pistol caught him on the temple, tearing a deep gash into his scalp about six inches long. This partly stunned him, but in two or three seconds he recovered.

"His revolver was a Colt's s-45 single-action, and therefore it required to be cocked before it could be fired. By this time it was drawn and he attempted to cock it. I caught hold of the hand in which he held it and turned it to one side, and at the same time told him that I would count ten, and if he did not drop his pistol when the number was counted I would blow out his brains. He called out, 'Blow away.' I counted up to nine and pressed the trigger so that the hammer rose, and on seeing this he dropped his weapon and gave himself up. I got him mounted on his horse and brought him back to the wagon. Everything was as I had left it, but the prisoner who had been there was gone, and I did not blame him for going.

"Of all the men I ever arrested this was one of the most desperate. If I had given him the least chance he would have shot me. On the other hand, had I been in the least excited I should have shot him. But I am not of an excitable nature, and besides I never want to take away that which I can never return."

"Well, yes," said I, "I think a good many men would have lost their heads under such circumstances and pulled the trigger."

"I suppose some might have done so," said Simmons, as he scratched a match to light his pipe, which had gone out while he was talking. Then he added, thoughtfully: "What puzzled me most is that when he ran with such force against my revolver, when my finger was pressed against the trigger, it didn't go off and shoot him."

### Took Advantage of His Absence.

It is a fact well known in Wall street that Russell Sage is of an economical turn of mind. Although he has millions of dollars at his command, he seldom spends a dime that can by any hook or crook be saved.

As a matter of economy Mr. Sage for many years declined to replace shabby carpets, desks and other furniture in his business office.

"These old things are good enough for me," he said, "and there ain't any use of getting new ones."

A few days ago the famous professor of puts and calls went out of town on a business trip. His employees took advantage of his absence and had his office renovated and refurnished in handsome style.

When Mr. Sage returned he was so astonished that it was several minutes before he could recover himself to say:

"Well, boys this is a terrible waste of money but now the things are paid for I guess we might as well keep them."—*New York Telegram.*



